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FOREST AND STREAM.

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A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun,

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

—AND THE—

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

—IN—

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"I will not change the terms of the surrender, General Lee, but I will instruct my officers who receive the paroles to allow the men to retain their horses and take them home to work their little farms."—GRANT TO LEE, 1865.

"I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers, we should have had peace in a year. —— and —— are the only two that I know of who do not seem satisfied on the Southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority, too, of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength that will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every State in Europe and a number in the East. I know as I did not before the value of our institutions."—GRANT TO GENERAL BUCKNER, 1885.

BENEATH the mounds at Arlington and on the sunny slopes of Southern hillsides sleep the hosts who fell while the din of battle was yet raging and the issue hung undecided. The transcendent pathos of Lincoln's death was heightened by the untimeliness of the fate which struck him down ere yet his great heart could be gladdened by the coming of good will after the strife of North and South. For the great commander of the Union armies it was reserved to witness the healing of sectional wounds and the final reconciliation of sister States. Not less notable and worthy of remembrance than that grim determination of Grant in The Wilderness, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and the concession of Grant at Appomattox, "I will instruct my officers . . . to allow the men to retain their horses and take them home to work their little farms," are the words of Grant at Mount McGregor, "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections."

THE ILLINOIS GAME WARDENS.

THE system of game wardenship by officers appointed, supported and controlled by the State is making steady advance. First tested in New England, it was afterward adopted by New York, and last winter the Legislatures of a number of States had the subject brought before them. The Illinois Legislature at its last session passed a bill providing for the appointment of three wardens for that State.

This system has been tested far enough to demonstrate its efficiency, provided only that proper persons are given the wardenship. In this State there have been some capable game protectors, and others "not worth their salt." And where protection has failed to accomplish desired ends it has been almost always the fault of the individual, and not of the system.

It is very gratifying that Illinois has taken such a decided by advanced position. The Chicago market will afford abundant scope for the very best efforts of the game protector charged with watching the dealers there. The unequally yoked sportsman and game dealer association organized a few years ago never accomplished anything in the way of stopping the illegal sale of game; such an organized body of men never could do anything effective against the dealers in unlawful commodities. The new State officers, if upright and plucky, will make a change there.

THE MISSOURI CONVENTION.

IT is highly desirable that the game laws of contiguous States should be, so far as practicable, uniform. In no other way can the many perplexing problems of the sale and exportation of unlawfully captured game be solved. In several instances efforts have been made to secure such uniformity. The subject received attention from the National Sportsmen's Association ten years ago, but nothing came of it, because the association paid more attention to trap-shooting than to anything else, and was too unwieldy to work harmoniously and effectively. An attempt to make the Maine and Massachusetts laws support one another failed at Boston last year, because the market interest there was strong enough to defeat the movement. Some correspondence once passed between the Michigan Sportsmen's Association and the sportsmen of Minnesota and Wisconsin, but this also was without any substantial effect. Another effort in the same direction has been inaugurated by the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, which, at its annual meeting at St. Louis, June 2, passed a resolution that "for the purpose of organizing a permanent sportsmen's convention for the object of devising means by which we can have uniform game and fish laws in all the States tributary to our State, the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association call a convention of all the organized clubs in the States of Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Mississippi, Alabama, Dakota, Colorado, New Mexico, Tennessee, Georgia and Louisiana, to be held in St. Louis, Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1885, each club to have two delegates."

As the St. Louis game market is one of the largest in the world, and draws its supplies from all the surrounding States, it is very appropriate that the proposal to secure uniform laws and their enforcement should have come from St. Louis sportsmen; and it is reasonable to conclude that the citizens of all the States concerned will send their representatives to the convention in September 29, to confer for the common benefit.

If properly managed this movement should prove successful where others failed; and the gentlemen who have charge of the arrangements may profitably acquaint themselves with the experience of those who inaugurated the National Sportsmen's Association. If results are to follow the St. Louis convention, two principles must be observed; first to confine the field attempted within such limits that the efforts of the members may be directed to the accomplishment of a well determined definite object, and second, to depend more upon the quiet, earnest work of even a few men who are interested in game and its preservation, than upon the gathering of a large number of delegates more interested in trap-shooting than anything else.

Present effort should be confined to securing uniformity of laws in a few contiguous States. The tendency of many societies in this country is at once to become "national." The only successful way to make such an association as this national in influence as well as in name, is to begin with a scope adapted to its present power, and then, as its strength increases, to enlarge its sphere until in time it may include all the States.

The committee intrusted with the arrangements of the meeting have issued circulars to gun clubs in all of the States named, and anticipate a very large attendance at the meeting of Sept. 29. Among other attractions offered will be a trap tournament of three or four days duration, and the St. Louis exposition will then be in progress. These entertainments for the attending sportsmen are well enough in their way, but not likely to attract the men whose influence and pertinacity must carry through the movement if it is to succeed.

As the representatives from the several States are to come from sportsmen's clubs, the members of these organizations should see to it that the delegates selected are such as have shown themselves interested in the work of game protection, even though they may not be brilliant shots at the trap.

The progress of the St. Louis movement will be watched with deep interest, and the wise establishment of a permanent organization for the purposes named, will be hailed with satisfaction.

The chairman of the committee is H. C. West, St. Louis, Mo.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—That there is pressing need for an association to guide and control kennel matters in this country, no one at all conversant with the subject will for a moment deny. Our correspondent, Mr. Wade, whose communication appears in another portion of this issue, seems to have some doubts that the American Kennel Club will accomplish such a mission. It is to be hoped that these doubts are not well founded, and that the association has before it a long career of usefulness, and that the members of the club will prove equal to the occasion and at their next meeting so perfect their organization and the rules that the most captious critic will be silenced. This is a very easy matter to accomplish. All that is required to place the association upon a firm footing and to make it a power in the land, is a straightforward course of action that shall commend itself to every one as being above all things fair and just to all. There is much of promise for the future of the club in its action in the past in correcting mistakes that have been made. The greatest drawback to its usefulness has been the lack of deliberation that has characterized its actions, notably in the hasty adoption of its first set of rules, and in the hap-hazard manner in which the committees on standards were appointed. In the future all matters coming within the province of the club should be carefully considered so that they may be wisely decided; and the interests of no individual or clique should be suffered to override the rights of others. Then we may look to see the American Kennel Club what it ought to be, second to no association of its kind in the world.

WHY WILL THEY BE SILLY?—Why is it that editors of newspapers cannot find matter enough to fill their columns without repeating from one to another silly stories of toads that have lived thousands of years, sheep that kill snakes by breathing upon them, snakes that sing like mocking-birds, and all the other unnatural features of animal life born of the weak-brained scribblers? The singing snake story started with the New York *Herald*, and is going the rounds of our exchanges. When there are so many facts and principles of animal life that might be published for the instruction and profit of the public, it is a great pity that these lies should have such currency.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.—It was said in these columns the other day that the cause of the threatened Indian outbreak would probably be found in the aggressions of the cattle men. Such has proved to be the facts. There is manifest at Washington an intention to see justice done in the case, and after the long record of the Government's shilly-shallying policy with boomer invaders of Indian reservations, a different policy will be welcome.

THE BALLAST ISLAND CANOE MEET gave most gratifying evidence of the growth of the canoeing interest in the West. The formation of a Western association was accomplished, and this will doubtless prove a useful and influential body. If the Western and the American associations unite in some way, as we hope they will, the combined organization will be quite unparalleled in size and strength by any amateur sport association in the country.

KILL YOUR FISH WHEN CAUGHT.—It is humane. The fish are better eating. If the fish are not big enough to kill then throw them back into the water and give them a chance to grow. Remember that all fishing is not to cease when you yourself get through.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXIV.—With this number is published the index to Volume XXIV.

...rtsman Tourist.

The ...unications to the Forest and Stream Publishing C...

...PORT IN THE SIERRAS—II.

...ST now introduce the inmates of this mountain retreat to your readers. First comes Mrs. W., the pleasant and accommodating proprietress, her son Will and daughter O., to whose bow and spear the "Terror" falls a quick and easy prey. There is also a deft-handed kitchen maid, and last, but not least, Old Henry, the hostler and man-of-all-work. The latter is a relic of the golden days of '49, who has been left stranded away up here in these mountains, and who lives here, solitary and alone, to take care of the premises during the long and dreary winter. When I tell my readers that this lasts for six months, and that the snow often falls to a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet in this valley, they can estimate the dreariness of such a life. Henry is a character in his way, and if he takes a liking to one, will undergo any amount of trouble to please them, but if he takes an aversion, and he is prone to do so, he can be as sour as a green crab apple.

The next inquiry is about the fishing, and the answer is that the trout have only just begun to take the bait fairly well and will not rise to a fly at all. Now, although I prefer the clean and tasty fly, and will use nothing else when it is available, still I am like "Nessmuk," and "when a trout refuses to eat a tinseled, feathered fraud, I am not the man to refuse him something more edible." Consequently I appeal to Henry to supply me with some cleanly white borers cut out of a decaying cedar, and start out to catch my supper. This bait, which is much used in these mountains, is the larvæ of coleopterous insects, genus *Cerambyx*, and is pleasant to handle, being dry, and having an aromatic smell derived from the wood which they inhabit. They can be found in all coniferous woods, but those taken from fir and cedar are generally better for angling for small trout, being about the size and color of gentles. The variety inhabiting the tamarack attains the greatest bulk, as they are found as large as a man's thumb in those trees. These are good for lake fishing. That evening I caught thirteen trout in about an hour and a half, and then, becoming tired, returned. The water is too high for successful fishing, and is as cold as melting snow can make it. My illness renders it imprudent to enter the chilly stream, even with wading pants on, and as the banks are very brushy, it is hard work to make a decent cast.

Will and I agree to go after deer on the morrow and give the waters time to subside. Shortly after sunrise we start, taking for our hunting ground a side cañon leading off from the main one, and down which brawls a respectable trout stream. Will takes one side and I the other, with his old deerhound Turk ranging the hills abreast. Shortly after separating to pursue our respective beats, I almost tread upon a grouse having with her a family of ten half-grown young. They take wing with a great flutter and settle in the neighboring trees, where I leave them to grow older and larger. Going on for a while I startle a bevy of cock quail that have gathered into a flock for companionship. In this I have found the mountain quail to differ from his brother of the valley—the latter never deserts his mate or his family, but the former always does according to my observation, as soon as the female commences sitting. I have never seen the male of the larger species hovering around the nest as those of the smaller do, the latter even going so far as to aid his mate in her labor of love. Thus, with mind not altogether occupied with deer, I wander on, interested in all living things around me. The forenoon wears apace, and while standing, trying to catch the hound's voice, which fancy had brought to my ear, I hear a familiar humming sound above my head. Looking upward, I discern the entrance to a wild bees' nest about sixty feet from the ground. I can see the steady stream of workers pouring in and out through a knothole in a massive pine. Adjusting my field glass I stand absorbed in watching them come laden home, panting under their sweet burdens. See that over-ambitious one, that, like the "trout hog," has got more than he can carry. He comes lumbering along on weary wing, and cannot rise to the level of the entrance, and has to alight about ten feet below it, with a force that ought to knock his scanty brains out. There he clings, with his abdomen heaving as though hard put to it for breath, until rested enough to essay another trial. But, hark! while dreaming here Will has got in the lead, and there is old Turk's hoarse bay far up the cañon. With a rush I hurry forward to gain a point from which I can get a fair view, but the crack of Will's rifle tells me that I am too late. My labored breathing also tells me that I must take my time in this rarified atmosphere, to which I have not yet become accustomed. By and by I come up to where Will has a fine young buck with its throat cut and entrails out. Bending down a sapling, we hang the carcass up to be packed out that afternoon on a horse, and return to the house. I secure no game that day in my own name, but am just as well content. It is not all of hunting for me to get game, nor all of fishing to get a creel full.

On the morrow I try the fishing on the stream up which we hunted the previous day, but with small success, the melting snows spoiling this as well as the main river. The trout will not pay the least attention to my feathered charms, "charm they never so sweetly," and with bait only thirty-five small ones were secured. But I have a royal good time nevertheless, for I find some very fine specimens of the scarlet snow-plant, and discover some wild strawberries in bloom, the first I have ever seen in the State.

Once, when tired forcing a path through the refractory willows on the bank, I seated myself upon a rock overlooking a tumbling stretch of water, where the damp sweet spray encompassed me, when a pert-looking water ousel alighted on a boulder within arm's length. He dropped two or three of his graceful courtesies, and then opened his throat in a melodious song. When through, he made another courtesy, ran into the white, tumbling water and disappeared. After what seemed a long interval, he emerged upon the wing some distance up stream and returned to his former position. This time he noticed me, and cocking his head first on one side and then upon the other, as if to reassure the first eye with the evidence of the second, he made a series of dips and flew to the other side of the stream. He then began to scold in a noisy chattering voice, and in an instant his mate flew out from under some old roots near by, and they both fell to abusing me in the heartiest way. Their actions showed that their nest was close at hand, but after a close search I could not find it. Presently I became ashamed of the vile epithets the pair were applying to me in their bird language, and left them masters of the situation. Lovely little fellows, it is to be hoped their parental care was amply rewarded by a nest full of sons and daughters.

To me this has always been a most interesting bird. Found only in the higher mountains, it haunts the streams in their maddest stretches, and where the roar of the waterfall is loudest and its tumbling foam the thickest, there the little ousel will lift its voice in happiest strains. It lives upon the ova and larvæ of water insects, in the pursuit of which it will enter and dash through the white rushing water in spots where it would seem impossible for so small a creature to live for an instant. I have often been fishing some pool at the foot of a fall or fierce rapid, when one of these birds would come flying up the stream and plunge into the water at its whitest point. After a short time it would reappear and again take wing, or alighting upon a boulder, after one or two grotesque bows, would burst forth in a perfect storm of melody. Another trick of his is to apparently commit suicide by deliberately walking into the rushing stream and disappearing beneath its waters. This it does not do by diving, as nearly as I can observe, but by clinging to the bottom with its feet. The ousel's song is sustained and melodious, and would be powerful could it be heard dissociated from the roar of the waters, but I have never heard it sing elsewhere than in spots where the voice of the stream would drown its tones at the distance of a few yards. It is not a shy bird at all; and when fishing one will often see it perch upon a boulder near by, and after a pert glance and a seeming bow of recognition, pour out its very heart in song.

The ousels nest and raise their young close to the waters of the stream, where the air is ever sweet with spray, and the first sound that greets the fledgling's ear is the glorious voice of the dashing water. No wonder that the whole bird's life seems like a living poem. I am told that the ousel lives all through the winter in the same localities, and that in the midst of the howling winds, and roar of the storm beaten pines, his sweet notes can be heard poured forth as joyously to the wintry ice and snow, as if basking in the morning sun of a midsummer's day.

The next day was given to the deer by Will, the Terror and myself, but without result. The dog started one, but ran it away from us, and that was the only one we found. Bear's tracks were numerous, and deer sign very plentiful, but somehow we were not lucky in starting either, and we had to return without game. For the next two or three days there was but little done by any one to pass away the time, shooting ground squirrels being the "best holt." Sunday also intervened, and altogether it was a time of waiting. The waters were subsiding fast, as the snow was pretty much gone except in patches on the higher peaks, and we knew that in a short time the trout would be rising freely, and then for sport.

AREFAR.

CALIFORNIA.

THE BUCKTAIL IN FLORIDA.

VIII.

THE three long hot months that I passed in camp at the Oak and Pine, ostensibly outing for health, form an episode in the later life of one old outer that will not be soon forgotten. It was not hunting, fishing, nor canoeing, though a good deal mixed with the latter. It was outing past a doubt. Also loafing, even as the moneyed man loafs from resort to resort, spending a few weeks or months at each, striving constantly for something entertaining or amusing, but being envied oftener than amused. I had the advantage of having always something to do, cooking, fishing for a camp supply, fixing up the camp and writing; the last under difficulties. For it is not conducive of literary effort to write with one hand, while the other is busily engaged mopping the face or dispersing greedy insects.

But I never suffered from *ennui*. Even in the hottest nights, when the sun had been blazing on the roof of the shanty until it was like an oven until long past midnight, I did not find the time hang heavy on my hands, nor was I troubled with loneliness for a single hour. The shanty seldom got cool enough to sleep in before 1 o'clock in the morning, and I amused myself, on moonlit nights especially, strolling about the open woods and listening to the many voices of the night. On dark nights I kept up a bright, light-wood camp-fire, and "Tarpon" (Capt. Kendall), who lived less than a quarter of a mile distant, usually came over in the evening to occupy one end of the smoking log and spin yarns, and truth to say, he spun them well. For the man who has been down to the sea in more than forty ships, and has seen the wonders of the deep in Arctic and South Sea whalers, on slavers and men-o'-war, in coasters and clippers, not to mention canoes, such a man is an epitome of romantic reality, so he can but talk, which few men can. "Tarpon" talks well when once started, wherefore I let him do most of the talking; and he tells me on one evening of his thirty-seven weary months on the old Vigilant, 4-boat, Pacific whaler, from New Bedford; and again of six months on an Arctic whaler, where, though the weather was sometimes fearfully cold, he had a right pleasant voyage. Then he has a fund of interesting reminiscences connected with his residence in Payti, Peru, where for over four years he filled the role of a leading "beach comber."

When Dr. Neidé's book, the "Cruise of the Aurora" came out, he was greatly interested, as he well might be, for he was a partner of the Doctor's in that cruise, the "Barnacle" of the book, which he read and re-read, then loaned it to me. I found it so interesting that I read it through at one sitting, for "Barnacle" had told me all about that cruise months before around the camp-fire, and I was curious to see how two veteran canoeists would regard and speak of incidents familiar to both. On the whole they saw things in about the same light. The Doctor logs the voyage as he made it, and perhaps it was not necessary to mention the fact that Mrs. Kendall cruised in the Comfort from Olean to Cincinnati, taking her share of the haps and mishaps of camping and cruising; nor that "Barnacle" had already cruised over 500 miles when joined by the Doctor at Lake George; nor that, after the Doctor hauled off at Pensacola, "Barnacle" continued the cruise 360 miles further down the coast, stopping at Tarpon Springs some time in March.

Chatting by the camp-fire one evening, "Barnacle" recurred to the cruise about as follows: "When we started from Lake George our cruise was mapped out to include the Allegheny, the Ohio and Mississippi, the Gulf coast to the Florida capes, around the capes into the Atlantic, up the Atlantic coast to New York, up the Hudson, and so home to the starting point on Lake George. This would make by far the longest canoe voyage on record; and I cannot say, even at this day, why it was not carried out to a finish. The Doctor hauled off at Pensacola—I never asked him why—and I continued the cruise to Tarpon Springs, where I made a halt that was not intended to be anything permanent, however. Opposite Crooked Island, some 200 miles below Pensacola, I was struck by an off-shore gale which blew me out into the Gulf, and I was eight hours out of sight of land under paddle. It was a weary day for me. But the Comfort proved herself an able sea boat, and I got back to land just at night, going ashore in St. Joseph's Bay, 160 miles above Tarpon Springs. Why I have stopped here for two years is more than I can tell. But the rest of the cruise is only postponed, not abandoned. You have seen the model of the new canoe I am building? She will be an abler boat than the Comfort. And she is meant to cruise from this point to Lake George via the Florida capes, the Atlantic coast and the Hudson. I note that a very pleasant writer in the *Canoeist* speaks of the Aurora's cruise as the longest made by any canoe. Perhaps he does not count the Comfort as a canoe; but she made the entire cruise with the Aurora, with 500 miles to add at the start and 360 at the finish."

It was on the third of July that we started down the Anclote on the ebb tide, bound for Dunedin and the regatta that was to come off on the Fourth. The sharpie had been a long time getting ready. She was launched last New Years day, and was not really fit for a cruise yet. Her cabin leaked, her sails did not set well, and in putting in her limestone ballast we had managed to give her a list to port. Also, her flooring and lining was loose and dirty, and she had no fittings nor furniture, save candle boxes, cracker boxes, etc. But we decided that her sailing gear would do, and it was no hardship for two old cruisers to sit on cracker boxes or sleep on the after-house with the standing lug bent over the main boom for a shelter from sun and rain. So she went. Down the tortuous channel of the Anclote, the wind blowing us up, the tide dragging us down, and getting aground oftener than was pleasant. But she was light, carries a long setting-pole, and Capt. Tarpon has good muscle, so we soon got off, and at 9 o'clock of a dark evening tied to the little wharf at Anclote village. The afterguard (Tarpon) went ashore to pass the night with friends, while the cook and for'ard hands (that's me), made up a bunk and slept on board.

At early dawn the captain came down to the wharf and hailed, whereupon the cook promptly turned out, started a fire of barrel staves in a shallow box of sand for galley, and in a few minutes had a pot of strong, clear coffee. Then we cast off, and with fair wind and tide soon rounded the pier-head out into the Gulf. Just then two lively sloops from the Springs hove in sight as they rounded a bend in the river a mile astern, and stood for us. One was the cutter Vanessa, built in New York; the other the Tantalus, a coaster of shallow draft and much centerboard. The latter was white, with new, well-fitting sails, and she looked very natty in the morning sunlight. They headed for us with everything set; but, rather to my surprise, could not gain an inch; rather, of the two, they seemed to lose ground. And this in spite of the fact that our sails set badly. Our mainsail had six or eight inches of loose leach and our standing lug too much canvas, making her carry her helm a-weather and drag her rudder. New rigs mostly need overhauling before getting into good working order. But the sharpie really glided over the smooth, shoal waters of the Gulf like a duck, and we came to anchor above the wharf while the sloops were a mile and a half away. We had towed the Bucktail all the way, with the little Rushton nested inside of her, and when everything was made snug we took the canoes and paddled ashore, the "captain's gig" being, of course, the Bucktail. Dunedin is a small place now, but there was no lack of people there on that day, and the preparations for fun and frolic were admirable. As we landed we saw a crowd rushing for the wharf, and followed to see what was up.

It was a ham that was up, on the end of an upright post. And the post was firmly fastened to the extreme end of a long, peeled, and well greased slender tree-trunk, which projected from the judge's barge far out over deep water. The little game was to walk barefoot out to the upright post, lift the ham, and walk safely back with it. He who could do this could carry off the ham as a prize. As we came up the crowd was convulsed with laughter, the tree trunk was vibrating gently up and down, while two lusty lads were floundering in the water. It was fun to see a confident acrobat start out from the barge for the ham. So long as the trunk was firm and level he could manage to keep his footing, but, as he got where the peeled tree began to bend there was a gentle sliding motion, the legs began to spread as of their own accord, arms were thrown aloft for ballast, the glide increased to a glissade, and over he went with a heavy splash. When the sport began to grow tame the boys were allowed to sand their feet, and the ham was soon captured. Then there was a well contested sack race, in which the contestants made excellent time. And a pig was greased and turned loose for the boys to catch and hold. I did not think any ordinary crowd could catch a Florida pig, and would have taken a small wager that he got away. But circumstances were against him. He had too many kinks in his tail, and the sand was too dry and deep. At first he looked a winner all over, but much dodging got his grease mixed up with sand, and then the cute lads threw sand at his counter, until a cracker lad fouled him by one of his kinks and brought him to anchor, fighting and squealing like a fiend.

What pleased me most was the hearty interest and love of innocent sport shown by judges, assistants and all who had a hand in directing the proceedings of the day, and the good nature and sobriety of the entire gathering. I did not hear an ill-natured word nor see an intoxicated man during the day. The main event, the regatta, came off in a light breeze, but was sailed fairly and without any unpleasant feature, our white friend, the Tantalus, winning in the first class and the yawl Nellie in the second, the latter leading everything over the course. I had supposed that the sharpie was to enter for the race, and was rather disappointed when the captain declined to enter her or let the for'ard hands do so. So I got into the Rushton and raced the racers, as they stood past the barge in a light wind. I held way with them, too, until the wind freshened, when they soon left me astern.

It goes without saying, that in a country where the lightest pleasure boats are made to weigh from 150 to 200 pounds, a canoe of ten pounds weight is almost marvelous. "Tarpon," while standing on the wharf, heard a cracker explain the matter to a knot of listeners something like this: "You see," he said, "'taint no great trick to handle that little boat, once you know how. Every time one end of his oar goes up t'other comes down—to balance. Now if he should stop his paddlin' a single clip, he'd upset." Just then a lady spectator on a beamy schooner offered me a fine slice of melon, and I laid in the paddle, let the canoe drift, and enjoyed the gentle motion of the swell while eating it. The

cracker was utterly nonplussed, and walked off muttering, "Dog on it; but that is a neat little trick." I think the baby canoe, as "Tarpon" calls it, attracted as much notice as all the other craft in the harbor.

At night there was an old-fashioned southern country dance, and I ought to have been there. But I had been on my feet or in the canoe from early dawn until sundown, and was so tired that even the attractive strains of "Money Musk" and Fisher's hornpipe could not induce me to paddle ashore again. And "Tarpon," who rather wanted to take in the dance, finally agreed that the more sensible course was to get a powerful cup of tea, turn in for an all-night watch below, and be on hand for an early start to Big Pass in the morning, where we are to anchor or moor near the clean beach for a day or two, gather shells on the outer beach, and shoot snipe, plover and sickle-billed curlew to our hearts' content; with a possible chance at roseate spoonbills. And so with the distant fiddles squeaking faintly on our ears, we take either side of the after house and sink to sleep under the shadow of the standing lug, to dream of Big Pass, Little Pass, the Fishery and other spots we propose to visit on this, the trial cruise of the Nessmuk. For that is the name that floats from her truck in bright scarlet letters. A compliment for which I am indebted to Mrs. S. D. Kendall, who worked the same with her own deft hands before she had ever seen me. May she live to paddle her sixteen-pound canoe long after I am gathered in. NESSMUK.

FROM TOLUCA SOUTH.

BEFORE beginning to tell the details of a perhaps uneventful mountain ride, it is but just to give one or two friendly warnings.

First, this recital bids fair to be very instructive, a thing repellant to minds of an independent turn. Then, probably, others who have been before me have given all possible information of this country and this people. Humboldt, in particular, whose genius for detail is so great that if he had facilities for publishing we should now doubtless be well acquainted with all the peculiar features of the next world—Humboldt, I repeat, has passed this way. I console myself by thinking that others like myself know of the great man by repute, but have never read his works. Then, again, as I go along I shall often be forced to use many names that convey little or no meaning to the foreign ear. The Mexican idiom has left, even in dying, deep marks on the language of the country. Names of familiar and domestic objects are often derived from Indian words, and names of places almost always have this origin. Some of these words, such as Almoloya, are soft and liquid, while other towns, such as Tescalteclan and Ixtlahuaca, tangle the unpracticed tongue.

"Their uncouth names of prehistoric mould,
Clinking like hammers in an age of stone."

One thing more and I begin. You must expect no exact measurements. Those who try to give just measure are liable to be corrected. This unpleasant thing happens to scientific men of the first rank every day, but one can't be critical about a humble guess. The most captious person would waste his pains at this as much as if he were trying to spoil a defective egg.

At Toluca, the capital of the State of Mexico, not remarkable for anything except its beautiful market, I found myself in June, 1785—perhaps it was 1885. A century more or less does not make much difference in Toluca.

The market is a long paved building, with four rows of short stout pillars running lengthwise. The roof in the center is paneled in brick red. On each side of this paneling, between the two middle lines of pillars and the two side lines, there are glass skylights, and then solid roof again from the flanking pillars to the outer walls. The whole is painted in simple striking designs, and is not only good in itself, but all the more welcome for being unexpected.

If you have to buy a hat in Mexico you will find that a head that at home is small will yet surpass the size of the native head. To compensate for the small hat band there is a wide brim and a lofty crown.

In the evening, on entering a cheap café to hear some very fine music played on instruments of the nature of the guitar, it was explained to me that there are three grades of harsh alcoholic drinks distilled from cane juice. The best is "catalan." It is said that if you hold a glass of catalan to your ear you can hear the contents hum. It is possible one might hear the glass hum after emptying it of liquor; but the other statement is exaggerated. Next in grade comes "resacado," while at the bottom of the series stands a still coarser drink whose name I forget.

After thus sounding the resources of the town, I set to work to buy three horses; one for myself, one for my effects and one for the mozo who was to take care of them. It needed both patience and decision to select, among the animals offered, those least bad. I bought a little, skinny roan, with eyes like a rabbit's bulging far out, and seeing more than he ever spoke about, for a pack horse.

I rescued a gray mare from sacrifice in the bull ring for my man to mount, and for myself got a black, large and sleek with a good character and an easy jog. I will not tell the price of the stud for fear you should think the animals contemptible. Some such suspicion lurked in my mind at first. Still, to give you a rough notion, you may know that, after subtracting the cost of my cavalcade, saddles and all, from a hundred dollars, there was a pleasing remainder. In one point only was I deceived. My own charger, whose pace was as swift and pleasant as a mule's, proved to be foundered. His legs were limber and his gait graceful, and he did not show his disease until he got to climbing mountains, when his respiration rose to near two hundred and fifty pants a minute, and his progress grew slow in inverse proportion.

My mozo, Gumecindo, was not a packer by profession. Indeed, he turned out to know nothing of that delicate art. He began his service with the seeming intention of being a patronizing if incompetent adviser. His manners were very grand and his tone a condescending chant. It needed, however, only a blunder or two with the ropes and a little neglect of the horses to alter our relations seriously. His aristocratic bearing would fade, and only freshen again when healing time allowed him to forget the past. Yet the poor fellow made me half ashamed of myself on one occasion. For the purpose of a flying trip to Tasco I took another boy for guide, and left Gumecindo behind for a day because his horse's back was sore. Just before we started out Gumecindo came to me and asked that, in view of the disability of his horse, he might be allowed to accompany us on foot that he might continue to watch over my welfare. Fifty miles on foot over such a trail!

Loading upon the roan a bag of bread and two boxes of claret, which ought to have been cheap, but was not, we set out across the valley. After a time we began skirting the volcano and soon rose among the pines. The volcano, called, according to a geography I carried, Xinantecatl or "the naked man" by the ancients, is somewhere about 14,000 feet high. On one side of its ridgy crest snow is always to be seen. Its fires have long been dead and in their place two sheets of clear water fill the old craters and send down their overflow to freshen the lands on every side. Toward Toluca comes a small stream. Two considerable rivers unite at Temascaltepec, and further south, at Tenancingo, the cool waters still come from the same source. I was told that the first discoverers of these lakes found there the shattered pieces of an old boat with its iron fastenings lying around. Like many other things supposed by the people to be relics of the ancient races, the remains spoken of in this story must really have been of Spanish origin, for iron was unknown before their coming.

Up in the forest woodchoppers were at work cutting and fashioning lumber. The axe is a queer instrument not more than three inches broad at the blade and nearly a foot long; but, clumsy as it is, it is well handled, and excellent results are got. Trains of Indians passed laden with burdens. Most of the loads were put in a device called a "huacal." This is an osier cage some three feet high and two feet wide and deep. Usually the "huacal" is divided into two or three stories. The lower floor is perhaps crowded with live hens, then there will be a compartment full of eggs, with an assortment of fresh vegetables, or new crockery on top. The carriers get their stock together and set out on a long tramp, so timing their start as to get to some town on the day of the week consecrated to the "plaza" or public market. Then they sell their cargo and walk back.

It was rainy and cold when we got to a straggling settlement called Meson Viejo. The roofs looked leaky, but we could get no further that night, so we took our chances and were happily dry.

There are four principal kinds of roof in this part of the country. First there are the red tiles, half cylindrical in form. These are laid overlapping, first in rows with the concave side up, and then, over the edges of these, in rows with the convex side up. The effect is both good for shelter and attractive to look at; loved equally by the artist and the practical man. At the other end of the series is the thatch roof of grass or palm leaves, set with a steep slant, dirty, ineffective and used only in the poorest houses. Between these extremes are the roofs made of "tejamaniles." These are long shingles, perhaps six inches wide by three feet in length. I think what we call shakes are about the same thing. "Tejamaniles" are fastened either by boring holes and driving in long wooden pins which are left uncut (so that your roof looks like a great harrow slightly tilted), or by the simpler method of weighting the roof with stones. The roofs at Meson Viejo were loaded with stones. It looked as if a new Deucalion had been scattering the seed, and the classic parallel was made more striking by the great number of infant Indians that seemed to have sprouted under the thick strewn rocks.

The next day, after going over some hilly ground, we got to Temascaltepec, in the edge of the mineral belt, for here little ore is found either on the Toluca peak or its higher spurs. On the lower ranges that lie between here and the coast are the principal mines of this and the adjoining districts.

It would, of course, be indelicate and perhaps uninteresting in a mining expert to tell "the secrets of the prison house" and other professional matters. In these I keep discreet silence, but the town has other features which repay attention. We have got low enough now for the tropic sun to show its influence. Up the steep sides of the barranca, just below where the two rivers flow together, wide banana groves wave their great leaves. Coffee trees are planted among the bananas, giving fine fruit and yielding good returns. Corn here as elsewhere, is the main stay of the people, and it is striking to see what ungrateful soils are tilled. As little manure is used, the fields have to rest long in fallow, but, with this exception, the cultivation is close. Side hills a man can hardly climb, and which only the ox reared in the mountains can plow, are green with corn. I have seen, in limestone regions, fields so full of boulders you could scarce see the soil, and yet between the rocks stood the withered cornstalks of last year's harvest. Nor is there any lack of necessary attention to growing crops. There is careful system on the contrary. While the stalks are short enough for the ox yoke to pass over, there is frequent ploughing, and after that the ground is hoed. The wooden ploughs of the country are effective in light soils. They do not turn the furrow over as a mold board does but they stir deeply. Even the antique style of threshing by driving cattle and horses over the grain does not turn out so badly as one would think. Another sign of the careful use of the land is the extent of the "rozas," the burned over clearings on the mountains, where only a crop or two can be raised, after which the land lies idle till another growth of brush is ready for another burning. You will often see a distant range checkered over clear to the summit with the bare squares of former "rozas."

Among the fruits that are unusual with us comes first the "zapote." The tree is larger than any walnut I ever saw, open and airy, and the fruit is about the size of a large pear. Inside are two or three pits that together take up as much room as a turkey's egg. The meat of a ripe zapote is soft and sweetish; neither dry nor juicy, but of that consistency of fibrous custard which is met with in so many tropic fruits.

Then you have the "aguacate." On a tree not unlike a small chestnut grow dark green spheroids about the dimensions of an average potato. Aguacates, too, have large stones, and besides have a tough rind. Between the two lies an oily pulp which goes far to replace butter. It is just the thing for salads.

Further south is the land of the "mamey." These have the shape of a small cocoanut, four to six inches long, a rough, brown skin, and the usual enormous seeds. The flesh is like a pumpkin pie. Good mameys remind you of good pies and bad mameys of poor pies, but the comparison is quite exact throughout. An intelligent friend told me that it took four years for the mamey to develop from the flower to the ripe fruit. This may be so in unfavorable places, but in hot land a few months only are needed.

There are two kinds of wild cherries here, highly prized. "Capulin," a red berry growing on a large tree, and "nanache," a yellow berry, on a much smaller tree. Both have the astringent taste of our choke cherries, and have hardly more juice.

A day's ride from Temascaltepec led us over a high divide and down into the plain where Almoloya stands. On the mountain here, as in many other places where the rock is soft, the trail was so deeply worn in spots that a horseman could not see over the sides of the banks. Near the towns, too, the roads were often paved for a long way. Of course I do not mean that a wagon could be driven on such pavements. So steep and rough were they sometimes that one could only ride down with great danger to his horse's legs; still it shows that great labor has been spent, where necessary, in preserving the scanty lines of travel the country owns. On the roads called by courtesy "caminos reales," royal or main roads, you meet many solid masonry bridges connecting paths little better than cattle trails. Probably much of this work was done by forced Indian labor. The odious methods of the present government in that regard show too clearly what the past must have been. When the roads now need repair, the local magnate sends to the leading men of some Indian village, bidding them do the job or go to jail. Not only are the poor creatures paid nothing, but they are not even supplied with tools. They are forced to cut stakes, and, hardening the pointed ends by charring them in the fire, get on as best they can with these miserable makeshifts.

As you ride through the level land toward Almoloya, you find, for a wonder, that the villages and churches stand a little way off the main road. All the fertile bottom seems to be utilized; grain and corn growing right up to the walls of the houses.

Almoloya was full of festal visitors when we rode in. There was no room either for man or beast, and we went on to a little store at the hacienda of Los Arcos.

Here we had various fortune. We were treated first to "té limon," a drink made out of a kind of grass. There are three principal kinds of herb teas here in use. Té limon is cultivated in gardens and dried. When steeped it has a flavor that reminds one of lemon verbena. Then you have "té yerba buena," made by steeping while green a plant that resembles mint. The infusion, however, has hardly any taste at all; "té del monte," made from the dried leaves of a wild bush, is better than either of these, and the three varieties, called from the colors of their flowers red, purple and white, are prized in the order named. Sometimes a tea is made from green orange leaves. To my palate hot water is more agreeable.

To compensate for the pleasures of "té limon," we were at Los Arcos infested with pigs. Of all God's creatures, I most loathe a pig. Dead pigs, like dead Indians, may have their good points, but for the living my sentiments are little better than those of a Jew. Their snuffling, grunting, and the slobbering smack of their filthy chops arouse in me a feeling of dislike. Most of the pigs at Los Arcos, though living in the parlor during the day, retired to a separate room to sleep. Two or three favored ones, however, kept going the rounds for hours after the others had gone to rest. As a measure of protection I gathered a pile of firewood, laid it near my hand and discharged this artillery at every grunt I heard in the darkness. At last we had peace. My kindly host, though perhaps pained at the ill-treatment of their pets, wished me all sorts of good fortune the next morning, and I, far from complaining, pocketed my pig grievance and answered with Castilian punctilio to their graceful compliments. One thing I forgot to say about Temascaltepec, viz., that the withers of the horses were there badly bitten by bats. We guarded carefully against this misfortune for the future, and it did not occur again.

And now one day more of mountain travel and we reach the town of Zacualpan. On the road I saw the only wild animal, with the exception of one small deer, that I met during the trip. He was the size and shape of a fox, both as regards the head, the tail and the body, but his color, instead of being rufous, was of a steely gray. The natives call the animal a "cacomistli."

The town of Zacualpan cannot be hid. It is set on the very summit of a lofty hill. It makes one tired merely to see the steepness of the streets, and a Mexican there on a visit told me he got quite foundered in going to his sleeping place. He was lucky, however, to find any place to stay. Though the town is large, so few people come there that only the casual kindness of heart of some benevolent citizen rescues a stranger from the street. It was not till we enjoyed the hospitality of the hacienda in the ravine below that we were in any position to judge of the advantages of the country.

The mountains around are bored and burrowed into on every side. Immense amounts of labor have been done, and you hear tales of several old-time miners who took many millions in silver from the ground only to end in aged helpless poverty.

Now we draw near the State of Guerrero. The road to Tasco is one of the most beautiful paths a man need wish to see. Almost all the way you ride through the shade of oak forests. More than thirty kinds of oak are said to grow here, but they do not have the rugged look of their English cousins. Crowded close together, they shoot up tall and nearly as straight as pines. Orchids and trailing mosses drape and swathe the trunks and branches, and ever and again you catch glimpses of the red boles of writhing madroños hung with tattered bark.

From the lofty ridge of the Mount of Temptation, at a place called the Devil's Balcony, whence you can see, if not all the kingdoms of the earth, at all events a great expanse of republican land, the traveler looking east is faced by the tall crest of the Toluca volcano. The twins of Puebla, the White Woman and the Smoking Mountain, rise above the line of the range further to the right, and on clear mornings, before the heated air begins to shimmer, you can see the faint-drawn, sharp point of Orizaba piercing the southern sky and ending the line of sleeping fire.

As the ride draws to a close you pitch down a long descent. At first a few churches to the right catch your attention, and you think half an hour will bring you to the town. Then you see a settlement nestled on the slope far across the valley and your hopes of a speedy arrival are chilled. On a sudden you turn a point of rocks and the red towers of the tall, narrow-chested façade of the cathedral rise before you with such a determined front that you stop half startled. This is Tasco beyond a doubt.

The town now lives mainly on memories of the past. In the cathedral hangs a portrait, beneath contempt in execution, with a writing below that tells the reader that Don José Borda built the church out of gratitude for divine favors shown him in the getting of wealth. The outside of the building is not all in good taste, but was clearly costly. The fine red stone was brought from far, and is elaborately carved to the top of the bell towers. Statues in the same stone are clustered around, giving an almost confusing effect of detail. The nave is high and narrow. The belfries much higher and, instead of tapering, swell slightly as they go up.

As you look down from the trail, the dominating mass of the structure seems to be crushing the back of the crouching town. Inside all is tawdry; rude wooden angels with puffy cheeks painted and gilded as if bound to a ball. On each side of the door hang numbers of offerings to various local divinities. I say "local" because, although all bear the names of "Nuestra Señora," or "Nuestro Señor," those titles are qualified and limited often to some small village, so strong is the survival of pagan thought.

The offerings consist mainly in small oil paintings of "moving accidents by flood and field," of scenes of illness deemed mortal, in most cases with a cross or a Virgin appearing in one corner framed in a glowing cloud. Absurd daubs nearly always, with legends below telling, with ill-spelled simplicity, some story of rewarded faith.

In a church in Tenancingo, which had, by the way, the best pictures I have seen in the country, hung, among other little squares of canvas, one picturing two riders and a pack mule a good deal embarrassed by high water. It was a sample taken at random, and I give the legend as it stood for the instruction of those who care to decipher the faulty Spanish:

En 6 de Otubre de 1805 *allandose en peligro de la bida Dn José juaquira destrado y su moso pedro franco en las orillas de Samoro 4 dias por agua y in bocando a Na Sa del Calvario de tenancingo y al Sr de Chalma saliron libres a quienes dedica este.*

"On the 6th of October, 1805, Don José Juaquira Destrado and his servant Pedro Franco, finding themselves in danger of their lives for four days, by reason of floods, on the border of Samoro, and invoking the aid of our Lady of Calvary of Tenancingo and our Lord of Chalma, escaped unhurt. To them he dedicates this."

I have spoken of the picture of Borda. Let me say a few words about his life, more wonderful than romance. Joseph Laborde was a poor Frenchman, who many years ago came hither. He began mining; worked in many different States and on many different veins. The records are said to show that, as a consequence either of luck, skill or instinct, he took from the ground over two hundred millions of dollars of bullion. In Tlalpujahua alone the "Borda" mine (for the Spaniards had altered the original name to suit their tongue) gave over thirty millions. Tasco shows as large an output, and Zacatecas and other States must make up the remainder.

Laborde fancied that he had a mission from God to put these hidden treasures into the hands of men. It was also a part of his mission to further the cause of the church. Of the many temples he built to God, the cathedrals Tlalpujahua and Tasco are the most considerable. But he did not confine himself to building. He founded colleges, he educated armies of priests, he provided rich vestments and sacred vessels. On one occasion when Laborde was ruined by the long barrenness of his mines (for he was not without reverses), the Archbishop of Mexico gave back to him a "custodia" or box for holding the consecrated host, which Laborde had had made at the cost of a hundred thousand dollars. Selling this he got money to keep on and at last found again his lost bonanzas. At the end he died poor, having devoted so much wealth to pious uses that his family were left in need.

Tasco, though shorn of its former glory, still has claims to respect. Water is brought from the higher mountains in an acqueduct built by Laborde, and through its masonry pipe goes growling and rumbling down the steep incline. One conduit leads to a long stone tank where the women gather to wash clothes, another to a public horse bath, also of stone, and still other streams flow to the fountains and basins in the square. The pavements are laid in patterns, hard black pebbles being used to make the design or a name or date as it happens. Food, if you get it, is cheap. My meals, which were the most luxurious the place afforded, cost me fifteen cents apiece. The boy who served as guide dined with me, and it was curious to watch him at table. For a moment he eyed the unusual apparatus of knife and fork with distrust. His mind was soon made up. Bravely and without embarrassment he knocked a hole in his eggs and sucked them. Then he carved his fried potatoes and chicken and what not with his fingers, and did very satisfactory work.

My sleep was bad owing to foreign invasion. In the morning I reproached the landlady with the plentitude of bedbugs; but she soon convinced me that I was mistaken, "For," she said, "the room next to yours, which is locked, is the one that is full of bedbugs. Here there can be only fleas."

H. G. DULOG.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

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NIGHT HAWKS NESTING.

THE night hawk (*Caprimulgus virginianus* Kirtland) has within a few years made a new departure here in locating its nest. I cannot say nest building, as I have never met with its eggs protected by stick, straw, or material of any kind whatever. Six years ago I found a pair nesting on the tin roof of a public building in the heart of the city. The eggs, two in number, were laid by the upper side of a chimney; a fortunate choice of place, as the rain would quickly drain off, and the eggs, if undisturbed, were safe from a roll into the gutter.

Three pairs of these birds now nesting on a slate roof of a prominent building thirty rods from where I am writing have given me, during the season, a fine opportunity of watching their maneuvers. They arrived the 30th of April, and for several days made merry over the place as if uncertain about choosing the location. By the 6th of May and after this date they might be seen about 5 P. M., rising from the roof together as it were at the word go! and cutting antics and gyrations that would do credit to any bird on the wing; in fact, I know of no other bird that can excel him in flight, the albatross or frigate bird even, I doubt, can more than equal him on or with the wind in rapidity of flight or aerial maneuvers. Until long after dark these flights are maintained seemingly for amusement, perhaps for the entertainment of the partners that are caring for the eggs below. When the moon is full, the well-known *speek, speek,* can be heard at all hours of the night and often after the sun is well up in the east. The number of nocturnal insects destroyed by these birds must be enormous, judging from the appearance of the young. I have met with many of them and always found them featherless and fatter than any other callow bird it has been my fortune to observe. Their rapid and irregular flight makes them a difficult mark for the young sportsman to practice on, as he never fails to make a target of them when the opportunity offers. I can now understand the object for which this bird was created.

Last summer, while walking through the grounds of the Lake View Cemetery, I found a nest of this bird on a barren knoll not fifty feet from the main drive and foot way. Stepping to the spot the bird only left after receiving a careful push of my foot, she mounted quickly high into the air in a manner that spoke of no immediate return. While examining the two eggs as they lay on the bare sand, the bird suddenly made her appearance, flying close to my head as though to attack, then tumbled to the ground to roll and perform all the antics common to the ground-nesting species. We left the bird covering her nest and learned subsequently from the guardian of the grounds that she raised her young undisturbed, for the reason, as he remarked, "no one else ever discovered the nest, or the eggs would soon have been gathered up and blowed for some naturalist's cabinet." The question is what induced this bird to nest in such an exposed position, the knoll was as clear of grass or other obstruction as a new laid sea beach, and close by hundreds of foot and carriage passengers went daily. It is not uncommon for ruffed grouse, quail and other ground-nesting birds to nest in close proximity to well beaten paths, but in all these cases we find the bird and eggs well concealed by surrounding grass or bushes.

DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O., July 23.

THE BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY DR. MORRIS GIBBS.

(Continued.)

46. *Dendræca cærulea* (Wils.) Baird.—Cærulean warbler; blue warbler.

A locally distributed bird. Perhaps common in certain sections, but certainly not abundant throughout the State. Many observers have never taken it, and it is first reported as a bird of Michigan in 1878 by Covert, who later, 1881, in his "Birds of Washtenaw County," says of it: "A very common summer resident; breeds, nesting in the tops of tall trees." Embraced by but four lists, and only given as a summer sojourner in two catalogues. Dr. Atkins, of Locke, Ingham county, is the most northern observer, about 43° north latitude, and he only mentions the finding of three specimens in his twenty-nine years of observations. Mr. Jerome Trombley, of Petersburgh, Monroe county, in the extreme southeastern portion of the State, gives a very valuable description of this species in his notes of the warblers of the county, sent to me, 1881. He says: "This is one of the most abundant of the warblers in this section of Michigan. There is near here a piece of heavily timbered land of about ten or twelve acres extent, where I will venture to say there are each year not less than twenty pairs of these birds that breed. They abound more or less in all of the woodlands of Monroe, Wayne, Washtenaw and Lenawee counties. They appear from the south from the first to the sixth of May. It may be truly said to be a wood-inhabiting species, as I have never, in all my observations, seen more than a dozen specimens outside of the woods. During the time they remain here they haunt the tops of the tallest trees, and while feeding seldom descend nearer than twenty or thirty feet of the ground. While nesting, they necessarily come to the ground after building materials, and this is the best time to secure specimens. They are very shy and suspicious at all times, and difficult of approach, a habit which, as is well known, is contrary to the nature of the greater portion of the true wood warblers.

They usually begin nesting soon after their arrival here, or about the 15th to the 20th of May. The situation of the nest is different from all the authentic accounts which have ever come to my knowledge. Audubon describes it as being placed in a low tree or bush and partly pensile. In Vol. IV., No. 1, Nutt. Orni. Bull., is an article on the "Nest and Eggs of Cærulean Warbler," by J. A. Allen, in which is given the record of three nests. One nest situated sixty feet from the ground more nearly accords with all those I have seen in this section. All of my nests were not less than forty feet up, and from that to seventy-five feet from the ground, and invariably placed on the upper side of a branch, generally a fork formed by smaller limbs shooting up from the main branch. The first nest I discovered was forty-five feet from the ground, in a basswood, and contained eggs just ready to hatch; the next was built in a maple, all of fifty feet up, on a branch, and contained four fresh eggs. Another nest was quite seventy-five feet from the ground, in an ash, and placed at the extremity of a small limb. All the nests agree in size and construction with those described in the *Bulletin.* The outside is composed of fine dry grass, strings from plants, caterpillars' silks, spiders' web, and an occasional shred of moss and bits of inner bark. The lining is composed wholly of fine strips of the reddish outer down of fern stalks. One of the nests is covered on the outside with a few grayish lichens. The nests are about of a size, measuring 2¾ inches outside, by 2 inches inside diameter, and 1¾ inches in height externally by 1½ inches inside. The eggs are dull white with a faint yellowish tinge. The markings are small spots, specks and blotches of a reddish brown, the bulk being disposed about the greater end. The measurements are, averaged, .60x.48 of an inch. The cærulean warbler remains until about the 25th of September, and by Oct. 1 they have all disappeared."// My experience with this species is extremely limited, having only met with it on one occasion. On May 11, 1884, I shot a fine male which was singing in a small tree near the banks of the river in a low woods. The song was *tree-tree-tree-tree-tree-tree-zweeeee,* and quite agreeable. The bird was active in its motions and appeared a typical warbler.

47. *Dendræca pennsylvanica* (Linn.) Baird.—Chestnut-sided warbler.

In the early days of ornithology in America, this bird was considered scarce by some of our best writers, and though since then it has become abundant, it is frequently, at least in sections of Michigan, so irregular in its movements and choice of summer haunts, that during some seasons it is quite a rarity. It is a peculiar species in its choice of a summer residence, and from its decidedly irregular migrations, we may expect it to become rare or abundant without apparent reason each summer.

My first acquaintance with it was in 1873, when it appeared May 9. The following season it appeared on the same date. These dates of arrival are a little later than the average, as they are usually here by May 5. My earliest arrival noted is April 25, and my latest May 12. The birds sing on their appearance or soon after, and continue the refrain until July 15, after which a sound rarely escapes them for some weeks, excepting the call notes, but again in late August I have frequently heard the simple song. The common song is: *Che che che che che wee wee wee wee,* sometimes *choo a choo a che che e wee o wee wee,* rapidly uttered. Another song, not so often heard, is difficult to express in syllables. It goes something like this: *Tsis tsis tsis tsis chee ah.* The first part of the song *tsis* is sometimes only repeated twice or thrice, again five or six times, the notes being nearly of one key, while the last part of the song is varied, the first syllable being higher than the end note.

It is essentially a bush warbler, confining itself to low trees and bushes, being seldom seen in the tops of trees. Specimens are taken from the tops of the tallest trees, but as a rule only during migration, as they usually remain in thickets and bramble patches. While nesting it is more commonly found among thick clumps of bushes, often near the edges of streams, but occasionally on high land, preferring the outskirts of the forest for its haunts. Most nests have come to my notice in low land among elm and ash woods in half cleared sections, where the raspberry and blackberry bushes have formed thick bramble patches. In favorable seasons a good many nests can be taken in an acre of briers, and I recall two years, when at least thirty nests were discovered. But the birds are quite scarce now, and few eggs have been taken since 1878 in parts of Michigan that I have visited. This season I have not seen a half dozen birds, but next year they may appear as abundant as formerly.

The nests are usually placed from three to four feet from the ground, sometimes a nest is taken all of six feet up, and many nests have come to my notice from a foot to two feet above the ground. These low nests were generally built on top of a recumbent raspberry bush. A common place for the nest is in a small-forked ash or elder. A few dates may give a fair idea of the time for nesting: 1874—June 1, two nests, four fresh eggs each; 1877—May 27, incubation began; June 8, young two days old; 1878—May 25, three eggs nearly hatched. The nests are quite durable in their make-up, and though one is occasionally taken which is rather loose in construction, most of them are quite firm in build. The body of the nest is composed quite often of coarse grass and small dead stalks, and is lined with finer qualities of the same. This description accords with Nuttall's, but more nests are composed of fine bark strippings and grasses, and are lined with hair—often horse hair. The eggs are three or four in number, more often three, but five eggs have been found in a nest. Roughly described, the eggs are small, white, and speckled with red and brown.

The chestnut-sided is a common species generally and well known. It was known to Sager in 1839, and is reported from all parts of the State, even to our most northern points. The birds depart for the south in numbers by September 15, and are all gone by the 25th of the month.

48. *Dendræca castanea* (Wils.) Baird. — Bay-breasted Warbler.

A rather irregular migrant. Often observed in abundance both in spring and autumn, and again scarcely observed or not seen again during a season. The earliest arrival I have noted is May 10, while some seasons no specimens are observed until the 20th of the month or even later. It does not remain with us more than a very few days in spring, and is frequently observed only during an afternoon's walk. The nesting season undoubtedly finds the birds in the extreme northern part of the State. No record of summer captures has appeared, and thus far it is not reported from the Upper Peninsula. Sager, 1839, embraces it, and most of the lists of Michigan birds mention it as a migrant and transient.

During the autumnal migrations the birds seem to be as a rule much more common than in spring, appearing in late August and remaining in favorable seasons until September 30. At this season they are silent but active. I have met with few if any of our warblers which are more active and pleasing in their manners than the baybreast. It is an active insect hunter, and in its movement often appears like a chickadee, rolling around the twigs and flitting about in a restless manner quite amusing. It has a most delightful song in the spring, which I have heard but a few times and unfortunately cannot describe. It is vivacious and pleasing, and quite different from the notes of the other warblers. Few notes escape the birds in the fall, and only subdued twitterings are heard.

49. *Dendræca striata* (Forst.) Baird.—Blackpoll warbler.

Strangely enough this species has never come under my observation, although many rarer members of the family are well represented in my cabinet. However, it cannot be called a common bird in sections in which I have collected. It is one of the last migrants to arrive and is frequently not seen till after May 20. It is pronounced a transient in the various lists of birds of the lower peninsula, but is recorded by Cabot, 1850, and Kneeland, 1856, of the upper peninsula, but is not given as a summer resident of them. Sager, 1839, does not embrace it. In its movements it is described as being similar to the baybreast, and like that species is irregular in its appearance and distribution during migrations. It is observed in the southern part of our State during late August and September.

50. *Dendræca blackburnia* (Gm.) Baird.—Blackburnian warbler.

An abundant migrant and known to all collectors in the lower peninsula, recorded by Cabot, 1850, in the northern peninsula. In the past month of June, during a trip among the islands and in various parts of the northern portion of our State, I looked in vain for the orange-throated warbler, although many species usually found in company with it during summer were abundant. This is one of those birds which has a reputation of going to the north to breed, but which I believe breeds abundantly in all suitable localities north of 43°, and frequently as far south as 42°. It is quite abundant in Southern Michigan during some springs, and again is really scarce, a peculiarity shared to a greater or less extent by many members of the family, and perhaps to be accounted for on the principle of a change in the migrating routes. I have yet to see a list, with the exception of Covert's, which embraces it as a summer resident, but the fact nevertheless exists that it is in many quarters really common during June and July, and the discovery of two nests is fair evidence of its nesting south of 43°.

The blackburnian warbler reaches us occasionally by April 24, being one of our earliest arrivals in this family. In late seasons it occasionally does not make its appearance until the 10th of May; but such late arrivals are unusual. The birds are generally common by May 5, and are observed flashing their brilliant throats among the budding trees from the early hours of morning to dusk. Tamaracks are favorite

trees of this bird, and they may be found with almost absolute certainty in the swamps during the first three weeks of May. Timbered lands are also favored locations, while shade trees in cities and the various fruit trees in orchard and garden are often chosen. The blackburnian is a lively bird, almost constantly on the move, and he must indeed be a poor collector who fails to secure one of these bright-colored birds in a day's tramp in spring. In 1878 I became satisfied that the birds nested in Kent and Ottawa counties, but sought in vain for the eggs. While noting the songs of our warblers in the spring of 1880 I became familiar with the pleasing song of this species, and was surprised at the number of birds I heard in the thick-foliaged trees in Montcalm county. A little later in the season, a number of females were observed carrying materials for nests, but none of these were found, owing to the density of the foliage.

In 1881, Benjamin F. Syke secured a nest in a tall and slender tamarack tree in a small swamp in Kalamazoo county. It was about forty feet from the ground, situated on a slender upward angling limb four feet from the trunk, and contained four eggs and an egg of the cowbird. Incubation had advanced to about the third day. The nest was quite dense in structure, composed externally of small tamarack twigs held firmly in form by milk weed (*Asclepias*) bark. Internally the principal material is horse hair, also fine roots and woody fibers in its lining, and it very much resembles inside, in form and appearance, the chipping sparrow's nest, but is somewhat deeper. Externally, however, it does not resemble any nest that I have met with. The following season in early June, the same collector secured a second nest in woods of the same nature, the structure being placed in a tamarack about thirty-five feet from the ground on a small crotching limb next the body of the tree. In make-up the nest was like the first, with the exception that it contained more roots in the base, and hardly any horse-hair lining. It contained three fresh eggs.

In addition to the several sylvicoline chirps and minor notes, this species has a song of considerable vivacity which is quite characteristic. The song may be described by the syllables *Cheah-cheah, deedle-deedle-deedle*, uttered in an energetic manner, and is very agreeable. The singer is often located with difficulty. I have never heard the song earlier than May 22 and do not think the birds are tuneful on their arrival, but only after the females arrive, which occurs some days after the appearance of the more gaudy males, and the mating is taking place. I have never heard the song in autumn and judge that, like most of the birds of the family, they are silent, with exception of the call notes. In Southern Michigan the blackburnian again becomes abundant in September, although a few appear late in August. They do not all leave us for the south until late September.

51. *Dendræca dominica albilora* Baird. — White-browed yellow-throated warbler.

Never common in localities in which I have collected, and it is not reported as abundant by any authority. Mr. Jerome B. Trombley, of Monroe county, in the extreme southeastern part of the State, writes me that the birds, although rare summer residents there, are still seen in such numbers that the habits may be observed. In his quarter it is one of the earliest arrivals of the warblers, occasionally appearing by April 20. Its favorite haunts are in the wooded bottom lands along the Raisin River, where they confine themselves to the tops of the huge sycamores which skirt the banks. The song is quite loud and spirited, and can be heard at a distance of three or four hundred yards. Some authors state that it resembles that of the indigo bird, and others that it may be likened to the black and white creepers. According to my experience the song is a very characteristic one, and bears no resemblance to anything I have ever heard. It may be expressed by the syllables *tee-o tee-o tee-o tow-tee*, accented on the syllable *tee*, and with a rising inflection on the final syllable *tee*. This song is repeated at intervals of ten or fifteen seconds, and kept up for an hour or more.

For several years in succession I searched long and diligently for a nest, scanning the tall treetops in vain. Finally I observed a bird alight on the trunk of a tree with building material in its mouth. In a few moments it flew to a partially formed nest near the extremity of a small horizontal limb in a tall sycamore not less than sixty feet from the ground, and at least twenty feet from the trunk. This discovery was made May 15, 1880. By the use of a field glass I watched the female at work on the nest which she completed and occupied. The birds depart for the south in late September, and by Oct. 10 all have disappeared.

I can add nothing to Mr. Trombley's remarks except to verify his description of the location of the nest. One nest came under my notice in late May which was built in a tall sycamore, which grew on the bank of the river, and it was situated on a small limb at some distance from the trunk. The inaccessible nest which I found was in 42° 20′ north and is the northernmost record in our State. My first specimen was shot May 10, 1877, and one was taken as late as Sept. 21, 1878. The whitebrow is not recorded by any of the older lists, and was first brought forward in a list, in my catalogue of 1879. It is fair to judge that its northern range is limited, and we may consider 43° or 44° as its boundary with us. Mr. W. H. Collins has taken it twice, spring and autumn, near Detroit. Contrary to its habit of keeping in the tops of tall trees and far from the habitation of man, a specimen was once brought me which was found fluttering about in a grocery store in the evening in September. It was a mature specimen.

52. *Dendræca virens* (Gmel.) Baird.—Black-throated green warbler.

A well-known, cheerful, abundant species. A transient in the extreme southern part of the Lower Peninsula, but a summer resident north of 42°, and abundant as we go further north. It is occasionally irreguiar in its appearance. In 1884 I did not see a specimen until after May 11, although one day, in what should have been the height of their migration, we walked ten miles in sections usually chosen by them. It is generally well distributed, however, and quite regular in movements. The earliest arrival noted by me in Southern Michigan is April 23, but one season they did not appear until May 4. The average arrival may be placed at April 29 or 30. The subject of this sketch has a preference for the tops of the trees while with us, and I think it is oftener shot by mistake by collectors mistaking it for some rarer species than any other member of the genus. It is small and on its appearance silent, and frequently excites the ornithologist's attention by its active movements in the treetops when it is shot in haste. It is rarely heard to sing before May 15, and usually at not so early a date, unless the season is an advanced one and the birds in their nesting haunts. It is not often musical during migrations, and only the late stragglers are heard in the fully-foliaged trees. It may prove that it remains during summer in the extreme southern part of our State, but such a record has not reached me, and as yet I have not observed it south of 43° during June or July. In Kent and Ottawa counties the birds often build, while in more northern parts it appears as a very common summer resident. On Mackinaw Island and in the northern peninsula I observed it as very abundant.

This species is omitted by only two of the State or sectional lists now before me, and is evidently one of our widely distributed warblers. The song is very pleasing, and though short and inclined to become monotonous in deep pineries or cedar swamps, when a great many birds are constantly heard, it is nevertheless agreeable in its intonation, and always listened to with feelings of pleasure. The notes may be described by the syllables *zooi-zooi, toodle-dee*, perhaps the syllable *zwee* would describe the first part of the song better, but as one accustoms his ear to certain sounds, the changes which he makes from time to time as he studies the notes become fewer, until finally the song is so firmly impressed on his memory that no other series of notes will appear as natural to him excepting those which he has formulated in his mind, and which appear as plainly before him on paper as if expressed by tongue.

But to return to the song of the black-throatod green, it starts in slowly, the first two syllables being of even key, then drops on the *too*, higher on *dle*, and running up to quite a high key on the last syllable. The song is oft repeated, and may be heard all day in the thick foliage of the forest without a bird being seen.

On its return journey its appearance is first noted during the last of August or early September, while the last birds to depart remain as late as October 5, in pleasant seasons. I have never heard them sing during the fall migrations, and only the peeping call notes are heard in the small flocks in the tops of the trees as they gaily sport among the partially bare limbs.

53. *Dendræca kirtlandi* Baird—Kirtland's warbler.

A rare irregular straggler in our southern counties. Out of the dozen specimens taken in America our State has represented herself by three birds taken during the last ten years. The only lists recording this bird are Covert's lists of the birds of the Lower Peninsula, 1878, and birds of Washtenaw county, 1881, my list of 1870, in which his observations were copied, and Stockwell's list, published in the FOREST AND STREAM several years ago. Mr. Covert secured two specimens in the town of Scio, one on May 15, 1875, and one May 16, 1879. These captures were duly recorded in the Nutall Ornithological Bulletin.

In the *Auk* of October, 1884, there is also a record of capture in Battle Creek, May 11, 1883 by N. Y. Green, Esq. This bird was incorrectly labeled *D. pinus* and sent East to a naturalist. There is reason to hope that this species will become commoner within the next few years as in the case of the Connecticut warbler and others with us.

SITTING GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Special," in his note to FOREST AND STREAM (issue of July 16) goes too hastily to a conclusion. I am altogether of the opinion of the editor—that the bird which "Special" thought the cock bird was in reality the hen which he had first seen. She had tried one means of diverting him from the spot where the chicks were concealed, and that failing, she tried another. Having found that tufts of grass were of no avail, she resorted to stones. It was my fortune this spring to disturb a ruffed grouse hen on her nest at the time when the young were just beginning to hatch. She did not attempt any "possum" tricks or pretend to have been injured. On the contrary, she spread her wings, raised her ruff, and attacked the stick which I had extended toward the nest with manifestations of the greatest rage, in the meantime emitting a hoarse, hissing sound, very much like the hiss of the domestic goose. There could be no possible question as to the sex of the bird. Last summer a hen quail (*Ortyx virginianus*) was sitting in one of my coops on a nest of eggs of her own laying. This bird, taken wild when full grown, was not especially tame; but if I placed my hand beside her while sitting she would pick and strike at it very much as an ordinary "setting" hen. If I pushed her from the nest, she would ruffle her feathers, lower her wings and come toward me, making preparations intimating that she was about to devour me on the spot.

Allow me one or two suggestions, which, while they pretend to advance nothing new, seem to be pertinent to this matter. At the close of the laying period the female bird (and particularly the females of the wild game birds whose nests are made on the ground, gradually passes into a peculiar condition which is indicated, as we say of common poultry, by a desire to "set." The incubating fever which develops within a day or two of the incubation is a manifestation of this condition, but it is not all there is of the condition itself. The fever is an effect, not a cause. But it indicates a temporary change in the mental actions of the bird which bears about the same relation to its normal status, as does the condition of a man who is fighting drunk with the same man in his usual condition of sobriety. Perhaps the illustration is a little extreme. But as already intimated, this condition seems especially marked in our game birds, and accounts for a great many manifestations which appear to be and really are at utter variance with the habits and character of the same bird at other times. The game birds are all faithful and persistent sitters and careful and devoted mothers, but their courage or tameness while incubating or with very young chicks, are transient, not permanent. Thus when even so good an authority as "Mignon" some months ago told us in FOREST AND STREAM about a hen grouse that was so unusually tame, he also explained the seeming phenomenon by saying that the bird was sitting, although apparently he did not take that fact into account at all.

It would seem to be a natural supposition that this condition indicated by the incubating fever reaches its culmination shortly after the chicks are hatched, and I venture the opinion that "Special," at the time of which he speaks, disturbed the mother of a very young family. JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., July 22, 1885.

GRAY SQUIRRELS AND CHIPMUNKS.—About three years ago I put a few gray squirrels into a small grove of oak and pig nut trees. At that time there were a large number of ground squirrels or chipmunks. The gray squirrels have increased, and often come up to the house for nuts, but the ground squirrels gradually decreased and have now entirely disappeared. Have the gray driven out the ground squirrels, or have they deprived them of food and caused them to emigrate?—LONG ISLAND.

Game Bag and Gun.

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A HUNT AROUND THE VINEYARDS.

THE deer of Southern California becomes in the autumn, when the leaves and twigs of the chapparal become too old and dry to suit its taste, a great marauder, ravaging gardens and orchards, and especially vineyards in a manner that is often quite serious. It is especially fond of the white muscat grapes of which the best raisins are made, and some of the most easy and pleasant hunting now to be had in America is sometimes found in the low hills surrounding a California vineyard. Where deer are but little disturbed with hunting they go but a little way back from the vineyard to spend the day, often lying down under some shady brush or rock within plain sight of it. Being well fed during the night, they have little feeding to do during the day, and consequently little roaming. Hence their movements are much more regular than when feeding at large in the hills upon the native vegetation; and when the hills are not too rough or brushy, the labor requtred to find a deer is often reduced to the lowest point possible in deer hunting, while the certainty of a shot rises to the highest point possible in that uncertain amusement.

No boy ever knows better when he is doing mischief than this deer does. Hence it visits the vineyard only at night, entering after dark and leaving with the first gray of dawn. Sometimes deer may be shot in the vineyard at night; but they are then so extremely watchful that they can hardly ever be approached unless with fire, as in regular fire-hunting, while lying in wait involves an amount of silence and frequent disappointments, that is far more annoying than a vain search in the hills by day. A more certain and pleasant plan for a good hunter is to take in the morning fresh tracks of their departure from the vineyard, and follow them back into the hills where they have gone to spend the day. This generally requires tracking upon bare ground, a thing difficult enough, but on the whole vastly more easy than it is represented by some writers, who would have us believe that the Indian alone can do it. But the strong probability of finding fresh tracks at once and overtaking the deer that made them if you can only follow them more than compensates for all difficulties.

One of the most pleasant hunts of this kind that I ever had was at the vineyard of Mr. Maxey, near Bear Valley, in the county of San Diego, California. It covers some twenty acres of bottom land in a little valley surrounded by low hills, forming a perfect amphitheater, of which nearly all parts are visible from the ranch house, a large adobe house of the olden-time standing on the rising ground by a spring upon one side of the valley, and well filled with comfort, hospitality and good cheer.

On a bright November morning my friend S. and I left the house after breakfast and went to the vineyard to begin our hunt. Everywhere upon the soft ground were abundant tracks of deer; tracks of every night for the past week mingled with many scarcely five hours old. Here a deer had sauntered down between two rows of vines without stopping, and there one had stopped and eaten half a dozen bunches of grapes before passing on. In the orchard below the vineyard havoc was visible upon all sides. Here, still hanging on the trees, were large, luscious Japanese persimmons from which a whole side had been taken at a single bite, and others lay scattered upon the ground in a still greater state of ruin. Oranges and lemons had been passed, apparently in disdain, but the late peaches, pears and apples had suffered, and the twigs of plums, apricots, and other deciduous trees had been freely nipped. Along the edge of both orchard and vineyard were hundreds of fresh footprints where the deer had come in and gone out, some having jumped the fence of barbed wire, others having crawled under it. One would suppose that at least fifty deer had been in during the night; but we had had enough experience before to cause us to reduce the calculation to a dozen at the most. Some had gone out, played around the adjacent slopes and returned again, and some had passed in and out several times, and all had made many more tracks than were at all necessary.

Starting at the western end of the orchard we made a circuit on the outside of that and the vineyard, so as to find the tracks that it should be most advisable to follow. Three deer, including a large buck, had gone out on the west, but they had gone into a cañon that was quite brushy. As the wind was from the east our chances of a near approach were so slender that we left that trail until afternoon, by which time the wind might have changed. On the south two had gone out. After following these a few hundred yards we found that they too had gone westward, and as it was quite certain some had gone out at the eastern end of the vineyard we left this trail also on account of the wind. At the eastern end we found that five had gone out—a doe, two large fawns, and two other deer having foot prints a trifle larger than those of the doe. These tracks were well mixed with those of each night for the past week; the ground was well covered with grass about an inch high that the first rains had started. The deer had played about here and there, making all manner of twists and turns. Altogether it was no easy matter to unravel the tangle of trails.

We finally followed the trail into the main valley that led from the hills upon that side to the vineyard. At the first branch of this valley the deer had a grand play spell. The fawns especially had jumped and pranced around in all directions, running up the slopes and coming down again with long jumps that tore up the soft ground in long furrows. Then the party had divided, the old doe going up the branch while the fawns went with the other two deer up the main valley. Some two hundred yards beyond this another branch turned southward. Into this the tracks went; and so to our surprise did the wind. Coming a little from the north of east this wind would be quite sure to follow this branch of the valley, so we had to retreat as hastily as possible in order to make a circuit and get out of the breeze, which would be sure to bear our scent to the deer and alarm them.

Retreating down the valley some two hundred yards we ascended the hill on the west side of the little valley into which the deer had gone, so as to be on the leeward side and also be where we could see into the valley. But before we had gone a quarter of a mile the brush became so high, dense and stiff that it was impossible to see anything over it, or get through it without making a noise that would alarm the deer before we could get near enough to them for anything like certainty in shooting. Nothing remained but to back out and go around to the head of the little valley and come

down it, and thus have the wind in our faces. Nearly half a mile away we could see where it ended by branching into several little ravines, with flat-topped ridges between clad with brush, the whole forming a little brushy basin just below where the rugged hills broke suddenly away into a smooth, grassy table-land beyond.

A detour of nearly a mile then brought us to a high rock on the edge of this tableland and there we sat down to take a look. Below us lay the basin well filled with dark green brush over waist high, among which was scattered a goodly assortment of boulders of gray granite. Carefully we scanned every bush and the shade of every rock, and turned a strong opera glass upon every little spot of gray, brown, black or white. Plenty of such spots there were; but one by one they changed under the glass into bits of shade, glimpses of granite through brush, or the skull of some long dead ox looking dimly gray through the fine bright leaves of the lilac or manzanita. The warm wind swept up out of the cañon into our faces, bearing with it the voices of the men gathering grapes far away below; but there was no sound of bounding hoofs upon the hard dry ground, no crack or crash of brush such as are often heard when the deer takes the alarm and starts from his shady bed. Far below, but scarcely three-quarters of a mile away, shone the white walls of the ranch house, with the broad vineyard lying in a dense mass of green before it, and beside it the ripening oranges were gleaming through the dark green foliage of the trees. Miles away and thousands of feet below us gleamed a broad silver band beneath the western blue, where the mighty ocean lay sleeping its long summer sleep of peace, while between lay a wild array of tumbling hills, rolling tablelands and valleys, dark with depth. On our right, on our left and behind us lofty mountains loomed through autumn's golden haze, some dark and soft with pine forests, others gray and rugged, being mere piles of boulders between which ragged chapparal and scrubby oaks struggled for existence. And all between, still bright with golden stubbles, lay broad, sweeping plains and tablelands, rolling skyward in long waves of rich soil covered with yellow grass or scattered live oaks.

On any of this our prospects seemed about as good as in the hills before us that lay around the vineyard. Yet it was certain that the deer had entered this little valley whose branching head lay just before and below us. It was certain that they had not passed out on the side on which we had made our detour or we should have seen their tracks. Nor was it probable that they crossed over into the head of the next valley beyond, for had they intended to go into that one they would have been more apt to enter it by its mouth. That we had neither heard nor seen anything of the game proved nothing, for deer that live much in brush have a habit of hiding or skulking in it and may lie still or even stand still within fifty yards of a person or sneak quietly off without one's suspicion of their presence. It was quite probable that they were not two hundred yards from us, lying down on the shady side of some little ravine or under some large bush.

About one hundred yards below us lay a noble boulder of granite with a smaller one beside it by which we could climb upon it. Its top was broad and flat and formed a most tempting place to sit and enjoy the view and the breeze if nothing else. It was hardly necessary for me to suggest that we should transfer ourselves to that boulder, for my friend had already chosen it as his next resting place.

"Now," said I, as we stretched out upon it, "let's make quite a stay here. A deer even when hiding from you often gets uneasy after a while and cannot resist the temptation to have a good look at you. If you sit long enough within view of one, you may finally hear the brush crack, or may see the tips of a pair of ears arise out of the brush somewhere, or a pair of horns perhaps come surging"——

"That isn't a pair of horns over there, is it?" he interrupted, pointing away on the left.

About one hundred and thirty yards upon the left two points some three inches long and twelve inches apart were just visible above the chapparal. To an untrained eye they might have passed for the ends of dead sticks often seen in such brush, whose weather-beaten ends often look gray and shiny. But there was a peculiar hue and glitter about these points that made them like the face of an old friend dimly caught amid a crowd, while their distance apart and direction left no room for doubt.

My rifle was sighted for that very distance, and was a very accurate one, whereas I knew that S. had not tried his for a long time, and did not know exactly for what point the sights were set. I handed him mine and told him to fire about a foot below the center between the lower ends of the two points.

"No," said he, "you try them."

There was no time for parley or further interchange of courtesies. At any second the points might disappear, to be seen no more that day. Moreover, it was a difficult shot involving too much guess work as to the precise point to strike, and a head being too small a mark for that distance even if distinctly seen. But firing by guess at the supposed body would have been still worse, as it was impossible to say which way it was standing.

Drawing a fine sight a foot or so below the center between the points I fired. What a whirl of gray and white above that distant brush followed the report of the rifle, as the deer sprang upward and turned around with almost a single motion. Up he came again in a shining curve of gray, his whole outline forming the top of an arch over the brush. Bang went my companion's rifle and bang went mine, aimed about where I thought the glossy hair would descend into the brush. The smoke for a moment rolled across our line of view, then in an instant was swept aside by the breeze, and there just about the place where our deer had disappeared stood a statue of beamy gray. Now we could see it plainly, for it stood upon a knoll, perfect in outline with head proudly erect, long, tapering nose and great flaring ears pointed directly at us The bright morning sun shone from its dark iron gray back and glittered on three or four points upon each horn, a perfect picture of a three-year-old buck.

Both rifles rang out almost together, through the smoke we dimly saw another whirl of white and gray; but before either of us could fire again it was gone, glimmering through the dream of things that ought to be. But in a second more there rose from the brush in a little ravine beyond just such another pair of horns with just such another curve of beamy gray behind them. Again our repeaters poured dire intentions upon the scene, but in a moment the gray was once more gone, fading over a ridge amid a maze of brush.

But there was no time to think or indulge in speculations or regrets. For scarcely had the brush closed over the slippery beauty before a crash of brush about a hundred yards ahead of us made us turn about with something akin to haste. There, surging through the chapparral upon a slope across a deep ravine, were the two fawns. They looked nearly as large as the bucks, as with the gay bound of the mule deer they rose high above the brush from the impulse of their springy legs, striking ground with all four feet at once, and bouncing from earth again as though it was an India rubber cushion. Now with a long jump to one side, then with a short jump to the other side, rising ever high in air with all four feet grouped beneath them ready to beat the ground simultaneously with a heavy thump as they descended, the fawns sped swiftly away. Ball after ball tore up the dirt around, above and below, and hissed and sang through the air beyond, until they suddenly wheeled and plunged into a little ravine filled with brush. Just ahead of them a big wildcat was running, evidently under the impression that he had fallen on dangerous times. As he reached the top of the slope he yielded to the temptation to stop and see what was the cause of the uproar, evidently having been started by the noise only. He sat upon his haunches with brindle back turned toward us and turned his gray face backward over his shoulder. In a second more the cat and the dry dirt beneath it flew about two feet in air as a heavy ball from my friend's rifle struck the ground by the root of its stubbed tail. It went over the ridge in a sommersault of brindle hair and we were again alone.

Plenty of noise and smoke we had made. In fact, few rocks have ever seen such a cannonade in such a short space of time. Yet nothing had fallen and there was a painful dearth of evidence that anything had been hit. Taking first the track of the fawns we found them leading away in long jumps, tearing up the ground with every leg intact. It seemed almost useless to go to look for the others. But we went more from sound principle than from hope. Within ten yards of where we had fired at the first deer lay a three-year-old buck dead, shot through the shoulder. And now the question arose, had we been shooting at only one during the first part of the programme or had there been two deer? A little circling around revealed a track leading away in full run, and following it about a hundred yards we found another three-year-old dead with two bullets in him. The second had evidently risen almost into the place first vacated by the first one, and the first was the last one we found.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

TWO NIGHTS ON THE DUG-WAY.

NEAR the point where the waters of Grand Lake debouche into the Biver St. John, the latter describes a reversed curve, something the shape of the letter S. This is called "No man's friend," because vessels have to beat at some point in it no matter which way they are going or in what direction the wind. At the lower part of the curve, just where it reverses, a narrow intervale bank separates the river from Foshay's Lake, a lagoon, joined to the river by a narrow mouth about three miles further down. Here, when the water rises about four feet, the river makes a "cut off" at a low place in the bank, part of its waters rushing into the lake with great velocity. This passage is known as the Dug-way. Between this and the mouth of Foshay's Lake, forming a sort of island when the water is up, are hundreds of acres of bottom lands comprising nearly everything from the broad, level meadow, cutting three tons of hay to the acre, to the apparently bottomless slough and impenetrable thicket. Only two families live on this tract of land, and during the freshet season they are, to quote the words of a local Solon Briggs, "like John the Baptist on the island Juan Fernandez." A large part of this tract belongs to the Scovil estate, and a "muchly wanted" man who made a big figure on Wall street for a time and whose name is still green in the memory of New Yorkers, was one of the heirs. The grass on this was formerly rented to neighboring farmers, and my father, who lives eight miles away, once leased the Dug-way block for four years. Here is where I got my first taste of camp life.

Never will I forget the little lean-to "wick-y-up" in the big grove of elm, willow and maple, the bracing effect of the cool September air, the delicious taste of the meals we ate there, and most of all, the shooting in the early evening, as ducks flew back and forth from the lake, for as a "fly-way" the Dug-way was then, as now, unequaled by any place I know of in this province. And we do not have to look far for a reason. On the opposite side of the river, here about half a mile wide, is another tract of land similar to that just described; and this low open pass is a natural highway from the one to the other. In the early spring hundreds of geese harbor here for nearly a month, and during a heavy south wind the bank of the Dug-way is a sure place for a shot sometime between 4 and 11 P. M.; yet the small number of casualties in the great goose army is truly surprising. It was for the purpose of increasing the mortuary list, in some of their brigades or platoons, that Sam and I were ensconced in a blind, behind a huge drift log, on the evening of April 20. (Now, don't, I beg of you, brother sportsmen, come down on us like a ton of brick for spring shooting, we don't kill many, and the geese don't visit us in the fall.) To the south of us was the lake, and out in the middle were a few geese. A crescent of trees, concave side toward us, started at the river bank, nearly a half mile below, and terminated in Long Point in the middle of the lake. On either side of a break in this line, about eighty yards wide, was a blind. On the lake shore, less than 200 yards away, was a clump of red willows, on the top of which a wisp of hay appeared to have accidentally caught; but beneath, the sharp eye could detect a boy, small in size, but prodigious in the amount of mischief he was capable of doing if geese came in range.

By the stone abutments of a fence out on the marsh two more blinds were built, while near the lake but far from any cover was another man concealed in a small hay-blind. The air was perfectly calm. The sun was close to the horizon when the first flock came in sight a mile away, now coming directly toward us, now swerving as if they would pass far out of gunshot. They came provokingly near, and then passed right over that little wisp of hay on the willows. Davie's first barrel missed fire, which so disconcerted him that they were out of range before he got in his second. All quiet for half an hour. Suddenly the few on the ice rose, swinging round, passed close to the eastern side of the break or "lead" before mentioned, on Long Point. There were two diminutive puffs of smoke, like a double whiff from a ten cent cigar, and two of the flock were placed to the credit of Pilkington's 16-bore, Lamont's 12 on the opposite side failing to call any down. To some this would be convincing proof of the superiority of a 16 over a 12 for goose shooting, but it only proves that a 16 when geese are in range is more deadly than a 12 when they are not. Another fact that many seem to forget is that a ball from a .22 pistol when it hits, is more effective than one from a mountain howitzer when it misses.

A hum of voices caused us to look eastward, and the procession that was making its way down the intervale, would have justified us in the assumption that the Mahdi had invaded our little province, or that reinforcements were on their way west to join Riel; but it was only the army of shooters for the evening flight. They were armed with every conceivable pattern of lead projector, or to quote one of our rural poets, who described the weapons at a local shooting match, there were:

> "The Remington so neat and trim,
> The needle gun, so long and slim,
> And the musket that killed with a poisoned dart,
> The golden eagle of Bonaparte."

All these, or their prototypes, were there; the counterpart of the last-named being in custody of a youth whom we will call Johnny, who was out on his first hunt. The weapon is well worthy of a description. An old converted musket of the pattern that assisted the great Marlborough to win Blenheim; the barrel large enough to admit a "poisoned dart," if the shaft were any smaller than a pitchfork handle; the comb of the butt rasped away to make a rest for the cheek in aiming, and a ramrod too light for a crowbar, but too heavy for the purpose for which it was used. Yet the pride and happiness depicted on the boy's countenance might justly be the envy of the middle-aged sportsman armed with the best production of London or Birmingham art.

In a few minutes the throng had disappeared behind log, stump, coulee, brush, or any convenient cover, and the country changed its aspect almost as suddenly as did the hillside at the wave of Roderick Dhu's hand. And now we espied a single figure making the best possible time down the ridge, and we observed that it carried no gun and bore a strong resemblance to the "Commodore," a brother of Johnny. When we heard him hail Davie to learn his brother's whereabouts, we knew that Nemesis was on the poor boy's track. Shortly afterward we heard the following colloquy:

"John! bring here that gun." "I won't." "Bring it here, I tell you, or I'll come over there and give you a good kicking." The domestic cowhide argument was too much for the boy, and he approached his tyrannical elder. Slowly and sadly, as he would lower a coffin into a grave, he surrendered the canned earthquake, likewise the bottle of powder and handful of loose buckshot, that he had slipped into his pocket, also the box of "beaver-hat" caps. As the newly-armed cruiser turned away, he said: "After this you leave the gun alone." This was too much. "I'll let you know I'm going to gun a little as well as the rest of you," was the reply. I was truly sorry for the boy, and felt like anything but joining in the derisive "whoo h-o-o" with which some of the shooters greeted the last remark, though had he left off the little blank blank with which he emphasized it, he would have borne away a larger share of our sympathy. One compassionate boy called him over to his stand and told him that "he should have a whang at 'em, if they came." That boy will make a sportsman, if he live, but "the good die young."

Night closed around us, the moon being half down in the west, and of the shape, the representation of which the infidel Saracen chooses to adorn his banner. The stillness was only broken by the almost constant whistle of black ducks' wings. In an hour three flashes at the "lead," showing against the dull sky as if some one had made three ineffectual attempts to strike a match against it, three dull reports soon after told us that something was on the wing. A double flash from the hay blind showed that it was coming on. Then there was a series of flashes from every abutment of the stone fence, followed by a sheet of fire from stump, bush, tree and log on the outside ridge, and winding up with a grand eruption from the Commodore's volcano. Looking westward, high up in the "daylight streak," we saw two geese, which had run the gauntlet of that fire without the loss of a feather. We were soon certain that there would be no regular evening flight, so we lay back against the log and "took it easy." By and by I became sensible of a labored wick! wick! mingling with the sharper whistle of ducks' wings, and looking up we saw eight geese that had flown directly over our blind fading away in the darkness. "We've let the shot of the evening slip through our fingers," said Sam, "let's go home."

A few nights after this, Sam and I again embarked for the Dug-way. Sam'l rather likes to hunt with me, for I usually give him his own way, and I have a good canoe. We would be an able team on the single blades, too, but he will only paddle with his left hand next the blade, whereas in this one respect I am ambidextrous. As we had to go dead in the teeth of a heavy south wind and I was "bow paddle," I had no easy task to keep our craft in hand. Our paddle ended, we found the geese sitting in great rafts close to their feeding grounds, which meant that we were late. Sam said they must be driven out. Accordingly I took the rifle and a package of cartridges, he accompanying me with a shotgun, and we gained a point on the shore about 300 yards from the nearest flock.

The person who never tried may consider it no feat at all to kill two or three of those geese with a rifle; but when he sees how near it is possible to come to a goose and not hit; how faint a hairbreadth's difference in the elevation will cause him to shoot over or short of it; what a forest of necks a bullet can pass through without touching one, and what a tough thing a goose is anyway, he will wonder that one is ever bagged in that way at all. I have made a careful calculation, and I find that killing shots, with me, average about one in fifty (I am not joking), and hits about one in fifteen; yet I can on a still day, at 150 yards, send ball after ball into a tree six inches in diameter.

On this occasion the first bullet, dead against the wind, dropped short, the second splashed up the water right among them, the third raised such a commotion on the edge of the ice that they did not consider themselves safe until they had put a mile between themselves and us. Each time I fired the flock would rise and drop a little further away. Sam selected a site for a blind, and we were on our way back to the canoe, he being about 100 yards ahead, when we espied the geese coming, laboring heavily against the wind. He took a willow tree, I lay on my back, but as they put a hay barn in their line of flight, he ran about eighty yards and gained the barn easily. As they came over him he doubled up the rearmost, but catching his wings he sailed out over the lake, the other two crooking their necks and settling, as he settled, till he went down, when they alighted by his side. I tried one of them with the rifle and knocked out a few feathers, but he never winced. We shouldered the

canoe and carried it the hundred yards that separated the river from the lake. I could write quite a chapter on the cussedness of wounded wildfowl (or perhaps I should say "the instinct of self-preservation"), but for diving, staying under, skulking, and all the tricks practiced by them, I would unhesitatingly award the goose the palm. We got between this fellow and the ice and let him worry for a while. He would sometimes stay under two minutes, but at last he appeared within sixty feet of the boat. A charge of SSSG from me and a dose of BB from Sam brought him to bag, but he lived fifteen minutes after that, and then only succumbed to treatment that the strongest constitutioned goose would fail to withstand. When I fired, the recoil unlocked the breech of the gun, and the brass shell slid out and dropped in the canoe; no harm done, but not "unco pleasant." Greener's patent ejector will please take a back seat. This incident had its effect on the shooting later in the evening, though I "turned off" the ejector by wedging a piece of wood between the locking trigger and its guard.

On a little tongue of land at the mouth of the Dug-way, we turned over our boat and built a blind on the lee side after covering it with hay. The wind was still blowing a gale, but the night was beautifully clear. The moon was in that phase which the schoolmaster taught us to name "gibbous," though I must admit I have never seen the word in print since; and gladly seize on my first opportunity to "get it off." We sat in the blind up to 11 P. M., and did not see a goose. But the hours were not dull or monotonous. Black ducks whizzed through the air incessantly, and we saw one woodcock and quite a number of snipe. Just dark, two wood ducks (so Sam said) went skimming around, like magnified bats, close to our blind. They kept up their little game of pitch, dash, dive and dart, for about half an hour. A pair of field mice got into the hay of our blind and shared our vigil. The wind manufactured a sort of Æolian harp out of the ends of bank grass that hung down between the stem and stern of the canoe and the ground, for the bilge was all the part that touched, add to this the musical *coo-hank-honk* of from 600 to 800 geese about a mile away, and any sportsman will readily see that we were not lonesome. Sam was smoking, I was dreamily contemplating the lights of Gagetown which some facetious American said was "the only finished city he ever saw," when a single sharp, clear *honk* sounded about 200 yards to windward, and we were on our knees in a trice. Already I could see the dark line of the oncoming flock, about twenty in number. Sam made frantic efforts to get the cover off the locks of his 14-bore muzzleloader, but they were on us before he was ready. I caught the leader, followed his flight for a second, and gave it to him, but though we heard the shot "spat" on his feathers he did not even change his course. They passed over a blind occupied by the only shooters except us that were on the Dug-way that night, and got a salute from an 8-bore and a 14, but none fell. The boys went home.

For two hours the air was full of geese, the number in the flocks ranging from three to a dozen. Sam took the leader of the second bunch and I the rearmost. Mine pitched into the lake, his went down the Dug-way, but we got neither. In less than a minute three came down the wind like an express train, and having a shell in, I covered the foremost and he dropped like a stone. To shorten the story, out of six geese downed from that blind, we took home one. We stayed till morning, hoping to recover some of the wounded, but were not successful.

After the moon went down the air grew more chilly, and to add to our discomfort the water was rising rapidly and threatened to soak through the hay in the bottom of the blind. A lunch of goose breast sandwich helped to make the position more tolerable. Sam hoped that, if we kept still the geese would settle near enough to give us a shot at daylight. I could not move without being saluted with "Keep still, can't you? Don't you know they can see the least motion 100 yards off, no matter how dark it is?" I didn't know anything of the kind, and have not learned it yet. About every ten minutes he would draw out a match and light his pipe, making a series of flash lights that could be seen half a mile off, but a goose couldn't see that, oh no. The rear of the blind was so open that our heads were above it all the time, yet dawn revealed a flock on that side within eighty yards of us.

They came closer at first, but as they commenced to feed away again, my companion grew uneasy. "They are out of shotgun range, give 'em a careful shot from the rifle and you'll get one." "How can I deliver a careful shot when I'm shivering so that the hobnails are dropping out of my boot soles?" "O! well,then, we'll give 'em a salute with the shotguns." We fired the salute, and every goose acknowledged it by many graceful waves of its wings.

Thus ended a hunt that I enjoyed thoroughly, though the pleasure was somewhat marred by the number of cripples we made, for I like to kill cleanly or not at all. I never got hold of a gun that had too much "shake." I want the shot and "plenty of them" at that, to go where I am, and if the aim is incorrect, I am ready to abide by the consequence. I don't want a "comprehensive" weapon. Therefore, for geese, large shot, such as I used the evening in question, in a medium-bore gun, is a delusion. The occasional kills made at long range will not make up for the vexatious misses at short. BB is about the right thing, then, if you wound mortally, pellets enough will strike the game to bring it down at once, while with buckshot and kindred sizes you can only hope for two or three to strike, and they may not touch any vital part. L. I. FLOWER.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have spent some time during the past thirty days in Potter and McKean counties, Pa., and have talked with hunters, hotel men, and land surveyors about the increase of deer in those counties since hounding has been prohibited by law. All agree that it has proved a wise and humane act and that the deer have increased rapidly. One gentleman, a land agent for the Keating lands, who has been through the wild lands camping and surveying weeks at a time each summer and fall, the past twenty-two years, told me that the deer were as abundant in some places now as they were twenty years ago, and much more so than they were eight years ago. This gentleman speaks of what he has seen and from an unbiased standpoint, as he neither uses rod nor gun.

Some persons will keep flinging out wrong ideas about the hounding act passed at Albany last winter, but I am fully satisfied its benefits will be admitted by nearly all who have a chance to know inside five years. Still-hunting will be savagely attacked by those who wish to run deer with hounds and kill them in the water. It holds true that not near as many will be killed by the former as used to be by the latter method. If a guide loses a few days' work which he formerly had in hounding he can more than make it up in November, if he is a good still-hunter, as four or five deer will make up for the time formerly used in killing many more than that number. Why? One reason as follows: The larger portion of driven deer are unfit for market, especially if September and October are warm, while still-hunted venison, if killed in November, is good and brings the best price.

For sportsmen who wish a deer or two for their own use there is only one way, and that is still-hunting. P.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

BEAR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article on bear dogs tempts me to say something on the subject. When I was a lad not yet in my teens I was sent to live with my grandparents in a far-back settlement in Vermont, where bears were very plenty. Grandfather was a "mighty hunter" and had several sons, chips of the old block. They owned a small black cur, of less than twenty pounds' weight, that took to hunting bears of its own accord, and treed several before he was a year old. Cutting logs for the sawmill that grandfaither owned kept the boys most of the time in the woods, where the dog always followed. On getting scent of a bear Hero would follow it up noiselessly till within biting distance; then came a torrent of sound more like screeching than barking, a sound he gave forth only when near a bear, at the same time getting in his work nipping the bear's heels as often as possible and jumping one side to avoid the bear's paw. The bear thus worried would soon tree, and the dog's tune would change. All this was well understood by the boys, and as soon as Hero's bark was heard they started with the old flint-lock Kentucky rifle, and bruin soon came tumbling down. As soon as large enough to hold a gun I was allowed to take a turn shooting, and many a bear I "potted." The dog never got a scratch, and died of old age with forty-two bears to his credit. This was the only good bear dog I ever saw, and, like Topsy, he "growed so." Such a dog to-day would be worth the price of a small farm, and I would be willing to pay it for one. BRANDON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I remember once, with a little enthusiasm, of saying in a private letter, which you clipped, something like this, that "I never knew an ardent sportsman that was not brave in war and a gentle, kind man in peace and at home." Let a man love the creatures below us, and he finds a never-failing source of happiness and much more to live for. "Pious Jeems" could come among the old "bar hunters" of our mountains, whose professions are now gone, and with his good-natured eloquence make tears to be shed equal to a camp-meeting. I have been told that some of our latest bear hunters here used with success cross on the shepherd and foxhound. I can remember the savage dogs of old hunters, perhaps cross on the bull and hound. The dogs that answered to Pious's terriers were cross on the courageous little fice and cur. Dogs are like men, little and big; some will fight and some won't; and I have always heard it related that the beardog came from no particular race or stock. GRAEME.

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA.

ILLINOIS GAME WARDEN LAW.

FOLLOWING is the text of the law enacted by the Legislature of Illinois providing game wardens:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois represented in the General Assembly, That the Governor of the State shall appoint three game wardens, one from each of the three largest cities in the State, whose term of office shall be for two years from the time of taking effect of this act or until their successor or successors are appointed; said game wardens shall receive no salary from the State for their services, but shall receive a portion of the fines and proceeds of sale as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of such game wardens to prosecute persons and corporations having in their possession game, deer, wildfowl and birds contrary to law, as hereinafter provided, and also to enforce the game laws of this State.

SEC. 3. If said game wardens or either of them has reason to believe or does believe, that any person or corporation has in his or their possession, contrary to law, any game, deer, wildfowl, or bird, it shall be the duty of such game wardens to go before any justice of the peace in the county and make affidavit of that fact; said justice shall thereupon issue a search warrant against the person or corporation so complained of, directed to any constable of the county, commanding him to proceed at once and search for said game, deer, wildfowl or bird, and upon finding the same, to seize and take possession of the same and keep it until further ordered by the justice; said constable shall also read said warrant to the owner or person in whose possession said game, deer, wildfowl or bird is found.

Said warrant shall be substantially as follows:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.:
.....County, }

To any Constable of said county: You are hereby commanded to search (here describe place), and seize and take possession of, and hold, any game, deer, wildfowl or bird found there; and you (here name owner, or person, or corporation in whose possession game is found), are hereby notified to appear before me, at my office, in (here locate office), on (here state time of trial), and show cause why the game, deer, wildfowls or birds should not be sold, and the proceeds thereof distributed as required by law.

(Date of warrant). (Signature of Justice),
Justice of the Peace.

Which said warrant should be returned within not less than twelve, nor more than twenty-four hours from the date thereof.

SEC. 4. At the time mentioned in said warrant, said justice shall proceed to hear and determine whether said game, deer, wildfowl, or bird, was in the possession of the person or corporation, contrary to law, and if said justice finds that said game, deer, wildfowl, or bird was in the possession of the defendant contrary to law, then said justice shall enter judgment against the defendant, and order a sale of the game, deer, wildfowl or bird seized; but if said justice shall find that the possession of said deer, wildfowl or bird, was not contrary to law, then the judgment of the court shall be that the same be returned to the person or corporation from whom the same was taken.

SEC. 5. In case of a judgment and order of sale as specified in section four, then said constable shall at once post two notices, one at the justice's office and one at the place of sale, specifying in each notice the time and place of sale, not less than five hours from the date of judgment, also a description of the game, deer, or wildfowl to be sold; said place of sale shall be upon the principal produce street or market of the city; said constable shall at the time and place mentioned in said notices sell said game, deer, wildfowl, or bird at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, and at once pay the proceeds of such sale into the justice's court; said constable shall give to the purchaser a certificate of purchase, in which shall be a particular description of the game sold, together with date of sale.

SEC. 6. Said justice shall, as soon as the proceeds of sale are paid into his court, deduct the amount of his costs, together with the constable's costs, and distribute the balance as follows: One-half shall be paid to the game warden, which shall be kept by him for his services, and one-half paid into the county treasury for the benefit of the school fund.

SEC. 6. Said game wardens shall each make an annual report to the Governor, showing the number and kind of game, deer, wildfowl and birds seized and what disposition was made of them, and the amount of the proceeds of the sales.

SEC. 8. Game wardens shall not be liable for any damage or costs sustained by any person or corporation by reason of the wrongful seizure of game, deer, wildfowl or birds under this act: Provided, however, that the enforcement of this act shall in no wise prevent prosecutions of persons or corporations for violations of the game laws of this State.

"STAUNCH ON POINT."—Augusta, Ga.—Now for an oddity. I was talking to my friend Dr. H., of this place, a few days ago, about the queer positions dogs take in pointing, and he said last fall his pointer was running very fast down wind, when he ran square into a covey of birds, flushing four of them before he got the scent at all. The whir of their wings attracted his attention at once, and he stopped so suddenly as to fall down. In this position, with his feet up in the air, lying on his back with his head turned to one side and fearing to change his position, he actually remained for five minutes, pointing the birds until the Doctor flushed and shot at them. As the Doctor is a strictly truthful man, and besides had no reason to "tell a bigger yarn" than I could, I believed him, but have you ever heard of such a thing being done before?—OLD H.

MOVEMENTS OF BAY BIRDS.—Philadelphia.—The first coming bay birds are just beginning to show themselves on the New Jersey coast. The flights are not large; only stragglers have appeared. Look out for big flights after the next change in the weather; a storm will bring them. Some grass plovers are this week passing over Philadelphia at night. It is a little early for them, but by the 1st of August we shall hear many more.—HOMO.

"IN CAHOOT"—An expressive slang phrase in use by all classes here as an opprobrious epithet; meaning a concerted partnership or conspiracy to do some illegal act, or, at least, one that is not open or fair. Worcester puts it too narrow and a little too strong (for us) when he says, "Particularly a party of men engaged in a predatory excursion." "Cahoots" not used.—GRAEME (Southwest Virginia).

JAMES CUMMINGS DROWNED.—Utica, July 26.—James Cummings, age sixty, a well-known Adirondack guide, was drowned in Jack's Lake Saturday evening while swimming after a drifting boat.

NEW JERSEY WOODCOCK.—Brick Church, N. J., July 27.—Woodcock have been very scarce here this season, the greatest number bagged by one man being five.—G. D. L.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

157.

FOUR miles east of Connecticut Lake, Magalloways Mountain rises above its waters 1,000 feet. A few years ago, on its slope roamed one of the largest specimens of the moose family. The old fellow had escaped from the crust hunters for many years, and the Deacon and friends resolved to try him once. Old Bose, an experienced moose dog, the Deacon's property, must go, no yelping curs would be equal to the task, when once the bull was out of his yard, en route for some more secluded resort. Many weary miles of lake and forest before the first floats were found. I need not describe the exciting chase. Bose did his work in a style approved by those who are fond of dog-chewed venison, and the bull was compelled to halt and prepare a "bed" to drive away his tormentor. Bose sat down to wait for the Deacon, as usual. But his blood was up. He had tasted blood, and hardly restrained his anxiety for the coming hunters. The bull was now prepared to meet him, and the tempting nose was not long to be resisted. Bose, just to show off, did take hold. "Land sakes," said the Deacon, "you'd orter see him fly." The nose passed him to the fore, and that to the hind foot, and with ribs crushed and nearly lifeless Bose lay on the crust fifteen feet away. There was no delay on the Deacon's part to avenge the death of him who had shared his dinners and blanket in many a moose hunt. After the hide was removed from the moose and supper, eaten from the sirloin, the boys were "hugging the muskeeter smudge" as the Deacon remarked, for the night was bitter cold. The Deacon prepared for bed and first encased himself in blanket, then rolled the moose hide around him, several feet away from the others. Daylight and breakfast came, but all was quiet in the moose hide, save for an occasional grunt. A call did not arouse the object under the fir tree, and a vigorous tug at the unwieldly mass awakened the boys to the fact that the "muskeeter smudge" must aid them if they wished to see the Deacon. The object was drawn up to the fire and the Deacon was slowly thawed out to take another look at the remains of Old Bose.

NED NORTON.

158.

Reading the experiences in the columns of your valuable paper lately on battery and sinkbox shooting reminds me of what my friend, a thorough sportsman, told me happened to him a few years ago. On a certain Friday early in the

spring, in company with two others, he started for a famous marsh in Northern Illinois for a few days' sport. As is usually the case, the spring rains had filled it full and much of the cover used in the fall was under water. Not being able to find boats for all, my friend accepted the use of a large barrel which a gentleman had sunk the fall before for his stand. My friend was filled with joy as he thought of the advantage he would have over his chums for one day at least, and before going to bed Saturday night had counted his bag for the next day. Early in the morning he started for the barrel, being rowed out to it by a friend, who then left, saying he would stop for him in the evening. He had scarcely begun his slaughter of the unsuspecting ducks before the wind, blowing from the south, freshened into a gale, and he found the water was backing up. Soon the waves rose high enough to wash in the barrel, and instead of knocking down the ducks he must bail out the water. The more he bailed the higher rose the waves. Finally he was compelled to roost on top of the barrel. It was at this time his melodious voice might have been heard over the roar of the waves, but all in vain, the friend "had left for pastures new." After deliberating a while, he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. Removing his cartridge belt and holding it and his gun high in the air, he took "a header" and slid off his roost into the marsh, bound for the shanty a mile away. As he arose, blowing the water out of his mouth, he vowed never to shoot from a barrel again.

NIMROD.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

LARGE-MOUTH AND SMALL-MOUTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with great pleasure that I read a defense of the large-mouth black bass by the "philosopher of the Bigosh," in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM, in which the palm is awarded to the large-mouth, on account of its rising so much more freely to the fly than the small-mouth. This is exactly my experience, and the mere fact of one fish taking the fly better than another settles at once, without an instant's doubt, which is the best fish in the mind of a fly-fisherman.

For many years it has been the fashion among many anglers to decry and run down the large-mouth and extol the small-mouth. I have noticed that many of these writers fish in New York and Ohio, in Lakes Champlain and Erie. The cat is let out of the bag when one comes to examine their way of angling. They either troll or still-fish or perhaps cast the minnow, and more often than not they fish from a boat. Now if there is one axiom in angling it is the superiority of fly-fishing (casting the fly, not trolling with flies) over any kind of bait-fishing. Brothers of the bait and trolling rods, there is no use of your protesting, any one who is unprejudiced and can use the fly-rod never will take up bait-fishing or trolling with the spoon when he can avoid it. There is no comparison between the two kinds of fishing. Again, any way of fishing that requires the help of a man (be he boatman, guide or any one else) besides the angler himself is not such high sport as where the angler has to depend on himself alone, on his own skill, and on his knowledge of the game he is after. Therefore trolling out of a boat with a man to row, as is practiced on Lake Erie and other places for small-mouth black bass, is inferior to casting the fly from the bank for large-mouths.

Often you will read attacks on fly-fishermen, hints that so and so will make a great pretense of fly-fishing, but when out of sight will use the fin of a trout or a worm on his fly-hook. Any man who will condescend to such practices should be drummed out of the ranks of fly-fishermen. I have been an angler for many years, and I can truthfully say that I have never stooped so low as to use anything but the fly, pure and simple, when fly-fishing. I would consider it dishonorable and a disgrace to my rod to put a worm on when trout fishing. I heard a good sportsman say the other day that the difference between fly-fishing and bait-fishing was the same as shooting a partridge flying and potting a covey on the ground. This may be far-fetched, but there is a good deal of truth in it. But enough of this long digression.

My experience has been the same as the author of the Bigosh papers with the small-mouth and large-mouth. I have caught the large-mouth black bass from the southern part of Louisiana, through most of the Gulf States, and northward, and I have always found that they not only rise splendidly to the fly, but that I have caught as big ones as by bait-fishing. On the other hand, the small-mouth does not take the fly freely (remember I am speaking of legitimate fly-fishing, not trolling with flies), and it is but the small ones that take it at all, as a rule. The big-sized small-mouths are seldom caught that way. Four years ago I saw a number of complaints about the black bass not being a reliable fish for the fly, etc., but nearly all these articles were from Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, and referred to the small-mouth. If the writers had tried the large-mouth they would probably have changed their opinions. I have caught the large-mouth black bass in running waters, in ponds and in lakes. Swift running water is the best for fly-fishing. The statement that they invariably like mud and weeds, and go nowhere else, is simply not true.

I have caught the large-mouth in the Amite, in East Baton Rouge Parish, La., as clear and pure a river as any trout stream I ever saw in New England or Canada, and I have fished when a boy in many of the waters of that section. The upper Ouachita, in Arkansas, is another clear stream and is full of them, as are all the clear rivers and creeks through the piny woods in Alabama and Mississippi. I was glad to see a defense of the large-mouth by "Salmon Roe," of Newport, Ark., a short time since in the FOREST AND STREAM. I have fished in many of the streams of "Old Rackensack," and agree with all of "Salmon Roe's" statements as to the merits of the large-mouth. The large-mouth is just as gamy when hooked (if not more so) than the small-mouth. In saying this I am backed by the authority on the black bass, Dr. Henshall, who in his "Book of the Black Bass," writes:

"There is a widespread and prevalent notion that the small-mouthed bass is the 'game' *par excellence*, but I doubt if this distinction is well founded. In common with most anglers I at one time shared this belief, but from a long series of observations I am now of the opinion that the large-mouthed bass, all things being equal, displays as much pluck and exhibits as untiring fighting qualities as its small-mouthed congener."

Whenever the merits of two game fish come up for discussion there is one simple question that will decide at once their respective merits; and that is—which takes the artificial fly the best?

CYRTONYX.

FORT STANTON, New Mexico.

THE MINNESOTA LAKE PARK REGION.

IF any of your readers wish to borrow "sucease of trouble," let them gather together their fishing kit and spend a week or two at some of the numerous lakes around Detroit City, Minnesota. "Wawayanda" has sung the praises of Loughborough, and "Kingfisher" is now chanting a præan anent Carp Lake, but some day, when the divine afflatus seizes me in its irresistible grip, I shall blow a Pyrrhic blast about the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, that will make them pale their ineffectual fires. I could tell of one modest angler who took sixty-two bass—smallest 2½, largest 4½ pounds—in three half-day fishings, besides pickerel, pike-perch galore, and who, had he been a "fish hog," could have doubled, yea, trebled the slaughter. Come try the hospitality of Colburn, of the Hotel Minnesota, or of the St. Louis Club House, three miles down the lake, or, if ye be true anglers, leave the town behind, take a boat down Pelican River, through Lakes Sallie and Melissa, into Lake Pelican, and if black bass and wild raspberries don't surfeit your soul, drop me a line and I'll come down, swear you to secrecy, blindfold your eyes, and take you "over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier," to Witch Lake, original and unknown, save to Fidus Achates and myself. There be *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. dolomieu* lurking in wait for the wriggling shiner or the speckled frog; there the great lake pickerel, savagely impatient for the glittering spoon, and apt to smash the treble hook with the first clutch of his iron jaw; there the croppie, alias the Campbellite, alias the newlight, alias the bream, alias the roach, alias the "pot-kiver," who, if he be of the regulation weight of a pound or a pound and a half, will give your six-ounce rod all it wants to do to turn him, and who, if you give him the chance, will take a coachman, a professor or a red ibis with all the fierce dash and vigor of *Salmo salvelinus* himself.

I went down to Detroit chiefly to try a new rod which I had just finished—handle 18 inches of red cedar, two joints of bethabara, total length 8½ feet, weight 6¼ ounces. The first three fish I struck were, respectively, a four-pound bass, an eight-pound pickerel, and a six-pound pike-perch. To test the rod I gave the pickerel the butt with full vigor; result, I am aching now for a fish large enough to break that rod. Split bamboo is good, lancewood is better, but, as my boatman yelled in ecstasy, "Hain't that bath-berry a daisy." For years have I been seeking the *ne plus ultra*, the seek-no-further, the *Ultima Thule*, as it were, of a rod, and now I cry "Eureka!" Henceforward and forever I am the champion of bethabara. At Detroit some of us tested the bethabara, the split bamboo, lancewood and greenheart. The four rods were "pretty much of a muchness" in weight and length. Each one was clamped at the butt, so that seven feet were clear. A four-ounce weight was then attached to each tip, and the deflection from the horizontal measured. Result—split bamboo 7¼ inches, lancewood 5 inches, bethabara 4½, greenheart 4. The weights were allowed to remain on eight hours, then removed, and the permanent deflection measured. Split bamboo 3 inches, lancewood 2½, greenheart 1½, bethabara ¾ inch. Stiffness and elasticity combined, you see, ahead of all the others. It has one drawback; it's the meanest wood to work that ever taxed the patience of a saint—or a fisherman. Nothing but patience and a wood rasp is of any avail. To try to reduce it by a plane, drawing knife or spoke shave, is but vanity and vexation of spirit.

While staying at the St. Louis club house, a German acquaintance from St. Louis was fishing a few yards from shore, using live minnows. Time after time his line would steal slowly out, but when he struck he failed to hook his fish. Disgusted at last, he spit upon his hands, took a firm grip of his pole, and the next time struck savagely and hooked something. Those who were watching from the shore were sure, from the resistance shown, that he must have hooked a muskallonge, but soon yielding to the steady pull, there appeared above water, first a long bill, then a snaky neck, and then the water was lashed to a foam by what appeared to be waving wings and splashing feet. The astonished fisherman, with a gasp of, "Mein Gott! it ish de devil!" dropped his line and retreated to the other end of the boat, while the uncanny thing at the other end of the line gave a great flop. There was a momentary turmoil, and away, with a diabolic "Ha! ha!" sailed a loon, with twenty feet of good fish line streaming from his bill. Not having seen the occurrence myself, I can't, of course, swear to the truth, but those who know A. B. Bowman, of St. Louis; Samuel Spalding, of Chicago; Van Tyle, of Cleveland, or Filley, of St. Louis, know their word is as good as any man's, and they are my authority.

H. P. UFFORD.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

SHEEPSHEAD are biting well at Great Egg Harbor Bay this week. Boats from Somers Point are bringing in many. They are taken at the old wreck near the inlet. The ice of last winter it is said carried out the bass in the Brandywine, and the fishing there this season is poor. Steps have been taken by ex-Sheriff Thomas Henderson, of Union Furnace, Huntington county, Pa., toward indicting the proprietors of the Tyrone paper mills, for polluting the Juniata River with poisonous chemicals from their works. Thousands of bass have been killed and the mortality of the cattle watered in the stream has been so great that the farmers have had to keep their flocks from going near it.

A meeting of the State Fishery Commission was held at Harrisburg on July 22, to arrange for the distribution of the $25,000 appropriation lately made by the Pennsylvania State Legislature. It was apportioned as follows: For a whitefish hatchery at Erie, $5,000; for the improvement of the western hatchery at Corry, $1,000; for the erection of a fishway at Columbia Dam, $9,000, and for current expenses for 1885 and 1886, $10,000. Messrs. Gay, Duncan and Porter were appointed to arrange for the Erie hatchery and improvements at Corry, and Messrs. Spangler, Derr, McGinnis and Gay to procure plans, etc., for the fishway at Columbia.

The corresponding secretary was ordered to communicate with the sheriffs and commissioners of the counties bordering on the Delaware, Susquehanna and Schuylkill rivers, with a view of having existing fish laws more strictly carried out, and to consult with the Attorney General in regard to the legality of the claim of the Reading Railroad for repairs to the fishway now at Columbia Dam.

Important arrangements for the employment of fish wardens on the Susquehanna, Delaware and Juniata were made. The move made by ex-Sheriff Henderson against the Tyrone paper mills grew out of the late activity of our State Commissioners, and an opportunity will be given the paper manufacturers to abate the nuisance. If this is not done action will be at once taken. No bluefish appeared at Barnegat this week.

HOMO.

BASS HIBERNATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cause of the hibernation of black bass seems to be attracting the attention of many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. With us this fish is considered extremely sensitive to cold, ceasing to bite immediately on the appearance of cold winds, both in the spring and fall. One illustration: The 20th of October bass had been biting freely off the east end of Middle Island, Lake Erie. The morning of the 21st was ushered in by a cold wave from the north. Not a bass bit that day nor the two days following. On the 24th the wind changed to the south, with a rise in the thermometer of 20°. Immediately the bass gave abundant signs of life and sport; schools of a hundred or more at a time could be seen breaking water around the boat, so voracious as to often seize the bare hook or lead sinker. During the period of absence of this fish the pike-perch and herring (*C. clupeiformis*) were caught daily in great numbers, the fall in temperature seeming to have no effect upon them.

It does not seem possible that a lack of food has any connection with the hibernation of this fish; ninety per cent. of its food here, and especially around the islands at the head of the lake, is made up of the lake shiner (*Alburnus vulgaris*). It is rare you find any other food in their stomachs, and it is the principal bait used to lure them. To be sure, they will take crawfish, silver spoons, artificial flies of the red ibis and black ephemeral stripe, frogs and helgramites. One of the best baits I ever tried is a bit of pork rind, cut out minnow-shape and fastened on the hook with a bit of copper wire. It has the advantage of lasting two or three days, certainly a great comfort to the unscientific angler, when this individual counts up the largest score at night. The general conclusion is that black bass are not as particular about food as reported, but for steady diet the bass prefers the shiner. It is silvery, toothsome and easily digested; is found in schools of countless millions every day in the year, and furnishes the bait for pike-perch and other winter fishes, but no bass are taken at such times in these places, though abundant in the right season.

As soon as the late fall storms from the north chill the waters down to 45° Fahr., the black bass hibernate in great numbers among the rocks and places sheltered from the action of the waves in rivers and estuaries, where the water weed (*Elodea canadensis*) abounds he, in company with the large-mouthed, straw bass and sunfish (*Pomotis*) are found in great masses taking their winter's sleep. This water weed grows on and near the surface in great submerged masses, so dense as to arrest the passage of a skiff or hunting boat through it. With the first heavy frosts it sinks to the bottom and forms a perfect bed for all the hibernating fishes. Here they pack in such numbers that twenty to thirty barrels of fish have been taken at a single haul of the seine through the ice. On one occasion, as I am credibly informed, seventy-five barrels were taken from one of these beds in two days' fishing within an area of three acres, covered with this sunken weed. All had to be brought to the surface of the ice with the imbedded fish. None of the non-hibernating fishes, such as pike, perch, pickerel, muscalonge and shiners, are ever taken in these hauls. We have heard of the black bass being speared through the ice, also the gar pike (*Lepidosteus*), the most sensitive to cold of all our fishes, unless it be the cat (*Pimelodus*), and even one of these was taken through the ice last winter at Dover Bay by one Mr. Moore. He was fishing through the ice with shiners for bait, taking pike and herring as fast as his cold fingers could handle them, when to his surprise a ten-pound catfish was hauled out in the usual way. As he remarked to me, "I was as much surprised when I saw that cat as though a humming bird had lit on my finger." One swallow does not make a summer, neither does the appearance of these hibernating fishes out of season make them the less so. We will call it a freak of nature by way of easy explanation.

DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O.

THE SIX-INCH TROUT LAW.—A correspondent sends us the following notes from the Watertown, N. Y., *Times* of recent dates: "Dr. Boyd, of Pulaski, during a week's fishing at Redfield, captured 760 trout. Last week a party left Pulaski for two days' fishing at Redfield Square, eighteen miles distant. During the two days they caught sixty-two pounds of dressed brook trout, besides what they required for eating. While Baldwin was hauling in a three-quarter pounder he had the misfortune to fall over backward into the water. He struck on his back and went under. Sutton said to him, 'Save it, George,' and as he came to the surface with the water streaming from his mouth and eyes, he answered, 'You bet I will. There are more down here.'" Our correspondent adds: "The trout in Redfield and other streams of this locality have become small. I find six or eight below six inches to one above and believe it must be so with others. Large catches are freely mentioned. It is too bad, but the six-inch law seems to all but a few to be a dead letter."

MORTALITY AMONG FISHES.—A report has been made by Prof. S. A. Forbes, of the Illinois State College, on the mortality among the perch of Lake Mendota. The Professor believes that death was due to a spherical germ which is about 1-25,000 of an inch in diameter and is found in the liver and kidneys, sometimes forming abscesses and destroying the cells of those organs. This germ resembles in a general way those which produce certain diseases among men and animals, such as small-pox, chicken and hog cholera. These diseases often break out among fishes in waters where a certain species increases until it seems to need thinning.

CLASSIFICATION OF ANGLERS.—The London *Fishing Gazette* playfully classes anglers after the mode of ornithologists, thus: "* * * Be they *Grallatores* (waders seeking their scaly prey in shallow waters), or *Natatores* (paddlers breasting the current in skiff, punt, canoe or coracle); be they *Insessores* (perchers on the slippery beam of a weir 'on perch intent'), or be they simply of the vast longshore family of banksters," etc.

THE CHANNEL CATFISH (*Ictalurus punctatus*, Rafinesque).—The channel cat reaches a length of 2 to 3 feet and a weight of 15 to 20 pounds or more. As usually seen in the markets it ranges from 1 to 5 pounds in weight, and those exceeding 5 pounds are not common. It is handsomer, more graceful, and more active than any other of our catfishes. It is light olivaceous and silvery in color, covered with small brown spots when young. The skin is thin and translucent, much less thick and leathery than in our common catfishes (*Amiurus*). The head is small, the mouth small, and the body slender. There is much less waste in the body of the channel cat than in other fishes, as the latter lose more than half their weight by the removal of the head, the entrails and the skin. The flesh of the channel cat, when fresh, is very superior; it is white, crisp and juicy, of excellent flavor and not tough. It is much more delicate both in fibre and in flavor than that of our other catfishes. When well cooked, I consider it superior to that of the black bass, the wall eye, the yellow perch, or any other of our percoid fishes. Among our fresh-water fishes, it is inferior only to the whitefish, the trout, and other *Salmonidæ*. The channel cat abounds in all flowing streams from Western New York westward to Montana and southward to Florida and Texas. It is, perhaps, most common in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri. It seems to prefer running waters, and both young and old are most abundant in gravelly shoals and ripples. The other catfishes prefer rather sluggish waters and mud bottoms. I have occasionally taken channel cats in ponds and bayous, but such localities are apparently not their preference. They rarely enter small brooks unless these are clear and gravelly. Whether they will thrive in artificial ponds we can only know from experiment. The channel cat is much less tenacious of life than the "bull-head" (*Amiurus nebulosus*) and other *Amiuri*. It is a carnivorous fish, although less greedy than its larger-mouthed relatives. It feeds on insects, crawfishes, worms and small fishes, and readily takes the hook. It spawns in spring, but its breeding habits have not been studied. As a food fish, the channel cat is certainly better worthy of attention than any other American catfish. If once introduced, it ought to thrive in the rivers of the Middle States, of Southern New England, and of California. It is also to be commended to the attention of European fish-culturists. In the streams of Western Europe, which are not cold enough nor clear enough for the trout, the channel cat ought to thrive, and there is no fish native to those waters which is as valuable for food.—*David S. Jordan in Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission.*

BASS FISHING.—Putnam, Conn., July 17.—Fishing in this part of the country has been good this spring, and now the fraternity are after black bass, and are bringing in good strings. Speaking of bass tempts me to give FOREST AND STREAM readers my first and only day's bass fishing as yet this season. A friend of mine who never saw a bass caught wanted to go with me. We went to Webster Pond one day this week. After taking some fifteen or twenty bass of small and medium size, the larger ones began to fool around, and at this stage of the proceedings I thought I would try the old 9-ounce fly-rod, just to show my friend how the thing was done. A big swirl, a light yank, a rush, and the old click reel spun out the usual music, until forty or fifty feet of line was played out. "Where's your bass gone to?" "Look out yonder," said I. At that instant a small-mouth, 3-pound bass broke water, and shook himself two or three feet in the air. "Say, is that fish the one you are after?" "Well, yes, I should smile and say he was." The fish now makes a dive for the boat, but swinging her around in time the bass makes another leap forty feet on the other side of the boat. "Look out, he'll break your rod; he will break your rod." "Don't be alarmed, my friend; this rod has killed a 9-pound trout in rapid water, and I guess it's good for this." And in about three minutes that bass took a scoot into the landing net. My friend looked admiringly at the bass, and then at the rod, quietly remarking, "Well, it's worth the whole trip up here to see that fellow taken with that whip of yours." I do think there is more fight to the square inch in a small-mouth black bass than in any other fish that swims. And as I intend to spend a few days fooling with them about the first of August, and if any of the "old settlers" undertake to "telegraph" to me from their end of the line, I will tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM what luck I had in "telegraphing" back to them.—W.

TROUT FISHING IN OREGON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed an occasional item in the columns of your paper giving specimens of "good catches" in Oregon. I wish to contribute another item that will not compare unfavorable with those that have happened before. In company with Captain Fowler, of the Second Cavalry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Klamath, Bishop Morris, of Portland, and myself spent several days last month on Williamson River in Klamath county, Oregon, testing our fishing tackle and the quality of the trout that abound there. Unfortunately we did not keep a record of all the fish taken and so cannot give the total number or weight. There were caught at that time, however, several whose weight was not forgotten. The Bishop landed without gaff or net and with an eight-ounce rod, one that weighed 6 pounds 10 ounces. I had the good luck to land three that together weighed 18 pounds 5 ounces. Captain Fowler also landed several that weighed over 5 pounds. The fish were taken with eight-ounce rods and large flies. The coachman was the favorite. I have never seen fish more gamy or make a better fight. They were in every respect similar to the Rocky Mountain trout that abound in the streams on this coast. Captain Fowler, whose enthusiasm for fishing is only equalled by his generous hospitality, states that trout were taken from the river this spring that weighed over eight pounds and I can well believe it. Having cast flies in many streams in the State I have come to the conclusion that there is but one place to fish and that is in Williamson River.—W. E. POTWINE.

THE BRACK PRINCE.—Chicago, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago in your valuable paper under the heading "The Most Killing Fly," I described a fly of which I did not know the name, and the description agrees exactly with that of "Cyrtonyx" in your issue of the 23d inst., save that mine had a long red tail instead of shoots as he describes it. I never knew the name of the fly until "Cyrtonyx" named it, and it is certainly one of the most killing flies for Colorado and New Mexican streams. This fly having proved so tempting to the *Salmo virginalis* tribe, I set to work (though no fly-maker) and made myself some flies exactly like it save that I used silver tinsel twist in place of the gilt; this proved, if anything, more killing than the black prince, so I named it the black killer. If Mr. Hart will send me his address, I will be most happy to send him a black prince, black killer and several other flies that I have found remarkably good in Colorado waters, and if I can give him or any of my fellow sportsmen any information regarding the trout streams, ponds and lakes of Colorado or New Mexico, I shall be most happy to do so. "Next!"—SPORT.

MARYLAND NETTING.—Fairlee Creek, Kent County, Md., July 16.—While the oyster law of Maryland is strictly enforced, the seine fishermen are hauling day and night, taking great quantities of rock, pike, etc., and destroying thousands of small fish. This is a grand game and fish country; but this constant seine-hauling will tell in the course of time. Fishing with hook and line for private use could never make any perceptible difference, but will not the guardians of the law look after the wholesale destroyers? Most of them belong in other States, where they cannot haul seine at this time of the year.—EVERETT VON CULIN.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A GLANCE AT BILLINGSGATE.

BY WILLIAM VAN ZANDT COX.

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society.]

THE Thames being the highway to London and originally the source of its fish supply, it was very natural that some point upon it should become the center of the fish trade. Billingsgate has for centuries been that point. As to the origin of the name there are many traditions. One is that Belin, an ancient Britain ruler, who lived three or four centuries B. C. and was held in great reverence by the fisher folk, constructed a gate in the immediate proximity to the present market and gave it his name.

Stow, a very practical writer, after considerable research, comes to the conclusion that a Mr. Beling or Billing, in the time of Elizabeth, had a wharf there. This commencement, though less flavored with romance and more of fish than others, we think more than likely was the beginning of this unpoetical fish mart. The market has been the property of the city of London for centuries, and the revenues derived from it, though no statistics seem to have ever been compiled on the subject, must in the aggregate be enormous.

Originally the market was very primitive both in structure and equipments, indeed, until within the memory of those still living, it consisted of "a batch of uncleanly old sheds reeking with fishy smells and more or less beset by ruffianly company."

The language used by those who frequented it has, as is well known, become proverbial for its coarseness. At one time women were engaged in selling fish in the market, and it is said were largely instrumental in giving the place the bad name it bore, and though at this time it has entirely changed from what it once was, it still bears the stigma of coarseness in the minds of many, illustrating, says a clever writer, that "as in the case of men, the evil that women do lives after them."

The old sheds disappeared some years ago, their places being occupied by a building which in turn has given way to the present market. This structure extends north and south from the Thames River to Thames street and was built with the idea of having not only ground space, but also space in the basement below and the gallery overhead. The basement part was intended for shellfish dealers. But it was not occupied by them long, for being twenty-six feet below the level of the river, it was so dark, damp and disagreeable that few buyers cared to go there. Several deaths also occurred among its occupants, and those remaining being unwilling to stay longer in the "black hole," it was abandoned, except as a place of storage and for lobster boiling purposes. The overhead space was for dealers in dried fish and is connected with the ground floor both by spacious stairs and elevators. Being sought, however, by few patrons, it was also abandoned and its occupants went below and squeezed in, as did the shellfish dealers from the basement; so that at this time the entire trade is concentrated on the ground floor. Without going into details concerning the architecture of the building, it is sufficient to say that it is generally admitted that the corporation did not act wisely in enlarging the market at a great expense and in a way that is of no practical use, instead of widening the approaches to it on the Thames street side. The floors of the building are of polished granite, concealed beneath which are drains of iron for carrying off the dirt and refuse when the market is flushed, which is done daily at the close of the market hours.

At the present time there are 156 stalls and 14 shops on the ground floor. The former are located in the center, while the latter are on the sides of the building. There is also a tavern where fish are served as the leading article of diet. Formerly there were three taverns, Simpson's, Bowler's and Bacon's, where in other days the salesmen congregated before daylight, drank their black coffee and "aff and aff," ate fish and talked over the prices, sales and supply of fish for the coming day. In order to have more space, however, the number of taverns has been reduced to one, which now brings in a rental of $4,000 annually. The stalls vary in size, averaging 32sq. ft., according to the Clerk of the Market, Mr. John Little, to whom I am indebted for many courtesies. The stalls, according to location, bring from 10 to 18 cents per square foot per week, or an annual rental from $166 to $300 each. The shops bring from $1,700 to $2,000.

Avenues cross the market at regular intervals, and from necessity are very narrow. Great effort is required to keep them open, and the rules of the market are very explicit in regard to placing obstructions in them. Porters carry the fish into and from the market in baskets, boxes, crates, barrels, in fact in all kinds of ways. No one is permitted to perform the duties of porter without a license, for which he has to pay 2s. 6d. When on duty, in order to readily distinguish him, the porter is obliged to wear on his left arm a metallic badge having on it the armorial bearings of the city of London. If a porter misbehaves, uses any abusive or obscene language, gets intoxicated, steals, commits assault or violates any of the rules of the market, his license is at once taken from him. I was told that the present conduct of employes in Billingsgate so happily in contrast with "ye olden times," is due to rigid enforcement of rules similar in tenor to those just mentioned.

The porter's dress consists of cotton overalls, a coarse cotton shirt, worn on the outside of the trousers, which from the begrimed and bespattered appearance are very appropriately called "slops." The head is protected by a "porter's knot," a hat which has a cushion in the crown, very necessary padding, it might be remarked, as the rough and heavy "trunks" are either borne directly on the top of the head, or resting on the shoulders, back and neck. Wooden sandals are generally worn on the feet to keep the bottoms of the shoes from contact with the sloppy surface. The porter receives on an average about a penny farthing for carrying each box of fish to the salesman. The taking of it from the salesmen to the conveyance of the buyer is an optional charge, depending upon the kinds of fish and distance to be carried.

Land-borne fish enter the building on the Thames street side, while river-borne fish are brought into the market through the south door facing the river. The boats bringing them to London are not permitted to come alongside the building to unload, but, for some reason unknown to me, are required to make fast to fastenings provided for them adjacent to floating pontoons and barges that intervene. Planks, mostly unprotected by side rails, extend from boat to market about a hundred feet distant. Up and down and across these planks the porters tramp with their heavy burdens, for each trunk weighs about 100 pounds.

Nine steam carriers run to and from Billingsgate and the fleets in the North Sea, and bring the bulk of the water-borne fish. The unloading of these boats—indeed all kinds of craft—is an interesting sight. But let Sala tell the story: "This wharf is covered with fish, and the scaly things themselves are being landed with prodigious celerity and in quantities almost as prodigious from vessels moored in triple tier before the market. Here are Dutch boats that bring eels, and boats from the North Sea that bring lobsters, and boats from Hartlepool, Whitstable, Harwich, Great Grimsby, and other English seaports and fishing stations. They are all called boats, though many are of a size that would render the term ship, or at least vessel, far more applicable. They are mostly square and squat in rigging, and somewhat tubby in build, and have an unmistakably fishy appearance. Nautical terms are mingled with London street vernacular; fresh mackerel competes in odor with pitch and tar; the tight-strained rigging cuts in dark indigo relief against the pale blue sky; the whole is a confusion, slightly dirty but eminently picturesque, of ropes, spars, baskets, oakum, tarpaulin, fish, canvas trousers, osier baskets, loud voices, trampling feet and 'perfumed gales,' not exactly from 'Araby the blest,' but from the holds of the fishing craft."

The method of handling and carrying the fish may strike the author of "Twice Around the Clock" as one of "prodigious celerity," but to an American familiar with steam appliances and labor-saving machinery, it appears to be very tedious, costly, old-fashioned and in great contrast to systems seen with us, where a vessel puts in, unloads, packs up, and leaves the wharf in two hours.

Steam appliances have not been adopted at Billingsgate, I am informed, because the fish would be more rapidly brought to the salesmen than they could be handled, and so the old system is clung to, and porters with trunks on their heads approach the salesman, stand in waiting, then deposit them only as rapidly as they can be sold and again borne away.

The salesman or auctioneer gets five per cent. on the sales made. Many fish were formerly sold at "Dutch auction," where the salesman names a high figure, then drops to a lower one, and so on until a bid is made which is accepted, and the procedure is gone through with *de novo*. No license is required to sell fish by Dutch auction, and this method is still in great favor in many of the fishing ports.

The Bummaree appears to be an individual essential to Billingsgate.

Jonathan Bee, in his slang dictionary ("Lexicon Balatronicum"), published 1823, defines the bummaree to be the man who at Billingsgate takes the place of the salesman, and generally after 8 o'clock A. M., buys the last lot of fish.

The author of "London Labor and London Poor," 1853, says that at that time Billingsgate was opened at 4 A. M., but for two hours it was only attended by the regular fishmonger and the bummaree. At the present time, however, not only is the bummaree the first to arrive, but, as in 1823, he is the last to leave. He now purchases from the salesman and sells to small dealers, costermongers and consumers. Before making a sale the bummaree breaks the packages and assorts the fish, supplying the buyers with the kinds, sizes and quality desired. A very useful function it might be remarked when we remember that a "ped" often contains various kinds of fish, suitable and unsuitable for the uses for which they are wanted by different classes of purchasers. But however useful the bummaree may be, that such an individual exists at all, only goes to prove the inadequate accommodations of Billingsgate for the trade, and whether there is foundation or not for such accusation as are heard concerning him; the bummaree will exist so long as the fish supply of populous London has to pass through this limited inaccessible market in a limited time.

The market is opened at 5 o'clock in the morning and is practically over at 10 o'clock. Before the opening, however, the auctioneers are in their places, behind what are called "bulks" or "forms," upon which the fish are deposited in "trunks," "doubles," etc. Little if any opportunity is given buyers to ascertain the condition of the fish, for no sooner is the box deposited on the "bulks" than it is knocked down as sold, and again borne away. If the buyer is not informed in some way in regard to the condition of the fish, to purchase the unopened boxes so rapidly, and with such apparent indiscriminate recklessness, seems to an outside observer, to put it mildly, great confidence in the condition of the fish, and in the honesty of the salesman.

During the whirl of business all seems confusion and chaos. Porters are seen rushing hither and thither with reeking barrels, baskets and boxes. Auctioneers with long narrow account books in their hands are bawling to buyers, who, with hands by the side of their mouths, direct back their shouting answers, while the uninitiated explorer stands bewildered in their midst, until he is called to his senses by the exclamation, "Hout the way." "The only comparison I can find for the aspect, the sights and sounds of the place," says a well-known writer, "is a rush, a rush hither and thither at a helter skelter speed, apparently blindly, apparently without motive, but really with a business-like and engrossing pre-occupation for fish and all things fishy. Baskets full of turbot borne on the shoulders of the facchini of the place, skim through the air with such rapidity that you might take them to be flying fish."

"At that piscatorial house," says Bertram, ("Harvest of the Sea," p. 59) "we can see in the early morning the produce of our most distant seas brought to our greatest seat of population, sure of finding a ready and profitable market. The aldermanic turbot, the tempting sole, the gigantic codfish, the valuable salmon, the cheap sprat, and the universal herring, are all to be found during their different seasons in great plenty at Billingsgate, and in the lower depths of the market buildings, countless quantities of shellfish of all kinds stored in tubs may be seen, and all over is sprinkled the dripping sea water, and all around we feel that 'ancient and fish-like smell' which is the concomitant of such a place."

Commercially speaking fish are divided by the Londoner into two classes: 1. Prime. 2. Offal. The former comprehends the choice varieties, such as sole, bull, turbot, etc. The latter includes the commoner coarse kinds, such as place, roher, haddock, etc. The quantities that come into Billingsgate are very disproportionate. Mr. Little says that thirteen boxes of offal reaches the market to one box of prime. That gentleman has very kindly furnished me a table showing the quantity of fish arriving at Billingsgate per month during the year 1883, which I shall make a part of this paper, as also a series of tables showing the amount of fish coming to London since 1875. It will be seen from Mr. Little's statement that the quantity coming by water is much less than by land. Special trains bearing fish alone run daily to London from Grimsby, Hull, Yarmouth and other places. As these trains do not come in the vicinity of Billingsgate, the fish have to be carted through the narrow streets and tortuous lanes, across the city to the market in order to be sold, and when sold to be again carted over the same streets through which it has already with difficulty passed.

Speaking of the approaches to Billingsgate, the *Quarterly Review*, October, 1882, says: "Their badness was of comparatively slight importance so long as the bulk of the fish was brought thither by water. When, however, it became necessary to deal each year with some 90,000 tons of railway-borne

fish, and to deliver them at Billingsgate through choked streets and narrow lanes which would disgrace a town of 50,000 inhabitants, the difficulties were so augmented that fish vans sometimes took eight hours to get from the Great Eastern or Great Northern railway terminus to the market where they had to unload."

This statement has greater force when it is remembered that the width of the roadway of Lower Thames street, on which the market is situated, is but 16½ feet wide. St. Mary-at-hill has a width of 16 feet, while Botolph lane and Pudding lane are each but 7 feet 3 inches wide.

Language fails to convey to one's mind the bewildered condition of things in the congested approaches to the market, where the stopping of a "shandry," for instance, will block the entire street. It was shown in an investigation made by Spencer Walpole, late H. M. Inspector of Fisheries, that ordinarily it not only took hours for fish vans to reach the market, but in one instance a van of "fresh fish" was eleven days en route, and all the time trying to get unloaded. A vast amount of good food is very naturally spoiled before it reaches the market, and afterward too for that matter, simply from the absence of proper appliances for its preservation; and it is not strange that when the fish reach the consumer it is so enhanced in price as to have become a luxury instead of an ordinary article of diet.

The Times of Oct. 30, 1883, despondingly asks, "Could not science have fish vaults where the temperature was kept at about 33 deg. at the markets? Could not science improve on the ice chests fishmongers use?"

We answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative, and cordially invite the editor of the "Thunderer" to visit America and see the fish markets in Boston, New York and other centers, where the application of scientific methods of refrigeration to the fish trade that have long been in use would be seen.

What London requires in order to have the price of fish reduced and the quality improved, and a cessation from talk about "Billingsgate ring" and "Billingsgate monopoly," is to have a more commodious market, a market with refrigerating appliances, a market on the river side, easily accessible not only for boats, but for cars, vans and all kinds of conveyances.

Thus far it has been impossible to agree upon a new site. If the market has to remain where it now stands, so choked for space and difficult of approach, then if it be desirable to remedy the patent evils, the streets leading to Billingsgate will have to be widened. The postponement of the widening to a more convenient season will not lessen the cost. In 1862 the approaches could have been widened for £88,000, but twelve years afterward the estimated cost was £525,000, and now, doubtless, it would be much more.

In conclusion, I regret to say there is little, if anything, at Billingsgate for American fish dealers to learn, except how far in advance of them in every respect we are on this side of the Atlantic.

RETURN OF THE QUANTITY OF FISH DELIVERED AT BILLINGSGATE MARKET DURING THE YEAR 1883—(JOHN LITTLE, CLERK, BILLINGSGATE).

Month.	Land carriage, Tons.	Water carriage, Tons.	Total Tons.
January	6,015½	2,949	8,964½
February	5,562½	1,969	7,531½
March	6,983¾	2,022	9 605¼
April	6,894	3,911	10,305
May	5,898¾	4,765	10,663¾
June	8,556	4,679	13,215
July	5,400	3,353½	8,753½
August	5,678	3,486	9,164
September	7,104½	4,671	11,775¼
October	6,583¼	2,028	8,611¼
November	7,401¾	1,984	9,385¾
December	9,166¼	2,529	11,695¼
Total	80,723¼	38,946½	119,669¾

N. B.—There was also from 20,000 to 25,000 tons of fish delivered in the immediate vicinity during the year which is not included in the above.

The quantity destroyed by the officers of the Fishmongers Company, as being unfit for food, was 273 tons, 16 cwt., 1 qr., and of this 95 tons was composed of shellfish.

APPROXIMATE QUANTITIES OF FISH DELIVERED AT BILLINGSGATE MARKET AND VICINITY, 1875-1884.

(British Fisheries Directory and Mr. Little's Report.)

	Tons.		Tons.
1875	94,949	1880	130,629
1876	99,425	1881	137,000
1877	107,168	1882	150,000
1878	126,764	1883	144,669¾
1879	126,892	1884	156,005

HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE SEX OF CARP.

WHEN the adult fish is nearing the spawning time the ripening of the ova produces a broadened appearance in the female, which is sufficient to enable most any one to distinguish the sex. It is necessary, however, to be able to distinguish them at a much earlier age, and this, although not generally understood, is declared by experienced fishculturists to present but little difficulty. Dr. Hessel, superintendent of the United States Government ponds, scarcely ever fails to identify the sexes, although he declares his inability to decribe in words the manner in which he does it. The German carp-culturists, however, have distinctly stated their method.

Horák, in a work published 1869, and entitled *Die Teichwirthschaft mit besonderer Rücksicht auf das südliche Böhmen. Ein populäres Handbuch für Teichwirthe, Fischereibedienste und Freunde der Fischzucht*, by Wenzel Horák, says: "Fishermen who are not able to determine the sexes of the fish at once are in the habit of squeezing the genital parts until they yield either milt or roe. This method is very injurious to the production of young fish. An experienced pond-culturist will, at the first glance, distinguish a male from a female carp, even when they are only one year old. The milter, or male fish, has a depression or concave place in its genital parts, while the spawner, or female fish, has a protuberance or convex place."

Carl Nicklas, perhaps the most skilled carp-culturist at present living in Germany, indorses the above quotation from Horák, and adds: "The aperture of the genital orifice also seems to be somewhat larger and redder in the female than in the male. It is not very difficult to distinguish the male from the female carp; still, it may require a little practice." Prof. B. Benecke, of Königsberg, says: "As a general rule the belly of the spawner is broader and rounder; the genital aperture is larger and reddish and has thick lips, while in the male it forms a narrow slit.

Apparently without any knowledge of these German authorities, George M. Ramsey, M. D., of Clokey, Pa., writing under date of November 22, 1883, says: "I have discovered how to distinguish the sex of German carp at all seasons of the year. By inspection of the female carp a small fleshy protuberance, that pouts a very little, will be seen in front of the vent, whereas in the male carp the same is slightly depressed or sunken rather than protuberant. On examination each fish should be held up to the light in the same position, back downward." Evidently Dr. Ramsey has made an independent discovery of what was already known in Germany.

Among the most successful of the Americans who have received carp from the United States Fish Commission is Mr. Kemp Gaines, of Springfield, Clarke county, Ohio. He had young fish to sell as early as the summer of 1883, and seeing the necessity of furnishing applicants with the proper number of males and females, he undertook to see if he could discover any method of distinguishing sexes. November 21, 1883, he reported his observations to the Fish Commission. On examining the carp taken for table use he found a difference in the form of the head and surmised that this might possibly indicate the sex. He put it to test during the summer whenever he dressed fish for use and failed to distinguish the sex but once.

It would be gratifying if those who have carp would put these methods severely to test and report to the Fish Commission their success or failure.—*Chas. W. Smiley* in *Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. E. S. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2519.**

IS THE A. K. C. TO LIVE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The above question is pressing just now. Many of us, who did not prefer the form of organization the A. K. C. took, have come to think that as it is organized and in working order, it is better to make it an efficient factor in kennel matters than to get up a rival club; but how it is possible to make such a club even respectable, much less efficient, when its path is one string of blunders; wherever it goes, whatever it does, blunder, bungle and botchwork marks out its path.

At the Philadelphia meeting, Messrs. Morgan, Childs and Osborn, with what help I could give, endeavored to start the club toward better things than had marked the past. Major Taylor seemed willing to help us on, but was also ready to fall into any pithole that could be found and drag the whole A. K. C. along. The attempt to run in a county fair association at Dayton, O., when the constitution plainly provides that members must be organized wholly or in part for holding bench shows, was one sample. The grave proposal to "recognize" the American Spaniel Club and the International Cocker Spaniel Association in the joint work of preparing a standard on cockers, was stupendous! Imagine a "standard," the result of the joint efforts of two clubs whose separate existence seems only due to the fact that they cannot agree on a standard! Fortunately both these blunders were staved off. Then there was the mistake of appointing Mr. Elliot Smith on the "St. Elmo" committee when he was the defendant! Did you ever hear the like? Then Pelion was piled on Ossa by Mr. Faxon being added to this committee when he was not a member of the Executive Committee! Allowing that these last blunders may be passed over on grounds of oversight, what possible excuse is there for the added blunder of appointing Mr. Nickerson on the committee when he is also ineligible because not a member of the Executive Committee. I shine as the bright particular light on this business, as being the only one of four so far appointed who is eligible; but I should not have been appointed after my open statement that the close intimacy so long existing between Mr. Watson (the appellant in the case) and myself, made my appointment at least "bad form."

With nothing but the kindest feelings toward Major Taylor personally and as a judge, I cannot but say that the only hope for the A. K. C. is in his resignation. His whole administration has been a series of blunders, his appointment of Mr. Nickerson the worst, because his blunder in Mr. Faxon's case had been pointed out, yet he makes the same bungle over again. I challenge the naming of a single instance where Major Taylor has gone right in his official course as president, when there was a chance to go wrong. "Construction" was bad enough, but it has been capped by a continual string of helpmates. What are we to do? Are we to try and keep up a continual fight and watch against blunders that a member of a primary school debating society would know were blunders, or are we to cut loose from the A. K. C., and let it die of public contempt? Really this thing of being made a public laughing stock is getting somewhat monotonous. To such organizations as the N. E. K. Club, the Eastern Field Trials, the New Haven, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh clubs, the main stays of dog shows in the country, I would say, do you propose to do anything for the unfortunate A. K. C., or shall it perish of public ridicule?

Lest I may be suspected of personal animus against Major Taylor, let me say that his declaration that he gave a dog first at Philadelphia when he would not have done so had the standard been less on head, is to me convincing proof of his honesty as a judge, and just what every judge should do, subordinate his own preferences to the established authority on the matter; and if Major Taylor prefers a standard with less value for head it is a perfectly legitimate thing to try to so establish it; the only requisite being that fair play be allowed others of different views. Mr. Nickerson advises me (much to my regret) that he is ineligible and has therefore resigned.

While the A. K. C. still has a nominal existence, let me point out a serious mistake in Rule 2, providing that a dog must be identified by its date of birth; this is often impossible. We are all responsible for this mistake, as it was substituted for the old rule that a dog must be identified by its age. This is objectionable, as often litter brothers or sisters are entered as of different ages, as was the case with the mastiff litter sisters Hebe and Dido II. at Philadelphia, and we seem to have overlooked that putting this requirement before "and if known" left the exhibitor with no chance of escape from what might often be an impossibility. The rule evidently should be, a dog "must be identified by its name, and if known, its date of birth."

W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., July 25, 1885.

CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW.

THE English Kennel Club held their twenty-fifth exhibition of sporting and non-sporting dogs on the grounds of the Crystal Palace Company, under tents, on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of July, and the exhibition on the whole was equal to any of their former gatherings. There were six judging rings, and the awards were all handed in on the first day, the judges being, for mastiffs and bloodhounds, M. Beaufoy, Esq.; St. Bernards, H. J. Betterton, Esq.; Newfoundlands, H. R. Farquharson, Esq.; foreign dogs and Great Danes, R. Groom, Esq.; deerhounds, greyhounds, black and tan setters, Irish setters, retrievers, collies and bull-terriers, S. E. Shirley, Esq.; pointers, S. Price, Esq.; English setters, W. D. Duncan, Esq.; spaniels, Rev. A. L. Willett; dachshunde and Basset hounds, H. Jones, Esq.; bulldogs, J. S. P. Sellon, Esq.; Dandie Dinmonts, the Earl of Antrim; pugs, G. Weekley, Esq.; Irish terriers, Dr. Carey; wire-haired fox-terriers, Airdales and Bedlingtons, A. Maxell, Esq.; smooth fox-terriers, T. Bassett, Esq.; Skye and Scotch terriers, J. Pratt, Esq.; the remaining classes, J. Percival, Esq.

The total entry was 1,288, rather less than at the winter show, yet the quality was real good, and most all of the class were remarkable for the quality and the keenness of the competition.

Crown Prince once more headed the list in champion mastiffs and won the 40-guinea challenge cup for the best mastiff dog in the show. Cambrian Princess winning first in champion bitches, also the 40-guinea cup for the best bitch. We consider, however, that she was very closely pressed by the brindle Lilly II., who is a really good bitch all through, and moves much better than Cambrian Princess. In the open dog class, Dr. Turner exhibited two very promising young ones, Beaufort and Hotspur, the former winning while the latter got vhc. In the puppy class they won easily first and second. Hotspur is some two months the younger, and of course more improvement may be expected in him than the winner, who got most of the advantage by superior size. The second prize dog, Prince of Wales, is only a moderate specimen. He has been winning lately in Scotland. He is only a medium-sized dog, but with a well-shaped body not in high condition at present; his muzzle before the eyes is too long and not deep enough. John Bull, third prize, we have reported before. He is small in size, not enough of wrinkle and might have more bone, but is of a good type. Bismarck, vhc. We don't like his color as a fawn, and his eye is rather light, yet he is a fine upstanding dog and about the largest in the class; but not in the condition we have seen him, otherwise we think ought to about win in the present company. In bitches Dr. Turner won first and second; both are good in type but we much preferred the second prize, The Lady Isabel, as she was the largest and the best mover with a very good head. The actual winner was rather the best in head and color of mask, but small, low at the shoulder and a bad mover. Third went to Princess Ida, good in face and wrinkle, rather large in ears and not so good in body as those placed over her. Mr. Nichols showed a very large and powerful young dog in Victor Hugo. He is rather plain in face, but possesses great size with good feet and legs. He has all the appearance of growing into a most powerful dog. The winner in bitch puppies was promising and a long way ahead of the others. The produce stakes was simply a walk-over for Dr. Turner.

In the champion class for St. Bernard dogs Save had an easy win over Bayard. In champion bitches we consider Cloister very lucky in winning, being out of coat. Ilfreda, second, was also a little out of coat and thin in flesh, otherwise she might have stood first. Madam, vhc. and reserve, is a grand, upstanding bitch, in good coat. She was shown in Mr. Smith's usual high condition. In the open class Duke of Wellington, third, is a grand dog, good in color and markings, with good coat not fully grown at present. His condition was against him, otherwise he might have exchanged places with the second prize winner. Nero III., whom we have often reported, was here, looking well. First went to Plinlimmon, also special for the best in the open classes. This dog was looking better than ever, and changed hands during the show at £800, the highest prize ever obtained for a St. Bernard in England. Vhc. reserve, Saracen, is a good dog, with good legs and feet. We don't admire his color, and doubt if he will run much further forward. Bernina II., fourth prize, is a good stamp on the small side. Grip, hc., is heavily handicapped by his badly carried ears. Kenneth was out of condition or he might have been further up. In the bitch class we think Mabel II. ought to have been noticed. The brindle and white La Mascotte, out of coat, won second prize. Recluse, from the same kennel, might be better on forelegs, and is on the small side, yet of a good stamp. Queen Jura, vhc., the Warwick winner, is a grand bitch, but has not enough of markings; in fact, she is almost self-colored, otherwise she was about the best bitch in the show. Thetis, the winner, we admire very much. She is a large bitch, with good body, color, and coat, and shown in the best of condition. Dolly, hc., has a Dudley nose, large ears and light eyes. There were some much better unnoticed. Melita, vhc., is a good bitch, but too fine before the eye. Vhc. and reserve Dacia is a nice-colored and marked bitch.

In smooth dogs first went to Sirius, looking his best. Lord Wolsely, looking better than we ever saw him, made a good second. Victor Emanuel seems going worse. The smooth bitches were a good class, some thought that Lady Superior should have won. The second prize winner is too fine in muzzle. There was nothing likely to come to the front among the puppies.

The challenge classes for Newfoundlands had only one entry each. So that in each case it was a walk-over. In the open class for black dogs Lord Nelson won easily, but was beaten by Courtier for the special for the best in the show. We preferred Lord Nelson and think that opinion was shared by the majority. Admiral Keppel and Gift are both small and rather light in eye, while Black Watch shows the haw. Isla won well in bitches; second going to a good-sized bitch not good in back.

Great Danes, as usual at the Palace, were one of the features of the show, there were four entries in the challenge class. Sultan II. was absent. Cedric the Saxon won also the cup for the best in the show, Mirza getting the challenge cup for the best bitch; they are both good ones, in fact all through, the classes were remarkable for quality, yet we saw nothing in the puppy classes like being A1. Mr. Messter, of Berlin, carried off the majority of the prizes in the puppy classes.

In the challenge class for deerhounds, Chieftain won, we think, correctly, and along with Mr. Joplin's other dogs was put up at auction, but was not disposed of owing to there being £200 reserve put on him by his owner. His kennel companion, Clansman, a very promising dog, won in the open class, and sold at auction afterward for £40, a really cheap dog at the price. Crofter, second prize, is a very promising young dog of fourteen months, and was in his right place. The bitches were only a moderate collection and correctly placed.

In greyhounds, dogs, first went to a white and lemon marked dog, Robbie Bell; he was claimed at his catalogue price, £30. The Messrs. Charles coming second and reserve with Balkis and Cassells. In bitches the winners are well known, Telegram III. rather fine, and Coral in bad condition.

In the class for foreign dogs, for which there was no separate class provided, we had a particular fancy for a dog called Dornovoy, described as a Russian wolfhound. He is sixteen months old, stands as high as any of our largest deerhounds, with good feet and legs, wonderfully good shoulder and neck, with good, deep chest and well-sprung ribs; he might be a trifle better in stifles; in coat he was neither smooth nor rough, and carried some feather on his tail; if he possessed a rough, wiry coat, he would come near our idea of an Irish wolfhound. However, he got nothing, which so far goes to prove that we are no judge of foreign dogs.

In the challenge class for pointer dogs first went to Milton Bang II., who has great bone and substance. Belhus Hector was absent. In the challenge class for bitches first went to Belle of Bow, bred by Mr. Price, the judge, owing to which we understand, he declined to decide between her and Mr. Norrish's Revel III., and the award was made by Mr. Shirley. In the open dog class we fancied Luck of Hessen, third, and Don IX., vhc. and reserve, equally as well as any in the class. In large sized bitches first went to Nymph, a good, well put together bitch with quality; second to Venus, a strong powerful bitch, also showing quality. In small dogs the winner, Naso of Kipping, is a good one and fit to hold his own in any company. Second to Osborn Ale, a black and white, not quite a high class show dog. Bracket, third, according to the catalogue is only six months old, date of birth being given as February, 1885. Milton Don, vhc. and reserve, is of good stamp, but rather coarse in head. The small bitches were a good class. The winner, a lemon and white, catalogued at £20, looks little money for a Palace winner.

The challenge class for English setter dogs had four entries, but only one put in an appearance, the lemon and white Sting. In the open dog class first went to the red and white Rock of Ages, a good dog full of go, yet we consider him very lucky to win in the company he was in. He was claimed at catalogue price, £52 10s. Second went to the blue belton Carlisle, a young dog by Sir Alister. But we much preferred the vhc. Count Howard to anything in the class; and we may say the third prize dog, Sir Tatton, is another good setter all through; on the small side, but a good one, and we preferred him as an English setter to either the winner or the second prize dog. The bitch class was a very large and good class, but we could not follow the judge in his awards, as we fancied some of the vhc. and others almost unnoticed as about the best.

In the challenge class of black and tan setters Czarina beat Young Jock, who is showing age. The open classes were better than we have been accustomed to lately, particularly the bitches, Heather Beauty being more fortunate here than at Warwick, where we thought her badly treated.

The challenge class for Irish setter dogs and bitches, two entries. Tyrone, first, is a very coarse-headed dog, too thick all through for an Irish setter. Mountaineer was of a better stamp yet not of the first water. In open dogs first went to Hector, a good well-made dog, good in color and coat, and of a better stamp than the champions. Second went to Frisco, looking well, in fact, better we think than we ever saw him; with age his color is much lighter, which was always his fault, and his face is not quite of the true Irish setter type. Lismore, third, is a good level-made dog, rather on the strong side to suit our ideas. Ulster Chief was of the proper type; in fact, at Dublin under Mr. Lort, he beat Hector. He is on the small side, but deserved more than he. In bitches, Aveline, first, is of good color and coat, but short of feather and plain in skull. Ruby VII. was the best to our mind. She was rather out of coat and had too much feather, which was rather light in color; she showed lack of grooming. Third, Kate Palmerston, from the same kennel, also required more attention paid to her toilet.

Wavy-coated retrievers were moderate when Mr. Shirley's team was taken away. They were entered not for competition and afterward sold by auction and brought from ten to fifty guineas each, except one, which was sold afterward privately at over fifty guineas. Curly retrievers were small classes. This variety seems going back.

Sheepdogs as a class were behind what we expected from the winter show and Warwick collection. In the champion dog class Dublin Scot beat Eclipse, and we consider correctly; in fact we think the winner the best all-round collie dog in England. Bye the bye, he is not in England at all; he is in Ireland. Madge I. had no opponent in the challenge class for bitches. In the open dog class first went to a small red sable, a very nice little dog, but not a red-hot one. We preferred Major Trefoil, third prize, who would do with a little more coat, but his head, ears and general style are good. The winner in bitches we consider won well, with Young Meg a good second. Next to these we fancied Marigold. In dog puppies Smuggler won. He has an immense coat, his face is short and ears carried badly, yet he won easily and changed hands. In the bitch class Mr. Arkwright won with a very handsome bitch, Blue Ruin. This bitch was fit for the open class. She very much resembles the same gentleman's Sky Blue, and although the color is not a very fashionable one, there is no mistake about the possessor of it being a true and typical collie. There was nothing to make a good second to her. There was only one bobtail sheepdog entered, a fairly good one.

In Basset hounds Fino V. beat Bourbon for the challenge prize, yet we think it must have been close running. Mr. Krehl won with Fino VI. in the open class, Mr. Blain coming second with a good one in Bertrand. There were four entries only in bitches, all very fair specimens. The third in open dog class won first in dog puppies, he is a large dog rather shelly, while the second prize one was very small and young and in bad health. The winner in bitch puppies is very promising and may be seen again on the show bench.

In Dalmatians Mr. Fawdry, as usual, won first and second, the others were nowhere.

In Pomeranians Old Charlie won first, not looking quite as well as we have seen him; he was the only white one shown. The second prize dog was a very pretty little black, not so heavy in coat as the winner.

Lyris won the challenge class for poodles. We understand the owner of Zulu lodged an objection against him on the ground of Lyris having been dyed. But from what we have heard it is 100 to one on Lyris coming away with a clear certificate. The open class for poodles was as good a collection as we have seen.

In the challenge class for large size bulldogs and bitches there was only one entry, Grabber, who was objected to as being in the wrong class. In the challenge class under 60 pounds, Black Prince was entered, but absent. In the challenge class for bitches under 50 pounds, Wheel of Fortune was a good first. In open dogs over 60 pounds and bitches over 50 pounds, President Garfield, second, is rather long before the eyes and a bit on the leggy side. Big Ben, vhc., well known, we fancied as about the best. In the next class Darkie, vhc., has a good skull. Rustic King won well. Jimmy Gripper, third, is a good white dog, but was out of condition. Next class, Mr. Adcock won with Acme, very closely pressed by Lady Stewart and Wild Rose. In small dogs, the winners were well placed. Julius Cæsar, hc., might have been further up, although he was out of condition. Small bitches were not so good a lot as the dogs. Mr. Sprague won both challenge cups with Grabber and Wheel of Fortune; but as Grabber was disqualified, owing to being entered in the wrong class, the challenge cup for best dog went to Rustic King.

There was the best collection of water spaniels we have seen for a long time, Mr. Skidmore showing a very good young dog, The O'Donoghue, who might just have won. However, first went to Young Hilda, looking her best, Lady winning third; but we really preferred Mickey Free, Lady being bad in shoulders and hollow in back.

In the challenge class for Clumbers, Boss III. won with no opponent. In the open dog class the first and third are large and rather high on the leg, while the second was rather light. The bitches were a very moderate lot; we missed the Duke of Portland's kennel.

In the challenge class for Sussex or liver-colored spaniels, the well-known Guy won. In the open class for dogs over twenty-five-pounds weight, the winners were a pair of promising young ones. In the corresponding bitch class the winners were too fine in face and of the stamp of blacks.

In the challenge class for other field spaniels there were four entries, and Squaw won correctly from Eastern Bruce and Beauty II. The open class for black dogs were a very moderate lot. Mr. Bryden won first and second in the class for black bitches. Sensation, vhc., was out of form. We think Thyra, hc., a good bitch. She should have been further up. In other-colored spaniel dogs, Mr. Jacob won with Newton Abbot Beau, well-known, and second went to a liver and tan from the same kennel. First and second in the following class seemed too fine in face; they were good-bodied and long.

In the challenge class for cockers, Obo, looking well, won. In the open dog class there were only two entries. The winner, a long and low puppy, more of the spaniel type, while second went to a dog more of the Obo type. Cocker bitches were a good class. First went to the pretty-colored Freda, Nellie VII. and Nellie IV. coming equal second. We consider the black, Nellie VII., the best type of cocker, but she is out at elbows.

In the fox-terrier challenge class for dogs, first and challenge cups were won by Result, looking well and winning easy. Brokenhurst Sting is light and wants substance. Belgravian seems going worse behind and his shoulders look coarser than usual. In the challenge class for bitches Meersbrook Model, looking well, won; we always liked this bitch. She is not fine enough in shoulders to please some, yet she is, in our opinion, a very level made bitch with a good terrier head and good coat with good feet and legs. Reckoner, winner in the open dog class and special cup for best in open classes, is a good terrier, not very taking on the first look, but when examined all through he is a good terrier and improves the more he is looked at. Beggerman, second, is another good terrier; he might be better in bone and his ears could be carried better. Dusky Joe, third, might be better in skull and have more bone, but he shows character. In the open class for bitches Belle Dame Sansmerci, third, is a very handsome bitch, bar her hindquarters. Safety, winner of first, is a nice bitch, we thought her correctly placed. Richmond Myrtle, second, by Raby Tyrant ex Richmond Olive, a very nice bitch, pressed the winner closely; she is good in size and a level-made one all over, looking better than when we saw her last. In dog puppies Tickham, second, is good in style, but rather thick and short in face. The majority of the other puppies were shown in the open classes.

Cavendish won in the challenge class for wire-haired. And there was a great deal of difference of opinion about him and Briggs; the latter is certainly not improving. Miss Miggs won easily in the corresponding bitch class. The open dog class introduced us to another good young dog in Carlisle Jack. He was well shown and is a good dog. We have an opinion that he will go a little coarse in shoulders. In open bitches first went to a very good young bitch, but we fancied the second prize winner, as being better in size, with a better set eye and finer and more level in face, but rather larger in ear. The second was also best in quarters and size. Mr. Redmond won most of all the produce prizes. There were only five entries in the two classes. Result won the 50-guinea challenge prize for the best smooth fox-terrier, and Carlisle Jack the one for the best wire-hair.

Cairo had no opponent in the challenge class for bull-terriers. In the open dog class first went to a large, good looking young dog, with rather too much drop below the eye, Silver King, well known, coming second. In large bitches there were only two entries, Queen of May winning easy. In dogs and bitches over 20 pounds and not exceeding 30, first went to a very nice bitch belonging to Mr. Pratt, claimed at £20; no doubt sold on account of her weight, being too large for the small class, yet too small to compete against large bitches. Merry Puss, vhc. and reserve, possesses a good head and eye. The small class under 20 pounds, contained a very level lot, the winners running each other close.

In Airedales we preferred the second and third to the winner in the dog class who is quite too thick in head. The bitches were better placed, yet the winner is coarse in head, but well made and best in color and coat.

The well-known Hairdresser won well in Bedlington terriers, with a very nice dog coming in second. In the bitch class the competition was very keen, and in such cases it is always a matter of opinion which way the winners are placed.

Irish terriers were a strong collection, no new ones except Bachelor, who is a good one and will go to the front if nothing happens him.

White English, as usual, were a small class and the winners well known.

Black and tans were a very poor class all through, with nothing worth particular notice.

Skye terriers were small classes but contained good quality, we consider the winning bitch, Missie, about the best, being very long and low with plenty of coat of a good hard color and texture.

In Scotch terriers Dundee was first, as usual, with a very good bitch of the same stamp, only not so good in shoulder covering second; Danara ought to have been noticed, perhaps his tail carriage was too much for the judge to recognize. We liked the second prize puppy, he is good in coat and type.

Dandie Dinmonts were a very good collection, and the awards were pretty well received. Border King won in the open class and beat Roderick for the special, and we quite agree with the award, considering Border King one of the best Dandies we have seen. He was shown in perfect condition. Were he just a little squarer in muzzle he would be a perfect Dandie.

In the challenge class for pugs Diamond, brother to Bradford Ruby, won, the latter holding the same position here last January. Duchess of Connaught beat Dowager in the corresponding bitch class. There were a few nice dogs shown in the open class. The bitches were also good, the winner a grand bitch, just dark enough in face and heavy in ears, but grand in skull and body. The winner at the Pug Dog Club show only got vhc. reserve. We thought her as good as any in the class. The second prize dog puppy promises well.

In Yorkshire terriers Lady Bective beat Conqueror, but we consider the latter far ahead. As usual, Lady Giffard had everything her own way in Maltese.

Bowsie beat Flossie II. in champion Blenheims. We prefer Flossie II. The open class was good, but there was nothing really striking in the class. King Charles were a good lot. Bend Or won, but was disqualified, as he ought to have been in the challenge class, so Young Jumbo got first, and Young Prince, third, was put up to second. As there were two hc. and no reserve given, we don't know what will come in for third prize or will the club keep it. In the smooth-haired toys there were some very nice black and tans shown. They were the best as a class that we have seen lately. There was a good collection of Yorkshires in the rough toys, many of which were merely entered for sale, and as usual the majority of them changed hands. During the show the weather was very favorable, yet the attendance seemed below the average.

[The list of awards will be found in the *American Kennel Register*.]

THAT TWO-LEGGED DOG.—Somerset, Pa.—Some weeks since I sent you an account of a "queer dog," without forelegs. I have been away from home since and recently returned. Meanwhile she has whelped five puppies, nice and lively they are; three living, for two bitches were drowned. Those remaining are like other dogs. The dam is hearty, and apparently thinks as much of her offspring as other mother-dogs. I have also learned that this curious creature is a cross between a full-bred rat-terrier bitch and an imported beagle which some gentleman had brought with him to the place. The question to me is, whence the long, woolly coat and the peculiar color? Both parents being full-bred, it seems that reversion to an ancestor is out of the question, unless we are to suppose the reversion to go far back among early progenitors of the canine race. Altogether this is one of the curiosities of nature, to me, at least.—AMATEUR.

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.

[From the essay by Capt. G. A. Graham.—Continued.]

LITERATURE and the powers of depicting an animal in its correct form were in such a crude and immature stage among the nobility and gentry of the land at the periods when we have our first accounts of the Irish wolfdog, that it is not in the least to be wondered at that the imperfect descriptions given of the breed by such persons as were equal to the task were allowed to go uncontradicted by the only people in whose hands the breed was likely to be. From the accounts we have, however, we can clearly and distinctly gather that the dog has always been of greyhound shape, of gigantic stature and great power. In fact, such a dog as a cross between the Great Dane and present deerhound would produce, as to form and bulk, but of superior size.

Richardson, to further his views regarding the probable size of the ancient Irish wolfdog, tells us that certain canine skulls were found by Surgeon Wylde at Dimshanglin, which were concluded to be those of the Irish wolfdog; of these the largest was 11 inches in the bone, and from that fact he proceeds to argue that the living dog must have stood about 40 inches. To begin, he takes for his guide a deerhound dog standing 29 inches, whose head measures 10 inches. To the 11-inch Irish wolfhound skull he adds 3 inches for muzzle, hair, skin and other tissues, thereby making the head of the living dog 14 inches; thus getting the height of 40 inches from it, as compared to the 29 inches from the 10-inch head. Here, however, he would appear to be in error, as 1½ or 2 inches at the most would be enough to allow for tissues, etc., making the head 12½ to 13 inches only, and so reducing the height to 36 inches; moreover, the measurement of 10 inches for the head of a 29-inch deerhound is manifestly insufficient, as the writer can testify from ample experience. A deerhound of that height should have a head of at least 11 inches; so, calculating on the same principles, the skulls would have been from dogs standing about 34 inches. This skull is stated to have been superior in size to the others, so if the argument was of any real worth, we can only gather from it that the dogs would have ranged from 31 to 34 inches in height, which is probable enough.

From the general tenor of the accounts we have of this dog's dimensions and appearance, it is certainly to be gathered that he was of considerably greater stature that any known race of dogs now existing, and apparently more than equal to the destruction of a wolf.

It is an incontestable fact that the domestic dog, when used for the pursuit of ferocious animals, should be larger and apparently more powerful than his quarry if he is expected to take and overcome him single-handed, as the fierce nature, roving habits and food of the wild animal render him more than a match for his domesticated enemy, if of only equal size and stature. We know that the Russian wolfhounds (certainly very soft-hearted dogs), though equal in stature to the wolf, will not attack him single-handed—and wisely, too, for they would certainly be worsted in the combat. The Irish wolfdog, being used for both the capture and despatch of the wolf, would necessarily have been of greyhound conformation, besides being of enormous power. When caught, a heavy dog, such as a mastiff, would be equal to the destruction of a wolf, but to obtain a dog with greyhound speed and the strength of the mastiff, it stands to reason that his stature should considerably exceed that of the mastiff—one of our tallest as well as most powerful breeds. The usual height of the mastiff is 30 inches; and arguing as above, we may reasonably conclude that to obtain the requisite combination of speed and power, a height of at least 38 inches would have been reached, though we are told by several writers that he exceeded that height considerably, as will have been seen.

The subject of Irish wolfhounds was revived in the New York *Country* in 1878, and some interesting facts were related by Mrs. Fremont, regarding two dogs of this breed that had been imported to Fort Snelling—as a present to a Mr. Sibley—from England about 1838. They appear to have been of a brindle color, and were much larger and heavier than the deerhound, while equally quick in their motions; the coat described as short-haired. Others have been seen at intervals in the United States.

In a subsequent article on the same subject in the New York *Country* it is written: "It is absurd to give as a reason for the indifference and apathy through which such a breed has been allowed to die out or its perpetuity to be endangered, that in the extermination of his particular foe—the wolf—his occupation was gone. A noble animal of this character should never have been permitted to waste away while curs of the lowest degree are petted and pampered and carefully provided for. In this country particularly the Irish wolfdog could be made of special service. Here he would find in the chase and extermination of the wolf a wide field for his prowess and courage. On the western bounds of civilization he would be invaluable for the purpose of hunting, his keen sight and scent rendering him superior to many breeds now in use, and as a companion and friend of man his fidelity and devotion have never been called in question. All the testimony which comes down to us agrees as to his sagacity, courage, strength, speed and size, although in this last point we perceive there is a difference of opinion. Even allowing that he attained a height of from thirty-two to thirty-five inches, he is taller than any breed now living, although the early accounts published of him state he was from three to four feet high."

It has been suggested by a gentleman well known as a great fancier of dogs that the dog in use in Spain for taking wolves is identical with the old Irish wolfdog; but the specimen brought over from Spain by him would at once undeceive us, as he is, to all appearance, a Great Dane of light stamp—possibly crossed with the wolfdog of the Pyrenees.

For many months past a spirited controversy and correspondence on the Irish wolfhound has been carried on in the *Live Stock Journal*—a well-known weekly publication—by the writer and others, without, it is confidently thought, in any way disturbing the conclusions on the breed which the writer has, from careful and prolonged consideration of the subject, arrived at and will be set forth presently.

The question as to whether it is desirable to continue and thoroughly resuscitate this superb breed now that his occupation is gone is hardly worth entertaining.

The mastiff and bulldog, though no longer used to bait bear and bull, abound in thousands and in a far more perfect form than they were a hundred years ago. The bloodhound's original use has disappeared, yet who would wish to see these noble hounds die out?

Have not a dozen breeds—such as St. Bernards, collies, etc.—been taken up, cherished, and improved to a marvellous degree? Why not, then, take such measures to recover the Irish wolfdog in its original form? It can be done; the means are at hand if the will be only forthcoming. From the materials forthcoming in such specimens of the breed as are extant and the largest deerhounds, with judicious crosses for size and power, there is little doubt that the breed can be restored to us in much of its original magnificence, and the noble canine giant—always held to be typical of Erin—would be worthily and faithfully represented.

It reflects but small credit on the gentlemen of Ireland that this breed—the national representative dog of their country—should have been allowed to dwindle down to a shadow of its former self. Mastiff breeders with much care and judgment have rescued England's national dog from a very degenerate state, and from most indifferent materials, and restored him in a form quite equal, if not superior, to what he was at his best. Why, then, should not the same be done for their most superb national dog by Irishmen? Let them look at this, put their shoulders to the wheel, and success will surely crown their endeavors.

As the deerhound of the present day is to the ordinary greyhound, so is the giant Irish wolfhound to the deerhound. An Irish paper, waxing enthusiastic on the subject, says, not

long ago, regarding the Irish wolfdog: "This animal has become celebrated as the heraldic protector of our country. Fair Erin sits pensively beside her harp, the round tower stands near, and guarding all three, reclines the wolfhound. Scotland's lions have been famed in story; England 'stole' one of them, say some, and joining him in company with the unicorn, committed to his trust the honor of Albion; but the unicorn is a beast which even Dr. Haughton has never seen, while we must go to the antediluvian era to find lions in Great Britain. But the wolfdog is no mythic beast in Ireland; he was and we trust will again be included among the undoubted, exclusive, and most distinguished specimens of the Irish fauna."

In the British Museum there is a Grecian vase, some 450 B. C., on which Acæon is depicted surrounded by his dogs. Some of them would appear identical with what the Irish wolfhound was, save, perhaps, in the matter of coat.

On some ancient frescoes at Easton Neston Hall, near Towcester, are depicted various hunting scenes. In one of these two vast dogs of deerhound type are represented as seizing a boar, and these frescoes having been painted at a time when the Irish wolfhound existed, may be looked upon as throwing considerable light on the real type of that breed. They are shown to be vast deerhounds, with rough wiry coats, of a dark blue-gray color, ears small and falling over.

It will have been noticed that several persons owning Irish wolfhounds in former days were in the habit of styling them "the last of their race." It appears tolerably certain that the breed was gradually being merged into the present breed of deerhounds, and each successive owner was jealously claiming for his specimen the honor of being the last.

It will be well now to state the conclusions at which the writer has arrived as to the general appearance and character of the Irish wolfhound, after a prolonged, searching, and careful study of the subject.

Form.—That of a very tall, heavy, Scotch deerhound, much more active, and very majestic-looking; active and fast, perhaps somewhat less so than the present breed of deerhound; neck thick in comparison to his form, and very muscular; body and frame lengthy.

Head.—Long, but not narrow, coming to a comparative point toward the nose; nose rather large, and head gradually getting broader from the same, evenly up to the back of the skull—not sharp up to the eyes, and then suddenly broad and lumpy, as is often the case with dogs bred between greyhound and mastiff.

Coat.—There can be little doubt that from the very nature of the work the dog was called upon to do this would be of a rough, and probably somewhat shaggy nature, and to this end points the evidence gained from Arian—second century—who leaves no doubt in our mind that the great greyhound of his day was rough in coat; also from the ancient Irish harp, now preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, which is ornamented with a figure of the Irish wolfhound, rough-coated. Sir J. Browne's dogs were rough and shaggy; Mr. O'Toole's dog was rough; also Hamilton Rowan's. The former Earls of Caledon owned Irish wolfdogs, which were rough; added to which, in former days all greyhounds were, we have every reason to believe, rough; certainly the larger variety, as is now without exception the case. So it is with justice concluded that the coat was thoroughly rough; hard and long all over the body, head, legs, and tail; hair on head long, and rather softer than that on body, standing out boldly over eyes; beard or under jaws being also very marked and wiry.

Color.—Black, gray, brindle, red and fawn, though white dogs were esteemed in former times, as is several times shown us—indeed they were often preferred—but for beauty the dark colors should be cultivated.

Ears.—Small in proportion to size of head, and half erect as in smooth greyhound. If dark in color it is to be preferred.

The Tail should be carried with an upward curve only, and not be curled, as is the case with many greyhounds.

Size.—It will be seen that the deerhound dog had considerable trouble in despatching the she-wolf, as narrated before, she being his inferior in size; so putting the matter on the grounds of simple necessity, we cannot but conclude that the dog should be less than from two to three inches taller than the wolf. Now, the usual height of the wolf would range about 30 inches, therefore we get the height of from 32 to 33 inches in the dog. Also arguing from the skulls, the dog would have stood 32 to 34 inches. We may, therefore, safely deduce that the height of these dogs varied from 32 to 34 inches, and even 35 inches in the dogs, probably from 29 to 31 inches in the bitches. The other dimensions would naturally be about as follows for well-shaped and true-formed dogs. Girth of chest—Dogs, 38 to 44 inches; bitches, 32 to 34 inches. Weight in pounds—Dogs, 115 to 140; bitches, 90 to 115. Girth of forearm—Dogs, 10 to 12 inches; bitches, 8½ to 10 inches. Length of head—Dogs, 12½ to 14 inches; bitches, 11 to 12 inches. Most modern authors and all practical lovers of the canine race whom the writer has consulted are agreed that the foregoing is the correct type of dog beyond question; and although some differ slightly as to the comparative bulk and power of the dog, the difference is small when dispassionately looked at.

To any one who has well considered the subject such conclusions are inevitable, and this impression has been manifestly handed down to us for generations.

It is much so be deplored that this superb and valuable breed of dog has been allowed to fall into such a neglected and degenerate state, presumably owing to the fact of the wolf having become extinct, and consequent less care on the part of the owners in keeping the breed up to its proper form.

Although several writers have incorrectly confounded the Great Dane with the Irish wolfhound, yet it is probable that the two breeds were not infrequently crossed; indeed, it is possible that in foreign countries the Irish wolfhound may have degenerated into the Great Dane and other varieties, as it has into the deerhound with us. That such was the case Buffon does more than suggest. Major Garnier, who gave the subject considerable attention at one time, rather holds to this opinion, and says "that while the Highland deerhound is the most correct type, the German boarhound has best retained the size, though at the expense of character."

These facts may possibly have influenced erroneously the opinions of some of the naturalists of the latter end of the last century, and will also account for the fact of Lord Altamont's dogs having been put forward as Irish wolfhounds, which they certainly were not.

The last wolf was supposed to have been killed in Ireland about 1710. Sir Walter Scott was in the habit of calling his dog Maida a wolfhound, and on the death of that dog he was presented by Glengarry and Cluny MacPherson with a brace of dogs of the same character, and said: "There is no occupation for them, as there is only one wolf near, and that is confined in a menagerie." They were both animals of gigantic size. Scott was also offered a fine Irish wolfdog by Miss Edgeworth, but declined it, having the others.

Richardson says: "Though I have separated the Irish wolfdog from the Highland deerhound and the Scottish greyhound, I have only done so partly in conformity with general opinion, that I have yet to correct, and partly because these dogs, though originally identical, are now unquestionably distinct in many particulars."

The former Earls of Caledon at one time owned a breed of Irish wolfhounds, regarding which the present peer has obligingly collected the following particulars: "The dog was in appearance between a mastiff and deerhound; slighter and more active than the one, more massive and stronger than the other; as tall or taller than the tallest deerhound; rough but not long-coated; fawn, grizzly, and dun in color; some old men on the property have mentioned a mixture of white."

It is believed that the late Lord Caledon took two of these wolfdogs with him to the backwoods of America.

The impression of a seal belonging to the Caledon family has on it the figure of a wolfhound which shows the tail carried with a curve upward, as depicted in Reinagle's portrait.

A breed was also owned by the Lords O'Neil, also by Lord Castletown; but no information regarding them has been obtained, although a friend of the writer was presented, many years ago, with a bitch of the former breed which answered very much to the description given above of Lord Caledon's dogs.

The late Sir John Power, of Kilfane, Thomastown (whose dogs will be alluded to presently), was a personal friend of the writer, and knew Richardson well, and has many times affirmed that Richardson always considered the Irish wolfhound to have been a gigantic deerhound of enormous power.

In a very interesting letter from an American gentleman, written to a gentleman residing in England, published in the *Live Stock Journal* some months ago, he says: "I have felt an interest in the subject for over fifty years. My father often spoke of Lord Sligo's (Altamont's) breed of dogs, and doubted their being the genuine Irish wolfdog. He had every opportunity of observing them himself, being much at Westport House during his youth." After making other observations, he goes on to say: "The bone of the foreleg is, I should say, the point that best distinguishes dogs of this class from all of the greyhound class, whom in actual build they so much resemble. The massiveness of the bone is out of proportion altogether, and it certainly was not made for speed so much as for power and endurance. I think all the Scotch dogs that I have seen are deficient in this respect, and I attribute it to crossing with lighter-built breeds in order to obtain swiftness for deer hunting. The epithet 'hairy-footed' in old Irish poems leaves no doubt as to the comparatively rough coat of the Irish wolfdog."

That it is beyond reason that any dog should have stood 36 inches is not the case, as Lord Mount Edgecombe has a picture of a dog taken life-size which measures 36 inches to the shoulder. The skeleton of this dog (apparently a Great Dane), which is also preserved, would corroborate this measurement. A picture was also painted for the Marquis of Hastings in 1803, by Clifford de Tomson, which represents a dog standing 36 inches at the shoulder—also apparently a Great Dane, of a buff and white color. The picture measures 7¼ feet by 5½ feet, so it will be seen the dog must of necessity have been gigantic. We have also had some enormous dogs "in the life" of late years. The great American dog exhibited to Her Majesty some eighteen years ago was said to stand 39 inches. Sir Roger Palmer's Sam was 34. Both were boarhounds. Several of our mastiffs have stood 33 and even 34 inches. The great dog brought from America by Mr. Butler, of New York, about four or five years ago, stood about the same height. He was a descendant of the dog shown to the Queen—also owned by Mr. Butler. On the Continent it is not uncommon to find dogs standing 33 and 34 inches, and a boarhound has been brought to the writer's notice, belonging to a gentleman residing at Cologne, that was reported to stand 37 inches by a gentleman well accustomed to large dogs.

The tallest dog the writer has actually measured stood 34½ inches on the shoulderblade—a giant indeed. With all these examples before us, and some of them within our reach, there is no reason why the Irish wolfhound should not be restored to its original height of from 33 to 35 inches.

It is worthy of remark that while some people scout the very idea that the deerhound is the descendant of the Irish wolfhound, McNeill is proud to claim such descent for his favorite breed.

The assertion that has been frequently made by writers on the breed that he stood 4 feet high no doubt applied to the top of his head, as a 33 or 34-inch dog would stand nearly 4 feet at that part.

A friend of the writer's—a deerhound breeder of considerable experience, and one who had well considered the Irish wolfhound question—writes:—"I hold that the Irish wolfhound was identical with the Scotch deerhound, only even more massive and bigger still. Ireland seems to have been peculiar for the growth of big animals as well as big men. Look at the fossil elk for instance. I have a pair of antlers in my hall—I believe the longest in existence—11 feet in a straight line across from tip to tip."

Major Garnier at one time turned his attention to Irish wolfhounds, and produced one or two dogs of great size, but he was unable to carry his projects to an end, being suddenly ordered to the Cape.

He was thoroughly convinced that the recovery of this breed in its pristine grandeur and magnificence was only a question of time if the would-be breeders were steadfast in their endeavors. He had laid down for himself certain rules in breeding, which are given:

"1. Quality is very much more dependent on the dam than on the sire.

"2. Bone or size, on the contrary, is far more dependent on the sire.

"3. Color is almost wholly dependent on the sire.

"4. The coat is almost wholly independent of the sire.

"5. Muscular development and general form is chiefly dependent on the dam.

"6. All these are modified by the fact that the purer bred will (other things being the same) influence the progeny more than the other.

"7. Every decided cross increases the size by one or two inches. This is merely an opinion formed from my own experience and observation; but I have never seen it carried out far enough to make me certain in my own mind about it.

"1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 I have not merely met with as the opinions of other people, but I have proved them incontestably myself. With regard to No. 1—'quality'—I mean 'blood,' nervous development, vigor, energy and character."

He then goes on to give many valuable facts and hints on breeding Irish wolfhounds and other dogs, too long to insert here. He concludes by saying: "Anyhow, with Ulmer boarhounds and Russian wolfhounds (of course, in conjunction with the deerhound and such of the Irish breed as are in existence) I believe it is quite possible to re-establish the old breed of Irish greyhounds in all their former beauty and power. I should, however, be content with perfection of form and coat at 34 inches."

The writer is not prepared to coincide entirely with the above rules, but in the main he considers them correct, and such as can safely be adopted by breeders. It may be as well to remark that no two dogs of the first cross should be mated together, as the produce will be certain to be most degenerate. The foxhound, the pointer, the shorthorn, and many breeds of sheep and pigs, have been brought to their present excellence by judicious crossing; why should not the same principle be applied to the perfecting of the Irish wolfhound? Too much in-and-in-breeding should be especially avoided, as size is thereby eventually lost to an alarming degree, even though character be retained.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prospects for this exhibition seem to grow brighter every day, judging from the very lively interest manifested for its success, by a large number of distant, as well as local admirers of the dog. We are progressing finely with the special prize list, and our able manager, Mr. F. D. Olcott, is in daily receipt of letters on the subject from all parts of the country. Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., is to judge the setters and pointers, and Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, the remaining classes. Through mistake, the King Charles spaniel class was omitted from the prize list, and the error is now corrected by offering a $25 special for the best dog or bitch of that class. Copies of the premium list will be supplied to applicants by addressing J. D. Olcott, 169 and 171 West Water street, Milwaukee, Wis.—MUSKEEGO (Milwaukee, Wis.)

THE GREYHOUND STANDARD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will owners and breeders of this breed send their views of what an English greyhound should be to H. W. Smith, Box 876, Worcester, Mass., for the greyhound standard committee?—H. W. SMITH.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Swatara, Paxtang, Codorus, Fatalist and Fatality. By F. W. Seiler, Harrisburg, Pa., for English setters, a black, white and tan dog, a liver, white and tan dog, two lemon and white dogs, and a black, white and tan bitch, whelped May 9, 1885, by Count Noble out of his Fate Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

Pet. By W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 29, 1883, by Racer (Rally—Lill) out of Vic (Darwin—Lady).

Courtney, Bryn Mawr, Dunbar, Opera Bouffe, Wissahickon, My Queen, Miss Longley, Rosemouth, Delbeck and Lady T. By J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia, Pa., for liver and white pointers, five dogs and five bitches, whelped June 20, 1885, by G. F. Jordan's imported Nip (Pulkington's Luke—Duke of Portland's Juno) out of his Viola (A.K.R. 703).

Lady F. By Dr. W. F. Footaine, Worcester, Mass., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped June 10, 1882, by King (Leo—Loo) out of Say (King—Jet).

Stormer II., Lightfoot, Fleetfoot, Spinaway and Dalliance II. By Half-Way Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., for black, white and tan foxhounds, four dogs and one bitch, whelped July 7, 1885, by imported Stormer (A.K.R. 2402) out of imported Dalliance (A.K.R. 2400).

Brunswick, Cardinal, Marlborough, Berneta, Bernaline and Hermita. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for mastiffs, three dogs and three bitches, whelped July 20, 1885, by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489).

Leda. By Victor M. Halderman, General Wayne, Pa., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 31, 1885, by Jimmie (A.K.R. 1589) out of Temptation (A.K.R. 1590).

Glendale Chief and Glendale Beauty. By Half-Way Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., for blue, tan and white foxhounds, dog and bitch, whelped July 7, 1885, by imported Stormer (A.K.R. 2402) out of imported Dalliance (A.K.R. 2400).

Bob H. and Caw Caw. By Dr. Robert I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., for black and white English setter dog and blue belton and tan bitch, whelped March 31, 1885, by Count Noble out of Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277).

Chestnut Rock Kennels. By Chas. S. Fitch, Fort Washington, New York city, for his kennels of Gordon and black and tan setters.

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nashie to Constance. Beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah), owned by Half-Way Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N.Y.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lady Bess—Chief. J. A. Cathcart's (Atlantic City, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Lady Bess (A.K.R. 2178) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231), July 14.

Domio—Gus Bondhu. Sagadahoc Kennels' (Bath, Me.) English setter bitch Domio (Royal Blue—Dryad) to A. M. Tucker's Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu—Novel), June 13.

Una—Bannerman. Dr. E. B. Weston's (Highland Park, Ill.) beagle bitch Una (A.K.R. 1324) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), June 8.

Toodles—Tuck. George W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Toodles (A.K.R. 2147) to C. H. Amsden's Tuck (champion Comedy—Lady), July 8.

Lizzie Grace—Duke Royal A. A. Raymond's (South Norwalk, Conn.) pointer bitch Lizzie Grace (A.K.R. 2476) to his Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472), June 1.

Olive K.—Harold. California Kennels' (Sacramento, Cal.) English setter bitch Olive K. (Rake—Bessie Lee) to their Harold (Gath—Gem), July 15.

Constance—Joe. Half-Way Brook Kennels' (Glens Falls, N. Y.) beagle bitch Constance (Ringwood—Norah), to C. W. Willard's Joe (Ringwood—Gipsey Queen), June 10.

ZONA, NOT ZOZO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 23d inst you published a notice about my bitch being bred to Obo, Jr. Her name is Zona instead of Zozo, as you have it.—WM. H. MOSELEY (New Haven, Conn.). [Mr. Moseley's letter of July 10 gives the A. K. R. number of Zona as 2380, which is the number of Zozo. As the name was not very plainly written, we referred to A. K. R. and published the name that the number called for. The number of Zona is 1881. Had this been given there would have been no mistake. Moral—Write plainly and make no mistakes; but if your pen does slip, charge it to the editor.]

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Sheila. L. Timpson's (Red Hook, N. Y.) Irish terrier bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 137), July 3, five (two dogs), by J. Coleman Drayton's Slasher (Fury—Spuds).

Viola. J. H. Winslow's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Viola (A.K.R. 703), June 20, eleven (six dogs), by G. F. Jordan's imported Nip (Lake—Juno).

Nell. Chas. S. Fitch's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Nell, July 14, one dog (since dead), by Dan O'Shea's Jack.

Peggie. George Gillivan's (West Jefferson, O.) pug bitch Peggie (A.K.R. 1804), July 24, five bitches, by Chas. Leonhard's Treasure (A.K.R. 472).

Yolande. W. H. Tuck's (Wilkesbarre, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Yolande (A.K.R. 523), July 2, eight, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); two dogs and two bitches since dead.

Bird. Maple Kennels' (Patterson, N. Y.) pointer bitch Bird (A.K.R. 1658), July 17, eleven (five dogs), by Friz (A.K.R. 268); six lemon and white and five liver and white.

Daphne II. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489), July 30, eleven (six dogs), by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 23); three dogs and two bitches since dead.

Critic. W. O. Partridge's (Boston, Mass.) black spaniel bitch Critic (A.K.R. 303), July 10, eight (one dog), by J. P. Willey's champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

Janet. California Kennels' (Sacramento, Cal.) English setter bitch Janet (Count Noble—Dashing Novice), July 17, seven (four dogs), by Dashing Mouey (Dashing Monarch—Armida).

Suwanee. A. Clinton Wilmerding's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Suwanee (A.K.R. 658), July 15, six (three dogs), by Dr. Chas. McBurney's champion Sport; four black, and two black with white markings.

Marion. A. Clinton Wilmerding's (New York) spaniel bitch Marion (Brag—Princess), July 21, seven (one dog), by his black Prince (A.K.R. 62); six black, one black, with white belly.

Flora. H. Reiche's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Flora (Flake—Lady), May 22, nine (three dogs and three bitches living), by A. Clinton Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62); two black and four liver and white.

Skip. Geo. F. Reid's (Barton, Vt.) beagle bitch Skip (A.K.R. 1997), July 11, eight (four dogs), by W. Miles's Flute M.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Butterfly. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 20, 1884 (Fritz—Bird), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to N. Watson, New York.

Kitty Wells Black, lemon and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 1043), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to C. T. Knight, Providence, R. I.

Moya. Irish terrier bitch (A.K.R. 2385), by L. Timpson, Red Hook, N. Y., to L. A. Shaw, Newton Centre, Mass.

Dora. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1879 (Captain—Flora), by W. J. Furness, Ogdensburg, N. Y., to L. O. Bowley, Richardson, Me.

Alice Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 30, 1885 (Obo II.—Phonsie), by J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H., to W. H. Tuck, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Sport. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Jan 28, 1885 (Fritz—Bird), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to Jas. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Count Noble—Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277) whelps. English setters, whelped March 31, 1885, by Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., a black, white and tan dog to Geo. T. Hodgson, an orange belton and tan dog to Dr. John Gerdine, same place, and a blue belton and tan bitch to Prof. R. M. McIntosh, Oxford, Ga.

Marie Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 19, 1884 (Obo II.—Gem), by Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., to C. G. Browning, Worcester, Mass.

Pilot. Lemon and white pointer dog, 4½yrs, old (Scout—Spot), by C. W. Littlejohn, Leesburg, Va., to Chicago Kennels, Chicago, Ill.

Nashie. Beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah), by C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to Half-Way Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Count Noble—Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277) whelp. Black and white English setter dog, whelped March 31, 1885, by Dr. Robt. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., to Hon. A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga.

Rex—Edith whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped May 23, 1885, by Sagadahoc Kennels, Bath, Me., a liver dog to Nathaniel E. Story, Charlestown, Mass., and a black and white bitch to Andrew L. Cone, Portland, Me.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. R., Pleasantville.—A setter, when working hard, seems to be winded, breathing heavily, blows, nearly chokes, and has to stop. Do not know whether it is in lungs or throat. A setter bitch had puppies about six weeks ago; took puppies off two weeks ago. Mammary glands badly swollen and very hard. Ans. We should say that your setter dog has asthma. We would advise you to diet your dog and bring him down in flesh if he is fat. If he is thin, tonic treatment, such as two grains of reduced iron twice daily in pill form, should be given. If he is constipated his bowels should be regulated with syrup of buckthorn in dessertspoonful doses twice daily. If the paroxysms of choking are severe or frequent, we would advise putting the dog in a close room, and burning stramonium leaves once every two days for fifteen minutes, the fumes of which he should breathe. The bitch should be poulticed with flaxseed.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

INTER-TEAM CONTESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since the article entitled "Inter-Team Contests" appeared, June 4, in your columns, I have received several letters from secretaries of local clubs in reference to the subject. While all seem very much interested in the project, there are many objections to the proposed arrangements, some of them, I think, well founded.

Foremost among the objections appeared the number of ten men to constitute a team. I think this objection is not well founded. One of the foremost objects of associating these clubs is to increase an interest, not only in the improvement of those who are already members of such organizations, but to build up our depleted membership, bring out new men, and develop good marksmen. Let every member feel a lively interest in building up the club as well as improving his individual score. The club of which I am a member cannot muster more than six or seven reliable shots, and two of them use and have always used a light pull, set lock or hair trigger, whatever they are called.

The next objection seems to be, "No restriction as to weight of gun, style of sights or pull of trigger." Some wish the gun to be "within the National rules." This objection I concede is well founded; inasmuch as it is an indisputable fact that such a weapon is the only practical one, should a man wish to bring to practical account his skill with the rifle in the field, either in times of peace or war. Personally I should prefer that the gun should be within the National rules, yet I am aware that under the requirement of a three-pound pull many clubs would lose some of their best marksmen so far as these contests are concerned, as I know these light-pull men have to be in many cases inseparably wedded to the set lock. Evidently a gun of greater weight than ten pounds is not desirable, to the majority at least, and it might be well to restrict. Personally I should be willing to shoot even-handed with any man who wished to shoot with a gun of greater weight "off hand." I understand that "off-hand" is defined: Position standing, without artificial rest (either to the body or the gun). I think there was no objection to "any sights." The only objection to the target seems to be the fact that various clubs are accustomed to certain others, and do not wish to change unless some other target should come into universal use.

In answer to this I have to say that the American decimal was mentioned as being the one best adapted for the purpose, it being one that would definitely record the merits of the marksman, and at the same time be convenient to transport to headquarters by mail. Should some think it too small for convenient sighting field, there should be no objection to placing it upon a white back ground. The bullseye being the same, and the largest ring equal to the Creedmoor four count it would be easy to record equivalents in the Creedmoor and some other targets.

I think I have answered all the objections of importance. Evidently we should use a uniform target, and my private opinion is that a shot which would miss the four count of the Creedmoor and score a miss by the American decimal is not worthy a record. I do not wish to prescribe rules, but, with others, consider them, and get the ball moving in the right direction, with plenty of powder behind it. Let every club interested declare itself in regard to these three principal points, and I think the minor details can be arrived at with little trouble.

If the secretaries of the various clubs will send me their views and suggestions regarding these points, and any others that they may think fit, I will endeavor, with the assistance of members of the Chautauqua Sportsmen's Association, to submit for their approval a set of rules which shall be in accord with the majority as expressed.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y. SERENO N. AYRES.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BROOKLYN.—Friday evening, July 24, a return match was shot in the Fourteenth Regiment armory between five men of Company A, Twenty-third Regiment, and five of Company I, Fourteenth Regiment. The latter were again the winners by the following score:

Company I, Fourteenth Regiment.

	200Yds.	500Yds.
Private J H Lacroix	45445—22	54555—24—46
Sergt E A Anderson	54444—21	55454—23—44
Corp C C Wallace	4443—19	55545—24—42
Corp J W Day	44543—20	54525—21—41
Private J L Breining	34454—20	35533—19—39—213

Company A, Twenty-third Regiment.

	200Yds.	500Yds.
Private G S Scott, Jr.	54554—23	35454—21—44
Private J R Barton	44444—20	55125 —21—41
Sergt W A Robinson	34444—19	44544—21—40
Private W S Woodrow	44444—20	53424—18—38
Corp P H Worth	34444—19	52524—18—37—200

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club had a prize shoot Saturday afternoon, in addition to the regular week shoot for the monthly medal. Two thunderstorms interfered with the shooting and lost a great part of the afternoon. The Beaver River badge was won for the second time by T. B. Wilson. The scores were:

Beaver River Badge.

T B Wilson	11	10	11	12	9	9	12	11	12	12	12	10	—109
E T Stephens	9	11	10	11	10	1.	12	10	10	11	—104		
Z C Talbot	10	12	10	12	12	9	9	10	11	9	—104		
A Lamont	9	9	8	11	9	11	7	8	7	9	— 88		

Merchants' Prize Match.

H K Maynard	11	12	12	12	12	5	11	12	8	12	—107		
Z C Talbot	9	12	10	12	10	12	12	10	9	10	—106		
T B Wilson	12	10	10	10	11	11	8	11	11	12	—106		
S S Bumstead	11	11	11	10	8	11	9	11	11	12	—105		
E T Stephens	12	10	8	11	9	12	11	10	10	11	—103		
C Gassner	9	10	12	8	12	12	11	12	8	7	—101		
T T Cartwright	11	7	11	10	7	9	7	11	12	11	— 96		
A L Eames	11	11	6	11	8	9	11	9	12	9	— 96		
L H Mayott	11	10	11	8	11	5	9	7	10	9	— 93		
J Allen	10	11	7	9	8	8	11	9	9	10	— 92		
S K Hindley	6	12	9	9	11	9	11	6	11	7	— 90		
E S Field	8	9	10	7	3	8	11	4	9	7	— 76		
F C Douglass	11	6	7	10	5	6	6	9	7	9	— 74		

The prizes for the above were given by merchants of the city.

A continuous rest match was shot. The prizes being taken by A. Lamont 114, Z. C. Talbot 112, S. K. Hindley 108. T. B. Wilson holds the first class badge for the month with the score of 105. T. T. Cartwright the second class, score 90.—APERATURE.

WIMBLEDON, July 22.—The shooting at Wimbledon in the contest for the Kolapore Cup has been finished. The English team won with a score of 650. The next best scores were: Guernsey team 639, Jersey team 612, and Canadian team 597. A very troublesome mirage seriously crippled the Canadians, who were not accustomed to such atmospheric phenomena. The prize list has undergone several and important alterations. The Queen's Prizeman will, as heretofore, take the gold medal, gold badge, and substantial amount of £250. Beyond this alteration the other great prizes remain almost substantially the same as heretofore, though in several cases the number and value of the awards have been increased. For the Kolapore Cup the home team have an extra incentive of £24, if they are successful, and, on the other hand, both Guernsey and Jersey have been allowed to enter teams as Colonies. Several prizes of minor importance disappear altogether from the programme, and others take their place. Of these the most novel is the "Hanke Prize," presented by Mr. Ellis Parr. This will be fired for at 200yds. at a target, colored scarlet, representing the head and body of a man, on which an invisible bullseye and center will be drawn. The marksmen will be allowed seven shots, the figure appearing and disappearing alternately for five seconds. Other contests under novel conditions include the revolver prizes, for which an elaborately screened range has been prepared. Most of the series of prizes, especially for aggregates, have been increased, while there are several new contests thrown open to all comers. In the Ashburton Challenge Shield and kindred contests the expression of opinion that the use of carbine ammunition should not be enforced has been recognized, and the contestants are to be allowed to use either that or the full regulation cartridge. The pull of trigger for the "M.B.L." has been lowered from six to five pounds, while at the same time that that for "any rifles" has been raised from three to five. For the first time in the annals of Wimbledon the winner of the "grand aggregate" will be recognized by the addition of "G. C." to his name, while the next man to him will have the addendum of "S. C."

BOSTON, July 25.—Vacation and warm weather made the attendance limited at Walnut Hill to-day. The weather was good with the exception of the heat. Some practice was had at 500yds., but no scores were finished at that distance. On Saturday, the 18th, a telegraph match was shot with the Empire Rifle Club of Thomaston, Conn., 8 men, 15 rounds, resulting in a victory for the M. R. A. team of 28 points over the Empire Club Team. The detailed scores are given below together with the best scores of to-day.

M. R. A. Team Scores.

O M Jewell	10	9	8	9	6	8	5	6	7	7	8	8	7	8—113
J Francis	6	4	8	5	9	8	10	9	6	9	8	8	0	6 —112
C E Berry	5	7	5	7	7	10	7	9	8	7	5	7	9	7 10—110
R Reed	9	8	9	7	6	5	7	8	7	6	9	7	8	5 9—109
J N Frye	10	5	9	5	6	8	9	6	7	6	4	7	10	5 0—108
W Charles	7	6	7	4	6	7	10	7	9	5	9	9	7	10 5—108
H Cushing	8	8	10	8	9	8	6	9	6	7	6	4	5	5 6—106
F W Perkins	9	8	6	8	7	8	6	8	6	8	8	7	7	6 10—100—896

Empire Rifle Club Team Scores.

Thomas	5	5	5	8	8	6	6	7	7	8	5	9	9	10 8—106
Dunbar	8	10	10	5	9	5	4	7	9	5	7	6	6	8 6—104
Gilbert	10	6	10	9	4	4	4	8	8	7	8	7	6	8 4—103
Lemmon	10	9	9	5	7	10	6	7	5	4	2	3	8	9 9—103
Canfield	10	4	4	10	3	4	6	5	9	6	8	9	9	7 6—100
North	8	3	6	9	10	10	7	7	4	5	6	4	6	7 4— 93
Williams	5	9	4	5	6	4	4	5	6	6	8	5	10	10 7— 94
Alling	6	4	8	3	4	7	6	6	6	4	7	10	5	10 8— 94—800

Practice Match.

C B Edwards	5354544454—43	H Newcome	4444444454—41
W Henry (mil)	5434585454—42	A B Archer	4443454454—41
H A Newman	4454444444—41		

Decimal Match.

J B Fellows, D	9 7 8 10 10 9 7 8 10 10—88		
R Reed, C	8 8 6 9 4 10 8 8 8 8—77		
W Henry (mil) A	1 10 9 8 5 5 7 6 3 9—63		

Rest Match.

J N Frye	10 9 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—98		
E G Warren	10 10 10 10 8 10 10 10 9 10—97		
J Francis	10 10 9 7 10 10 10 10 10 10—95		
J B Fellows	10 10 9 10 9 10 9 9 9 9—93		

The Association is making some needed improvements on their range in way of new flagstaffs at 500 and 1,000-yd. ranges, and new dials and targets at 200yds.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 6.—The military target contest for the prize of $150 offered by the Fourth of July Celebration Committee took place at City View Park this afternoon. Company E, Veteran Guards, won the prize with 373 points. D. C. Southworth, of Company E, made the highest individual score, 45 out of a possible 50.

Battery A.

J Esser	2304244432—29	F Jones	4534454445—42
R C Redman	4344504233—32	C Salisbury	5444544453—40
W A Smith	4455444503—36	J Williams	3344534433—36
D K Howe	4443542543—38	W Riley	3344433334—35
P Johnson	3435443335—37	E Stuart	4344554434—40—365

Company E.

H Cockerline	2343333434—32	W M Bird	4444445533—40
J Thompson	4203453345—32	G Bonar	4023543442—31
W C McKean	4444433454—39	L O Dodge	4544454534—42
D C Southworth	4455335445—43	J C Olds	4434444453—39
H Strubie	4444434333—36	A Crouse	3434444444—38—372

Company F.

J Payne	4525403443—31	J Rourke	3455435333—36
J A Kelly	0050424430—22	H Smith	3335333443—34
W E Long	0232430345—26	K Payne	3034242234—27
J A Dryden	4303543434—34	D F McCarthy	4334443443—34
A Finger	2023444302—24	T Clayson	2230234234—25—298

CREEDMOOR, July 22.—The riflemen who wended their way to Creedmoor to-day found it rather unpleasantly warm for shooting. Consequently the fifth competition for the gold champion marksman's badge was not as enthusiastically shot for as has been the case hitherto. The range, however, was in good condition and some fairly good marksmanship was exhibited. For the second time this season J. H. Lacroix, of the 14th regiment, was the winner of the badge with a score of 23 and 24, total 47. The other prize winners were:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J W Haie, 7th Regiment	21	24	45
E DeForest, 22d Regiment	20	24	44
J K Green, 7th Regiment	20	21	41
C E Graff, 23d Regiment	20	20	40
G Joiner, 23d Regiment	20	20	40
J B Frothingham, 23d Regiment	20	19	39
F C McLewee, 7th Regiment	22	15	37

THOMASTON, Conn., July 25.—Part of the shooting to-day was in a heavy shower, dark light, scarcely any wind; Walnut Hill decimal:

E Thomas	6	4	10	5	9	9	10	9	7	7—76	
G A Lemmon	5	7	7	5	9	9	5	8	6	5—66	
G C Gilber	8	8	7	2	7	6	10	8	5	5—66	
W H Dunbar	6	8	4	9	3	5	10	7	4	8—64	
G P North	7	7	4	3	7	5	3	3	7	10—56	
A Fox	9	4	5	3	4	5	1	4	10	3—48	

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE N. G. A.

(AN OPEN LETTER.)

Capt. H. C. West, Chairman Committee National Sportsmen's Convention, St. Louis, Mo.:

SIR.—We have this day mailed you the 500 postals (announcing your call for the meeting at St. Louis, Sept. 29, 1885) to the gun clubs in the States indicated in your list. It is to be hoped that the call will meet with a hearty response from every side; the National Gun Association will undoubtedly do what they can to further your object. Will you kindly permit me, in accordance with the request mentioned in your circular, to make a few public suggestions, as follows:

First—That you extend the range of your call to all the States and Territories; and

Second—That you carefully note Article III. of the Constitution of the National Gun Association, embodying the objects for which your meeting is called, and with the view of considering whether or not it would be practible for your convention to take hold of the work, as Mr. Stark says, "fairly started" and push it to a successful completion, especially as regards the protection and preservation of game and fish. You and your committeemen are, I believe, "business men;" it is not, therefore, amiss to ask you to look at this question from a practical, financial point of view. To make a success of the Association you are about to organize (or of any similar organization) requires not only a large amount of voluntary labor from its constituents, but also and more especially the continuous and salaried labor of one or more paid officials, whose sole business it must be to look after and duly execute the will of the Association; and this labor, to enforce your objects, must not only be for a day, month or year, but for a continued series of years. Hence you must formulate your plans so as to insure the financial support of your main executive officers from year to year, so that even when you, the present active spirits, will have retired, the good work which you have started will still continue. Therein lies the defect of existing State sportsmen's associations. If they had but one salaried officer, whose duty and sole business it would be to attend to the objects of the Association, to call upon the proper State officers to enforce existing laws, to frame petitions to the Legislature, signed by sportsmen throughout the State, for the enactment and enforcement of better laws, etc., etc., the present good laws would be enforced and the general object attained. Hence it behooves your committee to formulate your plans so as to insure a financial system for the future, which will insure the salary of at least one officer, who shall devote all his time to enforce your object.

Now what better plan can be suggested than an incorporation similar to that of the National Gun Association? Granted that such an organization will attain 1,000 members who pay only annual dues, you can feel secure in that at least one salaried officer will so be provided; in the course of time 5,000 similar members can be obtained, and the number and efficiency of your officers secured. By thus incorporating, you obtain a tenure of life for your creation which can in no other way be secured, and the machine once fairly established will run, time without end. We presume your committee realizes the amount of labor and expense required to obtain sufficient members and to properly organize such an incorporation. Why not therefore, save yourselves this labor and expense by taking the National Gun Association under your wing and completing the work already begun. Its constitution meets your requirements; it has about 190 active members in thirty-four States and Territories; the only argument that can possibly be brought to bear against such a union of combined effort springs from the aspersions of rival target manufacturers. Surely sportsmen will not permit such business rivalries to interfere with their community of feeling. Why not, therefore, save all your effort to induce your convention to join "The National Gun Association," amend its constitution, if need be, to meet your requirements, remove its office and books to your city, elect such a board of directors as may be mutually agreed upon, *pro rata* to the number of old members and the new members thus secured. I am confident that the present members of the National Gun Association, together with its officers and directors, will agree to do the above, to do anything in reason which will bring unity of action in securing the common objects desired.

CINCINNATI, July 25. Very respectfully yours,

J. E. BLOOM.

TEKAMAH, Neb.—Club shoot, July 22.—First contest, 7 live pigeons, 25yds.:

C E Bardwell	0011011—4	J A McLaughlin	1011100—4
J F Beard	0001110—3	C M Bryant	0111111—6
W S Craig	1111101—6	Geo Atwater	0110001—3
W H Eby	1010100—3	A T White	0010111—4

Shoot off: Ties of 6 divided first, Bardwell second and Beard third. Second contest, 5 live pigeons, 25yds.:

J F Beard	11111—5	W H Eby	00010—1
W S Craig	11110—4	Cash Bryant	10111—4
Geo Atwater	01100—2	A F White	11011—4
J A McLaughlin	11110—4	C E Bardwell	01101—3

Shoot off: Ties of 4 won by Bryant.

Third contest, 7 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds.:

C E Bardwell	1110011—5	W H Eby	1101100—4
J F Beard	1110111—6	J A McLaughlin	1000001—2
A T White	1111101—6	W S Craig	1111111—7
Geo Atwater	0101110—4		

Shoot off: Ties of 9 won by Beard.

Fourth contest, 7 blackbirds, 18yds.:

Beard	1111110—6	Craig	1010011—4
White	1111110—6	Atwater	1000101—3
Bardwell	1110110—5	Eby	1111100—5

Ties of 6 divided, tie on 5 won by Bardwell.

COLMA, Cal., July 12.—An interesting tournament, open to all sportsmen in the State, was given under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club at Colma to-day. An entrance fee of $2.50 was charged, and the match was at 16 clay discs, 15yds. rise, hnd was governed by international rules. Thirty-six entered, and it was agreed at the start that the stakes should be divided into purses of 50, 35 and 15 per cent. Annexed will be found the leading scores made during the rather lengthy contests:

H Venker	1110111011111111—13	Walton	1101001011010001— 8
Mellish	0011110111111001—10	Mangels	1111111110100000—10
B Macenroe	0110011110101011—10	E Funck	1001001110101011— 9
W J Golcher	1101210111111110—12	Brannon	1111011100000000— 7
Meaney	1010111010100011— 9	Bruns	0010111111111001—10
A Macenroe	1111010000111111—10	C Foster	0001010111111100— 8
Martin	0001111000111111— 9	Cate	1101100001101101—9
Currier	1000111110100010— 8	Edler	1000111010111110— 9
Fox	0110100111101101— 9	Parks	1111010111111001—11
Drinkhouse	0011010000111101— 8	P Funck	0011100000110111— 8
Lyon	0011111111111001—11	Straude	1100110011111010— 9
Peterson	1100110111111110—11	Rogers	0101110110111101—10
Campbell	1110110010010100— 8	Conley	1100111011111000— 9
H C Golcher	1111101000010110— 8		

From the above it will be seen that H. Venker took first money and W. J. Golcher second. The third prize was divided between Lyon, Peterson and Parks, who each broke 11 discs out of their possible 15.

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—The regular weekly shoot, under the auspices of the Malden Gun Club, was held at Wellington July 25, when the following sweepstakes were shot: 1. Five clay-pigeons—Shumway and Lander divided first. 2. Five clay-pigeons—Shumway and Lander divided first. 3. Five blackbirds—Adams, Loring and Lander divided first. 4. Five clay-pigeons—Stanton first. 5. Five blackbirds—Loring and Souther divided first. 6. Ten clay-pigeons—Stanton and Pond divided first. 7. Five blackbirds—Stanton first. 8. Five blackbirds—Loring first. 9. Five clay pigeons—Schaffer first. 10. Five clay-pigeons—Adams first. In the medal match Stanton was first with 9, Snow second with 8, and Shumway third with 7.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—There was a large attendance of shotgun shooters at the range of the Boston Gun Club, at Wellington, on the 25th, to compete in the champion match. A strong wind prevailed, which sent the left quartering birds 85yds. from the trap, making the shooting very difficult. Following are the results of the separate events: 1. Seven singles, 1 trap, 18yds.—D. Mitchell and D. A. Ward divided first. 2. Seven birds—B. A. Ward first. 3. Seven singles—Spencer first. 4. Seven birds—Cutting and Ward divided first. 5. Seven birds—Snow first. 6. Seven birds—Cutting, Ward and Snow divided first. 7. Same conditions as above—Ward first. 8. Seven singles—Snow and Smith divided first. 9. Straightaway—Warren first. The winners in the champion gun match were: First, B. A. Ward; second, G. F. Cutting and I. S. Snow; third, Dr. Kirkwood. L. Adams stands first for the visitors' prize.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12.—There was but a slim attendance at San Bruno to-day, owing to the tournament at Colma. The fourth medal shoot of the California Wing Club was held, however, and considering that the wind—as usual—was unfavorable, some very good scores were made. The match was at 12 single birds, 18yds. rise, and 80yds. boundary. Robinson faced the traps first and easily made a clean score, but seldom using the second barrel. Fay followed and also made 12 straight kills. He made several very difficult shots, and the spectators were considerably surprised at the amount of skill he displayed and the rapidity with which he used his second barrel. Walsh and Kerrigan each scored 11 out of a possible 12. Pearson came next and made a record of 10 kills. The score made was as follows:

Robinson	111111111111—12	Kerrigan	111111110111—11
Fay	111111111111—12	Brant	101101110011— 7
Walsh	111111111011—11	Slade	101111101011— 9
B Golcher	110101111101— 9	Pearson	111111110011—10

The tie between Robinson and Fay was shot off at 12 birds. Robinson's sixth bird was a tough one and managed to get outside of the boundary although it had two loads of shot in it. This reduced his record to 11. Fay was more fortunate and made 24 straight kills. The choice of medals, therefore, came Fay first, Robinson second, and Walsh, by permission of Kerrigan, third.

ALLENTOWN, N. Y., July 25.—The East Hill Gun Club had a pleasant and well attended shoot at their grounds this afternoon, at 30 clay-pigeons, 20 singles and 5 pairs doubles, N. G. A. rules. The score was as follows:

J Fay	111101010111111111000	10 11 00 11 01—20	
W W Curtin	000000101010110001 01	00 00 10 00 00— 7	
L D Strayer	100001110100010111	11 00 11 00 11—17	
E R Curtin	101100110100010010	10 10 10 10 10—15	
Z Stamm	101011111111110011	01 00 11 10 01—20	
S H Brown	000001110111011100	10 10 10 11 11—18	
J E Cable	100110010101010011	00 01 10 10 10—13	
D M Philips	010100101000101011	11 00 10 00 11—15	
F J Weston	011010100011000110	10 10 10 10 11—14	

Fay won shoot off.—S.

BROOKFIELD VS. WATERVILLE.—Match at glass balls, Card rotary trap:

Waterville Gun Club.

Tom Scott	1111111111111111011011—23
M Felton	0111111111111011111111—22
F H Coggeshall	0111111111111111111111—22
S W Goodwin	0111101101110011001110011—16
H N Candee	1010111111111111111111—22
Chris Timlan	1101101101110101111011—19
Geo Jones	1111111111111111111110—22
W Taft	1111101111111111111101—24—170

Brookfield Gun Club.

H L Gates	1111101111111111011111—22
N D Gates	1111111111111001101111—22
S Dye	1111101111111111111111—24
H F Denison	0111111000111011111010l—18
W H Eames	1110000 0111101111111101—17
D Burdick	1111111111111111111111—25
S O Main	1001111111101111101111—20
H Bryant	1111101111101101110111011—20—168

MERIDEN, Conn., July 22.—The second of a series of six individual State shoots, open to members of any organized gun club, for prizes consisting of guns, rifles and ammunition offered by manufacturers and dealers, for best average of 4 scores, at 25 clay birds or other targets, 18yds. rise, was held to-day, on the grounds of the Parker Gun Club Eleven clubs were represented. Birdseye, Langden and Minor shot at 21yds.

E A Birdsey	0100000000010000110101101— 8
I L Baker	0111010111011101011101101—17
G A Strong	1110011010001110110101011—15
F Stevenson	0111011300111111101101110—17
W E Wilcox	1000001110101011100000001—10
L J Gaines	1101010011111000001110111—15
S A Tucker	1111011111110100011011101—18
A H Merriman	1100111010101001001101101—14
O C Burgess	1001001001000001000010010— 8
H E Burgess	1101100111001111111111100—18
L Potter	1100001000100000110011000— 8
F Brown	1111111011010111111111111—22
D Pease	0001011101111001100110101—15
J F Ives	1101110101111111111111111—22
E R Richmond	1011110000011100000111001—13
C Sterry	0011010011010100001010001—10
G T Ferris	1000011011000101011101111—15
T Beers	1110110011111111111001101—18
Bradley	0101001000000011000111100— 9
C E Langden	1110101001010001001111100—12
E W Whitlock	1101011011010110111110101—17
B Nichols	0000101001110110101111000—13
C R Bristol	0010011000001011111101101—12
F A Goodyear	1010001111000101011010011—13
N D Folsom	0011110011001010111000011—14
F G Bertram	0011101111001011110100011—16
L W Widman	0101111001100011110101110—15
A L Trager	1000001010611101010110—11
H A Sanford	0110101110111111010111111—18
W Smith	1111001001110110110111111—18
G H Saunders	0011110111011110111001001—16
Clark	1101111000101011100011110—17
M Cook	0011000101010111110111—15
L B Carey	1011101101011101101010110—17
J F Cook	0001110100100000000001000— 6
W Johnson	1010101111011111130111011—19
B Penn	0110111101111111011111011—20
G Minor	1001110011100111101111111—18
Green	1101101110001110111110100—16
Bull	0111110111111101111111111—22
Folsom	1111111001111011011111111—18
Miles	0011110111111111010011011—18
G Platt	1110100100111011711111111—19
M B Plumb	1111010011110011110011101—17
T Platt	1001100110011101011111011—16
J H Ames	1011000111001111011110001—13
N B Ames	1101100011010101111111111—18
V A Blakeslee	0111100111011111101111111—19
H Nicholls	0111101111110011100011111—18
C Beers	1111001010000011010111115
C C Rigby	1111011111111110011111101—21
J B Brogden	1101111110011111111111010—20
C Hill	0000010001110001001000101— 8
A B Pixley	0111111111000011011111111—19

The next State shoot will be held at Milford, Conn., Aug. 26, sweepstake shooting, open to all.—J. F. I., Sec. P. G. C.

BROWN'S DRIVING PARK, L. I., July 24.—Double birds, 25 pair, 25yds.:

Allan Nichols.

11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 10*11 01 11 11 00 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 11—40

Van D. Stuyvesant.

11 11 11 11 01 11 00 11 11 11 01 10 11 10-11 10 11 11 10 10*00 11 10 11 10—37

Charles Harvey.

11 11 01 10 00*11 11 10 11 10 10 01 01 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 01 00*10 10 00—31

Referee, Hiram Brown; scorer, D. Kenyon; in charge of traps, Major Rooker. Birds retrieved by Brown's Trooper.

* Fell dead out of bounds.

NEW YORK, July 20.—Match between G. Harrison and H. S. Kimball, near Hackensack, N. J., 25 live pigeons, 30yds. rise, birds to be retrieved by dog, second barred to score. Following is the score:

Harrison	1011111111111111111111101— 24
Kimball	1110[011101111011011010101— 19

The birds were a very good lot and were very strong flyers. The referee was Mr. W. B. Peet. The birds were retrieved by a setter owned by the referee.—G. M. GREENLEAF.

MALBORO, July 29.—A match at 50 clay-pigeons each was shot at the Traders picnic at Marlboro, Mass., between Geo. A. Sampson, of Clinton, and H. W. Eager, of Marlboro:

Samposn	0111111111111111010111111111011111111111111—44
Eager	1010111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 23.—Score of Jamestown Shooting Club, in match with Winchenden, Mass., made the 21st. telegraph match, 7 men on a side, 20 clay-birds to each man, 18yds., fourth notch, 3 directions of flight:

Walker	1111111111011111111—19
Shattuck	0111011011111101111—16
Pennock, F	1111101111111101111—18
Carnahan	0110111101011111011—15
Moore	1111111010161101111—16
Pennock, L	0101111111101111111—17
Burns	1111111111111111111—20—121

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y., July 24.—Mount Kisco Gun Club at clay-birds, 16yds rise:

H Bailey	0010110000010001000011—7	Barnard	0000000001100110000010—5
Carpenter	0000000110000000000001—3	Hart	0100001000010000000110—5
E Bailey	0011100000000000000000—3	Pelton	0001001100011001001110—8
Wager	0110100011100010000011—9	Reed	1110001000000010000600—5
S Sarles	111100 0000110010010—8	S Sarles	1101000101001—6

GIRARD MANOR, Pa., July 25.—Weekly shoot for the gold medal at 10 clay-pigeons, revolving screened trap, 18yds. rise, use of one barrel:

MacMillan	1111101111—9	J Lorah	0011110100—5
M Lorah	1111100110—7	G Lorah	0010111101—6
Stauffer	1111010100—6	A Lorah	0000000100—1

This being the third time the medal was won successively by MacMillan, it becomes his individual property. He immediately presented it to the club, and next shoot will take place for same Saturday.

SEND ten cents for handbook of The National Gun Association to F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TESTIMONIALS:

"The very best and most complete rules."
April 3, 1885. (Signed) GANCHO.

"Very satisfactory comments from different parties"
April 13, 1885. (Signed) GLOAN.

"We want a national law and national officers to enforce it."
April 27, 1885. (Signed) ALMO.

"Fairly started and its future success depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."
April 18, 1885. [*Adv.*] (Signed) C. M. STARK.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

OSHKOSH, Wis., July 24.—The annual race for the championship of the Oshkosh C. C. was called at 2:20 P. M. yesterday, with but six entries, who finished as follows: Bon Ami, R. P. Sinney, 61m. 20s.; Genevieve, F. H. Gary, 51m. 45s.; Rene, W. A. Session, 54m. 31s.; Meta, G. Simm, 61m. 00s.; Alice, O. Schloerb, and Sis, A. M. v. Kaas, not taken. Course triangular, 5 miles, wind west, strong.—OSHKOSH.

THE A. C. A. MEET.

MANY canoeists are now in camp at Grindstone, and others are arriving every day. Dr. Neidé is hard at work, and all is ready for the races next Monday. The prospects are that the meet will be a very large one, and while many older members will be missed, there will be a number of new men present. The settlement at Squaw Point will be larger than in '84. The programme of the races is as follows:

FIRST DAY, AUG. 3.

No. 1. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class III., 1 mile.
No. 2. 9:45 A. M.—Paddling Class II., 1 mile.
No. 3. 10:30 A. M.—Sailing Novices' Classes A and B, no limits to rig or ballast, open only to members who never sailed a canoe before 1885, 1½ miles.
No. 4. 11:30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., 1 mile.
No. 5. 11:45 A. M.—Paddling Class I. (This race exempt from "1 man 1 canoe" rule) 1 mile.
No. 6. 1:45 P. M.—Sailing Class B, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.
No. 7. 2 P. M.—Sailing Class A, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.
No. 8. 3 P. M.—Paddling and Sailing combined, Classes A and B (paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, on triangular course of ½-mile sides), 3 miles.
No. 9. 4:00 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked (canoes for this race must be decked on half their length), 1 mile.
No. 10. 4:15 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., open (only for paddlers who do not race in No. 9), 1 mile.
No. 11. 4:30 P. M.—Upset race, any Class II. or larger canoe (no special appliances allowed unless usually carried in cruising, at signal every canoe must be turned completely over), 200ft.

SECOND DAY.

No. 12. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., cruising trim (canoe and load any material, to weigh 200 pounds or more), 1 mile.
No. 14. 10:30 A. M.—Sailing Class B, no ballast, 3 miles.
No. 15. 10:40 A. M.—Sailing Class A, no ballast, 3 miles.
No. 16. 11:40 A. M.—Paddling Class II., cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 120 pounds or more), 1 mile.
No. 17. 2:00 P. M.—Sailing Class B, cruising rig (sail limited to 75ft., any ballast), 1½ miles.
No. 18. 2:10 P. M.—Sailing Class A, cruising rig (sail limited to 50ft., any ballast), 1½ miles.
No. 19. 3:00 P. M.—Paddling Class III , cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 160 pounds or more), 1 mile.
No. 20. 3:15 P. M.—Sailing unclassified canoes, no limits ballast or rig, 1½ miles.
No. 21. 4:15 P. M.—Hurry scurry, with swim, 100yds. run, canoes moored 50ft. from shore, paddle 200yds.
No. 22. 4:30 P. M.—Gymnastics.

Second day of this programme will be Tuesday, Aug. 4, unless weather prevents or some of Monday's races are postponed, in which case Monday's programme will be finished if possible and the remainder of the day be devoted to special races or sports, and the second day will be Wednesday, Aug. 5. In absence of wind the sailing races will be called at their appointed time. Punctuality will be insisted on, no race will wait for any members. Any event delayed by lack of wind or by reason of the preceding one not having finished will be postponed to the same hour next day, and the next event started at its appointed time. All A. C. A. rules will be enforced.

"All-round record" with five prizes will be based upon all events in this programme except Nos. 3, 5, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22, that is upon 7 paddling, 6 sailing and one combined, every classified canoe (except Class I.) being eligible alike for 3 paddling races, 3 sailing and 1 combined. For No. 5 members may bring and use another canoe besides the one allowed under Rule II. for other events.

First and second prizes in all events except 22.

LAKE ERIE CANOE MEET, JULY 18-25.

CAMP GARDNER, BALLAST ISLAND,
PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE, July 21, 1885.

SINCE the formation of the American Canoe Association in 1880 there have always been a number of Western canoeists connected with it, some of whom have been present each year at the meets; but the great distance has prevented a general attendance, and many earnest canoeists, long members of the A. C. A., have never attended an Association camp. Canoeing is growing rapidly throughout the West and there are many flourishing clubs, but, chiefly on account of the distance, their members do not, as a rule, belong to the Association. Some members of the Cleveland C. C. who are in the habit of spending a part of each summer at the Erie Islands, opposite Sandusky, suggested last winter the idea of holding a canoe meet at the islands to which all Western canoeists should be invited; and the idea was promptly acted upon. As the scheme progressed under the leadership of Commodore Gardner, of the Cleveland C. C., and also commodore of the Cleveland Yachting Association, it was expanded into a general meet of canoeists, yachtsmen and boating men, all of whom were invited to be present, with the assurance of races of all kinds for them. Committees and officers were appointed by the Cleveland clubs, all arrangements for the meet—race courses, prizes, camp grounds, etc.—were made by them, and invitations were sent to all canoeists, yachtsmen and boating men in the West to attend the meet. It was decided not to hold the meet under the auspices of the American Canoe Association, but to invite all to attend, and during the meet to take steps toward some form of permanent organization both for yachtsmen and canoeists, the details of which should be determined by those present.

Ballast Island, the site selected for the camp, is one of a group of half a dozen islands, in size varying from twenty to 2,000 acres and known as Lake Erie Islands, being situated off Sandusky, Ohio, in Lake Erie. The largest of the group, Put-in-Bay Island, is celebrated as the spot where Perry repaired to refit his fleet after his famous victory, taking refuge in the beautiful little harbor now known as Put-in-Bay. Two miles N. E. lies a little rocky inlet of about ten acres in extent, where the same tradition says that Com. Perry stopped to take in ballast before his battle, whence the name which it still bears. A foundation for the story is evident on the S. W. shore, where the sloping beach is covered thick with round white stones as large as one's fist, and where if he did not get ballast, he could have found it if he wished, which, after seventy years, answers the same purpose. On one-half of the island, facing about N. E., the shore is steep and rocky, and on the other it is quite low with stone beaches. The island is now the property of five gentlemen who use it for a summer resort for their families, as well as a fishing camp in season, the waters of the entire region being noted for their fish. There are on the island thirteen cottages, the handsomest being a log house cosily furnished, belonging to Commodore Gardner. It is situated in a fine grove of trees by the water's edge. A dining hall is situated on the N. W. side, where the cottagers take their meals. The island is covered with gardens and orchards and the groves afford good camp sites, while a little dock with deep water allows large lake steamers to call.

A mile to the west is Middle Bass Island, with headquarters of the Toledo Club. Steamers from various lake ports call at several of the islands every day. The distance to Cleveland is 65 miles, Toledo 40 miles, Sandusky 16 miles and Canada 30 miles. Near by are Green Island, Rattlesnake Island, Middle, Gull, Sugar, North Bass, Kelley's and Point Pelee islands, all beautifully wooded and several of them boasting large vineyards famous for their wines. No finer location could be selected for a meet, both for yachts and canoes. Open courses on the deep, dark green waters, the beautiful harbor of Put-in-Bay, with its fine anchorage, and the excellent camp sites offer every advantage for water sports of every kind.

The committees in charge arranged an extended programme, beginning with the open regatta of the Cleveland Yachting Association on July 16, a cruise to the islands on the following day, making camp on Saturday and following programme of races and meetings:

Monday, July 20, business meeting to arrange for a plan of organization.

Tuesday, yacht regatta and race of pound boats, with a ball at Wehrle's on Middle Bass Island.

Wednesday, canoe races, 9:30 A. M., Class I. paddling, 1 mile; 10 A. M., Class III., paddling, 1 mile; 11 A. M., Class II., paddling, ½ mile; 1:30 P. M., Class B, sailing, 3 miles, no limit to ballast or rig; 3 P. M., Class A, 3 miles, sailing, no limit of ballast or rig; 4:30 P. M., upset race.

Thursday, 9:30 A. M., Class C, 3 miles, sailing; 11 A. M., all classes, 3 miles, sail 1 mile, lower sails and paddle 1 mile, sail 1 mile; 2 P. M., Class V., paddling, 1 mile; 2:30 P. M., Class IV., paddling, 1 mile; 3 P. M., all canoes, sailing, for men who have never sailed a canoe before 1885, 2 miles; 4 P. M., hurry scurry race, run 100yds., swim to canoe and paddle 200yds. In the evening a supper to canoeists and yachtsmen at the Beebe House.

Friday, 10 A. M., sailing, open canoes only not over 18ft., 3 miles; 11:30 A. M., novices paddling, ½ mile, for those who have never paddled a canoe up to 10 days before the race; 2 P. M., any canoes, sailing, 3 miles, open only to winners of previous races; 3:30 P. M., any canoes, paddling, 1 mile, for winners of previous races; 4 P. M., upset race; 8 P. M., meeting for presentation of prizes and for business.

A classification as follows was devised by the Regatta Committee, Messrs. Fred Keith, E. S. Wright and O. S. Root: Paddling—Class I., length not over 16ft., beam 26 to 30in. Class II., length not over 18ft., beam not under 30in; Class III., not over 18ft., beam not under 24 and not over 28in.; Class IV., open canoes, single or double blades; Class V., tandem canoes. Sailing—Class A, length not over 16ft., beam not over 28in.; Class B, length not over 18ft., with a limit of 28½in. beam for that length. The beam may be increased ¾in. for each full 6in. of length decreased. Class C, length not over 18ft., any beam, with allowance of 6 seconds per foot per mile, open or decked canoes. The rules of the American Canoe Association were adopted. The prizes were handsome flags, of which a number were made by lady friends of the canoeists.

After the races at Cleveland, an account of which is given in another column, the fleet sailed for Put-in-Bay, arriving on Saturday, and several canoeists also cruised up from Cleveland, while others arrived from various points by steamer. By Saturday night a number of tents were pitched on the northeast shore in a fine grove of trees, and a fleet of canoes were on the beach, while a number of yachts were anchored in Put-in-Bay. On Sunday service was held outside of Com. Gardner's cottage, Rev. G. T. Dowling of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland, officiating. On Monday more canoeists arrived, among them Dr. C. A. Neidé, Secretary A. C. A., until Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Cincinnati were represented. In the evening a meeting was held in camp, at which the question of organization was discussed, and a committee consisting of H. D. Crane, Cincinnati; O. H. Root and C. F. Pennewell, Cleveland; J. O. Hepburn, Toledo, and W. P. Stephens, New York, were appointed to present a plan of organization. Another committee—Messrs. G. Henry Gardner and F. W. Keith, Cleveland, and W. J. Brown, Cincinnati—were appointed to fix a place for the next meeting.

To-day has been devoted exclusively to the yachts, as given in our yachting columns, the sports ending with a ball at Wehrle's on Middle Bass, at which yachtsmen and canoeists were present. To-morrow the first canoe races begin. Only two Eastern canoeists, Dr. Neidé and Mr. Stephens of the New York C. C., are present.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

The first day of the canoe races opened clear and bright, with a good breeze and smooth water. At 9:30 A. M. the judges, Messrs. Short, Axworthy and Jones, called race No. 1 for Class I., paddling, 1 mile. The course for paddling was from the wharf to Black Buoy No. 7, distance about ⅞ mile, but not measured. The sailing course was triangular to a marked boat off Middle Bass Island, thence to a markboat off Put-in-Bay Island and home, about 2¾ miles, but intended for a 3-mile course. As none of the courses were accurately known, the times cannot be used for comparison with records over other courses. The starters were: Psyche, F. W. Keith; Cleveland Greys, G. H. Gardner; Little Fraud, C. F. Pennewell; Mary Brady, O. H. Root; all of the Cleveland C. C. The start was made at 9:32 A. M., Psyche and Cleveland Greys keeping well together, but the former finally took the lead and won in 11.13. The times were: Psyche 11.13, Cleveland Greys 11.19¾, Mary Brady 11.30, Little Fraud 11.41.

The second race, Class III., paddling, same course, brought out Fannie L., F. W. Keith; Cleveland Grays, R. W. Yorke; Mary Brady, O. H. Root; all of the Cleveland C. C. Start, 10:19:01 A. M. Fannie L. won in 12.37, Cleveland Greys second, 13.02, Mary Brady third, 13.15.

The entries for the third race, half mile paddling, Class II., were: Laura, W. W. Hite, Cincinnati C. C.; Gipsy, J. W. Hepburn, Toledo C. C.; Nick L. and George El, G. H. Gardner, Cleveland C. C.; City of Cleveland, C. F Pennewell, Cleveland C. C. The start was made at 10:48 A. M. The Nick L. and George El, Com. Gardner's new Sunbeam, named after two well known Cincinnati canoeists, and paddled by Com. Gardner's son, won easily in 5.52, Gipsy 6.28, City of Cleveland 6.29, Laura 6.35.

After dinner No. 4, three miles, Class I., sailing, no limits of rig or ballast, was called, the starters being: Gip, H. D. Crane, Cincinnati C. C.; Fifine, W. I. Brown, Cincinnati C. C.; Gipsy, J. W. Hepburn, Toledo C. C. Several others were entered but did not start on account of the weather. The two Cincinnati canoes had lug dagger boards and the single lateens used by the C. C. C., while Gipsy carried a Mohican rig. Starting together at 3:47 in a high wind and rough water, Fifine, well handled, led over the course, winning in 49.53, with Gip in 50.40.

At 4:05 the Class A race, under the same conditions, was started with the following entries: Laura, W. W. Hite, Cincinnati C. C.; Cuyahoga, C. F. Pennewell, Cleveland C. C.; Mary Brady, O. H. Root, Cleveland C. C.; Cleveland Greys, G. H. Gardner, Cleveland C. C.; Fannie L., F. W. Keith, Cleveland C. C. The wind was still heavy and water rough, capsizing Fannie L. at the first mark. The Cleveland Greys won in 46.20.

To-day's sports finished with an upset race, the starters being Messrs. G. H. Gardner, F. W. Keith, O. H. Root, and R. H. Yorke. Mr. Gardner was quickly in his canoe and won easily. Many visitors were here to witness the races, and a number of sailing and steam yachts were over the course and anchored near the wharf. In the evening all visited Put-in-Bay to be present at the awarding of the yacht prizes.

THURSDAY, JULY 23

Like the preceding days, the weather here is perfect for camping out, hot at midday, but with pleasant breezes at all times.

The races began with No. 7, Class C sailing, 3 miles. The allowance proposed was found to be unfair to the longer but smaller boats, so another was substituted, the smaller boats receiving 3min. each from the larger ones. Nine canoes were started at 11:07, as follows: 30in. beam and over (allows 3min.)—Fifine, W. I. Brown, Cincinnati C. C.; Gip, H. D. Crane, Cincinnati C. C.; Gipsy, J. W. Hepburn, Toledo C. C.; Viola, Geo. Miller, Toledo C. C.; Cricket, J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati, O. Under 30in. beam—Cleveland Greys, G. H. Gardner, Cleveland C. C.; Mary Brady, O. H. Root, Cleveland C. C.; Fanny L., F. W. Keith, Cleveland C. C.; Laura, W. W. Hite, Cincinnati C. C. One minute was allowed between signals at the start, the time being taken from the second whistle. All were off very well together, Fifine first, Gip, Cleveland Greys and Cricket, the wind being light from S.E., with smooth water. Fifine led in the reach to first mark, turning at 11:15:45; Gip, 11:16:26; Cleveland Greys, 11:17.35; Fannie L., 11:17:40; Viola, 11:42:00; Laura, 11:18:13; Cricket, 11:19:00. All stood on port tack for second mark, Fifine ahead, then Fanny L. and Gip. At second mark the times were: Fannie L., 11:41:15; Fifine, 11:41:35; Gip, ——. The wind became lighter and held so to the finish. Gip missed the second mark and gave up, having steered for the wrong boat. Fanny L. came in at 11:56:20; Fifine, 11:57:08; Gipsy, 12:01:30; Cleveland Greys, 12:01:48. Fanny L. wins by 48sec. in addition to an allowance of 3min. from Fifine.

After dinner the first race was No. 8, all classes, sail 1 mile, paddle 1 mile, and sail again 1 mile to finish. Four canoes started; Laura, W. W. Hite, Cincinnati C. C.; Fannie L., F. W. Keith, Cleveland C. C.; Cleveland Greys, C. F. Pennewell, Cleveland C. C.; Gipsy, J. W. Hepburn, Toledo C. C. At 2:42:10 all went off free for first mark with booms to port, jibing at the mark at 2:53:20, and lowering sail. The stretch under paddle was finished by Fannie L. at 3:2:30, when she set sail again, making long and short legs to finish and crossing at 3:29:52, her time being 47.42. Laura was second in 47.55, the others being well astern.

As no open nor tandem canoes were present, races 9 and 10 were omitted, and No. 11 was called at 4:4:45, a novice's race for all canoes, with 8 starters: Fannie L., C. C. Clark; Cleveland Greys, J. O. Gardner; Gip, W. W. Hite; Cricket, J. O. Shiras; Laura, C. H. Walker; Mary Brady, R. H. Yorke; Cleveland Greys, C. F. Pennewell; Fifine, W. D. Breed. The wind was strong for novices. The course was 2 miles only, out and back. Starting at 4:4:45, Mr. Walker, never in a canoe before, soon took the Laura ahead, turning neatly at the mark, while all the others ran up, head to wind and hung there helplessly. Coming home Laura had a long lead, but lost it by neglecting to trim the mizzen on the wind. Gip and Fifine finally turned and came in chase, both being better handled, and within two lengths of the line Gip passed Laura, whose crew seized half a paddle and put his boat across first, thus losing second prize, which went to Fifine. The times were: Gip 27.10, Fifine 28.25.

A novice's paddling race was added next, the starters being: Mary Brady, W. B. Goodwin; Little Fraud, R. H. Yorke; Cuyahoga, C. F. Pennewell; City of Cleveland, J. O. Gardner. Distance ¾ mile. Starting at 5:14:45, Cuyahoga led all the way with Little Fraud second, the times being 11min. and 11.35. During the race a heavy squall came up, and it was finished in a heavy rain, which caused the postponement of the hurry scurry race. After supper all was clear again and the canoeists went over to the supper at the Beebe House, at which nearly a hundred were present, all returning to camp late at night. The races of the day were managed by Messrs. J. Geo. Downie and W. P. Stephens. During the day a "pound" boat race was sailed around the islands.

FRIDAY, JULY 24.

To-day has been like the previous ones, clear and beautiful, with plenty of wind for the sailors, and none of the calms which are so bad at Lake George and Grindstone. A steady breeze seems to be always blowing over the course, changing little in direction during a race. Both in this respect and in beauty of location, Ballast Island is ahead of the other camps.

Race No. 13 was changed, no open canoes entering, and was made open to all with the same allowance as in race No. 7: Class C (30in. and over).—Gip, H. D. Crane, Cincinnati C. C.; Fifine, W. I. Brown, Cincinnati C. C.; Gipsy, J. W. Hepburn, Toledo C. C.; Fawn, E. Holmes, Toledo C. C.; Cricket, J. O. Shiras, Cincinnati. Under 30ins.—Cleveland Greys, G. H. Gardner, Cleveland C. C.; Fannie L., F. W. Keith, Cleveland C. C.; City of Cleveland, J. O. Gardner, Cleveland C. C.; Mary Brady, W. D. Breed, Cincinnati; Laura, W. W. Hite, Cincinnati C. C. The wind was quite strong from S. W. when all went over at 10:51 A. M., Gip and Fifine both making good starts. On the reach across Fannie kept the weather place with Fifine near her. Fifine turned first, then Fannie and Gip. All the fleet fetched to leeward of second mark after working across, Fannie leading, then Fifine, Gip and Laura, the others strung out. All broke tacks below

the mark to beat up. Fifine did by far the best work to windward, and took a good lead. All came home free, booms to starboard. The times were: Fifine 35.38, Gip 39.32, Fannie 40.08, Gipsy 41.21, Laura 42.10.

The next race was No. 15 sailing, for winners of previous races only. The starters were: Gip, H. D. Crane, Cincinnati C. C.; Laura, W. W. Hite, Cincinnati C. C.; Fifine, W. I. Brown, Cincinnati C. C.; Fannie, F. W. Keith, Cleveland C. C. The Cleveland Greys entered, but broke her tiller on the line and withdrew. The wind still blew quite strongly, but the water was smooth. All went off at 11:55 A. M., Gip and Fifine making good starts, with Laura across third. The race was quickly sailed, Fifine leading all the way. The times were: Fifine, 38.05, Gip 36.00, Fannie L. 39.00 and Laura 40.15.

Following this came a mile paddle for winners, Race No. 16, with three starters: Psyche, F. W. Keith, Cleveland C. C.; Cleveland Greys, C. F. Pennewell, Cleveland C. C.; Cuyahoga, O. H. Root, Cleveland C. C. The race was started at 12:45:00, Psyche leading and winning easily in 10.04, with Cuyahoga in 10.49.

Immediately after dinner to day a meeting was called in camp, Com. Gardner presiding. The Committee on Organization reported, recommending the formation of a Western Association of Canoeists, and that measures should be taken to consult with the American Canoe Association as to some plan for a united association. The report was accepted and the election of officers followed. Mr. Crane nominated Com. Gardner, who was unanimously elected Commodore, and Mr. Brown nominated Geo. B. Ellard, of Cincinnati, for Vice-Commodore, who was also elected. Mr. W. H. Eckman, of Cleveland, was elected Secretary. The Committee on Location reported in favor of a meet at the present camp in 1886, which was adopted and a motion to that effect passed. Com. Gardner appointed as an Executive Committee, Messrs. W. I. Brown, of Cincinnati; J. W. Hepburn, of Toledo, and Woodruff, of Chicago.

The following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The Western A. C. A. has been duly organized on the 24th day of July, 1885, at Ballast Island, Lake Erie; and

Whereas, The said association is desirous of encouraging canoeing in this country, and organizing rules, regulations, etc., that govern the canoers throughout North America; therefore be it

Resolved, That a representative be elected from this Association, with instructions to present the action taken at this meeting to the A. C. A. at its meeting at Grindstone Island, and that the said representative express to the said A. C. A. our willingness to reorganize the said W. C. A. on a basis which will place this Association on an equal footing with such an organization as may be formed by Eastern and Canadian canoers.

In pursuance of this resolution Mr. W. P. Stephens was elected a representative to the A. C. A. meet at Grindstone Island, after which the meeting adjourned. A photographer was present in the afternoon and secured views of the camp and boats. Another squall with rain and high wind put a stop to further races, but cleared by sunset with a beautiful double rainbow. In the evening the water was covered with boating parties in canoes and sailboats, the nearly full moon making the night very beautiful.

An Executive Committe meeting was held at headquarters, at which the A. C. A. Constitution, By-laws and Sailing Rules were read and adopted with the amendment of several minor points to adapt them to the uses of the Western A. C. A. To-morrow, besides the postponed races, others will be held at the Toledo club house on Middle Bass Island.

SATURDAY, JULY 25

The first race this morning, No. 14, was a half mile paddle for novices who had never paddled up to ten days prior to race. The entries were: Psyche, Geo. Chandler; Laura, W. W. Hite; Cuyahoga, F. Root; Fannie L., R. Yorke; Nick L. and George El, George Ford; Little Fraud, W. Breed. The race was started at buoy 7, and was won by Cuyahoga, in 8.03.30, with Nick L. second.

The next race was a special one for a handsome flag presented by Mr. Brady, of Cleveland, 1 mile, canoes of 30in. and over. Only two entered: City of Cleveland, F. W. Keith, Cleveland C. C.; Nick L. and George El, W. P. Stephens, New York C. C. Starting at 10:13:10 the Nick L. took the lead and at the quarter led by nearly a length, increasing to one and a half lengths at the buoy. Here the other boat gained in the turn, coming up to a length astern. The race home was very exciting, as the City of Cleveland gradually overhauled the leader, but could not pass, the Nick L. winning by a length in 9.50.

The twelfth race, postponed from Thursday, was very amusing to the spectators. The boats were set adrift 50yds. from the wharf, the contestants running 100yds. on the wharf and diving off, then entering the boats after a swim and paddling 100yds. with half a paddle. Mr. Woodruff, of the Chicago C. C., was first in the run, with Mr. Backus, of Cleveland, beside him, with four others near. Backus reached the water first with a long dive, Woodruff close to him, and the former was first in his boat, but was slow in getting under way and fouled Mr. Keith. Woodruff swung his single blade well and took first, with Keith second.

An upset race followed with four entries, won by Geo. Ford, with Keith second. After this was a trial of skill in walking around the foremast of a canoe, won by W. Breed, with Mr. Keith again second. The prizes were distributed at noon in front of the cottage, the flags being very handsome.

CAMP GARDNER, BALLAST ISLAND, JULY 26.—After conclusion of the races at camp yesterday the canoeists crossed with their boats to the Toledo club house on Middle Bass Island, a large summer hotel surrounded by handsome grounds and a number of small cottages, all owned by a club of Toledo gentlemen, whose families occupy the hotel and cottages in summer. Prizes had been offered by the guests for canoe races, the first of which was a paddling race ¾ of a mile with handicap, won by F. W. Keith in the Psyche. Following this was an upset race with 5 entries, 200yds with two upsets, won by G. H. Gardner. A hurry skurry race, 4 entries, 200yds run, 100yd. swim and a paddle home, was also won by Mr. Gardner. A sailing race over a 2 mile course brought out 4 entries and was won by G. H. Gardner in the Gip, with W. I. Brown second in the Fifine, times: 42.30 and 47. In the evening all attended the hop at the Toledo Club, and on Monday the camp will be comparatively deserted.

A CRUISE ON THE TAUNTON RIVER.

DURING the winter and early spring of '84, I had a serious attack of the "canoe craze," which resulted in my becoming the rather dissatisfied possessor of a 10½×26 decked canoe, splendidly built, and fitted with mast, sail and jointed double paddle. I was dissatisfied because I wanted all this at a weight of under thirty pounds, and though I never weighed them I found they varied from sixty to two thousand pounds, according to the distance I had to move them overland. I used this canoe one or two afternoons, and in August, being reduced to 110 pounds by a combination of fever and book keeping, determined to make a short voyage for rest. Looking over the map of Massachusetts, I found that the Taunton River ran in about the direction I wanted to go, and judging (from the same authority) that it must be about the right size for a start at Brockton, I expressed the canoe there.

Taking train next morning at Boston with a basket of blankets, food, etc., I reached Brockton at 9 A. M. Here I hired a team, loaded the canoe on it and started for the Taunton River, which is about two miles (by map) east of Brockton. My good friend, Mr. Nye, who owned and drove the team, didn't remember any river crossing the road, only a small brook; but having great faith in the map, and no other running water being near, I decided that the brook was my river and would soon grow. So launching the canoe on a stream 8ft. wide and two deep, I bade farewell to my friend, who looked as if he bade good-bye to all hope of ever seeing me alive, and was very particular that I should promise to write to him if I ever got any where. I have no doubt he expected me to give it up or get lost inside the first mile.

Soon after starting I found the brook (Taunton River) badly choked with bushes, and in some places with old fence rails, needing all the little strength and large amount of patience I started with to scrape, slide, crawl or float under, over or through the obstructions. The "brook" was narrow, the bushes and bugs thick, the day hot, and during the first two miles I took in an assorted cargo of leaves, twigs, spiders, bugs and beetles large enough to last a whole season. After four or five miles of this style of locomotion the stream gradually broadened into a long mill pond, with swampy land covered with bushes on both sides. The bottom of the pond contained a thick deposit of sawdust, easily stirred up by the paddle, while its surface for nearly a mile was almost covered by lilies; in some reaches were countless numbers of the small ones hardly an inch in diameter, but very perfect and fragrant. At the lower end of the pond the water was very deep, ending at a dam which was also a road to an old deserted mill standing just below the dam. After a rest and lunch in the shade I walked down through the woods and brush, which was very thick, to see how I was to get along further. The stream running from the dam was shallow, but over a steep, rocky bed and extended a quarter of a mile, where it would have been almost impossible to get the canoe through. Going back to the dam I dragged the canoe across it and the old road and through a rough opening to the old mill race, where it was stoned up on both sides some eight or nine feet, and at the bottom of which a little water was running. After carefully lowering canoe (endwise) and baggage down the perpendicular wall of the race, I waded, floated and dragged along about a quarter of a mile to where the race joined the stream, where it had a smooth, pleasant current, banks about fifteen feet apart; then little whirls past or between small rocks, and once a broad gravel bank with not enough water to float in, and just below this a dash under a little dark bridge where you could not see through until fairly under it, and, as the current slowed up, a little bridge of stringers and boards just high enough to squeeze under, then out into a pond with a narrow channel among lilies to a gate.

Just here was a very peculiar formation, partly natural and partly artificial. A ridge ran along about three or four hundred feet, forming part of one side of the pond, and had been strengthened into a dam, with a narrow but deep gate in it, the land on the other side of the ridge appearing to be twenty or thirty feet lower than the pond, and sloping away to meadows still lower. Leaking through the gate was enough water to make a small, rocky brook, and further along, at the end of the dam, an almost straight brook or river (probably artificial), about twelve feet wide, leading along about a third of a mile to a round pond that ended at another ridge or a bend of same one, and looking out over the low meadows beyond. A wooden planing mill and an icehouse stood along the sandy edge of the pond, and below on the slope one or two dwellings. My "river" appeared in the shape of a small brook, winding along in the meadow about four or five hundred feet distant. No one here could or would tell me the name of the settlement, perhaps it hadn't any, and after a rest I started to drag the canoe overland to the river. During the course of that drag I took a lesson in "weights and measures" not laid down in any arithmetic. The sun was broiling hot, the road I crossed sandy, and several men who didn't offer me any help stopped working long enough to wonder and even ask if I "wasn't a fool to be playing with a little boat like that." One even walked down behind me to see that I found the brook, perhaps to be ready to help if I gave out.

Since then it has sometimes occurred to me that perhaps I was a fool to have been there, instead of in the doctor's hands, but doctors can't cure the "canoe craze." I was trying to cure it, and plodded along dragging a canoe that, all loaded, weighed about six; from here and a visit to a house for a drink of well water I paddled down to the road which runs below, and is really part of the dam.

Below this was a carry or drag of an eighth of a mile before good water could be reached owing to rocks and other obstructions. Four or five boys who were swimming above the dam quickly dressed at the word pay, and with the help of about six on the painter I crossed the road and started down the other side and through the grass on a run, which soon became a walk and then a drag, finally reaching water at a very slow pace. Here the boys stood quietly around waiting to see the canoe float away; perhaps they were wondering how they should invest their wealth; but it seemed more than likely they were studying out the problem of increased weight, which had so nearly overcome me at my last carry. And just here, from an eighth to a quarter of a mile below the dam at East Bridgewater, is where I should have started instead of at Brockton, and any one who lives in Eastern Massachusetts and can float from East Bridgewater to the next village below (Elmwood) and don't do it, will miss something worth going miles to see. The river at first is about fifty feet wide, and soon runs between rather high wooded banks, and is very beautiful; the last half is a little more narrow with banks from three to eight feet high. The trees along the banks and in the fields have been allowed to grow, and in August, when the grass had started up on the sloping banks after the first mowing, it was like drifting through a beautiful park, new views at every wind and turn, making pictures that were constantly changing, beautiful and unexpected. From the shore you may see part of the water and the opposite bank, from the canoe you see both banks, every ripple, shadow, low-growing flower or wild plant, and many of the strange double pictures caused by reflections in the water.

On reaching Elmwood, a small but very pretty village, I landed above the small dam, walked across it and back of the old wooden mill to the main street, stopping at the store and post office to get supplies. I found milk and ripe peaches, and posted a short letter for home, though it never reached there; then back to the canoe (left in charge of a boy), and making a very short carry, pushed off below the dam and floated down under a small, but handsome granite bridge, built with one (half oval) arch, but very strong. A man on this bridge asked where I was from and where bound, and when I replied, "From Brockton to salt water," he said I'd never reach salt water in that egg shell. In one sense he was a true prophet, for I did not reach salt water by way of the Taunton River, owing, however, to my branching off lower down; but that egg shell was in salt water in Buzzard's Bay the same week and behaved as she did everywhere else (except at carries), as well as any boat of her size could. Below Elmwood for several miles the river, about seventy or eighty feet wide, was a fair average stream, with a clear, comfortable current, but no such "park" as above the village. There may be many just such "parks," and I hope to find them, but I don't yet know where to look. That one was unexpected, and it seems to me that in all outing the unexpected is the most interesting.

About 6 P. M. I reached a place where a bridge had been commenced. The side abutments were partly up, and had reduced the width of the river about one-half, and from one to the other a bed of rocks and stones had been dumped in unevenly, making a drop or fall of about a foot where the water ran over them. Not wanting to make a carry, and being anxious to try the canoe and a rapid, even if a tame one, I steered for the apex or V of the rush. All went well and rapidly till I reached the point of the apex, when I ran high up on a hidden rock and stopped, with the water going by and around me rapidly, and the canoe just balancing and treading on the small keel. Reaching the paddle carefully down a slight push against the rock lifted all clear, and the current then took charge again, and staid by till nearly 9 o'clock, when, as it began to grow dark, it lost itself in a rambling pond with low, wooded, swampy shores and many inlets and coves. The current had got lost; even the pond-lily stems bent in different directions. There was no bank in sight high enough to land on, and night was settling down thick. I was sure I was lost, and I wasn't sure how near I might be to a fall or dam. Just as I had determined to tie up to a bush for the night, I heard the sound of people coming my way in a boat, and from them learned the way down stream. Paddling carefully along in the dark, I ran close to a tent-boat bank, on the top of which grew a large oak, which was dimly outlined against the dark sky. Camp No. 1 was at the top of that bank under the oak, and a very tired crew had a hearty supper and rolled into blankets beside the canoe and among mullen stalks.

For several hours it thundered and lightened in the distance, and about midnight the lightning got so familiar with the oak tree that the chance of a soaking seemed preferable to a dose of electricity roughly administered, so the camp (canoe and all) got up and adjourned to the open field; the crew got between decks, covered the cockpit with the rubber blanket and mosquito netting, and slept.

This place must have been very remote from any dwelling, for though snakes runs no sound of cattle, dogs or fowls was heard at midnight or in the early morning. About 4 A. M. the cushion bed grew hard, so the crew turned out for a bath and breakfast. After this launch and paddle of a mile in the dusk of the morning to a long (paper mill) dam, landing on the right bank (the mill was at the left). A very comfortable down-grade carry of some 300 feet ended at an eddy that joined the river some distance below the dam, which latter must have been 400 feet long, and for about 150 feet the water poured over it down eighteen or twenty feet on to rocks, which churned it into hard, lasting foam that floated down the river, which for several miles was about 100 feet wide, with a steady current running between high, heavily-wooded banks. The foam in bunches, many of them as large as a man's hat, floating down stream as far as one could see in the early morning light, gave the impression that the boat was just at the head of a sharp decline, and would the next moment plunge forward into a grand whirl or rapid ahead, much as one with a good sled starts away from the top of a steep coast on a moonlight night. Even in looking back it seemed like looking up hill. Floating along in clear air, first the birds got up, one or two at a time, then the sun, and as the river grew wider and the banks lower, the wind got up and blew the surface of the water clear of foam, and started little dancing ripples in its place.

In passing down among the foam, where the current was steady, much such a stop occurred as at the small rapid the night before, only this time it was a strong stake that caused it, the canoe stopped, the river didn't. Directly under the cushion was one end of a strong stake or branch, the other end solid in the river bed. The balance was so exact that an inch out of perpendicular meant a probable capsize, and it was several minutes before the end of the paddle found just the right place against the side of the slippery stake, and the voyage was resumed.

About 7 A. M., soon after passing under the Old Colony Railroad bridge, I reached the mouth of the Namasket River, which here empties into the Taunton. It is a very rapid stream, about forty feet wide, winding up about six miles to the card mill on the east edge of Middleboro. Along the banks of both rivers, but principally on the Taunton, where the banks were low and marshy, were large quantities of wild hollyhocks growing directly in the water, as seed had floated there and rooted. The plants were not over four feet high, but the blossoms, seldom more than two on a stem, were monstrous, fully twice as large as the largest I ever saw in a garden, while the cardinal flowers far surpassed anything I ever saw in the meadows, spikes eight to ten inches long, of solid perfect blossoms, every petal brilliant and full, almost dazzling in the sunlight and water reflection.

Up the Namasket River, which was a hard paddle except in reaches where the wind was going my way, so that I could sail against the current, I had but one carry to make, and as there were a number of men and boys working and fishing there, all willing and anxious to see and handle the "beautiful canoe," my task was easy and pleasant. Here they knew what a canoe was, though none had ever seen one so complete and handsome.

Arriving at the card mill and being tired I hired a team and took the canoe to the express office, and an hour afterward was aboard a train speeding toward the bay, where the canoe joined me at night, after the most pleasant and beneficial water trip I ever made. The time actually used on the water was from 10:10 A. M. at Brockton, Wednesday, till 10:50 A. M. at Middleboro, Thursday, and the same amount of time used in starting from East Bridgewater, and following the Taunton, would have been much more easy and restful, and is a plan that has haunted me all the wintry days, while snow, ice and slush have made it seem as if summer would never come. I hope to make that trip some time, but if I can't go I can heartily recommend it to others who can. DAD.

IANTHE C. C.—Newark, N. J., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual regatta of the Ianthe C. C. will be held on Saturday, Aug. 22, on the Passaic River, commencing at 2 P. M., open to all canoeists. Rules of N. Y. C. C. to govern. Course from Point House ½ mile to and around buoy and return, or 1 mile. Race No. 1, paddling, for single canoes 24in. beam and under; entrance fee 50 cents. Race No. 2, paddling, for single canoes 24 to 28in. beam inclusive; entrance fee 50 cents. Race No. 3, paddling, for single canoes 28in. beam and over; entrance fee 50 cents. Race No. 4, tandem paddling, open to all canoes irrespective of size or beam; entrance fee 50 cents. Race No. 5, sailing, open to all single canoes irrespective of size, class or rig; entrance fee $1. Race No. 6, obstacle, open to all single canoes, the occupant to tumble out of his canoe into the water up to his chin at the discharge of the starting gun, which will occur twice. The prizes will be announced later. All entries must be sent to the Commodore on or before Aug. 6, or they will not be accepted. The boat house is situated on the Passaic River, foot of Grafton avenue, and to reach it take the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R. to Woodside or any of the railroads to Newark, and take the cars running north to Grafton avenue.—F. A. PHELPS, Jr., Commodore, 140 Lincoln avenue, Newark, N. J.

SHERBROOKE, Quebec, July 25.—The Sherbrooke Boating and Canoeing Club was organized this spring and starts with a 30×60ft. house, twenty rowing and sailing skiffs, five canoes (including she that was the Allegro), and a sneakbox, the whole the property of fifty odd members. While there has always been more or less interest in canoeing here, we have only just begun to appreciate the benefits of organization, and if there are any other canoeists scattered in twos and threes throughout the country who think they can do nothing, tell them about our club, and add that the subject was first agitated by two a year ago. We had the pleasure of entertaining four members of the Harvard Club last month, and will always be glad to see canoeists and those interested in FOREST AND STREAM at all times. —JOS. G. WALTON.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 30—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Niagara.
July 31—Quincy Y. C., Second Club Race.
Aug. 1—Hull Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 1—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 1—Lynn Y. C., Annual Regatta.
Aug. 2—Quaker City Y. C., River and Harbor Cruise
Aug. 3—South Boston Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 3—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Aug. 4—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Oswego.
Aug. 5—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Race.
Aug. 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.
Aug. 12—Bay of Quinte Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 27—Greenwich Y. C., Annual Regrtta
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

PURITAN.

IF any evidence were needed of the general interest felt by the American people in the defense of the Cup, sufficient would be afforded by the models, designs and suggestions that have poured in from all quarters since the first news of the proposed races. Not only about New York, where yachtsmen naturally feel a strong local interest, but from the lakes and even the interior far from yachting waters have come plans, suggestions and inquiries that bear evidence of a widespread interest in the proper defense of the Cup. Models of all sorts, many of them requiring the expenditure of much time and trouble, have been freely given, and various offers of assistance have been made, which in one notable case have taken a practical and substantial form. The New York Y. C., as direct custodians of the Cup, were in duty bound to provide a suitable opponent for the challenging cutters; and their fleet affording no boats of sufficient size, the club at once took measures to build a large sloop. While every possible care was taken to secure success, there is always more or less uncertainty about a new boat, especially in this case, where the yacht was to be much larger than any sloop built in many years; and it was felt by many that our chances of successfully meeting Genesta would be much greater if there were several yachts to select from in case of the failure of the New York yacht to meet the expectations of her builders, or in the event of any mishap to her; and this feeling, with a desire to do a share of what they looked at as a national rather than local matter, led some of the leading members of the Eastern Y. C., of Boston, to undertake the task of building a second yacht to take part in the trial races, and to be ready if required to meet Genesta or Galatea.

The only party on whom the duty of providing a yacht rested was the New York Y. C., but looking at the matter in its national aspect, and having in view the prestige of American yachting, threatened this year as never before, the Eastern yachtsmen volunteered to provide a second boat for the contests. With the leaders in the enterprise, Messrs. J. Malcolm Forbes and Chas. J. Paine, were associated a dozen other members of the E. Y. C., each contributing an equal share of the expense, the management of the new boat being left largely in the hands of the gentlemen named, two of the most expert yachtsmen in the East. In putting their plan into execution they called to their aid Mr. Edward Burgess, known not only as a thorough yachtsman and skillful sailor, but as the designer of a number of the smaller class yachts so numerous about Boston, in which work he has shown special skill, both in the modeling of the hull and in the economical and tasteful arrangement of the interiors. The problem before these gentlemen was no easy one; given Genesta with her known dimensions and record, to find a yacht of a totally different type and of a size with which American yachtmen are not familiar, which should beat her under a length and sail area rule. Two imperative conditions were imposed by the circumstances of the case, the yacht must be a sloop to the extent of comparatively wide beam and moderate depth, and she must have a centerboard and not a keel only. In other details the designer was untrammeled, and that he has boldly and judiciously exercised the liberty allowed him in the selection of details is shown by the success already attained by the Puritan.

Disregarding the traditions of the old sloop builders and unimpeded by the worship of ideas long since exploded, Mr. Burgess has sought

to incorporate in the new sloop the best points of existing yachts, regardless of their origin. The new boat is not a "representative" sloop in the meaning so long attached to the term; the big jib is conspicuous only by its absence; details of rig are all those of the thorough cutter except the raked bowsprit and laced mainsail; underneath is a heavy lead keel, the plumb stem shows up clean and sharp compared with the long snout covered with gilding, once a prominent feature in American sloops, while worst of all, the stern, instead of being sawed off to a length consistent with ancient traditions and prejudices, flaunts a long jaunty counter, symmetrical, graceful and —"English you know." In the old narrow sense she is far different from the "representative" sloop, but in a broader sense she is thoroughly representative, a representative of American enterprise, progress and ingenuity, both in conception, design and construction. No American yachtsman can object on the grounds that she is not a fitting champion in every way, or that she is unworthy of the task before accomplished by America, Columbia, Magic and Mischief.

Puritan, as the new boat has been named, is a centerboard sloop 80ft. on waterline, 23ft. beam, 8ft. 2in. draft, with a lead keel of 25 long tons, inside ballast of lead cast to fit, 20 tons, and a displacement of 105 long tons. Her frame and planking are of white oak, and her oak keel is a stick 2ft. square, under which is the lead keel, secured with Muntz metal bolts. She was built by Lawley & Son, of South Boston, builders of Adrienne, Rondina, Edna, Fad, Melusina, Medusa, Harbinger, and many other successful yachts, and she is constructed in a thorough manner. She is fitted with a mainmast of Oregon pine, 77ft. heel to head and 18in. diameter, and a standing bowsprit 38ft. outboard and 16in. diameter. Her boom is 70ft. long and 14in. diameter, also of Oregon pine, and her gaff is 47ft. long and 10in. diameter. Her sails were made by McManus & Son, of Boston, the canvas being specially woven for her. The mainsail is of No. 1, 14in. wide, and the foresail of No. 2, and jib of No. 3, the area of lower sails being about 5,000ft. The jib sets flying with an outhaul and traveler, the forestay leads to the stemhead, and the mainsail, though laced, is also fitted with outhaul and traveler. Inside the yacht is neatly and plainly fitted, convenience in working and handling sails, and the comfort of her crew being the main considerations. The deck, of course, is flush from stem to stern, with low hatches and skylights. Outside the Puritan is painted white, the only white sloop or cutter of any size; but even without this help there would be no trouble in picking out her shapely hull and stylish rig anywhere among American yachts.

In one feature more than any other is she a marked departure from American practice, the low position of her ballast for a boat of her beam, and in this feature we believe there lies a strong chance that her performance in a sea will not be satisfactory. Thus far she has been a success in smooth water, a surprise to all; but all experience with smaller yachts tends to show that in boats of less than four beams, with little depth of body, low weights attained by outside keels are detrimental to speed in a seaway. Thus far Puritan has hardly been tested in this respect, and, while we hope otherwise, we do not expect that when out in really rough water she will attain a speed proportionate to that she has shown thus far.

Her record down to date has already appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM; her first performance under sail, her first race on June 30, when she appeared in the Eastern Y. C. regatta, outsailing the fleet, and again in the schooner race, when she sailed in company, beating the others badly to windward. In her own class she has as yet been untried, but wherever she may be placed after trial, there can be no doubt, from her performances thus far, but that she is a very fast boat in any ordinary conditions of wind and water. In a few weeks we shall be able to form a more correct estimate of her merits in her class, and perhaps before the season is over we may see her measured by another standard, that of Genesta. Whatever the result may be, there is no doubt, from what she has already done, but that she will prove a credit to the spirit and enterprise of the gentlemen who built her, as well as to the skill of her designer.

BENT TIMBERS AND YACHT CONSTRUCTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM a communication from a contributor (Mr. Shephard) on the subject of steamed and bent forms in yacht building. I indorse most emphatically all Mr. Shephard says in favor of their merits. In the course of an experience extending over a period of twenty years, I have tested thoroughly the great advantages of bent oak frames over any other kind, for lightness and strength as well as holding fastening. In San Francisco, where I have had built not less than a dozen yachts, large and small, steam and sailing, by William I. Stone, a most skilful mechanic, the frames were in every instance of bent oak. By using oak frames weight can be reduced at least one-half and strength proportionally increased. In other words much greater strength can be obtained from timbers 2x3 of oak than 4x6 of sawed material or sawed timbers. It is a common error to suppose that heavy timbers and thick planking are essential to strength, and that there is great merit in a heavily built hull. My own experience is quite the contrary. It has been urged that great weight in a hull acts as ballast, a great mistake. A heavily timbered boat is always loggy, dull and seldom a fast sailer, whereas a lightly timbered and planked boat is lively, rides at anchor easily, handles easily, and is buoyant in a sea way. She moves easily, feels the lightest breeze, steers easily if properly sparred, in short, gives perfect satisfaction.

As to enduring qualities, I can give the following as one instance of many that have come under my observation. In 1867, Stone built for me a centerboard schooner, 55ft. over all, 51½ft. deep, 17ft. beam. Her timbers were of white oak 2x3, set 12in. from centers, planking 1½ scant before planing, which reduced the thickness to about 1¼, as she was planed two or three times; fastening, galvanized iron. Everyone acquainted with the Bay of San Francisco can testify to the heaviness and strength of the winds and rough water encountered in yachting. It is, in fact, a rough school for the yachtsman, and a severe test of the staunchness and strength of boats. I used the yacht constantly for five years, during which time she pounded on sand bars frequently, and was often left high and dry for a tide on uneven bottom; in short she had rough usage, during all of which time she never leaked a bucketful; the pump was a useless piece of furniture. After using her as a sailing craft for that length of time, I concluded to lengthen her and convert her into a steam yacht, and did so, and used her that season under steam. Became disgusted with steam and the annoyances consequent in the way of inspectors and the absurd requirements under the law, which should except steam yachts from its ridiculous provisions. I had lengthened the yacht 33ft. forward, but had not increased the size of the frames of the added section, and when I restored her to a sailing yacht, which I did the following spring, she was 88ft. long. The addition of the 33ft. rendered the quantity of sail formerly carried seemingly inadequate and ridiculously out of proportion, but I had a theory that dispensing with ballast would give greater buoyancy and consequently greater speed, so I put back the same spars and sails formerly on her. By lengthening, the stability was of course greatly increased, and I dispensed with one-half the ballast, leaving only about two tons. The result was astonishing; she fairly flew.

In a regatta, the very day she was launched from the ways, after the restoration, she took part and ran away from the fleet easily. She started a half hour after the other yachts had got off, overtook, passed them, and had anchored, furled sails and the boys had had time to get quite jolly over a big bowl of punch before the foremost of the fleet arrived. It was really a wonderful exhibition of speed, which character she maintained. Soon after I sold her, to go to the South Sea Islands. The old salts shook their heads and said she would never get there, and that she was unsafe to cross the bar; nevertheless she sailed on her voyage. Her first port was Honolulu. A crack pilot-boat, the Fanny, was bound to the same port, and a little side bet of $500 was offered that she would beat the yacht down. It was accepted. The yacht encountered rough weather, the pilot-boat's best play, but nevertheless she beat the pilot-boat 48 hours, making the run of 2,100 miles inside of 9 days, calm and trade winds inclusive. From Honolulu she sailed for the Navigators, and made the most remarkable sea time of 9 miles per hour average from the day she left San Francisco until the voyage terminated, over 5,000 miles. She was afterward used in voyages among the islands, beating up in a rough sea against strong trade winds, carrying all sail when other vessels had in double reefs, and until the day she was lost on a reef, nearly two years later, she never leaked a barrel of water. I would mention also that during this whole period of service she had a deep, open cockpit and never shipped a sea. So much for the theory that it is unsafe to venture outside with a low cockpit; but in this case I attribute the immunity from "combers" and occasional "toppiers" to her buoyancy, for she was like a cork on the water. While at Upolo, Navigators Islands, an English yacht of much heavier tonnage came over from the Fijis and challenged the Peerless for a race twenty miles to windward. The English craft was a deep, sharp keel, drawing nearly 12 feet of water. The Peerless drew 4 feet and sailed under jib and mainsail only, and before they had gone ten miles the Peerless had sailed around her twice. The English yacht gave it up and paid the money.

I take no credit to myself for the speed this vessel developed; she was an accident; but it goes to show and prove the principle that light construction, good material, good work, thorough fastening, light spars, moderate sail and absence of heavy ballast give buoyancy, and buoyancy great speed. It may be asked how will it work in heavy weather? The question is easily answered: Reduce sail correspondingly. The one great error in yacht sparring is over-sparring, requiring heavy ballast to make them stand up. The idea seems to be the more sail you pile on, the greater speed. The craft is over-pressed and buries, whereas by reducing sail greater speed can generally be obtained; more sail requires more ballast; more ballast more sail, and so it goes on until the boat is overloaded and over-taxed with both. In light winds she is lazy and heavy, and in heavy winds she is wet, hard to manage and requires a double crew. Our experience in California is that the lighter the spars the better, and let the rigging do the work. The leverage aloft of a heavy pitch pine mast is very great. Every pound you can lighten up in mast and upper spars leaves your sail-carrying capacity so much greater.

Another very great advantage to be gained in boat and yacht building is derived from thoroughly painting every timber in the frame when set up, and also the planking ceiling on both sides, and the more coats the better, as it keeps the wood from water-soaking, keeps your boat light and buoyant and preserves it from decay. I know boats that have been in use for twenty years, in which when overhauled and lengthened, the wood was as sound as when put in. Build your boat of dry material, paint well and there will be no rot.

It is not necessary to use even dry oak for frames, if you are going to steam and bend, as the steam drives out the sap, and timbers of small size will season in a few days if exposed to the air and wind. If you want a good boat and a durable one build her of light bent white oak frames, plank lightly, fast in thoroughly, have your spars as light as possible, of spruce if you can obtain it, paint every piece and timber as you build. Heavy planking is a mistake. If you strike a rock you are bound to knock a hole in your craft, whether your planking is two inches or one, sharp pointed rocks are not particular, they will do your business in either case effectually. In the next chapter I will talk to you a little about the yawl rig. PODGERS.

YACHT RACES ON LAKE ERIE.

CLEVELAND Y. A. REGATTA, JULY 16.

This season the proposed meet at Put-in-Bay has stirred up lake yachtsmen, and efforts have been made to make the regattas more than usually attractive. The chief workers in the matter of the meet, the Cleveland Yachting Association, invited all lake yachts to their regatta at Cleveland, on July 16, offering handsome prizes, and also made arrangements for a sail to the rendezvous at Put-in-Bay. The yachts were to sail over a course of 20 miles for first and second and 15 miles for third; the first course starting from the pier off Cleveland, thence N. E. 5 miles, W. 5 miles, S. W. 5 miles and E. 5 miles. The shorter course returned direct from the second mark. The classes were: First, yachts 35ft. and over on waterline; prizes, Gardner Challenge Cup and first prize, $75, second prize $50; entrance $10. Second class, yachts of 25ft. and under 35ft.; first prize, the Association Challenge Cup held by the Fanchon of Put-in-Bay, and $50, second prize $40, third prize $20, fourth prize $10; entrance $5. Third class, yachts under 25ft., first prize $25, second prize $10; entrance $3. Entries were open to all yachts on the lakes, under the C. Y. A. rules. The time limit was six hours. No shifting nor starting of ballast allowed. Twelve yachts started on Wednesday morning in a very light wind which continued all day, making almost a drift. The full times of the race were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.					
Cora	51.04	10 35 00	4 01 00	5 26 00	5 05 06
SECOND CLASS.					
Fanchon, Put-in-Bay	33.02	10 30 00	3 37 45	4 58 45	4 09 32
Kate Graham, Toledo	31.08	10 32 45	3 51 45	5 19 00	4 27 18
Scud, Toledo	35.01	10 32 15	3 54 45	5 22 30	4 35 54
Osprey, Toledo	33.10	10 35 00	4 09 30	5 35 30	4 46 48
Daisy, Cleveland	26.09	10 35 00	4 31 00	5 56 00	4 55 30
Com. Gardner, Clev'd	23.05	10 35 00	4 45 00	6 10 00	5 02 14
Lulu, Cleveland	30 09	10 33 15	4 36 15	6 03 45	5 10 53
Oberon, Toledo	34.08	10 33 00	4 36 00	6 03 00	5 15 50
Ida, Cleveland	33 06	10 35 00	Distanced.		
C. J. Minnett, Sandusky	34.08	10 35 00	Distanced.		
Rover, Cleveland	35.08	10 35 00	Carried away masthead.		

After the race the squadron sailed for Put-in-Bay, where nearly 50 yachts anchored over Sunday, coming from the various lake ports. On one side of this beautiful little harbor is an island, Gibraltar, on which is the handsome stone residence of Mr. Jay Cooke. This island partly shuts in the harbor and makes an excellent anchorage. The classes were the same as in the Cleveland race, with the Herreshoff table of allowance, one fifth overhang only being measured.

The first class prizes were a silk flag presented by the citizens of Put-in-Bay, and another by the C. Y. A., also ⅓ of all entrance money; second prize, ⅔ of entrance money; entrance $10. Class II., silk flag by C. Y. A. and solid silver cup, presented by citizens of Put-in-Bay, with ¼ of entrance money; second prize, four-ninths of entrance money; third prize, two-ninths of entrance money; entrance, $3. Class III., silk flag presented by C. Y. A. and half of entrance; second prize, four-ninths of entrance; third prize, two-ninths of entrance; entrance, $3. The courses were for first and second classes, from a stakeboat off Rattlesnake Island, N. W. W. 7 miles to stakeboat, thence S. W. ½ S. 7 miles to stakeboat, thence E. ¾ S. to finish, 21 miles. Third class yachts only round the first boat and return, 14 miles. All marks were to be left to port, 10 minutes were allowed to start in, times being taken as the yachts crossed. The Regatta Committee were Messrs. H. D. Cuthinberry, W. Scott Robinson, R. E. Mix, Fred. Brewster, H. G. Phelps.

Tuesday morning was clear and calm, there being very little wind. Twenty-five yachts started when the signal was given at 11:11 A. M. Scud leading over the line, followed by Fanchon, Wanderer, No Name, Cora, Mischief, Vixen, Alert, Maud S., Ripple, Oberon, Kate Graham, W. J. Partridge, Osprey, Cora V., Jennie J., Crescent, Tidal Wave, Petrel, Lulu, S. H. Ives, schooner; Louise, schooner; Stella, Madelline and Mazeppo, to latter two being handicapped. To first mark was a broad reach with a very light wind, most of the yachts carrying balloon jibtopsails, while Cora, Fanchon, Stella, Ripple, Lulu and Cora V. all tried spinnakers to port, set well forward. The Cora, Kate Graham and Alert all carried water sails hung from their booms. When a mile had passed the wind came fresher, while a squall showed up in the West, a signal at which kites came in and some topsails were doused. Over the rest of the first leg the squall came down at times with great force until some were glad to lower everything in a hurry, while others turned in one or two reefs. Cora lowered her mainsail and set it again, then turned in two reefs a few minutes later. Fanchon's crew did excellent work in reefing, and in fact showed the value of thorough drill in the way they handled their boat all day. Within a quarter of an hour after the worst part of the squall all reefs were out again, and from that time out there was little wind, and the race was a drift in. Cora winning easily in 2.33:35 corrected time. The full times were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.					
Cora, Cleveland	51 04	11 16 00	2 19 12	3 04 02	2 33 35
W. J. Partridge, Det.	35.11	11 17 36	3 24 55	4 07 20	3 19 39
S. H. Ives, Detroit	55.00	11 19 15	3 21 52	4 02 37	3 35 06
Louise, Detroit	56.06	11 19 25	withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS.					
Fanchon, Put-in-Bay	33.02	11 14 06	2 35 22	2 22 22	2 30 32
Scud, Toledo	35.01	11 13 00	2 55 50	3 42 50	2 53 54
Oberon, Toledo	34.08	11 17 05	3 16 15	3 59 10	3 03 29
Osprey, Toledo	33 10	11 17 40	3 12 58	3 55 18	3 04 31
Alert, Sandusky	29 08	11 15 40	3 22 59	4 07 19	3 09 32
Cora V., Put in-Bay	31.04	11 18 05	3 22 47	4 04 42	3 09 51
Stella, Toledo	31.02	11 19 40	3 27 25	4 07 45	3 12 38
Crescent, Toledo	27.09	11 18 13	3 48 58	4 16 45	3 15 17
Jennie J., Detroit	30.04	11 18 13	3 34 10	4 15 57	3 19 21
Petrel, Detroit	33.02	11 18 55	Not timed.		
Lulu, Cleveland	30.09	11 19 10	Withdrew.		
Kate Graham, Tol.	31.08	11 17 10	Not timed.		
THIRD CLASS.					
Madeline, Detroit	21.02	11 22 00	1 24 32	2 02 32	1 11 05
Tidal Wave, Kelley Island	17.08	11 18 13	1 19 02	2 10 49	1 11 50
Maud S., Kelley I'd.	18.00	11 16 45	1 27 30	2 10 45	1 12 32
Vixen, Sandusky	19.02	11 15 30	1 28 11	2 12 41	1 17 09
Ripple, Put-in-Bay	19.02	11 16 55	1 37 04	2 20 09	1 24 37
Wanderer, Middle Bass Island	16.07	11 15 00	1 41 30	2 26 30	1 24 46
No Name, Put in Bay	19.00	11 15 08	1 40 10	2 25 02	1 29 08
Mischief, Put-in-Bay	18 00	11 15 11	Withdrew.		
Mazeppa, Put-in-Bay	23.04	11 22 00	Capsized.		

Besides the racing yachts the steam yacht Twilight, a little side wheel boat of steel, Lillie, of Toledo; and Cyclone and Winnifred, of Cleveland, were present. In the evening the yachtsmen were all at the ball at Wehrle's.

On Wednesday some sailed for home, while quite a number laid in the harbor or at Ballast Island, where they could view the canoe races. On Wednesday evening, the crews of all the yachts met at the Beebe House, at Put-in Bay, and prizes were presented. Vice-Com. Rhodes, C. Y. A., presided, with Mr. Williams as secretary of the meeting. In Class I., Cora took two very handsome silk flags and $10; second prize, W. J. Partridge, $27. In Class II., Fanchon took first, a silk flag, a silver cup and $20; Scud took second, $27, and Oberon third, $13. In Class III., Madeline took first, a silk flag and $20; Tidal Wave second, $14, and Maud S. third, $6. Com. Hart, of the Michigan Y. C., addressed the meeting, urging the importance of forming an association of lake yachtsmen, and on his motion, a committee of 7 was appointed to consider and present to a subsequent meeting a plan of organization. This committee included Messrs. Williams and Downie, of Cleveland; ex-Com. Baker and Mr. McLoud, of Detroit; Hepburn and Ketcham, of Toledo, and Gast, of Put-in-Bay. After their appointment the meeting adjourned, the committee to meet on the flagship Louise on Thursday evening.

The main event on Thursday was a race between pound boats, the local fishing craft of the lakes, a sort of primitive second cousin to a sharpie. These boats are flat-bottomed, straight-sided, with high freeboard and light draft, with centerboard and balance rudder. The rig is very peculiar, two masts stepped as in a sharpie, the sail laced to the boom, and at the height of the gaff in an ordinary sail a batten is placed, fitted with jaws as a gaff. Above this batten the sail extends in a triangular shape like a topsail, the sail being in fact a mainsail and topsail in one. No peak or throat halliards are used, simply a "topsail" halliard rove through the masthead and fast to the upper cringle. By this the sail is hoisted, and when it is cast off it comes down at once. It sits flat and is very simple and easily handled, and the fishermen sail them very skillfully. The course for these boats was from Put-in-Bay around Green, South Bass and Ballast Islands, finishing at start, 16 miles. The prizes were $20, $15, $10 and a keg of beer. The four boats starting were owned by Johnson, Sikes, Miller and Parker, a fifth boat that was entered withdrawing. The start was made at 10:35 A. M. One boat carried a borrowed balloon jibtopsail belonging to a yacht, and one improvised a maintopmast staysail out of an old blanket. The wind was light but steady. Johnson's boat finished in 5.43, Sikes 5.48, Parker 6.18.55, Milller 6.21.50.

At 7 P. M. the committee met in the cabin of the Louise, Mr. C. H. Walker taking the place of Mr. McLeod in the latter's absence. Mr. J. S. Williams presided, with Mr. G. H. Ketchum as secretary. The outlines of the constitution of the Interlake Yacht Association, for the encouragement and advancement of yachting on the northwestern lakes, were prepared to be submitted to the various clubs interested for their approval and suggestions on measurement and similar points. The Association will be open to any yacht club on lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and connecting rivers, having on its register three or more yachts of 18ft. or more measurement and a roll of ten members in good standing, on a unanimous vote of the clubs in the Association, the entrance fee being $10. Commodore Gardner was chosen as Commodore of the new association, with Commodore Hart, Michigan Y. C., as Vice-Commodore, and Commodore A. W. Mochen, Toledo Y. C., as Rear-Commodore. Mr. J. S. Williams was chosen Secretary and Treasurer. After the meeting a display of fireworks from the yachts followed, with a supper for the yachtsmen and canoeists at the Beebe House later on. On Friday most of the yachts left for home.

The association is now well on the way to a permanent establishment, with the hearty support of the yachtsmen of Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo and Put-in-Bay. Next year a cruise and regatta will be held at Put-in-Bay, and there is no doubt but what the other sailors of Lake Erie will come in shortly. With Commodore Gardner at Cleveland, and Commodore Hart at Detroit, both active and enthusiastic yachtsmen, the interest in the matter will not be allowed to flag, but the association is sure of a steady growth. On Tuesday next the Toledo Y. C. will sail their third annual regatta, a number of very handsome prizes being offered.

BEVERLY Y. C., JULY 25.

A FRESH S.W. wind was blowing on the morning of the race, but toward noon the wind lightened and heavy rain clouds appeared in the west. Precisely at noon the preparatory gun was fired from the flagship Foam and five minutes later the first class was sent off. Gem crossed the line almost at the flash, closely followed by Atalanta and Eugenia, while Countess and Expert were caught some distance up the harbor and lost some three minutes. Their course lay out to Half-Way Rock with the wind well aft on starboard quarter. Gem and Expert set balloon jibtopsails, while Atalanta, Eugenia and Countess sent out spinnakers. Eugenia crawled on Gem and established an overlap, and in rounding the harbor buoy Gem refused to give way and a collision occurred; cross protests were filed and decided in favor of Eugenia.

After rounding the rock they ran to Southeast Breakers, then jibed and had a beam wind to Gale's Ledge, a closehaul to Bowditch's Ledge and a beat home across the harbor. The breeze was quite fresh over the whole course, and the 16½ miles were made in good time.

In the second class Peri, Spider and Witch went over promptly; Fad was close to line, but on wrong tack and lost time in jibing, while Caprice was late.

In third class Mr. Charles J. Paine's new keel catboat put in an appearance for her maiden race. She has not yet been named, but around the club house she is commonly dubbed the Little Puritan from some fancied resemblance to the large boat of that name. She was modeled by Mr. Edward Burgess and built by Lawley, the builder's measurements being 18ft. waterline, 7.6 beam, 4 draft, with a lot of lead on her keel, being in fact a cat-rigged cutter. She led off in this class, being closely followed by Bluebell, Psyche some way astern.

As the boats ran in toward the Beverly shore round buoys 3, 5 and 7, Peri and Spider led close together, then Witch, Puritan some way astern, with Bluebell a couple of hundred feet astern, then Fad and Psyche, with Caprice bringing up the rear. As the Curtis Point stakeboat was neared, the leaders ran into a calm and all bunched together, finally rounding stakeboat in an eastern puff close together as follows: Peri, Spider, Witch, Bluebell, Puritan, Psyche, Fad and Caprice.

All tacked in under the shore, then off into a calm spot. After a while Peri and Spider worked through into an S. W. breeze on starboard tack. Witch got out on port tack, took S. W. breeze and tacked for Bowditch's Ledge Beacon.

After some minutes Bluebell and Psyche got the breeze and went off scupper down, Bluebell ¼ of a mile ahead, leaving the others in a stark calm. Caprice got it after a while, but Puritan and Fad were more than a mile behind Psyche when it struck them.

Spider reached the beacon first, then Peri and Witch, the latter putting her bowsprit through Peri's sail, tearing it to pieces, forcing both boats to lower away and finally sending Peri back to Beverly a wreck. Witch protests Peri and Peri Witch, which cannot be decided for a few days. By this time Atalanta, closely pressed by Countess, had rounded the beacon, then came Gem, and immediately after Bluebell rounded one way as expert went round the other.

Here the former got into trouble through a misunderstanding of orders; the crew started to trim down sheets for the starboard tack as the skipper put down helm to go about on port tack. The result was that she went in irons close to the beacon, and had to be forced back on starboard tack to avoid touching it. This took much time, and Psyche slipped by during the operation, while Puritan, going very fast, was getting dangerously close. In the meantime Witch had got off again ahead of Psyche. On the beat up Puritan showed great speed, outpointing and outsailing Psyche and passing Bluebell easily. Fad also did well, gaining some six minutes in the beat.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Atalanta, sloop, I. R. Thomas	29 07½	2 15 18	2 07 33
Countess, sloop, Geo. B. Chase	31 06	2 25 25	2 19 19
Gem, sloop, H. W. Savage	26.09	2 30 46	2 20 11
Expert, sloop, L. Whitcomb	24 09	2 31 26	2 18 38
Eugenia, cat, I. S. Palmer	28 03	2 33 17	2 23 13
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Spider, cat, Walter Abbott	20.00	2 30 03	2 16 22
Peri, cat, Henry Parkmay	20 07	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
Witch, cutter, B. B. Crowninshield	23.06	2 30 20	2 19 12
Fad, yawl, Geo. A. Goddard	22.00	2 39 12	2 27 35
Caprice, sloop, John B. Rhodes	19.11	2 45 28	2 31 41
THIRD CLASS.			
Psyche, cat, H. M. & P. S. Sears	19.14	2 25 50	2 11 23
Not named, cat, C. J. Paine	19.06	2 28 16	2 14 00
Bluebell, cat, W. Lloyd Jeffries	18.07	2 33 45	2 18 25

If protest is decided in favor of Witch, prizes go as follows: Atalanta, Spider, Witch and Psyche first prizes; Expert, Fad and Mr. Paine's boat second prizes. Atalanta takes pennant, tieing Expert; Spider and Psyche take and hold pennants. If Witch is ruled out, Fad and Caprice take prizes in that class. Judges—John Dane, Geo. L. Peabody and Arthur W. Wheelwright. Judges' yacht, Foam, B. Y. C.

LAKE ONTARIO AND BAY OF QUINTE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachtsmen of Ontario and the Bay of Quinte are, at the time of writing, busily preparing for the series of matches which are to be held by four out of the five clubs comprising the Lake Yacht Racing Association, the first of which, namely, that of the Royal Canadian Y. C., will be held at Toronto, on the 30th inst. The B. Q. Y. C. will be represented by the big Atalanta in the first class and Iolanthe in the second class. Both craft are now on their way and ought to win in their respective classes. Our fleet would be more largely represented at Toronto, but for the length of the journey. Fifteen miles west of here is a narrow neck of land which separates the Bay of Quinte from Lake Ontario. This necessitates a trip of about 50 miles eastward to the lake, thence south 15 miles, thence northwest a long distance around the peninsula of Prince Edward, the coast of which is dangerous even for small craft, there being no harbors and the wind generally blowing on it from the southwest. As, however, a canal is now being dug through the isthmus, and as it will probably be finished next year, the trip to Toronto will then become quite easy of accomplishment.

At Oswego, on August 4, the bay fleet will have two additional second class representatives in the Gracie (Commodore Roy) of this

port, and the Surprise, of Trenton. At Kingston, on the 7th, ex-Commodore R. J. Bell's well known sloop Norah will be added to the racers in the first class, and here on the 12th the cutter Sylvia will make another addition to the second class. The circuit will wind up here, let us hope, in a blaze of glory.

The only race of the season so far was a little affair over a 3-mile course here on the 22d inst. The wind was very light. There were three starters, namely, Iolanthe, Gracie and Surprise, of Trenton. The race was sailed without time allowance, and the Iolanthe won by 2min. 39sec., while the Gracie beat Surprise by 16sec. Neither of the cutter craft was in racing trim.

The Gracie, which was rebuilt and remodeled last year, appears to have been considerably improved. The cutter Sylvia, which has also been rebuilt, promises to be more speedy than heretofore. Her meeting with the other craft, and especially with Commodore Mott's (Oswego Y. C.) cutter Cricket, will be looked forward to with interest. Meantime all the lake yachtsmen are deeply interested in the cutter Genesta, and look to your columns for full information as to her doings. PORT TACK.

BELLEVILLE, July 27.

PILGRIM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The little sloop for Dr. Winslow will be called Pilgrim, and will fly the South Boston Y. C. flag. She is calked and received first coat of paint Saturday. Cockpit floor high, 6in. below deck, giving lots of room below deck. Transoms run aft underneath floor, dead lights in deck aft, water tank under cockpit floor. She looks very fair and gives promise of speed, although only a cruiser. Mast 25ft. heel to truck, 6in. diameter, gaff 13.6, boom 21ft., bowsprit 11ft. outboard, hoist mainsail 15ft., patent blocks, folding boat, grating between transoms for cushion, 3,310 outside.—E. L. W.

GREENWICH Y. C., JULY 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following-named yachts started in the Greenwich Y. C. regatta on the 25th inst., at 11:30 A. M.: Class II., sloops Nymph, Adelina and Eleanor. The last-named being of the Oyster Bay Corinthian Club, present by invitation. Class II., catboats 17ft. long and over, Brahmin, Zelda, Wanda, Telephone. Class III., catboats under 17ft., Jennie, Flirt, Louie Belle. The course sailed was for Class I. and II., from Greenwich Harbor to Matinicock Point and return. For Class III., starting from the same place to make the circuit of the Captain's Islands twice.

The start was fine, and very pretty work was shown for about an hour, when a squall struck the fleet with great violence. Nymph's topmast was carried away and throat halliards parted. Adelina tried to carry sail too long and finally had to cut halliards to lower sail quick enough when the wind struck her. Telephone parted peak halliards. Zelda took in all sail and came to anchor. Jennie had already run to shelter. Flirt anchored in lee of Captain's Island. Brahmin kept on her course under shortened sail, and Wanda never flinching carried all her canvas right through the blow. Zelda soon followed Brahmin, having reefed down closely, and as the squall cleared away they found themselves in the wake of Eleanor, all running down to Matinicock buoy right in the teeth of a roaring southwest gale, such as craft of their kind do not often venture to face.

Wanda had been blown two miles off her course. Adelina, on the approach of a second squall, hove to, so there were but three left in the race. The running of Brahmin and Zelda was, however, of so exciting a nature as to atone for the absence of the rest. Commodore Rendle shook the reefs out of Brahmin's sail right in the face of the squall and rushed down toward the buoy like an express train, while Capt. Asten did the same for the Zelda, and gradually gained not only on Brahmin but on Eleanor. Those who witnessed the race were much surprised at the plucky sailing of the two catboats. The finish was as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eleanor	4 44 29	4 43 37
Zelda	4 47 05	4 46 13
Brahmin	4 47 38	4 47 38

Adelina and Wanda both finished an hour later. Louie Belle was the only one to finish in her class. Thus ended the regatta of the youngest yacht club on the Sound. The judges were Messrs. J. W. Miley and John M. Tracy. LANDSMAN.

COLORS AT HALF MAST.—Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. General Orders No. 2, Flagship Bedouin, New York Harbor, July 23, 1885: Out of respect for the death of General Grant, yachts will half-mast colors while at anchor for 30 days from this date. By order of the commodore.—C. C. DEMING, Fleet Captain S. C. Y. C.

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W. E. J., Massachusetts.—You cannot surely tell a dog's age by his body and condition of teeth.

J. J. C., New Haven.—Rub on every day or two some of the grease that exudes from wagon axle. Rub it in well with the fingers.

M. H. G., Rockville, Conn.—Is the helgramite, or dobson, poisonous to handle? I have used them with bare hands, but have been told that they were poisonous if they bite. Ans. They can pinch hard, but are not poisonous. We have often been bitten by them.

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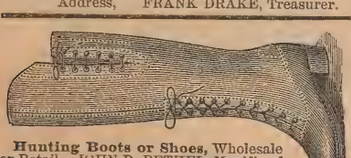
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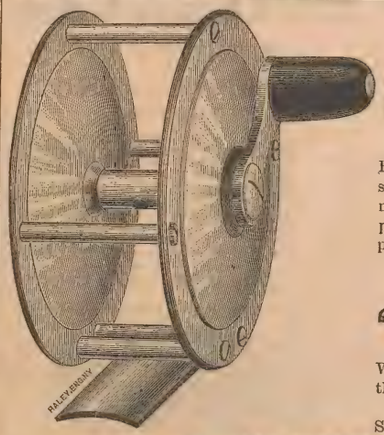
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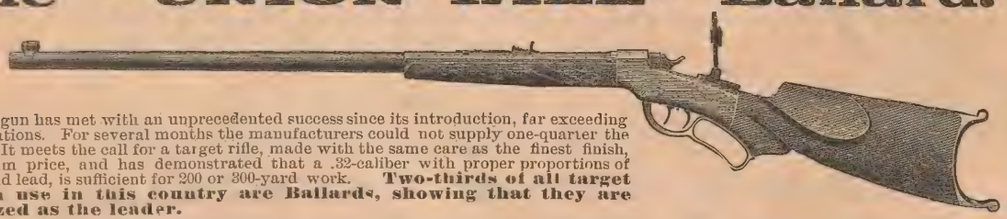
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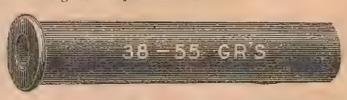
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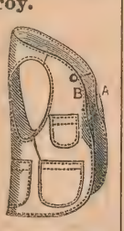


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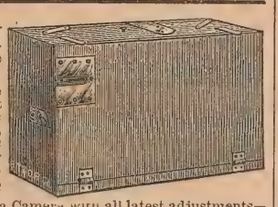
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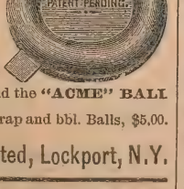
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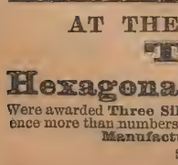
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CANOE

THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of explaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

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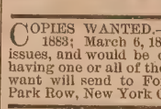
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE demand is general among riflemen for something definite on the question of trajectories, especially with reference to the rifles of to-day. There has been no end of speculation and wild empyrical writing on this matter, and the pages of every paper devoted to matters of field sport are overladen with letters and communications upon this topic. That it is an important one is evidenced by the desire shown by every rifle buyer and rifle owner to get exact data of the particular arm which he may possess and of other arms in comparison with it. Many experiments have been made from time to time by various marksmen, and the details of these tests given in the back volumes of FOREST AND STREAM; they have been very valuable contributions as far as they went; but they were not complete, especially in the matter of comparative results, and so the whole question is still an open one, ready for the careful and satisfactory answer which can only come from a thorough and well-conducted series of tests under well-defined conditions, and managed by experts about whose ability to make an exact report there can be no question.

Such a series of tests the FOREST AND STREAM proposes to make. Those who have studied the problem most carefully are the most thoroughly convinced that the time has come for such an effort. The rifle manufacturers make all manner of claims for their respective out-puts, and some of them are so strong that one is tempted to believe that the law of the attraction of gravitation is suspended, while this or that particular rifle is sending out its charges.

It is with particular reference to hunting rifles that our tests will be undertaken. In military arms the reports of the various examining boards have given a mass of statistics which fully inform us how imperfect those weapons are in the matter of flat trajectory. In hunting arms, however, where more than ever a flat line of fire is most essential in getting killing hits at the varying distances fired over, there is no such collection of figures, and it is this want our trial of arms is intended to supply.

The matter has been under consideration for some time past, and many of the arrangements have been completed. The trial will be in charge of a gentleman connected with the U. S. Proving Ground at Sandy Hook, where the various tests are so carefully made on large ordnance by the U. S. War Department. The range at Creedmoor has been pointed out as a desirable place, and except for its present inaccessibility no better place could be chosen. The tests will be made over 200 yards, and every precaution will be taken to have every possible element of error carefully eliminated or accurately noted. The present idea is to use the more popular weapons of the various makes and thoroughly test each, using the service ammunition, or rather such as is sold for general use in the various rifles. It is not to be a test of what results may be secured by special rifle, loaded with special cartridges and fired under improbable conditions, as compared with the ordinary surroundings of a man in the field after game at catch-shot distances. We hope that our results when tabulated will make a report which will be of value to every rifle owner in the world.

It is intended to have the tests follow on after the annual fall meeting at Creedmoor. In this way all interference with the preliminary practice of teams preparing for the matches of the fall meeting will be avoided, and ample time will be given for complete discussion of the tests and the offering of hints and suggestions from those having them to make. Such suggestions we cordially invite, and we will open our rifle columns for all who may have them to offer.

Before the date fixed for the trial we will give full details of the manner of making the tests, the conditions under which they will be conducted and the particular arms to be tested. All who wish may come and witness the trials. The expense connected with them will be borne entirely by the FOREST AND STREAM, and our effort will be that when made they will be under such skillful management as to compel the data reached to be accepted as standard in this department of the art of rifle shooting.

WEAK KNEES.

IT is never difficult to find persons perfectly willing to tell in a vague, general way of game and fish law violations, but when it comes to actually giving the proper official definite information for his guidance, that is found to be quite another thing. Most men who pay any attention to game and game seasons, and who see the birds killed out of season, are quite content to write a complaint about it to a local or distant paper, to set up a wail over the evils of the times, and to suggest that "something ought to be done about it." But these same men will not themselves do the first thing to help the game warden detect and punish the offenders. There is an unaccountable hesitation to assume any personal responsibility in the matter. The men who often talk the loudest about the wisdom of game laws and the enormity of the poacher's offense are the very last to give active assistance to the execution of the law. All game officials can testify to the truth of this. We are in receipt of constant complaints made by wardens and constables that they are left in the lurch by weak kneed informers, who back out before anything can be accomplished.

Every man—no matter whether he be a sportsman or not—owes it to the community of which he is a member to give prompt information of game law violations and to render the officials such aid as may be within his power. By and by this simple principle will be understood better than it is now; and then the game and fish destroyers will not have things all their own way.

SALMON AND SALMON NETS.

THE Canadian salmon season has been a very successful one for the anglers on most of the rivers. Many Americans have visited the streams this year, and the reports of their catches are in most cases favorable. The fish have been found in goodly numbers, and for the most of the time the rivers have been in fair condition.

The numbers of salmon returning to the mouths of these streams are amply sufficient to afford constant sport to the rods, if only their passage were not barred by the obstructing nets. So persistently are the streams netted that the supply of salmon in the upper parts of the stream where they are angled for is constantly diminished. The law requires the netters to raise their nets from Saturday night to Monday morning, but this provision is constantly evaded, and the result is that of the salmon caught in the upper waters of some of the streams four out of every five show the marks of the net through which they have forced their way. On a recent expedition of the officials to the netting grounds, early one Sunday morning, the nets were found in the stream contrary to law, and worst of all the Government net was there too. The destruction of these nets was followed by a marked improvement in the fly-fishing; and a similar sudden increase in the supply followed the destruction of the nets by the breaking away of a boom of logs.

The time now prescribed for the raising of the nets is too short. Another night, say Wednesday night, should be added. It is very poor economy to give so much of the salmon crop to the net fishermen. The Canadians who derive a revenue from the annual visit of the fly-fishermen, should have more consideration shown them. If the fishing is such as will attract an increased number of anglers, these people share in the proportionate gain, and the salmon revenue, though taken from the netters, is by no means lost, but is more widely distributed among the people. It is urged by those who are conversant with the condition of affairs that the Dominion Government make such changes in the present law as shall secure a more suitable division of this revenue.

FISHING ON SUNDAY.

ON the occasion of his recent visit to the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club's lodge on the Potomac River, it was reported in some of the newspapers that the President had gone fishing on the Sabbath; and straightway a great pother was made over it, which was not allayed until it was discovered that the alleged Sunday fishing had not been indulged in. The objection of those who criticised the supposed sport would have been, however, quite well taken. Whatever a private individual may determine to be proper for himself with respect to Sunday fishing, there is no question that participation in such an amusement would be improper in a high public official like the President of the United States, who is required to have a due regard for the feelings of the Sabbath-respecting portion of the public he represents.

What is true of the President is true of those in other official positions and places of influence. Even in such a matter as angling in the backwoods, a man is bound by his position and by the effect of his action, if made known, on others. If there be a law on the statute books forbidding Sunday fishing, that law should be strictly observed by such men, in no half-hearted manner, but cheerfully and to the letter, that by such respect to its provisions the claims of the statute on others may be enforced. From Canada comes a story of a Sunday fishing law violation by men in high positions, who were detected. One of them, Sir Roderick Cameron, of New York, was fined, while the other, a Supreme Court judge, escaped through a technicality. When a Supreme Court judge, because he happens to be in the woods, is willing to violate the statutes, what, pray, is he to expect of humbler folks who have no ermine to keep clean?

THE UBIQUITOUS SPARROW.—A colony of English sparrows have their abode in the music stand at Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, where their discordant clatter jars on the nerves of Gilmore's audience at the afternoon concerts. In the midst of the gloom of the New York City Hall, with its funeral draping for the Grant funeral, last Monday a nestful of young sparrows in the plaster ornament about the central chandelier in the vestibule were chirping loudly for food. The parent birds apparently feared to enter the place, though a space in the drapings had been left for them. Elsewhere we publish the English sparrow report of the American Ornithological Union. The committee's verdict is against the bird, and it is advised that measures be taken for ridding the land of the pest.

FROM THE RICHELIEU TO THE TIBER.—Mr. W. L. Alden, the newly appointed Consul General to Rome, will sail from this city in the Servia next Saturday. Mr. Alden's appointment, besides giving general satisfaction, is of special interest to canoeists, who have reason to feel grateful to that gentleman for his part in introducing and making popular the sport of canoeing in this country. Mr. Alden is the originator of a practical device for long distance cruisers, and the author of several books on canoeing. His canoe has long carried the colors of sunny Italy, and now that his paddle will be dipped into the tawny flood of Father Tiber, the good wishes of canoeists will go with him.

AN ADIRONDACK HOTEL KEEPER is reported to have said that he could with $40 buy off the game protector of his district, so that his guests could club hounded deer. This is a pretty cheap price for a game protector, and the landlord may possibly have a larger contract than he anticipated. But it shows what a law-abiding landlord he is.

THE PERILS OF ANGLING.—New angling perils are constantly developing. A Buffalo bank book-keeper was recently reported to be a fugitive defaulter, who had fled to Canada, when the fact was that he was up in Canada fishing, and as the fish were biting well had ventured to overstay his time.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FROM TOLUCA SOUTH.

(Concluded.)

AT last I parted sadly from my gentle friends of the Calvario hacienda. My way lay through the barranca of of Malianaltenango. The gulch is about five hundred feet deep and shows for that distance a fine geologic section. The name, which means "surrounded by water," is applied to a village on a point of land which juts out from the east bank, and round which flows the Salado. The great cut gouges through the plain far to the south, opening at times to show the houses and fields hidden away in the flat below, and again closing to a width of perhaps not more than three or four hundred yards on top.

Tonatico, where we stopped at night, offered nothing remarkable except a church font made out of the carved sacrificial stone of the early Indians. This was locked up and I will not answer for it.

I was told that former races lived in an old town in ruins near by, but that, disgusted by the Spanish conquest, they had buried themselves alive. As a proof of this, skeletons and coarse dishes are said to have been dug up by ploughmen. The proof may not seem cogent and the alleged antiquity of the ruins was a bubble I could prick myself, for I rode over eager to see some strange thing. Certain laborers were at work near by, and, like most of us moderns, searching always for jewels of silver and jewels of gold in these remnants of the past, they asked me with great interest, when they saw me looking over the ruins, whether I had not some skill in the discovery of treasure. I fear I dealt a cruel blow in telling them that the old walls had not been built by early natives of fabled wealth, but were of Spanish times. Very beautiful was the dismantled church and the two or three towered and buttressed fragments of masonry near by. "Amata" trees had grown over the tottering walls, spreading wide their clinging trunks like molten metal "stiffened in coils and runnels" as it flowed, but the treasure house of the races before the conquest is not here.

Further down, as we journeyed along the next day, we passed the old trenches raised by Alvarez, one of the family of hereditary governors of Guerrero (of which at least three generations have held power), when he drove back Santa Ana. The Alvarez with their "pinto" troops, have indeed, until very lately, held themselves to be independent sovereigns and permitted no meddling. Before the revolution of Mexico the State of Guerrero formed the southern part of the State of Mexico, and, after the division was made, the men of Guerrero for long kept the name of the "pintos del sur."

Every one here knows what "pintos" are, either by sight or repute, but definitions are conflicting. Some hold that certain Indian tribes are parti-colored by nature, but educated opinion inclines to the belief that "pinta" is a skin disease. Pintes, though found in other places, live mostly on the west coast, from Sinaloa to Oajaca. They are thickest in Guerrero, where the majority of the people, from the governor down, are spotted.

The discolorations appear first on the ankles, then the waist, the wrists and afterward on the face.

The blotches of varying size are sometimes violet, yellowish, or of a dark blue like a powder burn. The borders are indistinct, and though the flesh swells slightly, there are no pustules or eruption. The skin scales off after a time, in some cases to such a degree as to be a plague in itself.

The disease is inherited and somewhat contagious, and develops, at times, comparatively late. It is supposed to be caused by drinking bad water.

In Huitzuco, in Guerrero, where the scanty water is quite brackish, "pinta" is virulent. Mosquito bites are said sometimes to carry the contagion, and any bite that shows poisonous swelling should be burned with carbolic acid.

Pinta has no effect on the general health except to make the patient more susceptible to cold. It is curable at first. If left it runs a certain course. The whole body gets spotted. Then the spots turn rosy. In both these conditions the disease is communicable. After this the spots become of a milky color and so stay. The borders of these white blotches are distinct. This stage has no remedy. Few of the cases that I saw were striking. Many seemed to be only disagreeably sunburned or to be dirty. Here either the trouble was but beginning or the phase of the moon, which, curiously enough, is said to influence the malady, was not favorable. The well marked instances seemed, as the name implies, really "painted." Passing the trenches of Alvarez, I saw on an isolated hill a brown pyramidal mound which my guide told me was but natural stone. My suspicions of the guide's ignorance were confirmed on riding nearer and asking an intelligent native about the matter.

Here at last was genuine antiquity. This mound, which was called Cuautlambiejo was a "momostli" or sacred structure of the Indians. It was, as nearly as I could guess, some forty feet high and about one hundred and twenty feet across at the base. Near the top a hole made recently in search of treasure could be seen. Nothing was found except rough, solid masonry. Around were old stone foundations, buried skeletons, the coarse dishes called "apastli," the usual companions of these remains.

My informant told me that his father once in a similar mound discovered two vases full of a certain powder. Supposing the powder to be a poison or an evil charm he scattered it, but a Spaniard afterward told him it was gold dust, that it was the custom of the ancients to preserve their treasures thus, and that the finder, "like the base Indian, threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe."

Nothing else interrupted this day's travel except a moment's stoppage to look at one of the "coal" mines of obsidian that are not uncommon in ill-explored districts. Before noon we had passed an extensive limestone "pedregal" or stone heap, and were bearing down to the little village of Cacahuamilpa.

Near here is the great cave. As we approached I noticed on the hillside opposite and southwest of the town two large sinks, marking spots where the surface had fallen into the hollow mountain. A great limestone ridge here bars the egress of two rivers that flow from the north, and have burrowed tunnels through the opposing mass. Probably the cave is the ancient bed of one or both of these streams which have now cut for themselves different channels.

On the east of the ravine you go down to get to the cave, strata of schist alternate with the lime, but the pitch of these bodies shows that they have been worn away from the hill where the cave is. The ravine is cumbered with masses of dirt and trunks of dead trees swept down five years ago by a stream of water which burst out from a land-slide and then subsided. At the same time a flood near Tenango, coming after a similar land-slide, and stopping as suddenly, cost many lives. The scar of still another extensive slide, occurring at the same moment, is seen opposite Mogote, and shows that the earth action was widespread.

Getting at last to the bottom you find yourself in the gorge of a brawling river. "Zopates," a kind of rattan, grow thickly. Mingled with the limestone lie a few porphyritic boulders, whose source I could not see, and at the right, not two hundred yards away, rises a sheer wall from the caverns at whose foot dash the rivers of Cuautepec Harinas and Tenancingo.

These streams enter the other side of the mountain by different mouths quite distant from each other. They come out not more than fifty yards apart, but that they have never mingled is shown by the fact that the Tenancingo keeps its distinguishing reddish color at the mouth as well as at the entrance of its tunnel.

The cliff toward the west is some seventy feet high, rising to twice that height as it bends to the north. The top of the arched mouth of the Cuautepec is thirty-five feet or so from the water, while the arch of the Tenancingo is still higher.

It is extremely impressive to stand, with the roar of the water in your ears, looking down these great caverns, partly coated with seeping lime and rough stylactites. The jutting rocks grow dimmer in the gathering shadows of the mountain's heart, and out of the blackness, foaming among the fallen boulders, rush the headlong streams.

It is a long climb to get back from the river to the mouth of the present cave, which, by the way, has no water in it at all except one dripping pool, called "agua bendita." Outside, on the high places, are more Indian "momostlis." Within, on going down the great heap of *débris* time has piled at the entrance, skeletons were found, and with them the usual coarse dishes which perhaps had once held the food prepared for the journey to another land.

The Empress Carlota visited this cave in her short reign. Later President Lerdo, in order that republican simplicity might not be outdone by the decaying royalty of an effete world, gathered together all that was distinguished among his adherents in civil and military life, summoned several regiments of soldiers and a number of bands of music wholly disproportionate to the force, and camped in the very entrance to the cavern.

The soldiers were perhaps necessary, for the pronunciados were still rife and, if they could but have caught the entire government at once in the mountain, they needed only to get the range of the opening and bag them all; but the bands of music I fear must be admitted to have swelled the national debt for the mere purpose of personal delight.

Lerdo is also guilty, among the other vulgar, of writing his name on a conspicuous ornament, the only palliating feature being that he wrote it small. Poor Carlota is almost blameless in this matter, as her name was set down by another hand.

I have never been to the mammoth cave of Kentucky, but from the accounts I have read of it, it is clear that Cacahuamilpa is far inferior in size. Still the latter is extensive. We went in about half past five o'clock and walked slowly but steadily for nearly three hours. Probably we penetrated the mountain about two miles, and there was said to be a good distance more (perhaps a mile) that could be visited with little profit before the ground became impracticable. The roof is lofty throughout, say twenty or thirty feet, and in one place the small rockets we carried were unable to reach the top. From the time they took in their ascent, I fancy the roof there must be seventy feet or more high.

The guide divided the cave into ten "salones," for each of which he had a name. We visited eight. The stalactite formations were not very numerous, but some were beautiful. One I remember looked like a jelly fish floating in the water with all his tentacles hanging tangled down. One was a white curtain rippling and waving like an aurora borealis, and one, called the Panteon (a name corrupted to mean cemetery and then as here sepulchre) was like a great shattered column.

Near Cacahuamilpa is a village called San Gaspar. It holds about two hundred men besides women and children. It is noticeable for the fact that here the people speak the native language entirely, and hardly, if at all, understand Spanish. Nor has the ancient blood lost its old hardihood. The many crosses that testify to murderous robbery along the road, have, in great part, been raised to the memory of victims of this determined band. Last month even there was a dispute about the ownership of some land near by. So hot the matter grew that two prefects, one from Tasco and one from Tenancingo, came to interpose their authority. The bold San Gasparenians were not to be bluffed by empty titles. They held their ground until finally the difference was healed by profitable compromise. Surely we have here high qualities, both warlike and diplomatic. Signs of no mean augury for the survival of the conquered race.

Our next stop was at Ixtápan. Ixtatl, in Mexican (*i. e.* in Indian) means salt. From this comes the modern name Ixtápan de la sal. There are several towns thus called. In my Ixtápan there are many acres of salt works. Three principal springs have from 96° (36° centigrade) down to about 70° of heat.

At all these springs tanks of masonry have been built, and the water boiling up from the bottom piles itself over the surface in bubbling mounds. The working is primitive. First the water which besides 1½ per cent. of salt contains iron, magnesium, lime, soda, etc., is run over the ground at intervals for seven or eight days. Then the salty dirt is shoveled into cylinders of masonry with a little well below and water is soaked through the mass. From this strong brine a coarse salt is got by evaporating over the fire or in the sun, and brings an average price of $6 per carga (about $40 a ton).

The salt works are of great age. The little canals for flooding have been raised by constant deposits from the flowing water much above the surrounding level. Here Aztecs worked and perhaps bathed. Here their descendants follow their consecrated methods, talk the monotonous falsetto of the native tongue, and also at times bathe, undisturbed by variety of sex and unshamed by the common lack of fig leaves.

On the way to Tenancingo it began to rain. This gave me a chance to see a classic garment in use. You remember seeing pictures of Indian warriors clad in mantles of split palm leaves that look like a shredded mat? Well, these cloaks, though no longer used for continuous wear, are put on to shed the rain. I saw a good many of them, and was told that the present, at all events the local, name for them is "pachones."

Beyond here you again begin to find many magueys. There are three principal kinds: the "mano larga" (long hand), the ceniza ("ash," probably meaning ash colored) and the "tlacamelo." The first two have bluish leaves, and are used for making the inferior kind of pulque called "tlachique." The "tlacamelo" produces, either alone or mixed with the sap of the others, the "pulque fino" of Mexico.

Three broken down horses and two men sufficiently disorganized to command respect at last reached Tenancingo.

Gumecindo soon came to me with the news that two robbers, who had attacked a pack train on the road immediately after we had passed in the morning, had just been brought in by the "rurales" (the federal volunteer cavalry). Either "a martial and a swashing outside" or the evident leanness of our treasure chest had guarded us from assault.

Justice here, when it is anything but the shadow of a name, takes the form of government lynch law. The people have not the energy to right themselves. The courts are so much of a farce that, on the occasion of a recent ignoble murder, the friends of the victim were compelled to get letters from influential men to the judge in order that the assassin should be tried at all. But when crime is so common as to need strong repression, the government strikes with a heavy hand. There are three ways of going to work. Either a colonel is sent down with a detachment of soldiers, or men called "agentes de seguridad" (a committee of safety) are intrusted with power, or a single man worthy of confidence receives a more permanent appointment under the name of a "comisionado." In the hands of these officers is placed complete control. The misdoer is condemned beforehand, caught and shot and sometimes hung afterward as a terror to his fellows.

Here my trip ends. My stud is sold. We have taken places in the coach and roll bravely over the sunlit plain, while on the horizon gather rain clouds, and behind darkly looms the great volcano wrapped in his robe of storm.

My tattered but still magnificent servant leaves me, seemingly not ill-content to be rid of the imperious rule of the restless Saxon.

I part with him without regret. Others I grieve to lose.

Ah! Don Ramon! Don Cypriano! Men moulded of earth's choicest clay and tempered by heaven's directest fire, if you ever wander may you meet your likes. I can wish you no better fortune.

Everywhere I found friends. Everywhere I left friends. No one except the traveler seemed to weary of his company, and if he, as the tombstone says of the drunkard, was his own worst enemy, the kindly souls who cheered his journey and lightened his rest are not the cause of that.

God bless their hospitable hearts. H. G. Dulog.

A DAY ABOARD THE "SNEAK."

THERE were three of us, Seven-up, Sneak and the Skipper. Seven-up was a dog, alleged a setter, but certainly a dog; Sneak was a 14x4 sneakbox provided with a lug sail, a dagger board and oars; the Skipper—as Joe Emmet says—"dot vos me." The skipper had gambled for the dog and won him at a game of seven-up, hence his name. The Sneak had been cruised in, fished from and hunted out of, knocked about in lumber wagons and bumped about in freight cars for four seasons. The skipper owned his first canoe in '72, had owned half a dozen others since, and had just made the important discovery that there were better craft than canoes for single-hand cruising in open waters.

We hadn't intended that Seven-up should be a passenger, and the skipper had driven him home from the boat-house and reasoned with him about the matter with a trunk strap, but the Sneak hadn't gone a mile on her course along shore before the dog was seen loping across the fields to head off the boat at the point. Arriving there first he jumped into the water and swam for the Sneak. Such heroism and fidelity could not go unrewarded, and the skipper slipped the boat-hook in his collar, used an oar for a skid, and yanked Seven-up in out of the wet.

The breeze was light and a catboat containing a party of happy girls and boys walked past us easily. The merry crowd laughed derisively at the clumsy, plodding boat as they swept by, and as a little Skye terrier on board sent back a shrill yelp of triumph, Seven-up arose in all his majesty and hurled forth from his dripping form such a hoarse roar that the Skye sank back in affright and the skipper was forced to subdue the irate setter's wrath with the bight of the sheet. As we reached the lighthouse and rounded what a certain lady cruiser calls "the corner of the land," the breeze sensibly increased, and we made good time for ten miles, when the sun's height and the skipper's stomach both declared that dinner-time had arrived.

Now all well-regulated sneakboxes have a large-sized cuddy in the stern for carrying half a hundred decoy ducks. When you are cruising instead of ducking, that is just the place to have your alcohol or kerosene galley stove, with all cooking appurtenances, and this is the very spot where the Sneak's galley outfit was; but the skipper prefers to cook ashore when he isn't in a hurry—and he can't recollect that he has ever been in a hurry yet on a cruise—so the tiller was shifted just a half inch, the sheet was paid out, and we squared away for a shelving beach. Now the tide was strong ebb, half out. The Sneak is a heavy boat and the skipper a light man, who has had one foot in the grave for nearly thirty years (and only kept the rest of his body out by poking around in a boat at every available chance), therefore it is certain that if the receding tide leaves the Sneak high and dry while dinner is receiving attention, she will stay high and dry till the returning tide floats her off again. The skipper has been caught in this trap once, and while he was sitting on the sand for half the night among the doodlebugs and mosquitoes, waiting for high water, he invented a shore-anchoring device that has accompanied him on every tide water cruise since. As the Sneak approaches shore he prepares this device for use. The sail comes down first and then the anchor is hove from the stern in a fathom or more of water. The anchor rope runs through a galvanized block attached to the anchor and has one end permanently fastened to the stern. As the anchor falls the skipper pays out the slack rapidly, the boat has way enough to draw the line through the block till her nose is ashore, the skipper lands, passes the slack of the rope around a rock and ties the end to the boat's bow. As soon as dinner outfit is ashore the Sneak is pushed off and the skipper on shore hauls her out to her moorings, stern foremost, by pulling the rope through the anchor block, and there she rides in water enough to float her at the lowest tide, while the skipper makes fast the double line ashore. A pull on the portion of the line attached to the bow will bring the Sneak ashore, and a pull on the portion rove through the anchor block and attached to the stern will send her back again to her moorings.

Driftwood makes a poor cooking fire, as it burns quickly

to ashes instead of coals; but there is no better wood handy, so while Seven-up displays his defective early education by chasing tip ups along the shore, the skipper rolls a dampish log close to a big stone, builds a driftwood fire between them, sets the coffee-pot over where the blaze has subsided, fries some bacon, and in the boiling fat that is left crisps some slices of raw potato, cut thin as wafers. There is nothing very appetizing about this dinner, but the coffee is good, and hunger makes the diner wish he'd cut up one more potato and fried one more slice of bacon.

"Seven-up, you low-bred rascal, for decency's sake don't count every mouthful that I eat and watch my every sip of coffee as if I were some wonderful automatic sausage-machine. It's embarrassing, hang it all, to keep your eyes on a fellow when he's dining. Oh, yes, I dare say you're hungry, but if I'd owned you a week you wouldn't be sitting there staring and licking your chops. Here, there's a slice of bacon that I want myself, and there's some good brown bred cut up with it. What! won't eat it? Well perhaps I can cure you of over-daintiness by the time the cruise is over. At any rate we'll put away that bread and bacon for a future trial. You shall have some fresh water when we're aboard again."

While the skipper washed up the dishes the sun was obscured by a dark cloud, and stray puffs of wind scattered the ashes and sand in every direction. Evidently a storm was brewing, so the Sneak was hauled ashore, the traps were got aboard, we pushed off and hauled out to our moorings. After swinging the boat's bow into the wind, the centerboard was lowered, the sail hoisted, the anchor raised and the Sneak crawled away from shore on the starboard tack. When a sufficient offing was secured, we bore away with the wind on the quarter and flew up the Sound against the tide. The blow was kicking up quite a swell by this time, so the apron was set up on its stick on the forward deck, and the cockpit apron was unfolded in anticipation of a rain storm. The sky was black above, the water beneath looked like ink; even the dead-grass color of the Sneak seemed of a darker tint than usual, and only the white sail relieved the gloomy aspect. But still the rain didn't come. Past the fort we shot, then across the bay, and by the little shipyard where they make oyster sloops, faster than the brave little "box" had ever traveled before. Then a good-sized village was sighted, overtaken and passed, and as the course was laid across a bay wider and deeper than usual, where the wind got a broader sweep, the Sneak seemed almost lifted out of the water. In a canoe of her length in such a blow, even double-reefed, it would have required all the physical and mental effort of the skipper to keep her from capsizing, and the happy sailor could not help contrasting his easy posture and knowledge of perfect safety aboard his present craft with the gymnastics he had performed in a canoe under similar circumstances, when compelled to make hasty leaps to windward to keep his double-ender right side up, and dodging back and forth between deck and cockpit in response to sudden gusts and unexpected lulls.

Just here something happened.

Seven up had been uneasy for some time. He had evinced an obstinate disposition to stand up and the skipper had repeatedly ordered him to "charge," but after a moment in the reclining position he would be up on his feet again, leering at the skipper with the dull, vacant look in his grizzled eyes peculiar to the last stages of inebriation. Deeming this act on the dog's part an evidence of mutiny aboard ship, the skipper determined to make an example of him, and was reaching for a convenient rope's end when the animal suddenly assumed an extraordinary, weird and uncanine attitude. His nose was pressed to the floor boards, his tail was caressed between his legs, and his body arched up like an enraged cat's. As the skipper gazed in mute surprise, the center of the arch seemed to rise higher and higher, the nose and tail gradually came nearer together, and just as the skipper had made up his mind that the brute was going to stand on his head or execute some other gymnastic feat, there came a gurgle, a cough, a gasp—a noise as though his whole interior had broken asunder—and Seven-up was seasick! The skipper's first thought was to hurl the invalid overboard, his second was to let him alone in his misery; and the second thought prevailed. Big drops of rain were by this time falling, so the skipper drew the apron over the cockpit and a veil over the indisposed dog at the same time, donned his rubber coat and lit his pipe, and proceeded to make the best of a bad job as philosophically as possible.

The Sneak had overhauled a craft of nearly twice its size at this juncture, and the latter was made out to be the cat boat containing the merry young folks who had laughed so derisively at the plodding Barnegat ducking boat in the morning. But they were not so merry now. With two reefs tied in her sail their open boat was heeled nearly on her beam, and the boys and girls, with white faces, were clinging to the windward rail with the rain beating mercilessly down upon them. It was a puerile but perhaps a natural satisfaction to the skipper that he could glide close up and allow them to see how comfortably his derided little ship could weather the storm both of wind and rain; and when, as the Sneak left the fair weather boat behind, and the drenched Skye terrier uttered a plaintive whine, the convalescing Seven-up thrust his nose from beneath the apron and opened his huge jaws in what seemed a sarcastic grin of mammoth proportions, the revenge for the morning's insult was complete. Some time after the little craft had passed a famous summer resort on the lee shore, the skipper saw the catboat's passengers and crew land at its pier and drag their soaked coverings up to the big hotel on the bluff.

All the rest of the afternoon it rained, and it blew, and Seven-up whined, but the skipper cared not. The rubber coat felt cold on his shoulders, as though the persistent drubbing of the drops had beaten through, and the oiled-muslin apron conveyed a somewhat similar sensation to his knees. But the tobacco kept dry and the old pipe burned bravely. The skipper knew that he could trust to his fittings to keep the rain and sea out of his cockpit, but the mischief done to the interior by the seasick dog could as yet only be surmised. However, there was no use worrying about it now, for it was done, so the skipper turned his attention to picking out a suitable anchorage for the night. He wished to halt early, as there was much to do before bedtime, but no haven appeared that met all the requirements until nearly sundown, when the Sneak was run into a nook cut off from the storm by a high point, where the beach was fine gravel and sand instead of mud, where it was wild and lonely enough to guarantee a freedom from inquisitive visitors, and where there was a large cornfield close to the shore. After anchoring out the boat's tent was fished out of the locker, and much care was spent in the endeavor to get it up without giving the rain a chance to penetrate the interior, an endeavor which was only partially successful, however. Then the few remaining minutes of daylight were expended in "renovating" the scene of Seven-up's indisposition, and when all was clean and ship-shape again, the boat was pushed ashore and we climbed in the darkness and the rain up to the cornfield. It proved to be field corn but still green, and the skipper gathered a few tender ears for the evening meal, after which the shore line was secured, the Sneak pushed back to her moorings, the galley (three flamme forcé alcohol stoves) was produced, and the water put over to boil. It here occurred to the skipper that Seven-up, from the late thorough evacuation of his stomach, might be in a fit condition to receive nourishment, so the tin basin containing the bacon and brown bread before-mentioned was hauled out of the locker and offered. The dog gave one sniff at the dish and seemed to be taken with a sudden convulsive spasm. The back again arched up, the head and tail were again lowered; but as the first warning gurgle was heard, the skipper gave vent to a wild and startling yell that would have done credit to a Comanche. The gurgle never reached the gasping point, and Seven-up, frightened out of his threatened relapse, sank on the floor in a heap, panting.

The meal the skipper prepared would have sufficed for four men of his kind in the city, but the solitary voyager found it none too much to satisfy his cruising appetite, though he marvelled much that his hunger should be so intense the first day afloat. There was Julienne soup (canned, of course), green corn, boiled potatoes, brown bread, ginger snaps and hot coffee. Poor Seven-up manifested not the least interest in the dispatch of this meal, but hanging his chin (or at least what answers for a chin among dogs) on the bow deck, he sat with his head out of the tent-flap in silent meditation.

When the dishes were washed up and put away it was bedtime aboard the Sneak, but for an hour the skipper and the dog sat by the tent opening and listened to the rain and watched the lights on the vessels that occasionally passed out on the open water. As he rubbed on his hands and face a plentiful allowance of "mosquito dope," the skipper, considering the events of the day, acknowledged that it might have been a pleasanter one if the seasick dog and the continuous rain could have been eliminated; but even allowing that the scrubbing on account of the former had dampened the cabin floor pretty thoroughly, and that the latter kept the crew confined to quarters, there were redeeming circumstances in plenty. A dry rubber blanket could be spread over the floor as a foundation for the bed, and dry mattress and blankets over this; the quarters to which the crew was confined were not cramped as in a canoe, but gave room enough to move about, sit or lounge in any position; there was a sense of victory over the elements that was hugely satisfactory in this, that, let it blow as it would or rain as it may, the staunch little sneakbox with her appurtenances would be as dry and comfortable as an ocean steamer; and above and greater than all was the joy of an open-air existence, the feeling of liberty and freedom, the happy-go-lucky power to go when and where he listed and do as he pleased, that made the skipper hug himself with delight, and feel glad that he was there. And this gladness and enjoyment were present throughout the remainder of that fortnight's cruise, notwithstanding the fact that nearly every one of the following days was almost a counterpart of the one here described, that it rained almost constantly, and that fogs, mosquitoes and contrary winds did the very worst tricks they were capable of. It may be added, in justice to Seven-up, that his seasickness did not return, that he enjoyed his cruise, and learned many valuable points of canine good breeding that he has never forgotten.

SENECA.

SPORT IN THE SIERRAS—III.

ON the following Monday afternoon the water had subsided to a proper fishing stage, and was quite warm, so that reasonable hopes of a great catch were entertained by all hands. I chose to go up stream about two miles and fish down. Not daring to wade the river, from reasons before stated, fishing was hard work, as the banks were very brushy, excepting in a few spots. The trout rose freely, and an enjoyable afternoon and a creel full of fish rewarded my labors. Evening arrived before I was half way toward home, and reeling up my line I left the stream and struck across country to the road. At that place the road formed the arc of a circle, the circumference of which was the river, and in consequence I had quite a distance to travel. The chapparal soon became terribly entangling to work through, and at length almost impassable. In the angle between the river and the road rose a steep and bare granite dome, about 500 feet in height, down which had slipped many a slice of rock, loosened by the agency of frosts and storms. This loose and broken material had formed a wide talus at the base of the dome, around which I was trying to work my way. Rocks, soil, caves and pitfalls were all covered from view by the dense coat of chapparal, which was nowhere more than four feet high. If the reader has ever attempted to force his way up a mountain side through a similar growth, he will realize what a very large-sized contract I had on hand. The brush all pointed down hill, owing to winter snows weighing it down and sliding over it, and to force one's way upward is like pushing against a *chevaux-de-frise*.

Darkness was setting in and I struggled on, knowing that it could be but a few hundred yards to the road. The rough and sharp-edged rocks gave an uncertain foothold at the best, and weighed down with the creel full of trout, and handicapped with the rod, which had to be saved from injury at all hazards, I received a number of very severe falls by being tripped in springing from rock to rock. Not being very strong yet, I was fast getting wearied out when, to make matters more interesting, just as I had taken another tumble and lay staring rather dazedly at the darkening sky, *skir-r-r-r-r-r!* went a rattlesnake at my very elbow. To my frightened ear the rattle rose to a perfect whirlwind of sound, which was under, over and all around me. I lay without motion, as though already paralyzed with the poisonous fangs, and the infernal din gradually ceased. A branch settled and cracked under my weight, and the noise again aroused his ire. By this time I could no more have remained quiet than if a red hot poker had been applied to my spinal column, and making a desperate effort, fairly rolled and tumbled away from the danger. After gaining a safe distance I could still hear him singing away, but as I had never lost a rattlesnake in all my life I had no desire to find any, and left him to sing himself to sleep if he so desired. I shall never know why he did not strike me, because I am certain that he was lying directly beneath me. I have always thought that the mat of bushes upon which I fell prevented him from striking, and thus saved me from a dangerously painful, if not fatal experience. Either the chapparal was not so thick after that, or there was more mettle in my heels, for I was not long in gaining the road and the house.

On the ensuing morning, Will, the Terror, and myself planned a visit to the little lake forming a source of the river, and distant about nine miles. So Will harnessed his horses to the buckboard and we started. We had to ascend nearly 3,000 feet, the heaviest grade lying in the first five miles. When nearly at the summit, and within a mile of the lake, we left the road and drove over fallen timber, through underbrush, large trees and deep mud holes, down into a beautiful little meadow, at the head of which we stopped. The horses were unharnessed and one was turned loose to graze, while the other was tied to a tree in the shade, the supposition being that the free one would not leave his companion. How this resulted the sequel will show. A tramp of another half mile brought us to the lake, a small body of water—nothing more than a respectably sized pond, in fact—surrounded by a fringe of timber, backed by the eternal peaks. We found the only boat in possession of a professional fisherman, who made his home on a larger lake, some three or four miles distant, and who had come here a few days previously for the purpose of skinning this one. He proved a good fellow in his way, however, and readily came ashore when hailed, and gave the Terror and myself seats in the boat. Will skirmished around and found an old raft on which he trusted himself on the "wild rolling tide." The professional, whose name was L., would not fish anywhere only in the deepest water, and with an anchored boat. Of course, under those circumstances, my flies were of no use, and I sat and bobbed with bait in some fifteen feet of water, a very disgusted individual. However, after 3 o'clock P. M., we did better, as L. left to carry his trout over to meet the stage in order to forward them to market. After getting control of the boat we took Will in and had some excellent sport, getting sixteen trout that averaged almost a pound each.

At 5 P. M. it was time to leave, so packing up our rods, etc., we started. A few moments' walk brought us to the place where our horses had been. A broken halter, still attached to the tree, told us all too well the disgusting tale, that a nine-mile tramp separated us from home and supper. I proposed that we skirmish around and try to find the horses, but Will assured us it was of no use, as he knew that on getting free they would surely strike out for home at once, and that they were probably there at that very moment. Supposing that he ought to know best I acquiesced, and then we held a council of war as to the next best thing to be done. Will proposed that we place the harnesses and our own duffle upon the buckboard, secure it from falling off, and then pull the vehicle by hand back to the road. "Then," said he, "we can go home down the grade as easily with the buckboard as without it, and as soon as the horses get home Henry will start up the road with them and meet us." This sounded well, so to it we buckled. Will took the pole, the "Terror" and I each caught a whiffletree, and away we went. We accomplished the first hundreds yards very well, after which came some soft ground, and then a steep ascent through brush and timber to the road. My profession as a medical man renders it necessary to spend a goodly portion of my time behind a horse, but in all my life up to that hour I had never before experienced so lively a feeling of commiseration for that noble and much abused animal. Reader, there is no doubt about it, you have got to have the toothache yourself before you know how it hurts. We spit on our hands, tugged, grunted and sweated until at last, three weary mortals, we had the infernal vehicle upon the road. Then it was that the labor of holding back came in, and which was the worst upon our tired muscles was hard to decide. At last, after descending a bit of very steep grade, I "bucked" on the proposition of any longer making a horse of myself, so shouldering our rods and fish we left everything else by the side of the road and struck out for home, which we reached at 9:30 P. M., tired and hungry. There we found some new guests, among whom was Will's brother. The whole household was in a state of anxiety about us, as the horses had not returned home. They were no doubt quietly grazing in our immediate vicinity at the very moment we were discussing their probable course. And, in fact, they did not arrive until after daylight the next morning. This little adventure has taught me not to be too ready to accept another's opinion where the chances are that he may be mistaken.

On the following day the different guests went off their separate ways in quest of sport, and I was left to go down the river alone. The trout rose very freely to the fly, and had I been able to wade the stream would have soon loaded myself down with more than I could carry. As it was, I filled my creel in about two hours' fishing, besides stringing a few larger trout on a willow fork. In fact the temptation to make a "trout hog" of myself was very great. It required a deal more effort to stop, with the trout rising at every cast, than any one never subjected to the trial can easily realize. I did it, however, and can now look back with pride to the fact.

Hitherto I had no companion in my sport upon the stream, as the Terror proved to have little of the angler in him, and preferred dancing attendance upon the pretty O. to any sport requiring much effort. But to-morrow B. will arrive, with his wife and little daughter, and then I will have congenial companionship. B. is not a skilled angler, but dearly loves the sport, and is a king of good fellows.

The next day is given to deer hunting by Will, his brother and myself, but without result. B. arrived late that night, and on the following morning was too tired to leave the house, so Will and I start out for the lake again to have a combined hunt and fish. Taking my own team this time, on our arrival I secure the horse so that no funny business shall occur, and shouldering our rifles we start out for a hunt. Taking the dog, Will follows around the base of a large mountain to the right, my course being straight up. After half an hour's climbing I came out upon a spot where the mountain side is hollowed away into a huge basin, the bottom of which lies 1,000 feet below. Here, where I can have such an extended view, I take my stand. What a glorious sight! With my back toward the Sierras' crest, I look out over the central valleys of the State. On this spot the air is as pure and clear as ether, but down there all things are covered with a quivering yellow haze, that tells of the intense heat which is scorching the poor harvesters in the broad wheat fields below. At my feet lies this great basin, filled with a gigantic forest growth, hemmed in on three sides by granite walls, with immense banks of glittering snow lying in their angles.

But hark! far below sounds the voice of Turk, mellowed by the distance into sweetest strains. In a few moments it swells out louder and clearer, and my pulse quickens for the deer must be coming this way. Yes, there he comes!

fully half a mile away, bounding up the mountain straight as an arrow for the very spot I stand on. A noble fellow; on he comes until within range, when he disappears behind a patch of mountain birch and fails to emerge. He must have caught a glimpse of me, I fear. Gazing intently, after a time, I discern his head through a screen of leaves. It is turned back over his shoulders, with ears set to catch the voice of the hound. I quietly wait for him to jump out into the open ground, which he soon does and a bullet rolls him over. The thrill of delight which follows a successful shot was mine at last, and I advance to cut his throat. I have to force my way through a patch of brush, and on emerging imagine my chagrin when there is no deer in sight. A hasty glance reveals him making good time up the mountain side, 200 yards away. Another shot fails to stop him, and he disappears among the timber. Of course I load him with abuse for being so infernal mean as to try and preserve his own life and deprive me of venison. He fell like a log and lay without motion until I entered the bushes. How did he get away? There is considerable blood upon the ground, showing that he was badly wounded as well as stunned. I must have creased him across the neck, for as all hunters of any experience know, a creased buck will fall as one dead, but after a few seconds they will get up and bound away as if untouched. Turk soon followed along, and on getting scent of the blood uttered howls of delight and disappeared on the track. I follow on until all traces of blood cease, and the hoof prints can no longer be discerned on the bare granite, and have to desist. The dog also goes out of hearing, and I have to abandon all hopes of my game. After a time the dog comes back dripping wet, showing that he has lost the track in some of the numerous little glacier lakes which stud these summits. I return disappointed to the carriage, where Will soon joins me. Partaking of luncheon, we repair to the lake. A thunderstorm is coming, and its mutterings fill the air. It is turning chilly now that the sun is obscured, and chances of sport are doubtful. There are no fish to be had, and after getting thoroughly wetted and then chilled with a pelting hailstorm, we give it up with just one half-pound trout, which Will succeeded in catching. On getting back to the team the sun had come out again bright and warm, and noticing some caddis worms in the stream issuing from the lake, we roll up our sleeves and gather a supply for future use. Having filled our bait cans with fine fat fellows we return home. AREFAR.

California.

KUDJEE-ME-KUDJEE.

At Caledonia, Queens county, Nova Scotia, I heard of some great catches of trout at the "Eel Wier," and a party of four—Mr. P., Dr. C., Mr. B. and the writer—decided to try their luck, and test the truth of the various fish stories in circulation. Starting one beautiful morning from Caledonia we drove to Kempt, six miles, and there secured the services of David Truman, the celebrated guide. After a short drive we arrived at Grafton Lake, and having loaded up the boat, partook of our noonday meal, with spruce logs for table, the bark for table-cloth and black flies for sauce. Many and lusty were the calls for "the tar," but having once thoroughly painted up, we could laugh at the insinuations of the vicious little brutes. A row of a mile and a half across Lake Grafton brought us to "The Run," where for a mile the waters rush with great rapidity and ever increasing hubbub and roar to Lake Kudjee-Me-Kudjee. Pausing a few moments to thoroughly stow cargo, Dave takes the bow and Doc, who is also a thorough woodsman and perfectly at home at this kind of work, the stern, while the rest of us squat in the bottom of the boat and prepare to enjoy the scenery.

"All right," sung out by Dave and answered in the affirmative by Doc, we shove out from shore and enter the rapids. To one unaccustomed to this sort of work it would seem sheer madness to enter such a place, but with Dave it is mere child's play. Taking the wildest waters always, with now a shove on this side to clear a huge boulder, and now one on that to escape a half-submerged log, down we rush. Past huge rocks and under overhanging trees, we round a turn in the stream and float out into a beautiful pool. Dave gives his hat a shove further on to the back of his head, wipes the perspiration from his face, and, having received a "Well done, Dave," from Mr. P., and "All right" from Doc, shoves the boat to the outlet of the pool and we again enter the boiling, rushing torrent. On, on, we go. Missing rocks that would be our destruction should we strike them by barely an inch, but guided ever by the strong arms and practiced eyes of our guide and the Doctor, we at last glide out on the broad bosom of beautiful Lake Kudjee-Me-Kudjee, a lake seven miles long by two broad, and dotted with over three hundred islands.

Now comes the serious part of the trip, as we have before us a six-mile pull down the lake, and the wind is dead ahead. As all things have an end, however, so did this hard pull, and at last we arrive at the outlet of the lake, called by the Indians the Eel Wier, our objective point.

The sun is but half an hour high, and Dave insists we have no time to fish, as camp must be made before dark; but who cares about camp with trout jumping by dozens on all sides of us? so we out rods and at them, while Dave gives us to understand we have but an hour at the most to fish, as that camp must positively be made before dark. Mr. P. gets to work first, and at the first cast hooks a beauty, then comes Doc with a double, while the writer, neglecting the old adage "to make haste slowly," tangles up his casting line and gets in at the funeral five minutes late. For ten minutes there is lively work, Dave using the landing net as fast as he can ply it in a one, two, three manner, often all three of us having a trout on at the same time, and at the end of that ten minutes fully a dozen fine trout lay gasping in the bottom of the boat. Certainly one cannot be blamed for some little excitement on such an occasion, and Doc seeing three trout rise at once, one to each of his flies, strikes too hard, and although two of them are hooked, his rod is hopelessly smashed, the second joint going into three pieces. He winds up his line a sadder man, and as miserable a member of the profession as Nova Scotia can for the time being produce. We two fortunate ones keep at it, and at the end of Dave's hour go ashore and count up an even seventy-five trout, of an average of one pound each.

"Bustle around lively, boys, and get up the shelter tent, and bring in wood for the camp-fire" is the word, as it is nearly dark, while Dave, judging our appetites by his own, selects ten of the largest trout and proceeds to cook them as only Dave can.

Supper by camp-fire. How many of your readers know what solid enjoyment those four words convey, and what a good-will feeling comes over one as, having swallowed the last of your second pound-and-a-half trout, and drained your second or third cup of coffee, you lie back on your blankets, light your pipe, stretch out your feet to the fire, and forgive your worst enemy *pro tem.* With stories from Dave of his many adventures in this very neighborhood with the moose and the bear, the evening is passed, broken once for a few moments, as if to verify Dave's stories, by a terrible crashing of the underbrush made by a moose, which, coming to the river to drink, sees the light from our fire, and starts off on a bee line for the next county. Gradually we drop off to sleep, all but poor Doc, who burns the midnight campfire in vain efforts to splice his rod. Vain, indeed, he finds his labor, and seeks his blankets in disgust.

Up again at five in the morning, in answer to our guide's call of "hot trout," we take a hasty dip in the clear, cold river, and swallow our breakfast as only impatient fishermen can, for the trout are jumping by hundreds before our very eyes, and we can hardly wait to refresh the inner man, so eager are we to be out and at them. Doc prefers to remain in camp, as his tackle cannot be made to work. So leaving him with the remains of the breakfast, we push out from shore, and in less time than it takes to write it we are both hooked to fine fish, Dave drops the anchor, grabs the net and prepares for business. The exact details of that morning's fishing are indeed foggy to my mind, and swallowed up in the general result, but enough I can remember to know that scarcely could a fly touch the water without raising a fish, and several times we were both rewarded with doubles. At last the long looked-for moment came to me. Three beautiful trout rise at the same time, one to each fly, and each one secures the object sought for and hooks himself hard and fast. Reader, have you ever hooked three large trout at the same time in water running like a mill race? You know the thrill which comes over you, the ecstasy with which you watch every leap and wild rush, mixed with many pangs of regret that you had not changed your well-worn casting line five minutes ago, as Dave suggested. This time, however, the line proves true to its owner, and after many wild plunges and two magnificent leaps by the largest trout, and probably ten minutes' careful but exciting work, they are reeled up to the boat, and fortunately having two nets, the two lower fish are carefully netted, and the third lifted over the side. The largest fish of the day is one of them, and the three together weigh 44 pounds. A wild hurrah from the bank greets our ears as the fish are safely landed, and turning in that direction we are just in time to see the Doctor, who has taken up his stand on a large boulder to watch operations, wildly clutching the air for something to hang on by, and not finding the aforesaid something, with a terrible splash go head over heels waist deep into the river.

Half an hour more of the sport, and Dave announces that it is 9 o'clock and time to make a start for home, so after catching our "one more trout" several times, we reluctantly reel up our lines and go ashore to pack up, as two of us must be back at Caledonia that same evening. Reluctantly indeed we reel up, for hundreds of trout are still there to be caught and could be caught before night could we stay, but we have enough at any rate, and Dave soon announces 136 trout as the morning's catch, and 211 counting those of the evening before. Selecting two and a half dozen of the finest fish to present to a friend, the remainder are carefully cleaned, the tent struck, hampers packed, and the homeward march begun. Although none of them were large, the average was considerably over a pound each, as counting out forty-five fish which were eaten in camp, and given away without being dressed, the remainder, which were dressed (and after being cleaned), tipped the scales at 153 pounds. Not bad fishing for five hours with two rods. Kudjee-Me-Kudjee, one of the finest of the Nova Scotia fishing resorts, should be made known to your American readers, for although in Nova Scotia, it is much easier to reach than many of the Maine resorts, and nothing in Maine can rival it in the numbers of trout. Leaving Boston in the morning by International S. S. Co. you reach Annapolis the following afternoon at 3 o'clock, fare $5. Then by Caledonia coach to Kempt, thirty-nine miles, reaching there the same evening at 8:30, fare $2.50. At Kempt sportsmen can put up at David Freeman's till ready to go into the woods. Freeman is a thorough and genial guide and perfectly equipped with canoes and camping outfit, and any one securing his services can rest assured of having a good time and returning with something better than the well-known "fisherman's luck."

A party from Caledonia who visited this place a few days before we did, returned with over 400 trout, the result of nine or ten hours' fishing. W.

Musquadoboit Harbor, N. S.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

159.

Several years ago it was my large privilege to be pastor of a certain church on the shore of New Hampshire's most famous lake. One morning I drove to the residence of Sidney G., a member of my choir, for a few hours' trout fishing on one of my favorite streams. After reaching the meadow I cautiously approached a deep pool, well screened by high banks and bushes, where I had often caught the king trout of the trip. Dropping in there quickly came a tremendous tug. Standing where I could see into the pool, I knew that the trout had not touched the hook at all, but was venting his strength on the sinker. Sidney, however, who stood somewhat in my rear, was in ignorance of the true condition of affairs, and forgetting in his excitement over my non-action that I was his pastor, he fairly yelled, "Pull, you devil! Pull, you devil, pull!" I lost the fish, but the bursts of laughter which followed were equal to a week's vacation. J. Frank Locke.

Minnesota.

160.

Some thirty years ago a couple of hunters in St. Lawrence county were spending the fall hunting in the South Woods, as was their custom, when one night one of them, P., got in so late to the shanty that he did not draw the charge from his rifle as usual. During the night a large owl awoke them by his hallooing *Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!* and his music kept them awake, until P. got up in his anger, seized his rifle and stepped out of the shanty, saying, "Cuss you, I'll let you know who," and drew up and fired at the sound, in the top of a large hemlock standing near the shanty. In a jiffy he heard a rustling in the bushes, and a thud on the ground. The next morning he went to the tree, and there lay a big owl, shot right through by a chance shot. Bullpout.

Vermont.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

VERDICT OF THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

At the meeting of the Council of the American Ornithologists' Union, held in Washington, April 21, 1885, the committee appointed in September, 1883, to inquire into the question of the eligibility or ineligibility of the European house sparrow in America, rendered its final report, which was accepted and adopted as the sense of the Union on the subject, and the committee was discharged with the unanimous thanks of the Union. The report, which was accompanied by a large quantity of valuable data, is here given:

Mr. President and Members of the Union:

Your committee appointed to inquire into the eligibility of the European house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) as a naturalized resident in this country, has the honor herewith to submit its report. After due consideration, your committee adopted the following form of circular letter, which was framed to elicit information from all quarters and from all interested persons:

The American Ornithologists' Union, an organization resembling the British association of similar name, and including in its active membership the most prominent ornithologists of the United States and Canada, purposes, among other objects already engaging its attention, to determine as nearly as possible the true status in America of the European house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*), commonly known as the English sparrow, in so far as the relations of this bird to mankind are concerned. The Union hopes to secure through the solicited testimony or others, as well as the personal observations of its members, the facts necessary to settle the question of the eligibility or ineligibility of this sparrow as a naturalized resident of this country. The question of the European house sparrow in America is regarded as one of great economic consequence, to be determined primarily by ascertaining whether this bird be, upon the whole, directly or indirectly, injurious or beneficial to agriculture and horticulture. Its economic relations depend directly and mainly upon the nature of its food; indirectly upon the effect, if any, which its presence may have on useful native birds and beneficial insects. The accompanying formula of questions is respectfully submitted to the attention of those who may be able and willing to record statements of positive facts and value derived from their own experience. Concise and unquestionable answers returned to the undersigned on enclosed blank, or otherwise, or communicated to any member of the committee, will be appreciated and prove of high value among the data upon which it is hoped that this vexed question may be set at rest. The evidence thus obtained will be carefully considered by the committee in preparing its report to the Council of the Union, and a digest of the same, with recommendations, if any, will be submitted by the Council to the mature judgment of the Union at its next annual meeting. The following named active members of the Union were, at the first congress, appointed a committee to investigate and report upon this subject: Dr. J. B. Holder, of New York, chairman; Mr. Eugene P. Bicknell, of New York; Mr. H. A. Purdie, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Nathan Clifford Brown, of Portland, Me.; Mr. Montague Chamberlain, of St. John, New Brunswick; the committee having the power of increasing its membership at its discretion.

Dr. J. B. Holder, Chairman.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York city, Feb. 2, 1884.

DATA CONCERNING THE EUROPEAN HOUSE SPARROW FROM.....

1. Is the European house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) known in your neighborhood, and if so, about when did it appear? 2. Is your neighborhood city, suburbs or country? 3. Is this sparrow abundant? 4. Is it increasing in numbers? 5. How many broods and young, yearly, to a pair? 6. Is this sparrow protected by law? 7. Is it artificially fed and housed? 8. Does it molest, drive away or diminish the numbers of native birds? 9. If so, what species? 10. Does this sparrow injure shade, fruit or ornamental trees? 11. Does it attack or injure garden fruits and vegetables? 12. Does it injure grain crops? 13. Is it an insect eater or a seed eater? 14. What insects, if any, are chiefly eaten by this sparrow? 15. What is the principal food it carries to its young? 16. What insects, if any, are carried by it to its young? 17. Does the food of the old bird vary with the seasons, and if so, in what way? 18. Does the food of its young vary, and if so, how? 19. If any insects are eaten, are they beneficial or injurious species? 20. Does the sparrow eat the larvæ of the vaporer moth (*Orgyia leucostigma*)? 21. Does it eat ichneumon flies? 22. Do you determine the nature of this bird's food and that furnished by it to its young by inference, direct observation or dissection? 23. Have any injurious insects been exterminated or materially lessened in numbers by this sparrow? 24. Have any injurious insects increased in numbers, or appeared where unknown before, in consequence of the destruction of other insects by this sparrow? 25. Have these sparrows in your neighborhood been destroyed systematically or otherwise, and if so, by what means? 26. What bounty, if any, has been offered for their destruction? 27. What is the general sentiment or balance of public opinion respecting the European house sparrow in your locality? 28. On the whole, in your judgment, is this sparrow an eligible or ineligible species in this country?

In order to secure a thorough presentation of the subject to those most likely to respond satisfactorily, each member of the committee assumed the duties of correspondence in his own section of the country, as well as in certain allotted sections of the entire United States and Canada. Copies of the letter were sent to the agricultural papers, to the various journals having columns devoted to zoological and rural matters, and to the press at large. The greater part, however, was directed to individuals believed to possess facts pertinent to the subject. About one thousand copies were thus sent out.

A large proportion of the answers received are of one import, written by persons having no definite data to communicate, but who, having experienced annoyance from the bird's uncleanliness and unmusical notes, desire to see it exterminated. Under this head belong the numerous petitions which have reached us from several quarters, notably from Philadelphia. The subject is regarded sufficiently important by the inhabitants of that city to warrant the issue of printed forms, which, with long lists of subscribers, have been submitted to the consideration of your committee. The paucity of replies to many of our questions renders it impossible to report upon them decisively. Others, however, are fortunately very fully answered.

Returns to the first question give some data of interest in relation to the time of the sparrow's first introduction into this country. The earliest date of importation known to us is 1858, when Mr. Thomas A. Deblois liberated a few individuals at Portland, Me. These disappeared shortly afterward, and were not successfully replaced until 1875. In 1858 sparrows were liberated at Peacedale, R. I., by Mr. Joseph Peace Hazard. They were first introduced into Central Park, New York city, according to Mr. Conklin, the superintendent of the menagerie, in the year 1864. In 1860 Mr. Eugene Shiefflin turned loose twelve birds in Madison Square, New York city. In 1868 the species was first introduced into Boston Common. In 1869 a number were given the liberty of the parks of Philadelphia. Somewhat later a successful attempt was made to establish a colony near Great Salt Lake, Utah, and about the same time the birds became resident at Indianapolis, Ind.

In a period of about ten years the sparrows reached nearly all the large towns and cities of New England and the Middle States, and many of those of the Western States, without artificial assistance. It also made its appearance in suburban towns and even country villages. From the Southern States

and the Western States beyond the Mississippi River we have received but few returns, and most of these state that the sparrow has not been observed. In Canada it has become generally distributed over the southern sections of Quebec and Ontario (it is abundant in the city of Quebec), and in 1884 several flocks invaded New Brunswick.

Few observers have definitely determined the number of broods hatched yearly by this bird, and the number of young to the brood. We have, however, returns from several ornithologists. The maximum given by Mr. H. B. Bailey, of Orange, New Jersey—six broods in one season, with from four to five young in a brood—probably indicates the extent of the bird's fertility in this climate. The usual number of broods in the latitude of New York and southward appears to be four. In more northern districts, three broods yearly would probably be near the average.

There is an overwhelming mass of testimony to the effect that the sparrow molests and drives away certain of our most valued species of native birds. Many statements have been received giving accounts of conflicts provoked by the sparrow in which it was cruelly victorious. It is affirmed that from some localities native species have been completely banished by the attacks or by the mere presence of the foreigner. We have also evidence of an opposite character, declaring the sparrow's peaceable disposition and its association upon amicable terms with other species of birds.

Most of our correspondents state that they have never known the sparrow to commit depredations upon crops, but well authenticated instances are furnished showing its ability and disposition to accomplish great destruction to grain. Mr. Stewart, of Hackensack, New Jersey, relates the destruction of a wide margin of wheat in the field. Hon. G. A. Bicknell, of New Albany, Indiana, says, "When the grain ripens the sparrows leave the city and attack the wheat fields in the suburbs. I have seen hundreds of them at once in my fields and they got about half the crop." Mr. T. G. Gentry, in his exhaustive work on the sparrow, gives similar instances. That the bird feeds upon fruits is amply attested.

Our thirteenth question calls for information as to the sparrow's preference for food. Is it an insect eater or a seed eater? Every reply to this question, which is based upon dissection, agrees in attributing to the bird a diet almost wholly vegetable. The statement of some observers, that it devours canker worms and a variety of insects, is unaccompanied by reports of examinations of the stomach.

The question as to the food of nestling sparrows elicited pretty uniform testimony, animal matter in some form being said to constitute the bulk. Dissections by a competent person, however, show "barely a trace of insect or animal food, but in lieu, fine gravel and vegetable fibre."

Responses to questions seventeen to twenty-one inclusive, are too meagre to be of value.

It is claimed by several of our correspondents that the measuring worm, so abundant at the time of the sparrow's introduction into this country, was well nigh exterminated by the bird, so that for a considerable period it was unobserved. Since it is a well-known fact that the worm occurs in very variable numbers in different seasons, credit for its comparative extermination in this case can hardly be given to the sparrow upon the doubtful evidence before us.

The experiment has recently been tried in Philadelphia and elsewhere of substituting sparrows for pigeons in trap-shooting, but, of course, without seriously diminishing their numbers. In other localities the birds have been poisoned or otherwise gotten rid of to some extent by indignant citizens in defiance of laws.

The balance of public opinion is strongly adverse to the sparrows. Our returns, however, show protective laws (usually the same statute which provides for the security of other small birds) in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, the District of Columbia and Canada. The Massachusetts law has lately been repealed, and specially exempts the English sparrow from protection.

So much for the evidence. We have learned the capacity and disposition of this bird to injure grain and fruits, and that when gathered in large numbers it threatens very seriously the interests of the farmer and horticulturist. Although testimony of a certain kind indicates that its young are fed with insects, actual dissection shows that vegetable substances are mainly employed. The adult birds feed almost exclusively upon seeds and grains. They drive away from their accustomed haunts, either directly or indirectly, many of our native insectivorous species. It may be added that they have proved in recent years so destructive of crops in other countries, as to render it necessary to enact laws looking to their extermination. In view of these facts, your committee believes that the European sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) is an ineligible species in this country, and that it was a mistaken policy to introduce the bird. And we would respectfully recommend:

(1) That sheltering or otherwise fostering the sparrow by the public be discouraged, and that its introduction artificially into new localities and its sale for such purposes be forbidden by law.

(2) That all existing laws protecting the sparrow be repealed, and that bounties be offered for its destruction.

(Signed) J. B. HOLDER, Chairman,
EUGENE P. BICKNELL,
H. A. PURDIE,
NATHAN CLIFFORD BROWN,
MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

[The Michigan law protecting these birds has been repealed.—ED. F. & S.]

GROUSE AND YOUNG AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my article of July 16, under the caption of "The Cock Grouse and Young," I stated plainly that it was a male bird which returned after the female had given up the attempt to draw me away from the vicinity of her young. In an editorial note at the end of the article you ask, "How did our correspondent know the bird to be a male?" My answer is, that I knew it to be the male by the same means that I should distinguish the turkey cock from the hen—by the general appearance. While admitting that the difference between the cock grouse and the hen is not so marked as in the case of the barnyard fowls, yet to the close observer, familiar with the partridge from boyhood, there is little chance for mistaking the sexes, especially during the incubating and brooding seasons. At this time the plumage, as well as the behavior, of the hen grouse is greatly changed. Her feathers fade and her body becomes thin. In short, to use a familiar expression among country people, she looks like "a sitting hen."

"Jay Bebe," in taking sides with the editor, in his article in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 30, mentions this "peculiar condition" of the hen bird at the incubating season. But although he has once in his life been so fortunate as to have poked the hen partridge with his cane at this peculiar season, yet he does not pay my capabilities of observation much of a compliment when he decides that the magnificent plumaged cock, which returned after the rusty, "old sitting hen" had left the vicinity of her young, in the case in question, "was in reality the hen which he had seen."

But, dear friend "Jay Beebe," the sitting partridge was one of the first terrible experiences of my childhood, when she actually drove my brother and me in terror from the thicket. But alas! we grow older in a neighborhood in Maine where partridges were so plenty as to be almost a staple article of food—certainly a luxury which could be obtained at almost any season of the year. The little fowling piece, costing the whole of $3.50, slew the male grouse at all seasons, the hen never, from the opening of spring till the chicks were old enough to become a part of the game bag.

Has "Jay Bebe" ever plunged headlong into the brushwood the moment he heard he peculiar cry of the hen grouse, and secured two of the little fledglings, one in each hand, before they had time to hide? Does he know that the hen partridge never utters that peculiar cry till the young are hatched? Has he ever had two or three cock partridges at a time marked down by their drumming, the logs located and the nest ambush-mapped out to approach each bird within gunshot of the little fowling piece—not more than four rods—but waited till the office of the male bird was not further needed that season, but the bird himself was needed for the table? Has he ever crawled, before daylight in the morning, into a hollow stump within ten feet of a drumming log and watched the drumming and courtship of the male grouse. If he has had these experiences, and yet will write to the FOREST AND STREAM that he believes it to be possible for any man of like experience, owning a pair of fairly good eyes, to mistake the cock partridge for the hen, why, then I shall feel obliged to confess that—that—that his powers of discernment are not so good as his article indicates.

The cock of the ruffed grouse, although Murphy and other writers have not mentioned it, is a larger bird than the hen. The plumage is darker, especially the tail, which is longer; the ruff is darker, more glossy, and far more prominent. In some parts of New England the hen grouse scarcely has the ruff at all. Indeed, from a bevy of young birds, admitting that they be full grown, it would be easy to pick out the males by the marks I have mentioned. But I am very much obliged to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM and "Jay Bebe" for suggesting that I may have been mistaken in the case of the birds near Richardson Lake; for it has brought to memory a number of interesting partridge experiences long forgotten, but which I may now wind occasionally into FOREST AND STREAM with the good editor's permission.

SPECIAL.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In mowing a field of grass last year the machine exposed two quail nests, one with eighteen and one with twenty eggs. The quail did not return to the nests, and I took the nest with twenty eggs and placed them under an old hen. She proved to be a bad mother, deliberately killing the quail as fast as hatched. This year I located the nests in the fields before mowing, and so saved them, but I unexpectedly found one on the lawn near the house in cutting the grass in June. I put these eggs under a small young hen, and after sitting full three weeks she hatched fourteen out of fifteen eggs. The quail all came out of the shell in one day, but kept under the hen until the next morning. I took the hen off the nest and cleaned away all the shells. The quail scattered in all directions, except two that were too weak to run. These two died the next day; and on opening their crops I found they had eaten nothing. The remaining ones kept up a plaintive peep, but the hen could not induce them to eat, although I had put near them ants, ants' eggs, cornmeal and sugar to attract insects for food. They preferred to creep under the hen to keep warm or to hide.

The second morning the hen came off the nest and began to pick up the ants and other food and call the quail's attention to it, and she soon taught them it was good to eat. After eating for a time they crept under the hen again, and for most of the first four days spent their time there.

On the fifth day it was suggested that we give them, with the cornmeal, the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. I gave it to them twice. They ate very heartily of it, and three died. On opening their crops we found each one very much distended and the food undigested. When two weeks old they began to scratch for food, and did not like to eat the corn meal. I am now feeding on cracked buckwheat and grasshoppers. We catch the grasshoppers by spreading a sheet on the grass and driving the hoppers on to it, then gather up the cloth and shake it in the quail house. The birds will eat from 100 to 200 grasshoppers a day; in fact they have never cried quit.

The quail house is about 7 by 7 feet, and 8 feet high, with openings under the roof for ventilation. The yard is 7 by 35 feet (double this size would be better), inclosed on all sides with wire cloth. The top is boarded over about one-third of the distance to make a shade and protection when they are out of the house. The wire screen or cloth surrounding the inclosure should be large enough to let in flies and grasshoppers, but not so large as to allow a quail to get its head through. The floor of the house is of earth and the yard is in grass.

The quail are now seventeen days old, strong and well, and as tame as chickens of the same age. The two quail to which the nest belonged became quite tame and could be seen at almost all hours near the house, and when the young quail hatched they would walk around the yard or sit on top of the inclosure where the young quail were confined. The female laid one egg on the top of a haycock, one near the quail yard and another one on the road near the house. I think she is now nesting again regularly. Another quail hatched fifteen or sixteen eggs under a bunch of hay within three feet of a path where children were passing at all times of day. W.

LONG ISLAND, August 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the fall of 1883 I bought 75 live quail, intending to care for them until spring and then put them out for the purpose of affording increased sport in the following fall. Mr. Frank Crompton having taken a notion to the birds agreed to care for them, and before putting them out in the spring expressed a desire to try the experiment of breeding them in captivity. We selected two pair, built in a secluded part of his yard a large wire cage inclosing a few bushes and leaving the ground bare.

The birds were placed therein and agreed nicely for two months, but nesting season coming on they commenced fighting, and eventually one of the male birds killed the other one. His loss was replaced by another bird and the cage was divided by a wire screen, leaving a pair on each side. They seemed inclined to fight for a while, but ultimately commenced nest building, and one of the birds laid thirteen eggs and was about sitting when a heavy shower washed the nest out and scattered the eggs. We gathered them up afterward and placed them under a bantam and they hatched out, but all the chicks made their escape.

That summer the female bird that had laid the eggs died, and the following fall one of the male birds died. The next spring the remaining pair mated, and the female bird built a nest and laid the same number of eggs as before, thirteen, and commenced sitting on them; but in three or four days she was taken sick and died. During her sickness and after her death the male bird manifested some very singular characteristics. When she was dumpish he would pluck her feathers, seemingly endeavoring to encourage her, and after she died he would smooth her feathers with his bill; then he tried to brace her up, and would run away and call her, made queer noises, etc. Eventually he seemed to realize her death, for he betook himself over to a corner of the cage, where he scratched a hole. Returning to the dead bird by a number of backward movements of the feet, he kicked her body over to the hole and covered her up, leaving only one of the long wing feathers of one wing uncovered, after which, without further demonstration, he returned to the nest and persisted in sitting on the eggs, and at the end of three weeks to a day (Friday, July 24) he has brought out the brood of nine young quail. They can be seen by any one desiring to do so at Mr. Frank Crompton's, Main street, Belleville, N. J. One egg was bad and three were missing.

JNO. H. OSBORNE.

DOMESTICATING WILDFOWL.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My birds have not laid an egg this season. The wood ducks and mandarins were coupling all winter and spring, but the mallards and pintails showed no disposition to do so. At one time it seemed as if the drake widgeon and the female green-winged teal were about to strike up a match, but nothing came of it. The birds have a run in the yard which contains two fine pools of spring water, each 40x20 feet, with mud, sand, gravel and water plants; there are shade and grass also. They have been fed corn, wheat and buckwheat, and it is possible that they may be too fat to lay. They are very tame and come to the call. As I have had wood ducks lay in closer confinement than these are in, it is somewhat of a puzzle why they have not laid. Last year the minks killed off my flock in March, but this year the birds were housed at night, and there has been no loss from animals. The result this season will not prevent still further trials in the direction of breeding our beautiful wildfowl, and I will add to my flock if occasion offers. Most of the birds are now in summer plumage, and have lost their beauty for a time, but this is not the case with the mallard and pintail drakes, which do not seem to have changed. The male wood ducks have lost their brilliant plumage, while the drake mandarin, the handsomest duck that swims, looks like his sober mate, with the exception of a red tint on his bill.—FRED MATHER.

PRAIRIE DOGS AND WATER.—Danbury, Conn., July 30. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. W. E. Mallory of this town, formerly a resident of Nebraska, had a pair of these interesting animals sent him last fall to exhibit at our annual fair. Since then he has kept them through the winter in a large crockery hogshead filled with earth and placed in the cellar, and since warm weather in a cage out of doors, with place for burrowing. They were offered water on their arrival here, but have never been known to take any, either upsetting the pan or filling it with earth, grass or rubbish. The past six months or more they have had no water whatever, except such as they obtained from the fruit and vegetable juices of their food, yet they are as well and content as could be imagined. This seems to demonstrate that water is not necessary to their existence. As you have published evidence of their burrowing to water, may it not be that they seek it and its vicinity for some other reason than to drink it?—C. E. FRIEDMANN.

AN ENGLISH SPARROW EXTERMINATOR.—Sergeant Rogers is the keeper of our little Court Square Park, in the center of Memphis. Some one sent him a bird which he calls a stork, captured in Arkansas, and which stalks about the square exactly like Oscar Wilde. The bird is white and looks something like a crane or heron. It stands about four feet when erect. The remarkable feature about it is that it has declined to eat all food offered to it, and sustains itself by gobbling up English sparrows, which it approaches stealthily and seizes by a quick stroke of the bill, swallowing them headforemost. It has eaten no other food for more than a month.—COAHOMA (Memphis, Tenn.).

SWALLOW HIBERNATION.—A Hunnewell's Point, Me., correspondent writes, "I am informed that you offer a reward of one thousand dollars for satisfactory proof that swallows hibernate in the mud. There is an old gentleman here, who is reliable, who is ready to produce satisfactory proof, and will do so next winter for the above-named reward or forfeit one hundred dollars." If we ever did offer any such prize it was a long time ago, and we have forgotten all about it. Perhaps the hoop-snake prize is the one referred to.

DR. THADDEUS S. UPDEGRAFF, chief of the staff of the Surgical Institute at Elmira, died last Monday, aged 46 years. He was an eminent microscopist, and two years ago was made a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of England. He was an angler and an angling writer. The FOREST AND STREAM, in former years, published several communications from his pen. His book, "Bodines, or Camping on the Lycoming," contains some of these papers.

A correspondent of the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times* reports that along the southern coast of Mexico the people have a habit of inoculating themselves with the virus of the rattlesnake or adder, which renders them absolutely safe forever afterwards from the bite or sting of the deadliest reptiles.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

BEAR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Bruin" asks about what kind of dogs make good bear dogs. In the winter of 1864–5, myself and partner killed several bears in Minnesota, east of St. Cloud. The dogs we had were a half mastiff and half blue greyhound, weight 94 pounds, and a three-quarter pointer and a one-quarter fox-hound. The first dog was considered No. 1 after bear. The two dogs were sure of their game every time we found a fresh track. The bear could run but a short distance or climb a tree, as one dog or the other were sure to snap him in his hindquarters, so after a few moments he would sit with back against a tree and fight the dogs. The sire of the dog was a blue greyhound and the dam was a mastiff. He was very intelligent, and made a good dog to capture wounded deer. A coon, fox or common wolf was only sport for him, as he was very powerful and active.

Since those days I have hunted in Kansas, the Indian Nation, Texas, Mexico and Colorado; and now I am anchored here on Bellingham Bay, where game is very plenty, but the land game is very laborious to get without hounds. Fish in the lakes and streams are numerous, and in the bays of the same both shellfish and numerous other kind are abundant, and from fall until spring waterfowl are plenty and easily captured. The climate is 100 degrees ahead of any portion of the United States that I have ever seen.

I am making a collection of birds and shells and Indian stone implements, such as may be found on this coast, and will exchange with any party that may feel disposed to do likewise. J. Y. Collins.

Whatcom, Wash. Ter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several bears have been seen within a few miles of this place quite recently, and one was killed not far north of the head of Torch Lake, in the early part of this week, near a public road, which he had frequently crossed of late at about the same point. A man named Picknell watched for and shot him. One of the packs of bear dogs spoken of by your correspondents might find work here, but it would be hard to ride to hounds in this neighborhood. Kelpie.

Central Lake, Mich., July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I read the exceedingly interesting letter, signed "Bruin," in your issue of June 23, I had a dim recollection that the term bear dog was not wholly unfamiliar to me. True, there is no breed known by that name in England now, and as your correspondent says we have no large and fierce game in this country, or we would assuredly have the dogs to tackle them; but the wild boar and the wolf have long ago disappeared from our forests, and we have now to content ourselves with the red deer, the fox, the otter, and the timid hare for our hunting, with the badger and lesser game to try the mettle of our terriers.

Our common ancestors, however, in the rude old days of bluff King Hal and good Queen Bess, and down to a much more recent period, imported animals our island no longer furnished, to act as makeshifts in satisfying the national and natural instinct to indulge in savage sport.

The bear garden and the bull ring are no longer English institutions, but it is to those we must look back to learn something of what our bear dogs were, and perhaps to find the material your correspondent, "Bruin," and his fellow hunters of the bear and other large and ferocious beasts, need in a dog qualified to serve them in these exciting pursuits.

"Bruin," if I understand his letter aright, seeks information and invites suggestions, and it is in the hope that I may be able to help in finding the dog wanted, or to show how he may be manufactured from existing material, or at the very least to help in a pleasant gossipy discussion of the subject that I venture to address you.

Hentzner, a German writer, who witnessed both bull and bear baiting in England, says: "There is a place built in the form of a theater, which serves for the baiting of bulls and of bears. They are fastened behind and then worried by great English bulldogs; but not without risk to the dogs from the horns of the one and the teeth of the other, and it sometimes happens they are killed on the spot. Fresh ones are immediately supplied in the place of those that are wounded or tired." The great English bulldogs were probably what we should now call a bastard mastiff; it is certain that but very few of our modern show bulldogs are fit to face a bear, even supposing them to have the courage, for they have been so bred to the arbitrary standard of fanciers, that with their narrow, upturned lower jaw, and irregular, weak small teeth, many of them could hardly make a mark in a pound of butter, let alone tickle bruin through his rough, thick coat.

The bear dog is by other writers spoken of as the bandog, mastiffs, etc., and John Evelyn, in his diary, refers to the Irish wolfhound in the same connection in these words: "The Irish wolfhound was a tall greyhound, a stately creature, indeed, and did beat a cruel mastiff. The bulldogs did well, but the Irish wolfhound exceeded."

That it was no puppy play to tackle the bear even when fastened behind, may be gathered from Lambam's description of a baiting in 1575. He says: "It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies' approach; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage; and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid his assaults; if he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he were taken once then by what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing and tumbling, he would work and wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver hanging about his physiognomy."

We have still the breeds of dogs that had the courage and endurance essential to bear baiting, but for the most part these qualities have been lying fallow, and it is only in physical development and beauty of form we have improved our dogs of that class. Indeed, in some instances, to a considerable extent, I think, in both mastiffs and bulldogs, essential qualities have been partly sacrificed in favor of arbitrary points.

After this long preamble allow me to offer a few suggestions on the formation of a pack of powerful, courageous and hardy bear dogs. First of all I would call the attention of "Bruin" and others interested in the sport to the work now undertaken in this country by the recently formed Irish Wolfhound Club, of the resuscitation of the old and, if not world famed, at least European famed Irish wolfhound, of which Stainhurst, in his description of Ireland, 1560, says: "They (the Irish) are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limbs than a colt." Now it is not contended that there now exist Irish wolfhounds of absolute purity, but that there remains in the hands of a few, dogs with sufficient of the old and and true blood to serve as a foundation for the restoration of the breed. I believe one of the crosses resorted to in the resuscitating process is the Great Dane, a breed that not improbably has some of the Irish wolfhound blood in him.

In working up to the standard of form and size they have set for themselves, this combination of breeders must of necessity have many dogs whelped in their kennels that, being less likely than the others to suit for further breeding toward the standard, will be drafted. Now, I venture to say that this combination of the blood of such large and courageous breeds as the Irish wolfhound, Scotch deerhound and Great Dane or boarhound of Germany would make, in many respects, a most excellent bear dog. These drafts would not, I imagine, be expensive; an important consideration where a pack are to be used under conditions in which many of them are sure to come to grief.

Although all breeds of dogs learn to use the nose, it may be that your bear hunters would want an infusion of that quality from a breed in which it is intensely developed; and in that case I would strongly recommend seeking it in the pure English bloodhound, for through this cross there would not be the loss of size likely to arise in crossing with the fox-hound.

I see "Bruin" is trying a cross with the bull-terrier; but that will lead to great loss of size, and I should say instead of the bull-terrier use the bull and mastiff first cross, a fiercer and more indomitable dog is not bred; perhaps he is even too much so, but for crossing I think not.

I can see no reason, if American hunters of big game would co-operate, why a breed adapted to all their requirements should not in a very few years be established and of such distinctive characteristics as to be relied upon to reproduce their like in physical and mental characteristics bred *inter se*.

It is very probable that the Irish wolfhound, as I hope to see him resuscitated by the club, might be the most suitable dog possible for "Bruin's" purpose; and if that is likely why should not Americans co-operate with the Irish Wolfhound Club in its work? There are many gentlemen in the United States of Irish descent whose instincts as sportsmen should stimulate them to take part in so commendable a work as the restoration to us in all his pristine grandeur of the king of dogs, the old Irish wolfhound.

There are other breeds that might well enter into the composition of the bear dog, such as a judicious commingling of the blood and qualities of the large Pyrenean wolfhound, the Siberian wolfhound or barsee with our English mastiff and bulldog and a dash of bloodhound to give nose.

I may mention that the honorary secretary of the Irish Wolfhound Club is Capt. G. A. Graham Dursley, Gloucestershire, England, who has long indentified himself with the Irish wolfhound question, who has just published a most interesting *brochure* on the subject, and would, I am confident, give "Bruin" or other American sportsmen every information and help in his power. Corsincon.

England.

TENNESSEE DOVE SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A party of us had a very enjoyable dove hunt last week in the vicinity of Memphis. Mr. McCallum, Registrar of Shelby county, a genial sportsman and hospitable gentleman, invited a party to drive out with him to his farm, about fourteen miles east of town, where he had a hundred-acre wheat field, upon which the grain had been recently cut, and where great numbers of young doves were congregated. (The game laws of Tennessee do not protect doves.)

Our party consisted of ten gentlemen, among whom were Capt. Geo. Bookout, one of Mississippi's champion shots, and Dr. Peterson, a Texas champion. These two gentlemen had met here by appointment to shoot a pigeon match for a large stake, but failed to secure the necessary birds for the traps. There was also in the party Capt. Chas. DeGaris, a local sportsmen, who we think would push either of the above champions very closely in a match. So there was promise of a very lively contest for the honors of the day.

We left Memphis at 5 A. M. in drags and buggies, with good teams. The road is excellent as far as Raleigh Springs, nine miles distant, where we arrived at 6:30. Here we halted for breakfast, which we had in the elevated and airy hotel, and the early drive sharpening our appetites, we did full justice to the ripe cantaloupes, raw tomatoes, fresh milk and butter, broiled chicken, etc.

After breakfast we drove the remaining five miles over a rather rough and hilly road, arriving at Mr. McCallum's ranche at 8:30. The first thing to do was to prepare a pail of ice water, and uncork the demijohn of good claret, which our worthy and appreciative caterer, Nick Maletesta, had brought along. After refreshing ourselves, and having turned out our horses in the beautiful grove which adjoins the farmhouse, with good store of fresh grass for their delectation, we repaired to the wheat field, about a quarter of a mile distant.

Wheat growing is exceptional in this locality, and this is probably the only field for a considerable distance around, so that all the doves in the country about were congregated here. In a very few minutes this wheat field might have been mistaken for a battle field from the constant belchings forth of ten breechloaders. The doves were about three-fourths grown. They flew very rapidly, and soon got quite shy from so much bombarding.

We kept up the fusilade till noon, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the July sun and no shade available. It was somewhat ameliorated, however, by the ministrations of a Senegambian subsidized for that purpose, who constantly circulated among the combatants, facing death in many shapes, with a bucket of ice water, and who fittingly represented the *vivandière* of French battlefields.

At noon we all repaired to the farmhouse and refreshed ourselves with iced claret, "Lincoln county," peaches and melons.

After partaking with keen appetites of a first-rate, genuine country dinner, we lolled around in great enjoyment, relating how many birds each had killed and couldn't find, how many were killed at fabulous distances, etc., and Nick Maletesta had one fall into a puddle, and it was carried under "by a turtle or something." About 2 o'clock there came up a hard shower, and it continued to drizzle during most of the afternoon. Nothwithstanding the wetness we again took the field, which soon resounded with lively skirmishing.

About 5:30 we reluctantly drew off, most of us being "out of shells," and proceeded to show up our respective bags. Capt. De Garis led the score with fifty-three birds. Capt. Bookout came next with forty-four. Dr. Peterson, the Texas champion, was non-committal, so it is presumed he fell below those figures. Mr. Cannon, the worthy sheriff of Shelby county, brought up the tail end with a score of three birds. He also offered many excuses and explanations though, all of which were cheerfully accepted. The whole bag numbered 225 birds.

Having gotten our drags and buggies in readiness, we had a pleasant moonlight drive back to town, Capt. Bill Forest (son of the Confederate cavalry general) taking the lead with his spanking team of high steppers. We arrived at home at 9 o'clock, and after a good bath this member of the party slumbered in such blissful repose as only a weary sportsman knows. Coahoma.

Memphis, Tenn.

OVER-SENSITIVE PRIMERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At one of the tournaments held at Wellington, Mass., I met with an accident which you or your readers may be able to account for. It occurred in a double bird match. I was called to the score, loaded and cocked both barrels, both birds being sprung. I pulled on the left bird with the left barrel and fired. Both shells exploded, alarming me somewhat and injuring the forefinger of my hand quite seriously. Instantly turning on my heel and facing the shooters, said: "Gentlemen, you will please observe the condition of my gun; both shells discharged, the left hammer down, the right at full cock." I then broke open the gun, finding the shell in left barrel well indented, while the one in right barrel was slightly so. The gun is a 10-bore, 10 pounds, top snap, heavy strikers or plungers, without springs, and made by one of the oldest and best gunmakers in New England, and presented to me by my brother sportsmen last fall. Similar accidents have occurred during the past six months at tournaments when I have been present, and all first-class guns, but in every instance the guns had heavy strikers.

Now I ask, what caused the other shell to explode? The accident was quite a shock to me, and seriously disturbed my shooting for the balance of the day.

Some twenty years since I pulled off both barrels by my finger slipping from the forward trigger, and from that date it has been my invariable practice to shoot the left barrel first in double shooting in the brush, and in single bird shooting at the trap. Have never heard or known of an accident of this nature on guns having strikers with springs, while with the heavy positive plungers four different times has it occurred when I was present. Several theories have been advanced. Can any one tell me to a certainty?

C. H. Gerrish.

Exeter, New Hampshire.

[The probable cause of the premature explosion was that an over-sensitive primer was exploded by the shock of the firing of the other charge.]

A BEAR SUIT.

A GENTLEMAN who lives in this village returned a day or two since from a week's trout fishing in Potter county, Pa., and relates the particulars of a most amusing and novel lawsuit, at the trial of which, before a backwoods justice of the peace, he was present. Three weeks ago two young Philadelphia sportsmen visited the region and camped on the headwaters of Kettle Creek, where they expected to remain. On the evening of the second day they made their appearance in the village carrying between them on a pole a large bear which they said they had killed after a long chase and a hard fight. They became the heroes of the backwoods settlement, but for some reason they had decided not to stay in the woods as long as they had intended to and left for home next morning, taking their shaggy prize with them.

One day last week an old woodsman named Cary Bonear, who lives in the mountains ten miles from any settlement, applied to the justice of the peace of the township for a warrant for the arrest of John Hines, another hunter and trapper, who was charged with appropriating to his own use "one black bear, the property of the said Cary Bonear," the complainant basing the charge on the affidavit of George Hines, a cousin of John Hines, the affidavit being made on personal knowledge. The warrant was served and the prisoner was found working in the bark woods and arrested. He was taken before the justice, where the proceedings in the case tell the story.

The prosecution called Cary Bonear as the first witness. He swore that on the Fourth of July, a tame bear, three years old, that he had raised from a suckling cub, had broken the rope by which it was tied, and had escaped to the woods. The witness at once began a search for it, and on the 5th of July had met John Hines in the woods, where he was at work, and had told him of the escape of the bear, at the same time requesting him to keep a lookout for it, and to be careful and not shoot any bear he might see in the woods until he had satisfied himself that it was not the witness's tame bear. Bonear said he had told Hines that he would give any one $5 who would return the bear unharmed. He valued it at $40. The bear was not found, and on July 18 George Hines had informed him that John had found the bear in the woods on the 5th, and had sold it to two city fishermen for $20.

George Hines was next sworn. He testified that on July 6 he was helping his cousin John in the bark woods. At intervals during the day they heard peculiar cries that came from the valley of the creek, and which they supposed were made by some bird or animal a mile or so away. Late in the afternoon, the sounds still being heard, witness suggested that they go down in the hollow and see what it was that was uttering the cries. They went down in the direction of the sounds, which became more distinct as they drew near the hollow, and they presently discovered that they were made by human beings evidently in distress. The witness and John Hines hastened their steps, and soon came to the Burned Mill cabin, on the creek, and there found two men in the crotch of a small chestnut tree, calling lustily for help. At the same time a large bear came deliberately out of the cabin. The men in the tree called frantically to the two woodsmen to kill the bear, and John Hines was about to shoot it when it made a move by which the two recognized Cary Bonear's missing tame bear. The witness and his companion told the frightened men in the tree that the bear was harmless, and

they came down. They said that the bear had jumped into the cabin soon after they got around in the morning, and, supposing it to be a hungry wild one, they had both hurried out the back way. The bear followed them, and they lost no time in getting up the tree. The bear had lurked around all day, and they were afraid to come down and tackle it, as it kept between them and their guns in the cabin. They had been shouting for help all day. The two men were campers from Philadelphia, and they were so mad over being treed by a tame bear that they offered witness and John Hines $20 to be allowed to kill it. The two woodsmen held a consultation, and finally decided to accept the offer. The fishermen handed over $20 which John Hines accepted and put in his pocket. The fishermen shot the bear and took it with them out of the woods. John Hines said nothing about dividing the $20 with the witness, and after asking him for it several times and getting no satisfaction, he had gone to Cary Bonear and told him the whole story about the tame bear and what had befallen it, on the condition that the witness should not be held accountable for the part he took in disposing of the animal.

John Hines admitted on oath that he had received $20 from two strangers on the 6th of July to let them shoot a bear he and George Hines had found in the woods. He hadn't divided the money with George because he been short of money, but he considered that he owed George $10, which he intended to pay him as soon as he got pay for his bark. As to the bear being Carey Bonear's he couldn't say. That, he said, was for Bonear to prove. This the prosecutor was unable to do, and the justice decided that "bears isn't property, anyhow, and if they was there isn't no cause of action in this case," and the prisoner was discharged.

The lawsuit created a sensation in the backwoods region, and all the inhabitants within a radius of many miles were present to see how it came out. Much bad blood has been engendered by the result, and the general impression is that there will have to be two or three big fights over the case before it is settled.—*Olean (N. Y.) correspondence New York Times, July* 28.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

MUCH interest is shown in the convention of sportsmen at St. Louis, Sept. 25. The *Republican* of that city has the following in regard to the meeting, we do not know with how much authority:

"To return, however, to the main object of the convention—that of devising means to obtain uniformity in the fish and game laws of the whole of the States. It might at first be thought there could be found no difficulties except those consequent on latitude and climate, but directly the broad principle of a common preservation is approached it will be seen that it is surrounded by a belt of very prickly thorns. The persons interested in game preservation are: The farmer, on whose land the game is raised; the sportsman, who wishes to arrest the wiping-out process at present pursued; the consumer, who purchases game for food as a delicacy or as a help toward health, and, finally, the dealer, who has embarked his capital in the game business. All the market hunters who work for the dealer and who might be mustered in their thousands, count in with him. Farmers are generally kindly disposed to those sportsmen who treat them civilly, and as they are also generally amply protected by the laws of trespass, those of them who are not actually enlisted among the shooting class themselves need not be further thought of in connection with the subject of this article.

Hitherto, that is of late years, the dealers and sportsmen have worked together. Neither class could have accomplished separately half the good that has been arrived at between them and it would appear that in the West at least the dealers have been so thoroughly loyal to the sportsmen that they have gradually forced the separate interest of the consumer out of the field and incorporated it in their own. They have refused to supply game out of season and with the refusal the demand has ceased. This fact has therefore narrowed down the interests concerned to two, the sportsmen and the dealers. Their joint efforts and their hand-in-hand action have procured in most of the States legislation which has been most satisfactory all round. The market hunter (proper) has found his out-of-season-game vocation gone as soon as the dealer would not receive his bag, and the sportsman found a corresponding increase in the game he met with in the following open season. It appeared a few months ago that the unwritten treaty between the two classes would never be broken, the tie between them being that of mutual interest, and it is likely enough that nothing but over-legislation will bring about such a rupture—one to be regretted by all—for it is one which will cause all those interested to suffer. The Eastern game dealers at the beginning of the year put their heads together and formed "the American association for the protection of game, game dealers and consumers." The avowed object of the corporation is that "of so arranging the laws, State and national, that game killed in season may be sold and eaten without restriction as to time, and game protected from annihilation." The *raison d'etre* of the association was the fact that dealers in New York saw that while the thousands which they had invested in their business were lying idle, owing to the fact that the sale or even the mere possession of game in the close season was an offense punished by extremely heavy fines in their city, yet in Boston, close by, game could be sold right along, provided the close dates of Massachusetts itself had not been violated by the act of killing game within its borders. It is extremely improbable that Western dealers would or will lend themselves to the fight between the game dealers of those cities, provided they are fairly treated themselves; but if they are so legislated against that their business is taken from them without any apparent necessity, it is full likely that they will be forced into an antagonism with sportsmen which will replace the previous healthy alliance between the two. There can be no doubt but that the majesty of the law can be so exercised that it must in the end overcome a defiant game dealer whose underground railroad routes for game must be detected sooner or later; but it may be asked if it is not better to look into his side of the question before forcing him into an opposition from which he will probably come out second best, but into which he should never have been driven.

The object of the convention is clearly laid down by the published circular, but it may be accepted that the root of the principle which it will adopt is the production or the selection of a body or bodies of men whose experience and sound judgment in respect to the subjects they take in hand shall be such as will lead any or all Legislatures to look to them for almost infallible opinions and absolutely correct advice in regard to game and fish preservation. In many cases the laws connected with the game question contain so much that is nonsensical that it is no wonder that they are a dead letter, nor is it a matter of surprise that dealers and even shooters are often driven into efforts to evade their provisions. In this regard it is clear that each and every State cannot but benefit by the selecting of a number of gentlemen to whom the Legislature can safely apply for suggestions and guidance in the framing of laws about game and fish preserving, and the whole country will benefit in the same way by a wise extension of a common principle to all. How necessary such a board of advisers is to a Legislature may be learned in a very few words. Those of our St. Louis citizens who wish to occupy twelve hours of leisure in the pursuit of prairie chicken must seek their sport in either Illinois or Missouri. The Legislature of the former State provided at its last session for the entertainment of a number of game constables, and it has tacked to its proper and wise measures for game preserving one that makes the possession of a bird out of season a crime. It then adds the delicious absurdity that a game constable shall seize illicit game wherever he can, and shall at once dispose of it at public auction. A is caught *flagrante delictu* with six grouse; these are sold to C and D by constable B, who should at once seize seize C and D for unlawful possession. In Missouri the absurdity of the game law, as passed by the last Legislature, is still greater. The various clubs in the State have determined that tha laws, right or wrong, shall be acted up to, and the officers of several of the sportsmen's associations already have their eyes upon different dealers in the city, and will prosecute to conviction wherever possible. The Legislature this year altered the opening of the grouse season in Missouri to the 15th day of October. This law says, therefore, that practically scarcely a single prairie chicken shall be eaten in the State this year. All of those who know the habits of our prairie grouse are aware that they pack in large flocks after the first heavy frost; that they then become extremely wild and almost invariably rise out of shot. We generally experience more than one sound frost before the 15th of October, and as the fall business has generally well commenced by that date there will be found but very few gunners, either sportsmen or hunters, who will wander to the west of the State for half a dozen doubtful shots a day. It is difficult to understand why the opening day has been set back so far. The sportsmen don't seem to appreciate it, the marketmen no doubt hate the change, and there is little doubt that the public will send up a howl when on the next mid date of September they find that they have to look forward a whole month for a delicacy to which they have become accustomed at that special season. It must be remembered that the possession of a grouse, even if it comes from the Indian Territory, is as rigidly punishable as is the killing of one on the nearest piece of prairie. It is not easy to find any one who will say that the opening of the season was so postponed on account of a diminution of the head of grouse in the State, and there is no doubt that no such special cause for a change existed, but even had it been the reason for a special act of legislation, it would have been easy to add a special rider to the bill to the effect that game exhibited and registered as such on entering the State should be marked in some way or other, and that its possession should not be unlawful when declared. The trivial expense incurred might easily have been recovered from the dealers. If Missouri had possessed a board of sportsmen to which the Legislature could have turned for advice, no such absurdly late date as Oct. 15 would have been insisted on for the opening of the grouse season, and neither dealers nor the public would then have had occasion to look on themselves as ill-used. It is quite possible that the American association alluded to above will take a hand in testing the constitutionality of a law which keeps articles of merchandise out of a State, and the results of such actions in other parts of the Union do not point to any great probability of the wisdom of the Legislature being upheld by the United States courts.

It is probable that the convention will be asked to suggest that the officers of the various fish commissions be merged in those for the protection of both fish and game.

QUAIL IN THE HAY FIELD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An affair in my experience that occurred some years ago in relation to the destruction of setting quail in the hay field, may be of interest to those who wish to protect broods so situated. I had come in possession of my first pointer. As she was unbroken, I undertook the job with the assistance of books and such other information as I could gain from one or two who shot on the wing over trained dogs. Single quail were to be found in every lot and clearing, so we did not lack for material. One day in a hay field Fan found three sitting birds. Two of them covered sixteen eggs each, the other twenty-three eggs, the largest number I ever met with in a single nest. It seemed to me a great pity to have their nests destroyed, as they surely would be within the week, when the field was to be mowed. I immediately took steps for their protection, by driving sticks that reached well above the grass, and described a circle of ten feet or more in diameter around each nest. The mowers respected the boundary lines, and to our pleasure and surprise, each bird remained with her charge.

Five days after haying was over, in company with Fan we visited the locality. In and around the two smaller nests there was plenty of scent and there were broken egg shells, but no birds. After a short search in the vicinity we found numerous young peepers, some of them made frantic efforts to buzz off, but soon fell back on the best and most effectual game of skulk. On the large nest Fan came to a point, and peering through the grass we plainly saw the old hen on the nest. Three days after this we again visited the nest. The hen was gone; there only remained a lot of broken shells and three addled eggs, so I think we are correct in stating that fifty-two birds were the reward of this operation. As these three broods remained in the neighborhood of the farmyard we did not disturb them. There were numerous bevies on every farm and clearing in all quarters, and none to disturb them until winter with the trap; boys came on the field about the middle of October, I am certain. These protected birds wintered in one gang, and remained so more or less of the time until the pairing season in March. They were daily visitors to the outhouses and garden, and so tame as never to fly or skulk, in the usual way, on the approach of person or dog. When the first heavy snows came we placed a quantity of cornstalks in the form of a large hollow shock in an open field near the barn; it was always supplied with wheat and other grain screenings. This place was regularly visited by them, but they never remained over night, always taking to the adjoining grass fields or low scrub as twilight set in. They know best where to spend their nights out in safety. The last I saw of these birds was in early March, when I counted the tracks of twenty two birds, enough certainly to stock a good piece of country.

DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE FORESTS OF UPPER COOS.—Connecticut Lake, N. H., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in last week's issue by Dr. Prime on the failing Connecticut, will apply to the valley of Ammonoosuc twenty years ago; but where on all the branches of the Connecticut have one thousand acres of pine timber been cut off, and where has the lumber been sawed in that number of years? Pine stumps are not an easy article to remove and in Upper Coos I have seen but few, and it is here that the greater portion of forest cutting has been done within the last ten years, and spruce trees alone have been the object of interest; and care is taken to cut only those over eight inches in diameter. I think it a safe estimate to make on all the lands cut over during the last ten years on the Upper Connecticut and its tributaries less than 25 per cent. of shade-producing trees, and where ten years since millions of feet of spruce were cut from the vicinity of Lower Connecticut Lake the shade of the forest is sufficient to deceive any but the spruce-tree hunter, so dense is the foliage of birch, maple and fir trees that have extended their branches to fill the vacant spaces. The lands are now owned by parties and companies who are guarding against forest fire by employing men for the purpose when there is danger of its spreading. I remember to have seen Dr. Prime at Colebrook, N. H. If he can tell at the distance (one mile) across the valley at that point where "bleak masses of rocks" have taken the place of tree cutting, I would like to see it. The forest owners of to-day are men who know the value of their lands in Upper Coos, where birch cannot be taken to market profitably via the "canal," and no other conveyance is at hand.—NED NORTON.

SMITH AND THE GAME CONSTABLE.—A correspondent to the Philadelphia *Telegram* reports: "Paul Smith, the well-known hotel man of St. Regis Lake, talking to some of his guests a few weeks ago, said: 'They wanted me to go to Albany and see what I could do to kill the bill. I went. When I got there I was asked, "What is it worth to have this bill defeated?" That was enough for me. I came home at once, for I thought it would be cheaper, when I wanted to do some deer hounding around Lake Regis, to give our game constable $40 and send him away on a visit, than it would be to buy up the Legislature.' The sentiment among such men is very strongly expressed against Governor Hill, who signed the bill, as they vow they will not vote for him if he is nominated. The law will be violated to a considerable extent, but its effect will be good in keeping the wilderness in its present wild condition. Hotels increase there all too rapidly for the accommodation of non-sporting guests, and they will close earlier if the deer-slaughterers do not come. Meanwhile the deer will increase in numbers, and sportsmen who enjoy hunting them in a sportsmanlike manner will reap the benefit." The game protector is Peter B. Leonard. We should be pleased to hear from Mr. Leonard in reference to this speech of Paul Smith.

EATING PRAIRIE CHICKEN EGGS.—Emmetsburg, Palo-Alto County, Iowa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been here over a week now, and find chickens very scarce. What few coveys there are have full number of young birds, but I fancy the breeding stock of old birds must have been very limited. I have had letters from several points in Nebraska and Minnesota, and the same general complaint is made. To one who can look back only four years ago and remember the almost unlimited quantities of this noble bird that then stocked the prairies, and then see it as deserted as it now is, the retrospect is indeed sad. It is not only the breechloader of the city sportsman—though that has undoubtedly been a potent factor in the exterminating process—but the burning of the prairies in the spring after the birds are setting destroys hundreds of broods. Then again the herdboys rob what nests they find, breaking some of the eggs to see if they are newly laid, and building fires on the plains and wasting and eating the eggs. Then almost every farmer owns a gun and makes it a point to have a mess of chickens as soon as they are large enough to fly up out of the grass. I see nothing ahead but complete extermination for these grand birds.—N. B. N.

BAY BIRD MOVEMENTS.—Philadelphia, Aug. 2.—The flights of curlew, brownbacks and creakers have been good during the past week. Many of the first named have passed down the coast in bunches of ten to twenty. Few, however, if any, of the varieties have been killed. The mosquitoes on the meadows are simply horrible in numbers and bloodthirstiness. A good and strong south wind now will bring more birds and will keep down the mosquitoes and make matters bearable. Parties that wish to have a good time with the bay birds had better go to Ocean City, Sinnepuxent Beach, during the first ten days of August. The fashion for ornamenting ladies' hats with small bird skins is declining, and the use of the long shafted wing and tail feathers of much larger species is coming in. This is good; the bay birds will have a rest, not, however, as they should until all spring shooting ceases. Grassplover are flying over Philadelphia at night in goodly numbers, so their whistles heard before daybreak and through the wee sma' hours would indicate.—HOMO.

A TEXAS GAME COUNTRY.—I have just made a trip of pleasure to see what lay between Harrold, Texas, the terminus of Fort Worth & Denver City Railroad, and Fort Sill, Indian Territory. I struck out over prairie till I came to Deep Red. There I camped for the night with plenty of firewood. Early next morning I was up after turkeys, and found them plentiful, killed three for breakfast; saw several deer. Leaving Deep Red I was on prairie again for over twenty miles; saw numbers of quail; also several herds of antelope. Stopped on a small creek for the night and killed several plover for breakfast next day. At noon I saw Cash Creek with plenty of timber on both sides its banks. Turkey signs abounded, and I saw a heard of over two hundred antelope feeding out into the open. Quail appear to be everywhere, from every thicket I heard Bob White. From Cash to Sill antelope were in view on side hills. It is a sportsman's country all over. I reached Fort Sill, and should give the distance from fifty-eight to sixty miles, and from five to ten miles shorter than from Henrietta.—ALMO (Harrold, Wilbarger county, Texas, July 28).

Chilled Shot.—In your answer to "Tinker," Decatur, Ala., in Forest and Stream of July 23, 1885, as published, are you correct? I think "chilled shot" do "preserve their form better, and so fly truer and make much better pattern," and superior penetration. Were there not superior penetration in chilled shot, which, as I understand the matter, are merely hardened shot, why should a rifleman expect superior penetration from a hardened bullet? I will further say, I consider for common purposes chilled shot, equal in effect to two sizes larger of common shot. In other words, chilled 12's equal in killing power to common 10's, but there is one point to notice, viz., the lighter single pellet of smaller size may not carry so far as the heavier, but the chances are equalized when one remembers the increased number of the smaller required to make up the weight.—Amateur. [The answer was plainly erroneous—the "not" having crept in in some way quite beyond understanding.]

The Big Buck of Buenaventura.—San Buenaventura, Cal., July 20.—Deer hunting is in full blast (if I may use the expression) and deer are brought into town almost every day. The largest buck ever brought into Ventura was killed two days ago. His antlers measured nearly four feet from tip to tip. They were about two and one-half inches thick at the base. One horn had three points and the other two. Although he was not weighed, many estimated him to weigh over two hundred pounds. He had been known for years, but was killed in six miles of town. A few deer have been killed five or six miles from town. Quail are here by the thousand.—Typo.

Cahoot.—Coralville, Iowa, July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I saw in Forest and Stream you wished the common meaning of the word "cahoots," or in what way it was used. Here it is used to indicate an equal division of the spoils of a hunting or fishing trip, or other transaction that two or more persons may be engaged in. I have never heard it used with any other meaning attached.—John Williams.

Moscow, O., Aug. 1.—The outlook now for good hunting next fall is first-class. Young quail are numerous, and rabbits, squirrels, etc., are very plenty. Fox chasing is the favorite sport here, the country being hilly and well suited for such exciting sport. Any person wanting good quail shooting can find it here in season.—G. G. J.

Hunting Club Rules Wanted.—Huntingdon, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some weeks ago it was asked through your columns if some one could not give a copy of the by-laws of a regular hunting club. If you could publish such a thing it would be good reading for many.—H.

The Bear Supply of this country was augmented last month by the arrival of a band of French gypsies with ten bears and a dozen monkeys. The commissioners of emigration sent the whole lot of them back to France, so the that bear census is just where it was before.

New Jersey Game.—Hightstown, N. J., July 22.—The prospects for game in New Jersey were never better. Quail specially abundant. Our gunners are bringing in good bags of very poor woodcock.—T. A. B.

The Chamberlin Cartridge Co. issue an illustrated catalogue embellished with pictures of game birds and giving particulars of their fixed ammunition.

The Michigan Sportsmen's Association will shortly issue its annual book.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FLORIDA SUMMER FISHING.

THERE had been a week of almost incessant rain. Everything was wet, damp and uncomfortable, and the river had become a mighty stream but little affected by tidal changes. But the fact remained that the ranch was suffering for fish. A meeting was held and "Tarpon" was unanimously elected a committee of one to supply the want.

The Linnie M. was on the ways for repairs, so the Bucktail was launched, the big rod jointed, the best spoon selected and burnished, and the committee started. The current is strong and the two miles between wharf and fishing ground are soon passed over. With good courage the spoon is sent astern, but not for long; five minutes suffice to fill the hooks with grass. Clear them and try again. No use, the river is full of floating grass, and after a half hour of patient endeavor the line is reeled in and the committee is skirmishing for bait, for we must have fish. Crabs are not to be had, minnows are hard to catch, but fiddlers are plenty, and they make good bait for sheepshead. So we'll get some fiddlers.

While searching everywhere for the needful bait, we overhaul an old wreck that was abandoned some six months ago. It is completely honeycombed in places by the *Terado navalis*, in others covered with masses of grass and barnacles.

Not succeeding in getting either crabs, minnows or fiddlers, the expedition had well nigh failed, but while almost in despair, a dingey rounds the point and bears down upon the disconsolate crew of the Bucktail. In the stern of the dingey is piled a long net, in the bow stands the motive power, in the shape of a sharp, wiry "Keywester," Watkins by name, the local fisherman and a good one. The problem was solved. We would go on the outer beach with Watkins. No sooner thought than done. The Bucktail is tied up by the nose and we are off. Thanks to the stout pole and strong arms of my friend we are soon out of the river and skirting the outer beach, we have not far to go. A school of mullet are soon seen rippling the water like the catspaws in the van of a summer's breeze. Getting directly off shore of the school, I jump overboard with one end of the net, while the boatman, making vigorous use of the pole, shoves the boat around and toward the beach. In the meantime I am tugging away at my end, and we soon meet, thus completing the circle, and as we think we have them, the fun begins. Did you ever see a flock of sheep go over a wall? Yea, verily, then you can imagine how those mullet went over that net. All of them? Well no, there was one sick one that couldn't jump; we got him, but we let him go again.

No use to mourn, there are more fish in the sea. So piling in our net we go on. Soon we sight another school, but they seem to be more compact. Following the same plan as at first, we are soon tugging away at the net again. All at once Watkins wakens, bending to his work with all his might, he yells: "Redfish! Go! Go! Double the net:" Around we go and soon have a double wall of strong twine around a compact body of redfish, estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. Now we have business. Redfish don't jump the net, but they lunge from side to side, and if they once get an opening made, good-bye.

Standing waist deep in the water, it is no boys' play to pick up a forty-pound fish and put him in the boat, and so I found it. The only way is to get your arms around him and hug for all you are worth. The first one I tackled got away from me, but it was the last one that did. We took out twenty-five when Watkins says, "Stop, we have enough." I was surprised! A market fisherman to stop fishing just because he had enough, when I have known sportsmen to kill as long as there was anything to kill. We let the rest go, and setting our sail were soon back in the river. Casting adrift the Bucktail, a half hour's use of the paddle and I am at home. There is once more rejoicing in Tarpon Ranch. Tarpon.

Tarpon Springs, Fla.

BOW RIVER TROUT.

THREE kinds of trout abound in the surging waters of the Bow, District of Alberta. These are the well-known brook trout of the East, the "mountain" and the "bull" trout. The latter names are purely local, for they all come from the headwaters in the heart of the great Rockies, and as yet no technical names have been assigned to the Bow River species, at least to the two kinds which I have especially designated.

The brook trout, so toothsome to the Eastern epicure, is, however, a rare fish in the Bow waters. Only a few specimens so far have been caught, but there have been sufficient to prove that he exists in the cold waters of this mountain-fed stream. A year ago Mr. Whitcher, well known all over Canada, and in fact, in the older States, for his connection with the piscatorial interests of the Dominion, made a hurried visit to the district, and he spent several days on the Bow making a canoe voyage to Medicine Hat on the Saskatchewan, and obtaining information respecting the finny inhabitants of the Bow, but whether his report has yet seen print or not I am unable to say, as it has not yet made its appearance in this latitude. I am therefore compelled to adhere to the local terms "mountain" and "bull" until Mr. Whitcher or some other expert further enlightens us as to the nomenclature of the species of the great salmon family which frequent these waters.

The "bull" trout looks more like a "haddock" than a distinct member of the great salmon family. The only part of him that looks like a trout is his head and mouth, which are unmistakable. Sure he has the "spots" or "speckles" which are inseparable from the species, but he has also a broad black stripe along both sides of his body which give him a decidedly "haddock"-like appearance. He is caught at all weights from two to forty pounds. He is as energetic and as powerful as a salmon, and takes the fly or bait with a jump and a rush which mean both work and sport. The biggest fish are caught as the headwaters of the river are reached. In the vicinity of Calgary the bull trout is seldom caught weighing over ten pounds. The explanation of this is that the large ones rarely venture below the falls and rapids which are numerous in the upper reaches of the Bow, and the lower stretches are being well fished. The bull trout, though good eating, has not the flavor of the trout. Its flesh is more like that of the pike, it is mawkish and watery.

The "bull" trout, however, affords a great deal of sport, for when he takes the hook he has no wish to remain. He suddenly discovers that he has business elsewhere, and he accordingly proceeds at once to attend to it. If you are an experienced angler you know how to take care of yourself; but if you are only green at the business, the other end of the line is sure to get away with line and rod at imminent risk to the angler. An Ottawa Senator, whose corpulency was a great drawback to his "fishing weight," last summer had an incontinent swim after his rod on the Bow. A bull trout took hold of the "far end" in the usually sudden way, and, having unreeled the "spare," managed to reel the Senator off the bridge, where he had taken a firm hold. As the Senator rose to the surface of six feet of water, his face looking like a rising sun, he grasped a friendly birch and remarked that the bridge was safe. It was an iron bridge on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Senator to this day entertains a strong suspicion that unless he had let go his hold of the structure the bridge would have gone too. The rod and line had gone, so had the bull trout, and the Senator had found the Baptists; but the bridge was safe. The Senator was a Conservative in politics and a supporter of the C. P. R., but it is not likely that he will repeat the experiment this year when he comes on his holidays.

Fat men undoubtedly have their advantages when in water. They will float, where a thin, bony individual will go to the bottom like a stone, but they are "treading dangerous water" when they are angling for bull trout off an iron railway bridge on the Bow River.

The "mountain" trout is seldom caught weighing over four pounds. He is to all appearances a genuine trout, but the fish has not the rich pink color, nor has it the flavor of the Eastern variety. The pink tinge shows itself here and there on the body, but it is not so distinct as that of the third variety occasionally found in the same waters, and which bears an almost complete resemblance to the brook trout of the East.

The "mountain" trout is the most plentiful, and the kind that is most frequently caught.

The spring of 1885 in this latitude set in unusually early. On the 28th of March, Dominion Timber Inspector Gouin, brother of Mr. Gouin, long proprietor of the Russell House, Ottawa, and now postmaster of that city, caught eighty-three pounds of "mountain" trout, varying all the way from four ounces to three pounds. They were all of the "mountain" variety. The "speckles" on the "mountain" trout are small and numerous, but not distinct.

It is the fish which the tourist finds on the hotel tables along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Medicine Hat to Golden City, British Columbia.

Mr. Gouin made his catch on the 28th of March with a little dark fly resembling a grub. In May and June there is a small dark grub about half an inch long, on which both the bull and the mountain trout feed voraciously. There is also a small, black water bug which is a favorite bait. In July, August and September the grasshopper is sure to take, and the local sportsmen avail themselves of a fly made to resemble a grasshopper, which takes well.

Mr. Gouin has noticed a peculiar fact with regard to "mountain" trout. He has found them more or less in spawn from May to October. Climatic difference, owing to sudden changes in the altitudes of the mountainous region, may account for this, but he vouches for it as a fact.

The fishing season in these waters lasts from April to October, though during the short interval of the freshets, which occur in June, when the water becomes muddy, the trout disappears; suckers, pike and a species of grayling are, however, very plentiful during the high water; but the trout reappears when the waters subside, for these again become clear as crystal, and as suddenly so as they became murky when the rise began.

During the high waters, caused by the heavy June rains, the trout hunt the deep spring holes where the water maintains itself comparatively pure and clear. A baited hook dropped into these holes during a freshet is soon seized, and the fish may be caught in great numbers, but it is not sport.

As yet the Dominion Government has done nothing to protect this fish preserve of the Bow. People fish at all times, and the Indians use the net with a reckless regard to the consequences. Two or three sawmills will soon empty their refuse sawdust into the Bow waters, and the time is not far distant when the lower waters of the river will be depopulated of its trout, if not of all kinds of fish.

I have referred to a third variety of trout found in the Bow; it is so seldom caught that its existence in these waters is doubted by many. I have, however, seen a few specimens that have been caught. They weighed from eight to twelve ounces, and so closely resembled the brook trout of the East in shape, color and flavor that it is only an expert that could point out the difference.

This season will throw more light on their presence and habits in these waters, and in another paper I will endeavor to compile the results of the investigation.

Geo. B. Elliott.

Calgary, Alberta, N. W. T., July, 1885.

AN AWNING FOR FISHING BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you a description of a small awning which I use on my rowboat. I used the awning yesterday for the first time and found that it added so much to my comfort that I do not think any pleasure boat is complete without one. I was out on the river between 2 and 3 P. M., and although there was quite a breeze blowing up the river the heat was almost unbearable when exposed to the direct rays of the sun. I put up my awning, took off my coat and hat, and after wetting the top of my head with river water, I decided that I was feeling about as comfortable as was possible outside of an icehouse. I met and passed craft of all kinds, from the canvas canoe of nineteen inches beam, up to the rowboat of fifty, with the long ash oars and the long, lanky oarsmen, wearing straw hats with brims as large as a sulky wheel, and almost rivaling my awning; but then the hats rested on their heads and the sun beat down most unmercifully on top of those hats. The skipper hails me with "What's your time around the island now?" I answer "30.30, what's the best for your boats?" "30." "Is that the same old record made before the Fourth of July?" "Yes." We all smile and I pass on. They are going my way with two at the oars, but they exhibit a great desire to study the model of the stern of my boat. They always do.

Presently I pass an unpretentious fishing skiff built of three-quarter-inch white pine. The oarsman is perspiring freely, and the coxswain is almost roasted. The former ceases rowing, and the latter suddenly springs to his feet, removes coat and hat, and mounts the stern seat as though about to take a header. Wishing to see the performance, I back water with one oar, come round, and repass the boat. The coxswain having reconsidered the matter, has taken his seat. The oarsman asks, "Could you tell about how much it costs to occupy such a boat?" I answer, "About sixty dollars," and he remarks, "And it's well worth it." Presently I come to a lone fisherman with his boat drawn up on the bank as far as the strength of one man can draw it. He is sitting in the broiling sun just where I saw him six hours before. "Are they biting any?" "O, yes, I've got four eels." Passing around the lower point of the island, I head for the Bridgeport locks. Two or three small boys are in sight. "O, look a' there," and in thirty seconds a score of small boys swarmed on the towpath. The lock gates are open, and I run the gauntlet quickly. I do not remember all the comments I heard in the few brief seconds I was within earshot. They were mostly complimentary, but one remark which was intended to be otherwise I remember. Failing to give a prompt answer to the question, "What kind of a boat is that?" the next thing I heard was, "O say, he's a gitten ball-headed." This latter remark did not refer to the boat.

I started out to say something about the construction of the awning. It consists of four posts 1x1½ inch cedar, two parallel bars at the top, to which the covering of thin oilcloth is tacked, and a stretcher across the middle of the top of the awning, under the oilcloth. The parallel bars and stretcher are white pine ⅞x⅞. The parallel bars are four feet long, and when in position are parallel to the longitudinal line of the boat, and are fastened to the tops of the posts with one rivet at each end, forming a hinge joint, and allowing the posts to be folded up on the bars, after which the whole may be rolled up into a compact shape, the same as a map mounted on a roller. The stretcher is not permanently attached to the bars, but is sprung in from the under side after the other part is in position. It is held in place by means of a tenon one-fourth of an inch long, cut on each end. These tenons fit into notches cut into the top sides of the bars. They fit in between the oilcloth and the bottom of the notch, the shoulders formed on the ends of the stretcher butting against the bars, forcing them outward and thereby stretching the oilcloth. The lower ends of the four posts fit into four pockets, the depth of which correspond to the width of the gunwale minus the distance the gunwale overlaps the next strake below. They (the lower ends of the posts) are inserted between the gunwale and inwale, and rest upon the upper edge of the next strake.

I inclose a diagram showing the construction of the pockets. They are made of small strips of ash one-quarter of an inch thick and fastened to inside of gunwale with brass screws seven-eighths of an inch long. The length of the pockets front and aft is one and three-eighths inches, and the awning posts being only one inch wide, the awning may be set in a vertical position, or canted forward or backward, in such a position as to best protect from sun or rain. The top of the awning is eight inches wider than the boat, and its height is such as to just clear the head of the oarsman

when canted backward or forward to its fullest extent. In a very narrow or cranky boat it might be desirable to substitute some lighter material for the oilcloth, the latter, however, possesses the advantage of being waterproof. The advantages of this style of awning may be summed up as follows: The pockets take up no room in the boat, being flush with the inwale. They are inexpensive and any one can make them. The awning can be put up while underway, in one minute, by the oarsman, without leaving his seat. For lightness, strength, adjustability and simplicity, it is probably unexcelled.

The posts are riveted to the bars on opposite sides so as not to interfere with each other when folded up; the front posts folding outside, and the rear posts inside the bars.

Norristown, Pa., July 20. E. A. Leopold.

THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

YEARS ago the Youghiogheny River was filled with sunfish, chubs, catfish, suckers, etc. Somebody stocked it with black bass. All the former denizens of the stream have disappeared. Then several years ago some one took it into his head to stock an influent of the "Yough." with what were called salmon trout." Some one knows what they are I presume, but I've never found a man who does, a big-headed, black, ugly creature, scaleless, and whose flesh is rotten within an hour after you happen to catch him. I have caught them weighing two and a half pounds, they are not gamy, though said to be when planted. They are disappearing, eaten by the all devouring bass. Now what will become of the bass when this second supply of fish food is exhausted? Will they make a "Kilkenny cat fight" out of their present quarters, and leave the "Yough." destitute of fish? I presume so.

I heard a couple of young gentlemen, who were going trouting, a few days since, inquiring for a certain fish poison at a drug store. They got it, too. Now, did those young men intend trying to intoxicate the trout with this stuff? Or were they going to use it, as they told me, in the composition of what they deemed some "killing bait?" What is your opinion? For one I should not hesitate at all to prosecute any one detected in the unlawful taking of fish or game. If we have laws let us observe and enforce them.

Somerset, Pa., July, 1885. Amateur.

FLY-FISHING FOR PIKE-PERCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last year I gave a description of a fly made by myself, consisting of orange body, with band of gold tinsel, scarlet ibis tail and wings of the yellow hair from the flank of the deer, with which I had been most successful in taking bass (small-mouths) in our Susquehanna, with an occasional pike-perch thrown in.

Mr. M. M. Backus, of 793 Broadway, when about to start on his annual trip last year to Lake Champlain, wrote me regarding the fly, and I sent him a sample from which he had some tied, but using the longer and mouse-colored hair instead of the deer's flank, which I have preferred. I did not get from him the promised report of its trial, and do not know if it proved successful in those waters.

What I wish to say to your readers now is, that I have recently had great sport with this fly with the pike-perch. In all I have taken 33 as follows: On July 20, 4; 22, 9; 24, 8, and 28, 12. These fish were all taken by moonlight, and just after the shades of evening had fallen. A fly thrown on the same water half an hour earlier failed to elicit a rise, and they were all taken in swift, shallow water, not over a foot in depth and just at the discharge of the waste water overflows from the canal feeder at the lock into the river, in a narrow channel not more than six feet wide. They were evidently cornered there in attempting to make a run up stream. In size they were small, ranging from one-quarter to one pound in weight; but the experience was peculiar and I give it to my brother chips in order, if any may be similarly situated, they may perhaps be rewarded on trial with like success.

The pike perch do not fight as gamely and give up sooner than the large or small-mouths. My experience with the two basses is like that of Mather and "Cyrtonyx," that larger fish of the open countenance will rise more readily to the cast fly, but I must give the palm for fight to the small-mouths. I have yet to see the former come out of the water as frequently on the same provocation and give the dog-like shake of the latter. A. F. Clapp.

Sunbury, Pa., Aug. 3.

IN KNOXVILLE WOODS.

[New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed extract from a private letter, received from a Kentucky correspondent, exhibits plainly the magnetic effect produced upon an ordinarily staid and serious Methodist Episcopal dominie by a contest with the black bass. Should it be considered suitable for your columns, you are permitted to use it.—Geo. Shepard Page.]

THE 15th of April, 1885, a good Nimrod and Ike Waltonfriend, with the writer, might have been seen boarding the Knoxville express at Danville for objective point, Knoxville Woods, eighty miles deep in the mountains of Southeastern Kentucky, to the fishing headwaters of the Cumberland. Here, amid the splashing rapids of cool, clear water, we were to find where the game black bass jump beneath the overhanging hoary mountain cliffs, and hear the reel sing soft music and lightning trills as the bronze beauties spring to the spur of the steel, and lie at last softly rippling the water in the cool recesses of the fish box.

I only paint one among many scenes. A rocky promontory, an overhanging mountain cliff, broad shadows from leafy sentinels flung over a twirling eddy of water, singing lullaby at the base of a rushing rapid. After a 4 o'clock coffee at our camp our boat has glided softly three miles and as softly now swings to rope in anchorage in the eddy. Signs good—hist! there is a royal break from the pool; there goes the silk braid flying from the end of the bamboo, until the steel sprout strikes in the midst of the heaving ripple. Hark to ye! There is a gentle quiver to lax line as it steadily straightens into the whirling current. Click! comes the first overture from the reel. Sure as you live—the fun's up! Coming! Look ye! Out and out! Sing—whiz! Got it he has, and a-going! Strike? Not yet; not yet! And still he goes! Reel is now dancing. "O, Jemima, whar did ye come from?" Forty feet of line gone, and the time is Maud S. still! He is making for that huge boulder-lair in midstream, fifty yards wide. "Getting time to milk the cows"—sure. Gently the "brake." Hurrah, what a tether! Steady, my steel! Whack! we take him. Do your duty, bamboo! Hold fast, my sprout, for springing three feet into midair comes the five-pounder! Foam and splash! Double up, bamboo! Steady, my thumb! Whoop—did, did you see that? If he didn't make a jump to come down on the slack to break the hold! Nay, verily! Come home, old chap! And with dulcet strains of "Mary had a little lamb" a landing net is thrust out beneath the quivering side of the mountain brave, and the curtain falls to roaring music. And so our three or four days go, and when the soggy basket of beauties is chucked down on the veranda of Tucky Hoe the fish are still kicking beneath the lump of ice in the basket, and a first-class soiree from the waiting welcome of boys is now in order. "Sing low," Rangeley, and come down and strike hands with thy sister Cumberland, for "Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean!"

A SUMMER IDYL.

(Exhumed near the spot where, according to the "oldest inhabitant," a picnic of high solemnity was held in the year 1785).

O! WHAT is the arc that is traced above,
Approaching the stars and things?
'Tis the fugitive flight of the festive frog,
Which a muscular maiden swings.
And what is yon opalescent gleam,
That steals o'er the sunfish nest?
'Tis a gobbet of pork on a cotton line
That slowly sinketh to rest.
Whish—splash—
The fisher hath cast his line:
But his eye avoideth the float,
Because of the ribbons and calico gown
Of the girl that's in the boat.
Yank—cuss—
And the catty is in a tree,
An ill-conditioned and snaggy sprout
As ever you'd wish to see.
But it holdeth the catty and eke the line,
Forever, eternallee.
And the chowder fiend is abroad in the land,
And a potent sprite is he.
With pan and kettle he taketh his stand
Under the greenwood tree.
Rip—scrape—
He cleaneth the perch and dace,
Though his cuticle dreadeth the goading spines,
And the scales fly up in his face;
For he feareth the rush of the ravening crew
Which cometh to dine apace.
Wink—smile—
'Tis the bass in a shady hole,
And the politic pike with the open face,
At the flash of the whirling troll.
They watch the doodle-bug's steely tail
Catch fast in the mossy sticks,
And well remember the sort of folks
That commonly pic at nics.
Hum—buzz—
The 'skeeter is on the wing,
He watcheth a chance to light,
And ever he whetteth his vengeful sting
And seeketh a place to bite.
Yet playfully paddles the picnic crew,
Though the bass in his shadowy hole
Contemptuous winks at the skittering frog,
And the spin of the lively troll. K.

July 25, 1885.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SEA FISHING.

ALTHOUGH I have been a reader of Forest and Stream for a number of years, I have never yet noticed anything in its columns concerning our sea fishing on the southern coast of our favored State; and, for fear Eastern readers will arrive at the conclusion that we have little or no fishing here, I venture to write this short note, hoping it may prove of interest to the readers of my favorite journal.

I believe that we have the finest deep-sea fishing in America, and I think I will be borne out in this by every reader of this who has ever trolled for barracouda, Spanish mackerel, or yellow-tails off the Heads outside the Bay of San Diego. As one of the guests of the Florence Hotel said the other day when invited to join a glass ball shoot (and he is a man who has fished from Florida to the Banks), "I can shoot glass balls any day, but I can't catch a barracouda every day, and I'm bound for the Coronadas in the Restless if I can't hold a line," and one look at his fingers would be enough to convince any one that, however much sport there might be in trolling for barracouda, there is plenty of hard work in it too; for each of the Judge's forefingers were wrapped in linen from the nail to the second joint, and an inquiry as to the reason would have elicited the reply that pulling from five to thirty pounds of a fish twenty yards against the momentum of a boat traveling at the rate of ten knots an hour was no joke.

It is no uncommon occurrence for a party to return with 300 fish at the end of a day's sport, and in the best of the season over 400 have been taken by three persons. The troll for catching barracouda consists of a large four-inch Kirby hook with a piece of bone or white rag attached to the shank, the line being about sixty feet long; from five to a dozen lines are cast adrift from the stern of the yacht as soon as the outside of the Kelp off Point Loma is reached.

The instant a school of barracouda or Spanish (or horse) mackerel is reached the fact is made apparent by the tightening of line after line as the fish take the troll, and the fun waxes fast and furious as fish after fish comes whirling over the gunwale of the boat; and sometimes for a steady hour the fish follow the boat, attracted by the bits of shiny bone flung to them by the anxious fishers, only to be hooked and flung ruthlessly down into the bottom of the boat, among dozens of companions. Once in a while, twang will go a line, and glancing astern one can see a white object glancing through the water like a flash, and the taut line shows that the fish is "making to windward." "Yellowtail" laconically says the skipper, and you grab the line frantically and haul in a few yards until Sir Yellowtail chooses to turn back, and you wonder how in thunder he can pull so hard. After a hard fight of perhaps ten minutes you lift a noble looking fish into the boat, and stoop over to examine him. You will see a fish weighing perhaps thirty pounds, and looking so nearly like a salmon that one will involuntarily exclaim, "It's a sea salmon," and a great many give it that name.

The barracouda season lasts from about March 15 to June or July of each year. Thousands are caught here and dried and shipped to 'Frisco annually, although there is no regular fishery established here.

Besides the trolling outside, one can tie up to a "bull kelp," and lowering his line to bottom, about six fathoms, can catch a hundred pounds of sea bass, redfish, groupers, rock cod, kelp fish, and a half dozen more varieties of deep-water fish, in a couple of hours; or, not liking to go so far, particularly if one's digestive organs can't stand "old father ocean," he can adjourn to the steamship wharf in the bay, and, seated pleasantly in the shade with a light rod and proper tackle, he can land in an hour's time, twenty or thirty fine gamy mackerel, ranging from nine to fifteen inches in length, or going to bottom, with a species of crawfish for bait, he can catch the same number of "croakers," sea bass or rock cod.

If he is a "thoroughbred" and a "stayer," let him provide a good joint rod, about fifty yards of hand braided line (large size), a good reel, some A1 Limerick hooks; get everything properly "fixed;" attach a live smelt about five inches long on his hook by running the barb of the hook through the skin on the back of the fish, make a cast with the tide, and walk slowly back and forth along the wharf. The wharf runs southwest and the tide coming in or going out runs northeast or southwest. This plays his line out about thirty feet. If the day is propitious he will land from three to six halibut in the course of an afternoon, averaging about ten pounds in weight. I saw one caught on the wharf one day last summer by a boy and landed with a gaff, which weighed thirty-five pounds, and which was sold for $3.50 on the spot.

By changing the size of the hook to a lesser number, one can have glorious sport trolling for bluefish from the wharf, and I have counted sixty-three lines trolling in a space of a hundred yards. By casting a large line and hook out from the end of the wharf with a dead fish for bait, one can catch sharks ranging from three to six feet in length, and which will furnish a man all the fun he wants.

We have two seaside resorts, one the Mussel Beds, distant eight miles by land, and La Jolla (pronounce La Hoya) twelve miles distant, both popular drives where visitors can gather unlimited quantities of beautiful mosses or sea shells, or the far-famed Abalone shells, from which so much jewelry is made, and where thousands are gathered annually, the meat dried by Chinamen, shipped to San Francisco, and there sold to restaurants and hotels to furnish clam chowder for thousands. The shells are ground down, polished and sold as curios, or cut up and made into jewelry, etc. Probably no shell in the world has as many uses or is as much admired as the Abalone.

The fishing at both Mussel Beds and La Jolla is fine. Seated on the rocks, which are perpendicular in some places for twenty feet to the water, with a good braided line, large clams for bait, one can catch on a flood tide a dozen fine rock bass or rock cod, redfish or sea bass, averaging from five to seven pounds in weight, and do it without wetting his feet or clothes, or should he desire larger game, let him bring a hundred yards of heavy line, a six-inch hook, and baiting it with a piece of beef cast from the rocks out into deep water, the chances are good that before an hour passes either he is "out" a line or he is "in" a shark. Some monsters have been seen here, and bathers are very careful not to go too far out, although no one has as yet been injured by them.

If any reader of this comes out this way, let him call on the writer, and I will endeavor to show him some of the finest sport in the world on this bay and in its vicinity in that line. As the hunting season is now over, and we are compelled to lay down our guns until the first of October, we make up for it by handling rod and reel on every occasion we can, and some royal times we've had in the last month outside the heads, at Mussel beds and at La Jolla.

San Diego, Cal. Ad. B. Pearson.

THE BIG TROUT SECRET.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago, some fishermen living on the south shore of Lake Ontario, in the State of New York, set some trap nets in Salmon River, and in one of them caught a salmon which weighed just sixty pounds. My wife cleaned, stuffed and baked it in an old-fashioned brick oven, and a party of twenty men and women sat down to the feast. I don't know how much a salmon ought to weigh, but it seems to me that it must have been a big one at all events.

Reading in your paper about bait-fishing for speckled trout, recalls to my mind some exploits in that line of old Phineas T. Goodrich, formerly Prothonotary of Wayne county, Pa., and his crony, Lysander S. Hill, a jeweler and an inveterate fisherman. The pair frequently started out before daylight in the morning on foot, and by break of day would be miles away among the mountain forests, where the brooks tumbled their coldest waters over the rocky bottoms. They usually were absent two or three days, and just where they fished was known to no one but themselves. In vain were all queries on that point; the answers were always evasive—that is, nearly always! What caused so much inquiry on that particular point was the fact that the pair always returned carrying strings of trout phenomenally large—the altogether largest speckled trout ever seen, and they were handsome, too, I tell you! No other sportsmen could find the stream where such monsters were caught. The brooks, lakes and rivers of Wayne and Pike counties were all ransacked in vain. Goodrich and Hill remained the champions on big trout. All this was years ago. A few years since I met Mr. Hill in a Western city whither he had removed, and in calling up reminiscences of the past I one day asked him where it was that he and Goodrich used to catch them big trout. He was sandpapering the butt of a fish pole he was making at the time. He looked at me for a moment with a sly look in his eyes, then laughed.

"Come, now," said I, "where was it?"

"Do you really want to know—bad?" said he.

"Yes; out with it," said I.

"Well, then, I'll tell if you must know; we caught them in all the good trout streams," said he.

"How?" asked I.

"It was all in the bait," said Hill.

"In the bait!" echoed I.

"Yes; it was a dead secret between us. We used minnows and dropped to the bottom of the still, deep pools; there's where the big fellows lie, and they would go for that minnow like chain lightning. Christopher! but they were ugly to handle."

"Shake!" said I, and we shook.

The secret of years was out. Try it.

Bah! I am disgusted. After writing the above, and calculating to produce a Waltonian sensation, upon reading the same to my wife to assure her that it was not a letter to the other girl she exclaimed:

"Pshaw! They always used minnows when fishing for speckled trout up by the Salmon River Falls, and the littler they were the better. I've used 'em no more'n an inch long, and they were the best."

Such is life. Common Sense.

CANADA SALMON.—Montreal, July 30.—It has not come to pass in many years that salmon has been a drug on the market here, but this season, owing to the splendid catches which have taken place on the Lower St. Lawrence, the poorer classes have been able to luxuriate on salmon at prices more moderate than they are accustomed to pay their butcher. The trout season, which is now at its height, is almost unprecedented for the number and size of fish taken. The Restigouche and the Cascapedia has been thronged ever since the season opened by many distinguished American anglers, including ex-President Arthur, Dean Sage, of Albany; Mr. Lawrence, of New York; Dr. J. H. Baxter, Chief Medical Surveyor United States Army; General Henry DeForrest, Collis Johnson, John DeMott, W. K. Soutter, Albert Bigelow, and H. P. Wells, the angling author, and a large number of the members of the St. Marguerite Salmon Club, New York. Ex-President Arthur is reported to have killed more fish in a given time than any other rod this year, his take within a week amounting to ninety-eight salmon, averaging twenty-four pounds each. Since the Princess Louise had such good sport in these waters it has become quite fashionable for ladies to whip the streams, and Lady Lansdowne, prior to her visit to England, succeeded in hooking and killing some of the finest fish taken during the season. Sir Roderick Cameron, of New York, who has been fishing the Restigouche with one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the Dominion, has also enjoyed excellent sport. He was, however, found guilty of violating the fishery regulations by killing salmon on Sunday and was fined $10. The Supreme Court Judge luckily got off by a technicality, being equally guilty of fishing on Sunday, but not of killing his fish. Frequenters of the realms of the trout and salmon know that this violation of the law is indulged in regularly by people who, while under home influences, are more pretentious, if insincere, in their observance of the day of rest, and that the army of fish is not even allowed to enjoy one day out of the seven. It is hinted by a local journal here that a nobleman occupying an exalted position in the Government of the country sets this bad example, and that the magnates and millionaires of wealthy railway corporations follow in his footsteps. The same journal aptly remarks that it is these nabobs, who go to the salmon waters armed with rods, flies, gaffs and well-stocked hampers, who are the breakers of the laws which they wish enforced against the poor Indian, who knows no law of game preservation.—*Correspondence New York Evening Post.*

BROWN TROUT.—"About two and one-half years ago," says the Rochester *Democrat*, "the State fish hatcheries at Mumford imported from Germany a quantity of the eggs of the German trout, a fish greatly resembling the English brown trout. This trout is a winter spawning fish and so could be crossed with the native brook trout, and it was for this purpose that the eggs were imported. Thursday, F. J. Amsden, of Rochester, was casting the fly in the stream at Mumford, below the ponds, and captured a beautiful specimen of the German trout. It was taken with a No. 16 hook and was landed after a struggle of fifteen minutes. Although but two and a half years old, the trout weighed fourteen ounces. It has small scales which are perfectly discernible and is thickly covered with bright vermillion spots. As the German trout is such a rapid grower, the cross with the native fish will undoubtedly give a more desirable fish." The *Democrat* is in error so far as to the importation of the eggs of the "brown trout" of Europe is concerned. They were not imported for crossing, nor were they imported by the hatchery at Mumford. The eggs were sent by Herr von Behr, president of the German Fishery Association, and Herr. von dem Borne, the well-known fishculturist, as a personal present to Mr. Fred Mather, superintendent of the New York Fish Commission, at Cold Spring Harbor, and he presented a few to the Mumford hatchery. Mr. Mather is firm in the belief that this fish will prove of great value in our waters if it can be successfully acclimatized. If they have any of these brown trout at Mumford they will do well to get a pure breed established before they begin to degrade either the brown trout or our native fish by hybridizing, for in this process what is gained on one side is lost on the other. If the progeny of two species is superior in any respect to one parent it is certain to fall below the other in some other point, or to prove infertile.

TROUT SLAUGHTER.—Philadelphia, Aug. 1.—Information comes from Kane, Pa., that a great many trout are being killed in the streams of Elk, McKean and Cameron counties by dynamite. The work of the fish butcher is not confined to one county, but extends all over the lumber regions of the northwestern part of the State. They have operated on Johnson's Run, Bear Creek, Spring Creek and Mill Creek, in Elk county; West Clarion Creek, Straight Creek and Johnson's Creek, in McKean county; along the Sinnemahoning and Driftwood, in Cameron county, and on the small streams of Clearfield and Clinton counties. When the Jersey Shore & Pine Creek Railroad was being built the workmen openly used dynamite, and many large trout were secured in this illegal manner. Now it is impossible to catch any but fingerlings there when formerly it was an easy matter to fill a creel with one quarter to one-half pound fish. The penalty for fishing with this explosive is $50 fine and costs, and in default of payment, imprisonment at the rate of one day for each dollar of fine and costs. The legitimate fishermen of Kane and vicinity, we are glad to learn, have determined to see that the law is enforced, but find it a difficult matter to push, as the law-breakers are shielded by their friends. It would be well if the Fish Commissioners of this State would act in the matter.—HOMO.

WEAKFISH AT BARNEGAT.—Philadelphia, Aug. 1.—The weakfish have not been biting well this week at Barnegat or Tuckerton bays, notwithstanding it is stated there is this season more shrimp in these waters than for years past. The baymen attribute it to the hot weather which has likewise reached the coast. There is every indication, however, of there being plenty of fish in the bays, but they appear to be sluggish in taking hold.—HOMO.

IT DOES NOT PAY.—George Smith, of Lake Village, who threw a dynamite cartridge into the lake at Weirs a few days ago, killing an immense number of fish, was arrested by Fish Commissioner Hodge, of Plymouth, Tuesday, pleaded guilty, and was fined $50 and costs. George will now explode almost as bad as the cartridge did whenever any one says dynamite to him.

BASS IN CHENANGO.—Bass-fishing is reported to be good in the vicinity of Green, Chenango county, N. Y.

A BIG LAKE TROUT.—The Manchester, N. H., *Mirror and American*, of July 29, records the capture of a lake trout, (*S. namaycush*) which weighed twenty-eight and a half pounds, near Laconia, N. H., as follows: An extraordinary event took place on Lake Winnisquam, near this village, Monday, which eclipses anything in the piscatorial line ever heard of in this section. A party of gentlemen went "across the bay" and landed upon the Sanbornton shore for a fish prize. Five of the party subsequently took a small boat and took a position a short distance from shore, to catch perch. There was but one "trout gear" among the party, which Will J. Busiel utilized, and in about half an hour landed an 11½-pound trout. At this another of the party, William Belford, remarked, "I'm going to catch one that will lay you all out," and proceeded to hunt up a "tackle." It appears that there happened to be a large ball of twine in the boat, near the size of a pipe stem. Belford got hold of this and also an old rusty cod hook. These he "bent" together and attaching a "cold chisel" for a sinker, put on a good sized bull frog for bait and cast off. The eccentric paraphernalia went to the bottom, as a matter of course, very suddenly, where it lay for about five minutes, when there was a bite. Business on the boat began to be lively soon after and intense excitement prevailed. The huge trout, (for such it proved to be) was boarded in about twenty minutes, not before all hands however rendered assistance in taking him in. The trout in coming to the surface broke water some twenty feet from the boat, where he "skived" about in all directions with great energy. Getting nearer to the boat, one of the party, Jonas McGuire, dealt a powerful blow with a piece of board, which cut a gash two inches deep in the trout's back, which sort of numbed him, when John Gordon inserted his fingers into the gills, and hoisted him into the boat. Belford was "pale as a ghost" at the conclusion of the operation, and, although a powerful man, came near fainting away under the excitement. The singular part of the affair seems to lie in the fact that such a hastily improvised and uncouth rig should capture the prize trout ever landed from the waters of any lake in this section, including Winnipesaukee. The weight was twenty-eight and one-half pounds, the head alone weighing four and a quarter pounds, and the extreme length being forty inches. Mr. Belford has been the recipient of many congratulations since the event, and when approached upon the subject to make a statement, warms up to the situation almost as much as though he had another bite. Mr. Belford is proprietor of the Belknap Shoddy Mill, and a well-known devotee of the rod and gun.

DEATH OF UNCLE FRANK O'DONNEL.—Francis B. O'Donnel, an old-time fisherman and politician, died at his residence, 138 Lexington avenue, yesterday afternoon. He was born in Ireland in 1812. He came to New York with his parents when only 2 years old. When a young man he had a tenor voice of remarkable power and sweetness, and for fifty years he sang "The American Boy," at all the Tamany Fourth of July celebrations. He retained his voice to the day of his death. For a quarter of a century he was an officer of the Court of General Sessions. He was afterward an attaché of the Mayor's office. Of late years he had not been in public life. Much of his time was spent in fishing from the docks, Split Rock at Manhattanville, Staten Island, the Newark draw and other places. He was probably the oldest fisherman in New York city. He caught drumfish off the Hook on the East River forty years ago. Old John Deunet, Billy Baird, Aleck Murray and Amos Cummings were his favorite companians. Mr. O'Donnel died from aneurism of the heart. He was familiarly known as "The Captain." He leaves a widow, three sons and a daughter. A more genial, warm-hearted man, and a more patient fisherman never breathed. The Tammany Society passed resolutions of regret last night.—*New York Sun, Aug. 3.*

SALMON ANGLING IN MAINE.—The Belfast, Me., *Republican Journal* says: "Salmon have not been so abundant in the Penobscot for fifty years, and over forty of these royal fish have been taken at Bangor. Fish Commissioners Stillwell and Stanley indulged in an hour's angling with the rod and fly there, Thursday, Mr. Stillwell succeeding in capturing one fish and Mr. Stanley hooking two, but losing them both. Statements had been made that the fishway on the dam was not effective, but the commissioners proved the utility of the way by closing it and examining the interior. They found several salmon therein, one being at the head and about to enter the water above. The Penobscot salmon are now characterized by their medium and small size, which is evidence to the commissioners that they are the same fish with which the river was previously stocked. Mr. L. A. Dow, Brigadier's Island, Searsport, so far as we can learn, was the champion salmon catcher in this vicinity for the season just ended. He caught 507 salmon, averaging thirteen pounds each—a total of 6,591 pounds. It was a profitable season's work for him."

HOW TO CATCH CRAYFISH.—Memphis, July 29.—In reply to "W. L. A." the method pursued by the dagoes and negroes in lower Louisiana is novel as well as interesting. Great quantities of these crustacea are captured in that region for the New Orleans market, where they are highly esteemed for making "gumbo," a very toothsome dish when prepared by a creole cook. The modus operandi of the capturing is simple enough, as I have frequently seen it practiced. A piece of cord a couple of feet in length is tied at one end to the middle of a light stick about a foot long. To the other end of the cord is securely tied a small bit of meat, usually fat bacon. Each artist manipulates an indefinite number of these machines, perhaps two dozen. He (or she) tosses them out into the muddy ponds or "borrow pits," near the levees. Then the operator, with breaches rolled up or petticoats elevated, wades gently through the pond with a pail or basket in one hand, and visiting each line in turn, slowly raises it out of the water and drops the catch into the receptacle provided.—COAHOMA.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, Cal.—The trouting season is about closed here now. Great numbers of trout have been caught in the Ventura and other streams in this vicinity. A friend and the writer caught 115 one day last week, but many of them were fingerlings that we threw back. The largest were from eight to fifteen inches in length. A salmon trout twenty-one inches long was caught near here some time ago. —TYPO.

A LIBERAL REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION that will lead to the discovery of an angler who is not "a true disciple of Old Izaak," who does not go to bed "to dream of the glorious sport on the morrow," who does not "entice with his lure the finny denizens of the stream," and who does not catch "speckled beauties." I am such an one myself, but I am awfully lonely. Address SILAS SYLVAN, care FOREST AND STREAM. aug6,1t

BLACK BASS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—St. Albans Bay, Vt., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing is not at its best here yet, although there are fish enough to satisfy any reasonable man. I met your correspondent, Mr A. N. Cheney, and his friend Major Butts here. Mr. Cheney went out last Saturday and took 8 bass weighing in the aggregate 19½ pounds. On Monday he took 16 bass which weighed 23½ pounds, and he reports them as very gamy. There are half a dozen anglers here but none come up to Mr. Cheney's record, and he is continually applied to for lessons in the art. In his genial way he tells them that he simply fishes when the fish are hungry and they do not; but we don't believe that to be the only reason. He is known as an expert and it is impossible for him to impart all that he has learned in many years in the course of conversation. I hope to try the fish to-morrow and will report.—THE THIRSTY PELICAN.

A SEVENTY-POUND BASS.—An enormous striped bass, caught off Noman's Land (south of Martha's Vineyard), was on exhibition in Boston last week. It weighed 70 pounds, and is said to be the largest of its species ever caught with line and reel alone.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

MOSQUITOES KILL TROUT.

THE following letter to the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries opens up a new question concerning the mortality among young trout. We have never heard of such a case, and commend it to the attention of fishculturists. It is not unusual to see fry with a large umbilicus at the surface for a few seconds while in the hatching troughs, but it is rare to see them rise thus in streams, where they are not so crowded and disturbed by their fellows:

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR—It may be of interest to you and of some importance to science if I detail some facts that I was witness to in regard to the destruction of young mountain trout by mosquitoes. In the middle or latter part of June—I think it was—in 1882 I was prospecting on the headwaters of the Tumichie Creek, in the Gunnison Valley, Col. About 9 o'clock in the morning I sat down in the shade of some willows that skirted a clear but shallow place in the creek. In a quiet part of the water where their movements were readily discernible were some fresh hatched brook or mountain trout, and circling about over the water was a small swarm of mosquitoes. The trout were very young, still having the pellucid sack puffing out from the region of the gills, with the rest of their body almost transparent when they would swim into a portion of the water that was lighted up by direct sunshine. Every few minutes these baby trout—for what purpose I do not know unless to get the benefit or more air—would come to the surface of the water so that the top of their head was level with the surface of the water. When this was the case a mosquito would light down and immediately transfix the trout by inserting his proboscis or bill into the brain of the fish, which seemed incapable of escaping. The mosquito would hold his victim steady until he had extracted all the life juices, and when this was accomplished he would fly away, the dead trout would turn over on his back and float down stream. I was so interested in this before unheard of destruction of fish that I watched the depredations of these mosquitoes for more than a half hour; and in that time over twenty trout were sucked dry and their lifeless shells sent floating away with the current. It was the only occasion that I was ever witness to the fact, and I have been unable by inquiry to ascertain if others have observed a similar destruction of fish. I am sure the fish were trout, as the locality was quite near snow line and the water very cold, and no other fish were in the stream at that altitude. From this observation I am satisfied that great numbers of trout, and perhaps infant fish of others varieties in clear waters, must come to their death in this way, and if the fact has not been heretofore recorded it is important to those interested in pisciculture.

I remain, very respectfully yours, C. H. MURRAY.

DENVER, Col., July 23.

MASSACHUSETTS LOBSTER LAW.—Public Statutes, Chapter 91: SEC. 81. Whoever during the month of July in any year catches or takes from any of the waters of this Commonwealth any female lobster bearing eggs, shall be punished for each offence by a fine of not less than ten nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the house of correction for not less than one nor more than three months; but a person catching or taking any such lobster during said month of July, and immediately returning it alive to the waters from which it was taken, shall not be subject to such penalty. [As amended in 1882, chap. 98.] SEC. 82. Whoever during the month of July in any year sells or has in his possession with intent to sell, any female lobster bearing eggs, taken in this Commonwealth, shall forfeit for each offence a sum not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars. [As amended in 1882, chap. 98]. SEC. 83. The mayor and aldermen of every city, the selectmen of every town, and all police officers and constables shall cause the provisions of the two preceding sections to be enforced in their respective cities and towns. Acts of 1884, Chapter 212. SEC. 1. Section eighty-four of chapter ninety-one of the Public Statutes is amended so as to read as follows: Whoever sells or offers for sale, or has in his possession, a lobster less than ten and one half inches in length, measuring from one extreme of the body extended to the other, exclusive of claws or feelers, shall forfeit five dollars for every such lobster; and in all prosecutions under this section the possession of any lobster not of the required length shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict. SEC. 2. Any mutilation of a lobster affecting its measurement shall be *prima facie* evidence that the lobster is less than ten and one half inches in length. SEC. 3. The commissioners of inland fisheries shall have the same powers to enforce the provisions of this act as they have to enforce all laws regulating inland fisheries given them by section three of chapter ninety-one of the Public Statutes. SEC. 4. The governor may, at the written request of the commissioners of inland fisheries, or either of them, detail one or more of the district police, from any district or town he may see fit, to enforce the provisions of this act throughout the Commonwealth. Acts of 1885, Chapter 256: SEC. 1. For the purpose of enforcing the provisions of chapter two hundred and twelve of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-four, relative to the protection of lobsters, either of the commissioners on inland fisheries, personally or by deupty, or any member of the district police detailed by the governor as provided in said chapter, may search in suspected places for, seize and remove, lobsters taken, held or offered for sale in violation of the provisions of said chapter.

FISHCULTURE IN MAINE.—Three hundred thousand young salmon have been placed in the head waters of the Penobscot River; 200,000, of the Kennebec; 200,000, Saco; 40,000, Denny's. One hundred thousand land-locked salmon were liberated in Moosehead Lake, and 50,000 in Rangeley Lakes. Black bass are now very thoroughly distributed throughout the State, and but little more effort will be required in the way of increasing the numbers of these fish.

FISH FUNGUS.—Wilmington, Del., Aug. 4.—Thousands of dead fish are found floating in the streams about this place. They are attacked by the parasitic fungus called by scientists saprolegnia. They attack the fish, propagating on them and killing them by thousands. The saprolegnia are colorless parasites found attached to animal or vegetable organisms in water. They are found more especially on dead insects, frequently forming dense radiating tufts. They arise originally from decomposing matter, especially animal organism. They throw off spores in great quantities, and these are carried about in the currents and attach themselves to the fish, where they germinate and send off more spores. They eat into the fish, absorbing the animal matter of its body.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Oct. 5, 6 and 7.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. E. S. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 27, 28 and 29.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2519.**

"WILDFOWLER'S" THIEVERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wildfowler's" communication in FOREST AND STREAM of July 23 is absolutely false in every particular, and written for no other purpose than that of misleading your readers. When he tells you that I wrote him a friendly letter a fortnight ago asking him if he could supply me with a bitch, he simply writes that which he knows is false, and I challenge him to produce the letter. He cannot do this. I know he cannot do it, because I have not written him any such letter. Furthermore, if I wrote him a "friendly" letter within the past three months, then indeed I am totally incapable of expressing my indignation. What I said about the bitch is this. Clement wrote me saying he had a "very nice bitch, and would let me have her for £25." After telling him how I was put about in the way he had treated me in the dog transaction, I said: "In regard to the bitch you offer, I will be candid with you and say to you as I said to your friend in Chicago a few days ago, *i. e.*, I would be afraid to send you any more money, for fear that I should never hear from it again." If Clement can construe this into a "friendly" letter, he is welcome to do so.

Again he tells you that he holds scores of letters in which I told him I was in no hurry. I call for the proof. In my first letter to him I told him I was in no particular hurry. By that I did not mean that I was willing to wait months or years for what I wanted, and no man with the semblance of honesty about him would construe in that way, and in his answer he led me to believe he had the dog in his possession and could send it at once, saying, "He is a wonder and I should like for you to have this one."

Then he tells you that Mr. Mason is at the bottom of the trouble. This I most emphatically deny, masmuch as Mr. Mason did not even know of my having sent to Clement for a dog until after I had given Mr. McKinley an order on Clement for the money and had fully determined to expose the whole steal; and in doing this I required no assistance. I only wish that Mr. Mason had known of my intentions of sending money to the thieving scoundrel. I am confident that I would be about £40 better off now. I will now prove to your entire satisfaction that C. did not pay carriage on this dog as he agreed to do:

LONDON, March 24, '85.—*Mr. H. Muss:* Sir—We beg to advise you that one dog for you, received from Mr. L. Clement, is this day shipped to care of R. F. Downing & Co., shipping agents, New York, to whom please give early instructions as to forwarding and claiming same, and to whom please pay our charges, which are as follows: Carriage and charges London to New York, £9. Yours truly, SUTTON & Co.

It will be seen from the above letter that he was trying to get back the £5 which he had paid to Mr. McKinley and make me pay carriage besides. I ask you, Mr. Editor, and readers of FOREST AND STREAM, is this not a thieving transaction? That he did not, at first, pay the importation duty I will also prove, and by not having done that the dog was kept at the bonded stables until a certificate could be got, and for which he blames the consulate. Let us see about this:

LONDON, May 4, 1885.—*H. Muss:* Dear Sir—I regret there should have been any delay about the delivery of the dog, but my "man" was told that no certificate was necessary, and so he did not take any. I have sent for one to-day, and will forward it to agents, who will see about putting matters straight.—L. CLEMENT.

The above letter will prove to you that the importation duty was not paid by Clement, and the dog was kept at the bonded stables where additional charges accrued, until a certificate could be had. Now, I ask you again, must I pay these charges, $74.75, in addition to the amount already paid by me? But he tells you Mr. Mason is to blame for the whole trouble. This is indeed laughable. If Clement had told us that the Chicago editor was to blame for the whole trouble, he would have come nearer telling the truth, for it was he who advised would-be importers to send their money to Clement. Now let us see what he said he could and would send me for £40, after which we will take a look at what he actually did send.

LONDON, March 19, 1884.—*H. Muss;* Dear Sir—I could send you a tip top black and tan terrier, fit to win all over the world, for £40, and it would be of A1 pedigree, young, well-marked, whip-tailed, strong-loined, good-headed, and altogether first-rate.—L. CLEMENT.

The dog he sent out weighs over thirty pounds, has very heavy shoulders, poor head, light eyes, and his mouth is not level, besides which he is entirely destitute of all terrier character. The price I paid for this dog is high, and I should have had a typical specimen. Has he fulfilled his bargain "to the letter?" I have shown conclusively, I think, that he has in no way fulfilled our bargain. I now rest my case with the jury—the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM—and will await their verdict.

In conclusion let me say that I received a letter from Clement a few days ago in which he appears to be very angry because I had seen fit to expose the steal. He has only himself to blame for the exposure, since I gave him due and timely notice of what I intended to do unless he made matters right at once, without any further delay or expense to me, and to all of which I only received an evasive answer.

HENRY MUSS.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., July 27, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to Clement ("Wildfowler") I wish to state that the Mr. Mason mentioned by him is an entire stranger to me, and had nothing to do with me or my dealings with Clement. Is it not enough for Clement to swindle me out of $100, without trying to draw in an innocent party, such as Mr. Mason?

CHAS. F. KENT.

MONTICELLO, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fact of Messrs. Kent and Muss having sent money to L. Clement, alias "Wildfowler" is in itself conclusive proof that they never consulted my opinion. I know Clement.

C. H. MASON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.

Another of "Wildfowler's" trans-Atlantic swindles is given as follows in the *Sporting Life:*

Editor Sporting Life: As you are showing up the swindler "Wildfowler," and I have come across a case which it will be impossible for him to explain, even in the transparent manner he has attempted to brush aside the Kent and Muss cases, I think it best to forward the documents. The person swindled in this case was my friend Cummings, of South Acworth, N. H., and the amount he was done out of was £19. You will observe that Mr. Cummings had no difficulty in getting letters till he sent the money, which was never acknowledged. I suppose the receipt went astray like the others. The first mention about the money, which was sent in April, 1884, is in the letter of May 18, 1885, telling Mr. Cummings to draw on him for the money. This Mr. Cummings did, but instead of getting the money he only received the dishonored draft.

The particulars of the case not shown in the correspondence are as follows: Before sending the money to "Wildfowler," Mr. Cummings made inquiries of the editor of one of our sportsmen's papers and was advised that Clement was perfectly reliable, and thereupon sent him £19 to pay for a spaniel bitch bred to Obo and landed in New York. You will notice Clement says in his letter of Feb. 19 that he has a bitch and will ship her the following Saturday. Now if he had a bitch on that date and she was to be shipped on the Saturday, she must have been at Ipswich to be bred to Obo or else Clement lied. If any one cares about asking Mr. Farrow, the owner of Obo, he will find that Clement did not breed a bitch to his dog at all. In Clement's next letter no mention is made of this bitch, so it is evident that the lie was told so as to put off Mr. Cummings in view of the recent exposures.

As "Wildfowler," in his letter which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM this week, gives Mr. Mason all the credit for bringing his Kent and Muss swindles to the notice of American dog buyers, I send this communication to you over my own signature to show the *Shooting Times* editor that there is but one feeling over here with regard to his way of dealing, and that is thorough exposure of his thievery.

Yours respectfully, GEO. W. LEAVITT.

BOSTON, July 24.

The letters received from Mr. Leavitt cover a period of eighteen months. In the free "ad" "Wildfowler" has in the —— —— in return for his services as English correspondent of the official organ of the International Cocker Club, he offers cockers at six guineas. Mr. Cummings sent a letter of inquiry respecting spaniels and received the following reply:

LONDON, Dec. 29, 1883.—Dear Sir—I can get you the black slut you want for ten guineas and get her lined by Obo, and I would have her declared for breeding and pay her freight to a United States seaport all for eighteen guineas, so that you would have no trouble in the matter. The cockers at six guineas are liver and white. The black ones are much scarcer as doubtless you know.—L. CLEMENT, W. P.

The following is an extract from the next letter of Jan. 26, 1884:

* * * You have given me your instructions, I therefore know exactly what you want. Send along your remittance and I will send you a bitch to fill your bill either from my own kennel or from some other breeder's kennel. I know perfectly well what you ought to have, and I will take care that you get it. The price is ninety-four dollars. I could not do it for less considering all I have to disburse. * * * —L. CLEMENT, W. P.

The next letter is written by the man who still holds the money:

FEB. 10, 1884—Dear Sir—I have written to the man about bitch, but have had no reply, so I conclude she is sold. Besides one cannot get a good-looking bitch for that price. I think you had better do as I suggested in my former letter.—L. CLEMENT.

A month later Wolf Polkingham signs L. Clement without adding his own initials, to the following letter:

MARCH 8, 1884.—Dear Sir—Have you sent the check for eighteen guineas? If so, I have not received it. I have three spaniel bitches offered me, and one will suit you occasionally.—L. CLEMENT.

This is an extract from the next letter, signed as the foregoing:

MARCH 22, 1884.—Dear Sir—I have put myself into communication with the leading kennels, so as soon as I receive your check I will get half a dozen bitches sent me to choose from. You may rely on getting a good one. * * * I should advise you not to delay longer than you can help.—L. CLEMENT.

The letter which follows was doubtless written before the draft sent in April was received by the firm of "Tiger" Clement & "Wolf" Polkingham. The proposition reminds one of the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition of our youthful days:

MAY 5, 1884.—Dear Sir—I have had several good pedigree black bitches offered me, but they are over the weight you require. Then there is another one, very handsome and under twenty-three pounds, which would do, but the owner can only give the sire's name. The dam's name he does not know, but he can give the name of the kennel she hails from. Now which would you rather have. One of the heavy pedigree ones or the last one? As soon as I hear from you I will secure the one you prefer and will arrange about the service of Farrow's dog.—L. CLEMENT.

About this time the cash which "Wildfowler" had so industriously been angling for arrived, and it was then a case of "Good-bye John," and the next letter we have is six months later and the old Kent and Muss stories are repeated of plenty of dogs before the money was sent and then a remarkable shrinkage in the hitherto abundant supply.

NOV. 1, 1884.—Dear Sir—I have been looking out for a bitch for you, but they are very hard to find. I have another one offered me and I am going to have her sent to me to look at, and if right I will have her bred to Obo. * * * You were written to before now telling you that I was doing my best in the matter, so I suppose the letter miscarried. * * I shall hurry up as much as I can about your bitch, but good ones are very scarce, except at prohibitory figures, such as £150, etc.—L. CLEMENT, W. P.

FEB. 19, 1885.—Dear Sir—I have a very handsome black cocker bitch for you and will send her on Saturday next with full details.—L. CLEMENT.

Nothing was heard further from "Wildfowler" until it was necessary to call upon Mr. Cummings to renew his subscription to the *Shooting Times*, and he was written to to that effect under date of April 4, 1885. Perhaps this reminded "Wildfowler" of his having received $90 from his correspondent a year before, so he backed the subscription letter with the following, signed by himself:

The prices of black spaniels have risen enormously. Langdale sold one for £70 lately. So you may see what difficulties I have to contend with in getting you one. I had three young ones offered me yesterday by a gamekeeper. I will see them and send you one if it is good enough. I have seen at least forty for you, but they were either bad or else far too dear. However, I hope to eventually please both you and myself in the choice. I intend starting a kennel in America, and probably will send your bitch with my first batch of dogs. I will write you again in a day or two if I secure one of the three bitches I am mentioning above.—L. CLEMENT.

Mr. Cummings next received the communication given below, which is the last he has heard from the reliable "dog broker" recommended by the editor of one of our sportsmen's papers:

MAY 18, 1885.—Dear Sir—I have put your name on our subscribers' list for a year and the paper shall be duly sent. You will see that I state the impossibility I have experienced in getting a black cocker bitch. There are now none to be had under £70 or £80 as they are so fashionable, but if you had been willing to go have (*sic*) a young bitch I had one offered me which would have suited you admirably. However, if you do not wish for one now will you please deduct from the amount the subscription fee and draw upon me at sight for the balance. Or if you want to start bassets I can send you my dog Flambeau II. at once. He ought to fetch a large price in America as he is very handsome, and is a wonderfully good dog on all game. You would be very well pleased with him and could get a rattling price for him. He can start on receipt of a cablegram, if you would like to have him, at once.—L. CLEMENT.

STUD FEES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. Anthony desires my real name he can have it willingly, with a few additional remarks. Imprimis, let me say, that I simply chose Graphic as the example of the highest stud fee asked, and from no desire to affront his owner or injure the dog's reputation. I never denied Mr. Anthony's right to do as he pleased with his own property, and nothing in my letter should have conveyed any such idea. But in what I deem the interest of breeding and breeders, I have just as much right to question the fees fixed as the owners have to fix them. I cannot dictate to Mr. Anthony or any other breeder what fee he shall fix, but I surely can criticise his action when I base my criticism on the broad public grounds on which I did. I consider Mr. Anthony utterly wrong in thinking that a prohibitory fee will keep away all bitches of doubtful pedigree, while it certainly will keep away good bitches owned by gentlemen of very moderate means. A man can own a good dog without being a millionaire, and though we may not all own Graphics, we can at least possess blood as pure. As to keeping a secretary to look up pedigrees, that's mere talk. If Mr. Anthony does not keep in his head a certain run of pedigrees he ought not to go into pointer breeding, and surely, living as he does under the very shadow of FOREST AND STREAM'S wing, he could easily unravel any doubt without much strain on either his mind or his time. I could not, of course, gather Mr. Anthony's liberal intentions regarding the use of stud fees from the advertisement in your columns, and even now, when I grasp the idea, it rather strikes me as a species of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." The latter part of Mr. Anthony's letter seems a good deal about his dog and very little about stud fees. As I am writing about the last I shall certainly not question any of his statements, though I am free to say the one regarding Graphic's progeny is a stiff jump to negotiate. Mr. Anthony has evaded the issue I made, and seems to want to put the matter on a personal footing. This I absolutely decline, as I have no personal feeling or interest in the matter, and unless he can discuss stud fees in the abstract and a trifle more logically, I retire from the field.

T. B. DORSEY ("Surrey").

THE NEW SETTER STANDARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is many weeks since Mr. Osborn, secretary A. K. C., mailed the following instructions to the standard committees:

American Kennel Club, Secretary's office, Birmingham, Conn., May 27, 1885.—*Dear Sir*—At a meeting of the A. K. C., held in Philadelphia, May 19 and 20, you were appointed one of a committee of three on a standard, for judging ————. The other members of your committee are————. Please confer with them on the subject. The instructions are to inform yourself as to the ideas of the different breeders and exhibitors, and agree, if possible, on a standard, and report to me on or before Oct. 1, 1885. Respectfully —G. EDWARD OSBORN, Sec. A. K. C.

Some weeks later Mr. Osborn, in a letter to the *Sporting Life*, said: "My instructions at the Philadelphia meeting were to request the committees to confer with the breeders and exhibitors in the matter and get their views, and I have done so." Mr. Osborn, no doubt, did as he says, but have Messrs. Taylor and Bryson "conferred with the breeders and exhibitors," and if so, which exhibitors and breeders have they conferred with. These gentlemen say they have agreed upon a standard and are ready to report. Halt! None but members of a certain clique have been consulted, and it is only reasonable to presume that an attempt will be made to juggle the Tennessee standard through the next meeting of the A. K. C.

Who are breeders and exhibitors of setters besides J. M. Taylor, J. M. Avent, Bryson Bros., C. B. Whitford and his august master? Have Messrs. Taylor and Bryson ever heard of Messrs. Smith, of Strathroy, C. H. Raymond, John Davidson, Theodore Morford, B. F. Wilson, Ethan Allen, C. S. Westcott, Dr. Fleet Speir, D. T. Charles, J. Otto Donner, Luther Adams, T. G. Davey, E. Herzberg, Blackstone Kennels, Goodsell Kennels, E. J. Martin, W. Tallman, F. Windholz, Howard Hartley, J. M. Tracy, and a hundred or more of others who have been snubbed because Taylor and Bryson know they will have none of it?

So bitter is the feeling against Major Taylor that several prominent exhibitors have stated their intention of never again submitting their exhibits to his judgment. He has not only made a laughing stock of the A. K. C., but has ended his career as a judge at Eastern shows. His decisions in favor of Paul Gladstone and Juno A. at the Philadelphia show were duly noted, and in them may be found the key to Taylor's intentions in this standard business. At the rate he is traveling he will soon have dog shows to himself, and the only entries will be those of Paul Gladstone, Juno A., Gladstone, Gladstone's Boy, Sue, etc.

If Major Taylor's intentions in this standard question are sincere why did he not consult with those who have had considerably more experience than himself? If a standard is to be framed to fit Paul Gladstone and Gladstone stock generally, what objection can be made to some qualified persons making a standard for setters? If snipe-faced weeds have a claim to be called setters, why, may I ask, did Major Taylor confer honors upon Thunder, Emperor Fred, Plantagenet, etc.? He told us they were the best dogs in the world, whereas it now appears they were mongrels. Certainly they were not setters if Paul Gladstone is a setter. Is it possible that all that time Major Taylor didn't know what a setter should be, or (what is now probable) is he giving us the second volume of "Construction"? I have ignored Mr. Higgins's name on the committee, for as "Porcupine" puts it in the *Sporting Life*, "Taylor and Bryson to outvote Higgins is much too thin."

Let me offer a suggestion. It is that you, Mr. Editor, open the pages of FOREST AND STREAM to a list of names of all persons in favor of and opposed to any change of the standard unless indorsed by such well-known breeders as I have mentioned, for the English setter. Such action on your part would insure justice to all. In the event of FOREST AND STREAM refusing to grapple this question it will become the imperative duty of exhibitors, breeders and owners to adopt Mr. Mason's plan of framing a public protest. The FOREST AND STREAM has never been behind in defending the rights of dog lovers, which makes me hopeful that my request will be favorably considered. As I hate newspaper notoriety I will at present sign myself JUSTITIA.

[We should be glad to have the views of our readers on this subject for publication. It is the duty of every breeder and exhibitor to go on record in this matter. If this is done our correspondent need have no fears that the American Kennel Club will adopt a standard that will not be satisfactory.]

PHILADELPHIA FALL DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was decided on last Saturday by the Philadelphia Kennel Club to hold a bench show of dogs in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, during the week beginning Oct. 5 next.

It is the intention of the Philadelphia Kennel Club to make such arrangements as will insure this exhibition to be one of the largest ever held in the United States.

A new departure will be made from the general plan of dog shows, and instead of benching the animals in a building which cannot otherwise than be close, long and substantial sheds will be erected and each kennel will be separated, thus greatly lessening the chance of sickness. The prize list will be a very liberal one and special prizes will be offered for kennels of five or more in many classes. Trials of sheep driving will be given, and for the benefit of exhibitors an express office will be located on the grounds. Due notice will be made to your paper of detailed arrangements. HOMO.

THE ENGLISH COLLIE CLUB.

AT a meeting of the Collie Club, held at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday afternoon, July 7, the following description of the dog whose interests the members study was adopted:

"The skull of the collie should be quite flat and rather broad, with fine tapering muzzle of fair length and mouth the least bit overshot, the eyes widely apart, almond shaped and obliquely set in the head; the skin of the head tightly drawn, with no folds at the corners of the mouth; the ears as small as possible, semi-erect when surprised or listening, at other times thrown back and buried in the 'ruff.'

"The neck should be long, arched and muscular, the shoulders also long, sloping and fine at the withers; the chest to be deep and narrow in front, but of fair breadth behind the shoulders.

"The back to be short and level, with the loin rather long, somewhat arched and powerful. Brush long, 'wi' upward swirl' at the end, and normally carried low.

"The forelegs should be perfectly straight, with a fair amount of flat bone; the pasterns rather long, springy, and slightly lighter of bone than the rest of the leg; the foot with toes well arched and compact, soles very thick.

"The hindquarters, drooping slightly, should be very long from the hip bones to the hocks, which should be neither turned inward nor outward, with stifles well bent. The hip bones should be wide and rather ragged.

"The coat, except on legs and head, should be as abundant as possible; the outer coat straight, hard and rather stiff. the under coat furry and so dense that it would be difficult to find the skin. The 'ruff' and 'frill' especially should be very full. There should be but little 'feather' on the forelegs, and none below the hocks on the hindlegs.

"Color immaterial.

"SYMMETRY.—The dog shall be a fair length on the leg, and his movements wiry and graceful. He should not be too small—height of dogs from 22in. to 24in., of bitches from 20in. to 22in.

"The greyhound type is very objectionable, as there is no brain room in the skull, and with this there is to be found a fatuous expression, and a long, powerful jaw.

"The setter type is also to be avoided, with its pendulous ears, full soft eye, heavily-feathered legs, and straight short flag.

"The smooth collie only differs from the rough in its coat, which should be hard, dense and quite smooth.

SCALE OF POINTS.

Head and expression	15
Ears	10
Neck and shoulders	10
Legs and feet	15
Hindquarters	10
Back and loins	10
Brush	5
Coat with frill	20
Size	5—100

"NOTE—Point judging is not advocated, but figures are only made use of to show the comparative value attached to the different properties; no marks are given for 'general symmetry' which is of course in judging a point of the utmost importance."—*London Field.*

"TRAINING VS. BREAKING."—Some weeks ago Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., asked if we could tell him something about the force system and how to apply it. We advised him instead of employing that system, to read "Training vs. Breaking," by S. T. Hammond, kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and to train his puppy by the directions there laid down. Now he writes: "I have found your work, 'Training vs. Breaking,' of great assistance. It has given me a great deal of satisfaction. My young dogs have improved rapidly during the last few days. They both now charge, to-ho, fetch and come to heel, in a very satisfactory manner. I did not get them when they were quite as young as I wished, they being over nine months old before I commenced to handle them. I have now handled them for two weeks, and think a couple of weeks more will make them pretty near perfect. I follow your instructions about 'going slow.'"

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS JUDGES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a special meeting of the Board of Governors of the E. F. T. C. held July 22, in New York city, it was announced that Daniel C. Bergundthal, Esq., of Indianapolis; John Hunter, Esq., and Elliot Smith, Esq., of New York city, have signified their acceptance of the club's invitation to judge at the Eastern Field Trials of 1885, and that in case of any vacancy occurring or another judge being required the club will select the same from it members, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. J. W. Orth, J. Otto Donner, Washington A. Coster, B. F. Wilson, F. R. Hitchcock and Justus von Lengerke.—WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Secretary and Treasurer.

"BLAME IT ON THE EDITOR."—Hulton, Pa., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Blame it on the editor" that the W. K. C. was omitted from my list of clubs who are the main stays of dog shows.—W. WADE. [The editor had nothing to do with the omission of the club named. We did consider the propriety of inserting the name in the revise of Mr. Wade's letter, presuming that the omission was unintentional.]

THE DAYTON DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Southern Ohio Fair Association will hold their third annual bench show of dogs in connection with their tenth annual fair, Sept. 29 and 30, and Oct. 1 and 2. The regular premium list and a list of a large number of valuable special prizes can be had by application to Mr. H. Anderson, Secretary, Sheriff's Office, Dayton, O.—B. F. S.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.—Col. "Bob" Ingersoll went down to the Oriental Hotel at Coney Island last week with his family and a big Newfoundland. The rules of the hotel forbade the dog's staying there; and Ingersoll repacked his baggage, and with his family and the dog left the hotel for some other house where the dog would be entertained.

ROSE'S PEDIGREE WANTED.—A correspondent wishes to learn the pedigree of the Gordon setter bitch Rose, formerly owned in Hartford, Conn., and sent from there to Louisville, Ky. Any one knowing anything about her will confer a favor by communicating with us.

GRAPHIC.—We have received a letter from Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, the owner of the pointer Graphic, stating that he has withdrawn him from the public stud. This does not include services already promised.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
6. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Foreman II., Count Berwick, Count Graphic, Glendale, Countess May, Countess Helen, Countess Nellie, Countess Alice, Countess Mattie, Countess Nora and Daisey Foreman. By Andrew J. Calahan, New Haven, Conn., for white, black and tan English setters, four dogs and seven bitches, whelped July, 1885, by Blackstone Kennels' Foreman out of his Jolly Nell (Goodsell's Prince—Jolly May).

Senator and Secretary. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dogs, whelped May 27, 1885, by President (A.K.R. 1208) out of Little Nellie (Paddy— ——).

Princess Starlight. By Chas. York, Bangor, Me., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1885, by Dashing Dan out of Daisy Starlight.

Brunswick, Cardinal, Marlborough, Berneta, Bernaline and Hermita. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for St. Bernards (instead of mastiffs, as given last week), three dogs and three bitches, whelped July 20, 1885, by champion Hermit (A.K.R. 28) out of Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489).

Iron Duke. By Geo. Jarvis, New York, for black and white ticked English setter dog, whelped April 25, 1885, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541).

Maud S. By John Dietch, New York, for black and white ticked English setter bitch, whelped April 25, 1885, by Gun (A.K.R. 1538) out of Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541).

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Gyp to Trailer. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June, 1883 (Racket—Fly), owned by Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Trouble—The Earl. George Jordan's (Montreal, Can.) bull-terrier bitch Trouble to Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels' The Earl (Marquis—Lady), June 9.

Blackie III.—Obo II. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Blackie III. (A.K.R. 428) to his champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 422), July 3.

Shina—Young Obo. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Shina (A.K.R. 1484) to his Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), July 10.

Blue Gown—Dashing Lion. G. W. Ballantine's (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Blue Gown (Blue Dan—Flake) to his Dashing Lion (Dash II.—Leda), July 20.

Daisy—Dashing Lion. G. W. Ballantine's (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Daisy (Pembroke—Gift) to his Dashing Lion (Dash II.—Leda), July 26.

Fly—The Earl. M. Dorsey's (Hartford, Conn.) brindle bull-terrier bitch Fly to Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels' The Earl (Marquis—Lady), May 5.

Yoube—Chief. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Yoube (Elcho—Rose) to his Chief (A.K.R. 231), July 18.

Doe—Chief. Max Wenzel's (Hoboken, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Doe (Buck—Floss) to his Chief (A.K.R. 231), July 27.

Frank—Dashing Lion. G. W. Ballantine's (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Frank (Fred—Alena) to his Dashing Lion (Dash II.—Leda), July 12.

Victoria—Grand Duke. T. R. Varick's (Manchester, N. H.) bull-terrier bitch Victoria (A.K.R. 1893) to champion Grand Duke (A.K.R. 524), July 24.

Noreen II.—Chief. John F. Dwight's (Boston, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Noreen II. (A.K.R. 1196) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231), July 15.

Lady Bess—Chief. J. A. Cathcart's (Atlantic City, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Lady Bess (A.K.R. 2178) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231), July 13.

Bessie—Fritz. W. W. Hurd's (Hartford, Conn.) pointer bitch Bessie (Duke—Rose) to A. C. Collins's Fritz (A.K.R. 1249), July 28.

Daisy Queen—Druid, Jr. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Daisy Queen (A.K.R. 2366) to his Druid, Jr. (Druid—Swaze).

Lady May—Emperor Fred. Dr. S. Fleet Speir's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) English setter bitch Lady May (St. Elmo IV.—Ladie Fayre) to his Emperor Fred (A.K.R. 33), July 28.

Gypsie Queen—Little Duke. Chas. Willard's (Westerly, R. I.) beagle bitch Gypsie Queen (Briar—Bush) to A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994), June 22.

Flora—Leader. J. A. Smith's (Mapleville, R. I.) beagle bitch Flora to A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Leader (A.K.R. 319).

Oxey—Obo, Jr. D. Durward's (Simcoe, Ont.) black cocker spaniel bitch Oxey (Tippo—Beauty) to Andrew Laidlaw's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), May 29.

Black Meg—Obo, Jr. R. McKin's (Simcoe, Ont.) black cocker spaniel bitch Black Meg (Beau—Black Bess) to Andrew Laidlaw's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481).

Topsy—Obo, Jr. J. G. Lapp's (Suspension Bridge, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Topsy to Andrew Laidlaw's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481).

Woodstock Flirt—Obo, Jr. F. E. Curtis's (Simcoe, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Woodstock Flirt (A.K.R. 661) to Andrew Laidlaw's Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), June 13.

Juno W.—Obo, Jr. Andrew Laidlaw's (Woodstock, Ont.) black cocker spaniel bitch Juno W. (A.K.R. 2190) to his Obo, Jr. (A.K.R. 1481), July 23.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lilly Queen. Thos. M. Steele's (Dover, N. H.) English setter bitch Lilly Queen, July 14, four (one dog), by his Donzel (A.K.R. 816).

Cad L. A. R. Place's (Dover, N. H.) English setter bitch Cad L. (A.K.R. 1455), July 25, nine (four dogs), by Thos. M. Steele's Donzel (A.K.R. 816).

Maud S. E. S. Herancourt's (Cincinnati, O.) Gordon setter bitch Maud S. (King—Rose), July 4, seven (three dogs), by C. R. Taylor's Gem A.K.R. 959).

Queenstown. C. A. Blaisdell's (Chicago, Ill.) Irish water spaniel bitch Queenstown (champion Barney—Irish Nell), July 23, eight (three dogs), by H. D. Gardner's Jerry O'Connor (Dan O'Connor—Mollie McGuire).

Fly. M. Dorsey's (Hartford, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Fly, July —, six (four dogs), by Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels' The Earl (Marquis—Lady).

Sheila. K. E. Hopf's (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 796). July 29, five bitches, by E. R. Hearn's champion Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535); one since dead.

Meggie. J. D. Culver's (New London, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Meggie (A.K.R. 836), July 31, ten (seven dogs), by L. W. Dart's Neff (A.K.R. 2047).

Jet W. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet W. (A.K.R. 851), July 16, seven (three dogs), by his Black Pedro (A.K.R. 1474); all black.

Mona Moya. J. H. Wall's (Lynn, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Mona Moya (A.K.R. 2083), July 16, six (two dogs), by W. H. Pierce's champion Gleucho.

Belle Stubbs. Ideal Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Belle Stubbs (Col. Stubbs—Fanny Fern), July 10, five (four dogs), by their Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean); liver and white.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 19, 1884, by Charles York, Bangor, Me., to D. R. Williams, Seymour, Conn.

Obo, Jr.—Darkie II. whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 7, 1885, by Ideal Kenneis, New Haven, Conn., to D. H. Moore, Athens, O.

Jet—Rita whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped May 20, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., a dog to A. V. Sedgwick, Stockbridge, Mass., and a bitch to S. G. Moses, Hartford, Conn.

Brahma. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped March 19, 1885 (Brahmin—Woodland Queen), by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont.) to J. H. Perry, Southport, Conn.

Negress III. Black spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 1, 1884 (Lad o' Devon—Dinah), by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to E. W. Durkee, New York.

Woodstock Flirt. Black spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 661), by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to F. E. Curtis, Simcoe, Ont.

Toronto Jet. Black cocker spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 860), by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.

Sport. Black and white cocker spaniel dog, 2½yrs. old (Jet—Daisy), by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., to Chas. McBurney, New York.

Brahmin—Woodland Queen whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped March 19, 1885, by Andrew Laidlaw, Woodstock, Ont., a black dog to W. H. Gale, New Haven, Conn., and a liver dog to H. H. Vail, Cincinnati, O.

Glenmark—Zanetta (A.K.R. 1261) whelps. Lemon and white pointers, whelped March 31, 1885, by W. F. Todd, Portland, Me., a dog to G. H. McKenny and F. W. Thompson, and a bitch to L. M. Sawyer, same place; a bitch to H. C. Burkman, Rockland, Me., and a bitch to W. E. Jones, Attleboro, Mass.

Chase. Beagle bitch, color and age not given (Ringwood—Winnie), by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to A. H. Wakefield & Co., Providence, R. I.

Pet. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 29, 1883 (Racer—Vic), by J. F. Gorham, Leominster, Mass., to W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.

Nell II. Clumber spaniel bitch, whelped July, 1884 (Smash II.—Romp II.), by Geo. Piers, Halifax, N. S., to F. H. F. Mercer, Ottawa, Ont.

Anthony. White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 28, 1885 (Hinks's Dutch—White Rose), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Chas. Stevens, Hoboken, N. J.

Joe—Judy whelps. Pug dogs, whelped May 14, 1885, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., two to Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; one to H. E. Norton, Ironton, O.; one to J. F. McChesney, Little Falls, N. Y., and one to J. B. Hurlbutt, Norwalk, Conn.

Gyp. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June, 1883 (Racket—Fly), by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Herman F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Glenmark—Zanetta (A.K.R. 1261) whelp. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped March 31, 1885, by W. F. Todd, Portland, Me., to W. G. Smith, Templeville, Md.

IMPORTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Patti. Brindle bull bitch, 19mos. old, by Toreador (Monarch—Bellissima) out of Betsy (champion Gamester—Tortoise), by Thomas W. Mills, Montreal, Can., from London, Eng.

Lux II. Dachshund dog, age not given, sired by Prince Albert Solms's Lex, by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., from Braunfels, Germany.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Donzel. White and black English setter dog (A.K.R. 818), owned by Thos. M. Steele, Dover, N. H., July 23; accidentally poisoned.

Mack. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 10, 1874 (Don—Cute), owned by Dr. L. Corcoran, Springfield, Mass., Aug. 2.

Countess Fritz. Lemon and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 2470), owned by Josiah Bardwell, Chicago, Ill., from pneumonia.

Prince Cliff. Lemon and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 2478), owned by Josiah Bardwell, Chicago, Ill., from pneumonia.

Bismark. Pointer dog, whelped April 4, 1885 (Fritz—Virginia), owned by J. B. Wickery, Chicago, Ill., from pneumonia.

Count Fritz. Pointer dog, whelped April 4, 1885 (Fritz—Virginia), owned by J. B. Wickery, Chicago, Ill., from peritonitis.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WESTERN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE fifth annual tournament of the Western Rifle Association will be held at the Western Union Junction, Racine county, Wis., opening Aug. 24 and running four days. The N. R. A. rules govern and the programme provides matches as follows, with a liberal prize list promised:

Monday, Aug. 24.—Match No. 1. Individual Short Range—Fifteen shots each at 200yds.; military rifles allowed 3 points.

Match No. 2. Individual Mid Range—Ten shots each at 500yds., military rifles allowed 2 points.

Match No. 3. Individual Mid and Long Range—Five shots each at 500, 600, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., 2 sighting shots at 500yds. only, military rifle sights allowed 1 point at each distance, first prize one of D. S. Cole's long range rifles, valued at $125, donated by the citizens of Columbus Junction, Iowa.

Match No. 4. Individual Revolver—Ten shots each at 30yds., Massachusetts target for 4-inch barrels and under.

Tuesday, Aug. 25.—Match No. 5. Short Range Teams.—Teams of 6 men each, 10 shots each at 200yds., first prize Western Rifle Association short range champion gold badge, donated by the Minneapolis *Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn.

Match No. 6. Individual Long range.—10 shots each at 800, 900 and 1,000yds., two sighting shots at 800yds. only, military rifles allowed one point at each distance.

Match No. 7. Individual Match at 1,000yds.—30 shots each, first prize Western Rifle Association champion marksman gold badge.

Wednesday, Aug. 26.—Match No. 8. Long Range Team Match.—Teams of 6 men, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., 15 shots each, 2 sighting shots at 800yds., first prize the American field long range gold badge, valued at $150, to be won 4 times to become the personal property of the team.

Match No. 9. Bullseye Match—200yds., 10 shots each, no cleaning, no sighting shots, 8-inches bullseye, bullseyes only to count on score.

Match No. 10. Individual Revolver—15 shots each, at 100yds. on Mass. target for 8 inch barrels and under.

Thursday, Aug. 27.—Match No. 11. Military Teams—Teams of 6 men each, seven shots each at 200, 500 and 600yds., 2 sighting shots 200yds. only; first prize, Western Rifle Association champion military badge, donated by the Pioneer Press of St. Louis, Minn.

Match No. 12. Individual Military—7 shots each at 200 and 500yds., open to all military rifles.

Match No. 13. Commissioned Officers' Match—200yds., 10 shots, open to any commissioned officer of any State or regular army.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—I inclose scores of the Manchester Rifle Club in a match on Creedmoor target which ended Aug. 1. We have two matches started to keep the ball rolling, which run for about three months each, thus keeping up the interest among the members. The scores have been running since April last. There were 11 winners, and out of a possible 1650 these riflemen made 1504, which is considered as very fine work. The summary follows:

Creedmoor Target—Prize Match.

Three cards of 10 shots each, possible 150, entries unlimited:

A B Dodge	5455555555—49	5555555555—49	—147
C D Palmer	4555555555—49	4454555553—47	—143
John Lawrence	4545455545—46	5455455545—47	5454455554—46	—139
C W Lyman	4445455555—46	4455555554—47	5554554454—46	—139
E C Paul	5454545545—46	4445455455—45	5455545544—46	—137
J B Anthony	4545454554—45	4445545455—45	5555544445—46	—136
W Graham	5554454445—45	5454554455—45	4454554455—45	—135
Thomas Pinch	4555454444—44	4455445554—45	5454554445—45	—134
G A Leighton	4445554354—43	4455454545—45	5454455454—45	—133
F J Drake	5554443545—43	4545444554—44	4554445544—44	—131
J Hodge	4555453445—43	5455454554—44	4444545444—43	—130
E I Partridge	4445445545—44	4544444544—42	4445445444—42	—128
Moses Wadleigh	4444444454—40	4544444444—41	5454444555—45	—126
W H Thomas	4555444454—44	4344454445—41	3544344453—39	—124
O I Holdridge	4444444444—40	5454444454—42	3444444544—40	—122

WALNUT HILL RANGE, Aug. 1.—To-day's shoot was not well attended. Many of the shooters are away on their vacations. The weather conditions were fairly good, except a heavy shower at 5 o'clock, which stopped the shooting for the remainder of the day. Following are the scores:

Decimal Match.

A C White, C	8	8	10	8	9	9	7	9	9	10—87
W H Oler, C	8	7	8	7	9	9	10	9	10	7—84
R Dadman, C	10	8	7	9	5	8	9	6	10	9—81
J N Frye	7	5	10	8	6	5	8	8	8	9—74
F Agains	9	9	6	4	4	9	5	10	5	6—70

Practice Match.

F W Perkins, M	5	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—43
C W Hodgdon	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	5	4	4—41

State Militia Match.

Private L Grant	21	22	21

Rest Match.

J Francis	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	10—97
S Wilder	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	9	10—96
J N Frye	9	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	9	10—95
B G Warren	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	8	8	8—93
J Bellows	10	10	7	10	9	8	10	10	9	9—92
Hale	8	8	6	10	9	8	9	8	7	6—79
F Henry	9	5	6	7	4	8	2	7	7	9—64

THE ELCHO SHIELD.—London, July 23.—England again takes the Shield, but with a close rub all around. The weather was extra fine, the wind extra tricky. The result makes England twelve times a winner, Ireland seven times and Scotland five times. Sir Henry Wilmot was the English Captain, and was heartily cheered at the finish, Sir Henry Halford responding, Col. Wilson for the Scots and Adjutant Doyle of the Irish Eight also spoke. The scores stood:

	800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	Total.
England:				
Turner	69	71	71	209
Deeley	68	67	68	203
Gibbs	70	68	65	203
Hunt	70	71	58	199
Whitehead	71	65	58	194
Freemantle	67	69	65	192
Arrowsmith	64	65	61	190
Gilder	63	59	62	184
	542	524	508	1574
Scotland.				
Gibson	66	69	70	205
Caldwell	71	69	62	202
Thorburn	70	69	62	201
Boyd	64	67	69	200
McVittie	69	64	64	197
McKerrell	65	63	67	195
Fraser	59	56	64	189
Johnston	66	59	54	179
	510	516	512	1568
Ireland.				
Young	74	70	60	204
Murphy	67	68	68	203
Cooper	70	62	68	200
Braithwaite	71	71	58	200
Joynt	68	65	58	191
Gauly	66	63	61	190
Barnett	67	62	56	185
Rigby	71	56	54	181
	554	517	483	1554

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 1.—The sixth champion marksman's class match was shot to-day. The weather was trying in the morning, but after lunch some fine scores were made. J. F. Klein, of the 17th Separate Company, was the winner of the gold badge, with the handsome score of 23 and 25, total 48, the highest of the season. The following were some of the best scores. Shepherd, Joiner, Wallace and Frothingham being winners in former matches, were not eligible to share in the division of entrance money:

T J Dolan, 12th Reg	22	24—46	G Joiner, 23 Reg	22	21—43
J S Shepherd, 12th Reg	21	24—45	W T Sullivan, 23d Reg	19	23—42
J H Brown, 7th Reg	22	22—44	J B Frothingham, 23d	19	23—42
W H Palmer, 7th Reg	20	23—43	D Bacon, 7th Reg	22	20—42
R Oliver, 23d Reg	21	22—43	C C Wallace, 14th Reg	18	23—41
T M Harvey, 14th Reg	21	22—43			

THOMASTON, Conn., Aug. 1.—In the first part of the shoot at Bridgemoor range to-day, the sun was shining and we had a very bright light, but soon the approach of a heavy shower made the light very dark and bad. We also had a tricky wind veering from 9 to 11 o'clock.

Massachusetts Decimal Target.

W H Dunbar	6	6	8	8	9	10	8	8	8—76
G C Gilbert	8	7	7	8	6	7	7	6	10 9—75
G A Lemmon	10	6	6	5	7	8	10	9	4 9—74
E Thomas	7	10	5	5	6	8	4	8	5 7—65
Fred A Perkins	6	5	5	8	9	4	4	3	10 8—62
C L Alling	3	5	7	1	10	6	8	3	10 4—57
A Fox	6	8	6	3	2	0	7	7	9 8—56

WIMBLEDON.—The entire meeting has been a grand success in scores, in crowds, in order and most important, in weather. The Council have shown a wise liberality in giving an attractive prize list, and that it was appreciated the increased entry lists demonstrated. A novelty was the revolver match, and one critical observer who stood by says: "For the first time at Wimbledon, a competition was commenced with the revolver. This deadly little weapon has never received in this country the attention it deserves, and as a consequence we are not only far less skillful in its use than any other nation, but our service weapon is inferior to that of any other power. The range was 20yds. only at a target 12in. in diameter with a 3in. bull. Out of those who fired many never touched the 12in. disc, while others only succeeded after dwelling on the aim in a fashion that would hardly have been practicable in front of a Zulu or an Arab, in getting one or two through the pasteboard. The poor practice demonstrated the necessity of some such stimulus to revolver-shooting as a Wimbledon competition will give, and it is to be hoped that next year it may be made a more important feature of the meeting.

RIFLE NOTES.—The Hillside, Mass., Club shot a telegraphic match Aug. 1, with the Jamestown, N. Y., Club, which resulted in favor of the Jamestowns by a score of 290 to 288. A. G. White, of Worcester, made a fine score at Walnut Hill on Saturday last, five consecutive scores in the decimal match were, 77, 81, 84, 85, 86. This is considered by many the best record yet made. There is a movement on foot at Walnut Hill to send a team to the fall meeting of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor. The Boston *Press* men shot a match on Aug. 1 with the Hillside Rifle Club, 9 men a side, Creedmoor target, 7 shots. The score stood: *Press* men 264, Hillside Club 253. The rifle competitions of the Department of Dakota will take place at Fort Snelling, Aug. 12 to 15. The Division of the Missouri contests will take place on the same range instead of at Fort Leavenworth. The Department of the Missouri matches will take place at Fort Leavenworth Aug. 5 to 15. The Department of Texas at Fort Clark Aug. 7 to 11. The Division of the Pacific at the Presidio, San Francisco, Aug. 30 to 27. Department of the Columbia at Vancouver Barracks, Aug. 3 to 8. Department of California at the Presidio, Aug. 3 to 8, and the Department of Arizona at Whipple Barracks, Aug. 6 to 12. The time and place for the Department of the Platte matches has not yet been fixed, but the Omaha range will probably be used.

CONLIN'S GALLERY.—The shooting made by Messrs. Schuyler, Bird, Blydenburgh, Young, Griffin and others at this resort is something wonderful. The following records were copied from the blackboards in the gallery:

Records of rifle shooting at the French range and target, possible 70: J. B. Blydenburgh 68, Maynard Bisby 67, S. H. Hubbard 66, F. R. Waite 65, D. E. Marsh 65, R. V. R. Schuyler 68, Maynard Bixby at the "word" 65, A. C. White 66, D. F. Manice 65, P. M. Beers 65.

Rapidity and accuracy with rifle, shooting at the word: R. V. R. Schuyler 30 consecutive bullseyes and 99 bullseyes in 100 shots, W. B. Young 76 in 77. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., 34 in 35, George Bird 59 in 60. Mr. George Bird, with a Winchester .22-cal. repeater, at a Creedmoor 200 reduced to 25-yd. target, made a score of 115 out of a possible 125 in 29 seconds. Mr. E. H. Wales, with same rifle, made a score of 105 in 40 seconds, and Mr. J. F. O'Connor a score of 100 in 35 seconds.

Scores at 12yds., with rifle, at French target, possible 70: J. B. Blydenburgh full score, R. V. R. Schuyler full score, R. V. R. Schuyler full score at the word, W. B. Young 69, Marnard Bixby 68. J. L. Webb 63, E. H. Wales 65, J. N. Winslow 65, G. W. Hamilton 64, J. F. O'Connor 63, Edward Kelly 63, F. R. Waite 63, J. P. Lower 61, George Bird 67, R. B. Leard 67, Salo Strohein 67, E. E. Tiffany 64, J. A. Whelock 64, C. M. Donnely 63, Remsen Darling 63, Edward Kelly, at the word 61, M. J. Leard 59.

Pistol shooting at this target, possible 84: Wm. M. Chase 74, Pierre Lorillard, Jr. 69, D. A. Davis 71, Chas. F. Jones 70. Possible 70: Pierre Lorillard, Jr., at word, 61, duelling pistols 50, revolver 48. L. Ulmann 55, W. B. Young 53, P. Mitchell 52, Remsen Darling 49, Eugene Higgins (at word) 57, George Bird (.32-cal. S. & W. revolver) 38, R. V. R. Schuyler 53, H. H. Metcalf 53, Dr. F. C. Moller (duelling pistol) 38, F. Durand (.32-cal. S. & W. revolver) 38. J. B. Collins (revolver) 166 out of possible 210.

Fancy shooting records with rifle and pistol: Fred Sands, full score at swinging target, 1in. bull; R. V. R. Schuyler, at the word, split 10 cards consecutively, hit 13 small bullets in 15 shots and 9 pipe stems in 10 shots: R. B. Leard hit 14 pipe stems in 17 shots, at the word; Pierre Lorillard, Jr., hit 9 pipe stems in 10 shots with pistol; Maynard Bisby hit 11 small bullets in 14 shots at the word, and split 7 cards in 10 shots at the word; W. K. Griffin split 7 cards in 10 shots at the word, and hit 23 ½in. bullets consecutively at the word; W. B. Young split 6 cards in 7 shots at the word; Joseph T. Kelly split 7 cards in 10 shots at the word; N. F. Brisac hit 9 pipe stems in 10 shots at the word; Chas. F. Jones split 3 cards consecutively with pistol, and hit ace of harts 3 in 5 shots with pistol; Edward Kelly split 2 cards in 3 shots with pistol.

BERNE, Switzerland, July 20.—The great national shooting tournament and festival of Switzerland began to-day under the most favorable auspices. Ten thousand workmen partook of a mighty dinner in the open air, with gigantic shade trees for the walls and ceiling of their Titanic banqueting hall, and responded with rousing cheers to a variety of patriotic toasts and speeches. After the banquet a few preliminary rounds were shot off, but the more serious business of the tournament will begin to-morrow. This is the second of the series of similar events arranged for this summer, being sandwiched in between the recent great meeting at Bingen-on-the-Rhine and the coming international tournament, which opens at Innspruck, Austria, on the 7th of next month.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

RED WING, MINN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Red Wing Sportsman's Club, the Lake City Sportsman's Club and the St. Paul Gun Club enjoyed a pleasant shoot on the club's grounds in this city on July 29. The Red Wing club won the five-county gold badge and the St. Paul club won the Lilgowsky clay-pigeon medal, won by our club in the St. Paul State Tournament last year. Our club were at a little disadvantage in shooting at the doubles as the wind was blowing from the traps, carrying the smoke back in the shooter's face from the first discharge, which made it rather difficult to locate the second bird, while the St. Paul club were shooting the American wood powder, and the score shows its advantages in shooting at doubles. Five-county badge shoot, 15 glass balls, 18yds. rise:

Red Wing Club.		Lake City Club.	
Myers	111111111101111—14	Alexander	111011101111111—13
Wilcox	111010011111110—11	Van Vliet	011111000001101— 8
Low	110111111000111—11	McCroden	111111111110111—14
Post	111110111010101—11	Olson	110010111101101—10
Scott	110111110101110—11	McMillan	010101111011001— 9
Misner	101011111111111—13—71	Smyth	001011110111111—11—65

Ligowsky clay-pigeon medal, 10 singles and 5 pair clay-pigeons, 21yds. rise:

Red Wing.						
Meyers	1111011111	10	10	11	10	10—15
Scott	1101011111	10	11	11	11	11—16
Wilcox	1011000101	01	01	00	01	00— 8
Post	0110111101	10	10	11	10	10—14
Dow	1111101011	11	10	10	10	01—14—67
St. Paul.						
Holt	0001111111	11	01	10	11	11—15
Van Slycke	1011111110	10	11	01	11	11—16
Comings	1101011111	11	10	10	10	11—15
Pfeister	0011111111	11	00	11	11	11—15
Skarer	1111110011	10	11	11	00	11—15—76
Lake City.						
McCroden	1111111110	11	11	10	10	11—17
Benson	1111011101	00	00	00	00	10— 9
McMillan	1111101011	11	10	10	10	00—13
Alexander	1111100011	10	10	10	00	10—11
Smyth	1111111110	10	10	10	11	10—15—65

Sweepstake, at 10 glass balls, 18yds. rise:

McMillan	1111101111— 9	Wilcox	1011111111— 9
C Wise	1111111011— 9	Meyers	1111111111—10
Benson	1110001100— 5	Olson	1000101001— 4
Van Vliet	0010101010— 4	Gibs	0011111100— 6
Perkins	0011101000— 4	Alexander	1001111111— 8
Smyth	1011111101— 8	Boxend	1111111011— 9
Dow	0101111011— 7		

Meyers first money. Ties on 9 shot off: McMillan and Wise divided second; Smyth and Alexander divided third; Dow took fourth.

H. H.

SOLOMON CITY, Kas.—Match shot by Beloit, Solomon City and Abilene clubs:

Beloit Gun Club.	
Munn	0011110110011101101001O110—15
Jones	1110101100101011101111111—17
Adams	1111101111111101010111O—20
Hickam	0100001101011101010010011—13
Leggett	1001001000100100111000010— 9
Baughman	0011010101010011101C01110—13
Dillworth	1100100101001000000101011—10
Cathan	1110001110011010011101—15—112
Solomon Gun Club.	
Robertson	1111011111111011101001l—20
Silvey	1010100000100111001100—12
C F Dewar	1110010010110111110011—16
Edworthy	1100101100010000011101—12
C H Dewar	1111001110010111111.0110—18
Nicolay	0111101011011011111100—17
Yohe	1000110101111111101111l—19
Dolfinger	1011010011110110100000l1—14—128
Abilene Gun Club.	
Eicholtz	0111111011111001100101111—18
Stevens	0000101001110101100001111—13
Emig	1100001001001011111101—15
Bonebrake	0011101000101101010000000—9
Urie	0001000001001101101O011—10
Faulkner	0010101010001100101001100—10
Giles	1001110111101111110011111—19
Lash	1011010000011110001000011—105

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 25.—At DeKalb to-day, a team of 8 from the St. Joseph Gun Club met the DeKalb Club for a return shoot. 25 glass balls per man, 18yds. rise, rotary trap. Following is the score:

St. Joseph Team.	
J W Batcheller	1111011111111111111111111—24
A Bulling	1011101001100100111110100—14
Thos Rowbotham	1111010110111011111111110—19
Jas Rowbotham	1110111111110001011011010—18
H Brandon	1111111111011110001111101—20
John Combe	1101111111101101111011111—21
J E Eberly	1111111111111001110111l1—22
Jas Garrett	1011011111111111111111111—22—160
DeKalb Team.	
Geo Conner	1011101101110111110110110—18
Dr C Martin	1010111111111011111111011—21
J Walker	1111011100100011110000111—17
W H Brown	1111111111110101011101001—20
W Frakes	0110101101100011101111111—16
John Fenton	1111111111101100111011111—21
Geo Breaker	0101010110010101111111011—16
J F Frakes	0101111111000111001111011—16—145

CALIFORNIA NOTES.—The July shoot of the Alameda County Sportsman's Club was held at Bird's Point, Alameda, Saturday, the 18th. Live birds were used. Mr. Pollak carried off the honors with 12 straight, grassing his birds in fine style, using his second barrel only once, Bell, Houghton and Kellogg following up with 11 each. Following is the score:

Knowles	1111111110110—10	Mortimer	111011010101— 8
Norton	101111010111— 9	Houghton	111110111111—11
Monte	011100100011— 6	Pollak	111111111111—12
B-ll	111111111011—11	Adams	110011111111—10
Kellogg	111101111111—11		

After the regular shoot, a six-bird match was held with the following score:

Slade	0w.	Bell	111110—5
Norton	10w.	Pollak	111111—6

It will be seen that Pollak killed 18 straight birds, and Bell 16 out of 18.

At Shell Mound on the 19th a practice shoot also took place between eight members of Company C, Third Infantry, at 200yds., with the following score: Maginnis 42, Val. Heltren 32, Levy 38, Jones 24; total, 143. The next four scored thus: Macalpin 41, Fitzgerald 34, McBryan 39, Ryan 25; total 139.

Lieutenant A. C. Macalpin in a practice shoot scored 43, both with a Sharps and a Springfield rifle at 200yds.

HARTFORD, July 30.—Hammerless Gun Club; shoot for club medal:

E C Howe (16)	1111111101111111—14	S T Colt (16)	1011010101110011— 9
J J Peard (18)	1111111111100110—12	J Melrose (18)	1110100010110— 9
A C Collins (16)	1111111010101111—12	M Cook (18)	1100011010100l— 8
L B Cary (18)	0111110111110011—11	O B Treat (16)	1001000110110l— 8
R B Penn (20)	1100110111110111—11	E A Folsom (22)	0000000011111011— 7
D Seymour (18)	1011110001111111—11	D E Strong (16)	1001001100101O1— 7
J F Ives (20)	1111001011011100—10	F Green (18)	1100000010110O— 4
J Howe (16)	1010111101110110—10	J Cook (16)	1000000000100l— 3
A McMullen (18)	1101110011110011—10	F Jackson (18)	0000001000100000— 2

HOT SPRINGS, Mo., July 24.—The Excelsior Gun Club held its regular weekly match shoot this afternoon at 16 and 18yds., at Peoria blackbirds:

Geo. W. Baxter, Captain.		L. D. Cain, Captain.	
Baxter	8 7 9—24	Cain	8 5 9—22
Wiggs	8 6 9—23	Judge Wood	8 8 5—21
Cartwright	8 10 9—27	P P Wood	5 5 4—14
Hughes	9 5 7—21	Woodcock	9 9 8—26
Wakelin	5 3 6—14	A R Smith	2 5 7—14
Ledwidge	6 8 8—22	Hamblin	5 5 1—11
Wadley	7 3 5—16	B L Hudgins	7 6 5—18
Little	6 5 5—15	C N Rix	4 5 7—16
Dr. Rector	4 4 3—11—173	Whittington	4 6 6—16—158

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

THE WASHINGTON HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—The third annual excursion on Monday, July 27, to Point View Grove. It proved a decided success. The day was all that could be asked for, there being a fine cool breeze the whole day. The sail from start to finish was simply delightful, and everybody on board made the most of it. One of the features at the grove was a friendly shoot at blackbird targets between members of the Washington Heights and Algonquin gun clubs, which resulted in a score of 31 to 28 in favor of the Algonquins. The excursionists arrived home at 8 P. M., well satisfied with their day's pleasure. The regular monthly shoot of the club took place at their club grounds, One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street and Ridge Road, Aug. 1:

Harrison	1111111111011111110*1111—23
Hunt	0001010001010001011110111—12
Roe	1100101011101101101101111—17
Fountain	1011111 0111010110111001—18
Snook	1011101010111011101010100—15

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

WORCESTER, Mass., July 25.—The blackbird tournament to-day, under the auspices of the South End Gun Club, at the South End, attracted large numbers. Guests were present from Boston, Marlborough, Clinton, Providence and Oxford. Blackbirds are thought by many to be too frail and quick for general use. During the day 2,405 blackbirds and clay-pigeons were used. The day's sport included the following events:

1. Five clay pigeons—O. A. Dickey, of Boston, first; Henry W. Webber, of Worcester, second; W. L. Davis, of Worcester, third.

2. Seven blackbirds—Dickey and T. J. Baudry, of Marlborough, first; J. Adams, second; H. W. Eager, of Marlborough, and A. R. Bowdish, of Oxford, third; B. Franklin, fourth.

3. Peoria blackbird gold badge—There have been three contests for the badge, and the property is to become that of the man who secures it the greatest number of times out of six contests. It was first secured by H. W. Eager, of Marlborough; then by G. A. Samson, of Clinton, and then by Henry W. Webber, of Worcester. The contest was 12 single and 6 pairs, with a possible total of 24 with optional sweepstake. The result was as follows: H. W. Eager, 10; E. T. Smith, Worcester, 18; D. Deane, M. D. Gilman, of Worcester, and Samson, divided third; Bandry and Dickey divided fourth. The next contest is to be at Clinton, Saturday, Aug. 15.

4. Three pair clay-pigeons—Dickey and W. S. Perry, of Worcester, divided first, Eager and Webber divided second, Bowdish and Rice divided third, Adams fourth.

5. Seven clay-pigeons—Baudry and Smith divided first, Adams and J. Welch divided second, F. Payne 3, J. Moscroft fourth.

6. Seven blackbirds—Smith first, M. D. Gilman second, C. Emerson third, Davis fourth.

7. Five blackbirds—Eager first, Baudry second, Adams and Smith divided third.

8. Three pair clay-pigeons—Rice first, Dickey second, Adams and Emerson divided third.

9. Ten clay-pigeons—Eager first, Webber and Dickey divided second, Adams and Welsh divided third, Gilman fourth.

10. Five black birds—Eager first, Adams and Smith divided second, Perry and Davis divided third, L. Ingraham and E. S. Poore divided fourth.

11. Miss and out—Adams and Gilman divide.

12. Seven clay-pigeons—Webber first, Eager and Davis divided second, Bowdish, Welsh and B. Howe divided third, Dickey fourth.

13. Five blackbirds—Eager first, Adams second, Dean third.

14. Five clay-pigeons—Eager first, Webber second, Gilman and Rice divided third, McDonald third.

MILFORD, Mass., July 28.—At the recent meet of the Milford Sportsman's Club at their range the events and individual scores were as follows:

First event, 5 glass balls—Howe, Wales 5, Wilkinson, Fletcher 4, Connors, Manchester, Newell, Hancock 3.

Second, 5 pigeons—Howe, Newell, Wilkinson, Manchester 4, Conners, Fletcher, Wilkinson 3, Hancock, Bass 2.

Third, 5 pigeons—Howe 5, Wales, Manchester 4, Newell, Fletcher, Wilkinson 3, Connors, Bass 2.

Fourth, 7 balls—Conners, Fletcher 6, Howe, Newell, Hancock 5, Bass, Wilkinson, Manchester, Wales 4.

Fifth, 5 pigeons—Rowe, Wales 4, Joslyn, Conners, Newell, Manchester, Fletcher, Wilkinson 3.

Sixth, 6 balls—Wilkinson 5, Howe, Conners, Fletcher, Manchester, Hancock 4, Wales, Newell, Joslyn 3.

Seventh, 5 pigeons—Wilkinson 5, Wales 4, Connors, Fletcher, Howe, Manchester 3.

Eighth, 5 glass balls—Wales 5, Howe, Wilkinson 4, Fletcher, Newell 3, Conners 2.

Ninth, balls—Wales, Fletcher 4, Howe, Wilkinson 3, Conners, Manchester 2.

Tenth, balls—Wales, Fletcher, Conners, Manchester 4, Wilkinson, Howe 3.

THE MACON TOURNAMENT.—The tournament of the National Gun Association, Ocmulgee Division, will be held at Augusta, Ga., Aug. 10–12. The association has arranged a very enticing programme for their inter-State tournament, and has complimented Macon with an offer of the tournament. It has been accepted, and every effort will be made to render the occasion one of the most successful that has ever transpired here. In addition to the regular programme, other features of a pleasant nature will be added, and the event made one of general interest and enjoyment. A large crowd will be here to witness the sport. Over three hundred invitations have been issued to organized gun clubs in different parts, and it is expected that a large portion of them will be present to participate in the exercises. Their families and friends will come with them, and the crowd will be a large one. To induce visitors to the city during the tournament, the management has secured excursion rates from all the railroads leading into the city. The Central and its connections will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip upon presenting a certificate signed by Judge Mr. R. Freeman, and all gun clubs will be passed at two cents per mile one way for the round trip. These rates will bring the people to the city, and a general good time is in store for all who come. The Lanier House will be headquarters. The following citizens' reception committee has been appointed: Mayor S. B. Price, Aldermen G. C. Conner, W. R. Cox, W. A. Davis, A. Proudfit and Messrs. Thomas Hardeman, James H. Blount, George B. Turpin, B. C. Smith, J. H. Campbell, C. L. O'Gorman, W. A. Huff, H. Horne, W. H. Ross, S. R. Jaques, J. R. Hertz, N. Winship, Felix Corput, T. B. Gresham, J. S. Baxter, Morrison Rogers, F. J. Cline and W. A. Doody. The young men's reception committee has been named as follows: W. H. Woodson, Reff Sims, A. R. Freeman, Clarence Cubbedge, O. G. Sparks, Jr., C. D. Pearson, Joe G. Blount, Saulsbury, S. H. Pearson, S. A. Reid, Stewart Jones, Tracy Baxter, Asher Ayres, W. H. Felton and Ed. L. Brown. It is requested that both committees named above meet to morrow morning at 11 o'clock at the court house, for the purpose of deciding among themselves what progamme will be mapped out for the entertainment of the visitors. It is hoped that the meeting will be a full one, as Macon should exhibit in proper style the appreciation of the compliment with which she has been tendered.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Cincinnati, O., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Gun Association, held July 30, 1885, Judge Matt. R. Freeman, of Macon, Ga., was duly elected a director of the National Association, vice John Eyer, of Newport, Ky., resigned.—F. C. BISHOP, Secretary.

THE NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Cincinnati, O., Following is Capt. West's reply to the open letter of Mr. Bloom: "St. Louis, Aug. 2. MR. J. B. BLOOM, Cincinnati, O. Dear Sir: Yours of July 25 to hand and contents carefully noted. We think your suggestions good, and will place the same before our committee for consideration. Many thanks for mailing our postals. We invite all clubs in the States not named to send delegates, with the view of organizing a National Sportsmen's Association, for the purpose named in our circular. Would like you to mail me a copy of your constitution and by laws. Hoping to have a large representation from your State, Yours respectfully, H. C. WEST."

BLACKBIRDS FOR TRAP-SHOOTING.—At the St. Louis, Mo., convention of Sept. 25, it is proposed to substitute live blackbirds for live pigeons in trap-shooting.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—F. C. BISHOP, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

July 24 to Aug. 8—A. C. A. Meet, Grindstone Island.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE ASSOCIATION MEET.

A. C. A. Camp,
Grindstone Island, July 28, 1885.

LIFE at Grindstone Island goes on quietly throughout the year, one week differing from another only as the seasons vary from a bleak and inhospitable winter, with deep snows and heavy ice, to a warm and verdant summer, with seasons of intense heat. For fifty weeks of every year there is little to disturb its quiet monotony, but for the remaining two the scene changes only to drop back again into deeper quiet and solitude. During this short period everything is changed, the grove and hillside are gay with tents and banners, along the beaches are ranged rows of shapely little huts, the river is marked out with gay flags showing the courses, and dotted with hundreds of small craft, and the presiding genius of peace and quiet seeks refuge elsewhere from the unending din; the hum of voices, the daily calls of the cannon and the shrill whistle of the steamers.

The expediency of holding two camps in succession in the same place has been often questioned, as some men wish to visit a new spot each year; but there is no doubt that the choice of this point for the present year was a wise one. Not only is the location a desirable one in every way, and more central for the present than any other point, but last year much hard work and money were expended in preparation; while this season the labor and cost has been very small. Some men will be absent who would have visited a new spot, but many old faces are seen everywhere, with some who have never been here before.

The question of location is one that the Association is required each year to solve, and there are two important sides to it. On the one hand many desire a new camp each year, as their vacation is but short and they do not care to revisit the same place, while on the other hand, with a good site once chosen and prepared, the expenses are very much less, and each year more perfect arrangements are possible. The selection and preparation of a camp involves a great deal of work, and the expenditure of both time and money by men who expect and receive no compensation, and their labors are materially lessened when a camp is visited the second time. The first week in camp is usually spent in short cruises, and of course the same locality becomes monotonous, but this objection might be overcome by a cruise of a week before or after visiting the camp, a stay of several days being made there during the races. Those familiar with the St. Lawrence can easily, after the races, reach the head of some stream by rail from Clayton, and cruise home. The question of location will soon have to be considered for next year, and it is the intention of the executive to decide it according to the wishes of the majority. This season the Association has had the benefit of Com. Oliver's military experience and the results are everywhere apparent in the increased order and discipline of the camp.

One great nuisance of last year has been entirely prevented through his precautions, the presence of strangers in camp. Last season no measures were taken to prevent the landing of strangers, and all the steamers in the vicinity carried excursions to the camp, landing crowds of people each day in the midst of the canoeists. No privacy was possible at any hour, and both business and racing were greatly impeded. This year Com. Oliver caused to be sent out to all steamers, hotels and depots in the region a notice that the A. C. A. camp was private ground and that no parties would be allowed to land except on one day of each week. Friends of the canoeists are admitted between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. each day. On landing they are furnished with badges by the secretary or officer of the day. Large signs are posted about the camp, "A. C. A. Camp, private grounds, for permission to land apply to secretary." These precautions have kept away the crowds that were so annoying last year, while canoeists are at liberty to receive their friends. On Thursday the camp is open to all visitors from 9 to 5. The following rules have been printed and a copy is furnished to each canoeist on reporting:

A. C. A. CAMP RULES.

I. For the better enforcement of rules and regulations, a member of the Executive Committee will be detailed daily to act as Executive Officer of the Day. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Club commanders will detail daily one member to act as camp police, the duty of whom shall be to see that the rules are complied with. All camp police will be under the immediate direction of the Officer of the Day, and will apply to him for badges, which must be worn conspicuously during the tour of duty.

II. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M., and lowered at sunset. After 10 P. M. a reasonable amount of quiet must be observed in camp.

III. Daily, before 10 A. M., tents must be put in order and grounds policed; all refuse, etc., from cooking gathered for removal by the police cart. Clubs and members will provide themselves with the necessary boxes or pails for this purpose.

IV. Visitors (invited guests wearing badges excepted) will not be permitted in camp except on Thursdays, and on special occasions posted on the bulletin board.

V. Invited guests may obtain badges from members, or at the dock, and must wear the same conspicuously while in camp.

VI. Visiting boats must land and be moored at the dock, unless otherwise directed by the Officer of the Day.

VII. Camp will be open daily to invited guests; but ladies will not be expected in camp before 9 A. M., or after 5 P. M., except by official invitation for special occasions, which will be posted on the bulletin board.

VIII. Cleanliness and good order are indispensable for the general health and comfort, and the Commodore trusts that all members will cheerfully comply with the few simple rules required. The Officer of the Day, club commanders and the camp police are charged with the responsibility for the observance of these regulations.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

I. Members may obtain badges for invited guests from the Secretary and Officer of the Day.

II. The Secretary will be at his tent for the transaction of business daily, from 9 to 10 A. M.

III. Members desiring board at Delaney's will report the fact to the Secretary or Officer of the Day on their arrival. Board, $1 per day; board and lodging $1.50 per day. Breakfast, 7 to 8:30; dinner, 12 to 1:30; supper, 5 to 7:30.

IV. There will be no bar at the camp store. Supplies of all kinds may be obtained there, including ice, milk and meat, when ordered. Postage stamps also on sale. Wood for cooking may be had from the cord wood piles. Members are requested not to use this wood except for that purpose.

V. Mails will be received and delivered twice a day at the A. C. A. tent.

VI. Steamer Magic will run between Clayton and Camp daily (Sunday excepted), touching at Round Island Park, Thousand Island Park and Grenell Island (by signal) as follows: Leave Clayton, 8:30, 10:30 A. M., 1, 3:30 and 7 P. M. Leave Camp, 9:30, 11:30 A. M., 2:30, 5 and 8 P. M.

Canadian members can come from and go to Gananoque by steamer Deseronto, which leaves there for camp daily (Sundays excepted) at 5, 8:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.

VII. All hours and rules heretofore published which may conflict with the foregoing are hereby amended.

Robert Shaw Oliver, Commodore A. C. A.

The preparations for the camp were all made in advance and everything was ready in good time. The programme was published some months since and all information concerning rules and regulations has been disseminated as widely as possible among canoeists outside of, as well as in the Association.

The first to arrive on the ground was Mr. J. F. Newman, of the Brooklyn Canoe and Sailing Club, who went into camp on July 21 and at once set about preparing the quarters and floats of the Brooklyn and Newburg clubs. On Friday Dr. Neidé arrived from Ballast Island, and on Saturday the Mohicans came in and pitched their tents. On Saturday a number of canoeists came into camp and one or two parties arrived at Squaw Point. A round of the camp this morning disclosed a total of 86 persons in camp, including Squaw Point, with 66 tents and 67 canoes. The clubs represented are the Oswego, Brooklyn, Knickerbocker, Newburgh, Hub, Ottawa, Berkeley, Rochester, St Lawrence, Harvard Springfield, New York, Mohican, Kingston, Pittsburgh, Essex, Dubuque, Brockville, Peterboro and Lake St. Louis.

The central point of the camp is Capitol Hill, a knoll rising some 50ft. above the water just at the northeast corner of the island, overlooking Ell Bay. Here are pitched the four tents of Com. Oliver, Vice-Com. Rathbun, Rear-Com. Andrews and Secretary Neidé, each surmounted by an official flag, that of the Secretary being white with the letters A. C. A. and a quill pen in blue. In front of the tents is a miniature field piece which is fired at "colors" (8 A. M. and sunset). From the hill a beautiful view may be had, the river and islands, the lower camp, gay with colored tents, flags and streamers, and beyond in a little grove, the tents of Squaw Point. This is the central point of the camp, just below it is the little dock, and near by, at the foot of the hill is the store, the A. C. A. tent and post office, and Mr. Rushton's large tent.

All canoe builders were invited this year to visit the camp and make an exhibition of their goods, but only Mr. Rushton has accepted the invitation. His tent is fitted with a work bench and a large supply of fittings, while a competent man is in charge, ready to do any kind of repair work. While it will benefit the enterprising builder, it is at the same time a great convenience to the canoeists present.

The pleasantest portion of the camp is the north shore, or rather that part running S. W. from the point. A low bluff runs along the river and from it rises a gentle incline covered with grass and trees, making a pleasant camping ground; but for some reason few of the tents are pitched here, most preferring the other shore. Here, however, is the "Nessmuk' shelter" of the Hub C. C., the tent of Mr. Ruff, Dubuque C. C., and further along the neat and picturesque encampment of the Newburg and Brooklyn clubs. The former have three tents and cook for themselves, a mess table being built by the tents. The club have devised a very convenient plan for carrying their canoes by rail. A framework is made somewhat similar to a section of an ordinary clothes horse, two uprights, each 5ft. long and placed 2ft. apart, being connected by three crossbars, each 2ft. long. One crossbar is nailed 2in. from the ground, one 6in. below the top, and one midway between these, the whole making a short, broad section of a ladder. Each upright is fitted with a wide foot, keeping the whole frame vertical. Two of these racks are placed on the floor of a car and on them four canoes can be carried without damage. The Brooklyn camp is the most complete on the grounds, the tents being large and fitted with board floors. Beyond them is the tent of Mr. Orange Frazer, then the Oswego C. C., and beyond some canoeists from Peterboro. A quarter of a mile further on is the Delaney farmhouse, where many canoeists take their meals.

Going back to Capitol Hill, to the south from the point the shore runs along in an irregular line, there being, immediately below the hill, a deep depression with low banks, where most of the canoeists are camped, their boats being drawn up on rocks along the shore. Harvard has a large tent, Springfield comes next and then half a dozen square marquees of peculiar color with the flag of the turtles in front. Below is a large tent with several smaller ones attached, belonging to a party from the Royal Military College at Kingston, in charge of genial Major Fairclough. Marmalade Lodge is represented by a small wall tent, and below are two groups, the Pittsburgh and Knickerbocker clubs, with Brockville, Ottawa and the newly-formed Essex C. C., of Newark, N. J. Each party has its own landing, and in a line in front of each tent are high flag poles, with national, club, A. C. A., private, prize and other flags displayed, for the time at half mast.

Squaw Point is larger than last year, and no less popular. Three times each day the tide ebbs and flows about the northeast point of the island in different directions, and it is interesting to sit on Capitol Hill and watch the scene. About 7:30 A. M. the fleet, open and decked, single and double blade, under sail or paddle, one, two, or three in a canoe, set out for Delaney's for breakfast and back, after which all are headed for Squaw Point, returning at noon with assorted cargoes, bound again for Delaney's and back, only to make the same trip at evening. Many walk across, and the spectator who climbs the big hill is repaid by an enlarged view; canoes and boats of all kinds over the waters as far as can be seen, while on shore are passing and repassing a restless procession to and from Delaney's, Squaw Point and the main camp.

The year a new idea has been put into use, nearly every mainsail has its owner's number on the official list, stenciled in large figures on the sides, so that a canoe can be recognized at a long distance, while the effect is not displeasing. Not only is it convenient in racing but its usefulness extends still further. Seated in front of his tent, with a fairly good glass, the officer of the day can tell at a glance the whereabouts of all hands. The practical value of this plan is easily demonstrated by a look through the glass as we sit in front of the Commodore's tent. Sweeping the horizon to the north, is a sail with the figures 624, under which two hats, a white helmet and a black straw, with several feathers, show that Harvard's conquests afloat are not confined to New London waters and racing eights. Further south, in charge of an open Canadian canoe propelled by two ladies, the numbers 618, 626 and 265 show that Albany, for the time being, has other matters in hand than devising new sails or cleats. Still further on, drawn up on the sandy beach at Squaw Point, are a fleet of canoes of all models; against the shining white of the sails the numbers 14 and 207 in red stand out as conclusive evidence that the secretary's "office hours" are over, and that "in the absence of the commodore" the vice is in charge of the main camp.

During this week there are no regular events on the programme; some ride about camp and do nothing, many are busy rigging or practicing for next week, and others make short cruises of a day or so among the surrounding islands. The day begins with a cruise early in the morning, then a tramp or a paddle to the farm for breakfast, afterward an hour or so of camp work, varied by a run down to the dock to meet the boat and to greet the new arrivals, then a call at the post-office for letters and papers. Some drift off to Squaw Point, some start off very early for a cruise, and some amuse themselves with a sail until dinner. In the afternoon the same programme is repeated, and in the evening a camp-fire is held, or if nothing else is on foot all go out paddling. Somehow, without excitement, there is not too much monotony, the days pass quickly and pleasantly to all. A number cook for themselves, while several parties have paid cooks.

THURSDAY, JULY 30.

This season will probably see an important change in the organization of the Association and the formation of a Western branch. The first idea of the original founders of the American Canoe Association was to make it a national body, with members in all parts of the Union as well as Canada, and this idea has been prominent in the selection of officers. The flag officers have each year numbered one Western man, and special attention has been accorded in the meetings to such Western members as have chosen to attend, but thus far the membership west of Pittsburgh is less than one hundred men, though many canoeists in the West. One reason for this has been that the annual meet, in order to be accessible to the large majority of the members, has been held at places too far distant for the Western men, and they would not join unless able to attend. The meet is of course the most prominent feature of the Association, but it is really the least important of the advantages conferred on all canoeists by the A. C. A. The many improvements in canoes, sails and fittings, the general recognition of canoeing as a prominent and legitimate sport, both by the press and the public, the large and rapidly increasing literature of canoeing, the improved facilities for transportation, and the general exchange of cruising information among canoeists, all date directly from the formation of the Association at Lake George in 1880, and to that alone is due the great difference between canoeing in 1885 and canoeing in 1875. These benefits are none of them confined to A. C. A. members; the isolated canoeist in Maine or Michigan also can learn at the expense of a few dimes just what more experienced canoeists are doing, and can make his sail like theirs, instead of wasting time and money in learning for himself, owes a debt directly to the Association, but ask him to pay a dollar a year to its support, or to give the benefit of his experience in return, and he at once falls back on the assertion that the meet is too far distant for him to attend.

The question of extending the Association so as to interest the Western canoeists has for some time engaged the attention of the leading members, and this year it has been brought into special prominence through the action of some Western canoeists in organizing a meet at Ballast Island, with the idea of effecting some permanent organization. A scheme was proposed this spring by Com. Oliver for the extension of the Association by means of a Western branch, and was published at the time in the Forest and Stream. The canoeists here have awaited with some interest the result of the Ballast Island meet, an account of which was published in our last issue. On the arrival of Mr. W. P. Stephens, the only canoeist from Ballast who will be present here, a meeting of the executive committee was held to hear his report. Although Mr. Stephens is not a Western man, but from New York, he was appointed a representative to the A. C. A., as no Western man was able to visit Grindstone. Mr. Stephens presented to the executive committee the following letter:

"Western A. C. C., Camp Gardner, Ballast Island, Lake Erie, July 24, 1885.—The following was duly adopted at a meeting held this day:

"*Whereas*, The Western A. C. A. has been duly organized on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1885, at Ballast Island, Lake Erie; and,

"*Whereas*, The said association is desirous of encouraging canoeing in this country, and organizing rules, regulations, etc., that may govern the canoers throughout North America; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That a representative be elected from this Association with instructions to present the action taken at this meeting to the A. C. A. at its meeting at Grindstone Island, and that the said representative express to the said A. C. A. our willingness to reorganize the said A. C. A. on a basis which will place this Association on an equal footing with such an organization as may be formed by Eastern and Canadian canoers. (Signed) W. H. Eckman, Sec'y W. A. C. A.

Secretary Neidé, who had also visited the Ballast Island camp, was called on for his opinion, and both he and Mr. Stephens reported on the meet. The Executive Committee were unanimous as to the propriety of some action in regard to a Western branch, but the general opinion was that the meeting at Ballast Island, from its small numbers and the few A. C. A. men present, could not at once be accepted as a representative of the Western canoeists or of the Western members of the A. C. A. It is probable that a scheme for the extension of the Association at the will of the Executive Committee at any time will be adopted, and the question will be put to every A. C. A. member whether he is willing to accept the action of the Ballast Island meet. Objections have already been made by some Western members to any real diversion of the Association, and while it is desired by all to provide a meet nearer home for them, it is considered but fair to consider their wishes as to the methods.

Wednesday passed very quietly, the day ending with an excursion to Alexandria Bay on the steamer Ontario, accompanied by the Gananoque band. To-day a number of canoeists arrived from various points and the spaces between the tents are rapidly filling up. In the evening a large camp-fire was lighted on the hill, the delegates at Squaw Point being present in full force, besides a party from the Thousand Island Park. A party of canoeists went up to Brockville during the day to see a lacrosse match, returning at evening. The weather is very warm with little wind. Yesterday passed quietly with little to note except a scrub race for any canoes in the afternoon. Some excitement was occasioned on Thursday at midnight by a fire in camp. A canoeist who slept on shore in his canoe was using a candle during the evening, blowing it out finally. Some time later his canoe tent was found to be on fire and was partly destroyed before help arrived. The officer of the day headed the fire department who gallantly extinguished the flames. Mr. J. L. Weller, of Peterboro, has left the camp after a few days' stay and will not be here for the races. He has only been home from the Northwest, where he was on Gen. Laurie's staff, and consequently is unable to spend much time here.

At 3:30 P. M. yesterday a scrub sailing race was started, twice over the course, or 3 miles. The entries were:

Katrina	R. W. Bailey, Pittsburgh C. C.
Thetis	P. M. Wackerhagen, Mohican C. C.
Sea Bee	C. B. Vaux, New York C. C.
Germaine	A. G. Webster, Harvard C. C.
Sofronia	F. F. Andrews, Rochester C. C.
Startle	G. G. Hutchinson, Brockville C. C.
Daisy	G. O. Totten, Essex C. C.
Freyja	C. F. Holdship, Pittsburgh C. C.
Nereid	Henry Shafer, Essex C. C.
Beatrice	Theo. Dunham, Harvard C. C.

The wind was fresh from N.E., making a run on first and third legs and a dead beat on the second. Commodore Oliver started the race with a blast from a horn at 3:29 and a big firecracker at 3:30, Katrina going over first, with Sea Bee close by her, the rest well bunched, none being handicapped. On the first leg a steamer ran to windward of most of the boats, stopping them, but Sea Bee lay close enough to weather the steamer and hold her way, leading around the mark, with Katrina, Thetis, Sofronia, Germaine, Startle, Daisy and the others in order. Once around, Sea Bee stood to the west on starboard tack, working short tacks, while Katrina and the others held the port tack until up to windward of the buoy. Katrina led again at second mark, with Sofronia second, Thetis third and Sea Bee fourth. The wind was fresh as the fleet came down to the start, Katrina still far ahead, with Thetis and Sofronia near together. The times at the end of first round were:

Katrina	3 54 00	Sea Bee	3 55 45
Thetis	3 54 15	Startle	3 56 00
Sofronia	3 54 20	Daisy	3 56 30
Germaine	3 55 40		

The leaders jibed neatly, but Startle nearly upset. Over the first leg again the order was nearly the same, but Sea Bee passed Germaine, taking fourth place. On the wind again Sea Bee stood off on starboard tack as before, Sofronia following, the others keeping to the east, the better course, as it proved. Katrina was around first, then Thetis, Sea Bee, Sofronia and Germaine. Katrina quickly ran down the last leg winning easily. As the Sofronia was close to the buoy the steamer Deseronto ran through the fleet, so close to her as to nearly upset her and cutting her off from the buoy. Before she recovered both Germaine and Startle had overtaken her. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Katrina	4 19 00	49 00	Sea Bee	4 20 50	50 50
Thetis	4 20 00	50 00	Germaine	4 24 50	54 50

Sofronia, Startle and others not timed. This is the first race over the new course, which is laid further out than last year, and the first race in which most of the sails were numbered. Captain Gibson has brought with him a set of large stencils, and men are busy all the time numbering their sails.

Last evening the steam yacht Marquis of Lorne brought up a party from Kingston, this morning the yawl Molly, T. P. Mallock, of Hamilton, was anchored off the camp, to-day the Lucile, Mr. Chas. Kellogg, and the Calomet, of New York, called here, and the Idle Hour, steam yacht, is a frequent visitor. Just now, 4 P. M., seven yachts of the Gananoque Y. C. have just come in. Early this morning rain fell for several hours, cooling the air, but at 10 A. M. all was clear again. To-night all the camp goes to a hop at Thousand Island Park.

MONDAY, Aug. 3.

On Saturday evening many of the canoeists attended the hop at Round Island, returning on the steamer Magic. The ladies from Squaw Point accompanied the expedition. One cavalier, returning from the Point after escorting them home, found that in his absence his comrades had chased and captured a young calf, which was snugly esconced in his bed.

Sunday was clear and bright, but a strong N. E. wind sprang up during the night, sending in quite a sea on the beach, with whitecaps all over the river. Only half a dozen ventured out in the morning, four of them to try a sail together over the course. At 11 A. M., all were summoned to the slope of Capitol Hill, where the secretary's rustic desk had been placed under a tree and draped with an American flag. Here the service of the Episcopal Church was read by the Rev. Dr. Lasana, of the Berkeley C. C. A large congregation were gathered on the hillside and joined in the services, which included the prayers for the Queen and royal family, as well as for the President of the United States. The afternoon and evening passed very quietly, a couple of hours being spent around a camp-fire in quiet conversation and all turning in early. This morning was cloudy with a high wind, but the first race was called according to programme, being Class III., paddling, 1 mile:

Hillcrest	Edwin Gould, Knickerbocker C. C.
Invincible	M. F. Johnson, Toronto C. C.
Beatrice	Theo. Dunham, Harvard C. C.

There was a strong wind across the course and some sea. The first two canoes were open Canadian, while Mr. Dunham had a heavy-decked Racine. Mr. Gould took the lead but upset almost at the start. Mr. Johnson led over the course, winning easily. The start was made at 9:37, finishing at 9:52:30, or 15m. 30s. time. As the race was started rain began to fall and continued steadily, so the other races were postponed. The meeting will be held this evening.

MOHICAN C. C.—The long distance race of the Mohicans, four miles to windward and return, for the prize presented by Captain Thatcher, was sailed July 21. The prize was a very handsome Bohemian-glass beer set, consisting of six goblets and a pitcher, handpainted, and all standing on a brass tray appropriately inscribed. There were three entries, Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen; Snake, R. W. Gibson; Annie O., H. L. Thomas. The race was sailed in a light breeze, and all the boats kept within hailing distance, taking much the same course. After the turn the Thetis drew ahead and came home the winner in 2h. 20m., with the Snake 7m. later. The Annie O. was caught on a sandbar and filled by the swells from the day boat just coming into Albany and her time not taken. The prize is the most valuable in the gift of the club, and once won is held by the winner.

PROFESSIONAL CANOE PADDLING.—Owahgena Reading Room, Cazenovia, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is many a year since I have written to or for Forest and Stream, a journal that now graces this boat house reading room; but I must send my warm approval of the tone of "Professional Canoe Paddling." All the manly sports are being degraded to money making and gambling with no end of doubtful method, and our young men must suffer in tone and idea. I am glad to see your purpose so high.—L. W. L.

SHERBROOKE B. AND C. C.—The officers are: President, Col. Gustavus Lucke; First and Second Vice-Presidents, F. P. Buck and L. E. Paunctor; Commodore, Jas. F. Morkill; Secretary, John H. Walsh; Treasurer, W. D. Fraser. Committee of Management: Jos. G. Walton, Chairman; H. W. Mulvena, H. R. Fraser, Alex. T. Winter, Jno. Ready, H. Hains, Chas. H. Foss.

ESSEX C. and B. C.—The following officers have been elected: Commodore, Geo. O. Totten; Vice-Commodore, Geo. Cox; Secretary, W. Scott; Purser, W. H. Hillier. The signal of the club is a double pointed burgee, blue ground with red border and the name Essex in white.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Aug., 7—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Kingston.
Aug. 8—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Regatta.
Aug. 8—New Haven Y. C., Annual Cruise.
Aug. 12—L. Y. R. A., Cruise to Belleville.
Aug. 12—Bay of Quinte Y. C., Regatta.
Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 27—Greenwich Y. C., Annual Regrtta
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE "HERALD" STEAM YACHTS.

ONE of the two yachts, which were commenced over a year since, by Lawley & Son, of South Boston, is now entirely completed, and on the ways ready for use as soon as launched. These two yachts, built under the supervision of Mr. Edward Burgess, from designs by Mr. Beavor Webb, differ greatly from the boats of their size built here, and will attract no little attention when they come to New York. They are intended for use about New York Bay in all weathers, collecting shipping news, consequently they are in model very staunch and able boats. The dimensions of each are: Length over all, 57ft.; waterline, 50ft.; beam, 9.2ft.; moulded depth, 7.3ft.; draft, 4ft. 6in. Both of the boats have plumb stems, high freeboard with a rather straight but handsome sheer, a very long counter, running out to a fine edge at the taffrail, and a full midship section, in contrast to the low-sided, high-stern boats commonly called steam yachts here. Below there is a cabin 10ft. long in the bow, very neatly fitted with cherry. At its forward end is a w. c., and there are lockers on the sides and closets. A ladder aft gives access by a small square companion to the deck, or rather to a deep cockpit, aft. square, just abaft the cabin, A length of 17ft. just aft of this is devoted to engines and boilers, aft of which again is a second cabin, 7ft. long, plainly but neatly finished, while still further aft is another deep cockpit. Over the engine space and after-cabin is a trunk about 10in. high with circular deadlights in the sides. Over both cabins are skylights, and between the boiler and engines is a hatch and ladder to the fireroom.

In construction the yachts are far ahead of the usual American practice, as will be seen from the following specifications: The stem, sternpost and deadwoods are of oak, sided 4in., the stem moulded 12in. and the sternpost 17in., all being fastened with ⅜in. yellow metal bolts. The keel and keelson are of Canada rock elm, the former sided 4in. and moulded 6in., the latter moulded 9in. The frames are of steamed elm, sided 3in., moulded 1¼in., spaced 15in. centers. The clamps are 6×2in., and the shelves are 4×3 red pine, with stringers 8×3 under the floor beams. The floor knees are of angle steel, 1¼×1¼×⅛in. The inside bilge strakes are 7×1in., well riveted to the frames. The planking is of Honduras mahogany, ⅝in. thick and about 6in. wide, in two thicknesses. The inner skin is laid diagonally and fastened to the frames, then it is coated with marine glue, over which canvas is laid and ironed down smooth, embedding it firmly in the glue. After another coat of glue on the canvas the outer skin is laid on, running fore and aft. Both skins are riveted to the frames with ⅛in. rivets, and also riveted together between the frames. The deck beams are of oak, 3½in. sided and 3in. moulded at centers, tapering at the ends. The planksheer is of teak, 7×¾in., with yellow metal fastenings to clamps and deck beams. The deck is white pine, 2⅜×1¼in., the seams payed with marine glue. All the skylights, coamings, house and hatches are of teak, making a very handsome finish, being all varnished.

The engine is one of Willan's compound, three low pressure cylinders ranged fore and aft below, with three high pressure above them. Two levers are provided, one for starting, stopping and reversing, and one above for running ahead compound, astern compound, or as a simple engine only. To port alongside the engine is the condenser, a brass cylinder 4ft. long and about 20in. diameter, lying in the bilge. The governor and blower are both run from the main engine by steel belts, about 1-16in. thick and 1½in. wide. The boiler is a horizontal tubular, built in this country. The screw is of gun metal, double-bladed. The rudder stock is of oak, head 4⅜in. diameter, with backing of yellow pine. The shoe is of gun metal. The second yacht Telegram is also finished except her engines and boilers.

TORONTO.

FOR water sports of all kinds, from yacht sailing down to shell rowing, there is probably no place along the Atlantic coast or the lakes that offers such excellent facilities as Toronto. Situated directly on Lake Ontario, with deep water all around, the island opposite the city incloses a small portion of the lake, making a harbor for small craft of all kinds. Along the water front are long rows of boat houses two stories high, each divided up into a number of small rooms which are let by the year to private parties. Each room is about 20ft. long and 12ft. wide, with racks for one or two boats, oars and sails. Upstairs is a similar room, used for dressing and in some cases fitted up for living in during the summer. The lower rooms all open on a platform about 15ft. wide and running the entire length of the building, sloping to the water's edge. On the platform the boats are rigged up before launching. A part of one of these houses is occupied by the new Toronto Skiff Sailing Club. The space over the boat rooms makes a large meeting room with balconies around, and a flat platform in the roof, from which a fine view of the lake can be had. The club was only formed this spring, but has already a membership of nearly 100. They hold races on the bay nearly every Saturday. The skiffs are mostly double-ended boats of 16 to 18ft. length, fitted for rowing and sailing, many of them handsomely carpeted and cushioned. On holidays and of evenings the bay is covered with them. Besides the skiffs there are a number of shell boats in the Argonauts and the Toronto Rowing Club, and in the home of Hanlan shell rowing is probably more popular to-day than anywhere else in America.

The Toronto C. C. has been known for some years as the leading Canadian club using decked canoes. They now have a comfortable club-house near the shop of Mr. Glendenning, who built most of their boats. The club use mostly canoes of the Pearl type, with heavy centerboards, their sailing being done on the Bay in all weathers. Several of the latter boats, such as the Sapphire and Evora, depart somewhat from the Pearl model, in having finer lines and less beam, and are generally lighter in build, while retaining the heavy boards. The sails carried are mainly balance lugs.

On the city front is also the house of the Toronto Y. C., built this year, a large two-story building with meeting rooms, dressing and bath rooms upstairs, and a boat room below for members' boats. The club worked hard this year to secure suitable quarters, in which they have been very successful, and now that they are well housed, with good facilities both for yachting and boating, they expect an increased membership. They also own a site on the island where a house may ultimately be built. Near the house part of the fleet is anchored, among them the old cutter River, an iron boat built twenty-five years since in Scotland, and still in good condition.

Toronto Bay is a sheet of water about 2 miles long by 1¼ wide, of oval shape, separated from Lake Ontario by a low tongue of land and sweeping from below the city on the east across to the west, where there is a narrow opening into the lake. On the eastern side is also an opening with about 5ft. of water, through which, with an east wind, a sea rolls in from across the lake, making rough sailing on the bay, but in ordinary weather the island is sufficient protection and the water inside is smooth, while the wind has a full sweep, making good sailing. On the west end of the island is Hanlan's Point, named after the famous oarsman, who e his brother has a hotel and boat house. Near by are booths and tents with shows of all kinds. Beyond there is a long stretch of grass and sand on which a number of tents are pitched in which people from the city live during the summer. Some of the tents are fitted up quite elaborately, being divided into several rooms with board floors and well furnished. In a large tent of this kind is camped a member of the Toronto C. C. with his family, while his canoe is moored at the rear door of the tent. This part of the island makes a very fine camp ground, as there is little water inside and Lake Ontario just outside, while the city is easily reached for supplies.

Further on to the east is the headquarters and club house of the Royal Canadian Y. C., the house, a large and handsome structure, being surrounded by neatly laid out grounds diked in, while near by is the anchorage. While the depth in places about Toronto is limited for large boats, Lake Ontario offers a large cruising ground for cutters, and promises some day to have a fine fleet. In addition to Verve and Aileen, a new 40 by Watson is now spoken of as among the probabilities. The numerous ports along the lake offer harbors for yachts of all kinds with fine water for cruising.

In Toronto, as in other places on the lake, the efforts of the Lake Y. R. A. have already wrought good results to yachting, and its influence is increasing each year. Canoeists are no less favored than yachtsmen, as they have not only a fine place for sailing and racing, but the adjacent shores of the lake afford them good camping grounds at convenient intervals, while a short ride by rail takes their boats to some of the chains of beautiful lakes so common in Canada. With tideless waters, clear and deep, good breezes, and through the season a mild climate, Toronto should take a leading place in all water sports.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE morning of the 100th regatta, Monument Beach, July 22, opened calm, the only air stirring coming from N.E., and rendering it impossible for the Myth to reach the line at the advertised time. However, the others waited for her, and just as she reached the judges' yacht the wind came out light S.W., gradually increasing during the race. In the sloop class no starters appeared, in second class Mattie made a good fight for pennant, losing it by three seconds only, while Lestris had an easy time in third class. The race among the little fellows was exciting; Fannie, who used to sweep Boston Harbor a few years ago, had been brought round the cape to beat Dolly if possible, and Petrel, just built by Hanley, with the same object in view, made her trial trip.

Petrel was not in trim and did not come up to the expectations formed about her, but Fannie won easily.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Surprise, cat, J. M. Codman	27.03	2 13 56	2 03 23
Mattie, cat, Vice-Com. Stockton	28.10	2 13 59	2 05 00
Myth, cat, Thos. Parsons	27.04	2 19 03	2 08 30
THIRD CLASS.			
Lestris, cat, J. Crane	24.01½	2 38 05	2 14 03
Flirt, cat, G. H. Lyman	25.02	2 33 35	2 20 47
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fannie, cat, F. W. Sargent	23.09½	1 46 34	1 36 35
Dolly, cat, A. S. Hardy	20.06⅜	1 50 15	1 39 22
Petrel, cat, G. H. Richards	22.08½	1 55 38	1 42 30

Courses, the usual triangular ones, eleven and seven and one-half miles. Judges, Richard Codman, W. W. Appleton, A. H. Hardy. Judges' yacht, Violet, B. Y. C.

ATLANTIC Y. C. CRUISE.

AFTER a Sunday at anchor at Norwalk Islands, the fleet was under way early on Monday morning in a light S. E. wind, bound for Thimble Islands.

Little Aria started at 9:45 with a lead of 10 minutes over the larger boats, who passed Bell Island Point in the following order: Fanita, 10:05:30; Athlon, 10:05:35; Daphne, 10:05:38; Rover, 10:07:01; Thistle, 10:07:04; Roamer, 10:07:06; Wivern, 10:07:32; Agnes, 10:08:10; Decoy, 10:08:56; Santapogue 10:08:57; Leona, 10:09:58; Haze, 10:09:59; Concord, 10:11:38. Stella joined the fleet beyond the harbor, and a little later, at 10:30, the order was Fanita, Roamer, Stella, Athlon, Daphne, Thistle, Agnes, Rover, Decoy, Aria, Wivern, Santapogue, Haze, Leona, Concord. Part of the fleet tacked on and off under the Connecticut shore, but Agnes, Athlon, Leona and Santapogue held on until 11:30, by which time they were close to Long Island, when all went on starboard tack.

At 1 P. M. Daphne left the fleet for New York. For a time a light breeze favored them, but at length it fell, and left them to drift for a long time in the hot sun with a foul tide. When the breeze did come again it was from N. E., leaving the four to leeward, but later in the afternoon it shifted to S. E. again, favoring them and putting Agnes and Athlon ahead. So much time had been lost, that at 6 P. M. it was decided to put into Morris Cove, and the signal was given accordingly. Agnes and Athlon made a close race of it for first place, but the others nearer to Connecticut were too far ahead. The times of arrival were: Fanita, 7:02:05; Roamer, 7:10:15; Thistle, 7:37:20; Haze, 7:42:27; Rover, 7:44:30; Viola, 7:48:00; Stella, 7:53:30; Athlon, 8:20:00; Agnes, 8:10:30. The Sylph came in during the evening and anchored with the fleet.

Tuesday opened with a dense fog, but the sun and a fresh south wind drove it away. Fanita and Sylph left the harbor at 9 A. M., the former going to the westward. Aria started first again at 9:17, with the main division at 9:27, passing New London Light as follows: Aria 9:42:31, Agnes 9:43:38, Decoy 9:44:50, Viola 9:45:08, Wivern 9:46:02, Roamer 9:47:03, Athlon 9:48:20, Thistle 9:49:03, Atalanta 9:50, Haze 9:50:10, Rover 9:50:08, Stella 9:50:09, Leona 9:51:16. At 10:30 Bradford Light was passed, and at 11 A. M. the Thimble Islands were abeam, Roamer leading the fleet, then Agnes, Thistle, Athlon, Decoy, Haze, Viola, Rover, Wivern and Aria. The wind was very light about noon, the fleet in two divisions drifting on past Faulkner's Island at 11:30, and Cornfield Lightship an hour later. Agnes was ahead here with Thistle, Roamer, Haze and Athlon near her, the others far astern. At 3:30 the flagship was abreast of New London Light, and a little later she was anchored inside. The times were: Agnes 3:44:50, Haze 3:54:15, Thistle 4:10:51, Roamer 4:18:58, Athlon 4:17:09, Stella 4:18:02, Viola 4:18:29, Decoy 4:36:10, Leona 4:40:30, Wivern and Aria 6:30. Rover came in later, not having left with the others. The Sylph arrived twenty minutes after Agnes. A heavy thunder squall came up in the evening, but what damage it did was entirely on shore. Athlon went on the railway for a cleaning, coming off early next morning. Quiet prevailed throughout the fleet in the evening, and all turned in early.

On Wednesday morning the signals from the flagship ordered a sail to Shelter Island by way of Plum Gut, and at 9:10 when the gun fired, the first boat under way was the Crocodile, which had joined the fleet in the evening. The final gun sounded at 9:18 and all started with a N.E. wind, which soon shifted to the south. Within an hour Crocodile was first boat. The breeze was very light in the Sound and it was 11 when Crocodile passed Bartlett's Reef Lightship, with Roamer, Viola, This le, Athlon, Daisy, Agnes, in order astern. Before Plum Island was reached a change had been made in the order, Roamer, in a fresher breeze, passing Crocodile and leading the fleet. The leaders, Roamer, Crocodile, Thistle, Athlon and Viola, had a little ebb to aid them, but the others met the young flood, which held them back in the light breeze. The times of arrival were: Roamer 2:23:05, Athlon 2:32:25, Thistle 2:32:50, Crocodile 2:35:50, Viola, 2:37:20, Agnes 2:39:05, Stella 3:03:45, Leona 3:20:10, Concord 3:21:33, Haze 3:21:58, Wivern 3:33:25, Decoy, Aria. In the evening most of the members visited the Prospect House.

Thursday morning saw the fleet at anchor in Deerings Bay with flags half mast on account of the death of General Grant. At a meeting on the flagship the yachtsmen decided on sailing for Stonington through Plum Gut, and at 12:45 all were off with a favorable tide and a light south wind, shifting to east and west by times. The Aria and Crocodile as usual had 10min. start. The fleet was increased by the Bertie, which joined in the sail. For some time the wind came strong sending the fleet flying along, but when off Race Rocks it lessened and the tide also hindered the yachts. The order at Race Rock Light was Crocodile, Roamer, Bertie, Agnes, Athlon, Haze, Thistle, Rover, Viola, Stella. Slowly the fleet made its way into Stonington, the times being: Crocodile 5:07:20, Roamer 5:10:15, Bertie 5:15:58, Thistle 5:16:02, Agnes 5:21:35, Rover 5:29:32, Viola 5:31:40, Haze 5:36:33, Stella 5:38:12, Concord 5:55:10, Leona 6:32:20, Wivern 6:32:44, Decoy 6:35:20, Aria, 6:33:34.

A fog hung over Stonington in the early morning, but dispersed when the sun was well up. Crocodile left the fleet, going up the Sound. Aria went away at 9:03, with the others after her at 9:12. The order at Watch Hill was Roamer, Athlon, Thistle, Bertie, Viola, Rover, Haze, Stella, Aria, Wivern, Concord, Agnes, Leona, Decoy. Agnes soon started to work up, and passed in succession Concord, Wivern, Aria, Stella, Haze and Rover, until at noon, when near Point Judith, the order was Roamer, Agnes, Athlon, Thistle, Bertie, Haze, Rover, Viola. Bertie had no spinnaker, while the rest had set theirs, and she dropped astern in consequence. At 1 P. M., Athlon took second place and then first, leaving Roamer second. The finish was exciting and the best part of the race. The times were: Athlon, 2:14:50; Roamer, 2:15:03; Thistle, 2:18:48; Agnes, 2:20:50; Haze, 2:28:30; Viola, 2:32:00; Rover, 2:33:40; Stella, 2:46:42; Bertie, 2:50:40; Leona, 3:09:28; Concord, 3:17:50; Wivern, 3:33:46; Aria, 4:00:00; Decoy, 4:08:00. Next morning the fleet disbanded and the cruise terminated. In every way it was a success, the turn out of yachts being good, and the scrub races each day being very interesting. The weather, too, was very pleasant, though more wind would have been better for the racers. The little Aria in the small class did excellently, keeping up with the fleet each day. Roamer, in new hands, is starting in to make a record and promises to add another to the smart boats of the club of 30 to 50ft., for which it is best known, while Bertie also is showing up well on her first trial in company. The success of the cruise reflects great credit on Com. Hogins and the gentlemen associated with him in its management.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

THIS year's cruise of the New York Y. C. promises to surpass any similar event that has occurred for many years, owing to the presence with the fleet of the new sloops Puritan and Priscilla with the English cutter Genesta, and the probable trials of speed between them and the older boats. For weeks preparations have been made on all hands, and of late all the fleet have been docked and cleaned, the conditions of the Goelet Cups excluding any yacht that has been docked since the beginning of the cruise.

By evening of July 29 the greater part of the fleet was at anchor in Glen Cove, and a meeting of owners was held in the cabin of the Polynia, the following yachts being represented:

Steamers: Polynia, Vice-Commodore Douglas; Stranger, E. J. Jaffrey; Electra, E. T. Gerry.

Schooners, Dauntless, C. H. Colt; Varuna, G. H. B. Hill; Nirvana, E. M. Brown; Southern Cross, George Duryea; Montauk, John E. Broads; Estelle, I. D. Smith; Atalanta, E. H. Townsend; Clytie, A. P. Stodes; Grayling, L. A. Fish; Norna, A. J. Leith; Speranza, H. W. Collender; Water Witch, C. H. Mallory; Ruth, Henry Marquand.

Sloops: Gracie, Jos. P. Earle; Daphne, J. R. Maxwell; Domino, G. L. Haight; Mischief, J. R. Busk; Priscilla, Bennett & Douglas; Bedouin, Archibald Rogers; Regina, R. N. Ellis; Isis, A. Canfield; Ileen, A. Padelford; Vixen, Rear-Com. Lawrence.

It was decided that the fleet should sail at 4 A. M. for New London. At 5 A. M. a gun from Polynia gave the signal to prepare, and half an hour later the fleet started, the wind being light from northeast. The first away was Vixen, followed by Priscilla, the latter soon taking a head and keeping it all day. Gracie soon had second place with Bedouin third and Grayling fourth. The wind continued being light and club topsails were sent up. Madeline fell into place off Greenwich and at once had a bout with the Grayling, in which the sloop was soon victorious. The order off Eaton's Neck was Priscilla, Gracie, Bedouin, Grayling, Madeline, Arrow, Atalanta, Daphne, Montauk, Ruth, Clytie, Ileen, Estelle and Norna, the others being far astern. The breeze was still lighter as the day advanced, and by noon there was very little. The leaders held their places until after 2 P. M., when Grayling passed Bedouin and took third place. A couple of hours later the cutter passed her again leading her for a time. Bedouin's best work, however, was about 6 P. M., when she walked away from both Gracie and Grayling, taking second place in the fleet. As the leader entered New London she struck on a rock, but was hauled off by a steamer with but slight damage. After her came Grayling and Bedouin, Gracie being fourth. The rest of the fleet were out in the tide with no wind and a fog, so they did not get in until morning. Clio also ran aground on Bartlett's Reef, but came off easily. The times were:

	Left Glen Cove.	Arrived off Pequot House.	Elapsed Time.
Priscilla	5 30 00	8 00 05	14 30 05
Grayling	5 30 00	8 20 10	14 50 10
Bedouin	5 30 00	8 40 10	15 10 15
Gracie	5 30 00	8 45 46	15 15 46
Clytie	5 30 00	8 55 17	22 25 16
Montauk	5 30 00	8 58 12	22 28 12
Ileen	5 30 00	4 04 11	22 34 11
Ruth	5 30 00	4 04 11	22 34 11
Atalanta	5 30 00	4 10 16	22 40 16
Dauntless	5 30 00	4 40 00	23 10 00
Varuna	5 30 00	5 42 25	24 11 25
Estelle	5 30 00	5 42 30	24 12 30
Marion Wentworth	5 30 00	5 58 30	24 28 20
Isis	5 30 00	6 01 28	24 31 28
Vixen	5 30 00	7 08 02	25 38 02
Nirvana	5 30 00	7 11 00	25 41 00
Speranza	5 30 00	8 30 00	27 00 00
Norna	5 30 00	9 01 20	27 31 20

The fleet lay at anchor all Friday, a meeting being held at which it was decided to sail at 9 A. M. on Saturday for Newport. At anchor in New London were the Puritan and Stranger, the former having left Boston at 7:30 P. M., on July 28 and reaching Newport just twenty-four hours later. Stranger left Boston one hour earlier and arrived in Newport an hour earlier also, making the same time. On Friday afternoon races were rowed for the Gamecock and Owl prizes by the boats of the fleet. A course of about one mile was marked off, starting abreast of the Polynia and around a stakeboat off the Pequot House. Six crews competed in the first race for four-oared gigs, Dauntless, Polynia, Norna, Grayling, Bedouin and Fortuna. Dauntless won by three lengths, with Polynia second. The Clio, Varuna, Mischief, Isis and Grayling sent entries for the pair-oared race, Mischief winning the "Owl" prize. In the dingey race were Priscilla, Regina and Fortuna, Regina winning.

Saturday broke with a dense fog over New London, which did not lift until late in the morning. At 11:45 the first gun was fired, and at noon the fleet went off before a brisk southwest breeze, which carried them into Newport, only dropping once or twice to a calm. The times of all the yachts were taken very carefully, as the conditions were good for a test, and this was the first meeting of Puritan and Priscilla. The start covered nearly an hour, but the new boats got away pretty well together. For a time Grayling led, with Wave Crest, Gracie, Rambler, Puritan and Priscilla in order. Shortly after the order was changed by Puritan going through Gracie's weather to second place. Priscilla had set a balloon jibtopsail, but on taking it in again her speed was improved, and she in turn took second place about 2 P. M. Off Watch Hill the wind came out ahead at 4:30. Judith it was far enough aft to allow spinnakers to draw. The fleet passed Point Judith as follows: Grayling 3:16, Priscilla 3:18, Puritan 3:26:30, Montauk 3:30:45. On the run in Priscilla headed Grayling and was the first to anchor, with Puritan third. The times of the run were:

	Start.	Arrival.	Elapsed
Priscilla	12 00 55	4 25 32	4 24 37
Grayling	11 58 50	4 26 05	4 27 15
Puritan	12 05 18	4 29 21	4 24 03
Montauk	12 04 00	4 35 02	4 31 02
Gracie	11 59 25	4 39 32	4 40 07
Rambler	11 57 00	4 39 49	4 42 49
Fortuna	12 13 00	4 39 58	4 26 58
Varuna	12 00 23	4 54 00	4 53 37
Dauntless	12 28 45	4 58 20	4 29 35
Bedouin	12 19 26	5 00 57	4 41 31
Atalanta	12 18 53	5 01 04	4 42 11
Estelle	12 05 45	5 01 21	4 55 36
Mischief	12 10 51	5 04 31	4 53 40
Ileen	12 01 29	5 05 20	5 03 57
Norseman	12 32 40	5 09 37	4 36 57
Clytie	12 09 30	5 10 14	5 00 44
Ruth	12 00 40	5 13 44	5 13 04
Arrow	11 58 05	5 14 03	5 15 58
Nirvana	12 02 27	5 14 30	5 12 03
Stranger	12 01 14	5 14 33	5 13 19
Varuna	12 03 35	5 14 55	5 11 20
Wave Crest	11 55 40	5 15 03	5 19 23
M. Wentworth	12 02 03	5 16 24	5 14 21
Madeline	12 37 37	5 16 48	4 39 16

At 6 P. M. on Sunday, Genesta arrived at Newport, having on board her owner, Sir Richard Sutton, his brother and Mr. J. Beavor Webb.

Monday, Aug. 3. Race for Goelet Cups.—The early morning breeze was fresh from the southeast, changing slightly, and settling evidently for the day to east southeast. The course was from a line between the Regatta Committee's tug and Brenton's Reef Lightship, and around the Sow and Pigs Lightship, thence to the Hen and Chickens Lightship, and back to Brenton's Reef, being a triangular course of about 45 miles. The breeze freshened up and gave the yachts an excellent opportunity to run out rapidly, and many had to beat about waiting for the preparatory signal. The entries had included the schooners Dauntless, Fortuna, Estelle, Mohican, Clytie, Clio, Montauk and Grayling, while in the sloop class there were the Ileen, Mischief, Bedouin, Athlon, Whileaway, Gaviata, Gracie, Isis, Regina and Vixen. The stiff breeze of to-day disposed of about one-half of these before the start, ten only crossing the line—four schooners and six sloops.

In the majority of instances the start was an excellent one, no less than nine yachts crossing within 7¼ minutes. The Puritan was well handled in starting, and managed to cross first, leading the Fortuna by 10 seconds and the Priscilla by 53 seconds. The following is a list of the yachts which started, with time allowance for each:

SCHOONERS. Allowances.		SCHOONERS. Allowances.	
Mohican	07 16	Montauk	12 47
Fortuna	12 31	Grayling	19 39
SLOOPS.		SLOOPS.	
Priscilla	00 00	Bedouin	10 50
Puritan	01 24	Athlon	27 15
Gracie	10 47	Isis	30 30

When the last boat had crossed the line in starting it was found that only one had failed to get in in time. This was the Bedouin, as the following table, giving the time of departure, will show:

SCHOONERS.			
Fortuna	10 27 16	Montauk	10 28 41
Mohican	10 28 39	Grayling	10 28 43
SLOOPS.			
Puritan	10 27 08	Gracie	10 33 56
Priscilla	10 28 01	Athlon	10 34 53
Iris	10 30 00	Bedouin	10 35 19

The yachts at once went in a northeasterly direction. The race down to Brenton's Reef was devoid of special interest, save that it

was a short time ere Priscilla got to the windward of the Puritan and obtained the lead, holding it securely for well nigh half an hour. Meanwhile the Gracie, tightening her sails, had been doing well, running well up to the Isis and soon closing out the four minute start which the latter had. The yachts bearing down toward Brenton's Reef, and thence along the Newport cliffs, made a pretty sight, the chief feature of which was the struggle between the Priscilla and the Puritan for lead. In tacking, shortly after wrestling the lead from the Puritan, the Priscilla lost the advantage, and in a little while the "Yankee," as yachtsmen style the Puritan, got her nose in first.

At 11:10 the steam yacht wonder Stiletto ran across the Priscilla's bows, and for a moment attention was directed toward her, the movements of the extraordinary steam craft being so rapid, and her speed so phenomenal. In the meantime the two leading schooners, the Fortuna and Montauk, were keeping company, standing off for Easton's Point, but away to the rear of the foremost sloops, which were having things much their own way. At 11:30 some important changes took place, for then the Puritan got well on to the port tack, and for a time was heading directly toward the Sow and Pigs in an effort to weather Easton's Point. Shortly afterward the Fortuna and Montauk tacked, the Priscilla, however, being still headed toward Easton's Point. It was the making of this long tack and the long delay in putting about after the Puritan had done so, that gave the latter a splendid advantage which the Boston boat maintained to the end of the race.

Four or five minutes after making a tack that brought her out from Easton's Point, the Puritan crossed the Priscilla's bows, thus increasing her advantage over the New York craft. In the mean time the Bedouin had been doing admirable work, closing up the gap between herself and the other sloops. So well was the yacht handled, and so splendidly did she behave, that there were not a few persons on board the judges' tug that predicted she would compel both the Puritan and Priscilla to scratch lively in order to secure the prize. But splendid as had been her performance up to that time, she immediately afterward began losing the advantage she had gained, and thence to the finish never came within gunshot distance of victory. The Grayling, which in Saturday's run from New London to Newport had done so handsomely, with a comparatively light breeze, was today nowhere in stiff winds. She sailed with a well-reefed mainsail, and with her topmast down, the wind acting as a sort of handicap. For all practical purposes neither the Grayling, Mohican, Isis, Gracie nor the Athlon was in the race, and neither was the Bedouin after a few minutes had elapsed subsequent to her taking the Easton's Point tack.

A few minutes before noon the Puritan made another tack from Cormorant Light. From Cormorant Light down to the Sow and Pigs the race was well contested. The two sloops led the schooners so much that only the time of the Puritan and Priscilla could be taken, the former rounding in 1:54:00 and the latter in 2:07:22. This showed a lead of nearly fourteen minutes, which many expected would be entirely wiped out when the pair began to run before the wind. The run up with the wind was from fifteen to twenty miles, a sufficient length to afford the Priscilla an opportunity to close up if she was smart enough. She was not able to do so, for in that long stretch she gained scarcely two minutes, notwithstanding the fact that she kept her gafftopsail up some thirty-three minutes longer than the Puritan did. In the meantime the Mohican had carried away her foretopsail and jibboom and foremasthead, and, being picked up by a friendly tug, was taken into Newport Harbor. The judges' boat had returned to the winning point, arriving there at 3½. Nothing was to be seen of any of the racers except the leading four, the Bedouin and Gracie being distanced, and all the others having returned into harbor.

The Priscilla did not cross until 4h. 2m. 11s., and, after giving time allowance to the Puritan of 1m. 24s., she was beaten by 10m. 19s. of actual time. This afternoon it was determined to start for New Bedford, weather permitting, about 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

The sweepstakes race yesterday between the cutters Stranger and Isis and the compromise sloop Athlon was won by the Athlon. Sir Richard Sutton, the owner of the Genesta, is improving, and it is said to-night that the famous cutter will try her speed with the American boats on the sail to New Bedford. At a conference between the regatta committee and Sir Richard Sutton, held on board the Genesta last night, the 7th, 9th and 14th of September were agreed on as the dates for the sailing of the cup race. The trial races to select a boat to sail against the Genesta will begin on the 20th inst. The fleet will go from New Bedford to Martha's Vineyard, and a race from that place to Sandy Hook is talked about, but does not meet with general favor.

TOLEDO Y. C., JULY 28.

FOLLOWING closely on the regretta at Put-in-Bay, the Toledo Y. C. sailed their annual regatta over the club course on Maumee Bay, on July 28. Starting from Turtle Island Light, the course is seven miles out into Lake Erie, then seven miles west and home. The third class only turned the first mark and return. The twelve starters were at the line by noon, and at 12:10 all went away with a light W. S. W. wind, the order of crossing being Fanchon, Stella, Kate Graham, Crescent, Scud, Petrel, Mazeppa, Madeline, Jennie J., Osprey, Oberon and Com. Gardner. Booms were to port as they went over, Fanchon holding the lead at first, but soon passed by Kate Graham. At the first turn Scud came up and passed both of the leaders. Shortly after Fanchon made up some of her loss but could not overtake Scud, while Kate Graham carried away her spinnaker boom, losing some time. In the third class Madeline was well ahead, all being strung out, but at first mark the Com. Gardner passed her with 2min. lead. On the beat to second mark Osprey passed Crescent, but both were passed shortly afterward by Oberon. At the second mark Fanchon was again ahead, with Scud very close and Kate Graham 3min. astern, but the latter soon made up part of her loss, working in toward the Michigan shore, passing Scud. Soon after she stood in so as to lose the wind, and Scud, further out, took second place again close to Fanchon. The finish was very close, Fanchon having to tack, while Scud could lay her course over the line, but she lost some seconds by a blunder; however, she crossed 47sec. ahead. The following are the times:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.	Equated
Fanchon	12 12 27	4 29 41	4 17 14	4 16 32
Stella	12 12 45	5 04 20	4 51 35	4 47 23
Scud	12 13 58	4 28 54	4 14 56	4 14 56
Osprey	12 17 30	4 52 20	4 34 50	4 34 08
Kate Graham	12 13 15	4 35 22	4 22 07	4 19 19
Crescent	12 13 16	4 47 10	4 33 54	4 27 36
Jennie J	12 16 48	4 55 21	4 38 33	4 32 57
Oberon	12 17 42	4 54 50	4 37 08	4 36 26

THIRD CLASS.

Mazeppa	12 15 15	4 22 38	4 07 23	4 06 55
Petrel	12 14 15	4 23 30	4 09 15	4 06 55
Com. Gardner	12 18 00	3 35 15	3 17 15	3 17 15
Madelaine	12 16 40	3 36 34	3 19 54	3 18 30

HULL Y. C., July 27.—The first and second class races, postponed from July 18, were sailed on the 27th. In the first class only Hera started. In the second were the keels Banneret, Gem and Lizzie F. Daly. The wind was light from S.E. The main interest was in the second class keels, Gem sailing well until her topmast carried away, dropping spinnaker and balloon jib into the water. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Corrected.
Hera, Geo. F. Howe	37.04	2 30 19
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.		
Atlanta, J. R. Thomas	28.04	1 47 47
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.		
Banneret, J. F. Brown	25.02	1 46 48
Lizzie F. Daly, Wm. Daly, Jr	26.11	1 54 42
Gem, H. W. Savage	26.04	1 55 45

The Lizzie F. Daily has challenged the Banneret to sail three races, six miles to windward or leeward and return for $150 a side, the dates being Aug. 6, 13 and 20.

YACHTING NOTES.—Mona, this 10-ton cutter has been sold by Mr. Chas. Stevenson to Mr. J. Leslie Cotton....Electra is credited with a run of 157 knots, from Bar Harbor to Isle of Shoals, in 11h. 20m., with 85 to 90 pounds of steam....Wanda lately made the run from Cornwall to Twenty-third street, New York, in 3h. 20m., the distance being over 50 miles....Gracie and Adele. A race is talked of between these fast open boats, the course to be 10 miles to windward and return, for $250 or $500 a side, or it is proposed to admit the Nettie Thorp and Rosetta A. also for a sweepstakes race ...Resolute. This schooner has recently gone into commission for the season....Utowana. Mr. Connor's yacht has been unlucky again in breaking her shaft. The broken section has been replaced....Priscilla's model has been deposited at the N. Y. Y. C. rooms. Genesta brought out a very handsome model for the same purpose....Fanita has gone out of commission and is laid up, her owner being absent from New York....Vixen, Rear Com. Lawrence, N. Y. Y. C., is again in commission, her owner having returned from Europe ...Coronet. Mr. Bush's new schooner will probably bear this name. She is nearly ready for launching.

GENESTA.—After Mr. Beavor Webb's arrival in New York Genesta was towed up to Poillon's yard and her spars were towed over from the Anchor Line docks. The latter were all carefully wrapped in canvas and burlaps. The mast is a splendid stick of Oregon pine, 77ft. 10in. over all. The diameter at hounds is 16½in., and the greatest diameter is 17in. Her spinnaker boom is 64ft. long and 11in. in the slings. The jury mast was hoisted out, the new mast stepped and wedged, the rigging sent up and topmast pointed. Returning to Staten Island her sails were bent and the work of rigging completed. On July 30 she sailed over the N. Y. Y. C. course with Mr. Webb on board. Since his arrival here, her owner, Sir Richard Sutton, has been seriously ill and confined to his room, and the yacht has laid at anchor, but last week he was sufficiently recovered to go on board. On Saturday morning the Genesta towed through Hell Gate and made sail for Newport, where she joined the N. Y. Y. C. fleet. She will accompany the yachts on their cruise, probably entering some of the races.

TEST OF ANTI-BARNACLE PAINT.—Tarpon Springs, Fla., July 20, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is no place where marine pests are more plentiful or persistent than this same west coast of Florida. No wooden vessel can be kept clean for thirty days without the protection of anti-fouling paint on sheathing. Speaking of anti-fouling paint, I am reminded of some pretty severe tests made with an article advertised in your columns, "Vadium Anti-Barnacle Paint," made by the Canton Paint and Oil Company. The tests were made as follows: Stakes were prepared and painted with "Vadium," they were driven down in tide water at the mouth of the Anclote River, a place as bad if not the worst on the coast. They were allowed to remain undisturbed for four months, and then when examined were found to be comparatively free from worms, grass or barnacles, although they had been placed where a boat would have fouled in one month. People here who are posted in such matters claim that the results were perfectly satisfactory.—TARPON.

OYSTER BOAT RACE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual oyster boat race will be sailed Aug. 22, 1885. Prizes offered by the Larchmont Y. C. Open to boats of any locality engaged in the oyster business. First class, cabin boats; second class, open boats. Cash prizes: Cabin class, first prize, $75; second prize, $35; third prize, $15. Open class: first prize, $50; second prize, $35; third prize, $15. Entries free. Larchmont Y. C. course, sailing rules and time allowances. Sails restricted to jib, mainsail, working gafftopsail, stationary ballast and limited crews. Entry blanks and sailing rules and all other information may be obtained on application to the Regatta Committee, E. J. Grearer, P. O. Box 815, New York city; John T. Fisher, 97 East Houston street, New York city; T. Bartow, Larchmont Y. C., Larchmont, N. Y.

THE BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.—Tenth annual regatta, in connection with the Lake Yacht Racing Association, will be sailed Aug. 12. The regatta will be open to all yachts on the chain of lakes, and will be governed by the sailing rules and regulations of the Lake Yacht Racing Association and under the direction of the regatta committee of the Bay of Quinte Y. C. Prizes to the amount of $450 will be offered. Entries to be addressed to the secretary. Distinguishing flag to be specified. Entries will be received up to 8 P. M. on Monday, the 10th of August. The club, however, reserves the right to receive post entries. Gentlemen who intend entering their yachts will oblige by doing so at as early a date as possible.—RICHARD S. BELL, Hon. Secretary, B. Q. Y. C. (Belleville, July 20, 1885).

THE CRUISER AND LA PERICHOLE.—The match between Mr. Alley's little Cruiser and the Newport catboat La Perichole, resulted in a victory for the latter. Cruiser is 20ft. long and was sailed by Mr. A. B. Alley, with Messrs. Frederick May, Cyrus Eidlitz, Howard Mitchell and F. M. Scott, all amateurs, while La Perichole, 24ft. long, was sailed by Mr. C. O. Iselin, with a professional crew. Both went over with an even start, Cruiser to windward. La Perichole gained on her and led at the end of the first round. Here a heavy squall struck both boats, sending the larger—which had turned—away on her course, while Cruiser was driven back from the buoy, spoiling her chances entirely.

MISTLETOE—Syracuse, Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new cutter Mistletoe, built from plans published in FOREST AND STREAM of March 6, 1884, was launched last week. She made her trial trip yesterday, and the expectations of her owners were more than realized. Frames and planking of oak, lead keel, 2,000 pounds; inside ballast, 1,500 pounds; iron floors, 250 pound; head room in cabin, 5ft. 6in. under batch. She was built for Brown Bros., and will be used entirely for cruising.

CRICKET.—Com. Mott's little sloop was at the A. C. A. camp, Grindstone Island, on July 26, for a short time, making the run from Oswego in twelve hours. Leaving Grindstone at 1:15 P. M., she made port at Oswego at 12 o'clock the same night. Her log showed 142 miles in twenty-one hours running time.

ATALANTA.—Mr. Gould is off on a cruise toward Nova Scotia, probably Halifax, but will be absent only a couple of weeks.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE STILETTO.—Mr. Jay Gould, the owner of the Atalanta, has written the following letter to the Regatta Committee of the American Y. C.: New London, July 28, Steam Yacht Atalanta. To the Regatta Committee of the American Y. C. Gentlemen—On the arrival of the Atalanta at this port last evening I was surprised by statements from disinterested observers to the effect that the Stiletto did not round the buoy at Sarah's Ledge, but passed to the northwest of it, and thereby not going over the course as stipulated in the committee's instructions. Under the circumstances please note that I protest against the cup "for the best time over the course" being awarded to the Stiletto before further inquiry. Very truly yours, JAY GOULD." The Regatta Committee will consider the protest.

NEW HAVEN Y. C. LADIES' DAY.—On July 22, the New Haven Y. C. fleet turned out in the afternoon for a sail for the entertainment of the lady friends of the club. After a sail in the harbor the fleet returned to the clubhouse which was illuminated. A display of fireworks was followed by a dance and collation.

A STEAM LAUNCH FOR THE ELECTRA.—Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry has ordered from the Herreshoff Company a steam launch 22ft. long, 5ft. 6in. beam, 22in. draft and 1,850 pounds weight, to make 8 miles per hour. She is to be ready by Sept. 10.

A CHESAPEAKE BUCKEYE.—One of these peculiar craft has lately been cruising about the Sound, the S. E. Walter, Dr. R. M. Weed of New York, owner. Her foremast is much longer than the main, giving her an odd appearance.

PAINT FOR BOTTOMS.—The perplexing problem of how to keep a boat's bottom clean and free from barnacles and borers has been successfully solved by the Canton Paint and Oil Company, whose vadium anti-barnacle paint for ships', yachts', and boats' bottoms is proving all that the manufacturers claim for it. Its use is economy, for the vadium paint not only keeps the craft in good condition, but prolongs its life many years. See the company's card elsewhere.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. B. C., Missouri.—The Tatham's shot corresponds to what is called the American standard, given in our issue of Oct. 4, 1883. The No. 8 contains 375 pellets to the ounce.

J. B. H., Nichols, Conn.—Your best plan is to read Wallace's "Guide to the Adirondacks," in which you will find a number of different routes specified with cost of travel, board and guides.

S. D., Horneilsville.—We cannot refer you to a manufacturer of steel springs for traps separate from the traps. Possibly you could secure such a thing through the dealers in sportsmen's goods.

C. E., Dodgeville, Wis.—Is there such a book as the "American Kennel Stud Book" in print, and if such how late an edition of it has been printed? Ans. The first volume of the "National American Kennel Club Stud Book" was printed in 1878. It can be had of B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn. Price $3. The second volume was to have been printed the next year, but it is still "in the printer's hands," with no prospect of its ever being given to the public. The *American Kennel Register* is published monthly, Address P. O. Box 2832, New York.

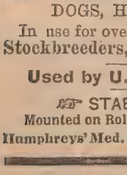
H. F. B.—Will you inform me how salmon roe is prepared for bait for fishing purposes? Ans. We have never used it. Scott recommends that it be salted and placed in a pot with alternate layers of wool. He quotes Rev. W. B. Daniell as advising the taking of a pound of roe in September, and after boiling it fifteen minutes, beat it in a mortar until sufficiently mixed with an ounce of salt and an ounce of saltpetre, the membrane in which the spawn is contained being carefully picked out. It is then packed in jars and covered closely, and will keep for months.

W. A. K., Fort Monroe, Va.—The Encyclopedia Britannica, ninth edition, article, "Deer," makes moose and elk synonymous. Webster's unabridged does the same, and opposite the word elk places a cut of the Canadian moose. If these works are correct what species of stag is the so-called elk of the West and Northwest, and how is it possible that so noble and conspicuous an animal escapes mention by the authorities quoted? Ans. Moose (*Cervus alces*) and the American elk (*Cervus canadensis*) are two distinct species of the genus *Cervus*. Some writers, as Griffith (Cuv., IV., 72), have applied the term "elk" or "American black elk" to the moose. Our encyclopedias and dictionaries, even the best of them, are deficient on many subjects relating to natural history.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Several Austin gentlemen started out one Sunday last winter for the purpose of desecrating that day. They carried guns and flasks with them for that purpose. The flasks were not as dry inside as a powder-horn. They were not that kind of flasks. Finally they saw ducks, and proceeded to organize a campaign plan. They crawled up on the ducks on their stomachs—that is, on their own, the hunters' stomachs—and blazing away, killed two ducks. The Sunday hunters secured their prey, and proceeded to the cabin of an old darky close by, for the hunters were hungry. They told him they would shower down wealth upon him if he would cook their wild ducks for breakfast. The old darky turned over those wild ducks and exclaimed; "Dem ar is my tame ducks, and dey is wuff fifty cents apiece. Dey is so tame dey runs arter me wheneber I goes down to de pond." Then the hunters looked at each other and said: "Don't let us tell anything about it for fear the sifter may get hold of it," and they paid over one silver dollar to the African for his pet ducks, which he did cook for them. But the best of the joke is that the old darky lied, for the ducks were really wilk ducks after all; but the Austin sportsmen do not know the difference. The old darky makes as much as $10 a Sunday by going out and claiming all the wild ducks that are shot as his tame ducks. In every instance the huntsman hands over the money.—*Alex. E. Sweet, in Arkansaw Traveller.*

The officers of the English garrison in the Soudan have less shooting to amuse themselves with than was anticipated. Sand grouse are quite plentiful, coming down in the early morning to feed on patches of ground near the river, from which the corn has lately been cut; but these are learning to be wary of guns. These grouse are excellent eating, but the more plentiful doves are not worth powder and shot.



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Knobbed do.	Hooks.
Peculiar Eyed do.	Hollow Point, Limerick
O'Shaughnessy do.	of all styles.
Carlisle Kirby or Round	Cork Shape do.
American Trout.	Kinsey do.
Chestertown.	Sproat do.
Roach Hooks.	Aberdeen.
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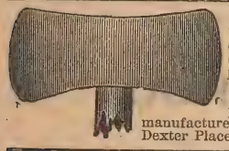
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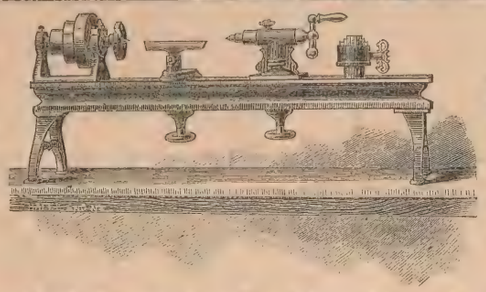
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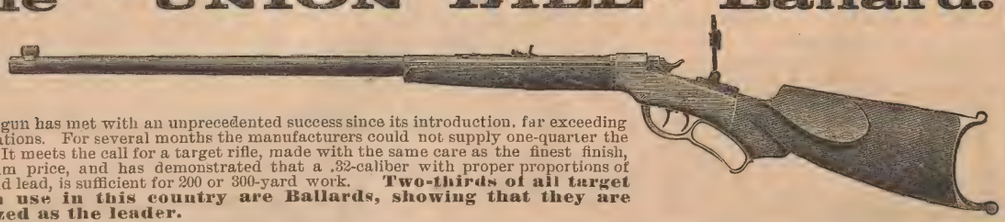
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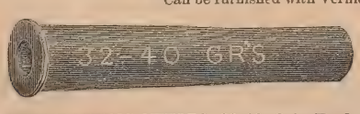
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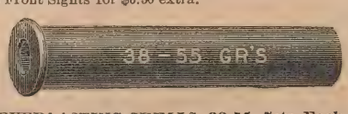
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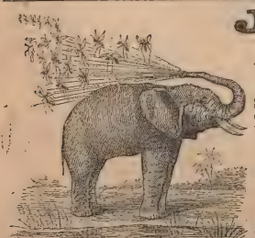
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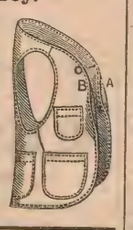
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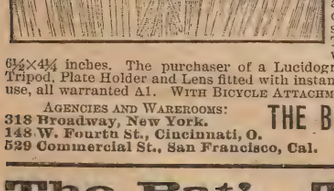
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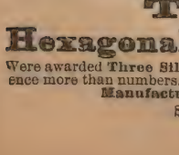
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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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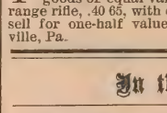
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

THE original call for the St. Louis convention, to be held Sept. 29, has been so modified as to include the sportsmen of the entire country, with all fish commissioners and the game dealers of the large cities. The promoters of the meeting express their anticipation of a very large gathering and of important results to follow.

The invitation is a very broad one. Some may consider it to be entirely too broad. The tendency of movements of this sort, when once they have set out to become "national," is to become at the same time unwieldy. Because of their size and the conflicting interests represented, such a meeting is very apt to result in nothing more than talk and resolutions. This is all the more possible on such an occasion as that of the St. Louis convention, because there the interests which will be given a hearing are in decided opposition. The members of the game protective clubs in our large cities who have for years noted the attitude of the game dealers toward the game laws will be apt to view with extreme suspicion the presence and participation of these dealers in a convention called for the purpose of modifying the laws regulating the sale of game. The sportsmen who have seen their covers depleted by the pot-hunters to supply the markets will naturally question whether any real advance in our protective system is likely to follow the St. Louis convention if the dealers are to have a hand in it. It is announced that New York game dealers and other Eastern dealers will be present. The sportsmen of the West ought to know that if these men are represented there they will be on hand for only one thing, which will be the modification of existing laws in such a way that more game may be shipped to the East. There is no conceivable reason why they should attend for any other purpose. They are sharp, shrewd business men, and if they go to St. Louis they will go there for business.

Some years ago, when the attempt was made to blind the sportsmen of New York State by a coalition of sportsmen and dealers, and under cover of a pretended sportsmen's association to foist on the people of this country the notorious refrigerator amendment, it was stated to the writer by one of the most active promotors of that scheme, that he was proposing, at the suggestion of certain St. Louis dealers, to form a national association of sportsmen and dealers for securing better game legislation. The refrigerator amendment was a sample of the kind of legislation they wanted. If the dealers are now going to the St. Louis convention as a step toward securing next winter what they lost when the refrigerator amendment was killed, they will bear very close watching.

THE CANOE ASSOCIATION.

THE meet of 1885 did not differ greatly from that of last year on the same ground, the number present being rather smaller, while the race programme was the best yet offered. It has been claimed that the smaller attendance was partly due to the camp being in the same place as last year; but there are other causes that have had much more influence on the attendance. There are many who cannot afford time or money to visit camp every year, and who last season made a special effort to visit the Thousand Islands and the Canoe Meet at one time. In at least two cases clubs which were well represented last year, have this season been under extra expenses for houses at home, and have been poorly represented, and the general condition of business has had an unfavorable effect on summer travel of all kinds in the St. Lawrence region. To make up for the smaller number there were many new faces, representatives of new clubs and localities, who go back resolved to extend the Association at home.

This meet will be remembered by the fact that for the first time measures have been taken to divide, to a certain extent the Association and to provide other meets in distant localities. This scheme has been talked of for some time and now has been put into practice. The question of the place for meeting next year will soon have to be decided, and is perhaps the most important one before the Association. Many wish to return to Grindstone for another year, while others desire a new place. There is yet time before the Executive Committee meet for a full discussion of the question and for the suggestion of other sites, and as it is a matter that concerns all canoeists, we hope to hear from them on both sides of the question, as a thorough discussion of the question in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM will bring forth the views of all more effectually than any other method.

THE TRAJECTORY TESTS.

THE hearty responses of approval, which have come in since our announcement of last week that a careful test of hunting rifles would be made by us, show that there is a general demand for just such a trial. The suggestions which come in are many, and from time to time we shall print such as may be offered by others.

The idea is simply to make a series of tests over a carefully surveyed range, with every item as to the weapon and the conditions under which it is shot most carefully noted. We do this to furnish data from which any and all riflemen may draw their own conclusions.

The details of much of the work to be done have not as yet been formulated into any set of rules. The programme will, however, be made as broad and liberal as possible, and every point in connection with the tests will be open to the fullest investigation and scrutiny. Rifles of to-day, those which are in the market, in the hands of hunters and most likely to be there, are the arms which we more particularly wish to test. We know of no such set of trajectory trials made in recent years which is of any but the most remote interest at this day.

When we mentioned 200 yards as the distance over which the tests would be made, it was with the idea that this was to be the maximum range; but the surveys and measurements of the range will be such as to make the tests at the lower ranges a matter of the greatest ease.

CANADA SUNDAY FISHING.—Sir Roderick Cameron and his friend Judge Henry, who have been in trouble for Sunday salmon angling, plead that the statute forbidding fishing on that day relates only to netting. It is a pretty poor plea. What is good law for the netter is good law for the angler; and because the netter looks upon the law as enacted largely for the angler's benefit alone, the angler should show himself hearty in observing it to the letter. If the fly-fisherman cannot forego his sport for one day in the week, how can he reasonably expect the man whose livelihood depends on netting, to take up his nets for Sunday? More than this, the streams ought to have one day of absolute rest from both anglers and netters.

THE OLD WAY.—The other day we came across a little manual for travelers, giving with careful detail all the routes of travel by "stage lines, canals and packets" between the prominent American towns. It was not so very old, bearing a date in the present century, but it had the flavor of a thousand years of antiquity.

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.

IN our angling columns will be found an opinion recently rendered by Judge Turner, of Washington Territory, in a case where a dealer had been arrested for having in his possession in the close season some trout which were alleged to have been brought into the Territory from Idaho.

This decision invites careful consideration for several reasons. It is manifestly that of a judge in sympathy with, and desirous of giving full effect to, legislation designed to protect fish and game. It is a thoughtful determination of the issues presented, and, whether right or wrong, is arrived at after contemplation of high authorities bearing upon the questions raised.

A clearer understanding of its import can be had on reading the following portions of the statute which it construes:

§ 7. Every person who shall, within the Territory of Washington, during the months of November, December, January, February and March of any year, catch, kill or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any mountain or brook trout, etc., shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

§ 10. Every person who shall, within the Territory of Washington, have any male deer, * * * brook trout, etc., at any time when it is unlawful to take or kill the same, as provided in this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and proof of possession of any of the aforesaid animals, fowls, birds or fish, at a time when it is unlawful to take or kill the same in the county where the same is found, shall be *prima facie* evidence in any prosecution for a violation of any provision of this act that the person or persons in whose possession the same is found, took, killed or destroyed the same in the county wherein the same is found during the period when it was unlawful to take, kill or destroy the same.

The penalty prescribed for a violation of this act (§ 13) is "a fine of not less than $10 and not more than $300, or imprisonment in the county jail of the county wherein the offense was committed for not less than five days nor more than three months, or both such imprisonment and fine."

Judge Turner decides, first, that this act does not forbid the possession, within the State during the close season, of game lawfully taken in another State; and, second, he states that if the statute did forbid such possession it would be in violation of the Federal Constitution, which provides that Congress shall have power to regulate commerce among the several States. The latter point, although a mere *dictum*, is the more important for the double reason that the decision suggests very strongly that, had the judge not concluded that a statute, which made the possession within the State of game lawfully taken without the State an offense, would be unconstitutional, he would have construed the statute differently; and that this interpretation of the United States Constitution by a Federal judge is likely to have a large influence upon the courts of other States in passing upon similar statutes.

In determining upon the weight to be given to this *obiter* decision of a single judge in disposing of a *habeas corpus* proceeding, it is well to bear in mind that the New York Court of Appeals, an appellate court consisting of seven judges, and second to none in this country except the United States Supreme Court, has given a contrary decision in a case which fairly raised the same questions, under a statute quite similar to that of Washington Territory. The language of the late Chief-Justice Church, who wrote the opinion, is: "It is unnecessary to consider how far the exercise of the power of Congress under this provision would interfere with the authority of the States to pass game laws, and regulate and prohibit the sale and possession of game either as a sanitary measure or for its protection as an article of food. It will suffice for this case that the statute does not conflict with any law which Congress has passed on the subject. States cannot pass laws in respect to subjects expressly prohibited by the Constitution, nor when the power is conferred upon Congress and its exercise by the States conflicts with the policy or functions of the Government; but there are many powers conferred upon Congress which, until exercised by it, are regarded as dormant and may be exercised by the States within their limits, among which is the power to regulate commerce. * * * It is quite evident, within these principles, which have been repeatedly reiterated by the Supreme Court of the United States, that the act in question does not violate the Constitution of the United States nor any law of Congress." *Phelps v. Racey*, 60 *N. Y.* 10.

The same question came before the Supreme Court of Illinois, and in an unanimous decision indorsing and following that of the New York Court of Appeals, it was held that such prohibition of the possession and sale of game was not a restriction of inter-State commerce; but that the law related only to internal commerce of the State in the article of game, that it acted altogether upon the retail or domestic traffic within the State, and that the State was not bound to

furnish a market for game, nor furnish game for a market. *The People v. Magner.*

The Missouri Court of Appeals has expressed itself with equal clearness and emphasis: "It is urged by defendant that inasmuch as it appears that these prairie chickens were imported from Kansas, there can be no conviction. But the act in question makes it a penal offense to have prairie chickens in one's possession from February first to August fifteenth in Missouri, no matter where the birds were caught. It is insisted that if this be the meaning of the act, it is in violation of the Constitution of the United States, Congress alone having power to regulate commerce among the several States. We see nothing unconstitutional in the act. The game law would be nugatory if, during the prohibited season, game could be imported from the neighboring States. It would be impossible to show in most instances where the game was caught. The State of Missouri has as much right to preserve its game as it has to preserve the health of its citizens, and may prohibit the exhibition for sale, within the State, of provisions out of season, without any violation of the Constitution of the United States. So far as we know, this right has never been disputed, and its exercise by the absolute prohibition of the having in possession, or sale, of game within the State limits, during certain periods of the year, is no more an illegal attempt to regulate commerce between the States than would be a city ordinance against selling oysters in July." *The State v. Randolph*, 1 *Mo. App.* 15.

To sustain his position antagonistic to the foregoing eminent authorities, Judge Turner has sought to gain support from an opinion of the United States Supreme Court. But has he succeeded in doing so? Does the case of the *Railroad Company v. Husen*, in any way apply to the question before him? The Missouri statute before the United States Supreme Court was very different from that considered by Judge Turner. It was aimed directly at and was clearly a regulation of inter-State commerce. As the court expressed it: "The Missouri statute is a plain intrusion upon the exclusive domain of Congress. It says to all natural persons, and to all transportation companies, 'You shall not bring into the State any Texas cattle, or any Mexican cattle, or Indian cattle between March first and December first, in any year * * * and, if you do bring them in, even for the purpose of carrying them through the State without unloading them, you shall be subject to extraordinary liabilities.'" The object and effect of this statute were held to be to obstruct inter-State commerce, and to discriminate between the property of citizens of one State and that of citizens of other States. But in reaching this conclusion the court made admissions quite broad enough to include a statute differing so much from the one before it as does the statute of Washington Territory, which does not directly touch upon the subject of transportation, or commerce, and makes no discrimination between the property of citizens of different States. Their words are: "We admit that the deposit in Congress of the power to regulate foreign commerce and commerce among the States was not a surrender of that which may properly be denominated police power. What that power is it is difficult to define with sharp precision. * * * It extends to the protection of the lives, limbs, health, comfort, and quiet of all persons, and the protection of all property within the State. * * * Many acts of a State may indeed affect commerce without amounting to a regulation of it in the constitutional sense of the term. And it is sometimes difficult to define the distinction between that which merely *affects or influences and that which regulates a rule for conduct.*"

Was Judge Turner right when he said of the statute of Washington Territory: "This is a regulation of commerce between the States within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States," or is it rather a legislative act as to a matter not strictly national, but local in its character, concerning which Congress has made no legislation, and affecting rather than regulating inter-State commerce—in other words, a proper exercise of the police power of a State or Territory? Is it not more nearly allied to those State enactments which authorize the bridging of navigable streams, or prohibit the sale or manufacture of intoxicating liquor, both of which have been repeatedly sustained by the United States Supreme Court? Chief Justice Taney said in deciding a case which involved the right of a State to require a license for the sale of a package of gin imported from another State: "As Congress has made no regulation on the subject, the traffic in the article may be lawfully regulated by the State as soon as it is landed in its territory, and a tax imposed upon it, or a license required, or the sale altogether prohibited, according to the policy which the State may suppose to be its interest or duty to pursue."

The highest courts of three States, New York, Illinois and Missouri, are opposed to the conclusion reached by Judge Turner; and in harmony with their ruling is the language of the United States Supreme Court in decisions rendered the present year: "The States have the power, in absence of Congressional legislation, to regulate matters of local interest which affect inter-State commerce only incidentally." *Brown v. Houston*, 114 U. S., 622. *Gloucester Ferry Co. v. Pennsylvania. Id.* 196.

And where the question was the constitutionality of certain provisions of the constitution of the State of Illinois as to the regulation of warehouses, the Court said: "Incidentally they [the warehouses] may become connected with inter-State commerce, but not necessarily. Their regulation is a thing of domestic concern, and certainly until Congress acts in reference to their inter-State relations, the State may exercise all the powers of government over them, even though in so doing it may indirectly operate upon commerce outside. * * * * It is not everything that affects commerce that amounts to a regulation of it, within this meaning of the Constitution," *Munn v. Illinois*, 94 *U. S.* 113.

The interpretation by Judge Turner of the statute, to the effect that it does not prohibit the possession within the State of game lawfully taken without the State, is met by a similar array of authorities The New York court, in *Phelps v. Racey*, had under consideration a similar statute, and held that the language of the statute was plain and unambiguous. "Hence there is no room for construction. It is a familiar rule that when the language is clear courts have no discretion but to adopt the meaning which it imports. The mandate is that any person having in his or her possession between certain dates, certain specified game killed, shall be liable to a penalty. The time when or the place where the game was killed, or when brought within the State, or where from, is not made material by the statute, and we have no power to make it so." And similar to this was the construction given to the Illinois statute, in the *People v. Magner*, where the court said: "But, it is argued, this cannot be the correct construction, because such a prohibition does not tend to protect the game of this State. To this there seem to be two answers: First, the language is clear and free of ambiguity, and in such case there is no room for construction. The language must be held to mean what it says. Second, it cannot be said to be within judicial cognizance that such a prohibition does not tend to protect game of this State. It being conceded, as it tacitly is, by the argument, that preventing the entrapping, netting, ensnaring, etc., of wildfowls, birds, etc., during certain seasons of the year, tends to the protection of wildfowls, birds, etc., we think it obvious that the prohibition of all possession and sales of such wildfowls or birds during the prohibited seasons, would tend to their protection in excluding the opportunity for the evasion of such law, by clandestinely taking them beyond the State and afterward bringing them into the State for sale, or by other subterfuges and evasions."

Judge Turner cites a Massachusetts decision in favor of his construction. But the statute of Massachusetts was not like that of Washington Territory. It failed to expressly exclude or include, within the provision prohibiting the possession of game within the State, such game as was taken without the State, and when followed by a provision that possession should be *prima facie* evidence "to convict under the act," and the only penalty was a fine of $20, it could not, under the ordinary rules of construction of penal statutes, be construed in the broader sense of forbidding the possession of game taken out of the State. So far from differing from the New York decision, it cited it, and approved of the construction there given to the New York statute, which so closely resembles the statute of Washington Territory. When Judge Turner admits, as he was bound to do, that the possession of game, though lawfully taken without the State, is an offense within the letter of the act, and then admits that the statutes and decisions of other States show that it has there been considered an aid to the policy of protecting game and fish, to absolutely prohibit the having the same in possession at certain periods of the year, regardless of where the same was killed or taken, he goes far toward admitting that it is also an offense within the spirit and intention of the act. The more so, because this construction would not render the provision as to possession being *prima facie* evidence, etc., superfluous and inconsistent with other portions of the statute. In Massachusetts the penalty was a fine of $20, no discretion being left in the judge as to the severity of punishment, and the possession was *prima facie* evidence "to convict under the act." But in Washington Territory the punishment might be a fine of from $10 to $300, "or imprisonment in the county jail where the offense was committed" for from five days to three months, or both, and possession of game is "*prima facie* evidence in any prosecution for a violation of any provision of this act that the person in whose possession the same is found, took, killed or destroyed the same in the county wherein the same is found, during the period when it was unlawful to take, kill or destroy the same." When severe penalties of this kind are prescribed, it is important that the prisoner should be allowed to prove the extent of the offense committed. It might well be that a person found with game, which he could prove was lawfully taken without the State, or taken by another in the State before the prohibited season, should receive a punishment proportionate to his offense, and as crimes are punishable in the county where they are committed, this provision is of great utility in rendering it easy for the State to punish the person found with game in his possession, not only for having the game, but also for killing it, the possession being *prima facie* evidence that that person killed it in the county where it was found; and a person guilty of both these offenses, brought to trial with this burden of proof against him, could only escape through the dangerous expediency of perjury, while every person arraigned is free to prove the extent of his offense.

Section ten is therefore not only a most useful and important addition to other provisions of the statute, but is in this way capable of a construction consistent with an interpretation of the statute which shall make the possession of game an offense regardless of where taken.

In this connection, the construction given to an English statute in the case of Whitehead v. Smithers, 21 Moak, 458, is interesting. In that case dead plovers were shown to have been received from Holland by a poulterer, and it was held that their sale was prohibited by the general language of the act, Lord Coleridge saying, "I am of opinion that that argument is not well founded. It is said it would be a wrong thing for the legislature of the United Kingdom to interfere with the rights of foreigners to kill birds. But it may well be that the true and only mode of protecting British wildfowl from indiscriminate slaughter, as well as of protecting other British interests, is by interfering indirectly with the proceedings of foreign persons. The object is to prevent British wildfowl from being improperly killed or sold under pretense of their being imported from abroad."

The Sportsman Tourist.

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SPORT IN THE SIERRAS—IV.

THE day following our successful hunt was spent by all our anglers upon a small stream lying some nine miles away in a westerly direction. The trout were plentiful and voracious, but small, and every one caught a surfeit of them in a short time. They would rise greedily at any kind of dark fly, and the sport soon became monotonous, as the fish were not large enough to give any play. They would average about seven inches in length, and were not very fat. The stream was fed from banks of snow, upon the highest mountain in that part of the chain, and the water was very cold. The valley it flowed through had an elevation of 7,000 feet, and fish food seemed to be scarce in comparison with the numbers of trout. The neighborhood was the home of an immense colony of marmots, dozens of which could be seen at any time sitting upright, like prairie dogs at the mouths of their burrows, watching our motions.

W. and H. leave the next morning, much to the regret of those remaining. B. and myself pack our rods and lunch pail into the buggy, and start for the lake where L. the fisherman dwells, being assured that we can there capture some large trout. L., having been notified of our intention, meets us with his boats and takes us to the fishing grounds. He assures us that no trout can be caught only by trolling, or with bait in deep water. As he has spent several years at this spot we think he ought to know, and follow his counsel. After fishing about two hours without a bite, and exhausting my patience, I make him land me upon a long low reef of rocks which show above the water. The reef is distant about sixty feet from an island, both on the east and south, and if there are fish to be caught in the lake, ought to yield some. A tolerably stiff westerly breeze is blowing, and attaching a stiff leader and two large lake flies to my line I commence casting. A few casts and I have a rise, and no minnow either, as my bending rod and singing reel will testify. He is a fighter from the word go, and affords me some moments of thrilling excitement. At last he yields to the strain, comes gasping to the net, and is safely landed. Upon this reef I capture five trout in an hour's fishing, and I am not without one on the hook for an interval of two minutes during that time, so large and vigorous are they and such splendid fighters. B., seeing my success, gets L. to row him into shallow water, and it is not long until he has his hands full. When we cease fishing at 4 P. M. we have seventeen beautiful trout, the smallest of which is a pound in weight, and the largest not quite two and three-quarters.

We make arrangements to return next week and take a reluctant leave, as we lose the best hours of fishing by being obliged to return so early. The next two days are passed quietly, and on Tuesday the "Terror" drives B. and myself to the lake and leaves us, promising to return on the following evening to take us and our catch home. L. is true to his appointment, and is on hand with his boat, and we are soon at his cabin, situated on a small island. The cabin is built of logs, and is low with an almost flat roof, in order that the winds shall get as little surface hold as possible, as they rage here with fearful violence during winter. The elevation is 800 feet, and only the high peaks surmount the spot. The trees, mostly tamarack, are gnarled and distorted with their continuous battling with the elements, and have a white and ghostly look, from the bleaching effects of the storms and scanty foliage. The outer and colored portion of the bark is all worn off by the constant cutting of the frozen particles of snow, upon the west side of the trees; that being the point of the compass whence comes the winter storms. To-day there is a strong east wind blowing, and sport is poor. Now and then we get a rise, but so seldom that it is quite an event, and no large fish are hooked at all. We had fished over all the likeliest places until tired, and B. had ceased casting, and sat poking fun at me for prolonging a hopeless effort.

I was becoming discouraged and rather inattentive, and was casting negligently with my left hand, when, just as I started to recover the flies for another cast, a huge pair of jaws came up and closed determinedly on my stretcher. Through inattention I had carried the tip of the rod too far backward before starting to recover, and was consequently taken at a serious disadvantage. Knowing this, I struck with all my might, expecting the rod to shatter in my hands. It proved to be of staunch material and stood the shock well. The reel slips out for a moment, then stops, and the line comes back idly swaying in the wind, with leader and flies all intact; there is nothing broken only the hold of the hook—and my heart. I have been wielding a rod for five-and-thirty years, and during that time have taken many a noble trout, and can judge pretty accurately as to the weight of one when fairly seen on the rise, and if that fish weighed an ounce less than six pounds I will eat a mate to him raw and without salt. And to think that I should have one of the fairest offers of all my life just at that unhappy moment when unprepared! Brother angler, I ask your sympathy; my stock of philosophy (I never had enough to load a freight train) gave out completely under the strain. The loss of that trout is a sore spot in my memory yet, and to touch upon it makes me wince, and will to my dying day.

That was the last bite we got during the day, as the wind strengthened and blew away on into the night. A sweet sleep on fresh fir boughs tends to restore serenity of mind, and B. and I rise for an early cast. The sun is not yet up,

but is gilding the peaks surrounding us, and the blue waters are without a ripple. The sky is "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and not a speck of cloud is visible. The circling mountains, with every crag, tree, snowbank and outline, are reflected back to the eye from the lake's calm bosom with the utmost fidelity. Not a sound was to be heard; not even that of a trickling rill. It was the loveliest and most impressive sight my eyes ever gazed upon, and the solemn silence helped sear it in upon the tablets of memory, never to be effaced while reason holds her throne. All the adjuncts gave a silent majesty and lonely grandeur to a scene such as is given to mortal eye but once in a lifetime to see. We both gazed in enraptured silence, forgetful of time, until the sun climbed above the eastern peaks, and with his golden fingers smeared the lovely canvas. When the last touches had disappeared we both drew long breaths, and turning to each other asked the simultaneous question, "Did you ever see anything so grand and beautiful?" To which the answer of each was, "No."

So impressed were we that we involuntarily spoke for some moments with hushed voices, as if there were spirits abroad in air, and in the great silence even our whispers came back from the echoing cliffs in mournful murmurs.

But business is business, and must be attended to in business hours—likewise fishing—so we take boat and start. The morning breeze soon ruffles the water and the sport begins, and when Z.'s voice hails us to breakfast, it is tardily and reluctantly obeyed. After breakfast we have about an hour's good sport, and then the execrated east wind commences to blow again, worse even than yesterday, and we have to desist. When the time arrives for our departure the wind is so strong that we have great difficulty in rowing down the lake, but finally make it, and bid Z. good-bye for at least another year. We find the "Terror" true to his appointment, so stowing ourselves and some thirty pounds of trout in the carriage, we return, well pleased on the whole with our trip.

The following day is the one I have set on which to start on my return from the outing, but B. hangs on so hard for a postponement, and just one more day's fishing, that I yield consent, and we go to the little lake at the headwaters of our river. Since I have been here last the waters have fallen considerably and are much warmer. The lily pads have covered all the margins, and a large patch in the middle is occupied by rushes which have grown up through some fifteen feet of water. The wind is fitful and uncertain, blowing from all quarters, but from nowhere long. We row to the middle of the lake and then allow the boat to float where it will.

A few casts and I have a strike, a half-pound trout, a few more, and I catch a tartar. He is no mullet-head, but a true-born California trout; and a nobler fish never swam the water. He took the fly in about seven feet of water, and on feeling the hook bored straight down for the bottom. Then he made his first frantic rush into deep water. He was getting too near the rushes, and I had to check him with a dangerous strain upon the line, to the punishment of which he finally yields. Following this comes three desperate leaps out of water, each time shaking his head vigorously to free himself from the cruel barb, but all to no purpose, and then he seeks the bottom and sulks. A telegraphic message, sent him by a few taps on the rod with my pocket scale, rouses him again, and away he goes for the lily pads. This time I think that something surely must give way under the fearful strain it takes to turn him, but at last he gives up and comes to the surface flopping, after a few more short rushes. Aha, my fine fellow, I have you now; and soon the net encompasses his beautiful form, and he is quietly lifted into the boat. He is only a two-pounder, but what a fighter! B. is soon busy also, and for three hours the fun is fast and furious.

The trout mostly lay under the shadow of the lilies, and rose to the fly in the clear water just inside them, and when struck must be got away from the dangerous neighborhood at all hazards, as it would never do to let the fish go monkeying around among the entangling stems and leaves of the lilies. This caused the loss of several fine fish, and a few flies and leaders that could otherwise have been easily saved.

One trout, which I struck in open water, made a tremendous leap the instant the hook entered his jaw, and between the impetus of his own effort and the pull of the line, flew fully ten feet before he struck the water. All the time he was in the air he was shaking his head like a bulldog, and his whole body was quivering so that he resembled a winged creature more than a fish; when he struck the water he was free, having succeeded in shaking the hook from his mouth while in the air. I could not regret him, as he showed such originality, courage and boldness in defense of his life. We soon got all we wanted, and I put my trusty rod carefully and regretfully in its case, to take it out no more for another year excepting for needed attention. I have at least the sweet memory of a successful last day's fishing to dwell upon during the long and weary year.

And so my pleasant and health-restoring outing came to an end, and the next day saw me saying good-by to these pleasant scenes and returning to the toils of everyday life—and the torchlights of a Presidential campaign.

The trip is marked in the pathway of life with a great white stone, on which is chiselled in golden letters "Sacred to the memory of a good time." AREFAR.

California.

PRESERVING DEAD GAME.—Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The thought has often occurred to me that your correspondents might be able to give valuable information concerning the best way of preserving game while on a camp hunt. Here in this southern latitude, even during winter, it is a matter that concerns us to a considerable extent. Some time ago, one correspondent writing for your paper, recommended the use of paper bags closely tied to exclude the passage of air. What effect would there be to submerge game in cold water? Often the water here is nearly icy cold while the atmosphere may be at a temperature of 50° or 60° above zero. Especially is this the case with the Mississippi River, while our lakes have but a small fluctuation in temperature comparatively speaking. If there is any way that is simple, cheap and convenient for preserving game for only a few days during warm weather I would like to know what it is. Will some one or more of the great number of your readers inform me on this topic?—W. L. P.

[Why does not "W. L. P." try the water experiment and report. Coffee is sometimes used. Put in bottom of box a layer one-quarter of an inch deep of ground coffee, then a layer of the birds (drawn and stuffed with grass), then another layer of coffee, etc. Any cheap coffee will do, or even the grounds that have been used and dried again.]

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

WATER BIRDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BY J. MATTHEW JONES.

THE province of Nova Scotia, being situate so far out in the Atlantic and almost entirely surrounded by water, appears to be an especially suitable locality for noticing the habits and migrations of the waders; and there is little doubt that if observing stations were established at different points of our coast, under proper superintendence, additional species might be added to the present incomplete list.

Our coast is well adapted to the requirements of sea birds, presenting as it does in its rugged outline a constant series of harbors and inlets throughout its whole extent. Jagged and riven by the frosts of many winters, the rocks which line the shores present an appearance in every way chaotic, each fissure forming a base from whence the bladder-wrack (*Fucus*) springs, while down in the depths below, anchored by its tough, tenacious roots, the tree-like stem of the oar-weed (*Laminaria*) supports its ribbon-like fronds, which wave from side to side with the motion of the surging waters, presenting at the ebb a mass of marine vegetation so dense in places that the fisherman's boat is impeded on its course. The fronds and stems of this huge seaweed form a perfect preserve for certain species of mollusks, while at its base the mussel moors itself by silken byssus so fast that when these giant weeds of the deep give way to the fury of the tempest, animal and vegetable perish together; the former when cast upon the strand opening to the heat of the noontide sun and affording a luscious morsel for the voracious appetite of the wandering crow. In these snug and sheltered coves certain species of ducks love to congregate, fishing and diving as weather permits; while outside, and even far away on the ledges, where the foaming breakers seethe and roar, divers and sea coots ply their daily task, or rest, head under wing, sleeping their watchful sleep as they dip and rise on the rolling billows. Further out flocks of cormorants cross the bays from point to point, while the different species of gulls and terns wheel around in midair, ever and anon making a dash downward to pick up some dainty morsel which floats beneath. Companies of ring plover and sandpipers of several species congregate on the spits and beaches at ebbing tide, joined very commonly by a few stray gulls, loath to allow their diminutive fellows to enjoy by themselves the "harvest of the sea."

Thus it is in spring or autumn, but how different in severe winters, when for weeks the mercury has stood little above zero, and at times 10 to 15° below. Piled on each stretch of sand beach, from high-water mark down, are masses of ice cakes, pitched hither and thither in confused heaps, as if the ocean, glad to get rid of its icy burden, had shot its thousands of car loads of brine crust on nature's rubbish heap; while out to sea the rolling waves come continuously on, heaving and swelling with their covering of broken ice floes, on some of which may be seen the herring gulls standing as steady as sailors on a spar deck, apparently enjoying their solitary ride on the frozen deep. Perhaps it would be almost impossible to picture a more dreary and desolate scene than the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia presents during the depths of a severe winter, and no one assuredly can appreciate it save the sportsman naturalist, who beholds it as he lies secreted among the ice floes ashore, waiting for the flocks of ducks as they wing their flight from channel to channel, or slowly worming his way through ice cracks to gain a shot at some *rara avis* to carry home to his sanctum and rejoice over as no one but a naturalist can.

The commencement of our spring migratory season in Nova Scotia, is rendered either early or late according to the breaking up and disappearance—especially in the Gulf of St. Lawrence—of the vast mass of ice which has accumulated from the shores of Labrador south to the northern portions of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia during the preceding winter. If the winter should have proved an exceptionally severe and protracted one, then the greater part of that large aqueous area will have been frozen, in some localities to a considerable depth, and the sun's rays, however powerful they may be during the months of April and May, will fail to have much effect on the mass. When, in this case, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, over which on their journey to the far north many of our waders have to proceed, is not clear of ice until the beginning of June, many flocks of geese delay their departure from our shores until instinct teaches them the "appointed time." Those migrant forms, therefore, which have been enticed to push their journey north as far as Nova Scotia by an unusually warm temperature in early March, extending its effects to the latitude of Massachusetts, and giving them every indication that their progress would not be impeded, submit to a forced detention in this province exemplified in the case of the hapless wild geese mentioned hereafter.

Of the vast number of waders which pass over the lower latitudes of the Canadian Dominion east of the Rocky Mountains each spring, on their way to the northern breeding grounds, some few thousands at least which visit our province on the Atlantic shore would seem to have left the main track and sought out a tedious by-way to their destination; but while the main body make the shores of Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean their destination, those which pass over Nova Scotia find congenial resting places in Labrador or the interior of Newfoundland.

Before commencing the following list of the water birds of this province we must apologize to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM for the delay in its appearance. It was intended to follow immediately the "Land Birds," published in February, March, April and May, 1879, but owing to a desire to gain additional information, we have delayed preparing it from year to year, but now beg to offer it as complete as possible to the present date, 1885. The nomenclature employed is that of the old Smithsonian list.

We must not omit to mention our obligations to Mr. Andrew Downs, the veteran Nova Scotian ornithologist, as also to Mr. Thos. J. Egan, taxidermist, of Halifax, for information regarding several rare species which have come under their observation.

GRALLATORES.

FAM. CHARADRIIDÆ.

Gen. Squatarola, Cuv.

1. Black-bellied Plover (*S. helvetica*).—Not common; arrives with other migrants from the north about the end of August and beginning of September, and goes north in October.

Gen. Charadrius, Linn.

1. Golden Plover (*C. fulvus*).—Arrives in flocks from the north about the middle of August and departs about the first week in September. This is apparently the only migrant that takes a direct course over the ocean to the West Indies and northern portions of the South American continent. We find it passing over the Bermudas generally from the 10th to the 17th of September, and they duly appear a few days later on the several islands of the Windward group. On its ocean passage it sometimes takes an extreme eastern longitude, having been observed at a distance of five hundred miles to the eastward of the Bermudas, and that in such numbers that flock after flock continued passing in a southerly direction over a vessel for several hours in succession. This bird does not visit our province in anything like the numbers it did some twenty years ago. At that time it was no unusual occurrence for Halifax Common to be the scene of much slaughter, when flocks of plover would for several days remain to be chased and fired at by every man and boy who could muster a weapon of any description. Often on a foggy day, which was especially favorable to the amateur gunners to creep upon their game, have we while driving across the open plain been unceremoniously saluted by a battery situated far too close to the road to be pleasant, and always congratulated ourselves upon escaping the hidden dangers of the course. As the weapons of these reckless pot-hunters were of the most primitive and unsafe kind, so also was the mode of carrying the ammunition, for few, if any, possessed either powder or shot flask, and contented themselves by carrying it in their trowsers pockets. As to the amount of the charge, that was immaterial; they guessed at it, and oftentimes, as a natural result, the gunner suffered more damage than the birds. How far north this bird goes to breed we know not, but they are stated to be abundant at Fort Churchill, Hudson's Bay, in July and August.

Gen. Ægialitis, Boie.

1. Kildeer (*Æ. vociferus*).—Very rare. Mr. W. Vinton observed one at Thrumb-cap, Halifax Harbor, on a New Year's Day several years ago all alone by itself, and succeeded in shooting it. It is the only specimen known to have been taken. This bird appears to be observed generally in mid-winter, and even in the Bermudas we have also found it to be the case; the months of December, January and February being those when it usually appears. Once only we found it there as early as Nov. 15. On Dec. 5, 1876, we shot one from a flock of ten which frequented a brackish pond of water on the south shore of the main land.

2. Ring Plover (*Æ. semipalmatus*).—Common on the shores. Arrives about the first week in May in small flocks, and frequents the sandy beaches at ebb of tide in search of the smaller crustaceans. They are to be seen about the beginning of August in much larger flocks preparatory to their move northward about the last of September. This species has been observed as far north as York Factory, Hudson's Bay.

3. Piping Plover (*Æ. melodus*).—Not uncommon on sandy beaches during the summer months with its young. I have observed them as early as April 29 on their northern migration, and they depart for the south about the last of September.

FAM. HÆMATOPODIDÆ.

Gen. Strepsilas, Linn.

1. Turnstone (*S. interpres*).—Very rare and only observed in winter.

FAM. PHALAROPODIDÆ.

Gen. Lobipes, Cuv.

1. Northern Phalarope (*L. hyperboreus*).—Not uncommon. Once when looking for snipe in Lawrencetown Marsh we came upon a pair of these birds at a little pool busily engaged catching small flies which hovered over the stagnant water, now swimming, then running along the muddy sides, snapping with the thin little beaks at their tiny prey. They were so tame that they allowed us to come and stand at the edge of the pool, not a yard from them at any time; and once or twice they actually came up to our feet, and on one moving only turned their heads up to look at us; the very tamest wild birds we ever saw in our life. Surely their home must be in the far, far north, away from all evil, for they have not the sense of it.

Gen. Phalaropus.

1. Red Phalarope (*P. fulicarius*).—Common. We have observed what we considered a family party of these birds, old and young, about July, while boating near the "Red Buoy," Halifax Harbor. They were very tame and allowed the boat to come close to them. They, like the preceding species, were catching flies on the water.

FAM. SCOLOPACIDÆ.

Gen. Philohela, Gray.

1. American Woodcock (*P. minor*).—Very common during some seasons. Arrives about the end of March, and may be flushed at times in the spruce woods when deep snow lies upon the ground. In certain parts of the province it occurs during September and October in abundance preparatory to its migration south, and a bag of six to ten couple may be made by a fair shot in a few hours. It is stated by some of our old sportsmen that fifty or sixty years ago this bird was comparatively rare, and that it is only since the country became more settled and cultivated that it has increased in numbers. We have never yet found the nest of this bird, but as we always flush the young brood in rough thickets, we have reason to believe it is in such places they breed. They are rarely found in their usual localities after the middle of November, and only one instance is on record of the bird having been seen in mid-winter, viz, at a spring of water in the woods bordering on the Margaret Bay road, a few miles from Halifax, on New Year's Day, 1881.

Gen. Gallinago, Leach.

1. American Snipe (*G. wilsonii*).—Common. Although fairly abundant previous to their departure south, in some favorable localities, yet the bird is nothing like so numerous as it was twenty years ago. It generally leaves the marshy tracts about the first week in October, but a few stragglers may be flushed as late as the last week of that month. It is somewhat strange, yet nevertheless a fact, that the snipe must on its migration north from its winter haunts in the south, pass over a wide expanse of ocean, for every spring visits the Bermudas in greater or less numbers. In the month of April, 1860, we well recollect a day's snipe shooting we had with two friends in Pembroke Marsh, when the birds were so thick that half a dozen would rise at every step, and on the guns going off, up would get wisp after

wisp in all directions, until the air was positively filled with them. We blazed away to our heart's content as fast as we could load and fire, sent a messenger for more ammunition, and after that was exhausted, had to give in, not from want of birds assuredly, but from want of desire to become wholesale slaughterers.

Gen. Macrorhamphus, Leach.

1. Red-breasted Snipe (*M. griseus*).—Common from the middle to the end of September, about muddy flats of the shore marshes, sometimes occurring in great abundance.

Gen. Ereunetes, Ill.

1. Semipalmated Sandpiper (*E. pusillus*).—Abundant.

Gen. Tringa, Linn.

1. Least Sandpiper (*T. minutilla*).—Very common. Frequents the mud flats of the shore marshes, in company with pectoral sandpipers and others, from middle of September to beginning of October, when nearly all depart, but a few stragglers remain as late as Nov. 1, if the weather be mild.
2. Pectoral Sandpiper (*T. maculata*).—Very common, associating with the preceding species.
3. White-rumped Sandpiper (*T. bonapartei*).—Common.
4. Purple Sandpiper (*T. maritima*).—Common. Arrives and departs with the other beach birds.
5. American Dunlin (*T. alpina*).—Abundant on sandy beaches and mudflats in August and September. We have observed them on the beach at Lawrencetown, Halifax county, as late as the middle of November, and specimens shot were exceedingly fat and were in partial winter plumage.
6. Curlew Sandpiper (*T. subarquata*).—Very rare. One specimen only has occurred, which was procured in Halifax market by Mr. Downs in the fall of 1883.

Gen. Calidris, Cuv.

1. Sanderling (*C. arenaria*).—Common.

Gen. Limora, Briss.

1. Hudsonian Godwit (*L. hudsonica*).—Very rare.

Gen. Totanus, Bechst.

1. Willet (*T. semipalmata*).—Very rare. One was shot at Eastern Passage, Halifax Harbor, in May, 1876. Mr. Downs has a specimen in his collection.
2. Greater Yellow-shanks (*T. melanoleucus*).—Abundant. Generally appears in spring on our shores about the last week of April, and arrives on its migration south about the middle of September, keeping in large flocks about the mudflats and marshes.
3. Lesser Yellow-shanks (*T. flavipes*).—Abundant. Appears on the northern and southern migrations about the same time as the preceding species and frequents the same situations. It has been observed as far north as Fort Churchill, Hudson's Bay.
4. Solitary Tattler (*T. solitarius*).—Not common.

Gen. Tringoides, Bonap.

1. Spotted Sandpiper (*T. macularius*).—Very common. Nests about the grassy slopes on the shores of inlets, lakes and rivers.

Gen. Numenius, Linn.

1. Long-billed Curlew (*N. longirostris*).—This species, which formerly was quite common, has now become exceedingly rare.
2. Hudsonian Curlew (*N. hudsonicus*).—Not uncommon during August and September.
3. Esquimaux Curlew (*N. borealis*).—Rare.

FAM. ARDEIDÆ.

Gen. Ardea, Linn.

1. Great Blue Heron (*A. herodias*).—Common. Generally appears about the last week of April, frequenting the lakes and rivers in all parts of the province. Breeds.
2. Great White Egret (*A. egretta*).—Very rare. A fine specimen was shot at Tuft's Cove, Halifax Harbor, about twelve years ago in the month of September, about the time of the equinoctial gales.
3. Little White Egret (*A. candidinima*).—Very rare, occurring at intervals of a few years in different parts of the province, generally after severe southerly gales.
4. Little Blue Heron (*A. cærulea*).—Very rare.—A specimen of the young in the white plumage was shot at Cole Harbor, Halifax county, lately, and preserved by Mr. Egan.
5. Green Heron (*A. virescens*).—Very rare. A specimen was shot at Sambo Island, at the entrance to Halifax Harbor, in the spring of 1883.

Gen. Nyctiardea, Scains.

1. Night Heron (*N. grisea*).—Rare. Formerly it was observed occasionally, but of late it appears to have nearly deserted the province.

Gen. Botaurus, Steph.

1. Bittern (*B. minor*).—Very common. In spring it generally appears in the marshes and other wet localities about the last week of April, and continues to frequent the same places until the middle of October, when it goes south. Breeds.

MALE AND FEMALE GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Special's" reply to my note (in the issue of Aug. 7) has more than repaid me for writing it. Now I am not an "expert as 'Special' is" (Shakespeare), but I should like to tell a very short story.

This spring, early, I had on hand two very fine adult specimens of the ruffed grouse, and hoped and believed they were of opposite sex. Not being at all sure, however, I invited two of our leading sportsmen to inspect them. After a careful look at both birds, the gentlemen "unanimously" agreed that one of the birds was a male and the other a female. Both were old hunters and had been familiar with the ruffed grouse from boyhood, and the matter seemed conclusively settled. But subsequently it was established beyond any possibility of dispute that both these birds were hens.

No insinuations, Mr. Editor, and no depreciating "Special's" ability to discriminate between the sexes in grouse—merely that it is very difficult to determine "which is which."

JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That the cock grouse sits and upon occasion takes charge of the brood, there is little room to doubt. I have never observed these birds, but I have often observed the quail (Bob White), and I know that the cock often takes the place of the hen bird, and I know of no reason why the cock grouse should not do the same thing. Every sportsman who has had occasion to carefully notice the habits of the quail will concur with me. It is by no means a new thing. The cock will sit upon the eggs and take care of the young. This is particularly the case if the hen bird happens to be killed or caught by a hawk. Hence the special reason why the cock should never be killed out of season. If the hen is destroyed, the cock will invariably take charge of and bring up the brood. I have often seen the young birds in charge of the cock only. On one occasion I saw the cock on the nest. It was last summer. I had some puppies following me and in the weeds they pointed. On going to the point, a hen bird flushed and flew off some fifty or seventy-five yards. The puppies immediately pointed within three feet of the place from where the hen flushed. On opening the grass I saw the cock sitting on the nest. I flushed him, and found a nest containing twelve or fourteen eggs. This was by no means a singular occurrence. I mentioned it to Mr. H. H. Matlock, of Riceville, Tenn. (a very well-informed sportsman), and he said he had several times found the cock on the nest, with the hen near by, showing that these birds "spell" each other in the maternal duties.

AH-PE.

MADISONVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 7.

THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This bird, as a rule, is solitary in its habits, and frequents the depths of our forests, breeding generally on or near their borders in the body of some old tree or stub, well removed from the habitation of man. However, there are digressions from this habit. I once saw the hole of one in the body of a large oak within fifteen rods of the cabin of a hunter, who had cleared and cultivated a small patch of land on the banks of the Cass River, Tuscola county, Mich. I was informed by the proprietor that a pair of "woodcock" had nested here for three seasons, and after the brood was out, the female left with the young, and was not seen again until the following spring; but during this interval the male bird remained in the vicinity, and could be heard or seen almost daily. Hardly a cold winter evening but his cry was heard from the forest as he approached the tree containing his nest in which he passed the night.

While stopping with the hunter in his cabin during November and part of December, of 1865, I had an opportunity of noticing the ways of this singular bird. Almost every evening as the sun was setting, I could hear his distant call, and placing myself within good range, I could see his approach as he made for the hole of the nest, which he would enter without seeming to touch the tree. Then he would turn, poke out his head in a scrutinizing way, take in the surroundings for a moment, and retire for the night. No amount of pounding on the trunk of the tree or striking the entrance to his nest with a rifle ball could make him leave, and it was but seldom he would favor us even with another sight of his head.

At the lower end of this clearing stood a large white oak stub five feet in diameter and some forty feet in high, killed by the girdling axe. From within five feet of its base to the very top the trunk was scored and dug out by this pair of birds for the grubs it contained. Around it was a pile of chips, sufficient to make two good cart loads, the result of their labor. I gathered some on the surface of the pile that measured from one to two and a half inches in length, by one-half inch in thickness; each of these chips showed from two to four marks of the stout bill that chipped them off. The proprietor informed me that this tree was the daily resort of these birds during the breeding season, and that one or both could be seen making their trips back and forth from it to their nest, carrying the food they had hammered out for their young. On digging into the chip pile I found the lower portion much decayed, resembling rotten saw-dust, good evidence the birds had been to work on the tree some years as I had been informed.

I once had an opportunity of observing a small pileated woodpecker searching for food in a hard maple tree killed by fire. The excavation made by him commenced within three feet of the ground, was six inches wide by eight inches in depth, and extended up the tree spirally eighteen feet. Each blow of the bird's bill was as deliberate and slow as the ticking of old Grandfather's clock. About every fourth or fifth blow and out would come a chip, and if by chance it missed the side of the excavation it would fly quite a distance from the tree. When you consider the hardness of this wood when dry, it seems almost incredible that so small a bird with so little effort could deal such tremendous blows. A section of this tree with specimen chips is now in the museum of the Kirtland Society.

In the Ohio State Zoological report a pileated woodpecker is mentioned as visiting the roof of a church in the early days of the city of Columbus, and was shot while hammering on the roof of that sacred edifice. If they had only known the bird was making melody for his lady love and meant no desecration, probably they would have spared his life, but there were more of them, for the account goes on to state, "Old citizens smile as they tell of the fun they had, trying to kill with a stick these birds, which frequented the trees on the grounds of the first school house."

Three years ago this spring a pair of strange birds frequented the orchard of a friend who lives in the rather thickly settled portion of the eastern part of the city. From the vague description given of these wonderful birds I was induced to make a visit of exploration to the neighborhood. To my surprise I found a pair of pileated woodpeckers had favored my friend with their company. On further investigation we discovered in an immense old locust tree, not twenty rods from the house, a nest hole well under way, which, as I learned afterward, was finished by them and in which they raised their young. Before leaving my friend I had the pleasure of seeing the cock bird fly to a flagstaff on the gable of his house and drum out a merry racket on the stick. My friend rather complained of this as a nuisance, as he remarked, "Every morning before we are up, and many times during the day he keeps up this infernal noise." But when I informed him 'twas the love call of the bird with which he chose to charm his mate, my friend laughing, and doubting, I suppose, agreed to submit and not shoot his strange visitor.

I am informed by Capt. B. A. Stanard, of this city, that a pair of pileated woodpeckers wintered about Fort Wilkins, Copper Harbor, Lake Superior, in the winter of 1844. How much further north is this bird found at this season?

DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An item relative to this species appeared in the issue of July 23, 1885, but had direct reference to the *Hylotomus pileatus* or black woodpecker, log cock or pileated woodpecker, and not to the *Campephilus principalis*, which "Keouk," however, claims is found in Pennsylvania in many counties. A series of items have of late also appeared, in which it is claimed that the bird is found in Iowa and other northern sections. The mistake has been universally made in these instances, the common black or northern pileated woodpecker being mistaken for the ivory-billed species, which is an exclusively southern species, which rarely, if ever, straggles as far north as 40° north latitude. It is thought proper to rectify this error, as very many readers of your paper are misinformed on the point. One writer states that the ivory-billed woodpecker is common in Vermont. Of course, he has reference to the northern black woodpecker which is found almost throughout the United States, though much more abundant in the North.

SCOLOPAX.

RANGE OF THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some months ago I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM a note by Mr. S. Garman stating that he had seen a white goat which was killed in the Freeze Out Mountains, near the Shirly Basin. There appears to have been an error of identification in regard to this specimen. I saw it, or rather its head, in Mr. Garman's camp, and may say that it was a female mountain sheep, *Ovis montana*, and not *Aplocerus columbianus*. I have lived in the region spoken of by Mr. Garman for some years, and have hunted through all the neighboring mountains, but I have never seen a white goat there, nor has diligent inquiry among hunters been able to elicit any information in regard to this species. It is possible that it may occasionally occur as a straggler, but even this is to be proved. It may be suggested that in winter and spring the mountain sheep is very nearly white and it is possible that the color of his specimen may have misled Mr. Garman.—W. H. REED (Shirley Basin, Carbon county, July 31). [See some notes on this subject in a paper in our shooting columns.]

THOREAU AS A NATURALIST.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "V." need not hold up Thoreau, the so-called poet-naturalist, as an example. We all admire Thoreau's writings for their simplicity and pleasing descriptions, but in no way does he compare to the enthusiasm of others who make birds their life study, and whose untiring work has advanced our knowledge to a degree which would never have been attained by a hermit who did not collect specimens, but rather wrote of birds with a sentimental taste, and not with strictly scientific insight.—SCOLOPAX.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Two indigo birds (*Cyanospiza cyanea*), one opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*), two golden-winged woodpeckers (*Colaptes auratus*), one screech owl (*Scops asio*), one orange-winged amazon (*Chrysotis amizonica*), one blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), one peacock (*Pavo cristata*), six mallard ducks (*Anas boschas*), three alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), one hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinos*), one coon snake (*Coluber guttatus*), one fallow deer (*Cervus dama*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

DAYS WITH THE QUAIL.

A STORY OF MID-WINTER SPORT FOR MID SUMMER READING.

MY friend and sporting companion, Brother Duffrey, who is a clergyman and "sliding elder," is so occupied with his ministerial duties that he cannot always find time to indulge his fondness for the healthful sports of the field. When he does amuse himself in that way it is during the intervals of his somewhat arduous labors. He is a native of one of the central counties of this State, and many of his near relations still reside within its borders. Much of the cultivated land being devoted to grain, and the climate being favorable, there are usually quite a large number of birds to be found in the fields; and when Bro. D. visits his kinspeople he makes it convenient to take along his 14-bore and his setter dog Bob, with the view not only to relax his mental strain by outdoor sports, but to provide his friends with an acceptable addition to their stock of provisions. But as stated he cannot go on these jaunts except when his official duties will permit, and hence must set his time according to the superior demands of his calling. When the day comes he goes then or not at all. He must run all hazards of untoward weather, and if unfortunately that is not propitious, he must do "the best his circumstance allows."

During our last visit to Chatham county it so happened that Brother D. could not make it convenient to go to the home of his brother Joe, who lives on Hickory Mountain, ten miles west of Pittsboro. Accordingly he determined to make arrangements so that he could pay the desired visit. He gave Teceel, Mud and myself due notice of the day which he had set for the proposed journey, and invited us to join him. Mud, as usual, was undecided. He was promptly told that he must "now say it, or forever hereafter hold his peace." He higgled still, and was then informed that another party was ready, and the quartet was completed without him. Poor fellow! He was sadly chagrined, but he got exactly what he deserved. But I have consoled him somewhat by telling him that if he would say yes without hesitation, he might go with me on my next hunt, provided he would take with him for training and practice my young setter Eck Galloway. He said it. "There is life in the old land yet."

Monday night, the 9th of February, was selected as the time of our departure, and at "the hour o' night's black arch the keystone" Teceel, Brother Duffrey, Crickett of Saint's Rest, and I, were at the railway station, duly "armed and equipped, as the law directs." Teceel had his 16-bore and his dog Joe, Duffrey his 14-bore and his dog Bob, Crickett his 12-bore and his dog Jack, and I my 14-bore (Lucy Green by name) and my pointer Argo. He is exceedingly diminutive in size, with an undue abbreviation of tail. The weather was rather warm for the season, but soon after our arrival at Sandford, early the following morning, the wind changed its course to the northwest, and the thermometer dropped below the freezing point. By a previous arrangement our old friend, Mark Bynum, who lives about five miles north of Deep River, in Chatham, and fourteen miles from Sandford, had a covered wagon sent for a part of the sportsmen, and the vehicle was ready for us soon after breakfast. Crickett and I got in and bade our genial and generous host, Page, and Teceel and Brother D. farewell. These two were to wait until the afternoon. What a ride we had! "The wind blew as twad blown its last," but the canvas cover on the road wagon sheltered us to a great extent, still, it was un-

pleasant. After a jolting trip of several hours we were cheered by the appearance of the hospitable house of our old friend, and his smiling face as he bade us welcome to all the comforts it would afford. He was heartily joined in his kind reception by the other members of his family, and after enjoying the delights of a blazing fire of oak and hickory wood we were invited to the dining room, where the madam had spread, for our especial gratification, an abundant and well prepared dinner, to which my rattling friend Crickett and I paid our most devoted respects. It was understood, before we left Sandford, that Brother D. and T. would join us at Mr. B.'s on Thursday or Friday and help us range the fields in that locality.

Notwithstanding the cutting wind still blew its icy blasts, Crickett and I concluded that we could brave it all and try to get a few birds for the family's morning meal. Our dogs were keen enough for the sport, and doubtless enjoyed it far more than we did. It was too cold for us, and the sharp wind kept my eyes suffused with tears. We found very few birds, and when "the evening shades prevailed," and we entered the dwelling, our bags showed only sixteen birds as the reward of all our labor and exposure. We stood exactly even in the number of our trophies. Being tired and hungry, we welcomed the blazing fire and the opportune announcement that supper was ready. Our hostess was not offended at the way we complimented her victuals. After we had tried the coffee, the sausages, the butter, and the excellent milk, we went back to the parlor, where "Uncle Mark" and Crickett smoked "the pipe of peace," while the latter entertained the household with his side-splitting recitals and laughable oddities. We did not sit up late. That is, at least, not my habit. About 9 o'clock we were shown to our room, and wrapping the blankets closely around us, we were both soon asleep and snoring. At all events, I heard Crickett in some of his choicest serenades, and did not deny that I had afforded him an equal degree of a similar entertainment.

Next morning, by sun-up, we were out of our warm beds and sitting before a comfortable fire. The thermometer was 12° above zero. We sometimes have it colder than this, but it has not been so during the present winter. The change, too, was quite sudden, and, therefore, we felt it the more sensibly. But as we had come to hunt, we resolved to try it, notwithstanding the difficulties to which we knew we would be subjected. Soon after we had partaken of a most substantial breakfast, Crickett and I, with Tommy, our host's youngest son, left the house for a trial of the fields on the upper waters of Cedar Creek. Tommy had his 12-bore and his old setter Vance. This dog was named after "Our Zeb," who is a Senator in Congress. Birds were not abundant, and at 1 o'clock, when we stopped on the sunny side of a hill for lunch, Crickett had twelve birds, Tommy eleven and I only six. After resting a while we resumed our walk, and when we got to the intersection of Munn's Branch with the creek Crickett had thirteen, Tommy thirteen, and I had seven. Tommy had gotten over the creek. After I had vainly hunted a piece of ground where I thought I would find birds and had started up the branch on my way back home, I heard the euphonious voice of Crickett calling to me and telling me that Vance had found a covey. I decline to walk back with the prospect of getting not more than one shot, and suggested that he join me. This invitation he declined, no doubt thinking that Tommy, who knew the country, could take him to better sporting ground than I could.

Leaving them to enjoy all they could get, I whistled up Argo and was "alone in my glory." I had not gone more than three hundred yards before my little dog was at a point. Going up I flushed the birds, and got one with my first barrel. The second one was unsuccessful. I followed the covey into the woods and wasted two shells at them. Going on for some distance another was found, and out of this I got two birds and missed three. I ought to have killed four. Waiting a while for my late companions to come up, and seeing nothing of them, I went forward. After traveling about a quarter of a mile I reached a sedge field of about ten acres, and my active little dog quartered it most elegantly on the leeward side. Not far from the northestern corner he came to a stand, and I got one bird with each barrel. Following up the covey, I bagged two more and then left the pursuit. About one hundred yards from where my dog found these birds he struck scent again, and after some nice working he located them. With my first barrel I dropped two birds and badly wounded another, which fell, but I did not find it. The second barrel "made the feathers fly," but that was all. Going to where they settled, I killed one and missed one. Then I bagged another and gave up the pursuit.

Crossing the highway near the old Dowdy Spring, I entered a stubble field bordered with sedge, and as I was walking up a drain, I saw a covey flying which my dog had evidently flushed. Where they alighted I could not tell, but when I got on the crest of the ridge my dog met me, and immediately went in the direction the birds had flown. In a short while he was still. I went up and killed with the first and missed with the second barrel. I ranged through the sedge and bagged four more birds. As it was getting about sundown, it was quite cold, and the house was more than a mile off. I gave up the hunt for the day, and slowly plodded my weary way, to find comfort within its inviting walls. We all reached the piazza about the same time, and on emptying our pockets, Crickett and Tommy had thirty-one birds and were even, while I pulled out twenty-three. I have no recollection of having ever in my life a larger bag. Now let no one laugh at the score which I made, and especially such as give "roseate hues" to their own performances. I, at the very least, was pretty well satisfied with the result, and this satisfaction was partly owing to the fact that I was ahead of Crickett, who is no mean handler of a gun. Tommy, too, can make many a braggart cower when he gets him into the field.

The following day was still unpleasant, and unfortunately we selected unfavorable grounds for our tramp. The walking was extremely tiresome, and the birds could not be found. At night Crickett had eleven, and Tommy and I seven each. Soon after geting home and enjoying our supper, we all repaired to the family sitting-room and indulged in conversation, each one doing his best to add to the pleasures of the others. Crickett enlivened the assemblage with his "queerest stories" and laughable mimicry, in both of which he is *primus inter pares* in our section of the country, while I endeavored to please them by reading a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM, which contained the incidents of a holiday's hunt, in which C., Mud and Brother D. were prominent characters.

The next morning the ground was white with snow, and all the shrubbery and forest trees were clad in the feathery habiliments. My hopes for field sports vanished, and I devoted the day to reading Dr. Edward's "The Old Log Meeting House," but Crickett and Tommy concluded to try the field. Tommy, being out of shells, took Lucy Green with thirty loads. Doubtless they had some fun, but whether it compensated for the labor given I am unable to say. They brought back a few partridges and doves and several rabbits. Tommy reported that Lucy was an elegant little companion which he would be willing to call his own for several years to come. Late in the afternoon a covered wagon drawn by two mules came to the gate, and out got Brother Duffrey and Teccel. The "Old Log Meeting House" was laid aside, half read, and I listened for their report. Alas! with all our toil, they took the badge. Crickett was sadly hurt, but I am accustomed to it. We sat up later than usual, and when we got into our downy couches we slept well until the morning.

After breakfast it began to sleet; but we were obliged to go. An open wagon was the only chance, and in this we got, wrapping ourselves as well as we could. Just before we reached Egypt, on the south bank of Deep River, the snow fell rapidly. We were cold enough when we placed our luggage in the railway station, and a sparkling fire in Mrs. Robinson's store near by was quite acceptable to us. A half hour afterward the whistle of the locomotive was heard, the train drew up, Conductor Campbell's pleasant face was seen, the baggage was stowed away, the dogs placed in comfortable quarters, and we left for Sandford. Our good friend Col. Page greeted us with a cordial welcome, and very soon we were sitting at his round table, turning the wheel on which the dishes were placed, and helping ourselves to one of those substantial meals for which his wayside inn is noted.

We took the "way freight" at 2 o'clock. When we called for our bills our host informed us that they had been paid, and always would be when we were on a hunting expedition. All we could do was to request him to thank our generous friend and give him a dozen fat birds as a partial payment for his kindness. At 7:20 we were at Hamlet, the junction of the Raleigh & Augusta and the C. C. Railways, and soon thereafter in our own vehicle on our way to our homes. These met us by appointment, inasmuch as we did not wish to remain at the station until 2 o'clock the following morning. At 10 o'clock we were all in bed and enjoying that sweet repose which always follows a day of hardship.

Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather and the scarcity of birds, we killed about one hundred and eighty, all but two dozen of which we left with the people on whose lands we hunted. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

HUNTING THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

WELL, here I am again! I wonder what brings me up to this one particular peak each season. It is not that the trip is an easy one, nor that game is more plentiful than on other mountains nearer home. This time I started out with no particular objective point, but as we rounded the end of the island and I caught sight of the summit of Yo,* memories of pleasant camp-fires up there, of former hunting scenes and old companions, came trooping up from the past, and I involuntarily stopped paddling, laid my paddle across my canoe and looked long and wistfully up the rugged side of the mountain. Whether I made any sign to the silent savage, who sat in the stern and guided our course, I do not know, but my reveries were suddenly broken by the sound of our little dugout grating on the rocky beach at the mouth of the mountain torrent up whose side we were soon toiling.

It has always been a mystery to me, and many a time while exploring the depths of these northwestern forests, I have sat down to study out the problem, why it is that animal life is not more abundant in this, its apparently natural home? I speak now more of birds. Do birds follow civilization? And has not man in more ways than one much to do with their distribution? Why is it that at this particular season human surroundings are jubilant with the warble and chatter of countless migrants, while these vast forests are as silent as the grave? Even the few representatives of the bird world which are met with here are as weird and mute as their surroundings. A varied thrush darts from a pile of rotten rubbish just ahead of us, alights for a moment, looks back with a wild startled glance and then disappears in the gloom. And as we stop to cook our midday meal, silently, without sound of voice or wing, a Canada jay comes drifting out from the spectral trunks of giant firs, like a shadow from another world.

The day was fearfully hot, and although I had taken the precaution not to hamper the Indian with a heavy pack, night was nearly on us when we reached the summit of the lower peak. Yo is a mountain with two peaks, which stand north and south from each other, separated by a distance of about seven hundred yards; and on the southern peak, which is the higher by about three hundred feet, snow remains the year around. The ridge connecting the peaks, which is nowhere more than fifty yards wide, is made up of a series of benches, which drop gently down from the lower peak, then ascend rather sharply till the summit of the higher one is reached. The western side of the mountain is quite rugged and bare of timber for a long way down, and on this side the whole length of the ridge breaks off abruptly, leaving a sheer descent of nearly a thousand feet, when other benches and ridges are met, which lead up to other peaks or slope away to the valley of Seamour Creek. On the eastern side the mountain is timbered to within a few hundred feet of the summit; the slope is gradual and the ascent not at all dangerous, but much of the way it lies through an infernal network of bushes, which tells sorely on the muscles of the legs before the journey is ended.

When I reached the summit a disappointment awaited me. I expected at this season (May 19) to find considerable snow on the peaks, but I confidently hoped that the lower ridges and benches be at least partially covered with their usual carpet of grass and heather. Alas! over peak and ridge and bench as far as the eye could reach, was one white glistening mantle of snow. I saw at a glance that I would not be able to reach my old hunting ground over the higher peak, as no one could tell when a snow slide might occur. I moved across the summit, which is only about a hundred yards in extent, and looked down to the first bench. Two goats stood near the foot of the slope about fifty yards away. Their heads were toward me and there was nothing between me and them to break their view, but they did not show by their actions that they had discovered me.

*I trust your correspondent "Yo" will pardon the liberty I have taken in giving his *nom de plume* to one of our mountain peaks. But as he has been in British Columbia, and while here, written some charming letters descriptive of our mountain scenery, and also has, in company with myself, partaken of a hunter's meal beneath the shadow of this very mountain, the liberty is somewhat justifiable and the honor not altogether an empty one.

There appears to be as much stoical indifference in the composition of this animal as is usually found in that of the average red man of the forest, and I never knew but one to show any weakness in this respect. This was one I owned myself. I got him when very young from an Indian and kept him for about three months, when he died. He became very tame and would follow me in all my collecting rambles through the woods, and the report of my gun would have no more effect on him than would the falling of a rock in his own native wilds. He could not bear the sight of a dog, and no member of the canine family could remain around the place if the goat could by any possible means drive it away. One day a gentleman came into my shop accompanied by a setter, when the goat, who had seen the pair enter, immediately followed and assumed a belligerent attitude, stepping around the room stiff-legged, his little hoofs coming down with a loud thump at every step. Finally he halted at a respectful distance from the dog, bracing himself for a last effort, the hairs on his back standing straight on end, and, with his head lowered, he seemed to say, "You just stand there two seconds longer and I'll go through you like a shot from a Krupp gun." The dog surveyed the ungainly looking specimen for a moment, then, probably considering it scarcely worth his while to notice it, lay down on the floor and went to sleep. This was a line of defense the goat was not prepared for. This dog acted differently from any he had yet encountered. It was probably a new species and worth studying. As the dog remained motionless the goat relaxed his rigid position and moved cautiously nearer until, by stretching his neck, he brought his nose within an inch of that of the dog. Just then a fly disturbed the dog's slumber, and in bringing up his paw to brush away the insect he hit the goat a sharp tap on the nose. Quick as a flash, and apparently without bending a joint, the goat sprang into the air fully two feet, and in coming down and trying to alight as far away from the dog as possible, he got tangled up in the legs of a chair, which in his hurry to get out of the room he packed with him. When he shook himself clear and looked around and found that the house had not fallen and that the dog was perfectly quiet, he put on a look of utter disgust and skulked off into a corner of the yard, where he lay down in a clump of weeds and remained out of sight until the dog was clear of the premises

But to return to the two goats. I raised my rifle and fired, killing one of them, the other disappearing over the steep side of the bench, and when I reached the spot he was still within range picking his way carefully down over the snow-covered rocks. He did not appear to be in any hurry, and I might have shot him, but calculating the difficulty of getting him up even if he stopped where he fell, I let him go.

Leaving the Indian contemplating the amount of muck-a-muck contained within the skin of the dead goat, I walked along over the snow to the end of the bench looking around for a bare place to camp. On the next bench below me and about one hundred yards away were four goats and two deer, standing pretty close together, the trim-limbed representatives of the lower altitudes appearing quite at home in the company of their shaggy-coated cousins of the mountain peaks. Dropping on one knee and resting my elbow on the other, I sighted for the largest goat and fired, killing it on the spot. This brought every head in the little band to an upright position, with every eye fixed on the smoking muzzle of my rifle and the strange-looking object on the snow above them. Again I fired, and another of the goats fell, crimsoning the white snow with its life blood. This broke up the party, the deer springing down the timbered side of the bench, the two goats going over the steep side opposite. On examining the goats I had killed, I found they had begun to shed their coat, which was another disappointment, as I wished to procure two good skins for mounting for a gentleman in the East who had written for them; so the hunt, so far as goats were concerned, was at an end.

I remained the next day in hope of securing some ptarmigan in the change of plumage, but as the approaches to the higher peak were dangerous, and I had to confine myself to the narrow strip between the peaks, I got nothing, and the following day we slid down off our snowy perch, and in the midst of a drenching rain made our way to the salt water.

The following are the measurements of the largest of the three goats, an adult male: Girth, 4ft.; length to root of tail, 3ft. 6in.; length of horn, 11in.; circumference of horn at base, 5½in.; circumference of fore hoof at bottom, 9½in.

In comparing this with measurements of those of other goats I have killed I find it to be the largest. While on this subject I reply to a question which has more than once been asked me respecting a larger species of goat than the above, that I do not know of such in these mountains, either from personal knowledge or Indian report, nor do I believe that the average weight of a mountain goat to be much over 125 pounds. My experience in this matter is in accord with the views some time ago expressed in FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. J. C. Hughes, of this Province, and Capt. Charles Bendire, of Fort Custer, Montana. The mountain goat is, however, a very conspicuous object when seen on the side of a cliff, even at a great distance, and if he gets away from your clutches, the imaginaton is apt to picture him a veritable monster. But "science is measurement," and a small pocket tapeline is a very useful thing for one to pack on a hunting trip.

As a number of gentlemen in the East have expressed their intention of visiting this Province soon, and have asked for information respecting the opportunities for hunting the mountain goat in this neighborhood, I will, with your permission, offer the following hints for their benefit.

In the first place, do not come here limited for time. You cannot here, as in the East, step out of your hotel into a steamboat or rail car and be whirled to any point of the compass you choose. You cannot even go hunting mountain goats on the hurricane deck of a mule. For the greater part of this work you must depend on your own muscle. And then, British Columbia is a difficult country to travel through; in fact that portion of it lying near the coast is simply an infernal jungle, to penetrate which will try the patience of the most experienced hunter; and much of this kind of country must be gone through before the home of the mountain goat is reached. Again, notwithstanding the fact that the climate of British Columbia is lauded to the skies, an experience of twenty-three years here has not raised my confidence in it to the betting point, and just at the time of your arrival it may be wet, cloudy weather, which will cause more or less delay, as you must have clear weather to hunt in. Indians may also be difficult to get, but this would be the result of accident, for they are generally available. One Indian for each white man, or even two Indians for three white men, is sufficient. An Indian's pack should not exceed thirty pounds, your rifle, of course, being carried by

yourself. Leave all superfluous clothing, such as hunting coat or jacket, at the foot of the mountain, and make the ascent in pantaloons and shirt, leaving yourself free at every point. I have never felt an inconvenience from cold on the summit, and have always slept comfortable, using the same amount of covering I generally use in my own house. A pair of lace boots to come above the ankle, not too heavy in the upper, but sufficiently strong in the sole to admit of being well nailed from heel to toe, shank included (square cut nails), are the best wear for the feet.

A good pair of glasses will be of great service and save much trouble in making out the position of game and the approaches to it.

Bring with you the rifle you are best used to, no matter if that particular arm has been reviled by a score of good sportsmen. If it is successful in your hands bring it along, take your own experience in this matter in preference to any man's advice. If you have no choice, any one of the first-class makes of rifles, single breechloader or repeater, and of average caliber, the advertisements of which are from time to time appearing in FOREST AND STREAM, will, in the hands of a cool hunter, be more than a match for all kinds of game found on these mountains. Although a long shot may sometimes offer itself, it will only be a matter of choice, as most of your chances will occur within one hundred yards; however, much will depend on your experience as a still-hunter.

Myself and companion, with two Indians, have left this place at 5 A. M., made the water portion of trip (15 miles) in canoe, and reached the summit of Mount Yo the same evening in time to camp. We were in light marching order, though. I have never paid more than two dollars per day for an Indian, and have hired them as low as seventy-five cents. The price will depend entirely on the demand for Indian labor at the time they are wanted. I have generally found them trustworthy, but they will impose on a stranger if he lets them. Hotel charges here are one dollar per day.

Goats are found on all the mountains in this neighborhood and probably very far north, as I have found them on the watershed of the Arctic. The term "exclusive inhabitant of the mountain peaks," can, scarcely, however, be applied to them, as during the winter months they may be shot on the borders of the streams which put into Howe Sound and the north arm of Burrard Inlet, and even in midsummer I have known them to be taken at the verge of the salt water. But there appears to be a good deal of mythical lore mixed up with the reports concerning the mountain goat, and apparently intelligent writers have with pen and pencil added their mite in this respect—testimony which will scarcely be supported by facts when the animal becomes better known. For aside from that enthusiasm which fills the breast of the naturalist when he stands for the first time before an animal in its native wilds, the student of natural history will hardly find in the habits or composition of this interesting animal in its reality material enough to form even the semblance of that mythical one so often described in print.

JOHN FANNIN.

BURRARD INLET, British Columbia, June 9, 1885.

SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will relate a very extraordinavy happening which occurred to me on a particularly adventurous trouting expedition up the Paint River, in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. It was in June last that four of us, all jolly, ardent fishers and hunters, Will Noyes, Kit Olin, George Billman and the writer, initiated their trip. A .44-caliber rifle was taken to ward off emergencies and to use in breaking the horns of dilemmas. It was an old one that had been taken in pawn from an Indian, and not much care was bestowed upon it. Throwing it into one of our boats, the jostling attendant upon a trip over a rough lumber road, in the primeval forests, resulted in breaking off both the front and rear sights. Not disposed to be thus cheated of its use in this way, the writer practiced at a mark with the sightless gun until he was able to make a very fair score. Floating down stream one day a duck was seen approaching, flying at a medium height. The writer grasped the "blind" rifle, fired a random shot, and imagine his astonishment and the open-eyed astonishment of his comrades *en voyage*, as the fowl flutteringly fell to the water's edge minus its head. The writer had shot the head off a flying duck with a sightless rifle, thereby accomplishing a most remarkable shot.

C. L. OSBORN.

FLORENCE, Wis.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There were some woodcock taken on the opening of the season. I have heard of 27 birds taken by three different parties. One friend recently started a woodcock so near that turning to get a shot he struck the bird with his gun, knocked it to the ground and secured it. X. Y. Z.

SALEM, Mass., Aug. 10.

STILL-HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that my article in your issue of the 9th of July, discussing Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of New York in the light of a grizzly bear hunter has brought to the front several champions of that gentleman.

I do not desire to occupy your valuable space in the easy task of proving from his article in the June *Century* that Mr. R. knows more about some other things than he does about grizzly bears, but I simply want to say a few words in reply to those gentlemen who have come so promptly to the front in defense of the author of this grizzly bear article in the *Century* magazine.

I think I have had experience enough with the grizzly to warrant me in saying, as I did in my other letter, that he is as little afraid of man as any beast that roams the woods, and just about as ferocious as any. All wild animals, however, will instinctively cower and sulk away at sight of man, unless provoked by excessive hunger or maddened by wounds.

Your correspondent from Long Branch appears to take it very much to heart, because one whom he refers to as "your wild Western correspondent" should presume to criticise so prominent a man as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. I do not know just how prominent Mr. R. is, but I do know that his article in the June *Century* on "Still-Hunting the Grizzly" reads more like fiction than a true report of a grizzly bear hunt. I think I understood the article about as ever yone else did who read it. I know that a perusal of the story will leave the impression on the mind of the reader that the author killed three bears, helped kill two others, while his companion killed one, as he says, "purely to his own gun," making in all six—and withal a "little discrepancy," insomuch that he states elsewhere in the article that they killed, altogether, five grizzlies on the hunt. If the author meant what he did not say, and a careful analysis of his clumsy sentences by our Long Branch friend discovers the true meaning, it is all right.

But I shall drop this grizzly subject now and say no more about it, not that I am afraid lest my neighbor, as "W. E. B." says, might shy a bootjack at me and produce a subject for the coroner's jury, but for fear I may suffer injury from another sort of Jack. F. A. M.

JACKSON, Mo., Aug. 3, 1885.

A NIGHT WITH A MOUNTAIN LION.

PINING for the pure mountain air and moved by an insatiable desire to bring down a noble buck, Fred Sheldon and I put our heads together and concluded to take a jaunt by which we could attain our desire. As we could be absent from business but a few days, our objective point was the Conejo Valley, thirty miles distant. Packing our traps in a light wagon we set out about two o'clock one pleasant afternoon this month, passing for about twenty miles through the fertile Santa Clara Valley with its thousands of acres of waving grain.

Just before reaching the Guadalasca range our rifles were used with good effect on the jack rabbits, which were numerous. One poor fellow presented a ludicrous appearance in vanishing with but one ear, the bullet cutting the other off close to the head. While going slowly up a long and steep grade my attention was attracted to what I thought was a young steer, as there were a few cattle grazing near on the mountain side. I called Fred's attention to it. "Why of course that's a deer, a big buck, too." We rode along for a short distance until we found a place to tie Logan, our horse, out of sight. Taking our rifles, we went down the cañon between us and the ridge on which the deer was feeding. We separated, Fred taking up a ravine to the left, while I did the same on the right. I came up opposite the deer first, and peering over the brush, caught sight of the deer's head. Taking careful aim, I pulled the trigger and missed; but Fred, getting a good shot at the running deer, brought him down with a bullet in the region of the heart. He was a large buck, with horns still in the velvet—four points. We soon dressed him, and taking him to the wagon, proceeded on to the ranch of W. H. Reilly, where the advent of fresh venison was hailed with delight. Next morning we struck out for a camping ground, refusing the generous offer of our host to make his ranch our headquarters as long as we wished to stay. We desired to recuperate a little, and preferred sleeping in the open air under a tree, for it is seldom necessary to take a tent along while camping in Southern California. We drove about three miles below and camped near a spring of beautiful, clear water.

As a bear was reported to have been seen within a few miles of our camp, Fred was very anxious to strike out and hunt him. In fact, he was about as anxious to meet a bear as I was to avoid one. A camping experience, several years ago, in which I played second fiddle up a tree to a bear, had convinced me that in the plan of creation the relations between that animal and myself were intended to be of a very distant character.

That evening we shouldered our rifles and started in the direction of the foothills about a mile from camp. After hunting for an hour without seeing much deer sign, we began to think our chances were rather slim, especially as the fog came up from the ocean and at times obscured near objects. We went on further, however, and on coming in view of a low ridge we saw what looked like a deer's head through the fog, yet it seemed much too large. On looking a second time we saw something move beside it and discovered our mistake. There were two deer and they were watching us. Being about two hundred yards away, we didn't care to risk a shot, so we played a trick on them. I sneaked back the way we came, leaving Fred for them to watch. And they watched him, too, and forgot all about me. I came up behind them and got within about seventy-five yards. When I fired it puzzled them, not knowing from what direction the bullets came. Well, I fired seven times, I'm ashamed to say, before I disabled them. One was shot too far back and was about to get away when I shot it through the heart—accidentally. The other was also shot too far back, and disappeared over the hill. A bullet from Fred's rifle struck him slanting near the eye, but did not change his course. After following the trail for nearly a quarter of a mile I caught sight of him standing in the brush on the side of the mountain, and by a long shot luckily dropped him. We dressed this buck, which was a large one, but not so large as he had looked to be through the fog, and with but little trouble dragged him to the foot of the mountain. The other deer was a medium sized spike buck. We set out for camp a mile distant and hitching up Logan drove to the spot where we had left the game, and loading them in the wagon drove to camp two hours after we had first left it. No one could have wished for an easier way to get deer than we did those two. That night as we slept under an oak tree we could hear the coyotes near at hand attracted by the smell of fresh meat, and occasionally from afar we would hear their howls long drawn and blood-curdling so far as I was concerned. The rascals seem to possess the power of throwing their voices. One ventriloquistic coyote will throw his voice until it appears as if a dozen were in the neighborhood.

We did not hunt any the next morning, but cut the greater part of the deer up into strips for drying. We hung the strips on a rope in the sun, salting them and putting on pepper to keep off the flies. To Eastern people unacquainted with our Southern California climate, it will appear strange that meat can be dried in the open air and not decay. We can here dry any kind of meat by hanging it in the sun for three or four days. We took some venison up to Reilly's and stayed the rest of the day. One of the boys at work on the ranch, Lon Bonestel, a mischievous youngster of fifteen, was continually irritating Joe Sing, the Chinese cook, without cause, until finally when he threw an aged egg at him the climax was reached. The Chinaman obtained another egg of the same kind, and, catching the boy, smeared it all over his face, washing it thoroughly. When Lon turned to us the expression on his face and the ludicrous spectacle he presented would have made a horse laugh. We roared and yelled with laughter, but Lon, witout a word, went to the horse trough and spent a full half hour in washing himself. It is needless to say he never bothers the Chinaman any more. I had always supposed Brete Harte's poker-playing Chinaman was a myth, originating in his own fertile brain, but Joe was Ah Sing's counterpart, only he didn't do as well. After the boys had won a few dollars from him he gave up in disgust, remarking, "Too muchee gluff (bluff). No sabe."

We were told at the ranch that a California lion, presumably the same one that had carried off a number of hogs last year, had taken a seventy-five-pound hog the night before. We decided to "lay" for him. We followed his trail about half a mile when we lost it. The lion had carried the hog in his mouth all the way, so we could only follow his tracks. After searching for about an hour we came upon the remains of the hog, which the beast had left after eating most of it. Prevailing on Will not to poison him, but to allow us to shoot him, we built a small platform in an oak tree sixty yards away, from which we could obtain a good view of the spot where the remnant of the hog lay. About nine o'clock we returned to the platform and waited, I think, about two hours. Then another hour. Still no lion. The moon began to rise, and I thought it must be one o'clock. I began to get sleepy. Our positions were somewhat cramped, and Fred said he would take a little stroll in the moonlight to stretch his legs. After cautioning him not to go far, I resumed my position and soon began to doze. Suddenly I was awakened by hearing a faint crackling in the bush and the sound of stealthy footsteps on the dry leaves. I was wide awake in an instant. Every nerve seemed at its utmost tension. My heart was thumping like a pile-driver as I strained my eyes in the direction of the sound. Soon I saw a long, lithe, dark form gliding through the brush, and now it came into full view. My heart was in my throat, but taking aim as carefully as possible, I pulled the trigger. I could not see the effect because of the smoke, but I heard a fierce growl that made me quake with fear as the lion tore around the brush. I didn't come down immediately. To tell the truth, I was too badly scared, but Fred, who heard the shot, came running up and put another bullet into the creature's body. One more shot finished him. After waiting a few minutes to be assured that he was dead, we cautiously approached with cocked rifles, but his glassy eyes determined the question. We took him to camp, but we were both too "nervous" to attempt to skin him until morning. I think we were excusable, too, in taking a pull at the bottle of snake bite medicine after the fray.

We didn't sleep well that night, at least I didn't, for I kept dreaming about panthers and bears. I dreamed I was surrounded by them, all ready to devour me, when one huge grizzly came and sat down on my chest, crushing me out of existence. After arising in the morning and demolishing a breakfast of fried venison, camp bread, potatoes and strong black coffee, we skinned the lion, which proved to be a male, his measurement being six feet nine inches from tip of nose to end of tail.

Well, we killed five deer on that trip and "jerked" most of the meat. We were gone ten days and found we had gained in flesh somewhat, besides having the cobwebs cleaned from our brains. It is my intention to take another trip to the mountains before the season closes.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, Cal. DE MOSS BOWERS.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the large number of letters our committee have received, the indications are that we will have perhaps the largest attendance of sportsmen in this city on Sept. 29, from all parts of our country ever assembled on this continent. And as the general sentiment is for the organization of a National Sportsmen's Association for the purpose of devising means by which we can have more uniform game and fish laws throughout our Union, and more efficient means by which they can be enforced, the committee have decided to recommend that it be national instead of as originally called. And we therefore invite every club throughout our land, North, South, East and West, to send delegates. Will you please notice our last circular herein inclosed in your next issue, and oblige,

H. C. WEST, Chairman Committee.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 8.

The St. Louis *Republican* of Aug. 5 has the following: "Flattering promises of support and attendance at the coming sportsmen's convention, to be held in St. Louis on Sept. 29, for the purpose of securing uniform game laws throughout the country, continue to reach Capt. H. C. West, the chairman of the committee appointed to arrange the affair. The scope of the gathering has now become much enlarged and the convention will be thoroughly a national one. The game dealers are seeking representation, which will be afforded them to the fullest extent, and as the action that will follow the assembly of the convention will be both vigorous and decisive it is sincerely to be hoped that gentlemen in every interest connected in any way with the game and fish questions of the day will appear and have their say before this national caucus. Word comes from New York that several of its dealers will be present, and it will be well if they are joined by those of all the other great cities of the Union.

"It is particularly desired by the committee in charge that officers of fish protecting clubs or associations will bear in mind that the object of the convention is to watch fish protection as much as that of game. It is particularly requested by all of those now officially occupied in securing a common legislation in regard to game and fish laws that all newspapers favorable to the project will lend a hand to the good work by ventilating the fact that the convention will without fail assemble in this city on Sept. 29. Reduced railroad, steamer and hotel rates are already arranged for, and all information on the subject of a visit to St. Louis for the meeting can be obtained from Capt. H. C. West, 114 Pine street, St. Louis, or from C. A. Bragg, Globe Shot Company, Philadelphia, to either of whom also should applications for programmes and circulars be addressed.

"The views on game preservation expressed last week in the *Republican*, appear to be very generally indorsed, the common feeling being that the want of a knowledge of the habits of game has led legislatures into numberless absurdities. Among these the setting back of the opening of the Missouri grouse season to Oct. 15, appears to be one of the most ridiculous. When speaking yesterday in regard to this change, that sterling sportsman and thorough naturalist, ex-Gov. Brockmeyer, remarked: 'The mere idea of such a law for Missouri is nonsense. We now have but very few grouse in the State, and if we continue such a law we are simply discriminating against Missouri in favor of other States and Territories. If we could boast of a considerable head of grouse in the State, or if we saw our way how to build up our present paucity into a generous supply, the chain of reasoning on the subject would be different, but at present the prospects are that an increased agricultural area in Missouri will constantly lessen its grouse population. Further west of us, and still more in the Southwest (the great grouse headquarters of the day) there are plenty of these birds, and they are going

to be shot and marketed whether Missouri buys one of them or not. If we don't choose to eat them the people in other States will get them all the cheaper, and all the effect of our law which makes the possession of grouse before Oct. 15 illegal, will be to keep the birds out of our mouths in order to let Eastern people enjoy them.

"The supply for Missouri has for years past cut no figure in the St. Louis market. It may also be said that grouse shot after the middle of October are scarcely worth eating, as they are then dry and hard. They are also then very difficult to obtain, as they have packed into large flights by that date. The birds are well grown in Southern Kansas and the Indian Territory by July 20, and if they are not to be marketed here until they are too tough to be a delicacy, the while they are passing us to the Eastern markets, the questions arise, of what are we here for, and who are the grouse for? In the Territory the Indians don't shoot chickens, and white men have an unwritten law which confines their sport to between July 10 and Oct. 4. After the latter date the birds are hardly considered worth shooting.'"

NEW ENGLAND FORESTS.—No one who visits the White Mountains in these days can fail to deplore the evidences of spoliation that mark the advance of civilization to their region and along the most accessible of their wooded slopes. The cry raised against the destruction of the Adirondack forests needs to be raised, and cannot be raised too loud or too soon against the destruction of the timber region which constitutes the White hills. From the crest of any of these mountains you can see only the trackless forest, and the mountain climber would confidently say that the river sources of New England had not been rudely assailed by the woodman's axe, but in numerous places, and with increasing vigor, the work of devastation has begun about the sources of the Merrimac, the Saco and the Connecticut rivers; and, if the work goes on, there will soon be a perceptible diminution of these streams, and a loss to New England industry which can hardly be regained in the lifetime of the average man. The timber lands in the White Mountain district have within a few years passed from the earlier proprietors into the hands of speculators, railroad companies, and other parties, who have no interest in them beyond the sale of the timber for the making of money. Nobody has said anything about this as yet, and comparatively few have detected it. The New Hampshire Legislature has been asleep, as usual, and the drying up of the streams which feed the busiest portion of the new world that Columbus discovered has been attributed to "the dry season," which comes usually once a year. Any one who happens to make a tour along the railroads that pass through the notches and wind around the mountains can see for himself what serious havoc has been made in the region that holds in its embrace much of what constitutes the material prosperity of New England; and it requires no stretch of the imagination to anticipate the renewal of this havoc when the lumbering season begins again. New Hampshire has the legal control of this region, but Massachusetts and Connecticut are deeply interested in the question of water supply, which the cutting off of the dense forests that hold it back will soon destroy. There are thousands of mills which, more or less, are run by these streams. There are thousands of acres of land that are made arable because these streams from the mountains and their tributaries pass through them. The water supply in Maine has been visibly affected by the incessant click of the woodman's axe, and the danger that affects the industrial life of the busiest part of New England from the use of that axe, with its adjunct, the steam sawmill, in the White Mountains, is one of the most serious questions affecting this part of the country. It has seemed to be a remote danger, but the reports of those who have visited Northern New Hampshire during the present season go to show that not a day is to be lost in arousing public sentiment against the wholesale destruction of the resources of the water supply for our agricultural and manufacturing industries.—*Boston Herald.*

LAWLESS NEBRASKANS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although our season for prairie chickens in this State does not open until Sept. 1, they are being shot off already at a rate which promises to leave very few for those of us who prefer to obey the law. The season opened very favorably and the promise for a good chicken crop was excellent; but since the first of July everybody has been shooting the birds. Some of the broods are scarcely big enough to fly even now, and are, of course, utterly valueless as food; but they are killed all the same. The poachers start out with teams, concealing their guns in the bottom of the wagon, and having their fishing rods in plain sight. They announce that they are going fishing, and take their dogs along to give them "a run." When they get well out of town the "sport" begins. I am sorry to say that the district judge, the sheriff of the county and many of our best citizens are not ashamed to take part in this despicable business. It strikes me that there is a good chance for some one to do a good deal of missionary work in this part of our State.—KOOTS (Duncan, Neb., July 30).

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 3.—I have just returned from the Pocono Mountains. The outlook here in the Lackawanna Valley for the coming fall shooting is now inviting. Quail and gray squirrel will be plenty. Woodcock are scarce, but partridge shooting will be the best that we have seen in years. Saturday I returned from Stroudsburgh, fifty-two miles south on the D., L. & W. R. R., and I found quail very plenty. Deer ten miles from there will be numerous, and some of the old sportsmen say that they expect to have the finest deer shooting that they have had in five years. Trout fishing was fine; a string of seventy was caught two days before the law expired, and several weighed over 1¼ pounds each. The bass fishing here at Jones's Lake is good; one was caught a short time ago weighing 4¾ pounds. At Scull Pond and Mud Pond, eight miles from here, you will find as good bass fishing as can be had in this section. Sportsmen who visit Stroudsburgh this fall should stop at Mr. Derr's, who lives only a short distance from the depot. —W. B. L.

"CAHOOT."—In this locality the words "in cahoot" or "in cahoots" is a slang phrase used by the less intelligent classes to denote a partnership or conspiracy to do an illegal act, and frequently used instead of the word "partnership" in speaking of a business transaction.—R. E. S. (Newport, Ind.).

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 4.—Game prospects are good. Squirrels plentiful. Wild turkeys unusually plentiful. I saw a large flock of young ones this morning. I think the game law is generally observed around here.—CASUAL.

THE NAME "QUAIL."—Rockingham, North Carolina.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish some of your readers would tell why it is that most Northern people persist in calling Bob White a quail. He has none of the distinctive habits of the quail. He is not migratory. Bob lives and dies within a half mile of where he was ushered into this "breathing world." He does not resemble the quail of Europe in his wings, tail or head, but does greatly resemble the nut brown—sometimes called the gray—partridge, whose picture I have seen in ornithological works, and most recently in Greener's book. I protest most earnestly against the name of "quail." But I do not insist upon his being called partridge, as is universal in the South. Let sportsmen speak of him as Bob White. The quail of Europe breed in France and fly across the channel into England. Who ever heard of such a flight on the part of our bird? A half mile is rare for him.—WELLS.

SPORTSMEN'S DISPLAY AT THE LONDON EXHIBITION.—The American Exhibition, City Offices, 7 Poultry, London, E. C., July 29, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several English gentlemen who have made collections of souvenirs of American sport have formed a committee in connection with our exhibition of next year. Their object is to make an especial collection of skins, horns, stuffed birds, animals, etc., indigenous to our country. This will be a loan collection, and will also comprise whatever relates to the American Indians. We invite the co-operation of gentlemen in the States who have similar collections.—C. B. NORTON, Secretary.

KANSAS PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Topeka, Aug. 4.—The quail and chickens wintered well, although we had quite a severe season. In the counties west of us they are very abundant, and will well repay a visit. A great many are being slaughtered at present, although the law will not be out till Sept. 1.—H. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The digest prepared by Mr. Samuels, of the various game laws so far as they relate to the possession of game illegally taken, is a valuable contribution to your paper, and now a digest of decisions relating to game taken in one State or Territory and exposed for sale in another, would be especially valuable to the game and fish protective associations of the Pacific coast. The Spokane River heads in Idaho, where there is no fish protective law, and runs across the northeast corner of Washington, where we have a law which was intended to be very severe in its protective provisions. Fish are sold in our market all the year round, and during the close season the claim is invariably made that the fish were caught in Idaho. During the month of March our rod and gun club caused the arrest of a *restaurateur* for having mountain trout in his possssion, and he was bound over to the District Court. His attorneys took the case before Judge Turner of the United States District Court upon a writ of *habeas corpus*. Judge Turner granted the writ and ordered the release of the prisoner. As the decision touches upon the subject of interstate commerce, it is of general interest, and I inclose it for publication, with the hope that it may bring forth suggestions which will enable us to so amend our law as to make it serve the object intended by its enactment. It is proper to state that Judge Turner is a sportsman as well as an able jurist, and is in sympathy with all laws for the protection of game and fish; his decision, therefore, while not in accord with his personal feelings, may be regarded as a strict interpretation of the law. G. H. MORGAN.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., July 1, 1885.

The full text of Judge Turner's opinion is as follows:

Ex parte, Charles Carson.

The petitioner, Charles Carson, having been bound over to the next term of the district court for the alleged offense of having in his possession mountain or brook trout at a time when it was unlawful to have such fish in possession, and being in the custody of a constable under a warrant of commitment issued by the justice before whom the preliminary examination was had, prosecutes a writ of *habeas corpus* to recover his liberty.

The constable having made proper return upon the writ, the district attorney, representing the Territory, and counsel representing petitioner, appeared before me and agreed upon the following, substantially, as the facts constituting the supposed offense, namely, the petitioner had in his possession in Spokane county, during the month of March, 1885, mountain trout which had been taken in the Territory of Idaho, and which petitioner had brought, or caused to be brought, from Idaho to this Territory.

The law which it is insisted for the Territory makes this act an offense is found in an act entitled "An act for the protection of fish and game," approved Nov. 27, 1883, Laws of Washington, 1881-3, page 102. Section 7 of said act reads as follows: "Every person who shall, within the Territory of Washington, during the months of November, December, January, February and March of any year, catch, kill or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any mountain or brook trout, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Two questions are presented for consideration upon the law and the facts: First, Does the law of 1883 make it an offense to have in possession during the prohibited season fish which were taken outside the limits of Washington Territory? Second, If the first question is answered affirmatively, is the act in conflict with section 8 Article I. of the Constitution of the United States, which provides: "The Congress shall have power * * to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes"?

Upon the first question it is true, as insisted by counsel for petitioner, that the act of 1883 is a penal law and must be strictly construed. I understand the doctrine that penal laws must be strictly construed to be this: If the act is within the letter of the law but not within the spirit, the act is no crime. If it is within the spirit but not within the letter, it is no crime. The act which it is sought to make criminal must be covered both by the letter and the spirit of the law. Bishop on Statutory Crimes, sections 190, 220, 231 and authorities cited.

That the act of having possession of the prohibited kinds of fish taken outside the limits of Washington Territory, is covered by the letter of the law under consideration, is too clear to require demonstration. That such act is within the mischief intended to be remedied by the law, and is therefore within its spirit, is not so clear. The title of the law, which may be looked to in aid of its meaning, is "an act to protect fish and game," meaning fish and game within the Territory of Washington. The object of the law, generally speaking, is undoubtedly to prevent the improvident destruction of fish and game in this Territory. Does it follow that the prohibition against having fish in possession during certain months must be construed as relating to fish only that are taken in Washington Territory. The implication in favor of the affirmitive of this proposition would be strong if it were true, as claimed by counsel for the petitioner, that the purpose of the act is in no way subserved by construing such prohibition as relating to fish taken outside of Washington Territory. But an examination of the statutes and judicial decisions of other States shows that it has there been considered as an aid to the policy of protecting game and fish to absolutely prohibit the having of the same in possession at certain periods of the year, regardless of when or where the same was taken or killed. Game and fish of the same species is pretty much alike everywhere, and if the State in the prosecution of offenses against the game laws, must negative the taking of the game outside the State, or its taking at a time when it was lawful so to do, it would make the conviction of offenders against such laws exceedingly difficult and in some cases impossible.

This fact has led to the making of laws elsewhere denouncing the simple offense of having game and fish of certain kinds in possession at certain times of the year, regardless of the time and place when and where such game and fish was taken. It is insisted, however, that such construction ought not to be given to Section 7 of the act in question, because another section of the act completely covers the mischief which such construction would guard against. Section 10 of this act provides that "proof of possession of any of the aforesaid animals, fowls, birds or fish, at a time when it is unlawful to take or kill the same in the county where the same is found, shall be *prima facie* evidence in any prosecution for a violation of any provision of this act, that the person or persons in whose possession the same is found, took, killed or destroyed the same in the county wherein the same is found during the period when it was unlawful to take, kill or destroy the same."

This latter section entirely guards against the mischief which the first section, standing alone and restricted to fish caught in this Territory, would leave unprovided for; and the fact that the rule of evidence provided by it is general and applies as well to the offense of having fish as to that of taking and killing the same, is very persuasive that the Legislature had in mind only fish taken or killed in Washington Territory. A similar provision in the game laws of Massachusetts was considered by the Supreme Court of that State as aiding materially a construction that the prohibition in said laws against having game birds in possession at a certain season of the year did not include birds taken outside the State, or taken at a time when it was lawful to take them and preserved until the time when the taking was unlawful.—Commonwealth vs. Hall, 128 Mass. 410.

The Court of Appeals of New York, however, upon a law, the prohibitory clause of which has greater similarity to ours than that of Massachusetts, has held that their law did prohibit the possession of fish and game taken outside the State.—Phelps vs. Racey, 60 New York Court of Appeals, page 10.

The New York law did not, so far as the opinion of the court discloses, contain a provision like that contained in Section 10 of our law, and it did contain other provisions not found in our law, from which the court deduced the intention of the Legislature to include fish and game taken outside the State.

The court, however, placed its decision upon the other ground that the law of the State was plain and unambiguous, and left no room for construction. If it meant by the language used to intimate that, because the letter of the law was plain the letter must be followed, it was, in my opinion, clearly wrong. Criminal statutes will be contracted by interpretation so as to avoid punishing those who, though breaking their letter, have not violated their spirit. The following are instances of such contractions:

An act of Congress made it punishable "to import or bring, in any manner, into the United States or Territories thereof, from any foreign kingdom, place or country, any negro, mulatto or person of color, with intent to hold, or person of color as a slave, or to be held to service or labor." And this act was adjudged in the time of slavery not to be violated by carrying slaves from the United States to Europe and thence back, to be held again in bondage, because the object was to put an end to the slave trade.—United States vs. The Garonne, 11 Peters, 93.

The selling of a free negro into slavery, with his own consent, under the collusive agreement between him and the seller, to divide the proceeds, was adjudged not to be within a statute against "selling a free person for a slave, knowing the person so sold to be free."—Mercer vs. Commonwealth, 2 Va. cases 144.

A statute against stealing from a dwelling house is not violated where one steals in his own house the goods of another.—Bex vs. McDaniel, 2 East P. C., 644.

These and similar cases are given by Mr. Bishop in his work on statutory crimes, as instances of the contraction of the letter of penal statutes so as to except from their operations acts not within their spirit.

I am of the opinion, in view of the foregoing, that the act of having fish in possession in this Territory during the prohibited period, which were taken outside the Territory, is not within the act of 1883.

I have not reached this conclusion without some difficulty, and at first blush was inclined to a different conclusion. I am glad to reach it, however, because a contrary construction of the law would bring it into conflict with the constitution of the United States, and might sweep it away entirely.

It needs no citation of authorities to show that food fish which have been taken from the water and reduced to possession are personal property and as much the subject of trade and traffic as any other species of property. The act of 1883 then, which makes it unlawful to have in possession, during certain periods of the year, this species of personal property, if the construction claimed by counsel for the territory be correct, in effect prohibits the importation of such property from a foreign country, or from a sister State or Territory, as fish, dead or alive, when upon load, have no power of locomotion, it is a necessary consequence that such property cannot come into this Territory, except in the possession of some individual, and then the act of bringing the fish across the borders is made an offense.

This is a regulation of commerce between the States within the meaning of the constitution of the United States. The principles upon which the commerce clause of the constitution is to be expounded may now be considered well settled, although at the time of the decision of some of the earlier cases the members of the Supreme Court of the United States were at variance on the subject. Some of those principles, so far as they are necessary to be noticed in this connection, may be summarized as follows:

Any charge on or obstruction to the introduction and incorporation into and with the mass of property within the State of commodities from abroad, is hostile to the power of Congress to regulate commerce.—Brown vs. State of Maryland, 12 Wheaton, 419; Railroad Co. vs. Huson, 95 U. S. 465.

The right of Congress to regulate foreign and interstate commerce in all its branches and to any extent, is supreme, and as to all matters that admit of and require uniformity of regulation, the power is national and exclusive of State authority. The matters that are national and as to which the right of Congress to act is exclusive, are, among others, intercourse and traffic with foreign countries and between the States, "including in those terms navigation and the transportation and transit of persons and property, as well as the purchase, sale and exchange of commodities."—12 Howard 299; 91 U. S. 275; 92 U. S. 259; 95 U. S. 465; 103 U. S. 691.

As to matters that are not strictly national the States may legislate confessedly in aid of commerce so long as their legis-

ration does not conflict with legislation of Congress on the same subject. This I gather from the cases already cited.

The States may legislate concerning matter relating to their own internal police, even though in so doing they seriously affect foreign or interstate commerce, but whenever the Legislature of a State undertakes to exercise this police power, if the provisions of the State law trench upon the power of Congress to regulate commerce, the Courts of the United States claim and exercise the right to say whether said provisions exceed the exigency for which they have been professedly enacted.

In the case of Railroad vs. Husen, 95 U. S. 465, a prohibition against the introduction into the State of Texas or Mexican cattle during certain months of the year, was attempted to be defended as a proper exercise by the State of its police power, on the ground that such cattle were likely to introduce disease among the domestic cattle. It was urged that the State had a right to protect itself against this danger. The court, while admitting the right, held that the danger could be effectively guarded against by inspection and quarantine laws, and hence that a sweeping enactment against the introduction of all cattle, healthy or otherwise, was involved. The court in that case says: "In coming to such a conclusion we have not overlooked the decisions of very respectable courts in Illinois, where statutes similar to the one we have before us have been sustained. [Yeagle vs. Alexander, 58 Ill. 254.] Regarding the statutes as mere police regulations intended to protect domestic cattle against infectious diseases, those courts have refused to inquire whether the prohibition did not extend beyond the danger to be apprehended, and whether, therefore, the statutes were not something more than exertions of police power. That inquiry, they have said, was for the Legislature and not for the courts. With this we cannot concur. The police power of a State cannot obstruct foreign commerce beyond the necessity for its exercise; and under cover of it, objects not within its scope cannot be secured at the expense of the protection afforded by the federal constitution. And as its range sometimes comes very near the field committed by the constitution to Congress, it is the duty of the courts to guard vigilantly against any needless intrusion."

According to the foregoing principles it cannot be maintained that the act of 1883, if given the construction claimed by the Territory, is of such local and auxiliary character in its relation to national commerce that it will be valid in the absence of legislation to the contrary by Congress. The act interferes with the transit of property into this Territory, and with the purchase, sale and exchange of commodities in another Territory, matters which the Supreme Court of the United States in Mobile County vs. Kimball, 102, U. S., say are national and require uniformity of regulation.

I am aware that the Court of Appeals of New York considered this very question in Phelps vs. Racey, ruled, in connection with the game laws of that State, and held that the prohibition against having birds in possession at a certain time, and which was construed as including birds brought into the State from another State, was valid in the absence of congressional legislation to the contrary. I do not see how the case can be reconciled with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Moreover, the court in deciding that case failed to notice the distinction between matters which are of national concern and require uniformity of regulation and those that are merely local and auxiliary.

Neither can the act of 1883, construed as claimed by counsel for the Territory, be sustained as a proper exercise of police power of the Territory. The prohibition against having game and fish in possession during certain periods of the year, does not proceed upon the theory that it is immoral or unhealthy to have such game or fish in possession, but was enacted because to permit such possession would militate against the enforcement of the game laws by compelling the Territory in every case to negative the taking of the game or fish in another State or Territory. This is the only useful purpose to the people of the Territory that the prohibition can have. That purpose is fully subserved by section 10 of the act to which I have already adverted. By that section the burden of proof is shifted from the State to the defendant. The mischief, therefore, being entirely remedied by section 10, that provision which makes it an offense to have the possession of fish during a certain period of the year, must, if it covers the possession of fish taken abroad, be considered as extending beyond the necessities of the case, and therefore an unauthorized interference with the right of Congress to regulate inter-state commerce.

I do not think the citation from Bishop to which my attention is called by counsel for the Territory, militates against this position. Mr. Bishop, in discussing game laws similar to the one under consideration in connection with the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, says: "But when they [game or fish] have been brought into the State from another State or country, and mingled with the general property, their sale, or the keeping of them for sale, may be prohibited the same as though captured or killed in the State." Bishop on Statutory Crimes, Section 1,135.

Undoubtedly when any commodity has been brought into the State and mingled with the general mass of property in the State, State laws regulating the sale or keeping the same for sale or absolutely forbidding such keeping or sale, if the public health require it, would be valid if no discrimination is made in favor of home commodities of the same kind. But the vice in our law, construed as counsel for the Territory would have it construed, is that it absolutely prevents the introduction into the State from abroad and its incorporation with other property of the State, of a salable commodity. Mr. Bishop cites in support of the proposition laid down by him several cases from State courts, and among others the case of Phelps vs. Racey, 60 New York Court of Appeals, already noticed.

The other cases cited by him have not been produced before me and are not obtainable here.

The case of Phelps vs. Racey does not support the proposition. The constitutional question was disposed of in that case upon the broad ground that the authority to regulate commerce was concurrent, and that such regulation by the States, in the absence of contrary legislation by Congress, was valid.

I think the prisoner must be discharged, and it is so ordered.

OKOBOJI LAKE.

ONE of the most pleasant places I have visited for a long time is Okoboji Lake, Iowa, in the northwestern part of the State, near the line of Minnesota. The post office is Okoboji. At a place known as Arnold's Park, there is a new hotel where I was told the rooms were comfortable and they kept a good table. In the fine groves, both at the park and other places along the beach, quite a number of tourists were living in tents. Some of those at the park took their meals at the hotel. The charge for boats, including minnow bucket and fishing tackle of a rude kind, was fifty cents to one dollar per day, according to quality. An excellent article of minnows was furnished at ten cents per dozen. The fish caught were chiefly pike, pickerel, rock bass, croppies, and a small yellow perch, from five to eight inches in length. I did not see a black bass or hear of one being taken there.

One morning while there a couple of small boys and myself took twenty wall-eyed pike, three pickerel and one beauty of a striped bass, twenty-four in all, in about three hours' work. It was the most attractive string seen while at the lake. The more aristocratic people go to Spring Lake, at which there is a handsome sheet of water and an elegant hotel, but I was told the fishing falls far behind that over at Okoboji. The two places are some nine miles apart, accessible to each other by small steamers which ply between them at regular intervals. These lakes are reached by rail from St. Paul, Milwaukee, Cedar Rapids and Council Bluffs. From the latter place they run through a special sleeper, which is side-tracked at Spirit Lake.

The last Legislature amended the game law of Nebraska so as to extend the close season for chickens to the 1st of September. No one apparently seems to be paying any attention to the law, sportsmen as well as pot-hunters indiscriminately violating it. Parties are out from here every day and make but little secret of it. The reports are to the effect that chickens are abundant; but it seems they must go. It will not be long at the present rate before the making a fair bag will be an impossible thing. BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 7.

DOWELED VERSUS SIMPLE-FERRULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since the union of the joints of fly-rods by the simple in preference to the ordinary doweled-ferrule was first advocated by me in your columns, I think I notice a marked change among anglers in favor of the opinion I then urged, and still advocate.

Many who then opposed the idea with greater or less vehemence, now admit that the simple-ferrule may be used in a trout-rod—some allowing that it is better, some that it is just as good, while others, faithful to their first love, still claim the superiority of the doweled-ferrule, while acknowledging that the simple-ferrule may be employed in trout-rods without the certain disaster which they originally insisted must attend its use.

But last winter when I announced to some of my angling-friends, particularly those in the trade, that I proposed to make a salmon-rod and unite its several joints with simple-ferrules, it was the old story over again. It might answer in a trout-rod, but under the severer strain of a salmon-rod such ferrules would surely split, or bend, or throw apart, and the first salmon struck would reduce my rod to a wreck and plunge me in that slough of despond into which the angler always sinks when he encounters such a disaster.

My old argument, that I had used this form of ferrule for more than ten successive years in the heavy trout-fishing of Maine without the slightest accident, and that therefore any failure which might be cited against it must necessarily be due to faulty workmanship rather than error in principle of construction, was no longer available. As far as I know a salmon-rod had never been so joined. Thus I could but answer theory with theory, and with the usual result: "A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

Pursuant to the idea that it is the duty of every angler to publish for the benefit of the fraternity whatever he believes to be new and advantageous, I now propose to give an account of the result which attended the use of this rod.

But first permit me for the benefit of the many who have joined the ranks of your subscribers since the subject was agitated in your columns, to define what I mean by the term "simple-ferrule."

A metal tube is soldered together in the usual manner. Inside of this tube a polished steel mandrel is inserted, and with the mandrel still within the tube, it is drawn through a polished hole in a steel plate. Thus the inside diameter of the tube is reduced to the diameter of the steel mandrel, while its outer diameter is brought down to the size of the hole in the steel plate. The tube is thus lengthened and made smaller, the bore becomes cylindrical and smooth, and the metal is condensed and stiffened. Tubing so made—"drawn inside and out," as it is termed in the trade—alone is fit for our purpose, and when I speak or have spoken of "simple-ferrules," ferrules made from such tubing, or tubing in which the metal has been condensed and the bore made cylindrical by some analogous process, are intended. Having obtained tubes thus made, and of the proper size, a piece of the desired length is cut off from that which is to form the outside or female ferrule, and its exterior is finished up. The interior, however, should not be touched, since it is important that the bore should remain a true cylinder, and since it is almost impossible to grind out the inside of a tube without enlarging it more at the mouth than within. The male or inside ferrule is then made by so finishing off the outside of a piece of tubing of smaller size, that it will enter the outside ferrule to such a depth that when the ferrules are in position and the rod joined, the neighboring ends of the several joints will be almost or quite in contact with one another. If the male ferrule fits its whole length, as it should, it will be unnecessary to leave any margin of insertion for wear.

These two pieces of plain tubing, so made and so fitted, constitute what I designate as the "simple-ferrule."

Should the reader infer from the length of the preceding description that the process therein described is difficult or tedious, he would be in error. Having procured the tubing from a manufacturer of that article I can easily with the aid of a lathe fit and finish the ferrules for a butt, two middle-joints, and three tips inside of an hour; and I am but an amateur without mechanical training.

The salmon-rod in question was fifteen and one-half feet long, and in three joints of equal length. The longest ferrule, that uniting the butt and middle joint, was three and one-half inches long, and all the ferrules were fitted in accordance with the principles before set forth. No device whatever was used to prevent the joints throwing apart, except the natural cohesion due to the fitting of the ferrules one within the other. The ferrules were at all times kept well greased to facilitate ultimate separation as is my practice, while the metal of which they were composed was in itself an experiment as far as this use of it was concerned, and was found so inferior to German-silver or even good brass in stiffness, that it was not without hesitation and doubt that I used it at all.

With this rod so united, I took twenty-five salmon. The largest weighed thirty-two pounds, and was gaffed only after a struggle lasting one hour and fifty minutes. One fish of twenty-six pounds was taken after a fight of one hour and fifteen minutes, which was hooked in the side about three inches back of the gill. One fish which I thought would weigh nearly if not quite forty pounds, was lost after one hour and thirty minutes play. I brought it in to the bank, but at the approach of the gaffer it rallied and made a sharp run of some sixty or seventy yards. I followed it down stream, and had gradually worked it in again until it was about thirty or forty feet distant. It was then a very sick fish, frequently rolling upon its side, as it came in with little or no resistance except what came from the friction of the water. Then the last shred of skin which held the hook gave way, and it escaped. These are the times that try men's souls—as well as their morals.

I lost another fish which I thought still larger. We had had it hot and heavy for thirty minutes, and I had worked him in quite near the bank, when down came an island of floating logs. At this inopportune moment the salmon started for the opposite shore at race horse speed, passing just below the floating logs in his course. I thrust my rod under water nearly half its length in the hope that the obstruction might thus pass over the line. But when one hundred and ten yards were out something fouled it, and a leader tested to eight pounds parted and the fish escaped.

Of the whole lot of twenty-five fish actually reduced to possession, the majority were of twenty pounds or over, besides others not mentioned above which were lost after a contest of greater or less duration. These fish were all "fresh-run," and were taken about four miles above tide-water. When I have used the term "fish," salmon are to be understood in every instance. Indeed nothing else is considered worthy of that name in a salmon stream.

This, it seems to me, is a pretty fair test of the simple-ferrule. If its principle of construction is wrong—if such a ferrule will split, or bend, or throw apart, as claimed by its opponents, these defects, or some of them, should certainly have made themselves manifest.

Such was not the case. These ferrules were as perfect in every respect when I packed my rod to return home, as when I took them from the lathe and first put them on the rod; and though no device whatever of any description was used to prevent them from throwing apart, aside from the cohesion due to their fit, not one of them ever started. Indeed I might add that within a week after my return, and without alteration or repair, I loaned this rod to a friend who was anxious to try his luck with salmon at the same place, and who, I hope, is at the moment of this writing, struggling with a forty-pounder.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8, 1885.

FOUR "BOYS" ON A FROLIC.

THESE boys were of rather ancient cast, perhaps, but, after nearly sixteen years of separation, they were again united and bound for a good time, if such was to be had, fishing and "roughing it" for an outing on the historic shores of Bristol Bay.

The Engineer had been for many years more familiar with the sand flats, bars and winds of the Missouri Valley than with the haunts of civilization and the smell of salt water. The Horse Marine had been in all of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi on the hurricane deck of a cavalry horse, looking for "Poor Lo" in his native haunts, and gradually becoming impregnated with alkali and the flavor of sage. The Wanderer had been in many lands and many climes, but more recently wrestling with the Indian in his native wilds, 'mid the snows and cold of a Dakota winter. The last of the band, the Lawyer, had stayed at home and cultivated his brain, his beard and the legal profession; to say nothing of the fine wife and baby boy that welcomed him at home. But we four were all together once more on the old stamping ground, and the programme was fun and lots of it.

During the many years that we had been separated and, alas, all grown older, the shores of Narragansett Bay had seen many changes. Where once was lonely beach or silent grove are now summer residences of greater or less pretentions, crowded in the summer time with gay parties of new comers, seeking and finding health and pleasure in their release from city life and the confining routine of business or society. Where once the Horse Marine and a party of chums used to bake the festive clam weekly on the school holiday, now stands a lofty lighthouse, and so each and every pleasant spot has been occupied in one way or another by cottage, villa, camp or hotel. The adjacent waters of Bristol Bay are similarly, if not quite so thickly occupied. Here and there, however, close under the shadow of Mount Hope, are some new places of modest mien, filled from the beginning to the end of the season with party after party of pleasure seekers. No more beautiful spots are to be found that these cosy cottages on both these sheets of water, and no more pleasant place to sail, to row, to fish, swim, bathe, in short, to have a good time generally.

It was, therefore, with highest hopes, all to be fully realized in the end, that we four packed our duffle and swung ourselves up on to the seats behind a gay and festive nag for our drive to our quarters at the Narrow. The wants of the inner and outer man had all been attended to; fish poles lay snugly in their cases beneath the seats, and grub—to speak of it in the Western vernacular—was represented by the solid comforts more than by the choice viands. The Wanderer held the ribbons and had hard work to keep order and decorum among the boys even while driving through the city. Not that any boisterous or rowdy behavior was indulged in, but were we not boys once more? And did not boyish capers, laughter, jest and song come as natural as though we were not one day over sixteen, instead of being—I dare not say how old? But after we had left the city, and were alone on the country road, all restraint was put off and the fun grew fast and furious as we talked and laughed, smoked and sang, and enjoyed ourselves as only those who are free as a boy once again can. The Lawyer's blouse pocket made a convenient receptacle for peach stones, cigar stumps and burnt matches, too; the meanwhile he was blissfully ignorant that he was being loaded up, to discover it and unload later with a string of mild expletives.

Our road lay through pleasant places; now over a hill giving us a fair view of the smiling waters of the bay, dotted here and there with the sails of pleasure craft; now through a wood fragrant with the breath of summer; now by some venerable farmhouse with its orchards and gardens of dear old-fashioned flowers; now through some pleasant village, and at last down a long hill to our destination. The whole road, or nearly all, would have been practicable for the "wheel," and would well repay any wheelman for his ride.

To open the house—a summer cottage of simplest and plainest form—to unpack, to snatch a hasty lunch and hurry away for a fish was but the work of a moment, and soon we were launching our boat and gently dancing over the smiling waves. What a contrast was this to what we had all been used to for months, yes, rather for years. The Lawyer was the only one to whom it was familiar from any late experience, and he was enthusiast enough, fisherman and lover of outdoor life to fully appreciate it, while the rest of us surely could not get our fill breathing in the balmy breezes flavored by ocean's breath.

The Wanderer had known this spot in years gone by, and now freshened his recollection of ranges, points, rocks, etc., to place us on the most favorable fishing grounds, and after

a pleasant row, enlivened with laughter, song and jest, we were soon anchored over one of the best spots, the poles were jointed, the lines strung, and with a "blessing" the hooks were cast to try our chances in getting fish for supper. Soon a reel began to buzz, the line played him, and then the fish made frantic efforts to escape, now breaking in a brilliant flash of light and water, now diving far under the boat; but all to no avail. But soon he was landed and flapping in the creel hung over the gunwale, and "first blood" was scored for the Wanderer.

The Lawyer, the Engineer and the Horse Marine each had their share of luck. The Horse Marine succeeded in getting good and wet as he sat in the stern sheets, and a comber came over and nearly filled the boat. The Lawyer shared a like fate, as the bows caught another as we turned to leave for home; but hunger and "wetness" are both "fisherman's luck," as we all know, and so long as we had the fish we cared little for the concomitants. As we were fishing for fun and for "grub" and not for count, we were easily satisfied with our catch; and to dawdle, loaf, smoke, joke and laugh were as fully enjoyable for us as to land the greatest fish or the greatest number. So in the early twilight we hauled up the anchor and pulled away for home, leisurely rowing, too full of enjoyment to hurry or exert ourselves. At home it was a labor of love to cook our own supper. One went for milk, another for water, a third built the fire while the Wanderer cleaned the fish. Each had a finger in the pie; and from experience gained by other camp fires, we soon had a smoking hot supper, and too many cooks did not spoil the broth. And then, perhaps, the fisherman's hunger was not a sauce piquant! Fish, potatoes, pork, bread, coffee and the rest, disappeared as if by magic, leaving the office of bottle washer—to which the Lawyer had been elected by acclamation—a sinecure. Jack Sprat and his illustrious wife could not have outdone us in our efforts. There was nothing left to swear by. Supper over and our shanty righted up, what more enjoyable than to lounge in the mooulight, gently fanned by the cool evening breeze. Not a trouble, not a care, not even a "skeeter" was there to disturb our peace and enjoyment. From afar over the water came the sounds of music from passing pleasure parties, and from beyond the lights of Fall River glowed and twinkled.

To salute passing steamers is one of "the things" of summer seaside life. So we brought out our cannon, a relic of the early days of the Wanderer's efforts in the mechanical line. It was loaded and made ready to salute the steamer as she passed; and now as we see her light, with a flash and roar we send her our greeting; but the contrary wind prevents her hearing, and we fail to get the usual answering greeting of three short blasts of her whistle. Later the seductive game of "Blue Peter" claimed our attention, the Engineer showing his skill in getting the blue bean the most frequently; but cards are a sorry amusement for tired and sleepy fishermen, so we are soon fast asleep, after mature and serious consideration of how, where and with whom each one was to woo the drowsy god.

The Horse Marine confesses to being a lover of music, and agrees that the "Sweet Bye and Bye" or "In the Morning" may be very lovely under favorable circumstances; he also confesses to a love for sleep in the early morning, even though the early reveille has summoned him to life and action day after day in camp or on the march. But to have reveille sounded on a tin pan, accompanied by the dulcet strains of the Wanderer, whose voice is like a buzz saw in a knotty stick, and that too after he had, as he thought, been asleep for only five minutes, was too much. But such was the morning's greeting at the "Narrows." The sun was shining brightly, the breeze blowing softly, the waves dancing merrily, but all was made hideous by the infernal din that awoke us to a new day, and frightened every bird within a mile into an awed silence. To chuck a boot at the Wanderer was the first motion, to lazily yawn, stretch and finally dress the next.

But the Lawyer, too, appears to be in trouble, and muttered thunder from his direction tells of grief and rage. He had left his clothes out over night to dry after his wetting, and is wondering "why the devil they are wetter now than when he hung 'em up, you know." Had he seen the Engineer take them and dip them in the bay while yet the Lawyer was asleep he would not have looked so anxiously for sign of rain, nor wondered at the heavy dew. And again had he examined his boots before putting them on he would not have run his toes into the jaws of a crab, dropped there over night by the Horse Marine.

But "every cloud has its silver lining," and the early birds are soon forgiven for their unseemly hours and levity, all wrath being soothed by the smoking hot breakfast that now awaits us all. Our plans for the day are soon made, but while waiting for the tide to serve, other amusements than fishing claim our attention.

The Engineer is also a maniac on the subject of photography, and among our plunder are his camera and outfit. So he gets ready for action while we rig lines and hooks and prepare bait for the day's campaign. And now we pose, a lovely group on the porch of our shanty. It is a wonder the glass was not cracked, we are such an array of beauty, but as he shoots us off instantaneously, perhaps there was not time for the plate to get full benefit, and so it escaped annihilation.* Other groups follow, and in one the Lawyer comes up with clam hoe in hand and the look of a fiend in his eye, ready to utterly demolish the Horse Marine, who all unconscious leans on an oar, supported by the Wanderer. Pleasant mementoes these pictures will make, however, so we all gracefully submit to be "took." A target-pistol was also with our plunder, and the Horse Marine having a "craze on the shoot," that weapon of offense on the bullseye is brought out, and we try our skill at hitting clam shells, weeds, bottles, etc. The Horse Marine succeeded in driving the tack at about ten feet, and managed to hit the side of a barn occasionally, but our ammunition giving out and the tide serving right, we were now off again with a white ash breeze for our fishing ground.

Good luck awaits us, and whizzing reels, twanging lines and flapping fish, with now and then a dash of spray over all of us by way of variety, make the hours pass quickly, till the Wanderer and the Horse Marine have had enough and are put on shore with clam basket and hoe to dig for clams as the tide goes out, for four hungry fishermen must be filled, and we are going to have clam chowder for dinner. The basket filled, the two saunter along the beach, leaving the clams for the boat to bring home while the Wanderer and Horse Marine idly saunter toward home. On the way they encounter several pleasant parties, and at last the Ancient Mariner himself, or his first cousin but once removed, who lives in a hut by the beach and must be over eighty years old. But tough and hearty is he yet, and regales the listener with many a weird yarn of times gone by. And so the day goes by, one long delight of sunshine, breeze, and salt sea air enough to take the taste and flavor of alkali and sage from the Horse Marine; the sun sinks in a blaze of glory, the pleasure yachts are seen returning to their harbors, and the four boys are home once more, fish creel full and anchored out, while dinner is discussed and the events of the day talked over.

Day follows day with but a repetition of delight. No care nor sorrow burdens any one, and pleasure and healthful life are the blessings of all. But time goes on apace, and all too soon it is time for us once more to don the garb of civilization and return to our several vocations.

Our horse has enjoyed his rest as well as we, and stamps impatient to be gone as he is put in harness, and soon we are once more bowling homeward, taking with us renewed vigor for our daily life, as well as pleasant memories of our trip. As we rise over the hill the bay flashes to us a parting glance from sparkling wave, as lovely as was its welcome, as lovely as would be its welcome in time to come, when again we may greet it for another outing.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

* This "chestnut" about the cracked camera was originally plucked by Daguerre in his youthful days.

CONNECTICUT RIVER SALMON IN 1730.—The best fishing grounds in the river in early days were probably at the falls between Suffield and Enfield. The following record, clipped from proof sheets of Suffield's "Documentary History," seems to disprove the tradition of the superabundance of salmon in the Connecticut River at least 150 years ago, the price of salmon per pound being twenty times that of shad, estimating the latter at four pounds' weight each: "At a legal meeting of ye freeholders and other inhabitants of Suffield on December ye 4th, 1730. 1st. Capt. John Kent was chosen Moderatour of sd meeting. 2dly. Voted, that the petitioners ye owners of ye fish Dam have ye priveledge they petition for that is to say the Town are willing for it provided ye sd owners sell salmon at five pence pr pound, and shad at a penny apiece, and that they will not barrill up any for a market when any of ye Town appear with any vendable pay to take them off for their own use, and that the owners put one Hundred pounds security into the Town Treasurer's hands for the Town's security for the fulfillment of the above sd, when they sd owners have a grant of the General Court, and ye security to be given to ye Treasurer before nine o'clock to-night. Test, JOHN KENT. Jacob Hathaway, Samll. Copley, Richard Woolworth, William Halladay, Nathaniel Hall, non-voter, Samuel Roe, Samll. Hathaway, Peter Roe, John Roe. Entred their Decents against ye above written Vote, December ye 14th, 1730. Then Received of Eight of ye owners of ye fish Dam a bond of one Hundred pounds according to ye above sd vote. pr me Joseph King Town Treasurer."—*Hartford Courant.*

HOW TO CATCH CRAYFISH.—Take thirty to fifty osier twigs, or split white ash sticks, according to the size used, and three feet in length, form a bundle of the whole and bind at each end with strong cord or wire, separate the twigs or splints in the center of the bundle by means of sticks, ten, fifteen and twenty inches long, and forked at each end, so when in place the trap will be spindle-like in shape, with the twigs evenly distributed about its circumference and center, and far enough apart to allow easy entrance for the fish, but from which they will not readily escape. Bait the inside with fresh meat of any kind, only see that it is fresh and bloody, if possible; set the same with the current in running water; if blood can be procured, pour a pint or so on the bait, it will taint the stream for a long distance. I have watched crayfish in great numbers follow up the track or scent thus made from thirty rods below the trap, and have known six and eight quarts taken at a single lift. Should one desire a more substantial and comely rig, it can be made by driving a smooth, stout stick lengthwise through the center of the bundle, slide the tied ends down on the stick until the whole bulges to a diameter of twenty inches or more in the center, fasten the tied ends of the twigs to the center stick, put three hoops of proper size over the whole and fasten with fine copper wire. In order to make hiding places for the crayfish and so retain them in the trap, numbers of the twigs should also traverse it in various directions.—DR. E. STERLING (Cleveland, O.).

THE PARADISE FISH.—Mr. Hugo Mulertt, of Cincinnati, writes of this fish to the editor of the *Scientific American* as follows: "In your paper of July 11, you print an article on the paradise fish. The writer, in praising this really beautiful and interesting little fish, goes even so far as to 'hope that they may be introduced into American waters.' Five years ago I imported six pair of two varieties of paradise fish (*Macropodus venustus* and *M. viridi auratus*). I have since that time raised many thousands of young ones from these, and am perfectly acquainted with their habits of nest building, their still more interesting way of rearing their young, their fighting qualities, and also their diseases. I therefore hope that the Lord may prevent another experiment, which no doubt would prove as fatal to this country as that made with the English sparrow. The paradise fish are as fully, if not more, destructive to fish eggs, young fish, and fish food, than our native sticklebacks, darters, and the small varieties of sunfishes; they destroy without any other compensation than their beautiful colors and interesting habits, which, however, are only observable when the fish is kept in a glass vessel. Those interested in this subject I respectfully refer to an illustrated article on the paradise fish, printed Aug. 11, 1881, in FOREST AND STREAM."

COLORADO TROUT.—Topeka, Kan.—Allow me to thank "Kokomo" for his information in regard to Colorado trout streams, and best flies and sizes of hooks. Although I am not quite a novice at fly-fishing, still I am one as concerns Colorado waters. The streams "Kokomo" mentions, with the addition of Poncha Creek, were fished by myself some nine years ago, but without flies. The leading habit of the trout was to take all he could get, from a bare hook to a small elephant. One half-pound fellow took my grasshopper three different times, and lost it each time before I could land him. At his fourth rush I hooked him hard and elevated him with vigor, and last seen of him he was taking an aërial voyage across the mountains toward Saguache.—H. B.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 4.—Fishing is spoiled by the exceedingly hot weather. The fishing law is constantly violated and nets are in every stream and lake. It is such an abortion nobody could be convicted under it. He could always slip out of some loophole made by the exceptions.—CASUAL.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER ASSOCIATION.—Clayton, N. Y., August 5, 1885.—The annual meeting of the St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association was held at Clayton to-night, and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President—John Flanagan, of Utica. Vice-President—Charles G. Emery, New York. Second Vice-President—G. M. Skinner, Clayton. Secretary—W. W. Byington, Albany. Treasurer—W. W. Storry, Albany. Executive Committee—J. H. Quimby, Albany; M. P. Bush, Buffalo; H. P. Warren, Rochester; Theodore Butterfield, Utica; J. H. Brownlow, Ogdensburg; C. H. Ballou, Utica; H. S. Chandler, W. C. Harris, A. R. Norton and A. D. Williams, New York; H. E. Morse, Clayton; W. G. Deshler, Columbus, Ohio; W. H. Thomson, Alexandria Bay; F. E. Comstock, Rome; E. H. Britton, Kingston, Ont.; James T. Storry, Albany; James Eaton and C. Greenman, Utica. F. M. Danaher, of Albany, was elected advisory counsel of the association. The treasurer reported $1,100 on hand, which it was decided should be used in protecting the river from illegal fishing. The chairman of the executive committee reported eighty-seven nets captured and destroyed by the river game protectors during the year. As a consequence there is very little illegal fishing being done this season, and bass fishing is now better than it has been before in five years. The Anglers hold their annual picnic next Tuesday.

TROUT IN THE SANCHO POGHO.—San Luis Obispo, Cal., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The FOREST AND STREAM is more welcome to me now than at any time in the past, as I am compelled to keep close to business and can only follow the chase or cast for trout in recalling the past. Mr. Lawton, C. W. Dana and several others had an outing for a week from this place and captured over two thousand trout seventy miles from here, at a creek called Sancho Pogho. All their friends had a feast on their return. Of course that fired the other fishermen and another party was organized, with Dr. French as leader and John Gaxiola as high fly manipulator extraordinary, and on their return a big catch was again recorded and all friends again were feasted. The quail are very numerous, and are an injury to the crops in and about twelve miles of this city. Doves are very abundant and I have had plenty presented to me by shooters. Some years ago carp were placed in a body of water at Morro Bay, eight miles from here; they are very large now, and before long I intend using a spoon on them. I can well remember the time when I was laughed at for casting for bass with a fly in Minnesota, and again on the Columbia River trolling with a spoon for salmon. But it is an old story now. I am confident that, with all things favorable, I can capture carp with a spoon.—W. P. C.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME CLUB.—At a meeting held in New York on Friday last this club was organized. The following officers were elected: President, Hon. Warner Miller; Vice-Presidents, Hon. William M. Evarts and Charles A. Dana; Secretary, Fred Mather; Treasurer, Clarence M. Roof. The Board of Directors for the first year will consist of the above named officers and Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the N. Y. Fish Commission. The club will purchase all the real estate and personal property of Hon. O. B. Matteson in Herkimer county, N. Y., including Wilmurt and part of Big Rock lakes, the large club house, the furniture, horses, carriages, boats, icehouses and lodge, and about 3,500 acres of timber land. It will also buy the "Ballou tract" of about 3,400 acres, including part of Pine Lake and several miles of the east branch of West Canada Creek, and will control by lease the whole of township No. 10, including about 15,000 acres and some dozen more lakes. At the start the membership will be limited to twenty with privilege of increasing to thirty. The region is well stocked with fish and game and is very easy to protect, as access to the territory is only possible through Wilmurt Lake. Several gentlemen have applied for membership and it is expected that the club will soon fill. The membership fee is $2,500, and assessments are limited to $100 per year.

THE CANADA SUNDAY FISHING CASE.—Montreal, Aug. 8.—Sir Roderick Cameron has not submitted tamely to the fine imposed upon him by one of the inspectors of the Marine and Fishery Department for "killing salmon on Sunday," and has presumably by the advice of his fellow-transgressor, Judge Henry, appealed from the fine of $10. The grounds of the appeal are that the prohibitory provision is merely an economic one, covering the Sabbath day for the convenience and protection of the fishermen who are employed working the nets on the lower St. Lawrence, and has no reference whatever to Sabbath observance, and that it is founded in the public interest, as it slackens the severe strain of continuous netting. An ex-Minister of Fisheries has written a letter to the press on the question in which he says: "Sir Roderick Cameron's defense in appeal should not only acquit him of the fine and reproof, and exonerate the narrowly escaping Judge, but it should also occasion the immediate repeal of the obnoxious and unlawful regulation. Even if it was legal, the power of a fishery guardian or warden does not extend to inflicting fines for its enforcement."—*Evening Post.*

MINNESOTA BASS.—Hastings, Iowa, Aug. 5.—Will Mr. H. P. Ufford kindly give the dimensions of the Bethabara rod he mentioned in last week's issue, length of second joint and tip and size at ferrules and oblige. I spent three weeks of June bass fishing in Minnesota at Lake Madison and adjoining lakes in Blue Earth county. Had good success with frogs, also took some with fly-rod. The grizzly king seemed to be their favorite as they were feeding on dragon flies.—HOLLOW RIB.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE SHAD.

IN the report of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for 1883-'84 we find the following paper on the shad, by D. W. Seiler, Esq., of Harrisburg, secretary of the State Agricultural Society:

"This, of all other fish is one, the supply of which for years has not equalled the demand. How to increase the catch and supply cheap food is a question of the greatest importance to the people, and one that the Commission is doubtless most anxious to accomplish.

"To discuss this question properly it is necessary to go back to the times when there were no obstructions in our rivers, and when the farmers and others for a distance of fifty miles

each side made their yearly pilgrimages to the streams in April and May to secure their fish food for the ensuing summer, where they could purchase the run or catch at an average of $12 per hundred, or at the rate of about three cents a pound. In those early days they would flock to the riverside waiting for the drawing of the seine, and on the banks of the stream clean and salt down one, two or three barrels, as might be required for the summer supply for their families.

"That is what is aimed at now, but to accomplish it there must be taken into consideration the increased demand on account of increased population; must consider the numerous obstructions placed in the streams in the shape of dams, fish-baskets and other contrivances; must examine the conditions of the water at that early day, compare them with those of this date, and see if it is not possible to accomplish the desired object.

"There were then, comparatively speaking, but few inhabitants along the rivers, and for that reason the demands for shad were limited. Now, being thickly settled, the demand would of course be very much greater. Can an increase in numbers be guaranteed? If so, how can it be attained? We must look at the obstructions, if any, and to the march of the fish from the sea, and ascertain what trouble confronted those in their migrations from the salt water to the headwaters of the rivers, where they deposited their spawn.

"It can easily be demonstrated that there was no general increase of shad when they spawned and their eggs were hatched in the general way. Granting that each female shad deposited her 100,000 eggs, it does seem strange that out of that great number a large return was not made each year. Some years the catch was greater than others; but that could be accounted for by the favorable condition of the water at the time of the deposition of the eggs by the female, while at others muddy, swollen waters prevented the eggs from maturing. This, with the enemies which preyed on the deposit, regulated the numbers to be returned.

"When it is said that if the two parent fish—the female with her 100,000 eggs—will not produce more than their original number to be returned from salt water, it seems preposterous; but for a moment consider this fact: Suppose that a pair of fish should produce and return to the stream of their birth three fishes instead of the original number, two, the increase would be 50 per cent. Starting with 1,000,000, in ten years the number, increasing in the above ratio, would reach 37,000,000. Now, by a wise provision of nature, this increase was prevented, as the waters of the streams would not maintain such an increment. In order to bring about a return of those prosperous fish days, what, then, is needful to be done? How are the desired results to be accomplished, or, if we cannot restore the former bountiful fertility of the rivers, what must be done to secure a reasonable approximation to it?

"First—Obstructions must be removed and fishways built, so that the passage of the shad from the sea to the spawning grounds will not be interrupted or interfered with. Can this be done? Can a successful fishway be erected—one that will fully carry out this idea? If it can, the Legislature should not hesitate one moment to appropriate sufficient funds for the purpose.

"Second—Concurrent legislation with Maryland to secure for Pennsylvania a chance to harvest the crop she sows—making a close time from sunrise on Saturday morning of each week until sunrise of the following Monday—prohibiting fishing for shad with any device that will in any way prevent the fish from passing up to our State line.

"Third—To plant in the headwaters of our principal rivers, young shad by the million; they to be permitted to migrate to the sea without having their passage interfered with by fish-baskets or other destructive devices.

"Artificial propagation is no longer a matter of experiment. It is an assured success. Full ninety per cent. of the eggs taken from the female shad can be hatched, and the young fry placed in the water in less than four days. Now this 100,000 of eggs will produce 90,000 young fish, and out of that vast finny army, a very large number may reasonably be expected to return to the spawning grounds. By artificial propagation, a supply equal to the demand can be furnished, and thus, as has been shown, more than make up for the increase of population and enlarged consumption.

"The results cannot fail to be of great benefit to our people, and to the general prosperity. With such rivers as the Delaware and Susquehanna, whose tributaries permeate every part of the State east of the Alleghenies, this supply of cheap and wholesome fish food can be brought to the door of every house.

"Taking another view of it, let us now for a moment consider the dollar-and-cent advantage to be derived from a restoration of the original shad fertility of our rivers. Take, as an illustration, the city of Harrisburg, with its 30,000 inhabitants, representing say 5,000 families. Suppose beef to be fifteen cents a pound, a plentiful abundance of fish food at the doors would compel a reduction in the price of beef, and the consumption of beef being estimated at only one pound per day for each family, there would be a saving of $50 per day, or about $18,000 a year. But suppose that instead of beef, the 5,000 families would use fish for one-half of the year, at a cost of five cents a pound, the saving would be $90,000 annually to that city. This economy would apply not only to the city of Harrisburg, but to the population living within a distance of thirty miles on each side of the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. A careful estimate of the total saving would, there is every reason to believe, amount to $1,000,000 annually. Instead of importing cattle from the West, and sending vast sums of money out of the State to pay for them, fish food should be furnished for the people, and that money be retained for other purposes.

"The abandonment of the canals is, in my opinion, only a question of a few years. With their disuse will follow the removal of the other principal obstructions in the Susquehanna.

"I suggest that in lieu of the present fishway at Columbia some other be adopted that will be certain to bring about satisfactory results. It is, in my opinion, a matter of vital importance to adopt such measures as will serve to re-establish the fish productions of our principal streams, at least as far as shad are concerned. They are, undoubtedly, the most valuable indigenous fish we have. To permit them to become extinct would be almost criminal, but that such will be the result, unless remedial measures are speedily adopted, is as inevitable as that night will follow day."

THE OYSTER BEDS OF NEW YORK.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY EUGENE G. BLACKFORD.

DURING the past year an investigation has been in progress in the State of New York, under my charge, for the purpose of ascertaining the actual condition of the oyster areas of the State, and to gain some general knowledge of the oyster industry as carried on in our waters.

This work was begun on the supposition that there was danger of a failure in our oyster supplies in the near future, unless some steps were taken toward remedying certain practices and evils which were thought to be detrimental to the success and continuance of the industry. Thus far only a portion of the oyster territory of the State has been examined, and that only superficially, yet the examination has been sufficient to establish two points, one of which shows conclusively the need of such an investigation and the other that there is no danger of a failure in the supply of these mollusks for our markets. These two points are, first, that the natural oyster areas of the State are in bad condition and very much less in extent than they were a score or more of years ago, and second, that the loss in the natural areas has been much more than made up in the formation of planted beds, some of which occupy the localities of natural areas which have been exhausted of their natural supplies, and have been repopulated by artificial means, and some of which have been formed on territory that never was natural oyster ground, and by reason of this increase in the amount of territory upon which oysters are grown a great many more oysters are now sent into market each year than were thus shipped some few years ago. This is true to a very large extent of all the oyster regions of our State, the natural areas have been worked until, in many instances, they have been entirely depleted, and in all cases very much lessened in productiveness; and then the planters have appropriated the exhausted lands for planting purposes, and extended the planted areas outside of the old bed limits, but some of the oyster regions show much greater changes in this direction than the others. This is perhaps more noted in the neighborhoods of Staten Island and City Island than elsewhere, since these regions are not only close to our great metropolitan markets and therefore can be drawn upon at short notice, but they have suffered more than the others from the direct action of the refuse materials thrown into the waters from the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and their suburbs. This has been a source of great injury, and where formerly many oysters were obtained from along the shores of the Lower Bay, around the northern end of Staten Island and along the East River, now there are none to be got, or if any can be secured they are so contaminated with the acids and filth of the waters that they are of no value as food. This is an evil which can only be remedied by careful and consistent legislation regarding the sewerage of the great cities and the disposal of waste matters.

In the neighborhood of City Island there were formerly many large tracts of natural oyster beds, from whence great quantities of fine oysters were obtained; but as there were no stringent regulations in regard to the working of the beds or the protection of the oysters during the breeding season, and no system of guarding the beds, they were gradually despoiled and their places taken by the planted areas; and the same may be said as regards the lower portions of Staten Island, and in fact, of all portions of our State. To a certain extent, this is an advantage to the oyster industry of the State, and to a certain extent it is a disadvantage. By having these lands brought under the direct influence of individual oystermen, that is, by transforming them from public into private property, they can be better protected than when open to every one, as each individual planter will feel more of an interest in guarding his own land than in guarding the land of the public domain, and they can accordingly be worked in a manner to promote the welfare and continuance of the bed, rather than in such a manner as to exhaust it as quickly as possible.

It is on the principle, of course, that business, in order to be successful, must be personal to those engaged in it, and while this may be largely true as regards the oyster property of the State, yet if the beds are permitted to become exhausted in this manner and then to be taken up as they have been in the past, by any one who desires to appropriate this kind of property, it will cut off a great number of people from obtaining seed oysters, and furnish private property to a greater or less number of individuals, without any recompense being given even to the State or to those deprived of the privilege of gathering oysters from public beds. It would seem as if it would be better to guard the public beds, and preserve them as seed grounds, and encourage the planters to appropriate land for artificial cultivation that is not suitable for natural growth, enacting suitable laws for the protection and guarding of the natural areas, and for the perpetuity and protection of the planting industry. Many of the oystermen feel at the present time that there is no certainty, from the present condition of the laws, that they will ever gain anything from any improvements they may make, or for any expense that they may be to in fitting up territory which is not now natural bottom, but which might be rendered excellent for plants; and so they do not enter into the work as heartily as they otherwise might do. And in view of the chaotic state of the laws in general, and the peculiar way in which many of them are carried out, it is somewhat to be wondered at that so much has been accomplished in the direction of artificial culture as has been done. The possibilities in this direction are well illustrated in Jamaica and Hempstead bays upon the south shore of Long Island. In the towns bordering upon these bays laws have been enacted, under authority from the State, whereby any resident can appropriate three acres or less of land under water, for the purpose of oyster cultivation, and the occupant is protected in his rights and titles to such land so long as he works the land and pays the rent upon it. The land under water thus becomes practically the same as the land above water, a permanent property of the planter, and is worked just as upland is, to preserve it and yet get as much out of it as possible. The consequence is that where a few years ago only a few oysters were raised for market, to-day the industry represents hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and can be yet greatly increased by the employment of new methods of getting seed and caring for the growing stock. As it is it represents the most active and progressive oyster center in our waters.

One great difference between this and other oyster regions is, that here they recognize the value of a thorough working of a small amount of territory, while in other localities the oystermen generally try to get and hold all the territory they can, without any particular regard to how well such territory is worked. Some of the other regions are following to a certain extent in the footsteps of the planters of Jamaica and Hempstead bays, and just in this proportion are they meeting with success. While the industry in the State is, as a whole, in fair condition, so far as regards the number of oysters sent to market, the number being, perhaps, three or four times what it was fifteen years or so ago, it is not what it ought to be or may become, and the future supplies will depend largely upon the care with which the oystermen guard the present seed beds and work their planted territory. The possibilities are great, provided advantage is taken of all improved methods of culture and some desire is shown to perpetuate rather than destroy the natural areas.

It is to be hoped that the oystermen will cordially co-operate in the work now in progress, and that by means of judicious legislation the natural beds may be preserved and protected and the industry stimulated and permanency given to it in our waters.

FULTON MARKET, New York.

THE FISHWAYS ON THE OSWEGO.—This spring, when the distribution of salmon fry was made by the U. S. Fish Commission from Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., some were placed in the Oswego River, and the Superintendent of the hatchery was requested to have the messenger who took up the fish, make an examination of the condition of the fishways. He did so, and we are permitted to publish his report, from which it would seem that it should be the business of some one to attend to their working. It seems that fish go up when there is water enough to permit them, but that the flow has been stopped. We give the report in full: "FRED MATHER, Esq., Superintendent of Hatchery. Sir: As desired by you, I personally inspected the four fishways in the Oswego River between Fulton and Oswego, and found that they all need more or less attention. They are very dirty, the pockets being full of dirt and drift, while at the head of each there has collected a ton or more of sticks of all sizes and shapes, which, with the grass and roots that have been forced among them by the strong current, makes a network that would be very difficult for any fish to pass, let their journey be up or down. The one near Oswego is of no use in its present condition: it has a bulkhead built across the top that entirely shuts off the water. This was built by the men on the State boat, which repairs the canal. In regard to working of fishways I could learn but little. No one appeared to take any interest in them. At Mentto a Mr. Doe caught on May 3, 1885, a 'white mullet' [*Moxostoma?*], the first ever taken at that place. The fish would have to pass three fishways to get there. A. H. Leonard, of Gaurdlock, says that he has seen lake shad, pickerel and rockbass go both up and down the fishway at that place; saw in spring of 1884, thirty or forty lake shad go up in one day, and on May 15, 1885, saw three try to get up, but lack of water prevented. The fishway at Mentto has too great a flow I think to be successful. The water rushes down it with terrible force, flowing over the side a tremendous stream, in fact there is little difference between fishway and dam. In conclusion I would say, judging from present condition of the fishways, that it is necessary that some one should be sent at least twice a year to look after and clean the same. If this is not done I have doubts of their success.—F. A. WALTERS."

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Oct. 5, 6 and 7.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2519.**

DO WE WANT A NEW STANDARD?

WHEN the American Kennel Club was formed I understood it was to be composed of clubs only, and that was the reason why well-known individual breeders were excluded from its councils. Article II. of their constitution has, among other things, the following: "To adopt and maintain such measures as shall tend to the mutual benefit and protection of its several members."

I am much obliged for the kind invitation you have given, to express through your valuable paper views in regard to a new setter standard proposed by the A. K. C. I must, however, decline to accept it, as it would be in bad taste to offer any opinion of mine—in favor of or against the action of the A. K. C., as I am not a member, nor have I been asked for my views. As a club they certainly have the right to make their own standard. If, however, you simply wish me to record my name as for or against a change of the setter standard, I most decidedly say, no change.

If we must have a changed standard forced upon us I trust breeders will receive with it a recipe for breeding up to the new standard. Those who know how to make the standard, ought to know how to make the dogs come up to it.

The suggestion of "Justitia"—to confine breeding and shows to a few dogs of selected kennels—would accomplish the object, to be sure, but it would reduce the number of exhibits, and fail to afford the advantages of comparison; and besides, it does not provide any method for disposing of the old favorites. To carry out such a plan it might become necessary for the club to disqualify the exhibitors of specimens of the old standard in order to get the latter off the benches. If one may judge from the treatment lately given Mr. Pierce, we are fast approaching even this possibility. Dogs are sacrificed, why not their owners? Every one knows that up to the present time the standard for setters has not been adhered to by the judges. Personal prejudice and preference has decided the case.

The standard will never be of any use, and will never be adhered to until judges are able to give the "score" of the winners. Then a perfect standard will be a great help to the dog-loving public, and breeders and exhibitors will quickly learn what a perfect dog is, and wherein the standard is at fault, to say nothing about the judges. I have been a regular exhibitor since 1875 (that memorable year when we stood by and saw a fraction of a point added to the score of the favorite after judging had been done, in order to make him win), and I have never yet seen my dogs judged by a standard. They have been taken as a whole and judged at a glance—the judge ignoring points—but fully satisfied with his own "perspective." I have actually stood by and seen a broken-backed animal from my kennel awarded a figure over her kennel companion, possessing a perfect anatomy. But I must not go into particulars, suffice it to say I have seen enough of the "dog-as-a-whole" judging, and can give the particulars if required. What we want most of all now, for the good of the breeders and the exhibitors, and in return for their liberal patronage of shows, is a sticking to the standard. Let us know what our exhibits score; where they are weak and where they are strong.

The "dog-as-a-whole" plan of judging has been a complete failure, so far as any instruction has come from it, for the benefit of exhibitors and the public. It has satisfied the judges and the managers, and has cut off the privilege of protest—but it does not satisfy the public. Let us have one show where the dogs are judged by the old standard and the scores of the winners given, before it is discarded.

What an opportunity for instruction in the study of the dogs's anatomy would be afforded dog lovers if we could have a bench show rigidly judged under the standard by a competent judge, who should be paid liberally for his time and services, and who would give the scores of the first, second and third prize winners, and perhaps the first vhc.

How the owners would compare the anatomy of their own exhibits with the winners, and what information each visitor would take home for future use, in breeding or purchasing! I think the time has come for this.

Of course we all know that the score plan of judging has great difficulties presented in carrying it out, and most experts say it is absurd and even an impossibility. But both these conditions enter into the present plan of judging, under which the exhibitor learns absolutely nothing, except to mind his own affairs and not to ask questions.

I believe one could learn more from such an exhibition than

has been taught us by all the shows we have had put together. Let us have a glimpse of the old standard, and let it have a chance to make a record before it is withdrawn.

S. FLEET SPEIR.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to your invitation to give views on the English setter standard I would say that in the absence of any definite information as to the changes contemplated by the A. K. C. committee there seems to be nothing to say on that subject.

I can only express the hope that when the discussion does open those who take part will confine their remarks to the forms and qualities of dogs, and omit the usual disquisitions on the motives of the various persons interested. Nothing whatever can be proven as to anybody's motives, whether good or ill, since they are known only to himself. All argument on the subject is worse than useless, as it generates ill feeling without accomplishing any desirable end. As to the acts of persons the case is entirely different, for there we have something definite and demonstrable. If the committee propose changes of the standard that are not good, we can easily show why and wherefore and defeat them. Any standard should have in view:

First—To indicate the form that is best adapted to the work the animal has to perform. Second—To indicate certain peculiarities that are not useful in work, but are the usual accompaniment and sign of race purity, and are valuable, as they afford an outward sign of the presence of the mental qualities of the breed and of the ability to transmit forms and qualities to offspring. Third—To establish the highest type of beauty consistent with the aforementioned practical qualities.

The Stonehenge standard has been especially valuable on account of the stress it lays on those points that indicate pure breeding. There is often a gain in form to be made by outcrossing, but this is generally more than offset by impairment of useful mental traits. Witness the deplorable effect of the hound cross in rendering pointers stubborn and jealous; or a gain in disposition is apt to entail a loss in form. Hence a standard should so strongly handicap all mongrelization, that breeders will only outcross when no other means will suffice.

Experience shows us that there are two kinds of good dogs. First, those whose form is so good mechanically that they perform their work with a minimum expenditure of force. Second, those who possess an extraordinary amount of vigor and vitality, and are therefore able to generate and expend the amount of force needed to propel a less perfect mechanism.

Rarely, indeed, are both these qualities found in one individual. The dogs indicated in the first class are most easily recognizable in the show ring, and thus have a great advantage. If the standard were to be made to describe these too narrowly, the additional handicap would deprive the second class of all chance of winning in shows, and we should be in danger of losing several valuable strains, whose blood is needful to impart vigor and stamina to our dogs.

There seems to be a great deal of misapprehension as to the form prescribed by "Stonehenge," and still more carelessness, not to say ignorance. The fresh way in which people who don't know the standard give their opinions *pro* and *con* is altogether surprising. Take our field trial winners, and on the whole they conform very closely to the "Stonehenge" standard Their body, limbs, feet and skulls are almost perfectly in accordance with it. Their noses are frequently an eighth, or in extreme cases a quarter of an inch short, but otherwise good. In ears, eyes, lips, coat and stern they are often defective. Thus they are near to the standard on all the large counts and fail only in the small ones. So when a judge comes to score them they have to win. I would not be understood as wishing to defend any particular decison, for there are field trial winners whose form ought never to receive sanction on the bench. My statement is a general one.

I have some Gladstone stock in my kennel, and have, after studying the animals, book in hand, concluded that the "Stonehenge" standard is very favorable to that strain. I do not see that any additional advantage is needed on its behalf.

JOHN M. TRACY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Justitia's" letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 6, relative to new setter standard, has my unqualified indorsement. I believe, as suggested by "Justitia," that the only way to decide as to whether the standard for English setters shall be changed or not, is to have all those interested in that breed to vote for or against a change. By that means we will get the opinions of the mass. If none have yet sent in their names as in favor of or opposed to a new standard, please head the list of those who are opposed to any change in the present standard, which I think cannot be improved upon, with the name of your humble servant, F. WINDHOLZ.

NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you express a wish for the views of your readers on the new setter standard in your issue of Aug. 6, being one of your readers I am decidedly in favor of the maintenance of Stonehenge's standard as it now exists without any change or variation whatever. If an old and established standard can be set aside at any time for the convenience of those owning a different type of dog by the parties interested in that particular type, it can only result in confusion and general dissatisfaction. With as much experience as the owner and breeder of setters, as probably many men of equal age in the country, and a field experience with them greater than any person with whom I am acquainted, I have never succeeded in owning one thoroughly perfect according to Stonehenge's standard, and until I can do so have no desire for a change. JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONROE, Mich., Aug. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to "Justitia's" article on English setter standard, I do not share his fears. Messrs. Taylor, Higgins and Bryson are entirely competent to frame rules to judge the English setter by. I know no one more so, and there is little fear that they will make any mistake. I doubt if they will change the old rules very much. At any rate, if they are framed after the Paul Gladstone type they will do for me. LUTHER ADAMS.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 10.

THE LAVERACK MONUMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to different inquiries in regard to the Laverack monument fund, you will oblige me by publishing the following letter:

DANBY LODGE, Grosmont, R. S. O., Yorkshire, England, 2d October, 1883.—Mr. Erdman A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y., U. S. A.—Sir: I beg most respectfully to thank you for your cheque for 15 guineas, to be expended by me, with other subscriptions received, in the erection of a tombstone over the late Mr. Laverack's grave. I may first say that I am going to the south of Scotland in the course of a fortnight or two weeks to select the stone. Thanking you much for the part you have taken in the Laverack monument fund, believe me to be, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, EDWARD ARMSTRONG.

Received from Erdman A. Herzberg, Esq., of Brooklyn, U. S. A., the sum of fifteen guineas toward the erection of a tombstone over the grave of the late Laverack. (15 guineas). Edward Armstrong, Danby Lodge, Grosmont, R. S. O., Yorkshire, England, 2d October, 1883.

These are all the funds collected by me, and the names of the subscribers were duly published in the different sporting papers two years ago. E. A. HERZBERG.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 12, 1885.

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Andrew Byrnes, of Philadelphia, during a conversation with the writer relative to the article in last week's FOREST AND STREAM on the Irish wolfhound, stated that before he came to this country, twenty-five years ago, he had seen not a few of the dogs in question, which although might not have been the purely bred ones, were certainly half or three-quarters of the blood, and that many of the deerhounds in his section of Ireland showed unmistakable evidence of the cross. He also states that he could no doubt at this date find animals which strained back to the Irish wolfhound and that "looked it all over," being perfectly familiar with the breed, judging from some very old paintings he had seen of the dog. He has taken so much interest in this breed that on one occasion he followed Mr. Lester Wallack, the actor in New York—who had one of these dogs, said to be the last of his race, at his heels—for several squares for the purpose of inspecting the animal.

The writer now remembers having heard a few years since that Mr. Wallack owned an Irish wolfhound, but never saw it. It would be very interesting to your readers, both here and in England, if Mr. Wallack would give a short history of his dog, and state where he procured him, as perhaps some of the same blood might still be obtainable and be of great benefit to the Irish Wolfhound Club just organized in Great Britain.

Mr. Byrnes gives as his opinion that Mr. Wallack's dog was either purely bred or nearly so, and he understands thoroughly the points of difference between the deerhound and the Irish wolfhound. Will not Mr. Wallack or his son kindly give the history of their dog? HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA.

GRAPHIC IN THE STUD FREE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order that I may do my share toward improving the breed of pointers in this country, I hereby offer through your paper the stud services of champion Graphic *free* to not more than ten bitches on the following conditions: First—Said bitches must be of known pedigrees and field qualities, healthy, and not over six years old. Second—The owners must agree with me in writing to enter and run at least one brace from each litter in next year's Derby or the following year's All-Aged stakes if too young for the Derby. Third—The owners must also agree to exhibit at least one brace from each litter at either the New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati bench shows for 1886 and 1887, at their option. Fourth—Default in any of the above conditions (unless by reason of the death of the whelps) shall render the owner liable to pay me as liquidated damages the sum of $100 for each bitch so served. Fifth—Each owner must make a public record of each litter when whelped, with carefully detailed statement of color, markings, sex, etc., and must register the same in the *American Kennel Register*. Sixth—All applications must be accompanied by a written statement showing age, color, markings, weight, pedigree, record (whether on the bench or in the field), probable date of visit, and such full information as will enable me to arrive at a just estimate as to the merits of the several bitches. My object being solely to improve the breed of pointers, I shall reserve to myself the right to reject any or all applications if they do not come up to the standard of excellence I may determine is necessary.—JAS. L. ANTHONY (No. 44 New street, New York).

THE PHILADELPHIA FALL DOG SHOW.—In a very few days a premium list of this coming show will be ready for distribution. Some of the judges have already been selected, and a complete list will be sent your paper when it is filled. Breeders who intend going West to work their dogs prior to the November field trials, can readily take in the October show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club on their way out. Last year there was an average daily attendance of 30,000 people at the Fair Grounds. It is expected that this number will be doubled this year. The arrangements entered into with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society preclude any chance of a jam or crowd before the dogs. There will be as much room given as is needed, and 1,000 animals can be readily kenneled with ample room.—HOMO.

MILL BROOK KENNEL.—Mr. W. W. Tucker informs us that he has sold his interest in the Mill Brook Kennel, to Messrs. R. M. Hasbrouck, Jr. and Wm. Montgomery, Jr. Mr. Tucker is expecting several fine St. Bernards from Switzerland soon, which will probably be added to the Mill Brook Kennel.

"NEW YORK KENNEL CLUB."—We have been asked by some Southern correspondents if we know anything of a Mr. J. B. Fraley of the "New York Kennel Club." We know nothing of the man nor of the club. If there is any such club we should be glad to hear from it.

A SMALL SPECIMEN.—A correspondent at Hot Springs, Ark., writes that he has a puppy nine months old that weighs only one pound and two ounces. Next!

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Hickory Rod, Mystery, Valley Belle and Monogram. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan English setters, two dogs and two bitches, whelped July 11, 1885, by Roderigo (Count Noble—Twin Maud) out of Merry Belle (Gladstone—Bessie A.).

Lady Glen and Lady Pearl. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for liver and white pointer bitches, whelped March 20, 1885, by their champion King Bow (A.K.R. 83) out of Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow).

Dave Sanborn, Doncaster II., Princess Zeba, Countess Blanche and Lady Doncaster. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for blue belton and lemon belton dogs and blue belton, lemon belton, and white, with black spot, English setter bitches, whelped March 6, 1885, by Doncaster (Druid—Nilsson) out of Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117).

Fort, Fleet, Empress Loureene and Countess Vashta. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for pointers, two liver and white dogs, one liver and white and one lemon and white bitch, whelped May 29, 1885, by Bodine (Bow—Jaunty) out of Ruby Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass).

Trailer II. By Dr. M. F. Young, Littleton, N. H., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped February, 1885, by Bounce out of imported Myrtle.

Max, Mo, Mikado, Fuss, Gem, Jewel and Miss Ruby. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for pugs, three dogs and four bitches, whelped July 18, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy (A.K.R. 2250).

Noble Petrel. By Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J., for black and white and ticked English setter dog, whelped June 4, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of their Petrel II. (A.K.R. 2063).

Bay State Kennels. By Dr. H. K. Surles, for his kennels at Worcester, Mass.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Prue—Leo. Mr. Newell's (Doylestown, Pa.) mastiff bitch Prue (Turk II.—Madge) to Harvey's Leo (Surajah—Lena).

Flounce—Gladstone. J. W. Murnan's (Keeling, Tenn.) English setter bitch Flounce (Druid—Ruby) to P. H. Bryson's champion Gladstone (Dan—Petrel), June 29.

Erie—Tammany. H. F. Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Erie (Rake II.—Browny) to F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany (Tory—Moonstone), July 30.

Fanny—Dick. Miss Edith M. Van Buren's (Englewood, N. J.) imported Italian greyhound bitch Fanny to H. C. Burdick's imported Dick, July 4.

Little Nell—Bruce. I. H. Roberts's (Moorestown, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Little Nell (A.K.R. 2179) to his Bruce (A.K.R. 54), July 19.

Lavalette—Count Noble. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Lavalette (A.K.R. 2353) to Count Noble, July 30.

Gussie—Dashing Monarch. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Gussie (Ben—Nettie) to their Dashing Monarch (A.K.R. 2348), July 16.

Pearl Blue—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) to his Gun (A.K.R. 1538), June 15.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Diamond II. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Diamond II., July 28, eight (four dogs), by their imported Duke II.

Flirt. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) imported pug bitch Flirt, Aug. 2, nine (eight dogs), by their imported Duke II.

Chubby. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Chubby (——— —Ruby), Aug. 5, eight (five dogs), by their imported Duke II.

Ruby. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) imported pug bitch Ruby, April 7, eight (six dogs), by their imported Elco.

Dashing Jessie. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jessie (A.K.R. 816), Aug. 1, three (one dog), by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Queen Alice. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Queen Alice (A.K.R. 2296), Aug. 3, six (four dogs), by Count Noble.

Spot. Dr. M. F. Young's (Littleton, N. H.) beagle bitch Spot (Hector—Shoo Fly), June 21, three (one dog), by N. Elmore's Gyp (Racket—Fly).

Lillie Langtry. Thos. W. Mills's (Montreal, Can.) bull bitch Lillie Langtry (A.K.R. 2453), Aug. 1, eight (seven dogs), by his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671); white and white with brindle head.

Princess Ida. Thos. W. Mills's (Montreal, Can.) bull bitch Princess Ida (A.K.R. 2454), Aug. 2, five (one dog), by his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671); white and brindle and white.

Ruth. J. A. McDonough's (St. Louis, Mo.) English setter bitch Ruth (A.K.R. 827), July 24, eleven (six dogs), by his Count Glickstone (Royal Blue—Modjeska).

Diamond. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) imported pug bitch Diamond, April 14, six bitches, by their imported Elco.

Ruby II. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Ruby II. (——— —Ruby), July 22, five (two dogs), by their imported Duke II.

Dot. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) black and tan terrier bitch Dot (——— —Midget), June 19, three (one dog), by Wood's Dot.

Gip. Bay State Kennels' (Worcester, Mass.) imported black and tan terrier bitch Gip, June 30, four (two dogs), by their imported Dandy.

Mistletoe. J. H. Houston's (Stuart, Neb.) pointer bitch Mistletoe (A.K.R. 1254), Aug. 2, nine (one dog), by Bruce II. (A.K.R. 695); liver and white; four bitches and dog since dead.

Lady Clare. I. H. Roberts's (Moorestown, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Lady Clare (Elcho—Rose), July 19, ten (seven dogs), by Blarney (Bruce—Luray).

Coomassie. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Coomassie (A.K.R. 949), Aug. 2, two (one dog), by their Dashing Monarch (A.K.R. 2348); black and white dog, black, white and tan bitch.

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Donald II.—Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698) whelps. Liver and white pointer dogs, whelped June 28, 1885, by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to G. W. Lahue, New York, and one to Mortimer Mills, Jersey City, N. J.

Fanny C. Black and tan beagle bitch, age not given (Lead—Fanny), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to J. C. Vail, Warwick, N. Y.

Dora Thorn. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 22, 1884 (Nixey—Princess Louise), by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Jerry Cockrell, Memphis, Tenn.

Doncaster—Princess Louise (A.K.R. 117) whelp. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped March 6, 1885, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to R. Cogar, Mt. Sneffels, Col.

Lexington—Kelp (A.K.R. 110) whelps. English setters, whelped May 15, 1885, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., a liver and white dog to Wm. Jarvis, same place; a black and white dog and a liver and white bitch to Wm. Borden, Chicago, Ill.

Gyp—Spot whelp. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 21, 1885, by Dr. M. F. Young, Littleton, N. H., to F. H. Twitchell, same place.

Storm. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped September, 1883 (Carl—Countess Vesta), by E. H. Lathrop, Springfield, Mass., to L. H. Mayott, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Flossie Belle. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 2433), by J. Middleton, Washington, D. C., to Thos. Taylor, Four Mile Run, Va.

Lady Bub. Black spaniel bitch (A.K.R. 998), by H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y., to D. C. Frank, Tremont, N. Y.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Miss Romp. White and black imported pointer bitch, 4yrs. old (Mike—Romp), owned by Field Trial Kennels, Charlottesville, Va., Aug. 1, accidental hanging.

Gladstonekoff. Brindle bulldog, 5½yrs. old (Gamester—Miss Nipper), owned by J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston, Mass.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

B., Brewer, Me.—I have a fine dog that I think a great deal of, but he has one trouble; that is, he sheds his hair the year round. He is a young dog, short hair, thin coat. Will some of the many readers of your valuable paper give a remedy through its columns that is not injurious? Ans. Wash your dog every other day with Glenn's sulphur soap and warm water and dry thoroughly after washing.

J. N., Pittsford, Vt.—A setter dog six years old has wintered here in Vermont, and has developed an enormous coat of hair. It is from four to five inches long all over his body, and he shows no disposition to shed it. His nose is very seldom cool and his eyes are bloodshot, very much so after running. Ans. Keep his bowels regular with spirits of buckthorn. Give him one pill of aloes and iron each evening and do not feed too highly. Give plenty of exercise and groom the dog regularly.

F. H. F. M., Ottawa, Ont.—1. One of my Clumbers, a bitch, swells in a most extraordinary way when in the water. She is a very good water dog and swims a great deal, and after being in for a couple of minutes her stomach swells double its natural size, with what seems to be wind, and forces her hindlegs out of the water and her head down, so that she cannot swim. When she comes out of the water she, in a wonderfully short time, assumes her natural proportions. She is generally very flatulent. Could you tell me the cause of this, and if there is any remedy for it? 2. Another Clumber licks his forelegs a great deal, keeping them very thin, which of course looks very bad in a Clumber. Can I do anything? Ans. 1. Flatulency is common in bitches. Give three drops of turpentine on small lump of sugar twice daily. 2. You might cure your dog of the habit by putting some mixture on his forelegs distasteful to him. This is better than the muzzle.

A. L. R., Allentown, Pa.—Will you please let me know what caused a mastiff dog to foam at the mouth and discharge a slimy substance, and what remedy, if any, I shall use? Is there any way of removing a hard crust, something like a corn, that has started to grow on the elbow joint of a mastiff dog owned by me? Ans. Your dog had a convulsion or fit. It may be due to a dozen causes, over-eating, overheating, worms, and other digestive troubles. Satisfy yourself of the absence of these causes, and if your dog has any more attacks report to us. You may burn off the wart with nitric acid; but if it is on a part that is constantly irritated in lying down or scratching, you will have to be careful during treatment that the part is protected and that in future the dog does not irritate it, otherwise it will return. The acid should be applied on a match stick with a little ball of cotton at its end. Shave off all you can first with a sharp knife. Apply once daily.

L. F. H., Oswego.—My Newfoundland puppy, three months old, has broken out with small sores from the pit of his stomach to the base of tail, and on the inner side of his hindlegs. He digs and bites constantly. I examined him and found his belly covered with fleas, which I rid him of by using insect powder; I have washed the sores with castile soap and they appear to be better, but spread. He is in splendid spirits and his general health is good. He goes into the water very often, five or six times a week. The sores scab over and heal up; they are the size of a large pin head, and are filled with yellow matter. The hair falls off where they appear. Ans. Your puppy suffers from a pustular eczema, which is one form of mange. Sponge his belly carefully with warm water and carbolic or castile soap, then after drying dust on a powder made of equal parts of zinc oxide and white precipitate (ammoniated mercury). You may prick any pustules which form with a needle. You may give Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food twice daily in three-drop doses for three weeks.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE "FOREST AND STREAM" RIFLE TRIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to tender you my most hearty thanks and approval of your settled purpose to have a trial this coming fall of the different hunting rifles now in general use, for height of trajectory, and, of course, target. As you say both a flat curve and a good target must combine to constitute a good hunting rifle. I have often repeated this fact in your columns and given the reasons for it, so I pass on.

In making this trial you touch upon the very keynote of rifle shooting. Thousands of hunters all over this continent will rejoice at your liberal and unselfish proposition, and await with great anxiety and much patience your most valuable report. Such a trial has been greatly wanted by hunters and others for many years, and the public, with a few exceptions, will now greatly rejoice that it is to be forthcoming. Your most able and very reliant correspondent, "P.," has already sent to your columns a most valuable series of experiments which he made near three years ago in Montana, and he there recommended just such a trial as you now propose to make and I strongly approved of it. In a recent published letter he renews the same, and says that all makers of rifles should first carefully and truly test them, and then warrant them to perform according to the test and "tag" affixed to each. I most heartily concur in this and so will all rifle shooters in America. I am free to say that a rifle which cannot be accurately tested and then sold under a warrant of the test is not the kind of rifle I would buy or have in possession.

But I wish particularly to say, that I think the trial range should not be over 150yds. at most, and that 100yds. would suit my views better, still 150yds. is very well, but 200yds. is too great for ordinary hunting rifles. This, you say, is to be a general test for hunting rifles as used in this country. Now all old hunters will agree that to shoot at any kind of game over about 100yds., as a rule is very unwise and a losing business. Also that they shoot at game, large and small, nine times in ten within 100yds., and this because they do not wish to run the chances of losing the game by shooting at it up to 100yds. Indeed, when we come down to the practical facts, more deer are shot within 75yds. than over it. and thus for all larger game as a rule. As to small game, squirrels, crows, hawks and the like, they are generally shot within 25 to 60yds., and always remember that small animals are hunted ninety-nine times to one of large animals. Thus it is evident that hunting rifles should be confined to short ranges, and it is right here we should certainly know how they shoot. A range longer than 150yds., and even of 150yds., will serve to exclude from the trial many small bores which make the very best (and are the most sought after) hunting rifles for small game up to 75 or 100yds. The small bores are the most popular and sought after, because the game is generally small and the ammunition cheap. Try to not exclude the most popular hunting rifles of all—I mean close-shooting rifles for short distances. These are what the majority of shooters prefer, hence a trial for 200yds. is altogether too great.

One other point. I assume that you intend to report the target, of course. And this, because if the rifle does not shoot steady, then a flat curve is useless. The essentials of a good rifle are:

1. Steadiness in shooting.
2. A flat curve, so as not to shoot over and under.
3. Sufficient power to kill the game you wish to hunt.
4. As little recoil as possible.

Mark well that steadiness and a flat curve must unite in the same rifle, in order not to render it next to worthless in hunting, especially for all small game.

As to the target, I will say thus: The English in a like trial for a hunting trajectory and target, made near London in the fall of 1883, arrived at the target in this way. They used for the measurement of the cluster square inches. After the shooting was made, they drew four straight lines at right angles to each other in such a way as to include the outer centers of the trial bullet holes. This gave them the height and breadth of the target, and when these were multiplied together, it gave the result in square inches and decimals of inches, the size of the target was only the cluster of shots, in fact. I think they reported the string of the cluster also. A cluster, of course, shows the same steadiness of the shooting, whether it be outside of or around the center of a target.

In a trial for trajectory the cluster method is best, I think, for the bullseye is not seen when screens are used; and as the trial is to be one of machine (constant) rest, with no change of elevation or aim, of course each bullet should follow the other into the same cluster, if not bullet hole.

The English selected 150yds. as the limit of range, and if you select the same it will bring the English experiments into your own table, and thus they become useful as comparisons. Six English manufacturers entered their rifles for competition at this trial, which was gotten up and supervised by the editor of the London *Field*, who reported on the same very fully in his columns. The names of those who entered are Tho. Bland & Sons, Messrs. Holland, Adams, Tranter, Jeffries and Watson. The invitation was made general, but as it was not availed of by all English manufacturers it looks as if some f them dared not to test their rifles.

Nearly eighteen months ago, in writing about this trial, which was published throughout this country, I said: * * * "I desire to thank you * * * for bringing before the public the valuable results of the recent rifle experiments which have been made at Putney and Nunhead, England, * * and for the purpose of testing the qualities of different hunting rifles and placing the results and their trajectories fairly and squarely on record, so that the public may clearly understand them. Such experiments carefully made form the very essence of all rifle shooting, and without such the shooter of the rifle may grope in darkness all his life.

"* * * Most heartily do I commend this course of trials to all American manufacturers of the hunting rifle. Each and all of these seem to claim his own to be the best, and therefore they should not be afraid to enter them in a general contest.

"I am glad that a few English makers have been consistent exough to come thus squarely to the front to test the shooting qualities of their rifles, and we truly hope to see our American manufacturers not less consistent and brave than the English * * * Will they not then follow where the English have led, and so demonstrate to the world what their hunting rifles can actually do? This exact knowledge is just what the public wants, and I unhesitatingly say that every American hunter will gladly clap his hands with joy to learn who makes the best general hunting rifles, that is, for both large and small game * * * Now the best hunting rifle for general purposes is that which makes the flattest curve and shoots the steadiest within ordinary hunting ranges * * * Gun trials, as you see, lie right at the foundation of all rifle shooting, and I hope to see others coming forward to indorse them. But all rifle trials should, and must be made with much care, and disinterestedly, to be of value."

Thus I wrote then and not one even has responded to the good cause. It now remains for you, Mr. Editor, to do up this most praiseworthy work, and sincerely I hope you will do it (as I have no doubt you will) most thoroughly and right on the square. I give you my heart and hand in this matter and may you push boldly forward to the end. Maj. H. W. Merrill.

P. S.—After more mature consideration I come to the conclusion that the rifles should be tested at 200yds., this is the distance that "P.," and Mr. Rabbeth and others have used, and many wish to know this trajectory. Hence I recommend for each rifle 15 shots as follows:

Five at 200yds., 3 screens, at 50, 100, 150 to target.
Five at 150yds., 3 screens, at 37½, 75, 37½ to target.
Five at 100yds., 3 screers, at 25, 50, 100 to target.

This will meet all cases from the light to the heavier hunting bullets. Each distance is about equally important, though practically 100yds. is the most important, because, say 19-20 of the game killed is shot within this distance. Such a trial will be very valuable, as it will settle the matter of any rifle definitely. H. W. M.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to note that you are about to make a practical test of the trajectories of our sporting rifles. Your editorial of Aug. 6 is sound from beginning to end, and your plans as far as mapped out are beyond criticism. As you invite suggestions, I will offer a few. 1. The rifles should conform to the rules of the National Rifle Association of America as regards weight, trigger pull and sights. 2. No paper-patched bullets should be allowed, nor any style of cartridge in which the bullet is not seated in the shell a sufficient distance to make the ammunition portable and trustworthy under any ordinary conditions, such as are met with in hunting. Muzzleloaders should be allowed a cloth patch such as is generally used in this class of weapons. 3. Breechloaders should use a cartridge such as is recommended by the manufacturers of the rifle, providing it comes within the conditions as above stated. If no such ammunition is furnished, the rifle should be excluded from the test. Muzzleloaders should not be overcharged with powder. A normal charge, such as is used in shooting game, should be selected, and a charge which would produce excessive recoil in a ten-pound rifle, endanger the bursting of the barrel, or cause wild shooting, should not be allowed. 4. The distance should be 200yds. 5. Twenty shots should be fired without wiping out the rifle, and the time consumed in firing the twenty shots should not exceed thirty minutes. It should not be compulsory upon the shooter to load the rifle; an assistant may be appointed to do this part of the work. 6. A record of the accuracy of each rifle should be kept, so that it may be known whether the comparative flatness of trajectory has been obtained at the expense of accuracy or not. I invite criticism of these suggestions, and hope this subject may be fully discussed. E. A. Leopold.

Norristown, Pa., Aug. 10.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Aug 3.—Score of Jamestown Rifle Club in match with Waltham, Mass. Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand. Telegraph match shot July 31:

H V Perry	5 4 4 3 4 5 4 4 5 5—43		
S N Ayres	4 5 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5—44		
F K Dowler	4 4 4 4 4 5 1 5 4 2—40		
J D Curtiss	4 4 4 2 3 3 5 4 2 4—36		
H A Ahlstrom	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 6 5 4—42		
J R Moore	4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4—41		
R H Burns	4 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5—44—290		
		R. H. Burns.	

NATIONAL RIFLE CLUB.—The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the club will be held at Vernon, Vt., Sept. 1 and 2. A general invitation is extended to all interested in rifle shooting. Any one can become a member and entitled to all the privileges of the club by paying $5 entrance fee to the match for prizes and club medal. The standard weight of rifle barrels being fifteen pounds, all over must give the following odds: From 15 to 20 pounds, ¼ inch to the pound for every 10 shots; from 20 to 30 pounds, 3-16 inch; from 30 to 40 pounds, 1-16 inch. Ten per cent. odds will be allowed to parties shooting from the shoulder. First string will be shot Tuesday afternoon, second and third strings on Wednesday. Distance 40 rods; time rules.—N. S. Brockway, Secretary, Bellows Falls, Vt.

HAVERHILL, Aug. 8.—To day's shoot was well attended, and the weather conditions were very good. Scores:

J Bushfield	4455555445—46	E Bray	4455444444—42
W Worther	5545544554—46	F Merrell	4444445444—41
J F Brown	4444445554—43	W Bushfield	3435354445—40
C Brown	4445544454—43	J M P Green	4443453344—38
E Brown	5345454454—43		

The Merrimack Rifle Club visited the range Aug. 1, and a very pleasant shoot was held. A team match of 10 men was shot and the home team got left. The visit will be returned about the first of September.

BOSTON, Aug. 6.—There was a small attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day. In the militia match, Private L. Grant, Company D, 1st Cadets, made 92, completing four scores of 21 or better, thus winning the silver badge. For long-range shooting the conditions were unfavorable, a changeable light and wind bothering the riflemen considerably. The scores:

Rest Match "F."

C E Berry	8 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—97		
W Missam	9 10 10 8 10 10 10 10 9 8—94		
C B Edwards	10 9 10 10 10 10 10 8 8 9—94		

Time Match "B."

J Francis	10 6 7 7 8 8 5 9 10 9—79		
R Duffer	1 9 8 7 10 6 6 5 10 7—69		
D P Holder	8 7 7 8 7 5 5 5 4 5—61		
M Winthrop (mil.)	5 4 7 2 4 6 3 8 2 3—44		
R Dadman (mil.)	3 0 6 7 3 4 3 3 2 6—37		
W H Oler (mil.)	2 8 4 4 2 0 2 6 3 5—36		

Long Range Match—1,000yds.

Summer	5245554544554454555545555534555554555545—207		
Washburn	4444445442534554445545355383535554542254453 43—183		
W Charles (mil.)	4233434343454354334334330554355055443255445545—168		
P J Forest (mil.)	4343335208542544334345333535443335303502303—151		

Aug. 8.—The weekly competition at Walnut Hill resulted to-day in some good scores. The day was a perfect one, and though the attendance was not large, a very pleasant meeting was held. Practice was had at 500yds., and some fair shooting was done.

500yds. Match.

C W Hodgdon	5455555555—49	T Stewart	5544354544—43
J Hurd	5555555558—48	W Kirkwood	4444545444—42
D L Chase	4554545545—46		

Decimal Match.

R Reed, A	5 8 7 9 9 10 9 9 6 7—79		
J Lemons, C	5 10 9 10 6 8 9 4 10 6—77		
R Dadman, C	6 7 7 10 8 7 5 5 7 9—71		
B G Warren, C	8 6 7 9 7 8 7 8 5 4—69		
A B Archer, A	7 5 5 9 8 6 4 8 7 7—66		

Rest Match.

J Francis, F	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9—99		
J N Frye	9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10—98		
D L Chase, L	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 9—98		
S Wilder, F	10 8 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10—97		
B G Warren, F	10 10 9 10 9 10 9 10 8 10—95		
Hale, A	9 10 8 9 8 6 7 9 7 8—81		

Practice Match.

R Reed	5455554554—47	A H Wright (mil.)	5435434345—40
C W Hodgdon	4455554445—45	M G Witham (mil.)	2332343445—34
A B Archer	4455454544—44		

THE COMING GUNPOWDER.—The gunpowder question is still exercising the minds of the authorities, says the London *World*, and a few years will no doubt see a great change in the nature of the explosive. The new brown cocoa compressed powder will soon be universally in use with our newest breechloading guns; and experiments have been tried lately at Rottwiel, where this powder originally appeared, with a compressed powder of fine grain, which is reported to have given most wonderful results when fired in a rifle. Another inventor has patented a powder which is to be manufactured and stored in a liquid form. to be evaporated when required for use, the great advantage claimed for this being that the danger in manufacture is greatly lessened.

MINNESOTA.—The fifth annual meeting of the selected riflemen of the department of Dakota opened on the 6th at Fort Snelling under the direction of Lieut. L. R. Hare, the department inspector of rifle practice. The men, to the number of 200, are all on the ground, having come in during the past week singly and in detachments from the several posts in the department. Of the number mentioned there are 120 riflemen, the remainder comprising the range officers, scorers, markers, cooks and orderlies. The first three days will be devoted to preliminary practice. The morning firing will begin at 8:45 and the afternoon shooting at 1:30. The prize for the highest aggregate score made during the three days' practice is an elegant gold badge offered by Victor Robertson of Fort Snelling. It is valued at $75, and is one of the handsomest badges ever offered in a department contest.

WATER GUN.—A Grand Rapids, Mich., paper of a recent date gives an account of the trial of a water gun. J. L. Shaw, the inventor, conducted the exhibition. The patentee claims to be able to break in a window protected by slats, or throw a life line over any house in the city. The instrument is practically on the same principle as a rifle, water, however, being the motive force. The bullet was thrown about 140ft. and the life line about 40ft. in height. The pressure of the water was not sufficient to fairly test the aparatus. As far as it went the water gun was a success.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

VARIOUS MILITARY ARMS.—As I understand the rule, any military gun may be shot in matches between militia companies if desired. The members of any team may use several different makes of military rifles, if covered by N. R. A. rules. For instance, the American team shooting the English used several makers.—X. (Tacoma, W. T.). [Unless the rules require the use of the arm formally issued to the company represented by the team, there is no objection to the use of a variety of military rifles in the same team.]

RIFLE NOTE.—The annual matches of the Ontario Rifle Association open on the Garrison Common Ranges, Toronto, Aug. 24. A long series of competitions has been arranged, and the prospects are for a very successful meet.

DRESDEN TURN FEST.—Of the 37 prizes given at the Dresden turn fest, four fell to America, and three of the four were won by Newarkers. W. Grant won the twenty-eighth prize with a score of 50⅝ points. Gustave Ahl won the thirty-fifth by 49⅛ points. Henry Freeman won the thirty-sixth by 49 points. The fourth winner was Charles Hartman, of San Francisco, who took the lowest prize by a score of 49 points. The highest prize was won by a score of 61⅛ points by a Berlin turner.

The Knoxville Blackbird has been adopted by the South End Gun Club. At the recent tournament a thorough trial was given them, and they were found far superior to the Peoria bird. The flight of the Knoxville bird is much longer, and they are less liable to break when thrown from a trap.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy, July 30, 1885.*—*Adv*

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

HOW TO AWARD THE PRIZES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Glass-Ball Club held a shooting match July 4, the prizes to be awarded according to sweepstake rules. The following is the score, 7 singles and 4 pair doubles:

James Gregory	1 0 0 0 1 1 0	00 00 10 10— 5
Cal Winslow	1 0 0 1 1 1 1	00 10 10 10— 8
A L Hamilton	1 1 0 1 1 1 1	11 10 10 10—11
J W Gray	1 1 1 1 1 1 1	11 01 00 11—12
H C Vinal	0 1 0 0 1 0 0	10 10 11 01— 7
E L Rolfe	0 0 1 1 0 1 1	11 11 11 10—11
Frank Roberts	1 0 1 0 1 1 1	10 10 10 00— 8
H A Arey	1 0 1 1 1 1 1	11 10 10 11—12
J G Craig	1 1 0 0 0 1 1	11 11 10 11—11
Fred Killman	1 0 1 0 0 0 0	10 00 00 00— 3
George Murray	0 0 1 0 0 1 1	10 10 00 10— 6
J H. Hamilton	1 1 0 1 0 1 0	10 10 11 01— 9
F W Kitteedge	0 0 0 1 0 0 1	withdrew.
R C Gray	0 1 0 0 0 0 1	10 01 01 00— 5
J P Amburst	1 0 0 0 0 0 0	00 00 10 10— 3

There are four prizes to be awarded to the four best scores. We are not familiar with sweepstake rules, and will hold the prizes till the scores are published in your valuable paper and you inform us how to shoot off the ties. J. G. C.

Vinal Haven, Me., Aug. 3, 1885.

[In the score there are two ties of 12 and three of 11, a single 9, and two ties of 8. The prize winners may be determined in two ways: 1. Ties of 12 shoot off at a certain number of balls, say three each, and the one who makes the best score takes first prize and the other second. Then those who tied on 11 shoot off, and the one making best score takes third and the next one fourth. 2. In class-shooting, the usual style, the ties of 12 shoot off, the one making best score taking first prize and the other man getting nothing. Ties of 11 shoot off, best man taking second; third goes to the score of 9, and ties of 8 shoot off for fourth.]

NEW HAMBURG, Canada, Aug. 7.—The members of the Hamburg Gun Club met on Thursday to shoot a walking match, 15 clay-pigeons, Ligowsky screened trap, first notch, 25yds. to 12yds. This first attempt caused a great deal of fun. Score:

T Puddicombe	0110111011010110—10	F Bourne	0001111011110110— 9
A F Spring	0101110110011110— 9	I Claucy	0101011001101101— 8
S G Holley	1011110110111101—11		

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest*

MOBILE GUN CLUB.—Monthly handicap shoot for club meda; Stewart at 21yds., rest at 21yds.; 15 balls, 3 traps:

Finch	111111111111111—15	Boltz	111110111101011—12
Stewart	111111111111110—14	Sartore	0101011111
McDonnell	101011110111111—12	Drey	111110010

Team shoot, 15 leather-wing bats, 7 singles at 21yds., 4 doubles at 18yds.:

Team No. 1, G. Boltz, Capt.		Team No. 2, J. F. McDonnell, Capt.	
Boltz	0111111 11 11 11 10—13	McDonnell	1011001 01 00 11 11— 9
Drey	1100101 11 10 10 00— 8	Custa	1001100 11 11 01 11—10
Sartore C.	1010111 11 11 10 00—10	Wagner	1010111 10 10 11 11—11
Sartore J.	1111100 01 01 01 11—10	Dumont	1111001 11 10 11 11—12
Antone	1110010 11 01 01 10— 8	Stewart	1111111 10 11 10 11—13
Burch	0011001 10 11 10 10— 8	Finch	1001111 11 11 11 11—13
Vass	1011111 11 01 10 01—11	Paterson	0101000 11 01 01 10— 7
			69 75

PERU, Ind., Aug. 3.—The following is our score for to-day, which is poorest we have made so far; 18yds. rise, behind screen:

Hiner	1111001010011000010 1—10	Huff	0100110001001000000—5
Loughran	1001011011000100 1100— 9	Alford	1110000011101000000—8
Hendricks	0111101010000110 1000— 9	Sterne	0100100011101010001—6
Gleason	0001100000000110 0001— 7	Wilson	1010110001000110001—7

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

NEW ENGLAND TRAP-SHOOTERS' ASSOCIATION.—The third grand tournament will be held at Exeter, N. H., Aug. 27 and 28. The individual match will occur on Thursday, at 2 P. M., and the team match on Friday, at the same hour. Entrance free, sweepstakes optional. The Exeter Sportsman's Club will donate special prizes for these matches. Five clay-pigeon traps will be devoted to sweepstakes, entrance $1.50 to $5. Also traps for fancy targets for sweepstakes, entrance 50 cents. From 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., each day.—C. H. Bickford, Sec'y, Exeter, N. H.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 1.—A challenge match was shot to-day between the Crescent and Southern Gun Clubs, of New Orleans, at the City Park. The match was to be decided by eighty single clay-pigeons and forty double bats. The Southern Gun Club came out victorious by a majority of five on clay-pigeons and seven on bats. After the challenge match there was a pool shot for duck decoys. These were won by Mr. F. Cardona, of the Southern Gun Club. The Southern Gun Club desires to hear from any club whose members are under the age of twenty three. Address all challenges to F. Cardona, care of S. Hernsheim & Bros., corner Julia and Magazine streets.

National Gun Association Tournaments.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—F. C. Bishop, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. Stark, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publish ing Co.

Canoeists *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc, of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 19—N. Y. C. C. Regatta, off New Brighton.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Secretary—C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE ASSOCIATION MEET—REGATTA WEEK.

CANOE CAMP,
GRINDSTONE ISLAND, Aug. 7.

SIX years of study and experiment by some of the leading American canoeists have brought canoe racing and the management of regattas to a high degree of perfection, and this year there is little cause to find fault with either the programme or the manner in which it was carried out, the only disturbance being that occasioned by the weather, which was very unfavorable. The changes made in the rules last season have all worked well, and we have heard of no suggestions of further amendment or alteration this year. The entries have been smaller than was anticipated, in consequence of the fewer members present, a fact that is due mainly, if not entirely, to the condition of business. While the entries in some races were few, all were well contested and an improvement in the average sailing and paddling, as the men were afloat, together with a closer attention to the rules than ever before, was very noticeable. The sailing races found all canoes with large numbers in their mainsails, and in paddling colored flags were carried. The courses were similar to those of last year, but further out and in better water, the sailing course being 1½ miles triangular, and the paddling ½ mile down the shore. The new average record was an important feature of this year's racing, and the programme was specially arranged with reference to it.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, AUG. 3.

No. 1. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class III., 1 mile.

No. 2. 9:45 A. M.—Paddling Class II., 1 mile.

No. 3. 10:30 A. M.—Sailing Novices Classes A and B, no limits to rig or ballast; open only to members who never sailed a canoe before 1885, 1½ miles.

No. 4. 11:30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., 1 mile.

No. 5. 11:45 A. M.—Paddling Class I. (This race exempt from "1 man 1 canoe" rule) 1 mile.

No. 6. 1:45 P. M.—Sailing Class B, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.

No. 7. 2 P. M.—Sailing Class A, no limits ballast or rig, 3 miles.

No. 8. 3 P. M.—Paddling and sailing combined, Classes A and B (paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, on triangular course of ½ mile sides), 3 miles.

No. 9. 4 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked (canoes for this race must be decked on half their length), 1 mile.

No. 10. 4:15 P. M.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., open (only for paddlers who do not race in No 9), 1 mile.

No. 11. 4:30 P. M.—Upset Race; any Class II. or larger canoe (no special appliances allowed unless usually carried in cruising; at signal every canoe must be turned completely over), 200ft.

SECOND DAY:

No. 12. 9:30 A. M.—Paddling Class IV., cruising trim (canoe and load any material, to weigh 200 pounds or more), 1 mile.

No. 14. 10:30 A. M.—Sailing Class B, no ballast, 3 miles.

No. 15. 10:40 A. M.—Sailing Class A, no ballast, 3 miles.

No. 16. 11:40 A. M.—Paddling Class II., cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 120 pounds or more), 1 mile.

No. 17. 2 P. M.—Sailing Class B, cruising rig (sail limited to 75ft., any ballast), 1½ miles.

No. 18. 2:10 P. M.—Sailing Class A, cruising rig (sail limited to 50ft., any ballast), 1½ miles.

No. 19. 3 P. M.—Paddling Class III., cruising trim (canoe and load to weigh 160 pounds or more), 1 mile.

No. 20. 3:15 P. M.—Sailing unclassified canoes, no limits ballast or rig, 1½ miles.

No. 21. 4:15 P. M.—Hurry scurry, with swim, 100yds. run, canoes moored 50ft. from shore, paddle 200yds.

No. 22. 4:30 P. M.—Gymnastics.

Second day of this programme will be Tuesday, Aug. 4, unless weather prevents or some of Monday's races are postponed, in which case Monday's programme will be finished, if possible, and the remainder of the day be devoted to special races or sports, and the second day will be Wednesday, Aug. 5. In the absence of wind the paddling will be called at their appointed times. Punctuality will be insisted on; no race will wait for any members. Any event delayed by lack of wind or by reason of the preceding one not having finished will be postponed to the same hour next day, and the next event started at its appointed time. All A. C. A. rules will be enforced.

"All-round record" with five prizes will be based upon all events in this programme except Nos. 3, 5, 9, 10, 20, 21, 22, that is upon 7 paddling, 5 sailing, and 1 combined. Every classified canoe (except Class I.) being eligible alike for 3 paddling races, 3 sailing and 1 combined. For No. 5 members may bring and use another canoe besides the one allowed under Rule II. for other events. First and second prizes in all events except No. 22.

The foregoing programme provides for races of all kinds, for those who have never sailed or paddled a canoe, for those who have extreme racing outfits, and for those who have only a cruising boat and rig, but their tendency is strongly in the direction of encouraging the all round paddling and sailing canoe, and specially to encourage paddling which is apt sometimes to be sacrificed to sailing powers. The first race on the programme was called promptly on time, but a little delay was caused by a steamer coming to the dock. The water was lumpy and a strong wind was blowing across the course.

Paddling Class III., 1 mile.

Invincible	M. F. Johnson	Toronto C. C. 15 30
Beatrice	Theo Dunham	Harvard C. C. 19 00
Hillcrest	Edwin Gould	Knickerbocker C. C.

Hillcrest started off quickly but at the third or fourth stroke paddle completely over. Both she and Invincible were open Canadian canoes 16x28, against which Beatrice, a heavy Racine, 14x28, had no chance, especially with Johnson in the lighter boat, but Dunham hung on bravely through the stern chase.

At the close rain was falling with more wind and the other races were necessarily postponed. The weather was very unpleasant, but all hands enjoyed themselves under canvas. At night the wind increased and several tents were blown down, the A. C. A. tent, scattering the mail, Vice-Commodore Rathbun's on Capitol Hill, and two of the Kingston tents, besides some others. The confusion was increased by three yachts driving on shore, all hands turning to and aiding in getting them under the lee near Delaney's. No serious damage was done and the tents were soon pitched again.

Tuesday morning was clear, but very cool, with a high wind and sea, but Race No. 2, Paddling Class II., 1 mile, was called on time, starting at 9:43:30 A. M.

Ariel	W. A. Leys	Toronto C. C. 13 50
Daydream	G. E. Edgar, Jr.	Newburgh C. C. 14 30
Irene	R. Baldwin	Ottawa C. C. 15 05

No others cared to start in such weather. The next race was No. 3, Sailing Novices, 1½ miles. Only three started at 10:37, two capsizing.

Flit	Henry Stanton	Knickerbocker C. C. 19 00
Emily	F. M. Turner	capsized.
Margaret	E. K. Dunham	Harvard C. C. capsized.

Mr. Stanton sailed a good race in weather when few cared to start, and when his competitors both capsized, and the excellent manner in which his boat was handled was more noticeable from the fact that he is a new hand in a canoe.

Paddling races 4 and 5 were postponed on account of the sea and wind, and at 2:06 P. M. the main race of the season, No. 6, Sailing Class B, no limit, three miles, was started. The weather was very heavy for such small craft, but seventeen started. Of these only eight finished, several upsetting, and more giving up before completing the course.

Sea Bee	C. B. Vaux	New York C. C. 50 30
Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican 52 00
Star	F. S. Rathbun	Deseronto 55 00
Isabel	Robert Tyson	Toronto
Grebe	B. W. Richards	Brockville
Freyja	C. F. Holdship	Pittsburgh
Daisy	G. O. Totten, Jr.	Essex
Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro
Germaine	A. G. Webster	Harvard
Katrina	R. W. Bailey	Pittsburgh
Guenn	C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn
Beatrice	Theo. Dunham	Harvard
Bertha	J. E. Mellen	Rochester
Aurora	C. A. Neidé	Mohican
Sofronia	F. F. Andrews	Rochester
Thetis	P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican
Inertia	E. W. Brown	Knickerbocker

Sea Bee carried her racing mizzen forward and storm mizzen aft, winning easily under this rig.

The next race, No. 7, was for Class A, with the same conditions, starting at 2:16:30:

Nirvana	A. K. Nimick	Pittsburgh 0 55 30
Day Dream	G. E. Edgar, Jr.	Newburg 1 03 30
Irene	R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa Capsized
Irex	Ford Jones	Brockville Capsized

Though starting 10m. 30s. later, the little Nirvana, 14×38in., came in ahead of some of the larger boats in Class B.

Race No. 8, Sailing and Paddling, called out but three entries, starting at 4:20 P. M.:

Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican 0 50 20
Day Dream	G. E. Edgar, Jr.	Newburg 1 00 00
Aurora	C. A. Neidé	Mohican

Immediately after this race started, No. 9, Paddling Tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked, was started at 4:21, over a mile course:

Nellie	Jackson and Kipp	St. Lawrence 13 00
Gertie	Robertson and Schuyler	13 05
Jessie	Davis and Smith	St. Lawrence

Race No. 10, for Paddling Tandem, open canoes, had also three entries, starting at 4:40:

Invincible	Johnson and Wilkinson	13 00
Daisie	Shaw and Pitt	Peterboro 14 00
Ballyhack	Higgins and Martin	

Johnson and Wilkinson won easily.

Tuesday evening passed quietly in camp, with nothing to note, and early Wednesday morning the races were resumed, the first race being No. 12, for Class IV., in cruising trim, a minimum limit for canoes and load being fixed at 200 pounds; distance, 1 mile; start, 9:47:45:

Nellie	W. F. Kipp	St. Lawrence 11 30
Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican 12 35
Ballyhack	R. Martin	13 45
Germaine	A. G. Webster.	Harvard

No. 14 of the regular programme followed, starting at 10:40:20, with 13 entries:

Thetis	P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican 51 40
Sofronia	F. F. Andrews	Rochester 56 40
Sea Bee	C. B. Vaux	New York 58 55
Grebe	B. W. Richards	Brockville
Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro
Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican
Marion B	R. S. Oliver	Mohican
Star	F. S. Rathbun	Deseronto
Katrina	R. W. Bailey	Pittsburgh
Freyja	C. T. Holdship	Pittsburgh
Bertha	J. E. Mellen	Rochester
Isabel	Robert Tyson	Toronto
Aurora	C. A. Neidé	Mohican

In this race no ballast was allowed and canoes were limited to 15lbs. for weight of board and fittings.

Thetis	P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican	51 40
Sofronia	F. F. Andrews	Rochester	56 40
Sea Bee	C. B. Vaux	New York	58 55
Grebe	B. W. Richards	Brockville	
Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro	
Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican	
Marion B	R. S. Oliver	Mohican	
Star	F. S. Rathbun	Deseronto	
Katrina	R. W. Bailey	Pittsburgh	
Freyja	C. T. Holdship	Pittsburgh	
Bertha	J. E. Mellen	Rochester	
Isabel	Robert Tyson	Toronto	
Aurora	C. A. Neidé	Mohican	

In this race no ballast was allowed and canoes were limited to 15lbs. for weight of board and fittings.

The next race, No. 15, was for Class A under similar conditions, starting at 10:58:45:

Nirvana	A. K. Nimick	Pittsburgh	58 30
Irex	Ford Jones	Brockville	1 06 15
Day Dream	G. E. Edgar, Jr.	Newburgh	1 07 45
Nereid	H. W. Schafer	Essex	
Irene	R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa	
Nettie	W. L. Green	Knickerbocker	
Lady Jane	B. C. Bakewell	Pittsburgh	

Nirvana won again easily, with a long lead at the finish.

Race No. 16 was postponed and No. 17 for Class B cruising rig, 75ft., was started at 2:20 P. M. once around the course.

Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican	25 25
Katrina	R. W. Bailey	Pittsburgh	26 10
Thetis	P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican	26 15
Grebe	B. W. Richards	Brockville	
Sea Bee	C. B. Vaux	New York	
Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro	
Sofronia	F. F. Andrews	Rochester	
Guenn	C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn	
Marion B	R. S. Oliver	Mohican	
Lorelei	E. C. Griffin	Knickerbocker	
Isabel	Robert Tyson	Toronto	
Flit	Henry Stanton	Knickerbocker	
Freyja	C. F. Holdship	Pittsburgh	
Aurora	C. A. Neidé	Mohican	
Inertia	E. W. Brown	Knickerbocker	
Daisy	G. O. Totten, Jr.	Essex	
Gertie	J. R. Robertson		
Wenonah	J. L. Rogers	Peterboro	

After eight minutes the Class A boats were started in a similar race, the Nirvana again winning and making better time than any boat in the larger class:

Nirvana	A. K. Nimick	Pittsburgh	24 10
Irene	R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa	30 30
Lady Jane	B. C. Bakewell	Pittsburgh	

In Race No. 19, Paddling Class III., cruising trim, not less than 160 pounds for canoe and load, two canoes started at 3:01:

Invincible	M. F. Johnson	Toronto	11 25
Hillcrest	Edwin Gould	Knickerbocker	11 32

Johnson with Gould close to him, but at the finish the former spurted and won:

A postponed race, No. 4, Paddling Class IV., was next called and started at 4 P. M. over a mile course:

Nellie	W. F. Kipp	St. Lawrence	13 00
Bijou	J. L. Jackson	Brockville	13 30
Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican	14 00
Gertie	J. R. Robertson		
Daisy	G. E. Totten, Jr.	Essex	
Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro	

Race No. 20 was omitted for the time, and the Hurry Scurry race, No. 21, was called. The canoes were moored off the dock, and the course included a run of 100yds., a swim of 30yds., and a paddle of 200yds. Five canoes entered:

Gunz	G. B. Wilkinson	Brockville	
Invincible	M. F. Johnson	Toronto	
Lorna	E. A. Gardner	Knickerbocker	
Hillcrest	Edwin Gould	Knickerbocker	
Inertia	E. W. Brown	Knickerbocker	

Mr. Wilkinson was first to dive and first in his boat. Mr. Gould had some trouble with the knot in his painter, finally using his teeth to untie it, which delayed him greatly. Johnson paddled hard to beat Wilkinson, but could not do it.

During the day a number of photos of the camp were taken by Mr. S. R. Stoddart, of Glens Falls. In the evening a torchlight procession took place, the canoeists being armed with immense tin horns, and also with Chinese lanterns. After the parade all assembled about a high platform that had been erected for the use of Mr. Stoddart, where Mr. R. B. Burchard gave an imitation of the new statue of Liberty. Gracefully draped in a canoe tent, his head surmounted by a tin kettle, while he held aloft a torch, his manly countenance colored intermittently by red and blue colored fires, the sight was beautiful in the extreme. After maintaining a statuesque pose for a short time Liberty ended up with a breakdown and disappeared with a flying leap into the darkness just as the last of the red fire expired.

The first race on Thursday was No. 5, postponed from Monday, Paddling Class I., 1 mile, open to any canoe:

Maggie	M. F. Johnson	Toronto	12 00
Ariel	W. H. Leys	Toronto	12 22

The next race was No. 16, Paddling Class II., in cruising trim, 120 pounds minimum limit, called at 10:14 A. M.:

Ariel	W. A. Leys	Toronto	13 00
Irene	R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa	13 15
Day Dream	G. E. Edgar, Jr	Newburgh	

At 10:56:40 a extra shoe, 1 mile tandem, for any canoe; prize, a paddle given by Mr. Rushton:

Maggie	Johnson and Leys		9 50
Bijou	Kipp and Jackson		11 20
Viva	Pitt and Shaw		11 40

Mr. Hugh Neilson, of Toronto, offered a pin as a prize for a reaching race, any canoe, course 1 mile, which was started at 10:42 in a very light wind. Nirvana, A. K. Nimick, again won, many of the starters giving up and paddling home.

The last race on Thursday was No. 11, upset race, 200yds., with seven entries:

Sofronia	F. F. Andrews	Rochester.
Sea Bee	C. B. Vaux	New York.
Gunz	G. B. Wilkinson	Brockville.
Invincible	E. W. Brown	Knickerbocker.
Snake	R. W. Gibson	Mohican.
Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro.
Hillcrest	Edwin Gould	Knickerbocker.

All upset quickly at the signal, but Andrews was first in and away, winning first place with Vaux second. Sofronia, Snake and Sea Bee being decked were easy to upset and right, but the others, all open canoes, had to be emptied first.

After dinner on Thursday the review of the fleet followed. Seventy canoes passed the dock, all under paddle, some of them "manned" by ladies. Paddling over to the east the sailing canoes set their canvas and returned, passing the flagship again. While such a display lacks the grandeur which a fleet of yachts under sail derives from mere size, it has a beauty of its own that is no less charming. Half a hundred little craft with bright hulls and glistening sails when viewed from the hill is as pretty a sight as is often seen on the water.

Thursday evening was set apart for the water parade and illumination, and in the afternoon lanterns were prepared and flags displayed. The Kingston tents were covered with flags and lanterns beside the letters R. M. C., formed of colored lamps. The Brockville C. C. devised a similar plan. Some tall stakes were driven into the ground and saplings were twisted about them forming the letters B. C. C. On the frame work small colored lamps were hung, the effect at night against the white tents being very pretty. The view at night from the water was very fine, strings of many colored lamps along the entire length of the camp, but it could not compare with that from the hill top. The fleet formed on the north side beyond the trees, coming from their shadow one by one, at the point near the dock. Each of the fifty canoes had a string of lanterns from stem to mainmast head, then to mizzenmast and down to stern, and as the heights of the masts varied, and some lines were taut and straight and others slack and curved, there were no two boats in the fleet precisely alike. As the dock was passed the leader curved to port, then to starboard, the others following at regular distances until the long line seemed a fiery snake against a sea of black, some such monster as only Doré could picture or Coleridge describe. In and out it wound its convolutions until at last it disintegrated into many small parts, each of which contained half a dozen or more globes of light which one by one died out and left the camp in darkness.

On Friday morning signs of breaking camp were plentiful on all sides. Some had already left and piles of baggage and packed canoes on the dock were awaiting transport to Clayton. A number of special prizes remained to be raced for, and the first event, a consolation race for those who had never won an A. C. A. race, was called at 10:08 A. M. The prizes were of the value of $15 and $5, to be selected by the winners, and were presented by Mr. J. H. Hull, president of the Brooklyn C. C. The course was 1½ miles, and the wind was very light. Five canoes entered, but three soon dropped back, the leaders being B. W. Richards in the Grebe and C. V. R. Schuyler in the Guenn. The former held a good lead on the windward work, but was passed by Guenn on the last leg with sheets off, Guenn winning by 1m. 15s. Times—Guenn, 45m. 20s.; Grebe, 46m. 30s.

Two prizes, a decorated paddle presented by Messrs. J. C. Wilson and Chas. Remmpson, and a spoon paddle presented by Mr. John Glendenning, the Toronto canoe builder, were offered for a 3-mile sailing race for cruising canoes.

Thetis	P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican	0 58 30
Guenn	C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn	1 04 30
Grebe	B. W. Richards	Brookville	
Daisy	G. O. Totten, Jr.	Essex	
Nereid	Henry Shafer	Essex	

The wind was light at 3:35 when the race started, and continued so all the afternoon. Thetis easily left Guenn and Grebe, beating them badly.

At 4:35, a sailing race for open canoes, 1½ miles, for a decorated rudder, given by Mr. Ira Davis, and a paddle, given by Mr. Rushton, was sailed.

Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro	40 30
Viva D	R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa	

The final event was a portage race, ¼ mile paddle, carry over a fence and 100ft. on shore, for a "Dorsal Fin" camp kit.

Hillcrest	Edwin Gould	Knickerbocker	5 30
Wenonah	G. E. Totten, Jr.	Essex	5 45
Viva D	R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa	
Far Niente	Chas. A. Neidé	Mohican	
Dotakecare	C. Larom	Berkeley	
Verena	E. B. Edwards	Peterboro	

Mr. J. B. McMurrich, Oswego C. C., also offered a pair of marine glasses for the winner of the greatest number of sailing races, which were awarded to Mr. A. K. Nimick, of the Pittsburg C. C., who won the three first in Class A. The Nirvana, his canoe, is 14x28, designed and built in 1884 by Mr. W. P. Stephens, the only boat of this model ever built. Mr. Nimick also won the reaching race in the Katrina. Mr. J. L. Weller being absent, the races were in the hands of Messrs. Gibson and Wilkin, assisted by C. A. Neidé, Geo. Roger and H. L. Thomas as Judges; C. F. Earle as Clerk of the Course; W. H. Larom as Entry Clerk; F. L. Mix as Timekeeper and Starter, and Harold Morrow, Asst. As Chairman of the Regatta Committee the bulk of the work naturally fell to Mr. Gibson, and it is but fair to say that to him more than to any one else the success of the races is due. The labor of arranging a series of thirty different races, and of sailing them off in three days, is no light one, and the competitors are indebted greatly to all of the gentlemen named for the sport they have enjoyed.

After the first race on Friday morning the members were called to the meeting, which was held on the hillside under the trees, Commodore Oliver being in the chair. The register of the camp was called over and the reading of the minutes of previous meeting was dispensed with. Mr. Larom reported in behalf of the nominating committee, presenting the names of F. S. Rathbun, of Deseronto, for Commodore for 1885 and '86; R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, for Vice-Commodore; Geo. H. Parmele, Hartford, Rear Commodore; Dr. C. A. Neidé, for Secretary and Treasurer; Messrs. B.W. Richards, Brockville; Geo. Roger, Peterboro; and W. B. Wackerhagen, Mohican, for the Executive Committee. It was moved by E. B. Edwards that W. P. Stephens be empowered to cast one vote for the ticket as read. The motion was carried and Mr. Stephens deposited a vote, the above gentlemen being declared elected.

The Treasurer's report was then read and accepted, also a report of the Executive Committee on the subject of a Western branch. The Executive Committee consider that the interests of the Western members of the Association, as well as of Western canoeists generally, demand some provision whereby an annual meet may be held in the West as well as one in the East, so that all may be accommodated. In pursuance of this object the committee presented the draft of a new constitution and by-laws providing that at any time when the Western members make application, the Executive Committee may organize the Association in the form of an Eastern and a Western branch, both on an equal footing, the two to elect a Commodore and Secretary and Treasurer, each branch to have its own officers and annual meet.

The letter from the Western A. C. A. that appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM last week was read and discussed, the sense of the meeting being that as less than fifteen per cent. of the Western members of the Association were present at Ballast Island it would not be fair to the majority to accept these few at once as representing them. The constitution was adopted, to take effect when the Executive Committee consider it advisable. The Western members and all Western canoeists will be asked to decide for themselves whether they will accept the Western Association organized at Ballast Island, as their representative, or whether they prefer to organize in some other way, and when their decision is made the committee will at once be ready to arrange with them the details of the change. The constitution as adopted is similar to the one published in the FOREST AND STREAM some time since. We will publish it in full shortly.

Secretary Neidé reported that the expenses of the Association, especially the meets, had so increased, that it would be necessary to raise the dues to $2 per year. Mr. Wilkin moved that the dues be raised, which motion was carried. Votes of thanks were passed to Albert Dennis Post, G. A. R., for the loan of their cannon; to Mr. Delaney, for the use of the camp ground; to Mr. Gibson and his assistants, and to the donors of the prizes. The following letter from Mr. W. Baden-Powell to Com. Oliver, was read by the Secretary:

3 PAPER BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, E. C.,
LONDON, JULY 22, 1885.

The Commodore American Canoe Association:

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to offer congratulations to the officers and members of the American Canoe Association.

Thanks to your excellent publications, the *Canoeist* and FOREST AND STREAM, we in England are kept well informed of all that is going on in American canoeing; and were it not for the difficulty that your meet is three weeks too early for us to join, our almost universal English holiday commencing Aug. 10, I should at this moment be in contact with you not by "mail," but hand in hand.

None the less I wish the A. C. A. all success at this meet, and shall hope to hear all about it in FOREST AND STREAM, and perhaps see the "cracks" by photograph.

I have watched with great pleasure the growth of sailing canoes in America, both as to number, size and sail area, and it bears out completely what I ventured to predict here nearly years ago, and in *Brentano's Monthly* in 1880: That when once a canoeist becomes an expert sailor and has obtained an efficient sailing canoe, he has tasted a "loving cup" of nautical brew of the finest brand, and he will not easily be drawn off that cup.

But if there is the slightest touch of "lubber" in his constitution, his canoe will find it out, and you will not often see him "under sail," except, perhaps, when he is under water at the same time.

Will the A. C. A., however, permit me to suggest that to keep this "cup" within popular taste, it is necessary to define the proportions of all its ingredients. Size, weight and sail area are the three governing qualities; the two former are limited, but if sail area is longer left unlimited, it will, in particular cases, increase to abnormal proportions and the pastime will generally suffer. Provided the limit be such as will give a full size suit, according to present notions and as existing canoes go, no hardship will be done to existing craft, and the future would be guarded against an abnormal growth of sails, spars and ballast. With a limit of sails, weight and size of hull and fittings will naturally be kept to moderate proportions.

Having carefully considered the question from all sides, I incline strongly to the following scheme as a simple, effective, racing limitation, and it will be proposed for adoption at the Royal C. C. autumn meeting, viz:

(*a*) Number of sails allowed to be set at a time, not more than two.

(*b*) Area of sails limited to:
First class—Mainsail, 100 sq. ft.; mizzen, or jib, 25 sq. ft.; spinnaker, 50 sq. ft.
Second class—Mainsail, 60 sq. ft.; mizzen, or jib, 15 sq. ft.; spinnaker, 30 sq. ft.

This sail limit can then be applied to either class (B or A), as suits circumstances. Thus for a "cruiser" race, the conditions would be "B class canoes, second class sails."

A first class limit at 80ft. main, 20ft. mizzen and 40ft. spinnaker would be better; but so many existing craft exceed this limit.

The photograph herewith shows Nautilus, of 1881, racing with a mainsail of 130ft. Such a sail with 14ft. boom and yard, is over the line of reasonable limit for a canoe. The new Nautilus of this season, winner of the R. C. C. challenge cup, has two sizes of rig: No. 1—Main 100ft., mizzen 15ft.; and No. 2, main 80ft., mizzen 10ft. She sails far best with No. 2 and moderate ballast; but there being no limit at present, she is bound to carry No. 1 suit in racing lest the wind fall off, when larger areas would have the advantage without doubt.

Were sail area limited, racing success would depend upon model handling and "set" of sails, rather than on size, weight and area

Intellect would be put into fair competition with brute force, and the purest form of amateur seamanship, canoe sailing, would be encouraged.

Wishing all success to the A. C. A., sincerely yours,

WARRINGTON BADEN-POWELL, Nautilus, R. C. C.

The Secretary was instructed to answer Mr. Baden-Powell, thanking him for his recommendations and also to invite him and other English canoeists to visit the meet next year; while the Executive Committee were requested to consider the question of limiting sail area, and also the selection, if possible, of such a date as would allow the English canoeists to be present.

On motion of Mr. Rushton, it was resolved to make both the FOREST AND STREAM and the *Canoeist* official organs of the Association.

The report of the Regatta Committee was next received and the flags were presented to the winners. Many of the flags were of very elaborate workmanship, embroidered and hand-painted, and did much credit to the artistic taste of the donors. After the presentation, Rev. Dr. Geo. L. Neide made a short speech, and an informal discussion of the place of next year's meet followed, after which the meeting adjourned, many leaving camp at noon.

No more dismal contrast can be imagined than that presented by a large camp just before and just after breaking up. In the morning a row of white and parti-colored tents, each with flags flying, reached from the hill down the shore, while the beach was bright with canoes. At noon a tent or two was still standing at intervals, a few canoes partly packed lay on the beach, and a huge pile of baggage and boats was on the wharf. At sunset the last tent had disappeared, and where the turtle of the Mohicans and the twin cherubs of Spring field had gamboled together but a few hours before, the lazy sheep found sweet nourishment on old hats and newspapers, and the patient kine placidly chewed the chromos from beef and tomato cans; while above on the crown of the hill, among the ashes of the camp-fire, a black silhouette against the western sun, stood "Uncle Mike," watching the last retreating paddle and wondering whether the canoeists would come back next year to Grindstone.

"CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY."*

THE practical camp cook book prepared by "Seneca" has just been published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Its chief merits—distinguishing it from some other so-called camp cook books—are in its explicit directions, and the practicability of following them by campers whose experience may have been meagre and whose resources are necessarily limited. "The majority of books on out-door life," says "Seneca," "do not instruct in those rudimentary principles of cooking so important to the outer who has eaten all his life no food except that furnished him ready for instant despatch; and they commend to the camper dishes that require materials and utensils for their preparation which are seldom at hand in the field and forest. The object of this little volume is to give to the Corinthian cruiser and the camper some practical recipes for simple but substantial dishes, in such a manner that the veriest novice in the art of the kitchen may prepare palatable food with no more materials and paraphernalia than are consistent with light cruising and comfortable camping. The first part, "Canoe Cookery," instructs in such dishes as the limited outfit of the canoeist or camper who "packs" his dunnage afoot will admit of, while the second part, "Camp Cookery," deals with the more elaborate *menu* that can be prepared when ease of transportation will allow the carriage of a more extensive supply. Few of the recipes given are original with the compiler. Some have been obtained from trappers and hunters, others from army and navy cooks, and a few from cook books; but all have been practically tested in camp or on a cruise by the writer, whose pleasure in out-door cooking is only equalled by his delight in out-door life."

*CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY: A practical cook book for canoeists, Corinthian sailors and outers, by "Seneca." New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 1885. Price $1.

CANOE RACES AT NEWARK.—Through a slight misunderstanding the regatta on the Passaic River, on July 15, did not occur under the auspices of the Ianthe C. C., but an impromptu race was arranged and took place about 4 P. M. The first event was a sailing race, open to all canoes. The entries were Mr. Geo. O. Totten, Jr., in the Daisy, and Mr. Wm. H. Hillier in the Essex. The race was one and a half miles to windward and return. The head wind and tide made it very difficult to round the buoy. The Daisy went round after a great deal of perseverance, but the Essex failed, and both canoes started home together. The prize was a handsome silk banner, and was of course awarded to the Daisy. Mr. Totten, it will be remembered by those at Newburg, was the winner of the paddling race at the meet. The next race was a paddling race for a silver medal, and was contested for by the following: Harry Van Ness, canoe Dido; Wm. H. Hillier, canoe E-sex; Geo. O. Totten, Jr., canoe Dolphin; Chas. Holt, canoe ———; C. H. Dey, canoe Pioneer; Geo. Cox, canoe Achilles. The Achilles took the lead almost at the first and maintained it through the race, and was an easy winner, Holt, in a nameless canoe, being second, and Dey, in the Pioneer, third. All concerned were well pleased with the result of the race.—WILLIAM H. HILLIER.

CHICAGO C. C. REGATTA.—The annual regatta of the Chicago C. C. will be held off the Tippy-Canoe Club House, foot of Thirty-ninth street, Saturday, Aug. 15, at 3 P. M. The races and prizes to be contested for are as follows: First—Class A, sailing, first prize a silver cup; second, silk flag. Class B, sailing, first prize a silver cup; second, silk flag. (Above two classes will start together). Second—Class 2, paddling, first prize, gold medal; second, silk flag. Third—Class 3 and 4, paddling, first prize, gold medal; second, silk flag. Fourth—Tandem paddling, first prize, gold medal; second, silk flag. (A "booby" prize of leather medals will be given in this race to the last crew in). Fifth—Upset race, canoes to be upset at signal, righted, and paddled to the finish; first prize, silver medal; second, sponge and bailer. The classification of canoes is as follows: Class A includes all canoes 28in. beam and under. Class B includes all canoes over 28in. beam. Class 2 includes all canoes 28in. beam and under. Classes 3 and 4 include all canoes over 28in. beam. Tandem and upset races free for all classes.

A ROUGH WATER RACE IN CANOES.—On July 24 a private match was sailed on New York Bay between the canoe Tramp, C. J. Stevens, and Guenn, W. Whitlock, the course being from the reef off the New York club house around Bedloe's Island, 7 miles. The start was at 12:10, in a lumpy sea with ebb tide and wind southeast, blowing so hard that two reefs were carried by both. Guenn led at the start and turned at 12:45 with Tramp at 12:48. Beating home a screw eye in the Tramp's deck drew out, letting the tack fly, so she withdrew, Guenn winning at 1:43, time 1h. 33m.

THE "CONSOLATION" PRIZE.—New York, Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can I use your columns to inquire as to the fate of the prize I offered at the late meet of the A. C. A.? The only communication I have ever received after offering the trophy was a telegram stating that when the Regatta Committee met, my offer would receive consideration. I tendered a prize of the value of $20, to be selected by the winner in a paddling race, the contestants to be those who had never won any race in the Association meets.—JOHN HENRY HULL, President Brooklyn C. C.

"CAMP GRINDSTONE."—The *Century* magazine for August contains a well written article on the canoe meet at Grindstone in 1884, written by Mr. Henry Eckford, who was present at the camp as a guest of the New York C. C. The illustrations, by Mr. W. J. Rogers, N. Y. C. C., are very good, many of the figures being easily recognized as likenesses. The article makes a valuable souvenir to all who have visited Grindstone, while to outsiders it gives a novel and faithful view of the canoeman in his favorite resort.

N. Y. C. C. REGATTA.—The annual fall regatta will be held off the club house on Sept. 19. The programme will be published shortly.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Wm. Whitlock sailed for England on July 24, and ex-Com. W. L. Alden, N. Y. C. C., sailed on Aug. 8 for Rome.

A COMMONSENSE VIEW.—The Genesta has gone to Newport to try her speed against the Eastern yachts before competing for the Queen's Cup, and the result of her first race in American waters will be eagerly awaited. As Americans we all want the Cup kept in this country, and with all respect for the Genesta and her gallant owner, we want to see her beaten. At the same time if she should be beaten by a sloop—and we have no cutter to match her—the result will undoubtedly be to revive the waning prestige of the sloop and the centerboard. This is as result greatly to be deprecated. Although on a given occasion a sloop may prove to be faster than a cutter, the fact will remain that the sloop rig is rather the worst in the world, and that the flat skimming dish centerboard model is not to be compared for seaworthiness or for weatherly qualities with the cutter. It is therefore possible that whatever may be the result of the Genesta's race for the Cup, it will not be without its pleasant features. If we keep the cup we shall be happy, and if we lose it we can say that the triumph of the cutter cause is some consolation for the loss of the Cup. In any event we are to have a fair, manly contest, and the Genesta, unlike the Cambria and the Livonia, will have no grounds for protesting against the alleged unfairness of New York yachtsmen, —*New York Times.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 14—Quincy Y. C., Second Championship Race.
Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 15—Hull Y. C., Open Race
Aug. 20—First of Trial Races, N. Y. Y. C. Course.
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 27—Greenwich Y. C., Annual Regrtta
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott, Third Championship Regatta
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 7, 9, 14—America Cup Races.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

THE day after the Goelet Cup races, Aug. 4, found all the fleet in harbor at Newport, some of them rather the worse for wear. Mohican had lost her maintopmast and masthead, as well as her jibboom, Dauntless had carried away her main gaff, and Bedouin was minus a bowsprit, besides many smaller disasters among the yachts. It was decided not to sail for New Bedford, as there was still a heavy sea outside. On Wednesday morning the wind was south, a wholesail breeze when the yachts started at noon from Brenton's Reef, where the Polynia lay at anchor to start them. From Brenton's Reef to New Bedford the courses are to the Hen and Chickens, 17 miles, east one-half south; thence to off the Dumpling Rock, northeast, 7½ miles; thence to off Clark's Point lighthouse, 4 miles, north by east for the finish—total distance about 30 miles.

With a south wind light sails were on all. It was expected that Genesta and Stranger would be in the race, but both crossed to leeward of the line, the former sailing easily with small topsail set and a boat in tow. The leaders got off well, Gracie leading and holding first place for half an hour, when Priscilla passed her. Over the whole distance the iron sloop held her place, coming in well ahead of all. Spinnakers were carried to starboard for a part of the run and then shifted to port, the entire race being before the wind. Puritan was delayed for some time near the start by her jibtopsail splitting, necessitating a change for a smaller one. The times of the yachts were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gracie	12 02 33	3 17 58	3 15 05
Mischief	12 03 03	3 20 14	3 27 11
Vixen	12 03 04	3 50 58	3 47 54
Clio	12 03 23	3 37 18	3 33 55
Clytie	12 04 07	3 26 12	3 22 05
Princess	12 04 52	3 46 31	3 41 39
Priscilla	12 05 24	3 11 15	3 05 51
Mascotte	12 05 35	3 45 09	3 39 34
Athlon	12 06 10	3 55 11	3 49 01
Nirvana	12 06 20	3 30 04	3 23 44
Grayling	12 06 45	3 24 34	3 17 52
Atalanta	12 07 02	3 31 26	3 24 24
While Away	12 07 18	3 39 00	3 31 42
Puritan	12 07 24	3 24 31	3 17 07
Marian Wentworth	12 07 57	3 54 58	3 47 01
Norna	12 09 08	8 35 21	3 24 13
Norseman	12 09 40	3 37 24	3 27 44
Dauntless	12 11 12	3 51 11	3 39 59
Isis	12 11 51	4 06 47	3 54 56
Fortuna	12 12 06	3 48 05	3 35 59
Speranza	12 13 47	3 41 30	3 27 43
Dreadnaught	12 14 43	3 51 30	3 36 48
Regina	12 15 00	3 07 22	2 52 22
Wave Crest	12 15 00	3 50 35	3 46 35
Hesper	12 15 00	3 43 03	3 43 03

The yachtsmen were warmly welcomed in New Bedford. It was decided to abandon the Sandy Hook race and to sail next day for Vineyard Haven. Next morning the wind was strong from N.E., with every appearance of a storm, and some of the yachts decided not to start. At 10:40 the signal was given from the Polynia, anchored off Clark's Point Light, and at 10:47 Puritan crossed. It was first a run and then a beat out, with a strong topsail breeze, and Puritan kept ahead and to windward until at 12:40 her throat halliards carried away, delaying her so long that Priscilla overtook her; but starting again on even terms the Boston sloop came in ahead, beaten only 2m. 44s. on elapsed time, notwithstanding her mishap.

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed
Clytie	10 48 14	Did not finish.	
Clio	10 48 43	2 05 05	3 16 22
Wave Crest	10 49 35	2 04 05	3 15 15
Wanderer	10 49 54	2 17 30	3 27 36
Norna	10 50 30	2 08 47	3 18 17
Princess	10 51 52	2 21 01	3 29 09
Dauntless	10 52 45	2 04 28	3 11 43
America	10 52 45	1 51 52	3 05 07
Dreadnaught	10 53 17	1 56 03	3 02 40
Speranza	10 53 54	Did not finish.	
M. Wentworth	10 57 42	2 22 32	3 24 50

SLOOPS.

Puritan	10 47 06	1 39 13	2 52 07
Priscilla	10 50 13	1 39 36	2 49 23
Isis	10 51 52	2 27 38	3 35 46
Gaviota	10 53 05	2 30 10	3 37 05
Athlon	10 53 12	2 29 08	3 36 56
While away	10 53 38	Did not finish.	
Gracie	10 54 27	1 58 27	3 03 00
Christine	10 56 46	Did not finish.	
Stranger	10 57 17	2 14 22	3 17 05
Regina	10 57 52	2 35 35	4 37 43

The last race of the week was on Friday, from Vineyard Haven to Newport. Puritan again winning a decisive victory in light weather, leading all the way. An early start was made at 8:20 A.M., with a light northwest wind, dropping to a calm two hours later. A little after noon a light south wind came up, and by 1:30 it had freshened into a sailing breeze. Vineyard Sound lightship was passed by Puritan at 1:16:30 and Priscilla at 1:23:17. Many of the yachts left in the morning and others did not finish but continued west, the fleet being timed at Newport as follows:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Norseman	8 23 00	4 02 14	7 29 14	7 29 14
Fortuna	8 23 26	3 56 28	7 33 02	. . .
America	8 35 30	not timed.		
Clytie	8 25 01	4 28 28	8 03 27	. . .
Dreadnaught	8 31 08	not timed.		

SLOOPS.

Puritan	8 21 35	3 26 28	7 04 53	7 03 14
Priscilla	8 24 06	3 35 09	7 11 03	7 11 03
Isis	8 27 39	3 59 25	7 31 46	—
Gracie	8 32 45	not timed.		
Gaviota	8 26 44	not timed.		

A meeting was held on the flagship after which the fleet was disbanded. The following order was issued: "During the hour from noon till 1 o'clock on Saturday, Aug. 8, vessels of the N. Y. Y. C., now at anchor in Newport Harbor, will, out of respect to the memory of the late Gen. Grant, be placed in mourning and the flagship will fire minute guns during that time." Genesta went on to Marblehead and Boston, where she will be docked, Puritan and Priscilla are now in New York, the former at anchor off Stapleton and the latter at Poillon's, where her mast has been hoisted out and shortened.

QUEBEC Y. C.—A race was sailed by this club on July 29 for the cup presented by Com. Gregory and Vice-Com. Ritchie, over a course from the Custom House to Beaumont buoy and return, open to boats of 15 tons and under. At 1:55 P. M. the following yachts started: Foam, Mr. A. C. Scott; Favorite, Mr. Wm. McLimont, Jr.; Serieux, Mr. A. J. Auger; Montagnais, Mr. J. B. Morin; Iris, Mr. T. S. Hethrington; Osprey, Mr. J. S. Thom. The wind was light and off the island it dropped to a calm, leaving the fleet to drift to Beaumont Church where it freshened up. The times at the turn were: Osprey 4:04, Iris 4:05, Foam 4:05¾, Montagnais 4:06½, Serieux 4:08, Favorite 4:10. Osprey did still better going home, and Montagnais took next place, the order at the finish being: Osprey 5:27½, Montagnais 5:38, Iris 5:38¼. The judges: Messrs. Chas. Mackenzie, F. A. Falkenberg and E. G. Meredith, Starter, Mr. Chas. Mackenzie, Time keeper, Mr. John Shaw.

THE LAKE Y. R. A. ROUND.

SO many exciting events have lately taken place along the coast, and so much has happened to occupy the attention of yachtsmen at Newport and on the Sound, that we are apt to forget that all sailing is not confined to New York, Boston and Newport; that there are many good sailor men who do not smell brine from one year's end to another, and that far above the level of the Atlantic there are seas whose waters are always fresh, where it is always high tide, and whose varied shores and bays afford facilities for all forms of yachting. It is true that for large tonnage and a numerous fleet we must still look to the East; but beyond these, in the essentials of good waters, thorough love of yachting and a complete system of organization, at least one of the great lakes is in no way behind the seacoast.

A year ago last spring, the yachtsmen of Oswego, Toronto, Kingston and Belleville united in organizing the Lake Yacht Racing Association, and arranged a round of races under one set of rules (the length and sail area system of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.), which races were successfully sailed last August. This year a similar round was laid out, starting with a regatta at Toronto on July 30, then a sail to Niagara and a hop at night; a cruise to Oswego, racing there on Aug. 4, then over to Kingston for a race on Aug. 7; on to Belleville on the Bay Quinte, racing there on Aug. 12, and then home. This programme has already been partly carried out, though somewhat modified by the severe storm of last week, and it will be finished to-day or to-morrow.

The feeling in Lake Ontario in regard to deep-draft boats is divided, a large number of the yachtsmen believing in them, but as yet there are few cutters. First of all is the Watson ship Aileen, a fine looking cutter of 33 tons, built in Toronto in 1883; the Verve (No. 1) 10 tons, also by Watson, and the old iron cutter Rivet, built in Glasgow in 1856. Besides these are the Alarm, yawl, Condor and Cricket, keel sloops. The centerboards include Atalanta, Norah, Garfield, Ethel, Cygnet, Ella, Iolanthe, Katie Gray, Surprise, Laura of Kingston, Laura of Oswego, Fascination, and a number of smaller sloops besides the schooner Oriole. While the centerboards are more numerous, there is a growing feeling in favor of the cutter type, as the lake is deep and most of the ports have depth enough for a cutter of moderate draft. The centerboarders are mostly of Cuthbert's or McGiehan's models, shoal and wide, and not the best craft in the world for such open waters, but they are in competent hands, and an accident seldom occurs. Most of the yachts are manned and sailed by amateurs, and the united fleet boasts a number of skilful Corinthians. For two seasons the present rule has been tried, and it is found to work well and to rate very fairly the various types. On its adoption, in order to preserve nearly the same classes as before, the fleet was divided into three classes; yachts of 38ft. or over corrected length, yachts 25 to 38ft. and under 25ft.

The first race of the series was set for July 30 at Toronto, under the management of the Royal Canadian Y. C., and over their course, which is, to start between the judges' launch and the Exhibition Grounds, thence outside to the first and second harbor buoys, and between the bell buoy and the Island, thence five miles to a buoy moored off Victoria Park, thence in a southwesterly direction to a buoy moored five miles out, thence back to the bell buoy, and a second time around the triangle, after which the run was outside the harbor buoys to the Western Gap, and thence to finish opposite the Royal Canadian Y. C. house. In case of adverse wind or so light a wind that the yachts could not get into the bay, the finish was to be made across an imaginary line extending from Hanlan's Hotel to the wharf at the Exhibition Grounds. The second class yachts started and finished in front of the club house, making one round only.

The prizes offered were $150, $75 and $40 in first class; $100, $60 and $40 in second class; $50, $30 and $20 in third class. Besides these, $10, $5 and $3 were offered for open skiffs, and a flag for canoes. The arrangements were all in the hands of the officers of the club, the Commodore, Mr. John Leys; Vice-Commodore, George Goodertham; Rear-Commodore, R. Cochran; Hon. Secretary, Lieut-Col. Grascft; Assistant Secretary, O. L. Spencer, and the Sailing Committee—Capt. Stupart, chairman; H. T. Beck, J. E. Robertson, F. H. Duggan, Beverley Jones, C. E. Ryerson, E. W. Edwards. None of the yachts from Oswego or Kingston were able to join in the first race, Belleville and Toronto only being represented by the following boats:

First class—Atalanta, Messrs. Flint and Holton; Belleville Y. C., corrected length 38.8; Oriole, Vice-Com. Gooderham, R. C. Y. C., 63.64; Aileen, Com. Leys, R. C. Y. C., 57.06; Cygnet, Com. McGaw, T. Y. C., 48.43; Alarm, Capt. Robertson, R. C. Y. C.; Condor, Vice-Com. Cosgrove; Verve, Rear-Com. Cochran, R. C. Y. C., 39.8. Second class—Iolanthe, Mr. Biggar, R. C. Y. C.; Vera, Witch, Bonita, Wawa. Third class—Mischief, Meteor, Peerless, Skiffs—Eva, Comet.

A reception was held at the R. C. Y. C. house in the afternoon, the band of the Tenth Royals furnishing music for the dancing, while the guests were also able to witness the race. At 10:10 A. M. the signal for the second class was given, Iolanthe going over first at 10:10:30, the rest straggling slowly across in a very light breeze, their times being, Vera 10:20, Bonita 10:28, Witch 10:34 and Wawa 11:16. At 11:15, when the first signal for the larger boats was given, a light wind was blowing from S.W., and all the fleet had kites flying. At 11:20 the start was signaled and the fleet went over as follows: Condor 11:21:20, Cygnet 11:21:40, Verve 11:22:10, Oriole 11:23:30, Atalanta 11:25, Aileen 11:25:45. Cygnet laid up close for the harbor buoys, while the others stood off further, running down free. Verve soon being head boat, Cygnet, losing time in making a tack, was passed by Atalanta as well, the order being now: Verve 11:45, Atalanta 11:47, Cygnet 11:48, Oriole 11:48, Aileen 11:49, Condor 11:50. On the run to Scarboro buoy Atalanta picked up, passing Verve, while Oriole and Cygnet also changed places, the latter losing ground to leeward. The times were: Atalanta 12:16, Verve 12:20, Oriole 12:21:30, Cygnet 12:22:30, Aileen 12:24, Condor not timed. The next leg, to windward, gave the little cutter a chance to show her speed, and beautifully handled she walked away in a mere breath of a breeze, with Aileen hunting her, Atalanta losing her advantage. Cygnet and Oriole held close together, the former gaining a little on this stretch.

The times at the South buoy were: Verve 2:01, Aileen 2:10, Atalanta 2:13½, Cygnet 2:31, Oriole 2:32, Conder 2:59. The sun grew hotter and hotter, and the wind fell entirely for the next hour, the yachts drifting over the 5-mile leg under spinnakers and watersails. Verve more than held her own, while Aileen was still second, the times at the bell buoy being: Verve 3:37½, Atalanta 3:41, Aileen 3:42, Cygnet 4:00, Oriole 4:07, Condor not timed. To Victoria Park buoy the distance was another 5 miles, with a little more wind, Verve still leading, while Aileen left the big sloop. The times were: Verve 4:07½, Aileen 4:16½ Atalanta 4:20, Cygnet 4:35, Oriole 4:44½. For another hour under a broiling sun the yachts drifted along to the South buoy again, Verve going steadily away from Atalanta, while Aileen also increased her lead on the sloop, and Cygnet left the schooner. The times at South buoy were: Verve 5:09, Aileen 5:30, Atalanta 5:37, Cygnet 5:51, Oriole 6:11. With the ghost of a free wind in their spinnakers the fleet drifted into the western opening of Toronto Bay. Verve, Aileen and Atalanta finished, but Cygnet, owing to a misunderstanding of the sailing directions, took in her kites before crossing the line, thus losing some time which would have put her into third place. The times were: Verve 6:37:15, Aileen 6:51:04, Atalanta 6:54, Cygnet 7:09:18, Oriole and Condor not timed. The summary is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Verve	11 22 10	6 37 15	7 15 05	6 44 42
Aileen	11 25 45	6 51 04	7 25 19	7 16 31
Atalanta	11 25 00	6 54 00	7 29 00	7 29 00
Cygnet	11 21 40	7 09 18	7 47 38	7 29 21
Oriole	11 23 30	. . .	. . .	. . .
Condor	11 21 20	. . .	. . .	. . .

SECOND CLASS.

Iolanthe	10 10 30	4 09 20	5 58 50	. . .
Vera	10 20 00	5 55 30	7 35 30	. . .
Wawa	10 16 00	. . .	. . .	. . .
Witch	10 34 30	. . .	. . .	. . .
Bonita	10 28 00	. . .	. . .	. . .

THIRD CLASS.

Mischief		. . .	8 27 00	. . .
Meteor		. . .	8 34 00	. . .
Peerless		. . .	8 37 00	. . .

Eva won the skiff race, with Comet second. No canoes entered.

While such a race is in no way a test of a yacht's merits it is at least instructive, as there was no fluking, but one and all had the same show; and with equal chances the two cutters, lugging heavy lead keels at a great depth, drifted away from the shoal draft boats, a pretty conclusive proof, if any were needed, of the fallacy of the idea that prevailed but a few years since on the subject of depth and resistance. While the yachts were well handled, the sailing of Verve was specially good and in marked contrast to that of a few days later, showing what the boat is capable of when properly sailed. Aileen also did well when compared by the light-weather standard of McGiehan's Cygnet and Cuthbert's Atalanta, beating one by 12mm 50sec. and the other by 12min. 29sec. Altogether the performance of the two cutters was a remarkable one, and has already set some of the ultra sloop men to thinking.

The fleet were to rendezvous at Niagara on Saturday, and all but Verve were in port by afternoon, Aileen, Rivet, Oriole, Atalanta, Alarm, Cygnet, Bonita and Condor. On Saturday night a hop was given in honor of the yachtsmen at the Queen's Royal Hotel. The programme was to start next morning for Oswego in good time for Tuesday's race, but at daybreak the storm that was so severe along the entire eastern coast was raging in Lake Ontario, with a heavy sea outside the harbor. At 9 A. M. Aileen got under way for Oswego and an hour later Verve followed her, the others glad to stay inside.

Once in the lake a very heavy sea was encountered with a head wind, and after beating for some time both made for harbor, Aileen running into Port Darlington and Verve into Port Hope. On Monday the weather was no better and it was decided to postpone the race to Wednesday. Atalanta started out of Niagara at 9:30 A. M. and at 12:30 was off Olcott. At 3 P. M. she was abreast of Thirty-mile Point, where the sea was so heavy that she ran back to Olcott, arriving at 6:25 P. M. Meanwhile the Oswego yachtsmen were eagerly looking out for the visitors, with some anxiety at their non-appearance as Tuesday passed.

The charge of the visitors was in the hands of Com. Mott, who telegraphed on Monday night and all day Tuesday to the various lake ports for news of the scattered fleet, with but meagre answers. The principal fear was for Iolanthe, the smallest of the yachts. A number of yachtsmen came by rail to Oswego, among them some from Belleville, and as no news could be had, there was some alarm felt for her safety. In the afternoon the Commodore, with a party of yachtsmen who had been carefully scanning the horizon all day from the club house, took a tug and went in search of the missing ones. The sea had gone down somewhat, but there was still a sharp, vicious roll to it which sent the gunwales of the stumpy, high-sided lake tug well under, and brought a suspicious paleness to more than one face. Steaming up the New York shore, a speck was at length seen in the west, which slowly grew until it was recognized as a sloop yacht. "Which one?" was the question for some time, the friends of each recognizing their own craft, but finally all agreed that it was the Iolanthe. Rapidly the boats neared, but they were quite close before it was decided that the arrival was not Iolanthe, but Cygnet. Soon the Toronto sloop was alongside, her skipper on the bows, ready with the hail, "Are the others in yet?" while at the stick, tastefully attired in oiler and sou'wester, was the secretary of the Association. Cygnet reported that she had only left Niagara that morning, and had sighted none of the others. By this time another yacht was plainly seen, and the tug ran on to meet her, Cygnet entering the harbor and anchoring at 4:15 P. M. The other, a larger craft, was soon recognized as Atalanta. She reported as leaving Olcott at 5:30 A. M., with a sea running but little wind, and passing Thirty-Mile Point at 6:35, Oak Orchard 7:38, Charlotte 11, Big Sodus 2:08, and at 3:10 passing Iolanthe. Still another sloop now appeared, and the tug ran off to her, soon making her out as the missing Belleville boat, and giving her a warm welcome. No other boats were sighted, and the tug returned to the club house, where the crews were still looking for the other yachts, and speculating on the chances of wind for the morrow.

Through the evening a careful watch was kept up, and Com. Mott had a tug ready to run out as soon as a yacht was sighted. About 10:30 P. M. a party of yachtsmen were gathered in the Ethel's cabin, when a voice from the deck announced the arrival of Aileen. A rush was made for the companion, boats were hauled alongside, and all were soon afloat, stopping for a minute to rescue one of the Cricket's crew, the commodore's spaniel Fritz, who in the excitement and darkness leaped overboard instead of into the boat. Before the chain had ceased to rattle a dozen were on deck with a hearty welcome for the late comers and anxious inquiries for missing yachts, Aileen had lain at Port Darlington from Sunday night until Tuesday morning, when she had started away. No sooner were greetings and news exchanged than the cry went up for K. and a song, in answer to which there stepped out of a dark corner of the cabin a tall and bronzed sailorman in a huge "Tam," a pair of baggy knickerbockers, and a jersey with the initials of the Royal Northern Y. C. Advancing to the center of the cabin he struck up the the classic "Redu" of the Mudhook Y. C., no less famous and popular now along Lake Ontario than it is among the lochs and bays of old Scotia, while all joined in the chorus until the glasses on the table rattled in time. After the musical part of the performance was completed the party broke up, with a final look to the westward for the still absent Verve.

At 6:30 the next morning a gun from the Cricket announced the arrival of the little cutter, who lay outside with no wind. The fleet was all complete with the exception of Oriole, as Alarm was not entered for the regatta.

It is only within a few years that yachting has been possible at Oswego for want of a suitable harbor, but now the government breakwater affords ample protection to the fleet. The Oswego Y. C. have a handsome club house just inside the coal trestle and not far from the center of the city. Adjoining the main club house is a large building for members' boats, the entire premises being very conveniently arranged. The club has a large membership and a growing fleet of yachts, including the steamers Ruth and Angler. Once outside the breakwater a yacht is in the open lake and here a fine course is laid out in still water with no tide and little current. It is a triangle with 3¼ mile sides, the first bearing W.N.W. from the start just opposite the club house. The second leg runs N.E. ¾ E. and the third S. ¾E. Three rounds or 30 miles were to be sailed by the first class in 7 hours and 2 rounds in 5 hours by the second class. The prizes offered were $150, $75 and $50 in first class, and $100, $50 and $25 in the second class, with no entrance fee from the losing boats, but 10 per cent. from the winners. The championship pennant of the club was also open to yachts of the Oswego Y. C., being the fourth race for it. The tug Camelia carried the guests of the club, while on the tug F. S. Wheeler were Messrs. Fitch, Sloan and Gordon of the Regatta Committee, the judges, Messrs. Clark Morrison and M. J. Cummings, and the referee Mr. P. W. Cullinan.

The entries were: Class 1, Atalanta, Aileen, Garfield, Verve, Cygnet and Ethel. Class 2, Iolanthe, Katie Gray, Cricket, Fascination, Fanny F., Laura, of Oswego, and Laura, of Kingston. There was no wind in the morning, and a thick haze hung over the lake. The yachts sailed or towed outside and lay there in the fog for some time. About 11 A. M. the fog lifted a little, and before noon it had disappeared. At 10:53:30 the first gun was fired, and at 10:58:30 the second, the first class starting at the latter signal. The wind was from the north, very light, and all kites were set as the fleet went over on starboard tack, Garfield at 11:00:20, Atalanta 11:01:38, Ethel 11:01:50, Aileen 11:04:05, Cygnet 11:04:40, Verve 11:05:50, the latter three being handicapped at 11:03:30. At 11:08 a third gun was fired for the second class to prepare, and at 11:15 a starting gun. Class 2 crossed with Katie Gray at 11:17:20 and Iolanthe 11:17:45, the others being handicapped at 11:18. It was a beat to first mark, Garfield leading off well, as there was almost a flat calm, with water smooth, except for a long swell. By 11:40 there was a light breeze from N.W. The fleet had broken tacks and were scattered in an irregular line a mile long.

At noon Atalanta was ahead and out in the lake, looking for the expected N. W. wind, while Garfield stood further in shore. Cygnet was second and Aileen third boat, the rear guard being widely scattered, Verve was doing badly, seeming to have no life in her movements and totally different from her form on Tuesday in light weather, in fact through the entire race she seemed to be held back by something. At 12:23:10 Atalanta turned the first mark and set a diminutive apology for a jibtopsail, and about the same time a sail was sighted in the N. W., which finally proved to be the Alarm, Aileen turned at 12:36:15 and Garfield at 12:39, the latter so close to the buoy that a boathook was used to push off with. At second mark the order was Atalanta 12:52, Aileen 1:07, Garfield, Cygnet, Ethel, Iolanthe, Katie Gray and Verve. Atalanta still led down the wind with spinnaker set, finishing the first round at 1:43:20, with Aileen 1:57:00, Garfield 1:57:40, Cygnet 2:03:00, Ethel 2:07:45, Laura (Kingston) 2:31:09, Iolanthe 2:37:35, Katie Gray 2:38:00, Verve 2:40:00, others not timed. The wind now was blowing light from N. W., but dropped at times until it was very doubtful whether the race would be made in time. At the end of second round the order was Atalanta, Aileen, Garfield, Cygnet, Ethel. At one time Ethel was well ahead of Cygnet but she had not proper kites for such light work.

At 4:18 P. M., when the five hours' limit of Class II. expired, there was no wind and Laura (Kingston) was some distance from the finish, coming in at 4:28:09 or 10min. 9sec. over the time, but it was decided to call it a race, as the necessity of being at Kingston and Belleville made another race at Oswego a difficult matter. Iolanthe came in at 4:38:45, taking second prize, and Katie Gray 4:55:25, winning third money. Laura of Oswego lost her topmast by a hook straightening out when she was near the second mark on last round, her masthead also going over the side. The last round was a mere drift with stray puffs over some parts of the course, and was very tiresome to yachtsmen and spectators. At 5:35 P. M. Atalanta crossed the line with Aileen a mile or two astern, after which a flat calm fell, so that Aileen only came in at 7:40:10, while Garfield held on until 11:30 P. M., when she crossed the line and took third money, all the others having given up long before. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Atalanta	11 01 38	5 35 00	6 33 22	6 33 22
Aileen	11 04 05	7 09 10	8 05 40	7 58 24
Garfield	11 00 20	11 30 00	12 29 40	.... ..
SECOND CLASS.				
Laura	11 18 00	4 28 09	5 10 09	5 08 41
Iolanthe	11 17 45	4 38 45	5 21 00	5 21 00
Katie Gray	11 17 20	4 55 25	5 37 40	5 34 09

Ethel takes the Commodore's pennant as first Oswego boat over the twenty-mile course.

Both Alarm and Oriole were at anchor when the race really finished at dark and the harbor presented a fine appearance from the club house. Mr. Coudé's handsome steam yacht Ruth, which had been out during the day with a party of ladies, was anchored off the club house and brilliantly illuminated, her name being displayed in colored lights, while colored fires and fireworks were lighted on the other yachts. A band was stationed on the upper balcony, while the large boat room had been cleared of its contents and handsomely decorated with rugs, mirrors and hangings. Here a long table was placed and a supper served to the yachtsmen. The tired sailors had found time to prepare themselves and decolleté jerseys and woolen caps had given place to frock coats, club caps and high collars with muslin enough in them to fit out a schooner with kites. Before going to supper the Commodore presented the prizes to the representatives of the winning yachts. After supper came songs and speeches, with an impromptu promenade concert, the assembly breaking up at midnight. The Katie Gray towed out into the lake to look for wind for a cruise to the Thousand Islands, while the others prepared to start next morning for Kingston.

On Thursday the fleet lay at anchor in Oswego, the programme being to sail on Friday, but there being no wind an arrangement was made to tow over. While waiting for the tug in the afternoon an impromptu entertainment was held by the yachtsmen on the breakwater. A rifle match was the first in order, after which a fiddle was tuned up and Scotch reels, hornpipes and quadrilles indulged in. A tug of war was won by the crew of the Cygnet against a picked team from the fleet, and songs and dances whiled away the time until 10 P.M., when the tug Thompson started off with three big barges, and in a string astern Oriole, Atalanta, Aileen, Alarm Cygnet, Verve and Iolanthe. Commodore Mott steamed down the line on another tug, and was heartily cheered by the fleet. During their stay in Oswego his entire time was devoted to the entertainment of the visitors, and his hospitality will be remembered by all as one of the pleasantest features of the cruise. Arriving at Kingston on Saturday the fleet was received by Com. Fairclough and the Kingston Yacht Club, who had the steam yacht Marquis of Lorne ready to take the visitors to the Canoe Camp, where a pleasant afternoon was spent.

On Sunday there was plenty of wind, but Monday there was almost none. The starters were, in the first class: Verve, Toronto, C. C. Dalton; Aileen, Toronto, J. Leys; Oriole, Toronto, W. Gooderham; Atalanta, Belleville, D. R. Leavens; Winona, New York, W. K. Bloodgood; Garfield, Kingston, Dr. Curtis; Cygnet, Toronto, H. D. Evans. Second class: Iolanthe and Laura, of Kingston.

Atalanta led away with Cygnet second, Aileen third and Verve fourth, the latter soon being completely becalmed. At the next buoy Atalanta still led with Winona in second place and Aileen third.

The second round was also a drift with wind and calms alternately. The times at the finish were:

Atalanta	4 35 50	Cygnet	5 25 35
Winona	5 01 25	Garfield	5 28 40
Aileen	5 08 30	Verve	5 30 35

Verve is fourth on allowed time. Iolanthe beats Laura by 1:26 corrected. The Belleville regatta was to be sailed on Wednesday.

HULL Y. C. REGATTA.

THE first championship race of the year was sailed by the Hull Y. C., on Aug. 1, off the club house, the courses being:

First and second classes—Across the line between the judges' yacht and flag boat, leaving judges' yacht on starboard, through Hull Gut, leaving Hunt's Ledge and Point Allerton buoys on starboard, to Harding's bell boat, leaving it on port, to Marten's ledge buoy, leaving it on port, to Hunt's ledge buoy on port, to and across line to judges' yacht and flag boat. Distance, 11 miles.

Third class—Across line to judges' yacht and flag boat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around Black Bush buoy No. 1 (half a mile south of starting line), through the West gut, around Wreck buoy (off west end of Pettick's Island), leaving it on starboard, around Wilson's Rocks buoy, leaving it on starboard, through Hull Gut, to and across line between judges' yacht and a flag boat. Distance 6 miles.

Fourth, fifth and sixth classes—Across line between judges' yacht and flagboat, leaving judges' yacht on port, around Hull Y. C. barrel (off northwest end of Bunkin Island), leaving it on starboard, around Hull Y. C. barrel, off Harry's Rocks (near Prince's Head), leaving it on starboard, around flagboat at starting line, leaving it on starboard, around Hull Y. C. barrel (off northwest end of Bunkin Island), leaving it on starboard, around Hull Y. C. barrel (off Harry's Rocks, near Prince's Head), leaving it on starboard, to and across line between judges' yacht and flagboat. Distance, 6 miles.

The wind came from S.E., blowing heavily, and during the race a violent thunder storm broke over the fleet, the rain pouring down. At 3 P. M. the first gun was fired, and at 3:05 the starting gun for first class, the others starting at five-minute intervals. Hera and Siren carried topsails in spite of the weather, the latter leading all the way. The buoy at Martin's Ledge had drifted away, so none of the yachts could round it. Banneret and Daly had a very close race, the former winning finally.

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Hera, G. R. Howe	36.10	2 15 51	1 51 34

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Siren, King & Clark	39.03	2 14 56	1 52 15

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Banneret, J. F. Brown	25.02	2 51 38	2 16 34
Lizzie F. Daly, William Daly, Jr.	26.11	3 00 00	2 26 05

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Atalanta, I. R. Thomas	28.04	2 19 06	1 47 30
Rambler, J. Henry	27.00½	Did not return.	

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Thelga, A. P. Thayer	22.07	1 03 25	0 41 28
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	23.09	2 04 01	0 43 55

THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Queen Mab, Burwell & Litchfield	22.06	1 04 49	0 43 48
Alda, W. H. Wilkinson, 2d	24.01	1 05 07	0 45 15
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	23.00	1 06 58	0 46 20

FOURTH CLASS.

Joker, George Coffin	20.08	1 03 18	0 40 49
Niobe, Sayles & Chadwick	20.06	1 14 40	0 52 03
Thrasher, G. G. Garraway	20.02	1 17 03	0 54 09
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21.03	1 16 04	0 54 41
Kittiwake, C. E. Cunningham	21.03	1 18 32	0 56 33
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	20.01	1 19 33	0 56 34
Petrel, H. H. Paul	20.00	1 22 19	0 59 16

FIFTH CLASS.

Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.03	1 02 15	0 48 31
Hebe, F. N. Lambert	18.08	1 16 40	0 52 23
Spider, J. Abbott	18.11	1 17 35	0 53 32
Imogen, B. T. Wendell	18 10	1 19 17	0 55 09
Kismet, A. P. Thayer	18 11	1 20 32	0 56 29

SIXTH CLASS.

Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.10	1 18 17	0 51 56
Mirage, M. M. Clark	17.10	1 18 38	0 54 31

The race was for cash prizes and a leg for the championship. Prizes were awarded as follows: First class, keels, Hera, $20; first class, centerboards, Siren, $20; second class, keels, Banneret, $15; second class, centerboards, Atalanta, $15; third class, keels, Thelga, $12; third class, centerboards, Queen Mab, $12; fourth class, Joker, $20; fifth class, Em Ell Eye, $10; sixth class, Elsie, $10.

The open regatta of the club will be sailed on Saturday next, starting at 1 P. M. The race is open to yachts of any club in the N. E. Y. R. A., and will be sailed under the Association rules, the classes and prizes being as follows:

First Class—For centerboard and keel yachts measuring 31ft. and less than 40ft. sailing length, first $50, second $25, first $50, second $25.

Second Class—For centerboard and keel yachts measuring 24ft. and less than 31ft. sailing length, first $40, second $20, first $40, second $20.

Third Class—For centerboard and keel yachts measuring 21ft. and less than 24ft. sailing length, first $35, second $20, third $15, fourth $10, first $35, second $20, third $15, fourth $10.

Fourth Class—For yachts measuring 19ft. and less than 21ft. sailing length, first $30, second $20, third $15, fourth $10.

Fifth Class—For sailyachts measuring less than 19ft. sailing length, first $30, second $20, third $15, fourth $10, fifth $5.

The sailing regulations of the Association governing the race are as follows: The start for all classes will be from anchor. A preparatory whistle will be blown on the judges' steamer at 1 o'clock, as a signal for all yachts to form in line between flags bearing the number of their class. Thirty minutes later the whistle on the judges' steamer will be blown, and the club flag lowered as a signal for first and second classes to start. Ten minutes later the whistle will be blown again as a signal for all other classes to start. Yachts may carry one man to every five feet and fraction thereof sailing length. Yachts on their return will pass between the judges' steamer and flag boat. Waterline with one fifth of after overhang. Schooners will sail at seven-eighths of actual measurement. Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. All boats under 21ft., or the dividing line between two classes nearest thereto (either way), in sailing length, shall be restricted to working sails as follows: For sloops and cutters, jib, forestaysail and mainsail; for schooners, mainsail, foresail, forestaysail and jib; for cats, mainsail only. All boats of or over 21ft., or the dividing line between two classes (either way) in sailing length, may carry the following sails, but no others: For sloops and cutters, mainsail, forestaysail, jib, jibtopsail, topsail and spinaker. For schooners, mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, jib, flying jib, jibtopsail, maintopmast staysail, topsails and spinakers; for cats, mainsail, spinaker, jib and topsail; the Herreshoff table of allowances will be used. No sharpies or catamarans allowed to enter this regatta.

GALATEA.

WE learn from private sources that Galatea will not visit the United States this year, as she is not yet in proper racing shape. The *London Times* gives the following account of the race in which she was dismasted on July 13, in the Royal Ulster regatta:

Course from Bangor, three times round flagboats off Carrickfergus, Black Head and Groomsport. Three times round; distance 50 miles. Starters:

Yacht.	Rig.	Tons.	Owner.
Galatea	Cutter	91	Lieut. Henn.
Irex	Cutter	85	Mr. J. Jameson.
Marjorie	Cutter	98	Mr. J. Coats.
Marguerite	Cutter	60	Mr. F. Connor.
Tara	Cutter	40	Mr. F. Taylor.

The time allowances were as follows: Galatea allows Irex 1m. 24s., Marjorie 6m. 33s., Marguerite 9m. 24s., and Tara 19m. 8s.

All had single reef in mainsails, third jibs out and topmasts housed, and, except on Irex and Marjorie, foresails were reefed. Consequent on the shortening of the course the start was delayed until 11 o'clock, and at that time the weather was dull and cheerless, and the wind blowing half a gale from the southward. But, although Belfast Lough was feather white, the sea was not heavy. At the flash of the starting gun Marguerite, Tara, Irex and Marjorie were ranged beam and beam—in fact, they came to the line with bowsprit ends level, while Galatea was barely her length astern. It was a reach with sheets just checked up to Carrick. Irex soon drew to the fore, Marguerite, which had the weather end of the line at the start, winded Tara and Marjorie and took second place, while the Galatea, after hanging for a time under the lee of the "forty," passed on and got into a long match with Marjorie. They tore along at a tremendous pace, ripping the sea into lahes of foam and sending the drift away in clouds, while all had lee decks awash. They bore around the Carrick maroldk, Irex h ing a clear lead; then came Marguerite, Galatea, Marjorie and Tara. Sheets were trimmed for a wind abaft the beam, but as they sailed on for the North Briggs the wind veered westerly and they came dead before it. There was no change in positions, and when they went round the North Briggs flag there was seven minutes difference between first and last. The wind came in furious gushes as they crossed the lough for Groomsport mark, and in the full weight of a heavy black squall Galatea was once a mass of flying foam, and Marguerite was almost hidden in a cloud of drift. With a high head of speed on, Galatea passed Marguerite, and the order at the Groomsport mark was—Irex, Galatea, Marguerite, Marjorie and Tara. They had a dead beat to the home mark, and the first round finished thus:

Irex	12 32 00	Marjorie	12 38 00
Galatea	12 36 00	Tara	12 45 30
Marguerite	12 38 00		

Consequent on the draw in the wind to the westward, they had a beat up to Carrick, and the wind came in heavier bursts than on the first round. Irex going grandly to windward was leaving Galatea, while Marjorie was weathering out on the latter, and soon had Marguerite planted under the lee beam, and Tara was dropping fast astern. A heavy squall struck Galatea when she was about three-quarters of a mile from the Carrick mark, and without warning the mast went off short of the iron band of the mast, about four feet above the deck. The wreck went over the port side and fortunately clear of every one; but the other vessels, fearful that something might be wrong, made for her. Irex, which had responded and was before the wind, was the first to speak to the crippled ship, and then Marjorie, which had tacked for her directly the mishap occurred, went to see if she could render any assistance. However, the anchor was let go, and the wreck got in, and after a while Galatea was towed to Bangor. The wind was lighter as they ran along the northern margin of the bay, and booms were carried right off on the starboard side, which brought about a very heavy gybe. At the North Briggs mark boat, booms were brought over without mishap, and with flowing sheets they went across to Groomsport, and beat up to the home mark, the second round ending thus:

Irex	2 25 31	Marguerite	2 36 56
Marjorie	2 35 46	Tara	2 55 10

The strength of the wind was entirely broken when they beat up on the last round to Carrick, and sailing in grand form, Irex opened her lead, while the Marjorie again marched away from Marguerite. In the run down to the North Briggs the reef was shaken out of Marguerite's mainsail and all carried balloon foresails. Booms were gybed at the lee mark, and with the wind on starboard quarters, they ran across the lough to Groomsport. Marguerite, bent on passing Marjorie, set her spinnaker on the housed topmast, the sail having an "Irish reef" put in it, and before Marjorie got hers set, the "sixty" was through to leeward into second place. In a steady working topsail breeze, they ran from Gromsport home, and Irex arrived an easy winner of a grandly sailed race. The times of finish were:

Irex	4 28 55	Marjorie	4 51 03
Marguerite	4 48 47	Tara gave up.	

Since the accident a new mast has been stepped which is 2ft. shorter than the old, while her topmast is 3ft. shorter. The old mast was a poor stick and never was satisfactory. She will probably not race again in England this season. Although nothing is known of Lient. Henn's plans yet it is highly probable that in the event of the Cup staying here we may hear from him again next season, or if it goes abroad he may have a chance to defend it there next year against an American sloop.

A PREMATURE EXPLOSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is it not in order that we should hear from friend Kunhardt on the virtues of English cutters and models after the terrible collapse of American models at the Goelet cup race? The boys this way were very much disappointed that the imported Englishman (the Genesta) did not go in and get her jacket warmed by the Boston white beauty, Puritan by name. She has come to the top and now is the time for Boston boys to crow. We are going to do it this time, and you will find our rooster on top of Bunker Hill monument. After the terrible collapse of Mr. Kunhardt's pet theory, the Bedouin, we ought to holler hurrah for Boston and the Puritan! Why, the 3d inst. race was only a warming trial for our trotter. Wait until she gets alongside the Genesta, then she will let out and show a little speed. I must give vent to my feelings or I shall bust, I have got on too much steam over this grand occasion. What the Puritan has done can be done again, and more of it, by the same sort, and after two or three thrashings, as she gave the schooners, perhaps people will understand that it does not take two sticks and a lot of bamper to make a sea-going vessel. KEDGE.

CLINTON, Mass., Aug. 4, 1885.

[We agree with "Kedge" that he has on entirely too much steam, but would advise him to relieve the pressure more quietly, in case his hopes may not be realized. The "collapse" of Bedouin over which he crows so loudly was only the breaking of a bowsprit in a rough water race, and to argue from it that Puritan is more than a match for Genesta is going ahead too fast. Let Mr. Kedge haul his fires a little and wait until the races are over before putting up the rooster.]

LYNN Y. C. REGATTA.—A regatta was sailed on August 1 by the yachts of the Lynn Y. C. over the following course. Second class—From off club house around Point of Pines and Western Lobster Rock buoys, leaving them on port, to judges' boat and repeat; distance, 10 miles. Third class—From off club house around Point of Pines and Western Lobster Rock buoys, leaving them on port, to judges' boat; distance, 5 miles. The wind was fresh from the east when the second class started at 2:23 P. M., the third getting away at 2:36. Zita lost her topmast and Viola won in second class. Vesper led in third class over the course.

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Viola, E. C. Smith	20 03	1 36 03	0 58 31
Jennie L., L. H. Lockhart	23.08	1 34 55	1 01 20
Zita, L. Cote	21.10	1 40 08	1 04 16
THIRD CLASS.			
Vesper, R. M. Benner	18.10	0 50 52	0 30 46
Georgie, W. B. and F. E. Newhall	18.06	0 54 22	1 33 59
Crest, W. Gordon	18.06	0 54 32	0 34 09
Spray, G. Putnam	14.08	0 59 55	0 35 36
Nymph, W. A. Estes	18.06	1 00 40	0 40 17

The prizes were taken as follows: Second class—First prize, $10, Viola; second, $7, Jennie L. Third class—First prize, $10, Vesper; second, $7, Georgie; third, $5, Crest. The judges were W. Haines, N. T. Davidson and J. W. Attwill. Regatta committee, W. B. Newhall. C. H. Lockhart, W. M. Rand, H. P. Armstead and W. Hawkes.

FROM BOULOGNE TO DOVER.—Considerable sensation was caused in the Old Dock, Leith, on June 29, on the arrival of the yacht Hati (one ton) from Boulogne, the owner and sole occupant being one of the officers of the Royal Scots (Lothian) regiment. The deck of the little craft is flush with the sides, and consequently throws off any water that may be shipped on board; while the sliding hatchway over the diminutive cabin is shaped like the back of a duck for a similar purpose. The dinghy or small boat used by the yachtsman is constructed of canvas, with a few small spars, and folds up into a sort of carpet bag when not required. The yachtsman crossed the channel from Boulogne to Dover, and made several calls along the coast on his way to Leith.—*Toronto Mail.*

ANNISQUAM REGATTA.—The postponed race was sailed on July 20 on Ipswich Bay, over the following course: From starting line to and between Squam buoys, thence around stakeboat near Essex outer black buoy; thence to stakeboat one mile, off Plum Cove buoy; thence between Squam buoys to stakeboat off Plum Cove buoy; thence between Squam buoys to finish line between judges' boat and flag boat. Leave stakeboats on starboard. A good breeze was blowing at 12:35, when the following yachts started in the second class: Crusader, Carrie May, Petrel, Ripple, Planchette, Vesper, Spray, Jalma, Spark, Lovette, Kittiwake, Thrasher, Flora Lee, Riverside, Hestia and Sassacus. The first class was started at 12:50: Muriel, Black Cloud, J. S. Payen, Jr., Frank Leslie, Evelyn, Awilda, Venus, Expert, Jet, Fatinitza and Kulunda. Flora Lee took the lead in second class and Black Cloud in first class, with Muriel second. Kulunda grounded but got off. J. S. Payen, Jr., passed Black Cloud and led her, but could not save her time. Expert put her bowsprit through Petrel's mainsail at the finish, and Thrasher was disqualified for going outside of Plum Cove buoys.

FIRST CLASS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Black Cloud, Brown	2 20 17	1 39 29
J. S. Payen, Jr., Pierce and Payne	2 19 38	1 39 52
Muriel, Taylor and Armstead	2 25 28	1 43 52
Awilda, Farrall	2 29 05	1 50 17
Expert, Whitcomb	2 23 32	1 52 58
Venus, McKenzie	2 35 25	1 55 49
Kulunda, Marsh	2 31 12	1 57 24
Nora, ———	2 45 20	1 59 32

SECOND CLASS.

Flora Lee, Lincoln	2 27 45	1 36 09
Lovette, Haskins	2 34 10	1 48 43
Hestia, Dennen	2 43 00	1 54 00
Crusader, Wilson	2 44 35	1 56 59
Sassacus, Griffin	2 50 00	1 57 48
Ripple, Norwood	2 50 30	1 58 06
Spark, Gaffney	2 49 10	1 58 46
Petrel, Paul	2 48 20	2 00 56
Spray, Faxon	2 49 35	2 01 35
Planchette, Closson	2 48 05	2 05 29
Kittiwake, Cunningham	2 54 00	2 10 00
Fatinitza, Norwood	2 56 43	2 11 31

Black Cloud took first prize, a silver tea set valued at $75; the Payen, Jr., second, cordial set; Muriel, marine clock; Awilda, a cuspidore. In the second class the Flora Lee, first, a silver ice pitcher; Lovette, marine glass; Hestia, smoking set; Crusader, coffee pot.

There was also a dory race, George Smallet, of Bay View, taking first prize of $6, and Henry Davis, of Annisquam, second, $4.

Yacht Atlanta, which came in first at the last race, arrived too late to enter. There is talk of a race between her and the Black Cloud for a purse of $100.

HUDSON RIVER Y. C.—The annual regatta of this club was sailed on Aug. 3 in a strong N.E. wind with rain, only 12 out of 28 entries starting. The course was from an imaginary line between a stakeboat and the club house to a stakeboat off Pleasant Valley, thence to a stakeboat off Weehawken and back to the club house stakeboat, the course to be sailed over twice, except Class E, the small boats, which sailed over it once only. At 12:50 P. M. they went off in the following order: Frank Oliver, P. J. Tomlin, Nellie B., Willie, Lottie, Frankie, Clara S., Lone Star, Ada, Amelia, Prospect, Edith. Four of the yachts capsized, but no one was drowned. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN BOATS.				
Lottie	12 55 25	3 31 35	2 36 10	2 36 10
CLASS B—BOATS OVER 23FT.				
P. J. Tomlin	12 54 50	3 06 20	2 11 30	2 11 30
Clara S.		Not timed.		
CLASS C—BOATS FROM 23 TO 30FT.				
Prospect	12 59 05	3 47 30	2 48 25	2 48 25
Amelia	12 57 45	3 48 20	2 50 35	2 48 45
CLASS D—BOATS FROM 18 TO 20FT.				
Willie	12 55 20	3 24 05	2 28 45	2 28 45
Lone Star		Not timed.		
CLASS E—BOATS UNDER 20FT.				
Nellie B.	12 55 10	2 38 00	1 42 50	1 40 35

The winners in each class were Lottie, P. J. Tomlin, Prospect, Willie and Nellie B.

THE GREENWICH Y. C. REGATTA.—The first annual regatta of the Greenwich Y. C. will be sailed on Thursday, Aug. 28. The sailing races will be open to members of the Larchmont, New Haven, Beverly, Hull, Pelham, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Eastern, New York, Atlantic, and Oyster Bay Corinthian Yacht Clubs: Class I.—Cabin sloop, cutter, or yawl yachts of sailing measurements of 42ft. and under 55ft. Class II.—Thirty feet and under 42ft. Class III.—Twenty-five feet and under 30ft. Class IV.—Less than 25ft. Class V.—Open jib and mainsail yachts of sailing measurements of 23ft. or over. Class VI.—Less than 23ft. Class VII.—Open mainsail yachts of 23ft. or over. Class VIII.—Eighteen feet and under 23ft. Class IX.—Open mainsail yachts of sailing measurement less than 18ft. Entries will be received for an oyster boat race, the course to be from club house to Execution Lighthouse and back. First prize, $50 and champion pennant; second prize, $25. The following rowing races will also take place: Double skull, for professionals, prize $20; for amateurs, prize $15; for boys, prize $10, and for ladies and gentlemen, prize $15; single sculls for professionals, prize $15; for amateurs, prize $10, and for boys, prize $5; canoe race, prize $10; men's swimming race for championship of the Sound, prize $10; boy's swimming race for championship of Greenwich, prize $5; tub race; plank and shovel races and a duck hunt. In the evening there will be an illuminated procession of boats, and a prize of $15 will be awarded to the one best illuminated. All yachts in the harbor will also be illuminated. The sport will conclude with a display of fireworks.

HULL Y. C. LADIES' DAY.—In spite of clouds and rain, a large party of ladies and gentlemen were assembled at the Hull Y. C. house, on July 25, the club's ladies' day. After a time the rain ceased and the following yachts started out, each carrying a number of guests: Silvie, Commodore Charles V. Whitten; sloop Hera, Rear-Commodore George R. Howe; sloop Rambler, Captain J. J. Hearn; schooner Alice, Captain W. L. Lockhart; schooner Dorothy B, Captain Edmond Quincy; schooner Vanitas, Captain A. S. Wattles; sloop Magic, Captain E. C. Neale; sloop Nimbus, Captain Bernard Jenny, Jr.; cutter Thelga, Captain A. P. Thayer; sloop Echo, Captain Benjamin Putnam; cat Queen Mab, Captain W. H. Litchfield; cat Thistle, Captain J. R. Hooper; cat Myrtle, Captain Robert C. Poor; steam yacht Anna S, Captain Fred Pope; steam yacht Athlete, Captain J. J. Richards, by William H. Clark. The fleet sailed as far as Boston Light, and returned about 7 P. M. for a supper and dance. In loading a gun on the Silvie one of the crew was seriously wounded, and was sent to the hospital. The committee in charge included E. H. Ingalls, Colonel C. F. Harrington, Peleg Aborn, John R. Chadwick and E. L. Buswell.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., MARBLEHEAD.—The first championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was held at Marblehead, Saturday Aug. 1. The wind was southeast, strong at the start but moderated some at the finish. The Addie, by the kindness of Mr. Abbott, the owner, was used by the judges. The first class boats, Witch, Expert and Eugenia crossed the line at 2:35 P. M., and five minutes later the second class boats, Unique, Psyche, Caprice, Dash, Mona, Vera and Tulip crossed in the order named. Eugenia soon took the lead in the first class which she held to the finish. Witch and Expert had a very close race, the former eventually crossing a short distance ahead. In the second class Tulip was handicapped, being late in crossing the line, and withdrew before the finish. Unique, Dash and Psyche stood further to the eastward than Vera, Mona and Caprice and gained thereby, although not enough to effect the result.

FIRST CLASS—KEELS AND CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eugenia, c. b., I. S. Palmer	25.06	2 04 20	1 31 08
Witch, k., B. B. Crowinshield	22.10	2 08 22	1 33 47
Expert, c. b., L. Whitcomb	23.03	2 08 56	1 34 51
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Dash, cat, A. S. Browne	20 01	1 26 39	1 05 06
Psyche, cat, H. M. Sears	17.06	1 31 01	1 11 48
Tulip, cat, Gordon Dexter	16.07	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
Unique, cat, G. A. Stewart	19.10	1 29 30	1 08 18
Vera, cutter, Everett Paine	19.09	1 33 42	1 17 25
Mona, cutter, Herman Parker	18.10	1 44 27	1 22 20
Caprice, sloop, J. B. Rhodes	17.10	1 48 50	1 25 58

Dash, Psyche, Eugenia, Tulip and Unique are cat rigged. Witch, Vera and Mona cutters, and Expert and Caprice sloop.—EVERETT PAINE, Secretary.

BURLINGTON BAY RACES.—The first race of this series, sailed on July 25, was won by Whistlewing, with Thetis a close second. The series includes seven races, to be sailed under the following conditions: The yacht making the best average to be awarded first prize, and the yacht making the next best average to get second prize. No yacht's average to be taken unless starting five times. In the event of a tie for first or second place those yachts tieing alone to sail off one race. Entrance fee, $5, to be paid to the secretary-treasurer before July 24, 1885. No boat will be allowed to start until entrance fee is paid. Prize, $50 to first yacht, second yacht to take all moneys on hand after paying first prize and expenses. Rules.—Royal Canadian Yacht Club rules, subject to following conditions: Start 2:30 P.M. sharp. Boats to cross an imaginary line between the Emigrant wharf and a buoy moored due north thereof, thence round No. 1 buoy to the piers, and out into lake, rounding a buoy moored four (4) miles due east of piers, thence back, crossing an imaginary line between the little lighthouse and a buoy moored due south of it. No restriction as to how yachts get through piers provided no steam is used. All buoys must be passed to starboard. No allowance made for boats starting after 2:30 P.M. First yacht to finish before sundown or no race. All disputes to be decided by a committee selected from among the subscribers. Boats to be measured before race by Mr. H. L. Bastien.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. REGATTA.—The third of the championship regattas of the South Boston Y. C., postponed from July 18, was sailed on Aug. 1. In consequence of the storm some of the yachts gave up, the times of those that finished being as follows:

	Actual.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.		
Nimbus, Bernard Jenney	1 10 05	0 53 29
Violet, Henry J. McKee	1 10 43	0 54 07
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.		
Dorcas L., W. H. Lyman	1 20 25	1 00 19
Altaire, A. J. McLeod	1 29 40	1 09 40
Stiletto, Wm. C. Cherrington	1 33 10	1 11 49
FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.		
Thisbie, S. A. Freeman	1 23 20	0 57 44
Awilda, John Farrell	1 20 15	0 57 36
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.		
Nydia, James Galvin	0 54 55	0 35 41
Diana, H. Burgess	0 50 00	0 39 29
Monarch, John J. Bligh	1 02 45	0 41 52

The judges were: Con McKenna, Thos. Christian, James Donovan, T. J. McDonough.

BUNKER HILL Y. C.—The seventeenth annual regatta of the Bunker Hill Y. C. was sailed on July 25, resulting as follows:

	Length.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.		
Lillian, Mr. Gilbert	30.00	4 47 36
Edith, Mr. Hodgkinson	28.06	4 40 22
Meta, Wilcox & Rich	29.04	4 26 02
Celeste, George E. Thomas	28.00	4 51 26
Eva, Mr. Porter	24.06	4 57 26
SECOND CLASS.		
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.04	2 16 45
Kit, J. T. Higgins	18.08	2 33 33
Curlew, D. L. Day	19.00	2 39 10
THIRD CLASS.		
Sprite, Mr. Hinchey	18.00	1 09 00
Florence, Mr. Broman	17.00	1 11 08
Flash, Mr. Winters	17.04	1 12 46

The judges were George B. Thomas, Randall Gould and T. F. Jenkins.

HULL Y. C. CRUISE.—The fourth annual club cruise, which started on July 11, was hardly a success in point of numbers, as of the 13 yachts which started only the flagship arrived at Boothbay. On July 11, at 10:30, the Commodore reviewed the fleet from the Silvie, the following yachts passing in line: Sloop Hera, sloop Viking, Dr. L. D. Shepard; sloop Cricket, C. F. Adams, 3d; schooner Dorothy Q., Edmund Quincy; yawl White Cap, D. Hall Rice; schooner Vanitas, A. S. Wattles; sloop Optic, G. S. Hutchinson; schooner Tempest, H. F. Whittier, and steamers Annie S., Fred Pope, and Barracuda, B. Frank Dutton. Sailing for Marblehead in a light wind, White Cap was first to pass the rock. Only five yachts reached Gloucester that night, and at Portland on Tuesday only Silvie, Cricket and Viking were on hand. The three continued to the eastward, anchoring at night at Harpswell, where the schooner Aida, flagship of the Jeffries Y. C., joined them. Stopping at Herring Gut, they reached Rockland on Thursday night, where the Tempest was at anchor. From here the Silvie continued alone to Bar Harbor, arriving at 5 P. M. on Friday. Spending Saturday night at North Haven and Sunday at Boothbay, Silvie continued the cruise home alone.

A CRUISE ON LAKE ERIE.—The schooner Alarm, of the Buffalo Y. C. left at 3 o'clock on July 26, for her annual cruise up Lake Erie. She will touch at Port Colborne, Port Maitland, Port Dover, Long Point, Erie and possibly Cleveland. The following gentlemen are on board: Commodore J. S. Provoost, Capt. Harry D. Williams, J. E. Bergtold, Andrew E. Latz and George Robinson.

JURY OR CRUISING RIGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 16 a correspondent, signing himself "B.," takes exception to the Genesta crossing under a jury rig. Without going into the question of the character of this so-called jury rig and asking whether it ought not rather to be called a cruising rig, as distinct from her racing fit out, I would merely remind "B." that the America herself crossed over (and that on an easterly passage, a very different affair from going west, as a general rule) under what he would be pleased to term a jury rig, and shipped her big spars in a French port. Comment is needless.—HENRY E. BAYLY (Exmouth, July 29).

CLARA IN PORT.—After a passage of 39 days from England, the 20-ton cutter Clara arrived at New York on Sunday night, and ran up the North River, anchoring off pier 16, the skipper not knowing the harbor. She was built by Fife, of Fairlie, and is 9ft. wide and nearly 54ft. on waterline, with 20 tons outside. Clara is the first yacht of her size and extreme type to cross the Atlantic, and though her passage was a long one, she carried her racing spars. She is now lying off Tompkinsville, and her crew are fitting her in racing shape.

A TRAP CAPSIZED.—In the afternoon of Aug. 3, while it was blowing heavily from the east, the open boat Three Brothers, of Communipaw, capsized off the New Jersey shore, fifteen men and boys being thrown into the water. All were rescued by an oyster boat. The same afternoon a sailboat, with two boys and two girls aboard, was capsized off Bedloe's Island, all being rescued by Officer Ganley. The boat was lost.

CARMELITA.—The voyage of this yacht to San Francisco has been stopped by a very sad accident. Last month, as the wife of her owner, Mr. J. V. Coleman, was unpacking a valise, a revolver fell out and exploded, the ball killing her instantly. In consequence of this calamity Mr. Coleman has ordered the yacht to return to New York for sale, while he will travel for some time in Europe.

HUDSON Y. C. REGATTA.—The fall regatta of the Hudson Y. C. takes place upon Sept. 15. The start and finish will be made off Oak Point, and the course will be to and around Sands Point, a distance of twenty miles. The regatta committee consists of Messrs. H. B. McAlister, J. W. Graff and R. F. Baxter.

LYNN Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES.—The Lynn Y. C. will sail three regattas on Aug. 14, 29, and Sept. 12, open to second and third class yachts, the boat winning two out three to take the championship.

THE DATES FOR THE TRIAL AND CUP RACES.—The dates selected for the races with Genesta are Sept. 7, 9 and 14. The tria races will begin on Aug. 20. The course for each day has not yetl been announced.

CORONET.—Next Monday Poillon Bros. will launch from their yard at Brooklyn the new schooner building for Mr. R. F. Bush. She will be named Coronet.

A NEW SLOOP.—Messrs. Piepgrass & Pine have laid the keel of a new sloop 40ft. ×12ft. 6in., for Mr. Thos. Kelis, of Williamsburgh.

YONKERS Y. C.—The Yonkers Y. C. will start on their annual cruise on Aug. 24, to continue for one week.

BRUNHILDE.—Mr. J. J. Phelps' schooner Brunhilde has arrived at Cowes after a passage of 26 days.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

KANUCK—A letter for you at this office.

C. & H.—See Game Bag and Gun columns.

J. W. T.—It is used with satisfaction, and while we do not vouch for it, it is probably all right.

C. H. S.—The trigger pull is ascertained by force measured in pounds. To determine it use a spring scale.

M. L. A.—For open seasons see shotgun columns. Try the vicinity of Meacham Lake. Write to A. R. Fuller at that address.

W. H. G., Baltimore.—What is the best bait for German carp? Ans. Boiled peas, worms, and a paste made of flour worked into wet cotton.

E. F. P., New York.—Where can I obtain the best bass fishing? Ans. St. Clair Flats; Kelley's Island, Lake Erie; the St. Lawrence River from Alexandria Bay up to Cape Vincent; Rice Lake, Ontario, and Pelee Island, Lake Erie.

N. W. A. St. Albans, Vt.—Does Norris, in his "American Angler's Book," give descriptions of the standard salmon, bass and trout flies? Ans. He gives descriptions of flies for salmon and trout, but when he wrote the black bass had not risen to its present importance as a game fish, and few or none fished for it with the fly.

T. W., Leesburg, Va.—In "Nature's Serial Story," by E. P. Roe, one of the characters says a gray eagle is a young bald eagle, and that we have only two specimens of genuine eagles in this country, the bald and the golden or ring-tailed. Is this correct? Ans. Yes. The two eagles are the golden or ring-tailed (*Aquila chrysaetus*) and the white-headed or bald (*Haliœtus leucocephalus*). The bald-headed eagle is black-plumaged the first year, gray the second, and attains the whiteness of head and tail only in the third year.

THE TROY FOX-HUNTING ARENA has proved a dead failure. The "American Gentleman" who got up the scheme made a great mistake about the public appreciation of the sport of chasing boxed foxes in an inclosure. If they are still ambitious to provide a gory spectacle for the people, let them find some larger game. A circus company in New Hampshire the other day found it no trouble to collect a crowd of two thousand people to witness the shooting of an elephant. Mr. Bergh is perfectly right when he claims that the bull fight would prove popular in this country.

ANGLING is becoming quite the correct thing for public officials of high degree, whose vacations are given up to the sport. Readers of the late George Dawson's "Angling Talks," which were published in this journal, will not fail to understand the charm that a trout or salmon stream has for the weary man of office.

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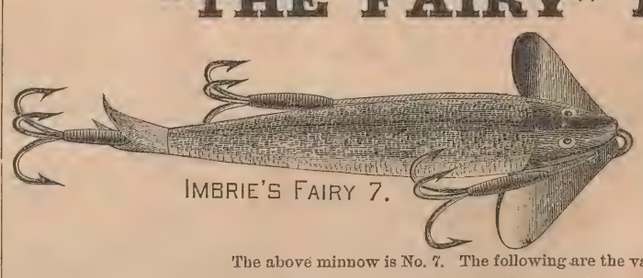
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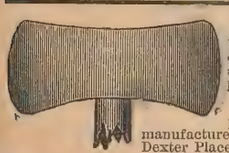
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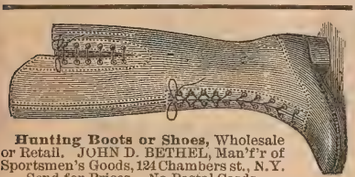


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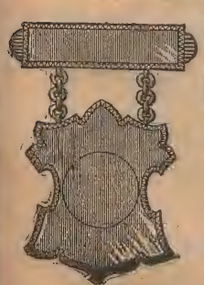
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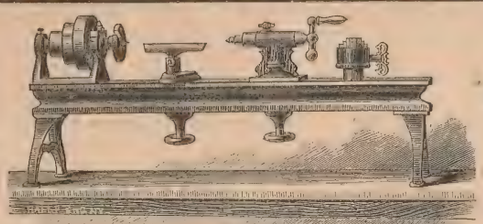
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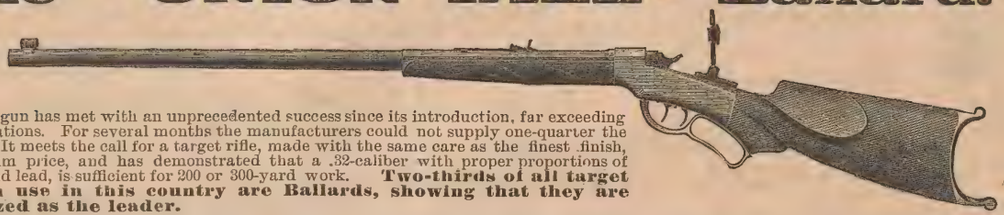
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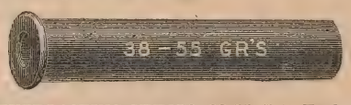
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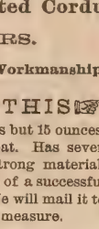
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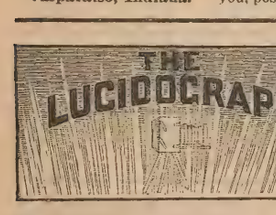
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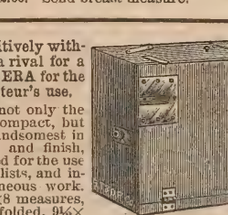


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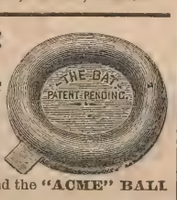
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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, yachting, canoeing, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE increasing interest manifested in the proposed trajectory test shows that it will, in the language of the budding journal, "fill a long felt want." Some of the suggestions which have come in indicate that there is in some measure a misapprehension of just what we shall endeavor to get in the line of shooting statistics. It will not be a test of initial velocities nor of the accuracy of shooting by the several rifles tested so far as the bunching of shots is concerned; but with a carefully determined base line to start from, we shall fire a sufficient number of shots from each rifle to determine just what it is capable of doing in the direction of meeting that great desideratum of a hunting weapon—a flat trajectory.

To this end we have chosen several days in September, from the 23d onward, when in all likelihood the weather will be settled and quiet. A surveyor will first of all make a careful plot of the range, fixing the distance with the utmost accuracy and, determining a base line from which all the vertical measurements will be taken. A series of stakes will be firmly planted along the line of fire, and each one marked for distance and height. At 200 yards a strong platform of plank will be built, and on this will be placed the iron gun rest from which all the weapons will be fired. At 150 yards, at 100 yards, and at 50 yards screens will be placed and five shots fired from each weapon in succession as quickly as convenient. Each shot will be noted on the screen and on the paper ring-target to be employed. These paper documents will then form permanent exhibits, and their exact measurement will be a question for the expert to determine. All the data as to each rifle and the ammunition employed will be carefully noted, and instruments for fixing the shooting conditions, such as the force and direction of the wind, the barometric and thermometric records, will be provided.

A similar platform may be built at 100 yards for the smaller caliber of rifles now becoming so popular, and a sliding screen along the zone of maximum trajectory may also be put up. These, however, are matters not essential to the practical test, which, briefly stated, is to take from the ordinary gunsmith's stock the popular makes of hunting weapons, load them with factory ammunition, and see by the indisputable record of the screens just what they are capable of doing. To accomplish this requires just such careful surveying and subsequent manipulation as we have pointed out, and this we propose to have.

Already several of the manufacturers have sent us sample arms for the trial. What we wish and what we shall invite from the makers is a weapon of .40 to .45-caliber, of the arm they are pushing as their most reliable all-round hunter's model. It is to be taken from the stock, not a weapon fixed up for the test. We wish no special ammunition, though while the tests are in progress it would be a capital opportunity to try any cartridge loaded with particular reference to high velocity and consequent low trajectory. If there are muzzleloader advocates who desire to pit their arms against the breechloader, they are at liberty to use the firing rest and the other facilities, and in this connection we would especially desire the entry of an English express rifle from some well-known maker, and fired under the best conditions as to load, etc.

Everything done will be open and above board, and all who wish may come and witness the experiments. Full and exact particulars will be given in our columns prior to the time of test, in addition to the general features outlined above.

THE CHOICE OF A CHAMPION.

TO-DAY begins the real test of the work that has engrossed the attention of American yachtsmen since the first of the year, and has tried to the utmost the ability of the designers and the skill of the builders. The races heretofore sailed have not been conclusive, but only a part of the preparatory steps, and only with the start to-day begins a trial which will presumably be thorough and conclusive, and one on which a fair selection will be made. The number of races which will be sailed is not yet determined, but the committee have announced their intention to make a thorough test of the new boats. Should one or two races show a marked superiority in any yacht, no more will be sailed, but if such is not the case, the races will be continued until some definite result is reached. While the two new sloops will not be the only entries, no one supposes for a moment that any other than one of them will be chosen, as their size alone better fits them to match with Genesta, and being of more modern build and rig, they are in all probability faster than the older boats. How much faster they are in proportion to their size is what most yachtsmen want to know, and it can only be decided by the aid of the owners of the older yachts who will enter their boats in the races.

An open invitation has been extended to all sloops and cutters of 60 feet waterline to enter these races, but it is very doubtful whether more than four or five will enter against Puritan or Priscilla. A great deal of talk has been indulged in during the winter and spring about the speed of some "flyer" or the "lines fine as silk" of another, or a third "in full racing fettle" and only too anxious to annihilate the presumptuous Britisher; and now that the time for talking has passed, we hope these vaunted "fighting sloops" will make good the boasts of their friends and owners, if not, let us hear no more of their pretensions to a first place in the racing fleet. The races are emphatically in "our weather" and home waters, no undue restrictions are placed on any boat, and, though no prizes of money are offered, there is sufficient at stake to make the honor well worth contending for; no excuse is left for those who stay out.

It is to be regretted that the gentlemen with whom the selection of the American champion rests have been prominently identified with one of the competing yachts, virtually built and sailed by them, and in whose defeat or success they have such a deep personal interest; and this circumstance has given rise to various rumors that they will select their own boat at all hazards. We believe that such a suspicion is entirely unfounded, and that the committee fully appreciate the responsibility of the trust confided to them, and realize by this time that it is not a mere club regatta nor a match between private yachts that they are concerned with, but that it is a matter of national importance, and that they represent, not the New York Yacht Club, but American yachting. Justly or unjustly, a certain amount of blame will attach to them in the event of defeat, as in building one boat they have necessarily neglected the claims of all other and incurred some enmity in consequence. This, however, was inevitable in any case and is a matter of small importance. The main question is whether they have properly fulfilled their trust, and this will be decided by the popular verdict after the selection of a yacht has been announced.

JACK BLUFF AND BLUSTER.

THE method of hunting deer with jacks has been practiced in the Adirondacks for many years, with the approval and co-operation of hotel keepers and guides. The hotel men have defended the practice because it brought guests to their hotels; the guides have upheld it because it gave them employment. Not content with jacking in season, some of them have violated the law by June floating and the hotel tables have been openly supplied with unlawful venison. When criticisms have been made upon the practice, these hotel men and guides have been its staunch defenders.

Within the last few months a great change has come over these same jack-hunters—so far as their talk is concerned. When the deer-hounding law was proposed they lifted up their voices in a prolonged howl about the barbarity and exterminating effects of jack-hunting; and from that day to this the denunciation of floating has been persisted in so loudly that were noise any evidence of sincerity no one could question their motives.

But just how much honesty is there in the talk about floating? Why did we hear nothing about it before the hounding law was enacted? Do the men who have so much to say about it really feel what they say? Have the landlords and guides who have so long encouraged and practiced hounding suddenly awakened to see the enormity of the practice? Are they sincere? Or, on the contrary, is their indignation at jack-hunting only assumed and put on for effect? Is it anything else than bluff and bluster to divert attention from the brutality of hounding, and intended to make hounding appear legitimate in comparison with jack-hunting?

Just how hypocritical is a large proportion of this anti-jacking talk on the part of the advocate of hounding can very easily be demonstrated. If the FOREST AND STREAM should next week institute a campaign against deer floating in the Adirondacks, these very men, who have been most forward in their pretended opposition to the method, would halt, turn short about, and go off on some new tangent. The minute they suspected that steps might be taken to abolish floating, they would begin to declaim on the enormities of still-hunting, or whatever other theme they might think would divert attention from floating; and they would oppose a law against jack-shooting with all their might and main.

They may have occasion next winter to give proof of their true position on this question of Adirondack jack-hunting deer.

AFTER THE MEET.

THE main value of the annual canoe meet next to its importance as a social factor in promoting acquaintances and friendly feeling among canoeists, is the opportunity it presents for the exchange of ideas, and the stimulus it gives to the improvement of canoes and the extension of canoeing. Several of the principal novelties of this season are directly traceable to last year's meet, and already the races of this year have started several on a search for something better that will show good results at the next meet. A marked improvement in canoes, sails and camp outfit, was visible this year, the boats being mostly of better model and with improvements in the details of build, while the sails and rigging were more neatly made as well as of better proportions. The best of this year were probably better than last, but the improvement was in the rank and file, and there was a larger proportion of very good boats.

A visit to a meet by each individual is sure to have an influence on canoeing, starting an interest in it where not already established and waking up clubs and members to the improvement of their boats and their knowledge of sailing, and rousing a spirit of emulation with other clubs that is highly beneficial. Many have gone home from Grindstone with ideas and suggestions both for the improvement of canoes, the advancement of club interests and the extension of the Association; and now while the matter is fresh in mind is the time to put these ideas into practicable shape. Before they are forgotten or before some one else brings out ahead of you your pet idea or invention, register it as your discovery and let all fellow canoeists enjoy it with you through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

GAME PROSPECTS.—The prospects for a good supply of ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock the coming season appear to be very flattering. We have received within the past few days intelligence from a large and varied section of country giving very hopeful accounts of the abundance of these birds. Ruffed grouse well grown and in full broods are reported more plenty than has been known for years. Quail are also said to be doing well and their cheery call is heard from almost every field. Woodcock were found plenty in June and the early part of July, but the wet weather has scattered them, and the shooters report that the large bags anticipated have not in many cases been realized, although the shooting has been fairly good. October will undoubtedly bring us some good sport.

SHAD IN THE HUDSON.—According to statistics gathered by Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford the catch of shad in the Hudson River this year amounted to the sum of $176,225. The supply keeps up well in spite of the great drain upon it, and this is to be credited to the efforts of the Fish Commissioners of the State and of the United States, in keeping the river well stocked. No doubt more fish were taken and consumed along the river than are included in the returns made to Mr. Blackford.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND having gone to the Adirondacks, the concocters of newspaper telegrams are devising a series of fishing yarns that shall not fall short of the lies told about Mr. Chester A. Arthur's recent salmon angling. Mr. Arthur's score for one week was stated to be ninety salmon; and the scribe who started the record probably imagined that salmon fishing is something like sorting over salt codfish in a commission house.

TROUT AS VERMIN.—An enthusiastic salmon angler, after a week's experience, will be quite ready to aver that trout in a salmon stream are vermin.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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SPORT IN THE SIERRAS.

SOME ADDITIONAL INCIDENTS.

THREE days had been spent in a desultory manner by us all. Reading, writing letters, playing piquet and bean poker, a little mild fishing and hunting, served to pass the pleasant hours. During this time the "Terror" comes to the front on one occasion, and earns the name by which he is known in this veracious history—said name being conferred upon him by Miss O. in commemoration of his exploits. He and Will were out hunting small game, when the "Terror" spied a ground squirrel sitting upon a rock, swaying from side to side and acting in a strange manner. Creeping up close he shot it, and it rolled over into the chapparal growing around the rock, and dropped out of sight. Forcing his way to the spot, the "Terror" stepped upon the rock which his game had just occupied, and stooped down to part the bushes in order to look for it, when a rattlesnake gave his angry warning. It was the "Terror's" first experience with the *crotalus*, and he nearly dropped with fright, not being able to locate the sound—as few people are until accustomed to it—but knowing full well what it was. It would seem that his snakeship was out hunting that afternoon himself, and had his eye fixed upon the squirrel when the latter was shot, and when the body fell took possession of it. And so the "Terror" stood there, quaking in every limb, not daring to jump, as he could not tell in what direction safety lay. At last he saw the snake lying coiled beside the dead squirrel under the bushes, and drawing up he shot it through the folds with a charge of No. 6 shot, and bore it home in triumph. He still carries its rattles in memory of his first interview with a living rattler. It proved to be the largest specimen ever seen by any of the party. It measured four feet three inches in length, and ten inches around in the middle. The "Terror" also encountered and killed a second but smaller one the same day while out fishing in company with the ladies, and was then and there dubbed a "terror to snakes," a name of which a part still clings to him, and probably always will. Henry killed one near the house on the morning of the same day, and that evening Will and I found a ground or worm snake in the road, and it wasn't much of a day for snakes either.

This was the first living specimen of the worm snake I had ever seen, and was a great curiosity. It was about fourteen inches long and very glossy. Its tail was blunt, but had no shield such as is seen in the *Uropeltis*. The body was cylindrical; color light olive, fading into greenish yellow on the belly; eyes very small. It was semi-torpid, but after being moved about for inspection, began to burrow slowly into the sand, and with a scarcely perceptible movement gradually disappeared. When the tail had entered the sand I uncovered it and tried to pull the reptile backward, but found it could not be done without pulling it in two pieces, so firm a hold had it secured in the light sand. After examining it sufficiently we removed it to a place of greater safety, and set it free. That evening two more anglers, H. and W., arrived, and we had a merry crowd around the stove, when the chill night air drove us into the house and near the fire, as it does the year round at this altitude.

The ensuing day B. and myself went down the river after trout, and had a day's satisfactory fishing. We drove down about four miles, tied our horse among the trees, and fished a portion of the river I had never been on before. We both got full creels in about four hours' fishing in the middle of the day, the very worst time for trout to rise.

At one time, while standing on a boulder fishing a large pool, something in motion on the side of the mountain, on the opposite bank of the river, attracted my eye, and an attentive look revealed a large buck bounding down toward the stream. I turned to call to B., but he was just disappearing round the angle of the bank, and my shout was drowned by the roar of the rapids. It had been thundering heavily a few moments previously, and the reverberations had no doubt stirred the buck into action, as thunder generally has that effect. He came down and entered the water about forty yards above. I had been carrying a large revolver on all my trips up and down the river until this very day, when, having found it inconvenient, I had left it at home, of course. Let those laugh who have never been caught out in a similar manner. I felt as if I had both hands occupied and a fly on my nose. I had been hunting these mountains for days without success, and here a buck almost walks into my distended jaws and I am helpless. It was too "cussed mean!" There I stood, spellbound and motionless, watching with bated breath every motion of the noble game. He plunged into the water where the current was deep and swift, and heading up stream, suffered himself to be floated, a few feet at a time, down into the pool to a point opposite me. He was now so close that I could have cast the flies, which now hung idly dangling from my rod, upon his back. He was a four-spiked buck, in splendid condition, the fat actually shaking upon his quarters. He stooped his head and took a long draught of water, and on raising it again noticed me. At first he evidently did not fear me, but stood watchful, with eyes dilated and nostrils spread to catch the scent. Finally, throwing out his head horizontally to the full extent of his neck, with the tips of his antlers resting on his shoulders, he took one comprehensive sniff, and turning like a flash disappeared from sight up the bank. The air around that spot became very hot and sulphurous about that time, probably caused by the thunderstorm before mentioned, although it may be that leaving my revolver at home had something to do with it. For me the balance of the day was without light or warmth.

This adventure gave me the buck fever very badly, and the next morning Will and I took H.'s buckboard and horses and drove up a horrible road for six miles to get Will's horses, which he had turned out to graze, and to have a hunt. We started early and traveled up a cañon with a dangerously steep grade, until reaching the summit of the mountain, where we found a piece of fine grazing country. While going up the mountain, Will pointed out where his dog treed a bear the previous summer, and as there was considerable ingenuity displayed in the bear's capture, I will relate it in Will's own words; said he, "I was going up after my horses to the same place we're going to-day. I had a big shepherd dog with me, and he came across the bear in that big clump of willows over there, and ran him right up that tree, where he sat chompin' his teeth and growlin' and foamin' at the mouth. I hadn't my rifle with me, and I knew that if I went back after it the dog would leave the tree, and how to get him I couldn't think. At last I thought out a plan, and startin' in, I gathered all the brush and logs I could carry or roll, and built a big circle around the tree and set fire to it. After it got to burnin' good, sez I, by geewhillikens! if he tries to come down now he'll get well singed anyhow, and off I started for my rifle. Just as I expected, the dog soon left and followed me; but the fire was a better stayer, and when I got back the bear was mighty uneasy but was still there, and I brought him down with a shot in the stickin' place." If the reader will remember Captain Cuttle's advice and "make a note on't," this incident might come handy at some future time.

We reached our destination at an early hour, and securely tying our horses started out after a buck. Our course at first lay along the crest of the mountain ridge on which we were, and which separated the stream we had left in the valley, from a large branch which lay to the south. The view from this point was worth ten times the journey to see. At one spot a pebble flung into air would have dropped nearly 3,000 feet into the bed of the stream below. A sea of mountains rolled away, wave upon wave, to the south, until their snowy peaks melted into the blue of the sky. Upon the opposite side of the cañon the streams from the melting snows could be traced in lines of glistening light as they glided over the bare slopes of granite to the river, brawling so far beneath us that its voice could not be heard. But why dwell upon it when all these Sierra views are so grand? Come and see for yourself what nature can do in this glorious western land! After a time we turned back across the crest, and followed down a flat ravine for a couple of miles without seeing any game, only a couple of fawns. They were both well grown, but neither of us would shoot them, nor would we allow the dog to chase them. We now struck upon ground which had been pastured by sheep, and the soil was as bare of herbage as if fire had run over it. We were getting a little discouraged as we had traversed some splendid hunting ground without effect, so we left the ravine down which we had come and struck over into another running in the same direction, with the intention of hunting back. Here old Turk soon gave tongue, but the deer ran out ahead of us and the dog's voice was soon lost to hearing over the ridge. We toiled on, up opposite sides of the ravine, about 150 yards apart, until tired, when I suggested that we sit down and wait for the dog, as we might be leaving game behind in the willows which lined the bottom of the hollow between us. We both chose a soft rock to sit down upon and rest, and talked across to each other some ten minutes, when cr-r-rash went some heavy body in the bushes directly below and between us, and out jumped a buck upon Will's side. He had been lying there all the time waiting for us to pass by, but our lingering in his neighborhood had rendered him suspicious, and he made a dash for safer quarters. This was the most foolish move he ever made, for had he lain still we would soon have passed him by. I instantly "turned loose" upon him as soon as he broke cover, and wounded him severely, the bullet entering just beside the root of the tail. He turned down the ravine, and I fired again, the second bullet entering within an inch and a half of the first. This brought him down, and Will ran up and finished him with a ball through the neck and then cut his throat. At last I have got my buck, a fine three-spiked one, and I am satisfied. I remain in charge of the venison, and Will goes back for a horse to pack it out. He returns in about two hours, and I set my rifle against a tree in order to assist in putting the carcass upon the horse's back. Just as we are raising it to the saddle we notice the horse looking intently down the ravine. Will turns his head to see what it is, and there stands another buck watching us at a distance of sixty yards. Will dropped his end, too quick, and sprang for my rifle, having left his own at the wagon. Not understanding the mechanism, he cannot use it, and by the time he has tried it twice without result, and then handed it to me, the deer has disappeared among the timber. We console ourselves by saying that we already have venison enough, and get back to the wagon as soon as possible. After an hour's search Will secures the horses he came after, and we return homeward.

AREFAR.

Natural History.

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LIFE ON THE SEASHORE.

A GOOD deal of pleasure, to say nothing of instruction, is to be got from keeping one's eyes open to what is curious and wonderful in the works of nature. People who take their summering at the seaside miss a great deal if they fail to acquaint themselves with the appearance and habits of some of the common animals that abound everywhere on the shore. By taking a walk along the beach at low tide, or better still by going out in a boat and searching the shallow water in the neighborhood of rocks, many interesting forms of life may readily be found.

In taking a walk along one of the Cape Ann beaches the other day I saw at least half a dozen of those exceedingly curious creatures which go under the common name of jelly fishes. I have heard that Agassiz once showed a friend one of these animals in an aquarium and asked him what he thought it looked like. His friend replied that he thought it resembled animated water. Any one who has seen some of the smaller species of these animals will recognize a good deal of appropriateness in this definition. One has to look sharply to see them at all, so delicate and so perfectly transparent are they. They may be found most abundantly on a quiet evening gaily swimming about on the surface of the water by alternately opening and shutting their umbrella-shaped bodies. Probably not one person in a hundred who has seen these curious beings knows anything about their wonderful life history. The transformations which they undergo in their development are among the most remarkable exhibited by living things. Jelly fishes are, in fact, nothing less than the offspring of those delicate plant-like organisms which grow on all shores attached to common seaweed, rocks, etc., and which are known by the common names of sea mosses and sea firs. These names, of course, give an erroneous notion as to their nature, for notwithstanding their decidedly plant-like appearance they are true animals. It is not to be wondered at, however, that the mistake of regarding them as plants is so common, for the naturalists themselves were for a long time puzzled to know to which kingdom of living things they belonged. The old observers, thinking they saw in them the character of both, ingeniously called them zoophytes, a word which means animal plants. The name now applied to them is hydroid zoophytes, or simply hydroid. If one of these organisms be carefully examined in the summer, little bud-like swellings may be seen attached to its stem. These little buds after a while detach themselves and, strange to say, develop into the comparatively gigantic jelly fishes. It seems scarcely credible that such a transformation can occur, but no fact of science is better established. The special function of the jelly fish stage of the hydroid is the production of the elements required for the reproduction of the species. When this has been accomplished the jelly fish dies, the embryo to which it gave rise are at first free-swimming, but after a while they attach themselves to some rock or weed and develop not into jelly fishes like those from which they sprung, but into the plant-like hydroids. These changes furnish an example of what the scientists call "alternation of generations."

I have seen more of those exceedingly graceful animals, that go under the rather homely name of squid, the present summer than for several years previous. In some places the beach is strewn with them, they having been cast up by the tide. I doubt if there is any animal in the sea prettier than this when seen in his native element. The delicate, ever-varying flushes of color that constantly chase one another over his back and sides are not to be compared with anything I know of, and for quickness, variety and gracefulness of movement he is not to be outdone. It is interesting, too, to watch him thrust his ten long sucker-tipped arms to and fro in the water in his search for food. And then he has a curious way, not possessed by any other animal so far as I know, of suddenly darting straight backward. He accomplishes this feat by means of a peculiar internal organ by which he is able to throw out from his body at will jets of water, the reaction of which gives him his backward movement. If you disturb a squid while in the water he suddenly envelops himself in an inky cloud. This is for the sake of protection, and is accomplished by a special organ called the ink bag, from which the animal discharges a black fluid.

Though the squid is such a handsome fellow, he has some near relatives of a decidedly unattractive sort. Those wierd creatures, the octopi, described by Hugo in one of his novels, though not quite correctly, it is said, belong to the same order. It is by means of cup-shaped suckers just like those of the squid, except that they are very much larger, that the octopi hold their deadly grip on their victims, while with their long arms they squeeze them to death. It is said to be quite a common thing in some of the islands of the Pacific for the natives to be attacked by these creatures. I have read that they always take an axe with them in their boats with which to cut off the arms of the octopus in case of attack. It is only in this way that they can free themselves, for when the creature has once fixed his suckers no strength a man could exert would be sufficient to pull them loose.

One of the most common animals of the seashore is the little crustacean which goes under the common name of the hermit crab, the animal being so called from the fact that it is always found inhabiting the shell of some dead mollusk, as the common snail. The little creature presents a curious and interesting sight as he sits in his stolen house with his strong nipping-claws, watchful looking stalked-eyes, and long feelers projecting out from the open door. Though apparently so vigilant and well armed he does not always show hostility at the approach of his foes. On the contrary he more often takes the rather cowardly course of withdrawing himself completely into his shell and there remaining until his enemy has gone by, when he again cautiously ventures forth. Of his two nipping-claws one is always larger than the other, and when he has thus withdrawn himself into his shell he always uses the larger one as a kind of plug to close the entrance.

It is interesting to notice the reason why the hermit crab thus appropriates the shell of another animal. It is because the hinder part of its body, or abdomen, unlike that of other animals of the same group to which it belongs, is not protected by a hard crust, but is quite soft. In the common shore crab and in the lobster, for examples, this part of the body is covered with a hard calcareous crust which acts as a shield against the attacks of their enemies; the hermit crab, not being provided with this natural means of defense, is

obliged to resort to an artificial one. The animal is provided with special appendages by means of which he keeps a firm hold upon his borrowed dwelling, and it is a very difficult matter to get him loose from it. I have known a crab to suffer himself to be pulled to pieces before he would give up his shell. When a crab has grown too large for the shell he is occupying he leaves it and seeks another. It is said that if they are not able to find another empty shell they attack other crabs, and if they succeed in overcoming them, take possession of their shells. They seem to be rather quarrelsome fellows, at all events, for I have seen two of them fighting over a piece of mussel, while if they had eaten it quietly there would have been plenty for both.

Any one who has had the opportunity and has failed to look for sea-anemones attached to the sides of rocks just below low tide mark has thrown away the privilege of seeing one of the most beautiful of all forms of life in its natural habitat. With their delicately tinted cylindrical bodies surmounted by a crown of soft feathery tentacles gently expanding and contracting in the water, they show themselves worthy of the name of sea-flowers, by which they are commonly known. I could readily mention many other forms of life, some of which are quite as interesting as those already named. Such are star-fishes with their five radiating arms and curious sucker-tipped tube-feet; sea urchins looking so secure in their bristling coat of spines; ophiuroideans with their long snake-like arms; and lobsters, of several of which I have caught glimpses lately, and which looked quite as handsome in their native domain, clad in their brilliant-colored coat of mail, as they taste delicious when converted into a salad. Those whose summer rambles take them to the sea-shore will find a pleasant way of spending odd hours in examining these forms of life for themselves. S.

Annisquam, Mass., Aug. 6.

THE PTOMAINES.

THERE have lately occurred two or three cases of death through blood poisoning from bites that must present features of peculiar interest to those scientists who are prosecuting experiments with human saliva, which is now known to possess more or less of toxic qualities. In one case a little girl of four years and a half was bitten on the arm by another little girl of five years of age. The wound was very slight—a mere graze—of which the mother at first took no particular notice; but next morning the arm being much swollen and inflamed, she took the child to the nearest hospital. The house surgeon there attributed the inflammation to the state of the stomach, and merely ordered a simple poultice and some cooling medicine, not suspecting any danger. Probably the ptomaines and poisonous saliva had not formed a part of that doctor's curriculum. The child grew rapidly worse and died the third day after the bite. A post mortem examination showed that death had resulted from acute blood poisoning, caused, as was then perceived, by this by no means deep bite.

This remarkable case at once recalled one or two similar occurrences related to me only a short time previously by my friends, Dr. Yarrow, U. S. A., and Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, of the Army Medical Museum, Washington, D. C., in conversations on the subject of human bites. It besides bears a certain analogy to snake bite, and suggests a few words in reply to an oft-repeated inquiry—How is it that while one may die from a very slight snake bite, another person may recover from an apparently serious one? The amount of venom injected, the condition of the victim, as also that of the serpent supply the reason. While a feeble or an unhealthy person might succumb to the merely superficial bite of a small rattlesnake, a stout and vigorous man may possibly overcome the virus of a full-sized one. It is merely a question of whether the bitten person's vitality is strong enough to conquer the poison. The little child's blood was in an unhealthy condition, probably also the saliva of the biter was contaminated by unsound gums (she had lost some of her teeth), or by remains of food in her mouth, or noxious "sweet stuff." Of these details we cannot be sure, while we are very sure that an extremely minute quantity of saliva in contact with the blood was fatal to this little girl, while many children are bitten by their playmates and far more severely, without any serious consequences. Dr. Shufeldt informed me that he had seen some very serious symptoms follow from the bite of an angry man. Many other cases could be cited in which death has ensued from the bite of persons and animals in whom no sign of rabies existed. It was not a mere figure of speech which the Psalmist uttered when he said "the poison of asps is under their lips," though we may doubt whether David intended to convey a scientific fact in that statement. Unfortunately, good as well as evil persons carry venom under their tongue; nevertheless, scripture when thus borne out by modern discoveries becomes invested with new force and interest.

These poisonous properties, both in saliva and in some other fluids of the human body are known as "ptomaines," a word introduced into the language some twelve years ago, and therefore found, if at all, only in our most recent dictionaries. It is derived from πτῶμα, a carcass, being the product of diseased or putrified animal substances. Prosecuting scientific experiments, Dr. Selmi, of Bologna, discovered in a corpse certain alkaloids singularly resembling such vegetable poisons as morphine, aconitine and others. It was subsequently discovered that these cadaveric alkaloids or ptomaines, as he named them, exist in living bodies as well as dead ones, in healthy as well as unhealthy human fluids, though predominating in diseased subjects. Simultaneously while Selmi was carrying on his researches at Bologna, Dr. Armand Gautier, of Paris, also discovered that these "alkaloids" are developed in putrefied blood, and in human saliva, which, under certain conditions, he found to bear a strong analogy with snake venom. Gautier obtained from healthy human saliva sufficient ptomaine to destroy birds when inoculated with it; and this saliva had not been contaminated by impurities in the mouth, but was procured direct from the duct of a salivary gland. Dr. Yarrow informed me of a similar circumstance that had come under his observation, viz., the saliva of a healthy man whom he knew, causing the death of a rabbit inoculated with it. I am indebted to Dr. Yarrow for a copy of an extremely interesting paper on "Some Recent Experiments on Serpent Venom," by Dr. Robert Fletcher, M.R.C.S.E., which was read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, May 19, 1883; and in this paper Dr. Fletcher shows the relationship between the new alkaloids and snake poison, which latter appears to differ from human saliva only in the intensity of its action. "Both serpent venom and ptomaines respond alike to chemical tests, and have the same reducing power," says Dr. Fletcher. "They are not ferments, heat, long applied, leaves them both as deadly as before. The toxic effect upon animals is the same in both." Worthy of consideration is the curious fact that while snake venom is found to possess strong peptic qualities, so that it is introduced into the pharmacopœia as a valuable medicine, human saliva is found to possess toxic properties, and each so important as a digestive agent in the stomach, should be so fatal in the blood of another individual.

The second case which has occurred within a year was the death of a gentleman from the bite of a pet monkey. The animal was not habitually vicious, but on the occasion which terminated so fatally, displayed a restiveness which induced its master to take it by the shoulders—one hand on each shoulder—and shake it. The monkey immediately turned and bit first one hand and then the other between the thumb and forefinger, causing the blood to flow. The wound on the right hand soon became a serious affair. It was cauterized, but in a week or two became gangrenous and was attended with faintness and exhaustion. The patient was already much out of health, which accelerated the danger, and in spite of skillful medical aid he died within three weeks. At the coroner's inquest it was stated that the bite of a monkey would not necessarily produce rabies, but that the deceased's constitution was in such a state that "anything," probably meaning any other bite, might produce the same effect. Similarly an unhealthy person has been known to die from the bite of a harmless—*i. e.*, a non-venomous—snake. Dr. Shufeldt told me he had once been compelled to carry his hand in a sling for many weeks from a wound caused by the bite of a common cat that had been suddenly disturbed. Instances might be multiplied in evidence of the toxic effect of saliva apart from hydrophobia, and which, prior to the discovery of the ptomaines, have excited the wonder of the ignorant, giving rise to superstitious beliefs. It is in this way that myths have prevailed which in due time science clears away.

One more point of interest in connection with the ptomaines is that, though a comparatively recent discovery or rather a lately recognized agent of mischief, the actually poisonous character which some human secretions assume under certain conditions has long been known. Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., F.L.S., etc., of London, in more than one of his works has pointed out this, and also the fatal effects of the maternal nutriment on infants when the mother has yielded to violent anger or has been suffering under great mental excitement. "An absolutely poisonous character is almost instantaneously communicated to the milk, which has occasioned the death of the offspring." Anger or undue excitement acts on other animal secretions, as, for instance, the saliva, as we have seen. Though to moralize does not belong to the present subject, we cannot fail to see the lesson of caution conveyed in the various incidents related; more especially as regards the importance of maintaining sound health to enable us to combat danger.

Even more to the point than Dr. Carpenter's elucidations was a remarkable prediction of Dr. Weir Mitchell when describing his experiments with snake venom in 1868. Though not absolutely giving the name of ptomaines he yet anticipated both Selmi and Gautier in comparing the cadavers with serpent venom. In his published account (1868) he said: "The one form of poison which most resembles venom is that of putrefactive substances, and I am inclined to think that from putrefying material may yet be separated a substance which, concentrated, will prove active toxically and will perhaps enable the observer to repeat the facts I have witnessed here." The substance has since been "separated," and experiments have been "repeated," and by scientists in other countries in the pursuit of their own individual researches, irrespective, at first, of serpent venom, though this afterward shared their attention, and who were probably quite unaware of Dr. Mitchell's conclusions.

Dr. Fletcher speaks of these various discoveries as of "enormous importance in their relation to medical jurisprudence." That they may lead to the discovery of a thoroughly satisfactory cure—that is an antidote in the true sense of the word, to snake venom, and a cure for hydrophobia, two evils that have as yet baffled all skill, is now almost confidently anticipated. At the moment of concluding this paper, in which I have so loosely and lamely endeavored to simplify an abstruse subject, I read that M. Pasteur, of Paris, after five years' undivided attention and practical experiments, feels confident that he can provide an effectual prophylactic against hydrophobia. A prophylactic against snake bite may come next.

Catherine C. Hopley.

London, England.

ORNITHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THE inquiries instituted by the new Department of Economic Ornithology at Washington are set forth in the following circular, copies of which may be obtained of Dr. Merriam:

The fact that birds are instrumental factors in checking the increase of insects injurious to vegetation has long been recognized, but the extent of the services thus rendered has never been positively ascertained. Moreover, great difference of opinion exists, particularly among farmers, as to whether certain well-known species are on the whole beneficial or injurious; and many kinds which are really of great paactical value are killed whenever opportunity offers. For example, hawks and owls collectively are almost universally regarded as detrimental, while as a matter of fact several of them never touch poultry but feed almost exclusively on mice and grasshoppers.

The wholesale slaughter of small birds has been known to be followed by serious increase of noxious insects. On the other hand, invasions of insects which threatened to devastate large tracts of country have been cut nearly short by the timely services of our native birds.

In view of the above facts, and many others which might be cited, it is clear that a comprehensive systematic investigation of the inter-relation of birds and agriculture will prove of enormous value to farmers and horticulturists. Such an investigation has been undertaken by the newly-established branch of Economic Ornithology under the Division of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture, and the assistance and co-operation of persons interested are earnestly solicited.

The food of all birds consists either of animal matter or vegetable matter or both, and its consumption must be serviceable or prejudicial to the interests of mankind. Therefore, according to the food they eat, all birds may be classed under one of two headings—beneficial or injurious. Many species are both beneficial or injurious, and it is impossible to assign them to either category until the precentages of their food elements have been positively determined and the sum of the good balanced against the sum of the evil.

In a very large proportion of our small birds the food varies considerably with the season, sometime changing from vegetable to animal, or from injurious to beneficial. Furthermore, many birds feed their young upon substances which the adults rarely or never eat; and the young on leaving the nest sometimes greedily devour things which are discarded as they grow older. Hence, it becomes necessary to ascertain the food of each species at different times of the year and at different ages. Information is desired on all questions relating to this inquiry, and special attention is invited to the following:

a. Has the common crow been observed to catch young chickens or to steal eggs? *b.* Has it been observed to eat corn or other cereals in the field? If so, how long after planting, and how extensive was the injury done? Has the crow been observed to feed upon injurious insects? If so, what kinds of insects were thus destroyed, and to what extent? *c.* Has the crow blackbird or grackle been observed to carry off the young of the robin or of other small birds, or to destroy their eggs? When breeding near the house, has it been observed to drive off small birds (such as robins, bluebirds, etc.) which had previously made their abode on the premises? Has it been observed to eat corn or other cereals in the field? If so, how long after planting, and how extensive was the injury done? Has the crow blackbird been observed to feed upon injurious insects? If so, what kinds of insects were thus destroyed, and to what extent? *d.* Has the naturalized exotic, the so-called "English sparrow," been observed to drive off any of our native birds? If so, what species were so expelled from their former haunts? Has this sparrow been observed to feed upon cereals or other farm crop? If so, what kinds were injured and to what extent? *e.* Has the "English sparrow" been observed to feed upon or wantonly injure grapes or other fruits? If so, to what extent? What measures, if any, have been adopted to remedy the evil? *f.* Have the robin, cat bird, brown thrasher, Baltimore oriole, or other birds been observed to feed extensively upon fruit? If so, what kind or kinds of fruit has been most injured by each species, and how extensive have been the depredations committed? *g.* What birds have been observed to feed upon or otherwise injure buds or foliage, and what plants or trees have been so injured? *h.* What birds, if any, have been observed to feed upon the canker worm, army worm, tent caterpillar, cut-worm, cotton worm, cabbage worm, currant worm, Rocky Mountain locust or other grasshoppers, periodical locust (*Cicada*), Colorado potato beetle, chinch bug, Hessian fly, or other noxious insects? *i.* The bobolink (ricebird of the Southern States) and red-shouldered blackbird congregate in vast flocks during their migrations and commit extensive depredations in certain parts of the South. The Division will be glad to receive detailed accounts of these depredations from persons living in the affected districts. *j.* What birds are considered to be injurious to crops and small fruits, and what kinds are regarded as beneficial? On what facts are these opinions based? *k.* Has any kind of bird been observed to feed upon the honey bee? If so, what species, and how extensive has been the injury done?

In the investigation of economic ornithology many important secondary questions present themselves. Among them, the following may be mentioned as bearing directly upon the subject of injury: 1. At what season and for how long a period is the bird present? 2. If a summer resident, how many broods does it rear each season, and how many young constitute an average brood? 3. Does it take up its abode near the habitations of man, or does it inhabit districts remote from civilization? 4. Does it inhabit marshes, uplands, cultivated fields, or forests? 5. Where does it make its nest? 6. What places does it frequent in search of food? 7. Is it solitary or gregarious? 8. What effect does the settlement of a region have upon its bird life? 9. What birds, if left to themselves, are likely to become most abundant as the country grows older? 10. Has any increase or decrease been observed from year to year in the numbers of any kind of bird in the same locality? If so, can such change be attributed to altered conditions in the bird's breeding grounds? If not, can any cause be assigned? 11. Has any increase or decrease of one species been observed to affect the numbers of another species? If so, can the fact be explained? 12. Has any species disappeared altogether? If so, can a cause for this disappearance be assigned?

Persons willing to aid in the collection of birds' stomachs will, on application, be furnished with the necessary blanks and instructions. Until Oct. 1 all communications should be addressed to Sing Sing, N. Y.; after Oct. 1 to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Ornithological Agent.

Range of the American Bison.—Late issues of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* report: "Reliable cowboys just arrived in Miles City, Mont., report that at the Lower Musselshell round-up they saw a fresh trail of about 100 buffalo on the head of the Big Porcupine last week, and had seen twelve head a few days before. They killed one out of the twelve. The number of wild animals on the North Yellowstone ranges have proved not only a source of annoyance to herd owners, but also of great damage to these newly stocked ranges. Round-up parties, in scouring those districts this spring, complain of the great number of calves killed and crippled by wolves and other wild animals. On Custer Creek calves were found that suffered from torn and bitten backs, which the boys attributed to the attacks of wildcats. Had the calves been hamstrung the work would have been charged to wolves instead of wildcats. The loss from the above source is probably greater than most people would imagine." The Maginnis boys met on their last trip probably the last remnant of the mighty herds of bison that once roamed over these plains. About 200 wanderers were encountered in Flatwillow Creek bottoms, and for a time the round-up lived on succulent, juicy buffalo humps instead of choice Montana beef."

Antidote to Scorpion's Sting.—Already an antidote has been discovered to the sting of scorpions, which although rarely fatal, are extremely painful, and the poison is closely allied to that of the venomous snakes. Mr. A. M. Markham, of the Indian Civil Service, has written to one of the Indian papers calling attention to the fact that the root of *Achyranthes aspera*, known popularly as *chirchirra*, affords almost instantaneous relief from the pain caused by the sting of a scorpion. The plant is very common everywhere in India, and is one of those whose clinging burrs are such a nuisance on one's legs when out shooting. The root, macerated in water, is applied to the part stung, and a small quantity is drunk in water. If this be done quickly, there is absolutely no pain half an hour or so after the sting, instead of the twelve to twenty-four hours of intense suffering which follow an untreated sting.—*London Standard.*

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SHOOTING ABOUT VICKSBURG.

PROBABLY there are not a great number of places in the United States more favorably situated for the sportsman than Vicksburg. I read with considerable interest and curiosity of men of means throughout the country, mainly in the East, forming clubs and spending thousands of dollars for shooting and fishing grounds, erecting expensive buildings, and employing men to look after their property. The grounds are often at long distances from the homes of the owners, involving expense and time in reaching them. Even then frequently the sport is not first-class. Such a course is to be approved, for it gives relaxation to the owners and protects in a needful way our game and fish from the ravages of the pot-hunter and law-breaker. But here at Vicksburg—and there are other places in the South probably as favorably located—within a radius of fifty miles the finest sport can be had, either in fishing or hunting, with no expense except for transportation, ammunition and camp.

Quail are abundant everywhere, both in the sedge grass in the hills and in corn and cotton fields of the bottom lands. Doves are also plentiful in certain localities where peas have been sown. North of here within fifteen miles black bears, wild turkey and deer (the last not so numerous since the destructive overflows of 1882 and 1883–4) can be found. Further on in the swamps of Yazoo, Big and Little Sunflower rivers, Steel's Bayou and Deer Creek they become more numerous, and the two former quite plentiful, while the deer are increasing. It is no difficult task to get a bear, hunted by a man who understands them, either with dogs or by still-hunting. There are planters who complain of the depredations of this animal, for he is fond of a fat pig and gourmandizes on the succulent corn when in roasting ear.

I am not a turkey hunter but can call them very well in gobbling time. I have on different occasions had three gobblers answering my call at the same time, and have had two noble fellows within thirty yards, side by side, making the deep woods resound to their music as they searched and peered for what they took to be their lady love. From our camp during a ten days' hunt we never failed to get an answer in early morning to our first or second call. I will never tell how many fair shots I had at turkeys that trip, and how many were killed. I was shooting them in the body then with BB's, whereas the proper thing to do, as I afterward learned, was to shoot at the head and neck—vital parts—with 4s, 5s or 6s. As to squirrels, they abound in the woods everywhere; in the hills the fox and gray, and in the swamps mainly the black. Mallard, pintail, butter ball, baldpate, green-winged teal and a number of other ducks, this is their winter home. They begin to arrive here in October before frost and remain until in April when the willows are green with leaves. The wood duck, as noble a bird as any of them, both in flavor of meat and beauty of plumage, breeds here, and can be seen skimming over the lakes and rivers the year round, though they are not shot except in winter. The green-winged teal feeds almost exclusively upon grass seeds and swarm upon the river bars where grass grows luxuriantly at low stage of water in latter part of summer and fall. The larger ducks feed upon acorns of which the woods are full, and also upon grass seed. The mallard is the most secluded and mainly haunts the dense swamp, finding abundance of food and water there. They are often, however, killed in great numbers by persons who search out their feeding grounds and lie in wait for them. Some marvelous tales are told of the number killed at one discharge of both barrels of the gun, which I would not like to repeat. If some of these could appear in your column of "Remarkable Shots" some of the grand liars who write therein would be completely overshadowed. The man who froze his bullet in mid air after having fired it, thawed it out next spring, killing sundry things, would be set at rest as a weakling forever.

Lake Centennial, in front of Vicksburg, formed in 1876 by a cut-off of the Mississippi River, has a great extent of willow bars which formed and grew up after the cut-off, and here is a great resort for the green-winged teal and other species. During the winter thousands and thousands of them can be seen from the city, and many a one has fallen within sight and sound of the town. When not at the business ourselves, it has been a favorite diversion of my brother (your "B. H. P.")and myself to go upon the gallery at sundown, and from our elevated position on the hill, some 250 feet above the water level, watch and listen as dusk sets in for the firing of the numerous guns as the local sportsmen dealt out death to the gamy teal as they came in to roost. Then, and at early dawn the shooting is best, though it is often excellent throughout the day, particularly in stormy weather. The best shooting is to be had over decoys, though the large majority of sportsmen take their chances without this aid, making often creditable bags. As an instance of what can be done, I will give you the record of the shooting by "B. H. P.," and another, generally myself, in December and January of 1883-4, as I copy it from the record which we keep of all our shooting: Dec. 6, 20 ducks; Dec. 7, 13; Dec. 8, 21; Dec. 11, 14; Dec. 17, 58; Dec. 18, 84; Dec. 22, monkeyed around northeast shore and got 5; Dec. 25, evening shoot, 40; Dec. 26, morning shoot, 75; Dec. 27, 65; Dec. 31, 18; Jan. 1, 50; same day in the afternoon, 39; Jan. 8, retrieved 64, got frozen in the ice, abandoned 8 or 10, and had great difficulty getting out of the ice into open water, not reaching home until 10:30 P. M., where we found Mrs. P. a shade nervous; Jan. 24, 5. This shooting was done over decoys by killing single birds. Nearly all were the green-winged teal, as sweet and juicy a duck as ever fell to crack of gun. Last winter shooting on this lake was not nearly so good, the bars having been covered with water too late in the season for maturing grass seeds. We got some fine shooting though by going a little distance away, though at some ill-convenience for transportation. We found that if we could go just at the right time, when the weather was stormy or cold, or, what is better, both the stage of the river being right—for giving access to certain grassy localities where the birds delight to splash and feed—we could generally get what we wanted, and have excellent sport.

Now I will tell you something. A party of about four of us have made an arrangement by which we expect to be able to get there just in the nick of time. It may be at Kent's Island four miles below, Delta Bar two miles below, Block Island eighteen below, Pawpaw twenty above, the "towhead" in Old River, or Steel's Bayou nineteen miles away, or some places further we know of; we expect to travel on the same schedule time with the ducks. Powell & Douglas, of Waukegan, Ill., are going to build us a launch with capacity for four or more and outfit, and speed sufficient to stem these currents at a lively gait. When the ducks get too frisky—saucy with their extra fat and juicy meat—we propose to steam away in the forenoon, examine their maneuvers and locate and build a "daisy" blind just in the edge of the willows, open at the shoulders for wing shooting, put out a snug fleet of decoys twenty or thirty yards away among the floating grass seed, take them as they come in from sundown till dark, slowly at first, lively at the close; then take up decoys and a snug bag, and push for home, enjoying the whole trip, and undergoing no particular hardship. A tent and cooking vessels will be a part of our paraphernalia, but not so frequently used. Thus without large outlay for the purchase of grounds or the employment of game keepers, or the fatigue of a 50 or a 100-mile journey on the cars or steamboat, or by vehicle, we expect to find sport such as can be obtained by but few.

We have launched it a little heretofore, and have an inkling of what is in store in the way of enjoyment. And then we will have events. We have not quite forgotten a certain trip when our tub refused to draw, and we had to tie to a "sinker" in the middle of Old River to rest the concern while a few more pounds of steam were raised, and finally had to move nearer shore, cast anchor, put out the fire, and with a limb clean out the flues before we could budge, failing by a few hours of reaching "McKee's Pocket"—where ducks were in great numbers—in time for the evening shoot, the soot blacking us to such a degree that it required no little explanation to account for our condition at home. Of course, P. & D. will give us a boat that won't use us in that way; but how are they to make one that will not wedge into a mud bar or climb on "Davy Cake," a buckshot bar in center of Old River. An old pilot told us how to run the river at the "Cake." "Keep the west bank until a certain pair of trees near the edge of the water were reached, then cross." In daylight going up we dodged this thing, but one night, coming down under a full head of steam with the flues cleaned out, which meant considerable with that boat, we rapidly slid upon that soapy bar and with rather severe suddenness came to a full stop, drawing about twelve inches less water than a moment before. It took a powerful tug with a long line next day to put us in shape again.

Not so much power, however, was taken another day in this same old river higher up at the "tow head." The pilot was busily watching a white crane which one of the party aboard was going to shoot when in proper range. In the mean time the boat concluded she wanted a rest and steered slightly to starboard for a soft mud bar, into which she snugly wedged herself. Our general remedy for an ordinary "aground" was to syphon out, the leaky old hull generally having a large quantity of water in her. Syphoning failed us this time, as it had on Davy Cake; backing failed, so did rocking and backing. Next the plunder and a quantity of coal were emptied, with considerable labor, into a skiff and dugout which were in tow. Still no relief, the mud clung to the sides with vexatious tenacity. After having backed the engine, combined with rocking and pushing with the skiff oars without avail, but one remedy for our immediate relief remained. It was a cold day and the water was colder, icy cold in fact, but three gentlemen in no little discomfort had to dismantle, dismount, and by lifting on hull and backing the engine, dislodge the vessel, which was finally accomplished with much chattering of teeth. The white crane was forgotten temporarily, but he comes back to memory occasionally with a grim humor. More has happened. Some things we never tell. But we will do better with this new boat, avoiding, it is to be hoped, Davy Cake, white cranes, and all such.

Fish are as plentiful here as game. I could give truthful accounts of catches that would not be believed by the average Northern reader. Many of the lakes are inexhaustible, being annually overflowed and restocked by the Mississippi River. At this time white perch, black bass (trout here) and striped bass are biting freely in Lake Centennial. Four miles away in the swamp, three-quarters of an hour's drive, surrounded by tall timber, nestles Long Lake. Near by is Alligator; further away—seven miles—Thompson's; still further is Bricount's, and so on, all famous lakes to Vicksburgers. My string is made of lace leather, and is seventy-three inches long. Generally its whole length is not required, not even half its length; but on more than one occasion two of us have been able to completely fill it with white perch, the sweetest of our table fishes. I can take shrimp for bait and fill it most any day with bank perch of good size, and I am not considered a first-class fisherman either.

So far I have only spoken in general of this locality as a sportsman's paradise. Some of our trips would make each a letter of interesting incidents. Before the following game season closes we hope to find something of interest to detail to FOREST AND STREAM, giving something in repay for the many enjoyable things we have read in its columns. But please deliver us from the remarkable shot column. It would be a wonderful genius who could distinguish between the lies and truth in that. W. L. P.

VICKSBURG, Miss.

THE FAR NORTH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may interest your many readers to hear a word from the far North. I lately received a letter from my brother who was then at Fort Rae, Great Slave Lake. He is with an English gentleman who went there chiefly to hunt musk oxen, and as March is the best time of year for this, they had to winter. His letter was dated November 24, and it took some three months to reach me, coming out by the Hudson's Bay Company's winter packet. After their musk oxen hunt in spring they will descend the Mackenzie and Pells rivers, cross to the Youcan, descending it to the sea, thus making the northwest passage by land.

Great Slave Lake was frozen over as early as October 5, and many of the Hudson's Bay Company's boats were caught in the ice at different points owing to the very early season.

Deer (caribou) are very numerous there, and form, with the excellent fish with which the lake abounds, the sole subsistence of the Indians and the Hudson's Bay employees, the only inhabitants of this far-off region.

It has often struck me during my long residence in this country, chiefly in the Hudson's Bay service, and consequently seeing many out-of-the-way places, that so few gentlemen visited it with a view to hunting. Of course there would be unavoidable hardship, but they would be sure of splendid sport. One spot I remember on the north end of Great Deer Lake, or Lac Caribou, as it is called, where the caribou pass in immense numbers just at the time when the lake is setting fast. One year the fall was late and a herd of over seventy attempted to cross a large bay near the Hudson's Bay post on the thin ice; this gave way with them and consequently they all drowned and froze there, the train dogs living royally on them for the most of the winter. So plentiful were they that fall, Mr. D., the resident clerk, shot them passing his door, his wife looking over his shoulders.

Leaving Deer Lake and crossing a portage to Lake Wollaston, the tracks of large game are something to be remembered. Again on the Great Peace River, which now is beginning to attract some attention from its fertile prairies, you will hardly in the proper season pass a bend of the stream without seeing bears of all shades of color, grizzly, cinnamon and black. I have it from the highest authority that forty were counted in an hour by a boat descending the river. This stream is, alas, the last great stronghold of the beaver, who eventually, and I say it with sorrow, will be completely killed out of the country. Trappers, for the sake of his hide, and Indians both for pelt and flesh, give poor Castor no rest.

A last word about musk oxen. They are now a rare animal, and only to be found in far northern regions. They go in bands. Their robe is most beautiful, the hair being so long that it sweeps the snow. On being attacked by wolves or hunters they form themselves into a circle, placing the young ones in the center, where they are completely hid by the shaggy hides of the old ones. Their skins make beautiful robes, a warm wool under long, glossy hair. They are difficult to obtain now, however. REB.

ONE DAY OUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your kind wish that I "may find time for the birds" makes me imagine that you would be glad to know that I had, and although it was but one day, its story may not be without interest. July in New Jersey was hot, and it was on one of the hottest days that I landed at—well, never mind the location—my favorite summer resort near the coast. Supper came first, and then I was ready for business. A blue shirt, a pair of trousers and a belt replaced my professional gear, and with my Parker, and a few shells in my pocket, I enter my boat and float down the river with a favoring tide. With now and then a dip of the oar to keep in channels, I float

> "By cedar-crowned bluffs and white-pebbled beaches,
> Over clean, sandy bars, through wide meadow reaches,"

now leaning over the side to watch the skurrying crabs or sight the eyes of a summer flounder as they betray his sandy hiding place; now dozing on the stern sheets puffing nicotine at the mosquitoes and watching the glories of a gorgeous sunset. Speaking of rest—well, there I find it, and amuse myself by pitying the poor fools who put on their starched chokers and waste such an evening as this in small talk around the parlor table, or in perspiring efforts on the ballroom floor. Why do men go to the country and pay high prices for the privilege of doing what they could do much more easily and comfortably at home?

But the roar of the breakers tells me I am near the sea, and as I look ahead I see a large waterfowl which I have startled dropping behind a point of sedge. Why did I bring my gun if not to shoot, and even out of practice as I am this looks like a mark I might hit. With one oar as a paddle I scull my skiff toward the screening sedges, resolved that if it is an edible bird that rises he is mine. Sure enough, and as I thought, with a flap of mighty wings a blue heron upsets my nerves, and a load from my right goes harmlessly between his dangling legs. But I think the "blue jimmy" is a good bird when the moon is big, and having overcome my ague, my left brings him to the water wing-tipped. If I was green I would row quickly to him, reach out and attempt to grasp his neck, but as I have seen his methods of using that long eel-spear which he carries forward, I prefer to dislocate its handle with a stroke of the oar before inviting him on board. It is getting dark, and leaving my craft I conclude to wait on this strip of beach to see if the moon will rise, or anything else appear to be shot at. Here on the top of a sandy knoll I find a hole that some snipe shooter has scooped for his blind. It is dry, and as I stow myself in it I find that it fits to a nicety my weary bones.

A cool breeze from the sea drives away the gnats and gives me but poor excuse for another smoke, the waves sing a restful melody, and I lie prone upon my back looking into the furthest depths of the blue sky between the stars. I count a group of them, and then go over the count to find that new ones have come. By and by I find my eyes are closing; then I wink and go to counting again. Am I dreaming? What are those cloud spots which seem to be sailing right up against the stars? The question must answer itself, but instinctively I gather my gun from across my knees and pointing it at the darkest part of the cloud mass, I pull the trigger. A whirr of wings, a shrill "quak," and the thud of a bird within a rod of my lair tells me of my success and its result. There are worse birds than a night heron when the moon is big. I wait in vain for another shot, although the bats are flitting and the sand plover whistling near me. Home, to bed and to sleep. That is all I could tell of the rest of the night. But the dawn wakes me, and a good-natured cook gives me the coffee and other trifles, which, trifles though they are, a man must have before he is worth anything in the morning.

Now for that well remembered spot where I always find a woodcock or two in July, a spring hole at the head of it and a bog crowded with alders below. It is but a few rods from the house, but I know it has been protected, and as I step under the gum trees at the spring—there, one, two, three, four, five—what do you think of that? Do you know how many men paid their car fare out to the island or to Jersey, and with a hundred dollar dog or two tramped all through the hot day over the meadows, and only got a half dozen birds or less? Well, here I have five marked down in this cripple, and although I have no dog I shall take them one at a time, and get them. And when I have done with this little place I know another not a half mile away equally as good. It is not 7 o'clock when I am back at the house ready for my regular breakfast. While I was resting in a grove after my last shot I answered the call of a Bob White in a stubble across the slough. At my second challenge he rose and came for my retreat like a bullet, striking the ground within a few feet of me, but hurriedly taking wing on finding that I was not the impudent rival he was after. A red squirrel amused me by his saucy antics until the cries of distress from a group of redwings told me that he was up to some of his old tricks, and then I stopped his kidnapping. After breakfast, an hour or two in the channels among the place,

weakfish and eels give us a good string and we row back to the house.

Now it is hot, certainly too hot to be outdoors, but when our friend offers us a buggy ride to the head of the river for a round with the doves, we are ready. Who wants to stay indoors if he can find a shady spot to do his shooting from, and this the dove meadows always afford. I will not give the details, for I remember to have given you once before a taste of this peculiar sport which affords full measure of interest without weariness. As I lay in the shade beside a running spring taking the headers and missing the side winders as often, my sympathies went out for those who, like your friend "Coahoma," have to enjoy (?) dove-shooting in an open field, without shade, where existence is only made tolerable by means of a Senegambian perambulating the field with a demijohn. And from beneath this one tree I have beaten that leading score of Captain DeGaris, fifty-three.

Now a ride back to the house. It is not sundown yet, but it is twenty-four hours since I left the cars yesterday, and twenty-four hours of such sport is enough for one day. Shall I not after a bath and tea spend the evening in a hammock, the night in sweet sleep, and go back to business in the morning more refreshed, more rested, than if I had spent a month in the tiresome routine of inactivity and fashion at the Buckingham Arms or the Hotel Pall Mall? T. B. A.

Hightstown, N. J.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with interest the article of "Medium" with the above heading in your issue of June 4, and I indorse much that he says. He truly remarks that the requisite knowledge for making judicious selection of firearms can only be acquired by experience and by reading the articles from practical sportsmen, who from time to time record their experience and observation in the columns of Forest and Stream. And in his estimate of the books which the tyro might suppose to be safe guides, I, in the main, agree with him. "Medium" says that Greener's book on the "Gun and its Development" is pretty well "padded," and is hardly fair in its criticisms of the work of other makers. In this "Medium" is certainly correct; but I will go further and say that, while the book undoubtedly contains much valuable information not easily accessible elsewhere, it contains much more that is unfair and misleading, and is by no means a safe guide to the novice in matters pertaining to firearms; that it is a huge advertisement of the guns manufactured by Mr. Greener, and the purpose of its publication was primarily and principally the extolment of these guns from beginning to end, and, when necessary to effect his object, the author has not hesitated to conceal the truth or even to make positive misrepresentations in regard to the work of other gunmakers; that other arms are considered mainly as they connect themselves directly or indirectly with the central figure, or furnish an excuse for the praise of the Greener gun, and only such space is "padded" with information about other guns as could not be more successfully devoted to pushing the author's guns in any other method. That the guns made by Mr. Greener are excellent arms, and that he is a gunmaker of repute, I am by no means the one to deny; but these very facts render the book more dangerous, for the reason that his reputation is apt to cause the uninformed to rely too implicitly upon the author's criticisms of other guns. It therefore becomes important that those who are seeking for information to enable them to form correct conclusions as to the merits of different makes of guns should first have a correct estimate of this work, so that they may not be misled thereby. I have therefore assumed the somewhat thankless task of pointing out a few of the errors and omissions of this book, not captiously or for the purpose of injuring the book or the gun it advertises, but, as I trust, impartially, and to the end that at least a tithe of that justice which Mr. Greener bestows upon his own gun may be extended to the guns of other makers, and that my brother sportsmen may see other makes of guns as they really exist, and not as Mr. Greener has seen fit to represent them.

If, on taking up Mr. Greener's book, you will, in the outset, regard it as advertisement of the guns of W. W. Greener, and regard the discussion of other guns as so much "padding" inserted to bolster up the Greener guns, you will have a true conception of the purpose of the work and will not be misled by it, but, on the contrary, will get from it much valuable information; nor, in my judgment, will you deal unfairly by this so called literary production in thus prejudging it. If, on the other hand, you take the statements of the preface as true, and regard the book as the author seeks to have you regard it—as an unbiased treatise on the gun and its development, you will be continually led into error.

It would occupy too much space to undertake to go over the whole of this large book, and I shall, therefore, only briefly notice a few of the errors and mistatements in regard to American-made guns.

I have before me the second edition of this work, which purports to be brought down to the date of publication, and (in the language of the preface) to keep step with the "continuous improvements tending to the perfectment of arms;" to "report the minutest point of progress," and to notice "every invention pertaining to guns with, the author trusts, perception and appreciation of merit wherever existent." And the preface further states that the errors of the first edition have been rectified, and that the "author has endeavored to treat of every subject fully and with fairness." This preface is dated, "Birmingham, Jan. 1, 1884."

After these statements of the preface and the frequent exhibition of superior knowledge and information found in the body of the book, the defense of ignorance can hardly be set up for this author. He professes to treat of the arms of all makers of all countries, and not exclusively of the guns made by W. W. Greener, or of the guns made at Birmingham alone, or of English arms only.

What then will the reader think of the fullness and fairness of this book, and how safe a guide will he regard it, when he is told that it does not so much as mention such guns as the Fox, the Baker, the Davis, the Remington, the Colt, the Parker, the Harrington & Richardson, and several others equally well known and in use long before the publication of this book? But it seems from certain remarks on "Machine-made Guns," beginning on page 306 of this second edition, that the product of the makers just named are not guns at all and do not come within the purview of the work of this eminent gunmaker and author. The author says:

"Among the faults of machine-made guns are: Want of proportion in the various parts, ill-shaped ribs, stocks and hammers, bad fitting of wood against iron, indifferent fitting in breech-action and locks; and in no machine-made gun that we have ever seen, of American or continental make, have the barrels been straight either inside or out. The *differentia* of machine-made machine-finished guns are: Rounded and countersunk screw and pinheads, 'gummy' stocks, weight of gun not well between the hands, and a general uncouth military musket appearance. * * * * * Machine-made guns must be considered a production of mechanical engineering, not of gun-making, and from that standpoint may give that satisfaction which from any other point of view would not be forthcoming."

The above is pretty broad language, and thus unceremoniously dismisses from consideration as unworthy further notice the most popular makes of guns in the United States. But if the author is correct and his statements true, we should submit to this wholesale denunciation of our favorites. If the statements are untrue, Mr. Greener and his book deserve severe condemnation for their insincerity.

While "comparisons are odious" and seldom establish a fact, I have this to say, and my experience is not single: I have seen a Greener gun costing more than $100 ($150 grade) that was inferior in fitting and material to any $80 Colt, Parker, Smith, Baker or Fox gun I ever saw. My observation is that American machine-made guns, so far from being as Mr. Greener describes them, are remarkable for the soundness of their material, their superior fitting, and the excellence of their workmanship; and that no foreign gun, either hand or machine-made, costing less than $75 or $100, can be found that will begin to equal American machine-made guns of the same or even a lower price in these particulars.

Mr. Greener says he has never seen a machine-made gun with straight barrels. This statement puts him in an awkward dilemma. The guns he has seen have been the work of the lower class Birmingham or German makers, or he wilfully misstates the fact. If he has not seen the better class of American machine-made guns he ought to have said so, or abstained from including American guns in his sweeping denunciation. If he has seen them he speaks what he must know to be untrue when he makes the broad assertion above referred to.

The meanest guns on the face of the earth, barring possibly one other class, are made in Birmingham—where Mr. Greener's works are located; but it would be absurd and unjust to condemn every Birmingham gun because the great bulk of the product is worthless. It is equally unjust to condemn every gun made by machinery because some English or Continental makers turn out bad ones.

But the American manufacturers produce the best machine-made guns in the world, and Mr. Greener is inexcusable in his error. He did not have the poor excuse of having been misled by seeing American machine-made guns of the character he describes. The idea of saying that such guns as Smith, Harrington & Richardson, Parker Bros., the Colt Firearms Co., and others make and sell at $50 net and upward are not guns at all, but are the vile combinations of wood and iron that Mr. Greener describes them to be, is most unjust; and when the statement comes from one so well informed as Mr. Greener, it is absolutely contemptible. No people but the Americans could have such statements as Greener makes palmed off on them for the truth.

Take, for instance, what he says when he undertakes to mention the Spenser repeating shotgun and compare it with what he says about machine-made guns in general, as a test of his sincerity. We find on page 309 this statement:

"The magazine shotgun which is shortly to be placed on the market in various calibers by the Sharps Company will have an action and magazine mechanisms similar to Fig. 152, will be a well-finished and perfectly fitted arm, but from the fact that the balance will be altered at every shot, it will not be likely to succeed well for wing-shooting."

The learned author does not know what he is talking about. The "Sharps Company" were not about to make a magazine shotgun that anybody ever heard of. The Spenser Arms Co. have made a gun of this sort, and it is a success of its kind. But this is not the point I am driving at.

The gun, Mr. Greener says, "is a well-finished and perfectly-fitted arm." But how is this? It is a machine-made gun. Are not the barrels crooked, the stocks "gummy," the fittings bad, and its appearance that of a military musket? Our author is inconsistent. If he tells the truth about the Spenser, how can his diagnosis of machine-made guns in general be correct? And if the Spenser is the perfect gun Mr. Greener says it is, how about the Colt, and the Parker, and the Smith, and the Harrington & Richardson, not to mention other more expensive guns made in part at least by machinery? Is the Spenser to be regarded as an exception to Mr. Greener's differentiation? I take it the Spenser Arms Co. will hardly claim that their gun is superior in material and workmanship to all the other American machine-made guns.

Does the solution of the mystery occur to the unsuspecting reader? Does the reader happen to remember that Mr. Greener is advertising his gun (I told you to bear this in mind), and that he does not make a repeating shotgun? Is it not possible that praise of the Spenser would not seriously affect the sale of Greener's double-barrels, while praise of other machine-made guns might? And do you notice how carefully our author has hedged off competition by the Spenser, and thus rendered his praise of that gun harmless to his own by saying the Spenser will likely prove a failure for wing-shooting—the purpose of all others for which Greener makes guns?

> For ways that are dark,
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar!

Now let us briefly see what our author has to say about American hammerless guns. On page 383 he gives what he calls a cut of an American hammerless gun, and says it is made by D. M. Lefever of Syracuse, N. Y. It is to be observed, however, that he selects for this cut not the Lefever as it had existed for half a dozen years before this edition of his book was printed, but a model that Lefever had long abandoned; and yet Mr. Greener says his book is brought down to date! The doll's-head extension of the top-rib and the bottom lug fastening described by Mr. Greener had long been abandoned by Lefever, and if Mr. Greener did not know of this he should have kept his pen from paper.

Greener's treatment is unfair, and not only in wretched taste, but in bad faith. There ought to be something like honesty and candor even between rival gunmakers. That Greener, a gunmaker and an author and presumably, at least, a reader of such papers as the Forest and Stream, was ignorant of the improvements which Lefever had made in his gun, and had used for several years and fully described in his catalogues, it is hardly fair to suppose. That he knew nothing of the compensating features of this gun no admirer of our author can fairly allege; that he failed to mention matters of so much importance is attributable to but one motive.

Lefever's first guns were made with a doll's head extension of the top rib, and with bolts locking into the bottom lugs; but his square-shouldered top-fastener had superseded these arrangements long before Mr. Greener's second edition came out. The indicating pins of Lefever's gun have been for years, at least (and so far as I know, always), placed on the lock plates; but Greener's cut represents them as being on top of the gun, where they certainly were not at the time he pretends to describe the gun. The cut Mr. Greener uses shows that the forward lug has an opening to receive the check-hook, and yet neither here nor elsewhere in the book does he mention that such a thing as a hinge-check exists or is known to gunmakers. Now, I do not think it possible for a perfect gun to exist without a device for protecting the hinge-joint from the strain of opening and closing the gun. This little hinge-check is one of the most important of recent improvements. Why does not Mr. Greener mention it? He says his book notices "every invention pertaining to guns." If I am not mistaken it had been in use ten years when his second edition was published. But it is an American invention, and it is not on Greener's gun. If he had mentioned it, the inventive ingenuity of the Greeners (father and son) would have suffered detriment; and if he had given it the meritorious place to which it is entitled, he would have experienced some difficulty in satisfactorily accounting for its absence from his gun.

The distance from the standing face of the breech to the hinge-joint is very short in the Greener gun, shorter than in any other hammerless gun I know of; that distance in the Lefever is longer than in any other hammerldss with which I am acquainted. This distance is so much leverage imparting strength. Why did not our impartial author say something on this subject?

The ball and socket hinge-joint is peculiar to the Lefever; it is one of the strongest of mechanical devices. Why did not Greener mention it?

Lefever's lock had been improved so as to make the strikers and firing pins separate, but Greener did not say so.

Lefever's outside cocking lever was very objectionable, and it was very well for Greener to condemn it; but he ought to have mentioned the many and great merits of the gun.

The Lefever is the only American hammerless gun Greener pretends to describe, and this he apparently mentions only to get an opportunity to ridicule it. He conceals its merits, but is careful to hold up its objectionable cocking lever to public gaze, and takes occasion at another place to refer to it as an "antiquated specimen." Yes, the specimen Mr. Greener fraudulently exhibits as the gun Lefever made when he wrote, is "antiquated" indeed, and had gone out of use when he wrote. To have been consistent and treated his own gun as he did Lefever's, Mr. Greener would have represented it with underguard lever, and without the extension rib fastening, which is the chief merit of his gun.

That Greener knew of the existence of other American hammerless guns is evident, for on page 385, in describing a thing which he calls the "Field gun," he says that "the locks are raised to full cock by the act of opening the gun for loading, and in a similar manner to that employed by C. E. Sneider, of Baltimore, U. S. A., in 1865. Sneider cocked his gun by a sliding rod moving diagonally in the break-off, one end pressing against an eccentric from the breech action joint pin, the other against the nose of the hammer."

This incidental mention of an "antiquated specimen" of the Sneider gun is all that he has to say about this most excellent arm, and the Harrington & Richardson, the Haskell and other American hammerless guns, are not mentioned at all, but page after page is devoted to extolling the Greener hammerless.

I do not find fault with a dealer for advertising his wares, and he may even sell his advertisements if he can fairly do so, just as many dealers do sell their large catalogues. But when a man steps out of his shop and poses as an author, he ought to try to treat the work of others fairly when he comes to describe it. He has no right to sell as an impartial treatise on firearms a book written and printed for the purpose of advertising a particular weapon; and still less has he the right to pretend to present a full and candid exposition of his subject so as to enable others to arrive at accurate conclusions, when he has never heard of, or does not mention, many of the most important of modern inventions. How shall his readers know which of all the guns is the best when the very existence of many is studiously concealed.

When he treats of American rifles, Mr. Greener is no more accurate than when dealing with our shotguns. Take, as a sample, his remarks about the Winchester—one of the best-known American repeating rifles. If all we knew about this arm was what we find in Mr. Greener's book, very few Winchester rifles could be sold. Indeed, it would be hard to get a man to take one as a gift; yet it is probable that more game is killed with the Winchester than with any other rifle, for the reason that its use is more general.

Mr. Greener says that "several models of the Winchester repeating rifle have now been manufactured," and he proceeds to enumerate as follows:

Model 1873, 440 bore, 40 gr. powder, 200 gr. lead.
Model 1876, 450 bore, 75 gr. powder, 360 gr. lead.

"A new express of 500 bore," and "their latest model, 32-cal." Now, the fact is, that the Winchester is made in only three models, viz., 1866, 1873 and 1876; and the express is a modification of the 1876 model, but it is made in various calibers, so that instead of only four, as Mr. Greener has it, there are nine distinct guns, as follows:

Model 1866, .44-cal., 28 gr. powder, 200 gr. lead.
Model 1873, .44-cal., 40 gr. powder, 200 gr. lead.
Model 1873, .38-cal., 40 gr. powder, 180 gr. lead.
Model 1873, .32-cal., 20 gr. powder, 115 gr. lead.
Model 1873, .22-cal., long and short cartridges.
Model 1876, .45-75, 75 gr. powder, 350 gr. lead.
Model 1876, .45-60, 60 gr. powder, 300 gr. lead.
Model 1876, .40-60, 62 gr. powder, 210 gr. lead.
Model 1876, .50-95, 95 gr. powder, 300 gr. lead.

Mr. Greener's book is equally behind the times and equally unfair on the subject of revolvers. On page 420 he gives a cut of the old Smith & Wesson rim fire, single action, non-ejecting pistol—another weapon that has not been made or used for years—and says: "The size is .320, and the shape will convey a relative idea of the size and appearance of the American 'six-shooter,' of which it is a fair type. The revolvers usually sold in England are .450-bore," etc. And then our author proceeds to illustrate and describe English pistols of the latest models.

When he speaks of self-extracting revolvers he shows his ill-liberality and prejudice still more clearly, and shows, too, that his mistakes do not spring from ignorance. He says on page 423 that "this principle of ejecting the cases originated, we believe, with Messrs. Smith & Wesson, of the United States, but it has been improved upon considerably both in England and Belgium. We illustrate one of the improved revolvers in Fig. 259."

Turning to the illustration on page 424, we find a pistol in which the ejecting principle is identical with that of Smith & Wesson's revolvers, except that the method of fastening the barrel and chambers to the frame (a point of superiority especially claimed by Mr. Greener) and the manner of manipulating the extracting device, are far inferior to those of the Smith & Wesson. And so far from being a "considerable improvement" on Smith & Wesson's pistol, the weapon illustrated is an inferior imitation of it.

He says, "American shot is not so regular either in shape or size as the English, and frequently there is a discrepancy between the printed list of the manufacturers and the sizes given in some leading sporting works. Tatham's list gives his size as No. 6, 218; No. 7, 291 per ounce. Thus the American No. 7 is more equal in size to our No. 6, while their No. 6 is about equal to our No. 5." Page 491.

Now the objection that "there is a discrepancy between the printed lists of the manufacturers and the sizes given in some leading sporting works," is a sensible one indeed. Are the shot makers to blame for this? It would strike the average individual that the probable reason for this "discrepancy" was the inaccuracy of the lists given in the "leading sporting works."

The fact that the same number by different makers do not correspond in size, does not affect the quality of the shot. This difference between shot of different makers exists in England just as it does in America. Nor does the fact that American shot are larger than the English shot of corresponding number affect the quality of our shot. The English makers are at perfect liberty to change the numbers of their shot to correspond with ours if the confusion bothers them.

The statement that American shot are not equal to the English has often been repeated by those who swallow every thing Greener says, and they have repeated it without taking the trouble to investigate and without knowing whether the statement was true or false, when the slightest comparison would have shown them that the statement was untrue. The shot made by Tatham; Baily, Farrell & Co., and some other American makers are "as regular in size and shape as the English," and equal to the English in every respect.

Now let us turn to his chapter on gunpowder. On page 496 we find what Mr. Greener has to say about American powder in these words:

"In the United States a large variety of powders are at the option of the sportsman. They do not, however, appear to be so clean as the English. American sportsmen may choose a grain resembling as near as possible the No. 4 Alliance for general purposes. The Orange Lightning and Laflin & Rand's (see Fig. 300) we believe to be as good as any of American make."

Now this luminous paragraph is all Mr. Greener has to say or professes to know about our black powders. It shows dense ignorance and shows clearly that he was writing at second hand without even a superficial knowledge of his subject. He speaks of the Orange powder and the Laflin & Rand powder as distinct brands, not knowing that Laflin & Rand are the makers of the Orange powder. That Laflin & Rand make good powder is not denied, but it will not be insisted that this brand is superior (grade for grade) to Dupont's, Hazard's, and several other brands. He instructs us—he permits us—to select a powder "resembling as near as possible" a certain English powder. Thanks, Mr. Greener, for your magnanimity.

The only English powder which can claim superiority to the best grades of American powder is that of Curtis & Harvey, and possibly that of Pigou, Wilks & Laurence; but these are very expensive powders—too costly for ordinary use—and I deny that they are in any wise superior to the best grades made by the Hazard and Dupont companies. Price considered, there is no powder to be had that can be compared to the American powders.

The figure 300 to which Mr. Greener refers is composed of three cuts showing different sized grains of powder, on page 405. The finest grain is marked "French," the next finest "American," and the coarsest "German." This illustration means, if it means anything, that by giving the size of the grain, an accurate idea may be had of all American powders; in other words, that we only make powder of the particular-sized grain that Mr. Greener has illustrated and labeled "American." He does not so illustrate English powder. Oh, no! his illustrations and descriptions of English powder show all the various-sized grains. His picture of "American powder" shows us the fine-grained powder once in general use, but now a thing of the past (another "antiquated specimen"). Did Greener know the Americans made powder of different-sized grains? He is like the traveler who, dining at the hotel table, saw opposite a one-eyed, red-headed Frenchman—the first and only Frenchman he had ever seen—and straightway wrote in his notebook: "Mem. The French are a most peculiar race of people; they are all one-eyed and red-headed."

But enough has been said to show how utterly unfair and inaccurate this book is on the points of most vital interest to American sportsmen, and how unsafe a guide it is to the proper selection of arms and ammunition. It does American gunmakers the grossest injustice. If it can be fairly shown that the American firearms are inferior, let it be done; but, in the name of common honesty and common decency, I protest against the fact being proved in the slipshod and disingenuous method of Mr. Greener. I protest against the suppression of truth and the suggestion of falsehood to attain a selfish end, and against comparing obsolete American models with the latest English models. Too many American sportsmen take things for granted, and on reading such stuff as Mr. Greener has perpetrated, immediately begin to decry everything American and to extol everything English as "works of art" and the like. Let the American sportsman judiciously investigate for himself and he will find that I do no injustice when I say that much which has been written on the subject by English gunmakers is mere puffing of their own wares, and that much that has been said by American writers is mere repetition, without investigation or consideration, of the remarks of these interested English authorities.

The subject of the choice of guns has been much written upon, and in these series of articles I shall not endeavor to advance original ideas, but shall endeavor impartially to survey the field in the light of what has been written by others and in view of the present state of the art of gunmaking. I shall discuss the subject in hand as fully as practicable and as fairly as possible, so that all may clearly understand me. Much will, of necessity, be said that has been written before and that the sportsman of experience already knows; but in articles of this class the statement of truisms and of elementary principles is to a certain extent necessary and unavoidable. Ah-Pe.

PREMATURE EXPLOSIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last issue a communication from C. H. Gerrish regarding the firing of the second cartridge when only one hammer fell. In the first place, there is little doubt but what the shell had a very sensitive primer, that is something we are liable to find most any day. I have fired several primers when seating them on the shell, but regarding the immediate cause of the explosion, I believe it to be the rebound of the firing pin caused by the jar of the first explosion, there being nothing to hold it still, and the heavier the strikers or firing pins the greater the blow from this cause. As an illustration I will cite a case often seen in any machine shop. When in cutting a bar of steel with cold chisel, if the chisel is not held firmly when struck with the hammer it will rebound, and striking in another place at each blow of the hammer, will cut quite deep scars on the surface of the steel, the chisel each time being struck when placed at the original mark. I do not believe any gun safe which has loose strikers, any more than I believe that hammerless guns are safe, when they have no mechanism to hold the scars in their notches, instead of simply a stop, preventing the triggers being pulled. I offer an experiment: Fire a heavy charge from one barrel while a primed shell is in the other, and see if the striker does not mark it, probably not every time alike, but leave its mark nevertheless. A. B. Dodge.

Manchester, N. H.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have wanted considerably all summer long to have a growl at you about your deer-hounding bill, and think I should feel better if I get it off my mind now. I always thought the Forest and Stream stood up for that which is just and right, or nothing. Not but what you were right in that bill, as far as it went, but there is just where the rub comes in. You did not go far enough. Why did you not include jack hunting? You could make up for the lost time by giving us fifteen more days in November for still-hunting, and I think no fair-minded man would have found any fault. But from my conversations with men around here and further in the woods, the general feeling seems to be that the bill was passed for the benefit of city sportsmen alone; and, as one man expressed it the other day, "Yes, it's all easy enough to talk about wanting to increase the number of deer and the cruelty of hounding, and all that; there may be some truth in wanting to increase the number, but they only want them for the city people to kill, and it isn't fair that the bill should be passed for city chaps alone. Why didn't they stop jacking? As for cruelty, more deer crawl away from the water to die a lingering death, perhaps only a few feet from the water's edge, while the guide and his sportsman, one from laziness the other from ignorance, rarely think of looking to see whether he was missed, or be dying or dead, perhaps only a short distance in, unless they see him drop they are apt to say, 'Guess I missed him; let's go on; we may get another further down.' Even if they do go back after marking the spot, in the morning, and find it dead, the venison ten to one is bloated and spoiled, for any who have hunted know that venison, with the entrails in, will keep but a short time even as late as October. If the law was passed for increasing the numbers or cruelty, or what not, jacking ought to have been tacked on to it. Let them still-hunt if they wish, for I don't suppose one man in a hundred can touch a deer and kill him unless there be a light snow on the ground, and let them still-hunt until say the 1st of December, then it would have been all right. Some of the city chaps might say they couldn't be here in the fall and so wouldn't have any fun. How would they like it in the quail and prairie chicken countries if we mountain people went there to spend our summers and killed the birds, male, female and young, just because we were not going to be there in the fall? If a man is keen for sport and the sport of stalking, he will come here in the season of the year when sport can be had at its best, and at the season of the year when the oxygen in the air makes one's blood tingle and leap through one's veins so that he is thankful for the mere pleasure of living. Then let a jack-hunter, be he never so weak when he comes, get into the woods and track a deer, let him match his cunning against theirs, and if he succeeds in only catching a glimpse, or better still, let him bring it down, and ask him then about jacking. As for snow, it is surely deep before the first of December, and there is surely a crust. The law is passed, however, and must be obeyed, and all we can do is to hope for the rest of the bill to be passed next winter."

I think he came near the truth, and for the future my beagles must be content to turn their attention to foxes and hares alone. I am selfishly sorry the bill passed, for I love the tingle and excitement of hearing a hound run deer, and after no other game is it quite the same feeling. But if we can't have the best, we will have to be content with what is next best, a pack of beagles running a fox, and a deerhound in lead on a runway ready to be slipped at sight.

I have had my growl and feel better. W. C. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A certain hotel keeper from this section of the Adirondacks stated, a few days ago, in your paper that all the men in Franklin county were mad because of the non hounding law. Now I want to contradict that statement, for I know many guides in this county who say the law is good and intend to enforce it. There are three hotels here and two of them favor the law. The other hotel keeper says he will dog deer, but he will find it up hill work. I think we have a game protector who can't be bought for fifty dollars and we will help him. I have lots of deer within a mile of my hotel, and whosoever puts a dog after them will have their dogs shot and themselves prosecuted to the extent of the law.

R. M. Shutts.

Indian Point, Chateaugay Lake, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from deer lands. I find by talking with hunters that they do not intend to run deer with dogs nor allow them to run. One man offered me two deer dogs if I would take them away; others want to get rid of them. I think some of them will let them go loose in order to get rid of them. Protector, District No. 10.

Remsen, N. Y., Aug. 9.

A St. Regis Lake correspondent of the Troy *Budget* writes from the Prospect House: "At breakfast you can have brook trout, also venison, but at this season of the year they call it Adirondack steak or mountain goat. Much has been said *pro* and *con* in regard to the deer hunting law. I find it very well respected by the guides and hotel keepers; but it would be very easy to evade the law, as there are but six special game protectors for a dozen large and sparsely settled counties, although some of the hotel keepers wink at the law, and you can get venison at some of the hotels under the before-mentioned names.

CANNED GOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One sometimes sees a sign "Beware of the Dog" stuck up to warn off trespassers. The warning serves its purpose. But really there may be no dog there at all.

A false cry has recently been raised by parties who seem to have a purpose to serve regarding the liability of poison incurred by those partaking of canned good. Knowing that sportsmen in particular have occasion to use this class of goods probably to a greater extent than the rest of the community at large, we have carefully noted the various articles *pro* and *con* on this subject which have lately appeared in the press of this city and Brooklyn, and in our judgment the facts, as presented, fail to show any true cause for alarm.

When we consider the millions of cans of the various articles of food that are annually consumed, and also bear in mind the fact that the report even of a supposed case of poisoning from their use is a rare thing, we are forced to conclude that the danger which it has been claimed exists, owing to the preparation used in soldering of the cans, has its foundation only in the minds of some whose wish, under certain circumstances, becomes "father to the thought." We note that it is claimed that upon the occasion of a visit of a party of gentleman to a large and well-known canning establishment in this city, a workman who had just shown the process of sealing the cans was requested to open one and taste of "one of the drops inside of the can." The report goes on to say that upon doing so "his face became like a boiled lobster in color, and he was finally compelled to eject the liquid from his mouth." Now, if "a drop" of the liquid is so distasteful that one cannot retain it in the mouth, how can a person partake of a sufficient quantity of this liquid contained in a can of vegetables as to suffer poisoning?

Again, we notice it is claimed that chloride of zinc, an extreme diluted solution of which is used in the operation of sealing the cans, produces, when taken into the system, Bright's disease, and the wonderful announcement is made that this offers the solution of the question (*i. e.*, the cause of that disease) which the ablest minds in the profession, both here and abroad, have been unable to determine after many years of study and research. But opposed to this is the fact that the symptoms said to be produced from this cause are by no means conclusive evidence of the existence of the disease in question; hence, the physician who so loudly declares that canned goods in general contain chloride of zinc in poisoning amounts, although admitting the point that the amount is so small that the case becomes one of "cumulative poisoning" and thus arrives at the conclusion that he has herein discovered the cause of this disease, is, in our judgment, imposing too much upon the credulity of the general public; and we are apt to regard all such statements in the same light as we do the notice "Beware of the Dog," when there is no dog in the yard. Wendell.

Bay Bird Shooting on Cape Cod.—Of late years bay birds have been very scarce along our coasts and marshes. Where have the birds gone? I can remember when a bag of fifty or sixty in one day was not considered a big thing. I have heard of one gunner using a bag of shot in one day. Now if one shoots ten or a dozen yellowlegs it is considered good. Well do I remember my first attempt at bay bird shooting. I arrived at the Cape at noon. I could hardly wait to swallow my dinner, I was so impatient to try my luck with the birds. I shouldered my gun and decoys and started for the marsh, a mile distant. On my arrival I set out my decoys, took my place behind a tuft of high grass and waited. The first thing in the shape of game was a large flock of peeps and ringnecks, but I thought myself too much of a sportsman to fire at such small game, as I had read somewhere it was not the proper thing to do. Two hours passed and still I had seen nothing but peeps. My patience was nearly gone, and sportsmanlike or not, I determined to open on the peeps. So I emptied on them, when suddenly there dropped, as if from the clouds, five of the largest yellowlegs it had ever been my good fortune to see. My gun was empty, I was excited, I began to load, the birds lit. I poured two charges of powder into one barrel, and two of shot into the other. I rammed these down. I saw my mistake. The birds saw theirs and flew. I whistled them back and drew my charges. At last the gun was loaded all but capping. As I took the caps from my pocket the birds flew never to return, although I whistled myself hoarse hoping they might return. I waited after this about an hour, and seeing nothing more I pulled up stakes and started for home, somewhat less confident of my abilities than before I started. Thus ended my first gunning experience. I have been a good many times since then, and on some occasions have had very good success.—Yellowlegs.

The Scent of Nesting Birds.—New Westminster, British Columbia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to know what sort of dogs Mr. R. B. Roosevelt refers to (in his article on "The Mower and the Quail" in a late issue of Forest and Stream) as used for locating the nests of quail before putting the mowers into the field. I have been using dogs for a matter of over thirty years, and I have never yet had one that could nose a sitting quail or grouse, and perhaps my experience has been confined to certain classes of dogs, which, in the matter of scent, have been inferior, but I am inclined to think otherwise. However, if there is a new class of dog which possesses such wonderful powers of scent over that of the best bred pointers and setters, I would be glad to know it.—J. C. Hughes. [We have repeatedly seen dogs point nesting grouse and quail. On certain occasions, too, we have seen the same dogs, when brought within five feet of sitting birds, pay no attention to them. It may be that in such cases when the bird is sitting very close and still on the nest, under certain weather conditions it gives out no scent.]

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Aug. 15.—Grass plover shooting is now very good in the interior of the State and the birds that come to our market are in splendid condition. Bay birds have been plentiful all the week on the New Jersey shores and good bags were made. The reeds on our rivers will ripen very early this season, and a big crop will offer attractions for both reed birds and rail. Many of the meadows on the Delaware and Schuylkill still remain overflowed, and numerous flocks of tell-tales are enticed thereby from the bay feeding grounds and good shooting can be had at any one of these inundated places in the early morning. As proof that a few rail birds still breed on the New Jersey creek marshes, the day after the tornado and subsequent freshet that passed over this section a week since, a nest of this bird filled with eggs was found floating in some trash in Mantua Creek, N. J.—HOMO.

BOB WHITE OR QUAIL?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Wells" protests against the name quail. If it is a question of resemblance I would ask if the bird does not more resemble a quail than it does Bob White. Please air my little grievance too. I wish that some of your readers would tell why it is that most Southern people persist in calling the black bass a trout. He does not resemble the trout in fins, tail, or head, and in color I am sure is dissimilar. Who ever heard of a trout having scales like a bass, or a bass with spots like a trout? A reform is necessary down South.—S.

SCOTLAND.—London, Aug. 12.—To-day is the famous 12th of August, the opening of the grouse shooting season. Probably two-thirds of the members of Parliament are in Scotland. Many left for the north last night. It is hardly respectable for any one of social eminence to be seen in London now. The prospects of sport are said to be unusually good; but it is certain that people grow more inquisitive each year about the 7,000,000 acres in Scotland alone which are devoted to the "sport of kings."

COMPANION WANTED.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am going to Minnesota in November duck and goose shooting, and would like to have along as companion a good rough and ready fellow, one not afraid of a wetting or a little hardship, and I promise him a surfeit of the best shooting on this continent.—CHAS. M. GRAINGER (128 Prince street, New York city).

BISMARK, Dakota.—We are to have a tournament for October, to which marksmen from every State in the Union will be invited. Game is so plentiful here that in a ride of one hour from the city last fall I saw thirteen deer and thousands of geese and ducks.—W.

UPLAND PLOVER are plenty in New England this year. We hear of a number of good days' shooting in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Who has had any experience with upland plover decoys?

FORT CUSTER, Mont., Aug. 4.—I have not been out yet to see how the crop of young sharptails is coming on, but I have been told that the birds are plenty.—B.

"SHORE BIRDS."—A 15-cent pamphlet descriptive of habits, haunts and methods of capture. Instructive, entertaining and timely. Sent from this office.

ORLANDO, Florida, Aug. 12.—Game prospects are good for next fall. Many quail have been hatched.—F. C. H.

OPEN GAME SEASONS.

Arkansas.

Deer, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 1-May 1. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Quail (Virginia partridge), Oct. 1-March 1.

British Columbia.

Deer, elk, reindeer, caribou, hare, Sept. 1-Jan. 10. Grouse, partridge, prairie fowl, quail, snipe, robin, meadow lark, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Wild duck, Sept. 1-March 1. Pheasant protected to Sept. 1, 1886.

Colorado.

Elk, deer, buffalo or bison, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Mountain sheep protected to 1895. Partridge, pheasant, prairie hen, prairie chicken and grouse, Oct. 1-Nov. 15.

Connecticut.

Ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1-May 1. Rail, Sept. 12-Jan 1 (in New Haven, Fairfield and Litchfield counties, Aug. 20-Jan. 1). Game exportation forbidden.

Delaware.

Partridge, quail, pheasant, ruffed grouse, woodcock, hare, rabbit, in Kent and Sussex counties, Nov. 15-Jan. 15; in New Castle county, Nov. 15-Jan. 1. Ortolan, reedbird, rail, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) protected to 1886. Birds and rabbits may be killed by any person on his own land at any time. Non-residents must become members of the Delaware Game Protective Association, fee, $5 first year, $2 per year thereafter. Secretary, George Churchman, Wilmington, Del. License (fee $50) required to export game for market. License (fee $25) required for buying game to sell again.

Florida.

This State has no game law.

Indiana.

Ruffed grouse and quail, Oct. 15-Dec. 20. Woodcock, July 1-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1-April 15. Pinnated grouse, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Wild turkey, Nov. 1-Feb. 1. Deer, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Exportation of deer, quail, pheasant, wild duck, grouse, prairie chicken, woodcock, forbidden.

Maine.

Moose, deer and caribou, Oct. 1-Jan. 1 (forbidden to hunt with dogs), unlawful for one person to take more than one moose, two caribou or three deer in one season. Mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher, muskrat, Oct. 15-May 1. Wood-duck, dusky, black or other sea duck, Sept. 1-May 1. Wildfowl law does not apply to seacoast. Ruffed grouse (partridge), woodcock, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Pinnated grouse, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Plover, Aug. 1-May 1. Woodcock and ruffed grouse may be killed only for consumption within the State. Sunday shooting forbidden. The Commissioners of Fisheries and Game are E. M. Stilwell, Bangor; H. O. Stanley, Dixfield. A digest of the laws may be had on application to them.

Manitoba.

Deer, cabri, or antelope, elk or wapiti, moose, reindeer or caribou, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Ruffed grouse, pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Woodcock, plover, snipe, and sandpiper, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. All kinds of wild duck, sea duck, pigeon, teal, wild swan, or wild goose, except the variety of of wild goose commonly known as the snow goose or the wavy, Aug. 15-May 1. Otter, fisher or pekan, beaver, muskrat and sable, Oct. 1-May 15. Mink and marten, Nov. 1-April 15. Exportation of game forbidden.

Massachusetts.

Ruffed grouse, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1-April 1. Deer, protected at all times. Squirrel, rabbit (hare), Sept. 1-March 1. Plover, snipe, sandpiper, rail, and any of the so-called marsh, beach or shore birds (except black-breasted plover, red-breasted sandpipers, chicken plover, winter yellow-legs, and Wilson's snipe), July 15-April 1. Herring gull, tern, sea swallow, mackerel gull, Aug. 1-May 1. Quail and prairie chicken may be had in possession (if lawfully killed) Jan. 1-May 1. Wildfowl specified are wood (summer) duck, black duck, teal. Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Boston.

Michigan.

Deer in Lower Peninsula, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; Upper Peninsula, Aug. 15-Nov. 15. Elk protected to 1889. Ruffed grouse, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Quail, Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. Pinnated grouse, Sept. 4-Nov. 1. Wild turkey, Oct, 1-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1-May 1. (Wood, mallard, teal and gray ducks, Sept. 1-Jan. 1.) Snipe, Sept. 1-May 1. Exportation of deer, ruffed grouse, quail, prairie chicken, wild turkey, forbidden.

New Brunswick.

Moose, caribou, deer, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. Mink, otter, fisher, sable, beaver, Sept. 1-May 1. Partridge, snipe, woodcock, Sept. 1-March 1.

New Hampshire.

Plover, yellow-legs, sandpipers, woodcock, ducks and rail, Aug. 1-Feb. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, quail, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Deer, moose and caribou, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Mink, beaver, sable, otter, fisher, Oct. 15-April 1. Raccoon ('coon), gray squirrel, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Hare, rabbit, muskrat, Sept. 1-April 1. Fish and Game Commissioners: George W. Riddle, Manchester; Elliot B. Hodge, Plymouth; Luther Hayes, South Milton.

New Jersey.

Ruffed grouse and quail, Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Woodcock, July 1-Aug. 1, and Oct. 1-Dec. 16. Pinnated grouse, Oct. 15-Dec. 1. Deer, Oct. 15-Dec. 1. Rail, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. Reedbird, marsh hen, Aug. 25-Dec. 1. Upland plover, Aug. 1-Jan. 1. Summer ducks, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Squirrels, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Rabbit, Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Non-residents must become members of a game protective society of the State to shoot or fish within its borders. New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society has jurisdiction over entire State. Fee, $2 annually. Secretary, Wm. L. Force, Plainfield, N. J. Or, non-residents to shoot or fish in Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cumberland and Cape May counties, may obtain membership certificate of West Jersey Game Protective Society. Fee, $5 first year, $2 annually thereafter. Secretary, Wm. T. Miller, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

New York.

Ruffed grouse, Sept. 1-Jan. 1 (Queens and Suffolk counties, Nov. 1-Jan. 1); Columbia county, Sept. 1-Dec. 1). Quail, Nov. 1-Jan. 1 (Columbia county, Nov. 1-Dec. 1). Woodcock, Aug. 1-Jan. 1 (Oneida, Niagara, Delaware and Dutchess counties, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; Columbia county, Sept. 1-Dec. 1). Rail, meadow hen, Sept. 1-Jan. 1 (Columbia county, Sept. 1-Dec. 1). Wildfowl, Sept. 1-May 1 (Long Island waters, Oct. 1-May 1). Robin, meadow lark, starling, Oct. 1-Jan. 1). Bay snipe, sandpiper, shore bird, plover, July 10-Jan. 1. Rabbit, hare, Nov. 1-Feb. 1. Squirrel, Aug. 1-Feb. 1 (Dutchess county, Sept. 1-Feb. 1). Deer, Aug. 1-Dec. 1; hounding forbidden at all times (except in Suffolk county, Oct. 1-10). Marketing game forbidden, Dutchess, Rockland, Columbia, Niagara counties. Non-resident license fee ($10) in Richmond county (Staten Island).

Pennsylvania.

Ruffed and pinnated grouse, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Quail, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Woodcock, July 4-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Sept. 1-Jan. 1; on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week only. Wild turkey, Oct. 15-Jan. 1. Deer and elk, Oct. 1-Dec. 15; transportation allowed only Oct. 1-Nov. 30; forbidden to kill fawn in spotted coat, or to pursue or kill elk or deer in the water, or to chase them with dogs. Plover, July 15-Jan 1. Rabbit (hare) Nov. 1-Jan. 1. Squirrels, Sept. 1-Jan. 1. Rail and reedbird, Sept. 1-Dec. 1. *Pike County:* Deer, Oct. 1-Dec. 1; cannot be killed in the water. Squirrel, Sept. 1-Dec. 15. Rabbit, Oct. 15-Dec. 15. Wood or summer duck, Oct. 1-Jan. 1. Woodcock, July 4-Dec. 15. Quail, Oct. 15-Dec. 1. Ruffed grouse, Sept. 15-Dec. 15.

Quebec.

Moose and deer, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. (female moose may not be killed before Oct. 15, 1888). Caribou, Sept. 1-March 1. Non-residents (except with permit) forbidden to take in one season more than 2 moose, 3 deer, or 2 caribou. Beaver, mink, otter, marten or pekan, Nov. 1-April 1. Hare, Sept. 1-March 1. Muskrat (in Maskinonge, Yamaska, Richelieu and Berthier counties), April 1-May 1. Woodcock, partridge and snipe, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Black duck, teal and wild duck of any kind, Sept. 1-May 1. Migratory quail protected to Dec. 31, 1886. *Non-residents.*—"No person who is not domiciled in the province of Quebec nor in that of Ontario, can at any time hunt in this province . . . without being authorized thereto by license to that effect. Such permit may, on payment of a fee of twenty dollars, be granted by the Commissioner of Crown Lands to any person . . . and is valid for a whole shooting season." Permits may also be granted to non-residents to take specimens for scientific purposes.

Texas.

Deer, June 1-Dec. 1. Wild turkey, Sept. 15-May 15. Ruffed grouse, July 31-March 1. Quail, Sept. 1-March 1.

Vermont.

Deer protected to 1890. Quail, ruffed grouse, Sept. 1-Feb. 1. Woodcock, Aug. 15-Feb. 1. Wild geese and ducks, Sept. 1-May 1. Exportation forbidden.

Washington Territory.

Deer, elk, moose, mountain sheep, Aug. 15-Jan. 1. Wildfowl, Aug. 15-April 1. Prairie chicken, sage hen, Aug. 15-Jan. 1. Grouse, pheasant, quail or partridge, Aug. 1-Jan. 1.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

161.

MY father had just returned from trout fishing, and around the crown of his hat was wound his leader, allowing the three flies to hang loose. As he entered the house he laid his hat upon the table. Presently my aunt entered the room and espied a peculiar fly upon the hat. She approached her game cautiously, drew back her hand, and made a tremendous swoop upon her prey. She had well calculated the distance, but instead of catching the fly the hook entered her little finger, and a small surgical operation had to be performed before the yellow professor could be released. W.

162.

Naushon Island is owned by a wealthy gentleman from Boston, who keeps it well stocked with deer and raises many sheep. The island being large, it is hard to watch, and considerable injury is done by summer fishermen, who land and help themselves. It has always been the desire of the old gentleman to detect and punish one of the offenders as an example to the others; but he has never been successful, though how near he came to it may be seen from the following: This gentleman has a son who is fond of yachting, and at one time being in a small harbor where several fishermen were anchored, he proceeded in a boat with several friends to a fishing vessel to try and obtain some fish. While there, having plenty of time to spare, they started a series of stories, each person telling one. At last, each having told his story with the exception of one, this person, who did not recognize his guest, began in rather a confused way. "Wal, talk about yer hard times, I calkerlate we had the derndest time down thar to Tarpaulin Cove that I ever saw. We got blowed in thar in a nor'easter and our food give out. Wal, we got kinder hungry, an' so I sez, sez I, 'They keeps a lot er sheep up yonder, let's go up an' catch one.' 'All right,' sez Bill. An' we went up thar an' jest whooped round them pastures arter them sheep. Wal, at last I got a fat little one cornered, an' I jest grabbed him by the throat an' hauled out my knife an'—" Just then one of the other fishermen, probably Bill, who seemed to know the owner of the yacht and understood his intentions—for there he sat all alert, expecting that the man would convict himself—gave the narrator an expressive look which was immediately understood, for the man continued, "an'—an'—I was jest going to strike, when derned if that sheep didn't give me such a piteous look that I couldn't strike, but jest let him go." The laugh that went up proved plainly that the true state of things was understood all round, and it was seen that Mr. F. was again outwitted. T.

163.

Here is a flickering for you. Two Chenango county sportsmen were out after foxes. They had shot one and heard the hounds coming their way with another. They laid their fox down, but the hounds did not bring the other near enough for a shot, and imagine their feelings when they turned to pick up their supposed dead fox to see him running about forty rods from them. B.

COVENTRY, N. Y.

164.

Barnard Stough (commonly called Barney by his neighbors) of Cumberland county, Pa., owned a farm along the Yellow Breeches Creek. He had a trout pond on his farm well stocked with trout, and when he wanted a mess could catch them at any time. Barney was the leading member of a sect called the River Brethren, an offshoot of the Dunkards, and he wore a large, full beard, and preached for the congregation in that section. One Sunday after preaching (the services were held in the barn), he thought a mess of trout would taste good for supper. So digging some worms and taking his rod he went to the pond and caught a number, took them home and ate them for supper. Some of his congregation or brethren saw him fishing on Sunday, and reported him to the church committee. He was made to appear before them. All the brethern spoke Pennsylvania Dutch, and the examination was in that language. The question was put to Barney, "Did you fish on Sunday?" "Ja, ich hab g'fischt, und sie hen gut g'bisse; sie hen au gut gesse, und wan sell eich net suit, dann hau ihr an anere prediger griege, ich predig anyhow for nix," meaning, "Yes, I did fish and they bit good, and they ate good, and when you don't like it then you better get another preacher. I preach for nothing, anyhow." The case was dismissed, defendant discharged; and Barney still conducted the exercises until he died a few years ago. A.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE "RAZOR-BACK" OF GOGEBIC.

I HAVE recently returned from a visit to Gogebic Lake and the Eagle Waters of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The black bass fishing of Gogebic, the trout fishing of Watersmeet, and the muscalonge and pike fishing of Eagle Waters have not been overdrawn in the seemingly extravagant statements that have, for the past two years, excited the astonishment and aroused the disgust of all genuine anglers, for while the greedy bait or spoon fisher can fairly revel in piscine slaughter, if so disposed, the honest fly-fisher is assured of excellent sport.

The morning after my arrival I saw two large piles of black bass burnt at the edge of the lake, but a little quiet and judicious missionary work, by precept and example, on the part of Mr. Dawson, of Cincinnati; Drs. Ferber and Trowbridge, of New York; Mr. B. B. Allen, of Nashville; and myself seemed to convince the erring brothers of the angle that it was more in accordance with the *esprit de corps* of the guide to return to their native element, unharmed, all lightly-hooked fish, than to bring them in by the boat load to gratify a morbid sense of approbation or a foolish love of display, and I am happy to say that the offense was not repeated during my stay.

The object of my visit was not so much to fish as to determine the identity of the so-called "razor-back" of Gogebic and the muscalonge of Eagle Waters. I found the razor-back to be merely the small-mouthed black bass in a very emaciated condition, and, as a result, with the dorsal outline very thin or sharp. They were of all sizes, from a half to three pounds in weight. They were not very numerous, but enough were taken to excite remark, and to favor the opinion that they were an undescribed species of black bass, especially as they exhibited all the gameness of their plumper congeners. I found the cause of the emaciation to be tape-worm (*Tænia*). Every razor-back dissected was inhabited by one or more tape-worms, not always confined to the intestinal tract, but often roaming about at their own sweet will in the abdominal cavity. (In order that an unwarranted prejudice may not be aroused against the black bass on this account, I might remark, *en passant*, that every species of fish is subject to tape-worms and other vermicular parasites, and many food fishes to a greater extent than the black bass).

As before remarked, the razor-back was exceptional among the small-mouthed bass, as most of this species were in good or ordinary condition, while the large-mouthed bass were all very plump and fat, no "razor-back" appearing among them. They were, moreover, equal to the small-mouthed bass in gameness, and as a rule broke water oftener, and by some

were thought to be the gamest species, but I could perceive no difference in this respect.

It has been asserted by some and denied by others that the muscalonge inhabits the Eagle Waters, as the numerous lakes and "thoroughfares" at the head of Eagle and Wisconsin rivers are called. It has been stated that the fish so-called was but an overgrown pike or pickerel (*Esox lucius*), but the true muscalonge (*Esox nobilior*) has a local habitation if not a name in these waters. I have a specimen of six pounds, and the head of one that weighed thirty-eight pounds. They are muscalonge without the shadow of a doubt. Both of my specimens show eighteen branchiostegal rays, have the lower half of both cheeks and gill covers naked, or bare of scales, and have 150 scales along the lateral line. They differ from the muscalonge of the St. Lawrence only in coloration, not being black-spotted like the latter, but of a uniform grayish coloration, darker along the back and whitish on the belly. It is, in my opinion, the same fish that inhabits the Upper Mississippi, and a few rivers of eastern Kentucky emptying into the Ohio above Mayville, and I am very desirous to see specimens from these localities.

The pike or great Northern pickerel (*E. lucius*) and the pike-perch (*S. vitreum*) also exist abundantly in Eagle Waters, and do not differ from those of other waters except in being a little duskier in color, owing to the darker water. The black bass of Gogebic are also very dusky from the same cause. Neither the pike nor the pike-perch are found in Gogebic, but the streams emptying into the lake are fairly stocked with brook trout.

The month of September is about the best in the year for muscalonge fishing in Eagle Waters, or for fly-fishing for black bass in Gogebic Lake. I can recommend both localities to the notice of anglers. The season for deer is also open at that time at Gogebic (but not for Wisconsin), and they are quite plentiful. Ruffed grouse are abundant about the lake, and also a few spruce partridges. Messrs. Arnold & Tarbell, proprietors of the hotel at Gogebic, Mich., and Mr. A. A. Denton, of the Denton House, Eagle River, Wis., will cheerfully reply to all inquirers. Mr. Fred French, of the latter place, is an excellent guide and perfectly reliable.

James A. Henshall.

Cynthiana, Ky., August, 1885.

ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of the Association was held in Mr. Blackford's laboratory, Fulton Market, Aug. 11, at 3 P. M., President Endicott in the chair. It was decided to hold the next tournament on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13 and 14, and that all prizes must be delivered to Mr. E. G. Blackford on or before Oct. 1, in order that the prize list may be mailed to members in time. A committee of arrangements consisting of twenty-six members, of which Hon. Henry P. McGown is chairman, was appointed. This committee then went into session and the following sub-committees were appointed: On grounds, Martin B. Brown, Francis Endicott and H. P. McGown; on rules, Francis Endicott, Samuel M. Blatchford and Fred Mather; on prizes, E. G. Blackford, Henry P. Wells and C. Van Brunt.

It was recommended that any member who may have suggestions to make regarding the rules, to make them in writing to the chairman of the committee on rules.

The following is the committee of arrangements: Hon. Henry P. McGown, chairman; James Benkard, E. G. Blackford, S. M. Blatchford, Dr. E. Bradley, Martin B. Brown, Henry F. Crosby, D W. Cross, Francis Endicott (President, *ex officio*), Chas. B. Evarts, James Geddes, W. C. Harris, Dr. J. A. Henshall, Thatcher Magoun, Chas. H. Mallory, J. C. McAndrew, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, Isaac Townsend, James L. Vallotton, J. S. Van Cleef, C. Van Brunt, Henry P. Wells, Edward Weston, Col. Locke W. Winchester, Louis B. Wright and Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss. Communications may be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

THE BAREFOOT AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the head "The Most Killing Fly," I have seen many articles lately in Forest and Stream, and read with pleasure "Sport's" opinions in the issue of June 4. To me, a young beginner coached by an old trout fisherman, it does appear strange to hear so much talk of flies, and see my old friend always taking a quantity of trout with nothing but the common worm. Further than this, I often see lengthy and pithy articles on this royal sport, wherein it appears that only about a dozen, often less, completes the day's catch, and our city sportsman, with his expensive rod, reel, lines and leaders, does not take nearly so many trout as my old friend Adon with his home-made tackle. Furthermore, our city sportsman will go many many miles to catch what few he gets, when here right close to Philadelphia, there are three streams that I know of, well stocked with trout, and probably will be until the railroad runs a little closer than it now does to them.

Only yesterday Adon and I took a grist to the mill to be ground, and while they were grinding it we tied our hooks to a three-foot line without leaders or even catgut, and cutting sticks about four feet in length, dawdled down to the stream and commenced, baiting with ordinary worms. On the very first cast I hooked a fine trout, and by the time the miller shouted that the grist was done we had caught exactly a dozen, and had I been as expert as my friend, would have had two dozen, but I am young at it yet and only took four out of about twenty rises. On my return to Philadelphia this morning I took them into John Wirth's gun store and found that the dozen weighed exactly three pounds and three ounces.

Now, taking all things into consideration, viz., catfish hooks, no leaders or guts, no fancy rods, worm bait, and only a couple of hours' time spent at the stream, and at the outside only a half mile of the stream traversed, it does appear to me that if one of our literary sports could fish there one day with good tackle, he ought to have enough sport to write an article three columns long. Outside of the sport in seeing the trout take the fly, I thoroughly enjoyed the time spent on the banks of the stream, whose waters, so cool and refreshing, run so swiftly, and to a lover of nature make such sweet music rushing over the pebbly bottom. Therefore I say, let our city cousins look around nearer home. There is trouting to be had, and good at that, without going so far to so little purpose; and also let them examine for themselves whether the country sport with home-made tackle does not take more fish than themselves, who are so good in theory but poor in practice.

It is the same in shooting. The city sport has his D. B. hammerless gun and finely bred setters with records as long as your arm, gets little game, but invariably the countryman, with his old single muzzleloader and what they would call our dog, gets all the game it is comfortable to tote around. B.

[Our correspondent is sadly in need of a missionary to teach him that the mere killing of fish is not the end of angling. If he had used a seine he might have increased his catch and saved time. If he will cut loose from his tutor and learn to take a trout with a fly he will learn what trout were made for. As he has some of the elements of a sportsman in him there is hope of his emerging from his benighted pot-fishing state under proper instruction.]

GOGEBIC, ONTONAGON AND EAGLE.

PERSISTENTLY for three weeks during the pleasant month of September, 1884, the writer struggled heroically in vain efforts to call from their damp depths a few, only a few, of the trout of the Rangeley Lakes. A hundred flies in succession dangled from the filmy leader and went dancing merrily over the foamy waters below the Middle and Upper Dams. At sunrise, sunset, and even at high noon the good work went on incessantly and vigorously, but all to very little purpose. During the entire three weeks scarcely a dozen fish came to hook, of which two were reminders of the good old days of yore—big, brave and brawny fighters—of the good old days when every hour at the glorious pool below the Upper Dam the angler was sure of a five-pounder. Alas, those good old days have gone and the big trout of those peerless waters are fast disappearing. It is useless to conjecture, the facts are manifest, and the tourists and anglers who continually send glowing accounts and big records anent these waters to the press are simply spectacular raconteurs or mayhap have met with accidental luck.

When a man "chucks bugs" constantly and resolutely for three weeks, exhausts an extensive fly-book, wears out his leaders, tires his arm, and gets but a dozen infantile rises he sort of hankers after inclement language and naturally turns his thoughts to fresh fields and new waters. Many a time and oft during years gone by the writer has safely passed through innumerable heroic struggles with the tinted monarchs of these beautiful waters, and it grieves him to part with his favorite fishing ground, but in the face of previous ill-luck he gave them another trial this spring with the same result—exceedingly poor fishing all round. But "sufficient for the day" is all a man wants, and so, early in July, the scribe packed up his duds and hied him hence into the northwest to drop a lure on the waters near the father of fresh-water lakes—Superior.

Lake Gogebic lies in Ontonagon county, in the peninsula of Michigan, three hundred miles north of Milwaukee and some fifteen miles from Lake Superior. It is surrounded by a vast pine wilderness, is eighteen miles long by an average width of two miles, has a mean depth of about fifteen feet of clear, bluish water, and unquestionably affords the best black bass fishing in America. Last summer these waters were invaded by the angler for the first time, and the lake was found overstocked with fish that were chronically hungry. Since then tons of bass have been gathered in, or rather gathered out, yet they seem as numerous as ever—"thick as leaves in Valambrosa," as it were. On July 19 the scribe took 165 small-mouth bass, returning thirty-five to the water as being under weight—a pound and a half being the limit—while the balance were brought to the hotel to be cooked and devoured by some sixty angling guests. Of these, thirty-five weighed over three pounds each. The lures for these fish were minnows, worms and pieces of white flesh cut from the fish. They were all taken without moving 100 yards from our first anchorage. Another day's labor brought 125 fish, and an hour's fly-casting at evening resulted in seven fine bass, one weighing nearly five pounds, and a brook trout of half a pound, a few of these inhabiting the lake. Fishing in Gogebic will be good for years to come, and the location will be popular because it is easy of access, has excellent hotel accommodations at moderate prices, plenty of good boats and boatmen, and the fish are voracious and pretty much always on the bite. The hotel and its six adjoining cottages stand in the only clearing on the lake and are the only buildings within miles.

Small and large-mouth bass inhabit these waters, the former predominating as about ten to one, while an occasional specimen of an exceedingly thin species of the small-mouth is taken, locally known as the "razor-back." I took one of these with the anatomy of a three-pound fish that weighed but little more than a pound, and who fought like a tiger. This fish was submitted to my friend Dr. Henshall, who was on the ground just pulverizing the *Micropterus*, and on dissection its extraordinary condition was found to be due to a well-developed tape-worm. So the secret of the "razor-back" is a secret no longer.

There are several fine brooks emptying into Lake Gogebic, where lovers of trout fishing can gratify their desires to their hearts' content. One evening a gentlemen from Nashville, Mr. Ben B. Allen, brought in a splendid creel of trout weighing up to two pounds each, all taken with diminutive flies in a brook but a short distance from the hotel. Mr. Allen, *en passant*, is a most enthusiastic and successful angler, and the writer hopes to meet him again where the festive mosquito meandereth.

The atmosphere at Gogebic is deliciously cool, and during July when the city thermometer dallied about ninety, we at Gogebic were sleeping deliciously under a pair of woolen blankets, and to enhance our comfort not a mosquito nor fly was seen.

Ten days were delightfully fished away here, when the Ontonagon River, some twenty miles distant, and one of the grandest trout streams in the country, became our vantage ground. Three days were spent on this lovely stream, while one day's work resulted in 226 trout weighing 84 pounds, the largest reaching two pounds, and all taken with hackles, gnats and coachmen. Watersmeet is the railway station from which the Ontonagon is scarcely half a mile distant, and a good supply of mosquito food is requisite in fishing this stream. The gunner will, in the season, find this a grand country for deer, as in one day no less than nine came in view. Less than two hours' journey in the cars, during which the tourist passes through a wilderness of lakes and streams teeming with game fish, brings us to Eagle River, the center of the chain of thirty lakes known as Eagle Waters, and which, for good fishing, cannot be surpassed on the continent.

Black bass, pike and pickerel abound in great plenty, while the noble muskallonge is found in every lake in the chain. The writer has taken the lusty trout in many waters of Europe and America, and has landed big fish and little of every species, but never until the month of July just passed has he fondled the festive muskallonge; and he is now quite ready to confess that half his life has been wasted. Old *Esox nobilior* is a "war horse from way back, a yard wide and all wool," as the "thoroughbreds" of Texas are denoted. I had a 12-ounce split-bamboo rod, 75 yards E size oiled silk line, No. 4 Frankfort reel and No. 8 Skinner spoon, and on this light tackle struck a 36-pounder. *Nobilior* went into the air like a shot, and just filled the sky plumb full of fish; then dropping into the water he made it boil like a geyser. He pulled like a yoke of oxen, and it required all my strength to hold up my end. After an hour's hard work, the boat continually moving, he came to gaff, the gamest, grandest fish that ever fell to my rod, and the monument he deserves should have inscribed upon it—

"The noblest Roman of them all,"

We labored in nine lakes of the Eagle Chain, taking many fish, among them seven muskallonge averaging twelve pounds in weight, and each made a tremendous struggle for liberty. On a lovely point in Long Lake, a log camp has been built by a hunter named Blodgett, where accommodations can be had, and Fred French and Horace Foster, who live at Eagle River, Wis., will afford good satisfaction as guides. The fishing grounds named herein are all on the line of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railway. Leaving Milwaukee at midnight, Eagle River is reached about noon, and Lake Gogebic about 4 P. M. of the day following.

Kit Clarke.

Planting Ground Lake, Wis., July 30, 1885.

THE TROUT STREAMS OF KLAMATH.

WE are on Klamath Indian Agency, Oregon, nestled at the foot of the Cascade range of mountains, and surrounded by some of the finest rivers, lakes and mountain streams to be found anywhere. Dense forests of pine, fir and hemlock cover the mountain sides and fringe the banks of the streams, which come rushing down from their lofty home, through deep, dark cañons, to wind their way over a broad, marshy tract to their resting place in the placid waters of Klamath Lake. This whole region is full of beautiful springs, which suddenly burst from some rocky ledge or mountain crest and hasten to join their many companions winding all through the woodland.

Williamson River, rising in Klamath Marsh and flowing south and west through deep gorges, forming cascades and falls of rare beauty, along with its many tributaries, is the home of various kinds of trout. Spring Creek, one of these tributaries, rising from a number of springs at the foot of a lofty ridge, and rushing and foaming over its rocky bed, its banks fringed with willows and aspen, is the fisherman's paradise. It broods the finest and gamiest variety of speckled trout, and many a time have its fair banks been pressed by the foot of the wary angler. In its romantic forest home it lies like a "thing of beauty and a joy forever" to him who, laying aside for a time the cares and responsibilities of a busy world, betakes himself to its inviting scenes to revel in a feast of nature's wildest beauty and art's rarest sport.

It was the evening of a pleasant day of the early summer that in company with our friend and fellow-fisherman, Will N., we took an excursion to these fruitful fields. After the labors of the day, as the sun was going down behind the purple mountains into its bed of scarlet and crimson and gold, mounted on our fleet Indian ponies we started for an evening's and morning's fish to the riffles of Williamson River. Our way leads over a trail a distance of six miles, among the dark pines and through underbrush of wild plum and cherry. We soon reach our destination. The evening is calm, the waters clear and cool; the trout are feeding. Our fishing tackle, an eight-ounce lancewood rod with simple click reel and medium-sized enameled silk line, is soon put together. The query comes, what fly will they take? From some knowledge of their preferences we pick out a turkey wing, and fastening to a six-foot gut leader, throw it out about forty feet into the stream. What! so soon, the first cast, and the waters break around the skimming fly. Zipp, splash, whoop, and the line glides along our fingers and sends the reel spinning. No stop or drag for us. Let the fingers of the same hand which grasps the pole be the sure index to measure the amount of tension that is needed. Now, the first sudden surprise ended, our helpless victim becomes a passive subject, and we slowly entice him to the shore. But no; stop, he thinks, as he sees himself drawn to a certain death. Whoop! and his pink and speckled sides gleam in the sunlight, and a rainbow follows his airy track. He whirls into his watery home, only again to be ruthlessly guided to an inevitable death. Such gamy qualities, such heroic struggles, such fruitless efforts. Soon the mossy banks are his winding sheet, and in the quiet evening air his life goes out. One being rejoicing over the death of an inferior. Happy man, poor fish. But no sermonizing here; we are fishing.

The same fly again drops on the water and glides to the shore. No sign. The third time it skims the eddying stream. Whoop! and eight pounds of dashing beauty grasps and carries off the tempting fly. The waters boil and rave, the rod trembles, the line is drawn to its utmost tension, the reel plays a hasty retreat. All is excitement and expectancy. The skill of the angler is taxed to successfully manage and land such a trophy. It requires coolness, patience, tact and judgment. But having met the same foe before, it is simply a question of time when he lies powerless at our feet. Thus all through the evening the same exciting sport continues. Only as the shades gather the turkey wing is replaced by the wood duck or brown hackle with yellow body. How pleasant the scenes. The sun has gone down behind the low distant range beyond the snowy peak of Mt. Pitt. Only the lofty peaks gleam coldly in his last rays. All life is hushing into the quiet repose of dreamland. Oh, such a picture! What thoughts crowd upon us. The arching sky above, the glooming mountains beyond, the primeval woodland all about, the peaceful rest and silent reign of all nature. The spirit is awed with the terrible stillness, the awful grandeur and the enchanting view. The blinking stars call us to repose. Where shall we rest? No friendly habitation is near. The cold, pitiless sky must be our only covering. One lone blanket serves as a bed; darkness is upon us, and in the frosty air our couch is made. Slumber is disturbed by dreams of breaking waters, skimming fly and exciting chase. As the first faint streak of morning dawn flushes the eastern sky, the M. D. thinks of the sport of the previous evening, and can rest no longer, but starts for the water's edge. Will, not content with the night's rest, hopes to still obtain a good nap. But soon the loud familiar whoop of mingled joy and victory breaks upon his ears. He cannot stand this. He knows there is fun on hand, and hurriedly with toilet only half made, comes rushing to the river bank.

The air is frosty and ice forms on line and pole, fingers are numbed and throbbing with pain, but there is no time to

stop, the same continued round of success follows, until the sunlight streams over the mountain tops and throws its dazzling glare upon the waters. The fish retire to their secluded nooks and we prepare for our journey home. Our score was ninety of the finest trout, aggregating 178 pounds. We had fished by actual measurement of the time three hours and forty-five minutes.

We had not come prepared for such a load, and how were we to get them home? Our ponies had got away during the night and we were alone in the wilderness. By good luck we fell upon a dilapidated old cart which Will declared had been left out of the Ark and drifted to these shores, and as the waters subsided had stranded here on the mountains. With a pair of Indian ponies not much larger than jack rabbits, and so poor that their ribs showed so plainly that they looked as if they had swallowed a pair of hoopskirts, and a pair of harness borrowed of a noble red man of the forest, we managed to rig up an outfit which carried us safely home. After dividing with all our friends there was a wheelbarrowful still left, which was donated to the Indian boarding school, gladdening the hearts of the fair Indian lads and lasses. We would not have any of your readers take us for "trout fiends," for we only catch in such quantities as can be put to a legitimate use.

Should any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM visit this coast and find time to take a trip to Klamath Agency, your correspondent will be pleased to lead them to trout waters where they can have all the fishing they wish. Our mountains and forests are plentifully supplied with deer and other wild game, and there is no lack of sport in the hunting line. FLY HOOK BILL.

KLAMATH AGENCY, Oregon.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is claimed that all food fish are as plentiful now as they were before trap and purse seining were known. None but interested parties would think of making such a statement, certainly no hook fisherman would do so; for example, I will take the question of striped bass and give my experience of the past fifty years, confining myself as before, to the familiar ground of Westport Harbor and vicinity, which includes five or six miles of coast east and west of the Harbor, of the very best bass ground to be found. Fifty years ago bass were as plenty and as common as other food fish, and no more sought after. They could be seen all along the channel of the river and along the ocean beach by hundreds. It was common for one man to catch more bass in a day than have been caught at the Harbor in the last two years. Then we could get menhaden by sailing a mile or two, and to get menhaden bait assured us all the bass we wanted; now it is almost impossible to get the bait, and when we do, we find there are not any fish. In 1883 I fished away four and one-half pounds of menhaden, fishing the most of July and August, and did not catch a bass.

Mr. Church says the home of the bass is between Brenton's Reef and Seaconnet Point, and that he has yet to learn that bass leave the coast to go up the river. He could easily learn if he chose, that bass are caught above the city of Taunton, in the very river he referred to, thirty miles or more from their home. So far from bass being confined to the coast, there are not any large fish that explore every river, inlet and creek as bass do.

The first place they were caught in the spring at Westport was near the head of the river, where the channel was thirty feet wide and the water eight feet deep. I have often caught twenty or thirty in an hour or two trolling an eel. They made their appearance early in April and remained until the middle of November; there were but few days when none could be caught; large bass could often be seen on the flat ground, where there was scarcely water to cover them, following their food. Two miles west of the Harbor there is a large pond of fresh water drained by a creek, occasionally opened to the ocean, through which the bass enter the pond. In winter they have been taken from under the ice, frozen, in large numbers.

Bass are very timid; at the least alarm they are off like a dart. If on the seining ground when work commenced they would immediately leave. I think it would be a difficult matter to inclose one in a purse seine; I have never known of one being taken in this way, although they have been plentiful at the time of seining. I have known the fishing at the Harbor to be suddenly broken up for several days at a time by setting a shore seine around them just once, those not caught were frightened away. Formerly seines were set only along a clear beach and hauled to the shore, now a seine made of small linen twine is set anywhere among the rocks, so that both arms rest on the shore, then by throwing a few stones within the seine, every fish is frightened off shore, strikes the net, becomes entangled, and is caught without gilling.

That bass do not, or that they cannot, feed on menhaden, because they have not any teeth to masticate their food, is simply nonsense. I think but few fish (except bottom fish that feed on mussels) masticate their food whether they have teeth or not. Any one who has had his finger in the mouth of a bluefish will never doubt their being well supplied with teeth, and they do not masticate their food, for they are always filled with whole fish of whatever kind they are feeding when caught, whether large or small. Codfish will take most anything in motion, without much regard to its size, and they have not any teeth. I have known of three coots being taken from the stomach of a codfish; two coots are often found in one fish; the ducks feed on mussels at the bottom, and when diving are easily caught by the fish. All fish appear to digest their food rapidly. Last fall we took from a bass a tautog weighing two pounds, from another a head of a tautog as large as a man's fist, besides several large crabs; the latter bass weighed but sixteen pounds, not a large fish. There was a bass caught with a pitch fork up the river, with a large menhaden wedged in its gills, and it was supposed that the bass attempted to swallow the menhaden, not the menhaden the bass. A bass that will weigh three pounds will take a mullet eight inches long as readily as a larger bass.

I am glad to agree with your correspondent in one thing, that bass do not depend on menhaden for food or man on bass; if they did both would soon starve. In Mr. Blackford's office can be seen an iron bolt two inches long and one-quarter of an inch thick, with the nut on it, that was taken from a bass. I think a fish that would raid a hardware store for food could get away with a menhaden.

The largest haul of bass taken in a seine in the last twenty years was made by first throwing several barrels of menhaden along the surf, and in a few hours setting the seine around them. The first man I ever saw fish with a rod and reel at Westport Harbor was a Mr. Lutze, from New York, not unknown to the fishermen of that day. He had the place all to himself for several years, and kept it very private, and he pronounced it the best fishing he had found. One fall after Mr. Lutze had returned to the city, a man that he had employed informed ex-Mayor Gunther of the place. He with some friends came to the Harbor, found good fishing, told others, and every season since there have been more or less gentlemen from New York at the Harbor, and all agree that fewer fish were caught last season than ever before. I talked with gentlemen from No Man's Land, Pasque, Cuttyhunk, West Island, Narragansett Pier and Block Island, and every one came to the same conclusion, that it was the poorest bass season ever known. The decline has been steady and gradual from year to year. I do not think that purse seining has been the sole cause of destroying the fishing. I am confident it has contributed largely to it by driving off the bait. The best fishing in the fall was when the young menhaden came down the river to go out to sea, which they did every fall in great quantities, as long as any large ones were suffered to reach the river in spring. Traps are set all along the coast and in the inland waters, and seining in all rivers where bass go to spawn, until they are nearly driven from the coast. It is a wonder that there are any at all, and unless there is some protection provided for food fish, hook-fishing will certainly be destroyed in a very few years. A. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE MASTIGOUCHE LAKES.

OBEDIENT to the welcome cry of the brakeman, "Berthier Junction! All out for Berthier Junction!" we stepped out on to the platform of the depot in this Canadian village, the end of our railroad ride toward the Mastigouche lakes. The evening before we had started from New York in a Montreal sleeper. As the night drew down its curtains and shut off the view of the Highlands and the quiet, placid waters of the Hudson, we turned into our berths and slept soundly until we heard the call, "Mister, the sun is coming." Through those restful hours we had been carried many miles, and as we looked out of the car window off in the east loomed up against the brightening sky Mount Mansfield, the highest peak of the Green Mountains, while to the west the blue sky, catching the ruddy reflection of the sun not yet risen, threw around the tall peaks of the Adirondacks a royal robe of purple, whose folds were only gathered up as they reached down to the waters of the lake. Soon after we were whirling through the Victoria Bridge. After breakfast at the palatial Windsor Hotel, we left Montreal by the North Shore road and a ride of fifty-six miles brought us to Berthier, where we found buckboards waiting to take us into the woods. Ten miles to the little hamlet of St. Norbert, with its beautiful church; then over the foothills another ten miles to St. Gabriel de Brandon, reached just as the darkness was settling down. Here our good host, Belmire, took us in.

The next morning we made an early start for the club house at Lake Seymour. Skirting the southern shore of Lake Maskinonge we soon crossed its outlet, a deep and rapid stream hurrying down to the St. Lawrence. Turning north we soon strike the Mastigouche and follow up its course, crossing high and steep sandhills which seem quite out of place standing so close beside the gray bald cliffs that jut out from the higher hills that shut in the valley. Seven miles brings us to the right branch of the river; here we leave the last clearing and start into the unbroken forest. The road had been opened only this season, and we found it macadamized with the huge boulders that severely tried even the buckboard springs. Three miles and we cross the river—rushing and foaming over its rocky bed—on a very pretty bridge built by Mr. Copeland. Crossing we began an ascent of some 1,800 feet and reached the summit in about three miles. Even from this high point we can see nothing of the valley that lies below us, so thick and high are the spruce and birches that shut us in. As we stop to rest, far off comes the sound of the river as it rushes down through rapids and over falls that carry its foaming waters down 1,500 feet in less than five miles. We now start on the other slope and soon catch glimpses through the trees of the sparkling waters of Lake Seymour, a few minutes more and we are greeted by our friend Copeland, to whom we are to find ourselves under great obligations for his repeated kindness to us. We were surprised to find so good quarters far out here in the woods, and to see all that had been done in the few months since Mr. C. had broken ground.

In the morning we started out for our first fishing. The steady six days' rain had raised the waters of the lakes, so that we found it greatly interfered with our success all the time we were there. The lake Of the Agent was where we first cast our lines. We took twenty-four beautiful trout, many of them weighing a pound each. The following day in Lac au Cap, thirty-six came to our creel, averaging about the same as the day before. The next day, taking our boat over a mile portage, we paddled out on the beautiful Lac la Clere. This day brought us the most sport of any during our outing; seventy fine trout, forty-five with a fly in less than two hours; merry was the click of our reels as some of these gamy fellows bent our five-ounce rods nearly double.

Sunday comes, a day that should be one of rest even to fishermen. In the silence of those grand woods came to me the words of Paul as he stood on Mars Hill and looked down on the beautiful temples of Athens: "God that made the world and all things therein seeing he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;" so here under the arches of the great trees that no hand had formed, beside the walls of towering rocks that no hand had erected, we felt to thank the great Giver for the blue sky, the pure air, the bright clear waters, the restfulness of this beautiful place. Toward evening we made a short portage to Lac au Croix, another to Lac au Roche, then to Lake Monroe, where we were to fish on Monday, our last day in the woods. After a good rest on our beds of balsam boughs we were early in our cedar canoes. We had great expectations of fine sport, as very large trout are taken in this lake, which is reserved for the exclusive fishing of the Mastigouche club. This, next to Lake Seymour, is the largest of the score of lakes in this immediate vicinity, and we found the water much higher than in the smaller ones in which we had been fishing. Only twenty-seven were taken, but their average weight was greater than any of our former catches.

After a short troll in the morning we unjointed our rods and prepared to return to home and work with the feeling that the remembrance of these pleasant hours would be a pleasure to us. In these four days we had taken 157 fish, all of them the red speckled trout, many of them weighing over a pound each. Returning to the club house our carter soon arrived, and at 3 o'clock we started in a pouring rain for St. Gabriel. During the night it cleared up and our ride to Berthier was full of enjoyment. On the divide we looked north; not far from the shore of the beautiful Lake Maskenonge we could see the spire of the church at St. Gabriel, to the west the hamlet of St. Felix, while before us in the near distance the pretty village of St. Nobert, while far away across the plain that lay at our feet and beyond the St. Lawrence rose the Beloiel Mountain. An hour's ride brought us within sight of the telegraph poles and as we heard the whistle of the locomotive we realized that we were out of the woods. Behind us lay the great wilderness that runs far up to the frozen North without a single break, while before us were the busy homes of men. We looked that way with pleasure, too, as we expected soon to reach our homes and greet those who were waiting to welcome us back.

Now a short description of this place, which may interest your readers and I trust induce some of my brother sportsmen to visit it. Mr. Copeland has leased a large tract of crown lands; within its limits are a large number of lakes, every one of them plentifully stocked with trout, no other fish as I am aware being found in them except the food fish of the trout. This season a number have been taken weighing three pounds, and our guide took one a few seasons ago that weighed five. To make this an attractive resort Mr. C. has erected a comfortable house, furnished it well and taken great pains to make it homelike. A ice house filled with ice is on the premises; on the shore a number of cedar and birch bark canoes are waiting, and trusty guides are always ready to pilot you wherever you may wish to go. On nearly all the lakes have been placed excellent boats. We were very fortunate in securing guides, and gladly recommend Captain Heinault and his brother Baptiste, old hunters and trappers. To the sportsman there are other attractions than the excellent fishing. Bear and caribou are plenty. On several of our portages we saw signs of them both. Only a few days before our visit a caribou swam the lake within rifle shot of the house. A short distance from our camp at Lake Monroe is a beaver dam that has been built within a few years, and we gathered chips that they had cut this season. A large golden eagle looked down on us from his perch on the side of the mountain, while the loons laughed as some of the big trout broke from our flies. Go to the Mastigouche lakes.

SPICEWOOD.

CENTRALIA, Pa.

HETERODOX SUGGESTIONS.

THE readers of FOREST AND STREAM do not need to be told of the sparkling rivulets of Berkshire cascading downward over the limestone beds, and of the myriads of trout that inhabit them. The trout themselves are one of the traditional and historical facts of a much-glorified past, as well as one of the live and interesting facts of the immediate present, the only drawback to them, as trout being that they are so much sought after, that few of them attain anything beyond what may be called the juvenile proportions of that delicious fish; but they fry "crisp" all the easier for their smallness, and after all, what is it that the sportsman seeks? Certainly not pounds avoirdupois, in that case he had best go whaling, but he does seek, especially the city man on his summer's outing, rest, recreation, and the excitement of the sport. As a trout has all the wit he ever attains to when he is no bigger than your finger, it takes just as much cautious scheming in the wary approach, and just as much patient waiting before you can fool him into believing your fly real, and just as much skill and knack to safely land him, as if he weighed as much as the sea serpent, while meantime you are drinking in the fresh air, the health that comes from the sunlight, and experiencing the calm, but rapturous joy that beautiful scenery can awaken in the soul; and at every step you are growing stronger, as did Antæus, each time his foot touched the earth.

To enjoy all this requires no costly outfit, and no long and weary journey to far-off regions, as recreation it cannot be surpassed. The streams may be reached from Pittsfield. One advantage of Berkshire, and especially Pittsfield, for men who need rest, but whose business requires watching, is the case with which they can reach New York or Boston, as there are as many as eight different opportunities of reaching New York and five daily of reaching Boston. X. Y. Z.

NIGHT FISHING FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sandworms are the best bait for striped bass for night fishing. That is according to my experience. I fished for about eight years exclusively at nights for big striped bass at Robbin's Reef, and used in experimenting all sorts of baits, including mackerel bellies and live squids. The latter are a very good bait, but as hard to get as the little spearings, which are also very taking. I hear, however, that squid are now kept for sale in Washington Market. Finally I returned to sandworms, four to five for a bait (bass like a big bunch), and I think it is the best all-around bait for night fishing. Clams and menhaden would give no satisfaction at all on that particular ground.

I have made some very heavy catches at that place, sometimes more than two of us could carry or even lift, and of course as often sailed home with but a few fish. But only two or three times did I leave without having either bass or weakfish to show, although I did not pretend to fish for the latter. But the new comer may anchor there day for day and have no success at all, in fact, may think that the fish gave the lighthouse a wide berth. To be successful on that place one has to study the actions of the tides very carefully and shift his place accordingly. Big bass begin to run there from April 15 to May 20, and Oct. 15 to Dec. 10, and seem to bite only at night. I heard only of two authenticated instances during my time when striped bass over fifteen pounds were caught in the daytime over that reef.

The best sport I usually had during very dark, still nights, on second flood, high water, second ebb, and during the first half hour of young flood. Six hundred feet of best Cuttyhunk line, large sprout hook on double gut, multiplying reel of trustworthy make, and stiffish 12-foot rod are a necessity, as at any time a bass from twenty to sixty pounds may strike. The fisherman who goes there to stay over night must understand rowing and sailing thoroughly, and have a good seaboat under him, not an easily-swamped skiff or cranky narrow-waisted rowboat. It is a ticklish place to be at the seasons I have mentioned. Being foolhardy enough to hold on as long as the sea allowed, I have had some very narrow escapes crossing over to Gowanus, and the short, choppy sea which is kicked up at short notice in the bay would sometimes be almost too much for my 16-foot open boat. But then she was an exceedingly easy rider, and sailed well under trying circumstances.

It is now four years since I made my last cast on that

ground, but I shall ever remember the fine sport it gave me and my chum, and the many incidents, laughable and otherwise, which happened to us in our vigils. By the way, it is strange that there are so very few contributions to the fishing lore from our salt-water fishermen. With them, too, it is not all of fishing to fish. I am really afraid that the wrapt contemplation of the stationary float, or the dreamy expectation of a bite on the handline, brings them too near to Nirvana. PISCATOR.

THE DEVIL FISH.—Galveston, Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's issue of your valuable paper there appeared an article relating to the monster devil fish seen off the beach here; allow me to add that one of them has been captured and is now on exhibition at the Beach Hotel Museum. Below I write a description of the fish as taken from a reliable paper of this place: "The fish is unquestionably what is technically known as the *Cephaloptera vampyrus*, or devil fish, a cartilaginous fish of the ray family. This is borne out by a careful and critical examination made and a careful comparison with the best authority. Many are so thoroughly imbued with the idea of the *Octopus* as described by Victor Hugo in his 'Toilers of the Deep,' as being a species of the so-called devil fish, that they cannot, in their minds, disconnect anything called a devil fish from the hideous arms or tentacles that the *Octopus*, commonly called the cuttle fish, is known to possess, and which Victor Hugo so graphically describes as the horrible appendages of the devil fish. Victor Hugo's fish is a fictitious monster, the description of which applies to no species of the devil fish, but most resembles the *Octopus* or cuttlefish. The fish now in captivity fits exactly the description given the *Cephaloptera vampyrus*, or devil fish, by the best authorities in natural history. Its head is truncated in front, and provided on each side with a pointed wing-like process, separate from the pectoral fins, and seemingly capable of independent motion. These wings or horns provided on either side of the head are two feet two inches in length. The pectorals or fin-like appendages on either side of the fish are of great breadth, triangular in shape, resembling wings, making the transverse diameter of the fish greater than the longitudinal, with tail included. These pectorals from tip to tip measure sixteen feet four inches, while the body proper is only eight feet in length, and the tail about three and a half or four feet. The jaws are at the end of head, the lower the more advanced, and the transverse diameter of the mouth measures two feet ten inches. The eyes are small and lateral, resembling the eyes of an elephant, and are located on either outer sides of the protudal wings or frontal horns, and are consequently about three feet apart. The tail is elongated like a whip lash, armed near the root with a prominently serrated spinal protuberance. The teeth are small, numerous, flat and arranged in many rows. The mouth when opened could easily accommodate a flour barrel. The nostrils are small and are located near the angles of the mouth."—REDBREAST.

THAT FISHING PROBLEM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Concerning Mr. Ira Wood's answer to the "fishing problem," I am thankful for his communication, but it is the very thing which we tried. The logs went into the mud, and I, stepping on them, followed suit up to my hips, and was glad to get hold of my companion's outstretched axe, on the other end of which he performed a Herculean tug of war to get me on terra firma. It is not honest, consistent mud, but a sort of soft ooze. My object in the question was to find out if there is a serviceable, light, portable raft (in the shape of some material to be inflated) in the market, or the best way to construct one. I should think it would find a good sale, because there are a great many lakes in the North Woods and other resorts where it is impossible to bring a boat in, and the rafts made on the spot are at the best but unwieldy, cumbersome makeshifts, which in moving around scare all well-educated trout to the furthest corners. My idea of a proper portable raft is to have about three inflatable bags of thin rubber, which ought not to weigh over fifteen pounds, and having enough buoyancy to carry one man. The sides and ends to be provided with stout lacings to fasten their poles to, which will be covered with a layer of cork, making a light, safe, and easily transported contrivance to conquer all sorts of still waters, and will even slide on top of the treacherous ooze. How handy would such a raft be to outers, who thus can travel from one lake to the other in quest of fish without lugging a boat along.—PISCATOR.

WHERE HAVE THE WEAKFISH GONE?—New York, Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the weakfish seem to have given us the go-by this season, I, one of the many who have sought for them in vain, am only left the consolation of theorizing why it is so. But first, is it so? I have met several parties by whom I have been told that the fish were there, but would not take any bait. This I doubt, for if there the netters would haul them in, and the market price, twelve cents a pound against six cents in '84, shows that they are not there. We all know that weakfish visit our shores to spawn and that all fish require waters of certain temperature for this function. Rockaway, Long Branch, etc., report the surf this year unusually warm, and as the prevailing winds so far this season have been brisk from the S. E., it is clear that the surface and warm waters of the Gulf Stream have been driven inshore, and this is what keeps the fish away. Accepting this conclusion, Where have they gone? Let us have reports from our more northern coasts. At present Jamaica Bay seems full of sand porgies, and large strings were taken yesterday around the "Pot." Even the sea bass seem to have abandoned the poor knights of the angle.—BROOKLYNITE.

DOBSONS.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Seeing in FOREST AND STREAM an inquiry about dobsons I send you my manner of catching and keeping them. I first made me a frame about two feet square and covered it with wire cloth, and stretch this across the current. With a hoe I wade into the riffs on our river, when the stones are raked over, the dobsons are exposed and drift down with the current, where they strike the screen. They fasten their claws in it and will hang there until I pick them off. To keep them I provide myself with a large earthen jar, cover the bottom with sand and gravel, put them in it and partially fill with grass. The grass must be changed every day and wet thoroughly. Another way in which I kept them was to have a watertight box put in my boat, the bottom being bored full of holes. The boat was always in the water, and so they had fresh water and kept very well. I kept a few large stones in the box for them to crawl under. But I prefer the other way. I have kept them for two or three weeks at a time, and when taken out they were very lively.—D. T. G.

RAINBOW TROUT.—Philadelphia, Aug. 18.—There is considerable agitation in regard to the matter of stocking the Wissahickon Creek, which runs through a portion of Fairmount Park, with California trout. Mr. William M. Runkel of this city whom, it appears, is especially interested in this project, has made application for a supply of these fish and has a reply from Prof. Baird to the effect that if application is made through some member of the Senate or House by the Park Commission, it will receive prompt attention. While the Wissahickon Creek, from its mouth to Indian Rock, is made up of spring water and could be well protected by the park guard until the fish propagated, unless every mill on the course of the stream be compelled to cease emptying their refuse dye stuff into the creek and the dams on its course be demolished, we doubt if it would be worth while stocking it. It is stated, however, that all these manufactories have been forced to stop and the most prominent dams taken down. If such is the fact we say go ahead, the experiment is worth trying. Would not the rock bass be a better fish, and would they not furnish fully as much sport to the class of anglers that would seek such waters?—HOMO.

HOW TO CATCH CRAWFISH.—St. Joseph, Mo., Aug. 8.—In your FOREST AND STREAM of July 23 Mr. G. H. Morgan gives "W. L. A." the correct method of catching crawfish. On the Fourth of July, with four raises of my minnow net, I had at least two hundred; but as every one does not have one of our old-fashioned square minnow nets, I will give another very simple and effective way. Take a slight stick about three feet long; attach to one end a string two feet long; tie to end of string a piece of liver or meat about the size of a man's fist. Throw this in the water, raise gently, holding a landing net underneath, and you will have the liver or meat covered with the crawfish, which upon finding themselves out of water fall into the net. I also give my method of cooking them. Into a pot of boiling water put a quart of coase salt, stir well, then put in a bucketful of the crawfish and let them cook ten minutes; take out, remove the shell from the tail, and you have a morsel equal to lobster or shrimp. Does not Dickens tell us in "David Copperfield" that Dame Peggotty was a dealer in "lobsters, crabs and crawfish"?—JAY.

THE BIG RANGELEY TROUT.—Mr. Geo. Shepard Page recently sent his ten-pound Rangeley trout to a Washington taxidermist for repairs, and the taxidermist, Mr. F. S. Webster, explains how he has restored it: "When this trout was caught the art of taxidermy was called stuffing. This subject had been stuffed quite as well as was the rule in those days, no doubt; but still it was stuffed, not mounted. It came down to me in a very dilapidated condition. It had lost the under jaw, its tail and most of its fins, and a good deal of the skin on the under portion of the body had been torn. You see here I have put on that jaw with the tongue and eyes, and I might say the entire head. The tail is mine, and the fins are mine, and I think you will admit they are just as good and natural as ever the fish's own were. Then, you see, I have patched up the belly and painted it all over, and would you know now that ever a piece of the skin had been broken?"

THE DELAWARE BAY TROUBLES.—Attorney General Stockton announces that the difficulties relating to the fishing grounds in the Delaware Bay have been adjusted, and that hereafter New Jersey fishermen will not be molested by the authorities of the State of Delaware if they do not trespass beyond the boundary line. The fishery war between the States has been on the carpet for more than twenty years simply because no one knew where the line dividing Delaware and New Jersey was. The Attorney Generals of both States have agreed upon its establishment from the mouth of the Cohansey Creek due west to Bombay Hook, eleven miles below New Castle.

FORT CUSTER, Montana, Aug. 4.—Some nice trout (*Salmo purpuratus*) are brought in occasionally from the Big Horn Mountains, some of them weighing as much as three pounds. Of course, after having been at Klamath, Oregon, such fish look small, but for this country they are of pretty good size. They are much lighter colored and a handsomer-looking fish than the Western specimens of the same species. We have had our share of the hot weather also, mercury climbing about 100° in the shade several days in succession.—B.

PEACOCK HARL.—In our answers to correspondents will be found a reference to this word which has somehow been twisted into "herl," both in this country and in England. Harl is defined by Webster to be a filamentous substance especially of flax or hemp, while "herl" does not appear at all. Here lies a chance for research into the authorities, which will no doubt bring conflicting opinions, and will also serve a good purpose in stimulating anglers to brush the dust off volumes which have not been opened in years.

TARPON IN NEW JERSEY WATERS.—Seabright, N. J., Aug. 12.—A fine specimen of the tarpon, *Megalops thrissoides*, was taken in a bluefish seine by fishermen near here yesterday. The fish measured five feet nine inches and weighed 120 pounds. It is very rarely that one is caught on this coast, but several have been taken within the past ten years between Cape May and Fire Island. The tarpon always creates a sensation when captured in our northern waters, for few of our fishermen have ever seen one.—J. B.

STATEN ISLAND.—Many hundred anglers go down to Staten Island every Sunday to seek the haunts of the weakfish, sheepshead, sea bass and bluefish. The Staten Island Railway recently put on a special train to carry fishermen down the shore. The result is that every Saturday night a heavy train of from six to ten coaches, all crowded, leaves the boat landing at Stapleton. This season has been a remarkably poor one for fishing. Generally weakfish are plentiful from July 1 until September 15.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15.—The rivers are not clear enough yet for good bass fishing. Many young rock or striped bass are being taken at the wharves along our city front, where the sturgeon boats unload, and where these fish are skinned and dressed; the roe is used for bait. The rock run from eight to twelve inches in length.—HOMO.

BARTLETT'S has been for more than thirty years one of the favorite resorts of Adirondack visitors, and now that the property is for sale, hundreds of anglers will cherish a hope that the old name may be preserved. In our advertising columns will be found a card announcing that the house is to be sold.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE NEW YORK OYSTER COMMISSION.—Fish Commissioner E. G. Blackford, in charge of the oyster investigation of the State of New York, and his assistant, Prof. H. J. Rice, have been at Peconic Bay, east end of Long Island, part of this week in the U. S. Fish Commission steamer Lookout. The Lookout has been placed temporarily at their disposal for the purpose of examining the planted and natural oyster beds in the waters of the State. They will make a number of short trips to those in the kills near Staten Island and to the natural bed in the Hudson between Yonkers and Haverstraw. A special inquiry will be made to determine whether the beds in the Kills are being injured by the refuse from the oil works which there abound. Two weeks or more will be occupied in these researches. Dredgings will be made and records kept of the general condition of the bottom. Specimens of the oysters taken at each haul will be preserved. The kinds of enemies of the oysters will also be noted, as well as their number, and all soundings made will be recorded.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2588.**

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A great deal has been said in regard to the standard committees appointed at the last meeting of the A. K. C., and it seems to me that there is a general misunderstanding by the public as to the duties of these committees, although I can find no difference of opinion among the Executive Committee that were present at Philadelphia, they agreeing with me perfectly. The vote as passed is recorded as follows:

Voted, That a committee of three be appointed on each breed of dogs to report a standard for judging the same at a meeting of the Executive Committee to be held in October.

Upon the motion being made, Mr. Wade immediately asked the president whether these committees were to form a standard from their own ideas or were to inform themselves as to the opinions of the prominent breeders and exhibitors, and his answer was, "That that was just what we wanted, the opinions of the different breeders," etc. The intentions of those of the Executive Committee who expressed any views on the subject were, that these committees were to formulate a standard from the ideas of the breeders, etc., and report to the Executive Committee. The standards, as reported, could be adopted or not at the discretion of the Executive Committee. I, for one, would most certainly object strongly to the adoption of any standard that did not conform to the ideas of a majority of breeders and exhibitors. And, by the way, would it not be a good idea to stop all this noise and fuss until it is seen what standards are reported and what the A. K. C. does with them? I think it is safe to say that nothing will be done to harm the interests of those interested.

I cannot see why the committees, as appointed, are not competent to do the duties assigned them as long as they follow their instructions. Individual attacks have been made to such an extent that a large number have refused to act; and so, many of the committees are "bob-tailed."

I have received several letters from members of committees, asking if they might report Stonehenge's standard instead of making up a new one. At the risk of being classed as a "constructor" I replied that if upon investigation they found that the breeders, etc., wanted Stonehenge I should most certainly report it, and I can see no reason why they are not at liberty to do so in any case if they choose. They were instructed to report a standard, not necessarily a new one. I "kick" as an exhibitor to changing the setter standard from Stonehenge, but I do want judges to have a standard that they must adhere to and not a different standard for each judge as the awards in the past have proved to be the case. I believe that the A. K. C. should adopt standards and have dogs judged by them. The question has been asked, Is the A. K. C. to live or die? I think my friend Wade asked the question, but I know he did not mean it, as that would show, or, at least, indicate that he believed his fellow workers in the good cause were getting tired, and he is too good a fighter to leave the field until right comes to the front. The talk of drawing out of the A. K. C. is all wrong, as the A. K. C. is needed, and the only way to make a success of it is to pull together and fight for the right.

Mistakes have been made, and I have yet to see a new association of any kind that is perfect; but we must stay and try and win the confidence and respect of the public, and when that is done we will be amply repaid for the worry and trouble we are now going through. We certainly gain nothing by staying away from the meetings. The trouble has been heretofore that but few of the working clubs have been represented at the most important meetings, and "King Proxy" has had full sway. And whose fault was that? Blame those who stayed at home; and they are the ones that talk of withdrawing. But the day of the proxy has passed. Under the present rules only one proxy is allowed to any one member of the executive committee. There are those who are doing their utmost to ruin the A. K. C. upon purely personal grounds

and out of spite, as would be plainly seen if these snakes in the grass had the moral courage to sign their names to their articles in the various papers. It is hard to fight an unseen enemy, but compare the A. K. C. to-day with one year ago, and you will see a vast improvement. And why not do as much more in the next year? Give me a few more men on the executive committee such as Wade, Child, Smith and Donner, and I can safely guarantee the respect of the public for the A. K. C., and make it as it should be—a power in dog matters. G. EDW. OSBORN, Sec'y A. K. C.

A DOG SHOW CIRCUIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is desired that the managers of bench shows arrange their dates so that a circuit may be formed for the coming season, and in order that this may be done I would be pleased to have the different clubs send me as soon as possible the dates on which they would like to hold their shows, in order that I may present them to the October meeting of the A. K. C., at which time their representative could help in the arrangement, which cannot but please the exhibitors, and insure a much larger attendance of both dogs and audiences at the shows. G. EDW. OSBORN, Sec'y A. K. C.

BIRMINGHAM, Conn.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The dates for the coming dog show of our society have been changed to Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1. W. WADE,
Sec'y pro tem. Western Pa. Poultry Society.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 12.

[We learn that Mr. Chas. H. Mason has been appointed as one of the judges at the coming Pittsburgh dog show. We hope to be able to announce the complete list next week.]

THE PHILADELPHIA FALL DOG SHOW.

THE second fall dog show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, to be held in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, will be given strictly under rules of the American Kennel Club, and the attention of all exhibitors will be asked to the change of form of entry blanks when received by them, especially to the space provided for the breeder's name and the clauses of A. K. C. regulations which refer to that matter as well as to pedigree.

If a pack of hounds can be procured to follow the scent of reynard, who will be led through the open part of the fair grounds near the half-mile race track, an exhibition of what a hunt is like will be given the spectators, and the riders which will follow the dogs will take several hurdles placed in their way. As two or three hunts clubs have stated that their hounds will readily follow such a scent, it is expected the novelty will be presented.

Arrangements are being perfected for collie trials in the same inclosure. The dates of holding the show are Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9. HOMO.

ANOTHER ODD POINT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue "Old H." relates a remarkable point made by Dr. H.'s dog, Augusta, Ga. I have no doubt whatever of its truth, and think I can beat it.

I was returning home just before dusk from a walk through the meadows and my two setters were quartering the ground at a great pace, going down the wind for the most part, when my favorite stopped as suddenly under a shade tree as though he had run against the trunk. But the speed with which he had run and the suddenness with which he let up tilted him forward on his throat and lower jaw, sending his stern straight up pointing to the skies, and in this position he froze. At first I feared he had run a snag into him; but, as the old dog had hauled up and was honoring the position by backing steadily, I concluded to investigate more closely. On going up to him I saw, only six inches from his nose, a young fledgling hidden neatly under a tuft of grass. This I captured with my hands. Still the dog retained his position, and failing to find anything more on the ground I looked up into the tree, and there I saw the old bird directly above the dog. I scared the bird away with my stick and the dog wilted. The poor fellow had been standing with his hind feet off the ground for ten minutes. (He is not for sale.)

This is true—or nearly so—for I would not swear that he did no touch one of his hind toenails to the ground. But I won't give in to another toe. YOUNG H.

GALT, Canada.

THE NEW SETTER STANDARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the suggestion of "Justitia," in your last issue, is timely and opportune, and trust that your invitation to breeders and exhibitors will meet with the frank and unprejudiced response it deserves. There can be no doubt that Major Taylor's influence is already showing itself in favor of a certain type of setter, and I humbly state my opinion that the result will be disastrous. I fear that were a standard for judging at our bench shows to be adopted, in conformity with the ideas or desires of a clique, of whom Major Taylor is chief, we would be subject to a very narrow and probably very arbitrary scale of points, for his decisions at shows seem to indicate that no setter, however good, can attain high honors at his hands unless he approach the Gladstone type. For this reason many prominent Canadian breeders (and I am told, American breeders also) are reluctant to exhibit their setters where he is judge. Some absolutely refuse to exhibit. I like our high-headed, good-sized (not lumbering), stylish, fast, courageous setters, that go with a graceful swing, much better than some of the little, delicate, pretty pets that have won honors under Major Taylor. Undoubtedly many small setters are not necessarily delicate, but the tendency, when once you begin to reduce the size, is to run into snipe-faced, timid, gunshy dogs. I don't think Major Taylor ever gives high honors to very inferior dogs, but I do know that he frequently gives very inferior honors to very superior dogs, simply because they do not approach his peculiar type. Therefore, any standard that he is likely to arrange will not be popular.

FRANK G. HUGHES.

GALT, Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you express a wish for the views of your readers on the setter standard, allow me, as one of your readers, to say that I think when we get perfect specimens of Stonehenge's standard it will be time enough to adopt a new standard. I have owned several prize winners, but they all come short of Stonehenge's standard. What we do require is to stick closer to our present standard and put in judges that will not favor certain types at one show then change at the next show to a different type entirely. Then the breeders will know what is required, and you will find dog shows will be better patronized and better dogs will be the result, and our shows will not require to take in dogs after date to fill up to make a creditable show, and they will not have to offer special inducements to get the owners to bring out their dogs. What is required is different judges that will judge to our present standard and let the best dog win. T. G. DAVEY.

LONDON, Ont., Aug. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream.

In the matter of standards I think the A. K. C. will do well to go slowly; and I am glad to see the invitation extended by FOREST AND STREAM to open a discussion in its columns. At present there is no standard so to speak. A judges in New York, and gives X, Y and Z, 1st, 2d and 3d. B judges in Boston, gives Z 1st, Y 2d, and X 3d, and so on. With such decisions breeders can only draw inferences somewhat as follows: In A's judgment X is best dog; in B's judgment Z is the best.

If there is a recognized standard adopted the same dog should win in both places, his show condition being the same. To remedy, if possible, this condition of affairs is an important part of the work for the A. K. C. WM. H. CHILD.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, held this day, present Messrs. E. Gregg, President; B. F. Wilson, Vice-President; and Messrs. W. W. Speer, Howard Hartley and W. Wade, directors, the following was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That this society is opposed to any change in the standard for setters from that laid down in 'Stonehenge.'" EDWARD GREGG, President.
WM. WADE, Secretary pro tem.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 11, 1885.

THE ENGLISH SPANIEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I feel sure the numerous spaniel fanciers who read FOREST AND STREAM will be glad to know what the new Spaniel Club in England is doing, I have pleasure in forwarding you a copy of the rules, which also contains a list of the committee, members, judges approved by the club and the classifications drawn up for the committee for the guidance of show committees.

The principle upon which the Spaniel Club proceeds is to offer a sum of money as a subscription to the funds of the show, varying according to the classification adopted by the show committee and conditional upon the appointment of a judge approved by the club. By this means the show committee receive an amount which will help to cover any deficiencies in entries, and the Spaniel Club in return obtain a classification satisfactory to its members.

I trust you will find space in your valuable paper to publish our classifications for the information of American spaniel fanciers. JOHN S. COWELL, Honorary Secretary.

BURTON GARTH, Clifton, York, Aug. 4.

Following are the classifications recommended: No. 1: Water spaniels—Challenge class and open class, both dogs and bitches.

Clumber spaniels—Challenge class, dogs and bitches; open class dogs, bitches the same.

Sussex and other liver-colored spaniels over 25 pounds weight, same as Clumber.

Field spaniels, black, over 25 pounds, the same.

Field spaniels, other than black or liver, over 25 pounds, the same.

Cockers, any color, not over 25 pounds weight and not less than nine months old, the same.

Puppy class (any variety under twelve months) dogs and bitches—At least two prizes must be given in each class, with the exception of challenge classes. No classes may be cancelled, or the amount subscribed will be withheld. In all cases the prizes must be money prizes.

Classification No. 2: Any variety of spaniel—Challenge class, dogs and bitches. The remaining classification is the same as in No. 1, omitting the challenge and puppy classes.

Classification No. 3 is the same as No. 2, but there is only one class in each division for dogs and bitches.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXXII.

If the Collie Club cleared expenses over their show the committee have reason to congratulate themselves on a lucky "get out." The "undogly" public displayed the greatest apathy toward the exhibition. Although it would not be fair to say the undertaking was not sufficiently advertised, yet I think a good deal more might have been done in that direction. The attendance at the Aquarium itself is not what it used to be, and I am sure I was not the only "young man from the country" who observed this defection with disappointment and regret. Some of us went off to the Inventions Exhibition and found it there. I can't recall any startling fresh appearance in the collie ranks. Mr. Mercier's Dublin Scot scored his first win on English soil. He is a big strong dog, well on the coarse side, as the reporters say. The Harlequin class was rescued from mediocrity by the cup-giver's own entries, Blue Sky and that winsome bitch Blue Ruin. American breeders must not conclude from his position in the prize list that Flockmaster is anything out of the common—he is not. He was placed first *faute de mieux*. Mr. Stewart, the north counties judge, proved the proverbial local longheadedness in selling Young Cockie. The dog has had his day—no more for him the feminine plaudits of the success-worshiping crowd as it gathers round the victor's ornamented bench at the Crystal Palace. Like other phenomenal youngsters, he might have one day or "some day," as the song goes, returned to his puppy form, but this delusion is not for Cockie's owner—the shape of his dog's head has changed for ever and for aye. A dog I thought the judges a little severe upon was Mr. Godfree's Major Trefoil, a smart, genuine collie from the tip of his prying nose to the gracefully swirled up end of his flag. I am sure I hope the Collie Club won't be disheartened by the shabby support accorded them by the exhibitors on this occasion, but give the recalcitrant ones an opportunity of proving their repentance.

The club dined together on the evening of the first day, when circumstances over which, etc., prevented my attendance, had I been able to get an invitation. Through side-channels, watered by the guests, I hear that the gossip of the hour was given a home and habitation. It appears my first impressions on the subject were quite erroneous. The doggy newspaper that was going to, and now has changed hands, is not the one I indicated in my last "Notes," it is the *Stock Keeper*. That this course or some other even more drastic was urgently required has been painfully patent to its subscribers for a long time past. The paper has struggled on pluckily and borne the brunt of some hard knocks in the way of competition. It was first started in Newcastle by a company who hopefully strode along in the track of journalistic failure till they came in sight of the ditch of despair; at this point some wary shareholder suggested selling it and thereby save a bit from the impending disaster. There was no disputing the wisdom of this advice. All they had to do was to find the mug, I mean a purchaser. By a lucky chance they were successful. The proprietor of the London *Sportsman*, satisfied with his first venture in journalism, without much inquiry into the business of the paper, purchased for £500 a concern of which the most that could be said was that it was a "going" one. Being a wealthy man, he survived the swiftly-following dissolution, and complacently pocketed his feelings and the bargain, where they quickly wore a hole.

With the derelict craft he also took on the old crew, who skipped for joy at the prospect of certain pay and no personal risk. The original title was changed, and the *Fanciers' Chronicle* became the ambitious *Stock-Keeper*, and to justify a rise in the rates from two to three pence, they took on stock, horses, cattle, pig, sheep, etc. The former supporters, the fanciers, didn't want to read stock, and objected to the extra penny. On top of this Cassells found a mug, I mean a purchaser for the "dead-alive journal." These people also increased the price, but they also sunk some money and engaged some good men, and in a very short time the *Stock-Keeper* was cut out in stock and poultry. Their dog business was not affected, because in that department the "dead-alive journal" had engaged a real old wrecker, whose ignorance of press navigation continues to run the vessel aground whenever he gets an opportunity. And so the *Stock-Keeper* floundered about in shallow water, subscribers forgot to renew, advertisements fell off. This has been observed from the shore, and a mixed gang of doggy and poultry men have boarded her, the compensation—I can't call it price—paid to the late owner is supposed to be known, but I should consider it a gross piece of impertinence to attempt to find it out or publish if I knew it. I wish the new spec. luck. The ship already shows signs of returning buoyancy; there is a clear passage before it, and with the cheers of her interested friends she will carry the good wishes of "Lillibulero" for a speedy passage into the popular port of success. But back to my dogs. To be so near the sea already makes me feel stewardy.

I have been told with some degree of certainty the names of a few shareholders in the company, but I do not feel at liberty to disclose them. This much only will I say, that the well informed circle to certain and several members of which I have heard these notes have been ascribed—is well represented in the new regime—of course I refer to the "variety class." I have always held the *Stock-Keeper* kennel department to be the best of its kind, and the last few weeks strengthened my good opinion and proved the presence of new hands. The reports are up to date, which I expected when I heard they had secured the services of Mr. Langdale, and the doggy news is fresh and readable. The best part of the paper I think is the weekly letter called the "Intercepted Mail Bag," a novelty, I am told, suggested by Mr. Geo. Krehl. Additional zest is lent these epistles by addressing them to well known persons in the kennel world. The two that have appeared were directed to Mr. Ashwin, the collie breeder, and Herr Lang, the German authority on canine matters.

I see from the daily press that the outgoing liberal ministry have marked their appreciation of art by conferring a baronetcy upon Mr. Millais, a name familiar in the doggy world from the connection of the great painter's son with dachshunde and bassets. I also see from the *Stock-Keeper* that Mr. Everett Millais has returned to England with a new dog that is to upset some calculations.

In a breach of promise case tried last week in our law courts the faithless one's letters were read for the amusement of the gaping idler and the briefless barrister. Among other funny passages the following struck me as being decidedly original:

"Oh! dearest! instead of being now as you are in cold, foggy, unsympathetic London, I would to heaven and Cupid that you were by my side promenading the parade at Eastbourne—would we not make the very dogs envious and jealous." (Loud laughter.)

My own knowledge of the habits of dogs inclines me to believe that it would take a good deal of that sort to make them "envious and jealous."

The latest fad is rough black and tan terriers. Most doggy men have from time to time, when out of the beaten track of the dog show, come across one of these specimens that a few restless spirits now design promoting into a "breed." There would be no difficulty whatever in breeding these terriers to a type, but I can't see the use of it, for they look frightful mongrels. In Ireland there is a manufactory ready to hand. When I was over there a few weeks ago a man who keeps a few wire-hair fox-terriers for rabbiting told me on patriotic grounds he tried to breed Irish terriers for his purpose, but gave them up in dudgeon on finding a black and tan pup in nearly every litter. Subsequent inquiries, he told me, showed that this was due to an early cross with the smooth black and tan to infuse quality and a harder coat of a richer red color. The original Irish terrier he says was a big animal, as large as the modern Airedale, with a shaggy pily, soft and hard hairs mixed, coat, usually of a light yellow or gray color, so that he argued, the very dark red ones are the most likely to throw black and tans. The experiment of crossing smooth dogs with rough to make the coats of the latter harder, has, I believe been successfully tried by Mr. Harding Cox. However, the fact remains that according to my Hibernian friend that a dog of the sort required, with all the merits claimed for the Irish terrier, can be bred *ad libitum*, so there is at any rate no need to scour the streets for black and tan mongrels. The pioneers who are interesting themselves in this movement, have made up their minds to assign the breed a Welsh origin, so quickly do we advance in kennel matters nowadays that a class and entries have already turned up in a Welsh show. Each portion of the kingdom of Great Britain has now its own terrier—we have the white terrier for England, the dichard for Scotland, the Irish for the Green Isle, and now the rough black and tan for Taffyland. We are a doggy family!

I have generally been able to praise that ephemeral little sheet, the *Scottish Fancier*, when I have had occasion to speak about it, but lately I have noticed a bumptious tone not in keeping with its modest position. In his July number "Segusian" loftily refers to the fact that "Stonehenge" had refused to accept the Irish terrier as a genuine breed. Having just been writing about that variety I had the inclination to look up the matter; so I reached down from my book shelf that authority and found it was even as "Segusian" had stated, but I also noticed I had got the old edition, so I referred to the last issue of the work and there found quite a different state of things. In the 1882 edition the note has disappeared, and a paper on the breed is printed from the pen of a well-known English enthusiast. I think that those who seek to instruct the public should at least be in a position to supply themselves with the latest editions. In the same note our Scotch friend says: "'Stonehenge' must be a thorn in the flesh of those who live in worlds of fancies, and look to the money that is to be made out of their speculation." Now, what arrant twaddle is this. Has "Segusian" reason to thank God that he is any better than his neighbors in this respect? I think not.

The Kennel Club were again most fortunate in the glorious weather that favored their summer show in the Crystal Palace grounds. The financial result was, I believe, as usual, unsatisfactory. The event of the week appears to have been the arrival in this country of a celebrity from the American kennel world, Dr. Perry. I learn from the *Stock-Keeper*—in fact, I may say that since the change in this journal I depend a good deal on its pages for information—that Mr. Perry is a mastiff fancier and an author. I hope his works will be published here, for although it cannot be said we are in point of numbers badly off for books on the dog, yet there is always room for a good one. That singular body, yclept the variety class, into the constitution and object of which I intend to make inquiries, appear to have feted the "lion."

The St. Bernard Plinlimmon ("Plain Lemon," as the facetious style him) again changed hands at £700, it is said, but I must admit that I am able to attach very little importance to these published prices; there is no question about their being a splendid advertisement, whether they are fictitious or not.

It was advertised before the show that Mr. Joplin's kennel would come under the hammer at the Palace, but only one or two were sold. Selling by auction is an unprofitable means of disposal.

The Brighton show, in entries, quality, attendance and general interest, exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The sight must have been rather a sickening one for the Kennel Club, which made such a complete fiasco there a year or two ago.

A little incident happened at this show which has been carefully hushed up by our kennel press, not even the enterprising *Stock-Keeper* mentioning it. I suppose there is some motive for this clemency, and as I have no wish to give pain to feelings already spared by the Brighton committee, I will also withhold names, though they are known to me. An inquisitive southern exhibitor discovered in a prize winner a physical defect that if pointed out would entail disqualification. The exhibitor could have lodged an objection or he could have left it alone on account of the personal unpleasantness that so

often results from objecting to your friends' or acquaintances' dogs. It is perhaps not surprising that the exhibitor did not adopt this course; but he thought something was due to him for his discovery and forbearance, so he sought out the owner and after explaining the position of affairs, chivalrously offered to swallow his feelings of righteous indignation for the modest solatium of 10 shillings. The wily owner quickly discerned that he had caught the downy one napping, and not appreciating the manner in which the plan had been unfolded to him, gently wended his way to the secretarial office and placed the matter in the hands of the committee. When the ensuing inquiry was made, witnesses were called to prove that Mr. Exhibitor had said to Mr. Owner, "If you give me half a quid I won't object to your dog." So Mr. Kennel Club Secretary was consulted, and taking the august position of the parties concerned into consideration, it was decided that the case should not be bruited abroad, but that for his offense Mr. Exhibitor, who had won several prizes at the show, should be mulcted of his prize money. Mr. Owner's dog was, of course, disqualified; but what was that small misadventure to the "sleep of the just" enjoyed by that forgiving soul as he that evening sought the soothing comfort of his connubial couch! Of course, this case opens up the old question which the Kennel Club, in its anxiety for "peace and quietness," continues to allow to slide, Why should the disagreeable task of objection be thrown on the shoulders of a brother exhibitor? Why should not the committee of a show take over the objection on the facts of the matter being laid before them? It is quite certain that many a delinquent goes free because the others dislike "a row" or because they have reasons for not wishing to "offend him."

The first outing of the Great Dane Club was held in the meadows of that select suburban club, the Ranelagh. Nothing striking made its appearance, and the show is likely to live in the memory of exhibitors for the sensational return of Mr. Frank Adcock and the vicious attack upon the awards of the judge. I am told Mr. Adcock went about unrecognized for some time. Before he left England he affected the "make up" of the Society of Friends, and it was difficult to realize that the military, foreign-looking individual with the luxurious and fiercely-waxed moustache could be the same person. Mr. Adcock had been to Spain and brought back with him another Spanish bulldog, which he had the great misfortune to lose from suffocation in its hamper while journeying to the Crystal Palace Show. It must be confessed that the Rev. Gambier Bolton did not judge according to the knowledge of Great Danes he is credited with. Several very big blunders were made, but no errors, however gross, could justify the unusual sight of exhibitors deliberately insinuating that the reverend gentleman had been bribed before the show. This affair has caused a great stir in kennel circles, and the owner of the first prize winner has offered a reward of £50 for the name of the person who put about the disgraceful charge. Incidents of this nature are happily of rare occurrence in England, and for the credit of the fancy I should be glad if somebody could be caught to be made an example of. Some of the Great Dane breeders complain that Mr. Bolton makes a business of his hobby, and assert that he lately made a tour on the Continent and brought back with him a herd of Great Danes which they say he has since been selling wholesale and retail. They appear to further consider that his being a clergyman is a reason against his making a profit out of dogs. That is purely a question of professional etiquette on which I am not able to give an opinion, but as a member of the Kennel Club, I should say he is unquestionably entitled to all its privileges—dealing among them.

Difficile est satiram non scribere. LILLIBULERO.
JULY, 1885.

[This letter appears to have been delayed in the mails.]

CURRENT DOG STORIES.

SAVANNAH rejoices in the possession of a dog with a history, and if the Charleston *News* is to be credited, with something more than average dog sense. It is a little black and tan named Express, owned by Mr. J. H. Tucker, a clerk in the Southern Express office in the city. Express has spent ten or twelve years in the service of the company. When he was a puppy he used to run on the road from Dupont to Jacksonville. He was then owned by a messenger on that line and accompanied his master on every trip. He had a snug piece of blanket in one end of the car, but he generally preferred to perch himself on the top of some box out of the way. Naturally he made a dozen of acquaintances among his own species at all of the stations. Tradition says that it was a daily occurence to see the village dogs run to the depot to meet "Old 35," the train on which Express was a daily passenger. They apparently knew the whistle of the locomotive. The moment that the conductor shouted "All aboard" Express would run upon the platform and slip in the baggage car just as the train moved off. Occasionally in the midst of the fun he would get too far away, and would fail to get back in time to catch the train. He would gaze wistfully down the track until the rear car disappeared from sight, and then resume play until the next train drew up. If it was going his way he would jump on when it stopped and follow "35." He would always find his master at one of the terminals. Three or four years ago he gave up the road and took up a permanent residence in Savannah. Once in a while he would disappear from home and go off over the line somewhere. Sometimes he would turn up in the office in Charleston, where he was well known, and spend a few days there. He was a pet with all of the men, and on these visits was well taken care of. He is said to have an excellent memory, and knows when the train leaves for Charleston, Jacksonville, or anywhere on the line.

A dog went every day, with a dime given him by his master, to buy meat for his dinner at a butcher's shop. The dog always presented his dime, which went into the till, and then his meat was given him and he trotted home with it. One day the butcher thought he would play a trick on his customer, just to see what he would do. So he put the dime in his drawer and went about other business. The dog waited patiently a long time to be waited on, showing some signs of impatience. The butcher made no sign of serving him. Finally the dog began to bark violently, walking meanwhile from the till to the chopping block. "What do you mean, you rascal!" shouted the butcher. "Get out of here; get out!" And he kicked the dog out of the shop. The dog lingered an instant, and then trotted away in a determined manner down the street. In a few minutes he came back—with a policeman.—*Boston Record.*

"Lew" Bennett's huge, good-natured and intelligent Newfoundland, Bruno, was recently muzzled by his master, in compliance with the village ordinance. The muzzle used was a leather one made at a neighboring harness shop. Soon after the muzzle was attached to the dog's nose, which was done at the harness shop, the dog took a "bee line" for home. After being absent for a short time Bruno again appeared at the shop with the muzzle, which he had in some manner detached, and going up to the workman who had manufactured the article, he laid it down at his feet and walked slowly away with an air of mingled scorn and injured innocence, which plainly said, "I have no use for such a thing as that." The next night the muzzle was again placed upon him, and soon afterward it was found, but Bruno up to the present date has been missing.—*Ithaca Journal.*

BLACK AND TAN SETTER STANDARD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All persons interested in black and tan setters will please communicate with Mr. H. Clay Glover, No. 1,293 Broadway, New York, giving their views on standard for the same.—H. CLAY GLOVER.

SENSATION'S BOSTON PRIZE.—Birmingham, Conn., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been asked if the A. K. C. have ever taken any official action in regard to the Sensation matter at the late Boston show. I can find no record of the matter having been brought before the A. K. C. and I certainly have no recollection of its having been brought up at any meeting, and I have been present at every meeting of the association and the executive committee since its start, except those held in Cincinnati.—G. EDW. OSBORN, Secretary A. K. C.

NOT A DANIEL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Late issue of your paper says "Daniel" C. Bergundthal, of Indianapolis, has been selected as one of the judges of the Eastern Field Trials, to be run in November. Daniel! plain, hard, cold Daniel. Why, even the children in this town call him Dave, and with no disrespect, but rather as a tribute to his genial nature which has made him a favorite with all who know him.—HOOSIER (Indianapolis, Aug. 12).

YORK (PA.) DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A bench show of dogs will be held in connection with the coming York county fair, York, Pa. The dates set for the dog show are Oct. 7, 8 and 9. This department will be under the supervision of A. C. Krueger. A liberal prize list has been provided and the best of arrangements will be made for the comfort of all dogs entered. Entries close Sept. 28. Entry blanks can be had upon application to the secretary of the York County Agricultural Society, York, Pa., or A. C. Krueger, superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

PROTEST OF MIRO.—The case of the protest of the Newfoundland dog Miro at Philadelphia last May has been referred to the A. K. C. Committee on Discipline, consisting of Messrs. L. L. Morgan, New Haven; H. W. Child, Philadelphia; A. W. Pope, Boston; W. Wade, Pittsburgh; C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, O. Any one interested in the case or having knowledge of facts in relation thereto, is requested to communicate with the committee.

DAYTON (O.) SHOW.—Dayton, O., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The judges will be: Setters and pointers, J. W. Munson, of St. Louis. Foxhounds, beagles and field spaniels, B. F. Seitner, of Dayton. Other classes, G. H. Hill, of Cincinnati.—H. ANDERSON, Secretary.

AUGUST FANCIES.—Heat expands the imagination of the newspaper reporters. One of them credits Mr. Pierre Lorillard with having paid $10,000 for two setters and $2,500 for another.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Spectre. By Ben O. Bush, Kalamazoo, Mich., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Feb. 4, 1885, by Van Buren (Royal Sultan—Reign) out of Cute Daisy (Count Noser—Cute).

Fantine and Mona. By Kilmarnock Collie Kennels, Dorchester, Mass., for sable and white collie bitches, whelped June 24, 1885, by G. R. Krehl's champion Eclipse out of Dahlia (Rutland—Buttercup).

Duty. By H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., for orange tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 27, 1884, by J. H. Murchison's Sirius (Medor—Bess) out of Thora (Bismark—Dewdrop).

Orgar. By H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., for orange tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 27, 1883, by Hector II. (E.K.C.S.B. 14,861) out of Nires II. (champion Bayard—Nires).

Apa June. By H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., for dark tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Dec. 10, 1884, by Don II. (A.K.R. 1161) out of Alma II. (A.K.R. 276).

Girola. By H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., for orange tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 29, 1884, by Caesar (A.K.R. 22) out of Daphne II. (A.K.R. 489).

Nemon. By Stanton Gulon, New York, for fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 11, 1885, by J. E. I. Grainger's Tyke (Tee Side Lad—Vic) out of Lady Gay.

Wildwood, Meander, Bliss, Melody, Harmony and Discord. By Half-Way Brook Kennels, Glens Falls, N. Y., for four black, white and tan beagles, two dogs and two bitches, and two white and black, one dog and one bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1885, by Joe (Ringwood—Gipsey Queen) out of Constance (Ringwood—Maida).

Bannerman II. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped July 5, 1885, by Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of Queen (A.K.R. 1726).

Zora. By A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 27, 1874, by imported Ringwood out of Maid.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bellegarde—Flash. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) pointer bitch Bellegarde (A.K.R. 1520) to W. L. James's Flash (Sensation—Gipsey), June 15.

Jean—Pilot. C. E. Scott's (Schenectady, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Jean to Ideal Kennels' Pilot (A.K.R. 1635), Aug. 10.

Daisy—Dandy Zulu. S. T. Thayer's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy to Ideal Kennels' Dandy Zulu (A.K.R. 382).

Queen—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Queen (A.K.R. 1726) to his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), May 3.

Flirt—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Flirt (Prince—Daisy) to his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), May 24.

Pigeon—Bannerman. Wm. L. Mann's (Elizabeth, N. J.) beagle bitch Pigeon (A.K.R. 1725) to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), July 7.

Susan—Bang Bang. S. Thorne's pointer bitch Susan to Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), June 14.

Spinaway—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Spinaway (Garnet—Keswick) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), June 21.

Polly—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Polly (A.K.R. 212) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), July 7.

Susan Jane—Bang Bang. Fred F. Merrill's pointer bitch Susan Jane to the Westminster Kennel Club's Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), July 26.

Rose—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Rose (A.K.R. 214) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), Aug. 7.

Bellona—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (Babylon, L. I.) pointer bitch Bellona (A.K.R. 204) to their Bang Bang (A.K.R. 394), Aug. 10.

Gaily—Royal Ranger. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Gaily (A.K.R. 2274) to his champion Royal Ranger (A.K.R. 2200).

ERIE—TAMMANY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue you say Mr. T. F. Rivers's pointer bitch Erie was served by Tammany on July 30. Erie was served by my Bang Grace on July 29. Will Mr. Rivers kindly explain?—LUKE W. WHITE. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Please insert the following: Grace Kennels claim that my pointer bitch Erie was served by Bang Grace on July 28. Now I deny that Erie was bred to him. She is a large bitch, 60 pounds, and Bang Grace is extremely small, about 37 pounds. I went three days in succession to breed her to him, but owing to the great difference in size could get no service. I then bred her to Tammany, and he will be the sire of her puppies if she proves to be in whelp.—T. F. RIVERS (Bridgeport, Conn.).

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lady Maud. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) pointer bitch Lady Maud (A.K.R. 1157), June 27, eleven (seven dogs), by C. H. Mason's Beaufort (A.K.R. 694); ten lemon and white, one liver and white; one dog and three bitches since dead.

Dixie. S. L. Farrar's (Bath, Me.) beagle bitch Dixie (Flute—Thorn), July 28, six (five dogs), by J. Purrington's Snyder (Ringwood—Gipsey Queen).

Una. Dr. E. B. Weston's (Highland Park, Ill.) beagle bitch Una (A.K.R. 1324), Aug. 7, seven (one dog), by Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709).

Regina. A. Grant's (New Brighton, S. I.) mastiff bitch Regina, July 1, six (one dog), by Homer (A.K.R. 1030).

Queen. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Queen (A.K.R. 1726), July 5, six (four dogs), by his Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709); all white, black and tan.

Pearl Blue. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542), Aug. 15, six (four dogs), by his Gun (A.K.R. 1538); all black, white and tan.

Constance. Half-Way Brook Kennels' (Glens Falls, N. Y.) beagle bitch Constance (Ringwood—Norah), Aug. 11, seven (three dogs), by Joe (Ringwood—Gipsey Queen).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Beausire. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 1656), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to H. B. Thomas, Troy, N. Y.

Beaulieu. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 1779), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to J. A. Denton, same place.

Genevieve. Blue belton English setter bitch, 3yrs. old (London—Dawn), by T. G. Davey, London, Ont., to Grand River Kennels, Galt, Ont.

Sam. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped May, 1884 (Pilot—Beauty), by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to M. D. Bacon, New London, Conn.

Franz Boniward. St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 478), by C. G. Hawk, Abilene, Kan., to Daniel Boone, Kansas City, Mo.

Joker. White, with fawn markings, Italian greyhound dog, whelped April 2, 1885 (Puck—Zelpha), by H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Charles F. Peregoy, Baltimore, Md.

Gertie F. Mastiff bitch, whelped June 15, 1885 (Turk—Druidess), by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to N. Bonneville, Danville, Can.

Bruce. Mastiff dog, whelped June 22, 1885 (Turk—Bess), by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to C. E. Morrill, Deering, Me.

Blue Cap. White, black and tan beagle dog, 9yrs. old, pedigree not given, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. E. Shaler, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jessey. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Nov. 21, 1883 (Mark Anthony—May Belle), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to W. J. Percival, Stanton, Mich.

Bannerman—Floss whelps. White, black and tan beagles, dog and bitch, whelped Feb. 11, 1885, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Jas. Gibson, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dandy—Beauty whelp. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Dec. 18, 1884, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to F. G. Hughes, Galt, Ont.

Grand Duke. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1881 (Prince—Flora), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to E. E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pigeon. White, black and tan beagle bitch (A.K.R. 1725), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Wm. L. Mann, Elizabeth, N. J.

Mottle. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 3, 1884 (Ringwood—Maida), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Wm. L. Mann, Elizabeth, N. J.

Ranger. Black, white and tan foxhound dog, 2½yrs. old (Ringwood II.—Roxey II.) by W. H. Moller, New York, to F. G. Griswold, Far Rockaway, L. I.

Rutledge. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 1860), by Chas. S. Davol, Warren, R. I., to H. W. Remington, Geneseo, Ill.

IMPORTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Duty. Orange tawny and white smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Oct. 27, 1884 (Sirius—Thora), by H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., from John Angell, London, Eng.

Orgar. Orange tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 27, 1883 (Hector II.—Nires II.), by H. J. Clapham, Flemingville, N. Y., from John Angell, London, Eng.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Surrey Sam. Fox-terrier dog (A.K.R. 1489), owned by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., from poison.

Surrey Vic. Fox-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 1904), owned by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., from consumption.

Faustine. Liver and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 1660), owned by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., from inflammation of the bowels.

Spice. White and lemon fox-terrier dog, 4½yrs. old (Belgrave Joe—Clove), owned by Clovernook Kennels, New York, Aug. 13.

Paris IV. English setter dog, age not given (Paris III.—Forest Ida), owned by Grand River Kennels, Galt, Ont., from poison.

Victress II. English setter bitch, age not given (Paris III.—Forest Ida), owned by Grand River Kennels, Galt, Ont., from poison.

Nellie. English setter bitch, age not given (Dick Laverack—Liddersdale), owned by Grand River Kennels, Galt, Ont., from poison.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. C. B., Athens, Me.—1. What can I use to kill lice upon a Gordon setter? 2. What shall I give him for improvement of his blood? His eyes seem to matterate more than I think they should. Has had distemper. Ans. 1. Take four ounces quassia chips steeped in a pail of water; wash the dog thoroughly with the decoction, using strong soapsuds with it. Repeat once a week until the vermin disappear. 2. Get a dozen "aloes and iron" pills and give one morning and evening hidden in a bit of meat. The pills may be procured at any druggist's.

SETTER, Baltimore.—My dog bruised his elbow and water collected under it to the size of a small egg. I had it lanced, and as it gradually healed gristle formed under the skin to about the size of an English walnut. I had it cut out by our best veterinary surgeon. He did it beautifully, not leaving a particle of gristle. It is now healing, but unfortunately the gristle is forming again. It is very ugly and I am very anxious to get rid of it. Can you tell me the cause of its returning? Ans. The trouble is that the incision left by the operation is in such a movable spot that every action of the dog keeps it in motion and tends to draw the edges apart and irritate the sac. The proper way would be to put the dog's limb in an immovable splint, such as plaster of Paris, until the wound had entirely healed.

D. R., Troy, N. Y.—My cocker spaniel, nine months old, has a warm dry nose, eyes bloodshot and inflamed, lids relaxed and a thick matter runs from them. A thick, dark, dry, gluey matter within the ears, breath smell bad, coat loose, hair coming off in some places leaving a raw sore. He makes a peculiar noise (not a cough), retches and vomits a small quantity of frothy-looking fluid, appetite not good, though he does not refuse food. Ans. Your dog has distemper. While the fever is present, as indicated by a hot, dry nose and rapid, bounding pulse, give three drops of the tincture of aconite root every hour until improvement comes. Give three grains of quinine three times a day in pill form. You can conceal the pills in a bit of meat and the dog will bolt it. Mix three drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic with his food twice daily. Do not feed richly but give nutritious diet. If the dog becomes weak you must give teaspoonful doses of whisky mixed with water every three hours. Spray inhalations of carbolic acid and water, strength, teaspoonful to pint, are effective. Put lime water with the milk, a tablespoonful to the pint. Give oatmeal porridge, beef soup without fat, a very little cooked meat in Indian meal mush.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE "FOREST AND STREAM" RIFLE TRIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. E. A. Leopold in your issue of Aug. 13, invites criticism on the points he presents in reference to your proposed rifle test of hunting rifles. I beg to offer a few kind comments on his several points, but will not avail of criticism to do it.

It seems to me that he does not fully grasp your proposition, but wanders off into other matter. You propose to make on your own account an independent test of hunting rifles. No such test to any great extent has ever been made in the United States. Hence you are the head and chief of it, and cannot be expected to recognize the rules of the National Rifle Association of America, as regards weight, trigger pull and sights." You are engaged in a different business from this association or any other. This fact sets aside Mr. Leopold's first proposition, where he says, "The rifles should conform to the rules of this Association as regards weight, trigger pull and sights." Not a bit of it, for you are your own chief and law maker. You offer is gratuitous and sensible to the last. You want no one's rules, and the less rules you have the better.

Your trial will be from a machine rest, no doubt, and this is correct, for it serves to place all rifles, heavy and light, very nearly on the same level; the light ones cannot well spring or "buckle," as they call it, and if any one shall do so, it will justly call out its own doom. A springing rifle is next to worthless at best. Thus the machine rest sets aside the matter of "weight."

Next comes "the trigger pull." This point of Mr. Leopold's is not sound in fact, for the height of trajectory sought is entirely inde

pendent of the trigger pull; it is the same whether the trigger is pulled by one ounce or a thousand pounds. Pulling the trigger produces no effect on the velocity of the bullet, and hence it cannot affect the height of trajectory. This fact sets his point of trigger pull aside.

Next in order comes the "sights." These cannot affect the height of the trajectory any more than the lock cock or trigger. And as the rifles are to be shot at a dead rest and in the same identical spot at each shot, the sights become a matter of no essential importance. The targets will be measured as groups of shots, wherever the groups may be; and not from around the center of the bullseye, which will probably be invisible as the result of the intercepted screens. Thus his point as to "sights" is virtually set aside. All that is necessary in the case is to have the rifle so pointed as to throw its bullet anywhere within the screens.

Next in order comes his point on "paper patched" bullets: which he says "should not be allowed." This point perhaps stands already set aside in your editorial announcement, where you say the usual hunting (fixed) ammunition will be used. This refers to breechloaders, and the announcement is religiously correct, right, just and fair. If other ammunition were to be used the trial would be stripped of quite all its value.

It is presumable the loads of these rifles are the very best that can be used in them. Be this as it may, they are the result of over thirty years of trial, nor does this issue at all concern the trial to be made by you. The question is one of to-day—How do our hunting rifles shoot with their hunting and appropriate ammunition? This question you propose to answer, and to do so authoritatively you propose to test them, and then report the valuable facts to your readers. This is the only way to do it.

Next in order comes the muzzleloader, which Mr. Leopold says "should be allowed a cloth patch." Yes, this is right, for it has always used it since this much cherished type of a hunting rifle first came into existence. He says the breechloaders should be excluded unless "they use a cartridge such as is recommended [or issued] by the manufacturers." This is the very kind of ammunition you propose to use, and this is all right. But whether you should exclude, as he proposes, a breechloader for using a paper-patched bullet is more than doubtful with me. Would it not exclude some hunting rifles very unjustly?

He says: "Muzzleloaders should not be overcharged with powder. A normal charge, such as is used in shooting game, should be selected, and a charge which would produce excessive recoil in a ten-pound rifle, endanger the bursting of the barrel, or cause wild shooting, should not be allowed."

As to the muzzleloader bursting and kicking, with its light ball, and the breechloader not, with its heavier ball, you need have no fear of the former, but I will not vouch so freely for the latter. Yet in either case I think you will live through it; so do not be alarmed on this score, Mr. Editor, nor you, the rifle tester and shooter. I regret that this point of danger has been touched upon by Mr. Leopold, however innocently he has done it. I have no doubt that your much experienced rifle tester will see to all of this.

I fully agree that the muzzleloader should not be overcharged so as to produce "wild shooting." And I am fully satisfied that those who shall present them for trial have too much sound sense to overload them. They will, of course, present them with the very best charge they can adopt in order to do the best work, to wit, to make as flat a trajectory as possible and yet as close a group as the rifle can make. This is the very purpose and end of the trial, and it is left as a right for the muzzleloader man to say what his charge shall be, and if this shall be unsatisfactory, then he will not consent, of course, to have his rifle tried. As to hunting charges, these vary in this rifle from the lightest to the heaviest powder charge, from the squirrel, to the deer, bear and buffalo charge. The old hunter's rule, and now more than a century old, was and is, "To increase the powder charge (for long ranges) just as long as the rifle shoots steady, and then stop." Muzzleloader men will follow this rule at the trial, and no one can justly deny them their undoubted right to do so. They will not, of course, their rifles to shoot but a little powder (proportionally to the lead), because another late type of rifle does so. They will not permit of its showing poor shooting, when it can make good. This would be to pervert the very ends of the trial, and I am astonished that Mr. Leopold should bring this question into the foreground. "Straws tell which way the wind blows," and this is one of them. His proposition cannot be maintained in this kind of a trial any way it can be presented, and this matter, I think, had now best be dropped entirely.

Unless the target or cluster is to be the overruling question, then I deem "twenty shots" to be entirely unnecessary. Five shots will answer to get the trajectory very well. I know this from actual experience. The English, in their trial of '83, fired six shots only. It calls for much work to test many rifles, and twenty shots require too much time and labor to work out. Five minutes between shots is about right (I believe) and "twenty shots in thirty minutes is too rapid firing, it heats the barrel, etc.

I fully believe the editor of FOREST AND STREAM and his experienced experimenter, know just what to do and how to do it. I leave them to stand on their own bottom, for it is their right to do so. They embark in their own craft, and I believe they know full well how to sail it; and I heartily wish you success in your voyage.

This article will present some new and essential points to quite all of your readers, especially as to "weight" of rifles, "sights," "aiming," etc., and I think it will prove both interesting and instructive. In this light I offer it, and less to criticise than instruct.

MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 6, I see that you state that you are to have a trial of rifles for trajectory, target, etc. That is excellent. I agree with you that the time has arrived when such a test should be made and something definite arrived at in regard to the shooting of our American rifles. There have been altogether too much guess-work and exaggeration so far; now then for the stern, solid facts of the case. Let us have them by all means.

I also notice in your issue of Aug. 13 that Major H. W. Merrill makes some suggestions in regard to the proposed test. After reading the Major's article carefully over, I have come to the conclusion that he is about right in his views regarding hunting rifles and how to correctly use them. I think that all old-experienced hunters and rifle shots will fully indorse the Major's views. Such has been my experience as far as it goes. I also notice in the same issue that Mr. E. A. Leopold makes some suggestions and invites criticism of the same. I can hardly agree with him that an arbitrary rule should be made, confining all rifles to certain limits of weight, sights, loads, trigger pull, etc. That is all very well in a competition where prizes are to be won, and it is intended to give all contestants an equal chance to win, but does not always show what the rifle can do. Again, I am not aware that there are any laws in this country to prohibit the hunter from using any kind of a rifle he pleases and how he pleases, in the pursuit of game. Also I would call attention to the facts that certain manufacturers of breechloading rifles in this country do make and put upon the market single-barreled rifles that weigh sixteen pounds or more each; also that the English rifle makers make a double rifle which weighs as high as twenty-four pounds. Therefore, such a rule as Mr. Leopold proposes would shut out many hunting rifles in use all over the world. In conclusion, have the trial by all means, let all come that want to, give all a fair, square, impartial trial, and may the best gun get the credit that belongs to it and no more. G. J. ROMER,

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I, for one, am very glad that you are about to institute a series of tests relating to the trajectories of American hunting rifles, and will venture to say that the result will be a tendency on the part of American manufacturers to make their respective arms with rifling of slower twist, lighter bullet than is now used, and heavier proportionate charge of powder. In your issue of Dec. 11, Mr. Roosevelt takes exception to my opinion of repeating rifles (published in FOREST AND STREAM Oct. 30) and thinks that they are preferable to the double-barreled express rifle for hunting purposes. I fully intended to have answered Mr. Roosevelt sooner, but I have been absent in the Northwest since the breaking out of the Riel rebellion, and have had no opportunity until the present. Take, for instance, the representative American repeating express (?) rifle, .500-caliber, 115 grains of powder and 300 grains of lead. My .500-caliber express rifle uses 150 grains of powder and a hollow-pointed bullet of pure lead weighing 375 grains, or a solid flat-pointed bullet hardened with quicksilver and weighing 400 grains.

Now, it is clearly evident that the last-named rifle will give a much flatter trajectory and possess greater killing power than the former. Therefore, it must be the most desirable for the use of the general sportsman. The same may be said of the .450-cal. repeaters. One hundred and fifteen grains of powder for a .500-cal. rifle is not an express charge. I think I am right in saying that the reason for this comparatively light charge is that it is difficult to construct mechanism in the receiver which will retract the bolt far enough to allow the use of a 3 or 3.25-inch shell. The only way of counteracting this is to use a shell which is excessively bottle-necked, and this causes greater recoil.

Mr. Roosevelt further says that the magazine gun is as much superior to the single or double breechloader as the breechloader is to the muzzleloader. It is, as far as the certainty of wounding one or more animals in a drove is concerned, and to this very attribute the slaughter of Western game is greatly due. I do not wish to be understood as saying that all sportsmen who use repeaters should be placed upon a level with the skinner; but the use of the weapon for hunting (or slaughter) which was originally intended for a military arm, has done irreparable mischief to the noble game of this country.

The use of the rifle for hunting requires considerable skill, and the call for a more deadly weapon among American sportsmen, as I understand it, is not for one which will enable one to kill without taking aim, or shoot as long as the game is in sight, but for one which will kill or disable when the bullet does strike, and not allow a wounded animal to escape and die miserably, or be pulled down by the wolves, and I know of no weapon which fulfills these requirements as well as the express rifle. I admire fine workmanship or an ingenious mechanical invention; but I fail to see that I am very antiquated in my views when I claim that the English express rifle—in the constituent qualities of which is embodied the essence of the experience of an army of good sportsmen, and which is constructed with regard to game shooting and no other—is superior to the repeater as now made, with its sharp twist, light charge of powder and consequent high trajectory, with low killing power. Of course, if the repeater could be made to use the express charge, and have the express rifling, it would be equal to the express in trajectory, and more than equal in the chances for repeated shots. I could and would be satisfied with a muzzleloader of from .35 to .40 caliber for game found this side of the Mississippi (using conical bullets for the large animals) if I were unable to own more than one rifle A moose will not paw off as much lead as an antelope.

I hope that some of the representative British manufacturers will send samples of their express rifles to you for the coming tests, in order that American sportsmen and readers of FOREST AND STREAM may see and understand the superiority of the express system for hunting rifles. I am not prejudiced or bigoted in my views above given, but simply state my experience and that of many other sportsmen that have hunted large game, and after trying nearly all of the popular arms, have adopted that which I consider to be the best for the purpose.

I should like to hear from your correspondent "C. D.," whose practical articles on this subject I enjoyed greatly. DEVIL'S RAMROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Like hundreds, no, probably thousands of others, I am delighted to see that you propose to have a trial of rifles. I have read the suggestions thus far offered you, and while they have been, in the main, good, they have filled me with a dread which your own statement of what you proposed to do, did not even suggest. It is that you will only try those rifles which are offered for trial by the manufacturers. I sincerely hope this dread is without cause. What we want (by we I mean the above mentioned hundreds or thousands) is a trial of the principal sporting rifles in the market, whether their manufacturers wish them tried or not. The manufacturers are nothing to us. We do not wish to advertise any of them. Neither do we wish them to be able to say, "Oh! our rifle was not tried by the FOREST AND STREAM, but other trials have shown that it will do better than any which were tried by them." Do things as well as you usually do. Give us a trial which is a trial, and we will have brains enough to use the information we receive, and to thank those from whom we receive it.

UTICA, N. Y. B. A. G.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am delighted to hear of your intended trial of hunting rifles. In the last twenty years I have used no less than seven different rifles in the woods, a .50-cal. Express, .45-cal. Goverment, .40-cal. 90grs., .40-cal. 65grs., .38-cal. 55grs., .32-cal. and .22-cal. So you see I have spent some money in finding out what was required for the work to be done. I have come to this conclusion, that a .22-cal. for small game and, a .38-cal. Union Hill for deer shooting was what I wanted. As suggestions are in order, I would like to make three: First—That all rifles be shot from the shoulder, using such rests as may be necessary for accuracy, because of greater recoil of heavy charge of powder reducing the initial velocity below what it would be in a fixed rest. Second—All scores be shot through without cleaning. Third—Invite those great muzzleloaders that we have read so much about to take a hand. I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question of value not being taken into account in your expressed desire for "hints and suggestions" regarding a series of trajectory tests of different makes of hunting rifles, I am emboldened to offer a few, and let them go for what they may be worth. The first question to be decided is as to what is a hunting rifle proper? My answer is, such a rifle as an average man can carry all day without serious discomfort to himself, and of such a caliber as to be of available deadliness on all rifle game in the large majority of instances. I define rifle game to be all that larger class of game properly and generally beyond the range and power of the shotgun proper. I look upon the use of buckshot as a makeshift, which does not make a rifle of a shotgun in its results. Ten pounds is the most that the hunter ought to be called upon to carry for fourteen consecutive hours, to make his hunt pleasant. The caliber should not be less than .38 nor more than .50. The best for an "all around" gun is .40, a No. 6 shot will kill a deer, but how often? To sum up, let the maximum weight be 10lbs. The calibers not less than .38 nor more than .50. Each set of calibers to be fired 24 times each (after they have been sighted), by five different "crack shots," neither one knowing the results produced by the other till all are done; the guns to be wiped out for 12 of the shots and the other 12 not wiped. The average of each set of shots to be the ascertained trajectory under each of the two conditions. All shots to be from a muzzle rest. COMMON SENSE.

IOWA.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—To-day's shoot at Walnut Hill was well attended, and some fine scores were made. The weather condition was perfect toward the latter part of the day. Next Thursday the new long-range match will be shot.

Practice Match.

A Keach	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 5—45
C M Hodgdon	4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4—42
A H Wright (mil.)	5 3 4 4 5 4 3 5 5 4—42
E C B Erickson (mil.)	4 5 4 5 3 5 4 3 4 4—41
Herbert (mil.)	4 5 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 5—40

Decimal Off-Hand.

W D Palmer	6 9 10 10 10 8 9 8 10 7—87
J Francis (A)	6 9 6 8 10 7 9 7 8 7—77
R Reed	5 9 10 4 6 8 9 9 7 9—76
J Lemons	7 9 7 7 6 9 6 9 7 7—74

Victory Medal Match.

J N Frye	8 9 8 7 8 10 7 8 9 10—84
W D Palmer	8 6 8 10 10 9 8 7 8 8—82
R Davis	8 7 7 7 5 7 10 6 7 6—72

Rest Match.

J N Frye	10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 9—98
D L Chase	9 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10—97
S Wilder	9 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 8 9—95

500 Yards Match.

S Wilder	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—49
C W Hodgdon	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5—48
C B Edwards	5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5—48

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 15.—Match with Waltham, Mass., seven men each, 200 ds., off-hand, Creedmoor target. The first seven scores for the team, the other two men shooting simply for the club medal and for practice:

Perry	4544335444—40	Jones	3435444544—40
Fenner	4445554454—44	Burns	3445555454—44
Ward	4400444404—28	Ayres	5454444554—44—285
Moore	5554445445—45		
Curtis	3343443445—36	Lonngren	4434444443—38

The Waltham Club shoot to-day and our club shot yesterday, telegraphing the scores this evening.—R. H. BURNS.

TOPEKA, Kansas, Aug. 14.—To-day the weekly rifle shoot of the Capital City Rifle Club took place on their range west of the fair grounds. The club is constantly growing in marksmanship and will soon be able to be classed among the leading clubs of the West. The target used is a Massachusetts decimal with a possible 100 points. The range is 200yds. and the shooting must be off-hand. The first score stood, first 10: R. Thompson 39, G. Morrison 34, H. P. Dillon 26, F. H. Martin 23, J. M. Clark 47, J. R. McCarter 40, J. T. Williams 38. Second score—R. Thompson 49, G. Morrison 60, H. P. Dillon 35, F. H. Martin 52, J. M. Clark 55, J. R. McCarter 44, J. T. Williams 36, J. H. Leonard 52. The shoot between a part of the German rifle team and 6 selected from the Capital City team will occur next Saturday, Aug. 22. This promises to be an interesting match as the 12 selected will represent the best marksmen in the clubs.

SUMMIT VS. SPRINGFIELD.—Rifle match shot between the champion rifle shots of Summit and Springfield, N. J., the Summit team consisting of the famous rifle squirrel shot, Paddy Ryan, and the mountaineer hunter, Geo. Pudney; the Springfield team composed of the old stand-bys, E. E. Miller and N. C. Jobs. Conditions, 25 shots each man at 25 and 50yds. respectively, off-naud, open sights, and Creedmoor targets and rules. Miller's score at 25yds. was 108 points out of a possible 125; at 50yds., 108 points also, total 216. Jobs at 25yds., 98 points, at 50yds., 103, total, 201. Ryan at 25yds., 99 points; at 50yds., 91 points, total, 190. Pudney at 25yds., 104 points; at 50yds., 105, total, 209. The grand total was Miller and Jobs 417 points against 399 of Ryan and Pudney of the Summit team, thus scoring an advantage of 18 points in favor of the Springfield team. Mr. Ryan was not feeling very well and his rifle seemed to sympathize with him, so that he proposes to have the match over again on some near future day.

BULL'S HEAD RIFLE CLUB, Aug. 7, 12-ring target, possible 120: C. F. Gensch 109, L. Bradfish 107, A. Sandlinger 100, H. Wasmuth 97, D. Loutzki 92, A. Liss 90, A. Shaw 85.

RIFLE NOTE.—The Canadian militia complain vigorously of the inferior quality of the ammunition furnished by the military authorities.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FALMOUTH, Mass., Aug. 14.—The Falmouth Gun Club entertained on their grounds yesterday for an afternoon's sweepstake shooting the following members of the New Bedford Gun Club: Messrs. Plummer, Snow, Post, Butts, Smith, Cummings, Homer, Allen, Hussey, Stapelford and Kane. Mr. Butts, of the N. B.'s, holds the individual championship blackbird badge for Southern Massachusetts. A very high wind down the range was a financial benefit to the home club. Five clays, 5 angles, thrown low. 1.—Walker 1, Palmer 2, Snow 0, Post 3, Butts 4, Smith 2, Hussey 0, Cummings 1, Homer 1, G. W. Jones 3, Swift 5, Stapleford 1, Kane 0, Allen 4, W. B. Jones 0, J. H. Jones 2, Sargent 2, A. Jones 1, Harlow 3. Smith won first, Allen and Butts divided second. Jones and Smith third. 2.—Walker 3, Plummer 2, Snow 0, Post 3, Butts 2, Smith 3, Hussey 1, Cummings 1, Homer 3, G. W. Jones 3, Swift 3, Stapleford 1, Kane 1, Allen 4, W. B. Jones 0, J. H. Jones 3, Allen and Swift divided first, G. W. Jones and Smith second, Butts third. 3.—Plummer 3, Snow 2, Post 3, Butts 4, Smith 4, Hussey 1, Cummings 1, Homer 1, G. W. Jones 4, Swift 5, Stapleford 0, Kane 1, Allen 2. Swift first, Smith 2, Plummer third. 4.—Three pairs, 15yds.: Walker 2, Plummer 4, Snow 1, Post 4, Butts 5, Smith 3, Hussey 2, Cummings 2, Homer 1, G. W. Jones 3, Swift 4, Kane 1, Allen 2. Butts first, Post second, Smith and G. W. Jones third. 5.—Pair match, two men paired by lot: Smith and Jones 8, first, Butts and Kane, 6, second, Homer and Walker and Snow and Swift 5 each and divided third. 6.—Plummer 4, Snow 1, Post 3, Butts 4, Smith 3, Homer 1, G.W. Jones 1, Allen 5, Swift 4, Kane 0. Allen first, Swift second, Post third.

MACON, Ga., Aug. 11.—The inter-State shotgun and wing-shooting tournament now in progress here with a capital programme of sport at live pigeons, English sparrows, leather-wing bats, clays and balls. To-day there was a team shoot at clays well contested, the scores standing in it:

Chatham Gun Club—J. C. Manning, single 4, double 9; T. B. May, single 9, double 7; E. A. Crawford, single 6, double 7—42.

Forest City Gun Club—C. H. Sheftal single 4, double 6: John Rucker, single 8, double 5; Henry Rucker, single 4, double 9—36.

Harderville Gun Club—T. T. Hall, single 8, double 6; C. A. Williams, single 5, double 4; Thomas Martin, single 6, double 8—37.

Macon Sportsman Association No. 1.—A. L. Butts, single 2, double 6; L. D. Lockhardt, single 7, double 2; Asher Ayres, single 7, double 7—31.

Macon Sportsman Association No. 2.—John Jones, single 4, double 5; Charles Taylor, single 4, double 3; T. C. Etbridge, single 6, double 7—29.

National Association Team—W. W. Parker, single 6, double 6; A. J. Rust, single 6, double 10; W. R. Curtis, single 4, double 3—35.

Among other scores made during the day in the regular matches were the following:

Match No. 2—Globe flights:

S M Roach	01111 01 10—6	T B Mays	11101 11 01—7
J C Manning	11101 11 10—7	E A Crawford	10010 00 10—3
Thos Martin	10010 11 10—6	I C Williams	00000 11 10—3
H Rucker	10111 10 00—5	J Rucker	10111 11 11—8
J L Cook	00101 11 01—5	Asher Ayres	10111 11 00—6
Chas Taylor	11100 11 11—7	A I Rust	01010 10 11—5
J C Jones	01010 00 11—4	T T Hall	11010 11 10—6
G S McAlpine	10111 01 11—7		

Rucker first, Taylor second, Martin third.

Match No. 4, clay-pigeons—T. Martin 7, A. Ayers 8, A. J. Rust 8, A. L. Butts 5, T. T. Hall 9, John Rucker 8, H. C. Hill 5, J. S. McAlpin 5, J. C. Manning 5, P. B. Mays 6, W. Rucker 6.

Match No. 6, extra, clay-pigeons, doubles:

T Martin	11 10 10—4	P B Mays	10 11 11—5
D B Mays	11 11 11—6	J Roach	01 11 10—4
G S McAlpin	10 10 11—4	Thomas Martin	11 11 11—6
A J Rust	11 01 10—4	E A Crawford	11 11 10—5
W W Perdix	11 01 11—5		

BLAIR, Nebraska, Aug. 12.—A shooting tournament was held at the Independent Gun Club's grouads at this city on yesterday, under the auspices of the Blair Gun Club, and participated in by clubs from Tekamah and an expert from Illinois. Following is the score at 10 glass balls, 18yds. rise:

W Humphries	0001101001—4	J E Merriam	1101110111—8
F H Claridge	1101011101—7	G Cachelin	1001311010—6
F O Paulger	0110111111—8	A White	1011101101—7
F H Lee	0111111111—9	J Keppell	1110111111—9
F Beard	1111111011—9	C E Atwater	1101110111—8
C E Bardwell	1111001111—8		

Ties on first: Lee 5, Beard 5, Keppell 0, Lee and Beard divide. Ties on second: Paulger 3, Bardwell 5, Merriam 4, Atwater 4, Claridge and White divide third.

Second, at 7 birds, 25yds. rise:

Humphries	1000111—4	Atwater	0101010—3
Keppell	1110110—5	Cachelin	1101111—6
White	0111111—6	J Barton	0001111—4
Paulger	0011101—4	Bardwell	1101110—5
Claridge	1000011—3	L Warrick	1111011—6
Beard	0111111—6	Lee	0111110—5

Ties on first: White 1, Cachelin 2, Beard 3, Warrick 2. Ties on second: Keppell 2, Lee 2, Bardwell 3. Ties on third, miss and out: Humphries 5, Paulger 0, Barton 6.

Third, at 7 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise:

Paulger	0001011—3	Atwater	1110110—5
Beard	1000101—3	Humphries	1011010—4
White	1111110—6	Geo Thompson	0010011—3
Bardwell	1100101—4	Lee	0001011—3
Claridge	1111110—6	Barton	1111010—5
Cachelin	0101000—2		

Ties on first, 20yds.: White 1, Claridge 2. Atwater and Barton divide second and Bardwell and Humphries divide third.

Fourth, at 5 birds, 25yds. rise: Cachelin 5, E. A. Palmer 2, Thompson 2, White 4, Atwater 3, Barton 3, Keppel 1, Humphries 4, Bardwell 3, Claridge 4, E. F. Cook 5, Beard 3, Lee 2. Cook and Cachelin divide first, White won second, Beard won third.

Fifth, at 5 doubles (1 glass ball and 1 clay-pigeon), 15yds. rise:

Bardwell	11 11 10 11 10—8	Lee	10 11 10 10 10—6
Barton	01 10 01 11 11—7	M D Bedal	11 11 11 00 11—8
Claridge	01 11 11 01 00—6	Cachelin	11 10 10 00 10—5
Humphries	11 10 01 10 00—5	Beard	11 11 10 11 00—7
Atwater	10 01 10 10 11—6	Merriam	10 11 11 11 01—8
White	11 10 01 11 11—8		

Bardwell and Merriam divide first, Beard won second, Claridge won third.

Sixth, at 10 glass balls, 18yds. rise: Palmer 9, Cachelin 6, Atwater 7, Claridge 5, Merriam 4, Bedal 5, Bardwell 7, White 7, Lee 6, Thompson 6, Beard 8, Humphries 4, Keppell 5. Palmer won first, Beard won second, and Atwater, Bardwell and White divide third.

Seventh, at 7 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise: Bardwell 5, Merriam 5, White 6, Atwater 6, Beard 6, Humphries 4, Claridge 0, Cook 7, Lee 3. Cook won first. White, Atwater and Beard divided second, and Bardwell and Merriam divided third.—ED. F. COOK, Secretary I. G. C.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—Prize and practice shoot at Wellington, Mass., Aug. 14.—A few of the members of the Boston Gun Club assembled on the grounds at Wellington, Mass. This was the fourth shoot for the elegant prize list put out by the club. A good strong wind was blowing, and the birds being sent 65 to 85yds. from the trap, made it difficult shooting. The result for the day's shooting was: Snow and Ward tied for first prize, followed closely by Spencer, Miles, Mitchell and Philbrick. Following are the separate events: First event, 7 singles, 1 trap, 18yds.: Holden first, W. A. Spencer, G. F. Cutting and J. S. Snow divided second, J. Philbrick and J. Smith, third. Second event, 7 singles: J. Snow first, Spencer second, Holden and Smith third. Third event, 7 birds; Snow first, Spencer second, Philbrick and Cutting third. Fourth event, 7 singles: Spencer first, Snow second, Philbrick third. Fifth event, 7 birds: Snow first, Spencer second, Philbrick third. Sixth event, 7 birds, Spencer first, Philbrick and Snow second. Seventh event, 7 singles: Snow and Holden first, Spencer and Mitchell divided second, Philbrick third. Eighth event, 7 birds: Philbrick won first, Cutting and Mitchell second, Holden and Spencer won third.

KINGSTON, N. J., Aug. 10.—Kingston Gunning Club match at clay-birds, screened trap, 4th notch, 18yds., for silver club badge:

J Stryker	1111111111—10	W W Van Duyn	0101111010—5
C H McDonald	1111111111— 9	C Smith	1010110100—5
E Lichenor	1111110111— 9	J Blackwell	1010010011—6
G Snook	1101010111— 7	E Stout	1111010000—5

After the match the following officers were elected for six months: President, C. H. McDonald; Treasurer, J. Stryker; Secretary, J. Lichenor.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—The attendance of shotgun admirers at the Walnut Hill Range to-day was fair. The Massachusetts rifle team carried away the first prize. Mr. J. N. Frye's score of 20 out of a possible 21 on the team match has never been beaten on this range. Following are the results of the different events:

Team Match.

Mass. Rifle Association—1st Team	10 singles.	3 pairs.	5 clays	Pow-Wow Gun Club.	10 singles.	3 pairs.	5 clays
Stanton	10	4	3	Eastman	9	3	3
Law	10	4	4	Rowell	9	4	4
Snow	6	5	5	Lovering	5	3	4
Totals	26	13	11—50	Totals	23	10	11—44
Mass. Rifle Association—3d Team				Malden Gun Club.			
Souther	6	2	4	Brown	8	3	4
Williams	7	5	5	Warren	9	3	2
Nichols	9	6	5	Edwards	6	4	2
Totals	22	13	14—49	Totals	23	10	8—41
Mass. Rifle Association—2d Team				Lowell Rod and Gun Club.			
Dickey	7	5	5	Knowles	9	3	3
Curtis	8	5	3	Piper	7	2	1
Tidsbury	9	6	5	Lovejoy	8	3	4
Totals	23	13	12—48	Totals	24	8	8—40

Individual badges were won by Tidsbury, Dickey, Stanton and Knowles, and they will hold badges A, B, C and D respectively.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 14.—Knoxville Gun Club gold medal match, 3 traps; 15yds. rise, 3 angles, at blackbirds:

C Deaderick, 18yds ..... 111100111101001100111110—17
J C Duncan ..... 011111101111011111111110—21
T C Eldridge ..... 110100110011101111011110—17
M O French ..... 010100100000011010110000— 9
A H Hebbard ..... 111111011111111101101011—21
F N Hodge ..... 101010010001001001111101—12
J B Kelly ..... 011111110100110000110010—14
F S Mead ..... 111011111111111111111111—24
J M Ross ..... 011100011110100110111011—18
J E Ross ..... 110010110000111010100001—12
J W Slocum ..... 010111010110010111101111—17
C M Woodbury ..... 1111010011010 1100010110—15
Hugh Worsham ..... 111011010101100010111000I—14
Ameer Scrub ..... 111001101111011011111010—18

Silver medal match, 3 traps, 18yds. rise, 3 angles, at clay-pigeons:

C Deaderick	111100111110011—11	F S Mead	111101011101110—11
J C Duncan	111111111011010—12	J M Ross	111111101011111—13
T C Eldridge	001111111111113	J Ed Ross	110031010100000— 5
M O French	000000101010000— 3	J W Slocum	011111110111010—11
A H Hebbard	111101101111010—11	C Woodbury	111010000111001— 8
F N Hodge	000111000000010— 4	H Worsham	110101111100101—10
J B Kelly	000100000011010— 3	Ameer Scrub	111110011000010— 8

Ross won in the shoot off.

CLINTON, Aug. 14.—On the grounds of the Clinton Sportsman's Club there was a contest to-day for the individual New England blackbird championship medal, 12 singles and 6 pair birds; Eager—singles 10, doubles 10; Webber—singles 10, doubles 3; Sampson—singles 7, doubles 1. Webber and Sampson withdrew on doubles after shooting 6 times each. Eager having won the badge 3 times out of 5 matches it now becomes his individual property.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—F. C. BISHOP, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 15-30—Quaker City Y. C., Annual Cruise, Delaware and Chesapeake Bays.
Aug. 20, 22 and 24—Trial Races, N. Y. Y. C. Course.
Aug. 20—Toledo Y. C., Third Club Regatta.
Aug. 22—Corinthian Y. C., Third Championship.
Aug. 22—Larchmont Y. C., Oyster Boat Race.
Aug. 24 and 25—Michigan Y. C., Regatta at Lake St. Clair.
Aug. 25—Michigan Y. C., Open Inter-Lake Regatta.
Aug. 25—Pentucket Y. C., Club Race.
Aug. 26—Greenwich Y. C., Annual Regrita
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott. Third Championship Regatta
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 7, 9, 11—America Cup Races.
Sept. 7, 9, 14—America Cup Races.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 12—Corinthian Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 14—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Sept. 15—N. Y. Y. C., Bennett and Douglas Cups.
Sept. 17—N. Y. Y. C., Brenton's Cup Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 22—N. Y. Y. C., Cape May Cup Race.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

THE TRIAL RACES.

THE following programme for the races has been issued by the Regatta Committee:

"The yachts entered for these trial contests must be hove to in the immediate neighborhood of buoy No. 18, in the upper bay, on the morning of the races over the club course one-half hour before the time appointed for the start, and on the morning of the races outside of Sandy Hook they must be hove to or at anchor off the government dock in Sandy Hook Bay one hour previous to the time appointed for the start, and each yacht must be ready to send a boat with the representative of the yacht aboard of the judges' boat to receive instructions. The place of starting for the outside races will be from the Scotland or the Sandy Hook Lightship, according to the direction of the wind, and failing verbal directions the yachts will proceed to whichever point is signaled from the judges' boat. The International Code flag 'B' will signify the Scotland Lightship and 'D' will signify the Sandy Hook Lightship. 'G' will signify that the course will be triangular and 'J' will signify that the course will be twenty miles to windward or leeward and return.

"In the outside races, at the start and the finish, the competing yachts must pass between the judges' boat and the lightship, and in the triangular race, when rounding the marks, they will keep outside of the stakeboats or buoys used to designate the course. In the windward or leeward race, the yachts will keep the outer mark on the starboard hand.

"Buoys displaying red flags will be used to mark the courses and the turning points of the outside course, and the buoys, and not the tugboats, are to be turned. When the tug or judges' boat is running off a course she will display no flags until she has reached the mark, when she will display the New York Y. C. flag alone, and keep it flying as long as she remains at the mark.

"The rules of the New York Y. C., including those for time allowance, will govern these contests, and the sailings directions are as follows:

"Yachts while sailing must carry their private signals at the main peak. The signal for starting will be as follows: Preparatory signal—one long blast of the steam whistle on the judges' boat, and at the same time the United States ensign will be lowered from the bow staff and a Blue Peter set in its place. Five minutes after there will be a second blast of the steam whistle from the judges' boat, and the Blue Peter will be lowered and the New York Y. C. signal set in its place, when the time of each yacht will be taken as it crosses the line.

"Two minutes later there will be a third blast of the steam whistle given, and this time shall be recorded as the time of any yacht starting thereafter.

"The necessary particulars as to the outside courses will be given on the morning of each race.

"In the race over the club course yachts in starting will cross an imaginary line drawn from the judges' boat to buoy No. 18, opposite Owl's Head, L. I.; thence (keeping outside of Fort Lafayette) to and around buoy No. 10, passing to the west and south of it; thence to buoy No. 8½, passing south of it and north of buoy No. 5, off the point of Sandy Hook, to and around Sandy Hook Lightship, turning it from north and east, and then return over the same course to the westward of the home stakeboat, which will be anchored abreast of and to the eastward of buoy No. 15. All yachts must pass to the eastward of West Bank buoys Nos. 9, 11, 13 and 15, and to the westward of red buoys Nos. 10½, 12, 14 and 16, both going out and returning home. These races must be made in seven hours. Special attention, too, is called to the fact that these races are for the purpose of finding out which is the fastest yacht, and those in charge of the competing yachts are expected to do their best to further the end in view, both in the spirit and the letter, avoiding interfering, as far as possible, with other competing yachts.

"The races will be started on each day at 10:30 A. M.

"The first race will take place on Thursday, Aug. 20, over an outside course.

"The second race will be sailed on Saturday, Aug. 22, and also over an outside course.

"The third race will be sailed on Monday, Aug. 24, over the New York Y. C. course, and if further races are necessary they will be sailed on succeeding or alternate days, according to circumstances, as the committee on the America's Cup of the N. Y. Y. C. may direct."

J. F. TAMS,
C. H. STEBBINS,
J. A. MONTANT,
Regatta Committee.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17, 1885.

PRISCILLA.

AFTER her return from Newport Priscilla went directly to Poillon's yard, where her mast was lifted out and taken ashore. A piece 5ft. 3in. long was cut off the heel, to compensate for which a longer topmast was added. Her masthead was protected by iron plates at each corner under the eyes of the rigging, but these were twisted by the heavy strain and the wood underneath them was crushed considerably. The bracket from which the throat halliard was hung had also pressed into the wood in spite of the iron straps. An iron funnel has been placed over the masthead to take the strain off the shrouds. Two openings have been cut in each of her channel plates to lessen the drag. On hauling out her bottom was found to be in very bad condition, the paint being badly blistered. She has been scraped smooth and potleaded, and will be much better in respect to bottom than she has yet been. Her topsides have been painted and a gold stripe added, which materially improves her appearance.

NEW YORK Y. C. CUPS.

BESIDE the races for the America's Cup it is probable that other races will be sailed for the four cups now in possession of the club. These are the Cape May cup, for sloops and schooners, without allowance, over a course from Sandy Hook to Five Fathom Lightship off Cape May and return; the Brenton's Reef cup, also without allowance for size or rig, from Sandy Hook around Brenton's Reef Lightship and return; and the two cups for schooners and sloops, presented by Com. Bennett and Vice-Com. Douglas, for sloops and cutters only, over an outside triangular course, with allowance. The date of Sept. 15 has been set for the latter race, Sept. 17 for the Brenton's Reef race, and Sept. 22 for the Cape May race. No entries have yet been made for any of these races but it is probable that Genesta will enter and also the larger sloops, cutters and schooners. None of the races filled last season and the races were not sailed, but the presence of Genesta this year has brought things to racing pitch and there will in all probability be some fine sport after the Cup races. These four cups have been in the club lockers long enough, and it speaks little for the spirit of owners when they go begging and the entries do not fill.

PURITAN.

THE Boston sloop has been for a week in New York Bay sailing over the course and trying new sails. On Monday she hauled out at the screw dock for cleaning and painting. Her wooden bottom is yet new and very rough, but it has been smoothed off and potleaded carefully, showing her white sides in bold contrast. About 1900 pounds of lead have been run into her keel as fast as possible, allowing some of the inside weight to be dispensed with. Hundreds of persons have visited the screw dock in the past few days to see the boat, most of them also visiting the Priscilla, hauled out further up the street. Comments have been passed on the white sloop by yachtsmen, sailors, builders, sailmakers and boating men of all shades of opinion, from the ultra cutter to the sandbagger, but nearly all are favorable to the white boat. She certainly is a surprise to all, differing from anything known to New York yachtsmen in her harmonious combination of many diverse features. A centerboard sloop she undoubtedly is, but apart from her beam it would be saying a good deal to deny that there is more cutter than sloop in her, both in model, rig and fittings. Her designer has copied nothing blindly, but has been wonderfully happy in his selection and adaptation of the features of sloop and cutter. She will be ready in good time for Thursday's race.

ANNISQUAM REGATTA, AUG. 14.

THE Cape Ann Y. C. sailed an open regatta on the Annisquam River, in which thirty-seven yachts competed, all being under 26ft. The course for the first and second class was from a line between the stakeboat off John Hodgkins's cafe and Russ Island, down the river to Black Buoy on Squam Bar and turn the buoy; then up the river to a stakeboat off Prison's Point in Little River, thence to the starting point, distance, eight miles. And for third class was from Russ Island up Little River to a stakeboat off Prison Point, thence down the river to the stone beacon off Annisquam, thence up the river to the starting line; distance, seven miles. A start was made at 2:05 P. M. for first class, 2:15 for second, and 2:25 for third, nine yachts starting in the first class, nine in the second, and eleven in the third. The times were:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Black Cloud, Brown	23.00	1 56 42	1 29 12
Adele, Haskell	21.04	2 01 17	1 40 13
Kitt wake, Cunningham	20 09	2 11 29	1 41 37
Venus, McKenzie	24.01	2 16 44	1 50 15
Fatinitza, Thomas	20.05	2 17 34	1 46 20
Jalma, Proctor	21 07	2 22 59	1 54 02
SECOND CLASS.			
Sassacus, Griffin	16 08	1 59 04	1 23 54
Puritan, Tucker	17.05	2 07 12	1 33 08
Spark, Gaffney	16.11	2 15 06	1 40 26
Eusymone, James	19.10	2 17 22	1 46 26
THIRD CLASS.			
Owl, Davis	14.08	2 13 08	1 39 30
Dione, Hodgkins	16.05	2 10 33	1 39 40
Nancy D., Oakes	15.05	2 12 54	1 40 24

Black Cloud wins first prize, $12; Adele, $10; Kittewake, $8. In second class the winners were Sassacus, $10; Puritan, $5; and in third class, Owl, $6; Dione, $3.

The regatta committee were William J. Maddocks, Geo. H. Proctor and John S. Presson. The judges were H. Frank Sanford, William J. Maddocks and M. Herbert Nichols.

QUINCY Y. C., AUG. 14.

THE second championship regatta of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 14, off Meare's Beach in a reefing breeze from southeast, over the club course. In the first class Queen Mab and Erin made a close race for a time, but the former finally won easily, taking Com. Adam's championship pennant for the second time. Diadem led the second class for a time but Niobe finally passed her. Flora Lee, in third class, outsailed the entire second class.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Queen Mab, E. L. Burwell	22.08	1 37 11	1 09 21
Erin, John Cavanagh	27.02	1 51 09	1 27 17
SECOND CLASS.			
Niobe, J. E. Sayles	20.06	1 17 05	0 50 43
Mabel, Geo. R. Howe	20.05	1 19 38	0 53 11
Tartar, F. Dunne	20.00	1 21 15	0 51 22
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.10	1 23 17	0 57 14
Diadem, L. Hayward	18.07	1 25 50	0 59 25
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18.01	1 27 15	0 58 15
Posy, Bumpus & Crane	20.05	1 25 31	0 59 04
Pet, J. McFarland	20.01	1 26 35	0 59 48
Christine, George F. Russell	19.00	1 27 45	0 59 48
Spray, Henry M. Faxon	19 04	1 27 51	1 00 16
Maisie, J. H. Slade	20.00	1 30 20	1 03 27
THIRD CLASS.			
Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln	17.03	1 11 16	0 45 33
Elfin, J. F. Culley	16.08	1 25 35	0 59 13
Guenn, W. L. Dearborn	17.10	1 24 55	0 59 28
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.09	1 25 53	0 49 35
Mischief, D. W. Belcher	16.10	1 26 25	1 00 15
Undine, H. French	17.03	Not taken.	

The judges were Peter B. Turner, W. T. Babcock and ex-Commodore George W. Morton. The judges' boat was Captain Veader's yacht Water Lily.

Niobe wins one leg for the second class pennant, besides first prize. Mabel takes second prize, Flora Lee takes the pennant.

THE RACES OF THE NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.

THE annual cruise of the New York Y. C. and the accompanying races have this year possessed a new feature, that has completely overshadowed all others, and has attracted more attention than any issue that has been before the yachting world in many years. There was once a time when the fleet was composed almost entirely of schooners, or at least when the interest centered entirely in the schooner racing, following which came the sloops of 60 to 70ft. waterline, their contests becoming more important each year as the interest in the schooners waned, while at the same time the 50ft. class of sloops added their share to the sport. Within the past five years the advent of the cutter and the warm controversy over keel or board has made the contests between the larger single-stickers by far the most important feature of the races, those between the larger schooners, keel and centerboard, attracting much less attention.

For the past five years the names most prominent in the events about Newport have been Mischief, Gracie, Bedouin, Wenonah, Fanny, Ileen, Hildegarde, Vision and Arrow, the greater glory being divided among them, next to which the contests of Fortuna with Montauk and Grayling claimed a place. Not only has less interest than usual been felt in the performances of these boats this season, but none of them have acquitted themselves as creditably as heretofore, and what they have done has excited but little attention compared with the races of two boats of an entirely new class. Large schooners and moderate sized sloops and cutters have both, for a time, had their day, and for this season at least a new style of craft engrosses the attention of all yachtsmen, and their duels have completely dwarfed the racing of the other yachts.

Both the new yachts have been described in detail in FOREST AND STREAM, but before looking at their performances a closer comparison of their individual points will be of interest, especially as they meet again this week in a series of still more important races. Broadly speaking, both are centerboard sloops, but in view of the imported innovations and unpatriotic improvements that have crept into American practice within a few years past such definition gives little idea of their model, rig or equipment. Looking first at the hulls Priscilla more closely follows American ideas. Both yachts have relatively great beam and moderate depth as distinguished from the cutter type, but on the other hand the beam is much less than that commonly given to American sloops, while the depth is proportionately greater. In sheer and freeboard also there is a marked difference, both of the new boats having less of the former and more of the latter than any of their smaller predecessors. In this respect the Priscilla with her straight sheer increased in appearance by the plain black side from waterline to rail, unbroken by plank sheer or gold stripe, as well as by her short angular counter, resembles more the cutters we are familiar with here, while the Puritan follows more closely the sloop, having a fair and graceful sweep from knighthead to taffrail, heightened in effect by a wide gilt band below the plank-sheer, adding greatly to her appearance. On the other hand in the matter of beam the Boston boat has actually the same amount with a shorter length, making her a proportionately wider boat. Both boats have the plumb stem once so rare among our sloops, but now too common to excite special notice, while aft they differ greatly. The Priscilla has a short thick counter, far from handsome in itself and aggravating the effect of the high side, giving a stumpy and heavy look to the after part of the boat, while the Puritan has the long overhang of the thorough cutter, light, graceful and adding immensely to the finish of her after body.

Most of these features are apparent to the eye, and are perhaps more matters of taste than of vital importance, but there is another point not visible on inspection afloat, in which the two yachts differ most materially. Although the Priscilla is built of iron and the Puritan of wood, their displacement and weight of ballast do not vary greatly, but in the manner in which the latter is disposed of lies the main point of difference between them. The iron boat has her lead, some 45 tons, stowed inside hanging on the frames, while the wooden boat has 25 tons beneath her in the shape of a large outside keel through which her centerboard works, her remaining 20 tons being disposed of inside. Another point of difference in this connection is that while Priscilla's hull is carried down nearly to her full depth, with a keel only 5x3in. outside, Puritan, with the same draft, has less depth of hull and a much deeper and wider keel, the latter being 15in. on bottom.

Within the half dozen years that outside, or more properly low ballast, has been common with us, it has been tried on all forms of yachts and with uniformly good results, except in one class of boat, where it was joined with wide beam and moderate or small depth, in which case, while there has been a gain in stiffness and sail-carrying power, the speed of the boat in rough water has in some cases been seriously impeded owing to her violent motions. From the experience in these cases, it has been feared by some that while very stiff and fast in smooth water, the Puritan would feel the strain of the low weight in a sea, but judging by her behavior in the rough weather of Aug. 3, no such results need be apprehended in her case, as she not only stood up and sailed very fast, but her motion was easy considering the sea running. Still one point of difference remains between them, the Priscilla has the vertical sternpost of the sloop, while the Puritan's rakes well aft as in the cutter, the latter's keel also having a rocker with its greatest depth amidships, while Priscilla's is straighter, with the depth at the heel of the sternpost.

It will be seen then that while both are really American centerboard sloops, they differ in model from the boats so long known by that name, having little in common with Fannie, Gracie, Arrow and others of their time. Again comparing them with each other, the Puritan, in the matter of keel and low weight, as well as in the long counter and raking sternpost, resembles the cutter, while the corresponding features in the Priscilla are those of the sloop.

No less important than the hull and ballast is the rig, and in this point a marked difference exists between the two boats. Priscilla's rig is neither sloop nor cutter, but a cross between the two; while Puritan has, with two exceptions, the full cutter rig. In proportions of sails and spars, Priscilla's rig is that of a sloop with double headsails, her mast being very long with a short topmast, while her gaff is short in proportion, the entire rig being lofty and narrow. Her mainsail is laced to the boom, her bowsprit is fixed and the jib is set on a fixed stay, so that the rig may be called that of a sloop as the term is now understood. Looking at the details, however, the back stays, runners, quarter lifts and similar gear, though found on many sloops, are essentially part of the cutter rig, while the traveler on her boom and the entire fittings of the masthead claim the same origin. Puritan's rig is planned more nearly on the proportions of the cutter, and with the exception of a laced mainsail and a fixed bowsprit, the details are entirely so. The jib is set flying with an outhaul on the bowsprit, several sizes being provided, as in a cutter, the mast is comparatively short, with a long topmast, the area of sail is low and long, and all the minor details are parts of the regular cutter rig.

The purpose for which these two yachts have been built is generally known to be to provide a better yacht than any of the old ones to meet Genesta and possibly Galatea, and to this end a series of trial races had been arranged to take place after the cruise, consequently the main feature of the week's racing was the fight between these two big ones, something that we may not see again in some years. Built for a special purpose, they are of a size that will hardly become popular here for the sloop rig, and unless some new occasion arises they will both, in all probability, be converted into schooners after the races, leaving our sloop class as before, 70ft. and under.

Prior to the cruise the pair had not met, one being built in Boston and one in Wilmington and New York; and while the former had sailed one successful race and had been well tried, the latter had not raced, though under sail for a month previous.

The first day of the race saw Priscilla alone with the fleet on the run from the rendezvous at Glen Cove to New London, 90 miles, a scrub race to windward, in which no prizes were offered, but all did their best. Against her were Bedouin, Ileen, Gracie, Arrow and Mischief. Starting at 5:30 A. M., they all went off closely together, with a topsail breeze or rather more from N.E. The tide was against the fleet as they tacked out, Priscilla soon being first. After a couple of hours she was well ahead, with Gracie second, Bedouin and the schooner Grayling next to her. In the calm that followed she still kept her lead, and when near New London was still ahead. Meanwhile Grayling passed Gracie and finally Bedouin passed both, taking second place to Priscilla. Montauk and all the others were far astern. Entering New London Bedouin was very close to the new sloop, and as the latter grounded she passed her, being first boat in. Grayling came next and then Gracie, while the Priscilla was hauled off by a steamer, the Osprey. Mischief came in during the night and the rest in the early morning. Of the schooners, Grayling in the light weather was far and away the best, leaving all. But the times of the boats were taken on their arrival, but are not correct, as Bedouin was first instead of third. But for grounding Priscilla would have beaten her by only a few minutes, and while the fluky weather precluded any real test, the race, such as it was, gave little advantage to Priscilla over Bedouin or Gracie.

In New London harbor was the white yacht on which Boston had pinned her hopes, clean-lined, staunch and handsome, and thus far with a successful record to back her. The race of 45 miles from New London to Newport, on Aug. 8, was sailed in a S. E. wind, light enough for jibtopsails, a wind that served all alike with little flukings. The times of start and finish were both taken, by which Puritan beats Priscilla 34 seconds, but the latter claims a delay of several minutes for the purpose of starting even with Puritan. When off Watch Hill Grayling led, with Priscilla, Puritan and Gracie in order. Puritan lost some time through her jibtopsail tearing, and later on was blanketed by the sloop Fanny, which was not in the race but came

out to meet the fleet, tacking directly on Puritan's weather bow and taking her wind. All things considered honors were about even between the two new boats on this their first trial, a race in smooth water and light winds, and while the times show a victory for Puritan it is very small. What is more important is that she beat Gracie by 16 min., Bedouin by 17 min., Mischief by half an hour and Grayling and Montauk by 6 and 7 minutes, according to which showing both of the new boats were considerably faster than the old on corrected time. As if Puritan's success were not enough, Boston secured a second victory when Fortuna beat both of her old rivals, Montauk and Grayling, in light winds and smooth water.

The chief event of the cruise was, of course, the race for the Goelet Cups, no mere drift nor fluking match, but a heavy weather contest that sent home half a dozen wrecks and made the winners work hard for their prizes. The wind was strong from S. E. with a heavy sea; in fact the best idea of the weather may be gained from the casualties. Many of the entries did not start, and of those that did Gracie and Grayling soon felt tired and came back. Dauntless and Wanderer carried away their gaffs, the mainsail of the former breaking in two, Mohican lost her foremast, masthead and jibboom, and was generally wrecked in her rigging, Stranger suffered sorely in rigging, Clio snapped her jib stay and Bedouin lost her bowsprit short off. Neither Isis, Athlon nor Stranger crossed the finish line. In this weather Puritan sailed a splendid race, beating her opponent fairly and squarely ten minutes on even time. With her weight outside and snug rig, Puritan walked away to windward, while Priscilla was punished by her heavy mast and lagged behind. The only single stick boat that made any show was Bedouin. Handicapped at the start, she had gained a good place and was carrying her topsail when her bowsprit gave way, disabling her completely. Of the schooners Fortuna and Montauk were left to fight it out alone, and in the heavy weather the grand qualities of the keel boat showed themselves, as she carried her topsail through the worst part of the race, while her rival was under lower sail only. The double victory went to Boston, and no one could deny that it went fairly.

Three other sails followed before the fleet disbanded, but though valuable for comparison, they were all of the nature of scrub races, and in no way equal to the race of Monday. On Aug. 5 the fleet left Newport for New Bedford, a run of thirty miles, with a foul tide over the first part of the course and smooth water except for a long roll to the sea, a reminder of Monday's turmoil. A good wind from the south came on the beam for a time and then dead aft, and all light stuff was set to catch it. The single-stick boats were Puritan, Priscilla, Gracie, Mischief, Athlon, Hesper, Isis, Vixen, Whileaway and Regina, while the schooner fleet numbered Grayling, Fortuna, Clytie, Nirvana, Dreadnaught, Estelle, Speranza, Norna, Princess, Dauntless, Clio, Marion Wentworth, Atalanta, Norseman, Wave Crest and Madeleine. In company at the start were Genesta and Stranger, the former under plain sail with a boat towing. Neither crossed the line, but both sailed with the fleet for a time, making no great exertions to keep up. Starting with a beam wind, Priscilla led Puritan, increasing her lead when the latter's balloon jibtopsail split and she was forced to take it in, while Gracie was well up in the van. Grayling had the best of the schooners in this light weather and won easily. The result of the race was that Priscilla beat Puritan by 1min. 16sec. elapsed time and 9min. 52sec. corrected, but further Gracie was but 9min, 14sec. astern of Priscilla, or 1min, 33sec. ahead of her in corrected time, while she led Puritan by 2min. even time, such a victory as Gracie has not scored before in a long while. Mischief, the only other one of her class, was 12min. astern of her, a place where she has seldom been found of late years, and to deduce any conclusions as to the speed of the four boats from these times would be a difficult matter. Suffice it to say that for once Priscilla outsailed the white sloop fairly, though the accident to the latter's sail delayed her some. Grayling arrived on even terms with Puritan, both Clytie and Nirvana hunting her closely and sailing well all day.

Next day saw another victory for Priscilla, though one that by no means proves that she is as fast as Puritan. Of course, a race is a race, and every boat must stand by its own accidents, breakdowns, as a rule, being perhaps the legitimate results of defective work or undue carrying on; but here we are not looking for final results, but for a comparison of the powers of two boats, and it is only fair to consider an accident, especially when of the only class for which there is a good excuse, the breaking of forged iron work from a hidden flaw. The course was short, only 25 miles, the wind fresh astern for a time with sheets in close at the last. Puritan led down wind and was well ahead of Priscilla when the windward work began, but when the race was half over, the iron link connecting the throat halliard block and the gaff broke and the throat fell. The sail was lowered and the damage repaired; but ten minutes were lost, in which time Priscilla was just even with her. The race started a second time and again Puritan beat, coming in 28s. ahead. The elapsed time shows 2m. 44s. in Priscilla's favor, or 1m. 20s. corrected; but allowing for the time lost by Puritan, it was really a victory for the latter. The schooner fleet was entirely changed in this race, the starters being: Clytie, Clio, Wave Crest, Wanderer, Norna, Princess, Dauntless, America, Dreadnaught, Speranza and Marion Wentworth, and this time the older ones showed up ahead, Dreadnaught winning, with America a close second, the rest well astern.

The last day of the cruise saw a race over the 40 miles from Vineyard Haven to Newport, starting to windward in a light breeze, then a long drift in a calm, and ending in a run with spinnakers before a good breeze into Newport; but on or off the wind, sailing or drifting, in light airs and stronger breezes, the white sloop showed her power, and finally beat the iron boat by nearly 7m. even time. Only Isis accompanied them, and the schooners had dwindled down to Dreadnaught, Fortuna, Norseman and Clytie. Norseman won with Fortuna 4m. astern.

In seeking to measure these performances of the new sloops by an established standard the name of Bedouin at once suggests itself as the leading yacht of later years and by odds the best, while of the schooners in ordinary weather Grayling certainly takes first place and may be considered nearly the equal of the cutter, her extra size about offsetting the difference in rig. Unfortunately neither of these boats were in all the races and in the most important of them the former was disabled and the latter thought with Gracie that "He who fights and runs away," etc., so that here no comparison is possible. Looking then at the entire series of races, not merely from the recorded times, but from all points of view, and considering the attendant circumstances, it is possible to draw some conclusions while waiting for the more thorough trials of this week. On the first day in light weather and with some chances for flukes, Priscilla was first in at the end of 90 miles, not counting her grounding, but really she had not outsailed on even terms Bedouin or Grayling, the three finishing about the same time. Puritan was not in this race, but on the following day, still in light weather, Puritan won by only a small fraction of time, but showed marked superiority in sailing, while as between old and new the two sloops were about on even terms with Grayling, as might have been expected, down wind and reaching, while they nearly doubled their time allowance on both Gracie and Bedouin, showing a marked gain over the two older boats. In the duster of Monday there was little left for comparison. "All signs fail in time of drought," similarly Grayling and Gracie fail as standards in such weather, but to the time of her disaster Bedouin was well within her allowance and sailing finely, so that the big sloops had little the best of her. Of the two latter Puritan showed up far and away better in rough water and plenty of wind, not only beating her rival easily but making her victory more remarkable from the manner in which it was accomplished. How they would have came out had Bedouin finished, it is impossible to say, but the big cutter had gone easily through the worst part of the race when she broke down, and was not far from the two leaders.

Wednesday's work is a puzzler, a short run down wind in which Priscilla beats Puritan by ten minutes, but at the same time does little more than save her allowance on Gracie, while the latter beats on even time both Puritan and Grayling, which came in together, a state of affairs from which it is hard to deduce any conclusion except that free in light weather Priscilla did fairly beat Puritan, even allowing for the latter's split sail. The race to Vineyard Haven showed a marked superiority in the sailing of Puritan, though the accident to her throat halliard lost her the race, but in spite of the time she lost she twice outsailed Priscilla fairly. The next day, the last of the cruise, showed a final victory for Puritan, winning easily in a light wind.

Between the boats the honors lie with the Boston sloop, not only for the greatest number of races on the record, but for the general superiority of her performance in all weathers over that of the Priscilla, and pending the result of the alterations just made in the latter, the Puritan must be adnitted to be our best hope in the coming races. Between the old and new boats the tests have not been as thorough, nor the results as evident. Priscilla did no better on the first day than Gracie, Bedouin or Grayling, only twice were Priscilla and Puritan entered against these three, and on one of these occasions, the run from New London to Newport, while they both beat Gracie and Bedouin over a quarter of an hour, they barely beat the schooner, while the other race, that for the Goelet Cups, saw Gracie and Grayling withdrawn, and Bedouin disabled, so that no test was possible. On the run to New Bedford it was Gracie's turn, and she gained her time on Priscilla and did still better with Puritan, while Grayling was not far behind, so it will be seen that the trials thus far, while by no means thorough, have failed to show that great superiority over our older boats which is necessary in a yacht which would meet Genesta successfully. The race of to-day, it is to be hoped, will bring out a goodly show of sloops, in order that the power of the new boats, not only as against each other, but as compared with our entire fleet, may be closely gauged before the final races.

HULL Y. C. OPEN REGATTA.

THE open regatta of the Hull Y. C. sailed on Saturday last, was a most successful affair in all ways, as the entries were numerous and the weather fine for racing. This year, for the first time, no entrance fee was charged, but entries were free to the yachts of all recognized yacht clubs, the result being that a fleet of 65 yachts, cutters, sloops and catboats, from 16 up to 40ft. crossed the starting line. This fleet was divided into 5 classes: 31 and under 40ft. corrected length, 24 and under 31ft., 21 and under 24ft., 19 and under 21ft., and yachts under 19ft. The first 3 classes were also divided in keel and centerboard. Three courses were laid out as follows: For first class —From starting line, leaving Hunt's ledge and Point Allerton buoys on starboard, Harding's bell boat on port, Graves whistling buoy on port, Ram Head buoy, Lovell's Island and Fort Warren on port, Galoupe's Island on starboard, to and across line between judges' boat and flagboat. Fifteen miles. For second and third classes—From starting line, leaving Hunt's ledge and Point Allerton buoys on starboard, Harding's bell boat on port, Martin's ledge buoy on port, Shagg Rocks on starboard, Hunt's ledge buoy on port, to and across line between judges' boat and flagboat. Twelve miles. For fourth and fifth classes—From starting line, in through Hull Gut, leaving bell buoy on starboard, flag boat one-half mile southeast on starboard, H. Y. C. barrel off Prince's Head on port, H. Y. C. barrel off northwest end of Bunkin Island on port, flag boat before mentioned on port, H. Y. C. barrel off Prince's Head on port, H. Y. C. barrel off northwest end of Bunkin Island on port, through Hull Gut, leaving bell buoy on port, across line between judges' boat and flag boat. Seven miles.

A long delay occurred at starting, as the guests' steamer Rose Standish was late in coming from Boston, but at 2 P. M. all were ready at Hull Gut, with a fresh southeast breeze waiting for them. Violet took a long lead at first with Atalanta second, then Banneret, Eva, Maud, Magic, Hera, Siren, Maud is the keel sloop built by Wood Bros. last winter, of similar type with the Gem and Neva. The race between her and Hera was very close all day, and she pushed the old boat hard, though unable to beat her. The Fantine, in the same class, will be recognized better by her old name of Ella May. The full times are as follows:

	Length	Actual.	Corrected
FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.02	3 26 09	2 46 46
Violet, McKee & Hersey	34.00	3 24 51	2 48 43
Siren, L. M. Clark	38.11	withdrew.	
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.			
Hera, George R. Howe	36.03	3 21 43	2 47 58
Maud, Wood Brothers	33.06	3 26 37	2 05 05
Fantine, Mason & Thompson	32.04	did not finish.	
Lydia Adams, Hartford Davenport	31.00	did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Eva, Daniel Sargent	25.11	2 51 52	1 14 34
Atlanta, I. R. Thomas	20.08	2 55 18	2 20 27
Rambler, J. J. Heury	26.08	3 12 18	2 35 54
Erin, J. Cavanagh	26.00	3 20 49	2 43 37
Aulda, J. B. Farrell	24.09	3 25 37	2 46 47
Hector, J. J. Driscoll	26.06	3 30 46	2 54 10
SECOND CLASS KEELS.			
Banneret, J. F. Burns	21.07	2 59 28	2 20 25
Cricket, C. F. Adams	23.09	3 12 25	2 39 34
Carmen, B. R. M. Tower	20.02	3 17 32	2 43 59
Stiletto, A. S. Kilburn	25.04	3 39 52	3 01 49
Em'ly, C. A. McManus	26.05	withdrawn.	
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.			
Black Cloud, Aaron Brown	22.06	3 02 43	2 20 41
Queen Mab, Burwell & Litchfield	22.01	3 11 03	2 28 24
Expert, Lawrence Whitcomb	23.03	3 19 34	2 38 40
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.08	3 24 28	2 42 41
Alda, W. H. Wilkinson, Jr	23.09	3 25 33	2 45 22
Milly, G. T. W. Braham	22.09	3 42 21	3 00 42
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.			
Kitty, Tarbell & Adams	23.05	3 12 40	2 32 00
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	22.00	3 24 14	2 41 27
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	22.10	3 25 00	2 43 12
Straurare, G. C. Broome	21.08	3 41 22	2 59 40
Zetta, N. E. Fowle	21.00	3 44 07	2 59 44
Pilgrim, W. H. Winslow	21.07	4 06 47	3 23 20
FOURTH CLASS.			
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.03	2 16 39	1 48 57
Nettle, W. H. Mayberry	20.04	2 21 21	1 54 48
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	20.01	2 22 17	1 55 29
Niobe, Sayles F Chadwick	20.02	2 23 17	1 56 34
Thrasher, G. G. Gazroway	20.03	2 25 22	1 53 43
Crusader, A. Wilson	19.01	2 27 05	1 59 08
Seraphine, Borden & Temple	19.06	2 29 51	2 02 26
Petrel, H. H. Paul	19.04	2 32 07	2 04 31
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.01	2 35 04	2 07 12
Vesper, R. M. Benner	19 05	2 34 59	2 07 29
Elf, W. B. Barker	19.10	2 35 20	2 08 16
Kittiwake, C. E. Cunningham	20.10	2 35 37	2 09 33
Joker, George Coffin	20.02	2 36 33	2 09 50
Christine, George Russell	19.00	2 38 24	2 10 06
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.09	2 39 36	2 13 28
Topsy, J. W. McGlinn	19.00	2 41 43	2 15 35
Pet, J. McFarland	19.08	2 43 08	2 15 54
No Name, Crane & Bumpus	20.05	2 44 45	2 18 17
Susie, D. F. Follen	19.06	2 48 00	2 20 45
Jewel, W. E. Sheriffs	19 05	2 52 56	2 23 26
FIFTH CLASS.			
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.09	2 25 20	1 56 05
Hornet, Harding & Merrill	18.11	2 26 00	1 58 13
Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln	16.09	2 29 29	1 58 49
Kismet, A. P. Thayer	18.06	2 35 32	2 07 00
Imogen, B. T. Wendall	18.04	2 37 50	2 09 07
Jessie, W. B. Smith	18 07	2 37 40	2 09 14
Flirt, J. W. Hildreth	15.03	2 43 06	2 09 21
Hestia, W. H. Dennen	18 04	2 42 13	2 13 30
Mischief, D. W. Belcher	16.07	2 45 23	2 14 30
Nonpareil, E. Lanning	17.01	2 45 36	2 15 22
Spray, H. M. Faxon	18.04	2 45 35	2 16 52
Crescent, T. M. Alley	17.01	2 48 34	2 18 20
Peri, H. Parkman	18.09	Withdrew.	

The Nettle protested the Tartar for fouling the barrel off Bunkin's Island, and the Black Cloud protested the Queen Mab for not leaving Hunt's Ledge buoy on the port. If these protests are granted it will affect somewhat the prize winners. If not, prizes will be awarded as follews:

First class centerboards—First, $50, Magic. First class keels—First, $50, Hera; second, $25, Maud. Second class centerboards—First, $40, Eva; second, $20, Atalanta. Second class keels—First, $40, Banneret; second, $20, Cricket. Third class centerboards—First, $35, Black Cloud; second, $20, Queen Mab; third, $15, Expert; fourth, $10, Sea Bird. Third class keels—First, $35, Kitty; second, $20, Thelga; third, $15, Witch; fourth, $10, Straurare. Fourth class—First, $30, Em Ell Eye; second, $20, Nettle; third, $15, Tartar; fourth, $10, Niobe. Fifth class—First, $30, Wildfire; second, $20, Hornet; third, $15, Flora Lee; fourth, $10, Kismet; fifth, $5, Imogen.

BAY OF QUINTE Y. C.'S REGATTA.

THE Bay of Quinte Y. C.'s regatta, being the last of the series under the auspices of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, was sailed on the 12th and 13th inst. On the first day it was a failure owing to lack of wind, and on the second day it was brought to an issue in a light breeze. Entries were narrowed down to two in the first class and to three in the second class, and this despite the repeated promises of members of the other clubs that they would take part in our race. Perhaps the fact that the Atalanta and Norah have been proved to be faster than the other first class yachts on fresh water had something to do with the failure of any representative of any other club to appear, and perhaps not. Our local fleet was ably represented by one yacht in each class, and the net result was that the Atalanta won three firsts and one third, and the Iolanthe in the second class, captured three firsts and one second out of four races. Both craft would have had an unbroken series of victories but for ill-luck at Toronto for the Atalanta, and at Oswego for the Iolanthe.

The entries in our races were as follows:

First class—Atalanta, D. R. Leavens, Belleville, 66.08ft. corrected length; Norah, R. J. Bell, Belleville, 50ft. Atalanta allows Norah 7m. 39s.

Second class—Iolanthe, W. H. Biggar, Belleville, 36.02ft. corrected length; Laura, T. W. Robinson, Kingston, 35.02ft.; Surprise, A. Forbes and J. Richardson, Trenton, 32.06ft. Iolanthe allows 1m. 27s. to Laura, and 4m. 23s. to Surprise.

On Wednesday Atalanta and Iolanthe had long leads in their respective classes when the wind died out. Thursday morning was very unfavorable, but shortly before noon a light breeze sprung up from the S.W., and at 11:55:15 A. M. the first signal was fired. A late start was made, Norah going over on the limit, while Atalanta was handicapped 1min. The second class started; Surprise 12:9:37, Iolanthe 12:12:46, Laura 12:13:57. The course was to a buoy off the north shore, thence to a second buoy and home, 10 miles; to be sailed three times by the first class and twice by the second. There was little beating on any part of the course, Norah led by a minute at first mark, holding Atalanta over most of the first round, but at the end the latter led her by 41sec. The wind grew lighter in the second round, Atalanta still leading, this time by nearly 8min, Surprise led at first in second class, Iolanthe pushing her, and on the second leg running through her lee and leading her by half a minute at the second mark and 2min. 45sec. at the end of the round. From here out she gained, winning by a quarter of an hour. The wind was light and uneven toward the last of the race, Atalanta still heading. After Atalanta was in the wind fell and Norah gave up. The times in second class were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Iolanthe	12 12 46	2 55 20	2 42 34	2 42 34
Laura	12 12 57	3 19 42	3 06 45	3 05 18
Surprise	12 09 37	3 21 22	3 11 45	3 07 22

The second class yacht Fannie F. of Oswego arrived on Wednesday night, the Ethel of Oswego turned up as the Atalanta was finishing the race on Thursday, and the steam yacht Ruth, also of Oswego, arrived this morning. All cleared for home to-day.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Aug. 14. PORT TACK.

WOOD'S HOLL CATBOAT RACES.—On Aug. 14 an open regatta for catboats only, was sailed at Wood's Holl, the course being around a buoy off Falmouth, and a stakeboat off Nobska. The wind was strong from S. W. and most of the boats were reefed. The entries and times were:

	Actual.	Corrected.
BOATS OF 21FT. SAILING LENGTH.		
Quissett, Quissett	1 40 45	1 35 37
Surprise, Monument Beach	1 42 44	1 35 57
Mary, Monument Beach	1 43 35	1 39 06
Myth, Mattapoisett	1 45 40	1 39 20
Almira, Monument Beach	1 44 50	1 39 21
Myrtle, Monument Beach	1 46 24	1 39 48
Cudruns, Monument Beach	1 48 10	1 40 28
Maud, Vineyard Haven	1 45 56	1 41 10
Prize, Monument Beach	1 50 05	1 43 18
Edna, Wood's Holl	1 55 11	1 45 50
Sachan, Nausheon	2 00 51	1 50 46
Madge, Falmouth	2 07 52	1 52 09
BOATS FROM 15 TO 21FT.		
Scud, Falmouth	2 00 12	1 53 11
Mertie, Wood's Holl	2 01 47	2 00 14
Lady of the Lake	2 01 55	2 01 01
Mystic, Falmouth	2 06 04	2 02 02
Bessie, Quissett	2 11 30	2 03 30
Maltese, Wood's Holl	2 07 38	2 05 27
Psyche, Wood's Holl	2 13 05	2 06 06
Mermaid, Wood's Holl	2 24 52	2 17 10

Catboats under 15ft.—F. L. Gifford first, John Swift second, Dr. Kidder third. Centerboard spritsails.—A. S. Messer first, Henry Cook second, Joseph S. Fay third. Keel spritsails.—T. Aiken first, Fred Gifford second, Benjamin Gifford third.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.—This club sailed its second championship race on Aug. 12, at Marblehead, with nine entries. The order at the start was Expert, Witch, Fad, Ralph and Æolus in first class and Psyche, Wraith, Dash and Unique in second, the latter handicapped 2min. In both classes the centerboards were beaten by the keels as shown in the table:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Expert, L. Whitcomb	28.03	2 18 55	1 44 50
Ralph, G. S. Osborne	28.10	2 33 44	2 05 29
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.			
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	22.10	2 12 15	1 37 40
Æolus, I. C. Mills, Jr	28.03	2 24 38	1 55 50
Fad, G. A. Goddard	21.11	2 33 00	1 02 15
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Dash, A. S. Browne	20.01	2 28 33	1 07 26
Psyche, H. M. Sears	17.05	1 29 42	1 06 22
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
Wraith, C. J. Paine	18.08	1 28 07	1 05 56
Unique, G. A. Stewart	19.10	1 31 00	1 12 45

The winners were Witch, Expert, Psyche and Wraith. The next race will be sailed on Aug. 22, and the fall matches on Sept. 12. The judges were Messrs. J. B. Rhodes and Russell Whitcomb. Wraith is the new keel catboat, recently built by Smith from Mr. Burgess' designs.

MINNETONKA Y. C. REGATTA.—On Wednesday of last week a regatta was sailed on Lake Minnetonka, by the yachts of the Minnetonka Y. C., in a strong breeze from the west, causing most of the yachts to reef. The course was 10 miles. The results were as follows:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.			
Mary Lee, C. M. Hardenburg	21.08	0 51 30	0 51 30
Pearl, Highland Club	20.00	0 54 16	0 52 24
CLASS A—CATS.			
Lazy Jane, G. V. Johnson	21.00	0 51 04	0 50 43
Princess, E. J. Phelps	21.00	0 51 48	0 50 46
Catharine, Highland Club	28.00	0 12 27	0 50 50
Idylwild, Dale & Morse	21.00	0 53 35	0 51 33
Marchioness, C. A. Bovey	20.00	0 53 56	0 51 04
Elvira, Bidwell & Co	20.00	0 54 03	0 51 52
Ida, G. Brackett	22.00	0 53 11	0 53 11
Eleanor, H. E. Selden	20.00	1 02 35	1 00 24
CLASS B—CATS.			
Helen, J. E. Starr	19.02	0 56 55	0 56 55
Swallow			
Glide, C. E. French	18.00	1 00 45	1 00 02
CLASS C—CATS.			
Ariadne, S. C Gale	16 00	1 05 54	1 04 24

The judges were Capt. Howard L. Christian and Chas. M. Palmer

BEVERLY Y. C.—One hundred and second regatta, Monument Beach, Aug. 15, 1885.—The third race for Buzzards Bay Cups was sailed on the 15th, wind N. E., a strong wholesail breeze; Surprise, in fact, putting in a racing reef. Course for second and third classes, around Bird Island and Scragg Neck buoys and return, eleven miles. For fourth class round Dry Ledge and Abial's Ledge buoys and return, seven and one-half miles. No sloops started; Lestris arrived too late to start:

	Length.	Start.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Surprise, J. M. Codman	27.03	2 06 19	1 55 46
Mattie, Vice-Com. Stockton	28.10	2 08 57	1 59 12
Myth, Thos. Parsons	27.04	2 23 08	2 12 35
THIRD CLASS.			
Falka, C. S. Robinson	25.03	2 36 33	2 23 45
FOURTH CLASS.			
Fannie, F. W. Sargent	23.09½	1 42 21	1 32 22
Petrel, Geo. H. Richards	20.06½	1 46 09	1 33 01
Dolly, A. S. Hardy	22.08	1 50 54	1 40 00

Surprise, Falka and Fannie take first prizes, Petrel and Mattie second prizes. Fannie takes and holds pennant. Judges—R. Codman, W. W. Appleton, A. H. Hardy. Judges' yacht, Violet, B. Y. C.

AN IDEA FOR THE REGATTA COMMITTEE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. are doubtless swamped with suggestions about the races for the America Cup, but still I venture to make one which seems to me of value—viz., that as soon as the trial races shall have shown whether Priscilla or Puritan is to be our representative, the other shall be used as a sort of trial horse; that is, suppose Priscilla is selected, then Puritan shall be kept in exactly the same trim, and Priscilla, by shifting ballast, increasing or reducing sail, sailing very close hauled or with a good full, etc., and sailing with Puritan always in same trim every day, finally get her very best trim and enable her sailing master to learn all about her best points and her crew, so that he can utilize both to the best advantage. This is necessary if we are to keep the Cup on this side. Genesta is a crack and has a crack racing crew, at least three minutes in a forty-mile race better than any crew we can get together in the few weeks remaining. They are all nearly the same size, a great point in a racing crew, as hauling power is more effective when all have the same length of arm and leg, and these races will be so close that such points are of vital importance. Priscilla and Puritan should get to work at once, and each should carry only one captain. They don't seem to appreciate the job they have undertaken.—YACHTSMAN.

NEW HAVEN Y. C.—On Aug. 6, a race was sailed for the *Register* challenge cup, over a course of 20 miles, a run of 10 miles out under spinnakers, after which the wind shifted and the fleet came home with spinnakers set. Only Class D yachts started, Vixen, Louise and Stranger. The race was very close, Stranger finally winning on corrected time:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Vixen	10 50 53	4 21 54	5 20 48
Stranger	11 00 30	4 24 50	5 11 27
Louise	11 01 12	4 29 07	5 23 57

The yachts of the club started on their annual cruise to New Bedford, on Aug. 9.

THE WINNER OF THE SWEEPSTAKE RACE.—The sweepstakes between Athlon, Isis, Stranger and Gaviota in the Goelet cup race has been awarded to Athlon, the owner of Stranger paying his part at once.

NEWARK Y. C.—An open regatta will be sailed over the club course at Greenville on Sept. 14. About thirty boats will probably be present.

NEW YACHT CLUBS.—A yacht club has been organized at New Rochelle, the name being the New Rochelle Y. C. The officers are: Commodore, C. Pryer; Vice-Commodore, J. H. Ryley; Secretary, P. J. Krackel; Treasurer, Eugene Lamort; Trustees, N. D. Lawton, F. J. Alder. Another club has also been formed at Cold Spring Harbor, New York, under the name of the Glenada Y. C. The officers are: Commodore, J. C. Bingham; Vice-Commodore, Everett Dole; Rear-Commodore, Shepherd F. Knapp, Jr., and Secretary, James E. Wood.

THE LAUNCH OF THE CORONET.—The large cruising schooner that Messrs. Poillon have been building for Mr. R. T. Bush, was launched successfully on Monday afternoon, taking the water very prettily at 2:15 P. M. A large number of guests were on board, one of whom, Miss Gracie W. Beard, broke the bottle and bestowed the name of Coronet on the new boat as she touched the water. The Coronet is intended solely for cruising, and her owner will make a long voyage in her, starting this winter or next spring. Her length is 139ft. on deck, 116ft. waterline, 26ft. 4in. beam and her draft is 12ft. 6in.

YACHTING NOTES.—Huron has had a new mast lately....Ileen will soon be out with her mast 18in. shorter and 2ft. further aft, also with additional lead on her keel. Her boom now is 57½ft. long....Regina, sloop, is hauled out at Lawley's for overhauling. The schooner Atlanta is also on the same ways....The damages sustained by the Mohican in the Goelet Cup race have all been repaired ... Bedouin has her new bowsprit and arrived off the S. C. Y. C. house on Tuesday afternoon....Polynia has been on the screw dock for several days. One blade was broken from her propeller and her shoe was carried away by striking some rock or old wreck in the East River... The Nooya has also been on the dock to change her screw.

GREENWICH Y. C. REGATTA.—The first annual regatta of this club will be sailed on Aug. 26, starting at 10 A. M., off Greenwich, Conn. Prizes are offered for yachts of five classes, sloops, cutters and yawls of 30 to 45ft.; ditto under 30ft.; open jib and mainsail boats of 20 and under 26ft.; catboats of 18 and under 23ft., and catboats under 18ft. Besides these there will be rowing races, a canoe race, swimming and tub races and other sports, for all of which prizes will be given. The entries close on Monday night.

"RUDER UND SEGEL ALMANACH."—The *Wassersport* has lately issued a neat little book with the above title, containing a list of the various clubs in Germany, Austria and other European countries; also of the rowing and sailing races of 1884, with a list of yachts in German and Austrian waters. The book also contains other matter of interest to yachtsmen, making a very useful little volume for all who are fond of water sports. It can be ordered from the *Wassersport*, No. 6 Neue Jakob strasse, Berlin, Prussia.

BAR HARBOR Y. C.—This new club held its first regatta on Aug. 15, at Bar Harbor, Me. The yachts were in three classes, schooners and sloops over 32 and under 66ft., schooners and sloops over 22 and under 32ft., schooners, sloops and cats under 22ft. The wind was fresh from the westward all day. At 11 A. M. the gun fired for the start for first class, and at 11:15 for second and third classes. Gwendolen won in first class, Little Nell in second and Lulu in third.

DEATH OF A NEW YORK YACHTSMAN.—Mr. Wm. H. Thomas, owner of the large schooner Rambler and a member of the New York Y. C., died at his residence at Bay Ridge on Thursday last, shortly after his return from the cruise of the N. Y. Y. C. His funeral took place on Sunday at Christ Church, Bay Ridge. A large number of yachtsmen were present besides the crew of the Rambler.

RACES AT TORONTO.—A race for the third class yachts of the Toronto Y. C. for the McGaw Cup will be sailed on Aug. 22, at 2:30 P. M. A match has been arranged between the sloops Meteor and Mischief, to be sailed on Aug. 29, over the third class course, T. Y. C. rules, but with shifting ballast, anchor start from the T. Y. C. house at 2:30 P. M.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Edward Lapthorne, the English sailmaker, arrived in New York this week, and will remain until after the races. He will sail on Genesta and look after her canvas....The Oswego Y. C. will visit New York in September and will accompany the races on the tug Indian, which they have chartered for their exclusive use.

BURLINGTON BAY CHAMPIONSHIP.—The second race was sailed on Aug. 1. The starters were Cruiser, Whistlewing, Brunette, Neptune, Cacique, Coquette and Metis. The wind was S.W. and very light. Whistlewing finished first, but Cruiser won on corrected time. Whistlewing is second and Brunette third.

REGATTA AT OLD POINT, VA.—A series of rowing and sailing races will be held on the Elizabeth River, at Old Point, on Aug. 19 and 20. Besides the shell races there will be sailing races between the large canoes used on Chesapeake Bay, and also races for sloops and catboats, and possibly pilot boats.

THE LAST OF THE NEPTUNE.—The dory Neptune, which sailed some time since from Penzance for America, with a crew of one, a Norwegian named Johnson, has lately been picked up off Cape Clear by the bark Wyoming. A gun, compass and some money were found on board, but her owner was missing.

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet will rendezvous at New Bedford on Aug. 29 for a cruise to New York.

BANNERET AND LIZZIE F. DALY.—The matches between these boats have been declared off.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc, of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 19—N. Y. C. C. Regatta, off New Brighton.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

ANNUAL DUES OF THE A. C. A.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

I respectfully call your attention to the fact that Article I. of the by-laws of the American Canoe Association was so changed at the recent meeting at Grindstone Island, that the second paragraph now reads: "Each subsequent annual payment shall be two dollars, etc. I hope the members will forward their dues promptly, as such action will materially facilitate the duties of the secretary-treasurer. A copy of the Association Book for 1885 has been sent to each member of the Association. Please notify me of any error that may occur to you. Fraternally yours, CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Sec'y A. C. A.

SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1885.

THE RECORD AT THE A. C. A. MEET.

THE Record was introduced for the first time at the meet last year. Previously it had been found that in events where skilled sailors or paddlers entered with the best chances of winning very few entries could be secured, and the races lacked interest for want of contestants. The paddlers were content to take one or more first prizes and leave the sailing races alone, and the sailors left the paddling races alone. Thus a paddling class and a sailing class of canoes began to grow up at the expense of the best all-round canoe. If allowed to go on in this way the result would have been finally, paddling machines and sailing machines. The Record gave the opportunity for a middle man to go in all races, and though not taking a single first prize, to get the best average for the meet, and therefore the best prize. This Mr. J. L. Weller did last year. He did not win first prize in a single paddling event. The Record worked well, though not generally understood, and very much increased the interest in the races, and induced more men to enter. The man who last year came in second on the Record did not enter a single sailing race, but by using two canoes managed to get three first prizes, or thirty points. This two canoe business seemed to the Regatta Committee unfair, and this year the rule was made that it should be one man and one canoe for all Record races. It worked admirably, as the result shows. The first Record prize this year was won by Mr. Gibson, the only man who went into every event he was entitled to enter—seven in all. He won one first prize sailing and one first prize for the combined race, coming in on the other five events twice second, once third, once fifth and once sixth, making in all some fifty-three points.

From the full Record, which will be published next week, it will be seen that the men standing well up toward the front, won their points all or nearly all, in paddling races alone, or sailing races alone; thus Mr. Nimick of Pittsburgh, stands at 30 points, being the result of three first prizes in Class A sailing races, while the Class B races were each won by a different man, and where 16, 13 and 18 canoes were entered and sailed. Mr. Johnson has twenty or more points, and these were won all in the paddling races. [An error occurred in the record of the upset race in our issue of last week. Mr. Johnson paddled Invincible and came in fourth, not Mr. E. W. Brown as reported.] The above facts are not brought up to detract from the credit due to Mr. Nimick for winning three straight races—for in one of them, if the record of time was correctly taken, and there seems no doubt but that it was, he made the best sailing time of all canoes in Record races A or B round the course once—24 minutes 10 seconds, the next to it Sea Bee, twice round in 50 minutes 30 seconds—but it is noted to show that the arrangement of races is not yet perfect for a fair record and the encouragement of all-round work.

The combined race, sailing and paddling, was to have been one of the leading events; but the length of the programme made it necessary to start this race when many of the men were much exhausted after the heavy weather sailing race, and therefore but three entries were secured, and the race resolved itself into a contest between a Class B boat and a Class A boat, the heavy wind and rough water favoring the B canoe, so that it won easily. There is little doubt that the B boats, as a rule, sail better and faster than the A canoes; but it is not at all certain that if they meet on equal terms, that is, an A canoe entering all of its seven events and the B entering its seven events, the A canoe will not come out ahead. In fact, had Nimick gone into the four events he might have, but did not, he certainly had a better chance of getting more points than Mr. Gibson, with but one sailing prize to his credit against Nimick's three. It seems too bad, also, that the A canoes are growing less each year and the heavier B boats are increasing. What is the reason? Is there a remedy?

SUGGESTIONS TO THE INCOMING REGATTA COMMITTEE.

Are there not too many events now on the Record? Suppose the Record was based upon three events only, one paddling, one combined and one sailing. Make these races the principal ones of the meet, give plenty of time for them and start them each and every one under favorable conditions and well apart, so there will be time to rest between them. A & B will enter different class paddling events—and sailing events of course—but come together on the combined race. Have as many other events on the programme as seems desirable—this year's list is a model, thoughtfully worked out and carried through—but make the three events above noted *the* events of the regatta, and give the five Record prizes for them only. If it seems desirable, the three events might be made five by adding one paddling and one sailing, but this should be very carefully looked into first. With three events the races would certainly be well contested, and a full list of entries secured—and no sailing canoe only would have a chance for first place—not a paddling canoe only, either. If five races are decided on, the paddling race should be the upset—100 yards, rather than the cruising trim race, as it gives more variety—and the sailing race should be limited sail, 75ft., rather than no ballast, for the majority of canoes carry no ballast anyway. At the '84 meet the combined race did not come off on account of a calm. This year the race was not a test, as it was designed to be, for reasons explained before. Cannot this be fully remedied next year?

One more point. Are not the A. C. A. prize flags getting a little common, what with first and second prizes in all races having more than two starters and five Record prizes? Would it not be better to limit the giving of second prizes to those races where at least five canoes finish?

By basing the Record on three races only, it would go far toward making the A and B canoes compete on more even terms than they now do. A good A canoe now stands twice the chance that a B canoe does, from the fact that it has fewer canoes entered against it, and that in three races makes up a hard handicap to beat. But give them one sailing race only, and the fewer entries does not affect the result much, since the second and third B canoes get much higher rates than the same A canoes. What has this year's committee to say to these suggestions? Let us hear from them.

NOTES ABOUT THE MEET.

THE sailing races this year at the meet certainly were the most successful the Association has ever had charge of. The rules have been tested and the men were familiar with them. A number of the best canoes from the clubs doing most sailing were present, and in no case was it a foregone conclusion who would win. Albany, with Snake and Thetis, Rochester with Sofronia, Pittsburgh with Nivana and Katrina, Brockville with Grebe, Deseronto with Star, New York with Sea Bee, Brooklyn with Guenn and Knickerbocker with that "real canoeist," novice though he is, and the Flit—all made it clear before any racing began that the contest was to be close.

In a scrub race for a Rushton paddle on Saturday before regatta week, Katrina showed her windward qualities in a light breeze and smooth water by winning against ten starters, Thetis, the Albany wonder, coming in second and Sea Bee third. Monday morning proved stormy and no races were sailed. Tuesday opened bright and windy, and the bay looked pretty rough for novices when their race was called. Mr. Stanton, in the Flit, seemed entirely free from any anxiety, and when the pistol for the start was heard he was off like a rocket. His two competitors upset before completing the round, but he paid no attention to them. On the second leg of the triangle he jibed the sail over as unconcernedly as though it was a flat calm. When windward work began he fastened his sheets well out of reach and then kept Flit to her work, never luffing, but just climbing out to windward himself when the squalls hit him, and brought the canoe across the home line, her centerboard at times plainly seen by those on shore, in just nineteen minutes from the time he started. This was five minutes quicker than any other time during the whole meet. It is just, however, to say that the wind favored him on the windward leg, since he had but two tacks to make where other canoes had from four to six laid out for them. When on shore Mr. Stanton was picked up by several of his club men and carried around camp on their shoulders. He remarked in a modest sort of a way, "It is easy enough to win you know, but what I like is coming in with the other canoes out of sight as it were—hull down, you know," as of course they were, having both upset.

The regular class B, no limits, was sailed in almost a gale of wind the same afternoon, and the small rig and splendid seagoing qualities of the New York canoe Sea Bee brought her in an easy winner. Seventeen canoes started, eight finished, three upset, one was disabled, and the rest gave up and paddled home. All the canoes jibed at the first turn on the first round, and this proved fatal to several. At the same turn on the second round Sea Bee, being well ahead of the Snake—the second boat—tacked so as to run no risks, the wind and sea being very heavy. This maneuver caused some remark among the canoeists, as many supposed not to jibe always showed lack of spunk, but nearly all admitted that under the circumstances in this case a tack was the best way to get round—safely. Wednesday the no-ballast race was sailed, light wind, smooth water, thirteen B canoes started. Thetis had it all her own way after the first windward tack ended, Sofronia and Sea Bee sailed together all around, four times passing each other, Sofronia finally taking second place, Sea Bee third.

The limited sail race came off in the afternoon. Smooth water, light wind, eighteen starters. The only bad start of the meet was recorded in this race. Katrina, Thetis, Sofronia, Isabel and some others getting foul of each other just on the line, and were thus much hampered in getting off. Snake and Sea Bee got the best of the start. Snake won, Thetis and Katrina making up splendidly on the fleet when once off, got second and third places, Grebe coming in fourth.

The consolation race on Friday for canoes never having taken an A. C. A. prize was won by Guenn, five starters. Guenn and Grebe had a close race of it all through, wind very light, and often passed each other. Grebe got home but ten seconds behind the winner. A reaching race was attempted in a calm. Nivana got over the course, Sofronia second. A scrub race of five canoes on Saturday was won by Thetis, Guenn second, Grebe third, a paddle for prize. Light wind and smooth water.

Of the six B sailing races Thetis took two, Snake one, Sea Bee one, Guenn one, Katrina one. Honors were, therefore, pretty easy all round. Knickerbocker got the novice race and Pittsburgh, with Nirvana, took all three of the Class A sailing races. For light winds and smooth water, Thetis, (Lansinburgh canoe) with the Mohican sail and Phil Wackerhagen to sail her, is not to be beaten every day by the best canoes and men the A. C. A. can boast of, and it does seem that the honored Tredwen himself, in his famous English Pearl, would have a hard row to hoe to get ahead of little Wack. As heretofore the heavy canoes, with big iron boards and lead mines of ballast, have done nothing to prove that they are worth the labor and worry expended on their construction rig, and especially the inconvenience of their safe transportation.

THE CONSOLATION PRIZE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last number the inquiry of Mr. John Henry Hull, President Brooklyn C. C., as to the fate of the "Consolation" prize he so liberally offered to the A. C. A regatta list. Although the same issue gives an account of the race and winners, I shall be obliged if you will kindly announce that the A. C. A. regatta committee had no wish to appear to neglect President Hull's welcome prize, but the unfavorable weather having crowded back many of the regular races, the extra prizes were rather late in being arranged and competed for. Probably the same day that Mr. Hull wrote his inquiry, Mr. R. J. Wilkin, of his club and of the regatta committee, reported from the regatta. The impossibility of deciding until the last day or two was the only reason that the offer did not receive immediate acceptance. It was doubtful whether the extra races could be sailed, but there was no doubt of the acceptability of the consolation prize. It was probably a printer's error which made President Hull's letter to you say the prize was offered for a paddling race, as the offer of the secretary (through whom I heard of it) stipulated a sailing contest.

The A. C. A. is indebted to Mr. Hull for a valued prize and a good idea. The race for those who have not won prizes before was a very welcome one, and will undoubtedly be repeated, as it gives to many good sailors the much desired opportunity to race without competing against the "cracks." ROBERT W. GIBSON,

Chairman, Regatta Committee, 1885.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1885.

THE PACIFIC COAST MOSQUITO FLEET.

THE canoes and boats about San Francisco that constitute the "Mosquito Fleet," have been sailing a number of races this summer and the interest in the sport has been very active. The first race for the champion pennant was sailed on May 31, the course being two miles, running out and beating home. The entries were:

Talisman, Racine, 18ft.×28in., F. Pixley, Oakland C. C.; Undine, carvel, 15ft.×30in., R. Cooper, Oakland C. C.; Sunbeam, canvas, 13ft.×24in., W. Pixley, Oakland C. C.; Betsy, carvel, 13ft.×28in., R. Engelbrecht, Oakland C. C.; Hattie Bell, lapstreak, 13ft.×29in., W. H. Byrnes, S. F. C. C.; Zephyr, lapstreak, 14ft.×29in., W. W. Blow, Mosquito Fleet.

The wind was very strong for the small craft, but at 2 P. M. they were started, Hattie Bell leading, but Zephyr being first at the turn, and also at the finish. The times were: Zephyr, 30m.; Hattie Bell, 34½m.; Undine, 36m.; Talisman, 50m.; Sunbeam, 50½m.; Betsy not timed. On June 14, a second race was sailed on the creek. The entries were: Mystic, W. W. Blow; Mosquito, W. A. Byrnes; Bonito, Capt. Moody; Ripple, T. Evans; Nettie, C. G. Yale; Ella, J. P. Montague. The race out was very close, but Mosquito took a good lead coming home. The times were: Mosquito, 31½m.; Mystic, 33m.; Mr. Yale, 36½m. A third race was sailed on June 29, between Zephyr and Hattie Bell. The wind was unsteady and came in heavy puffs, one of which upset the Hattie Bell, leaving Zephyr to finish alone. On July 12, another race was sailed, resulting as follows:

Boat.	Sailed by	Turned.	Position.	Time.
Mystic	W. W. Blow	1st	1st	49
Mosquito	John Purvis	6th	2d	50
Bonita	Capt. Moody	3d	3d	54½
Ripple	T. Evans	2d	4th	55½
Zephyr	Al. Blow	4th	5th	56
Ella	M. D. Hyde	5th	6th	60

On July 19, the fleet made a day's cruise to Goat Island, 7 boats taking part: Mystic, Hattie Bell, Bonita, Ripple, Chiquita, Nettie and Nautilus. The day was pleasantly spent on the island, the fleet coming home close-reefed at night. The full list of boats composing the Mosquito fleet is as follows: Mosquito, owned by W. A. Byrnes; Flirt, Harrison; Mystic, W. W. Blow; Nettie, Charles G. Yale; Ella, Capt. J. P. Montague; Bonita, Capt. Moody; Ripple, Taliesin Evans; Talisman, Frank M. Pixley, Jr.; Sunbeam, Edgar S. Fisher; Undine, E. R. Cooper; Hattie Bell, Byrnes; Two Sisters, Dr. J. M. Willey; Zephyr, W. W. Blow; Chiquita, Evans; Burrito, H. A. Powell; Emerald, W. L. Oliver; Outing, Mead; Dolphin, Alfred Blow.

New boats are being added and old ones improved as the interest in the races increases. Mystic has lately put in a Radix board, and Hattie Bell has had a new and larger rig fitted to her.

CANOE ROUTES WANTED.—(1) I saw in some paper recently the name of a gentleman who resides in Savannah, Ga., and connected with a railroad there, who could give information about crossing Okefinokee Swamp into Suwanee River. If you do not know this person, perhaps you can give the information I need from some other source. I wish to take the trip next winter in my canoe. Cruised last winter from St. Augustine to Lake Worth, back to Rock Ledge in my canoe. I shall be greatly obliged for any information you can direct me to the possession of in regard to Suwanee route to west coast. —SETH DICKEY. (2) I want to get on the Megalloway River at the highest point where it is navigable by a birch canoe. Can you inform me what town in Canada would be the nearest place to start from? Could we buy a birch there? We were up the river as far as Rump Pond last fall, and want to start from the highest point this year and descend the whole stream if we can. Our plan was to go to the nearest place to the sources with our stores and outfit, buy a canoe there, and sell it if we could when we reached the settlements.—CHAS. G. GIBSON.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C. REGATTA.—A regatta will be held at Lachine, Can., by the Lake St. Louis C. C., of Montreal, the programme being as follows: Sailing race, 1 mile; portage, ¼ mile; tandem race, boys under 13 years, ½ mile; tandem race for challenge cups, 1 mile; girls' tandem race; paddling race, single, ½ mile; upset race, two upsets, 300 yards; paddling, single, boys under 18 years, ½ mile; tandem race, club members, 1 mile; hurry-skurry race, 25 yards' swim and 200 yards' paddle; paddling for ladies and gentlemen, ¼ mile. The last event will be climbing the greased pole, open to members of all boating clubs. The challenge cups offered for the tandem race are valued at $125, and must be won three times by the same crew before becoming the property of the crew. The races for them must be paddled over the Lachine course, under the management of the Lake St. Louis C. C., and the crew winning them must give security for their safekeeping until June 1 of the next year. The races will start at 2:30 P. M.

"CANOE AND CAMP COOKERY."—A vacation passed among the woods or along shore with your own camping outfit, is by far the most enjoyable, independent and least expensive way of spending the outing. But a necessary qualification is that the camper should know how to properly prepare and cook his meals. Lacking this quality, the delicacies of the season, instead of being "nectar and ambrosia," become "wormwood and ashes"—especially the latter. As an aid to the tyro in cooking, the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, of New York, have just issued "Canoe and Camp Cookery," a practical cook book for the camper. The book contains many well-tried and valuable recipes so plainly described that a failure to have well-cooked food in camp is almost impossible. In addition are hints concerning outfits, camp beds and other matters of importance to the cruiser, camper and outer.—*Trenton (N. J.) Gazette, Aug. 12.*

A RIVER AND CANAL CRUISE IN NEW JERSEY.—Two canoeists of Washington, N. J., have lately made a very pleasant cruise, starting from that place and going, by way of the Morris Canal, to Easton, thence by the Delaware River to Philadelphia and back as far as Bordentown, where they entered the Delaware & Raritan Canal. Passing through this to New Brunswick they entered the Raritan River and then Staten Island Sound. In Newark Bay a storm overtook and nearly wrecked them, but they finally reached Newark safely, leaving their canoes there for a time. Next week they will start again at Newark and follow the Morris Canal to their starting point.

CANOE FOR SALE.—We advertise this week a sailing and paddling canoe, fitted specially for sailing races. She is of the Sandy Hook model with brass centerboard, and is carvel built. Her owner is about to build a new canoe after some ideas of his own, and offers her at a reasonable figure.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH, or Hunting and Fishing Adventures in the Arctic Regions.—By Frederick Schwatka. New York: Cassell & Co. 1885. Price, $2.50.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

WHY HE PINES.—I don't think you care much whether I live or don't live, nor do I see any particular reason why you should. But then I may have calamities and disappointments from which you are safe, and there is where I suffer. When I came up here I directed the FOREST AND STREAM sent to this place. I have received two or three numbers at long intervals and that is all. Now if that isn't a calamity unendurable I should like to know what would be.—OZONE.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

D. K.—See our game columns.

E. D.—The Nebraska prairie chicken season will open Sept. 1.

L. C. S., New York.—Go to Canterbury, in Orange county, this State.

F. D. B.—We are inclined to think that you will have no trouble with it.

SUB.—It is lawful to kill insectivorous birds when actually destroying fruit.

R. N.—Write to John Nichols, Moosehead Lake, Me. He is a reliable guide.

PELICAN.—For descriptions of birds' eggs consult Coues's "Key to North American Birds."

G. H. DEH.—Try Tim and Seven Ponds, in Maine. See game seasons in another column.

F. A. W.—The rifle will shoot accurately up to 200 yards. There is no non-export game law in Arkansas.

PLANK ON EDGE.—We cannot ascertain positively as to the spars, but believe that they were shipped across and stepped in France, as stated by a correspondent last week.

E., Newport News.—We cannot recommend the board you mention. The dagger board is often used in sneakboxes, but the usual hinged board is the best, as it can be placed under the deck and is but little in the way.

G. S., Scranton, Pa.—We have never published working drawings of a steam launch, but may do so this winter.

J. S. D., Bethlehem, Pa.—The boats are mostly of very good model. There is no work published on the subject that we know of.

H. M. W.—We believe that rex magnus is no longer manufactured. The original company failed. We cannot tell you where to go for it.

W. R. W.—The name on the gun is probably a trade mark. We know no maker of that name. If it is satisfactory and has proved safe, you probably have no reason to be dissatisfied.

FONTINALIS.—1. Your description is too meagre; perhaps the tree was the shadwood. 2. Brook trout at the age of one year will measure from 3 to 5 inches, at the end of two years 8 to 10 inches, at the end of three years 12 to 13 inches. 3. Male trout are distinguished from the female with difficulty. At the age of three years the male is of brighter color on the belly in the fall, and the angle of his nose is sharper.

C. J. T., Portland.—Will you please tell me if you know of any way you think I can catch spotted trout in a pond two miles long and one mile wide, sandy bottom and cold clear water? This pond is quite full of fine trout and they are caught through the ice in winter as large as five or six pounds, but none are taken at any other time of year. They won't bite. I have used quite a variety of flies and bugs, little shiners, worms, and grasshoppers, and have fished early and late but can't induce them to take anything I offer them. The pond is quite full of shiners and I imagine they are the principal article of food but don't know. Ans. After all your trials there would seem to be but one thing more to do, try the shiners. They should take flies in June and August, but in the hottest weather are probably in deeper water.

J. C. H., Fort Bowie, A. T.—Please inform me whether lead picked up off a rifle range and remoulded and used again is injurious to the riflings of the barrel. Some think it is and others think not. Ans. It is just as good as it was before used. Repeated melting will harden the lead, but not to any practicably injurious degree.

H. A. N., Huntington, L. I.—The route is through Staten Island Sound, Raritan River, Delaware and Raritan Canal, Delaware River, Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, Chesapeake Bay, Elizabeth River, Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, Currituck, Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, then by the small inlets of the Carolina coast. It is fully described in Mr. Bishop's "Voyage of the Paper Canoe."

B., Clinton, Mass.—What is meant by "peacock herl?" Will you please inform me the color of the feather meant and from what part of the peacock it comes? Webster's dictionary does not define "herl." Ans. Peacock harl (not herl) is the loose green side of the long feather as it is stripped from the quill. If you will look in Webster's unabridged you will find the word harl.

GREENWICH, Conn.—In a sweepstake match for first, second and third money A and B tie on thirteen balls, C breaks twelve, D breaks eleven. A and B shoot off, A wins. B claims second; C is given third. Please decide who is entitled to second. Ans. It depends altogether upon the rules you were shooting under. The conditions should have been clearly laid down before the match was shot. See item referring to this on page 52 of last week's issue.



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Its proportions were reached after a long series of experiments, the object of which was to obtain a round section bamboo rod of about 9 ounces that would feel light in the hand, be well balanced, not throw off a delicately mouthed minnow in making long casts, and finally, after striking the bass, would have enough spring and flexibility to afford the angler the same pleasure as that given him when playing a bass on a fly rod.

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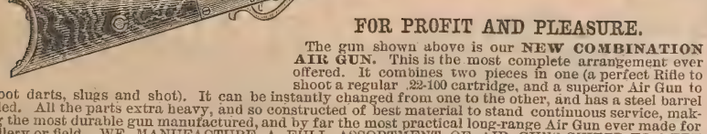
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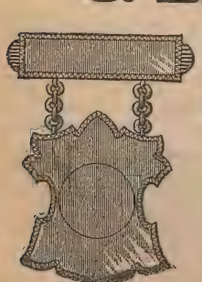
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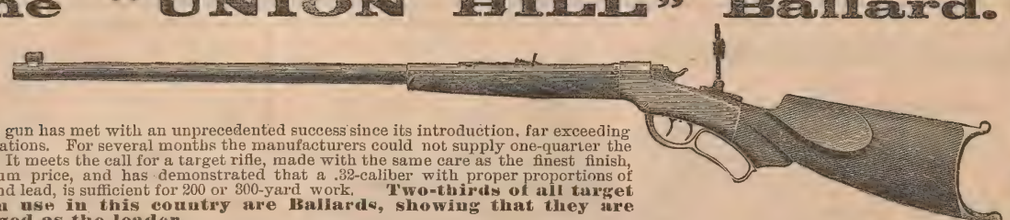
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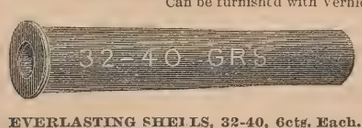
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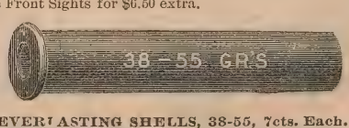
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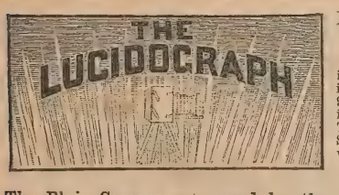


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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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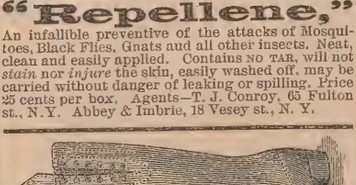
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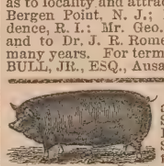
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COPIES WANTED.—JAN. 4, FEB. 1, MARCH 8, 1883; March 6, 1884. We are short of these issues, and would be obliged if any of our readers having one or all of these numbers that they do not want will send to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 39 Park Row, New York City. mar26,tf

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1885.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Transient advertisements must invariably be accompanied by the money or they will not be inserted.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Nos. 39 AND 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK CITY.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE RIFLE TRAJECTORY TEST.

EVERYTHING points to a most successful outcome in the trajectory test which the FOREST AND STREAM has undertaken for the benefit of the thousands of shooters throughout the country. The comments and suggestions, of which a few are given in our rifle department, show that the interest excited is wide-spread and that many are earnestly watching the result of the trial.

Some of our correspondents seem to allow their love for their favorite rifles to run away, in some measure, with their discretion. There is no necessity of losing one's temper over such a simple matter. For ourselves we have no idea what the test will show, nor have we much care in the matter. Having no preferences between rifles, not being bound in any way to this or that make, it will be a matter of entire indifference which may show the flattest line of fire. We shall have completed our work when, with all the data taken, the rifle shall be fired from its rest. Then the perforated screens of tissue paper will tell their tales of high or low lines of fire.

Many of our correspondents urge the fixing of a rigid code of conditions under which each rifle shall come before being admitted to the test. Weight of rifle, trigger pull, caliber, etc., are all suggested. Some of the points urged upon us for legislation are entirely foreign to the programme which we have laid out for the benefit of our readers. With a rifle clamped in a rest we cannot well see how this or that trigger pull can come in as a factor in making up the trajectory. Some hunters prefer a heavy pull while others find it safe to trust themselves in the field with a very light trigger. So too with weight of rifle. If a sportsman chooses to lug about on his tramps after game a great heavy rifle, that is a matter of no moment so far as trajectory is concerned, and while we shall give in our report of tests every detail about the rifle used, it would only complicate matters unnecessarily to make the weight of the rifle a preliminary condition of entry.

It will be a free-for-all, go-as-you-please race for superiority in flat shooting. The thousand and one other points about a rifle may be settled in other ways. With our baseline, our rest and our screens we can fix definitely the rise which each bullet undergoes in its flight from muzzle to target. There is great need, it seems to us, for just this one item of knowledge about hunting rifles at this time; if we can supply it with satisfactory exactness, the whole object of our trial will be accomplished. In a subsequent issue full and complete details with illustrations of the plans and appliances to be used will be given. Mechanics are now busy making up a rest, which can be used with any of the several rifle models, whether single-loading, magazine or muzzle. We wish to make the test to its fullest extent of practical value, and to that end especially desire to confine it to models now in actual use in the trade and in the hands of sportsmen.

CLEAN AND UNCLEAN.

THE character of a journal's constituency may be determined by the cleanliness or uncleanliness of its advertising columns. The paper that insists on decency in its advertising pages goes to one class of readers. The paper that prints dirty medical advertisements and lures for vile publications goes to a quite different class. There is no mistaking the two. Decency is expected of the one, indecency is expected of the other.

Once let a journal establish for itself a fair name in this respect, it is bound by its record and by its constituency to maintain its character. No deviation would be tolerated by its readers. If the FOREST AND STREAM should so far forfeit its self-respect as to print the foul advertisements that defile some of its contemporaries, there would be an instant and emphatic protest from its subscribers. Aside from all worthier considerations, the knowledge that the journal's readers demand purity in the advertising columns would be sufficient reason for holding to such a course.

Legitimate advertisers would have abundant reason to complain if among their notices of guns and fishing tackle and sportsmen's supplies were to be sandwiched the filthy advertisements in question; for such things disgust decent readers, and cause them to shun the advertising pages, the value of which is thereby of necessity debased.

We hold the opinion that the reading matter and the advertisements of a sportsman's journal should be clean and above reproach; and with some pride, which is perhaps pardonable, we invite attention to the significant fact that the FOREST AND STREAM is the only journal of shooting and fishing published in this country that does practically maintain such a principle. And as has been said before in these columns, when the editors and publishers find that a sportsman's paper of such character is not suited to the times, they will go into some other branch of journalism.

FROM POCAHONTAS TO PRISCILLA.

LESS than four years ago the New York Yacht Club sailed a series of races similar to those just terminated and with the same object in view, to select a yacht to defend the Cup. Then, as now, the club had built a yacht specially for the purpose, and it is gratifying to compare the new boat with the dismal failure that still graces the mud of South Brooklyn. It is true that Priscilla has not thus far proved as fast under some conditions as her Boston rival, but she has proved successful compared with a much higher standard of speed than that of 1881, and although not yet in her proper trim, and capable with some changes of rig of much better performance, even in her present form Priscilla is a very fast boat.

In each of these cases money was spent freely to secure the best boat possible, and in the first instance with more liberality than discretion. As the result proved, the boat was no credit in any way to those connected with her construction, and her collapse in the trial races terminated abruptly an inglorious career. Without entering into the disputed question as to the thoroughness of the trials and whether, with a new rig and partial rebuilding, she might not have turned out in time a fairly fast boat, it is enough to note that she was unable to stand the strain of the few trial races, and shook herself partly to pieces in them, and that, whatever the possible merits of her model, the finished boat, after the expenditure of a large amount of money, was but an empty shell and absolutely unfit for any purpose in her existing condition. Pocahontas was the last of the big wooden centerboard sloops of the old type in model, build and rig, and it is very unlikely that we shall ever see another.

While no less a centerboard sloop, Priscilla differs materially from her predecessor, but most of all in the quality of the work. Though built and rigged more rapidly than any other yacht nearly her size, she bears evidence throughout of the excellence of the material and workmanship as well as of careful planning, which it is most encouraging to notice, and which, whatever her ultimate success as a racer, is in itself a substantial proof of improvement in yacht building. Not only does the substitution of first-class ironwork in the hull for such wooden construction as that of Pocahontas mark a very important advance, but a still greater improvement is evident in sails, rigging and gear. In proportions the rig is still that of the sloop, lofty and long-sparred, and the boat would probably be much improved with a cutter rig; but what we are concerned with now are the details and workmanship, to which little exception can be found. Everything, down to the most trivial detail, has been carefully planned and as skilfully constructed, and thus far with most satisfactory results, as, in spite of her heavy rig, all the races have been sailed without accident or injury of any moment. There was no apparent reason why matters should not have been managed as well four years since, but they certainly were not; and the very marked difference betwen then and now shows an improvement that all yachtsmen may be proud of.

THE ADIRONDACKS AND AFRICA.—We suggested last week that the newspapers would make President Cleveland's visit to the Adirondacks an occasion for spinning unwieldy yarns about his camp life; and such has proved to be the fact. The Chicago *Tribune* took the familiar "Camp Fire Flickering" about the man whose frog bait crawled out on to a rock—and sat there blinking while the man wondered why the fish did not bite—expanded the story to a half column and put it in the form of a communication from President Cleveland's camp, making the President its hero. Yesterday our esteemed and monumentally enterprising contemporary, the New York *World*, appeared with a full page account of how its "tenderfoot" special reporter had accomplished an impertinent invasion of the President's camp; and editorially in all seriousness compared the feat to Stanley's search for Livingstone in Africa. If the *World* man had been posted on the game laws he would have omitted this passage: "While we were eating breakfast the distant baying of a deerhound was heard. The President, Mr. Ward, Mr. Bacon and three of the guides went down to the pond and stationed themselves at various points to wait for the deer that the excited baying of the hound showed to have been started. They saw never a deer, however." Perhaps there is no copy of the game laws in the back office of the New York *World*. It may be added that Governor Cleveland was in favor of a non-hounding law, and it is certain that President Cleveland did not practice what is now prohibited by that law.

LONG ISLAND DEER.—The deer hunters who have been so put out by the law against Adirondack hounding, should remember that there is still one county in the State where they may follow their favorite form of amusement. In Suffolk county, on Long Island, deer may be hounded during the first ten days of next October, and if all hands are patient enough to wait, and will then go down there in a body, they may secure some antlers. It is very important that every man who wants a deer should have his dogs on hand promptly, for after sunset of the opening day there will not be nearly so many deer to divide up. The Long Island people extend a general invitation to all sportsmen to join in their October deer hounding; and particulars of routes, etc., will be given in ample time.

THE PRICE IS TOO GREAT.—At Rye, near New York, the other day, a business man bade his wife good-bye and started for the city. The wife went back into the house, opened a closet where her children's toys were, and took up a gun with the intention of removing it to another room. The gun was discharged. The charge entered the woman's brain, instantly killing her. The telegraphic message announcing the fact was awaiting the husband on his arrival in the city. It was a fearful price to pay for learning the fatuity of leaving a loaded gun in a closet with children's toys.

FIRES IN THE NATIONAL PARK.—A press dispatch of Aug. 22 reports that Judge Payson, of Illinois, was arrested in the National Park for abandoning a camp without extinguishing the fire, and was fined, but resisted the payment, on the ground that the Wyoming justice who imposed it had no jurisdiction. The report adds that the justice finally "backed down," and the judge set out for home breathing vengeance. The report is evidently a one-sided and sensational account of the affair, and before commenting on it we shall await authentic advices from the Park.

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS.—The fourth annual meeting of the American Forestry Congress will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, beginning on Sept. 22, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in conjunction with the New England Agricultural Society, the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

AULD LANG SYNE.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view."

THE tales of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and the "School Meeting in District 13," have awakened many memories of my boyhood among the hills and beside the limpid streams of the Green Mountain State, and "Onc Lisha" and "Antwine" are not such strangers as they would otherwise be. Very faithfully and enjoyably has the author pictured these and other quaint characters, and I take occasion now to thank him heartily for great pleasure therefrom. I think there were more than one pair of moist eyes when the cheery old man and his helpmeet bade a brave good bye to the home and friends of so many years, and began the long journey westward to the boy whose hold on their heartstrings was stronger than all else. It was a real scene to me.

Very much such a character as Uncle Lisha resided in the village of my birth. He was on the other slope of the hill when I was but a lad, and a source of much amusement to the villagers, as he was continually getting the "cart before the horse," having withal a bad lisp. Having borrowed a horse and saddle from a neighbor, he returned them in due time, tendering his acknowledgments for the same and saying, "I put the thaddle in the barn and hung the horth up in the thtable." Then seeing his error and the smile on the face of the lender, he said, "I thometimeth get the horth before the cart, but theldom." He was an exemplary old man whom the boys delighted to tease by borrowing his "pung" without his permission to ride down the hill o' nights when sledding was good; and intensely enjoying his lisping denunciations when he discovered them. A cherry tree that grew in the corner of his yard bore most excellent fruit. An apple tree also, that stood in an orchard some distance from my home, was a source of trouble.

That little village witnessed my first passion for guns and fishing "poles." The latter were not prohibited, although my mother had no great love for them; but the former she detested and feared. My father was very fond of trout fishing, then to be enjoyed in very many of the streams in that section, and sometimes filled my cup of happiness full to overflowing by taking me with him to carry the fish. What joy it was to follow him as he picked his way beside the foaming mountain stream and see him jerk the wriggling beauties from the dashing water, albeit my arms were weary carrying a goodly pail of fish. How refreshing at noonday were the cooling breeze and lunch under the forest trees high up among the hills, and how enjoyable at nightfall to ride homeward well rewarded by a fine catch that would grace the breakfast table next morning, rolled in cornmeal and fried brown in pork fat. I would I had some now.

Once on a fine afternoon in June—shall I ever forget the day?—my father drove up to the village school house, where I with other callow youth was struggling with Webster's Spelling Book and other insurmountable obstacles. He spoke to the teacher, who called me, and I went out. Oh, height of happiness and summits of bliss. He had come for me to go fishing with him, an unheard-of proceeding. What would the boys say now! Taken out of school to go a-fishing! I was the envy of all of them, I knew, and as I rode away in full sight of the school I was so full to bursting with pride and happiness that it was a wonder the buttons didn't fly. It seems a pity now sometimes that I wasn't more capable of appreciating occasions of this kind. We bowled briskly along the road, for my father was a lover of smart horses, and hitched the horse in a farmyard near a trout brook that slipped under a little bridge across the road in a hollow. What trout fisher has not cautiously peered into the "hole" under a bridge where partially undermined stones or logs forming the abutment made fine lurking places for watchful fish? But there were generally only a score or so of dace. I always looked, just the same, for I might see a "whopper" a half dozen inches long.

It was not a noisy mountain stream. Only a peaceful singing brook entering here a piece of woods as yet untouched by axe, where the shadows lay all day and the stones were cushioned with moss. By shady shallows, murmuring ripples, or dark pools where overhanging roots made secluded retreat for the motionless trout, the beautiful brook made its way to the pasture and meadow where the blackberry, the alder and willow fringed its banks, and the bending grasses intermingling winnowed the sunlight. Cattle lay quietly ruminating in the shade of a spreading elm or industriously grazed for the benefit of the pail, turning their heads toward us in mild expostulation at our intrusion; a watchful woodchuck on the hillside stood guard at the door of his domicile, and three or four garrulous geese down stream muddied the water beautifully as they stretched their necks toward us and harmlessly hissed their displeasure.

The sun had some time dropped below the distant mountains, the air was cool and the dew falling as we drove homeward with a goodly string of trout, closing for me a red-letter day indeed.

During this decade was born my passion for guns and things, and well I remember my first view of percussion caps, as two young men of the village met just below our house to have a little rifle practice. Those shining bits of copper possessed a strong fascination for me, and in my subsequent boyish experience, whenever I heard a cap crack I was there if I could get there. One of my companions was a year or two older than I, and had already developed much wickedness, inasmuch as he would get an old flint-lock musket that belonged to his cousin, and slip away to the pastures and blow chipmunks and other birds into atoms—sometimes. I can't remember now that he was a very depraved boy, but my mother did not think that he was just the companion for me, and rather deprecated intimacy, but we were no great strangers to each other. One day he signaled me according to the code from our back lot, and the result of the interview was that he was to come to the back fence in the afternoon with his gun, and we would go to a pasture lot a half mile from town and just turn things loose. I didn't tell everybody all about it, but at the appointed time I carried out my part of the programme, and my watchful mother viewed the departure from the buttery window. We took rather a circuitous course and reached the rear of the Methodist meetin' house, where we proceeded to go through the impressive motions of loading the gun, indulging meanwhile in many fond and glowing anticipations. Just in the midst of these things my mother walked round the corner of the building without needless delay, and nipping my pleasure and my car with the same nip, bore me off silently by a more direct route than I had come, to the seclusion of sweet home. Could my feelings be expressed? Nay, there is not literature sufficient.

I remember but one other occasion in my experience that equaled this, I may say surpassed it in sudden culmination. It was a regular *coup d'état.* It occurred several years subsequent after our removal to a Western city, but while I yet sported jackets. I was stretched flat on my stomach on the towpath of the canal with one hand just beneath the water engaged in the silent and patient endeavor to catch a crawfish when he should emerge from his hole. Anything of a paternal nature was completely absent from my mind, when there was a terrific clap preceding the lightning that was connected with my movements as I stood somehow without volition before my father. It was enough, but why it was necessary to add to my confusion by asking me what I was doing there I couldn't tell. You will generally observe that such questions are asked.

About this time I became possessor of a singlebarrel pistol, and distinguished myself by getting a piece of cap in the bridge of my nose as I was sighting a big frog under a large stone where he was trying to keep cool on a scorching August day. I carried the piece of copper three years, for my modesty forbade mention of the matter at home.

After four years' sojourn at the West we revisited Vermont. During the summer a camp-meeting was in progress near a village where I was visiting my cousin. He had made preparations to go with some comrades and I wanted to go of course, but he being several years my senior did not wish to be harassed by small fry, so he easily bought me off by getting me a singlebarrel shotgun and some ammunition and sending me after "grayers," as they called gray squirrels, the killing of one by me being furthest from his imaginings. Lovers of a gun will understand how I felt when I say it was my first experience with a gun alone in the woods.

It was a perfect afternoon for squirrel hunting, and as I shouldered the gun and started across the meadows for the woods I was a little too big for my clothes.

I had gone some distance into the woods and was walking in an old road up a slight ascent, my senses all alert, when on top of the knoll just ahead appeared a gray squirrel coming my way. He stopped and so suddenly did I that he wasn't sure he saw anything, but he sat there on top of the knoll, outlined against the green beyond, with his tail cocked over his back, and I thought he looked as big as a lamb. Presently reassured, he advanced, and when he had come a few yards I made a rush at him, and with a frightened chatter he disappeared like a flash up a huge hemlock. This was what I wished, and knowing that he would show himself in a few minutes I took my stand beside a convenient tree and waited. Before long his curiosity got the best of him, and from a height of forty or fifty feet he put his head around. I stood motionless, with my gun rested against the tree pointed at him. In a minute he began to bark, and little by little, his tail jerking at a great rate, he edged round until his whole body was in view, head downward and scolding furiously. Then I pulled trigger and he came whirling down to the ground. What a moment was that! Where were Hannibal, Xerxes and those fellows then!

I sat down and taking that squirrel I examined his teeth, his sharp claws, and feet blackened with early butternuts, smoothed his shining fur, admired his perfect spreading tail, until I cooled off, and then loading my gun I began anew my search, which ended for that afternoon by finding one more up a maple and bringing him at the first shot. Homeward I went in the evening, and when about midnight my cousin awoke me and asked what luck, and I told him, I was paid again for loss of camp meeting by his "By thunder! You didn't though?"

Through my uncle's farm ran a sizable trout stream in which were numerous "holes" where dwelt numerous "lunkers," many experienced old fellows of a foot and more in length, that had occupied their retreats for lo, these many seasons, resisting all the wiles of inexperienced boys and old trout fishers. No worm, cricket, grasshopper, or fly offered the slightest temptation, even rubbed against their noses as they calmly and confidently balanced their graceful forms with slowly moving fins or tantalizingly edged away if the attentions were too persistent.

I tried to spear one one day by tying my pocket knife to a pole, and succeeding in slicing the palm of my hand quite extensively instead of the fish. My cousin said he knew how to get them, and one Saturday afternoon when it rained so that he couldn't be sent into the field to work, we arrayed ourselves in dilapidated garments, and with a bushel basket for outfit went forth to conquer. The method was simple but effective. I held the basket at the mouth of the hole and he stirred up the trout and dirt, and when the frightened fish ran into the basket I tipped it up and broke their necks. We captured over forty that afternoon, very few of which—well, they were whoppers.

Several times have I revisited the land of my birth, have caught an occasional trout, shot the whirring partridge or the cunning squirrel, but there lingers not the fragrance around the memory of these sports that accompanies those of former days, and as the years pass by, although the fascination attending sport by field and stream is still strong, I think it is waning, and sometimes when the death quiver passes over the furred or feathered beauty, and the filmy eye closes on the familiar scenes, a guilty feeling rises for recognition as I think of Longfellow's lines:

"And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'
Up the oak tree close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'"

S.

ELK IN NEW YORK.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A farmer near here, while clearing up a fallow, found an enormous pair of elk horns in good preservation, which goes to show that they do not decay very easily, as it is forty years or more since an elk was killed here.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE COTTON RAT AS A FIGHTER.

(*Sigmodon hispidus*).

IN collecting cotton rats I have often remarked upon the great number of mutilated males which come to hand. Tails, ears, eyes, and even legs are missing or exhibit evidence of wounds of more or less recent date. These specimens were always males, and I had long suspected that these little rodents had a penchant for regular "shindies," which the following incident seems to prove: One bright, sunny day last winter I winged a flicker and lost him among some low oak scrub and broom grass. As is my custom on such occasions, I sat perfectly still and listened. In a few minutes I heard a slight rustling and scratching under an oak bush just to the left, and turning my glass in that direction, I saw that the noise was not made by my flicker, but by a group of three cotton rats.

At first I thought they were at play, but this idea was speedily dissipated when I saw fur flying about. I could distinctly hear the "twitch" as the combatants closed and plucked away at each other. One was evidently a spectator and kept near the edge of a pretty well-defined ring that the principals had tramped down in their contest. They were plainly adepts in the art of self-defense. They backed, dodged, and feinted like human pugilists, their little eyes sparkled, and every moment or two one would rattle his teeth like a trapped woodchuck (only less so) a sort of defiance, it would seem, for it was instantly answered in the same way by the other. The points of attack seemed to be ears and tail. Charge and counter charge were quick as a flash and impossible to describe, but when a clinch occurred the movement was quite slow. Each seized the other's head with his paws and endeavored to hold his antagonist's jaws at a safe distance. It was at such times that the fur-plucking episode occurred. In the last round it became apparent that the spectator was a female. She sat upon her hind legs, crossed her little front paws and uttered a squeak; this seemed to rouse the combatants to frenzy. Each answered the cry of encouragement and closed instantly, struggling and rolling about for nearly half a minute. I took this opportunity to approach a little, with the laudable intention of obtaining specimens. Some slight noise I made probably caused them to pause, and I saw that one had the other firmly by the middle of the tail, while the other had doubled back upon himself and had seized his assailant just as firmly by the ear. The cessation of hostilities was very short and the end near at hand. The ear was bitten off, but he of the wounded tail crawled away dragging his crippled member but still holding the ear, perhaps as a trophy. The one-eared victor at once proceeded to pay his court to the fair spectator of his doughty deeds, but my hickory stick interrupted the course of true love and he is now a specimen. It seems, therefore, according to the "Marquis de Cotton Rat's prize-ring rules" a broken tail is decisive punishment.

Not at all apropos of the above, I will remark that the cotton rat takes readily to the water, swimming and diving with great rapidity. WALTER HOXIE.

FROGMORE, Beaufort County, S. C.

THE WHITE GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 9 appears a letter concerning the mountain goat (*Aplocerus columbianus*) and the mode of hunting it, by Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman, which is so widely at variance with my experience of the animal, that I am induced to offer the following in reply:

My acquaintance with the white goat commenced twenty-three years ago, in the Yellowhead Pass of the Rocky Mountains, since which time I have met him in various localities in the Cascade Mountains, at Burrard Inlet, Howe Sound and the head waters of the Stickeen and Mackenzie rivers. During all this time I have been endeavoring to invest this animal with some claim to game qualities, and wherever I have met one which showed that alertness usually found in wild animals, I have put it down on the credit side of the account; but in striking a balance up to the present time, I am sorry to rob this animal of much of the romance thrown around it by enthusiastic writers, who have, I fear, put to the goat's credit all the difficulties and dangers springing from the nature of his habitat, and whose record of slain goats could probably be counted on the ends of their fingers.

Speaking of hunting with dogs, Mr. Baillie-Grohman says: "By no other means, save perhaps some fantastical and entirely visionary drugging scheme, such as Munchhausen speaks of, could goats be approached within lassoing distance." As this assertion is unqualified, I would like to ask Mr. Baillie-Grohman with what amount of experience he is prepared to support it. I have repeatedly walked up to within fifty feet of goats before they attempted to leave the spot on which they were feeding, and when they did go it was with a shuffling, uncertain gait, as if they had not really made up their minds about it. I once saw a goat come within ten yards of our camp-fire, and there lie down, apparently anxious to watch the operation of cooking. One of our party fired four shots at him (his sights were up to 500 yards, which, of course, he was not aware of till afterward). At the first shot the goat got up and walked down the slope into a ravine; nor did the subsequent shots—all of which missed him—serve to quicken his pace in the least. I once got so close to a small band of goats that I shot two of them down without putting the rifle to my shoulder—the first time I ever tried that style of shooting. It is no uncommon thing for a Howe Sound Indian to kill twenty-five goats in a day with an old flint-lock musket, the range of which is about twenty-five or thirty yards, and instead of ball they sometimes use duck shot. I once saw two Indians kill a goat each with No. 4 shot. The distance was about forty feet, the Indians having the advantage of the cover afforded by some low bushes on the margin of a mountain stream, on the opposite side of which the goats were feeding. And these are not isolated cases, for I can recall very few instances in which goats have been at all difficult of approach.

I believe naturalists find something in the structure of the white goat to justify them in placing it among the antelopes; but, as in the case of "Nessmuk's" cranberry bear, so in this the naturalists assume too much, as there is about as much of the antelope in the actions, habits and appearance of the mountain goats which I have met as there is in a government pack mule, and about as much game as there is in the great-

horned owl—a fact which can be easily verified by any of your Eastern sportsmen who wish to come to British Columbia and hunt them.

Again, Mr. Baillie-Grohman says: "The easiest way to hunt the goat is with dogs." I might, with as much show of reason, say that the easiest way is by still-hunting, and that dogs are of no use whatever. I will endeavor, however, to be a little less dogmatic. Years ago the practice of hunting with dogs was tried and abandoned by the coast Indians of British Columbia, among them the Squamish Indians, who are the most successful goat hunters in the province; and it will be universally admitted that Indians do not abandon an easier for a more difficult method. The simple fact is that the method to be employed depends upon the ground. Dogs may be useful in Kootenai (I know the Indians use them there), but their use here would be simply ridiculous, as a careful still-hunter may, under ordinary circumstances, approach the goats almost near enough to knock them over with a club. Fleetness of foot does not belong to the mountain goat. Their eyesight is not at all keen, and they pay little or no attention to such sounds as the report of a rifle a few hundred yards away, or the step of a hunter walking over rocks within reasonable hearing distance. They are, on the whole, a dull, mopish animal; at least so I have found them.

Speaking of the "hump" of the goat, Mr. Baillie-Grohman says: "The top of it is at least eighteen inches over the level of a horizontal line drawn between the eyes and the root of the tail." But as he does not say whether the line is drawn before or after skinning, his meaning is somewhat vague. The greatest height of hump I ever measured was two and three-quarter inches above the top of the backbone—taken of course after the animal was skinned. The hair on the skin over that hump measured eleven inches. This hair stands straight up, which together with the generally shaggy nature of the coat, especially at certain seasons of the year, serves to give the animal a false appearance—that is, to make it look larger than it really is—so that the photograph which Mr. Baillie-Grohman has obtained of the famous giant ram will prove very little as regards actual size and weight. As to its girth being eight feet, with my experience of the animal, I would certainly require some better authority than that which comes from the "home of tall talk," before I would repeat it as a matter of natural history.

When Mr. Baillie-Grohman confines himself to his own experience of the weight of this animal he keeps within bounds, and as he does not personally vouch for the weight of the "giant ram," he may excuse me if I am inclined to put it in the same category with the one killed at Fort Keogh —500 pounds "judged weight"—no evidence at all.

About as large a goat as ever I saw was shot on the border of a lake some quarter of a mile from the shore of the north arm of Burrard Inlet. The hunter who shot it, an American (whether hailing from the "home of tall talk" or not I cannot say), "judged" his weight to be 350 pounds. As there was a good trail out to the beach, the goat was brought out and weighed, and the hunter had the satisfaction of knowing that his judgment was just 150 pounds astray, as the animal weighed only 200 pounds.

But it may be, after all, that we of British Columbia know nothing of the mountain goat, and that it has been reserved for an English sportsman, who comes all the way from London, sewed up by his metropolitan tailor in a fur sack, to teach us.

R. GRIFFIN.

HASTINGS, British Columbia.

WATER BIRDS OF NOVA SCOTIA—II.

BY J. MATTHEW JONES.

FAM. RALLIDÆ.

Gen. Rallus, Linn.

1. Virginia Rail (*R. virginianus*).—Common.

Gen. Porzana, Viell.

1. Carolina Rail (*P. carolina*).—Not common in the marshes during summer.

2. Yellow Rail (*P. noveboracensis*).—Very rare. A specimen was shot recently at Cole Harbor, Halifax county, and is now in Mr. Egan's collection.

Gen. Gallinula, Briss.

1. Florida Gallinule (*G. galeata*).—Rare. Three specimens only have passed through Mr. Egan's hands.

Gen. Porphyrio, Temm.

1. Purple Gallinule (*P. martinica*).—Very rare. Only one specimen is on record, taken near Halifax, Jan. 30, 1869, after the severe southerly gale in which the City of Boston was supposed to have foundered.

Gen. Fulica, Linn.

1. American Coot (*F. americana*).—Common in the marshes and other suitable localities.

FAM. ANATIDÆ.

Gen. Anser, Linn.

1. Snow Goose (*A. hyperboreus*).—Very rare. Two specimens were shot on Halifax common some years ago, and preserved by Mr. Andrew Downs. The specimens of this bird obtained occasionally in the Maritime Provinces in spring are evidently stragglers from the migratory hosts which generally keep west of longitude 90 on their annual course north to the breeding grounds.

Gen. Branta, Scop.

1. Brant Goose (*B. bernicla*).—Arrives on its northern migration about the beginning of April, but is influenced like the wild goose by the state of the season. Vast numbers frequent our northern coast on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, particularly the shores of Picton and Cumberland counties, where they stay for two or three weeks awaiting the breaking of the ice further north, to proceed to their breeding grounds in Labrador and still further north, as we learn from Capt. McClintock's memorable voyage of the Fox, that he found a brant on its nest at Boothia Felix, Lat. 71° N., on June 26, 1859. About the end of September they again cross the northwest portion of Nova Scotia on their migration south; and we have observed large flocks passing over Tantamara Marsh in Cumberland county as late as Oct. 26. The brant does not frequent the Atlantic or eastern coast of Nova Scotia as a rule, but makes the Bay of Fundy its usual course to the northward.

2. Canada goose (*B. canadensis*).—Our common wild goose. A few flocks undoubtedly pass the winter on our Atlantic coast, for almost annually during that season specimens are shot by persons along the shores, and therefore it is somewhat difficult to ascertain with certainty the date of the arrival of the southern migrants on their way north in spring. A flock of forty were observed Feb. 23, 1870, at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, going north. This is the earliest date we have recorded of their migration in a northerly direction. The unusually high temperature which prevailed over the Maritime Provinces during that month, had doubtless much to do with this early migration, if such it can be called, as the flock which had probably wintered on some part of the Atlantic coast, was enticed by the absence of ice from shore waters, as well as the broken state of ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which was remarkable during that winter, to venture on their northern journey so early. In the early part of February, 1871, a small flock was observed outside Ship Harbor, Halifax county, and one shot and brought to town. Again, in January, 1879, a flock of twenty frequented the coast between Lawrencetown and Cole Harbor, Halifax county. The most remarkable occurrence, however, as regards the appearance of wild geese here in winter, took place on Dec. 23, 1883, a most inclement day, when the thermometer fell to 15° below zero, with a stiff northerly gale, a flock of wild geese passed over Halifax city, steering for the entrance to the harbor. Again, as late as Dec. 13, 1884, a flock of thirty passed over King's county, close on the Bay of Fundy.

From these facts and others with which we could supplement them, we may conclude to a certainty that a few flocks of wild geese do winter here.

Although, as we have before remarked, owing to these stray flocks wintering with us, and moving from one point to another, it is difficult to ascertain the true date of the arrival of the migratory bands from the south; yet we venture from our record of observations made during the last twenty four years to state that the earliest arrivals may be set down as usually occurring from the 6th to the 12th of March; but should the temperature be lower than ordinary at that period, and the weather be severe, the migration is delayed until milder weather occurs. Sometimes it so happens that a week or ten days of unusually mild weather occurs early in spring, which has the effect of bringing to our province the leading columns of migrants, and the sudden change to a low temperature again which frequently takes place on such occasions and that for a prolonged term, proves most disastrous to the geese. In the last week of February, 1880, the weather was remarkably mild, as may be imagined when we state that flies were observed buzzing about in the sun in sheltered spots on the 28th of that month. This had the effect of bringing up the geese. On the 26th of March began a cold spell which lasted off and on for a fortnight, accompanied by snow storms, freezing up the country as in the depth of winter. The poor geese, unable to find food, were reduced to great extremities and became so weak and tame that numbers were killed by boys with sticks; but when killed were hardly worth having, so emaciated had they become. In the spring of 1882 the geese also came up too soon to proceed north and were obliged to remain with us even to the end of April, for the St. Lawrence was covered with ice, and the coast of Prince Edward's Island as late as the 20th of that month, according to a local paper, had an ice belt even on its northern shore "extending at least eight miles out without flaw or crack, thirty inches thick, and in all respects as safe as any day during the winter."

The numbers of geese which pass over Nova Scotia vary greatly, in some seasons not a tithe of the usual quantity being observed. May not this be attributed to the geese sometimes preferring to make their journey north a few degrees to the westward to escape the storms of the Atlantic coast which are occasionally very severe and continuous about the time of their migration? It is very rarely indeed that the geese pass over this province on their migration south in autumn, and we have only recorded a few instances of stray flocks being observed to do so.

How far beyond the latitude of Hudson's Bay this species proceeds in spring to breed is difficult to ascertain from published reports; but it is very probable they tenant all the waters of the Churchill and Mackenzie districts to the borders of the Arctic Sea, if not still further north. According to Barnston it is plentiful during the whole winter in mild seasons on the Pacific coast of British America.

Gen. Anas, Linn.

1. Mallard (*A. boschas*).—Not common. Occurs occasionally in companies of a few individuals, when the marshes overflow in autumn.

2. Dusky Duck (*A. obscura*).—Our common wild duck. Very common; breeds about the inland lakes and rivers; also in numbers on Sable Island, situate some eighty miles out at sea from Halifax. Many stay all winter, frequenting the bays and inlets of the Atlantic coast.

Gen. Dafila, Leach.

1. Pintail (*D. acuta*).—Not uncommon. Occurs in the fall with other migratory ducks.

Gen. Mareca, Steph.

1. American Widgeon (*M. americana*).—Rare. A pair, male and female, where shot at Sambro Island, Halifax harbor, a few years ago, and are now in Mr. Egan's collection.

Gen. Querquedula, Steph.

1. Green-winged Teal (*Q. carolinensis*).—Common.

2. English Teal (*Q. crecca*).—Accidental. Mr. Downs informs us that one was shot near Halifax in September, 1854.

3. Blue-winged Teal (*Q. discors*). Common.

Gen. Spatula, Boie.

1. Shoveller (*S. clypeata*).—Very rare. In the first week of April, 1879, two males in fine plumage were shot at Cole Harbor; one being preserved by Mr. Egan for a gentleman in Halifax.

Gen. Aix, Swains.

1. Summer Duck (*A. sponsa*).—Not uncommon. Breeds about the large inland lakes.

Gen. Fuligula, Steph.

1. Greater Scaup (*F. marila*).—Not common.

2. Lesser Scaup (*F. affinis*).—Not common.

3. Redhead (*F. ferina*).—Very rare. One was shot recently at Sambro Island, Halifax harbor, and is now in Mr. Egan's collection.

4. Canvasback (*F. vallisneria*).—Accidental. Only one specimen known, which was shot at Sambro Island in 1881, and is now in Mr. Egan's collection.

Gen. Bucephala, Baird.

1. Golden-eye (*B. clangula*).—Common. Known to the fishermen as "widgeon" and "whistle-wing."

2. Barrow's Golden-eye (*B. islandica*).—Rather rare. As sociates with the preceding on the shores. Until Dr. Bernard Gilpin's valuable paper "On the Golden-eyes and Garrots of Nova Scotia" [Trans. N. S. Inst. Nat. Sc., Vol. IV. p. 390.], the two species were considered here as one. Dr. Gilpin thus remarks on the anatomy of the birds: "While finding little or nothing in the parts of reproduction, the ovaries and testes, I unexpectedly found in the male birds so great a difference in the shape of the windpipes as at once to mark a different species. This difference is much more easily seen than described, as is readily shown in the plate. In the male common golden-eye, the windpipe soon after leaving the throat and before it enters the breast, has a very sudden enlargement, almost as it were a broad hoop thrown obliquely around its stem. On the inside this leaves circular pouches on the posterior surface before the restriction of the pipe takes place again. In *islandica*, the windpipe simply and gradually enlarges itself, becoming restricted again before it enters the breast. In one the enlargement is suddenly from two-eighths of an inch to an inch and an eighth, while in the other from two-eighths to five-eighths, and that with no protuberances. In the males alone of both species there is, after the windpipe has entered the breast, that very complicated sub-quadrangular knob from which the bifurcation of the pipe proceeds. This form is common in a modified degree to other species. According to our present ideas of species, this great divergency in form of windpipe, existing in the male though lost in the female, must mark them as two different species, although in the males a little more or less white on head and back, a little purple reflection in one, and a higher base of bill and forehead marks the only difference, and in the females as regards color, no difference can be found. The tails, wings and feet of both, in the most minute examination, affording no differential types."

3. Bufflehead (*B. albeola*).—Very common. Frequents the rivers and ponds at the close of summer on arriving from the north, and resorts to the sea coast in winter. Leaves for its northern breeding grounds about the middle of April.

Gen. Harelda, Leach.

1. Long-tailed Duck (*H. glacialis*).—Known on the coast as "cock-a-wee." Very common throughout the winter months all along the Atlantic coast, frequenting the open water of the estuaries in small flocks. For its size, we should imagine that it possessed more blood than any other duck, for, after being shot, it runs from the bird in a perfect stream. No wonder that it braves the severest weather when we take this fact into consideration, coupled with that of its also possessing an extremely dense coat of feathers and down, quite equal to that of a grebe. The flocks that come inshore are generally composed of young males and females, the old birds keeping outside.

Gen. Camptolæmus, Gray.

1. Labrador Duck (*C. labradoricus*).—Very rare. Only one specimen known to have been taken, and that was about thirty years ago. It was purchased after preservation for a private collection in New York.

Gen. Histrionicus, Len.

1. Harlequin Duck (*H. torquatus*).—Not common. The male is known as "lord" by the coast people, and from the beauty of its plumage always finds a purchaser in Halifax markets when a specimen is exposed for sale.

Gen. Somateria, Leach.

1. Eider Duck (*S. mollissima*).—Very common. The male is known as the "sea drake" and the female as the "sea duck." About the end of April or beginning of May numbers of these birds frequent the coast, mingling with the countless hosts of scoters, as they ride on the sea just outside the breakers. Breeds.

2. King Eider (*S. spectabilis*).—Rare; specimens occasionally obtained. It is known on the coast as "bottle-nose drake."

Gen. Œdemia, Flem.

1. American Black Scoter (*Œ. americana*).—Known on the coast as the "coot," "courting coot" or "yellowbill." Immense flocks frequent the Atlantic coast of this province and afford good gunning to the fishermen in winter and spring, when the boats of a whole fishing station will turn out to blaze away outside at the flocks as they fly from point to point. They emit a peculiar wild note while lying on the water together. Mr. W. Winton informs us that one James Piltello, of Gloucester, Mass., informed him that some years ago while fishing on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland he took three of these birds, undigested, from the stomach of a halibut. The ducks had, no doubt, according to habit, dived down to the bottom in shallow soundings in search of food and were snapped up by the voracious ground-feeder.

2. Velvet Scoter (*Œ. fusca*).—Not uncommon. Known on the coast as the "white-winged diver" or "harbor coot."

3. Surf Duck (*Œ. perspicillata*).—Common. The male is known as the "king coot" or "bottle-nose coot."

Gen. Erismatura, Bonap.

1. Ruddy Duck (*E. rubida*).—Formerly rare, but of late years somewhat common.

Gen. Mergus, Linn.

1. Goosander (*M. merganser*). Not common.

2. Red-breasted Merganser (*M. serrator*). — Common. Known on the coast as the "sheldrake;" the female "sheldduck." It frequents the larger lakes of the interior in summer during the breeding season. It is also found at Sable Island, and breeds there.

3. Hooded Merganser (*M. cucullatus*).—Very rare. Three specimens only, young birds, have passed through Mr. Egan's hands, one of which was shot at Lawrencetown, the first week in November, 1884.

FAM. SULIDÆ.

Gen. Sula, Brin.

1. Common Gannet (*S. bassana*).—Not uncommon. Specimens are occasionally offered for sale in Halifax market. Breeds at the Magdalen Islands, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RANGE OF THE AMERICAN BISON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to Mr. J. A. Allen's question in FOREST AND STREAM some time since: To my knowledge there is but one herd of bison in Colorado. They number about forty. As their range is well out of the way of travel and is very seldom visited by hunting parties, this little remnant of what was a few years ago a large herd, is still to be found. Occasionally one wanders away and sometimes extends its range into South Park and is shot. The occurrence there seems to excite considerable comment and many wonder where they come from, but as the few who know wisely keep quiet the game butcher has not found them yet, and I only hope that this may not catch the eye of any such and that we may be spared these for a few years yet.—BONASA.

[We have omitted to print the locality as given by our correspondent, but have communicated it to Prof. Allen.]

WHITTIER AND THE BIRDS.—It was during one of these delightful pleasures that our friends proposed to call at Oak Knoll, the rural residence of Mr. Whittier. The lateness of the season had prevented the usual visit of the latter to the White Mountains. We had, therefore, the pleasure of his company during a short tarry. The grounds at Oak Knoll are exceedingly beautiful; so refined in the sense of landscape gardening, as well as naturally diversified in a marvellously delightful manner, that it becomes a matter of quite unanimous feeling to adjourn to them promptly. The sweet notes of the song sparrow in the hedges near suggested to Mr. Whittier the subject of song birds of America, and in answer to a question he declared his preference for that humble bird, adding though that he could not pass by the woodthrush as in any degree less sweet. The woodthrush seems to retain here more of the shyness traditional in the history of this bird, since, though in Central Park, it is one of the most common, the ladies of this household were not able to catch a fair view of the bird, though its musical notes are constantly heard. Our host had a keen apprehension of the beauty of form as exhibited in single trees. Several large examples are here growing in all the perfection of their natural typical forms. We have seldom seen such charming diversity in such comparatively limited grounds. There is room for the display of several very choice trees in their full sweep, their branches lying flat upon the ground; notably the larch, but a chestnut of great size throws out a limb horizontally, which leaves the trunk at about five feet from the earth, and reaches according to our pacing forty feet in length. Records of lightning striking twice in the same place are rare. Mr. Whittier pointed out a tree near the house that has received such attentions. On going through the delightful tangle at the rear of the house we ran near a rabbit pen which contained several pure white pets. The loud gobbling of a turkey suggested to our host an account of the fierce and persistent hatred manifested by a turkey gobbler toward General Gordon, of Eastern fame, which he had been reading, and which corresponds, he said, with his own experience—this gobbler being so vicious as when at liberty to make savage attacks on him, forcing him when hard pushed to imitate the tactics of Gordon, which consisted in seizing the head of the bird, forcing it under a wing, and then rapidly whirling the body until the creature grew sleepy or dizzy from the movement. A fine mockingbird, in captivity near the house, suggested again the subject of songsters, when Mr. Whittier related an incident new to us. Haverhill, Mass., is his birthplace, at which place, he says, the ornithologist Wilson, in 1812, during the war, when all were on the alert for spies, was found wandering in the woods, dressed peculiarly and carrying a gun. The authorities arrested him as a spy, when the embarrassed naturalist at first found it difficult to establish an identity. Mr. Whittier expressed a fondness for Wilson's writings on birds, as compared with Audubon's, the poetical features of Wilson's writings being of considerable worth. He related an instance of unusual talent for picturing birds seen in the case of an old farmer near his place. Late in life the farmer had procured materials and had painted in water colors pictures of a large number of native birds, that are of exceptional excellence both as portraits and works of art.—*Correspondence N. Y. Evening Post.*

GRASS PLOVER WILL NOT READILY DECOY.—It has been my experience that grass plover will not come to stool either the wooden ones or dead specimens of the bird propped up to resemble the living. They are not sociable, and I have no doubt it will be found to be the same experience of other sportsmen.—HOMO.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

165.

A PARTY out on Bow Lake were pickerel fishing through the ice, when a big farmer boy strolled down to see how they were doing. He sat down by the fire, when the fishermen began to interrogate him about the best places to fish, and how large fish he had seen caught. Among other stories he told was one to the effect that his "dad," fishing through the ice, had hooked a pickerel that gave him hard work to pull in, and in trying to get it through the hole its head pulled off, and his "dad" took it home and the head weighed seven pounds. Thereupon Bill Blank, who was the wag of the party, cut the head off from a four-pound pickerel, and unobserved by the boy hooked it on the trap nearest to where the party were seated quizzing the boy. Bill then went over among the others, and soon managed to get the boy's attention drawn to the sprung trap, and boy-like he jumped up and ran for it, and started pulling it in, while the party were tickling all over at the expected surprise the boy would get in pulling out the head, "same as his dad did." But he didn't surprise worth a cent, for in pulling it out, in the most unconcerned fashion, he exclaimed: "Say, Mister, you better put on a fresh bait; he has chewed this one all off but the head." A. MAC.

166.

Scene, a country general store, where everything is sold, from a pin to a hoghook. The conversation had drifted on to "imagination." "Speaking of 'magination," said old Ike N., "I'll jist tell ye a little sarkimstance that once happened to me. You see, I used to git a little 'off' sometimes, and one morning when I got up feeling kinder 'owley' like I went an' looked out inter the orchard, and thar sat a blamed big owl in one of the apple trees. Says I to Jim—that's my boy, ye know, what's gone out west now—'Jim, get me old Williams'—that's that gun I sold to Gus Marshall—'What do you want her for?' says Jim. 'There's a big owl out in that medder-sweet tree; and be quick about it.' That brought the old woman up, too. Ye see, she had lost some chickens lately, and she kinder took an interest in it. Jim brought the old gun, I histed the winder kinder careful like 's to not skeer him, and hang me if I could git that old churn to pint at him. The old woman says, 'Where's your owl? I don't see none.' 'Out there in the fust tree, don't you see him?' 'No,' says she, 'nor you nuther, but if you'd had about three more drinks of Jim Brown's whisky last night I reckon you would see two owls.' 'Don't you s'pose I know an owl when I see one? I haint lived sixty years in the woods and then not know an owl when I see one?' 'Well, you might see one but I can't,' she said, and she reached up a picked the biggest hayseed out of my eyebrow you most ever sot eyes on. 'Guess it must be,' says I, 'the owl's gone anyhow,' and sure enough, there that blamed hayseed was stuck up in my eyebrow, and I took it for a bird six rods off. I tell you, boys, 'magination's a great thing." FLICKER.

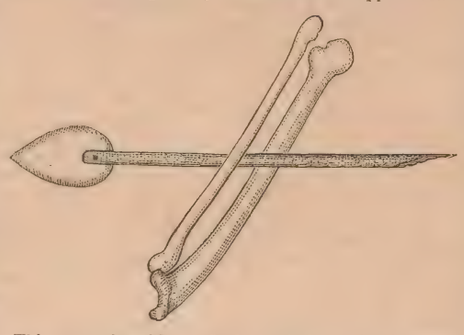
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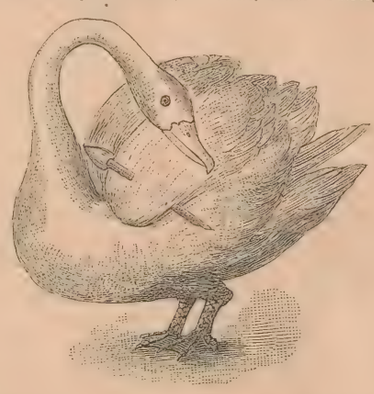
Editor Forest and Stream:

A male swan was killed near here three years ago this spring on his migration north, that carried between the arm bones (radius and ulna) of the right wing an arrow, bone-shafted and copper pointed. The shaft, as nearly as I can explain, is made from the foot bone (meta tarsal) of one of the seal family, and is eight inches long, beveled at the string end so as to be spliced to another portion in order to lengthen the shaft. A slot in the other end contains the copper head, which is riveted in place by a well-fashioned copper rivet.



This arrow is without doubt entirely an Arctic production. Copper in its pure state is found in abundance along the borders of the Coppermine River, but the head of this arrow did not come from this source as it is fashioned from manufactured (rolled) copper. Arctic explorers of late years in the vicinity of Back's Great Fish River, Boothia and King William's Land, have often found among the Esquimaux weapons and utensils fashioned from various manufactured metals. Who knows but what this arrow head might have been made of copper from one of Sir John Franklin's ships, the stranded Erebus or Terror?

The swan mounted, with arrow in place, is now an ornament in a family house at Painesville, Ohio. Photographs



were taken of the mounted bird, one of which was sent to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. I am now trying to have the owners of this specimen of migration donate it to the Smithsonian.

For many years the fishculturist has marked his brood to see if in the course of time the seed put in the water by him would return again and recompense him for his labor. We now know it to be a fact that industry in this way does not go astray. The fish eggs hatched and cared for at the fountain-head turned into the stream will give full satisfaction in time; so fecund is nature and always pays her debts. What if we could label every bird that takes his journey from almost at the tropics to within the Arctic region, and find out his story after he had raised his northern brood and started for his warm winter home. What a wonder of wonderful stories we could record; but unfortunately we are limited in acquiring the workings of these winged wonders of the air. And so when we meet with a bird like this that has carried in his wing the mark made by the Esquimaux possibly in the spring and killed the following spring on its way north after winging its way for many hundred miles in its migration, we may well consider and begin studying this that is little understood, the law on wonders of migration which governs animal life.

As a study in the way of the birds in the air, I think the history of this noble swan with the Esquimaux's arrow in his wing worth recording. DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a slip copied some months ago from the *Pioneer*, of Summerside, P. E. I.: "Last week a wild goose was shot in Richmond Bay and sold to Mr. Benj. Tanton, of St. Eleanors. While the bird was being prepared for cooking a large leaden bullet was found imbedded in its liver, completely encysted or covered with animal tissue, indicating that the bird had probably carried it for years. The bullet weighs an ounce, and was hammered round and not cast, as is usually done. The bird seems to have suffered no inconvenience from the additional weight, as Mr. Tanton informs us it was one of the best that ever came on his table." It is remarkable that the bird, although handicapped with such extra weight, was in more than average condition. I can vouch for the account being correct. D. H. MACGOWAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While skinning a male *Mergus merganser* for mounting I encountered a round bony substance about the size of a No. 1 shot fast to the backbone next to the skin and appearing as if a shot had been fired into the backbone and stuck into it and then been encysted. Upon cutting off the enveloping substance, I discovered the sharp end of a wire. Taking hold of this with the forceps and pulling with considerable force I drew out a piece of steel wire one and one-quarter inches in length encased in a bony cylinder. This wire, which I inclose, I think is part of a fish-hook and was pointed from the belly upward to and through the backbone.

C. T. RICHARDSON.

ESSEX COUNTY, New York.

THE BIG MARSH OF THE TANTRAMAR.

FOR abundance and variety of feathered game commend me to the Big Marsh of the Tantramar. The Tantramar itself is an oddity among rivers, and all the country about it is peculiar, indulging itself in a certain air of mystery. This country is the tidal region of New Brunswick, of miraculous and ever renewed fertility, which is slowly rising out of the sea into which it sank as slowly ages ago. The Micmac Indians hunted and fished along the scanty borders of these marshes, when first they began to re-emerge. Then the Acadian French came, and hastened the slow reclamation by long massive ranges of dykes. Then came the English and helped themselves to the fair inheritance. Now the Big Marsh occupies the greater part of the isthmus connecting Nova Scotia with New Brunswick. For miles and miles in every direction stretch the bright green levels, the heavy heads of the "timothy" bending before the sudden breezes, with here and there a broad yellow patch of salt salt grass, here and there a few acres of brown weedy mud, too wet for meadow, and here and there a chain of sedgy pools. There are no dwellings to be seen save on the far off skirts of the uplands, but a few barns dot the expanse. Through the green winds hither and thither the river Tantramar, of a tortuosity which Meander never attained to in his most circuitous mood. At low tide the channel is a vast yawning chasm of red mud, several hundred yards in width, and more than a hundred feet deep, along the bed of which hurries a brawling brook. Then the tremendous Fundy tide storms in through Cumberland Basin, and presently the Tantramar is formed into

"A full-fed river, winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain."

It brims the confining dykes, and floats mighty ships on its yellow bosom. All round the head of the Basin, outside of the barrier of dykes the marsh is fringed with acres upon acres of mud flat and sandy beach, of varying degrees of dryness and firmness. Over these flats fly swarms of rail, and sandpipers, and diverse kinds of small snipe. Here and on suitable ground inside are curlew. Great flocks of golden plover settle on the salter meadows and close-eaten pasture marshes. Yellowlegs drop everywhere by twos and threes with their forlorn whistle, and the ducks haunt the reedy pools at sundown.

It was very soon after the arrival of the plover in force that my friend C. and myself decided to commence operations. Our base was not far from old Fort Cumberland, the Beau Séjour of Acadian story. An account of our first day on the marsh will serve as a specimen of the whole campaign, which we carried on for a week with eminent success. As in former papers for FOREST AND STREAM I have had to chronicle some rather humiliating failures, it is with the more satisfaction that I come to record a day's sport with which we were thoroughly content.

It was late in the morning when we set out, and for lunch we thrust but a biscuit or two and a cruller into our pockets, as this expedition was intended as a mere reconnoissance, and we did not expect to be gone above three or four hours. But the gods grant us our best days often when we are least looking for the favor—sometimes when we are least prepared to make the most of it. But our only lack of preparation on this day was our lack of adequate lunch; and this we in a way—a poor way—managed to remedy when the remedy came to be needed, as shall further on appear. As we made our way down a steep upland pasture, studded with clumps of the juniper shrub and huckleberry, C. shouted suddenly "There they go!" and pointed eagerly out over the marsh. There was a cloud of plover, wheeling uncertainly, disturbed by a team which we saw crawling along the black marsh road a half mile away. The birds finally settled in a wide muddy patch of salt marsh, whereon a herd of cattle was feeding. This ground was fenced off from the meadow lands surrounding it; and a line of dyke led along a small stream from the foot of the uplands to within fair gunshot of the birds. We lost no time, but plunged through a bad bit of swamp before us, gained the shelter of the dyke, and crept noiselessly toward our prey. A dozen paces more and we should have been upon them, when there was a trampling and bellowing among the cattle, and we lifted our heads in time to see an amateur bull fight commencing, which drove the plover off in a puff of gray wings. The flock swayed toward us, then swerved sharply to the right, showing a flicker of white from their under wings and pearly-tinted bellies. It was a splendid chance as they swerved; four reports rang out almost as one, and a bird dropped headlong to each barrel. We sprang over the dyke and rushed out into the field, ignoring the bull fight. How plump and soft and dainty looked the beautiful birds on the trodden mire of the field! How we admired them, and smoothed their roughened feathers ere we dropped them into our bags. The first spoils of the day, we knew no later ones could seem so rare and fair.

Meanwhile we had kept an eye on the departing survivors—of whom there must have been several hundred. They alighted near the borders of a tract whereon had just been cut the late "broadleaf" hay. There was no cover by which we could approach, but within range of the flock there was a low pile of fence rails. The ground between was slimy with showers that had fallen in the night, but we lay down flat and worked ourselves gradually into position behind the pile of rails. Then, having made whispered arrangements as to where each should fire, we sprang to our feet all prepared. Imagine our chagrined countenances as we saw that this produced no marked effect! In truth, the flock was circling in a leisurely fashion hundreds of yards distant. While we had been painfully worming our way through the mud, not daring to lift our heads, the plover had resolved upon departing for fresh fields and had departed forthwith. We sat down blankly on the rails, and saw the flock settle at last far off in the open. The only thing to do was for one of us to endeavor to "circumvent" the wily birds, while the other waited hidden behind the timber in the hope of a shot on their return flight. C. volunteered to do the circumventing. He thought possibly the birds were in range of a hay stack which we saw in the distance; and if not, he would do his best to drive them in my direction. So I lay down, covering the space before me, but in a very cramped position between two large unsplit cedar rails, and C. disappeared. My waiting seemed for an age, but at last I saw him rush

wildly from behind the far-off haystack, waving his arms and shouting. The panic-stricken plovers delayed not to make inquiries as to the nature of the apparition, but rose as one and made haste directly toward me. They were almost within shot and my fingers tingled, when suddenly they seemed to remember something and wheeled off to the left. They kept on thus till my position shut them from view, and I kept still praying they might come back. Then there was a soft flutter of wings right behind me. I was pinioned between the rails, but I wrenched my neck about, and there was the whole flock reconoitering my position from the rear. They discovered me as my barrels went up, and huddled close together for an instant. Of course I could take no aim. With both hands high in the air, my head nearly twisted off the neck, in the most absurd of postures I fired. Just a glimpse of fluttering feathers through the smoke, and I hardly dreamed that anything else had fallen. But as I wriggled to my feet and stepped forth, to my delighted wonder I found seven birds upon the ground. The shot had been fired upon so wild a chance that I did not look upon it as a pot-shot, but was greatly elated over its result. And how C.'s eyes stuck out at sight of the spoils!

By this time the flock had vanished utterly, and we rightly concluded we should see no more of them, for that day at least, so we too sought pastures new. As we rounded a spur of the uplands we passed through an open swale, wherein we put up a brace of snipe, both of which C. brought down neatly. Then on the sunny slope of a dyke, among wild pea vines and ropes of wild convoloulus, we reclined to discuss our biscuits and too scanty crullers. As we lunched indolently three yellowlegs flew over us, and piped a note of startled inquiry. A little way off we saw a large reddish-brown hawk questing noiselessly above the tops of the long grasses; it was looking forward evidently to a dainty luncheon of field mice. Then a small flock of plover rose from a field in the distance, took a short flight and sank again. We swallowed our last mouthful of cruller and went in pursuit. Three birds were brought down this time, and then the flock made such effectual retreat that we could not dream of following. At this point the marsh was narrow and we decided to try the flats outside the dyke for a change. It would be a waste of time to enumerate the various smaller snipe and rail which we bagged out here. There were at least a couple of flocks of birds in sight all the time; and every flock was the most heterogeneous mixture imaginable. The result of a pot-shot made by C. into a passing swarm was eight birds, which turned out to be representatives of five different species. One of these is a very plump, short-legged and short-necked bird weighing as much as a jack snipe, slate-colored and without markings, which I know not how to name.

We bagged several curlew also, which we found poking their *retroussé* bills into the mud at the very edge of tide. Then the sight of a flock of plover called us in on the marshes again, and by dodging this flock persistently we got three several chances at it, and had only one miss to record. That miss was mine, but I retrieved myself later on. I had the delight of revenge upon C. for his mockery when he missed a fair chance at a duck. But I won't anticipate. When this flock of plover got away from us we realized that we were very hungry. But we could not think of going home. There was a most likely-looking series of ponds near at hand where we felt some ducks would come toward sunset, and we were fain to be on hand to receive them. There was yet an hour before we could hope for their coming, so we resolved to devote that hour to our stomachs. It must be borne in mind that we had not suffered ourselves on this day to go very far from the uplands. To the uplands we now returned, and coming upon an unprotected orchard, we ate our fill of a crabbed and sour little apple growing therein. Then we found a grove of birches, and armed ourselves each with a clean and firm piece of tough birchbark. These we twisted into something of the nature of a bowl, and with softened voices, many endearments, and our very tenderest smiles, we approached some cows that were feeding lazily near. Our demeanor had its effect at once, and we helped ourselves to some long, delicious draughts of new milk. On the edge of the marsh, moreover, we espied some well-fruited beds of cranberries, which went most excellently. Then heedless of the possibilities of cramps, etc., on the morrow — possibilities which were never realized — we wended our way across the grassy acres to the pools, where we hoped for ducks.

To the very brink of the most promising pool—indeed beyond the brink and beyond the fringe of reeds—ran a worm fence, with long grass and weeds on either side of it. This was just to our heart's desire. Concealed in the deep grass we lay at ease, close to the water, and waited till our game should come to us. We didn't mind delay, for we were inclined to be luxurious by this time, and the sight of our already well-plumped game bags gave us a blissful sense of attainment. But the best was not yet—or, rather, as we spoke we looked up and saw the best coming. A whirr of wings and a line of seven black ducks drew swiftly toward us. Our arrangement was that each should fire at the bird or birds that were toward his own side. The ducks had plainly no intention of stopping at our pool, but they flew within easy range, and just as they got past all four barrels were emptied at them. The two hindmost birds fell to me, and the leader of the flock dropped in answer to C.'s first barrel; but his second charge went astray somehow, and he muttered an execration on his luck. An obedient cur which we had borrowed from a farmer waded in and brought our birds ashore. Three black ducks! We felt justly elated. Then all fell quiet again beside the lonely pool, which was beginning to flush warmly under the reddening west; and no voyaging bird could have guessed at the swift death lying in wait for it among those pleasant grasses.

Next a familiar low whistle greeted our ears, and two yellowlegs paused on wide wing, uncertain whether or not to alight. Just as the dangling legs touched the smooth surface we fired and saved them forever the trouble of coming to a decision. Every now and then came more yellowlegs, singly or in pairs, and found their way to our bags. At last came a solitary duck. It was C.'s turn. I had just time to mark it as a "golden eye," when C. fired, first one barrel and then the other, and the duck, with a horrified squawk, added fourfold speed to its journey. C. sprang up and gazed after it. Then he sat down with perfect meekness and endured my comments—a mere echo of what he had said to me on no remote occasion. When I had finished he humbly suggested that perhaps he had left the shot out of those cartridges, to which I replied, "Exactly!" After this there was another succession of yellowlegs, till it began to grow duskish, and we debated the advisability of going home. C. said wistfully that he would like another shy at those confounded ducks. And even as we were speaking the whistle of wings was on our ears again; then a splashing and quacking that thrilled our inmost souls, and there, under our very noses, was a flock of black ducks swimming and feeding in the pool. There was time to pick and choose what should fall to our first barrels. C. was fortunate enough to get two birds in range. So three were bagged at that discharge, and as the flock rose wildly we gave them our second. Result, five ducks. Then we rose also, dragged ourselves homeward with heavy legs but light hearts, put away a most unconscionable supper, and proceeded to display, count, admire, discuss, the booty of the day. I shall not here enumerate, as I think it would be hard-hearted to make men's mouths water unnecessarily, at a season when they cannot well go straightway to visit the Big Marsh of the Tantramar.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FREDERICTON, N. B., March 4, 1885.

A HUNT ON THE YAZOO.

SAUNTERING along St. Charles street, in New Orleans, one bright day during the winter of 1853 (indeed all days are bright there), I was hailed by Ed Ball, a person with whom I had but a slight acquaintance, but whom I knew to be a crack rifle shot and a lover of the woods, qualifications quite ample to impress me in his favor at that time. He informed me that he had just received a letter from Yazoo City informing him that, in consequence of the open winter, there was but little likelihood of a rise in the Mississippi or its tributaries, insuring an abundance of game in the "Swamp," a locality lying between the latter river and the Big Sunflower, subject to occasional overflow, but most of the year as free from water as an upland meadow. Mr. Ball could not have made a proposition more to my liking than this. He also informed me that an acquaintance of his desired to be of the party, a Mr. Henry Radburg, a native of New York State, but for many years a resident of the Crescent City. (He proved subsequently to be a first-class wing-shot, a warm-hearted, genial fellow, and as true as steel. Although a good wing-shot, he was attacked by the "buck fever" badly one night when he and I were fire-hunting. He stood in the bow with his gun and myself in the stern guiding the boat down stream, when three deer came down to drink, so near to us that I could easily have cast a stone to where they stood. He deliberately fired three shots at them before they got away, and apparently did not displace a hair).

A few minutes sufficed for us to arrange preliminaries. I handed over to Ball one-third of the expenses necessary for provisions, ammunition, fare up the river, etc., he readily agreeing to attend to all details. He owned a comfortable tent and cooking utensils, which of course were indispensable in the woods. Had I known anything of Ball's antecedents I should never have chosen him as a companion in a hunting expedition where true courtesy and kindness between man and man are seldom wanting, and are an almost universal characteristic of the lovers of the chase. He was an unmitigated rough and cut-throat; had beaten an inoffending man to death in Kentucky and fled the State, and a large reward was even then offered for his arrest.

In a few days we were ready, so sending our traps down to the levee we were soon on board the steamer bound for Vicksburg. An evening of pleasant chat, enlivened by laughter and song, served to shorten the hours which seemed endless to hunters more than anxious to reach the sylvan solitudes which at that date had seldom been profaned by the tread of man. In those days game and fish were so abundant that no one ever thought of any necessity for protective laws. I soon after saw and appreciated the necessity for such laws; but we were young then and bent on sport. We retired, and were lulled to sleep by the plantation melodies of the negro deck hands, who solaced their hours of labor with song and legend. Morning came, and before we were thoroughly awake the steward with his fearful gong announced breakfast and Vicksburg. After breakfast we took a stroll through the town. In our loiterings a stranger pointed out to us a house as the residence of S. S. Prentiss. This had an especial interest for me, as I had read the public speeches of that gentleman as well as listened to his oral efforts, and I never knew his peer, except in the person of my friend, the late David Wilson, of Washington county, N. Y. This was the only point in the town that interested me, save the wharf-boat, where seven gamblers had been made to walk the plank by the outraged citizens, one only out of the gang escaping.

An incident on the up trip is worthy of note. At dinner on the previous day an old gentleman boarded the boat at a woodpile, a designation which will be appreciated by all travelers familiar with the Mississippi in those days. He had evidently footed it some distance, and was perspiring freely. He seated himself at the table, and, without a glance to the right or left, seized the finger-bowl, which was then considered the thing at all polite tables, and emptied it. As he sat down he placed his hat—a black beaver—on the floor at the end of a side table, on which was placed a huge bowl containing a delusive egg-nog mixture called floating island; and presently the boat struck a snag which mixed things up sufficiently to empty the bowl into the old man's hat, and the "islands" floated in their new bowl.

After laying in some vegetables at Vicksburg we boarded our skiff, Ball and myself taking the oars, with Radburg at the rudder. A vigorous pull of an hour or more brought us to the mouth of the Yazoo, into which we rounded, and continued our way against a stiff current until noon, by which time my hands were fearfully blistered, and I suggested a halt for dinner. A fire on the bank soon enabled us to fry some bacon and make a pot of coffee, hard bread or sea biscuits doing nicely in lieu of regulation bread, with the relish which hard work and pure air generally give. Re-embarking we continued our way up until the lengthening shadows told us of the day's decline.

We had reached the mouth of Big Sunflower River, where we found an elegant camping ground. Landing, we put up our tent and prepared for supper and sleep. Opposite the camp a long sand-spit stretched near the other shore, and presently a flock of wild geese came along and settled there. Ball seized his rifle and shot one from the camp ground. This proved a welcome addition to our evening meal. Just before turning in I baited an ordinary perch hook with a piece of wild goose, and attached to about ten feet of line, cast it from the stern of the boat to which I fastened it. The following morning I went down to the boat and observing the line was taut, commenced gently to haul it in. You can hardly imagine my surprise to see a pair of enormous jaws following the hook without the least resistance. Of course I recognized the species to which they belonged—the catfish—but their size astounded me. I put my whole hand under the gill covers of one side, and with great effort lifted the fish over the gunwale. I will say nothing of the size of my capture, suffice it that the party enjoyed steaks from it *ad libitum*, and still a large portion was left to the buzzards. We then loaded up again and breasted a still more rapid current, and after rowing the entire day reached a fine plateau on the left bank, which was selected as our resting place for the night. The usual routine of camping followed. While my companions were getting supper I strolled along the river bank in the edge of the forest. Suddenly a snort, which I knew to be from a deer, attracted my attention. I turned in the direction of the sound and could plainly see a fine five-pronged buck gazing at the unwonted sight of our fire. Suddenly I heard a shriek which frightened me clear to my toes. The buck heard it, too, and without more ado he shot like an arrow from a bow into the forest and was gone. I went, but with undignified haste, back to camp. It was a panther.

The next morning we proceeded up the river about five miles, where, on an abrupt elevation, we pitched our permanent camp. We blazed roads in three directions, having the river for our base, and extended our marks on the trees subsequently as we had occasion to go further out. The woods had to me a most somber appearance. The trees, festooned from branch to branch with gray moss, had a depressing effect upon me, and illustrated the "valley of the shadow of death" mentioned in holy writ. But there is scarcely a situation in life from which some good cannot be extracted if one is inclined to look for it—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
> There is society where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, for there's music in its roar."

The chattering of the black squirrels, of which there were myriads, and the song of the birds enlivened the scene somewhat.

In preparing for our possible game, I sought some water-soaked logs for the purpose of getting the bark to roof our shed with, and while thus engaged (I was barefooted) I happened to glance downward, and there within two inches was a black Spanish tarantula. I think I must have jumped ten feet at least, and I lit on the bank, when I put on my shoes and stockings, and they did not leave my feet again until I arrived at New Orleans.

Opposite was a natural arbor, one of the most beautiful I ever beheld. Commencing at the water's edge and extending about sixty feet back was an open space with small trees on either side whose branches were drawn together and interlaced by climbing vines, forming a network as perfect as if laths or other artificial devices had been provided for the roof. The ruddy beams of the setting sun glancing through these lattice panes chequered the watery pathway and almost tempted me to explore this haunt of the naiads, but remembering that I was not web-footed, I did not. Besides an alligator might have settled himself in the lily-pads, or a black or red tarantula might be disporting overhead.

At supper on the evening of our first day a stranger suddenly emerged from the depths of the forest and saluted us. We invited him to join us, which he declined, and after satisfying himself who we were and what was our mission, he disappeared as suddenly as he came. He told us before leaving, however, that he had followed us from the mouth of the Yazoo to our camp, probably to gather from our conversation the object of our trip. He carried a rifle as long as himself, and of 1-ounce caliber. We subsequently learned in Vicksburg that he was an outlaw for whose arrest a large reward was offered, for he had committed a murder and was a fugitive from justice. If he had been satisfied we were after him, not one of our party would ever have left the woods alive.

A breakfast of hot coffee, fresh biscuits and fried bacon, and we were ready for business. Each took a separate course, and agreed before starting upon a signal—the screech of an owl—to announce our approach or a desire for assistance in an emergency. I took an up-stream direction, Ball down stream, and Radburg took the center. I wended my way through the cypress trees and underbrush, the stillness only broken by the chattering of the squirrels and the scolding of a jay. Approaching a branch that emptied into the river near the camp, I peered cautiously through the trees and presently discovered a drove of eight deer. I shot the leader, when the rest scattered, one crossing the stream and coming directly toward me, which I also brought down with my other barrel. Bending down saplings I soon had my deer suspended and dressed. The tugging of two deer the distance of a mile to camp was a very arduous task, and by the time it was accomplished I was ready for supper and bed. The latter was of primitive structure, but never in my memory, not even on spiral spring mattress or air bed, did I enjoy such grateful, unbroken rest as on our camp bed. We drove four crotched stakes into the ground, having the tops about a foot high, and on these we laid poles two ways close together, and then placed moss and leaves to the depth of about eighteen inches. On this pile, with our blankets around us, our feet to the camp-fire, we were soon lost in slumber. It was a bed to make the eyes of the most cheeky tramp turn green with envy.

The morning following I went alone to the rear of Hodgson's Landing, at the confluence of the Yazoo and Big Sunflower rivers. I believed that the mound which constituted the landing was of artificial formation and determined to explore it as far as I could. This I did, and exhumed some arrow heads and human bones, which I deposited in the museum in New Orleans. The geologist in charge pronounced the fossils to have belonged to a human being of gigantic stature, by comparison with corresponding bones in his possession. I believe, if the mound was thoroughly explored, many interesting relics of the mound builders would be unearthed. Returning to camp, being unarmed, I floated down stream using only my paddle to guide my course. I observed on the bank what I first supposed to be a log. As I approached in passing near enough to touch it with my paddle, I could see what it was, an alligator, and quite as long as my canoe. As I passed he turned over twice and sunk out of sight in the stream. I did not know whether to expect an attack or not, but I pushed the canoe ahead with all my strength. I glanced over my shoulder once or twice, but the saurian appeared no more.

Returning to camp we loaded up our skiff with deer, and Ball started for Vicksburg, where we shipped them to our friends in New Orleans. He reached camp at the end of the week, bringing with him some vegetables, notably some onions, and such onions! Some of them would cover a breakfast plate, and as tender and sweet as Bermudas. Ball was accompanied by his brother, who had the manners and evinced the instincts of a gentleman.

While Rodburg and myself were away on the following

day the brothers determined to change camp, without any intimation to us of their purpose, and on our return at night we found the place silent and deserted. Fastened to a post which had supported a corner of our game shed, was a peremptory order for us to take down the shed and remove it and whatever else remained and bring it down to the new camp, which we had to seek; and the notice was signed by the firm of E. H. & J. Ball. Night had set in, and being fatigued and hungry, we paid no attention to the order and commenced hunting for the camp-fire. On arriving, Ball, seeing we had not obeyed the mandate, would hear no explanations. It was then that his crankiness became apparent. That one of a party where all were equal should arrogate to himself the right to command his companions seemed absurd in the extreme. He stormed until bedtime, but we paid no attention to him, as it was evident the two would act together. When we retired at night Radburg noticed that Ball secreted a hunting knife in his breast, a very unusual thing. Radburg, giving me the wink, suggested that we together visit a deer lick hard by. This we did, and on the way he told me of Ball's actions, and we concluded he contemplated some evil. We carefully loaded our guns and put on fresh caps; returned to camp and retired, but did not disrobe. Three times during the night we observed Ball rise on his elbow and gaze intently first at one and then at the other. We slept "on our arms," as the soldiers say. When morning came the crank was as polite and affable as one could wish; but his treachery was apparent, and we determined to return home. So, when the firm left for the woods, we boarded my canoe and started for Hodgson's Landing, where we took steamer for Vicksburg and thence to New Orleans.

With the exception of the episode referred to, I was much pleased with my hunt and returned fifteen pounds heavier in weight by my month's sojourn in the Yazoo country. Our spoils amounted to seventeen deer, besides wildfowl, etc.

James D. Jackson.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—II.

"THE world moves." Improvement and progress are everywhere visible, and nowhere more noticeably than in our firearms. A quarter of a century ago "Frank Forester" wrote that the days of the flintlock were passed; that it had been superseded and displaced by the percussion gun; that "the most inveterate supporters of the old flash-in-the-pan system had been compelled to abandon their prejudices on the subject and conform to the progressive improvement of the arm."

But notwithstanding the enlightened views entertained by this writer he could not keep step with the march of improvement, nor anticipate the future development of inventions then in their infancy. When he wrote, Lefaucheux had but just applied the breechloading principle to sporting guns. "Frank Forester" quotes "Stonehenge's" description and praise of the new arm, but he avows that the praise is to him inexplicable, and proceeds at some length to ridicule the invention. "This gun," says he, "has no nipple, no possibility of being loaded and fired except with the identical cartridge prepared for it, which is, and can be, only prepared at the shop which supplies the gun. It is true the cartridge case remains in the gun and can be withdrawn and recapped and recharged a number of times; but apart from the inconvenience of lugging about on your person a hundred or two, if you expect a good day's sport, of these cartridges – since the idea of a sportsman sitting down in the middle of a snipe bog or a cock brake to recharge his cartridges out of a powder and shot magazine, which he must also carry with him is preposterous—what on earth is the shooter to do if he takes it into his head to visit the Himalayas, or the Rocky Mountains, or Canada, or the Cape, or any other distant shooting ground (by no means impossible to or unattempted by the British sportsman), where cartridges for the breechloading double barrels certainly are not to be found? Is he to carry with him, in heaven's name, a hundred barrels of cartridges on camel back, or mule back, or his own back, with the consciousness that these indispensables once used up his double barrel is of less use than a broomstick? The want of simplicity is enough to ruin any invention; and it needs no prophet to foretell that this must be inoperative except as a pretty plaything to be used at home."*

These sentiments were not, however, peculiar to Herbert; they found general expression among the writers of that day. Nor are similar sentiments peculiar to Herbert's time, but they find expression in later works. In a fresh edition of a book published a few years ago, the writer describes with some minuteness the lever-under-guard, pin-fire, breechloader; he insists there have been "no decided improvements in the original Lefaucheux model except in the modification of the machinery and a convenient method of separating the barrels from the stock;" he expresses his doubts whether the central-fire cartridge is an improvement on the pin-fire, and avers that if the pin-fire gun had come into general use before the introduction of the central-fire, the latter would never have been accepted.†

Indeed, improvements in firearms have followed so fast one upon another, that the breechloader described in any American work with which I am acquainted, how late so-ever the edition, is not the breechloader of to-day, in which alone the sportsman, as sportsman, and not as antiquarian, is interested. The lapse of half a decade of years has hitherto been sufficient to render any published description of breechloading fowling pieces obsolete; and if the future holds in store for us improvements so important and so numerous as the past has furnished, the fate of what is here written will scarcely be different from that of descriptive publications now obsolete. Notwithstanding the many objections that have been urged against proposed improvements and the many predictions of failure, the breechloader has displaced the muzzleloader, the top action has superseded the bottom-action, the center-fire has crowded out the pin-fire and the hammerless is fast taking the place of the hammer gun. Verily, the world does move.

And so I may safely assert that the days of the muzzleloader are "dwindled to their shortest span," and that for quail shooting, or any other sort of shooting to which a shotgun is adapted, you should have, or at least it is better to have, a breechloader and not a muzzleloader; that this breechloader should have a top lever and not a bottom lever; that it should be a center-fire and not a pin-fire; and, if you can afford it, that it should be a hammerless gun and not a gun with hammers.

I shall not endeavor to discuss the manufacture of firearms nor enter into the details of their mechanical structure, for, were I competent to the task, such discussion would be almost useless to you as a sportsman; but I shall freely give such opinions as experience, observation and study have enabled me to form, together with the reasons for these opinions when it is deemed necessary to state them and when they can be stated without too great prolixity; and these opinions, you may be assured, are unbiased and uninfluenced by any prejudice for or against any gun or gunmaker or any sort of obligation to any. I shall speak, as one sportsman to another, my plain thoughts, without arrogation, leaving experience to prove the correctness or incorrectness of my judgments.

Twenty-eight years ago a high authority in sporting matters asserted that if a man intended purchasing a gun below one hundred dollars he should by all means get an American and not an imported gun; and this opinion has been time and again repeated by later writers, and to-day finds constant utterance in the journals devoted to field sports. Since "Frank Forester" made this statement American gun-makers have made much progress—taken great strides in their art—of which those who reiterate the statement take no note. The statement is of itself still true, as true as ever it was, and twice and thrice as true; but the converse of it—that above a hundred dollars a man should buy an imported and not an American gun—is not true now, even though it was true a quarter of a century ago. For my opinion is fixed steadfastly that no American citizen should now be counselled to buy an imported gun of any price, no matter how costly, unless he is willing and able to purchase one of the highest grade and finest make, such as Purdey or Lancaster or Dougall, or a few others of the great London makers can alone turn out. Up to two hundred dollars certainly, and even up to two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars I believe you can get an American made gun that is equal in every respect to any foreign gun to be had for the same money. I know that this is not the current opinion, or, at any rate, that this is not the current expressed opinion; that it is the fashion to sneer at American guns and to praise to the skies the so-called "works of art" that are put upon the market by Birmingham manufacturers as fine guns and sold at fancy prices.

It is pleasant to see a sportsman take pride in his gun; it is a good indication, fair evidence that he is a true sportsman; and I would not say aught to detract from this love of the beautiful and artistic in firearms. But I am weary of this affectation to discuss so many beauties in a thing for no reason except its foreign origin. I am weary of this depreciation of an article simply because it is home-made. I am weary of hearing nothing but praise of the English and fault-finding of the American guns. I am weary of hearing language used years ago by writers on this subject and applied by them only to the very finest London-made guns which sell in the market at five hundred dollars or more, repeated and applied to Birmingham guns, which sell at retail for less than half that price, and to which the original writers had no idea of applying their language. In plain words, I am tired of hearing that Clark & Sneider, or Lefever, or Hasdell, or one or two other American makers, cannot and do not turn out, at an equal or lower price, guns in every respect equal, if not superior, to any Clabrough, or Daly, or Green, or Scott, or Greener, or Westley Richards gun that ever has been sold in these United States for two hundred and fifty dollars or under. And I wish to distinctly avow that price and intrinsic value considered, I do not "believe in the absolute and unapproachable superiority of the English guns." I do believe that there are now, and for the future will be, guns made by American makers that are and will continue to be equal to the same grade of English guns.* I do not so assert because I am an American, or to please the patriotic American sportsman, and while proud of the achievements of American gunmakers, I am sure my judgment is not warped by feeling, and that so far as my knowledge of the subject extends, I can do equal and exact justice between the foreign and the home manufacturer.

And here it may be well to say that the very highest grade London guns are, beyond question, the most beautiful, as they are the most costly weapons in the world; and if you are willing to pay a good round price for the gun itself—its full value—and as much more for external show, buy a finest grade London-made gun. It is true that thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* will be duty, and a considerable additional sum freight, insurance, consul fees, port dues, and the like; but I am assuming that you want the best and finest gun to be had for money; that you are willing to pay for display, and that the price is of no consequence so that you succeed in getting what you want. In this case, I say, order from one of the old London establishments, whose fame is world wide, one of its finest guns, and you will have as handsome a weapon as the world contains and as good a one.

But the number of American sportsmen that can afford to indulge in a luxury so expensive as the finest London gun is small indeed. More of them buy guns at one hundred dollars and under than go over that price; and for American sportsmen I write, and my purpose is to give them such aid as I am capable of giving, to getting the best value for their money.

If, as is usually the case with American sportsmen, you desire to purchase a gun for its intrinsic value, I have no hesitancy in saying that, let its price be what it may, you will get a better and more serviceable gun—more intrinsic value—for your money by buying an American gun than you can possibly get by buying any imported gun of any make whatever. Up to a certain price—which is variable, but which may be stated to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars—every dollar added to the price of a gun adds a dollar's worth of gun; but every dollar paid beyond the one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars is so much paid for external show. When you go beyond three hundred dollars—that is, beyond one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars for gun, and beyond one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars for display—you should buy a London gun; but up to something like that price—unless you are willing to pay for the very handsomest and most costly finish—your investment in an American gun will be the better one.

And there is even such a thing as buying the cheaper grades of guns for show. I have even heard men talk and have read what they have written, about the "exquisite finish," "perfect balance," "elegant proportions," *et cetera ad nauseum*, of low-priced imported guns, and have heard and read their assertions that American guns of similar price lacked these essentials of what they were pleased to term "works of art."

If you are bent upon display, and have not the means to indulge in the genuine article, but must resort to pinchbeck, you may, for something like fifty dollars, buy a Birmingham or Belgian shooting-iron covered all over with cheap engraving; but, if you are alive after firing it off, don't say I told you to shoot it. Such a gun may never burst, but it is liable to burst; and if it fails, it is not the maker's fault. It is fully as dangerous to the shooter as to the game, and in all probability will, at the best, shake to pieces after a year's usage. The country is flooded with the class of guns to which I refer, marked with all sorts of fictitious names, such as Manton, Moore, H. Richards, W. Richards, Saxton, Arden, Evans, and the like *ad infinitum*. They are made to deceive, and the dealers know it; they are accessories before the fact to every death occurring from the defective construction of the guns. Yet, for paltry gain, they continue to set these man-traps for the unwary. No informed man will buy or use one of them, but the inexperienced are daily deceived with them. Avoid them as you would an infernal machine set to explode at your approach. Buy no gun, under any circumstances, upon which the maker is ashamed to put his name. Buy no gun marked with a fictitious name, whether it be a "Moore & Harris" hammerless made by W. & C. Scott & Sons, or the vilest "Moore" or "Manton" that ever was turned out by a German factory. Be not deceived by the "ginger-bread work" placed on low-priced imported guns, for you may be sure that beneath the "engraving," and concealed by it, are serious defects—dangerous deficiencies—in the weapon. You cannot buy a reliable and durable imported gun at fifty dollars or under; but from American manufacturers, such as the Parker Brothers, the Colt Firearms Manufacturing Co., the Remington Firearms Co., L. C. Smith, Harrington & Richardson, the American Arms Company, and perhaps one or two others, can be had at a net price of fifty dollars or under, a plain, sound, serviceable and safe machine-made hammer gun that will do you good service and will be worth every dollar you put into it. It will not, like the imported gun of the same price, be covered with engraving, but will be perfectly plain; it will not, like such a gun, profess to have "fine Damascus barrels," but will be exactly what it appears to be.

The sportsmen that buy guns at $50 and under usually buy them for service and not for show, and they cannot hesitate between the plain but reliable work of American makers and the vile products of foreign manufacturers. And his taste must be wretched indeed who can see more beauty in the tawdry, stamped, foreign work than in the plain lines of the American fabric.

On all guns, except perhaps a few of those that are made to order only, there is a list price and a net price. This is a so-called secret of the trade, but it is a secret so generally known to experienced sportsmen that its present operation is adverse to the interests of those only who are least informed, and who, as a usual thing, are least able to bear the oppression of paying from 20 to 40 per cent. more than their better informed and wealthier neighbors. No sensible man will object to paying the dealer a fair profit, but this way of discriminating in favor of one and against another, of imposing upon the ignorance of the inexperienced, ought, for its very unjustness, to have an end. The practical operation is about this: If I order a gun in my own name it will cost me $50, but if I get a retail country merchant, who never had a gun in his stock in his life, to make my order, I can get it for $35. Or, if I am acquainted with the system of giving discounts, I can buy a gun for $75 that will cost you $100. This is a vicious system. Even the largest dealers in guns and sportsmen's supplies sell most of their goods directly to the sportsmen or indirectly to him by the circumlocution above mentioned, and not to tradesmen to be sold again. Under these circumstances prices should be uniform and just. So much on this subject.

Ah-Pe.

* "Manual for Young Sportsmen," 69–71.

† "Florida and Game Water Birds," 165–182.

*See "Gloan," Breechloader, *contra*, p. 34.

DAKOTA GAME AND SHOOTING.

AS I sit here in my office with a cool breeze passing over me, I cannot help but think how the people in the East must suffer from the heat. We sleep under blankets every night. Let me preface my series of letters with a word for the country, that the sportsman, who will read of the finest shooting ground to be found in the United States before I am through, may better appreciate the surroundings, and not carry the impression, as many do, that the society is composed of cowboys and Indians. I have lived here two years, having come from Pennsylvania for my health, which was so broken that no one thought I could recover. The trouble was with my lungs. I am well, and write this that any one seeing it may do as I did. We have one of the finest wheat growing countries the sun ever shone on. Last year there were grand crops, and this season it is the same. In a drive of five or six miles one may see ten thousand acres of as fine wheat as it is possible to raise.

There are beautiful farms to be had for the taking. The climate is the finest I ever saw. I came from Williamsport, Pa., where the climate is ever changing; here it is cold in winter, but dry and clear, so that one does not feel it. The society is just as good as in any country or city; the people enjoy life better. The ladies ride horseback and drive till their cheeks glow with health. Bismarck is located at the crossing of the Mississippi River by the great Northern Pacific Railroad. It is admitted by all to be the future great city of the Northwest. We expect some two or three more railroads in here next year. Any one wishing more information about the country can write me as we want to see people come in.

This is the sportsman's paradise. But facts are better than talk. Last Saturday was the first day for chicken shooting. I got up in the morning, took my Indian pony, and as I had to be in my office at 9 o'clock, I took a flying trip with a friend to the country. We came in with nineteen chickens, quite enough for any two sportsmen to bag in a few hours so near town. Two of my friends went out the same morning, drove about fifteen miles out and came in with eighty-two, and another party with 120. This will give you an idea of the chicken shooting. We pay no attention to the plover, in my estimation one of the very best game birds. They are here from May till September in great numbers, and would be fine sport for any one not spoiled by seeing larger game.

Last evening I took my wife and dog—both being as fond of the sport as myself—we went out for a little airing, and within a half mile of the capital I put up two large coveys of chickens. I had a picnic. My dog being a little green flushed the first one, and I did not follow them up, so that I only got a few, but as many as I wanted, for my ice chest is full of them all the time. In my next I will speak of the geese and ducks, which come by the acre in October. The chicken shooting is splendid till cold weather, and the geese and ducks and deer come in in October. The fare is low from Pittsburgh. By getting a land seeker's ticket you get the round trip for about $50.

W. H. Williamson.

Bismarck, Dakota.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION

THE following circular address has been issued: *"To Sportsmen of America:* The committee in charge of arrangements for the coming National Sportsmen's Convention, to convene in this city beginning the 29th of September, 1885, are receiving assurances daily from all parts of the United States, from hunting and fishing clubs, individual sportsmen and fish commissioners, promising to attend. Our objects are for devising means by which we can have more uniform game and fish laws in the several States, and more efficient means by which they can be enforced, and all true lovers of the gun and rod, whether in the East, West, North or South, should feel an interest. All the clubs in this city (about 20), are now arranging one of the grandest programmes for the entertainment of all visitors perhaps ever gotten up on any similar occasion, and as the committee desires to mail every club and all others a programme about Sept. 1, we urgently request that every true sportsman whose eye may meet this send the undersigned immediately the address of all clubs known to him, as well as those of individual sportsmen. In cities, towns and villages where there are no clubs, we suggest that sportsmen organize one at once, elect delegate to the convention and furnish their address to the undersigned. It costs but little to organize a club, and besides giving you a representation in the convention, you will be better able to assist in enforcing the game and fish laws of your State. Our brother sportsmen in the South are much behind those of the Middle, Eastern and Northern States in the organization of clubs. The work laid out for the convention should interest every true sportsman in every section of our broad land, and can be accomplished only by united action. Each organized club, with proper credentials, will be entitled to two delegates in this convention, but this need not prevent a greater number from every club and individuals attending and participating in the entertainments. All are invited. If you feel an interest in the cause we are advocating, we ask your attendance and prompt reply to our above request. We would also request that you have your newspaper notice this, that every sportsman may see it. Reduced fare on railroads, steamboats and hotels are promised. Address, H. C West, Chairman Committee, 114 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo."

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of late years I have been a guide in the North Woods, and have seen a good deal of the way of keeping dogs in the winter time. I know a party that keeps four hounds that never have a chain on them the year around. They were allowed to come and go where they pleased. In the dead of winter they would start off and be gone six weeks at a time, and would come back as fat as hogs, and the remark would be made that they "were almost wintered;" and as soon as they were rested, off they would go, and sportsmen coming into the woods the following summer would wonder what made deer so scarce, since they would have to go miles away to get a shot at a deer. It was a great pleasure to me last winter at Lowville to sign your petition to prohibit hounding. Most of the guides signed it. Some would laugh and say that "hounding would last as long as there was a deer in the woods, which would not be long."

Now, as hounding is stopped, is there no way of stopping "night hunting" in June? Eight deer out of every ten that are killed jacking in June are does which leave their suckling fawns in the woods while they come down to the water to feed. Met by some night hunter, they are mowed down with a load of buckshot, and their fawns are left to die in the woods, as they are too young to provide for themselves. One-third of the deer are wounded with buckshot and go off in the woods and die. I think that jack-hunting in June destroys more deer than the hounds do in winter when the deer are in their yards. If there are no hounds allowed to run in the woods, there will be no necessity for night hunting, as any ordinary sportsman with a rifle can get plenty of daylight shots at 100 yards, when they can see what they are shooting. This I call honest sport and not murder. Abolish the idea of loading a blunderbuss with buckshot, and paddling up within ten feet of a bewildered deer and blowing him to atoms. Leave gatling guns at home.

GUIDE.

TO PRESERVE DEAD GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to the inquiry of "W. L. P." in your last number, I wish to communicate my share of knowledge concerning the preservation of game, especially birds, during the warm season. The following is the method employed in the southern part of France, where during August and September the thermometer reaches often the same altitude as here in our glorious sunny South: It consists simply in drawing the birds, washing them perfectly clean and filling the cavity with sticks of wood or charcoal, so easily obtained by campers-out. The bill, ears and eyes should also be filled with charcoal dust to render the access of flies impossible, for the rapid putrefaction of meat of any kind is more attributable to the pest of the flies and their eggs deposited thereon than to the external heat itself. Birds stuffed in this way can be kept perfectly for six to eight days during the hot season. The process is as cheap as simple.

F. R. A.

NEW ORLEANS, La.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Submerging fresh meat in cold water will give best results. I have known of venison keeping sweet two weeks in cold boiling springs. It keeps best to remain in the skin, peeling off the same to get meat, from time to time, and keeping it folded closely.

CARIBOU.

HARVEY CEDARS.—New York, Aug. 21.—I have just returned from a week's outing at Harvey Cedars, Barnegat, N. J. The smaller varieties of snipe, including bay birds, beech snipe, ringnecks, etc., are quite plenty, but stool poorly. Willet, curlew, yellowlegs and the larger varieties of the snipe family, are scarce. A change in the weather is looked for before many days, when doubtless the larger birds will come in in more respectable numbers. An explanation may be found of the birds stooling so poorly in the fact that from Beach Haven to Barnegat Light the birds have to run the gauntlet of countless gunners. I counted at sunrise one morning five gunners on a stretch of beach near the Cedars not over one mile in length. Is it to be expected that any snipe in his right mind will come to the stools to be shot at a the face of such a fusilade?—WOODCHUCK.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 17.—The annual meeting of the Standart Shooting Club was held to night. There was a large and enthusiastic meeting, and composed as it is of sportsmen, it was, of course, harmonious. The membership was increased from twenty-five to fifty, and the applications presented at the meeting were largely in excess of the vacancies, showing that our little club, with its exclusive shooting privileges (for duck shooting) is fully appreciated. The old officers were unanimously re-elected. S. H. Standart, President; J. S. Sedam, Vice-President; W. D. Todd, Secretary and Treasurer. The directors were authorized to enlarge our buildings and lease other lakes, so that it may be fairly said the club is now fully established. A truer lot of sportsmen and better class of genial gentlemen could not well be gotten together, who may not slaughter many ducks but will have a jolly good time.—D. [Among the club's prominent members are Captain Standart, its president, secretary of the Colorado Cattle Growers' Association; General John Pierce, State Fish Commissioner; Rev. Myron W. Reed, Colonel C. W. Fisher, ex-Governor Grant, Hon. Alf. Butters, and Messrs. Kinsey, Higgins, Bostwick and others.]

THE DEACON'S SUNDAY SHOT.—The grandfather of the Rev. Joseph W. Sessions, of Chaplin, was an exemplary Christian man of high standing in church and State, and a Congregational deacon. At a time of great scarcity of provisions, bordering on famine, the good old man spied a deer coming out of the woods near his house one Sunday afternoon, whereupon he seized his gun and shot it. For this act the church arraigned him for discipline. He pleaded work of necessity and mercy and justified the act; notwithstanding all this the church directed the pastor to read his sentence of excommunication from the pulpit, the deacon being ordered to stand meanwhile. As the pastor was about to read, the deacon reached behind him, took up his gun which he had secretly brought with him, leveled it at the pastor's head and said in tones of determination. "I forbid that paper being read from the pulpit." The pastor quietly remarked amid his astonishment, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient. I do not think it expedient to read this paper."—*Mansfield (Conn.) Correspondence.*

A WARNING FROM ITALY.—Never buy a bigger gun than you can carry. This is a good rule for sportsmen. Here is a curious illustration on a big scale that ought to impress the lesson on prospective gun purchasers. The *World* says: "Italy has been anxious to surpass all other European nations in getting and owning the greatest guns. Hundred-ton Armstrongs were not sufficiently satisfactory, so Italy ordered in one batch four Krupp guns of 121 tons each. A gun of this kind, using 300 pounds of powder, is warranted to propel a 3,000-pound projectile nine miles, and once in a while to hit something with considerable force. But Italy now complains that it is in danger of getting altogether too much Krupp. In ordering the guns no preparations were made for their transportation, and the railway companies refuse to undertake a job which threatens to break down their rails and bridges. Even to carry a 121-ton gun a 39-ton car must be expressly constructed for it. It looks as if Italy had moved more hastily in the matter than the big guns are likely to do."

WILD CATTLE ON HOLLY BEACH, N. J.—It is not generally known that there exists on Holly Beach, N. J., a herd of perfectly wild cattle, the descendants of some blooded stock that escaped from a wrecked English brig that came ashore on "Five-mile Beach" many years ago. These cattle have become as timid as deer and frequent the woody marshes of this district, which afford perfect protection, unless driven by dogs to the gun, in which manner they are regularly hunted. During the past week the herd was seen, headed by an old bull, on the surf line of the beach, endeavoring to rid themselves of the greenheads and mosquitoes which had made the marshes intolerable. The beef of these cattle is said to be quite good, but from the nature of the ground in which they feed, often sedgy. Regular hunts are frequently organized, and twenty or thirty dogs are kept for the purpose of forcing them out of the woods to the hunter, who takes his stand repeater in hand, as in deer driving. —HOMO.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME LAWS.—A new law in New Hampshire is intended to still further protect game birds by forbidding the transportation beyond the State limits of woodcock, grouse, or partridge in the Fall or December, or plover from Aug 1 to Feb. 1, under penalty of a fine and imprisonment for each bird so shipped. A weak game law has existed before in our sister State, but this one extends the close period and is designed to put an end to the snaring of partridges by the thousand in order to ship them to the Boston market. It is hard to convict for snaring, but transportation is more conspicuous and easy of detection. The new law is designed to keep New Hampshire game birds for home shooting and consumption.—*Boston Advertiser, Aug.* 23.

NEW ANIMAL TRAP.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of May 29, 1884, your correspondent "Tillicum," of Olympia, W. T., complained about the traps now in use, and the catch that often throws the animal's foot out of the trap. I would say that an old subscriber of yours, Mr. S. Dennis, has invented and patented an animal trap which has done away entirely with the defect of a catch over the jaw of the trap. They will soon be ready for the market, when Mr. Dennis will send you a sample trap and his "ad.," as he thinks that will be the best way to reach the parties most in need of a reliable trap.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Aug. 24.—Woodcock and quail are very scarce; partridge are very plenty. My companion and I, while out last week, started over forty by actual count one day, and you can judge how we wished it was the first of September. You would be surprised to see how few of those who call themselves bird hunters, know what the game laws of Massachusetts are; as I have to carry the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 20 in my pocket to convince them in many cases that they are wrong.—OLD PARD.

BUTLER, Pa., Aug. 20.—Game is very scarce here. We have a few woodcock, grouse, squirrels and no Bob Whites. Now insist on having our bird called by his proper name, Bob White.—Z.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

GAME QUALITIES OF THE BASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in the articles in the FOREST AND STREAM on the fighting qualities of the large-mouthed bass. I never have taken large and small mouth in the same waters, Give them their choice and they will not live in the same temperature of water; for instance, in Round Lake, near Saratoga, you seldom find a small-mouth bass. The lake is shallow, muddy, and the water warm, and swarming with large-mouth bass. Follow up a small inlet for a few rods and you come to a small pond of cold spring water, there you find the small-mouth, but seldom a large-mouth. In some six or seven trips to these waters I have never taken a small-mouth in the lake, nor a large-mouth in the pond. As to their gameness under these conditions, there is no chance for argument. A one-pound small-mouth will show more fight, and take longer to land than a four-pound large-mouth will.

I spent the afternoon of the 15th of this month on Onondaga Lake near Syracuse. I wished most heartily for the member from Bigosh and the rest of the friends of the "cod-mouth." I took three small-mouth bass of about two pounds weight each. The water is clear, cold and deep. Not one of those fish were landed in less than five minutes, and my wrist is lame yet from the effects. Not one of them failed to hunt for the bottom in sixty feet of water, and foiled in that tried for the bank of weeds near shore. If you ever saw a busy boy I was one every second after striking one of those fish until they were landed.

Has any one of the large-mouth advocates tried these fish in both cold and warm water? In the Kinderhook Lake, a few miles from this city, the large-mouth predominates; in fact I never saw a small-mouth come from there. The lake is like Round Lake, shallow, muddy and warm, and the fish are all head, tail and skin; and after being stripped of these, if you find any meat left, it is muddy in taste; anything but a gamy fish to catch, or a game fish to eat. Let the friends of the large-mouth try them under these conditions and see if their argument has a leg to stand on. Mark you; I claim that the small-mouth will seek, and if he can find clear cold water with rocky bottom, will stay there and fight for his life to the last; while the large-mouth will take the warm shallow water, with plenty of weeds and muddy bottom, and as a fighter is no better than a sucker, and for the table worse.

Query—Given a ten-foot-six-inch fly-rod, reel below hand, and a good lively fish heavy enough to test the strength of the rod, what weight is the fish pulling at his end of rod, and what weight is the wrist sustaining at the other?

IRA WOOD.

ALBANY, New York.

DOWELS VERSUS SIMPLE-FERRULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion of the dowel question in the FOREST AND STREAM has been quite interesting and is beginning to tell in the manufacture of rods, as there is constantly an increasing demand for rods without dowels; that is, rods of the finer grades. In connection with my business I have a repair shop, and have to repair many dozens of rods every year. My experience with jointed rods has been quite extensive in making and using as well as repairing. Rods without dowel are not entirely new. Some five or six years ago I had to repair a very fine lancewood rod that was made without dowels. The ferrules were waterproof. The male ferrule was capped or closed at the end by a neatly fitted piece soldered. The female ferrule had a metal diaphram soldered in at the point where the end of the male reached, making both waterproof. It was an excellent rod and had seen much service, yet the ferrules were in perfect order and had never given any trouble. My advocacy of ferrules without dowels dates from the time that I repaired this rod.

I can easily understand why ferrules were first used in the manufacture of jointed rods. In early times rod ferrules were hand-made from sheet metal rolled and soldered and were necessarily very imperfect in their fitting; hence the tapering dowel was introduced as a matter of economy. It cost less than it would to fit perfectly the ferrules without. The tapering dowel entering into a tapering recess could be shoved in until there would be no shake or looseness at the joint. Aside from compensating for loose-fitting ferrules, the dowel was an actual damage, as any man who has had much experience in repairing rods well knows. Often in boring the recess for the dowel the hole is bored deeper than the dowel. In many rods I have found the dowel hole as deep as the end of the ferrule and even deeper. Rods of this kind were easily broken. In others the dowel was so large that nearly all the wood was cut away to receive it. In this case, if the joints became loose by casting, they were sure to break by smashing in the center of the ferrule. Especially was this the case in ferrules that were made soft by heating to solder.

With the perfect machinery we now have for making solid drawn tubing, the fitting of one inside the other can be made so neat and exact that dowels are not necessary.

I will give what my experience has led me to believe the most perfect ferrules for jointed rods, and how they should be fitted on the wood. The female ferrule should be exactly straight and as short as practical, not longer than from 2½ inches to 2 inches, according to size. The female should be straight, that is, there should be no swell at the end to be fitted permanently on the rod; the end of ferrule that fastens to the rod should be beveled on the inside to almost a sharp edge, a short bevel. The wood of the rod should be the exact size of the outside of the ferrule, except a very little at the end, which should just enter the ferrule. Start the ferrule on by a few taps with a wooden mallet, then warm the ferrule and wood in the base of lamp or gas jet just warm enough not to soften the metal or scorch the wood; then drive on carefully with mallet. By repeating the operation of warming and driving slowly the ferrule can be driven to place, making the wood and ferrule almost flush without cutting a shoulder. As soon as the ferrule and wood have cooled the ferrule can be slipped off easily with the fingers. After slipping the ferrule off, heat a piece of rubber bicycle cement in a lamp or gas jet and rub a slight coat on the wood where the ferrule belongs; warm the ferrule again and drive in place. If this is properly done the ferrule will hold without pinning, also will be waterproof. One end of the male ferrule should be raised or swelled to about the outside

diameter of the ferrule, by this means the wood on which the male ferrule is fitted will be nearly as large as the wood of the female end. This is absolutely necessary in order to secure a true bow to the rod. By using short ferrules the stiffness at the ferrules will be lessened and the rod will bend in a truer circle. By having the ferrules swelled or raised at both ends, as is now the common custom, the wood of larger joint near the ferrules must be some larger than the wood of the smaller joint. This, by the abrupt stiffness not only affects the graceful bending of a rod, but actually makes the rod weaker at the joint by one side being stiffer than the other.

The male ferrule can be fitted on by heating and driving in the same way as the other, and afterward smeared with rubber cement. The open end of the female ferrule should be welded by a small bead around the outside edge, it will add much to the strength and is a necessity for short ferrules. In this way very short ferrules can be used and still be stronger than the wood, besides adding much to the suppleness and spring of the rod.

Ferrules without dowels that have by long use become worn so much as not to fit snug can be easily remedied in this way: Bore a hole in a piece of wood about one inch thick and wide enough to have from three-quarters to one inch solid wood each side of the hole. The stick should be eight or ten inches long with hole near to the end, the hole should be just the size the outside diameter of the ferrule you desire to shrink. Then with a saw slit the wood through the center of the hole to a few inches beyond the hole. Slip this on the part of the ferrule that is filled with the wood of the rod, then clamp the whole in a strong vise. Be sure to have the open end of the ferrule project beyond the jaws of the vise. By screwing hard with the vise the wood will close up where sawed and hold the ferrule firmly without smashing or bruising. Now have two other pieces of good hard wood about one inch square each and about one foot long; lay one on top the other; near the center put through two strong wood screws, having the screws about one inch apart. Between the screws, with the center of the bit in the joint between the stick, bore a hole the same size as the outside of ferrule. After the hole is bored take out the screws and with a plane dress a little less than one-sixteenth of an inch off from each of the sides that the bit cut through, then oil the outside of the projecting ferrule, screw on the clamp as prepared and revolve it around, moving it back and forth on the ferrule. By tightening the screws and repeating the revolving process you can shrink a loose ferrule to an exact fit in a very short time. In business this operation I often find necessary with new rods, as an imperfect fitting joint gives a rod a very unpleasant feeling in the hand. The operation of shrinking a ferrule in this manner is quite simple and easily done.

For the last five years I have used no other kind of a rod but the kind without dowels, and am more than convinced that rods without dowels are best for any kind of a rod, heavy or light. However, heavy rods are fast becoming things of the past. Sport ceases where labor begins. Handling a heavy rod is very much like labor. CALIFORNIAN.

COLUMBUS, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much pleased to read the experience of Mr. H. P. Wells with a non-doweled salmon rod, as related in FOREST AND STREAM of August 13, and was much gratified to learn that his rod withstood so successfully the trying ordeal of killing twenty-five salmon. But while the result can be looked upon as a perfectly natural one, or as a matter of course by those anglers who have used this superior form of joint, it is perfectly incomprehensible to me why manufacturers still persist in using the dowel and tenon joint in any style of rod, for a rod joint that is good in one kind of rod must be good in all.

The success of Mr. Wells with the non-doweled joint, in both salmon and trout fly-rods, only confirms my experience of thirty years with the same joint in both light and heavy rods. One of the specifications for the Henshall black bass rod is for non-dowel joints, and I am assured by manufacturers and anglers that it has had the greatest influence in convincing them of the superior utility of this over the dowel and tenon joint. I have never taken a salmon, but I am impressed by the opinions of anglers who have fished from Nova Scotia to Florida, that the salmon is not so trying to a rod as a bonefish or a tarpon of equal weight; but however this may be, if a salmon fights as hard as either of these fishes, when of equal weight, he is certainly entitled to his distinction of furnishing the acme of fresh-water fishing.

During one of my visits to Florida I used for sea fishing a heavy Henshall ash and lancewood rod of eleven ounces, with flush joints, made by Abbey & Imbrie, and an ash and lancewood striped bass rod of fifteen ounces, with doweled joints, by another maker. With the former I killed redfish, drum, and tarpon up to forty pounds, crevallé up to thirty, bluefish as high as ten, and bonefish of five pounds —I cannot say just how many, but certainly hundreds of various sizes—and that rod is just as good to-day as when I first received it. In casting heavy mullet bait in this style of fishing the rod never came apart, nor was there the slightest loosening of either of the joints, in casting the bait or in playing a fish.

But my experience with the heavier striped bass rod, with doweled joints, was not so pleasant, for although the joints seemed to fit perfectly, no looseness or shaking being perceptible, they separated several times in casting, and once while playing a heavy fish, and it was at last rendered *hors de combat* by breaking square off just below the ferrule of the butt piece while casting, in consequence of being weakened by the tenon at that point. Now this was a handsome, well-finished rod, made of the best materials, and with as perfectly fitting doweled joints as I ever saw in any rod, and for which I paid a long price. I hold that the tapered dowel, in the correspondingly tapered tenon, will become loosened in its bed, like a wedge, from continual casting, and the joint will eventually separate. My experience proves it. Viewed in this light, a perfectly fitting dowel joint, that is, where the dowel is accurately fitted to a tapered tenon, is really worse than (as is often the case) where the tenon is bored perfectly straight; in the latter case the joint is formed by the ferrules only, for a tapered dowel in a straight hole is worse than useless.

While, as I have intimated, a long experience with both light and heavy rods (bait-rods and fly-rods) has convinced me of the greater excellence and utility of the flush, non-doweled joint, with short, cylindrical ferrules, over the dowel and tenon joint, I merely instance the two rods above mentioned to corroborate and affirm, so far as possible, the experience of Mr. Wells with his salmon rod. I have had light rods with doweled joints to throw apart or separate on other occasions, and have had them to break at the tenons, but I have never yet had a non-dowel joint to separate or throw apart in casting or in playing a fish, nor have I ever broken a rod in any of its parts, in actual fishing, that was fitted with flush, non-dowel joints. But then the dowel joint is "so English, ye knaw." JAMES A. HENSHALL.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., August, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Supplementary to the article of Mr. Wells, in the issue of Aug. 13, anent simple ferrules, let me add my testimony to his as to their great superiority over dowels. I have a 9-ounce Henshall bass rod with simple ferrules, which I have used for four years, and on which I have killed some pretty heavy fish, running well up into the 'teens, and the ferrules on it are as close a fit to-day as they ever were. But let me emphasize, by the recountal of a little experience of my own, his advice as to the necessity of having them fit so closely, that the ends of the wood shall be in contact.

A few weeks ago while at Detroit Lake, Minn., still-fishing from a boat, I laid my rod down, butt between my legs, joint and tip projecting over the gunwale, and proceeded to fill my pipe. The wind was blowing on my back, and, when I came to light a match I had to turn partially around to shield it with my closed hands. While thus engaged, some finny rascal took advantage of the situation to make a sudden dash for my bait. Under the boat he went like a locomotive, and before I could get at the rod, the butt ferrule had been bent completely in two. Whence I draw a double-barreled moral:

First—Never, when your bait is in the water, lay your rod in such a position that the reel can't render; and,

Second—In putting your rod together, be sure that the ends of the joints touch, which they didn't in this case, by half an inch. H. P. UFFORD.

CASSELTON, D. T., Aug. 19.

A TALE OF A LOON.

MY old friend, whose "remarkable catch" of a lost fishing rod at Sault Ste. Marie, published in the FOREST AND STREAM some time ago, calls upon me frequently at my office, and when he finds me disengaged is glad to talk with me about his more than half a century's experience as a fisherman. His reminiscences are always entertaining from their extended and varied character, and particularly so on account of the pleasant and quaint manner in which they are related. Here is an incident he told me a few days ago; it's another remarkable catch:

"A good many years ago, when our rivers and streams afforded plenty of excellent fishing, before their waters were polluted by the sewerage of cities and poisoned by the refuse from hundreds of manufacturing establishments and oil refineries as they are now—mind you, contrary to the law, too, notwithstanding our State Fish Commissions and the fish and game protective societies organized in every town and city—Christy A. and Billy F. and myself went to Lowell, on the Mahoning, to troll for large white salmon and pike. I never fish with those murderous spoons, as they call them, or artificial minnows with gangs of hooks on them, which lacerate and tear the jaws off more fish than are captured by lazy, unsportsmanlike fellows with them. I bait a single hook with a real minnow or a chub, and with a light rod and suitable tackle take my chances and give the fish theirs.

"Well, Christy and I got separated from Billy F. and we were having pretty good luck, but Billy had not a nibble. He became tired and thirsty, besides wanted to have a smoke, but couldn't find a match to light his pipe. He had been fishing along a rocky point—a first rate place too it was for big fellows. His bait was a fine lively chub, and he did not like to lose it, so he cast it as far out into the river as he could and stuck the end of his rod into a cleft in the rocks, then started up to town for refreshments. He had not been gone long, when a loon came swimming down stream, and dove and rose up again in front of us. I remarked to Christy that the loon was feeding, and if it got down a little further it might find Billy's bait. Sure enough when it next came up it had the bait in its bill. It made a great rush when it felt the hook, jerked the rod into the water and started away with it at great speed, the water flying from the reel five feet in the air, so fast was it going. Christy took the oars, I got into the bow of the boat and we went in pursuit of the loon. He would dive, come up for air, then go down again and so on, but for some reason could not steer well, tacked hither and thither. The water flying from the reel always showed us his position, and by making crosscuts we gained upon him, and at last were near enough for me to catch the rod. Then I had sport, the game was as strong as a fifty-pound pike and a deal livelier and called into play all my skill to save it. The chase continued for thirty minutes, loon rising and diving and splashing and straggling to break away, and we had to make for shore.

"When I got on land I began to reel in; there were about one hundred and fifty feet of line out, and when the line was shortened enough, we could see the loon in the clear water, and were surprised at its length, and observed how it used its wings under water just as in flying. At last he became wearied and we were enabled to get the landing net under him and lifted him out. Then we found the true state of affairs. The bird had taken the bait by the middle and when he bit it in two the hook slipped and caught in his shoulder in front of one of his wings, not in the mouth at all. That's why he had such strength. He was not much hurt and could breathe freely, and consequently gave a long and gamy fight. What should we do with him? We concluded to tie him up and take him home for the proof of our exploit. A loon's legs stick out behind you know, they can't stand up like a goose, and we had considerable trouble in securing our captive as we finally did to a seat in the boat. I forgot to say that a great crowd of people came down from the town to see the fun while it was going on, and bets were even on loon or fisherman. We got three cheers when we had gained the victory.

"We then began fishing again, and everything went along nicely for a while, till the loon took advantage of the first opportunity it had by jabbing its sharp bill with much feeling into a very sensitive part of Billy's anatomy just as he leaned forward to take a 'long pull and a strong pull' on the oars. With a cry of mingled pain and terror Billy threw himself forward, falling into the bottom of the boat, dropped the oars, and very nearly capsized the crew. Some moments elapsed before either of us took in the situation.

"When we did and quiet and equilibrium were restored, a council of war was held. It was agreed that the fight had been alike creditable to both parties—the killed and wounded were equal, and it was therefore decided to give the loon his liberty. He was untied, and without standing on the order of his going, tumbled overboard, dove beneath the water and came up again about fifty yards away. As soon as he appeared he gave a yell which might have been heard three miles off, no doubt to inform his mate that 'Richard was himself again,' and then began adjusting his ruffled plumage and preening himself in a manner which afforded us as much amusement as any other part of the whole affair. It made us feel very glad that we had acted toward him so magnanimously by giving him his liberty. For ten minutes he lingered in sight and continued to comb his feathers with his bill and claws, now and then turning his head from side to side in the most comical manner to look at himself in the mirrored surface of the water and observe the effect produced in his appearance. Then, with another scream he bade the party good-bye, dove up stream, reappearing again and again in the distance, each time further away; bound as fast as he could go toward home and Mrs. Loon, who was, I believe, anxiously awaiting him." H.

FISHING IN DAKOTA.

DURING the summer of 188—, while out on a land prospecting tour, we chanced to drop into the town of G—, on the line of the N. P. R. R., expecting to find some choice, unoccupied lands; but after carefully searching the adjacent country we were forced to admit that we had arrived about a year too late. The season being far advanced, we concluded to drop business and devote our few remaining days to the slaughter of the finny tribe. The next morning found us in a rickety wagon, behind two very small ponies, which appeared utterly unfit to drag the load of 600 pounds and over of humanity the distance of twelve miles to the lake, our objective point. We started from the hotel at 7 A. M., winding our way up through the steep coolies leading from the river bottom to the rolling prairies, upon which the excellence of the roads could hardly be surpassed. We then drove on for about two hours, the ponies alternately trotting and loping, as best suited their individual fancy, all the time, however, covering the ground in a way that plainly showed they could pile up a large score in one day.

Betwixt the departure and arrival at the lake, nothing of note occurred, excepting the way our approrch caused the numerous gophers to scamper off into their burrows. Our party had become rather anxious at the non-appearance of the lake, when suddenly our Jehu pulled up the ponies and then we beheld, on looking down the steep bank beside us, a most beautiful sheet of water about one and one-half miles long that appeared from our elevated position to have sunken down from the prairies, bearing high banks surrounding it, thickly studded with cottonwood trees and various small shrubs. It did not take us long to unload our traps and tether the horses, when we were ready for business. Then one of the party suggested that first we might better look for the boat, that our host in town had informed us was hidden in the rushes near by our present position; so all hands dropped their tackle and joined in the search, which resulted in our finding a good clinker-built fastened to a stake in the rushes. While searching for the boat we disturbed a mallard duck with a fine brood of ducklings, whose frantic endeavors to escape from our intrusion was very comical to behold, and the dexterity showed by the mother duck in leading her young away to a place of safety proved most interesting.

Setting traps and tackle in the boat, we then drew lots to determine who would be the first to row, as we intended to troll for whatever would bite. Friend A. took the oars, and when he had rowed out far enough we began to let go our lines, of which we had four. The last line had hardly payed out when No. 3 had a good strike, which threw us into a state of excitement. Each one of the party had some advice to give, meanwhile the lucky man was struggling manfully with his fish, that proved to be a pickerel of about six pounds, which, although making a good fight, was obliged at close quarters to succumb to the home-made gaff hook with which we had provided ourselves. The next two or three fish being under five pounds were thrown into the water, according to the custom of the lake. Presently our captain gave a sudden start which nearly upset our craft, and began to pull in his line in dead earnest. We expected he had a monster at last; the fish showed good fight, but it proved to be only a perch of one and one-half pounds. Here let me state that the perch found in the waters of Dakota are, as a rule, very gamy, and in fact offer as much sport as a good-sized pike or pickerel. On taking the average weight of the perch caught they tipped the scales at a pound each. With a six-ounce split bamboo and a large yellow moth great sport can be had with these fish near dusk.

We then began to have poor luck, and at last they ceased biting entirely. We were asking each other what might be the matter, when a small boy came out from the shore in a dugout, and kindly informed us that either we must keep in shore or else use a thumper if we wished to catch any more fish. Now as none of us had ever heard of such a thing as a "thumper" we shrieked at the urchin to learn the meaning of that word, and after considerable parleying we were given to understand that the said article was nothing more nor less than a five pound weight tied to the line about fifteen feet from the hook, which causes the line to sink, thus reaching to the large fish that lay in deep water. As we had nothing to make a "thumper" from, we decided to take the boy's first suggestion to hug the shore, so our oarsman was requested to get himself in motion, and we soon found ourselves skirting a lot of reeds along the shore. Hardly had our lines straightened out when the fish began to bite, and I never expect to enjoy such sport again, as we had our hands full pulling in the lines as fast as we possibly could. The water seemed fairly alive with wall-eyed pike and pickerel, of all sizes from one to eight pounds in weight. Never had we enjoyed so much sport before, and as the reader may imagine, we became rather excited, not to mention the snarling of the lines, etc. Upon reaching the end of the rushes, which extended for about 800 yards, we made a long sweep to turn the lines, returning over the same ground again three times with the same general result as before.

By that time it was about 3 o'clock P. M., and our captain suggested that as we only had about one hour more before our homeward start we had better try the "thumper" for a big fellow. However, what to use as a thumper being the question, all hands endeavored to find a suitable article without success, until the small man of our party gave a whoop like an Indian, enough to make one's blood run cold, and yelled out, "I've struck it, boys," and produced a small half-pound baking-powder can containing worms, which he dumped into the lake, and forthwith proceeded to jab a hole in each end with the gaff hook. Then taking his bag of brass shells, he removed the wads from about two dozen, dumped the shot from them into the can, first running the

line through the holes in each end, and putting on the cover nicked it so that the shot could not escape; and after tying a knot in the line at the required distance from the hook, the "thumper" was pronounced complete. By this time we had drifted into deep water, and after a few strokes of the oars the "thumper" was dropped overboard. Down it went to the depth of about fifty feet, and immediately we started on a direct line down the middle of the lake with a slow but steady stroke. Yet our party was doomed to disappointment, the "thumper" soon began to thump the bottom when at the other end of the lake, so we gave orders to "about ship" and try it once again.

We had nearly arrived at our starting point once more, feeling rather disappointed, when the man at the line shouted out to hold up a bit, as we had fastened to a rock or something on bottom. A moment afterward he exclaimed, "What a whopper!" and sure enough we had hooked a fish, and a game one at that, for he began to sink slowly although we tried to induce him to rise. After his Lordship had taken down about fifty feet of line he thought it best to move on, and then the fun began in dead earnest. First it was down, then up, and in all kind of ways did that fish try to get away, but it was of no use, for our lines would have held a shark. Presently he made a dart at the boat and then there ensued a scramble to pull in the slack, when, suddenly making a dive, he sent the line whirling out again; then up he came almost to the surface on the other side of the boat. The water being as clear as glass, we could see him as he lay perfectly motionless, excepting a slight quivering of the fins and tail. It was a sight to make the heart of any sportsman thump against his ribs to behold that muscalonge as he lay there, looking as large as a good-sized shark, and if anything a bit more savage. Taking hold of the line anew to give him another pull he darted off in a circle around the boat, a fatal mistake, for a good steady pull now brought him directly under the stern with his head just breaking the water, while the captain taking advantage of position, drove the gaff hook (in a most unsportsmanlike manner) through his back about amidships. Now began the tug of war between the captain and the fish; but as yours truly held the captain fast by the legs, it was evident that the fish must give up, which he presently did from pure exhaustion, and was triumphantly pulled into the boat. No doubt, our prize would have torn himself loose had not the gaff hook gone in under the backbone, thus making it impossible for him to tear it out. It was a sight, that fresh-water shark lying helpless in the bottom of the boat, and after all hands had recovered from the excitement, we made for shore, feeling very proud of our game.

On reaching terra firma our prize fish was weighed first, and found to tip the beam at nineteen and one-half pounds. The smaller fish weighed together one hundred and three pounds, which, with the big fellow, made the grand total of 122½ pounds to show for one day's fishing, not to mention the smaller fish thrown overboard, of which we kept no count. Then hitching up the team, repacking our traps, we started on the return trip, reaching home in time for a late supper, and all hands very tired, but willing to sit up all night to swear that Dakota cannot be beaten for the size and quantity of her fish.

In closing, let me state to parties who contemplate a trip to the waters of that country, that good tackle can be had in all country stores at Eastern prices, and to those who have not fished there, let me say that a good, stout bluefish line about one hundred yards long with the largest size Skinner spoon is the thing. A large spoon prevents the small fish from getting caught to any great extent. SCIPIO.

AGASSIZ AND ANGLING.

ON the 28th of last May, the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth of Louis Agassiz, the Cincinnati Society of Natural History held a memorial service. The paper, "In Memoriam—Louis Agassiz," read on that occasion by Dr. James A. Henshall, has been printed in the Journal of the Society. It is a review of the life and work of the great naturalist, written by one whose veneration for the subject of his paper is manifest on every page. Speaking of the young Agassiz's taste for angling and studying the habits of fishes, Dr. Henshall says:

"Another writer says: 'Before he left school (at Bienne), he began to collect and study into the habits of fishes.' Now, the love of angling once firmly implanted in a boy's heart, it follows him through life, never to be wholly eradicated, but oftener to grow stronger with the accumulation of years, and not seldom influencing the whole course of his life. I know many men whose interest in natural history, and especially in biology, dates from the days of earliest childhood, when, with pin-hook and willow wand, they first essayed the gentle art, and produced consternation dire among the chubs and shiners of the brook. We, of the gentle craft, can readily imagine how eagerly young Agassiz turned from the wearisome school-room to the bright rippling waters of Lake Bienne, or to the foaming trout brook of the Jura, and can fully appreciate the happy transition from the musty books of classic authors to the fair, bright pages of Nature's book. It seems to me that these early impressions, and this first love, must have had the greatest influence in shaping his subsequent career, as we may presently see.

* * * * *

"When the boy Agassiz began collecting and studying the habits of fishes, the cell theory was unknown, but there was no minnow too small to escape his observation, and no part of that minnow too insignificant for his closest scrutiny and study. In this way he was the first to separate and properly define the most difficult group of fishes, the *Cyprinidæ*, as a family, by the form, number and arrangement of their pharyngeal teeth; and any one who has ever examined the minute teeth in the throat of a minnow, can appreciate, somewhat, the amount of careful study and observation involved in his investigations.

"In his study of the salmon, trout and grayling species, he exhibited the same careful and characteristic mode of inquiry. Of this family Günther says: 'As much time and patience are required for the investigation of a single species as in other fishes for that of a whole family. * * * The almost infinite variations of these fishes are dependent on age, sex and sexual development, food and the properties of the water.' In consequence of these variations and peculiarities, many species had been predicated upon coloration alone. Agassiz showed the fallacy of this, for he found that fish in clear, sunny waters, with gravelly bottoms, were highly and brightly colored; while those in shady streams, or where the bottom was dark or muddy, and the water not so clear, were correspondingly dusky in hue; and that bright fish taken from waters of the former character and placed in those of the latter would begin to fade in a few hours, and in a few days or weeks would become entirely changed in hue. He found that the color of brook trout of neighboring streams was influenced by the color and quantity of the water, and that even trout of the same stream differed in color as they frequented the shady or sunny side.

"Now, while most persons are capable of admiring the general result of a long series of observations or experiments, many can not appreciate, or may even be disposed to make light of, some of the seemingly trivial preliminary steps leading to that result. And a person of this character coming upon Agassiz beside a trout stream, studying the changes in coloration of the brook trout—than which there is no lovelier object on God's footstool—might have thought it a sad waste of time, or at least, a subject unworthy the notice of so wise a man."

ROD DIMENSIONS.—Casselton, D. T.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to the request of "Hollow Rib," in your issue of the 13th, I gladly give the dimensions of my bethabara rod: The butt, of ash, is 18in. in length; butt-cap, ¼in.; then swell for 3½in. in length to a diameter of 1in.; then taper 3½in. to ¾in.; making hand-grasp 7in. in length and 1in. greatest diameter. Reel-seat, 4in.; uniform diameter, ¾in.; straight taper for 4in. to 1 1/16in., then sudden concave taper for the ferrule. Joint, 42in; bethabara tip, 38in.; lancewood tip, 40in. Ferrules—¼in. and 7/32—Nos. 0 and 7 of Chubb's catalogue. Extremity of tip, 3/32in. Total length of rod with bethabara tip, 8ft. 2in.; with lancewood tip, 8ft. 4in. Weight, with either tip, 6¼oz. If "Hollow Rib" intends to make a bethabara rod, he will save time, trouble and temptation to profanity by sending his wood to Thos. H. Chubb (see advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM) and have it turned to suit him. By the way, I am glad to add my mite of commendation to this firm for the fair dealing and prompt attention to orders which has characterized their transactions. I have during the past four years ordered material from them for over a dozen rods, and in every case have received just what I wanted, with but one exception, when I probably did not make my wants clear, but when I called their attention to it the mistake was promptly and cheerfully rectified. In marked contrast was the treatment I received from a celebrated Chicago and New York firm, to whom I sent, some three months ago, for a 1½in. screw, flat-bottom butt cap, inclosing money for same. In reply I received a ⅝in. round-bottom solid cap, which I returned, repeating my previous order. I havn't heard a word from them since then, although I have written them three times, asking them either to send what I want or refund my money. The amount of the latter is so small that I am glad to charge it to profit and loss, as the price paid for the knowledge that I had better have nothing to do with such a house in the future. "Mirofer," as my friend Sandy Graeme says, I would advise "Hollow Rib" to use the "patent anti-friction tie-guides," as they save a world of vexation, caused by the wet line sticking to the rod, as it is sure to do with the ordinary guides. If I can be of the slightest help to him or any other amateur rod makers, I shall be glad to partially pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to those brothers of the gentle craft who have so generously imparted to me their stores of information on many and sundry points.—H. P. UFFORD.

EELS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want reliable information how to catch and dress eels for market with information how to make and use the different wire traps, etc., for tide-water brooks and ponds, and where the most likely places to look for them to spear after they have bedded for the winter. In short, I want to know all about them, their habits, usual time of ascending the brooks to bed, which they are supposed to do here on the island of Grand Manan, but I can find no one that knows anything for certain about them.—PHILIP NEWTON. [There is no book which gives the information required. Beside accidental captures with hook and line, eels are taken in winter by spearing them through holes in the ice, and this requires a local knowledge of their beds, which can only be obtained by examination and trial. In the spring they are taken in eel-pots, which are usually made of elm splints or willow. These are for sale in New York and other cities, and are about three feet long and a foot or more in diameter, with a movable cap at one end and a funnel in the other, like some rat traps. Pots are baited with minnows or fish offal, and anchored and marked by a buoy. In summer eels are speared at night from a boat with a bright light in the bow, which shows them plainly in two to six feet of water. They are also fished for at night with "bobs" made by stringing very large angle worms their entire length on three yards of linen thread until the thread is full, when it is wound round the hand and tied through the middle. The bob is used over the side of a boat, and if in a tideway or current, a sinker is needed. It is kept a few inches from the bottom and when a bite is felt is slowly raised to the surface and the eel quickly thrown into the boat, when it drops off, the only hold being that of the eel's teeth in the thread. Eels move from fresh to salt water in October in the State of New York, some, however, remaining in the mill ponds all winter. A fair size for salt-water eels is from half a pound to two pounds, but they seldom exceed four pounds except in fresh waters, where they grow to six or more pounds. Of their breeding habits but little is known except that they are found to contain eggs in the winter and the young are seen in great numbers in the spring. Our correspondent will have to make himself familiar with their feeding grounds and the localities where they bed.]

BARNEGAT, Aug. 21.—The fishing, all things taken into consideration, is very poor. Occasionally a good string of weakfish is caught, but only in exceptional cases is this so, and then it is all laid to the credit of a "streak of good luck." The menhaden boats on this coast are blamed for the scarcity of fish, and a good many objurgations are indulged in by the people along shore at the mere mention of the menhaden folks. At Beach Haven, it is reported, the fishermen on the beach recently indulged in a little rifle practice, using the crew of the menhaden boat for targets. It resulted in some lively dodging behind masts, smoke-stacks, rigging, etc., by the members of the crew of that particular boat. The latest returns fail to report the number of killed, wounded or missing in this engagement, and the last seen of the craft she was putting out to sea under a full head of steam. This rifle practice is reported as having accomplished one desirable object, in driving the menhaden boats off that coast for a while. The writer counted eleven of the black piratical craft off Harvey Cedars in one day last week, engaged in their calling, and was informed that it was not much of a day for menhaden boats either.—WOODCHUCK.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.—Philadelphia, Aug. 22.—Weakfish are still extremely scarce at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays, and few are being brought in. Small sea bass are, however, plentiful, and sheepshead have been taken throughout the entire season in numbers great enough to amply supply all the hotels on Long Beach, which have been continually crowded with guests. During the past week good squidding for bluefish was enjoyed by sailing parties near both Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor inlets. None upward of one to two pounds were boated.—HOMO.

BLUEFISH IN SOUTH BAY.—Up to last week the fishing has been poor on Great South Bay, Long Island. The schools have lately struck in, and there has been good fishing. Last week one boat took 173 fish, and another took 150, while the lowest catches were from twenty to thirty to each boat. The fish averaged from three to three and a half pounds each, and from twenty to thirty boats have been fishing daily. The best points are Sayville, Bay Shore and Babylon.

NEWPORT BASS.—Newport, Aug. 17.—Bass are unusually plenty. They struck here about two weeks ago, I took twenty last week, weight from 2¾ to 16¼. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries in regard to striped bass fishing in this neighborhood.—W. M. HUGHES (P. O. Box 56).

THOUSAND ISLANDS.—Cape Vincent, N. Y., Aug. 18.—The fishing is first-class at this point now; plenty of bass and pickerel. The sportsmen from down the river and Alexandria Bay are all turning this way.—W. P.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

PROTECTIVE CONTRIVANCES FOR EGGS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY PROF. JOHN A. RYDER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: A discussion of the apparatuses by means of which the ova of fishes are protected will, I think, be of interest to the members of this Society. I will roughly classify the eggs of fishes into four divisions, and call one of these groups "buoyant eggs," another "adhesive eggs," another "suspended eggs," and the fourth "transported eggs," the latter class embracing such as are hatched in the mouth or in receptacles especially developed on the outside of the abdomen or under the tail of the parent fish—usually the male; in nests built by the males, or viviparously developed in the ovary or the oviduct of the mother.

The egg of the cod will serve as the type of the first group. It is without an oil-drop, but is buoyant notwithstanding. There is another type of buoyant egg similar to that of the cod, but with an oil-drop opposite the germinal pole, where the embryo develops, consequently the egg is rendered buoyant. That type is represented by the eggs of the Spanish mackerel, of the bonito in the Chesapeake Bay, and of the cusk and a number of other marine fishes.

The second group, which I have called adhesive, is represented very well by the eggs of the goldfish, which adhere singly to plants and weeds. Other species whose eggs are similar to those of the goldfish, are the blennies, which lay eggs in radiating adherent groups. The gobies have a curiously shaped oval egg, almost conical at either end, with tufts at one of their tips. These tufts seem to be made up of small filaments. In other species, too, the eggs are adherent, as is the case with those of the cunning little *Gobiesox*. In other cases the eggs are held together in enormously extended bands or membranes which float, as in the case of the goosefish or fishing frog. Yet other eggs are held together in narrow strips, and adhere together by means of an exterior mucous or sticky envelope, just within which again is a very thick, elastic, perforated membrane, as the eggs of the yelloy perch. This sticky substance glues the round eggs together at their points of contact, leaving spaces between the ova, ouabling the water to pass directly through the openings which are thus left in the bands of eggs. This form of band of adherent eggs is found in the yellow perch, in contrast to which may be cited the white perch, whose eggs adhere by a mucous secretion which seems to glide down on one side to the point where the attachment takes place, and where this mucous substance hardens under water, firmly fixing the egg to the foreign bodies.

The eggs of the slime-eels or hags, which are parasitic upon the cod and on sharks, are also peculiar. These eggs are supplied with a bundle of hooks at each end. I am not sure of the special function of these hooks, but it is probably for suspending the eggs in some way. There are other cases in which adherent eggs are held together in large masses as thick as a man's hand, or they may be spread out over a flat surface. This is the case with the eggs of the catfish; in these, however, we find a contrivance which is peculiarly adapted for protecting the eggs against the violent motions made by the male who aerates, attends and incubates the eggs. In these eggs there is an inner true egg membrane, and an exterior mucous adhesive layer, separated from the inner one by elastic pillars placed at intervals, so that the resulting arrangement is an extremely elastic one, and yields readily to the motions made by the male with his fins. In this case the eggs adhere together in masses very much in the same way as in the eggs of the frogs.

There is yet another singular contrivance which was first described by Professor Jeffries Wyman, of Boston. This is found in a species of the armored catfish of South America. In this case (*Aspredo*) the male fish is provided with a numerous series of little stalks formed on the under surface of the abdomen, and the cup-like extremities of the stalks into which the eggs are received are supplied with capillary vessels, an arrangement being thus developed which constitutes not only a supporting stalk but also a kind of placenta. It is said —although I am not sure that the evidence is very trustworthy —that one species of the gar lays its eggs in strings in a single row, like the common toad. There are other cases in which the ova are uncovered and directly adherent to the abdomen or under side of the tail, as in the case of some of the pipe fishes of Europe. In some of our American species of pipe fishes the eggs adhere beneath the tail in a couple of rows, but are covered by expanded folds of the skin. There are other cases in which the eggs are carried into a pouch formed by the ventral fins. In other species there exists an abdominal or rather caudal pouch which opens just behind the vent of the male, and into which the eggs are received and incubated. In one instance a fish of this class (*Hippocampus*) hatched out under my observation about 150 ova; the drove of embryo sea horses which were finally set free in the aquarium were an interesting study.

Then the number of species which suspend their eggs is quite considerable. The black, leathery case of the common oviparous ray has four filamentous horns, one at each corner, which wind around plants and suspend the eggs to weeds, so that as the tide sweeps by these horns, which have openings in them, fresh water is carried into the case to aerate the embryo and favor its incubation. This peculiar egg case is formed in the end of the oviduct, which is different from the egg membrane

occurring in any of the true bony or Teleost fishes, since it is formed of horizontally interwoven fibres. The egg case of the Cestracion, or Port Jackson sharks, is formed in the same way, but instead of being flat and quadrangular, is twisted into a spiral. I am not positive, however, that the eggs of the Port Jackson sharks are suspended. Another type is found in the *Scombresocidæ*, in which the entire egg membrane is covered with strong filaments which wind round each other and intertwine with the similar filaments of contiguous eggs, which are consequently held together and suspended sometimes in masses several inches in length, such masses being commonly found in great numbers hanging to the meshes of pound nets during July and August. The egg itself measures one-eighth of an inch in diameter. There is another somewhat similar type in which the egg is very much smaller. This is the egg of one of the commonest fishes found in the waters tributary to the Chesapeake Bay, viz., *Menidia*, one of the *Atherinidæ*. They are provided with four filaments attached to one side of the egg, by which they are in like manner suspended and held together in strings. Again, there are still other types in which the ova are hatched in the mouth, as in the case of *Arius*, or marine catfishes. Their eggs are very few in number, but are as large as those of a robin. Some of the smaller blennies take advantage of a dead oyster shell in which to conceal and deposit their adherent eggs.

There are yet other cases in which the male builds a nest. One of the most extraordinary instances of this kind is the common four-spine stickleback (*Apeltes*), which I described four years ago. The male, which is much smaller than the female, has a pouch on the right side of the rectum, from which is poured out a viscid secretion, and which is spun out into threads fitfully by the animal as he goes around a bunch of water weeds like a bobbin to build a little basket-like nest for the eggs. After he has induced the female to oviposit he tends the eggs very faithfully until they hatch. Some investigators go so far as to say that after the eggs are hatched the male stickleback will follow the young ones which leave the nest too young to take care of themselves and put them back in the little cradle in which they were born to thus prevent their being prematurely devoured by other fishes. At one side of the eggs of the stickleback there are minute button-like excrescences. These are also found on the eggs of European species. One of the South American catfishes (*Callichthys*) also builds a nest, but the nature of it I am not familiar with. The male of the paradise-fish ejects from his mouth bubbles of mucilaginous matter, which floats in the form of a cake, and on this the eggs are deposited and hatched out. The *Antennarius* and the fishing frogs of the deeper ocean deposit their eggs on floating masses of sargossa weed.

We are, of course, all aware of the number of forms of salmonoids which prepare beds for the better protection of their eggs. The same may be said also of the black bass, sun perch and lampreys.

I also wish to call your attention to the physical behavior of different species of ova as seen in several groups. This consists of the disposition manifested by certain types of eggs to place the germinal disk in some particular position with reference to the yolk. This disk is directed almost downward in light or buoyant eggs. In the case of the salmon, whose eggs are very heavy, the disk rests on the top of the yolk, and the larger oil drops lie just underneath the germinal disk. In the case of the shad the germinal disk always lies at one side of the yolk, no matter in what position the eggs may be placed. The buoyancy of the oil drops in the salmon's egg keeps the germinal disk directed upward. In the Spanish mackerel its buoyancy keeps the disk directed downward. This peculiarity has some physiological significance, but I do not know what it may be, unless it be for the purpose of the better protection of the egg, so that the embryo may have a better chance to survive.

It was remarked yesterday in Mr. Mather's paper that the eggs of the smelt were remarkably hardy and would stand usage which other ova would not. This calls to my mind the capacity which some eggs have for resisting adverse conditions. There are species which, in order to hatch them out successfully, it is only necessary to change the water once in three or four hours; as, for example, in the case of the stickleback. With the shad this method would not answer. Nor could the ova of salmon be successfully hatched out by such treatment. What I have said on this point shows, I think, that there is a great difference in the power of resistance to adverse conditions manifested by different species of eggs under similar conditions. In the case of the silver gar, for instance, I had at last only three eggs with which to work out the later stages of development, and, although I had them under the microscope fully twenty successive times, each time brushing off the accumulations of filth which would lodge among the filaments covering the egg membrane, yet during all these manipulations the normal development of the embryos remained unimpaired.

I will now call your attention to the viviparous types. The one which I have worked out most fully is the genus *Gambusia*. The parent fishes were from 1⅛ inches to 1¾ inches in length, and are found along the Chesapeake Bay and its smaller southern tributaries. This is a fresh-water, or at least anadromous viviparous species, spawning in July and August. The ovary is lodged in the body cavity, and the vessels pass backward to it, like the subdivided stem in a bunch of grapes to the single berries, each one of the follicles in which the single eggs grow receives a twig from the main vessel and is covered with a network of vessels which branch off from the main twig which enters it, and just at the point where the vessel enters the single follicle, there is a large round opening which answers to the micropyle of the ordinary fish egg laid directly in the water. The egg of *Gambusia* is, however, without a true egg membrane, the thin vascular follicle takes its place. The little fish develops within the follicle, in which fertilization also takes place, the spermatozoa finding their way to the egg through the round pore in the follicle spoken of, the male conveying his milt into the ovary by means of an actual copulation with the female by means of his prolonged anal fin. The development goes on until the fish becomes active and the yolk sac is absorbed. The young fish then ruptures the follicle in which it is imprisoned and slips out through the abdominal pore, perfectly capable of taking care of itself. Not more than twenty or twenty-five individuals are produced at one spawning.

In another type, *Anibleps*, a form described by Professor Jeffries Wyman, the yolk sac itself is covered with villi, and strange to say, continues to grow for some time after the yolk has been absorbed, but the reason for this I am at a loss to understand. It may, however, be that the function of the empty yolk sac is in this case somewhat similar to that of a placenta.

The eggs of the surf perches of the west coast are developed in membranous curtain-like folds of the upper wall of the ovarian sack. These membranes have a longitudinal direction, and after the female is pregnant and the embryos are somewhat advanced in development, they hang down between the embryos, the latter being packed into the ovary somewhat like sardines in a box. The peculiarity about the development of the young in the ovary is that the vertical fins of the fœtuses soon acquire an exaggerated development and have a special set of blood vessels sent to them, the fins also develop marginal prolongations which become highly vascular but afterward atrophy. This arrangement as well as the highly vascular skin of the fœtuses clearly has relation to the respiration of the embryos while in the ovary. Another peculiarity about this type is the enormous development in the embryos of the back part of the intestine beyond anything I have found in any other kind of fish embryos. This hypertrophy of the intestine is of transient character, because this structure afterward gradually diminishes in proportional size and acquires the relative proportion in respect to its diameter found in the adult fishes in which there is no such an exaggerated development of the intestine. The earlier writers, Girard and others, who described these forms, mistook this projecting back part of the intestine for a yolk bag. The fact, however, is, as we know from the figures which are in existence, that this was not a true yolk bag, but merely the intestine developed as I have described it to you with its terminal part thrust down and backward so as to project below the abdominal profile somewhat after the manner of a yolk bag.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

Oct. 13 and 14.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 10, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2588.**

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Osborn is gallantly rushing into danger in his defense of the A. K. C. I have no doubt that he, in common with his many friends, believes that there is no pursuit at which he would not succeed better than the one of trying to make a fool of himself, or being made a fool of by others, but he miscalculates the enormous capacity of the present management of the A. K. C. to make fools of wise men. Solomon himself would fall if he entered and staid too long in those lists. Just look at it. How can an organization be respected or useful under a president who seemingly imagines that he is a legislature and judiciary as well as executive officer? Then, what respect can be left after the official head deliberately debauches the very organic life of the body, as Maj. Taylor did in "construction?"

Then again, Mr. Osborn uses a bad metaphor. This is no case for "fighting." What soldier could fight a chorus of laughter and ridicule? No! No! The first and only thing to be done is to induce our president to step down and out. This is no time to be mealy-mouthed, if we would save the present A. K. C. or keep the path open for another to rise on its ruins. I tell you, "fight" is not the word—"mutiny," "rebellion" or "high treason," call it as you will, is the only thing that will now save the A. K. C. I had a dream once. I dreamed that the Pooppoduck Club advertised that it would give premiums in money to winning exhibitors, and after the show laughed at them and said, "that was only in a Pickwickian sense." Then this variety of "disappointed exhibitor" applied to the A. K. C. for redress. The president gravely lectured the Pooppoducks on their conduct, when behold the chief Pooppoduck put his thumb to his nose, twirled his fingers in the air and whispered "construction." There was a tremendous smash, the sky was illumined with "A.," "K." and "C." in every conceivable combination, and I woke up to wonder why I would eat too much roast pig. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Aug. 21.

THE ENGLISH SETTER STANDARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your invitation for opinion as to the advisibility of altering the present standard of English setters, I will say that sooner or later the present standard will be abolished, as has been illustrated with the advancement of all breeds. It can be likened to the standard of trotting horses of twenty years to those of the present. The former consisted more of the general form, while that of the latter has a tendency to combine the higher element of practical test in speed and form. In other words a sportsman would prefer to purchase an animal, whether horse or an English setter, comprising the combined points, viz.: practical qualities and general form. Were I to purchase a dog, common sense would dictate to give the preference to the practical qualities of a field trial dog combined with the qualities of a bench show dog. I should judge the standard of a dog by his demand and practical use. It is comparatively an easy matter at the present time to obtain a bench show winner, whereas it is apparently an utter impossibility to obtain a dog combining the field trial qualities of a Paul Gladstone with the bench show perfection of a Robert Le Diable. Such being the case, I am of the opinion that the present standard of English setters will not be going in arrears by advancing a few points in favor of the practical qualities of the field trial dog. E. S. HERANCOURT.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The only two breeds of dogs the A. K. C. has any right to settle the standards of are the American foxhound and Chesapeake Bay retriever, two strictly distinctive American ones. Stonehenge is good enough for all the rest; when a better is required it may be relied upon it will be made on the other side. How ridiculous it is to attempt for instance to meddle with the greyhound. And tell me who knows a pure English harrier in this country? He is included for one of the committees to act upon. HOMO.

PEDIGREE OF DAISY.—Newburyport, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any of your readers give the breeding of the English setter bitch Daisy, owned by the late Barton E. Kingman, of Yonkers, N. Y.?—T. F.

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.

[From the essay by Capt. C. A. Graham.—Concluded.]

ABOUT the year 1863 the writer took the Irish wolfhound question up, and instituted very searching inquiries after any specimens of the breed. For some years he did not meet with much success; but about twelve years ago three distinct strains were brought to his notice—viz., those of the late Sir J. Power, of Kilfane, the late Mr. Baker, of Ballytobin, and Mr. Mahoney, of Dromore—alas! now all believed to be lost, save some of the descendants of the first two strains, which are in the writer's and one or two other hands. Isolated specimens were also heard of, but none came under the writer's personal notice. It is believed that the Kilfane strain owed their origin partly to dogs bred by Richardson, who not content with writing, actually set to work to discover the breed; from him Sir John Power had more than one specimen. Richardson obtained bitches from Mr. Carter, of Bray (whose strain he mentions in his essay), and crossing these with a grand dog, of great height, produced some remarkably fine dogs. It is also believed that this strain was descended from Hamilton Rowan's dog Bran before mentioned.

Of this strain also were the Ballytobin dogs. Mr. Baker was an enthusiast regarding all old Irish institutions, and having built himself a castle, he did all he could to increase the size of the deer in his park, also to restore to their original form the Irish wolfdogs. To this end he procured the best specimens, wherever to be had, regardless of cost, and at his death, some twelve years ago, he left a kennel of really fine dogs. The pick of these—bequeathed to a friend—a bitch, eventually came into the possession of the writer, and from her and from dogs of the writer's own breeding his present strain has sprung. The strain of Mr. Mahoney was originally procured from Sir John Power, and Mr. Mahoney thus speaks of them:

"The pedigree I had, but I do not think I could now find it. I remember that the grandsire or the great grandsire was one of the last old Irish dogs which I have an idea belonged to the famous Hamilton Rowan; but of this I am not certain. As wolves disappeared in Ireland the dogs gradually fell away also. They were expensive to keep, and from the fifteenth century the diet of the people gradually changed from being almost exclusively animal to being purely vegetable. Thus there was no food to preserve the size and power of the dogs. The race of red deer also became extinct, except in the mountains of Kerry, where a few wandered; but under the care of Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert, and their successors, have developed into noble breeds without a cross. Thus there was no inducement to extenuate the old powerful dog into the swifter but sparer deerhound, and the few specimens that remained preserved the original characteristics; while in Scotland the cause that preserved the race from extinction tended to change its qualities and older heroic proportions into the modern deerhound.

"My idea was that by selection, avoiding in-breeding, and proper feeding the old characteristics might in some generations be somewhat recovered. The colors were dark brindle, bluish-gray and fawn. The bitch was usually lower, and therefore looked stouter than the dog; indeed, she was so in proportion. Distemper was my great difficulty; but the wider cross got over this much better than the close breed, as might be expected. They were stouter than deerhounds. They are affectionate dogs rather than intelligent; but I had one which was more remarkable for character than any dog I ever saw. He had a kind of moral force among other dogs that made them yield to him without fighting, though stronger in appearance. He cared for nobody but me, though others fed him more frequently, and his attachment was very extraordinary. His hair would bristle over his back toward the head when he was angry, and he would walk quietly up to his enemy's face, whether dog or man, with a determination that neither could face."

Two of these dogs were given to a lady who resided in the Isle of Wight. The writer has their photographs. The dog is stouter and wider in head than any deerhound; but they have a strong look of that dog. Mr. Baker's breed would appear to have been larger dogs than either of the other strains. The bitch that came to the writer stood twenty-eight inches, and some of the dogs were said to stand thirty-one and thirty-two inches, very powerful animals and thoroughly rough.

Lord Derby, grandfather of the present lord, bred Irish wolfhounds of evidently much the same character as the strains just alluded to. One of them is thus described by a gentleman who often saw her, and to whom was given one of her puppies by a deerhound dog: "She was a dark brindle brown, the coat of long wiry hair, the build heavier and head more massive than that of the deerhound, the hair on the head thicker and lying flatter than that of the deerhound, ears rather larger than those of a deerhound, though lying close to the head." This dog was bred about thirty years ago.

From her some very large dogs were bred by a deerhound; some of the descendants were nearly black. A very fine female of this breed was owned by a Mr. Lascelles many years ago. A gentleman who often saw her said to the writer: "You have quite converted me respecting the Irish wolfhound being a rough-coated dog. The one I mentioned to you, which belonging to Mr. Lascelles, had—and which he always said was one of the last of the pure breed—certainly come quite up to your description. She was very large for a female, and of very noble appearance. She always lived in the drawing-room, and was always rather dangerous to strangers. Mr. Lascelles never would breed from her, as he could not meet with a male worthy of such a mate."

A dog was bred from the Ballytobin bitch above alluded to before she came into the possession of the writer, by a son of a dog Major Garnier bred, which was given to a clergyman residing near Knowsley. It was seen by the present Lord Derby, who, while stating it was very like the dogs formerly kept at Knowsley, also considered it was a finer and larger dog than any they had. The sire was a blue and tan in color, and some of the puppies in the same litter as this dog were black and tan when born, turning out eventually blue-gray and tan. The dog in question was a reddish brindle. He is said to have stood thirty-two inches high.

The writer has not only studied the subject carefully, but has bred extensively, with more or less success, though death and disease have hitherto robbed him of the finest specimens. Dogs have been bred approaching his idea closely in looks, though wanting the required height and power; also dogs of very great height, etc., which were somewhat wanting in character. Yet the very certain knowledge has been gained from these efforts that it is perfectly possible to breed the correct type of dog in the course of a few years—bar losses from death and disease. It has been the steadfast endeavor of the writer to get crosses from such dogs of acknowledged Irish wolfhound blood as were to be found, in preference to simply crossing opposite breeds to effect the desired object.

Several very fine dogs have been bred by the writer, but he has lost all the finest. He succeeded in rearing a remarkable dog that stood thirty-three inches, and was covered with a thick coat of nearly black shaggy hair. This dog most unfortunately died at seventeen months of age, leaving behind him one litter of puppies, of which few remain.

The Irish Kennel Club was courageous enough to establish a class for the breed of Irish wolfhounds at their show, April, 1879, and it is strenuously to be hoped that this step in the right direction will be followed on the part of other shows.

At this show several dogs of much wolfhound character were shown, the prizes going to a son of the thirty-three-inch blackish dog above mentioned, a cross-bred Dane and deerhound dog.

Whether the prizes were rightly or wrongly awarded it is not proposed to consider. The first prize dog, Brian by name, a very fine rough gray dog, the last male of his litter, is, alas! dead.

Scot was from a Kilfane sire out of a fine red bitch. He i

a powerful dog of strong red color, deficient in coat, notably on head, and loses much in appearance thereby. Taken on the whole, however, he gives a very fair idea of the breed as to form and bulk; but instead of standing only 29½ inches, as he does, he should be at least 33 inches, and be enlarged in proportion. The blood can be traced back for forty years. His dimensions are: Height, 29½ inches; girth of chest, 33½ inches; length of head, 12 inches; girth of head, 18¼ inches; forearm, 8¼ inches; weight, 110 pounds, which will serve to show what the general conformation of the dog is.

The writer has also a very grand bitch, sister to Brian, of most excellent form and great power. She is gray brindle in color, very deep in chest and big in bone, standing 28½ inches, girthing 34 inches, and weighing 110 pounds. Her speed is marvelous, and activity extraordinary.

A very sensible letter was not very long ago published in the *Live Stock Journal* by a German gentleman, from which the following extracts will prove of interest: "That the Irish wolfhound is a pure 'windhund' [greyhound] I believe as little as that it is a pure Dane. As opposed to the wolf the largest 'windhund' is not strong enough, and the Dane, on account of its short fine hair, is too vulnerable. I think the Irish wolfhound is the Scotch deerhound, with some blood from our modern large German dogge [boarhound?] to give him the necessary strength.

"According to old paintings, rough coats (for the boar dogs) were preferred, because they were less liable to injury than the smooth."

The writer has just had painted, under his close superintendence and guidance, a portrait of an Irish wolfhound of 35 inches, life size, of a gray color, and it presents to the vision a most striking and remarkable animal of a very majestic and beautiful appearance, far, far beyond any dog the writer has ever seen in grandeur of looks.

I shall conclude with an authentic statement of how the last wolves existing in the county of Tyrone were destroyed by means of the Irish greyhound. This account is taken from the biography of a Tyrone family published in Belfast in 1829:

"In the mountainous parts of the county Tyrone the inhabitants suffered much from the wolves, and gave from the public fund as much for the head of one of these animals as they would give for the capture of a notorious robber on the highway. There lived in those days an adventurer who, alone and unassisted, made it his occupation to destroy these ravagers. The time for attacking them was in the night, and midnight was the best time for doing so, as that was their wonted time for leaving their lair in search of food, when the country was at rest and all was still; then, issuing forth, they fell on their defenseless prey, and the carnage commenced. There was a species of dog for the purpose of hunting them, called the wolfdog. This animal represented a rough, stout, half-bred greyhound, but was much stronger.

"In the county Tyrone there was then a large space of ground inclosed by a high stone wall, having a gap at each of the two opposite extremities, and in this were secured the flocks of the surrounding farmers. Still, secure though this fold was deemed, it was entered by the wolves and its inmates slaughtered. The neighboring proprietors having heard of the noted wolf hunter above mentioned, by name Rory Carragh, sent for him, and offered the usual reward, with some addition, if he would undertake to destroy the two remaining wolves that had committed such devastation.

"Carragh undertaking the task, took with him two wolfdogs and a little boy only twelve years old, the only person who would accompany him, and repaired at the approach of midnight to the fold in question. 'Now,' said Carragh to the boy, 'as the two wolves usually enter the opposite extremities of the sheepfold at the same time, I must leave you and one of the dogs to guard this one while I go to the other. He steals with all the caution of a cat, nor will you hear him, but the dog will, and positively will give him the first fall; if, therefore, you are not active when he is down to rivet his neck to the ground with this spear, he will rise up and kill both you and the dog; so good night.' 'I'll do what I can,' said the little boy as he took the spear from the wolf-hunter's hand.

"The boy immediately threw open the gate of the fold and took his seat in the inner part, close to the entrance, his faithful companion crouching at his side, and seemingly perfectly aware of the dangerous business he was engaged in. The night was very dark and cold, and the poor little boy, being benumbed by the chilly air, was beginning to fall into a kind of sleep, when at that instant the dog, with a roar, leaped across him and laid his mortal enemy upon the earth. The boy was roused into double activity by the voice of his companion, and drove the spear through the wolf's neck as he had been directed, at which time Carragh appeared bearing the head of the other."

In concluding this article, the writer would express his astonishment that so noble and pre-eminently attractive a breed of dog should have found so few supporters. Of all dogs the monarch and most majestic—shall he be allowed to drop from our supine grasp?

Irishmen!—Englishmen!—all ye who love the canine race—let it not be so.

Since this article was written—in the *Live Stock Journal* of 20th August, 1880, "A Practical Farmer," writing on some other subject, thus concludes his letter: "Now I am on the subject canine, I will relate an incident that occurred to me in 1840, or within a year of that date. Staying with some friends in a southern county, I was taken to see an old Irish wolfhound belonging to a gentleman of means, he was then said to be the last of his breed in England; was old, perfectly white and much after the style of a Scotch deerhound, but larger and considerably more powerfully built, and he had the deepest toned and most melancholy bark I ever heard." Let readers note how exactly this description coincides with that put forward by me!

In the same number of the *Live Stock Journal* there is mention of a paper contributed to the "Zoologist" by Ernest Friedel, entitled "A German View of the Fauna of Ireland." Some extracts are given regarding the Irish deerhound (*sic*), but they are of small interest and mostly contained in this article; allusion is made to Lord Altamont's dogs, and a foot note is appended by the editor of "Zoologist" to this effect, "It is now generally admitted that the dog described by Lambert here referred to was not an Irish wolfhound at all, but a Great Dane!"

We are told in the *Sportsman's Cabinet*, published in 1803, p. 26, that Buffon asserts that from the common greyhound and the Irish greyhound the mongrel greyhound was produced, also called the greyhound with the wolf's hair, showing very plainly that the Irish dog was, in his opinion, a rough dog, as the ordinary greyhound of that period was in all probability a smooth dog.

In the *World* newspaper, late in 1880, it was asserted that Mr. Parnell, M. P., has in his house some banners, carried by the regiment of militia commanded by one of his immediate ancestors that was "out" in 1798, on which is depicted the Irish wolfhound. The writer took the trouble to make inquiries from Mr. Parnell personally, and found that the fact was true, and that the dog depicted was similar to a Scotch deerhound, but much larger and more massive (apparently), and very rough.

Mr. Ronayne Conron, of Lewisham, saw a brace of Irish wolfhounds about 1847, fierce looking, piercing eyes, shaggy brows and rough dark gray coats, yet so kind a child could play with them. He opines they were of either the Kilfane or Ballytobin breed. Barclay tells us that in 1563, at a deer drive given by the Earl of Athol for the amusement of Queen Mary, 360 deer and 5 wolves were slain in one day.

In the month of June, 1882, was erected at Ennis, a statue to the memory of Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, who were executed at Manchester, 1867. This beautiful statue was executed by Messrs. O'Niell, of Dublin. It represents Erin with one hand resting on the Irish harp, while the other grasps the Celtic cross, while crouching at her feet is the Irish wolfdog. Unfortunately the figure of the dog—owing to the sculptor's requirements—has been very much reduced in size, and the extreme grandeur and nobility of the animal thereby lost. The dog, now in the Zoological Gardens at Dublin, was taken as a guide (unknown to the breeder) for the animal represented, thereby proving that the sculptor and the writer of this article (who bred the dog in question) are agreed as to the type of Ireland's ancient hound. It is stated that at one time the English government offered an equal reward for the head of an Irish Catholic priest and a wolfdog.

1884.—The following description of a descendant (immediate) of Hamilton Rowan's Irish bloodhounds—not of his Irish wolfdog, for he owned one of the latter as well as some of the former—has been given to the writer by a gentleman to whom the dog, as a puppy, was given by H. Rowan:

"Nero. Color, gray, almost mouse color; head, of decidedly bloodhound type, long, rather narrow, peaked; deep flews, large hound ears, eyes small; coat similar to a mastiff's or smooth St. Bernard; double dew claws on hind legs. To a side view rather a long low dog, than square built; gentle temper on the whole, and affectionate, but never forgot an enemy, and ever afterward began to bark when he came to the door—before he knocked! Delighted in water, and would fetch and carry anything."

There seems no doubt whatever that the dogs were crossed bloodhound and Great Dane, and have not the faintest resemblance to the Irish wolfdog.

On Nov. 30, 1883, a Doctor Mac'Cormack, of Belfast, wrote as follows to the author of this essay:

"When I was a child we had one of those magnificent creatures (the Irish wolfhound) and I have been told that Doctor Weir, of Dromore, County Down, had two, and possibly has them still (?) in all probability of Mr. Mahoney's breed. Very early in life I remember going to Lough Lall (?), County Armagh, near which was the seat of the Cope family. They had a wolfdog, and the bay of the animal impressed me almost as much as the lion's roar. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, an Irish patriot and a most magnificent man, used to go about attended by a wolfdog. He has, however, long gone to the majority and his dog along with him.

"The old Irish could not have lived without the wolfhound; he was their protector and friend."

On Aug. 31, 1884, an impression was sent to the writer of an old seal, by a gentleman residing in Clonmel. It was the property of an old gentleman to whom it had been given, when young, by another old gentleman, a friend, in whose family it had been for generations. It is believed no traditions attach to the seal, and the breed of dog depicted was not known to the owner of the seal, but there is little, in fact, no doubt in the mind of the writer that the animal shown is the old Irish wolfhound! In every respect, including the rough coat, it corresponds with the writer's firm conviction of what the dog was—save and except the tail which hangs too much and is too bushy.

It is opined from the spelling and style of the motto—"Gentle when strok'd," "Fierce when provoked"—that the seal was engraved about the commencement of the 18th century, at which period wolves were existing in "England" as well as in Ireland? as was certainly the case to a much later date.

In corroboration of the writer's assumption that the dog represented was an Irish wolfhound, the reader is referred to page 15, where it will be seen that the motto corresponds exactly with that placed under the "arms" of the ancient monarchs of Ireland, which had Irish wolfhounds as supporters.

In "Fores'" window (the great print seller of Picadilly) was exhibited in June, 1883, an oil painting by James Ward, R. A., of a wolfhound, evidently done from the life. It represented a very powerful dog, red in color, hard, rough coat, ears cut off at the ends. It was probably painted at the early part of the present century. The form was that of a very strong deerhound, but considerably thicker.

The picture is signed, but not dated—it was formerly the property of Sir E. Landseer, at the sale of whose drawings Messrs. Fores purchased it—the drawing probably would be about the beginning of this century, as Ward was born 1770.

About 1860 a fine dog of this breed was owned by a gentleman living in Wales. He has been described by the owner's son to the writer as follows: About 31 inches high, very powerful, far beyond any deerhound; head much more massive, pale fawn color, muzzle somewhat black, strong rough coat, head well covered, ears somewhat larger and more pendulous than a deerhound's, probable weight about 120 pounds, was supposed to have been of the strain of the Lords O'Neill, which, however, is open to doubt.

The *Modern Geographer*, published by Thomas Meyers in 1882, has this passage in it: "The Irish greyhound is much celebrated for its size and vigor, and is the most majestic as well as the most beautiful of the canine species. It, however, is very rare at the present day. A species of woldog has also been deemed peculiar to the country. In size it exceeds the mastiff, but its shape has more resemblance to that of the greyhound."

Mr. Watson, of Ballydarton, Bagnalstown, in Ireland, a well-known master of hounds, has informed the writer that hounds for the pursuit of the wolf were kept there in the time of his grandfather, and that the last wolf was killed at Myshall, close to Ballydarton, 1786 or 1787. The hounds were described as coarse powerful animals, running by scent. About the year 1848, an Irish wolfdog was purchased from a gentleman named Carter, who lived at Laughinstown, near Bray, in Ireland, by Mr. W. Leigh Clare. He was stated to have stood over 32 inches, like a deerhound, but stouter and more powerful, very up-standing, blue-gray brindle in color. Afterward a bitch was also procured, light fawn color, stoutly built, but not so rough in hair as the dog. She died while pupping and the dog soon after came to grief. Mr. Clare saw many wolfhounds in this gentleman's kennels; also he kept Irish terriers, and was celebrated for both breeds. Mr. Clare states his dog was a grand specimen.

During the visit of a lady named O'Brien to America, in the autumn of 1882, she had pointed out to her in the museum at Minneapolis, Minnesota, a stuffed specimen labeled as an Irish wolfhound. It was rough, pure white in color and of good size.

The fact that the Irish wolfdog was a rough dog (which some people seem to doubt), has been handed down from generation to generation in Ireland, and all breeders have invariably and firmly adhered to this characteristic.

Quite lately a club has been formed for the purpose of recovering fully this grand race of dogs. There is every reason to hope that success will attend their efforts if steadily and carefully persevered in. A great deal of interest has been excited, both in England and Ireland, of late regarding the breed, and if good specimens are forthcoming within the next few years, no doubt it will again take its place as "king of dogs." The writer of this essay is at present acting as Hon. Sec. of the club and will be most pleased to render any assistance or information to intending breeders of Irish wolfhounds.

IDA LEWIS AND HER DOG.—Ida Lewis, the Newport harbor heroine, has had for a dozen years a faithful companion on her little rocky island, a big black Newfoundland dog, which recently died, causing her great grief. "I remember well, long ago," says one of her acquaintances, "her putting her arms around the big affectionate fellow and saying, 'Men have not been good to me, and I love dogs better.' Her matrimonial adventure was most disastrous, and this dog was her only protector."

DEATH OF TAM O'SHANTER.—This well-known Laverack setter died on Aug. 1 at the age of nine years and three months. He was bred by Mr. Daintry Hollins, and was got by champion Rock out of Rum. Mr. G. Lowe bought him as a whelp, and he has always remained in the same ownership, although very large sums have been offered for him. Many good judges who have seen him at different times are of opinion that in certain points Tam o' Shanter was the best-looking setter ever bred. His head and the set on of his ears were simply perfection, and faultless again were his back, loins and bent stifles. He was not straight in front, and for this reason his owner never showed him, although he has been blamed for not doing so, his idea being that so good a dog should have no chance to be beaten by a worse opponent than himself, through one very palpable fault, which was really caused by accidental circumstances. Tam o' Shanter was a natural worker, and never happier than when ranging a field in his own methodical way, his nose being extraordinary, though he was slow, and his education never completed by a breaker. As a stud dog no setter has surpassed him, his stock having a world-wide reputation for their field merits and beauty, not only in this country but in America, Germany, France, and even in Australia and South Africa. Sir Alister, Wild Rose, Tycoon, Robbie Burns, Tam the Chapman, Dirk Hatteraick, Discord, and Tam of Braunfels may be about the best known winners by him, but a column of a newspaper might be filled with the names of good ones by him, and his descendants now in a second and third generation are almost legion. Like the Laveracks generally, Tam o' Shanter was a dog of fine character, full of intelligence, and his affectionate nature endeared him to his owner and home in a way to stall off any sort of price for him, a very fair figure being tendered only a few weeks ago by one who was well aware that the old dog was very decrepit, merely, as he put it, for the honor of owning Tam o' Shanter. It had been long decreed, however, that old Tam should live out his life among his friends, and have his grave in his owner's garden.—*Kennel Gazette.*

AN EXCITING COON HUNT.—The first coon hunt of the season, which proved to be a very exciting one, took place near The Highland, Thursday evening. The party started from the hotel about 9 o'clock, accompanied by Frank Stevenson, Mr. English, F. De Peyster and several others. W. E. Wilcox led the way to the cornfield. The dogs were let loose, and in about thirty minutes his coonship was treed. One of the party ascended the tree; a circle was formed, and orders were given to shake. The corn stealer soon fell among the dogs, when an exciting struggle commenced, the coon, dogs, and some twenty men all rolling down the ledge together. At this point in the melee an amusing incident occurred which added much to the merriment of the occasion. A youth who accompanied the party, and who is noted for his precocity, and who evidently had not hunted coons before, attempted to show those dogs how to kill a coon, but was reminded by the dogs and coon that they wished for no interference in their little family quarrels, and so gave the young man a severe bite in the leg, and also badly lacerated his hand as well as his feelings. The coon, which proved to be one of the first settlers, when hung upon the scales brought them down at nearly twenty pounds. The hunters started for home about 11 o'clock, feeling that they had fun enough for one night.—W. E. W.

SHOW DISTEMPER.—Gen. Wayne, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last issue of the *American Kennel Register* Dr. J. R. Housel, in his communication relative to the death of two of his dogs from distemper contracted at the recent Philadelphia show, lays blame to the veterinarian for allowing Glench Elcho (improperly registered at Philadelphia show as Glen Elcho) to remain, after his owner had requested permission to remove him. If you will permit I would like to reply to this through your columns (as well as the *A. K. R.*) so that the coming Philadelphia show may not suffer from exhibitors being scared away by this communication. I wish to say, as the owner of the dog, that he had no signs of any sickness whatever during the show nor has he had any since, neither did I remove him from the show or have any desire to do so. He had distemper during the fall of 1884, and was perfectly well and traveling around in all kinds of weather by Jan. 1, 1885.—J. M. FRONEFIELD, JR.

GREAT DANE CLASSES.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please mention the fact in your Kennel department that there are many owners and breeders of the Great Dane who are barred from exhibiting in the American dog shows because this valuable breed is relegated to the miscellaneous class, and takes it chances with the "rag tag and bobtail" of the bench. The Great Dane, although only lately introduced into this country, has taken firm hold among the many who can appreciate a powerful and noble animal. As he is now the chief fancy among the English and the coming dog in America, I beg that you will note the fact that we have in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh many excellent specimens of the dog. In the Pittsburgh bench show of next month let us have a Great Dane class, and I venture to say it will be well filled.—E. P. H.

THE MIRO CASE.—Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received notice that the appeal of J. A. Nickerson from the decision of the Philadelphia Kennel Club in reference to Miro has been referred by Major Taylor to the Committee on Discipline, which is composed of Messrs. Morgan, Pope, Shattuc, myself and Mr. Munhall, who is now ineligible, as the club which he represents has not paid the assessment made at Boston. I have already, in the executive committee of our club, passed upon this case, and as the issue is between Mr. N. and our club, in justice to Mr. N. we should not be allowed a voice in the decision on his appeal. For this reason I am desirous that I be excused from acting. I would also suggest that Mr. Pope, who is a member of the same club as Mr. N., withdraw, leaving the matter with Messrs. Morgan and Shattuc for decision.—WM. H. CHILD.

PHILADELPHIA FALL DOG SHOW.—The entries of foxhound packs at this show will be large, and a big effort is being made to have all the hunt clubs represented. Already many inquiries are being made at the club rooms by fanciers, and a large turnout of local dogs is expected. The judges' slate is not yet completed, but soon will be, and premium list will be mailed in a few days.—HOMO.

JUDGES AT PITTSBURGH.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. Chas. H. Mason and James Watson have been appointed judges of all non-sporting classes at our coming dog show. These gentlemen will divide the classes between them as they think best. Judges of sporting classes will be announced later.—C. B. ELBEN, Secretary.

DOG LOST.—A black setter dog with white stripes down his breast, and forefeet tipped with white, was lost July 11. He is ten months old, of medium size, with long, narrow head. A resonable reward will be paid for his return. Address MacNamara Bros., 145 Canal street, Providenee, R. I.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.—Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Col. W. E. Hughes, Dallas, Tex.; D. C. Bergundthal, Indianapolis, and E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, have been selected to judge at the Western trials this fall.—A. A. WHIPPLE, Secretary.

PEDIGREE OF GIPSEY.—Washingtonville, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any of your readers give the pedigree of the English setter bitch owned by Charles De muth?—B.

THE WAVERLY DOG SHOW.—We understand that the proposed dog show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club at Waverly, N. J., will not be held.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Belle of Brym Mawr. By F. C. Sayles, Jr., Pawtucket, R. I., for English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 2, 1884, by Tempest (Pontiac—Fairy II.) out of Lilly (Carlowitz—Princess Nellie).

General Grant and Cute. By L. Gardner, Mount Vernon, N. Y., for lemon and white pointer dog and white bitch, whelped July 1, 1885, by Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472) out of Gala Day.

Mack. By Wm. E. Leffingwell, Athens, Pa., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 28, 1884, by Sam (Romey—Jessie) out of E. A. Higgins's Fannie.

Bounce, Jr. By Wm. B. Saxton, Cohocton, N. Y., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 4, 1885, by Bounce (Romey—Jessie) out of E. A. Higgin's Fannie.

Punch. By George W. Fish, Waverly, N. Y., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 4, 1885, by Bounce (Romey—Jessie) out of F. A. Higgins's Fannie.

Rupert, Romulus, Remus, Ruthven, Rosaline, Ruth, Ran and Rhea. By Riverview Kennels, Clinton, Mass., for mastiffs, four dogs and four bitches, age not given, by Agrippa. (A.K.R. 449) out of Rena (A.K.R. 262).

Hattie, Jenny and Gypsy. By Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., for fawn Italian greyhound bitches, whelped June 20, 1885, by A. B. Norcross's Fido out of owner's Posey.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Katydid—Foreman. Dr. J. W. Hayward's (Franklin, Mass.) English setter bitch Katydid (A.K.R. 1173) to Blackstone Kennels' champion Foreman, Aug. 16.

Beryl—Verone. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfields, N. J.) imported St. Bernard bitch Beryl (champion Bayard—Richmond Brenda) to their champion Verone (A.K.R. 27), July 28.

Surrey Fatch—Flippant. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Patch (A.K.R. 1706) to their Flippant (A.K.R. 528), Aug. 3.

Jill—Flippant. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Jill (A.K.R. 329) to their Flippant (A.K.R. 528), Aug. 11.

Judy II.—Brier. J. E. Ruse's fox-terrier bitch Judy II. to E. L. Bailey's Brier (A.K.R. 1898), Aug. 3.

Judy—Brier. John O. Blinn's fox-terrier bitch Judy to E. L. Bailey's Brier (A.K.R. 1898), Aug. 12.

Curley—Jumbo. E. L. Bailey's (Pittsfield, Mass.) Skye terrier bitch Curley (A.K.R. 1907) to Wm. Fish's Jumbo, Aug. 1.

Fan—Rags. John Cole's bull-terrier bitch Fan to E. L. Bailey's Rags (A.K.R. 2587).

Brundy—Rags. E. L. Bailey's (Pittsfield, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Brundy to his Rags (A.K.R. 2587), Aug. 2.

Surrey Clover—Flippant. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Clover (A.K.R. 1869) to their Flippant (A.K.R. 528), Aug. 18.

Queen Anna—Dashing Lion. G. W. Ballantine's (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Queen Anna (Zanzibar—Lady Elgin) to his Dashing Lion (Dash II.—Leda), July 31.

Delle—Boss Gladstone. G. W. Ballantine's (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Delle (Druid—Dodge's Rose) to Boss Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), Aug. 11.

Pet—Little Duke. W. E. Deane's (Somerset, Mass.) beagle bitch Pet (A.K.R. 2521) to A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994), Aug. 18.

Chase—Little Duke. A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Chase (Ringwood—Winnie) to their Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994).

Althea—Obo II. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Althea (A.K.R. 842) to champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), June 29.

Hazel Kirke—Young Obo. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel Kirke to Young Obo (A.K.R. 861), June 30.

Nellie II.—Foreman. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Nellie II. (Count Noble—Rosalind) to their champion Foreman, July 4.

Dorcas—Arlington. Mr. Barber's (Central Falls, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Dorcas (Glencho—Syren II.) to Blackstone Kennels' Arlington (Dan—Ruby), July 11.

Orphan Girl—Foreman. E. R. Troxell's (Pittston, Pa.) English setter bitch Orphan Girl (Leicester—Peeress) to Blackstone Kennels' champion Foreman, July 25.

Pet Berwyn—Plantagenet. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Pet Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—May Druid) to their champion Plantagenet, Aug. 6.

Queen Vic—Flash. Geo. D. McDougall's (Bridgeport, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Queen Vic (Tom—Jessie) to Blackstone Kennels' champion Flash (A.K.R. 958), Aug. 14.

Daisy—Dick. Chas. P. Ferguson's (Spring Vale, Me.) beagle bitch Daisy to his Dick, July 2.

ERIE—TAMMANY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Bang Grace served Mr. Rivers's bitch Erie. Mr. Geo. D. Macdougall, who saw one service, can testify to the fact. I am willing to submit the matter for judgment to the A. K. C.—LUKE WHITE (Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 22).

Editor Forest and Stream: I wish to say that I saw Bang Grace serve Mr. Rivers's bitch Erie, as Mr. White states.—GEO. D. MACDOUGALL (Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 22).

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Flora II. S. H. Hewlett's (Webster Groves, Mo.) collie bitch Flora II. (A.K.R. 2581), July 27, five (two dogs), by J. A. Long's Rob Roy (A.K.R. 334).

Kitty Mac. Houghton Farm's (Mountainville, N. Y.) collie bitch Kitty Mac (A.K.R. 539), July 30, ten (six dogs), by champion Rex (A.K.R. 149); one bitch since dead.

Ayrshire Flossie. Houghton Farm's (Mountainville, N. Y.) collie bitch Ayrshire Flossie (A.K.R. 1414), May 17, eight (four dogs), by B. Holmes, Jr.'s, Gaffa II. (A.K.R. 2323); two bitches since dead.

Nell. Al Ward's bull-terrier bitch Nell, May 20, nine (four dogs), by E. L. Bailey's Rags (A.K.R. 2587).

Jill. J. Jagueth's fox-terrier bitch Jill, July 12, six (three dogs), by E. L. Bailey's Brier (A.K.R. 1898).

Trouble. Geo. Jordan's (Montreal, Can.) bull-terrier bitch Trouble, Aug. 9, six (four days), by Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels' The Earl (Marquis—Lady).

Dashing Belle. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Belle (A.K.R. 814), Aug. 16, eight (five dogs), by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Leah II. S. B. Foard's (Elkton, Md.) English setter bitch Leah II. (Royal Duke—Leah), July 18, nine (four dogs), by E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Molly Bawn. Isaac Yearsley's (Coatesville, Pa.) English setter bitch Molly Bawn (Lincoln—Kirby), July 8, five, by E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Linda. Thos. Blyth's (Peale, Pa.) English setter bitch Linda (Dashing Monarch—Peggy), Aug. 2, two (one dog), by E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Spot. Dr. M. F. Young's (Littleton, N. H.) beagle bitch Spot (Hector—Shoo Fly), July —, four (one dog), by H. F. Schellhass's Trailer (A.K.R. 2525).

Katie. Chas. More's (Pawtucket, R. I.) setter bitch Katie (Arlington —St. Cecilia), July 12, eight, by Blackstone Kennels' champion Plantagenet.

Jessie. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake), July 25, eight (four dogs), by their champion Plantagenet.

Grace B Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Grace B. (London—Dawn), Aug. 7, six (two dogs), by their champion Foreman.

Donna. Chas. E. Taylor's (Bath, Me.) English setter bitch Donna (A.K.R. 499), Aug. 15, ten (five dogs), by Gus Bondhu (Dashing Bondhu —Novel).

Creole. James S. Wibert's (Mauch Chunk, Pa.) red Irish setter bitch Creole, Aug. 6, nine (six dogs), by I. H. Roberts's Bruce (A.K.R. 54).

Bertha. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfields, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Bertha, Aug. 17, thirteen (six dogs), by their imported Zeno (Harold—Judy); two dogs since dead.

Red Biddy. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Red Biddy (A.K.R. 1558), July 8, eleven (seven dogs), by champion Glencho; all since dead.

Cornelia. L. Shuster's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Cornelia (Leicester—Dart), Aug. 16, eleven (two dogs), by champion Gladstone; two bitches since dead.

Gypsey Queen. C. W. Willard's (Westerly, R. I.) beagle bitch Gypsey Queen (Briar—Bush), Aug. 24, five (three dogs), by A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Dorothy. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped June 28, 1885 (Obo II. —Miss Nance), by S. R. Hemingway, New Haven, Conn., to E. E. Hall, Jr., same place.

Barney. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 2, 1885 (Obo II.—Yolande), by W. H. Tuck, Wilkesbarre, Pa., to Sheppard Ayers, same place.

Den. Sable and black collie dog (A.K.R. 2530), by Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., to S. Tappen, Troy, N. Y.

Haut Boy. Black and sable collie dog (A.K.R. 2532), by Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., to C. R. Clark, Granby, Mass.

Kitty May. Black, sable and white collie bitch (A.K.R. 2536), by Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., to D. R. Hartley, East Bethlehem, Pa.

Rex Rob Roy. Black, sable and white collie dog (A.K.R. 2537), by Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., to M. A. Scott, Richmond, Va.

Snip Kit. Black, sable and white collie bitch (A.K.R. 2539), by Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., to L. A. Estabrook, West Lebanon, N. H.

Topsy R. Black, sable and white collie bitch (A.K.R. 2540), by Houghton Farm, Mountainville, N. Y., to A. R. Andrews, Charles River Village, Mass.

Countess II. Mastiff bitch (A.K.R. 1500), by F. P. Basset, New York, to H. C. Merritt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Gypsy. Fawn, with white points, greyhound bitch, whelped June 20, 1885 (Fido—Posey), by Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to H. M. Wilmot, same place.

Jennie. Fawn greyhound bitch, whelped June 20, 1885 (Fido—Posey), by Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Princess. Mastiff bitch, whelped June 7, 1885 (Ilford Cromwell—Brenda II.), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to F. C. Pierce, Concord, Mass.

Edna. Mastiff bitch, whelped June 7, 1885 (Ilford Cromwell—Brenda II.), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass , to Wm. P. Hood, Somerset, Mass.

Joe. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped June 20, 1884 (Ringwood—Gypsy Queen), by C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to H. D. Eggers, Louisville, Ky.

Lente. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 23, 1882 (Ringwood—Norah), by C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to H. D. Eggers, Louisville, Ky.

Belle II. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 23 (King —Belle), by C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to R. H. Meacham, New Haven, Conn.

Gypsy Queen. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Sept. 20, 1882 (Briar—Bush), by C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I.

Bannerman—Gypsy Queen whelp. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 20, 1885, by C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., to C. E. Hobart, North Abington, Mass.

Pompey. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 27, 1884 (Obo II. —Gem), by Fred B. Stafford, Faneuil, Mass., to Geo. L. V. Tyler, West Newton, Mass., and resold by him to C. G. Browning, Worcester, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bonnybel. Liver and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 1770), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md.

Punch. Liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 4, 1885 (Bounce—Fannie), by E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., to George W. Fish, Waverly, N. Y.

IMPORTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Little Nell. Bull terrier bitch, under 25 pounds, 2½yrs. old (Victor —Daisy), by T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H., from F. Hinks, Birmingham, Eng.

Conqueror. Blue and tan Yorkshire terrier dog, whelped April 25, 1880 (Bismark—Elmar), by Mrs. J. K. Emmet, New York, from Mrs. M. A. Troughear, Bury, Eng. Price, £250.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE "FOREST AND STREAM" RIFLE TRIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As suggestions are in order in reference to the forthcoming rifle tests you are to conduct at Creedmoor, I have these to offer. As your tests are to be of hunting rifles and not of artillery, I would suggest that the weight be limited to 10 pounds except in bores above .50-cal. Also that three tests of 10 shots each be made for accuracy.

First—Rifles to be carefully cleaned after each shot.

Second—Rifles to be blown into after each shot a given amount.

Third—In which as little time and as little circulation of air as possible be allowed between shots.

I predict that should you subject rifles to this test you will find a very marked difference in accuracy of all rifles shooting under these varied conditions, also that some rifles will stand this test much better than others.

I am very glad to see that you have taken up this subject which must prove of general interest to riflemen, as it is one of which a majority know but little. F. J. RABBETH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would appear to a man up a tree that the very first question that you will be called upon to decide will be, what constitutes a hunting rifle? It would also appear that some of your most valued correspondents who have fully grasped your proposition are of the impression that anything in the shape of a rifle has a place in your coming trial. How it would appear to me that any rifle which for any reason cannot be comfortably carried by an able-bodied man on a day or week's tramp in the woods has no place in this controversy. Of what interest to a hunter on the track of a deer is the trajectory of a rifle that weighs 40 pounds, 20 pounds or even 15 pounds that he has left at home. What cares he for a rifle that can't be shot more than five times without cleaning.

Some rules you will have to adopt, and our friend E. A. Leopold has suggested those of the National Rifle Association. This would be treading too rudely on the sacred relics of the past, but if a firm cannot make an accurate shooting rifle that weighs less than 10 pounds they should not advertise hunting rifles, and as far as weight is concerned they are not much out of the way. You cannot please every one, and I don't know but the best way for you to do is not to try and please any one but yourself, and you will be likely to suit the largest number of American riflemen. I.

AKRON, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please accept my sincere thanks for the proposed trial of hunting rifles. As you invite suggestions, would be pleased to offer the following: Have been using the rifle for more than thirty years on squirrel, deer and wild turkey, using, until the past five years, the old-style muzzleloader of from .32 to .50-caliber. The past five years, after various tests of different calibers, weights and proportions of powder and lead, settled on a .40-caliber, seventy grains of powder and 265 grains paper-patched bullet in one of the latest make of Remington-Hepburn rifles.

As Major Merrill suggests, make the outside "limit to 200yds.," and the inside to 25yds. Please use the paper-patched bullet versus the naked bullet; test the merits of each, as many claim the patched bullet to be more accurate than the naked, and similar claims are made for the naked bullet. Please give the test with the lightest pull of trigger as against the regulation pull, as the double or set trigger is the most used by those who desire the greatest accuracy in shooting for a precise point on game—the head of a squirrel and wild turkey, or the eye of a deer, for instance.

ELLSWORTH, ILL. DANIEL ARROWSMITH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the "kind comments" of Maj. Merrill in your issue of Aug. 20, I beg leave to call attention to the fact that Mr. Merrill says in the beginning that he will not "avail of criticism," and closes by saying that he offers his article less "to criticise than instruct," thus virtually saying that his article is a criticism. His style of closing his article is significant. If he had not alleged that his article was instructive, perhaps no one would have discovered it. His article consists of fourteen paragraphs. For convenience I will number them from 1 to 14. No. 1 conflicts with No. 14 as shown above. No. 2, I regard the test as a comparative test. If but one make of rifles was to be tested it would be a different matter. In this connection I wish also to notice the communication of Mr. G. J. Romer. He speaks of competitions in which prizes are to be won, and says that in such cases arbitrary rules are all very well, as they are intended to give all contestants an equal chance to win. In this case there is no prize offered, but it cannot be denied that the manufacturers whose rifles make the best record will reap a substantial benefit resulting from increased sales. After the tests are made each particular rifle will take its rank, not so much from its actual record as a separate and distinct performance, but from its standing as compared with other rifles which were tested at the same time under similar conditions. These are some of the reasons which induced me to propose a set of rules which I consider the best of any rifle association rules of which I have any knowledge. If no rules are to be observed I shall not worry over the matter. No. 3. Here is probably the place where the alleged instrucion comes in. I shall speak of this further on. Nos. 4 and 5. Entirely irrelevant. Sights and trigger pull have something to do with accuracy, not trajectory, as every rifleman knows. Nos. 6, 7 and 8. If Mr. Merrill thinks that paper-patched bullets are suitable for hunting, I withdraw my proposition and hope that FOREST AND STREAM will accept such ammunition if offered. No. 9. A quotation from my former article. No. 10. He regrets that a certain point had been touched upon. No. 11. He thinks the matter had best now be dropped. Agreed. No. 12. "Twenty shots in thirty minutes is too rapid firing." This is a matter of opinion. I have seen men using a muzzleloading rifle average fifty shots per hour and keep it up ten hours per day for several days in hot weather, during the month of July, the object being to score the most din. bullseyes in a week's shooting, off-hand, at 200yds. No doubt Mr. Merrill has seen shooting similar to this. Of course, such rapid firing seldom occurs in hunting. Yet it does occasionally happen, as we may find out by perusing hunting sketches in FOREST AND STREAM. And it is not only the pot-hunters that do the rapid firing, although they have the reputation of being addicted to it. The test I proposed was only a moderately severe one. Hunters want a rifle that can be used all day without wiping, and still give accurate shooting, if such a weapon can be obtained, without sacrificing any other good quality. The test I proposed would be a long step in the direction of a solution of this problem. Mr. Merrill continues, "It heats the barrels," etc. So it does, and for this reason it would make the test more severe, and enhance the value of the records obtained. If the heating of the barrel from rapid firing will change the trajectory, it is important that that fact be known, and also to what extent such changes of temperature of the rifle barrel will operate. This becomes all the more important if paper-patched bullets are used. It is the opinion of some riflemen of large experience that the patched bullets referred to will not give good results in rapid firing. If but twelve shots per hour are fired, as proposed by Mr. Merrill, this valuable information will not be gained. No. 13. He says, "I fully believe the editor of FOREST AND STREAM and his experienced experimenter know just what to do and how to do it." Then why did Mr. Merrill offer his suggestions in response to the general invitation of the editor? "I leave them to stand on their own bottom," (this is very kind), "for it is their right to do so." (Undoubtedly). "They embark in their own craft" (a cutter, I hope), "and I believe they know full well how to sail it" (if they do not they are willing to learn), "and I heartily wish you success in your voyage." So say we all. Now for paragraph No. 3. He says, "A springing rifle is next to worthless at best." It has been established on good authority that all rifle barrels over twenty inches in length do spring or buckle to a considerable extent at the moment of discharge when fired off-hand, or from an ordinary rest, such as a hunter might use in making a long and difficult shot. Mr. W. E. Metford, of England, explained this matter very fully in the *Spirit of the Times* about the year 1878. It was also touched upon by Mr. F. J. Rabbeth, in FOREST AND STREAM about a year ago. The exact date I cannot give, as I have been unable to find the paper containing the article. The rifle Mr. Rabbeth used was a heavy one, about ten pounds weight, with a very small bore, .28-cal., I think. A very small cartridge was used, and on varying the powder charge the springing of the barrel was quite apparent. When Mr. Merrill makes such an apparently heterodox statement, he should endeavor to accompany it with some sort of proof. In regard to the machine rest proposed by him, I will suggest that if it holds the rifles as firmly as he intimates, it will cause them to make a flatter trajectory than they would if fired from the shoulder as recommended by your correspondent "I." This advantage will operate in favor of the lighter rifle, a result which it is not desired to attain. Another point and I am done. Mr. Merrill says, "the light ones cannot well spring or 'buckle' as they call it, and if any one shall do so, it will justly call out its own doom." This may be "new," but is certainly not "instructive," inasmuch as the springing or buckling of the barrel has nothing to do with the trajectory. His peculiar theory on this point reminds me of the boy who bent his gun barrel across his knee, fired around the haystack and killed the rabbit. LIEUT. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THOMASTON, Conn., Aug. 15.—At Bridgemoor range to-day the subjoined scores were made. Massachusetts ring target:

W H Dunbar	12	12	12	11	9	11	12	10	9	9—107
E Thomas	10	12	11	9	12	11	9	9	11	11—105
G C Gilbert	12	11	12	9	8	10	12	10	10	9—103
C L Ailing	9	7	9	12	12	10	9	10	11	9— 98
G A Lemmon	8	11	9	8	10	11	9	11	12	6— 95
G P North	10	9	7	9	9	11	9	9	10	9— 92
C F Williams	10	9	8	7	9	9	9	11	7	9— 88
A Fox	9	9	8	10	6	6	9	9	12	7— 85

The following officers of the Empire Rifle Club were elected at the annual meeting, Aug. 15: W. H. Dunbar, President; G. C. Gilbert, Vice-President; G. P. North, Secretary and Treasurer; Executive Committee: C. L. Alling, E. Thomas, G. C. Gilbert.

BOSTON, Aug. 22.—There was a large gathering of riflemen and military men at Walnut Hill to-day. The weather conditions were favorable:

Creedmoor Practice Match.

N F Tufts	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	4—44
C W Hodgdon	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	4—44
F W Perkins (mil.)	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—43
E C B Erickson (mil.)	4	5	4	5	4	3	4	4	5	4—42
J E Darmody (mil.)	5	4	4	5	5	4	3	4	4	4—42
M G Witham (mil.)	2	4	4	4	4	5	4	3	5	4—39
H L Kelly (mil.)	0	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	2	3—30

Decimal Practice Match.

R Reed	10	8	8	8	8	7	10	3	10	8—80
H Cushing	8	7	9	8	5	8	8	6	10	8—77
A B Small	8	10	7	5	10	7	5	8	8	6—74
J Francis	9	9	10	4	9	5	8	8	5	7—71

Decimal Match.

O M Jewell	9	6	7	9	10	7	9	8	10	9—84
R Reed	6	7	10	8	8	10	9	7	10	8—83
W Fisher	6	10	9	6	7	6	3	9	9	8—73
N F Tufts	8	9	9	6	3	7	5	10	10	4—71

Victory Medal Match.

E F Richardson	10	9	10	10	10	8	8	10	5	7—87
J N Frye	7	10	4	9	8	4	10	6	4	7—69
R Davis	8	3	6	7	9	5	7	6	7	7—65

Decimal Rest Match.

J N Frye	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	9—99
C H Brown, A	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	9—96
J Hurd	8	10	9	10	9	9	9	10	9	10—93
W H Oler	7	9	10	9	8	10	10	8	9	10—90

After a lapse of four and a half years Massachusetts will be represented at the fall meeting at Creedmoor by a picked team of twelve men, selected from the best rifle shots in the Massachusetts volunteer militia. Some forty candidates will probably present themselves for competition, and from this number the best fifteen will be selected, twelve as the regular team and three as substitutes.

HAVERHILL RIFLE CLUB.—Saturday Aug. 22.

C Brown	4454544444—43	J Forbes	4544443445—41
J Busfield	4444554444—42	F Merrill	4444344544—40
W Worthen	4544445444—42	C Herick	4553423444—38
L Jackson	3454344455—41		

RIFLE STOLEN.—Stolen from Napoleon Merrill, of Waukesha, Wis., on June 13 last, a muzzleloader target and turkey rifle, weighing 14 pounds, made by "J. C. Wells, Milwaukee, Wis.," and stamped in full view on the 30-inch barrel, .38-caliber, "cast steel barrel"; stamped in full view also, "Remington" on the under side near the breech-set lock, small iron patch box, plain varnished stock, open and aperture and step fixed sights, a new nipple and hammer showing no wear. It is believed a tramp going westerly from Waukesha stole it, took it apart, and carried it off concealed by his coat as a kind of pack. A bullet mould will have to be made for it for long ranges. It is a very close shooter for 500yds. I wish the members of all western rifle clubs, gunsmiths and others, to have a sharp look out for this rifle, and if recovered a suitable reward will be given to the finder or informant by Napoleon Merrill. Brother sportsmen, stop this thief and housebreaker, and seize this rifle if you can.—MAJ. H. W. MERRILL, 126 East Sixtieth street, New York city.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

FIELD DAY AT VICKSBURG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This has been a gala day for Vicksburg. There have been a great number of visitors in the city and the citizens turned out in large numbers. The attractions were, first, a company drill for the State championship and a purse of $2,000 and gate money between the West Point Rifles, of West Point, and the Volunteer Southrons, of this place; second, a tilting tournament; and, third, a team shoot at glass balls and clay-pigeons.

The drill was judged by three competent officers from the U. S. Army and resulted in a victory for the West Point Rifles, with a score of 83.33 against 77.33 for our company. The programme for the drill was made by the judging officers and handed to the captains of the companies just before going into the field. Some of the maneuvers were difficult and admirably executed.

Immediately after the company drill a drill was had to determine the best drilled man. This resulted also in a victory for the West Point Rifles, several of the Rifles remaining in line after the Southrons had been motioned out. This was also judged by the army officers.

As the tilting tournament is something new probably to most of your readers, I will briefly describe it. Three posts about 10ft. high, 15yds. to 20yds. apart, placed in line or otherwise, have each a horizontal arm about 4ft. long at the top. From the extremity of each arm depends a wire 2ft. or more long, at the lower end of which is a clamp also generally made of wire. Into each clamp is placed a ring 2in. diameter, with the open part at right angles to the line of posts, and so delicately held that the slightest touch releases it. The lance consists generally of light wood, is about 8ft. long, round, 2in. diameter at the larger end, and tapering to a point at the other end, where it is tipped with metal. This lance is held by the rider near the balancing point in his right hand, the rear end extending on the under part of the arm from the hand to the elbow. With this lance the rider sweeps by the posts at full speed, taking the rings as best he can. Each rider is called a Knight of so and so, with a dress appropriate to his name. The South is noted for her graceful and skillful riders, and the "tilting tournament" requires not only that, but an accurate eye and a steady nerve as well, aided by practice more or less thorough.

Sometimes the tournament affords considerable amusement in addition to the interest by observing the skill of the contestants. On this occasion the steed of W. H. Tillman, Knight of the Plains, at one time became obstinate, and instead of sweeping by the posts on the beaten track, indulged in some gymnastic exercise not down on the programme, converting his back into an elastic springboard, his tail into a whipcracker, and his body into knots of various complications. Evidently he comprehended the title of "Knight of the Plains," and entered into the spirit of, if, indeed, he was not one in fact.

The prizes consisted of $100 to first, $50 to second, and $25 to third.

The total distance to be ridden was 100yds., time not to exceed ten seconds, each knight to have three rides, having a possible of nine rings. The time actually made was from five seconds for the quickest trip, to nine for the longest.

Ten knights entered the contest. The first prize was won by H. L. Foote, Knight of the Gun Club; second by J. H. Robertson, Knight of the Red Bone Club; third, by J. J. Irwin, Knight of Omega. The rings taken were 8, 7 and 6, respectively. The following ladies were crowned Queen of Love and Beauty by the winning knights: Miss Georgia Waddill by Foote, Miss Lizzie Wright by Robertson, Miss Bazinsky by Irwin, and Miss Maggie Burnett, of Port Gibson, Miss., by John Parkinson, Knight of Claiborne Light Guards, who won fourth honor.

The team shoot originally was to have been for a purse of $150 to winning team, but as no regular team was entered, except the Vicksburg Gun Club, $100 offered by this club was withdrawn. Two other teams were organized on the ground, the Natchez and Omega. The shooting done was considerably below the average, owing mainly to the unfavorable grounds shot on. The dark background of the Vicksburg hills rendered the clay-pigeons especially very indistinct. Pigeons were thrown from three traps, set in the fourth notch, and balls from a single Mole's rotating trap. The following is the score:

Vicksburg.

	Pigeons.	Balls.
Bookout	1001110111	1111111111—17
Tillman	0101101111	0111111101—15
Hebron	1111111111	1101111111—19
Dorsey	1000111000	1101111111—13
Foote	0111111110	1111111111—18—82
Natchez.		
Arrighi	1000101101	1111011111—14
Baker	1010100100	1111101111—13
Taylor	0 00011001	1111111011—12
Casey	1100011110	1111111110—15
Edrington	1111011111	1110111101—17—71
Omega.		
Batchelor	00 0110110	1011101111—13
M P Irwin	1010110000	1011101101—11
Gilfoil	0011000110	0001010110— 8
J J Irwin	0100110010	1011000111—10
Goff	1101110001	1111100001—12—54

During the entire day there were order, harmony and the best of spirits. During the drill the West Point Rifles, as well as the Volunteer Southrons, were cheered lustily by the crowd. W. L. P.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Aug. 17.

GEORGIA TOURNAMENT.

The National Gun Association, Cincinnati, O.:

In behalf of the members of the Association who participated in the Third Inter-State Tournament just closed here, we desire to express our thanks, and at the same time to impress upon all sportsmen one prominent advantage of its membership, viz.: The facility and freedom from expense with which local tournaments can be organized under the auspices of the National Association. Heretofore there has been a lack of local tournaments on account of the preliminary expense attending the same, and the fact that the local sportsmen hesitated to assume the financial responsibility for the same. Now this is changed. The National Gun Association in case any of the members wish to organize a tournament, advance to them the cash required for preliminary outlay, and guarantee its members who manage the tournament against all financial loss. Traps, targets and all necessaries are shipped from the home office, and any information or suggestions always kindly given by its officers and members wherever located.

This was well illustrated in the case of the tournament of Aug. 10, 11 and 12, held at Macon, Ga., under the auspices of the Association. By unavoidable circumstances the other four members of the executive committee, who had the management of this tournament, were unable to attend, and the writer, although alone, had no difficulty in completing all the preliminaries and drawing together a large number of sportsmen from different States, who enjoyed the sport, and which resulted in forming many ties of friendship between the participants, and creating a strong desire to have all brother sportsmen join the Association in order that such a meeting may become more general.

The Cincinnati officer of the Association supplied us with all requisites in abundance, and seemed determined that we should want for nothing.

The sportsmen in attendance were a jolly set of fellows, and we kept up the firing from 10 A. M. until dark each day, not even stopping for dinner, but lunching on the grounds. The visitors were much impressed with the location and arrangement of the grounds, and will return on the occasion of the Georgia State fair tournament, beginning Oct. 26 next, under the auspices of the National Association, at which time we hope to see more of your Eastern and Western members. Very respectfully, MATT R. FREEMAN.

MACON, Ga., Aug. 17.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Aug. 20.—Second competition for the gold medal presented by the Wappinger's Falls and Poughkeepsie gun clubs; medal to be won twice to become the property of the winner. It was won first by E. Decker, of Poughkeepsie, with a score of 15 out of 20. The terms of the match are: 10 single rotary glass balls, Card trap, 18yds. and 5 pairs doubles 15yds. The contest to-day resulted in a victory for Max Condit, one of the best clay-pigeon shots in Dutchess county. We were favored with beautiful weather, everything working smoothly, combined to make a very pleasant shoot:

M Condit	8	3—17	J A Kunkel	6	7—13
Dr W R Case	8	8—16	H Meyers	5	8—13
G M Godinez	7	9—16	G A Talmage	6	6—12
Anderson	7	9—16	Dr. Wm Baxter	5	6—11
C Clapp	8	8—16	H Crozier	4	6—10
E Decker	8	7—15	T C Wakeman	3	6— 9
W T Seary	7	7—14	T Crozier	2	w.— 2

Five clay-pigeons, 18yds., fourth notch: Max Condit 4, J. M. Godinez 3, Anderson 3, E. Decker 3, Dr. W. R. Case 2, H. Meyers 2, G. A. Talmage 2, W. T. Seary 2, J. Kunkel 1, C. Clapp 1, H. Crozier 0, Dr. Wm. Baxtero. We have now quite a flourishing little club and would be pleased to arrange a team match of two, three, five, eight or ten men on a side with any club along the river between New York and Albany, either at single and double glass balls or single clay-pigeons. —A. C. GALLUP.

MOBILE, Aug. 16.—Mobile Gun Club match at 7 single leather-wing bats, 21yds. rise, class shooting:

Vass	1111111—7	McDonnell	1011011—5
Boltz	1111101—6	Custa	0110111—5
Sartore	1111110—6	Burch	1111100—4
Drey	1101111—6	Nicholas	1100000—2
Dumont	0111111—6		

W. T. Vass first, Boltz and Sartore divided second, McDonnell and Custa divided third.

Second match, team and class shoot combined, 10 single leather-wing bats, 21yds., and 5 pair doubles, 18yds.:

Team No. 1, J. H. Stewart, Captain.

Stewart	1110110111	11	11	11	00 11—16
Boltz	1111110111	11	01	11	10 11—17
C Sartore	1111111101	11	11	11	11 10—19
Dumont	1111111111	10	00	00	11 00—13
Wagoner	0111101111	01	10	11	11 11—16
J Sartore	1111111001	11	01	11	11 10—16
J Burch	1100100110	10	00	11	00 10— 9—106

Team No. 2, J. Custa, Captain.

Custa	0111100111	10	11	11	01 11—15
McDonnell	1101111111	10	00	10	00 11—13
Drey	1011111110	01	11	10	10 11—15
C Burch	1111001111	10	01	10	11 11—15
Nicholas	0000110011	10	10	10	11 10—10
Vass	1111110001	11	11	11	11 11—17
Crabtree	0111011010	10	11	10	11 01—13— 98

C. A. Sartore first, Vass and Boltz divided second, and Stewart and Wagner divided third.

Third match, 6 single American clay-birds, 18yds., 3 different angles, class shooting:

Wagner	111111—6	McDonnell	011110—4
Custa	101111—5	Vass	011011—4
C Burch	111101—5	Boltz	011101—4
Antone	111101—5	Drey	011001—3
Dumont	011101—4	Nicholas	000011—2
Stewart	001111—4	J Burch	000110—2
Sartore	010111—4		

T. Wagner first, Custa and Burch divided second, and Vass won third on two scores of 3 birds each.

Fourth match, 5 single leather wing bats, 21yds., class shooting:

Custa	11111—5	Sartore	11110—4
Vass	11111—5	Dumont	11001—3
Boltz	11110—4	Wagner	01101—3
Burch	10111—4	McDonnell	11100—3

Custa and Vass divided first, Sartore and Burch divided second and Wagner won third.

WORCESTER, Aug. 21.—There was a large attendance at the second and final day of the tournament at the grounds of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club to-day. The following were first prize winners in the different events:

Seven clay-pigeons, 27 entries—M. O. Whittier.
Seven pigeons, 23 entries—A. R. Bowdish and H. W. Eager.
Seven pigeons, 24 entries—Joseph Beaudry, H. W. Eager and E. T. Smith.
Eight pigeons, 28 entries—W. L. Davis and W. J. Bradley.
Six pigeons, 28 entries—W. J. Bradley.
Five pigeons, 28 entries—W. Parker and W. J. Bradley.
Seven pigeons, 27 entries—H. W. Webber and M. D. Gilman.
Five pigeons, 29 entries—O. R. Dickey, H. W. Webber and A. F. Cooper.
Six pigeons, 27 entries—Joseph Beaudry and G. G. Tidsbury.
Five pigeons, 27 entries—E. W. Buffington, H. W. Eager and H. W. Webber.
Seven pigeons, 24 entries—G. G. Tidsbury and W. J. Bradley.
Five pigeons, 28 entries—G. G. Tidsbury and W. J. Bradley.
Five pigeons, 28 entries—H. W. Eager and A. Parker.
Five pair pigeons, 16 entries—O. R. Dickey and E. T. Smith.
Five pigeons, 20 entries—H. W. Eager and A. F. Cooper.
Five pigeons, 16 entries—Joseph Beaudry.
Five pigeons, 14 entries—H. W. Webber.
Five pigeons, 14 entries—Joseph Beaudry and H. W. Webber.
Five pigeons, 13 entries—H. W. Webber and O. R. Dickey.
Five pigeons, 13 entries—H. W. Webber and A. F. Cooper.
Five pigeons, 11 entries—H. W. Eager and M. O. Whittier.
Freeze out, 11 entries—R. Graham.

The last 9 events were extra purses. The $100 offered by the club in cash prizes of $10 each, for the best scores made in the regular events of the two days' tournament, were divided in accordance with the following score:

	Broken.	Lost.		Broken.	Lost.
1. H. W. Eager	107	10	6 E. T. Smith	96	21
2. H. W. Webber	105	12	7. Joseph Beaudry	93	24
3. W. J. Bradley	101	16	8. A. F. Cooper	92	25
4. W. L. Davis	93	18	9. A. Houghton	91	23
5. E. W. Buffington	98	19	10. T. S. Hall	90	27

NEW HAMBURG, Ontario, Aug. 17.—Aug. 14 another trap-shooting walking match by members of the Hamburg Gun Club took place, at clay pigeons, screened trap, distance 25 to 12yds.:

T Puddicombe	1110111101011111—12
A F Spring	1111100101111101—11
S G Holley	1011101101011111—11
F Bourne	1111011101011111—12
E Sauers	1010110101111011—10
J Clancy	1010010110010110— 8

Puddicombe and Bourne tie. 1¼-ounce shot allowed. A. F. Spring has only the use of his left arm, and makes remarkably clean breaks. Holley in this match and in the former used 1 ounce of No. 6. The regular match for the silver cups, first and second prizes, took place Monday, Aug. 10, at clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, first notch, screened Ligowsky trap:

T Puddicombe	1111101111—9	F Bourne	1111011011—8
A F Spring	1010110101—6	E Sauers	0101000111—5
S G Holley	1111110111—9		

The tie was decided at next regular match to-day, same conditions:

T Puddicombe	1111111111—10	F Bourne	1101111011— 8
A F Spring	1011111101— 8	C Sauers	1101100111— 7
S G Holley	1111101111— 9	J Clancy	0101100100— 4

The first cup scores: Holley won, 8, Puddicombe 4, Bourne 1, Spring 1. The second cup goes to second man.—SANCHO.

FRANKLIN, Pa., Aug. 22.—Franklin Gun Club, National Gun Association rules, first badge shoot at 15 clay-pigeons:

Sibley	111111010000111—10	Brashear	1011110010	w
Cunningham	1111111101111—14	Fenletter	1011101111	w
May	1101110111	w	Lamberton	011111111110	w
Bowser	1001091011	w	Hineman	1010011011	w
Vincent	1011111011	w			

Cunningham won badge.

Match at 3 five birds, ties on clays, trap 3, 27yds. rise:

	Birds.	Clays.		Birds.	Clays.
Sibley	011—2	0111—3—5	Brashear	011—2	0111—3—5
Cunningham	011—2	010 —1—3	Finletter	111—3	
May	011—2	00 —0—2	Lamberton	111—3	
Bowser	011—2	0110—2—4	Hineman	011—2	010 —1—3

Lamberton and Finletter divided first, Sibley and Brashear divided second.

Match at 2 pairs double clays: Sibley, Bowser, Vincent, Brashear, 1; Cunningham 3, May 1, Baker 0. Ties of 1: Bowser 2, Vincent, Brashear 1, Sibley 0.—QUIRT.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—There was a large attendance of shotgun men at the grounds of the Boston Gun Club on the 22d, and some spirited contests took place. Prof. Snow made a clean score of three straight sevens, a total of 21, while Ward and Mitchell tied on 21, Warren, Spencer and Philbrick running a close race for third place. The sport was made interesting by the fine style in which the birds took flight. 1. Seven birds, 18yds. one trap—Lander first. 2. Seven singles—Ward and Mitchell first. 3. Seven singles—Mitchell first. 4. Seven birds—J. Philbrick and H. C. Warren first. 5. Seven single birds—Ward first. 6. Seven birds—Ward, Warren, Philbrick and Lander first. 7. Seven singles—Ward and Warren first. 8. Seven birds—Ward and Lander first. 9. Three pair doubles—Ward and Lander first. 10. Seven birds—Mitchell first. 11. Seven singles—Warren and Philbrick first. 12. Seven birds—Snow first. 13. Seven singles—Ward first. 14. Seven birds—Philbrick and Ward first. 15. Seven singles—Snow and Ward first. 16. Seven birds—Snow first.

MT. KISCO GUN CLUB, Aug. 21.—15 clay-birds, 18yds. rise:

J Wood	000000000000000— 0	Petton	000000010000101— 3
E Bailey	000001010000010— 3	Barnard	011000110000000— 5
Warner	001101110101110— 9	Finch	010011101001001— 7
J Reed	001010000010010— 4	Burr	011010000001000— 4
E Carpenter	001010110000000— 4	A Reed	110000101001100— 6
H Bailey	011011110010000— 7	Hart	000000100000001— 2
A Sarles	100101101111101—10		

WHITE MOUNTAIN SPORTSMAN'S CLUB.—Littleton, N. H., Aug. 18.—Barrett and Whittaker handicapped six feet, 18yds. rise, clay-pigeons, Ligowsky screened trap, four flights:

Collins	111111111111111—15	Coburn	010110100000001— 5
Parker	010011110100100— 7	Whittaker	110101001001100— 7
Amsden	110101100001011— 9	Bellows	111011100100911— 9
Lane	100110000101010— 6	Ide	111101101001000— 9
Barrett	101110010101011— 9—46	Young	010010110101011— 8—33

SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTHWEST.—The first meeting and shooting tournament was held at Seattle, W. T., last Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

TROY VS. HOOSICK FALLS.—Teams of 10 men picked from each club, 15 balls each. The scores out of a possible 150 were as follows:

Troy Club	S. Goggins	15,	J. Titcomb 13, N. Lewis 12, G. Buesser 14,
A. Paul	14, W. Dommer	13,	J. Richardson 14, J. Sickles 12, J. Hancock
13, C. Pluckrose	15; total	135.	Hoosick Falls Club—P. Kearney 11, C.
Palmer	8, J. Hilton	9,	H. Gross 13, L. Allen 10, W. Rich 7, B. Vandecar
9, G. Stemp	12, L. A.	Austin	11, S. Sipperly 12; total 102.

MOBILE, Aug. 16.—There was a well contested series of matches at Cass' Garden to-day at bats and clays. The scores ran: First match—7 single leather wing bats, 21yds. rise, class shooting. Vass 7, Boltz 6, Sartore 6, Drey 6, Dumont 6, McDonnell 5, Custa 5, Burch 4, Nicholas 2. Vass wins first money, Boltz and Sartore second, McDonnell and Custa third.

Second match, team and class shoot combined—10 single leather wing bats, 21yds. rise and 5 pairs of doubles, 18yds. Team No. 1, J. H. Stewart Captain: Stewart 16, Boltz 17, C. Sartore 19, Dumont 13, Wagner 16, J. Sartore 16, J. Burch 9; total 106. Team No. 2, J. Custa Captain. Custa 15, McDonnell 13, Drey 15, C. Burch 15, Nicholas 10, Vass 17, Crabtree 13; total 98. Sartore wins first money, Boltz and Vass second, Stewart and Wagner third.

Third match was shot at 6 single American clay birds, 18yds. rise: Wagner 6, Custa 5, C. Burch 5, Antone 5, Dumont 4, Stewart 4, Sartore 4, McDonnell 4, Vass 4, Boltz 4, Drey 3, Nicholas 2, J. Burch 2. Wagner wins first money, Custa and Burch second, and third was won by Vass on two scores of 3 birds each.

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—There was a good attendance at the grounds of the Malden Gun Club at Wellington on the afternoon of the 22d weekly shoot. Following is the result of the several sweeps: 1. 5 clay-pigeons, Francis, Pond and Sanborn divided first. 2. 5 clay-pigeons, Snow first. 3. 5 blackbirds, Sanborn and Swift divided first. 4. 5 clay-pigeons, Stanton and Perry divided first. 6. 5 blackbirds, Francis, Sanborn and Perry divided first. 6. 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Francis first. 7. 5 blackbirds, Swift and Loring divided first 8. 5 blackbirds, Wardwell first. 9. 10 clay-pigeons, Perry first. 10. 5 clay pigeons, Warren, Goodwin and Sanborn divided first. The ninth event was the medal match. Perry won the first with 9, Swift the second with 8, and Buffum the third with 7.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—Regular shoot, Aug. 17, Long Island City, Schwatenberg's Park. Messrs. Codey, Sidling, Measel, Butz, Godfrey, Lynch, Glaccum and Schermerhorn 25yds., Granger and Hudson 30yds., the rest 21yds.: Counsellor Cody 6, J. Sidling 6, J. Measel 9, P. Butz 7, J. Godfrey 8, B. Lynch 5, J. Glaccum 6, L. Schermerhorn 9, D. M. Granger 10, Dr. Hudson 6, M. Cherry 4, M. McMunn 8, H. Rubino 5, R. Regan 4, S. McMahon 6, J. P. Connor 8, J. Klein 7, P. Kenan 4, J. Howard 7. Grainger first, Schermerhorn second, Godfrey third.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—F. C. BISHOP, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

FIXTURES.

Aug. 29—Buffalo C. C. Races.
Sept. 5—Buffalo C. C. Races.
Sept. 19—N. Y. C. C. Regatta, off New Brighton.
Sept. 26—Jersey City Y. C., Canoe Race.

BUFFALO C. C.

THE first of a series of three races of this club took place Aug. 22 the course being from the club house to the Bedell House dock, about four miles down the river. The prizes for the series are: First, an A. C. A. badge, presented by William Lansing; second prize a Merriam life belt, presented by Capt. Wood; third prize, a canoe binnacle also presented by Mr. Lansing. The canoes shall score by points, and the canoe having the highest number of points to its credit shall be deemed the winner of the series and the next highest the second and so on, thus the first canoe in each race that crosses the finishing line shall count four, the second three, the third two and the fourth one, all other canoes entered shall not count. By this system all canoes have an equal chance and no canoe will be especially favored, as the weather is unlikely to be the same on all the dates. In Saturday's race the following canoes started and finished in the order named: Otter....Williams Lansing ...Mohican No. 1...65ft...Radix Board. Nellie....Frank E. Wood.....14.6×30.....55ft...3in. keel. Helene..Henry L. Campbell...14.8×30.....52ft...Folding Board. Elf.....Edwin L. French.....14. ×30.....60ft...1in. keel.

At 5 o'clock the canoes started, all being well together but Elf, who did not hear the word and was about a minute later.

The wind had been blowing quite fresh from N. W. all day, but after starting it lulled down and it was then a race to see which canoe would drift fastest, for the current in the Niagara River averages three to four, and in some places it flows seven and eight miles an hour. All were bunched for fifteen minutes and then the Captain with his high Mohican sails caught a breeze and sailed away ahead of the rest, which lead he kept and would have won the race but went too far down stream and had to work slowly back, but Otter kept well to the Grand Island shore and drifting down let his sail catch on the lower end of the dock and swung in, thus winning the first race. Elf passed within two hundred feet of the finishing line, but his case was hopeless as the wind was shut out by the hotel and trees and he was soon a half a mile below, but by edging in from the current he soon regained his former position near the dock but not until after Nellie and Helene had finished.

Helene is a new canoe and this was her first day in the water, and her owner is quite proud of her as he designed and built her himself. She is fitted with several things of his own invention, among which is a folding centerboard that houses in a box under the floor and is raised and lowered by a simple contrivance aft of the forward bulkhead and does away with a handle that soon finds your backbone if you sleep in your canoe. Also a novel foot steering arrangement, and last but not least, his leg-o'-mutton sails, which by one pull his dandy is brailed up and his mainsail is reefed or furled.

Mr. Campbell used his cruising rig on this day, as he is yet unaccustomed to Helene, and all the participants expected an easy victory; but previous nautical experience enabled him to shut out one canoe and make it close for the leaders. But after all the race can hardly be called more than a fluke, as it was a mere drift; but more wind is hoped for next week.

IANTHE C. C. REGATTA.

THE Ianthe C. C., of Newark, N. J., held their first regatta on Aug. 22, on the Passaic River, at Newark. The first race, for canoes 24in. and under, paddling, had four entries, 1 mile:

Achilles	George Cox.....Essex C. C.
Frolic	W. F. Marvin.....Ianthe C. C.
Priscilla	W. Burling.....Ianthe C. C.

Achilles won in 12.50. The prize was a silver cup.

The paddling race for canoes of 24 to 28in. beam was won by Wm. Hillier, Essex C. C., in 12.57.

The tandem race, 1 mile, for a pair of paddles, had four entries:

Water Witch	Hurd and Garrett.....Bayonne C. C.
	Oliver and Collins.....Bayonne C. C.
Allegretto	Marvin and Honess.....Ianthe C. C.
Montauk	Hillier and Totten.....Essex C. C.

Won by Oliver and Collins in 12.40.

The last race, for canoes over 28in., was won by Clinton Day in the Dolphin, from George Cox in the Ianthe. As there was no wind, the sailing race was abandoned.

PITTSBURGH C. C.—Some of the members of the P. C. C. are interested in the regatta and "Feast of Lanterns" to be held by the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, on Conemaugh Lake, on Saturday next. The programme includes, among other events, a sailing race for canoes, a tandem race, upset and hurry-scurry races, to conclude with an illuminated water parade of all the boats and canoes.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

THE 1885 meet at Grindstone Island, July 25 to Aug. 8. Moonlight the first week. Races began Monday, Aug 3, second week. (For the official programme of the races see FOREST AND STREAM for Aug. 13). First and second prizes—flags presented by members of the Association and others—were given in all races with more than two starters. Five prizes were given for Records.

Regatta Committee: R. W. Gibson, Albany; J. L. Weller, Peterboro; R. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn.

The tables of races are given in the order of the programme, although not occurring in that order at the meet on account of the weather. The date of each race is printed above it, also the dimensions of canoes defining the class to which they belong.

MONDAY A. M., AUG. 3—RECORD RACE.

Event 1.—Paddling, Class III., 1 mile with turn. Length not over 17ft., beam not under 28in.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.	Record points.
M. F. Johnson...	Toronto ...	Invincible..	16 ×28⅜	1	15 30	10
Theo. Dunham..	Harvard ..	Beatrice...	14.2×29	2	19 00	5½
E. Gould.....	Knickerbkr	Hilcrest....	15 ×28	upset	.. ..	.. ..

Johnson won, Dunham took second prize. Strong headwind over half the course.

TUESDAY A. M., AUG. 4—RECORD RACE.

Event 2.—Paddling, Class II., 1 mile, with turn. Length not over 15ft., beam not under 26in.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.	Record points.
W. A. Leys.....	Toronto ...	Ariel	14.3×26	1	13 50	10
G. E. Edgar, Jr..	Dock Rat..	Day Dream	14.10×26	2	14 30	5½
R. Baldwin.....	Ottawa	Irene	15 ×27⅞	3	15 05	1

Leys won. Edgar took second prize.

Event 3.—Sailing, Novices, canoeists never having sailed a canoe before 1885. Any canoe, 1½ miles, triangular course, once around:

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.
H. Stanton.....	Knickerbocker	Flit.....	15 ×30	1	19 00
F. M. Turner	Brookville.....	Emily.....	15.5×30¼	Upset.	.. ..
E. K. Dunham..	Harvard.....	Margaret..	14 7×31	Upset.	.. ..

Heavy wind and rough water. Mr. Stanton won the prize and made the best sailing time once around the course during the meet, having full sail breeze and from a quarter making but two tacks necessary on the windward side of the course. He managed his canoe like a veteran sailor.

WEDNESDAY P. M., AUG. 5—RECORD RACE.

Event 4.—Paddling, Class IV., 1 mile with turn. Length not over 16ft., beam not under 30in.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.	Record points.
W. F. Kipp.....	St. Law'ce.	Nellie.....	14.6×30¼	1	13 00	10
J. L. Jaekson....	.....	Bijou	14 ×29¾	2	13 30	8 1-5
R. W. Gibson	Mohican...	Snake.....	14.6×30⅝	3	14 00	6 2-5
J. R. Robertson..	St. Law'ce.	Gertie.....	15 1×30⅜	4	.. ..	4 3-5
G. O. Totten, Jr .	Essex	Daisy.....	15.2×30¼	5	.. ..	2 4-5
E. B. Edwards...	Peterboro..	Verena	16 ×30	6	.. ..	1

Kipp won, and Jackson of same club took second.

THURSDAY P. M., AUG. 6.

Event 5.—Paddling, Class I., 1 mile with turn. No limits to size of canoe.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.
M. F. Johnson. ..	Toronto.....	Maggie	18 ×22½	1	12 00
W. A. Leys.....	Toronto.....	Ariel.....	14.3×26	2	12 22

The best time over the course last year was made by Mr. Johnson in the canoe Maggie, 1½ miles, time 14.48 or 9.52 to the mile. Tandem, 1 mile in Maggie was recorded as 9.31. Unfavorable weather prevented good time this year.

TUESDAY P. M., AUG. 4—RECORD RACE.

Event 6.—Sailing, Class B, 3 miles, triangular course, twice round. Length not over 17ft., beam 28½in. for that length; ⅛ of an inch beam can be added for each inch of length decreased.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.	Record points.
C. B. Vaux.....	New York.	Sea Bee.. ..	15 ×29⅜	1	50 30	10
R. W. Gibson....	Mohican...	Snake.....	14.6×30⅝	2	52 00	9 7-16
F. S. Rathbun...	Deseronto..	Star	14.2×29	3	55 00	8 14-16
Robert Tyson....	Toronto ...	Isabel.....	13.11×32½	4	.. ..	8 5 16
B. W. Richards..	Brockville.	Grebe.. ..	15 ×31	5	.. ..	7 12-16
C. F. Holdship..	Pittsburgh.	Freyja.....	14.5×30½	6	.. ..	7 3 16
Geo. O. Totten..	Essex.....	Daisy.....	15.2×30¼	7	.. ..	6 10-16
E. B. Edwards...	Peterboro..	Harvard...	16 ×30	8	.. ..	6 1-16
A. G. Webster...	Harvard...	Germaine..	15½×31	..	.. ..	upset
R. W. Bailey....	Pittsburgh.	Katrina	14.7×31	..	.. ..	retired
C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn..	Guenn.....	15.2×31	..	.. ..	disable
T. Dunham.. ...	Harvard...	Beatrice....	14.2×29	..	.. ..	upset
J. E. Mellen.....	Rochester..	Bertha.....	14.2×29¾	..	.. ..	retired
C. A. Neidé.....	Mohican...	Aurora	15 ×31½	..	.. ..	retired
F. F. Andrews..	Rochester..	Sofronia...	15 ×30	..	.. ..	upset
P M Wackerhag'n	Mohican...	Thetis.....	14.4×30¼	..	.. ..	retired
E. W. Brown....	Knickerb'k	Inertia.....	15 ×30	..	.. ..	retired

Vaux won, Gibson taking second place. Heavy wind and sea all through the race. ½ mile in each round a dead beat to windward. A squall passed over the bay during first round. The jibe at the first turn proved fatal to some. The cautious ones tacked round this flag to avoid danger of jibing.

RECORD RACE.

Event 7.—Sailing, Class A, 3 miles, triangular course, twice round. Length not over 16ft, beam not under 28in.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.	Record points.
A. K. Nimick....	Pittsburgh.	Nirvana..	14 ×27½	1	55 30	10
G. E. Edgar, Jr..	Dock Rat..	Day Dream	14.1×26	2	63 30	7
R. W. Baldwin..	Ottawa....	Irene.....	15 ×27¾	..	.. ..	upset
Ford Jones.....	Brockville.	Irex	14.6×27⅝	..	.. ..	upset

Nimick won. Edgar second. This race was started ten minutes after Class B, and, therefore, sailed in same weather. Nimick came in ahead of several of the B class who finished. In 1884 eight canoes started and finished in the Class A race. It is notable that the A class is getting less popular.

RECORD RACE.

Event 8.—Paddling and sailing combined, 3 miles, triangular course, twice round, Classes A and B together. Paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, sail ½ mile, paddle ½ mile, finish by sailing ½ mile:

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.	Record points.
R. W. Gibson ...	Mohican...	Snake.....	14.6×30⅝	1	50 20	10
G. E. Edgar, Jr..	Dock Rat..	Day Dream	14 1×26	2	60 00	5½
C. A. Neidé.....	Mohican...	Aurora	15 ×31½	..	.. ..	Ret'd

Heavy wind and rough water prevented more men entering.

Event 9.—Paddling tandem, Classes III. and IV., decked canoes, 1 mile. Class III. length not over 17ft., beam not under 28in., Class IV. length not over 16ft., beam not under 30in. Prize to each man in winning crew of two.

Names.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.
W. F. Kipp.....	St. Lawrence	Nellie.....	14.6×30¼	1	13 00
J. L. Jackson	St. Lawrence				
J. R. Robertson..	St. Lawrence	Gertie.....	15.1×30⅜	2	13 05
C. V. R. Schuyler.	Brooklyn ..				
J. S. Davis.....	St. Lawrence	Jessie.....	15.½×31	3	.. ..
C. F. Smith.....	... .				

Kipp and Jackson took the prizes. Close race.

Event 10.—Paddling tandem, same as event 9, but open canoes only allowed. 1 mile.

Names.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.
M. F. Johnson....	Toronto	Invincible..	16 ×28⅜	1	13 00
G. B. Wilkinson..	Brockville ...				
A. C. Shaw	Brockville ...	Daisie	15.3×31	2	14 00
E. Pitt.....	Brockville ...				
K. Martin.....	Oswego.....	Ballyhack..	15 8×31¼	3	.. ..
J. W. Higgins	Oswego.....				

Johnson and Wilkinson won easily.

THURSDAY P. M., AUG. 6—RECORD RACE.

Event 11.—Upset race, Class II. canoes and larger, 200ft., at signal every canoe to be turned completely over.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Record points
F. F. Andrews...	Rochester	Sofronia...	15 ×30	1	10
C. B. Vaux, ...	New York. . .	Sea Bee....	15 ×29⅜	2	8½
G. B. Wilkinson..	Brockville.....	Gunz	14.6×27⅜	3	7
M. F. Johnson...	Toronto.	Invincible..	16 ×28⅜	4	5½
R. W. Gibson	Mohican.....	Snake	14.6×30⅝	5	4
E. B. Edwards ...	Peterboro.....	Verena	16 ×30	6	2½
E. Gould	Knickerbocker	Hilcrest ...	15.11×28	7	1

Andrews won, and turned his canoe completely over without moving from the cockpit of his canoe. Invincible, Verena and Hilcrest were all open Peterboro canoes, the others were decked.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5—RECORD RACE.

Event 12.—Paddling, Class IV., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 200 pounds or more, 1 mile.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Place.	Time.	Record points.
W. F. Kipp... ..	St. Law'ce.	Nellie.	14.6×30¼	1	11 30	10
R. W. Gibson....	Mohican...	Snake.....	14 6×30⅝	2	12 35	7
R. Martin.....	Oswego....	Ballyhack.	15.8×31¼	3	13 45	4
A. G. Webster...	Harvard...	Germaine..	15½×31	4	.. ..	1

Kipp won easily, Gibson got second prize.

Event 13 curiously did not appear on the original programme nor on any later edition. The Regatta Committee omitted it no doubt on account of its historical absence of luck, feeling sure no one could win in such an event.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5—RECORD RACE.

Event 14.—Sailing Class B, 3 miles, triangular course, twice around, no ballast.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Time.	Place.	Record points.
P M Wackerhag'n	Mohican .	Thetis.....	14.4×30¼	51 40	1	10
F. F. Andrews...	Rochester.	Sofronia...	15 ×30	56 40	2	9¼
C. B. Vaux.....	New York.	Sea Bee....	15 ×29⅜	58 55	3	8½
B. W. Richards..	Brockville.	Grebe.....	15 ×31	.. ..	4	7¾
E. B. Edwards ..	Peterboro..	Verena	16 ×30	.. ..	5	7
R. W. Gibson....	Mohican...	Snake ..	14.6×30⅝	.. ..	6	6¼
R. S. Oliver.....	Mohican...	Marion B..	15 ×30⅞	.. ..	7	5½
F. S. Rathbun...	Deseronto..	Star	14.2×29	.. ..	8	4¾
R. W. Bailey ...	Pittsburgh.	Katrina....	14.6×31	.. ..	9	4
C. F. Holdship...	Pittsburgh.	Freyja.....	14.5×30½	.. ..	10	3¼
J. E. Mellen.....	Rochester .	Bertha.....	14.3×29¾	.. ..	11	2½
Robert Tyson ...	Toronto....	Isabel.....	13.11×32½	.. ..	12	1¾
Chas. A. Neidé..	Mohican...	Aurora.. ..	15 ×31½	.. ..	13	1

Thetis won, making up her long lead of five minutes entirely on the windward work. Sea Bee and Sofronia sailed a close race all through, passing each other four times. The wind was light and water smooth, with a dead beat to windward on second leg each time round. The famed Aurora got thirteenth luck.

RECORD RACE.

Event 15.—Sailing, Class A, same conditions as Class B.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Time.	Place.	Record points.
A. K. Nimick. ..	Pittsburgh.	Nirvana....	14 ×27½	58 30	1	10
Ford Jones....	Brockville.	Irex	14.6×27⅜	66 15	2	8½
G. E. Edgar, Jr..	Dock Rat..	Day Dream	14 1×26	67 45	3	7
H. W. Shaffer..	Essex.....	Nereid.....	14.7×28¼	.. ..	4	5½
R. W. Baldwin..	Ottawa....	Irene.....	15 ×27¾	.. ..	5	4
W. L. Green.....	Knickerb'k	Nettie	14.2×28	.. ..	6	2½
B. C. Bakewell..	Pittsburgh.	Lady Jane.	14.1×26	.. ..	7	1

Nimick won in better time than No. 3 in Class B.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6—RECORD RACE.

Event 16.—Paddling, Class II., cruising trim, canoe and load to weigh 120 pounds or more.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Time.	Place.	Record points.
W. A. Leys.....	Toronto....	Ariel.....	14.3×26	13 00	1	10
R. W. Baldwin..	Ottawa....	Irene	15 ×27¾	13 15	2	5½
G. E. Edgar, Jr..	Dock Rat..	Day Dream	14.1×26	.. ..	3	1

Leys won. Baldwin getting second prize.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5—RECORD RACE.

Event 17.—Sailing, Class B, 1½ miles, triangular course, limit of 75ft. of sail.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Time.	Place.	Record points.
R. W. Gibson...	Mohican...	Snake.....	14.6×30⅝	25 25	1	10
R. W. Bailey ..	Pittsburgh.	Katrina....	14.6×31	26 10	2	9 8-17
P. M. Wackerh'n.	Mohican...	Thetis.....	14.4×30¼	26 16	3	8 16-17
B. W. Richards..	Brockville.	Grebe	15 ×31	.. ..	4	8 7-17
C. B. Vaux.....	New York.	Sea Bee....	15 ×29⅜	.. ..	5	7 15-17
E. B. Edwards..	Peterboro..	Verena	16 ×30	.. ..	6	7 6-17
F. F. Andrews...	Rochester.	Sofronia...	15 ×30	.. ..	7	6 14-17
C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn..	Guenn.....	15.2×31	.. ..	8	6 5-17
R. S. Oliver.....	Mohican...	Marion B..	15 ×30⅞	.. ..	9	5 13-17
E. C. Griffin....	Knickerb'r	Lorelei....	15 ×30	.. ..	10	5 4-17
Robert Tyson....	Toronto ..	Isabel.....	13.11×32½	.. ..	11	4 12-17
H. Stanton	Knickerb'r	Flit.....	15 ×30	.. ..	12	4 3-17
C. F. Holdship...	Pittsburgh.	Freyja.....	14.5×30½	.. ..	13	3 11-17
C. A. Neidé.....	Mohican...	Aurora	15 ×31½	.. ..	14	3 2-17
E. W. Brown ...	Knickerb'r	Inertia....	15 ×30	.. ..	15	2 10-17
G. O. Totten....	Essex.....	Daisy.....	15.3×30¼	.. ..	16	2 1-17
J. R. Robertson..	St. Law'nce	Gertie.....	15.2×30⅜	.. ..	17	1 9-17
J. L. Rogers. ..	Wenonah..	Peterboro.	....	.. ..	18	1

Gibson won, Bailey second, light wind and smooth water. A close race all through

RECORD RACE.

Event 18.—Sailing, Class A, under same conditions as Class B.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Time.	Place.	Record points.
A. K. Nimick....	Pittsburgh.	Nirvana....	14 ×27½	24 10	1	10
R. W. Baldwin..	Ottawa....	Irene.....	15 ×27¾	30 30	2	7¾
G. E. Edgar, Jr..	Dock Rat..	Day Dream	14.1×26	.. ..	3	5½
B. C. Bakewell..	Pittsburgh.	Lady Jane.	14 1×26	.. ..	..	..
H. W. Shaffer..	Essex.....	Nereid... .	14.7×28¼	.. ..	..	..

Nimick won, making his third straight race in Class A; Baldwin second. Nimick's time was 1m. 15s. better than the winning B canoe. A classs starting 10 minutes after B may have got a little better wind, but his performance in any event was very creditable. He beat the next boat in his class 6m. 20s.

RECORD RACE.

Event 19.—Paddling, Class III., cruising trim, 160lbs. canoe and load.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Size.	Time.	Place.	Record points.
M. F. Johnson...	Toronto....	Invincible..	16 ×28⅜	11 25	1	10
E. Gould.....	Knickerb'k	Hilcrest....	15.11×28	11 32	2	1

Johnson won and made the best time over the course during the meet, though Kipp was within 3 seconds of him. This was a close race to the finish.

Event 20.—Sailing, for canoes over the limit, did not come off, as there were no entries. This is a fact worthy of note.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5.

Event 21.—Hurry-Scurry Race.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Place.
G. B. Wilkinson....	Brockville.....	Gunz	1
M. F. Johnson.....	Toronto	Invincible	2
E. A. Gardner.....	Knickerbocker ...	Lorna	3
E. Gould	Knickerbocker ...	Hilcrest.....	4
E. W. Brown.....	Knickerbocker ...	Inertia.....	5

Though not ahead when the water was reached, by a splendid dive and strong swimming he reached and got away in his canoe first and won.

This finished the programme proper, as 22, gymnastics, were indulged in pretty much all the time, and no regular performance came off. A number of extra races were contested, and they are recorded below.

THE RECORD.

Place.	Name.	Points.	Canoe.	Races.
1	*R. W. Gibson*	53.15	Snake	7
2	*C. B. Vaux*	34.09	Sea Bee	4
3	*G. E. Edgar, Jr*	31.05	Day Dream	6
4	*A. K. Nimick*	30.00	Nirvana	3
5	*F. F. Andrews*	26.09	Sofronia	4
6	M. F. Johnson	25.05	Invincible	3
7	B. W. Richards	24.00	Grebe	3
8	E. B. Edwards	23.09	Verena	5
*9	W. A. Leys	20.00	Ariel	2
*9	W. F. Kipp	20.00	Nellie	2
11	P. M. Wackerhagen	18.95	Thetis	3
12	R. W. Baldwin	18.25	Irene	4
13	C. F. Holdship	14.08	Freyja	3
14	R. W. Bailey	13.55	Katrina	3
15	F. S. Rathbun	13.37	Star	2
16	R. Tyson	13.01	Isabel	3
17	G. O. Totten, Jr	12.17	Daisy	3
18	R. S. Oliver	11.03	Marion B	2
19	Ford Jones	8.05	Irex	2
20	J. L. Jackson	8.02	Bijou	1
21	G. B. Wilkinson	7.00	Gunz	1
22	C. V. R. Schuyler	6.29	Guenn	2
23	J. R. Robertson	6.01	Gertie	2
24	E. C. Griffin	5.23	Lorelei	1
25	T. Dunham	5.05	Beatrice	2
26	H. M. Shaffer	5.05	Nereid	2
27	H. Stanton	4.17	Flit	1
28	R. Martin	4.00	Ballyhack	1
29	C. A. Neidé	3.41	Aurora	4
30	B. C. Bakewell	3 25	Lady Jane	2
31	E. W. Brown	2.58	Inertia	2
32	W. L. Green	2.05	Nettie	1
33	J. E. Mellen	2.05	Bertha	2
34	E. Gould	1.00	Hilcrest	3
35	A. Webster	1.00	Germaine	2

* Kipp won a tandem race not in the record. Leys paddled against Johnson in Class I, being the only man entered against him, came in 22 seconds behind the winner over a mile course. Thirty-five

canoes and men competed in the record races. Leys and Kipp tied, Dunham and Shaffer tied, as did also Gould and Webster.

EXTRA RACES NOT ON OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

FRIDAY, JULY 31.

Scrub sailing race, 3 miles, twice round regular triangular course; for a prize paddle offered by Mr. Rushton. This was the first race sailed over the course.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Place.	Time.
R. W. Bailey	Pittsburgh	Katrina	1	49 00
P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican	Thetis	2	50 00
C. B. Vaux	New York	Sea Bee	3	50 50
A. Webster	Harvard	Germaine	4	54 50
F. F. Andrews	Rochester	Sofronia	5	.. ..
C. G. Hutchinson	Brockville	Startle	6	.. ..
G. O. Totten	Essex	Daisy	7	.. ..
C. F. Holdship	Pittsburgh	Freyja	8	.. ..
Henry Shaffer	Essex	Nereid	9	.. ..
T. Dunham	Beatrice	Harvard	10	.. ..

Katrina won. Light wind and smooth water. A steamer cut Sofronia out of fourth place. It was a fairly close and pretty race all through, with constant passing and repassing of the canoes one with another.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7.

Consolation sailing race, 1½ miles, for canoe and man never having won an Association race. Prizes from Mr. J. H. Hull, Brooklyn. Value, $15 to first, $5 to second.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Place.	Time.
C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn	Guenn	1	45 20
B. W. Richards	Brockville	Grebe	2	45 30
G. O. Totten, Jr.	Essex	Daisy	..	.. ..
Henry Shaffer	Essex	Nereid	..	.. ..

Guenn won. Very light wind. The Grebe and Guenn had a very close race of it all through, Grebe making up on Guenn in the windward work but finally being passed by her running free on account of Guenn's very large and high sail. Five canoes started in the race. No record was kept of the fifth man, and the finish of the non-winning canoes not kept.

Cruising Canoe Race, 3 miles; first prize, from J. C. Wilson and Chas. Remington, a decorated paddle; second prize, from John Glendenning, a spoon paddle.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Time.	Place.
P. M. Wackerhagen	Mohican	Thetis	0 58 30	1
C. V. R. Schuyler	Brooklyn	Guenn	1 04 30	2
B. W. Richards	Brockville	Grebe	.. ..	3
G. O. Totten, Jr.	Essex	Daisy	.. ..	4
Henry Shaffer	Essex	Nereid	.. ..	5

Thetis won almost by a whole leg of the triangle, beating Guenn 6 minutes, and all the gain was in the windward work, as reaching or running free Guenn had the advantage, if anything. Guenn and Grebe had a close race of it as in the consolation, and Daisy and Nereid kept together all round. It was a race of pairs, with Thetis single and ahead.

Sailing race for open canoes, 1½ mil es. Prize, decorated rudder from Mr. Ira Davis. Wind very light.

Owner.	Club.	Canoe.	Time.	Place.
E. B. Edwards	Peterboro	Verena	40 30	1
R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa	Irene	.. ..	2

Reaching sail race, any canoe, 1 mile with turn. The wind was so light it was made short. Pin for prize, presented by Mr. Hugh Neilson, Toronto. Over 10 canoes entered, but as it came off a flat calm nearly all withdrew. Nimick worked the Katrina over the course by swinging the sail and won. Andrews drifted about and hung on till a breeze sprang up and fairly sailed the entire distance.

Portage race, ½ mile, paddle, carry over fence and 100ft. on shore, for "Dorsal Fin" camp kit.

Crew.	Club.	Canoe.	Time.	Place.
Ed. Gould	Knickerbocker	Hilcrest	5 30	1
G. O. Totten, Jr.	Essex	Wenonah	5 45	2
R. W. Baldwin	Ottawa	Vida D.	.. ..	3
Chas. A. Neide	Mohican	Far Niente	.. ..	4
C. Laron	Berkeley	Dotakecare	.. ..	5
E. B. Edwards	Peterboro	Verena	.. ..	6

Edwards stood up on the gunwale of his canoe after the finish and paddled to shore in this position, a most difficult feat to perform.

A CRUISE ON THE POTOMAC.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following account of his cruise on the Potomac was lately sent me in a private letter by an old cruising mate of mine, a member of the Washington C. C., and owner of the Tonic, a cruising canoe resembling the Sunbeam in model. Although not written for publication, I have his permission to contribute the description of his cruise to FOREST AND STREAM. SENECA.

* * * I went alone after all. M. sent me word the night before we were to start that he expected his father on during the week, so he would have to give up the trip. Unable to drum up any one to take his place, I started off by myself in the morning, intending to work down as far as Lower Cedar Point or Colonial Beach. When I left the float at 9 o'clock the wind was too light for sailing, so I paddled down to Long Bridge, where I found the breeze somewhat fresher. Just below the bridge I put up the sails and made a very good run to Marshall Hall. There the wind shifted around until it blew dead ahead, and after beating against it until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I reached Hallowing Point, just opposite Craney Island, on the Virginia shore, twenty-three miles from the canoe club house. Here I cooked supper without going ashore and anchored for the night. In fact, I anchored about a dozen times and in as many different places before morning, in a vain attempt to escape from the clouds of hungry mosquitoes. I had neither netting nor tar oil, and it was too hot to admit of sleeping under a blanket, so nearly the whole night was spent in a constant fight with the miserable pests. Probably I slept about an hour altogether, but that hour was a picnic for them. They got their work in on me in good style, as was painfully evident next day by the hundreds of itching welts on my hands, arms and feet.

Soon after daylight I crossed over to Glymont and bought four yards of mosquito netting of which I made an A tent six feet long, two high and about three feet wide at the bottom. A cord sewed into the ridge served to fasten it up under my Mohican tent. It worked first-rate, and I had no further trouble with mosquitoes during the cruise.

With the wind still dead ahead I made another start, hoping to make a longer run than that of the day before, but 6 o'clock in the afternoon found me no further down stream than our old camping place opposite Quantico. I went ashore for a drink of water from the spring on the beach, and you may be sure it tasted good after my long sail in the hot sun. I met our red-headed friend of last year, and he gave me a very cordial welcome and a pressing invitation to sleep at his house. Carrying the grub-box ashore, I started a fire at the old fire-place, which still showed faint traces of our visit there, and cooked a good supper of coffee, bacon and fried eggs. I was compelled to bolt it down in short order, as a squall of wind and rain was coming up the river; and I hurried aboard, rigged up the storm suit of sails, and with a lively wind abeam ran across to the ducking club's island at the mouth of Chapawansic Creek. In the quiet water behind the island I cast anchor for the night, and, thanks to the mosquito bar, slept well until daylight.

After breakfast next morning I went over to Sandy Point for a supply of fresh water and once more headed down stream. The wind was dead ahead and so light that no headway could be made against the strong tide which was running, so the idea of reaching Lower Sandy Point was reluctantly abandoned and I squared away for Glymont. The wind was still aft and a little fresher when, at 5 in the afternoon, I rounded Indian Head. Occasionally glancing back over my shoulder I noticed that it was beginning to look rather black down in Occoquan Bay, but felt no uneasiness as I supposed it was only a little rain or wind which wouldn't reach me before a landing could be made in Glymont. A few moments later, when about a mile below the wharf, I took another look down the bay just in time to see two schooners dropping their sails. This time there could be no mistake as to its being a heavy squall, and I began to doubt being able to make the wharf before it came. While debating the question with myself a large schooner a few hundred yards abreast of me brought down her canvas with a run and let go her anchor. That settled it, and I thought it about time to snug down myself, so rounded up into the wind and got down my mainsail. While standing up to unrig the dandy the squall struck, and so hard as to almost snatch the dandy out of my hands. I hung on to it, however, but it was as much as I could do to get it rolled and stowed away under the deck without a capsize. My anchor was soon unfolded and overboard, but the line ran out to the last inch without its reaching bottom. I had only about 30ft., as D. accidentally cut it in half on the 20th of May cruise. Hauling her inboard again I bent on another piece of line but still could get no hold of the bottom. The wind was increasing every moment and a sea was beginning to get up, but my only fear for the Tonic was that she would drift ashore and be smashed up in the heavy surf. I was drifting rapidly and directly toward the wharves at Glymont, and it was not until I had passed the first that my anchor took hold. I tell you, old fellow, it was a severe test for the new anchor, for when she took fast hold of the bottom there was such a strain on the line that I was almost certain something would give way.

Seeing the rain coming I got out my apron and oilskin jacket, and was soon fixed for the storm, which turned out to be the heaviest I have ever witnessed on the Potomac. The rain came down in torrents, and for a few moments the view of the shore was entirely shut off. The waves were immense, and the surf on the beach only a hundred yards to leeward was five or six feet high. The dear old Tonic was behaving so well that I really enjoyed the storm, now that I found my anchor holding firmly, and when some men came out to my rescue in a big boat I took a heap of satisfaction in telling them that I was all right, and they had better go ashore out of the wet. They were considerably astonished to see how gallantly the little craft rode the big rollers, and I guess the good qualities of a well-built and equipped canoe are fairly well acknowledged in that locality now. When they got back to shore I noticed that a half dozen pair of strong arms were required to beach their boat without damage, and the whole crowd were drenched to the skin.

The storm lasted only about half an hour, and as soon as the wind had lulled sufficiently I sailed over to Craney Island, where I hauled out well above high water mark. I had just got comfortably settled for the night when we had another blow and rain, not so severe as the last, but it would have given me trouble had I been afloat with my tent up. Rolling up the curtain on the lee side of the tent I lay back to enjoy the sensation of being well sheltered from the wind and rain.

My Mohican tent is a success, and I don't believe a better one could be devised. It is roomy, easily and quickly set up, and, best of all, weather proof. The rain continued at intervals nearly all night, and as the weather was threatening in the morning I remained on the island until noon, spending the time cleaning up, fishing, etc. I caught fifteen or twenty white perch, five of the largest making a good dinner.

In the afternoon I donned my best blue suit and red necktie, and again went over to Glymont. I was met at the landing by quite a crowd, which had assembled for a near inspection of the little craft that had proved herself so seaworthy the day before, and I was kept busy answering all sorts of questions respecting her. Most of the crowd were fishermen, and they made no effort to conceal their admiration for a craft they had hitherto regarded with some contempt. It cost me something considerable for the beer and whisky the fellows who so kindly came out in the rain to my assistance got outside of, but I didn't mind that much, as I was glad of the opportunity to establish a record on the river for the rather despised canoes.

I laid in some stores here and again crossed the river to Hallowing Point. I hauled the Tonic ashore near a huge mulberry tree which was loaded down with ripe fruit, and made my supper almost entirely of mulberries. Just at dusk while sitting in front of the fire, I saw something moving about under the mulberry tree. A cautious inspection revealed a pair of woodcock, who were enjoying a feast on the fallen berries which lay an inch or more deep on the ground. I stood within six feet of them and was compelled to go even closer and clap my hands before they took wing. Going back to the fire I had hardly got seated when I saw them there again, where they remained unmolested till they had got their fill. It was my first sight of a live woodcock, and having heard so much of their extreme shyness I was greatly surprised to be able to get so near them.

Getting under way about 9 next morning, with a light breeze aft, I reached Marshall Hall at noon and in time to get a glass of beer before the Mary Washington landed her horde of noisy excursionists. From there to Fort Washington was a hot paddle under a scorching sun, and it was 4 in the afternoon before the Tonic pushed her forefoot fast into the mud at C. F.'s landing. Taking my pail and grub-bag I strolled up to the mansion on the hill for milk, eggs, etc., and had quite a chat with the old people, who made many inquiries after you. The tide was way out when I got back to the landing, so I decided to anchor the Tonic out and sleep ashore. It was so pleasant that I only put up the mosquito tent, and it was a God-send, for the pests were thicker here than anywhere else on the whole cruise.

After a slow and uneventful run the next day (Friday) I reached the float at 4 P. M. and went home, intending to get my wife and the youngsters to spend the next day on a picnic up the river. She couldn't very well go, however, so I hunted up Mac, and at 1 P. M. we loaded our traps aboard the Herald for a trip up to the dam. While at Holtzman's we sighted the Scalp and the Canvasback coming down stream, manned by Bob and Bert, whom we induced to join us. They went home for their camping traps and promised to be with us before midnight. Mac and I kept a big fire going on Sycamore Island to show them where to find us, as neither of them had ever been up the feeder before. We had about given them up when about 11:30 our ears were greeted with their yells down the dam. The night was delightful, and we slept before a good fire of green logs without needing tents or blankets. Next day was cool and breezy, and we had a most pleasant time. No bass were caught, though we tried for them faithfully in the most likely spots. Our trip down was made late in the afternoon, and was very enjoyable.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 27—Jersey City Y. C., Ladies' Day.
Aug. 29—Quincy Y. C., Third Club Race.
Aug. 29—Beverly Y. C., Swampscott Third Championship Regatta
Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 7, 9, 11—America Cup Races.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 12—Corinthian Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 14—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Sept. 15—N. Y. Y. C., Bennett and Douglas Cups.
Sept. 17—N. Y. Y. C., Brenton's Cup Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 23—N. Y. Y. C., Cape May Cup Race.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.

JERSEY CITY Y. C. CANOE RACE.—A canoe race to be held under the auspices of the Jersey City Y. C. will be held on Saturday Sept. 26, at 2 P. M. All canoeists are invited to enter. The race was to have been sailed June 25, but as only two canoes were present it was agreed to postpone it until September. The course will be from the club house to and around a stakeboat near the S. E. corner of Black Tom, thence around a stakeboat near Ellis Island, and to start ing point, around the course twice, leaving all stakeboats to port. All entries to be made to S. B. Crane, 311 Second street, Jersey City. Allowance one minute to the foot.

THE CUP RACES.

THE programme for the series of races with Genesta for the America Cup has been issued, as follows:

These races have been fixed for Monday, Sept. 7; Wednesday, Sept. 9, and, if a third race becomes necessary, Friday, Sept. 11. Best two out of three to win.

A steamer will be provided for the exclusive use of members of the club and ladies accompanying them for each day's race.

Tickets for each person for admission to the boat, including luncheon, can be obtained for each day on application in person or by mail to the Secretary at the club house, 67 Madison avenue, on payment of $1.

Members are requested to send in their applications as soon as possible, and prior to Saturday, Sept. 5, stating the number of ladies' tickets required, in addition to their own, and the days for which they are wanted, so that adequate provision may be made.

NOTE.—Should the third race be necessary, the tickets for the same may be obtained at the club house on the payment of $1.

Should any postponement take place or a race have to be sailed over on account of failure to make it in the prescribed time, the arrangements for that day will be repeated, and tickets may be obtained before leaving the boat from the members of the committee in charge, or at the club house, on the payment of $1.

FIRST RACE.—Monday, Sept. 7. Twenty miles to windward and back, outside Sandy Hook. The iron steamer Taurus will leave Pier 1, North River, punctually at 8:30 o'clock A. M., calling at Stapleton, Staten Island, at 9 o'clock A. M.

SECOND RACE.—Wednesday, Sept. 9. Over the usual club course. The steamer will leave the same places at 9 and 9:45 A. M. respectively.

THIRD RACE.—If this race takes place it will be over a triangular course outside Sandy Hook, and the steamer will leave as on the first day.

Each day on returning, the steamer will stop at the same places.

J. F. TAMS,
CHARLES H. STEBBINS, } Regatta
JULES A. MONTANT, } Committee.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will also have a steamer for their members; the Oswego Y. C. and Mr. N. L. Stebbins, the Boston photographer, have each engaged tugboats, and some of the Iron Steamboat Co.'s boats will also go over the course.

THE TRIAL RACES, AUG. 21, 22, 24.

FOR three days of last week a long string of pilgrims made their way from the screw dock on South street next to the little floating Bethel, to the balance dock further up at Governeur Slip, while another string passed them in the opposite direction. Both parties were bent on seeing the two yachts that have been built to keep the America's Cup in this country in spite of the efforts of the cutter Genesta to recapture it. On the middle berth of the screw dock lay the white and black hull of the Boston boat with a throng of critics, mostly favorable, about her all the time. Half a mile further up lay Priscilla, also holding a reception of yachtsmen of all ranks, owners, skippers, sailors, while among the visitors were many not interested in yachting, but curious to see the two boats already so famous. The races in the East had been far from satisfactory, showing indeed that alterations were needed in Priscilla and that until they were made, at least, Puritan was the better boat; but as we showed last week, no conclusive and thorough tests of old and new boats were made on the cruise. To make such tests in a way to guide them in the selection of the best boat, the Cup Committee arranged for a series of trial races open to all yachts of 60ft. waterline and over, to be sailed over nearly the same courses as the Cup races of next month, and all sloops and cutters were invited to enter. While there was little probability that any other than one of the two new boats would be selected, the Committee desired as many entries as possible for the purpose of a thorough comparison; but of all our sloop fleet, only Gracie and Bedouin cared to start.

Both of these yachts are too well known to need any further description. Gracie, a centerboard sloop of the old type, once the fastest of American sloops, 70ft. waterline, 79ft. 10in. over all, 21ft. 6in. beam, and 6ft. 6in. draft. A sloop in rig, but with double headsails for several years past. Built in 1868, and since rebuilt and altered out of all likeness to the original boat, for many years she has held a place that was only questioned with the advent of Mischief in 1879, since which time she has fought many a battle, of late mostly losing ones, for first place.

Bedouin, though but in her fourth season, is no less widely known among yachtsmen as the largest cutter in America, and for at least two seasons past as the fastest single-stick boat. She too is 70ft. on waterline, but 83ft. over all, 15ft. 6in. beam, and 11ft. 6in. draft; of course with lead keel and full cutter rig. Both of these boats have met many times, the odds being at first in Gracie's favor, but of late the cutter has been victorious, so that a battle between them is always interesting; in the present series being still more so, as a purse of $200 per side on each race was put up by the owners. As these two with Mischief constitute the cream of the old fleet, they offer a standard by which to measure the two newer vessels.

Of these the New York yacht Priscilla, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Com. Bennett and Vice-Com. Douglas, is in model a centerboard in all respects, though differing somewhat from Mischief as the latter in turn does from Gracie, Fanny, Arrow and other boats, in accordance with the ideas prevalent of late years. In rig it is more difficult to classify her, but while many of the details of gear and rigging are taken directly from the cutter, the proportions of sails and spars are essentially those of the sloop rig. Her length on waterline is 85ft., over all 94ft., beam 22ft. 3in., and draft 7ft. 9in. without board. Of the four she is the only one built of iron, the others being of wood.

The last of the quartette is Puritan, designed by Mr. Edward Burgess, of Boston, and built in the latter city for a party of Eastern yachtsmen, Messrs. Forbes, Paine, Bryant and others. Her length on waterline is 80ft., over all 93ft., beam 22ft. 7in. and draft 8ft. 3in. Although a centerboard boat she has a lead keel of 25 tons, and to classify her according to the old definitions is impossible. Her proportions of length and beam are those of a sloop and she has a centerboard, but in all other respects she is more of a cutter, and in rig is almost entirely so. The type is a new one as yet and she will fit none of the old classes.

The previous meetings of these two boats had resulted favorably to the Boston yacht, but changes had been made in the rig of Priscilla, as noted last week, and her draft had been decreased some 4in. by the removal of heavy fittings and furniture.

From two, or perhaps three of these yachts, the opponent to Genesta must be chosen, as in no case would Bedouin be taken as a representative of the sloops; and the selection was to be made after a series of trial races as above stated, the Committee not being limited to the winner of the greatest number of the races, but at liberty to select the best boat in their judgment.

The first of the races was set for Thursday, Aug. 20, starting from Scotland Lightship, anchored S.E. by E. 9½ miles from Sandy Hook, the courses to be determined according to the weather. Thursday morning was clear with a very light N.W. wind and every prospect of a calm day.

Shortly after 8 A. M. the tug E. Luckenbach left Pier 3, East River, having on board Messrs. Tams, Stebbins, Montant and Schuyler, of the regatta committee, some yachtsmen for the various yachts, and the representatives of the New York and Boston papers. A stop was made at Staten Island and then the tug hurried down to the Hook, where Puritan, Priscilla, Bedouin and Gracie were all under way. On the way down the schooner America was passed, also the Fleetwing, Clio and Fortuna. The little cutter Maggie was making her way out, and the steam yachts Tillie, Polynia, Stranger, Corsair and Viola kept company with the Luckenbach. Below the Hospital Islands Stranger and Polynia had a brush for some minutes, but the former easily distanced the flagship. Arrow was under sail by the Hook, and Mischief lay at anchor with only steward and cook on board, all her crew being with Captain Clock on Priscilla. A second tug, the Anna J. Kipp, was waiting orders and soon took Puritan and Gracie in tow for the Lightship, while the Luckenbach passed a line to Bedouin, Priscilla working out under sail. Arrived at the start there was a flat calm on the water, the sky above was clear and blue, and the sun beat down, driving all into the shade of awnings and cabins. The old sea dogs predicted a breeze from the so'thard at the turn of the tide or 9 P. M., but at that time there was still no sign of any wind, and orders were reluctantly given to return to the Hook, meeting next day at the same time and place. At 3:30 the Luckenbach started up, reaching the city at 6 P. M., having towed Priscilla up to the Hook, while the Kipp towed up Gracie and Puritan to the same spot, and Bedouin caught a tow from another tug up to Clifton. In company with the yachts all day was the iron steamer Cygnus, with a large number of spectators at a dollar per head, all of whom were disappointed in their hopes of seeing a yacht race.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21.

Next day broke with a light wind from S. E. and a fog over the Bay, but by 8 A. M., when the Luckenbach left Pier 3, the weather was clear with a faint air from S. W. Stopping to pass a line to Bedouin she ran down, arriving at 10 o'clock at the Hook, where the others were already under sail. With a little more wind the four beat out to the Scotland, and the Luckenbach took up her place a few hundred yards east of the Lightship. The windward course was determined on, and a large board was displayed on the tug having on it in big black letters the course, which was south. Near by were

the schooners Fleetwing, Clio, Fortuna, and Tidal Wave, and the sloop Penguin. On Board of Priscilla was Mr. E. A. Willard in behalf of Puritan, while Mr. J. R. Busk was on the latter yacht with Messrs. Paine, Forbes, Burgess, Bryant and Fish. On Gracie, besides Mr. Earl, was Dr. Barron, owner of Athlon, and Captain Joe Ellsworth. Captain Gibson sailed Priscilla, and with him were Captain Than Clock of Mischief and his crew, his son Jesse Clock of the schooner Ruth, and Captain Half of Fanny. With Captain Crocker on Puritan was Captain Terry of the schooner Grayling. The Kipp started off with Mr. Olsen on board and a patent log towing, to run the twenty miles. On her deck was a raft of planks and timbers about 12ft. square, carrying a pole with a red flag. The water was perfectly smooth, and a moderate breeze blowing when the first whistle blew at 11:08, followed by a second at 11:13. Only two minutes were allowed to cross in, as there were so few boats, and they were so well manned. As the first five minutes passed Puritan came reaching along the line from east to west, carrying lower sail and jib header, and it seemed as though she would cross well ahead as she luffed over the line on gunfire, but meanwhile Priscilla had come steaming under the tug's bow, luffing up boldly with a rally on the main sheet, and shooting across close to the tug just as Puritan crossed by the Lightship. Still luffing around to the other tack Priscilla cleared the stern of the tug and was off with a splendid start, while Puritan, timed with her as they crossed, was still on the line, having to tack. Soon both were away, Priscilla to windward, keeping out to the east. Gracie and Bedouin crossed in Priscilla's wake, but both held on the port tack in toward the Jersey beach, the sloop having the advantage of the start. The times were:

Puritan	11 13 48	Gracie	11 14 06
Priscilla	11 13 48	Bedouin	11 14 40

The two big ones now held to the east out in open water while the smaller pair laid in for the beach, Bedouin to windward but Gracie ahead. The wind now came from S. E. and the tide was about at the lowest. Of the pair to the west Bedouin heeled no more than Gracie, as seen from directly astern, while to the east Priscilla was standing up even straighter than her opponent, showing a marked improvement over her previous form. At 11:29 Puritan tacked and three minutes later Priscilla followed, both now having the wind on the starboard side. Off Seabright was as pretty a duel as one would care to see, the cutter and sloop still holding their long reach in to the sands, but Bedouin surely passing the sloop and still holding her wind. At 11:41:30 Bedouin went about, this time on starboard tack, and Gracie at once followed. Puritan was now the leader, having well made up her loss at the start, and Bedouin had beaten her mate, but a further surprise was to come. The two divisions were now approaching on opposite tacks, Puritan, of course, well ahead, but it was soon seen that Priscilla had small chance of weathering Bedouin. Nearer and nearer they came, until at 11:45 Priscilla had to cast to starboard tack to avoid Bedouin. In spite of size and the unequal start, both largely favoring the big sloop, in less than three-quarters of an hour the smaller cutter had her under her lee and kept her there. In vain the sloop essayed to run away from her, the cutter held her for 15 minutes, when of her own accord she tacked and left her big adversary.

Meanwhile at 11:58 Puritan was again on starboard tack out to sea, while Gracie was well in the rear of all, and at 12:10 she lowered her topsail as the sea was rising a little. Four minutes later Priscilla followed suit and clewed down hers also. After several tacks at 12:20 Bedouin was nearest to the beach while the other three were well out. Puritan was gaining but Priscilla did a little better with no topsail, and Gracie was not holding the others. At 12:24 Priscilla's topmast came down and she went on better than before. At 12:39, Puritan lowered her topsail and a minute later Bedouin struck her topmast. The four were now nearly opposite Long Branch, Puritan ahead but out at sea, Bedouin next in shore, then Priscilla well out, and last, Gracie close to the beach, all on port tack. At 12:48 Puritan also housed her topmast, as the sea was increasing though the wind was still light. From here to the outer mark the sea became heavier, telling most on the two smaller boats. Bedouin was pitching at a great rate and going no faster for it, as Priscilla was now leaving her. At 1:15 all were standing off shore on starboard tack, Puritan gaining steadily on Priscilla both to windward and in the footing. Both were leaving the smaller boats, and of the latter two Gracie was falling astern of Bedouin. Puritan tried the port tack at 1:29, and at 1:45 Bedouin followed, soon after tacking again in Priscilla's wake.

At 2:19 Puritan made her last tack, and at 2:28 she turned the weather mark. Three minutes later she set her topsail, but it was 2:38 before she had her spinnaker set to port. Priscilla turned at 2:40:37 and had her topmast up at 2:44. Her compass was not in adjustment and mislead her as to the course, so she jibed her boom to port on rounding, but soon found that she could not carry it there. Lowering her spinnaker boom ahead of the mainsail, she jibed the latter to starboard again and set spinnaker at 2:56. The sail filled like a balloon as the stops broke and it flew up, lifting the boom as though it would carry boat and all aloft. At 2:52:15 Bedouin rounded and got her topmast up and sail set in better time than either of the big ones, but it was 13 minutes later before her spinnaker broke out. Priscilla sent a clubtopsail aloft at 3 P. M., but Puritan was content with her small one for some time longer. Gracie was last of all to turn, being timed at 3:13:30.

The boats soon ran into smooth water and were little bothered by the sea, while the flood tide helped them home. They were strung out in a procession and the difference was not easily seen, but the iron sloop and Gracie both gained on their rivals down wind. The breeze held steadily for all of them, and the run was quickly made. Puritan took in her spinnaker at 4:12 and Priscilla at 4:22. After finishing Puritan hoisted her spinnaker boom and let it fall, breaking the spar and tearing the sail. The times of finish at Scotland were:

Puritan	4 12 07	Bedouin	4 40 09
Priscilla	4 22 05	Gracie	4 56 39

The following summary shows the full times:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Puritan	11 13 48	2 28 40	4 12 07	4 58 19	4 57 05
Priscilla	11 13 48	2 40 37	4 22 05	5 08 17	5 08 17
Bedouin	11 14 40	2 52 15	4 40 09	5 25 29	5 15 21
Gracie	11 14 06	3 13 10	4 56 39	5 42 33	5 32 58

Puritan beats Priscilla 11m. 12s., Bedouin 18.46, and Gracie 35.53. Priscilla beats Bedouin 7m. 34s., and Gracie 24.41; while Bedouin beats Gracie 17.07. Again comparing old and new the average of Puritan's and Priscilla's corrected time would be 5:02:42, and of Bedouin's and Gracie's 5:24:24, the difference being 21.42 between the large and small boats. It is also interesting to compare the times out and back.

	Beating.	Running.		Beating.	Running.
Puritan	3 14 12	1 44 07	Bedouin	3 37 25	1 47 54
Priscilla	3 26 49	1 41 28	Gracie	3 59 04	1 43 29

Puritan in a 20 mile beat to windward gains 12.37 on Priscilla, 23.13 on Bedouin and 44.52 on Gracie. Down wind Priscilla beats Puritan 2.39, and Gracie beats Bedouin 4.25.

The race was sailed in a true wind, equally fair to all and none gained any advantage from tides or currents. The breeze was light all day and the sea was only troublesome to the smaller boats for the last half of the beat out. Under these conditions Puritan showed a marked superiority over Priscilla to windward, but was not up to her free, while the same may be said of Bedouin and Gracie. Bedouin at one time, but half an hour after a bad start, had Priscilla at her mercy. After the race the Luckenbach towed Puritan up to Clifton while the others sailed home.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23.

Saturday morning was cloudy and sultry with little air, and did not promise well for a racing day. The Luckenbach was late in starting, having waited for a member of the Regatta Committee, and it was nearly 10 when she took Puritan and Priscilla in tow, the others having gone down with the Kipp. Both yachts made sail while towing, and at 10:30 the tug dropped them off the Romer, leaving them to make their way out in a light S. W. wind. Arrived at the Lightship the course decided upon was triangular, 13½ miles a side, the first leg being S. E. by E. half E., and the second S. W. by W., making the third parallel with the Jersey beach. The sea was very smooth outside, but became rougher as the yachts went out with an ugly roll; but with little effect on the big boats. Puritan had fitted a spare spinnaker and boom borrowed from Priscilla, and was carrying clubtopsail, as did the others, Gracie, Puritan and Priscilla sending up balloon jibtopsails in stops. Bedouin had her foresail down. All had spinnaker booms ready on starboard side. Some time was lost in waiting for the Kipp, in charge of both buoys to get a good start out, but at 12:20 the first whistle was blown, the wind then being of topsail strength from W. S. W. Close on the second whistle, 12:25, Puritan went over with Priscilla close astern and the others handicapped. The times were:

Puritan	12 25 45	Bedouin	12 27 03
Priscilla	12 26 27	Gracie	12 27 59

The leaders wisely held their spinnakers in stops, while Gracie broke out hers, but took it in at once. Bedouin, in hoisting found a turn in hers, so it came down and was reset, but though hauled far forward as possible it would not draw, and at 12:35, after losing ten minutes with it it was taken in. Meanwhile she had broke out a balloon jibtopsail, but Gracie had passed her to windward while she bothered with the spinnaker. Both Puritan and Priscilla were now under mainsail, clubtopsail, and balloon jib only, Puritan ⅛ mile ahead. At 12:38 Priscilla hauled up her foresail. Bedouin's balloon jib was not hanked to the stay and bellied away to leeward badly. At 12:50 the foresail went up on Puritan, Priscilla being very close to her, and at 1 P. M. both set their spinnakers, the black sloop making a rush for Puritan's weather, but failed to pass, the kites would not draw and both came in at 1:15. As the boats came for the mark where the tug with Polynia, Vision and Cygnus were awaiting them, a luffing match began, which resulted in Priscilla passing Puritan to leeward and taking the lead, after which both eased sheets for the mark. Priscilla rounded first, both she and Puritan carrying lower sails and clubtopsails, the former with jibtopsail aloft in stops. They luffed around and went off on port tack with Gracie next and Bedouin last, the latter with spinnaker set. The times were:

Priscilla	2 16 05	Gracie	2 29 47
Puritan	2 17 00	Bedouin	2 41 40

On the run of 13½ miles with a quartering wind, Priscilla had led Puritan by 55sec., while Gracie held 13m in 53sec. to the good over Bedouin. The wind was now very light from S. W., with a long roll to the sea. The Luckenbach stopped to pick up the mark and started after the racers. Puritan began to gain on Priscilla a little, and at 2:32 the latter tacked. Five minutes later Puritan tacked also, this time ahead of the iron boat. Priscilla carried a balloon jibtopsail, but Puritan did not set hers. The sailing was very slow for a long time. At 3:30 both were on port tack, Puritan to windward, shortly after which they broke tacks, Puritan holding off on starboard tack and Priscilla holding in to the beach. Meanwhile Bedouin had been hunting Gracie sharply and now held a good place to windward and ahead, having more than made up the 12min. lost in the run. At 4:30 Puritan was still ahead but far south, while Priscilla was in by the land, where she picked up a nice breeze. For a time it seemed that Boston would turn first, but the wind was very light about her, and Priscilla came down on starboard tack with more wind. At 5:10 Priscilla was standing for the mark from the north on starboard tack, while Puritan, to the east, had just gone on port tack, on which reach she could not hope to weather the mark. At 5:05 Bedouin had shaken clear of Gracie, going to windward of her, and both were coming for the buoy. At 5:30, when Priscilla neared the mark on starboard tack, Puritan tacked about one-eighth of a mile in her wake, the latter being much quicker about. The iron sloop rounded first, breaking out balloon jibtopsail, and after her came Puritan, her big balloon jibtopsail flying out like a bubble when it bursts. At 5:40 the Luckenbach, bound home, passed Bedouin, with Gracie one-quarter mile astern and to leeward, but just at this time the jenny yard on Bedouin's clubtopsail broke, and left the foot flying with the pieces attached. This was a great drawback in such a light air, and her rival soon drew up to her.

The times at the second mark were:

Priscilla	5 30 54	Bedouin	6 00 25
Puritan	5 29 49	Gracie	6 00 36

These times do not show the gain of Bedouin and Puritan in the weather work, but at the wind-jamming both showed a marked gain over the others until within a mile of the mark. The Luckenbach steamed away to catch the leaders, passing Puritan first and then Priscilla, both going very fast, considering the light wind and foul tide. Priscilla was steadily drawing away from Puritan, and when she neared the finish had a lead of over 5min. It was bright moonlight on the water, although the sun was still in the west, making a narrow golden border to a huge bank of dun-colored clouds that hung over distant New York, while over the scene the two red lights of Sandy Hook Lightship and Scotland's two white lights struggled to make themselves visible. Soon Puritan came in; then a long wait followed before Gracie was timed, while Bedouin was last of all. Taking the latter in tow, the tug started for home in a torrent of rain. It was after 9 o'clock and the rain had ceased when the tug reached Tompkinsville, and there, her spars towering in the moonlight, lay Genesta, just in from Boston. The times of the race were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan	12 25 45	6 38 39	6 12 54	6 11 40
Priscilla	12 26 27	6 32 53	6 06 26	6 06 26
Bedouin	12 27 00	7 26 10	6 59 10	6 49 32
Gracie	12 27 00	7 12 34	6 45 34	6 35 59

Priscilla beats Puritan 5.14, Gracie 29.33, Bedouin 43.06. Gracie beats Bedouin 13.33. The average time of the two large boats is 6.09.03, compared with 5.02.42 on Friday, and of the smaller, 6.42.46 against 5.24.44. The difference this time is greater, being 33.43.

MONDAY, AUG. 24.

Monday's race was set for the New York Y. C. course, from Buoy 18 off Owl's Head, through the Narrows and down around buoys 10 and 8½, out past the Hook and around Sandy Hook Lightship, and back over the same course to Buoy 15 above the West Bank; a distance of 30 miles. The time allowed was 1.11 to Priscilla, 9.7 to Gracie and 9.10 to Bedouin. The weather and wind were both of the sort usually found over this course in the summer months, clear and warm with a S. W. wind and no beating to speak of. The Luckenbach left Pier 3 at 9 A. M., and steamed to Tompkinsville, where Genesta lay at anchor with the red and white burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron aloft and the white ensign over her taffrail. Her crew were busy over the side scrubbing copper and putting her in order. Running alongside an invitation to come on board the tug was given to Sir Richard Sutton, but declined, and the Luckenbach hurried off to Buoy 18, anchoring a couple of hundred yards west of the buoy. Com. Oelrichs came out in his little gig to see the start but did not go out to the Lightship.

The four yachts were standing up and down the bay under a good breeze from over Staten Island, with Gaviota, Esteile, Nokomis, Fortuna, Atalanta, Tidal Wave, Viola, Polynia and other yachts near by. Puritan, Priscilla and Bedouin set club topsails, while Gracie had her jibtopsail in stops and a jibheader aloft. At 10:45 the first whistle blew, all being above the line, the tide setting them down strongly. At 10:50 came the start, Puritan crossing first to windward with Priscilla under her lee, while Gracie was in the wake of the Boston boat, and Bedouin, last over, followed Priscilla. Sheets were flattened as they beat out of the Narrows, Priscilla a little ahead, but Puritan to windward, Gracie housing her jibtopsail above the forts. Both she and Bedouin were on even terms in the footing, but Bedouin was to leeward. At 11:10 the leaders were about off Norton's Point abreast of each other, but an eighth of a mile apart, Puritan still to windward. Three-quarters of a mile astern were Gracie and Bedouin.

At 11:18 Bedouin set a small jibtopsail and at 11:20 the first tack in the race was made by Priscilla, standing over on port tack to the West Bank, across Puritan's wake. For a time it seemed as if an inbound steamer would bother her; but they cleared easily. At 11:23 Puritan followed Priscilla with a hitch to the west, and two minutes later Priscilla took the port tack again off Dix Island, Puritan also resuming her former course at 26:30. Priscilla gained a little on the leader by the tacks. At 11:29 Puritan broke out her jibtopsail, Priscilla following suit by one at 11:31, and Gracie two minutes later. Bedouin and Gracie were near the islands about abreast, and the former had edged up to windward until her side nearly touched the sloop and boathooks were used to push off. The wind was very light, and Bedouin lay under Gracie's sails completely becalmed. Suddenly Gracie caught a puff and walked away; but the cutter stood still for some time, almost motionless, her rival taking a good lead. At 11:50 Puritan had her spinnaker boom ready, and as she passed Buoy 10 started sheets, and at 12:03:30 broke out her spinnaker off Buoy 8½. Priscilla passed Buoy 10 at 12:01:33, breaking out a balloon jibtopsail above Buoy 8½, and her spinnaker at 12:06:30. The boats were timed at Buoy 10:

Puritan	12 00 11	Gracie	12 06 55
Priscilla	12 01 33	Bedouin	12 09 00

From the Hook to the Lightship was a reach, Puritan carrying forestaysail, balloon jibtopsail and clubtopsail, and Priscilla the same canvas. The latter seemed to gain a little on the reach, but it was very slight. All luffed around the Lightship and started back on the wind, the breeze being S.W. by S. The times were:

Puritan	12 51 50	Gracie	1 00 22
Priscilla	12 53 01	Bedouin	1 05 50

It was expected that Priscilla would gain considerably on the way out, but the times show a loss instead.

All were on port tack for home, Priscilla gaining a little, apparently, by lowering her balloon jibtopsail at 1:10, while Gracie was leaving Bedouin. When near the Hook a becket in the weather backstay fall carried away on Priscilla, the fall overhauling until the splice and becket jammed in the other block, letting her topmast go forward; but the stick held, though the accident cost her some time. At 1:30 Gracie shifted to working topsail, and at 1:45 Priscilla shifted her balloon staysail for a working one. It was just 1:50 when Puritan went on starboard tack at the point of the Hook, Priscilla following two minutes later. Puritan tacked again at 1:54 and Priscilla at 1:54:30. The times at Buoy 10 were:

Puritan	2 04 28	Gracie	2 15 30
Priscilla	2 06 10	Bedouin	2 21 00

When around the Buoy balloon jibtopsail came out quickly on both, Puritan still holding her lead, and making the Luckenbach run to be at the finish in good time, arriving at 2:40. Priscilla was seen to be gaining a little on her, but with no hopes of passing and at 2:43:05 the white sloop was timed, her rival being 48sec. later. The times at the finish were:

Puritan	2 43 05	Bedouin	3 05 33
Priscilla	2 43 48	Gracie	2 58 41

The full times of the race were:

	Start.	Lightship.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan	10 50 28	12 51 50	2 43 05	3 52 37	51 26
Priscilla	10 50 30	12 53 01	2 43 48	3 53 18	3 53 18
Gracie	10 50 46	1 00 22	2 58 41	4 07 55	3 58 48
Bedouin	10 51 01	1 05 50	3 05 33	4 14 32	4 05 22

Puritan beats Priscilla 1.52, Gracie 7.22, and Bedouin 13.56. The elapsed time is with one exception the best made over the course, Montauk in 1882 doing it in 3:52:17, or 20 seconds faster than Puritan. The average of the corrected times of the large sloops is 4.02.05, and of the smaller 3.52.22, a gain of 7.43. On arriving at Tompkinsville a meeting was held on board the Luckenbach. No more trial races will be sailed but the committee will not make known the result of their selection until Sept. 1.

The results of the races have shown conclusively that as rigged at present Puritan is far better to windward than Priscilla, even in light weather, and but little slower when off the wind, while in heavy weather she is still better on all points and a more reliable boat to depend on. No doubt Priscilla may be much improved by changes in her rig but it is too late to do anything before the Cup races.

While winning one of the three trials and barely beaten in another, the difference in performance is entirely against her and in favor of Puritan. Compared with the older and smaller boats both of the new ones show a marked gain in speed as indicated by a comparison of the average times of each pair. The probabilities now are that Puritan will be selected to meet Genesta. The latter will have her topmast cut down 3ft. and her topsails altered to suit by Mr. Edward Lapthorne.

IREX.

In the race of the Royal Victoria Y. C. on Aug. 11, in a strong breeze, Irex parted her peak halliards, having to lower her mainsail, but was first in in spite of the mishap. We take the following account from the *Western Morning News*:

Match for yachts of any rig or tonnage belonging to any recognized yacht club; first prize £70, second £25. Starters:

Irex	Cutter	85 tons	J. Jamieson.
Marjorie	Cutter	68 tons	J. Coats.
Marguerite	Cutter	60 tons	Foster Connor.
Tara	Cutter	40 tons	F. Taylor.
Lorna	Yawl	85 tons	S. H. Morley.

Course—Twice around the long Victoria course. All had single reefs in mainsail and topmasts housed excepting the Lorna which had a jibheader set. The Marguerite, Tara and Irex were the first at the start with Lorna last. The Irex soon took the lead, however, and rounded the Nab Lightship first, with Lorna next, followed by Marguerite, Marjorie and Tara in the order given. On the reach to Spithead the peak halliards of Irex's mainsail carried away, and before she got her sail reset she was fourth vessel. From the Spit to the flagboat off Old Castle Point it was a turn to windward and the Irex, sailing very fast passed all except the Lorna, the timing at the end of the first round being:

Lorna	12 53 43	Marguerite	12 58 04
Irex	12 55 15	Tara	1 12 00
Marjorie	12 55 12		

No change took place until after rounding the Spit again, when the Irex headed Lorna, the first time they met, and was over 2min. ahead at Old Castle Point. Fast as she sailed, however, she could not save the time she had lost owing to her accident, and the finish was timed:

Irex	3 15 40	Marguerite	3 27 48
Lorna (£70)	3 18 12	Tara	3 48 24
Marjorie (£25)	3 19 41		

The Lorna thus took first and the Marjorie second prize.

A CRUISING SCHOONER FOR SHOAL WATERS.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT is building a yacht at his place on Long Island. The construction is in charge of William I. Dodge, the boat builder of Bayport, but she is under the immediate eye of the owner. The main idea is a combination of light draft with good weatherly qualities and safety in cruising, and to reach this, while she is heavily timbered she is made as flat as she can be without bringing her bilge below her keel when on the wind. She is to be schooner rigged, and is as small as a schooner can be built with any advantage. Mr. Roosevelt's directions are that nothing but the best of material shall be used, and every piece of defective or doubtful stuff is condemned under his personal supervision. As soon as her timbers, which are hackmatack, had dried out, they were thoroughly painted with fish oil. This was done with the hope of preserving them, as it had been found that vessels which were put immediately into the menhaden fertilizing business, where they were at once saturated with the oil, lasted double the time of others that had not been so employed. The cabin deck is to be of light tongued and grooved stuff, and is to be at once covered with canvas that there shall be no possibility of leaks. She will have four berths in the main saloon, a starboard stateroom, and on the opposite side in place of a port stateroom a comfortable cook's galley with abundance of air and headroom. Her dimensions are 40ft. keel, 43ft. length of waterline, 54ft. over all, 4ft. 4in. depth of hold, 16ft. 5in. extreme beam, 8ft. draft, and 6ft. headroom in the cabin. Her ballast is to be lead and moulded to fit in between the timbers. She is constructed with a view to cruising in southern waters, with better capacity for seagoing than might be got from his sharpie. If she is launched this fall he will take both vessels with him during the winter to Florida to test their comparative merits.

LARCHMONT Y. C., OYSTER BOAT RACES.

THE Larchmont Y. C. lately offered prizes for a race of oyster boats, of which there are a great many on the Sound and near by. Forty sailed on Saturday last over a course from Larchmont to and around the Red buoy at west end of Execution Reef, passing the same on the port hand; thence to and around the Black buoy off Matinnicock Point, passing the same on the port hand; thence to and around a stakeboat anchored south of Captain's Island, passing the same on the port hand; thence to the finishing line, which shall be between Execution Light and Sands Point buoy, about 19 nautical miles.

The sloops were limited to mainsails, jibs and working topsails, and the catboats to mainsails only. The boats were in two classes, cabin and open boats. When the whistle blew at 11 A. M. the fleet worked over the line in a way that would do credit to yachtsmen, and the race was closely sailed throughout, though the wind was light from S.W. Telephone was second boat in, but was ruled out as not being a working boat. The times were:

CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viola May	11 08 20	3 55 01	4 46 41	4 43 41
Telephone	11 06 35	3 38 45	4 32 10	4 27 15
Lizzie D. Bell	11 09 12	3 40 40	4 31 28	4 24 55
Laura B	11 13 45	4 24 15	5 10 30	5 02 28
J. H Trusty	11 07 00	3 54 17	4 47 17	4 33 10
Jennie McFarland	11 09 31	4 33 32	5 24 01	5 13 51
Sarah M. Rogers	11 10 18	4 41 05	5 31 01	5 19 34
Louisa H	11 07 07	4 17 10	5 10 03	5 00 14
Emma R. Martin	11 13 28	4 21 12	5 07 44	4 55 32
Lucy Meal	11 06 19	4 23 00	5 16 41	5 05 17
E. D. Bird	11 10 50	4 33 32	5 22 42	5 08 35
William H. Lockwood	11 12 15	4 43 00	5 30 45	5 15 42
George C. Wood	11 09 26	4 30 25	5 20 59	5 04 58
Frank D. Moulton	11 06 19	4 32 45	5 20 20	5 08 10
Bertha	11 08 36	4 22 25	5 13 14	5 03 45
Sneak	11 09 10	4 17 37	5 08 27	4 50 45
Stanley Howard	11 07 18	3 53 00	4 42 42	4 42 42
Grace S. Mackey	11 11 55	3 57 13	4 55 18	4 43 34
Pearl	11 10 40	4 24 00	5 13 20	5 04 09
Jennie Baker	11 08 26	4 07 18	4 58 52	4 45 35

OPEN SLOOPS.

Carrie B	11 05 41	4 48 10	5 12 29	5 28 05
Agitator	11 07 15	4 43 00	5 35 45	5 23 45
Addie B	11 09 05	4 24 07	5 15 02	5 03 11
Mary C	11 08 14	4 45 48	5 37 34	5 25 57
Jennie A. Willis	11 06 55	4 16 06	5 09 11	4 59 46
Henrietta Scott	11 06 00	4 22 05	5 16 05	5 15 32
Francis	11 07 58	4 34 00	5 26 07	5 16 49

Lizzie D. Bell wins first, $75; J. H. Trusty, second, $35; Grace S. Mackey, third, $15. Jennie A. Willis wins first, $50, in the open class; Addie B., second, $35, and Agitator, third, $15. The judges were E. J. Greacen, J. T. Fisher and T. Bartow.

CAROLINA Y. C.

THE third championship race of the season of 1885 was sailed by the Carolina Y. C., of Wilmington, N. C., on Aug. 19, over their usual course, off the club house at Wrightsville Sound. The course was from a buoy off club house to Masonboro Inlet Buoy, rounding it to Hammock Buoy, leaving it to port, to London Channel Buoy, rounding it, to club house Buoy, leaving it on starboard, and repeat, making a distance of eight miles. The day opened finely, with a light breeze from the west, but when the tide turned it hauled round to the southeast. At 1:30 the first gun was fired and at 2 o'clock the starting gun followed, the yachts getting away in fine style, in a light southeaster, in the following order: Restless, Loulie, Frolic, Lillian, Florence, Rosa, Mist, Ripple, Vixen and Idler. The start was a fine one, making a hard fight up to the Masonboro Inlet Buoy. After rounding this buoy the relative positions of the boats commenced to change, and by the time they reached the Hammock Buoy the Idler had passed the Vixen and overhauled the Mist and Ripple, but through an error she was forced out of her buoy and had to make an extra tack. The run down to the London Channel Buoy, where the channel is very narrow, was a beautiful one and displayed fine seamanship, for which the members of this club are noted. By the time they rounded the club house buoy it became evident that the race for first place would be between the Idler and Ripple; but the breeze was too light for the Ripple, and in a short time the Idler had passed her, crossing the judges' line in 1.31.43 from her start, winning the race easily and handsomely, with the Ripple second, Rosa third and Vixen fourth.

This was one of the pleasantest and most beautiful races ever sailed

over this course and was much enjoyed by a large crowd of spectators. These boats were built by noted builders, such as P. McGlehan, who had five boats in this race, two of which took the first place, while the others followed with good records.

This is the Idler's first season and she has taken the champion flag in two races out of three. Commodore Jones, her owner, is very fond of her and thinks she has some fine qualities which she has not had an opportunity to display. The Carolina Y. C. is one of the oldest yacht clubs in this country and contains a large fleet of yachts none of which are over 20ft. in length, which is in conformity to an old law in this club passed thirty years ago. One of the best features of this club is, that its members sail their own yachts, thereby enjoying the manly and pleasant sport of yachting. This club claims, and upon the best of grounds, that it has as fast a fleet, if not the fastest, in this country of their size and that they carry more sail to the square inch for the winds they usually sail in than any other club. They have fine sailors and the manner in which they handle their little craft is sometimes wonderful. One more regatta early in September will close this season's races.

CORINTHIAN Y. C., THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP RACES.—The third championship regatta of Corinthian Y. C. was sailed at Marblehead, Aug. 22, 1885. The first class yachts started at 2:35 P. M. in the following order: Expert, Witch, Thelga, Ralph and Eugenia, and five minutes later the second class crossed the line as follows: Psyche, Unique, Dash, Wraith, Niobe, Delphine, Vera, Mona, Carmita. The yachts were timed from the gun. The wind was light at the start, but freshened some when the course was half sailed, and at the finish there was a fair breeze from the northwest.

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	22.10	2 16 56	1 42 22
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	22.01	Did not return.	

FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Expert, L. Whitcomb	23.03	2 17 49	1 43 44
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	25.05	2 18 11	1 46 34
Ralph, Geo. S. Osborne	23.10	Did not return.	

SECOND CLASS—KEELS.

Wraith, C. J. Paine	18.01	1 24 16	1 02 05
Carmita, C. H. W. Foster	20 11	1 25 58	1 05 33
Vera, Everett Paine	19.09	1 30 28	1 09 08
Unique, Geo. A. Stewart	19.10	1 31 50	1 10 35
Mona, Herman Parker	18.10	1 32 57	1 10 50

SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Niobe, J. R. Chadwick	20.02	1 18 05	57 05
Delphine, F. G. Bradlee	21 00	1 21 32	1 01 15
Dash, A. S. Browne	20.01	1 22 36	1 01 32
Psyche, H. M. Sears	17.06	1 26 45	1 03 25

The championship pennants for the season are held by the following yachts: First class keels, Witch; first class centerboards, Expert; second class keels, Wraith; second class centerboards, not yet decided.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

BOSTON.—Boston, Mass. Write to T. O'Donoghue, La Salle, Ill.

W. S., Wauwatosa, Wis.—There is not much to choose between the two.

C. P. M.—Write to Kennedy Smith, Eustis, Me., or to Ned Norton, Second Connecticut Lake, Colebrook, New Hampshire.

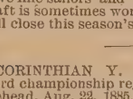
A. A. C., Boston, Mass. 1. See answer to J. C. B. in "Kennel Management" last week. 2. You will find fair shooting at several varieties of snipe, plover, etc.

E. H. M., Melrose, Mass.—Heather Lass is by champion Jock and out of Gipsey. Write to Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont. He may be able to give you full particulars.

D., Albany.—Will you please inform me where one can find good wild pigeon shooting? Ans. Wild pigeon shooting is not to be had. The birds have been too extensively trapped and killed by the "game protective" associations.

C. R. J., Groton, Mass.—1. Where can I obtain a copy of the Kennel Club Stud Book, of England? 2. The subscription price to the *American Kennel Register* and cost of registering a dog in it? Ans. 1. We can import the Stud Book for you. First volume costs $5. Second is hard to get, and a price cannot be named. Remaining volumes $4 each. 2. Subscription price $1.50; registry fee 50 cents.

HUMPHREYS'



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4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults.....	.25
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6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Facache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
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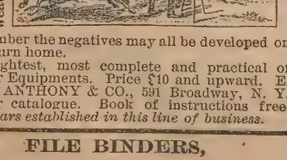


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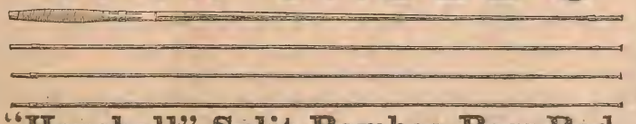
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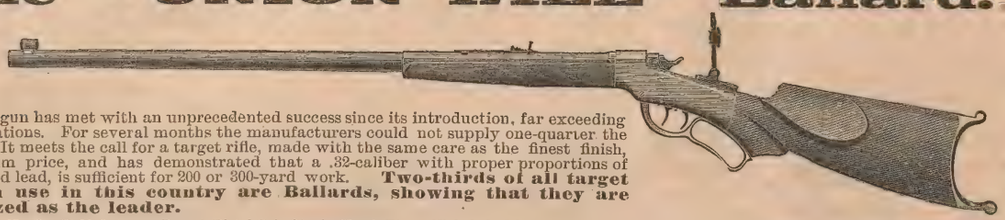
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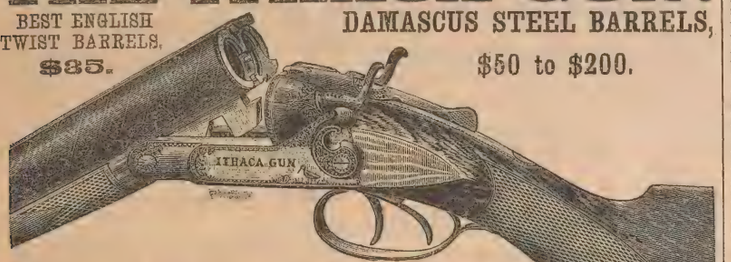
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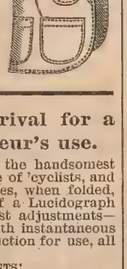
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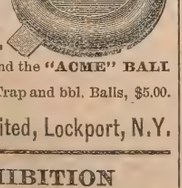
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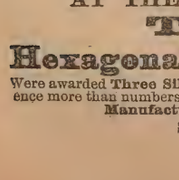
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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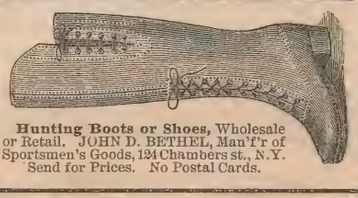
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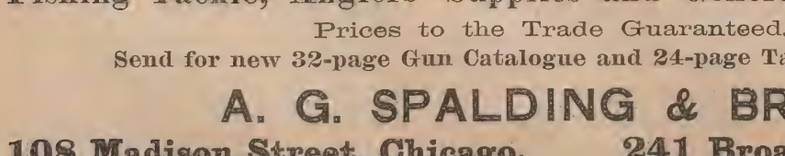
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A TERRITORIAL DOGBERRY.

A DETAILED consideration of the condition of affairs in the National Park may well enough be postponed until the assembling of the next Congress, but the very glaring instance of official maladministration noted in these columns last week demands present notice.

It will be remembered that at one time last year there appeared every probability that a bill placing the Yellowstone Park under jurisdiction of Wyoming Territory would become a law. In anticipation of this event the Legislature of Wyoming passed a bill providing for the election of two justices of the peace and of constables to carry out the law, and established certain penalties for specified offenses. As is well known, the Congressional bill failed to pass, and matters therefore remain as they were before it was introduced. Notwithstanding this fact, officials provided for by the Wyoming bill were elected and have been administering justice—of a certain kind—ever since. The headquarters of one of these justices is at the Mammoth Hot Springs, while the other holds his court in the Firehole Basin. It is with the latter that we have to do.

The Wyoming law provides that, in cases where fines are imposed, one-half the sum shall go to the informer and the other half to the Territorial treasury. The justice at the Firehole has in a number of cases imposed very heavy fines for trivial breaches of the regulations. These have been in a number of cases so disproportionate to the offenses committed, that he has laid himself open to grave suspicion. He fined a Bozeman banker $50 for the failure to extinguish a fire, though it was clearly demonstrated that the fire was built in a damp meadow near the water, that the grass, which was green, had been carefully tramped down about it, and that, when the parties moved camp the fire had all burned out, and only a few smouldering coals were still alive among the white ashes. These still gave forth a little smoke. It was further shown that the persons who left this fire in this state were old campers who understood all about fires and the danger which exists of their spreading. Evidently, in such a case, a word of warning, or at most a nominal fine would have had greater weight than that which was imposed; but in that case the informer's half of the fine would have been worth very little.

Other similar cases have occurred in which this justice has come down with twenty-ton force upon people whose intentions were of the very best.

In the case referred to last week, however, he caught a Tartar. We said the other day that we thought the press dispatches of the occurrence must have been sensational, but advices from a staff correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM who is now in the Park, confirm the perfect propriety of Judge Payson's course. Judge Payson is a member of Congress from Illinois and one of the Committee on Public Lands. He was in the National Park on a camping trip, and on moving camp one day, the fire was extinguished, water being poured over it. Soon after leaving camp, however, a constable came up with the party, and arresting the judge took him before the justice, who, after hearing the evidence, fined him $60 and costs, the whole amounting to $72.80. It is stated by one who is in a position to be informed on the subject, that there could have been no fire on the ground abandoned by the party, and that it would have taken hard blowing among the ashes to find even a spark. The injustice of the procedure somewhat aroused Judge Payson's ire, and he protested very vigorously against the fine. The justice having this by time received a hint as to who the offender was, reduced the fine to $10 and costs. Judge Payson then proved to him that the costs could not legally be more than $4, and finally the justice is said to have cleared the court room of all but the defendent and to have asked his opinion as a lawyer as to whether he could lawfully remit all the costs. Altogether it was a very comic scene. We should scarcely expect to find among the mountains of Northern Wyoming a character from Shakespeare, but there, in the Firehole Basin, in this year of our Lord 1885, is Dogberry to the life.

It is a matter of common report in the Park that there is an understanding between the justice and the officials making the arrests, that the part of the fine which shall be paid to the informer is to be divided between them.

Quite apart from the abstract justice of these cases, and from the motives which may govern those interested in them, is the question of jurisdiction. The original act, setting aside the Yellowstone Park as a National pleasure ground, places it under the control of the Secretary of the Interior. This law has never been changed—although, as we have said, the bill placing it under the jurisdiction of Wyoming came very near passing last year—and the Park is still a National reservation. Until it is authorized to do so by Congress, Wyoming has no more right to direct the course of justice in the Yellowstone Park than has Rhode Island.

On the ground that any law is better than no law at all, it may be admitted that the justices in the Park have done some good. Indeed, we know they have. But one of them has also done a vast amount of harm. He has rendered the regulations odious to a number of people, and he has brought upon Wyoming justice, as interpreted by him, the hearty contempt of all who know about his acts.

Judge Metcalf, on the other hand, who holds court at the Mammoth Hot Springs, seems to be a sensible man, whose ideas as to the administration of his office are very just. The Dogberry of the Firehole has certainly succeeded in having himself written down an ass.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

FOR some years there have been all sorts of opinions printed in our columns concerning the effect of the capture of enormous quantities of the fish variously called menhaden, moss-bunker, bony fish, pogy, and other names. These opinions have been expressed by anglers and by the men in the employ of the great fish oil factories along the coast. Anglers are unanimous in claiming that the capture of these fish by the hundred millions interferes seriously with the supply of the food and game fish which feed principally upon the menhaden. They assert that the absence of their natural food accounts for the absence of the bluefish, weakfish, and striped bass, and that if the menhaden were undisturbed at the season when they spawn along our shores there would be a great increase in the number of the food fish which would come to prey upon them, but which at present seek better feeding grounds.

On the other hand the oil men, backed by Prof. G. Brown Goode, who has made a study of the menhaden and its habits, claim that their catch by the netters is only a fraction of the daily destruction among the countless swarms of the defenseless menhaden, which is preyed upon by its natural enemies. They affirm that these enemies which harrass the schools night and day, kill a hundred fold more than man can ever destroy by netting. They have denied that menhaden ever forms a part of the diet of the striped bass, or that the bluefish mainly subsist on them.

Those of our readers who are interested in this question will remember the various articles, *pro and con*, which we have occasionally published during the past four or five years, and no doubt many have formed opinions on the subject. We have been looking over the evidence in the hope of arriving at something like a fair estimate of the case and may soon have something to say on it. There are a variety of things to be taken into consideration in formulating an opinion upon any subject so complex as the influence of the abundance or scarcity of one species upon another species or group. The Congressional committee appointed to investigate questions connected with the fisheries, last year, found so many conflicting opinions among the fishermen that they were often in doubt on questions which seemed perfectly plain from *ex parte* statements. The same difficulties beset Prof. Baird in 1871-72, when he began his investigations on the subject of the decrease of our sea fishes. Anglers can readily appreciate this when they consider the great differences of opinion among some of our most expert anglers concerning the status of one of the black basses, therefore it is necessary to weigh the evidence in the menhaden question well before saying much on the subject.

OUR TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE preparations for the coming test of rifles as to trajectory lines are gradually completing, and with the plan adopted we hope to make them short, sharp and decisive. Every day shows that the plan of having such a trial will meet the wishes of a large number of hunters and others having arms of which they would gladly get exact data. Suggestions and hints have poured in upon us, but many of them being in the nature of repetition have not appeared in print. From present appearances we shall probably have a score of rifles to test. The list of weapons might be extended indefinitely, but much of the work would be valueless because of the same conditions of barrel and charge. If we fix with exactness the figures for certain typical forms of rifle we think we shall have done all that the problem demands and shall feel satisfied that the outlay has not been a vain one. There is yet time for further notes and comments for those wishing to make them and we should be glad to hear from our readers generally on the points to be covered by the trial.

THE CATFISH IN ENGLAND.—In another column we reprint from English papers some comments adverse to the introduction of the catfish into the waters of Albion. It does not appear, however, that any of the writers have had a personal introduction to the "catty," and they prejudge him only from the standpoint of conservatism and prejudice. The solitary member of the family found in Europe is the very uninteresting *Silurus glanis* of the Danube, not at all to be compared to any of our numerous species. We predict that when English anglers haul the festive "cat" from its lair, gaze on its expansively open countenance with its nine-inch smile, and its cheery "glug glug," as it expresses its delight at leaving the ooze for the upper air, their hearts will be won by the unassuming creature which tickles their palms with the spines of its dorsal and pectoral fins. They will hail with delight, too, the American fashion of stealing a fence rail to sit on, and to jab the aforesaid pectoral spines into, until, shouldering the filled rail with its struggling appendages, they march home in triumph, having not only a fine breakfast, but also wood enough to cook it. Their angling papers will teem with essays on the proper mode of skinning the "catties," and a new impulse will be given to the angling literature of Great Britian, now laden with accounts of chubs and dace.

AN ARTISTIC CONSIDERATION.—The London *Saturday Review* expresses the opinion that the America Cup is "one of the ugliest cups ever produced by an English silversmith, and that is saying a good deal." Well, that depends largely upon the point of view. Looked at across an ocean perhaps the cup is not so pretty; but seen closer it is by no means an ugly mug, and just now on this side of the water we have the advantage of the closer inspection.

A HALF-TAMED FOX is one of the attractions at Cornwall, an Orange county summer resort. If it ever becomes wholly tamed it ought to be taken to Newport for the gallant "huntsmen" to chase.

AT THE FORESTRY CONGRESS to be held in Boston Sept. 22-24, a number of papers on important and timely subjects will be read. The programme is printed on another page.

THE RANCOCAS GAME PRESERVE.

So many attempts to introduce foreign game birds into this country have proved failures, that it is a pleasure to chronicle the success of an undertaking of this sort. In another column is given an account of the game preserves of Mr. Pierre Lorillard's Rancocas farm at Jobstown, New Jersey, where a number of English pheasants and European partridges have been acclimatized, and where the adaptability of those birds to America has been demonstrated beyond question.

This experiment was made on a large scale. The conditions were carefully arranged, special cover being provided for the birds, and every precaution being made against the new enemies they would encounter in their new home. The story of the Rancocas preserve is worthy of careful perusal as a guide to other enterprises of like nature, which will be sure to follow. The Jobstown experiment is a notable one, and has much significance, for it is an indication of one of the channels in which the game-stocking efforts of individuals and clubs in this country are likely to be directed. Mr. Lorillard has shown the practicability of inclosing a plot of ground and supplying it with game. What he has done others can do and will do. The tendency of the times is in that direction. Clubs are annually formed for securing special territories and setting them apart for their own exclusive use. Wildfowl marshes, beaches and islands are in demand. Gunners are finding it not more expensive, but much more satisfactory, to pay rent and gamekeepers' salaries where some good is seen to come from it, than to put their money into railway expenses only to lose time in long journeys with no game to show after it. The public which disregards game laws is quick enough to cry out against the clubs which so set apart their grounds and do their own protecting, and we have heard from time to time a good deal of an outcry against so called game-ground monopolists; but there is likely to be nothing but praise and gratitude for such enterprises as that of Jobstown where new game is added to the native supply and overflows the bounds to stock all the country around.

The Rancocas game preserve is only the beginning of what will be done in game importation and preserving in this country in the next twenty-five years. There are scores of localities where lands now almost valueless may be secured for a song and converted into such preserves. This need not be left to individuals of large means; by clubbing together and dividing the expenses it is possible for the sportsmen of a town to maintain such a game park at very inconsiderable expense to each one.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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A DEER HUNT IN EASTERN TEXAS.

THE first early frosts had fallen, and the deciduous trees had put on their gorgeous coloring which, mingled with the dark green of the pines, made a scene the most skillful artist has never been able to equal. Nature seemed wooing me to leave the monotonous routine of the school-room and wander at will amid autumnal glories. I can turn a deaf ear to the allurements of field and forest and stick to business during every other season of the year, but when the bracing airs of autumn begin to cool the summer heats, and an occasional withered leaf floats down from the parent bough and rustles under the foot, then I usually succumb, perforce, to the allurements. What I sometimes call gun fever gets complete possession of me. So when, on Thursday night, my friend W. proposed that himself, our friend C, and I should go over to Johnson's Bayou on Friday morning, after my school was over for the week, and camp over night and come home on Saturday evening, and gave such glowing accounts of the amount of deer and turkeys to be found there, I was enthusiastic over the prospect; and I fear that my mind during the next day was badly divided between the duties of the school-room and the anticipation of pleasure soon to be realized. Punctually at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon W. and C. stopped at the door of the school house, each mounted, and W. leading my horse ready saddled, a pair of blankets tied behind the saddle, and my gun and "duffle" ready to my hand. I mounted and we were off.

Johnson's Bayou is a sluggish stream that comes down from the northwest, near the line between the States of Texas and Louisiana, and flows into Coddo Lake. We had between twelve and fifteen miles to ride to reach the point on the bayou where we intended to camp. Our direction was northeast, and for the first few miles our way led us by occasional plantations where the hands were picking cotton, but as we progressed the plantations became further apart and the country soon became almost an unbroken wilderness with only an occasional new clearing, and for the last five miles of the way we did not see a house.

We reached the desired location just as the sun was sinking out of sight. When within about a half mile of our camping place we saw four deer spring out of a laurel thicket about two hundred yards to our right, and dash over a little ridge and disappear. Night was too near at hand for us to think of following them that night, so we bid them good-bye until to-morrow, and kept on, although C.'s two hounds tugged manfully at their leading strings, and the men, figuratively, ditto.

We made our camp as quietly as possible under a spreading oak, cooked some squirrels we had shot along the road and made a pot of coffee, upon which and some bread we had brought from home we made a hearty supper. After which we fed our horses their corn, then built us a cheerful pine knot fire and gathered more knots to replenish with during the night, then spreading our blankets before the fire we lay down to sleep, some, and to lay awake and smoke, keep up the fire and make plans for the morrow, more. The night was clear and frosty. A past full moon arose about 10 o'clock, and all the after part of the night I could not sleep but remained awake to enjoy the beauties of the same. I finally arose and wrapping my blanket around me I wandered away from the light of the fire and sat down upon a log for more than an hour, enraptured by the beauties and impressions of the night. The frost and the moon's bright rays had turned every pendant dew drop into a sparkling diamond, and bright shafts of quivering light gleamed athwart long vistas of shadow as the moonbeams peeped through the dark tops of the somber pines, and all nature was hushed in perfect silence, there not being even a whisper of a breeze among the pines. I do not measure the enjoyments of the field, wood and stream by the amount of blood spilled, or the number of pounds of meat carried home. One such night in the woods is worth more to me than the finest bag of game that could possibly be procured.

About an hour before day we brewed another pot of coffee, after drinking which we shouldered our guns, and, leaving our dogs tied by the fire, each of us took a different direction to try our skill at still-hunting in the early morning. C.'s gun was a rifle and a shotgun combined, W. and I each carried a double-barreled shotgun. I enjoy still-hunting better than driving, and nearly always do my hunting for large game with a rifle; but as both of my companions preferred driving, I had brought a shotgun on this trip. I went east of our camp, through what was a swamp in wet weather, but was dry now, until I came to the bayou; then turned up stream along a little ridge which seemed to separate the swamp from the bayou, until I came to a higher ridge that came down from the upland and ended in a steep bluff about twenty feet high next the stream. This ridge was covered with scattering pines, interspersed with laurel thickets and occasional clumps of deciduous trees and bushes. Day was just breaking and the birds beginning to peep and chatter. Thinking this a good place to stop, I sat down at the root of a large pine and remained perfectly quiet, eyes and ears on the alert.

I sat there until broad daylight and was beginning to feel the effects of the frosty morning air and was thinking of moving my location, when from away down the bayou there came a startling roar which echoed and reëchoed upon the still morning air. I knew it to be the report of W.'s 10-bore shotgun, and as I knew from past experience that whenever his gun awakened the echoes there was apt to be some execution done, I was naturally anxious to know what he had found. But knowing that the report of his gun was quite likely to set something moving in my neighborhood, I sat still and waited. From my position I could command a view of both sides of the ridge, upon the point of which I sat, for two or three hundred yards back toward the upland. Soon after W.'s shot I saw the leaves move at the edge of a thicket off to my right and I became intensely interested. Soon a deer and then another stepped in sight and stood in bold relief against the green foliage behind them but about one hundred and fifty yards off. Like "Nessmuk" when he was in Southern Michigan, as he tells us, how I wished for a rifle. But all I could do was to sit still and wait. The deer soon moved off up the ridge, but at such a leisurely gait that I knew they had not seen me. Pretty soon they passed behind some bushes, and I seized the opportunity to leave my place. Taking the opposite side of the ridge from the one they were on, and which also left them to the windward of me, I crept rapidly toward the upland, hoping to be able to get ahead of them. Then followed more than an hour of creeping and waiting, I sometimes thinking I was in the right place and that the deer were going to feed up to me, when they would suddenly change their course and I would have to try again. But at last, as I was lying at full length in the grass, my gun pushed out in front of me, I had the satisfaction of seeing one of them, a fine yearling buck in fine condition, step out into plain view and not more than thirty-five yards distant. I lay as close to the ground as a squirrel to a limb, for fear he would see me, until, as he walked along, he passed behind a tree, and when he came in sight again, I was as motionless as before; but on my knees with gun to shoulder, and as soon as most of his body was in sight, I fired and he fell. The other deer, a doe, was still out of sight, and all that I saw of her was a fleeting shadow as she turned and dashed away. But I was well satisfied with my morning's hunt, and saw her take herself away to safety without regret.

Upon going back to camp, I found W. already there with a fine turkey gobbler. I took my horse and went after my deer, and when I returned C. had come in empty-handed, not having got a shot at anything.

After breakfast we prepared for the great hunt of the day which was to be a drive with the dogs. As I had already killed a deer I offered to take the dogs and make the first drive. W. and C. took stands between the upland and the bayou wherever they supposed the deer might pass, while I took the hounds back into the uplands, probably a mile from the bayou and then turned them loose. They were wild with excitement by this time, and away they went, dashing into every thicket, giving vent to their pent up feelings by quick gasps and keen sniffs at every bound. Soon Fan gave tongue to a few sharp excited cries and a moment after away they both went, making the woods ring with their music. Rouser's deep bass and Fan's finer key mingled in a duet that would have made stronger nerves than mine tingle with excitement. After making a few circles they started directly for the bayou, but W. and C. not knowing the stands and runways and having to trust to their judgment in selecting the same, did not get a shot, the deer taking a different course from the one they supposed they would. After the deer had crossed the bayou the horn was sounded and the dogs called back and I again took them to the uplands, but further up the stream than before, W. and C. selecting stands again. This time W., who, by the way, was apt to be our lucky hunter, killed a fine doe that ran past him; C. had a shot with his rifle barrel at long range later in the day, but without success. We made several more drives during the day, but the deer had become frightened and therefore wary and had left the neighborhood and we were obliged to try a new locality each time, and we also labored under a great disadvantage in not knowing the country and the stands, so we did not succeed in getting any more venison.

About the middle of the afternoon we started for home in order to reach there before night. Nothing could have enhanced the pleasure of the trip, as we had enjoyed more than the average degree of success, the weather had been fine, besides which the pleasure of such a hunt in the glorious autumn woods was in itself ample reward for the trip, at least to one of the party. LEW WILLOW.

Natural History.

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TARANTULA HAWKS AND TARANTULA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is in Arizona and contiguous countries a species of wasp, known to the English-speaking people hereabouts as the tarantula hawk, and to the Spanish as *Caballo de diablo* (the devil's horse). There appears to be a variety of them, both as to size and color, some being not larger than an ordinary wasp, others again attaining a length of two and a half or three inches; some are extremely slender, others again are quite stout. In color they vary from an iridescent blue-black to a dark ochreish red. They receive the name of tarantula hawk from the tarantulas upon which they prey.

For the information of some of your readers it will not be amiss to here state that a tarantula is nothing more than a great hairy, poisonous spider, the bite of which is death unless precautionary measures be at once taken by the injured. An average sized tarantula will measure in spread of legs about five inches, and I have occasionally seen them measure seven inches when full stretched, hind and fore legs. There appear to be two kinds, the black and tawny-colored, the latter having claws on their toes while the former do not. The jaws of tarantulas are placed externally and measure from three-eighths to half an inch in length.

It is upon these spiders that tarantula hawks prey. But tarantulas do not die without a struggle, inasmuch as when attacked they will run, jump, throw themselves back and strike. In a battle for life, however, the tarantula is no match for his wily and light-winged adversary.

Till within the past two months I had believed that the tarantula hawk killed the tarantula for food; but now I think differently and venture the belief that the hawk but uses its victim to propagate its species. I was led to infer this by seeing a "hawk," a small red one, not larger than an ordinary-sized wasp, attack a tarantula, which, by its actions, evidenced mortal fear as it tried in vain to get away. The hawk darted over it several times without apparently touching it, but at last struck it as it went over and paralyzed it with the blow. Instantly the hawk turned and alighting on its now helpless victim's back, thrust his sting a half dozen or more times into the body back of the shoulders, then turning around it more than doubled its work at that part of the body where the shoulders join the neck. I stooped close over it to better see how it plied its trade. Having apparently accomplished its purpose it flew away. At first I thought the tarantula dead, but on its being moved with a stick it started to walk slowly away; but in trying to do so staggered and fell repeatedly. Not having time to give the thing further attention, I killed it and went my way, believing that instead of eating the tarantula, they plant their eggs in its body to hatch and feed on its life.

The tarantula makes its nest in a hole in the ground, but even here it is not safe, as its enemy follows it and does battle with it in its home. I once saw one enter a tarantula hole—the wasp was one of the slender variety—but almost as suddenly back out again. This it did for several times, then finding that it could not dislodge the occupant, it filled the hole up with small stones, many of them as large as the end of my little finger. In picking them up, it would roll them over till it found a suitable place to take hold with its mandibles, when it would pick it up, walk deliberately to the hole and drop it in. It continued doing this until the hole was full, when it flew away. HERBERT BROWN.

TUCSON, Ariz., June 19, 1885.

There is a large group of wasps which provide food for their young in the manner related by Mr. Brown of the Arizona species. In the case of the tarantula, it is evident that the eggs are deposited after the spider has been paralyzed, and that subsequently the latter recovers—in part, at least—from the effects of the poison, and carries the eggs and afterward the hatched grub about in its body. From the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 12, 1878, we reprint the following:

The habit of most hymenopterous insects (bees and wasps) of laying up food for their larvæ to feed on when hatched is of course known to all our readers, the case of the common honey bee being the most familiar example of this kind. Some insects of this order do not lay up this store of provisions, but the workers take the food into their stomachs, where it is prepared for the young and afterward fed to them. There is, however, a large group of these insects which do not themselves care for their young, but, having laid their eggs, prepare a quantity of food, stored up conveniently for the future grub, and then leave the egg to take care of itself. The common blue, or mud wasp, as any one may learn by an inspection of one of the nests so plentifully distributed on the inside boarding of hay lofts, garrets and other similar places, supplies its young with spiders; other genera draw their supplies from other sources.

All the wasps and hornets are ferocious and predatory in their habits, and most of them feed to a considerable extent on other insects. So much is this the case that in some parts of Europe butchers are glad to have them about their shops on account of the great number of flies which they devour, and a certain species in Mauritius which feeds wholly on cockroaches is on that account held in high esteem by the natives. Some of the social wasps, however, lay up honey, like the bees.

The wasps are divided into two groups, the social and the solitary. Of the former, the common brown wasp, the "white-tailed hornet" and "yellow jacket" are good examples, while the mud wasp may stand, as being so familiar to all, as a type of the latter. It is with the solitary wasp that we have to do at present. These insects are provided with a poison which stupefies or paralyzes the insects upon which they prey and which of course they secure by stinging them. The female blue wasp—for there are no workers (neuters) in this genus—having partially completed her nest of mud, deposits an egg, and in the same cell with it places a number of small spiders which it has stung and which, although paralyzed and quite incapable of motion, still retain life. The cell is then walled up and another one built adjoining it in which the same thing takes place; this is continued until several eggs have been deposited, when the last cell is finally walled up and the nest completed. A similar nest is constructed for each set of eggs which the female deposits. When the grub appears it feeds on the spiders prepared for it until ready to undergo its transformation, and, finally, when it becomes a perfect insect, gnaws its way out through the wall of clay.

Another large wasp, somewhat similar in general aspect to the blue wasp, but larger, is common in our latitude; but as it does not appear about the dwellings of man it is seldom

observed, except by those who are on the lookout for insects. It belongs to the genus *Sphex*, and its nests are placed in holes in the ground, which it excavates with much care and patience. It feeds its offspring on crickets, grasshoppers, etc., and an incident which once came under our observation well illustrates the power and perseverance of these little creatures. While walking one day in mid-summer along a well beaten path we noticed several small but deep holes, which we rightly attributed to these insects, and at length, just after passing one of these excavations, we came upon a large *Sphex* which was at that moment engaged in transporting its prey to its nest. But for the fact that the insect was directly in our path and we were looking for it we should have missed a very interesting scene. The burden with which our *Sphex* was struggling consisted of two of the large black and yellow-winged "grasshoppers," whose sharp and loud crepitations are so frequently heard during the scorching days of July and August. The two orthopters were firmly fastened together, one clasping the other by the back and each of them was half as long again as their captor. Poor *Sphex* was really in great trouble. She would seize her burden by the head, and by great exertion drag it along the smooth path for about six inches, when her strength would give out and she would fly off to a little distance and rest for a minute or two, walking briskly about in the sun the while, then she would return to the spot and renew her efforts. Had the journey been through the grass it seems as if it would have been impossible for the wasp to drag her load, but the path, worn smooth by constant travel, offered no impediment to her progress. The distance from the spot where she was working to the hole which she desired to reach was perhaps twenty feet, and though her advance was slow it was steady. At times she would fly off to quite a distance, fifty feet or more, but her absences were never long continued, and when we were obliged to leave her she had transported her burden to within three feet of the hole. We greatly regret that we were unable to witness the close of the scene and watch the method by which the "grasshoppers" were introduced into the holes, for they were certainly too large to enter it without being considerably reduced in size. Here then was a very considerable provision for the expected larvæ, and we thus see that even in our own latitude there are examples showing that different genera of solitary wasps feed their young on different insects. A European genus, *Ammophilus*, employs the larvæ of moths for this purpose, while *Chlorion* of Mauritius, as has been said, feeds its young on cockroaches.

It might be supposed that the wasps secure their prey by hawking about over the ground, trusting to chance to throw the insects they need in their way, but we have some evidence that these little creatures possess special senses which enable them to follow the objects of their search when not visible, perhaps somewhat as the hound follows the fox. In a recent number of *Nature* we find a letter from Mr. C. L. W. Merlin to Henry Cecil, Esq., narrating a curious occurrence to which the former was witness and from which we may quote, in closing, an extract or two. Mr. Merlin's account is as follows:

"I was sitting one summer's afternoon at an open window (my bed room) looking into the garden, when I was surprised to observe a large and rare species of spider run across the window-sill in a crouching attitude. It struck me the spider was evidently alarmed or it would not have so fearlessly approached me. It hastened to conceal itself under the projecting edge of the window-sill inside the room, and had hardly done so when a very fine large hunting wasp buzzed in at the open window and flew about the room, evidently in search of something. Finding nothing, the wasp returned to the open window and settled on the window-sill, running backward and forward as a dog does when looking or searching for a lost scent. It soon alighted on the track of the poor spider and in a moment it discovered its hiding-place, darted down on it, and no doubt inflicted a wound with its sting. The spider rushed off again and this time took refuge under the bed, trying to conceal itself under the framework, or planks which supported the mattress. The same scene occurred here; the wasp never appeared to follow the spider by sight, but ran backward and forward in large circles like a hound. The moment the trail of the spider was found the wasp followed all the turns it had made till it came on it again. The poor spider was chased from hiding place to hiding place—out of the bedroom, across a passage and into the middle of another large room, where it finally succumbed to the repeated stings inflicted by the wasp. Rolling itself up into a ball the wasp then took possession of its prey, and after ascertaining it could make no resistance, tucked it up under its very long hind legs just as hawks or eagles carry off their quarry, and was just flying off to its nest when I interposed and secured both for my collection. * * * I am certain the spider left no web behind it. I cannot be sure, however, that, as it had evidently been attacked by the wasp before entering my room, a small quantity of liquid may not have exuded from its wounds, which may have helped the wasp in tracking it. I have no doubt myself that insects have the sense of smell, and probably much more developed than our own. No one * * * who has sugared for moths, or seen the largest *Sphingidæ* hovering over the strongest scented flower at night, or employed a caged female moth as a lure to her male admirers can, I think, doubt this. If so let them put a saucerful of honey in a corner of a room opening into a garden, throw open the window and see how soon the bees, wasps, etc., will be attracted to the honey. There is a tradition in the East that one of the tests by which the Queen of Sheba tried to prove the wisdom of Solomon was placing on a table before him two bouquets, one of artificial and the other of natural flowers, and requiring him to say which were the real and which the artificial, without moving from his throne. Solomon ordered the windows to be thrown open and in flew the bees, etc., which went at once to the real flowers. Whether the senses of insects, birds and what we call the lower creation are similar to ours in every respect it is very difficult to say. No doubt a dog, if he could speak, would say a man had not the sense of smell, and would prove that his nose was worse than useless to him. An eagle or hawk would say that men and moles, etc., have only the rudiments of eyes, and so on. Man, with five very imperfectly developed senses (who can say that there are not twenty senses?), is the only animal that is dogmatical and denies all he cannot understand. The oracle of Delphi said, "Socrates was the wisest man in Greece, because he was the only man who knew he knew nothing."

A MALE RUFFED GROUSE is among the things wanted and advertised for in this week's issue. As the advertiser is experimenting with ruffed grouse in captivity, it is hoped that his search for a male may be successful.

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN DOGS.

THE impression that the domestic dog of the Old World has descended from wild species distinct from the wolf may be well founded, but in America the evidence tends to prove that the Eskimo and other domestic varieties of dogs were domesticated by the aborigines and used by them long anterior to the discovery of the continent by the Europeans, the varieties in question originating from the gray wolf or prairie wolf. First as to the Eskimo dog. From the following extract from Frobisher it appears evident that the Eskimo had the present breed of domestic dogs long anterior to the year 1577. Frobisher's account of the Eskimo themselves is, so far as we know, the first extant, and is full and characteristic. After describing the natives he goes on to say: "They frank or keepe certaine dogs not much vnlike wolues, which they yoke togither, as we do oxen and horses, to a sled or traile; and so carry their necessaries over the yce and snow from place to place: as the captive, whom we haue, made perfect signes. And when those dogs are not apt for the same vse: or when with hunger they are constrained for lack of other vituals, they eate them so that they are as needful for them in respect of their bignesse as our oxen are for vs."

Confirmatory of the theory of the pre-Columbian origin of the Indian dog may be cited the following extract from Hakluyt's voyages regarding the Indian dogs seen on Cape Breton Island, p. 1593: "Here divers of our men went on land upon the very cape, where, at their arivall they found the spittes of Oke of the savages which had roasted meate a little before. And as they viewed the countrey they sawe divers beastes, and foules, as blacke foxes, deere, otters, great foules with red legges, pengwyns, and certain others. Thereupon nine or tenne of his fellows running right vp over the bushes with great agilitie and swiftness came towards vs with white staues in their hands like halfe pikes, and their dogges of colour blacke not so bigge as a grayhounde followed them at the heeles; but wee retired vnto our boate without any hurt at all received." (The voyage of the ship called the Marigold of M. Hill of Redrise vnto Cape Breton and beyond to the latitude of 44 degrees and a half, 1593, written by Richard Fisher Master Hilles man of Redriffe. Hacluyt, III, 239).

It is probable this variety, the bones of which have been found by Dr. J. Wyman, in the shell heaps of Casco Bay, Maine.

"The presence of the bones of the dog might be accounted for on the score of its being a domesticated animal, but the fact that they were not only found mingled with those of the edible kinds, but like them were broken up, suggests the probability of their having been used as food. We have not seen it mentioned, however, by any of the earlier writers, that such was the case along the coast, though it appears to have been otherwise with regard to some of the interior tribes, as the Hurons. With them, game being scarce, 'venison was a luxury found only at feasts, and dog flesh was in high esteem.'"

It is possible that the Newfoundland dog was indigenous on that island, and also an offshoot of the gray wolf, allied to the Eskimo. In their "Newfoundland," Messrs Hatton and Harvey say that there are few fine specimens of the world-renowned Newfoundland dog to be met with now in the island from which it derived its name. "The origin of this fine breed is lost in obscurity. It is doubtful whether the aborigines possessed the dog at all; and it is highly improbable that the Newfoundland dog is indigenous. Some happy crossing of breeds may have produced it here. The old settlers say that the ancient genuine breed consisted of a dog about twenty-six inches high, with black ticked body, gray muzzle, and gray or white stockinged legs, with deer claws behind." "It is now generally admitted that there are two distinct types of the Newfoundland dog, one considerably larger than the other, and reckoned as the true breed; the other being named the Labrador, or St. John's, or lesser Newfoundland. The latter is chiefly found in Labrador, and specimens are also to be met with in Newfoundland."

Regarding the dogs of the Mexican Indians, Nadaillac says in his "Prehistoric America:" "The European dog, our faithful companion, also appears to have been a stranger to them. His place was very inadequately filled by the coyote, or prairie wolf, which they kept in captivity and had succeeded in taming to a certain extent."

In a recent visit to Mexico, not only along the railroads, but in the course of a stage ride of about 500 miles through provincial Mexico, from Saltillo to San Miguel, we were struck by the resemblance of the dogs to the coyote; there can be little doubt that they are the descendants of a race which sprang from the partly tamed coyote of the ancient Mexican Indians. At one village, Montezuma, we saw a hairless or Carib dog, as we supposed it to be; similar dogs are sometimes seen in the United States.

Finally, that the domestic dog and gray as well as the prairie wolf will hybridize has been well established. Dr. Coues has observed hybrids between the coyote and domestic dog on the Upper Missouri (see the *American Naturalist*, 1873, p. 385). To this we may add our own observations made at Fort Claggett, on the Upper Missouri, in June, 1877. We then were much struck by the wolf-like appearance of the dogs about an encampment of Crow Indians, as well as the fort; they were of the size and color of the coyote, but less hairy and with a less bushy tail. They were much like those lately observed in Mexico, and I have never seen such dogs elsewhere. Their color was a whitish tawny, like that of the Eskimo dog.

Confirmatory of these observations is the following note by J. L. Wortman in the report of the Geological Survey of Indiana for 1884: "During extended travel in Western United States, my experience has been the same as that recorded by Dr. Coues. It is by no means uncommon to find mongrel dogs among many of the Western Indian tribes, notably among Umatillas, Bannocks, Shoshones, Arapahoes, Crows, Sioux, which to one familar with the color, physiognomy and habits of the coyote, have every appearance of blood relationship, if not, in many cases, this animal itself in a state of semi-domestication. The free inter-breeding of these animals, with a perfectly fertile product, has been so often repeated to me by thoroughly reliable authorities, and whose opportunities for observation were ample, that I feel perfectly willing to accept Dr. Coues's statement."

To these statements may be added those of Mr. Milton P. Peirce, published in FOREST AND STREAM for June 25, 1885, as follows: "Hybrid wolves have always been very common along our Western frontiers. I have seen several of them, sired both by dogs and wolves, and all I have seen resembled wolves rather than dogs." It is to be hoped that our mammalogists may collect and examine this subject, particularly the skulls and skins of numerous specimens, both of dogs and wolves, and the hybrids between them. Further observations are also needed as to the fertility of the hybrids.—*A. S. Packard, in American Naturalist for September.*

SPARROW HAWK AND ENGLISH SPARROW.—Last Saturday I noticed a flock of English sparrows in the street before my house, engaged, as usual, in gorging themselves. Suddenly the flock seemed much alarmed, some cowered and others rose in haste as something shot down like a bullet and departed like a shadow, while one or two squeaks were all that told of another of bird-life's tragedies. The whole was so sudden, and my mind was so preoccupied that I scarcely thought of what had transpired within forty feet of me. I resumed my writing, but was soon disturbed by a repetition of the disturbance. Taking a position for observation, I noticed a bird hovering in the air, making circles above the spot on which I knew the sparrows were gathered; I saw him suddenly dart through the air, and again I heard the squeak of the sparrow. The hovering bird was a pigeon-hawk, called also the sparrow hawk. The next day I saw a repitition of the scene, and there were by actual count ten of the hawks circling above their quarry. The sparrows seemed not sufficiently alarmed to leave the dangerous ground, but returned immediately after seeing one of their number borne away by the hawk. I really believe there was not one of the ten circling hawks that did not carry off a sparrow in his talons. These hawks are about the size of the bluejay—have about the same spread of wing. They seem not at all afraid of man. The "pigeon hawk" and the "sparrow hawk" are two distinct birds, but both are true falcons, and as there seems to be at least a probability that the English sparrow is among us to stay, may there not be a great deal of legitimate sport gotten out of it by training sparrow hawks to catch it? Falcons were used long before any of the present generation's grandfathers were born. Why may not we use them to relieve us of a pest, and to contribute to our amusement at the same time?—AMATEUR.

Game Bag and Gun.

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FOREIGN GAME BIRDS IN AMERICA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the spasmodic attempts that have been made, from time to time during the last century to naturalize foreign game in this country, we have had no reliable record until recently that a single variety had ever been acclimated or found to be self-supporting. We are now, however, told that the English partridges which Mr. Pierre Lorillard has introduced into his magnificent game preserves at Jobstown, N. J., have not only bred and increased but have scattered over the country for miles around. It is also found on inquiry that these birds have wintered well, and that the English pheasants with which the preserves are most liberally stocked have, after repeated failures, begun to accustom themselves to their new home in Jersey land.

It is now nearly a hundred years since the first attempt we know of was made to add to our admirable list of game birds the English pheasant and the English partridge. This was undertaken on a very large estate, strange to say, in almost the immediate vicinity of where Mr. Lorillard's preserves are located. The pioncer was Mr. Richard Bache, a wealthy English gentleman, who, by the way, was thoroughly Americanized by marrying Dr. Franklin's only daughter. Mr. Bache lived on the shores of the Delaware River, at a place in those days called Settle, near where the town of Beverly now is. He imported direct from England a number of pheasants and a large number of partridges, and being an accomplished sportsman watched the experiment with considerable interest. But although shelters were devised for the protection of the game and food was liberally distributed, the birds could not battle against our old-fashioned winters, and when the following spring came around there was not one left to tell the tale. Mr. Bache, therefore, had to content himself in the future with such sport as the quail afforded, and an occasional trip to "the Pines," which in those days swarmed with grouse.

In the beginning of this century a second attempt was made to secure a crop of pheasants. The place selected was the high ridge land bordered on one side by the Hackensack salt meadows and on the other by the Passaic River, opposite to Belleville, N. J. There a "park" had been fenced in by a rich land owner of the time, who stocked it with deer and English pheasants. We have been told that the birds were guarded with jealous care, protected from the guns of the enterprising sportsmen of the vicinity, and regularly fed, but that when the nesting season came, and it was thought everything was going well, the birds suddenly disappeared, probably being killed by ground vermin and by hawks or by disease.

Since then, in a number of instances, small lots of English birds have been imported and turned out. On the estate of William Upshire, in Accomac county, Va., the attempt was made, and on several of the estates along the James River, long before the war, but as far as we can ascertain every venture proved to be a failure.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard has been experimenting on a very large scale, and we believe that this is the first time that any attempt has been made to naturalize foreign game where a very heavy expenditure has been employed and the experiment, after repeated failures, carried on with an outlook of ultimate success. About thirteen years ago Mr. Lorillard purchased several farms in the northern part of Burlington county, N. J. It was the first step in creating the Rancocas Stud Farm which has since become world famous. From time to time he added to his possessions, until now he owns some sixteen hundred acres of as fine pasture land as there is in the country. In 1879 the three game preserves were made. These lie almost in the center of the estate and contain one hundred, forty and twenty-five acres respectively, the smaller ones being in reality "game harbors."

The one hundred acre tract, prior to its present use, was a roughtly cultivated farm with some low wet places. On it there was a piece of timber covering ten acres, and besides about twelve acres were grown up with scrub oaks, cedars, locusts and stunted brush. Mr. Lorillard inclosed this tract with a picket fence eight feet high, topped with wire netting and two strands of barbed wire. The fence was sunk two feet below the surface of the ground to prevent vermin from tunneling. It was finished in 1880. In the autumn of 1879 five hundred quail were put out, but as they did not have sufficient cover or protection all were soon killed. In 1880 a

game keeper was appointed and a house for his use was built inside the inclosure. An incubator on a very large scale, and all the artificial arrangements and appliances necessary for the purpose of raising and protecting the game were supplied. All the drains running through the preserve were cut to occasion the accumulation of moisture. A series of three ponds was artificially arranged, chiefly supplied with water pumped by a large windmill from a stream near by and also from an artesian well. About eighteen thousand young trees, locusts, etc., were set out to afford sufficient cover. A large house was built of wire netting walled with an inside netting of twine, the latter so arranged on the inside to be six inches from the wire, thus preventing injury to such birds as might fly against the sides and roof. This house was built especially for the English partridges. Inside there is a dense growth of shrubbery, while the building itself is situated in a labyrinth of vines, which were arranged and set out under Mr. Lorillard's personal direction. The first consignment of English partridges soon disappeared. They were most probably killed by vermin or hawks. At all events a raid was instituted against the pirates of the land and air, which having been vigorously kept up ever since, has resulted in the killing of about 500 cats, 80 minks, 150 weasels, 100 opossums and 500 hawks. Over 200 hawks were shot this spring. They are nailed to a tree near the entrance gate, entirely covering the trunk far up into the branches.

The first lot of English pheasants also proved a failure, as they, too, soon disappeared. One hundred pair of pinnated grouse (prairie chickens) were then obtained at a cost of $7 a pair, and these followed the partridges and pheasants; the countrymen who watched in wonder the establishing of the preserve, "Guess'd they took out fer th' Pines," which, by the way, is the orthodox Mecca in South Jersey for every restless creature of fur, feather or epidermis. As far as is known not one chicken was ever seen after it left the preserve. Several more consignments of quail consisting of lots from 250 to 1,000, have been liberated in the preserve, and these, and the subsequent lots of English pheasants and partridges, have thrived splendidly.

The method of rearing the pheasants as now pursued is to keep the old imported birds in coops. These coops are circular in shape and about nine feet in diameter. They are made of slats and roofed about four feet from the ground with canvas and twine netting. There are about thirty of these houses or coops in the preserve, and when occasion requires they can be moved. In each coop there are one cock and five hens. The eggs are taken away daily and set under Bantam hens and tame hen turkeys. The latter were tried as an experiment this season and thus far we are informed they have done very well. By some it was thought that their weight was so great that it would be sure death to every young pheasant chick stepped upon. But it has been observed that the turkey foster mothers move with such care that an accident from crushing has but rarely happened, and they have proved to be excellent and watchful parents.

During the hatching period the nests are placed in a dry locality, surrounded by picket coops, and thus are protected from ground vermin. When the young are hatched, pens are built in front of the coops to allow the young birds a little run without giving them the chance to stray away. In 1884, from eighty imported pheasants that were kept up, 1,400 eggs were obtained, of which 800 were hatched out. Many of these pheasants were turned out in the preserves, and at all times the birds can be seen scattered over the fields near the game inclosures.

The partridges were at first reared in a manner quite similar to that described; but as they have now become acclimated they take care of themselves, and coveys are often found miles away from the preserve.

While these birds have afforded some excellent sport to Mr. Lorillard and a few of his friends, care is taken to kill as few hen pheasants as possible. On this subject Mr. Ohl, manager of the Rancocas Kennels, talks enthusiastically, and having a penchant for the poetic, he is pretty sure to observe:

> "But when the hen, to thy discerning view,
> Her sable pinions spreads of duskier hue,
> The attendant keeper's prudent warning hear,
> And spare the offspring of the future year;
> Else should the fine, which custom laid of old,
> Avenge her slaughter by the forfeit gold."

In this way with poetic license Mr. Ohl conveys the idea that the shooter of a hen pheasant on the Rancocas Farm will be "fined" by Mr. Lorillard's directions. Indeed, it is said that the guilty party will never in a natural lifetime be again summoned to the chase at Jobstown.

While speaking of the pheasant, Mr. Ohl observes that "the fact of the female bird assuming the plumage of the male has not yet been noticed." In America as in England, both the pheasants and the partridges are both very susceptible to diseases, the nature of which in this country is as yet imperfectly understood. At times they are found to die off very suddenly, generally at that period when they are being denuded of their crest and tail feathers. Often their death occurs without any apparent preliminary sickness. Their feeding must be regular, and the character of the food nutritious, such as chopped hard-boiled hen's eggs, shredded beef, ants and ant eggs; pepper pods and other aromatic plants are likewise used in small quantities.

It takes all the time of Mr. Lorillard's three gamekeeepers to attend to the birds, especially in winter. Then houses and brush shelters are built on the edges of the covers, where the birds congregate and are fed daily. In the early spring strips of land are plowed for the purpose of turning up the worms and insects, and other patches of the preserve are cultivated; perhaps altogether twenty acres are planted with rye, wheat, buckwheat, millet and other cereals solely for the use of the game; berry bushes have also been set out in different localities.

The growth of the timber has been more rapid, and part of the cover is very dense, being grown up with wild grass, weeds and green briers. Through the thickest parts drives have been cut to afford easy shooting. During the early autumn the birds are scattered over the country for ten miles around, but the land owners through the Rancocas section have appreciated Mr. Lorillard's efforts, and support him by forbidding shooting in the vicinity. But for all that there is nothing to prevent "outside shooting," and it is said that when the season is at its height wagon loads of shooters from Mount Holly swoop down and string out along the east road and keep up "a regular Fourth of July."

It is when the snow flies that the best shooting is to be had at Mr. Lorillard's. The quail of the locality which in former years used to go to "The Pines," now draw to the dense cover of the preserves, so that during the winter months thousands of birds that would otherwise perish in the snows, starve to death, or be killed by vermin, hawks or "huddlers," find a haven of safety in the three inclosures.

During the winter of 1884 and 1885 other instalments of game than those varieties mentioned were turned out; these included wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, wild geese, wood ducks, English hares, German roe deer, and also ten head of common American deer. We are told that all are thriving and producing.

The three ponds are filled with carp and pickerel. They have been stocked with French mallards, which in the spring and autumn attract the passing flocks of wildfowl.

It was from personal observation and from agreeable chats with Mr. Lorillard, Mr. Ohl and the head gamekeeper at Jobstown that the foregoing story of the preserves was learned. In Mr. Lorillard's library he showed the game record for last season, which reads as follows: Quail, 916; English pheasants, 54; English partridges, 10; rabbits, 28; wild ducks, 21; English snipe, 1; total head, 1,030.

From the above it will be seen that the killing of the foreign game was very limited. Only a very few of Mr. Lorillard's friends enjoyed the sport, and then only a couple of hours at a time were devoted to shooting. The partridges were protected by Mr. Lorillard's orders, but on grand occasions each visitor was permitted to kill a brace of pheasants. Mr. Lorillard himself did not take the field until after the snows were on the ground. He then had the drives cleared with snow ploughs, and did the most of his shooting over the setter Grousedale.

That the Jobstown undertaking has been successful thus far there is not a shadow of a doubt, but it would not surprise us to hear at any time that his preserve had had a set back. In fact such mishaps enter into the calculations of all large game preserves. In Scotland the red grouse are at irregular periods attacked with disease, unknown almost, certainly incurable, and for many successive seasons the few survivors on the moors are necessarily protected with a view to replenishing the stock. At such time the shooting stops. In both Norfolk and Suffolk we have seen the pheasants die off by hundreds. Can it be that overstocking occasions these great mortalities? How often in the Southwest below the snow line have we noticed the quail in the greatest abundance one season, and then without apparent cause scarcely a bird would be found on the same range the next year. The attempt has been made unsuccessfully to introduce the Messina quail here, and equally unsuccessful have been the efforts to introduce the American quail into England. We spent some time on a very large estate in Norfolk which had been largely stocked with American quail, and saw them die one after another until none were left, though everything was done that ingenuity could devise or money secure to save the little Bob Whites. We have always had a desire to see the ruffed grouse introduced in the mountains of Wales and the forests of Devon, believing that the hardy bird would, in a trans-atlantic home, live long and prosper. We know that from our suggestion the experiment will be tried. Several years ago the ruffed grouse almost entirely disappeared from Northern New Jersey. The season before these birds had never been more abundant. From what we have seen we do not advocate the stocking of wild lands with unacclimated quail where already a good crop exists. That contagious diseases can be imported there is no doubt, that disease can be created especially by change of feed and temperature is more than probable. If the stocking of lands has to be resorted to, it should be conducted with discretion and not over done. At least these are our opinions given for what they are worth. X.

AUGUST, 1885.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is but little doubt your judgment in "Jack Bluff and Bluster" of Aug. 20 is derived from a very thorough acquaintance with the sentiments of Adirondack hotel keepers and guides on the subject of game legislation. It is to be supposed you are in possession of the observations of a great many individuals, whereas the individual, even while on the ground itself, has little beyond his own. So far as I remember, I have seen nothing in FOREST AND STREAM from the western part of the Adirondacks. I therefore take the liberty of contributing to the discussion my mite of observation taken with some care, and principally from the Cranberry Lake region since August 1. I am satisfied the hotel keepers and the guides regard their interests as one. They are specially concerned in whatever brings the tourist and sportsman to them, especially the sportsman. When he comes both sportsman and guide become guests of the hotel. They know that their occupations depend upon the preservation of the deer. Without deer guiding would soon become a lost art in that region, and the custom of the hotels would be a sickly affair if it depended on fishing alone. Without exception, so far as I could learn, both guide and hotel keeper were in hearty sympathy with the law in its effort to preserve the deer. The constables were alert, and I heard of no instance of deer hounding. Doubtless the law was violated and will be violated just as every law will, but there is a fine large opportunity there for any man who wants to stock up on deerhounds.

The closing sentence of your article intimates that an attack upon jack-shooting in the next Legislature is not an improbable thing. On this method of deer hunting I add a few observations. While the guides will miss the music and excitement of deer hounding, they know the extermination of the deer by that method is simply a question of time, and a very short time at that. For that reason they are perfectly satisfied to see it go. They feel they have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the enforcement of the law, since it will deter no sportsman from going to the woods. They are satisfied also that the deer will survive, and survive in great numbers, all the floating that can be done, first, because the deer themselves soon get to understand the game and cannot be taken by it. The old bucks are specially apt, and one flash of the jack is enough to bring a resounding blast, or series of blasts, that puts every deer within a half mile of the lake on his guard, and relieves the hunter of a wonderful tension of expectancy. His remarks on the buck, however, are usually earnest and terse, and are liable to be original. Second, because floating puts the killing of deer, to a very considerable extent, into the hands of the guide. There are men who know exactly when a guide is working up to his art, but the vast majority who go into the woods do not. To such a guide will give a deer or not pretty much as it pleases him. If floating is to be the only method of deer killing until snow comes, the guides are satisfied that three years' enforcement of the law will give the Adirondacks three deer for every one they have now.

There can be no doubt that a law prohibiting floating would result injuriously. Could it be enforced it would practically put an end to the business of the guide and also of the hotel keepers, since it would adjourn deer hunting until the coming of the snow. They will support and help execute the law as far as it has gone, but no further. If the number of deer cannot even be depleted, much less exterminated, by floating, they can see no good reason for its prohibition. The charge that many are shot to death that are never found has no foundation in fact. When it is possible to approach a deer at all with a jack it brings the hunter so close to it that his ball tells with fatal effect. I took some parties out myself and knew of many more, but I know of no instance in which the deer succeeded in getting out of the water. Some may get away, but I know of no method of hunting that enables the sportsman to bag all he kills. That fewer escape, thus to perish, from floating than from any other method is simply certain. I met one man who was opposed to floating and outspoken against it. He was a farmer and lived just as near the Adirondacks as any man can live and have a farm at all. I definitely ascertained that he was deeply interested in dogs and slaughter. The sympathy of such a fellow for a wounded deer is something rich in its way. In brief, the feeling is, "we have what we want and are content to let well enough alone." J. L. P.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

DICK'S LAST WOODCOCK.

> "Le plus je connait les hommes,
> Le plus j'admire les chiens."

ONE afternoon late in August, 1879, my friend W., my mentor in field sports, and I started for a two days' woodcock hunt on the islands of the Upper Allegheny, as we had about exhausted such covers as lay conveniently within reach of home.

Our first objective point was the village of Puckram, let me call it, twelve miles distant, where we were to stay over night, and which was to be our base of operations. Behind our horse and buggy was W.'s saddle horse, which he intended riding in the field and from whose back he was in the habit of shooting the pirouetting woodcock.

We arrived at Puckram just as the sun was setting, and put up at the only hotel, one of those bucolic hostelries kept in the style, a couple of days' acquaintance with which completely reconciles the average guest to any sort of sublunary misfortune. After supper we sat upon the hotel porch, about which was collected the usual motley village crowd, with some additional ones attracted by the brace of newly arrived strangers. Of course our hunting trip was soon made the principal topic, and we received the usual amount of valuable information concerning the numbers and whereabouts of the game we were in quest of; the most of our friendly informants regarding woodcock and woodpecker as synonymous terms.

The conversation finally shifted to rattlesnakes. We knew there was a likelihood of our meeting these unwelcome reptiles on our trip. It was the season of the year when they betake themselves from their rocky fastnesses, seek the low grounds, and lie about prone and sluggish, and the islands we intended to hunt had a snaky reputation. Each of our *raconteurs* had his own stock of snake stories (generally personal experiences) which he retailed with gusto, and appropriately punctuated with copious expectoration of tobacco juice. As a consequence, my night's rest, such as the Procrustean bed I occupied permitted me, was disturbed by dreams in which the snake species played an important part, and the whistle of the woodcock and the "zip-zip" of the festive rattlesnake were confusedly intermingled.

In the morning we found it raw and foggy on getting up, but we buttoned up our coats and drove to the uppermost island. The weather came off clear and warm about 9 o'clock, and we had fair sport and reasonable luck during the day. Our dog was a setter belonging to my friend W. Dick was not of blue-blooded stock. He could boast no proud ancestral lineage. But sterling fidelity and thorough usefulness atoned for these genealogical deficiencies. He was staunch on point, persistent in pursuit, patient under reproof and infallible in retrieving.

> "Not all the blood of all the Howards"

which ever flowed in canine veins could have made him dearer to his master or the friends who hunted with him.

We returned to our headquarters at night without mishap. The next day we hunted the islands nearest the village. These were the dangerous ones. As my friend W. was mounted he was out of harm's way. For my part, my steps were cautiously taken when practicable, but when one had to plunge headlong through thick-growing nettles that reached to the middle, there was little chance for deliberation or care. And in the ardor of pursuit everything was forgotten but the bird which was marked down and momentarily expected to be flushed; but occasionally I would step upon a twig or branch of a more than usual yielding or wriggling nature under foot, when the fearful idea of snake would seize me and up would go my leg quickly with the peculiar movement of a raw recruit in the goose-foot drill or of a string-halted mule.

We had about finished our day's hunting. The birds had been fairly plenty; Dick had behaved in his handsomest manner, and we had scored less than our usual percentage of misses, when it was suggested we should wade up the river a distance and try, by way of conclusion, a bunch of willows at the mouth of the creek. Here we found several birds, and the last one which was shot at could not be found, either dead or alive, although we beat the ground thoroughly to get it up again. Finally, giving up the search, we started back. Dick accompanied us a short distance, when I noticed him stop in a reflective sort of way, and turning tail he galloped back to the cover just left. I called to him, but to no purpose. We kept on our way, coasting along the river's edge, sometimes crossing to the islands and back again. A half hour had elapsed and we had gone over a mile. Nothing had been seen of Dick. Fearful of some accident, we concluded to wait awhile for him. After some time of anxious watching and misgiving, far up the river we saw him coming, following exactly our wake; wading the stream when he could, swimming it when necessary, at other times making his way through a tangle of nettles and weeds, coming slowly but resolutely. We remained till he came up (his master somewhat out of patience with him), his last course being to swim from the point of an island to the shore where we stood. Then it was seen, to our great surprise and to Dick's everlasting glory, that he held in his mouth the woodcock we had sought so long for, which in reality had been killed and which Dick had remained behind to successfully find. We praised him heartily by voice and patted his head to his manifest pleasure and content, little thinking that this splendid achievement we were lauding was to be his last act of prowess.

In the middle of the afternoon we were on our way ho me

bag and baggage, our birds packed carefully away in the buggy, with our guns and traps and Dick following along after. We were in that serene mood which enwraps the mind at the close of a successful hunt; and we felt additionally rejoiced that we had safely run the gauntlet of the bugbear of our trip, rattlesnakes.

We were more than half way home. We had reached a point where the road wound along a steep, rocky, thickly-timbered side hill, when our horse suddenly shied to one side. A glance from the buggy showed a large black rattlesnake lying full length, his head and a part of his body concealed in the thick bushes at the side and the remainder of his length stretched across the road. I reached for my gun, put in a couple of cartridges and jumped out. I found I could get no sight of the snake's head; but concluding that blowing him in half would serve all practical purposes, I fired at the thick part of his body. Up to this time I had taken no thought of Dick. The moment I shot, with the retrieving instinct he dashed at once into the bushes. The snake, almost divided in two, still had strength to rear his horrible head, and before I could get Dick out by frantic calls, I saw the reptile strike quickly and Dick jerk back. The dog came running out, and approaching the thicket closer I discovered the snake still poised for another stroke, his wide ugly mouth agape, from which the fangs bristled, and his eyes blazing like two garnets with venomous malignancy. With the remaining cartridge I blew his head to atoms.

I looked Dick over but could find no wound; and I was hopeful he had escaped. We continued our way, but I watched him closely from the back of the buggy. Very soon I noticed his steps began to flag, and upon slowing up I thought I observed a swelling upon the side of his face. Sure enough, upon examination two drops of blood showed themselves upon the hair of his upper lip, and the flesh beneath was already highly inflamed and swollen. We took him at once and administered whisky, the only remedy at hand. We took him in the buggy and drove as fast as we could the remaining five miles. He cried out in an agonizing way at intervals, and looked up in our faces with mute appeals for help.

Alas for Dick! He had retrieved his last woodcock. He died in a half hour after we reached home. QUILP.

The misnaming of the woodcock "woodpecker" is quite prevalent. Our correspondent "Graeme" writes from Southwest Virginia: You know we have in this section a member of the "red-headed family." Don't they call it in the language of a people who never saw it *Campephilus principalus?* It is called to this day by our old-fashioned people "woodcock." To illustrate this prevalent name for Mr. Campephilus, as well as the ignorance of many who never shoot game birds, about the existence of the real woodcock right among them, I once asked an old gentleman if he had seen any woodcock on his farm that fall. He said, "Yes, but you don't eat them stinkin' critters, do ye?" Some time since on our streets sat a group. In it was our old village doctor, who in the past was a crack shot and a connoisseur of game birds. Also there was that man whom you often find—the man who has been everywhere, is personally acquainted with every distinguished man in the nation, and has played the epicure with kings. This character was Schneider, the Dutch village music teacher.

"You speak about the edible qualities of game birds, gentlemen," said the doctor; "in my opinion none of them are equal to the woodcock."

"Vell, dot's so," said Schneider, "dey are goot, but der darn tings need so much cookin'; but if you pair bile dem, to take der stink mit dem off, den roast dem mit onions und bepper, dey vill sort a do, put dem red-headed tings haf a peastly schmell."

The doctor left with the scornful remark: "Well, man, you don't know what you are talking about. You'd as well eat a polecat as one of those birds." GRAEME.

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA.

GROUSE IN NEW ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER first was the opening day of the grouse season in Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire. It was also the opening day for duck shooting in New England, but woodcock shooting in Massachusetts begins legally Aug. 1, while quail shooting in that State is prohibited till Oct. 15.

In Massachusetts prospects are good for the sportsmen. The same is true of the southern part of New Hampshire and Vermont. A taxidermist of long experience, also a close watcher of birds, remarked to the writer the other day that one would be surprised to know how thick the grouse are in many parts of this State. There is a good deal of game near home this fall for the Boston sportsmen, and they will improve the opportunity. There is a good deal of game in Massachusetts for those who know how to find it. But little illegal shooting has been done, at least few out-of-season birds have been seen in the Boston markets.

But in the North Woods, including nearly all of Maine and Northern New Hampshire, it is to be feared that grouse are far from plenty. The broods have not been seen as plentiful as usual, though the old birds appeared to have wintered well. A cold spring or late cold rains may have destroyed the eggs or the young birds. Sportsmen and guides have various theories. One is that the foxes and owls are unusually plenty. A collection of information from those in position to be well informed goes to establish the fact of a few birds, unless, as is suggested by one gentleman well posted, that the birds have not been seen as usual. His theory is as follows:

Such a crop of berries of all kinds was seldom known before in Maine and Northern New England. Thousands of bushels of blueberries will not be gathered at all, because there is neither use nor market for them. These berries have been thick in every direction. Every hillside and opening in the woods has abounded with them. "The woods are full of them." Other berries have also been remarkably plenty. This is very favorable to the grouse. It gives them an abundance of food, and it has enabled many a brood to feed all summer in a very small space without straying abroad and falling under human observation. The chances of the broods being seen have been lessened one to ten as compared with a dry season and a scarcity of berries, when they are obliged to roam around for food. This gentleman's idea is that the coming of frost and falling of the foliage—the ending of the berry season—should bring out a goodly number of partridges.

Another gentleman, a lover of the gun, also suggests the same theory, or rather thinks there may be more grouse than appearances indicate thus far. He says that his house, although located in a Maine village, is near a fine grove, which is in turn backed up by a wood lot. The gentleman's garden runs back to the very pines. Sweet corn, squashes, peas, etc., cover the ground from the very house to the woods. One stormy day a week or two ago he had occasion to raise a window in the second story looking over the garden. This end of the house is but little used. He leaned out of the window to adjust a blind and heard a peculiar clucking and then the warning cry of the old grouse to her young. When behold, there under the squash vines and corn stalks were more than half a dozen two-thirds grown partridges trying to keep out of the rain. Nobody had seen the flock before, nor have the birds since been seen, unless some of them fell to the gun on the morning of Sept. 1. The curious part of the story is that there are several good partridge dogs in the village and the gentleman himself owns a spaniel "crazy after grouse." These birds evidently had not been disturbed by the dogs.

The flocks which have been watched all summer by the boys to be shot the first day of the open season, are few and far between this year. The way the Maine boys do is somewhat cunning. They are learning to respect the law, believing it to be best for the birds, and hence themselves. But each boy is "mightily" afraid some other boy may know where that "big flock" is as well as he does. No boy will tell; but how does he know that some other boy, who "won't tell," may not know where his flock is, and get there first on the morning the season opens. There is some "creeping out as soon as the day begins to peep," with shotgun in hand. If a boy does meet another boy in quest of the same flock, why each expresses surprise that the other knew of it, and they laughingly go for the birds together. Alas! For improved firearms and a growing love of field sports, I fear the birds are doomed, though protection is doing much to save them a while longer. BOSTON.

TWO WEEKS IN MICHIGAN.

ON October 6, the Colonel, Major and self, accompanied by two dogs, boarded a train on the C. M. & St. Paul R. R., bound for the Northern Peninsula of Michigan for deer and an outing of two weeks. This trip had been under discussion for about three months prior to date of leaving, had been looked forward to with great expectations, and during all this time we were engaged in getting together our outfit. Both the Colonel and the Major had been in the habit of taking an outing every year or two; as for myself, my outings in the past twenty years had been confined to a day's trout fishing once or twice a year, and in winter a day's hunting when I could get away from business; and for the first ten years of the twenty I managed to kill a venison every winter. But the deer disappeared, and for many years I had killed neither deer nor trout. The Colonel and Major having plenty of spare time, indulged themselves in many a hunt and fish; as for myself, my time was all occupied, for the reason that when I was young not having capital to engage in any other line of business, like many others in similar circumstances, I studied medicine. The old passion for a rifle and the woods never died out within me, and every year through the summer I planned a trip away where I could wander through the woods and feel the same pleasure I used to when a boy, but when the time came to go business spoiled it all.

On the third day after leaving home we arrived at our place of destination, Crystal Falls, Mich., on the C. M. & St. Paul, M. & Northern and the C. & N. W. Railroads, over which we traveled. We found the trainmen very pleasant gentlemen, and had no trouble about our dogs. We expected to pay for our dogs, and gave the baggagemen what we saw fit to give, and they were perfectly satisfied. We did not take the dogs along to hound deer, and all the time we were in the woods the dogs were chained in camp, except that when one of us wounded a deer a dog was brought and placed on the trail; but we only secured one deer that had been wounded by the use of a dog—the country where we hunted was filled with swamps, and a dog could not follow the trail through the water. There was no hounding of deer by any one in that part of the State; the professional hunters and guides do not use dogs and will not allow others to.

We found that about every State in the Union was represented here by hunting parties, especially Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Crystal Falls, the terminus of the C. & N. W. Railroad, is situated on what is known as the Menominee Iron Range. It is surrounded by iron mines, and is the base of supplies for the immense lumbering interests further north. One year ago the land on which the village stands was a part of the dense forest one sees west of the town. There is one long business street, and the place has a bright, brisk business look about it, and its buildings, especially the school house, shows that the people do not lack enterprise and the knowledge of what goes to make a place, if they do live in the woods. Here we were joined by Mr. Buck, an enthusiastic sportsman, and Mr. Carr, hunter and guide.

Our supplies purchased, we started for the Michigaumie River, eight miles east from the Falls, to be gone one week. We found deer and trout very plenty and did not have to live on canned goods, but had venison and trout from the first day. The hunting was the easiest I had ever found; it was all done "sitting on a log." Our tents were pitched at a place called "High Bank," on the river, and, browse having been picked for beds and pillows, we were ready for business.

The guide assigned each man to a certain place where he had found deer signs plenty, and the following was our regular daily programme: A small alarm clock awoke us at 4 o'clock in the morning, when we had coffee and a lunch, after which each man shouldered his gun and proceeded to his station, where he staid until about 8, watching the edge of the swamp for deer. The ground here had been burned over the fall or spring before and was covered, where the fire had run, with a growth of small, black cherry sprouts, from four inches to a foot in height. These tender sprouts seemed to be a great luxury, for the deer browsed them, the smaller and tender ones they cropped close to the ground; of the larger ones they took the branches only. Often the deer would lie down where they had stopped feeding in the night, and it was no uncommon thing just at daylight to see a deer get up within ten or fifteen rods of where one of us was sitting and go to browsing. About 8 A. M. we all met at camp and had breakfast. Dinner came about 1 P. M. The time from breakfast until 3 P. M. was spent by each as best pleased his fancy. There were plenty of trout in the river; and each one, too, had time to look for a better station if not satisfied with the ground he had been watching. Between 3 and 4 each man took his gun and went to his log. Dusk found us all in camp eating a hearty supper, with an appetite known only to those who have been in such situations After supper came a smoke, sitting around the camp-fire, and a discussion of the events of the day. We retired early and were lulled to sleep by the riffles in the river and the beavers slapping their tails on the water.

No deer were killed by our party with a headlight, but around the Falls every night large numbers of shooters were out with headlights; and here one of those sad accidents occurred that cannot be explained satisfactorily to any one who knows anything about hunting or has ordinary intelligence. Chas. Bertram, the oldest hunter and guide in this section of the State, was fatally shot by a friend, both hunting with headlights. How any man could mistake a large bullseye light for a deer's eyes is inexplicable. This man did, and with a 45-60 bullet in his gun he struck Bertram at about the junction of lower third with middle third of left arm, the ball lodging near the spine. A gentleman came out to our camp and I went in to see the wounded guide, but could do nothing for him. In going in to the Falls I had a ride of eight miles on a Michigan buckboard, over one of the worst roads I ever saw. The Michigan buckboard is no fairy. It is built to stay, and is calculated to carry from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. The wheels look like those on a gun caisson, and the body is ten to twelve feet long. Just after getting off from the cars I saw one standing in the street and asked a citizen what that was. He said it was a buckboard. I did not believe it. I thought he took me for a "tenderfoot," and was starting in to have some fun with me.

Coming into Chrystal Falls after a week spent on the Michigaumie River, I felt as though a shave and shampoo would not only improve my personal appearance, but would also be conducive to my own comfort, so I walked up the long and only street in town to the top of the hill, leading my dog by the chain and carrying my rifle over my shoulder. I entered the shop, laid my rifle on the broad window sill, and chained the dog to a stove leg. The barber began his inevitable talk: "Have you heard about the battle?" "Battle?" "Yes." I stopped and stood like one petrified in the center of the room. Here I had been for nearly two weeks without seeing a newspaper or hearing any news. When I left home two great political parties were contending for supremacy in our country, and always having taken a great interest in politics, and reading two of the great dailies every day when at home, and knowing that there was bad blood that was liable to break out at any time and that acts of violence might be committed, I thought hostilities had actually commenced. This whole train of thought rushed over me in a second of time, and thinking of the hour the train left next day, I managed to stammer out the question, "Wh-what battle?" This answer came: "McAferty and Mitchell." With a feeling of intense relief I ejaculated "Oh" and dropped into the chair. He tried all the methods known to his profession to draw me into conversation, but I was dumb.

The rest of our company came in just before dark with the team, boat and camp equipage. The next morning we started for a point on the Paint River, about two miles above where the Hemlock empties into the Paint, and twenty miles from the Falls. Two ladies, Mrs. C. and Mrs. B., accompanied us from Chrystal Falls. They thoroughly enjoyed camping out, and were excellent cooks; our table had a cheerful appearance, and our venison and trout were done to a turn. We pitched our tents close by a deserted logging camp, and the week we spent here was one of the pleasantest ever enjoyed by any party of "campers out." Trout and venison plenty and warm, pleasant days. The hunting here was the same as on the Michigaumie. Morning and evening found each of us at the place assigned by the guide "sitting on a log." One afternoon while here I thought I would go down about two miles from camp to a place where Bertram had built a lookout, about fifteen feet from the ground, about four rods from a salt lick, which showed by fresh signs that the deer still visited it often. Just before reaching the place I saw in the soft mud in the road the track of a very large wolf. I thought no more about it then. Reaching my destination, I climbed up into the seat and commenced my watch. The wind was blowing almost a gale, and I swayed to and fro in my frail seat, with the dead pines falling all around and limbs flying through the air. I waited and watched in vain for a shot. I saw a large doe pass over a ridge about 150 rods from where I sat, but no deer put in an appearance at the lick. Just at dusk one of the largest horned owls I ever saw came and settled upon one of the supports to the seat I was sitting upon. I sat perfectly still. A tree about ten inches through separated us. I started to reach around behind and take hold of him. As I reached around behind he looked around the front of the tree right into my face. We looked at one another for a second or two, our faces not far apart, and not liking my looks, he beat a hasty retreat.

I descended to the ground, as it was now dark, and started for camp. When within about one and one-half miles from camp, crossing a densely wooded maple ridge, with my eyes on the ground trying to follow the dim trail that led to camp, I heard something start on my right and from the sound in the dry leaves it went off at an angle of forty-five degrees from the trail I was following. I thought nothing of it, more than that it might be a deer. I had killed and hung up a yearling buck within a few rods of the place the day before. I had gone but a few rods after first hearing the noise, when a howl came out from among those trees, such as I had heard many times before, but not quite so near, and this one coming so unexpected, it seemed to raise me about four feet from the ground, and when my moccasins struck the ground, the rifle that I was carrying on my shoulder was in my hands, however, drawn back and ready for action. About forty rods to my left came an answering howl and another forty or fifty rods ahead. The wolves followed me into camp and howled around the camp for an hour after I reached there. When a man has to walk a mile and a half over a dim trail, the wind blowing a gale, the small dead dry pines that the fire has killed falling all around him and across the trail and is surrounded by a pack of wolves, although he may know they are the biggest cowards in the world, he does not find them pleasant companions.

On our return to the Falls, when within about a mile of the village, I saw a deer jumping up a little rise, and as it stopped two large pine trees covered its body. I could only see its head as it turned to look at our party; by a well-directed shot I placed a 40-60 bullet in the lower part of its eye, the bullet coming out about two inches behind the ear on the opposite side. But when I came to see it and that it was a late fawn, only weighing about forty pounds dressed, I felt as one of your contributors did when he shot the doe, and then discovered she had two fawns suckling her. I felt as though I had "killed a baby," and I feel so yet.

The two weeks spent in Michigan will always remain as a

green spot in my memory, for never since I was a small boy have I passed such a length of time so pleasantly and happily as I did these—free from all care and business, and the worry one has in a professional life. H. A. C.

VIROQUA, Wis.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—III.

BETWEEN guns of the same make and grade, between guns made and bored by the same persons in the same way, differences in balance, beauty, durability and shooting powers are not uncommon. Sometimes a fine gun will be a poor performer, while on the other hand, plain cheap guns often shoot well. The best way is to have your gun made to order by a man whose reputation for honest work is established; or if you buy a ready-made gun select one of a known and reliable make. In either case you may reasonably expect to get a fairly good gun and your money's worth. You will hardly be disappointed if you buy a gun, without inspection or trial, of any of the makes which I shall recommend.

One of the first things to be considered in selecting a gun is safety. If the gun is unsafe you should not use it and thereby put your life and the lives of others in jeopardy.

The locks, hammers and plungers determine the safety of a hammer gun if the barrels are sound, the action strong and the breech substantial. The old-fashioned back-action locks are not now used upon any gun that is fit to be used. It is therefore hardly necessary to say that the gun should have bar locks. And these should be smooth and strong in their workings, with the notch in the tumbler deep enough and with sufficient trigger pull to hold the hammers safely at full cock and to prevent a slight touch of the trigger firing the gun. When the gun is at full cock, the weight suspended from the trigger necessary to throw the lock is the measure of the trigger pull. About four pounds is the average, but the finer and more nearly perfect the lock the lighter may the trigger pull be and remain safe. A light trigger pull on a low-priced gun is indicative of weakness of the lock, too light a trigger pull is dangerous on any gun. So that it is sufficiently heavy to be safe, you may have the trigger pull as light as you please, but you can only ascertain by trial and experience what trigger pull will best suit you.

For obvious reasons, both for safety and convenience, the locks should be rebounding; that is, when the hammer has delivered its stroke, it should rebound to half cock.

The mainspring should be sufficiently strong to always explode the primers, and yet not so unnecessarily and injuriously strong as to jerk the lock to pieces, or drive the points of the plungers through the heads of the primers. All the parts of the lock, mainsprings, sears, sear springs, pins and tumblers, should be evenly and smoothly made, well fitted and well polished; and all the operations of the locks should be uniform and smooth, without hitch or jerk.

The plungers, or firing pins, should have solid heads; should neatly fill the holes made for them through the breech; should be of the proper length, that is, long enough to deliver a sufficient blow to the primer, and yet not so long as to interfere with the opening or closing of the gun, and their operation should be smooth so as not to cause a premature explosion when the gun is being closed. They should have a positive motion; that is, the pushing aside of the lever to open the gun should withdraw the plungers so that their points do not project beyond the face of the breech, and they should be springless.

If the gun is hammerless and a barrel cocker, so that the strikers are beyond the control of the shooter, it must, to be as safe as it should be, not only have a device for bolting the triggers, but the accidental falling of the strikers must be impossible, or some means provided of arresting the strikers before they reach the firing pins or primers, in case they are accidentally thrown. And in my opinion, as a further provision for safety, the hammerless gun should have rebounding locks; and as these guns are now constructed, this implies that the firing pins should be separate from, and not extensions of the strikers.

The durability of the gun is an important consideration, and this depends—workmanship and material being good—upon the soundness of the principle of the action.

The points of locking should be placed as far as possible from the pivot or hinge upon which the barrels turn when the gun is opened for loading, for the longer the leverage the greater the strength.

The action should, for convenience, be self-closing; and, for service and durability, it should be so arranged that the locking bolts do not come in contact with the lugs and extended rib when the gun is being closed, but they should be held out of the way until the gun is closed. The arrangement should also be such that the breaking of the spring which throws the bolt home will not render the gun useless.

The gun should have an extended rib, the bearing or holding surface of which should be as square as possible, and this rib should not be so constructed as to operate like a wedge to spread the breech.

It should be provided with a hinge-check to catch the barrels when they are opened and take strain off of the hinge-joint upon which the barrels turn.

The breech-strap, or break-off or back-strap, as it is variously called, should be long and well secured by at least two screws, instead of one, as is usually the case, and the rear screw should extend entirely through the stock and fasten in the trigger guard.

The standing breech should be sufficiently heavy to stand all the strain to which it will be subjected; the locking bolts and lugs should be strong and well secured, and when the gun is closed the barrels and extended rib should fit the frame and breech perfectly.

Of course the barrels should be of good material and well finished, but the difficulty is that no one but an expert can assuredly tell whether the barrels are just what they seem. Careful examination will, however, in nearly every instance, discover some rough place, inside or out, some flaw, some unevenness or some slighting of the work somewhere, if the barrels are counterfeit. The perfect work necessary to so finish a pair of barrels that no defects are discoverable by even an inexperienced person will hardly be put upon a piece of metal known to be unfit for use.

If the barrels on a gun of, say fifty dollars or under, are marked "fine Damascus steel," as if a gun of such price is found described in a dealer's catalogue as having such barrels, you need not put yourself to the trouble of making an examination; the barrels are counterfeits and frauds, and a good plain twist is much better.

A good pair of barrels will be perfectly smooth inside and outside; they will present no elevations or depressions. The inside will be thoroughly polished, without flaw or defect, as you may see by examination before a strong and steady light. If they are not clean and well-finished, the light will disclose it.

The lugs, by which the barrels are held in place, should be brazed to the barrels firmly and solidly, so that it would be quite impossible to tear them away.

The chambers to receive the shells should be large enough to admit the shell readily and yet not large enough to allow the cartridge case to burst when the gun is fired. The chambers should be as smoothly finished and as highly polished as any other part of the barrels, and should be of the exact length required to receive the shell. The termination of the chamber should not be too abrupt or square-shouldered. If, with the head of an ordinary lead pencil inserted in the barrels, you find a resistance offered by the square termination of the chambers where the barrels proper begin, reject the gun. It is a good plan in having a gun built to order to have the mouth of the chamber polished instead of being left unpolished, as is usually done. See that the top and bottom ribs are evenly and smoothly laid on; that there are no crevices visible between the barrels and the ribs at the muzzle, or along the length of the ribs.

And for convenience to the eye in wing-shooting, I think the rib should be level or high, not depressed in the center.

The sight should be near the end of the barrels and neatly and smoothly made; the inferior quality of the gun is frequently most readily detected by an examination of such little things as the sight, the triggers, the trigger guard and the like.

The best gun barrels in common use are the twist, the laminated and the Damascus steel. On some of the finest English guns, barrels of Whitworth's fluid-compressed steel are used. These are by no means handsome, hardly presenting so neat an appearance as a good quality of stub-twist, but they are very strong and serviceable, and the most expensive barrels with which I have any acquaintance.

Of the three qualities used in this country the twist is cheapest, the laminated next, and the Damascus highest priced; but as between the very best laminated steel, and the Damascus there is not much difference in cost. The Damascus are more handsome than the laminated barrels, but my preference is for the latter, as I have found them more easily kept clean, bright and free from rust and spots, and I believe they are more serviceable than the Damascus. In selecting a low-priced gun I would always take one with twist barrels, for in such case I would expect a fairly good pair of barrels for my money; whereas, if I bought a gun of the fifty-dollar grade with Damascus barrels I would expect to be swindled.

The stock of the gun should be of walnut, thoroughly seasoned, finished in oil and without paint or varnish. The darker the wood and the finer the grain the more handsome and durable will be the stock. The finest stocks are taken from the root of the tree; the next quality from the body, where the limbs join, and so on, making the selections according to the grade of the gun, until even the sappy and porous parts of the tree are used on the lowest grade. But the stock of the plainest American gun is made from the heart of the American walnut tree, and if thoroughly seasoned and cut, as all gun stocks should be, so that the grain of the wood runs straight in the grip, it will be sufficiently durable. Nothing, however, adds more to the beauty of a gun than a dark, handsome, close-grained, well-finished and highly-polished stock, and no gun can be beautiful without it.

The metal mountings of the gun should be so well fitted to the stock that not a crevice is to be found. If the mountings do not fill the cuttings that have been made in the wood to receive them, it is either because the work has been slovenly done or because the wood was not thoroughly seasoned when worked into the stock. In neither case will the crevices ever get any smaller, and from whatever cause the fault arises, the gun should be rejected.

Examine the screws used to hold the parts of the gun together and see that they fit snugly, that they are down smoothly and evenly, and that the heads all point the same way. See that the pins of the lock do not project beyond the surface of the lock-plate; and whether the gun is high-priced or low-priced, whether it is engraved or unengraved, see that the mountings are neatly polished and fitted. As already intimated these little things are not essentials; but they often indicate the character of the work.

My preference is for low hammers; hammers which are entirely below the line of sight when at full cock. But the thumb piece of the hammer should be long enough to grasp well with the thumb. If it is so short as to be liable to slip from the thumb when the gun is hastily cocked, the gun is dangerous, and the old-fashioned high hammer is to be preferred.

I prefer the corrugated hard rubber or the horn heel-plate to the steel or iron one, as the latter is apt to become too smooth to rest well against the shoulder. On some of the finer grade guns a "tip and toe" only of metal is used, and the wood of the butt is checkered; on some no metal is used, but the wood is only checkered. A covering for the wood, whether of metal, horn or rubber is, I think, preferable, both for appearance and durability.

But before you buy a gun you must determine what gauge and weight it shall be; and here there is much room for difference of opinion, the preferences of sportsmen, as influenced by the purpose of the gun, range all the way from 20-bores to 10-bores, and even so high as 8-bores. But for game-bird shooting, I shall take it for granted you do not wish to use a gun that burns almost as much powder as a small cannon. Indeed, the tendency of modern times is toward the adoption of lighter and smaller-bore guns for field-shooting, the judgment of adepts in the art being that a 16-bore is large enough for quail, grouse and snipe shooting. There are arguments *pro* and *con* which will at once occur to you, and need not here be stated. For the average shot, I think the happy medium is reached in a light 12-bore. Such a gun is fair for the quail, woodcock or snipe, and fair for the sportsman; can be used for ducks and geese, and is altogether the best gun for general shooting. I do not advise the use of different guns for different game; you will be a better shot if you use the same gun for all purposes, and I am pretty sure the average shot cannot do better than use a good 12-bore of proper length and weight. My experience has been almost exclusively confined to 12 and 16 bores; but I have had some slight experience with 10-gauge guns. As between the 16-bore and the 10-bore for field and cover shooting, I would not hesitate to select the former. If destruction of game was the sole object of shooting, then a 10-bore or even a larger gun should be used; but the mere killing of birds is not sport. In the hands of a good shot a 16-bore is certainly sufficiently destructive on quail, snipe, woodcock and the like, and its use furnishes keener and more enjoyable sport because it requires better shooting. But for the reason that the 16-bore is hardly large enough for large water-fowl and other game that you may desire occasionally to shoot, I have advised the adoption of a 12-bore as "a general purpose gun." If you desire to possess one gun for quail shooting, and another for duck and goose shooting, you may get a 16-bore and a 10-bore, though I protest against the use of the latter for any purpose by sportsmen.

The weight of the gun must depend, not only upon its gauge and the manner in which it is bored, but still more upon its quality; if that be good, there is no necessity for a 16-bore weighing more than 6½ pounds; for a 12-bore weighing more than 7½ pounds, or for a 10-bore weighing more than 8½ pounds, nor do I think they need go to those weights.

In a late number of *Land and Water*, Purdey, the great London gunmaker, is quoted as saying he never advised having 12-bores with barrels shorter than 30 inches or of lighter weight than 6¾ pounds; that he "made 12-bores so light as 6¼ pounds, which shoot an ounce of shot very comfortably; but 12-gauges of this light weight are delicate weapons, and won't bear much rough usage, and so we don't recommend them. In order to reduce the weight we will, if asked, curtail the length of the barrels to 28 inches, but when so doing it is distinctly understood that our advice is to have a 12-bore made with 30-inch barrels, and of not less than 6¾ pounds weight, and if customers go away from these lines they do so at their own peril."

On the other hand several eminent London gunmakers turn out guns of 6 pounds weight and even under. Charles Lancaster makes a 12-bore so light as 6 pounds and 2 ounces and Thomas Turner goes below 6 pounds. And I have seen some handsome American-made 12-bore guns with 28-inch barrels and of about 6½ pounds weight. Indeed, Clark & Sneider and Lefever advise guns of this weight and length for quail shooting, and guarantee that such guns will give as good results in field and cover shooting as longer and heavier guns.

In making your selection you should carefully ascertain what weight of gun you can carry through a long and tiring day with ease and comfort to yourself, and can at the same time wield with dexterity and smartness. When this is done you can then better decide upon the bore. If you find 6½ pounds or under the weight you desire, my judgment is you should get a 16-bore, at any rate not larger than 14-bore, and even between 6½ and 7 pounds I am not yet convinced that a 14 or 16 bore would not be a better gun than any larger.

For a 14 or 16 gauge I think 28 inches long enough for the barrels. They are long enough to obtain the full force of any charge of powder you will desire to shoot out of such a gun, and every additional inch would be so much friction without any improvement of the shooting powers of the gun.

In order to get the full force of the maximum charges which can be used in 12-bores of 7 pounds weight and over, the barrels should be 30 inches long; longer barrels destroy the balance without improving the shooting of the gun. In 10-bores the barrels may go to 32 inches, but not longer, for the same reason. If too long the gun will be muzzle heavy.

AH-PE.

WHERE OUR QUAIL WENT TO.

NINE years ago I lived on a large open prairie. The nearest timber was five miles distant. The greater portion of the prairie was under cultivation and largely planted to corn. There were no board fences, and the hedges were mostly one to three years old and afforded but little cover to the game.

On our farm three large coveys of quail were hatched out, and we saw them frequently along in August and September. By keeping our ears open about dusk and dawn we located eighteen more coveys upon adjoining farms, and we laid our plans for some cracking sport as soon as the corn should be gathered.

A few days before we finished husking, I wrote my sporting friends, W. C. S. and R. P. M., of St. Louis, to come out the second week of November, and we would entertain them in the highest style, and give them exercise enough to make their blood spin for a month.

The first week in November we were treated to a long, cold, driving rain, followed by a freezing snow storm. About six inches of snow fell, but it remained on the ground only about three days. Then a beautiful haze settled over the landscape, the sun resembled a huge ball of red fire, and indian summer was on tap.

Billy and Dick arrived in due time and we set out for the fields where we had seen the quail most frequently. We ran three good dogs; it was a splendid day for hunting and we moved along lively; but after scouring the fields nearly three hours, all we could find was one little covey of seven quail. The boys were sadly disappointed, and were half inclined to think we had hoaxed them, while we were both puzzled and chagrined.

The next day we turned our attention to grouse, and, as we all made respectable bags, we felt better, and the boys returned to their homes in very good spirits.

What became of those quail was the enigma we desired to solve. We listened for their call morning and evening, but not a sound could we hear. A few days afterward I happened to be in town just as the Presbyterian minister—an enthusiastic sportsman—came in with a bag that made my eyes pop. "Had a splendid time this morning," said he. "Never saw so many quail in my life as I found this morning." "Where did you find them?" I asked. "On Mr. M—'s farm, among the hazel brush. Flushed about thirty coveys!" "Thunder and turf! Excuse me, but I—why—I—well, well, well!"

A great light had illuminated my brain. The next day I visited the aforesaid farm—which, by the way, lay about five miles from ours and adjoined the woods—and in two hours had bagged thirty-nine quail. That evening the following telegram startled Dick and Billy in their respective offices and sent them into their hunting suits in a jiffy: "Found the quail. Thousands. Come instantly." They arrived the following morning and remained two days. Dick bagged eighty-eight, and Billy two hundred and six. Two happier hunters never smiled.

Not until about the middle of the following May did we hear the call of Bob White on the prairies. In the following autumn there were five coveys on the farm, but with the first snow fall every one departed for the brush.

Since the hedges, orchards and maple groves have grown, however, many of the quail hatched on the prairie farms remain there all winter, and in consequence they are much less numerous in the brushy pastures adjoining the woods.

PICKET.

CHRISTIAN CO., Ill.

"QUAIL" AND "PARTRIDGE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "S." is somewhat of a caviller. He asks if a Bob White does not more resemble a quail than a Bob White? By no means. He is as much like a Bob White as two black-eyed peas, and about as much like a quail as a navy bean. That is, if we know what a quail is, and we must confess that our knowledge of that somewhat mythical bird is mainly derived from scripture, where he is described as coming down upon the camp of the hosts of Israel in countless multitude; and the people of Israel killed them with sticks, and devoured them until they were completely surfeited; insomuch that the quail stuck out of their nostrils.

It is related by some authority, whom I cannot now call to mind, that even at the present day, immense flights of quail cross the Mediterrancan Sea, and alight upon its shores in an exhausted condition, so that they may be picked up by the hand. It is described as being a smaller bird than our Southern partridge, and much given to republican ways, discarding the ancient patriarchal form of government, which our bird clings to with such tenacity.

The remarks of "S." about the propensity of Southerners to miscall bass, trout, is true enough, but this is the result of ignorance, or a habit born in ignorance, rather than a willful purpose to go wrong. The fact is, we have no trout in this region, and it was a natural error to fall into, by those early settlers who, finding the black and striped bass closely resembling trout in general characteristics, and not being up in fish nomenclature, readily fell into the habit of calling them trout. Ask a Southern negro fisherman, or uneducated white if there are any bass in this neighborhood, he will tell you he never saw one, but that there are plenty of trout.

We will cheerfully give up your trout, Mr. "S.," but for mercy's sake let us have our partridge—the partridge of our daddies—the bird which is associated with our most agreeable boyhood reminiscences—which we bore home in triumph, as the result of our first exploit, albeit accidental, in shooting on the wing—and felt like a hero for a month after.

We have been raised to call this bird partridge, and our affections go out to him by that name. We have called him partridge for generations past, and we hold that reconstruction has not deprived us of this right; that it does not come within the scope and legal purview of the fifteenth or any other amendment to the constitution. We solemnly protest against being deprived of our partridge, and I shall propose to our friend "Wells" that we inaugurate anti-quail societies all over the South, in opposition to this tyranny.

So take your trout, Mr. "S.," but leave us in undisturbed possession of our dear little partridge, Bob White.

COAHOMA.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GROUSE.—Dunbarton, N. H., Aug. 25.—The prospect for grouse this season is very encouraging, the birds seem to have bred well and to be quite numerous. While working one of my young dogs on woodcock a few days since I started from twenty-five to thirty grouse. This was done in about an hour's tramp and within a quarter of a mile of my house. I think I could kill twenty birds in a day over either of my young dogs, but shall be satisfied with less than half that number, as I do not know what to do with a larger bag. We now have a law which prohibits shipping of game out of the State. I think it a good thing for the birds, although the market shooters were strongly opposed to it. I am anticipating good shooting over my young Llewellins. They have both improved very much since I adopted the method advised in "Training vs. Breaking," and bid fair to make the best dogs I ever had.—C. M. S.

RAIL AND REED BIRDS.—Philadelphia, Aug. 29.—A few railbirds have already appeared on our river shores, and quite a number of reedbirds have shown themselves. This is early, but the crop is ripening sooner this season, which can account for their coming. All reports from the shooting grounds indicate one of the best seasons for years, as it is noticeable that whenever the growth is good many birds are attracted. With the rail and reed birds comes the wild duck, which is as fond of the fattening seed as the former. Many heretofore high grounds where skiffs could not approach have overflowed since the tornado which visited our section, and pushers will now be able to get their boats to excellent places.—HOMO.

RAIL IN NEW JERSEY.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Aug. 31.—A bill fixing the opening of the rail-shooting season upon Aug. 25, was passed last winter by the New Jersey Legislature, but not receiving the Governor's signature within the required ten days it failed to become a law. Several sportsmen, however, in ignorance of that fact, availed themselves of the high tide of the 26th to push over the South River meadows at Washington, N. J., but with little success. The wild oats were quite green and the birds very scarce in consequence. Favorable tides should occur next week, by which time it is hoped that the oats will be ripe and fit for food.—J. L. K.

GARDNER, Mass., Aug. 28.—The Monomonock Sporting Club of this town go into camp next week on the shores of Monomonock Lake, which is in the town of Rindge, N. H., but near the Massachusetts State line. They remain in camp some time and take their families with them. The recently elected officers of the company are as follows: Aaron Greenwood, President; George F. Ellsworth, Vice-President; F. M. Greenwood, Secretary and Treasurer; G. F. Ellsworth, George Nichols and Ambrose Stevens, Executive Committee.

ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.—At a meeting at the Mercantile Club, Aug. 28, Capt. H. C. West reported that he had been in communication with 1,350 clubs who might send delegates to the convention of Sept. 29. It is expected that something like 2,000 visitors will be present on that occasion, and the 736 members of St. Louis gun clubs are called upon to subscribe funds for the expenses to be entailed. Help will also be asked from the various trades. The assistant secretary of the executive board is J. G. Schaaf, 417 North Seventh street.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTERS KILL GROUSE.—Wales, Mass., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Woodcock were plenty in this vicinity early in the season, but the wet weather scattered them, and not many have been shot. We look for some good sport with them when frost comes. Ruffed grouse were also plenty, but the woodcock hunters have killed a great many of them. Cannot something be done to stop this killing of birds out of season?—G.

DISAPPOINTMENT ENDED IN DISGUST.—Calvert, Tex.—A friend and myself concluded we would have a fine day on quail, he having just received a finely bred setter just from the breaker's hands. We made an early start and faithfully stuck to it until the declining sun warned us to retrace our steps homeward, but not a bevy or single quail did we find, although the ground looked fine for them. As we were within half a mile of town, utterly disgusted of course at our luck, we met an old fellow with a half cur dog and a musket and with seven quail hung to his belt. And when he began to brag of his cur dog as superior to our setter, we felt like shooting him and the dog both.—NORTH CAROLINIAN.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE HOUNDS.—The *World* last week reported the hounding of deer by President Cleveland's party in the Adirondacks. We have expressed the opinion that this report was unfounded. As the charge has been reiterated in the papers, it is to be hoped that Dr. Ward will now be heard from.

NORTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent suggests that Munroe, N. C., on the Carolina Central Railroad, is a good point for quail shooting. Information may be had of T. M. Brown, who keeps the hotel there.

MR. WILLIAM LYMAN, the inventor of the Lyman rifle sight, returned last Monday from Europe, where he reports the sight is winning favor among English sportsmen.

VENISON.—New York dealers are now selling venison which was killed last winter, and has been stored in the refrigerators.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

AND yet it was of a fishy character, although we were after fowl. The days of the bay snipe are almost gone, never to be heard of again. The sweet terms of "dowitcher" and "krieker," "marlin" and "yellowleg," "oxeye" and "dowbird," are to be things of remembrance, to live possibly as long as some of the older generation, who, in the pleasure of memory and inspiration of hope, will still occasionally do as we did, get up at daylight in the lovely August morning, and sit all through the crawling hours under the broiling sun, with but a very occasional whistle of encouragement and a still more occasional shot. There were just enough of these to make it certain that if we left the stand a straggler would put in an appearance, so we deserted our bushy hiding place on purpose, and one of us would go away, leaving the other to guard, or both would take a stroll and would let our yacht captain act as temporary substitute. Thus we beguiled the innocent birds with a pretense of neglect and a very manifest evidence of desertion, and had deluded a few to their destruction, when our attention was attracted to one of the fishing steamers which are getting so numerous on our coast, and which had evidently struck a school of "bunkers," as it had stopped in its ominous career along shore. Curious at its being so close to the breakers, and desirous of seeing how the nets could be managed under such circumstances, we shouldered our guns, leaving the bay birds to the tender care of our captain, struck out across the wonderful collection of sand that we call "the beach," and which in its weakness defies the roaring ocean as the toughest rocks cannot do. A walk of a quarter of an hour to the busy if not pleasant hum of the active mosquito, who welcomed our appearance with pæans of rejoicing, brought us to the side of the "sounding sea," where we sat down in the soft sand to study the evil ways of the enemies of fish kind.

The steamer that had been first observed by us was an immense one, coming from Maine, according to rumor, and certainly large enough to have crossed the ocean. She had already sent out three boats before we had got within sight, one of these, a small Whitehall affair, held only one man, and he was close in shore between it and a school of menhaden. The ocean was in its very calmest of moods, there was scarcely any surf and we could have launched through it our smallest flat-bottomed yacht tender, and though we might have "tossed a biscuit," as the saying is, easily into the wherry of the nearest fisherman, he was safe and managed his boat without trouble. His duty was to gently drive the fish a little further from the shore that the nets could be run around them without risk. This he soon accomplished, and the two large whaleboats, each manned with six men, started on their career of capture. In ten minutes they had the school entirely surrounded. At first the fish were undisturbed; then aroused to their peril they made a wild rush to escape. There was a streak of foam in the water at the outer edge of the net, a few frantic struggles and that was all. The hundred thousand of individual entities of fish food were in the rapacious maw of the all-devouring net. Not far off was a smaller steamer, one that belonged to the factories in our bay, for they have lately come to the same deadly means of pursuing their business. Between them I noticed and pointed out to my companion another school of fish. These can be readily distinguished by the purple color in the water which is otherwise for the most part of a greenish hue, especially so near the shore. But hardly had I seen it before we perceived another set of boats putting out from the steamer prepared to pursue the same tactics and equipped in the same manner. These latter made a bungle of it, however. Their capture was even larger than that of the first set; but by some mismanagement they did not draw the pursing rope properly, and the purple line of prisoners drifted out of the net till they were spread a hundred yards from it. But this misfortune, while it injured the fish hunters, did not benefit the fish, who had been suffocated, and after lying a few minutes on the surface sank to the bottom or were carried away by the current. They are so exceedingly delicate that the least ill-treatment kill them. Thus were other hundreds of thousands of bait fishes destroyed or turned from their natural purpose of feeding others of their kind to making oil and debasing themselves into fertilizers.

Here were two vessels with all the immense advantages that steam gave them, for when the ocean is calm and there is no wind, is the best time for seeing and capturing their prey, like two enormous marine monsters prowling up and down our coast with maws of infinite capaciousness, taking the food of the bluefish by millions, and incidentally every other species that may be found with them, and converting the whole into a comparatively worthless article of commerce; and yet we are told that this does not diminish the supply and will not injure the fishing. If they do not utterly exhaust the schools of menhaden, and if they do not equally utterly destroy and starve to death the better varieties of food fishes, there is no arguing from cause to effect, no judging the future by the past. But hardly had we been seated there fifteen minutes when from the distance along the shore and beyond our ken appeared another monster like unto them attracted by the sight of the deadly work, and in another fifteen minutes a second from far out at sea. They reminded me of the vultures in the southern country that collect around the body of a dead or dying horse. They came from beyond human sight to the cruel feast. The destruction they wrought was complete; not a fish was left when they got through. A few schools had escaped them so far, but the calm weather was their opportunity, and they "scooped them" to the last individual. Is it any wonder that there has been no blue-fishing along our coast this summer, or in the bays of Long Island, Barnegat or Jamaica? This destructive industry has been prosecuted so vigorously that the waters in the neighborhood of Maine are exhausted; scarcely any menhaden can get into any of the coast line of bays, and factories have been established and steamers have been sent as far south as North Carolina, and it is said are to be employed in Florida. It almost makes a person an anti-monopolist when he thinks that in spite of this impending ruin hanging over the fisheries, the poor people of our bays who follow moderate fishing for a living cannot get the invasions and murderous operations of these foreign marauders stopped, and will not be able to do so till there is nothing left for them to catch. R. B. R.

MORE MENHADEN TESTIMONY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be remembered that early in the season weakfish were quite plentiful all along the New Jersey coast from Barnegat to Cape May, and good catches of fairly-sized fish were daily reported. At these times the menhaden had not appeared close to the beach line and the few fishing "machines" that were in operation did not interfere with the entering of the weakfish into the inlets; but just as soon as the schools of mossbunkers show themselves inshore and the "scoopers" began to follow them, the former disappeared and line-fishing has been poor.

The question as to what shall be done with these menhaden boats, which are doubtless doing as great damage to the food-fish supply along the New Jersey coast, is yearly assuming greater importance, and it is truly a serious matter. Every bay fisherman that plies his vocation with hook and line, be he professional or amateur, is loudly complaining of what is certainly an outrage, which cannot be remedied save by the action of the United States Government, for the Attorney-General of New Jersey has decided that the law of last year has virtually no effect; the State has no jurisdiction over the waters of the Atlantic Ocean beyond low-water mark. Congress must be appealed to to prevent the outrage, and until that body legislates the menhaden fishermen can continue their work unmolested anywhere outside of the surf-line.

During the past week some of the Long Beach natives used a rifle on a menhaden fishing boat that came in close to the surf, which caused the crew to make a hasty retreat; but the real remedy is in the hands of Congress, and it behooves those interested, and their name is legion, to be ready for the question at its next session at Washington. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 29.

The fishing steamer Annie H. Morris, now engaged in capturing menhaden off the coast near Egg Harbor Inlet, made a haul last week of 285,000 of these fish, which will be (or are already) sold for fertilizing purposes; and this is the record of only one of the extensive fleet of steamers engaged along our coast in this shameful devastation. As a proof that our sea food fish exist largely on menhaden it is enough to know that during the time these first-mentioned fish were being caught in such quantities, vast schools of bluefish, weakfish and bass were among the small fry, and anglers have reported the fishing to have been better last week than at any time before this season. The menhaden have been scarce this summer up to last week, and the large fish have been correspondingly fewer than ever before. The sudden appearance of menhaden in large quantities now is probably due to the younger fish leaving their breeding places in the rivers on their way to the sea, although their migration thither generally does not occur until early fall. From Block Island all along the New York and New Jersey coast to Cape May it is universally declared that the present has been the poorest fishing season ever known. Purse-seining has lessened the sport with rod and line, but the menhaden destroyers threaten us with a much graver result, which is the speedy and thorough extinction of our food fish in these latitudes. New Jersey representatives in the United States Senate and in the House should be awakened to the necessity for prompt and decisive action in the next session of Congress against menhaden destruction. This wanton fish piracy must be put down before another season, and such laws should be made as will allow of no technical evasion. To do this it will be necessary to entirely prohibit the capturing of menhaden for the making of oil or guano. It has been suggested that menhaden netting be restricted to a distance from shore of at least eight miles. Such a law would be worse than useless, as its provision of distance would furnish a point difficult of proof and simple to evade. What is wanted is a law of absolute prohibition. It will be said that this law would destroy an industry and throw men out of employment. Of course it would. But menhaden netting has destroyed the employment of many hundreds of coast fishermen who catch food fish for a living. These men are worth only their little vessels and their outfit, and with no other industry that they can follow but fishing, actual want is a result no great way distant for them. The men on the menhaden steamers are poorly paid, are young men for the most part, who could and would find other employment fully as remunerative, and are certainly less numerous than the coast fishermen. Last year there were 59 steamers, averaging about ten men to a crew, of which number more than half were boys. There are surely more than 600 coast fishermen with families on our shores dependent upon the legitimate capture of food fish for the living which the menhaden destroyers deny them; and there are certainly treble that number of handlers and dealers in fish who depend largely for their profits upon our coast food fish. As to the menhaden industry itself, according to a report made last January at a meeting of the U. S. Menhaden Oil and Guano Association, "as a whole it is not a paying business on account of low prices of oil and guano, and high cost of men and material." And this report was made after the season of 1884, when 858,592,691 menhaden were taken!

The newspapers of New Jersey, and especially those of the shore counties, should agitate the question of menhaden poaching until the true state of matters is brought home to the people and our representatives in Congress with a force and certaintity that will brook no delay in carrying out speedy and effective measures for the total extinction of this suicidal fish destruction. The menhaden pirates must go.—*Railway (N. J.) Advocate, Aug.* 26.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* reports: United States Fish Commissioner Eugene Blackford said this morning: "Fish have been much more plentiful the last few days. Bluefish have been caught very freely all the week and are wholesaling to the large hotels at eight cents a pound. Pompano and Spanish mackerel are also plenty and cheap." "Do you think that the catching of the menhaden in the waters around New York will have a disastrous effect on the catching of bluefish?" "I don't believe it will have any influence at all. I have made the laws of the supply of fish a study, and am sure that no man can tell anything about the reasons for their being plentiful or scarce. A careful comparison of fish in our waters for the last ten years shows that the causes of the scarcity of salt-water fish are beyond the agency of man, and most certainly cannot be affected by menhaden fishing. About one hundred years ago all the bluefish suddenly disappeared from our coast. At that time there were no menhaden steamers, and the catch of that fish for bait was very limited. This goes to show that fish come and go, whatever men may do." Mr. A. C. Hoff, a fish dealer, differed with Mr. Blackford. "Every man caught catching menhaden," said Mr. Hoff, "should be shot or hanged. They put out their nets for menhaden and catch numbers of small, immature bluefish. These they bring in and injure the market for good bluefish by selling them. The catching of so many menhaden in the waters of our shores is, in my opinion, killing our bluefishing. If the menhaden are destroyed it will certainly rob the bluefish of one kind of food and will compel them to go to places where they can find menhaden. This will make bluefish higher, just as it does Spanish mackerel, which used to be caught off Long Island until they were driven away by such practices."

A RESTIGOUCHE SALMON SCORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Salmon angling on the Restigouche this season has been good. I hand you my score, one rod, which speaks for itself. Arrived on my angling waters June 15, being one-half on the Quebec side of the river at the Indian House section. In consequence of logs running there was no angling until 18th.

	Lbs.
June 18—26, 36, 21, 25, 35, 25, 32	170
June 19—22, 23, 26, 26, 21, 21	149
June 20—21, 20, 21, 22, 31	115
June 22—21, 24	45
June 23—25, 26 27, 28, 19	125
June 24—18, 20, 21, 21, 23, 21	124
June 25—12, 23, 24, 24, 27	110
June 26—20, 24	44
June 27—25, 23, 21, 23	92
	967
June 28—Much rain, causing an extraordinary freshet, rivers rising 5 feet, and no angling until 4th.	
July 4—21, 22, 12	56
July 6—22, 20, 22, 19, 15, 14, 20, 22, 24, 20	210
July 7—10, 23, 22, 16, 12, 24, 24	136
July 8—20, 24, 26, 27, 28, 15	146
July 9—27, 24, 13, 12	76
July 10—12, 16, 21, 22, 25, 10, 26, 25	157
July 11—28, 21, 22, 10, 13	94
85 salmon in 16 days, averaging 22 pounds.	1,845
July 13—Gave up the water to other parties, occasionally angling on water where salmon rarely frequent, and increasing the score during 8 days thus: 24, 25, 23, 22, 24, 24, 13, 11, 13, 25, 15, 12, 14	245
Total, 98 salmon	2,093

An Old Hand.

OPTICS AND ANGLING.

FROM time to time various articles have appeared in the columns of this paper in which different authors have discussed how leaders, flies, etc., appear to a fish and how a fish sees, that is, how external objects appear to them. Many statements made in these articles were clearly wrong, and the mistakes seem to have arisen from ignorance of the fundamental laws of optics. For instance, one writer expresses much surprise to find that he can look up vertically and see out of a mass of water as if it were a piece of glass. He expected it would reflect like a mirror. Yet he knows he can look horizontally through a piece of glass or a mass of water inclosed in glass, also that he can look vertically upward through a piece of glass, then why not upward in like manner through a mass of water inclosed in glass, or water alone. But should he look at the inner top surface, or in fact, any inner surface of a transparent liquid, provided these surfaces are smooth and transparent at a right angle, at less than a certain angle, which for water is about 40°, they would appear like mirrros, for the light cannot penetrate, but is totally reflected. Therefore, it has been thought that a critical discussion of these points would be of interest to anglers, and enable them, perhaps, to correct some of their old notions, as well as gain some new ones. It will not be necessary to begin with a full discussion of the principles of optics, of the laws of light and the sensation of seeing, for that would be entirely too long and wearisome to the ordinary reader, as well as trite to those versed in the subject.

It will be sufficient to say that light is a vibration of the particles of matter, that we get light in two ways, first from a luminous body which emits it, and second from an illuminated body which reflects that already received from some luminous source. The sun is our great luminary and his reflected light enables us to see external objects. Sunlight is white and this is composed of innumerable shades of color. Hence a substance that reflects all the light it receives appears white; one that reflects only the red rays, red, etc. A black object reflects none at all.

Rays of light pass through a transparent homogeneous medium in straight lines. A ray passing from one medium of this kind into another of a different density is bent at point of contract and the angle thus made varies with the difference of the densities. If the reader will look at Fig. 2 for example he will see the ray coming from the man's hat is bent when it strikes the water and reaches the fish at the bottom of the pond. When the ray strikes a denser medium than the one just left, it is bent as in the figure, had it struck a rarer instead of a denser medium it would have been bent in the opposite direction. Thus theoretically the man ought to be able to see the fish the same as the fish sees him. This for example explains why a stick appears broken when thrust into water. A ray of light striking the inner or outer surface of water at an angle less than forty degrees to the horizontal line is wholly rejected and none enters or passes out. From these principles we can now understand the following diagram.

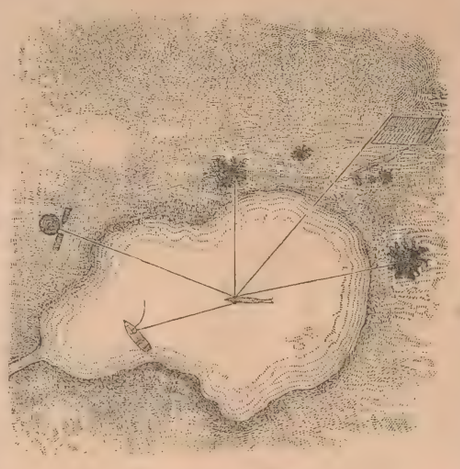


Fig. 1.

In Fig. 1 we see the map of a lake with a boat upon it and a man fishing, on the shore a house, windmill, tree, etc.

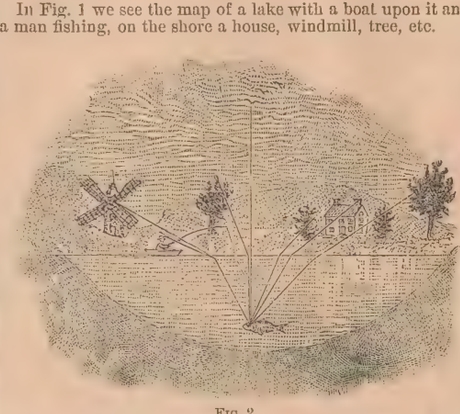


Fig. 2.

Fig. 2 shows a vertical section of the same. The point where the lines converge is the position of a fish at the bottom of the pond. We see the rays of light bent as they enter the water. But the fish of course sees them in the continuation of the straight line that enters his eye. He cannot know the ray is bent. Thus, for instance, instead of seeing the man where he really is, he sees him where he (the man) would be if the line from the man's head were bent up until it made a straight line with its continuation from the surface of the water to the fish's eye. Hence external objects are lifted up and projected upon the bottom of an inverted cone, the apex of which is at the fish's eye. Beyond this cone the objects on the bottom of the pond and in the water are reflected in the inner surface of the water as in a mirror. But there is no exact line between the two classes of objects. The images overlap, and as external things are viewed at a greater and greater angle they become more and more indistinct and distorted until they cease and the bottom alone is reflected, while on the other hand, as the fish looks more and more directly overhead, external objects become plainer, and when he finally looks directly up, he looks out of the water as if it were all air and sees the bird overhead the same as we and in his proper place.

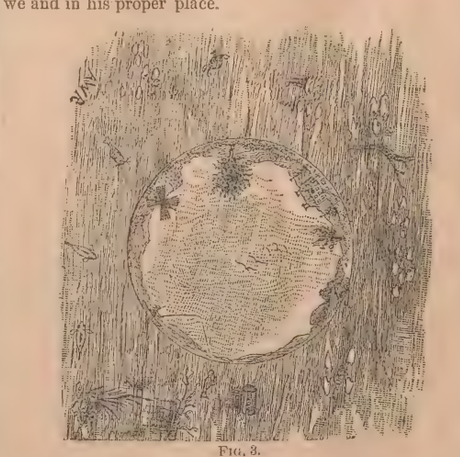


Fig. 3.

If now the reader will hold this paper horizontally overhead and about three inches from his eye, and will look at the spot in the center of the circle in Fig. 3, he will gain an approximate idea of how this pond, landscape, etc., would appear to the fish. The objects around the circle show other fish, pads, things on the bottom, etc. The overlapping of the two sets of images has not been shown, as it could not be in a diagram without a loss of clearness and a tendency to confusion.

One point more. These conditions described exist as such only when the surface of the water is calm. When broken by waves the two sets of images are being continually mingled. It is very much as if one stood before an open window surveying a landscape, while one in the room above was pouring down a shower of broken mirrors in front of the window. It can be easily understood that the landscape, the reflection of the room behind, flashes of light and all objects would be a confused mass of images, indiscriminately mixed and changing. Something very similar to this would be the case with the fish looking up at the surface broken by waves.

From recent experiments undertaken by French savans in the lake of Geneva, it was found by the aid of photography that in that lake at a depth of over 160 meters (over 500 feet), when it was a clear day above, there was as much light as in a clear night without moon. The amount which penetrates, of course, varies with the clearness of the water. From this it would be safe to say that in our clear streams and lakes, up to 25 feet in depth, the water is as full of light and as easily seen in, as a foggy day outside. Anglers do not realize how clearly and well fish see in their proper element. When the water is very clear there is no reason why a fish should not see a fly or bait nearly as well as an angler, and at a great distance.

From this we can easily see how important it is to fish with fine neat tackle. A fish can see all the tackle and its arrangements as well in the water as the angler in the air. Leaders therefore should be as fine as consistent with safety. The color is not of so much importance. If you are going to cast in open water hold the gut against the sky and pick out the tint least visible; if on a tree-shaded stream a dark tint is best. A very dark tint in open water is bad. In bait-fishing white transparent gut is best.

Also fish see far less of the colors of flies than anglers think, and, for that matter, of natural insects also. For instance, hold one of your flies against a dull sky and look at it from below. The lower part is poorly illuminated and reflects little light, consequently there is very little color seen. A white fly is best seen, for it reflects all the light it receives. The shape appears very distinctly, and if the wings are of a transparent feather then a color is visible, but often quite a different one in the transmitted light from what is seen by reflected light. The hackle gives generally quite a good deal of color, and is of more importance in the make-up of a fly than it is generally credited with.

As a matter of fact, flies are generally gotten up on a totally wrong principle. They are tied with reference as to how they appear to us on our tables, without any reference as to how they may appear under altered conditions to the fish. That we have good ones is due to the fact that out of a thousand ties some hits must be made. Two flies that look alike on the table, when held against the sky might appear quite different, and yet this is the way a fish sees them. The wings of one might be transparent, which would not be noticed on the table; but when held against the sky this would show a color (and possibly quite a different tint from what it has upon the table), while the wing of the other is opaque and the whole fly looks almost black. Then, again, if the fly is sunk below the surface it would appear to the fish as it does ordinarily to us.

These points have been commented on because they are too generally neglected.

It has been recently stated that fish are near-sighted. This seems unreasonable. A near-sighted fish would be as badly off as a near-sighted man and worse, for the fish could not obtain glasses. It is argued from the density of the medium and the convexity of the fishes' eyes. The density of the medium, water, has nothing to do with it. Rays of light move in straight lines and act alike in mediums of every density provided they are homogeneous, which we know water to be. Thus objects are seen in all mediums alike, provided they are equally transparent, without regard to density.

Moreover it must be proved that the image produced by the crystalline lens of the eye does not fall upon the retina at its proper focal distance. The convexity of the lens amounts to nothing if only the retina is at the right distance. In respect to looking at objects out of the water while he is in it, myopia might possibly be of benefit to a fish; but it would be enormously disadvantageous to him in respect to his immediate relations and interests and faculties are generally developed for such purposes. Percyval.

TROUTING LONG AGO.

WE have been kindly permitted to look over the record of a famous sportsman who fished Long Island waters many years ago, but only began to keep a record of his fishing in 1823. It was the journal of Gen. Henry Floyd-Jones, father of the present well-known gentlemen who live on the old estates, on the south side, and who inherit the love of angling that their father and his brother Thomas Floyd-Jones left them. Massapequa Lake then, as now, was famous for its trout, and all the streams were well stocked. The record says:

"A morning's sport on June 28, 1823, yielded three dozen fine trout from Stump Pond, Suffolk county. March 24, 1824, Capt. John Livingston, John Kartright and H. Floyd-Jones, killed eighty trout, remarkable fine ones. That year took four fine trout in Jackson's Pond, Jerusalem. June, 1825, Thomas Floyd-Jones and H. Floyd-Jones fished with success in Stump Pond, find you can fish there best with ground bait."

In 1826 the brothers "took thirty fish at Stump Pond, fish in these waters not fine. Followed Mill's Pond below where the fish have access to salt water through Smithtown River, they are large and fine flavor, the fish in all these waters are lively and make fine sport. * * * Feb. 29, 1828, the earliest fishing in these waters, we killed twenty-six trout, but they were poor. Feb. 26, 1829, still cold in the pond; caught 40 fish weighing 36 pounds at Sam Carman's. March 4, 1831, at Sam Carman's Pond, caught 19 trout, weight 17¾ pounds. T. Floyd-Jones, two trout, one 1 pound 10 ounces, the other 1 pound 11 ounces; Mr. Hamblin one, 2 pounds 2 ounces. Henry Wyckoff killed a trout weighing 2½ pounds."

"Feb. 29, 1832, Dr. Kartright and H. Floyd-Jones killed 24 trout in Stump Pond, largest 1 pound 14 ounces." On March 15, 1832, the same persons "at Snediker's, in the creek near Islip, killed 14 fish weighing 18 pounds." On April 2, same year, "clear and windy, six rods from flume at Homan's Pond, Middle Island, Thomas Floyd-Jones and Dr. Kartright killed in one hour 15 trout weighing 22¼ pounds, the largest of these fish weighed 2¾ pounds,* this is as fine sport as ever had on Long Island.

On the 18th of February, 1833, they took 18 trout at Islip, the largest weighing 1 pound, and next morning captured 82 fish in three hours, three of them weighing a pound each. April 5, 1835, the same gentlemen killed 50 fine fish at Stump Pond, and the journal says: "About this time an Englishman killed 100 trout, a good fisherman but not an honorable

*Mount made a painting of this fish, which is now in the possession of Mr. William Floyd-Jones at Massapequa.

sportsman; he pickled the fish and sent them to town." Two gentlemen, March 12, 1838, "took 28 trout in the creek at Islip, one fish weighing 2 pounds and one weighing 1¾ pounds." Messrs. H. and T. Floyd-Jones "fished a short distance from them, only took one that weighed 3 pounds 2 ounces.

The first record of fly-fishing appears in the journal under date of July 20, 1838, as follows: "Edward Floyd Jones killed with fly 24 trout near the reeds in T. Floyd Jones's creek." March 17, 1839, "Returned from Albany to fish in Islip; no fish. I will state what Mr. William Townsend told me, and it can be relied on, that he caught in Buckram Pond, belonging to Thomas Cox, one trout weighing 5 pounds. Capt. Nathaniel Smith took one east of Patchogue, Swan [?] Creek, which weighed 7¾ pounds. Mr. Smith is a gentleman that can be relied upon. William Buckner, of New York, killed a trout in Stump Pond, in 1816, that weighed 4 pounds 6 ounces, and in 1833 Mr. Kneeland took a trout in Islip Creek weighing 3 pounds 6 ounces; at the same time he took four fish that weighed 11 pounds. A trout was caught with a spear in the Forge River, Moriches, in 1838, weighing 4½ pounds. Samuel Carman, now living, caught with a net, in 1828, a fish in his mill flume that was called by some a trout, but must have been a salmon, weighing 14 pounds. This fish may have been lost from some fishing smack on its way to New York or strayed from the Kennebeck of his own free will. William Onderdonk says his brother, Andrew, caught a trout at Hempstead Harbor, lower pond, that weighed 4 pounds. Mr. Seaton took, in Sam Carman's pond, a trout whose weight was 3 pounds 2 ounces. Mr. Perris took a trout in Carman's River whose weight was 4 pounds 4 ounces; the place is called Perris Hole. Andrew Glover took a trout in Carman's River whose weight was 4 pounds 2 ounces, in 1822. In 1819 Mr. Seaton took one weighing 3 pounds 14 ounces."

"In 1800, an English lady, Mrs. Crow, took a trout that weighed 4 pounds 6 ounces. This lady had the pleasure of taking the largest trout ever taken out of these waters. March 17, 1839, T. F.-J. and H. F.-J. took in Islip River seven fish, one of them, caught by H. Floyd-Jones, the largest trout I have ever taken, although I have fished these waters for 40 years; it weighed 2½ pounds. August, 1839, took 22 very fine fish in my creek with fly. Aug. 26, 1839, took 40 trout with fly in my creek. * * * In 1832, Mr. Hamlin took 24 trout in Carman's Creek weighing 38 pounds, one of three pounds 3 ounces, the largest he ever caught; 3 of them weighed 3 pounds each. In 1842, Charles Clinton took in Massapequa Lake, old brick house stream, at once fishing with minnows, 1 trout 2¼ pounds, and in all 17 fish weighing 18¾ pounds. Aug. 20, 1842, took 14 fish with fly in my creek, 3 of them where I could see the stars shining."

"In November, 1842, was taken in Moriches Bay in a gill-net, by John Raynor and Isaac Bishop, 4 salmon weighing 7 or 8 pounds; this is worthy of remark, as salmon have never been taken before in South Bay. 1843, H. Floyd-Jones and brother, at Fire Place, took 6 fish weighing 11 pounds 2 ounces, and on the 21st of April, I and E. Floyd-Jones took 12 fish in Massapequa Lake which weighed 20 pounds, one of 2¾ pounds and 2 fish of 2 pounds each."

"1850, went to Sam Carman's but did not wet my line; not many fish taken. Fine fishing this spring in my creek. Of those taken in Massapequa Lake, 1 weighed 2 pounds, 1 3¾, by T. F.-J. * * * Good fishing this year in the lake. 1850, 14 trout with fly in my creek."

REFLECTIONS ON THE CATFISH.

THIS is the way the London *Saturday Review* lifts up its hands in horror at the catfish: "Our institutions are indeed being Americanized. In some respects *Britannia capta* has even outrun her conqueror, and it is possible, though we hope improbable, that the land of the New York *Herald* may have to complain of the Anglicizing of her newspapers. But from one American institution our country is free—long may it be untouched by the invaders! It seems almost incredible that any one should wish to introduce the accursed catfish to our native shores. Yet we read, with horror, that 'a consignment of catfish has been received by the National Fishculture Association from the Fish Commission of the United States.' Is America to be allowed to export the paupers and criminals of her brooks and rivers into our innocent waters? If mere sport is the object of the National Fishculture Association, perhaps they intend to set a dogfish at the catfish, and enjoy the brutal pleasures of the one-sided conflict. The Council, according to the *Field*, 'will not introduce these or any strange fish into English waters without full knowledge and consideration.' This sounds too much like Mr. Gladstone's reserves about the House of Lords. The Council will think twice, or even thrice, before introducing catfish. Perish the thought! One might as well say that cholera, or pellagra, or the plague, or the Colorado beetle, or the man-eating tiger will not be introduced 'without full knowledge and consideration.'

"In the first place almost all of these acclimatizations are errors. People in charge of our rivers should be like hostesses who 'don't introduce.' Where trout exist you can do nothing but harm by bringing in *parvenus*. Some lunatics brought in pike in certain Scotch waters. The consequence is that trout are like the Palæolithic peoples after an irruption of men in the Bronze Age—that is to say all but exterminated. Even grayling should be left where they are natives. They have come into the Clyde, where they are despised and detested, more or less by the Caledonians, who indeed despite their hospitality, rarely receive such strangers gladly. And grayling, the ladies of the waters, are not to be compared to the hideous, voracious, plebeian, un-English catfish, whose very name condemns it. Even birds, beasts and insects comparatively harmless at home—sparrows, rabbits, and so forth—do inestimable mischief when planted in America, Australia or New Zealand. The catfish, the white catfish, is deperately ugly, 'a garbage-eating, bottom-feeder, ill-looking, of no consideration in the matter of sport, and not worthy of introducing where it would eat up the food of our own fishes,' and probably eat up our own fishes as well. From a passing notice in 'Huckleberry Finn,' we guess that the catfish may grow to about the size of a man of middle height. If this be so even bathing would be unsafe in rivers infested by catfish. From Mr. Frank Stockton's account in 'Rudder Grange,' of the capture of a catfish, we infer that the incident resembles the catching of a tartar. Of course, if the brute does not rise to fly, it will cause less annoyance to anglers of the right sort; but over here it might change its habits and acquire a passion for black gnats or March browns. As to its edible qualities, the catfish is said to resemble the eel, and that is saying enough. We have a sufficiency of eels, and need not reinforce our 'food stuffs' with catfish. 'At present they are curiosities on view;' we wish that they could be exhibited stuffed. Perhaps a pair of catfish may escape from South Kensington through the waters with floating electric lights, may reach the Serpentine, may invade the river, may push their way into the Kennett, the Wandle, and so forth, and finally the kitten fish of the species may even get into the Tweed, and the melancholy mewing of the catfish will be heard where the swan on sweet St. Mary's Loch pitches into the angler. There is, were it wanted, another proof of the folly of those acclimatizations. Because Wordsworth put a property swan on St. Mary's, impracticable real swans have been introduced, and, like the catfish, they are distinguished nuisances."

Punch breaks out in rhyme as follows:

Oh, do not bring the catfish here;
The catfish is a name of fear,
Oh, spare each stream and spring.
The Kennet swift, the Wandle clear,
The lake, the loch, the broad, the mere,
From that detested thing!

The catfish is a hideous beast,
A bottom-feeder that doth feast
Upon unholy bait;
He's no addition to your meal,
He's rather richer than the eel,
And ranker than the skate!

His face is broad, and flat and glum;
He's like some monstrous miller's thumb;
He's bearded like the pard.
Beholding him, the grayling flee,
The trout take refuge in the sea,
The gudgeons go on guard!

He grows into a startling size;
The British matron 'twould surprise,
And raise her burning blush.
To see white catfish, large as man,
Through what the bards call "waters wan"
Come with an ugly rush!

They say the catfish climbs the trees,
And robs the roosts, and, down the breeze,
Prolongs his catterwaul.
Ah, leave him in his Western flood,
Where Mississippi churns the mud;
Don't bring him here at all!

The American regard for the "catty," often affectionately called bullhead, has been sung in prose by the Chicago *News* in this wise: The original bullhead is essentially a game fish, and it takes a native Missourian to cope with him successfully. Other men may catch him, but none as dextrously and swiftly as a Missourian. Six other men, with bamboo poles, silver plated reels, and fly-hooks, may beat a Missouri bayou from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. and not get a nibble; then a long-haired, flat-footed, lop-eared Missourian will happen along with a bob line, pin hook and an old-fashioned angleworm, and in less than half an hour will haul out a string of bullheads, each bullhead with horns on him like a series of Christmas-tree cornucopiæ, and a voice like one of the chorus singers in a Wagner opera. We wish our fish commission would invent some means of preserving in the imported bullheads those characteristics which distinguish the original species. The kind now spawned in Illinois waters are a degenerate race, and their flesh is as watery, insipid, and tasteless as their habits are effete. The Missouri bullhead, however—the good old originals caught up around St. Joe, or in Callaway county, or down in the old French district near Ste. Genevieve—has a flavor that is as rich and ripe as the grand old soil in which it buries itself when the cottonwood sheds her foliage and the storm-king comes riding o'er wold and weir.

FLY-FISHING FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nearly every married man thinks his wife, his dog and his razor are the best, and it is a fortunate dispensation of Providence that men do so think, or they might run away with the other man's wife, or steal his dog, or go to the barber's to be shaved, none of which ever occurs.

So, too, the fly-caster thinks that some particular fly is the *ne plus ultra*, the indispensable to his success, without which dry land would be equally prolific when he wants fish for breakfast.

Like all converts, whether it be to religion, or rearing of chickens, or any craze, the enthusiasm of the early fly-caster knows no limits until his book is filled with a variety of styles, hues and size, that combined resemble a boquet of freshly-gathered flowers, enchanting to behold, but withering with time and disappearing with experience.

To assert that a certain kind of fly for certain kind of fish will be effective in all waters, is simple nonsense.

The statement a few years since of Dr. Estes in the FOREST AND STREAM, I think that what is known with him as the "Lake Pepin" fly—a pure yellow—was very successful, induced some of our dealers to order a supply, and your orrespondent fell in line at once.

A thorough test proved that it was "N. G." in this section, and that fly to-day is part of my boquet and of no other use, and other cases might be cited.

I am thoroughly satisfied that bass in different sections and in different water of same section, differ in their habits, as men born and reared in Massachusetts, or in New York or Indiana, for instance, although of the same race, differ more or less in their language and in many other ways.

The fly craze struck me only a few years since, but in that short time I have had it bad, and bought and bought, and given away and destroyed (in fact can hardly resist even now "just to try" some new fangled whim), until I have come to the conclusion that not to exceed six or seven varieties of fly are all that any black bass fisherman needs or can successfully use.

Be that as it may elsewhere, such has been my experience in Central New York. I am also inclined to think that the first fly that has been successful with the beginner, "his first love," so to speak, is very likely to continue his favorite, and will always be found in his book, ready for use, when flirting with others fails to fill the vacuum.

A knowledge of the habits of bass, their daily change of feeding ground, the condition of the waters, the temperature of the weather, the sunshine and the shadow, not forgetting your tackle, are of greater importance than variety of flies.

SYRACUSE.

"CAMP FLOTSAM."—Battersea, Ont.—I am close to the time of breaking camp. Once more Truthful James and I will return, "followed by glory like a shadow." The Canadian forests are daily adding new hues to their foliage, and the lake shores are resplendent in scarlet and gold, while all nature says stay. But our outing has died with the summer days, and though we suffer the same fate we go.—WAWAYANDA.

SHRIMP AS BAIT FOR BLACK BASS.—New York, Aug. 30.—Can you inform me if shrimp are a good bait for black bass, and whether bass will bite on shrimp if dead? Also whether shrimp come put up for keeping some time? After my experience last month fishing in Sullivan county, N. Y., I learned that nothing was to be despised as a bait. I was fishing in a boat during a thunder storm, and had taken several bass, but no large ones, and had used up everything in the shape of bait I had when I chanced to think of a large bull-frog I caught that morning and had put in my fish-box in the boat in a tomato can; no sooner thought of than done. I hooked the "bull," who was about four or five inches high through the lips, and cast him on the waters, expecting that if any returns were received they would be satisfactory. It had not been in the water more than two minutes before a strike was felt that meant business, and upon striking with my rod found he was fast. The bass immediately struck out for the deep water, taking out about thirty yards of line before he could be snubbed, which made him so mad that he jumped up out of the water about five feet. He then made two circles round my boat, each one smaller than the other, making four jumps. After about fifteen minutes I laid him flapping in the net in the bottom of my boat, satisfied that a three-pounder was as gamy as a larger fish.—C. E. B. [Shrimp are good bait for black bass and are best dead as they show better. They may be put up in salt. We see large Southern prawns at Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market, which are put up in some preserving fluid. These should be good.]

THE HERRINGS DESERT IRELAND.—The most capricious of all crops has this year proved unpropitious to Ireland. The herrings have left Dublin Bay, or rather, they have not come into it. The accustomed shoals have lost their geographical bearings. The Gulf Stream is possibly to blame. The herrings were generally constant to the bay, and year after year came and were caught with dispatch, regularity and profit. Other shoal fish showed a tendency to be erratic. The sardines were as capricious as ever they could be. You never knew where to find them. They abandoned the Breton coast, where the fishermen had for many years largely welcomed them, and turned up without rhyme or reason along the seashore by Rochelle, the inhabitants being quite unprepared for their reception, much of this "silver of the sea" being hopelessly lost. On another occasion they disappear altogether, and for the following year pilchards and sprats were largely tinned and consumed at breakfast under a flattering misnomer. But herrings seem, on the whole, to be a faithful fish, and in the average of years come and are caught with praiseworthy punctuality. This season they have altered their route, omitting Ireland from their programme. The Isle of Man and the southwest coast of Scotland are in favor, and at the present moment Dublin is actually supplied with herrings shipped over from the opposite coast.—*Pall Mall Gazette, Aug.* 11.

TORCH AND SPEAR.—Bainbridge, Ga., Aug 23.—A few days ago J. S. Wigham at night paddled into Still Spring, emptying into Spring Creek, a stream abounding in every species of fresh-water fish. A blazing torch he carried disclosed hundreds of rock bass playing in the limpid depths of the spring. Seizing his gig and placing his torch where it would enable him to see his attractive prey, after many hours of solid fun he captured twenty enormous fish, weighing in the aggregate five hundred pounds. Coming to the city, he reported his find to our lovers of piscatorial venture, and a party of four was quickly organized, armed and equipped. They reached this spriug, twenty-two miles distant, at 8 o'clock, finding twenty-five other gentlemen on the ground. A seine was stretched across the spring run, and five boats sped out to the work of death. Until midnight the exciting sport went on. Result: Judge O'Neal killed five; Chas. Eggerton, five; Rube Cloud, six; Tom Mock, four; H. Olivant, two. The largest weighed fifty and the smallest twenty-four pounds. The next day Judge O'Neal killed a splendid buck. Turkey and deer are quite plentiful in our forests at present.—O. G. GUSLEY.

TROUT IN THE SIERRA NEVEDA.—In a long article on the ascent of Mount Whitney, in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, Mr. Thomas Magee says that the Whitney region is perhaps the very finest fishing region in the Sierra Nevada. They are not only numerous but "magnificent" in their coloring. Mr. Magee claims that they were never made to be eaten. We wish that he would send us a few pounds of them, in season of course, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith, especially some of those he speaks of "in the Kern River and Kern Lake, large trout weighing one pound and a half to four pounds." If these are carefully packed in ice and sent in a refrigerator car, express paid, we will cheerfully give him our unpurchasable opinion on the question of their having been made to be eaten. By the way, we have a paper on angling in the Mt. Whitney country, and will publish it in an early number.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE USE OF THE THROWING-STICK BY ESQUIMAUX.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society by Prof. O. T. Mason.]

EVERYTHING that exists should have a reason for its existence; so I must tell you why I am before you to-day. Prof. Goode, the Assistant Director of this Museum, came up on my balcony the other day and asked me if I would not read a short paper to you on some one of my studies connected with fishing among the savage people of the world. So it is at Prof. Goode's request that I am here this afternoon to say a few words about the use of the instrument known as the throwing-stick by the Esquimau in fishing.

In the east north range of the National Museum you will see many specimens of modern appartus for capturing fish, and probably in the next case you will see the savage apparatus for the same purpose; and you will be astonished over and over again at the similarity between the modern and savage forms.

Scarcely a week passes in which some Patent Office Examiner does not come to the Museum to examine the collections to see whether that for which a patent has been claimed is not merely a duplicate of something invented years and years ago. Patents have been claimed for things used in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

One of the most interesting implements invented by savages is the little wooden instrument which I am now going to show and explain to you.

In Southwestern Greenland, the eastern part of Labrador,

mouth of McKenzie River, Pt. Barrow, Bristol Bay, Norton Sound and Kodiak Island this instrument is in use. From Sitka to Columbia River grow the great cedar trees, out of which these immense dugout canoes are made, in which the navigator carries a long spear twelve or fifteen feet in length, and on the end of that a harpoon used for whales.

The Esquimau almost lives in his kyak or skin boat and is so securely fastened in that any accident to the boat is certain death to him. Were he to use his spear alone in making a lunge he would overturn his boat and expose himsel to great danger. So he is compelled to make use of some means which will both answer the purpose of giving the required force to his spear, and avoid the danger incurred without its use. He cannot use the bow in giving the required force to the spear, necessary in harpooning the seal. It is very difficult to use either a bow or firearm in a boat. So he is driven to the use of this invention, happily hitting upon the device of the throwing-stick.

The principle upon which the instrument is used is this: The fisher takes the throwing stick in his right hand usually, with the spear firmly pressed down in the groove of the stick with the fingers. He then brings it up, throwing it a little back over the right shoulder. There is a little hook, generally of ivory, at the upper end of the groove of the stick in which the spear rests, which fits in a notch made in the end of the spear. After getting the weapon in position, without moving his body, he gives a swift and abrupt motion forward, the spear darting from the throwing-stick with great rapidity, the fingers having been raised to allow its passage.

An interesting fact has grown out of the study of the throwing-stick, namely, that it is in use in only three different regions of the world. In Australia in a very simple form, with a hole for the fore finger; in South America and among the Esquimaux of North America; in those three localities alone is it used.

I shall give you a brief description of some individual specimens, and let you look at the others when I am through talking. We will commence with this one from Greenland (showing specimen). There is a groove for the spear, notches on opposite sides for thumb and forefinger, a small hole midway in the groove near the notches for a peg which is inserted in the shaft of the spear. Instead of a hook at the opposite end there is an oblique hole in the ivory into which another peg near the end of the spear fits. The next is from Cumberland Gulf (showing specimen). Very clumsy and roughly made, a groove for the spear, a hole for the forefinger, a notch for the thumb, also three notches on opposite side for the fingers. A goose-spear is also used with this one, which when thrown at the goose just as likely hits the gander. Ungava Bay (showing specimen). Shaped very much like a fiddle-head, a hole for the forefinger. The bend is a great advantage to the hunter, as it increases the facility of launching the weapon, and a spear when used with this will go a great distance. Mouth of McKenzie River (showing specimen). Most primitive of all the collection; a very rude furrow for the spear, a hole for the forefinger.

The Anderson River is the dividing line between the eastern and western Esquimaux. From that line going westward and then southward the throwing-stick improves very rapidly. The form begins to greatly resemble the razor strop handle, with hook or peg at the end of the groove for catching the notch in the end of the spear, groove, hole for the forefinger, notch for the thumb, and in some instances ivory pegs are inserted, thus making spaces for the fingers, affording a better grasp.

In Alaska great headlands project out into the water, thus creating barriers among the people and causing sharp dividing lines and differences in the forms and degree of elaboration of the throwing-stick. After passing the Island of Nunivak, the finger hole disappears, and is not again seen until we come to Kodiak Island toward the east. From one of the Aleutian Islands we have a left-handed throwing-stick with hole for the forefinger, and another left-handed specimen from Nunivak, razor strop handle, no hole for forefinger, thumb notch and pegs on opposite side making finger spaces.

I will not try to tell you how far back in the past this invention must have been made. References are made in old classical literature to one or two forms of contrivances for giving additional force to weapons used in throwing or darting, and I think probably this device is the descendant or offspring of something of that kind for giving additional momentum, rather than a transformation of the bow.

By using the throwing-stick with the spear the force is given to that weapon which the bow gives the arrow, or the sling to the missile thrown. So that this little instrument lends its aid in the three regions mentioned, supplying a great need, probably to be met by no other means.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

Oct. 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2588.**

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—Philadelphia, Aug. 28, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Geo. Esherick has been elected treasurer of the Philadelphia Kennel Club in place of Mr. L. Shuster, Jr., resigned.—E. COMFORT, Secretary.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We telegraphed you yesterday that Col. W. E. Hughes, of Dallas, Texas; E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., and D. C. Bergundthal, of Indianapolis, Ind., had been appointed judges for this association's trials to be run at Abilene, Kan., the week beginning Nov. 9, 1885, which we now confirm.

The prospects are very flattering for a successful meeting. The membership list is being lengthened daily, and we hope to see the association placed upon a firm basis for coming years. Let all of those interested send in their names.

Thank your paper for the kind notices received.

A. A. WHIPPLE, Secretary and Treasurer.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 26.

STANDARD REVISION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Can any of the gentlemen lately appointed to revise the standard of the English greyhound kindly inform the writer how long this breed of dog has been bred in Great Britain and how long since the race has been at all prominent here, and if it is possible that the dog has been used in America for coursing to such an extent as to warrant any change in construction of his physical makeup?

Will one of the committee on harriers state how many purely bred dogs of this strain he has seen in the United States? I refer to the pure English harrier, not the mongrel foxhound and beagle cross commonly termed harrier here. Further, will any sportsman in the United States not on such committee answer the same question?

Can any of the gentlemen on any of the terrier standard changing committees inform the readers of FOREST AND STREAM why it is that as these breeds have all originated in Great Britain and attained their high standard of excellence, we should not accept the present points for judging laid down?

BOND.

SHOW DISTEMPER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 27 Mr. J. M. Fronefield, Jr., denies that Glench Elcho had distemper at the Philadelphia show last May, and hastens to contradict me, for fear that my charge will be the means of keeping exhibitors away from the coming Philadelphia show. I am sorry I did not mark the Irish setter that did have distemper, in the catalogue. And I don't think that Mr. Fronefield will deny that there was an Irish setter in the puppy class down with distemper during the last three days of the show. I am sorry that my article appeared in *A. K. R.* as it was not sent for publication, and I so requested, for I would be one of the last ones to do or say ought that would injure the Philadelphia show. I am under obligations to the management of the late show for favors shown me while there. But I think it the duty of the veterinarian to have removed at once any subjects of distemper. I was appealed to by the owner of this Irish setter to enter a protest against his remaining, as he, the owner of the dog, had requested the privilege of removing him and had been refused to do so. The dog was benched the third or fourth dog north of my Flora H. I may be wrong as to name, but in subject I am correct. Was it not Gerald? If this article meets the eye of the owner of the dog that was afflicted with distemper and that made the request to me I ask him to corroborate my statement. I don't suppose there ever was a dog show without its after results of distemper, and I don't doubt for one moment that those in charge of the Philadelphia show were any more negligent than the management of other dog shows. In conclusion I wish to say I don't court any paper controversy on the subject, but will ask Mr. Fronefield to say am I right or wrong in saying there was a red Irish setter down with distemper? I say there was such a subject, if I am wrong as to name of dog.

J. R. HOUSEL.

WATSONTOWN, Pa., Aug. 28.

WITH ST. BERNARDS AT THE HOSPICE.

HAVING returned from a delightful visit to the Hospice but a week before the Crystal Palace show, I naturally often compared, in my own mind, the St. Bernards as they are in their old mountain home, with the St. Bernards as they appeared before me in the show ring. The few thoughts suggested to me by the comparison may not be out of place in your columns. I do not give them with the view, on my part, of introducing debatable matter, neither do I give them in a dogmatic manner, but simply as the thoughts pressed on me by the coincidences of seeing the best specimens of the St. Bernard at home and abroad, practically, at the same time. First of all let me say a word about The Hospice du Grand St. Bernard and the Holy Fathers there. Though fatiguing early in the season, it is nevertheless best to make the visit before the snows melt. You see everything as it usually is. The idea given by a visit—say in August—is not more correct than would that be to a traveler from the Alps of the Trossachs seen in the depth of winter and covered with snow. Leaving the mules about half a mile from the Cantine de Proz, after a long tramp, we were greeted on arrival, good humoredly, by the dogs. I need not describe The Hospice; many of your readers know it as well as I do. Suffice it to say we were received most kindly by the monks. The wants of the inner man—and outer man, too, for we were wet through—were even luxuriously attended to; after which we were invited to have a look at the dogs. Thus, with agreeable conversation and information readily given, the evening was passed. It was very cold, and it was hard to realize it was midsummer; but after a warm at the fire, a good night's rest closed the day.

The five o'clock bell for mass woke everybody. I will not attempt to describe the scene. Readers can imagine the snow-clad Alps with the morning sun shining in full splendor. After mass and breakfast the dogs were let out for our gratification, and off they went over the snow in the most business-like manner, as if on errands of mercy bent, appearing quite disappointed when they found the monks were not following, and that their day's work was not to begin just yet. There is a tradition and religious halo surrounding these dogs; but I know there is also a certain amount of incredulity with many people who do not hesitate to brand the religious part of it as superstition, and the traditions as false; but that the Holy Fathers do a good work, and that their dogs help in it, there can be no question. I have heard people say—"What! fifteen monks and seven or eight dogs living at the highest permanently inhabited spot in Europe doing good! What is their sphere of usefulness?" It is not my object to write what can be read in the guide books, but the Pass of the Great St. Bernard is historical as the highway into Italy. Travellers who can afford it, can now rush by railway along the Gotthard route—but for poor travellers this pass is still the best way. They cannot afford guides, and those of us who, with guides, know what a false step may do, can easily understand how many slip—to be found no more alive—or to be rescued.

Who rescues? or if the poor traveler perishes, who finds his body? and in a reverent way carries it and takes care of it until—the chance of identification gone—the melting of the snow in the valleys allows decent sepulture. The rescued, of course, go about their business; those found too late to rescue during this past winter numbers thirty-seven, men and women. At my request one of the fathers took us to the morgue, where, true enough, I counted that number. The quantities of human bones found from time to time tell the tale of those lost—that are never found again, dead or alive. One St. Bernard dog—not belonging, however, to the Hospice du Grand St. Bernard—had, I was informed more than once, saved this winter, somewhere in the Rhone Glacier district, seventeen travelers. I have said this much to show there is enough evidence, well authenticated, to justify me in saying there is a religious halo still round the St. Bernard dog; it is not superstition; the traditions of him are not false, and he comes to us with a prestige. However, if any man desires further proof, let him spend a winter at the Hospice. If he survives it, let him write his experiences in the *Live Stock Journal*.

Somehow or other there is an idea that the monks have no good dogs, as we should call them. I use the word "good" in the way an English breeder and exhibitor would use it. This was an error. I was agreeably surprised. I think I may safely say there is no one kennel in England that can turn out seven or eight full-grown dogs to match this number at The Hospice. They are so full of quality—and no other word conveys the meaning. It seems to me the life they lead, the work they do, the intelligence they are constantly called upon to exercise, give them an expression which is very, very rare in England. Is this far fetched when we consider the one dog bred, born, reared and trained at The Hospice, and the other too often bred among dog shows, taken to this show and that during puppyhood, and in after years, should he survive, alternating between forcing foods, dog shows, eczema and physic? I was more than ever forcibly struck with the fact that a St. Bernard is not a dog to be kept shut up in a kennel, and it reminded me of one of my own dogs which I usually take in my rambles; he was twice the dog for intelligence after an excursion among the Welsh mountains and Snowdon, and now knows as well as I do when we are off, and selects his railway carriage with as much judgment as any other gentleman. But this by the way.

Their pups are born and partly reared in the valley, and come up to their future home in the warmer weather, and so gradually get acclimatized for the winter. The monks keep the best. The greater proportion of those they sell, they told me, go to Russia. Perhaps some of your readers can inform us whether they are there kept and bred pure, and, if so, what a Russian St. Bernard is like, or whether they cross them? I am inclined to think the latter.

As everybody knows, the short-coated is what the monks like best on account of the work the dogs have to do, though—probably owing to the climate, their short coat is longer than our short coat—not so mastiff-like. They do not condemn the long-coated; they had one in their kennel, but more for fancy than anything else. Many were nicely marked, as we should call them. One of the most valuable was brindle. I soon saw their opinion of him when I asked if they would sell him; another was all white, except a patch, on ear, I think. There was a good deal of white. All had single or double dew claws; and I was answered by the monks, when asking their opinion of a dog without dew claws, "not good." They appear to place equal value on single as on double dew claws, and I often received the reply "not the true race" when I elsewhere asked an opinion as to no dew claws. They attach an importance to the carriage of the tail, but they have the same difficulty with the ears that we have. The dogs at The Hospice are not so large as some of our largest, though, omitting these, up to our average—but their bitches are fully up to ours. I saw one bitch, I think quite as big as any bitch in England. Judging from the quality of their dogs and the size and quality of their bitches, I should say they are cultivating their breed, and the next time I go I shall expect to see larger dogs. With all their exercise and isolation they sometimes lose a valuable dog. I received a letter from The Hospice only yesterday saying a dog was dying which I had hoped soon to have seen in my kennels. From what they told me their dogs are longer coming to maturity, their growth not stopping so soon as ours by several months. This is probably owing to their pups being less forced than ours are.

There is an expression, character, and nobility of head among the dogs not easily forgotten; and as you come away you feel inclined, involuntarily, to raise your hat to the old Patricians among them; and as for the Holy Fathers—well, you feel a regret at leaving—a regret that time should so fast have flown. You come away with an affection for them, and reverence for their abode.

I saw a few good dogs elsewhere in Switzerland—names are invidious—but the position of one gentleman in the St. Bernard world, as the re-founder of the race, to whom we are all indebted, almost demands I should mention by name. I refer to Mr. Heinrich Schumacher. He is as courteous as ever, and a long life of St. Bernard breeding has not damped his enthusiasm.

Now, after all this, what about St. Bernards in England? I contend we must either adopt the historic, traditional—and religious if you like—St. Bernard with all his prestige, and having adopted him, breed up to the same points as are considered to be correct by the best breeders in his native land. Or alter the points as you like—breed to the altered points—but call him the English St. Bernard. We must adopt him in his entirety, or let ours be a rival. No doubt much of the interest and popularity attaching to the dog in this country exists on account of his connection with the Hospice and the noble work he has done for centuries; in fact, his nobility and prestige. The St. Bernard minus this, would, notwithstanding his magnificent proportions, not be the dog he now is. I say stick to the old type. Let them be as big as possible, but we must not sacrifice quality for size. On the grounds I have given, dew claws are, to say the least of it, very important. In color we need not be frightened at white; there is no doubt that too much white is better than too little. I think we ought to encourage more than we do, the smooth-coated. The rough are equally pure, but inasmuch as the smooth-coated are the favorites at the Hospice, to maintain the complete unity of type between the dogs at The Hospice and ours in England, we hear of every pup of a litter being "enormous," "sure prize-taker," etc.; as if every dog, any more than every child, is born to fame; and a very brisk trade is therefore done anywhere within the reach of the Great St. Bernard or a snow-capped mountain, in pups. Many come through England on their way to America I was told.

I now revert to dew-claws, because I know many who, if they have read so far, will have said: "Why! the old Barry had none." It sounds a weak case to say he had, but that they were cut off by the artist who stuffed him. Such, however was the fact. I know I am on debatable ground, so quote *verbatim* from a letter received a few days since: "*Barry, qui se trouve au Musée de Berne, n'a point de 'dew-claws,' mais je suppose que l'artiste qui la dépouillé, ne connaissait pas l'importance de 'double claws,' et qu'il les a coupées par l'ignorance. Les Conventuales qui ont amene Barry vivant. A* 1815 *de l'Hospice jusqu'à Berne m'ont assuré en* 1866 *qu'il avait 'double claws,' et le Prieur, le Clavendier, et tout ces messieurs, m'ont rassuré en* 1866, 1868, *et* 1869, *qu'ils n'elevent point, de chiens qui n'ont pas 'double claws.'*"

I have not given the name of my informant out of courtesy, as it was a private letter; but I may say he is known personally to some St. Bernard men, and by name and reputation to all. Be this as it may, there is no question Schumacher's Barry had single dew claws, and there is no doubt whatever that no breeder of any standing would now breed from a dog deficient in these, and from the latter I have quoted this was the case twenty years since. If any of your readers are at Berne, and have an hour or two to spare at the station, I should advise them to walk to the museum and see the old Barry, and then take a cab and drive over to Hollingen and see Schumacher's Barry—that is, all that remains of them.

There are epochs in the histories of nations and individuals, and there are epochs in the history of the St. Bernard dog. The snowstorm of 1812 was an epoch; the revival of the breed by Schumacher was an epoch; the introduction into England was an epoch; the Crystal Palace show of 1885 was an epoch, by virtue of the sale of Plinlimmon for something like 800 gs., for, after all, it was not a fancy price, simply market price, plus enterprise. English St. Bernard breeders must now halt and take stock; our American cousins are in earnest. When will be the next

epoch? What event will mark it? Fewer bad dogs must be bred; or if bred, not reared. This will, however, work its own reform, for no doubt bad dogs get every day worth less money and good ones worth more. We may also, I think, train our St. Bernards better, develop their intelligence. We have succeeded in developing his body for the bench show, let us develop his brain. While the interest abates not on the continent and America, and England is central, in these days of international exhibitions, why should we not, say in the year 1887, have a grand international show of St. Bernards in London?—*H. I. Betterton, in Live Stock Journal.*

THE RANCOCAS KENNELS.

THE distinguished position which Mr. Pierre Lorillard has achieved in the sporting world through the medium of his world-famous racing stable, located on his Rancocas Farm, at Jobstown, N. J., portends to be further augmented by his entry into the canine world. For many years Mr. Lorillard has been an ardent sportsman and a great lover of well-bred and well-trained sporting dogs. On becoming a purchaser of his magnificent estate in Burlington county he at once set about making a game preserve, of which a description is given on another page. From having a few brace of well-trained native setters, he is now the owner of one of the best kennels of blue bloods in this country. In December of last year Mr. Lorillard determined to go extensively into the breeding of first-class English setters, which he hoped in time would not only make their mark on the bench, but at the field trials in this country and in England. Expense was not to be considered in the attempt to accomplish this end, and he began looking forward to the time when he should, by a system of crossing the Llewellin and Laverack strains, produce a race of dogs which should be known as the "Rancocas breed."

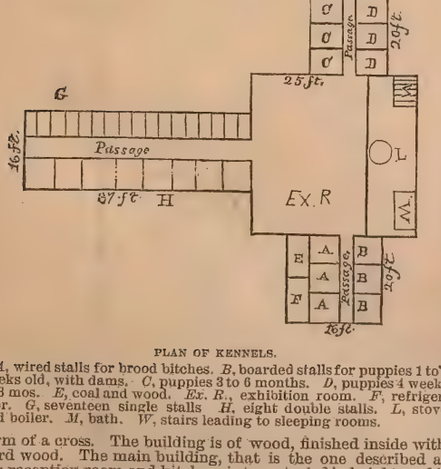
He had been accustomed to shoot with a friend, Mr. Percy C. Ohl, of Plainfield, N. J., who had for many years been a breeder of native setters and who is a thorough sportsman in every respect. He sent for Mr. Ohl, told him that he contemplated the foundation of a sporting dog kennel; discussed the subject with him and asked Mr. Ohl to become its manager. Mr. Ohl at once entered into the project, and armed with a letter of *carte blanche* to draw on Mr. Lorillard for whatever money he needed for the securing of the foundation stock, he started on his purchasing pilgrimage. Leaving this city in January of this year, he visited New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago and Canada, and the principal dog centers in the East. His trip lasted until April, and when he returned home he had purchased at a cost approximating to $15,000 the following well-known setters:

Dashing Monarch (Llewellin's Dash—Countess Moll).
Storm Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.).
El Mahdi (Don Juan—Petrel II.).
Hamlet (Don Juan—Fairy Lass).
Hotspur (Don Juan—Fairy Lass).
Sudan (Druid—Ruby).
Grouse Dale (Grouse—Daisy Dale). For field work only.
Petrel II. (Pride of the Border—Petrel).
Blue Belle (Rattler—Daisy).
Vannette (Count Dick—Petrel).
Lavelette (Druid—Princess Draco).
Dame Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.).
Glenada (Glenrock—Blue Belle).
Glenlass (Glenrock—Blue Belle).
Dame Buck (Buckellew—Madame Llewellin).
Lotta (Don Juan—Fairy Lass).
Countess Mollie (Count Noble—Spark).
Coomassie (Thunder—Peeress).
Nancy Rake (Leicester—Petrel).

He also purchased the pointer Shot (Sensation—H. W. Livingston's Rose). Besides the above when we visited the kennels in June, there were eight fine puppies by Gladstone out of Lavelette, and five by Dashing Monarch out of Vannette. Blue Belle was in whelp to Dashing Monarch and Petrel II. to Count Noble.

We have just learned from Mr. Ohl who writes that "the kennel since then has been visited by malignant distemper, which broke out very suddenly, and had not the sanitary arrangements been complete our loss would have been very great. Mr. Harry Ohl, who is the veterinarian, is deserving of the highest praise for his wonderfully successful treatment of the disease, especially in the cure of chorea and paralysis. I never saw distemper in such a horrible form before. In seventy-two hours after it was noticed hardly an animal in the kennel, old or young, but what was affected, while every variety of its freaks was shown and with some new additions. But as we did not lose a dog that was over a few months old we think the success in battling with the disease was never equaled anywhere." Judging from the above account the Rancocas Kennel is to be congratulated in weathering the storm so bravely.

It was not until after the dogs had been brought home and given comfortable quarters in the barn which adjoins Mr. Ohl's comfortable home on the Rancocas Farm, that the plans for erecting a suitable kennel building were agreed upon; and it was not until the middle of June that the stock was introduced into their new and handsome home. All things considered, the kennel building is the most elaborate and well-appointed building of its kind in this country. The accompanying diagram shows that in shape it has somewhat the



PLAN OF KENNELS.

A, wired stalls for brood bitches. *B*, boarded stalls for puppies 1 to 4 weeks old, with dams. *C*, puppies 3 to 6 months. *D*, puppies 4 weeks to 3 mos. *E*, coal and wood. *Ex. R.*, exhibition room. *F*, refrigerator. *G*, seventeen single stalls *H*, eight double stalls. *L*, stove and boiler. *M*, bath. *W*, stairs leading to sleeping rooms.

form of a cross. The building is of wood, finished inside with hard wood. The main building, that is the one described as the reception room and kitchen, is two-storied in height, and it and the three wings are covered with peaked slate roofs. The roof of the main building is surmounted with cupola and flagstaff. All the compartments in this model kennel are well ventilated and lighted, and all the corners of the rooms are rounded so as to not break the circulation. The building is upon a mound five feet in height, and especial care has been given to have the drainage as perfect as possible. The floors are of cement, traversed with patent drains. The second story of the building is partitioned into sleeping rooms, store room and a room for bitches in season.

There are three spacious yards, one to each department. They are surrounded with picket and wire fences sunk two feet under the ground and are nine feet above it. The yard belonging to the department where the working dogs are kept is an acre in size. The other two yards are of about a quarter of an acre. All the yards are provided with "shades" or barracks with straw-thatched roofs. The one in the large yard contains a wide shallow trough in which the dogs' feet are washed after they have been worked. The working dogs have free access to their department, where a fresh supply of water is always on hand. The refrigerator, marked F in the diagram, is about ten feet long, and in it a large supply of food and milk is always kept.

In front of the kennel is the exercising field, a beautiful clover-covered pasture 187 acres in extent. Through it, and about 150 yards from the kennels, a pretty brook flows, and a portion of it has been dammed into a bathing place for the dogs, where in warm weather they are taken every day.

The cost of the kennel building, which was planned by Mr. Ohl and erected by Mr. Lorillard's resident workmen, carpenters, etc., was about $5,000. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the largest of the three preserves. Not only is the Rancocas Farm a great harbor for game, but the surrounding country is well stocked with quail, English pheasants and English partridges, thus affording every opportunity to work the dogs in close proximity to their home. Altogether the establishment of Mr. Lorillard's Rancocas Kennels will for some time to come be watched with interest by the sporting-dog lovers of this country. It has entered the lists under unexceptionable conditions, and if the adage is correct that "money makes the mare go," Mr. Lorillard's venture should have a "boom" that will give it a satisfactory record in no time. X.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—"Down charge!" Wade, I am afraid you flushed that last bird and did not drop him. Let us look over the ground before going further or we may draw it blank. You ask for mutiny. Did you ever know of a deserter to have the courage to join in a mutiny? A deserter generally runs away and is lost to "sight and memory dear," and small loss to any one; but a mutineer stays and "kicks," and if he can gather around him a sufficient number of the same mind they overpower the captain and bring him to terms. There are mutineers enough in the A. K. C. to run the ship in good shape, good navigators and able seamen, if they will only stick to the ship and pull together; but if a few desert the balance of the crew will soon be in irons, and then, being short-handed, the ship will become unmanageable and get wrecked and all on board lost. Do we want to wreck the ship or bring her safely into a friendly port? I also had a dream. I dreamed that I was present at a meeting of the A. K. C., held in October, 1885, and that the crew mutinied in the most approved dime novel style, overpowered the present navigator, threw him overboard, and then everything went lovely and they married and settled down and lived happily until the end of their lives. I woke up and wondered why your last letter stirred me up so.—G. EDW. OSBORN (Birmingham, Conn., Aug. 29).

A KITTEN'S FOSTER MOTHER.—Major Fritz Sturm, the genial proprietor of the restaurant opposite the City Hall, has a liver and white pointer Nellie, of which he thinks a great deal. Nellie is about to propagate her species, and the supply of natural food which nature has provided for the coming bow-wows has somewhat troubled Nellie, as it seemed to be ahead of time. Yesterday Nellie came into the restaurant tenderly carrying a little kitten which she had picked up in the street. The kitten was almost dead, having evidently met with rough handling, and had very little nourishment. Nellie carried the kitten upstairs and proceeded to nurse it. The kitten and its stepmother are both doing remarkably well, the kitten looking as sleek and fat as it would if it had remained in the care of its natural mother. Nellie evinces a strong attachment for her protégé, and guards it tenderly and will allow no one to touch it. The Major this morning called in a *Press* reporter to see the freak. Nellie was lying under the dining-room table and on one of her dugs hung a wee little kitten looking contented and happy. The two formed an interesting spectacle. Whether Nellie will abdicate as stepmother when she assumes the title of mother will be an interesting question for the little waif.—*Paterson Press.*

SHE KEPT HIM.—An old woman, clad in heavy, warm, short skirts, with high, thick-soled boots, and wearing a turban on her head was landed the other day at Castle Garden along with a large number of German, Irish, English, and other immigrants. Her quaint costume attracted a great deal of attention. In her arms she carried a big shaggy dog with a sharp muzzle, and the two seemed to be very much attached to each other. The woman's name was Margareta Tallisdotter, and she had come from almost the extreme north of Norway, and was on her way to join her son, who had settled on a farm in Dakota. Her entire concern seemed to be centered in the dog, and she begged Superintendent Jackson not to take it away from her, as the animal had lived with the family for ten years. Mr. Jackson told her she could keep her pet, but she must not let it bite any one.

THE CLEVELAND BENCH SHOW ASSOCIATION.—Cleveland, O., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to the communication of Mr. H. W. Child, in this week's issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, wherein the statement is made by him that I am not eligible to serve upon the committee to which the Miro protest has been referred, for the reason that the club which I represent has not paid the $10 assessment made at Boston, allow me to say that upon my return home from the West, Aug. 25, finding a notice from Treasurer Comfort that the assessment was due, I at once sent the amount to him, and hold express company's receipt for same. If there is any blame it should rest upon me personally, not the Cleveland Bench Show Association, which I represent.—C. M. MUNHALL.

THE PHILADELPHIA FALL DOG SHOW.—The list of judges for the coming Philadelphia Dog Show so far as appointed are as follows: Mastiffs, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Mr. Edward Dudley, Camden, N. J.; English, Irish and Gordon setters, Mr. C. S. Westcott, Philadelphia, Pa.; pointers, Mr. B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O.; collies, Mr. A. S. Apgar, New York; spaniels, Mr. J. H. Winslow, Philadelphia; bulldogs, all terriers, toys and miscellaneous, Mr. James Mortimer, Babylon, L. I.; foxhounds, Messrs. Mark Pennell and Howard Lewis.

SPANIEL STOLEN.—A liver colored spaniel bitch puppy, six weeks old, with tail cut short, was stolen from Bergen Point, N. J., last Friday. The thief also took a skiff-built boat, light blue with cedar trimmings, with Olivette in gilt letters on each side of bow. Stern seat fitted with socket for revolving chair; two sets of fittings for adjustable rowlocks. A liberal reward will be paid for information that will lead to conviction of thief. Address A. C. Wilmerding, 84 Broadway, New York.

THE BLACK AND TAN SETTER STANDARD COMMITTEE.—Birmingham, Conn., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Charles S. Fitch, of Fort Washington, N. Y., and Mr. Lowell T. Field, of Boston, Mass., have been appointed to fill the vacancies in the standard committee on black and tan setters. The other member is Dr. H. Clay Glover.—G. EDWARD OSBORN, Sec'y A. K. C.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER maintains eight dogs on his Peekskill farm.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal:*

1. Color.
2. Breed,
3. Sex.
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Flora. By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for tawny rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped June 12, 1884, by Carlo (A.K.R. 39) out of imported Beatrice.

Elwood, Wellwood, Charles I., William I., Entell, Nellie, Sarah and Amelia By Jacob Meyer, Newark, N. J., for St. Bernards, two yellow and white and three yellow dogs and three yellow and white bitches, whelped Aug. 19, 1885, by Rene (A.K.R. 410) out of Flora (Carlo—Beatrice).

Weconisco and Mahautonga. By F. W. Seiler, Harrisburg, Pa., for black, white and tan and lemon belton English setter dogs, whelped May 9, by Count Noble out of his Kate Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

Ned Gladstone, Sion Gladstone, Dan Gladstone, Sam Gladstone, Princess Gladstone and Pearl Gladstone. By W. R. Traver, Washington, D. C., for one lemon belton, one black and white, and two black white and tan English setter dogs and two black, white and tan bitches, whelped June 19, 1885, by champion Gladstone out of Princess Pearl (Druid—Princess Draco).

New Brighton Kennels. By T. G. Davey, London, Ont., for his kennel of English setters.

NAMES CHANGED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Uno II. to Ino. Liver and white ticked pointer dog (A.K.R. 2549), owned by Chas. R. Squire, Troy, N. Y.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Lady F.—William Tell. Dr. W. F. Fontaine's (Worcester, Mass.) pointer bitch Lady F. (King—Say) to C. A. Parker's William Tell (Prince—Belle II.).

Lady Bessie—Sportsman. J. C. Sherlock's (Cincinnati, O.) English setter bitch Lady Bessie to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue).

Countess H.—Robin Hood. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Countess H. (A.K.R. 1056) to his Robin Hood (A.K.R. 1461), July 5.

Canadian Beauty—Robin Hood. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Canadian Beauty (A.R.R. 2158) to his Robin Hood (A.K.R. 1461), July 22.

Countess Zoe—Banjo. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) English setter bitch Countess Zoe to his Banjo (Belton's Boy—Countess Rose), Aug. 15.

Goldy—Tipton. Dr. J. R. Housel's (Watsontown, Pa.) red Irish setter bitch Goldy (A.K.R. 2581) to his Tipton (A.K.R. 1098), July 20.

Irma—Hermit. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Irma (A.K.R. 1051) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Aug. 20.

Heidel—Hermit. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Heidel (A.K.R. 204) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), July 26.

Alma—Hermit. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Alma (A.K.R. 27) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Aug. 25.

Nell Kelley—Rex Gladstone. W. R. Traver's (Washington, D. C.) English setter bitch Nell Kelley (A.K.R. 286) to his Rex Gladstone (A.K.R. 2167), July 17.

Lassie—Lorne. Fred W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) imported collie bitch Lassie (A.K.R. 445) to his champion Lorne (A.K.R. 446), Aug. 30.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Una. E. B. Webster's (Highland Park, Ill.) beagle bitch Una (A.K.R. 1324), Aug. 7, eight (seven dogs), by Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709).

Pauline Markham, Chas. H. Baker's (Boston, Mess.) cocker spaniel bitch Pauline Markham (Obo II.—Hornell Ruby), Aug. 8, six (two dogs), by Hornell Jock (A.K.R. 1877).

Bizorah. Freestone Kennels' (Middletown, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Bizorah (A.K.R. 1388), Aug. 28, six (three dogs), by Nimrod (A.K.R. 631).

Berna. A. B. Brown's (Tilsonburg, Ont.) imported St. Bernard bitch Berna, Aug. 3, ten, by Fred W. Rothera's champion Otho (A.K.R. 483).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Triamond. English pug dog, whelped April 5, 1885, by Young Toby (A.K.R. 473) out of Tantrums (A.K.R. 220), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancasser, Mass., to Mrs. Charles S. Marshall, North Leominster, Mass

Touzle. English pug dog, whelped May 5, 1885, pedigree not given, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Ed L. McKee, Indianapolis, Ind.

Tramp. English pug dog, age and pedigree not given, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to F. Opp, Montgomery, Ala.

Silver. White, black and tan beagle bitch (A.K.R. 2523), by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to A. H. Wakefield & Co., Providence, R. I.

Kleine. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped November, 1884, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Brenner (A.K.R. 706), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Geo. Q. Dow, North Epping, N. H.

Königin. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 13, 1884, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Theon (A.K.R. 94), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Dr. W. H. Sheldon, Middlebury, Vt.

Leonhard. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped April 14, 1885, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Irma (A.K.R. 1051), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Forest City Kennels, Portland, Me.

Linda. Rough coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 4, 1885, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Sombre (A.K.R. 793), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Chas. Spring, Newton, Mass.

Launfal. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped April 13, 1885, by Alp II. (A.K.R. 705) out of Alma (A.K.R. 27), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Dr. Charles H. Baker, Boston, Mass.

Sion Gladstone and Pearl Gladstone. Black and white English setter dog and black, white and tan bitch, whelped June 19, 1885 (Gladstone—Princess Pearl), by W. R. Traver, Washington, D. C., to Chas. E. Wallin, Montgomery, Ala.

Beauty Ranger. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 26, 1885 (Ranger Croxteth—Fanny Faust), by W. F. Sage, Fishkill, N. Y., to G. F. Alden, same place.

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Morning Star (A.K.R. 1541) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped April 25, 1885, by Charles York, Bangor, Me., to H. W. Durgin, same place.

Doe. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given (Buck—Floss), by Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J., to E. F. Thomas, same place.

Albion. White bull-terrier dog, whelped April 28, 1885 (Hinks's Dutch—White Rose), by Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Fred P. Clement, Rutland, Vt.

Rex Gladstone. Black and white English setter dog (A.K.R. 2167), by Chas. E. Wallin, Montgomery, Ala., to W. R. Traver, Washington, D. C.

IMPORTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bertrand. Basset hound dog, whelped April 14, 1884 (champion Bourbon—Cigarette), by C. B. Gilbert, New Haven, Conn., from F. W. Blain, Cheshire, Eng.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Addie S. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 2392), owned by James W. Pagan, Newport, Ky., July 16, from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. C. R., Buffalo.—1. A beagle bitch not being in whelp has milk in her teats. I take it out three times a day and she seems relieved. I do not know if I am doing the right thing or not. 2. She is also too heavy. What can I do to reduce her weight? Ans. 1. Leave her alone, and unless she is with pup the milk will dry up. You keep the glands in activity by handling them. 2. Do not feed so much and give cathartics until the bowels are free. Buckthorn, castor oil or compound cathartic pills.

J. K. O., Dwight, Ill.—My pointer puppy, a year old, has a habit of shaking his head, which clips small pieces out of the edges of his ears. I have cauterized the sore places with nitrate of silver, also tried salves, etc., but cannot get them well. I cannot see any trouble in the ear nor soreness. Ans. You had better clip the hair from the edges of the ears back for a half inch and use balsam of Peru oint-

ment twice daily on the sores. We suspect canker. Get the following: Of bromo chloral and laudanum one drachm each, water six drachms. Drop in ear night and morning.

SNEIDER, Boston, Mass.—Newfoundland dog 5 years of age, is troubled with mange, which shows itself on his limbs and breast, the latter being quite bare. He is also troubled with what appears to be ulcers in the ear, as they are at times very offensive. His diet is Indian meal mush and cooked meat mixed, cold and fed twice a day. Appetite very good and most of the day passed out of doors. Ans. Give your dog 3 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in his food 3 times a day. Increase the dose by one drop a day up to 10 drops and then decrease a drop a day down to 3 drops and continue treatment for three weeks. If after this time the disease has not disappared, stop medicine for one week and then commence again in the same way. Get the following ointment for local application: Of the oxide of zinc and ammoniated mercury, each 2 drams. Of lard 2 ounces. Mix. Use as salve twice daily after sponging the surface with warm water and castile soap and drying.

A. D. W., Warren, Pa.—I am much obliged for your kind reply to my letter giving symptoms of my dog and asking advice. I am afraid I omitted one important item bearing upon the trouble. The hair around the two spots affected (outside of haunch and side of hind leg below) is of a reddish color which does not wash out, and which I am afraid indicates what is known as "red mange." The larger spot is quite bare of hair, being about two inches in diameter; there is little or no eruption now, the scabs having sloughed off. I have been using Baker's Mange Cure, and have been administering for a week or more quinine and Fowler's solution If it is mange I cannot understand what to attribute it to. The dog is underfed rather than the reverse, is spare in flesh, and lives off mush with a little admixture of meat principally. His present trouble does not affect his spirits or ambition to work. He does not appear to be restless, and seldom bites or scratches the affected parts. Ans. You had better try the balsam of Peru ointment to heal the large sore. Keep on with the quinine and arsenic and feed a little scraped raw meat each day mixed with the other food. He needs now a somewhat richer diet. Keep his bowels in order with buckthorn.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association, Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

CREEDMOOR, Aug. 29.—The scores at Creedmoor were very fair to-day. It was the last day before the fall meeting for contestants to try their skill in the matches for the prizes in the champion marksman's class, and the *Army and Navy Journal* prizes, offered by Col. William C. Church. There were more marksmen on the field than on any previous day. In the target to the extreme left were veteran shots of the New York Rifle Club who had visited the range to make a trial record. All their shots were made in a standing position. J. N. Todd, who won the Wimbledon cup in the 1,000yds. match last year, made the best score—48 out of a possible 50. The other shooters were Adjutant Duane, Nicholas O'Donnell, T. P. White, Major George Shorkey, M. Herrington, and T. H. Holton. Their scores averaged about 46. Other members of the club had already made their records, and the trial will continue till teams are selected to contest in the matches during the fall meeting. There will be two teams from Boston, two from Springfield, Mass., one from Bridgeport, and one from Philadelphia to shoot against. The champion marksman's class match is open to all members of the National Guard of the State who have previously qualified at 100 and 300yds. To day's shooting in this match was better than in either of the four previous trials. The best scores were:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
H J Rice, 23d Regiment	21	25	46
J F Klein,* 17t Separate Company	22	24	46
J P M Richards,* 7th Regiment	21	24	45
W E Taylor, 14th Regiment	22	22	44
J B Frothingham,* 23d Regiment	22	22	44
F Van Lennep,* 7th Regiment	19	24	43
D Bacon,* 7th Regiment	19	24	43
C W Thorn, 7th Regiment	20	23	43
H B Thompson, 7th Regiment	20	23	43
S E Allen, N R A	21	22	43
F L Holmes, 23d Regiment	22	21	43
G S Scott, Jr., 23d Regiment	23	20	43
E D Appleton, 7th Regiment	20	22	42
C E Graff, 23d Regiment	20	22	42
J McNevin, 23d Regiment	20	22	42

*Winners in previous matches.

WALNUT HILL, Aug. 29.—To day saw the largest attendance at Walnut Hill of any for several weeks. The day was perfect and many fine scores were made. The militia turned out in large numbers, made a great deal of noise, and enjoyed a successful shoot. Thursday the long-range match will be shot. Following are the best scores of the day:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

E. B. Richardson, D	9	9	8	10	9	9	10	10	10	10—94
R D Again, D	9	10	9	7	8	10	8	7	8	10—86
R Reed, C	5	10	9	9	9	8	6	8	9	8—81
J Limons, C	6	5	10	7	8	9	7	9	7	10—78
B G Warren, A	9	7	8	9	8	8	7	8	10	5—79
E B Souther, C	7	10	10	6	7	8	10	8	9	2—77
J N Frye, D	6	10	7	9	4	7	5	7	7	5—67
C W Hodgdon, A	4	9	6	7	4	8	9	2	8	7—64

Rest Match.

J N Frye	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10—99
J Francis	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—98
J B Fellows	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	9	9—95
S Wilder (A.)	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	8—95
C H Nye (A.)	9	10	10	9	8	10	9	7	10	10—91
Hale (A.)	9	10	8	9	9	7	8	7	10	10—87
J Hurd (A.)	9	9	8	10	9	8	9	6	8	10—86
Kingman	7	10	5	10	10	8	8	8	8	7—81

Practice Creedmoor Match.

J B Fellows	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	4	5—47
C B Edwards	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	5—43
E C B Erickson (mil.)	4	4	4	3	5	4	4	4	4	5—41
J E Darmody (mil.)	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4	4—41
F E Benjamin (mil.)	4	3	4	4	5	3	3	4	4	4—39
Witham (mil.)	3	5	4	4	5	3	2	3	3	5—37
J F Parker (mil.)	3	4	3	3	4	5	4	3	4	4—37
Wright (mil.)	4	4	4	4	2	4	4	3	4	3—36
Trull (mil.)	4	0	4	5	4	4	4	2	4	4—35
Maynard (mil.)	5	3	0	3	4	4	4	4	4	3—34

State Militia Match.

E C B Erickson							3	4	4	4	3—18
H L Kelly							4	4	3	3	4—18

FITCHBURG, Mass., Aug. 26.—At the recent picnic of the Washington Guards, Co. D, 6th Regimen', M. V. M., the Major T. H. Shea medal was contested for by four of the companies in the batrahon of the 6th Regiment with which Major Shea is connected. The companies contesting and the result of the contest out of a possible 35 to each man was as follows:

Co. B, of Fitchburg.		Co. K. of Leominster.	
Fletcher	2054422—19	Spill	3543343—24
Buxton	3310234—19	Mooney	2333323—19
Babbitt	4304102—17	Perkins	4330323—18
Cook	2404024—16	Leavitt	2420330—14
Forristall	4202430—15—86	Swift	0002203— 7—82
Co. E, of Ashburnham.		Co. D, of Fitchburg.	
Young	3333332—20	Monahan	3302044—16
Willard	3322034—18	Cronin	3030042—12
Lindell	0442322—17	Turpin	3022200— 9
Whitney	4223032—16	Rourke	0400320— 9
Fian	0024000— 6—77	Shea	0030020— 5—51

JAMESTOWN, N. J., Aug. 29.—Score of our club in telegraph rifle match with Gardner, Mass., 20 yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target, ten men:

Perry	4434455554—43	De Lisle	5444444444—41
Dowier	4545444453—43	Burns	3514515444—42
Fenner	4444444545—41	Jones	4344434444—38
Ayres	4455545545—45	Ahlstrom	3444445544—41
Moore	4545454443—42	Curtiss	4330514454—36—411

Gardner score, 438.—R. H. BURNS.

SUMMIT, Aug. 24. *Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading rifle notes in last number of FOREST AND STREAM I saw our match, Summit vs. Springfield. You printed my name wrong. It says Paddy Ryan where it should have been Timothy James Ryan or T. J. Ryan.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 27.—St. Louis Long-Range Rifle Association weekly practice shoot at the Jefferson barracks range. The shooting was at 500yds. In the individual contest for the weekly medal Lieut. A. L. Smith was the victor. Capt. Swigert is wearer of the leather medal. Three points for each military marksman allowed on open sight, Springfield rifles, shooting at 400yds., Creedmoor rules:

Citizen Team.		Military Team.	
Capt Schaaf	5543443555502—56	Lieut Jones	3454434554544—59
E H Gorse	5433544454483—60	Montgomery	4333254455333—50
C B Smith	2023554254454—53	Lieut Smith	4433444434355554—60
J J Laughlin	3443500444225553—48	Capt Swigert	2200200253233342—30
	217		199

A TYROLESE RIFLE MEETING.—The great festival of the second meeting of the Austrian Rifle Association took place yesterday at Innsbruck. The Emperor, who arrived on Saturday from Gastein, held a review of the garrison, and a great reception of the Tyrolese authorities and nobles. Innsbruck is very embarrassed by the large number of guests, who exceed the total population. The number of the former is estimated at more than 2,000, of which Switzerland alone has sent more than 500 riflemen by express train through the Arlberg. On Saturday, in all three directions, long trains of thirty carriages and more brought a thousand fresh guests from all parts of Austria, Hungary and Germany. Never before have so many Tyrolese riflemen been gathered together in one place. Very striking they looked in their mediæval picturesque dress. Tall strong men, with their rifles on their shoulders, they came on in military order, with their bands playing and the flags waving which had often guided them to the bloody battlefield for the country—a real people in arms. There is among the Tyrolese a much greater variety of costumes than is generally known, and most are extremely picturesque. One mountaineer wore white stockings, black leather breeches, and the girdle of olden times. The jacket, waistcoat and hat vary in color with the different valleys. Some men wore black jackets with red waistcoats and silver buttons, and black hats with white cocks' feathers. Others were in scarlet and crimson jackets, with green under vests and immense yellow hats with green bands and feathers. The procession to the shooting ground was a great success. The procession lasted nearly two hours. Showers of flowers overwhelmed the Swiss and German guests. The Tyrolese, who exceeded all the others in number, the whole body of riflemen being estimated at more than 12,000, were, however, the heroes of the day. The variety of colors was very striking. A remarkable feature of the procession was the triumphal car containing the silver shield which the Tyrol received from the Austrian army at the five hundredth anniversary of its union with Austria, under the house of Habsburg. Two tall warriors and a protecting nymph of beauty guarded the shield. In the procession there were no fewer than 84 bands of music. —*London Standard, Aug.* 10.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAP SHOOT.

EXETER, Aug. 29.—The New England Trap Shooters' Association have just closed their annual two days' tournament on the grounds of the Exeter Sportsmen's Club. The scores were follows:

Preliminary sweepstake No. 1, 5 clay-pigeons, 5 traps. 18yds. rise—Eager 3, Perry 4, Dickey 5, Williams 4, Beaudry 4, Cooper 5, Gerrish 3.

Preliminary sweepstake No. 2, 7 clay pigeons, 5 traps—Eager 3, Davis 5, Dickey 7, Cooper 5, Perry 6, Williams 4, Buffinton 5, Webber 4, Beaudry 6, Hayes 5, Gerrish 7, Dean 3, Gray 4, Tinker 3.

First regular event, 7 clay-pigeons—Dickey 6, Eager 5, Gerrish 6, Perry 6, Williams 5, Webber 5, Beaudry 7, Buffinton 5, Tinker 5, Snow 5, Dean 3, Gray 5, Cooper 7, Davis 5, Stark 6, Jenkins 6, Folsom 3. The day. The variety of colors was very striking. A remarkable feature

Second event, 7 clay-pigeons—Dickey 5, Gerrish 5, Perry 5, Eager 5, Cooper 7, Beaudry 6, Stark 6, Jenkins 1, Williams 7, Davis 6, Webber 6, Rowell 6, Tinker 7, Gray 6, Snow 1, Buffinton 5, Dean 1.

Third event, five pairs clay-pigeons—Eager 7, Gerrish 1, Cooper 8, Beaudry 4, Rowell 8, Tinker 9, Perry 2, Webber 6, Davis 6, Jenkins 4, Stark 8, Dickey 8, Williams 7, Snow 7, Buffinton 9, Gray 3.

Fourth event, two-men match, seven clay-pigeons—Eager 7, Stark 7, Gerrish 6, Cooper 6, Dickey 5, Perry 5. Buffinton 6, Beaudry 4, Davis 4, Webber 3, Gray 4, Tinker 4, Jenkins 0, Rowell 5.

Fifth event, seven clay-pigeons—Eager 5, Dickey 6, Perry 5, Gerrish 5, Stark 6, Webber 5, Rowell 5, Cooper 6, Beaudry 5, Tinker 5, Dean 1, Jenkins 4, Davis 2, Buffinton 7.

Sixth event, individual badge match, fifteen clay-pigeons—Stark 14, Eager 13, Perry 10, Gerrish 12, Dickey 12, Cooper 11, Beaudry 10, Tinker 12, Buffinton 14, Hays 12, Rowell 11, Gray 8, Jenkins 3, Webber 7, Davis 4, Snow 10. Stark beat Buffinton in the tie.

Seventh event, ten clay-pigeons—Eager 9, Gerrish 7, Dickey 6, Stark 9, Perry 9, Cooper 8, Buffinton 9, Rowell 7, Jenkins 6, Tinker 8.

Eighth event, 5 pairs clay-pigeons—Gerrish 5, Perry 8, Jenkins 5, Eager 9, Dickey 6, Rowell 6, Stark 8, Buffinton 7, Cooper 4, Snow 4, Folsom 5,

Ninth event, 7 clay-pigeons—Eager 5, Gerrish 4, Perry 6, Williams 5, Cooper 6, Dickey 7, Beaudry 7, Stark 7, Webber 6, Davis 4, Buffinton 5, Snow 5, Rowell 5, Leavitt 2.

Tenth event, 10 clay-pigeons—Gerrish 8, Eager 8, Stark 10, Perry 7, Cooper 9, Dickey 9, Buffinton 7.

Eleventh event, 7 clay-pigeons—Eager 6, Gerrish 4, Perry 4, Webber 6, Beaudry 5, Davis 5, Rowell 6. Buffinton 3, Stark 5, Dickey 5, Cooper 6.

Twelfth event, 7 clay-pigeons—Eager 5, Dickey 7, Gerrish 6, Rowell 4, Stark 7, Cooper 6, Perry 5, Beaudry 4, Webber 6, Buffinton 2, Snow 6, Davis 7.

Miss and out at 18yds.—Stark 7, Cooper 7, stakes divided. This match closed the first day.

SECOND DAY.

Preliminary match, 5 clay-pigeons—Stark 5, Eager 4, Gerrish 1, Dickey 5, Perry 4, Cooper 3, Williams 2, Buffinton 4, Webber 3, Dean 4, Francis 2, Davis 5, Beaudry 5, Faulkner 4, Gilman 4, Knowles 4, Lovejoy 4, Rowell 3.

First regular event, 7 clay-pigeons—Dickey 6, Perry 4, Eager 7, Gerrish 3, Cooper 7, Faulkner 2, Gilman 4, Dean 0, Lovejoy 4, Buffinton 7, Webber 5, Stark 6, Davis 7, Knowles 2, Rowell 6, Beaudry 4, Williams 6, Francis 5.

Second event, 7 clay-pigeons—Dickey 6, Eager 7, Beaudry 4, Faulkner 7, Lovejoy 5, Gilman 6, Webber 7, Francis 6, Stark 6, Dean 2, Buffinton 5, Perry 4, Rowell 5, Gerrish 7, Davis 6, Williams 4, Knowles 2, Cooper 7.

Third event, 5 pairs clay-pigeons—Gerrish 6, Eager 5, Dickey 6, Cooper 6, Lovejoy 8, Faulkner 8, Perry 6, Stark 9, Buffinton 7, Rowell 6, Knowles 8, Francis 4, Beaudry 2, Davis 7.

Fourth event, 10 clay pigeons—Eager 7. Gerrish 7, Dickey 9, Faulkner 10, Buffinton 8, Gilman 8, Cooper 2. Perry 9, Knowles 1, Stark 10, Rowell 9, Webber 9, Lovejoy 8, Davis 9, Beaudry 2, Francis 8.

Fifth event, 7 clay-pigeons, 2-men team match—Eager 5, Stark 7. Gerrish 5, Cooper 6, Dickey 6, Perry 6, Faulkner 7, Lovejoy 4, Davis 5, Webber 6, Buffinton 5, Rowell 3.

Sixth event, team badge match, 10 clay-pigeons.—Massachusetts Rifle Association team—Rowell 7, Lovejoy 7, Knowles 6, Faulkner 8, Dickey 9; total 37.

Worcester Team—Eager 10, Davis 9, Gilman 9, Webber 8, Perry 8, total 41.

Exeter Team—Gerrish 7, Tilton 7, Stark 10, Williams 9, Cooper 6; total 37.

Seventh event, 7 clay pigeons—Dickey 6, Perry 7, Gerrish 6, Davis 2, Eager 5, Gilman 5, Faulkner 7, Stark 6, Rowell 5, Cooper 7, Webber 5, Buffinton 2, Francis 4, Lovejoy 6, Beaudry 2, Dean 4.

Eighth event, 5 pairs clay-pigeons—Eager 8, Perry 9, Dickey 8, Gerrish 10, Faulkner 3, Cooper 3, Buffinton 8, Stark 9, Lovejoy 8, Knowles 8, Williams 8, Francis 8, Davis 9, Webber 8.

Ninth event, 7 clay-pigeons—Gerrish 1, Dickey 4, Eager 6, Stark 4, Perry 7, Gilman 6, Cooper 5, Buffinton 7, Faulkner 5, Lovejoy 4, Webber 6, Knowles 3, Beaudry 6, Dean 4, Williams 6, Davis 6, Francis 6,

Tenth event, 10 clay-pigeons—Gerrish 2, Dickey 9, Perry 8, Cooper 4, Gilman 8, Eager 10, Davis 2, Faulkner 8, Dean 5, Webber 9, Buffinton 8, Williams 7, Francis 3, Stark 9, Lovejoy 8, Knowles 7, Beaudry 8.

Eleventh event, 7 clay-pigeons—Dickey 3, Gerrish 7, Buffinton 6, Cooper 6, Perry 4, Eager 6, Williams 2, Gilman 5, Webber 6, Davis 6, Faulkner 6, Beaudry 3, Knowles 1.

Twelfth event, 7 clay-pigeons—Dickey 6, Gerrish 6, Perry 4, Eager 6, Webber 6, Cooper 4, Buffinton 7. Davis 7, Faulkner 5, Knowles 4.

The above closed the regular programme, but later the following matches were made:

First, miss and out at clay-pigeons—Dickey, Cooper and Gilman, 7 each, divided stakes.

Second sweepstakes, 3 clay-pigeons—Dickey and Beaudry winners.

Third sweepstakes, miss and out—Gilman, Cooper and Knowles winners.

Fourth sweepstakes, miss and out—Dickey won.

There were also during the two days 24 sweepstakes shot from side traps, exhibiting various targets, which were donated by their manufacturers.

At the annual business meeting the N. E. Trap Shooters' Association, in conformity with the annual programme, elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, C. H. Gerrish, of Exeter, N. H.; Secretary, David Kirkwood, of Boston; Treasurer, A. W. Eager of Marlboro; Vice-Presidents, T. S. Hall of Fall River, and E. W. Tinker of Providence, R I. Directors—C. B. Sanborn, Malden, A. Houghton, Worcester; Col. E. C. Farrington, Portland, Me.; E. A. Folsom, Windsor, Ct.; O. R. Dickey, Boston. The feasibility of adopting the rules of the National Gun Association was discussed, but was decided in the negative, the Association being of the opinion that 12-gauge guns were not entitled to any allowance in distance from the trap. The forthcoming season promises to be very successful, all the clubs belonging to the Association manifesting the greatest enthusiasm.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Aug. 25.—The third match of the series between the New Bedford and Fall River Gun Clubs was shot here to-day in a hard rainstorm, and resulted in a third victory for the Fall Rivers by the following score, 25 clay-pigeons each, 18yds. rise:

Fall River.	
E W Buffinton	1110111111111111111111011—21
T S Hall	1010111101111111111101101—20
W J Braley	1010101111111111110011111—20
J T Hall	0111101010110101111110110—17—80
New Bedford.	
Butts	1001111101111111111110011—20
Allen	1111101111101111111011010—20
Plummer	1110110111001111101011010—18
Stone	0100000101011111000111011—13—71

The individual prize match, same conditions, was won by Mr. Buffinton for the first time by the following score:

Buffinton	1111111101111111111111111—24
Braley	1111001011111111101101111—19
Plummer	0111101111110101011001110—17
Butts	0111100011101111001111101—17
Hall	1101110111001110101011010—16
Allen	1111110110100101100000111—15
Stone	1100101000110110010011110—12

The prize will become the property of the one winning it the most times in six matches, and has now been won once each by Braley, Butts and Buffinton.—T. S H.

WINCHENDON, Mass., Aug. 27.—Members of the Winchendon Gun Club were out to the range yesterday trying their hand at breaking clay-pigeons with the result as follows:

J Sutherland, Jr	0111111011—9	A H Felch	0110001011—5
F F Hapgood	1101101011—7	L F Earle	0001000101—3
L J Knight	1011100110—6	H H Russell	0110000000—2
P S Davis	0110110001—5		

This closes the season's shooting. The averages of the members are as follows: Sutherland 7 17-18, Dr. Henry 6 11-17, Hapgood 6 11-18, Davis 6 5-18, Russell 4 9-11, Martin 5 7-15, Felch 5 1-13, Earle 3 3-7, Monn 3 3-5, Ball 4 2-3, Brown 4½, Knight 3 1-5, Taggart 3½. Sutherland is the only one that has, in the regular shoot, scored 10 straight; Davis and Henry have each scored 10 straight in a score of 20, Sutherland and Henry have each made a score of 17 in a possible 20, and Hapgood has made a clean score on three pairs, 1315 pigeons have been broken since the score began April 22.

ALLENTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Regular monthly shoot of the East Hill Gun Club, 20 singles and 5 pairs clay-pigeons, 5 traps, singles 18yds., doubles 15yds.:

L D Strayer	1011001110101111001	00 11 10 11 11—20
J Fay	1111111101110010110	10 11 01 10 00—20
E R Curtin	1110001010100000100	Withdrawn — 8
J E Cable	1111110101011110111	00 10 10 11 11—22
S H Brown	1111111111010101010	10 10 11 11 10—23
Z Stamm	1011111111000111111	00 11 01 11 11—22

A FIFTY-POUND WATERMELON was the prize won by W. H. Horner, for best score in the match between the North St. Louis and Indian Lake gun clubs, at Baden, Mo., last week. It was the annual August match between the two clubs, losers to pay for the day's entertainment of the club members, ladies and friends. Teams of 11 at 30 blackbirds, 18yds., screened traps: North St. Louis—C. James 21, Chas. H. Peck, Jr. 23, J. H. Cogswell 25. Wm. Kulage 23, J. Young 21, W. H. Horner 28, W. H. Rudolph 18, A. Kulage 26, R. B. Stewart 21, W. Haney 17, Louis Spellorink 18, total, 238. Indian Lake—S. H. Bridges 26, F. Hinze 22, J. Metcalf 20, L. Baugh 24, T. H. White 17, T. J. Daniels 21, C. T. Jones 18, Mike Walsh 25, Jack Malone 25, R. Rce 23, V. B. Cash 19, total, 240.

FIRST GERMAN GUN CLUB OF NEW YORK.—Aug. 27.—Quarterly pigeon shoot at Schwalenberg's Working People's Recreation Grounds, Long Island City. The wind was from the wrong side and very strong, which told very perceptibly on our score; 10 birds each: Erkenberg 4, Geerliz 6, Nowak 8, Meyer 4, Rubeno 4, Zahn 5, Goetz 7, Pfaender 9, Behrens 5, Hudson 6, Neusch 6. Schwalenberg 5, Bockelman 5. Pfaff 5, Carvin 5, Maisch 7, Jenner 7, Grau 4. Pfaender was allowed second prize, having taken the last club medal. Schwalenberg and Nowak competed for the medal, 3 birds each. Schwalenberg 3, Nowak 2. Birds were sprung from 5 traps.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—F. C. BISHOP, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc, of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 5—Buffalo C. C. Races.
Sept. 5—Bayonne C. C., Annual Regatta, Newark Bay.
Sept. 19—N. Y. C. C. Regatta, off New Brighton.
Sept. 26—Jersey City Y. C., Canoe Race.
Sept. 26—K. C. C. Open Regatta, 155th street, North River.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

NEWBURGH CANOE AND BOATING ASSOCIATION.—Newburgh, Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In canoeing department of FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 20, in report of races at the A. C. A. meet, I see you have Mr. Edgar recorded as a member of the Dock Rat C. C. As this is an error that is likely to mislead canoeists I would like you to correct it. There is no such club as the Dock Rat C. C. The organization of which Mr. Edgar is a member is known as the Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association.—NATE S. SMITH, Captain N. C. and B. A.

THE CRUISE OF THE ATALANTIS.—Mr. S. R. Stoddard resumed his long cruise this month, starting from Bar Harbor, Me., in company with Mr. R. B. Burchard and on Aug. 30 they reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, whence they will return by steamer.

BAYONNE C. C.—This club will hold their annual regatta at Bayonne on Sept. 5, at 3 P. M. Prizes will be offered for a sailing race, paddling race for 28in. boats and over, tandem race for same, and an upset race. The races are open to all.

FROM PORT JERVIS TO PASSAIC BY WATER.

THE following cruise of 223 miles on the Delaware River and Delaware and Raritan Canal was lately completed by my son and myself. I send you our log, hoping it may interest other canoeists:

We started Wednesday Aug 5, via Erie Railway on the morning milk train, as the United States Express Company would not risk the boats on the express train owing to excess of baggage bound for Port Jervis on the Delaware River. We were in great luck as an empty car was put at our disposal, and with an empty box to sit on and the doors on each side of the car wide open we thoroughly enjoyed the landscape. The train stopped every few miles, where we held receptions to crowds of country people who came into the car and admired our canoes and asked innumerable questions, all of which we cheerfully answered. The train hands proposed that we should charge an admittance fee, but as we were not in the show business we declined. About 10 miles from Port Jervis we passed through a terrific thunder shower and were afraid we should be obliged to start in a storm, which, of course, would have put a damper upon our pleasure trip. The sun came out as we steamed into the depot at the Port, the hands on the clock stood at 3:45 P. M.

The United States Express Company took our canoes to the river, and we were accompanied by at least two hundred of the good inhabitants of the town, including the newspaper reporter, all without exception ventured to give us good advice, saying that the "Fresh" (meaning freshet) on the river would be too much for our frail-looking boats, as the storm of two days before had raised the river at least twelve feet higher than usual.

Having launched our canoes, we started for Trenton, N. J., amid the cheers of the crowd; distance to above place one hundred and twenty-one miles. At 5:10 we passed our first rapids, or rifts, as they are called on the river, and a few minutes later the monument on the left hand shore where the three States join, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. We could not land, as we wished to make Dingman's Ferry before camping. We passed Milford, Pa., about 6:30, and landed to telegraph our safe arrival thus far, and we think surprised the population by our appearance in Knickerbockers. The scenery is grand, mountains on both sides of the river almost to the very edge. We stopped to camp about two miles above the ferry at 8 o'clock, but we found it an error in getting to camp so late, as we had to work hard to get things straight before it was dark. We ate a cold supper, turned in and slept well considering it was the first night out.

Thursday, up at 4:30; weather clear, wind southwest; made fire and cooked our breakfast, consisting of coffee, eggs, milk, ham and bread. Packed canoes and got off at 6:30. Passed several rifts on our run to Wellpack Bend, which place we passed at 11 A. M. Saw a raft, the first we have seen under way, and spoke it; four men aboard; had a chat with them, when the captain said: "Seeing you on the river in them boats reminds me of a letter I received last year from a man in New Jersey, who wanted to get some 'pints' on the river." As the writer of this letter was one of our party, we asked him if his name was Mr. ——, of Milford, Pa. He said yes, and then we shook hands. After expressing our astonishment at the strangeness of the meeting, we gave a parting salute by shaking our flag, and paddled on. At the bend saw encampment of artists; they had been on the river seven weeks. They asked us to land and take something, but we wished to make Portland below the Water Gap, so declined their polite offer with thanks. We arrived at the Water Gap at 1 o'clock, landed to see the place, and were off again at 3:30. Camped below Portland at 6 o'clock; found it much better than we did the night before, when we had to turn in with a cold supper.

Friday.—Up at 4:45, weather cloudy, wind southeast; am afraid we are in for a storm; after getting breakfast were off at 6:30, reaching Belvidere, N. J., at 8:30, where we went up to town for supplies and to get our mail. We were told that Foul Rock Rift was just below the city and that we had better take out the boats out and carry two miles round. As we insisted on taking the rift, we were told to take the Jersey side, started again as it was beginning to rain, passed Foul Rock Rift, the longest, the roughest and one of the most dangerous on the river, by taking the advice given. We were both landed on rocks above the rift, but by careful work we succeeded in getting off without serious injury or upsetting, and then getting into the raft channel on the Pennsylvania side, which we found was the roughest water, but plenty of it, we managed to get through with only a severe ducking. We beached the boats and sponged them out and found we had received no injury from the rocks and waves. Getting under way again we passed several short rifts and spoke a raft with two men on who told us they were going to stop for dinner a short distance below. Left the raft, and as it began to rain very hard we concluded to break the rule we had hitherto observed, not to take a meal inside of a house, and take dinner at the inn, will not call it a hotel. We had a fair dinner and company consisting of a drover, butcher and our two raft acquaintances. The rain continuing we amused ourselves with enjoying the stories of the raftsmen and others for three hours when we concluded to take to water, rain or not, and having given the hostler a *pour boire* for taking care of our boats, were off for Phillipsburg, N. J., where our friends of the raft said we would find a good place to put up at, as the rain looked as if it would continue all day and night.

On arriving at Easton, Pa., we asked a fisher-boy if there was a boat house where we could store our canoes; he said, "Yes, turn up the canal;" so we went for the boat house and in turning up the canal found a dam fifteen feet high between us and the place we wished to land, and no road or means to get up. We put about and went for the boy, but he had disappeared; we were inclined to think there would be an obituary notice in the Easton papers if we could turn our paddles upon him. We now concluded to try Phillipsburg, and accordingly paddled across. By good luck we found a road leading down to the water, by which we could take our canoes up into the town; so we got ashore and made our way into the town, and to the hotel recommended by our raft friend. We found a fanning mill where we stowed the craft, the proprietor helping us up with them. Taking necessary dry clothing from our stores, we made our way to the hotel, where we found we had escaped narrowly from being arrested, as we had gone to town arrayed in a rubber hat, coat, no stockings nor shoes; the people took us for escaped lunatics from the Trenton asylum. Convincing the authorities that we were only insane canoeists, we changed our clothes, ate a good hot supper as only a canoeist can, and filling our pipes we heard to our astonishment that at the place we camped the first night two bears had been killed this last spring. Of course this led to bear stories, and our host, Mr. Davis, of the Lee House, took the lead; not far behind him was our friend of the raft, who came by rail to sell his raft of hemlock logs.

Saturday.—Clear; wind southwest. Our raft friend stayed over one train in order to help us down to the river. Got off at 8 o'clock, our host and family standing on the bridge to see us off. Took dam, just below the town, about five feet high; came through with little damage, but plenty of water taken in. Several rifts to-day; river broad and shallow; got upon rocks, but no serious damage. Passed another dam, not quite as high as the first. Large head in Lehigh Canal. Sandstone quarries with wire cables to take stone over the river to the railway. Lime kilns. Scenery tame compared to that above the Water Gap, but still fine. Camped at town opposite Lambertville, N. J., at 5 o'clock. Went up town to get supplies, etc. Were told of a dangerous rift, called Wells Falls Rift, just below the town, and were warned that we could not run it; would surely be swamped or dashed to pieces on the rocks. We met a fisherman who had rafted, and who kindly sketched the commencement of the raft channel for us.

Sunday.—Got under way about 7 o'clock, and when nearing the rift thought it best to land and take a look at it. We found no possible way of getting over except by running the rift, took to canoes again, ran the channel, took a great deal of water and broke rudders of both boats by the force of the waves, rift about one mile and a half long, landed, hunted out tool box, repaired damage, and were off again for Trenton, which place we reached at noon.

After resting at Trenton until Tuesday we got under way at 11 o'clock A. M., in the feeder of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, passed under the road bridges, but were obliged to show the pass Mr. Neilson, of New Brunswick, N. J., had kindly furnished us with at the railway bridge, the bridge was opened, we passed through with flying colors, got to first canal lock at about 4:30, lock was empty, the men in charge made no trouble but filled it and we passed in and through with great comfort, camped at 6:30. Dog barked furiously and were obliged to call on the farmer who tied the beast up, and after smoking a pipe with our landlord we turned in, much to the amusement of the above mentioned lord of the manor and dog, who was very curious to see how we would fix ourselves for the night.

Wednesday.—Started at 6:30 after partaking of breakfast; as we neared first lock of the day we were joined by a tandem canoe from Washington, N. J., bound to Newark, N. J., then by canal back to Washington, N. J. Kept company with them for several miles when they left us. Stopped for dinner just outside of New Brunswick; arrived at last-named place at 2:30, put the canoes up at a boat house, and went to the City Hotel, the mosquitoes being too much for us in camp.

Thursday.—Took tide down the Raritan River twelve miles to the Bay and Perth Amboy, passed through several thunder showers during the run. Stayed at Amboy some time for dinner, but did not land. Sea coming in very strongly from the lower New York Bay; made Boynton Beach, a day picnic place with dancing platform, but no place to lodge parties over night. Sea very high and thunder shower coming up; hailed a man who proved to be the proprietor of the rowboats, asked him if he could accommodate us for the night. He replied that we could have a mattress on the floor and that we had better tie our canoes to the ring around the stakes and come ashore, which we did, when he told us he had thought we would have been swamped coming through the heavy sea before we hailed and got to leeward of the dock. All the evening it rained, with severe lightning flashes and thunder claps. During one flash we happened to look toward the canoes and found one gone. We took to rowboat and lantern, and found our sight had not failed us even if the painter had, as one canoe was off to parts unknown. After hunting for nearly an hour in the rain we gave it up for the night, hoping that in the morning we would find it high and dry. Turned in at 11 o'clock wet to the skin, but slept comfortably and got up at 4 o'clock.

Friday morning took rowboat and went after the lost canoe. We found it one mile and a half down the shore, high and not exactly dry, eight or nine feet above the level of the water on the edge of the meadows, as if placed there by hand, and unharmed. We towed back the boat to the beach, and after sponging them out we got under way at 8 oclock and with sails spread for the first time during the cruise. With a southwest wind and our large lateens we made good time through Arthur Kill, or the Sound, as the natives call it, to Newark Bay and the Passaic River, holding our own with the large oyster sloops bound the same way. The pleasure of skimming along under sail is only equaled by the excitement of running a rapid rift. At the Passaic River we met the bay and wind against us. Taking in our sails we paddled to Newark, put our boats in Bowers's boat house, and went to the Park House for the night, as the worst torments of night would have assailed us if we attempted to camp, the live stock of the Jersey swamps being unbearable.

Saturday.—Started up the Passaic River with the tide in our favor, but the wind against us, and arrived at Dundee Lake, a short distance from Paterson, N. J., at noon. A few minutes later we were hailed by the steam launch Winona, and, accompanied by her, made our way to the boat house of the H. M. A. Association.

Having enjoyed this our first cruise, we are now looking forward to a longer one next season, and so infatuated are we with our experience and pleasures of canoe life that we have applied for admission to the A. C. A.

We have a map of the above trip, incomplete, but a great deal better than none at all; and it is at the service of any canoeist who wishes to take the same trip. Only one word of caution—see that there is plenty of water in the river before starting.

MAHOGANY DECK.

CHICAGO C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE second annual regatta of the Chicago C. C. was held on Aug. 15 off the Tippy-Canoe club house, at the foot of Thirty-ninth street. At 3 P. M., the hour for starting, a large number of spectators had gathered on the shore and adjacent breakwaters, and a stiff breeze from the N.E. was kicking up considerable sea.

The first event, a sailing race for Classes A and B, brought out seven entries. Class A: Zeal, M. W. Dunham; Kit, Jr., A. W. Kitchin; Phantom, J. B. Keogh. Class B: Lotus, N. B. Cook; Psyche, H. B. Cook; Eugenie, N. H. Cook; Cyclone, D. H. Crane. The course for Class A was a triangular one. From the starting point to a buoy three-fourths of a mile dead to windward; thence S.E with the wind on the beam to a second buoy off Forty-second street, and thence home, the whole distance being about two miles. Class B sailed the same course, except that the second buoy was placed off Forty-sixth street, thus lengthening the course to three miles.

The signal was given at 3:31 and the canoes got away well together in the following order, Psyche, Lotus, Eugenie, Phantom, Cyclone, Zeal, Kit, Jr. The Psyche began at once to draw away from the others, with Lotus close at her heels, when the latter's deck steering gear gave way where it could not be reached for repairs, and made it impossible for her crew to sail from the deck. She kept on under shortened sail, but had to give up the struggle for first place. At the windward buoy Psyche had spun out a good lead, Phantom had taken third place, and Kit, Jr., had fallen behind and dropped out of the race. The others preserved the same relative positions as at starting, but were well strung out along the course. With started sheets good time was made on the second stretch, and as the second Class A buoy was neared Phantom jibed around it and was well on her way to the finish, when Zeal, her only remaining competitor, was ready to turn. She jibed in like manner, but as the crew overlooked the ballast which had been piled up to windward on the last stretch, he soon found himself astride the keel. After a few moments of anxiety on the part of the spectators, the capsized navigator was taken on board a sailboat and his craft towed to the finish. Phantom had already crossed the line, 34m. 3s. after starting. In Class B Psyche won easily in 42m. 17s., Eugenie took second place in 47m. 34s. and was followed by Lotus in 49m. 39s., Cyclone did not finish. The silver cups which were given as first prizes in both classes go to Phantom and Psyche and the second prize in Class B, a silk flag, goes to Eugenie.

When Class II. paddling was called the sea had gone down somewhat but the water was still too lumpy for fast time. The course in this, as in the two succeeding races, was laid off along the shore, the distance being one mile with a turn. The entries were: Triton, G. Hessert; Sliver, R. P. McCune; Whirligig, A. W. Kitchin; Zeal, W. M. Dunham; Jet, W. A. Phillips; Phantom, J. B. Keogh; Brute, F. R. Seelye; Belle T., P. F. Munger. Jet and Whirligig soon forged ahead of the others, both working hard for the lead, but while turning, with Whirligig a length in advance, a swell capsized and set her adrift. From that moment Whirligig had the race well in hand and finished in 11m. 48⅘s., Zeal coming in second. In the race for Classes III. and IV. Ray, A. W. Kitchin, and Psyche, H. B. Cook, were the only starters but it proved the most spirited contest of the afternoon. In spite of repeated efforts on the part of each to shake off his rival, they traveled nip and tuck almost to the half-mile flags, where Psyche forged ahead and started for home with a lead of about four lengths. An eighth mile further on they were once more on even terms, and after another stubborn contest almost to the finish Ray won by two lengths in 12m. 12⅘s. The prizes in this and the preceding event were gold medals for first and silk flags for second.

The tandem race brought out four crews: Whirligig, Kitchin and Dunham; Psyche, Keogh and Cook; Triton, Sherman and Hessert; La Gitana, Crane and McCune. Psyche drew away from the start, turned well in advance, and won easily in 11.7, Triton second, La Gitana third and Whirligig last. The prizes were silver medals for first, silk flags for second, and a "booby prize" of leather medals for the last crew.

The upset race, while last on the programme, seemed to be the drawing card, especially among the uninitiated. The distance was 200yds. and the contestants five in number: Zeal, Dunham; The Balls, Kitchin; Phantom, Keogh; Lorelei, Hessert, and Belle T., Munger. The upsetting at the signal was easy enough, but getting in again in the rough sea was a different matter. The Balls finally came in first, closely followed by Lorelei. The prizes were a silver medal for first man, sponge and bailer for second.

When the extreme youth of the C. C. C. is taken into consideration, as well as the extent of country over which its members are scattered, great credit is due to it for the pluck and enthusiasm which contributed so largely to the success of the regatta.

The winners of first prizes are all subject to challenge, and must win them three times before entering upon perpetual ownership. This fact will insure their going in every case to the most deserving, and will tend to keep enthusiasm at its present high pitch.

CANOE MEASUREMENT, GEAR, ETC.

I AM very glad to see that so much attention is at length being given to the important subjects of canoe measurement and classification, and especially so as I see that at length the smaller and lighter classes of craft, those claims I have long advocated, are in a fair way to receive recognition and encouragement.

I know very well that time allowance is a bore; but without time allowance it would be difficult to give a chance to all sorts and sizes of canoes, even by a large and undesirable addition to the number of classes.

The sail area scheme, whether based on sail area alone or on a combination of sail area with length, seems to be the easiest method of attaining this result. I must, however, object to Mr. Tredwen's proposed measurement of sail areas by $\frac{\text{Head} + \text{Foot}}{2} \times \frac{\text{Luff} + \text{Leach.}}{2}$ or even to the more customary half-product of diagonals, as both these would put a premium on a square shaped sail, with very long battens, and the back nearly perpendicular. Actual sail area could be obtained from the sail plan with very little difficulty. It would probably be desirable to make some allowance for keel canoes when sailing against centerboards. The centerboard is probably the most troublesome part of a canoe, and many are unwilling to fit them to canoes, finding a keel far superior for sea and beach work, and cheaper both in first cost and afterward. One great advantage of sail area measurement is that it would give a chance to canoes of easier and, if one may use the term, more natural lines than those of most of the R. C. C. craft. In the latter, extreme fulness, squareness and bluffness of both middle body and ends, have been produced by the desire or, from a racing point of view, the necessity of being able to carry large sails. The consequence is that they are laborsome in rough water, and, what with their form, weight and flat decks, are making quite heavy weather of it when a canoe of old-fashioned simplicity is just beginning to enjoy herself. Perhaps "Nautilus" will tell us whether he is as happy in a seaway with No. 9 or 10, or whatever her number is, as he was in many a stiff breeze at Spithead in 1872 or so with No. 3.

Another point. While desiring to see union among canoeists, I should be only too glad to see the R. C. C. take the place of an association, as Mr. Tredwen suggests, or act in such a way as would render an association superfluous.

But to do this it must obviously enlarge its racing rules as to admit every type of canoe recognized by the other clubs. I should, therefore, suggest that a certain number of races should be open to all canoes within the dimensions of any canoe club, with time allowance for sail area and for centerboards. Also that the depth of keel allowed should be made at 2¼in., so as to accord with that of the Clyde C. C., unless, indeed, both clubs would agree to allow 3in., which I should much prefer.

As to the vexed question how to obtain lightness with sufficient strength, my prescription would be: Do not exceed the dimensions of 15ft. by 2ft. 7in., with a depth of 12in. or 13in. to gunwale, using the remainder of the depth of 16in. allowed by the rule in rounding off deck. This, with ¾in. planking, clinker built, and bent timbers (far stronger than the small crossgrained cut timbers of most Thames canoes) will give a canoe capable of sailing in the 200 pound class with half a hundredweight of ballast on board, and carrying some 70ft. of sail.

Such a canoe, in the opinion of one who has tried both, will be more useful, handier, cheaper, and a far pleasanter craft to sail than the first class boats, and will carry an abundant cruising outfit with ease.

I will conclude by reminding the numerous canoeists who live where elaborate mechanism and complicated brasswork are inaccessible, that nearly all the fittings of this nature can be replaced by simple home-made contrivances, without loss of efficiency, and perhaps even with advantage. For example: Steering and pivot bar may be made of hardwood; leading blocks at foot of mast—use wooden cheek blocks with brass sheaves (better); snap-hooks and shackles—use toggles instead (better); cleats—home-made wooden ones are as good as any; blocks—easily made by any carpenter, amateur or other; and the sheaves, being used for window blinds, are kept at most ironmongers. Where boxwood is wanting, ash is nearly or quite as good; rudder bands—use strips of sheet brass, with a bit of stair rod for pins; deadeyes on bamboos—a varnished seizing of twine is every bit as good and lighter.

As I was badly bothered at the outset of canoeing by difficulty in getting these things, I expect the above suggestions to be useful to those in a similar plight. They certainly would have been so to me nine years ago, and that they may prove so to others is the wish of the former master and owner of the good ship—*Pelican, in London Field.*

YELLOWSTONE TO THE GULF.—Omaha, Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. W. S. Hammond, in his long canoe cruise from Louiston, Montana, to the Gulf of Mexico, lay over in this city last Sunday. He started from his home in Massachusetts on the 18th of April for Louiston by rail, in Chicago purchased his canoe and sent it on by express, following soon after and arriving in Louiston in the latter part of June. He launched out upon his long voyage on the 4th day of July, and has come down the river by easy stages, although helped by a strong current. The longest distance covered in one day was 110 miles, making a very handsome run. He reports having a jolly time, with few accidents and fair weather, along with numerous adventures, which helped to break any monotony. In describing his passage of the Yellowstone rapids he says: "Sunday morning I left Stillwater, and after passing through the rapids and leaving in the rear the man stationed there to gather up my 'mangled remains,' I landed at Billings, having been six hours on the way from Stillwater." In describing the scenery of the trip he is quite enthusiastic, as well as with the rapid traveling. His canoe, the Eda, is a Racine; length 15ft., width 34in., depth amidships 11in., 20in. at bow and 18in. at stern. Mr. Hammond expects to reach New Orleans Nov. 1, making a cruise of over 4,500 miles, the longest, if finished, ever made by a man in a canoe.—W. K. S.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MEET.—Those desiring photos of the A. C. A. meet of 1885, can obtain them from Mr. R. W. Anderson, 22 Anne street, Toronto, Can. His list includes: 1. General view of the Camp. 2. Group of Members. 3. Squaw Point. 4. Review, Sailing Fleet. 5. Sailing Race, Class B. 6. Upset Race. 7. Newburgh Camp. 8. Pittsburgh Camp. 9. Knickerbocker Camp.

OAHU.—Dr. and Mrs. Parmele, canoe Oahu, of the Hartford C. C., have been cruising for two months on Long Island Sound. Last week they reached City Island, whence they ran down by rail to New York, spending Sunday with Com. Munroe, and returning on Monday for a cruise back to Saybrook and Hartford.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. REGATTA.—The fall regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C. will be held on Sept. 26 at the club house off 155th street North River. The programme will include a sailing race, paddling race, tandem and upset race, open to all canoeists.

FOUND AT CAMP GRINDSTONE.—Dr. Neidé writes that two large photos, one of a house and one of the interior of some public building, were found at the camp and an owner is wanted.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 5—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 5—Larchmont Y. C., Fall Pennant Regatta.
Sept. 7, 9, 11—America Cup Races.
Sept. 9—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Fall Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 12—Corinthian Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 14—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Sept. 15—N. Y. Y. C., Bennett and Douglas Cups.
Sept. 17—N. Y. Y. C., Brenton's Cup Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 22—N. Y. Y. C., Cape May Cup Race.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.
Sept. 28—Newark Y. C., Open Sweepstakes, Newark Bay.
Sept. 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Fall Regatta.

THE PREVIOUS RACES FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

THE history of the races for the America Cup, dating back as it does for thirty-five years, almost to the birth of American yachting, is familiar to all Americans who take an interest in international sport afloat or ashore, but on the eve of the sixth contest, to be sailed next Monday, a short summary of the previous races will not be out of place. The America Cup, commonly but incorrectly known as the Queen's Cup, is properly the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup of 1851, open to yachts of all nations and won by the America, a keel schooner of 170 tons, from a fleet of fifteen English schooners and cutters, all keel boats of from 47 to 200 tons. The course, around the Isle of Wight, a distance of sixty miles, was sailed in about 10⅔ hours, in a light and variable wind, the America beating the Aurora, 47 tons, by 18min.

The next race was on Aug. 8, 1870, when the Cambria, an English keel schooner, sailed one race over the New York course against a fleet of twenty schooners, keel and centerboard, the little centerboard Maggie winning by 27m. 12s. elapsed and 39m. 12s. corrected time. This race was between an English keel schooner of the type then in vogue and American schooners, both keel and centerboards, resulting in a victory for the latter, as Cambria was eighth in order at the finish.

Again in the following year the owner of the Cambria returned in a new schooner, the Livonia, and sailed five races in October, three with the Columbia, a centerboard schooner, of which he won one, and two with the Sappho, a keel boat, in which the latter won. The boats in these races were of similar types with those of the preceding year.

The next contestant came from a new quarter. In 1876, the centerboard schooner Countess of Dufferin challenged for the Cup in the name of the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, Can., and sailed two races at New York with the schooner Madeleine, in both of which she was badly beaten. As both boats were of the American type, the race possessed little value from a technical standpoint.

The same may be said of the races of 1881, when a centerboard sloop of the sloop of American type, was built in Canada and towed on her bilge through the Erie Canal to New York, where she was twice decisively beaten by the Mischief, also a centerboard sloop.

This makes a total score of five separate contests, all won by the American yachts, and eleven races, in all of which but one America has been victorious.

Three of the four yachts which at various times have essayed to carry back the Cup were built specially for that purpose, while on the other side the American champion has in every case been picked from the existing fleet, and has been a faithful representative of her class. In the coming races, for the first time an American yacht will sail that has been built specially for the purpose and which, as we have shown elsewhere, resembles no previous efforts of American designers. Whether or not she be successful, few will deny, however, that she is a better boat than her predecessors and that she marks a decided advance in yacht designing.

THE ISSUES IN THE COMING RACES.

A TRIAL of skill between two great nations, whether it takes the form of horse racing, rowing, yacht racing, rifle shooting, or even the lower grades of sport found on the cinder track and in the prize ring, must always excite a deep interest on both sides, even when the question involved is merely national supremacy and no idea or principle involved. This is largely the case in horse racing, running and walking, where the methods are very similar; but there is another class of contests where the interest is trebled by the fact that a principle is at stake. This has frequently been the case in rowing, where the stroke, the methods of training and the boats of both sides were totally different, and it has still more frequently been the case in international yachting. Of the five contests for the America Cup, three have far surpassed the other two in interest, from the fact that a question of principle was involved. In the first race in 1851 the issue was between the old and new, between the bluff-bowed hookers with their bellying windbags of sails, on the one hand, and the clean-lined, sharp bowed clipper with flat sails and snug rig that had crossed the Western ocean from New York town. Again, twenty years later, came two similar contests, on the one hand the deep-keel schooners of English build and rig and on the other the shoal, wide centerboard yachts of the New York Y. C. Deep or shoal, moderate or great beam, keel or centerboard, Lapthorne's hemp or Sawyer's cotton, were the issues that made these naval battles so famous. After these followed two series of races, between schooners in 1876 and sloops in 1881, neither of which created much excitement, partly, no doubt, because the challengers were Canadians and so Americans, but mainly because the boats were identical in type with their opponents, all being of American model, rig and build.

At the date of the latter of these races another contest came off in American waters the like of which has never been seen since America sailed at Cowes—a race of little boats and with none of the importance that attends as a matter of course to a contest between large and stately schooners, but which attracted the attention of every American yachtsman from the magnitude of the questions at issue. At no time in all international yachting had the points in dispute been so many and so different. Almost every detail of yacht design and construction was embodied in a directly opposite form in Madge and her adversaries, and in no single point did they resemble each other. Great or little displacement, high or low ballast, lead or gravel, keel or centerboard, 8ft. or 4ft. draft, 7ft. or 14ft. beam, deadrise or flat floor, through the water or over the water, jib and staysail or single jib, a topmast as long as the short lower mast and that could be quickly housed, or a lofty stick with a little pole fixed on top; a mainsail loose on the foot or laced to the boom; half a dozen jibs of various sizes set flying, or one big jib on its stay to be "bobbed" if absolutely necessary; sails of heavy hemp held flat with runners on backstays, or of light cotton on swaggering spars; all of these points were staked on the result of the seven races, of which Madge won six.

The interest in these races was intensified by the fact that they came at a time when a bitter and stubbornly-fought controversy had been carried on for four years over the points mentioned above; by which time the yachting world of America, after ignoring as long as possible and then recognizing only with ridicule and contempt, the claims of the British cutter, was at last prepared to weigh them carefully and fairly, and accept or reject them on their merits. The wonderful performances of Madge astonished all, convinced many, and brought home even to the most conservative sloop men the conviction that their favorite boats were not quite all they so long imagined them to be, and that there might exist facts in yacht architecture as well as in practical sailing that their philosophy had not yet dreamed of.

Since 1881 the contest has gone on steadily, less bitterly and acrimoniously than at first, but no less earnestly, the victories one and all being in favor of the side that the FOREST AND STREAM has so long championed. The single jib has virtually disappeared from our yachts, lead ballast and low ballast are sought for by all to the greatest extent allowed by local requirements, depth stops only at the same limit, beam has been chopped off with no unsparing hand, the stubby fixed topmast now proclaims at once that under it is a working sloop and not a yacht, the reform in sail making, rigging in all minor details and in practical sailorizing is no less marked. Cutters, even of the extreme type, are too common with us to-day to excite any remark, the full cutter rig is seen on all models of single stick boats quite as frequently as the old original sloop rig, while every yacht of any pretension has appropriated some of its leading features until it has become impossible any longer to class a boat by a look at the rig. Whether or no the cutters outsail the sloops on all occasions has less to do with the dispute than it would at first seem since nearly all the elements of the cutter are practically accepted in the modern sloop.

No issue any longer exists on the question of keel or centerboard, but it has settled down to a consideration of adaptability, and the argument on both sides may be briefly summed up in a form that will permit any one to decide for himself. The main point, ability to windward, has been settled by a complete collapse of the once general belief that a keel boat would not point or stay and was slower in every way than a centerboard. The performance of all types of cutters has demonstrated most convincingly their weatherly qualities, and it is to windward that their victories are mainly won. The old ideas of depth and resistance that so long furnished arguments against the keel, have also been banished from the minds of all intelligent yachtsmen, and it is fully understood there is no natural law by which the deep boat must be slower than the shoal. The superiority of the keel in deep water is generally conceded now, and depth is beginning to be rated at its proper value as the prime factor of safety, insuring against a capsize and also giving that ability to windward that makes it unnecessary to seek a harbor every time it blows. Structurally the keel is far superior to the centerboard, the keel boat being stronger than one that is cut in two in the spot where strength is most requisite, while the room inside is vastly greater in the former. On the one side then are all the advantages that a sailor would prize, a good sea boat, strong, roomy and with little or no possibility of capsizing; lasting longer and less liable to leakage, and above all, weatherly to the highest degree. On the other side is the fact that for some waters a shoal draft boat is absolutely necessary, consequently the centerboard must take the place of the keel.

Which a man shall chose in any given case is not a matter of principle, but simply of expediency, to be decided according to his requirements. The question has gradually settled into this shape: the keel boat is equal to the centerboard craft in all requisite qualities, and superior in some essential ones, but in some waters its use is impossible, in which case the other offers a convenient makeshift. These facts have been proven in the last few years and no international race can alter them.

While so many points have been conceded by adopting them bodily in the sloop and the points at issue have gradually disappeared from the controversy, both sides have looked forward to a grand battle between the American sloop and British cutter as a fitting termination of the dispute; and while an international race would in any case be an event of some moment, the importance of the present one has been much increased by the feeling that it would be the greatest battle yet fought between the two opposing types. There is absolutely nothing to prohibit us from building an English cutter to meet the yacht from across the sea, except the feeling that it would be a surrender of the stand we have so long taken and a very hollow victory should the Cup be retained by such means, and this feeling has been strongly shown in the correspondence of last winter over the building of a large yacht. At the time the challenge was first forwarded the most successful yacht of the season, the successful opponent of our best sloops was Bedouin, an English cutter in design, model and build, though constructed in this country, and from her successful record it was felt by many that she would be more certain of defeating the coming cutter than any sloop we could muster; but in spite of this, though discussed, the idea of putting her to defend the Cup was at once dismissed as impossible.

None but the most conservative sloop advocate, blinded by misdirected patriotism, expected that we should go back to the antecutter days and build a big Vision, Fanny or Arrow, with cobblestone ballast and brick sloop rig, to meet Genesta, but all expected that the new boat would be an exponent of American ideas and the practice of to-day, an enlarged or improved Mischief or Gracie, an American centerboard sloop. Such a yacht has been built—a centerboard sloop of distinctively American model, an embodiment of modern ideas, and a marked improvement on the sloops of ten or even five years since. In rig the new boat is also a sloop, and though with many details borrowed directly from the cutter, she is in every sense a representative American sloop. This boat has been sailed and tested in a most thorough manner with other boats, but for good and sufficient reasons she has not been selected. The choice is based on no sentimental ideas or unsubstantial theories, but on the hard and irresistible logic of facts and figures; the chosen defender of the Cup has beaten the American sloop, and proved herself faster, abler and better fitted, in the opinion of the entire American yachting world, of meeting Genesta next Monday.

Let us look at this new yacht selected solely on her merits to represent American ideas and progress, the evolution of fifty years' experiment with the centerboard sloop. Of course she is a centerboard craft, otherwise she would not have been chosen; but her claims to affinity with American models begin and end with the possession of a cloven foot. Her beam is too great for a modern cutter, but in that respect she represents a stage in the evolution of the latter dating back to America's time, before the Thames rule had exerted any great pressure on beam, and when cutters were wide as sloops. A single look at the hull when hauled out will convince any one that she has no affinity to the American centerboard model, and as for American keel sloops, there have never been enough of them to constitute any decided type. Looking at Priscilla on the dock alone is enough to convince one of the justness of her claims as a typical American boat; but the longer one looks at Puritan the more difficult it is to trace relationship to anything but the modern cutter. The superficial details are all present, the plumb stem, rounded forefoot and decided rocker, the raking sternpost and long counter, but beyond these, and far more conclusive, is the keel of lead, 26 tons in a piece 15in. wide on the bottom, 22in. on top, and 18in. deep. Not only is the weight there, but there is a substantial depth of keel proper, shaping fairly into the form of the hull. It is easy enough to say that the bow is taken from Ellsworth or the quarter from Steers, or that there is a look of Una about the bottom; but in spite of such idle comments Puritan is a copy of no previous boat and of no man's models. Her rig is purely cutter, except that the mainsail is laced to the boom and that her bowsprit is fixed. What, then, does Puritan represent in the coming contest? Certainly not American sloops nor American ideas, nor is she in any way an embodiment of any of the principles we have so long contended for, but that at last have disappeared, no one quite knows when, where or how. What she does embody is Yankee gumption and enterprise and a disposition to seize every new idea, to weigh and test them, and, if possible, to improve upon them, that is, fortunately, more truly American than the Chinese method of condemning on sight all innovations, that did for so long characterize our yachtsmen. Her designer has been brought up in a new school, untrammeled by the dogmas and traditions that weigh so heavily on all once under their influence, and he has started out boldly on a course of his own, thus far, it must be confessed, with good results.

It is most curious now to look at the strange way in which events have shaped themselves. The long looked for contest between the typical sloop and cutter seems destined not to come off and the issue to which the main interest in the race was due has entirely disappeared on the eve of the battle. Another and most unexpected feature has, however, been added, the centerboard sloop has succumbed to a new type, the centerboard cutter, and now another new issue arises that was not dreamed of at the beginning. For forty years over three-fourths of the entire yachting tonnage of the world has been under the domination of a rule that, urged on by competition and the impulse of racing, has each year exerted a greater influence in two directions. Under its constantly increasing pressure beam has decreased and depth increased. Fifteen years ago a halt was called and progress seemed barred by impossibility of carrying sail with less beam under the old system of ballasting, but the obstacle was soon overcome by a method of construction which permitted an indefinitely great weight of lead to be hung under the boat, and again the narrowing process went on with renewed vigor. Again a halting place has been reached in Irex and Genesta with 70 tons of lead under them, and the smaller boats with still greater weights in proportion, and it is admitted that a limit has been reached beyond which further progress is not practicable under the present system of building and rigging.

Opinions are greatly divided as to the value of the great influence the Thames rule has exerted on yachting. Whether it is responsible, as some assert, for all the evils against which the British yachtsman raises his voice periodically in a good old-fashioned British growl, or whether, on the other hand, it is the safeguard that has prevented them from running to the opposite extreme fostered by a length rule, and kept them from building Mohawks and Sophias in the hunt after speed. It has certainly exercised a most powerful influence on design, and has limited the designer to a single type of boat, preventing experiment or improvement in any but one direction. Under its pressure the problem before him has not been to produce the shape of all others best adapted to the requirements of yachting, but rather it has substituted the problem in engineering of hanging securely on a form whose invariable proportions it lays down itself, the greatest possible weight of lead. Whatever might be said against it, however, it must always be remembered that the boats built under the Thames rule in its various forms have, above all others, excelled in the essential points of safety from capsizing, wea herliness and good sea-going qualities, coupled with great speed. For some years past there has been a decided opposition to the rule, an attempt to pacify which has been made by an alteration in the details in 1884 and last year by the adoption of an alternative rule based on length and sail area, which may be used at will; but it has been evident for some time that the extreme limit of depth and lead had been reached, and the issue must some day be fought between extreme and moderate beam, say 5½ to 6 beams on the one hand and 3½ to 4 on the other. Such a contest was not possible in British waters, as no wide boat could race under the present rule, and there seems no immediate prospect of it here, as the battles between the ordinary sloops and cutters have involved so many other features besides that of relative beam that a comparison has been difficult.

Suddenly and most unexpectedly, however, the contest of next week has lost its intended character and assumed a novel form. It is no longer a battle between the distinct and well-marked national types known as sloop and cutter; but the battle of beam, instead of being fought abroad, is to be decided here. What is really on trial is the Thames or Yacht Racing Association rule that, embodied in Genesta with her narrow beam, will contend on the neutral ground of length and sail area rule with a boat of similar length and rig but with unrestricted beam. The question of keel or centerboard enters but little into the contest, but has been fully settled by previous races, and had Puritan a deeper keel instead of her board, the result, in all probability, would be little affected. The main point at issue is beam, and in this the two boats have a certain interest as direct opponents of the value of beam in naval design, while we have a secondary interest from the fact that the wide boat is the product of an American designer; beyond these we have no direct concern, but can only stand aside and see fair play. If Puritan wins it is a victory for what? For great beam and shoal draft, for ballast high up, for a flat floor with no keel, for a tall mast in the eyes and a single jib; in short, for an American sloop? By no means. It is simply a victory for a wide cutter with deep hull and lead keel, over a narrower cutter which compensates for her diminished beam by a deeper keel and more lead. In either case, the principles for which the FOREST AND STREAM so long contended are victorious, though the battle has been decided differently but no less conclusively than we anticipated. The vital issue was disposed of when Puritan defeated Priscilla, and was acknowledged by the press, the yachting public and the authorized custodians of the Cup as superior to the big sloop; for the rest we are content to await the results of next week's racing.

We have always advocated the narrow and deep boats in place of the wide and shoal, the craft that was absolutely non-capsizable against the flat and dangerous trap, and we have upheld the claims of the former as safe, able and fast sea boats as against boats whose only recommendation was speed in moderate weather, but the present contest is not between such extreme types.

Genesta is indeed a thorough cutter, but her opponent is of a form that is practically safe and uncapsizable, and what she has done thus far warrants the belief that she will prove an excellent boat in any weather, though we believe inferior to her narrow and deeper rival when once off soundings. Until she has disproved it thoroughly we shall still continue our belief in the deep and narrow cutter rather than in the wider and modified type which Puritan represents; but granted the value of the principles for which we have so long battled and which the trial races have fully sustained, if any further proof was needed, the considerations of a little more or less beam or the choice between a keel and a centerboard are of comparatively small importance and may safely be left to the individual judgment of each man who builds a yacht, with little fear that he will do anything worse than build a slow boat.

HULL Y. C., LADIES' DAY.

ON Wednesday of last week the Hull Y. C. sailed a race in which the crew of each yacht was partly composed of ladies, the allowance being 6 in first class, 5 in second and 3 in the others. With a reefing breeze over a 9 mile course in rough water the crews were well dampened before the race was over, but all enjoyed the sail. The times were:

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Corrected.
Atalanta, J. R. Thomas	28.04	1 20 00
SECOND CLASS KEELS.		
Banneret, J. F. Brown	25.02	1 03 38
THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.		
Queen Mab	22.06	0 39 10
THIRD CLASS KEELS.		
Kitty, E. H. Tarbell	23.09	0 39 31
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	23 07	0 40 48
FOURTH CLASS.		
Niobe, Sayles & Chadwick	20.06	0 49 35
Thrasher, G. G. Garraway	20.02	0 53 39
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	19.11	0 53 46
Gisela, H. A. Born	20.11	0 55 22
Joker, George Coffin	20.08	0 55 04
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21.03	0 56 28
Jewell, W. E. Sheriff	19.09	0 57 49
FIFTH CLASS.		
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	19.08	0 53 11
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18.01	0 55 19
Myrtle, R. C. Poor	19.06	0 57 48
Susie, D. Follett	19.00	1 00 58
SIXTH CLASS.		
Mirage, L. M. Clark	17.10	1 03 33

Prizes were given to the members of the winning crews. The judges of the regatta of Aug. 15, Messrs. Chas. V. Whitten, chairman; Peleg Aborn, C. F. Harrington, H. P. Stanwood, B. W. Rowell, F. C Brewer, Walter Starbuck, O. A. Ruggles, L. M. Bouvé, have decided the protests and awarded the prizes as follows: First class, centerboards, first prize, $50, sloop Magic, E. C. Neal, of Lynn; first class, keels, first prize, $50, sloop Hera, Geo. R. Howe, of Hull. Second class, centerboards, first prize, $40, sloop Eva, Daniel Sargent, of Boston; second prize, $20, sloop Atalanta, Isaac R. Thomas, of Hull; keels, first prize, $40, sloop Banneret, J. F. Brown, of Hull; second prize, $20, sloop Carmen, B. L. M. Tower, of Hull. Third class, centerboards, first prize, $35, sloop Queen Mab, Burwell & Litchfield, of Hull; second prize, $20, sloop Expert, Lawrence Whitcomb, of Marblehead; third prize, $15, sloop Seabird, C. L. Joy, of Hull; fourth prize, $ 0, sloop Alda, W. H. Wilkinson, 2d, of Hull; keels, first prize, $35, sloop Kitty, E. H. Tarbell, of Hull; second prize, $20, cutter Thelga, A. P. Thayer, of Hull; third prize, $15, sloop Witch, B. B. Crowninshield, of Marblehead; fourth prize, $10, sloop Shanraer, Geo C. Broome, of Hull. Fourth class, first prize, $30, cat Em-Ell-Eye, P. M. Bond, of Hull; second prize, $20, cat Nettle, W. M. Maybury, of Quincy; third prize, $15, cat Tartar, F. L. Dunne, of Hull; fourth prize, $10, cat Niobe, Sayles and Chadwick, of Hull. Fifth class, first prize, $30, Wildfire, H. A. Keith, of Hull; second prize, $20, Hornet, Harding and Merrill, of Hull; third prize, $15, Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln, of South Boston; fourth prize, $10, Kismet, A. P. Thayer, of Hull; fifth prize, $5, Jessie, W. B. Smith, of South Boston.

BEVERLY Y. C.

105TH REGATTA, THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP.—SWAMPSCOTT, AUG. 29.

COURSE for first class: Leaving Spindle Rock on port, stakeboat off S. W. breaker, Grave's whistling buoy and Egg Rock on starboard, and return, 18¾ miles.

Course for second and third classes: Leaving stakeboats off Little Nahant and 1½ miles E. by S. of Egg Rock on port and return, 6 miles. Judges: B. W. Crowninshield, W. Lloyd Jeffries. Judges' boat, D.

In the second class only Witch and Spider appeared; Witch wisely decided she could do better with light sails against larger boats, than with working sails against catboats, and so went with first class at the minimum length. This left Spider a walkover, but a joint race was arranged between her and the third class boats, and all started together.

The preparatory gun was fired exactly at 12, a fresh N. W. wind then blowing, and the first class gun was fired at 12:05 Witch was first over the line but was slow with her spinnaker, then Eugenia with everything drawing, and Expert close on her heels, and Atalanta with a huge spinnaker just behind; Expert came next, going very fast and breaking out her light duck very handsomely on the line, while Bessie brought up the rear, being very slow in setting a wretched little old-fashioned spinnaker.

Considerable interest was felt in Bessie, this being her first race since she was changed from a schooner to a sloop.

On the one-quarter mile run to the Spindle, Witch held the lead, pretty well pressed by Expert, while Bessie was abreast and to windward of Atalanta, and Gem, after getting by Atlanta, had fallen back again, and Eugenia was on Bessie's weather quarter.

N.W. winds here are puffy and vary three points in direction, and just as the boats were at the Spindle a westerly puff suddenly jibed Bessie's and Gem's mainsails, and things were lively for a minute. It looked as if Bessie and Eugenia would be driven ashore. Bessie scraped by, however, but Eugenia was to windward of the rocks and had to go about and follow the others, losing some two or three minutes.

From the Spindle to the stakeboat all spinnakers came in except Bessie's. Witch held the lead, but Atalanta was picking up and Bessie was doing well.

At the stakeboat they got a calm, and shortly a light easterly breeze sprung up giving them a quartering wind across to the Graves. Witch led till half way over, when Atalanta got by and steadily increased her lead. Expert was hunting Witch pretty hard, with Bessie close astern, and Gem, who had lost the upper half of her topmast, was left far in the rear before she got her topsails set on the stump. Eugenia did not round Graves Buoy.

The stretch from Graves home was intended to have been to windward, but the shift in the wind, which by this time was pretty fresh S. E. sent them to Egg Rock dead before it, and they carried spinnaker over the home line. Result as follows:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Atalanta, sloop, J. R. Thomas	29.01½	2 54 28	2 44 19
Bessie, sloop, Chas. P. Curtis	27.01	2 58 12	2 45 05
Witch, sloop, B. B. Crowninshield	23.06	2 58 46	2 40 05
Expert, sloop, L. Whitcomb	24.10	3 00 36	2 43 59
Gem, sloop, H. W. Savage	26.09	3 31 28	3 17 36
Eugenia, cat, J. S. Palmer	28.03	withdrew.	

Expert protested Atalanta for carrying one person more than rules allow. It appeared that her owner had taken some ladies aboard, thinking they would not count; she was ruled out, thus giving pennant to Bessie, who ties Expert and Atalanta. First prize goes to Atalanta, second to Expert.

The start for second and third classes was fired at 12:10. Psyche was on the line at the instant, then Spider, Wraith and Mirage. All went off on starboard tack with sheets a trifle lifted. They rounded the first boat close together, and as wind was now almost entirely gone, they slowly drifted down the Nahant shore before the wind all in bunch.

Half way to second boat they got the wind E.S.E and had a beat for the rest of the way. Spider stood out to sea on a long reach on starboard tack going to leeward off Egg Rock, while the others took several short tacks inshore and finally passed the rock to windward, Mirage a trifle ahead, the others close together, and all three crossed Spider's bow.

The run in was dead before the wind with booms to port, Mirage just ahead of Psyche who had Wraith lapping her starboard quarter. At the Spindle Mirage and Wraith jibed, and the latter shot abreast of Psyche, and the two boats came for the line exactly even, but as Wraith had the inside end of the line and Psyche was not pointed as exactly at it as her competitor, Wraith's mast got over ¾ of a second ahead. Mirage takes third class prize and the joint prize. Psyche second prize on allowance. Spider had a walk over in her class:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Mirage, cat, L. M. Clark	19.01	1 22 17	1 10 43
Wraith, cat, J. B. Paine	19.05	1 23 06	1 11 38
Psyche, cat, H. M. & P. S. Sears	19.04	1 23 06¾	1 11 32¾
Spider, cat, Walter Abbott	20.00	1 27 58	1 17 01

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH RACE, SWAMPSCOTT, AUG. 29. SAIL OFF FOR FIRST CLASS PENNANT.

After the championship race was over, it was decided to sail off the tie in first class at once, course being round Graves Buoy and return, 12 miles. Bessie did not start, and Atalanta and Expert were sent off at 3:56. Atalanta beat Expert badly in the dead beat out, rounding buoy 12½ minutes ahead. Spinnakers were then set and they came home flying dead before it and running exactly alike, Atalanta crossing at 6:53:00, Expert, 7:05:30. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries; judges' boat, D.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH REGATTA, FIRST OPEN, MONUMENT BEACH, AUG. 29.

Wind light N. E., increasing at finish; a purely local wind which did not extend down the bay, so that several boats from a distance were becalmed and unable to get up in time.

Judges, F. Elliot Cabot, Richard Codman, A. S. Hardy. Judges' yacht, Maude, B. Y. C.

Course for first and second classes, round Scragg Neck Buoy, Bird Island Buoy and return, 11 miles. For other classes, leaving Black Buoy No. 3 on starboard, Dry Ledge Buoy No. 12, Abial's Ledge Buoy and Black Buoy No. 3 on port and return, 7½ miles.

The start was delayed 25 minutes waiting for boats to get up, finally the preparatory gun was fired at 1:25, and first class gun five minutes later. Whisper was first over the line, closely followed by Almyra, then Prize, Mattie, Bubble, Alice and P. D. Q. Myth, Surprise, Quisset, Myrtle, Elite and Sirius started late and were all a little handicapped; Quisset is the boat entered in 97th race as Hard Luck, and P. D. Q. is the Jumbo. Myth had a large piece added to head of sail, increasing the leach 8ft. In the run down Mattie took a good lead and dropped the others. Then came Myth, Surprise, Alice and Quisset in a bunch, Myth's big sail keeping her a trifle ahead, the balance well astern, and this position was held through the reach to Scragg Neck. From here up it was a dead beat; Mattie with a lead of 12 minutes went over to the north shore and was out of it; Myth, Surprise, Alice and Quisset went over toward the Marion shore and did much better; Alice and Surprise dropping the other two, while Myrtle, going well on toward Marion, was becoming dangerous; and Mary, not in the race, who had stood clear in to Marion shore came out ahead of the fleet, Surprise finished first, 2 minutes ahead of Alice, and 7 ahead of Myrtle.

In second class Good Luck had it all her own way and Nellie W. was an easy second. In the third class the race was very close and exciting. Scud was becalmed and unable to get up on time, and Dolly was unlucky enough to have the ways break under her when cleaning bottom for the race, and was unable to get off in time, but Fanny, Mertie, Eleanor and the new Petrel were on hand. Eleanor went off with the lead, Mertie close behind her, then Clara, Mystery, Fanny, all in a bunch, and Petrel bringing up the rear. Running down to Dry Ledge Fanny took the lead, Petrel second, Eleanor third, but Petrel gained nothing on Fanny. Reaching over to Abial's Ledge,



NEW YORK YACHT CLUB COURSE.

A—Start.
B—Finish.
C—Sandy Hook Lightship.
G—Seawanhaka Y. C.
D—Scotland Lightship.
K—Robbins' Reef Light.
M—Fort Wadsworth.
L—Fort Lafayette.

however, she gained and had to give way for Fanny in turning buoy. Beating home the boats stuck to the Wing's Neck shore, and alternately crossed each other's bows, but finally Fanny got a lead and the prize seemed to be hers. She stood out too far, however, into the tide, and Petrel, working the Tobey Island shore, slipped over just inside her allowance. Summary as follows:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Surprise, B. Y. C., J. M. Codman	27.03	2 59 50	2 49 18
Alice, Galveston, Sam'l Allyne	28.03	3 01 31	2 52 01
Myrtle, Mon. Beach, W. Phinney	27.03	3 06 23	2 55 51
Quisset, Wood's Holl, R. B. Hiller	29.06	3 10 07	3 01 52
Sirius, Onset Bay, M. N. Bray	27.07	3 10 44	3 00 28
Almyra, Mon. Beach, J. Phinney	29.00	3 11 51	3 03 07
Prize, Quisset, J. F. Perry	28.00	3 20 00	3 10 15
Mattie, B. Y. C., Vice-Com. Stockton	28.10	3 21 18	3 12 19
Myth, B. Y. C., Thos. Parsons	27.04	3 21 30	3 10 58
Bubble, Osterville, Dan'l Crosby	27.03	3 27 11	3 16 39
Elite, Fairhaven, R. W. Pearse	28.11	3 27 43	3 18 59
P. D. Q., Wareham, J. M. Washburn	29.10	3 42 00	3 33 59
Whisper, B. Y. C., S. M. Weld	28.00	Becalmed and withd'w	
SECOND CLASS.			
Good Luck, Dighton, A. M. Phillips	29.09	3 05 10	2 51 46
Nellie W., Wareham, J. Monaghan	29.11	3 11 42	2 58 37
Onset Belle, Onset Bay, N. R. Besse	27.00	3 18 25	3 07 36
Cadmus, Mon. Beach, H. E. Perry	26.04	3 20 51	3 09 13
Rival, Cataumet, S. R. Ditmars	24.02½	3 21 30	3 07 28
Fannus, Mon. Beach, E. H. Tobey	26.06½	3 28 35	3 12 13
Fannie, Mon. Beach, S. P. Hill	25.00	3 24 53	3 11 48
Thekla, Osterville, W. Crosby	26.02	3 26 10	3 14 39
Clio, Mattapoisett, H. W. Packard	24.06	3 26 24	3 12 41
Lestris, B. Y. C., Joshua Crane	24.02	3 32 45	3 18 43
Gleam, Mon. Beach, E. H. Stevens	25.01	3 36 14	3 23 09
Lady of the Lake, Matta., F. Boromay	24 02	Becalmed, withdrew.	
Wake, Cataumet, Frank Lincoln	24.01	Becalmed, withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Fanny, B. Y. C., F. W. Sargent	23.10	2 20 28	2 10 29
Petrel, B. Y. C., G. H. Richards	20.07	2 22 47	2 09 39
Eleanor, B. Y. C., R. Codman	23.08½	2 27 30	2 17 31
Mertie, Wood's Hol, A. F. Crowell	23.06½	2 31 40	2 21 28
Annie, Mon. Beach, David Ellis	21.00	2 32 23	2 19 46
Mystery, B.Y.C., Vice-Com. Stockton	21.11	2 32 59	2 21 22
Clara B., B. Y. C., R. Bangs	20 05	2 37 32	2 24 24
Secret, B. Y. C., S. M. Weld	22.09	2 58 04	2 47 10
FOURTH CLASS.			
Island Belle, Bird Island, H. Ware	18.06	2 47 09	2 32 43
Wideawake, B. Y. C., F. Tudor, Jr.	16.02½	3 16 21	2 58 37
Dodo, Cataumet, C. A. Clark	12.05	Withdrew.	

Surprise, Good Luck, Petrel and Island Belle take first prizes, Alice, Nellie W., Fanny and Wideawake second prize, and Myrtle third prize.

THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE RACES.

THE Committee have sent the following letters, announcing their choice of Puritan as the American champion:

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
New York, Aug. 30, 1885.

Dear Sir—I am instructed by the committee in charge to inform you that the sloop yacht Puritan has been chosen to meet Genesta in the forthcoming races for the possession of the America's Cup. Very truly yours, CHARLES A. MINTON, Sec'y of Committee.

To Sir RICHARD SUTTON, Bart., Yacht Genesta.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in notifying you that the sloop yacht Puritan has been selected by the Committee in charge to meet the Genesta in the forthcoming races for the America's Cup. Yours, respectfully, CHARLES A. MINTON, Sec'y of Committee.

To J. MALCOM FORBES, Esq., representing owners of the Puritan.

Puritan was at Poillon's for three days last week, repairing some damage to her rail received while on the screw dock, and also having some small alterations made. Part of her iron work has been replaced by heavier, and she will have a new suit of blocks. Both she and Genesta will haul out this week to clean bottom. Genesta has had her topmast reduced 2½ft., and Mr. Lapthorne has been busy with the alterations in her sails. The following request has been made by the Committee to the pilots of all vessels accompanying the race:

The great interest shown by the public in the coming contests for the possession of the America Cup makes it certain that a large number of yachts, steamers and other vessels will accompany the races.

The Committee of the New York Y. C. in charge therefore earnestly request the captains of all vessels to keep well to leeward of the contesting yachts and to be scrupulously careful not to interfere with them in any way.

They call special attention to the fact that the quarter wash from steamers, however small it may be, even at a considerable distance, is very annoying and more detrimental to racing craft than is generally realized.

The Committee feel confident that in calling attention to these points and in making this appeal they may count on the assistance of those to whom it is addressed, and will have secured the object in view—a fair field and no favor for either boat.

CHAS. A. MINTON,
Secretary American Cup Committee.

The N. Y. Y. C. fleet will rendezvous in the Horseshoe on Sept. 6 to witness the race on Monday. The first race, Monday, Sept. 7, will be 20 miles to windward or leeward, starting from Scotland Lightship. The second race, Wednesday, Sept. 9, will be over the New York Y. C. course, a map of which we give herewith. If neither yacht wins both of the races, a third race will be sailed on Friday, Sept. 11, over a triangular course from Scotland Lightship. If the Cup races are decided by either yacht winning the first two events, the race of Friday will be for the Bennett and Douglas Cups, over the same triangular course from Scotland Lightship, starting at 11 A. M. The race will be with time allowance but no time limit, and will be governed by the following regulations:

Yachts while sailing the race must carry their private signals at the main peak, and also numbers securely sewed on each side of the mainsail, at the intersection of imaginary lines drawn from the throat to third reef cringle and from the peak to the third reef tack cringle—or, in the absence of a third reef, to the second reef cringles. These numbers will be provided on application to the steward at the club house, and it is requested that they be returned to the same place, by mail or otherwise, immediately after the race.

The signals for starting will be given from the committee's steamer as follows, viz.:

Preparatory signal—One long blast of the steam whistle, and at the same time the United States ensign will be lowered from the bow staff and a blue Peter set in its place.

The start—Ten minutes later there will be a second blast of the whistle, the blue Peter will be lowered and the yacht club signal set in its place, when the time of each yacht will be taken as it crosses the line. Five minutes later there will be a third blast of the whistle, and this time will be recorded as the time of any yacht starting in the race thereafter.

Note—That before any signal is given the United States ensign will be flying at the bow staff—during the preparatory period a blue Peter, and after the starting whistle the yacht club signal.

If practicable, a short blast of the steamer's whistle will be given when each yacht crosses the starting line.

If the Bennett and Douglas cups are thus sailed for on Sept. 11 instead of Sept. 16, the Brenton's Reef Cup will be sailed on Sept. 14, and the Cape May Cup on Sept. 18; otherwise the original dates, Sept. 15, 17 and 22, will be adhered to. The course for the Brenton's Reef Challenge Cup is from Sandy Hook Lightship to and around Brenton's Reef Lightship and return, going outside of Long Island. The start will be made at 4 P. M. The course for the Cape May Challenge Cup is from Sandy Hook Lightship to and around Five Fathom Lightship off Cape May, and return to Sandy Hook Lightship. Both will be sailed without rig or time allowance.

HOW TO SEE THE RACES.

NEARLY all of the yacht clubs about New York, as well as others at a distance, have chartered steamers for the use of their members, besides which many private parties have secured tugs and launches. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. have secured a steamer for members and also a few guests, and the following notice has been sent to all members:

The steamer William Fletcher has been engaged by the club for the America Cup races. Members' tickets will be issued without charge upon application to the secretary. These tickets are strictly non-transferable, and will be valid for the series of races. Guests' tickets will be issued to members upon payment of $2 each. These tickets will be available for any one day's race. A luncheon will be provided on the steamer, for which a charge will be made. First Race.—Monday, Sept. 7. Twenty miles to windward and return, outside of Sandy Hook. The steamer will leave the Barge Office pier punctually at 8 A. M., calling at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, at 8:30 A. M. Second Race.—Wednesday, Sept. 9. Over the New York Y. C. course. The steamer will leave the same places at 8:30 and 9 A. M. respectively. Third Race.—Friday, Sept. 11. If this race becomes necessary by the terms of the match, it will be over a triangular course outside of Sandy Hook, and the steamer will leave the same places at 8 and 8:30 A. M. respectively. Each day on returning the steamer will stop at the same places. Members are requested to send in their applications as soon as possible, as only a limited number can be accomodated.—L. F. D' OREMIEULX, Secretary S. C. Y. C.

A number of excursion steamers will also accompany the races. On each day the Sirius will leave Twenty-third street, North River, at 8:30 A. M., and Pier 1, N. R., at 9 A. M., while the Cygnus will leave the Bridge Dock, Brooklyn, at 8:30, and Pier 1, N. R., at 9. The tickets will be $1.50. The Grand Republic, Columbia, Thos. F. Morgan and J. B. Schuyler will also carry passengers. Their times and places of landing will be given in the daily papers.

GREENWICH Y. C. ANNUAL REGATTA, AUG. 26.

GREENWICH, Conn., the home port of the Greenwich Y. C., was treated to an old-fashionad water frolic on Wednesday of last week, chiefly through the exertions of Com. Arthur E. Rendle, of the Greenwich Y. C., of which he is one of the founders. Though only organized this season, the club has grown rapidly, and is now in a flourishing condition. The main event on the programme was a yacht race, but this was supplemented with many others, from rowing races down to a chase of a greased pig, prizes being offered for all of them. The yachts were in five classes: sloops, cutters and yawls of 30 to 45ft., ditto under 30ft., open jib and mainsail boats of 20 to 26ft., catboats of 18 to 23ft., and catboats under 18ft. The courses were, for first class from club house to Centre Island Buoy, thence to Mafinnicook Buoy and return, 17 miles; while the other classes sailed from the club house to Mahmicook Buoy, thence to Captain's Island Buoy and home, 15 miles. The entries in first class were Schemer, Polly, Happy Thought and Anita; second class, Vixen and Stranger (New Haven) and Iolanthe; third class, Adele and Alice; fourth class, Orienta, Brahmin, Sophie, Wanda and Zelda. The catboat Jennie also entered for the Russell prize for best elapsed time. Besides the regular prizes of money a silver punch bowl was offered by Messrs. Matthews & Devine, of the Indian Harbor Hotel, for the first boat in Class I., and two prizes by Mr. W. W. Russell for the best elapsed time in each class, the prizes being each a set of colors.

The day was quite cold, with a strong N.W. wind, but a large number of spectators were present on the hotel piazzas and about the grounds, while quite a party followed the race in the schooner Madeline. The first event was a capsize on the part of the catboat Mannie, but no harm was done. The start for all classes was made at 12:02, all going over with reefs in. The order was: Schemer, Wanda, Polly, Happy Thought, Alice, Iolanthe, Vixen, Stranger, Anita, Zelda, Brahmin, Orienta, Sophie, Adele and Jennie. The wind was strong and sandbags were trimmed to windward in spite of two and even three reefs. Schemer led easily in her class, winning the punch bowl and colors. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
CLASS I.—CABIN SLOOPS, 30FT. AND UNDER 45.				
Schemer	12 04 03	3 01 00	2 56 57	2 56 57
Polly	12 06 30	3 22 32	3 16 02	3 15 37
Happy Thought	12 07 30	3 26 26	3 18 56	3 16 06
Anita	12 11 00	Not timed.		
CLASS II.—CABIN SLOOPS, LESS THAN 30FT.				
Iolanthe	12 07 31	Not timed.		
Stranger	12 10 30	3 03 00	2 52 30	2 51 33
Vixen	12 10 30	3 14 09	3 03 39	3 01 32
CLASS III.—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL, 20FT. AND UNDER 25.				
Adele	12 12 00	3 03 30	2 48 28	2 50 47
Alice	12 08 00	3 15 22	3 07 22	3 02 32
CLASS IV.—OPEN MAINSAIL YACHTS, 18FT. AND UNDER 23.				
Orienta	12 12 00	3 11 29	2 59 29	2 59 29
Brahmin	12 12 00	3 26 18	3 14 23	3 11 44
Sophie	12 12 00	3 05 30	2 51 20	2 50 46
Zelda	12 12 00	3 10 41	2 58 41	2 55 06
Wanda	12 04 04	3 35 54	3 32 50	3 29 15

Adele and Stranger each win $40, and Sophie $30, subject to protest by Zelda. The Russell prize in class 2 was awarded to Jennie by mistake, afterward being given to Stranger as first boat in her class.

Following the yacht race were rowing matches, climbing the greased pole, a pig chase, etc. In the evening a ball was given at the Indian Harbor Hotel, at which a large number of yachtsmen and their friends were present. The day was a great success from first to last, and the gentlemen in charge deserve much credit for the manner in which all was arranged.

BUFFALO C. C. RACES, AUG. 29.

THE second of the series of races of the B. C. C. was sailed Aug. 29 over the same course as the first, between 4 and 5 miles. There were several surprises in store for the participants. As the later arrivals saw the Otter with a lateen dandy rigged as a topsail, then sundry bundles were unrolled and the Elf came out with a jib and lateen mainsail of 30ft, as a dandy, the Helene spread a new suit of standing lugs, while Nellie was content with the addition of a jib. The wind was very light from N.E., and as the word was given the four contestants, with E. P. Hussey in his tandem canoe Louisa as tender, started on the starboard tack and made out into the current. A long leg of about one and a half miles found the canoes pretty well bunched, with Nellie leading, Otter close to her and Helene and Elf somewhat in the rear. Nellie and Otter came about at the same time, Otter getting away quicker and obtaining a short lead, which was, however, soon lost, owing to the superior footing of the Nellie.

On the port tack when well toward Strawberry Island the wind shifted into the north and a heavy squall came up the river. Seeing it coming, Otter let go his dandy, the others luffed as it struck them. The wind being directly against the current raised a sea which the Elf, with only an inch keel, was unable to make headway against, and he was soon hopelessly to leeward. The Otter, finding his topsail filling aback, luffed and took it in, losing considerable ground in doing so.

Nellie and Helene had a long lead and were making a hot race for first place. They both made an error in tacking, however, and Nellie

missing stays on account of the current, was carried against a pile, and the Helene had to tack again to avoid the obstruction, when the Otter came in on the starboard tack and rounded into the dock a winner by two minutes.

The canoes finished in the following order: Otter, Williams Lansing; Helene, H. L. Campbell; Nellie, F. E. Wood; Elf, C. L. French. The Louisa beat the winner in by ten minutes. The run home before the wind showed that had the wind been free the racers would probably have come in very differently, as Elf got home first and Helene and Otter last.

The race to be sailed Sept. 5 will be over a longer course, some seven miles, and it is planned to have a paddling race after the sailing race is finished, as Kingston of Buffalo, who has built some canoes for the club, offers a paddle as a prize.

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C. FOURTH CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 29.

THE fourth of a series of five races for championship prizes was sailed on Saturday last over the South Boston Y. C. courses. The wind was light from the east at the start at 4 P. M., but dying out later on. There were 13 entries in the five classes. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Nimbus, Bernard Jenny	34 05	1 51 40	1 35 01
Violet, H. J. McKee	34.06	2 01 45	1 44 59
FIRST CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Awilda, J. B. Farrell	24.09	1 45 20	1 22 41
Thisbe, S. A. Freeman	21.03	1 48 35	1 22 55
FIRST CLASS—KEELS.			
Breeze, George Martin, Jr.	29.00	1 48 10	1 28 29
Altaire, A. J. McLeod	28.09	1 58 05	1 38 15
Ibex, Williams & Knowlton	25.04	2 02 20	1 40 08
Donna L., W. H. Lyman	38.04	2 08 05	1 47 58
SECOND CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Em Ell Eye, P. M. Bond	20.01	1 13 20	49 36
Seraphine, Borden & Temple	19.11	1 17 45	54 37
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.			
Monarch, J. J. Bligh	20 09	1 19 30	57 06
Nydia, James Galvin	23.05	1 18 40	58 20
Diana, Henry Burgess	24.06	1 20 20	1 00 45

Thrasher sailed on the course but her time was not taken, as she had not entered regularly. The judges were Thomas Christian, William Morris, J. C. Merry, C. McKinna and James Bertram.

A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.—Appropos of the impending race between the Puritan and the Genesta, a correspondent, who belongs as he says, to the aquatic or finny tribe, writes us as follows with some reserves as to the accuracy of details: "When the America beat the British fleet, some of us more practical sailors and shipowners tried to get something more than a play race out of it, and we challenged in *Bell's Life in London* (copied into the American papers of that day—see Goffe's history of the America and other racing yachts) the British shipowners or builders to race a clipper ship of (I think) 1,000 tons, tea loaded, for a prize of £10,000, from China to Cowes. The challenge was made by a club formed for the purpose. I won't tell you how small it was, nor how little constitution or few by-laws it had. It was, I think, called the New England Ship Owners' Club, and the challenge was signed by Daniel C. Bacon, President of the club. It was never accepted nor much noticed in England. They were too much demoralized by the America's victory to risk another defeat. We had all our plans laid to build a clipper ship to combine speed and commercial capacity, and to put Capt. Phil. Dumaresque, the prince of the clipper captains in command. Dumaresque afterward, in the California excitement, commanded the clipper ship Surprise, of 1,500 tons, built for him by Daniel C. Bacon and others, and in a race with the famous clipper Staghound from Boston to San Francisco, beat her in the shortest passage ever made between the Atlantic and Pacific ports. The Surprise was built at Samuel Hall's shipyard, East Boston, and the Staghound by Donald Mackay. Both ships were wonderful combinations of speed and carrying capacity, and their race was better worth recording than any little yacht race ever made, as they were full of cargo at about $40 per ton, and were kept at racing speed day and night for the ninety days or so which I think they took, or one of them did.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE DOLPHIN.—Considerable excitement was caused on the Thames yesterday afternoon by the arrival at Millwall of an exceedingly small boat, manned by one man, which, after a perilous voyage, had safely performed the journey from Stockholm to London. The little craft, which is named the Dolphin, is only 18ft. in length and not more than 4ft. breadth of beam. It has an improvised forecastle and half cabin, and draws only thirty-six inches. Its adventurous commandant is Captain Christien Svensden, a native of Stockholm, who left that port last Thursday week with the avowed intention of making the journey to Hull. He rigged a small sail, and for some time cruised around the Norwegian coast. Encountering some bad weather, he was driven considerably out of his course, and subsequently decided to make for London. On the fourth day after he started a sudden squall nearly capsized his little craft in the German Ocean. Captain Svensden was hailed by several passing vessels, the crews of some of them endeavoring to dissuade him from his enterprise, especially as there were signs of impending stormy weather. Nothing daunted, however, he continued his voyage, and arrived in London, as stated, yesterday afternoon. Captain Svensden ran short of provisions while during his journey but succeeded in obtaining supplies from the steamship Kingston, bound for Hamburg. The adventurous Norwegian appears to have suffered more from want of sleep than exposure to the weather, as he had to keep a careful look-out at night, and in the daytime he was principally occupied in managing his boat. Captain Svensden had a hearty reception at Millwall, the crew of a Norwegian vessel in the docks being particularly enthusiastic in their welcome. After laying in London for a short time Captain Svensden intends attempting the journey back in his little craft.—*London Times, August 13.*

A SWEEPSTAKES RACE AT LARCHMONT.—A sweepstakes for open boats was lately arranged to be sailed at Larchmont, shifting ballast to be allowed, the entrance fee being $100, and the course 15 or 20 miles to windward or leeward and return. Three yacht owners deposited their entrance fees with Mr. John Sawyer, the holder. These were Messrs. W. Murray who entered the jib and mainsail boat Mimic, 22ft. 5½in. long; H. L. Van Wyck, Ananda, a lapstreak boat 27ft. 1in. long, built by E. A. Willis last winter; and Capt. Ira Smith with Susie S., 27ft. 4in. long. The course decided on was from Pagoda Point to Throgg's Point buoy and return, 18 miles; the wind being southwest, making a beat out and a run home. All started very evenly at 1:41 P. M. on Saturday last, Ananda being first over and Susie S. second, the latter going to windward and after a few tacks leading. Near Hart's Island Ananda took first place, holding it for a time, while Mimic worked past Susie S. to second place. The wind was light, coming in flaws and patches and favoring the boats in turn. Near the outer mark a little breeze sprang up, taking Susie S. around at 4:26:35, jibing as she rounded. Ananda followed at 4:28:22, and Mimic at 4:31:58. Each started overboard 10 sandbags on turning and sheets were slacked for a run home, Susie S. gaining all the way. The other two sailed very closely in company, Mimic passing Ananda near Hart's Island and coming in ahead of her. The times were;

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie S.	1 41 33	5 57 31	4 15 52	4 15 39
Mimic	1 41 14	6 19 29	4 37 36	4 37 36
Ananda	1 41 53	6 21 03	4 39 49	4 39 08

The judges were Com. Monroe, L. Y. C.; Messrs. Chas. A. Stevenson and Alexander Brewster.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C., FALL REGATTA.—The annual fall regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. will take place Wednesday, Sept. 30 and promises to be one of the most successful given by the club. The course will be from the club anchorage at Port Morris to and around Gangway buoy and return. All types of boats will be entered in this, from the deep cutter to the lightest draft skimming-dish. The cutter Surf will be a starter in the first class and will compete with such light draft boats as the Peerless, Mystery, Undine, Sara and Hurry, and the moderate drafts Flash, Annie E., Culprit, Fay and Defiance. The next class of cabin sloops is about equally divided between keels and centerboards. In the class for large open sloops the new 27ft. yacht Ananda will meet the Lizzie R. These yachts are from the hands of the same builder. The Lizzie R. is the old type of boat, while the Ananda embodies all the new ideas. Several new yachts are entered in the other classes and will endeavor to wrest the honors from the old prize winners. The iron steamboat Cygnus has been chartered by the club to convey the guests over the course and will leave 130th street, Harlem Bridge, at 9:30 A. M. and East 120th street at 10 A. M.

A FATAL COLLISION.—On Aug. 22 the schooner yacht Kalafish 36 tons, was lying at anchor in Oban Bay, off the coast of Scotland, with her owner, Mr. William Crossman, his wife and a friend, Mr. Cecil Beresford, on board, all asleep below. The steamer Albicone, bound from Glasgow to Gottenberg, suddenly came round a point of land at full speed and struck the yacht fairly amidships, cutting her in two and sinking her instantly. Only the captain and mate were saved by the steamer, the others being carried down in the wreck. Mr. Crossman was an old yachtsman, cruising every year, and was bound on a cruise around the coast.

LAGODA.—Messrs. Herreshoff have lately delivered this yacht to her owner, Mr. George Gordon King, of Newport.

QUINCY Y. C. REGATTA, AUG. 29.—A lack of wind on Saturday last spoiled the race of the Quincy Y. C., as only 6 out of 17 starters finished within the time limit of 3½ hours. The course for first class was 9 miles, second 7½, and third 6 miles. None of the first class finished, and only two of the second. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Amy, E. W. Baxter	21.06	Not taken.	
Erin, John Cavanagh	27 02	Not taken.	
Queen Mab, E. L. Burwell	32.08	Not taken.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Tartar, F. L. Dunne	20.00	2 21 10	2 52 22
Wildfire, H. A. Keith	18.01	3 24 33	2 53 29
Nereid, C. F. Colby	20.07	Not taken.	
Niobe, J. E. Sayles	20.06	Not taken.	
Cristine, Geo. Russell	19 00	Not taken.	
Cosy, Bumpus & Crane	20 05	Not taken.	
Pet, J. W. McFarland	20.01	Not taken.	
Spray, H. A. Faxon	19.04	Not taken.	
Whiff, E. W. Newcomb		Not taken.	
Hornet, A. B. Merrill	19.00	Not taken.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Elfin, J. F. Tully	16.08	3 22 40	2 56 18
Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	19.09	3 28 15	3 01 59
Guenn, W. L. Dearborn	17.11	3 27 57	3 02 56
Undine, H. French	17.03	3 30 00	3 04 17

Tartar was ruled out for fouling a buoy and Wildfire takes first prize, $5. Elfin and Elsie win in third class.

THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN SLOOP.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like, through your columns, to express an opinion in regard to the contestants for the America's Cup. I think it would have been more fitting for the committee having the matter in hand to have selected as a contestant for honors in the trial races a full-blooded American sloop, without making a concession at the start, which I claim the Puritan to be. Her rig, her stern, her low weight are all a concession to the Englishman. It seems to me that such a sloop as the Montauk, Grayling or Halcyon would make, with a mainsail and jib, a more fitting representative of American ideas. I do not believe in meeting the Englishman with anything that has any English in it, and do not believe in shining with a borrowed light, which a defeat of Genesta by Puritan would virtually be. If we have to concede anything to the English, let us do it after a square battle. The race at Newport for the Goelet Cup stands as a concession to the Englishmen through the performances of the Fortuna and Bedouin. The former English in beam, rig, stern and low weight; the latter undoubtedly English, this race being a practical test of the American and English type of schooners. Such a rig as cutter rig for racing was not thought of in this country until Madge defeated the three boats pitted against her, Shadow being the only one to stand any show (she being a full-blooded American sloop). We say that the big jib would be unhandy in a boat the size of Puritan. That is what the cutter men told us long ago. What we would not acknowledge in words we are forced to acknowledge in deeds by the rig of Puritan.—LOYALTY.

YONKERS Y. C. CRUISE.—The annual cruise of the Yonkers Y. C. has been in the direction of the Shrewsbury this year, where six yachts anchored off Red Bank on Tuesday of last week. They were: Inez, Commodore A. J. Prime; Spray, Mr. W. McVicar; Racket, Mr. Newton Quick; Fanny, Mr. Underhill; Crawford, Mr. C. E. Day; Abby Jane, Mr. J. Garrison. On Wednesday a sweepstakes race over a 12-mile course was won by the Crawford. On Thursday all the Class B boats sailed for a cup presented by Commodore Prime and Mr. Underhill. The course was on the Shrewsbury River 15 miles, sailed in a good breeze from the northwest. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Time.
Crawford	11 08 15	12 54 08	1 45 53
Fanny	11 09 30	1 05 23	1 55 53
Racket	11 08 40	1 06 25	1 57 45
Spray	11 08 25	1 07 12	1 58 47

The yachts all sailed for Keyport on Friday, and on Saturday lay to at Sewaren, where the yachtsmen were handsomely entertained by Commodore Warren of the Columbia Y. C. The fleet reached home on Sunday, except the Spray, which continued her cruise up the Sound.

WEST LYNN Y. C. THIRD CHAMPIONSHIP, AUG. 29.—The third championship races of the West Lynn Y. C. were sailed on Aug. 29, over a five-mile course, off the club house, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Alice, L. P. Lynch	17.02	1 01 47	0 35 57
Inez, Goodrich Bros.	18 09	1 02 06	0 38 02
Marguerite, N. Sawyer	18.06	1 03 09	0 38 42
Ethel, O. Healey	19.04	1 10 15	0 46 36
THIRD CLASS.			
A. B. C., S. Mansfield	14.06	0 47 30	0 23 17
Imp, J. Renton	13.02	0 55 53	0 30 04

In the second class Alice, Inez and Marguerite have each won a leg, while A. B. C., Annie and Imp are even in the third; so that the next race, on Sept. 12, is looked forward to with some interest to settle the superiority.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT IN BOSTON.—The Boston *Advertiser* relieves itself over the selection of Puritan in the following outburst: "It is with a calm sense of having known from the first that it must be so, that the news of the final victory of the yacht Puritan over her New York rival is received here. The superiority of the white sloop, built on a home model at a local shipyard, has been fully demonstrated in the several tests to which her qualities have been subjected, and the very closeness of the rivalry makes the joy of success more keen. It also adds another cause for gratification in the assurance which it gives that a boat can be built elsewhere in America which shall be almost as fast as the product of Boston's skill."

EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet of the Eastern Y. C. met at New Bedford on Aug. 29 and a meeting was held on board Fortuna, the flagship. On Monday at 10 A. M. the yachts started in a light wind for Newport, arriving at 5 P. M. They will continue the cruise to New York. The fleet numbers the following yachts: Huron, Wm. Gray, Jr.; Stranger, Geo. H. Warren; Vindex, A. W. Blake; Fortuna, Commodore H. S. Hovey; Foam, F. Gordon Dexter; Magic, F. Dexter; Mohican, H. D. Burnham; Phantom, E. F. Thayer; Rebecca, G. P. Upham; Tempest, Henry F. Whittier; Thetis, Henry Bryant; Tioga, Hugh Cockran; Dreadnaught, A. W. Nickerson; Imperia, J. L. Stackpole, and Addie and Silvie, C. N. Whitten.

JERSEY CITY Y. C., LADIES' DAY, AUG. 27.—On Thursday last the yachtsmen of the Jersey City Y. C. gave an entertainment in honor of their lady friends, the fleet starting out at noon, each yacht with a party of ladies on board, and sailing down as far as Southwest Spit. After their return a dinner was served in front of the club house, after which in the evening a display of fireworks furnished further amusement. The day ended up with a ball in the club house. In October another ladies' sail will take place, a regular pennant race being sailed.

TESTS OF ANCHORS.—The British Admiralty have ordered a series of tests of anchors to be made at Portsmouth, as many new varieties have been introduced since the last tests were made. The trials will be very thorough, the first tests being to drop the anchors at low tide into the mud and pull on them from a lighter, after which they will be tested off Spithead.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Casco is laid up for the season in Oakland Creek, and Frolic is also moored near by. Both have had sails unbent, and are out of commission. The schooner Aggie was lately offered for sale at auction, but would not bring the owner's price. Yachting is very dull on the Pacific coast, the interest in it being at a low ebb.

TORONTO Y. C.—Three yachts entered on Aug. 22 for the cup offered by Com. McGaw; Daisy, C. W. Postlethwaite; Iris, G. R. Reid; and Mischief, F. Parkinson. The course was from off the club house around the spar buoy off Gibraltar Point. The yachts were started at 3 P. M. The times were: Iris, 2.03.30; Daisy, 2.32.00; Mischief, 2.05.10. Iris wins be 6sec. corrected time.

PORTCHESTER RACES.—On Aug. 27, a regatta was sailed off Portchester on the Sound, the course around Hog Island Buoy. Venture won in first class with Grace Tinque second; Frank D. Moulton first and Village Belle second in the second class; Mamie N. and Florence T. in third, and Sophie K. and Fannie M. in fourth class.

ILEEN.—This cutter is now ready for sea, her alterations being completed. Her bowsprit is 6ft. longer, topmast 5ft. longer, and her boom has been shortened. The mast has also been shifted 2½ft. further aft. She will be in New York for the Cup races.

TORONTO Y. C., RACE TO NIAGARA.—The race from Toronto to Niagara, on Aug. 29, was won by Oriole, with Aileen second and Verve third, the latter winning second prize on time.

A RACE ON THE SOUND.—The open boats Carrie R. and Katie P., sailed a 17-mile race off Larchmont on Saturday, Katie P. winning in 3.34.55 corrected time, beating Carrie R. 43s.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PURITAN.—Mr. David M. Little, 160 Congress street, Boston, Mass., has taken some excellent photos of Puritan and also of the schooner Fortuna, under full sail.

BURGLARS AFLOAT.—On Aug. 27, a number of yachts lying off Babylon, L. I., were broken into and robbed. The thieves have not been discovered.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. P. M.—A letter for you at this office.

HAGUE, Warren county, N. Y.—Kindly advise me of the address of any private fish hatchery in this region of Northern New York or in Vermont? Ans. Address James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y.

JAY-BEBE.—Does the ruffed grouse drum in September or October or both? An old hunter and naturalist here makes a statement regarding their habit, and I should like further opinions. Ans. Yes, the ruffed grouse drums in every month of the year.

AMATEUR, Somerset, Pa.—Will you tell me the technical name of the red-winged blackbird. When I was a boy I called them "swamp blackbirds." A friend has told me that they are really the reedbird or bobolink. Ans. The red-winged or marsh blackbird (*Agelæus phœniceus*) is distinct from the bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*).

C. E. W., Cobourg, Ont.—Will you kindly tell me if there is any preparation that will keep trout or bass fresh for any length of time, if there is where can I get it? Ans. A very fair thing for this purpose was made some time ago called "rex magnus," but we believe the company are not making it now. Use coffee after cleaning.

DUPLEX.—Can you tell me what kind of fishing, other than trout, I will find at Edmond's Ponds (Cascadeville P. O.) Keene Township, Essex county, N. Y., or at Lake Placid in the adjoining Township of N. Elba, same county? 2. Are there bass in these lakes? If so, are they the large or small-mouthed variety? 3. What game, if any, can be found in the above vicinity next month? Ans. 1. Lake trout, not plenty, chubs and dace. 2. There are no bass there; if there were they would be small-mouthed, as there is no other species in the Adirondacks. 3. Deer, bear and ruffed grouse (partridge).

E. L. F.—1. Where does the tree grow from which bethabara wood is made, also the botanical name of the tree? 2. How does snakewood rank as a material for fly-rods? I have a fly-rod of snakewood which is a very good one in every way, but would like to know the general opinion as to snakewood for rods. 3. What is the botanical name of snakewood? Ans. 1. Bethabara is a South American wood said to come from British Guiana; we do not know its botanical name, those who import it are shy of giving information. 2. Snakewood comes from the same place. It is heavy, otherwise it is a splendid wood for rods. As little is known of it as of bethabara.

R., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. Will you please let me know the pedigree of imported Keno, an English beagle imported by D. O'Shea, or if you do not know the pedigree could you not tell me a way to find it? 2. How old should a beagle be before he is used to hunt rabbits? Would four or five months be too young? 3. Does the man who enters one or more dogs in the *American Kennel Register* get a copy for that month gratis? 4. Could you tell me extended pedigree of Racket (Rally—Louise). Ans. 1. Write to D. O'Shea, London, Ont. 2. Yes, except for very moderate use. 3. No. 4. Rally is by imported Sam and out of imported Dolly. We do not know the sire of Louise, she is out of Gen. Rowett's Rosey, sister to Rally.

THE FORESTRY CONGRESS.

THE American Forestry Congress issues the following address in preparation for the annual meeting at Boston on September 22, 23, and 24:

We earnestly appeal to all patriotic citizens to join us in the endeavor to arouse public sentiment to the necessity of reform in the utilization of our timber supply and the treatment of our forest lands.

We are actuated by the following considerations:

1. The general and local climatological influence of forest area, though not yet clearly defined and numerically demonstrated, is beyond doubt established by historical and experimental evidence.

The effect of wholesale clearing of forest-clad hills and mountains on the amount and distribution of meteoric precipitations, though not the only cause of waning or irregular water supply, is undoubtedly the principal one, and admits of no doubt.

3. The immediate benefit to agricultural interests derived from properly distributed forest areas is understood by every intelligent farmer.

4. The natural source of a yearly product of $700,000,000—which the forests at present represent—deserves of careful husbanding with a view to its continuity, and calls for due consideration of its interests by legislators as well as by the people at large. Without joining in the cries of alarmists, we have good reasons and sufficient data to assert that the present policy, if continued, must seriously affect this factor of national wealth at no distant time.

5. The excuse of the first settlers in regardlessly removing the forest has no more existence. Wastefulness in the methods of lumbering, as in the reckless destruction by fires—the loss from this cause amounting to more than 10,000,000 acres, or value of $25,000,000 in one year—with regard to forest products and forest lands, has become criminal in view of the far-reaching influences which the forests exert.

To effect a reform in this line of economics, in which task we most heartily invite you to co-operate with us, we advocate the following action:

1. To bring the facts which form the basis of the foregoing considerations before the public in an unequivocal manner.

2. To encourage further research and instruction in forestry matters by the establishment of experiment stations, the introduction of lectures or courses on forestry in schools and colleges, the assiduous employment of the press in disseminating correct practical information.

3. To promote and assist the formation of local associations for the purpose of furthering the true interests of forestry in every State, teaching and encouraging a systematic use of her forests and imbuing her citizens with a recognition of their importance.

4. To urge the Legislatures of the different States to enact and enable the enforcement of effective laws for the prevention of fires.

5. To urge the National Government to the establishment of a sound policy as to its own forest lands, treating the 85,000,000 acres of public forest property as a valuable national treasure, instead of allowing its waste by depredators and fires.

6. To harmonize the interests of the lumberman and the forester and devise for the lumbering interest such protection as is *not given at the cost of the forest.*

7. To create popular sentiment against waste and a love and incentive for arboriculture by the institution of arbor days, by favors to tree planters in the form of premiums, bounties, or exemption from taxes.

What has been done so far to advance the interest of our cause, in many cases traceable directly or indirectly to the influence and work of this Congress, can be shortly recited, as follows:

1. Forestry associations have been formed in Minnesota, Ohio, Canada, Manitoba, Colorado, New York; while horticultural and agricultural societies have been led to give a prominent place in their discussion to the subject of forestry.

2. Forestry Commissions or Commissioners, either to inquire into the needs of or to manage the forest domain of their States, have been appointed in Vermont, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Colorado, California.

3. Arbor-days have been instituted in fifteen States of the Union and in the Canadas. Under this incentive in Nebraska, where this observance originated, more than 5,000,000 trees were planted the past year.

4. The effective fire-legislation now prevailing in Canada was enacted directly upon the specific recommendations of this Congress.

5. The Congress of the United States, largely through the influence of our efforts, has under serious consideration most

important legislation with reference to the forests of our national domain.

6. The Forestry Bureau, as a branch of the Agricultural Department at Washington, has collected valuable material in furtherance of the knowledge of our forest condition, in addition to Prof. C. S. Sargent's invaluable work of the census of 1880.

7. While the publications of a "Journal of Forestry," "Forestry Bulletins," "Forestry Manuals," "Forestry Reports," have tried to furnish the needed special information, the press throughout the country, in all its branches, has done good work in creating a wide-spread interest and a growing readiness for action.

Yet, while the need of a change of policy is admitted, the means of accomplishing that change are still inadequate. Specific aims and methods yet remain undetermined. Here is a great problem of national economy worthy the thought and active aid of the best men of the nation! Here is a duty for every thinking and well-meaning citizen, to help preserve and hand over to our children, in full productive power, one of our richest natural resources—nay, the most potent factor of national prosperity! Here is the opportunity to exercise that duty, in joining those who have begun to open the road to reform! Change of public sentiment is needed, and such a change can only be effected by the united effort of the best elements. We need the strongest utterances of the most influential men; we desire the co-operation of every good citizen in the unselfish work which we have undertaken.

The discussions will be conducted as far as possible under the following heads:

(*A.*) Importance of Forests in Climatic and Hydraulic respects, and in regard to other Industries.

(*B.*) Duties and Rights of the State to protect her Forest Resources.

(*C.*) Forest Fires; Causes; Laws and Methods for their Restriction.

(*D.*) Education and Research in Forestry Matters; Arbor Days; Schools; Lectures; Exhibits; Experiment Stations; Press; Associations.

(*E.*) Practical Forestry—Prospects, Methods, Profits, etc.

The following papers have at the present time been promised:

The Needs of a National Forest Policy, by the Hon. Warner Miller, Chairman U. S. Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry.

Growth of Forestry in Nebraska and the West, by the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, ex-Governor of Nebraska.

Profits of Forest Culture, by the Hon. H. R. Low, Chairman, New York Senate Committee on Forestry.

Forest Economy in Canada, by the Hon. H. G. Joly, Quebec.

Walnut Culture in Northern Latitudes, by the Hon. H. G. Joly, Quebec.

State of Forest Legislation in the United States, by N. H. Eggleston, Washington, D. C.

Trees as Educators, by Prof. Edward North, Hamilton College, N. Y.

Relation of Forests to Floods, by Thomas P. Roberts, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Relation of the Charcoal Interests to the Maintenance of Forests, by John Birkinbine, Philadelphia.

Lumbering Interests, their Dependence on Systematic Forestry, by John E. Hobbs, North Berwick, Me.

Forestry of the Lower Southern States and their Probable Resources, by Dr. Charles Mohr, Mobile, Ala.

What are the Requisites of an effective Fire Legislation? by S. W. Powell, Brooklyn, L. I.

What have the different States Done in Regard to their Forest? by John Hicks, Roslyn, L. I.

The Work of Experiment Stations, by Ad. Leue, Cincinnati, O.

Profits of Forest Culture, by Ben. Perley Poor, Massachusetts.

Arbor Day Celebrations in Schools, by John B. Peasley, Ph.D., Cincinnati, O.

Seacoast Planting; Its Importance, Practicability, Methods, by W. C. Strong, Newton Highlands, Mass.

August Planting of Evergreens, by W. C. Strong, Newton Highlands, Mass.

The Osier Willow and Red Cedar, by Edm. Hersey, Hingham, Mass.

Spark Arresters for Locomotives, by J. N. Lauder, Boston, Mass.

Lumberman's Waste as a Fertilizer, B. E. Fernow, New York.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

A Lake Keuka trout was sold at Penn Yan recently, the weight of which was thirteen pounds. Soon after it was left at the market it was opened, and a quantity of gravel stones were taken from its stomach. They had been forced through its mouth, and added a pound and a half to the weight of the fish.

It is said by old prospectors that there is not a mountain peak in Colorado on the tip-top of which there is not a tin can. Tourist and mountain climbers have a habit of taking up with them a tin can, to be left at the summit for the disposition on slips of paper of the names of all who ascend the mountain after them.

A few of the brethren at an Old Orchard camp meeting thought a blue flannel shirt on a minister smacked of impiety, according to a correspondent of the *Morning Star*. But some of the best preachers at the meeting bag lots of ducks and snipe for their dinner and are mighty fishers of the cunner and rock cod between sermons. The *Star* correspondent pertinently remarks that starched clothing and starched manners are not necessary to the enjoyment of religion. The clergyman who seemed to be enjoying his religion most of any the writer has seen this summer, stood on a wharf in Boothbay Harbor, in his shirt sleeves and an old hat, led the "Rah-rah-rahs" as the steamer left the landing, and yelled "blow yer old whistle" to the Captain in high glee—and the Captain blew.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

"If the original forest of the States of Indiana and Ohio were standing to-day," says a lumber buyer, "their valuation would be many times greater than are the farms which they are sacrificed to improve. In making their farms the settlers in those States destroyed millions and millions of dollars' worth of black walnut. Miles and miles of fence are laid with black-walnut rails. One old farmer says that only thirty years ago he began making his farm, and that he had worked eight years in clearing it of the walnut timber, eighty acres of which he burned up. After thirty years of cultivation the farm is worth $8,000. If it had its walnut timber back it would be worth more than $100,000. This farmer is only one among thousands who for years girdled, cut and burned the great forest they found occupying the land."—*Ferry County Democrat.*

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We have just finished and put on the market a *new caliber* round rod, 10 feet long, and weighing with the solid reel seat only 7 ounces. This rod has stood the most severe tests, and found capable of killing the largest black bass. The many expert anglers who have handled this rod pronounce it the *best balanced and most perfect rod* in the market.

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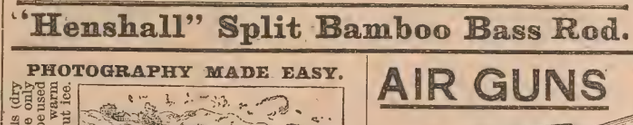
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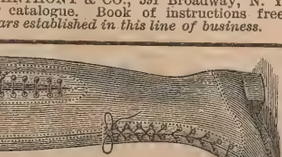
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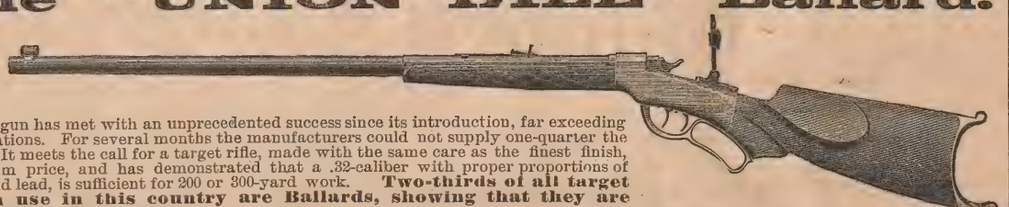
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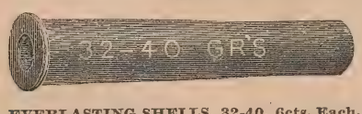
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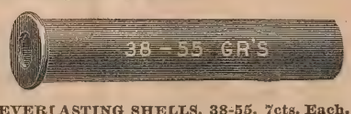
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For Sale—Three very fine Irish setter puppies, whelped June 18, 1885, by champion Glencho ex champion Reeta (A.K.R. 1303). Also two black and tan setter puppies, whelped June 5, 1885, by champion Argus ex Dora (A.K.R. 1183). Address CLAIRE-REETA KENNELS, Pawling avenue, Troy, N. Y. aug27,tf

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For Sale—Three fine black spaniel bitch puppies, 7 wks. old; also one 7 mos. old, from above stock. Please note that these are the same pedigree as my champion Helen (A.K.R. 654), winner of the following prizes this year: 1st and three specials, Boston; 1st and Cocker Club special, New York; 1st, Cincinnati; champion and special, Philadelphia. For full pedigree and price address W. O. PARTRIDGE, P. O. Box 5,135, Boston, Mass. sept3,2t

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For Sale—Black and white setter dog, 2 yrs. old, broken and has fine nose, and is staunch on woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse, is speedy and a stayer, does not retrieve but will point his dead bird staunch; is easily managed in the field. Address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. sept3,1t

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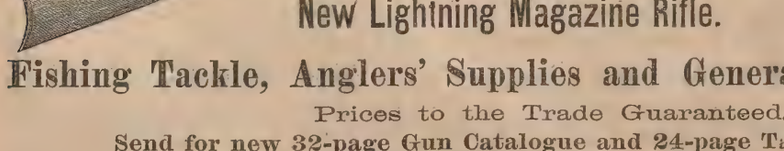
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PORT TACK GIVES WAY.

ALL yachtsmen and lovers of sport will regret that a fine race, as that of Tuesday promised to be, was spoiled, and especially by such an occurrence as an open violation of the plainest and most important rule of the road, that port tack gives way. Of course in the spirited competition of such races as the present each side will work for all it can gain, and the matches will probably be decided largely by close sailing and bold handling, but the occurrence on Tuesday is much to be regretted in every way. Allowing even for the excitement of the moment, increased by the knowledge that they were pitted against a keen and shrewd adversary, the course of the Puritan looks like an attempt to bluff their opponent and force him from a position which belonged to him by every rule of yacht-racing and maritime law. The spectators were unanimous in placing the entire blame on the Boston boat, as from most of the surrounding craft it seemed impossible that she could safely pass between the Lightship and Genesta, and that if nothing worse happened, the latter must be forced off her rightful course. The well-known character of the gentlemen on the Puritan precludes the suspicion that they would countenance willingly any semblance of jockeying, and they have made all the amends in their power for the unfortunate affair; so we can only conclude that some one made a very serious error in judgment, an error that nearly cost them their beautiful boat instead of a torn mainsail. The affair may have one good result in enforcing a more careful observance of the rules of the road on the part of some yachtsmen, and in such a case it will not be thrown away.

The fair and manly conduct of the owner of the Genesta will win many friends for him and his boat here, and remove the unfavorable and erroneous impression that has prevailed with some, who have been misled by the prejudiced reports of the daily press. The worst that can be said of the gentlemen interested in the Genesta is that since they have been in this country they have minded their own business. In trying to obtain the most favorable terms for their boat, as in the matter of time allowance and courses, they have accepted the decisions of the Committee on all points without protest or comment. In declining to sail in scrub races they have done nothing unsportsmanlike; and in all cases visitors have been treated courteously and politely. But, nevertheless, with a certain portion of the press it has been the correct thing to visit on them the sins of a former challenger for the Cup, and to place every little incident in the worst possible light. They come to us ostensibly as visitors and guests engaged in a friendly contest, and the action of Sir Richard Sutton and his friends in the matter of Tuesday's race shows that they are fully entitled to every consideration due to gentlemen and thorough sportsmen.

THE RIFLE TRIALS.

THE trajectory test which we have undertaken in the interest of the rifle shooting fraternity still calls for comment and suggestion from many of our readers, while on our part the preparations are pressing forward to have it take up a corner of the Creedmoor range when the coming fall meeting shall have concluded. So far we have been most ably seconded and earnestly supported by all whom we have had occasion to enlist in the work or to invite to co-operate with us. Some of the makers have written announcing their hearty indorsement of the scheme and expressing the hope that there would be a thorough test, of which they were perfectly willing to abide the result. "May I be there to see it" has more than once been said by those who have written or spoken of the trial. It is not unlikely now that it may lead in the not distant future to such changes in the charges of our field rifles as will insure much flatter lines of fire than those now in use. Without rushing to the English armories for models, we think that there is room for improvement in this respect in our own workshops and that our rifles, first in so many respects, may lead the world in this point also.

Some of our contemporaries are working in the same direction as we in this matter, and in the last number of *The Rifle*, of Boston, is to be found a most interesting report of very similar trials. They are not so extended as we should have preferred; but they are found in a reliable quarter, and help on the problem in which all are so much concerned.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

OUR remarks on this subject last week have brought us several comments on the relation of fish food and food fish. There is little that is new, however, and the letters are mainly mere opinions with no great amount of experience or observation to back them. The question is: Does the capture of the menhaden by the hundreds of millions for the purpose of making oil, interfere with the supply of game and table fishes upon our coast? Anglers and coast fishermen not engaged in the oil business say that it does, and that the bluefish and other species do not come in near shore because their natural food is captured or driven off. On the other hand English scientists, speaking of the herring, which there serves the purpose of fish food, say that the efforts of man in killing herring are feeble compared to the destruction of these fish by gulls, seals, sharks and other animals that prey upon them. A similar view is held in this country by such high authority as Prof. G. Brown Goode and by Mr. E. G. Blackford, if we are to credit a newspaper interview with the latter.

We believe it to be a fact that nothing that man can do to the immense shoals of menhaden will equal their natural destruction from their aquatic enemies, which prey upon them night and day and perhaps follow them summer and winter. The menhaden have withstood these enemies for centuries, a proof of which is their presence in such numbers to-day; but man has stepped in and disturbed the balance of life, and his efforts, added to those of the enemies referred to, have operated disastrously upon what were supposed to be the inexhaustible schools of the ocean. Forty years ago no one would have believed that the buffalo, which roamed our prairies in herds of millions, would to-day be reduced to a few hundred individuals, and in a few years more are to be numbered with the extinct animals of America. The menhaden spawn in our bays and sounds—we have good evidence of this—and are harassed from the time of their coming until winter drives them hence. They are a timid fish, and if not caught are scared off. This is a fact well known to all who know anything of their habits, and since steam vessels have been employed in their capture the fish have frequently deserted parts of the coast for a whole season.

The enormous captures of menhaden for oil by steam vessels with huge purse nets which surround whole schools and frequently capture the last fish, has almost destroyed the fishing for valuable food fish on our coast from Maine to North Carolina. The coast fisheries of New Jersey formerly gave occupation to hundreds of men who lived entirely from them and supplied the markets with good and cheap fish. Now the Northern markets get their main supply of bluefish, weakfish and other kinds from the South. The angler also came in for a large share of sport. The famous fishing grounds of which Norris, Scott and others wrote a dozen years ago, are nearly barren. In our last issue, a correspondent, "R. B. R.," told how he saw the menhaden destroyed along the south shore of Long Island, and this is an every-day occurrence.

Mr. Clapham, in another column, makes a very sensible suggestion, that menhaden should not be allowed to be caught within a mile of the coast, by purse nets we presume, but we would increase this to three or even five miles. Then the timid fish would have a chance to breed and fill our bays and harbors with their young, which would attract the larger fish and benefit others besides the oil makers. In the end, it seems to us that the oil men would benefit by this, as the object of their pursuit would be more plentiful, and outside the limit they would find as many as they get now. It would only temporarily injure their business while benefiting the whole community.

PANTHERS AND DEER.

IT has been estimated that one hundred panthers were killed in the Adirondack region between the years 1860 and 1882. In 1871 a law was enacted offering a bounty of $20 on each panther killed, and the number of bounties paid by the comptroller between that date and 1882 was forty-six. There is, of course, no way of taking a census of the panthers now in the North Woods, but it appears to be conceded by those who are most familiar with the subject, that the number is increasing. The bounty of $20 is not a sufficient inducement to the hunters to capture this animal. Panther hunting is laborious and attended with much hardship. It is practiced in winter, and the hunter who follows the panther's trail must give up several days and often weeks to the pursuit, carrying his provisions, camping wherever night overtakes him. The reward is not sufficient to induce many Adirondack hunters to endure such fatigues, and hence, the panthers not being hunted are annually becoming more numerous, and the destruction of deer by them is much greater than formerly.

The panther subsists chiefly upon venison. It is a still-hunter, and keeps up the pursuit week in and week out through the entire season. The people who have had the best opportunities to study the panther's habits estimate that each one of these animals kills a deer every week or every ten days. (See Dr. C. H. Merriam's "Vertebrates of the Adirondack Region.") That is, from thirty-five to fifty deer are destroyed annually by each panther. The death of a panther means the saving of just so many deer. The bounty of $20 for a panther is a reward for the preservation of from thirty-five to fifty deer. The compensation is certainly small enough. If the bounty were increased to $50 that would still be a ridiculously small price to pay for the deer. It would, however, be sufficient to stimulate Adirondack hunters to the pursuit of the panther. At the next session of the Legislature the law should be changed. To stickle on the price paid for panther scalps is poor economy. The State can better afford to pay $50 for a dead panther than to furnish venison to feed the live panther.

THE CONNECTICUT GROUSE SNARERS.—The Connecticut game law forbids the snaring of ruffed grouse, and also prohibits the exportation of game from the State. The law is well understood, but it is systematically broken on a large scale. In the neighborhood of Stafford, Conn., miles of partridge "hedges" have been constructed, and the snarers having made every provision for a big haul are now patiently awaiting the opening of the season. When October comes the grouse will be snared, taken to Stafford, there sold or delivered to the express or railroad agents, shipped to the New York steamboats and sold to the stewards, ostensibly to be served aboard the boats while in Connecticut waters, but really to be brought to the New York markets. It is a nicely framed scheme, and now that we have explained just how it is to be worked we hope that some one will be found in Connecticut public-spirited enough to see to it that it does not work so nicely after all.

DIAMONDS AND DOGS.—It used to be the fashion for actors and actresses, who wanted themselves advertised, to manage to have their diamonds stolen, but now they buy and lose expensive dogs. "Fritz" was one of the first to take up the new advertising scheme. His first venture having succeeded so well, he subsequently bought the great St. Bernard dog Rector, and the newspapers had hardly finished talking about it before they reported the dog's death. Rector was strangled to death last Friday night.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life. V.*

IN my last budget to the FOREST AND STREAM from this region, I made a passing reference to the Indian mahout's estimate of the intelligence of his charge, of which he is at the same time both servant and master; and now as I sit at the door of my tent, my eye rests occasionally on a scene in which my elephant appears the very type of a "bloated aristocrat." The mahout has always an assistant, whose duty it is to bring the water, cut and help load the fodder, bake the bread for the elephant and assist in washing him. It is this latter operation the two are now engaged in, and if ever eye and attitude betokened at the same time calm enjoyment, and the pleasant consciousness that it had pleased God to call him to that condition of life in which he was, provided with two more or less intelligent beings to cater for his necessities and comfort, my elephant's eye and attitude certainly bespeak it, as he lies on his side with outstretched legs, while the subordinate empties mussick† after mussick of ice cold water over him, and the mahout himself goes over the whole surface with a scrubbing brush, talking to the elephant as he does so, asking him if he were ever as well served before, and calmly upbraiding him for the ungrateful return he frequently makes for the zealous and conscientious services rendered him. The elephant listens, flaps his upper ear lazily, and winks slyly, showing that he evidently understands the general drift of the discourse; but he makes no retort. At length the mahout tells him that his skin has been thoroughly cleaned on that side, and suggests a turn over. The elephant lies still and flaps his ear. "What's the matter?" asks the mahout. "Why don't you turn over?" Again the elephant flaps his ear. The mahout lifts the ponderous lobe, sees a little dirt and scurf in one of the folds, and attacks it with his brush, calling for another mussick of water, muttering as he works away that he never saw so particular an elephant in all his experience. "There! will that satisfy you?" he says at length. "Will you turn over now and let us finish the other side, or do you want to keep us here all day, and give us no time to bake your bread before dark?" The elephant gives a little grunt, comes to a sitting posture, and then rolls quietly over on the other side, and the washing is brought to a close. This finished he is led off to his fig tree, to which he is securely hobbled, and then he begins on his fodder. The flies annoy him, but his tail and ears are kept in constant motion, and every now and then the trunk sweeps over parts not accessible by those two organs. The edge of his appetite taken off, and the flies being still troublesome, he casts his eye upward, selects a suitable shoot about six feet long, pulls it down, and setting one foot upon the crown or terminal tuft of leaves, he curls his trunk round it close to the crown, and drawing the stick through, strips it of all its side leaves. He has now a suitable whisk, and taking it at the butt end with the lips of his trunk he proceeds to whisk himself systematically, sometimes holding it poised, and coming down suddenly on a fly whenever and wherever it alights. This is not instinct, it is a clear instance, not merely of adoption, but of adaptation of means to an end and is consequently an evidence of reason.

Although low in degree, I hold that the elephant is unquestionably gifted with reasoning powers which would admit of considerable development if the beasts could only be bred in captivity. I have seen a young elephant born in captivity, and the tricks which he had been taught when a mere calf under two hundred pounds' weight were really marvellous; but he was in the hands of the priests, and I am afraid his moral culture was receiving but little attention. His animal spirits were exuberant, and his playfulness equal to that of a puppy dog's, without the tendency to rend and tear.

With such very rare exceptions, all our elephants are captured full-grown with the aid of tame elephants, which enter heartily into the spirit of the thing, and this fact renders still more remarkable their intelligent comprehension of what is required of them.

In their wild state they move in large herds; there are several of them in these forests, and every measure of forest conservancy appears to attract their attention. I do not doubt for a moment that they hold councils and exchange their views on the subject. At the other end of my division is a considerable young sal forest, which I placed under fire conservancy last year, cutting fire lines through the whole area at a mile apart. These Sewaliks are covered with an enormous *débris* of drift gravel and boulders, and appear to be the old sea bottom through which the Himalayas thrust their towering peaks in the long ago; and to prevent travelers wandering off the designated roads and dropping the coals from their hookas in the forest, I used the boulders to inclose two of the fire lines for roadways through the forest, building a dry wale on either side about three feet high. The herd of elephants roaming over this region came and investigated the obstacle, and having satisfied themselves that it could be touched with impunity, set to work removing the stones and made a considerable breach in the walls.

In their wild state the elephants are very harmless and free from any further disposition to mischief than an occasional raid upon a field of sugar cane; but far from being phlegmatic, as their ponderous form might lead one to suppose them; they are in a high degree nervous and excitable. Some of them are endowed with fearless courage, and regardless of a tiger's claws will seize and dash him to their feet, then kneel on him, either crushing the life out of him or transfixing him with their tusks. Others again are arrant cowards, and will rush roaring from the attack of a wounded buffalo, or even a suckling pig. But bold or timid, they become excited beyond all self control in the presence of snarling or yelling carnivora. A friend of mine, Capt. H.—long since passed over to the great majority—described to me a terrible scene to which he was witness some years ago in Assam. The wife of his dog keeper was at the stream washing one of his young dogs, which yelled and whined during the operation, and while thus engaged his mahout came down to the stream with the elephant to water him. The elephant was very nervous and excitable, and the mahout called out to the woman to leave the dog and run or the elephant would kill her. The woman, still holding the dog, looked up and laughed, and the next moment the ponderous beast rushed on her, seized her by one leg, and planting one foot with crushing weight on her chest, literally tore her in two.

In the independent native states criminals are commonly chained to the elephant's legs, and the beast, excited by the unwonted load, turns and pounds the victim to a jelly. Some of these native chiefs, too, keep distinctly vicious elephants, which delight in cruelty, and criminals or others, who have rendered themselves obnoxious to the ruler, are handed over to the tender mercies of the "rogue" to make sport with. Sometimes one of these vicious brutes breaks loose and runs amuck, killing every man he can lay hold of, and can only be stayed in his course by a more powerful elephant, or a couple of trusty beasts coming to the rescue, beating him to his knees, and holding him down while the chains are put on him.

The jungles too have their "rogues," of which terrible tales are told by the villagers far and wide. The "rogue" is a solitary elephant, and is commonly supposed to have been chief of the herd and to have lost his supremacy when advancing years brought decaying vigor. This is probably sometimes the case, and the vanquished leader, rendered sullen by defeat, betakes himself to a life of solitude; but all solitary elephants are not "rogues." I have frequently met solitary elephants, which moved out of my way or eyed me with indifference. But the "rogue" elephant soon makes his presence felt. He appears to be irresistibly impelled to acts of cruelty, and might be supposed to be mad but for the cunning he displays. I am inclined to believe that the rogue elephant is somewhat akin to the "dangerous lunatic," and that on the first display of the symptoms the herd unites and drives him out. I remember one which some few years ago infested another section of the Sewaliks, through which the government highway ran, and which used to lie in hiding for solitary travelers on whom he would pounce, sometimes trampling them to jelly, at others seizing and carrying them in his trunk to a forked tree, the two branches of which were nearly parallel, and not more than a foot apart at six feet above the junction. Wedging his victims into this fork with a force that rendered extrication hopeless, he would leave them there. At night, too, he would sometimes go for a hut, batter it down, and trampling the ruins under foot, display an almost fiendish delight when he found he had secured the inmates. On one occasion a man escaped from the hut, but the elephant marked him down in a sugar-cane field, laid the whole crop level with the ground, and at length found that man in a canal ditch, dragged him out and trampled him to death. His ravages created such a panic that the whole district was deserted, until at length with the aid of a large troop of tame elephants he was driven into a pit and despatched. In cruelty of disposition he was absolutely human

But a rogue elephant is no more typical of the species than the dangerous lunatic is typical of humanity. No animal is more readily domesticated than the elephant, no other animal displays a readier disposition than he to render himself useful to his conqueror, and no other animal nearly approximates him in intelligent conception of what is required of him. Talk about man having descended from the simians—the elephant is as superior to the simians in brain power as man is superior to him. In common with the simians, too, he has some anatomical relations to man not existing in other animals; he goes down forward on his knees like a man, instead of backward on his hocks like other beasts. The female, too, has the mammæ on the breast instead of on the abdomen, and the brain is proportionately larger than in any other animal. "I could never," said a humorous friend of mine, one day, in argument with a rabid Darwinian, "I could never believe that man descended from the monkeys, but that a man might descend from an elephant I could easily believe." "Absurd," said the other angrily. "look at the dissimilarity of structure—nature never advances *per saltem* —by a leap." "Oh, yes, but there are exceptions to every rule," said the wag, "in the case I am thinking of a man did actually descend from an elephant *per saltem* by a cross with a tiger."

I have frequently when traveling through the jungles come to a dense impassable belt of young timber, which the elephant in his wild state would make a detour to avoid, but the elephant in his wild state presumably thinks less of the value of time than a man who is four miles from home and already late for breakfast; and the man claiming the mastery the elephant is instructed to clear a way through. "Lugget," says the mahout. The elephant emits a groan in a tone of remonstrance, implying, as clearly as may be, that the order is impracticable. "Lugget!" screams the mahout in determined tones. Another groan of angry remonstrance from the elephant, and an attempt to back out. "Lugget," persists the mahout, driving his iron prod down into the raw long ago established at the back of the beast's head, as the best channel of conveying orders to his comprehension, and the elephant yielding the point, lays hold of the young stems right and left and bends them to the ground; perhaps they are too tough to break, the elephant bends them before him in the direction he is moving, and takes good care that they do not fly up against him as the pressure is removed. On such flexible stems he plants his feet firmly down, and walking along them, never lifts his forefoot until the hindfoot is ready to take its place. Perhaps there is a lateral branch overhead, high enough for him to pass under, but not high enough to clear the howdah. If it is a small branch it is broken down cheerfully at the word of command, but if a large branch taking his whole strength, he will frequently remonstrate and seek to give it up after the first attempt, but finding no escape, he will try to raise the snoot of his trunk to the branch, coil his trunk tightly round, and then bringing his whole strength to bear, will generally succeed in breaking it down if it is not more than about ten inches diameter of hard wood. On coming to a bridge he has never crossed before, he cannot be driven to advance a step beyond what he has proved. If he comes to an unsound part he relies on proving it with his trunk and one foot, while the other three feet are safely planted. But he is terribly puzzled by a bridge of boats, which at the outset he mistrusts very much. I have ridden an elephant half way across such a bridge much against her own will and judgment, but at that stage her heart misgave her, and dropping cautiously on the bridge she once more worked her way backward, not rashly like a frightened horse, but cautiously as if in the conviction that her life depended on coolness and self-possession. She has now a more correct appreciation of the sustaining power of a bridge of boats and frequently crosses them, even with less precaution than she adopts for an ordinary bridge. She has learned that a bridge of boats is not to be tested by the experience derived from other structures.

In this part of India elephants are employed by Europeans only for hunting, for their suitability to jungle travel, and sometimes as beasts of burthen for the commissariat department; but in Burmah our department is using them for stacking large timber in the depots, a work in which they render useful and intelligent service. Two of them will lift a log to its place on the stack, and if the ends are not square one of them will place his forehead against the protruding end and push it into place.

It is not a little remarkable that an animal so readily domesticated refuses to breed under domestication, but this is unhappily the case. Whether they abstain on principle, preferring race extinction to the perpetuation of race servitude; or whether it is due to shyness or delicacy, or to a settled melancholy which reacts on their secretions, it is impossible to decide, but the hard fact remains that elephants never breed in confinement. Elephants once domesticated have experimentally been let loose in large forest inclosures and recaptured with their calves, but practically the attempt to breed them in confinement is an utter failure. As a consequence the supply of fresh captives decreases with the demand and the race is fast tending to extinction in India. Their general price is from $200 to $500 of your money, but as they become scarcer prices will probably range so high that they will pass almost exclusively into the hands of native rajahs who regard them as indispensable to the maintenance of their dignity. Elephants are long lived, there are several vigorous animals known to have been thirty to forty years in domestication, and the general opinion is that they are about as long lived as humanity, sometimes attaining to a hundred years. Happily they are no longer slaughtered for their ivory; the laws of British India render it penal to kill any but a rogue elephant; and for some years past none have been captured in the Sewaliks. The herds are neither numerous nor large, and it has been determined to leave them alone a few years before making another raid on them.

A.

CAMP HURDWAR, Sewalik Range, India.

* See FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XXIII, pp. 22, 42, 62, 143.

† A bullock's skin tanned and sewn up for a water vessel. Stout leather straps passing from the hind to the forelegs, enable the Aquarius to carry the load over his shoulders, the straps passing across his chest.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

INCOMING AUTUMN AT CENTRAL PARK.

THE large and valuable group of palms belonging to the establishment, kept closely in care during the summer at Mt. St. Vincent, is in fine condition out of doors, where it will remain for some weeks longer. This collection includes specimens of somewhat rare varieties, as the *Samia horrida* and the *Cycas circinalis*, which is one of the kinds of sago palm, and less common than the *Cycas recolutio*.

In addition here at present as prominent specimens are the *Salvia splendens*, with scarlet plume, the *Eyrthrina christigalli* or coral plant, the *Lobelia cardenalis*, of deep scarlet with ashy petals, the *Vinca rosea* of the periwinkle family, the *Thunbergia alata* covering the rocks in matted vines and flowering in unmixed white, pale yellow or deep orange, the foliage plants making a splendid show of color through the grounds, while a fine lot of tea roses enchant beholders; some bananas are at the fruit stage, a lofty cactus displays a solitary flower, and the *Tritonia uvaria*, familiarly known as red hot poker, carries erect its flame-like red and orange spikes which continue until winter, and which may be viewed as well at the Arsenal, where a specimen grows on the east side of the building.

The *Sophora japonica* flowering on Japanese Point southward from the large lake, represents the highest degree of beauty in its species. Other specimens are in the Ramble and also near the greenhouses. This native of China and Japan, a hardy and deciduous tree growing from forty to fifty feet in height, is indeed very highly ornamental. Its flowering, which commenced last month, continues through September. The tree is well covered with large loose terminal panicles of small cream-colored or greenish-white flowers borne on compound spikes. The foliage of pinnate leaves with eleven or thirteen oblong-ovate acute, smooth, shining leaflets is also very beautiful, and neither drooping nor turning pale in the most unfavorable seasons. The fruit of this species is employed to dye a fine yellow. If Loudon was informed correctly the flower produces a yellow of so superior a hue that it is reserved exclusively for dyeing stuffs to be worn by members of the royal family.

A more rare production here is the fruit of the ginkgo tree growing west of the Terrace, not far from the statute of the Falconer. Near the greenhouses there is another specimen of the tree, but without fruit. It is otherwise called the maiden hair-leaved salisburia, the somewhat triangular, fan-shaped, smooth and shinning leaves cloven half way down through the center, showing a formation of fine, hair-like, parallel ribs throughout. The catkins borne by the tree in spring were of a yellowish color. The fruit is a globular or ovate drupe about an inch in diameter. It contains a white nut with flavor compared to that of the almond. According to recent accounts from Japan it is prepared for food in that country by cooking. Both in China and Japan the tree is chiefly grown for its fruit, which also is exposed for sale in some quantity in Chinese markets. The fruit of the *Paulownia imperialis*, found near the Mineral Springs, has been mistaken within a few days past for that of the ginkgo. The leaves of the two trees are, however, quite dissimilar.

At present the great soft panicles of a magnificent variety of hydrangea—*Paniculata grandiflora*—are conspicuous, drooping heavily on their stalks, "as big as a peck measure," in milk white or tinted with rose or salmon. Even these are wrenched away, purloined by the base born. Splendid groups of these flowers are on the Terrace, and others appear in less open places with spikes of terminal panicles of flowers thickly massed and bent far toward the greensward by their own weight.

The brilliant lantanas flowering in their varieties from July until checked by frost are less numerously present. When cultivated in the form of a diminutive tree and displaying flowers of rose and purple or of orange and scarlet, the species furnishes a rich contribution of color to an autumn arrangement.

Children visiting the Park never cease to be interested in the long, swinging seed-pods of the catalpa tree, a native of our country, which flowers in July and August, showing corollas of white speckled with yellow and purple. The pods are now well grown, and seen dangling their remark-

ably long, narrow and horny forms at various points along the drives and walks.

In many places the *Beligonum siboldii* or Japanese asparagus is flowering profusely, but thriving best with abundance of moisture. It is a shrub with tassel-like yellowish flowers, growing largely in the borders in neighborhoods within the upper section of the Park grounds.

In all different quarters the althea or rose of Sharon is of almost universal presence, and of quality sufficient for an everyday pleasure. The exquisitely sweet *Lonicera cenensis* continues to flower and to distil its honey fragrance. The rank richly flowered trumpet vine swings from the trees about the lakes and near the Casino. At the latter locality are brought forward some admired tea roses, while the varieties of herbaceous plants there cultivated are in most excellent condition. In the Ramble beyond and near the Pool may be seen a fine specimen of the marsh-mallow (*Hibiscus moschentos*) with its large purplish flowers.

It is one of the objects of the superintendent gardener to label each species of plants growing in the Park, as rapidly as circumstances may permit, a commencement having been already made in the Mall. His predecessor, as may be remembered, made some effort in the same direction, which was unsuccessful. The system introduced was not such as to prevent the very labels being absolutely stolen and carried off. Evidently the cultivation of the moral sense is more difficult in this section than any sort of gardening.

Another improvement is accomplished with the cutting away of many trees. As is now believed, this change is one which has been needed for years. The trees have been much crowded together, rendering their finest development impossible. Mr. Fisher disliked to sacrifice anything so long as it retained life. Mr. Woolson considers that "a park should be made a park, not a swamp nor thicket." From material of trees removed a rustic fence has been built along the bridle path below the dairy and near the split rock.

UNEXPECTED MISHAPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"The best laid schemes," etc. Some three weeks ago I placed under a bantam hen a sitting of eggs, half of the Arizona quail and half of the native kind. Last Monday evening completed the twenty first day, and the next morning on going into the yard I found the hen dead, her throat having been gnawed open by some miserable vermin, and the unhatched eggs cold in the deserted nest. An examination showed that nearly all of them contained birds (of both kinds) which a few hours more would have brought out. Possibly, if I had had another hen, I might have saved some of them, but as I had not, all died in the shell.

To say that I am bitterly disappointed, particularly over the loss of the young Arizona quail, is making a very mild statement. My hen quail this season have laid very freely, but showed no disposition to sit, the Arizona quail having laid twenty-eight eggs, and a Virginia quail hatched and reared in the coop, having laid thirty-two. Some three weeks ago I succeeded in hatching in an ordinary poultry incubator thirteen young Virginia quail from seventeen eggs. They came, however, in the midst of a cold, wet storm which lasted several days, and were not able to endure the extreme change from the heat of the incubator to the outer air, a change of some forty degrees, and I lost them all in from three to five days. A setting of Arizona eggs placed under a common hen, were broken one by one, the hen being too heavy for them, and none of them ever hatched. So you see I have been especially unfortunate this year.

By a note from the superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, received last week, I was sorry to learn that the pair of Arizona quail sent him last spring from Toledo—being part of the birds sent me last fall by "Adios"—had both died, the female a month ago, and the male quite recently. The hen showed no disposition to lay. My own pair of these birds are apparently in as good health as ever.

It is true that the ruffed grouse are propagated like the aphides, and that one generation of males is good for several succeeding generations of females. I can hardly believe it, yet I have been trying since last February to obtain a live male ruffed grouse, and I cannot succeed in my attempt. Perhaps some reader of the FOREST AND STREAM can tell how it can be done, or better still, can do it. J. B. B.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Aug. 29.

WATER BIRDS OF NOVA SCOTIA—III.

BY J. MATTHEW JONES.

FAM. GRACULIDÆ.

Gen. Graculus, Linn.

1. Cormorant (*G. carbo*).—Very common. Breeds on the coast.

2. Double-crested Cormorant (*G. dilophus*).—Rare.

FAM. TACHYPETIDÆ.

Gen. Tachypetes, Viele.

1. Frigate Bird (*T. aquilus*).—Accidental. Only one specimen has been obtained; taken after a violent northerly gale some few years ago.

FAM. PHAETHONTIDÆ.

Gen. Phaethon, Linn.

1. Tropic Bird (*P. flavirostris*).—Accidental. One example only has occurred. It was taken at Shubenacadia after the heavy gale of Sept. 6, 1870, and is now in the Halifax Museum.

FAM. LARIDÆ.

Gen. Stercorarius, Briss.

1. Pomarine Jaeger (*S. pomatorhinus*).—Very rare. One was shot at Digby, on the Bay of Fundy shore, after the heavy gale of Oct. 4, 1869, by M. W. Gilpin.

Gen. Larus, Linn.

1. Glaucous Gull (*L. glaucus*).—Not uncommon.

2. White-winged Gull (*L. leucopterus*).—Not common.

3. Great Black-backed Gull (*L. marinus*).—Common. It breeds on some of the islands near shore on our Atlantic coast, generally choosing trees to make its nest in, but when they are absent it will take to the cliffs. It also breeds on islands in fresh-water lakes near the sea.

4. Herring Gull (*L. argentatus*).—Our common gull. This appears to be the only species of sea gull that follows the course of the St. Lawrence through the great lakes to Lake Superior, where it also breeds. It has been observed as far north as Fort Churchill, Hudson's Bay.

5. Ring-billed Gull (*L. delawarensis*).—Not common.

6. Ivory Gull (*L. eburneus*).—Extremely rare. A specimen was observed in Halifax harbor about 1849, by the enthusiastic ornithologist, Lieut. I. W. Wedderburn, of the 42d Royal Highlanders, and is, we believe, the only instance on record of its having been seen in the Province.

7. Kittiwake (*L. tridactylus*).—Very common. Breeds on almost all the little islands which dot the surface of our bays and harbors, as well as those which skirt our coast line.

8. Bonaparte's Gull (*L. philadelphia*).—Common. It is known on the coast as the "mackerel gull." Although so abundant, especially on their southerly migration in October, it has rarely been observed in full plumage.

Gen. Sterna, Linn.

1. Caspian Tern (*S. caspia*).—Rare. A few specimens occur occasionally. One was shot at Cole Harbor in the spring of 1883, and another in November, 1884, at the same place, which is now in Mr. Down's collection, a remarkably fine specimen.

2. Common Tern (*S. hirundo*).—Very common. Breeds on most of the islands in our bays and harbors, and on the banks of the mainland facing the sea, also at Sable Island in great numbers.

3. Arctic Tern (*S. macroura*).—Very common. It is known on the coast as the "steering gull." Breeds on the grassy islets in bays and harbors in company with the preceding species, laying its eggs in a shallow depression of the soil on the slope of a bank, the nest, if it can be called such, consisting merely of a few bits of dead grass.

4. Least Tern (*S. superciliaris*).—Rare. Mr. Downs procured a specimen in September, 1879.

5. Roseate Tern (*S. paradisea*).—Very rare. Only one specimen obtained about 1868, and was some time ago in the collection of Mr. John Rone, of Halifax.

FAM. PROCELLARIDÆ.

Gen. Procellaria, Linn.

1. Stormy Petrel (*P. pelagica*).—Rare.

Gen. Oceanites, Keys and Blas.

1. Wilson's Petrel (*O. oceanica*).—Very common. The following graphic account of the haunts and habits of this bird emanated from the pen of our esteemed friend, the Rev. John Ambrose, M. A., rector of St. Margaret's Bay, a parish lying on our Atlantic seaboard:

"Having heard that petrels were in the habit of breeding on Green Island, I visited that place on the 28th day of June, 1860. The island is situated at a distance of about ten miles out to sea, off the mouth of Chester Bay, and having no harbor or inlet of any kind, can be approached only in calm weather and when the sea is smooth. The best landing place is in a sort of nook in the rocks on the northeast side of the island. I had been informed that the puffin was also in the habit of breeding there, but when I landed not a bird was to be seen but some terns and mackerel gulls flying overhead, while the whole island under foot was perforated and undermined by the petrels. I first took a tour all around the grassy edge of the cliffs to look for gull's eggs. I found two dozen of the tern's eggs, and the men who rowed my boat found eight dozen. Then commenced the search for petrel's eggs. Tearing up the turf with my hands and following the little galleries with my fingers, I soon secured four and a half dozen of the eggs, and two of the parent birds as specimens. I could have obtained almost any number of the eggs and every parent bird therewith, as the poor little things cower back into their holes, making not the slightest noise or resistance while they behold the robbery of their property and the destruction of their dwellings. In no instance except one did I find more than one egg in a nest, and in that there were but two; and yet some of the birds were hatching, as some of the eggs contained the embryo, with its head and body so far developed as to clearly identify the species.

"The smell of the bird is at first very offensive, and so strong that we easily perceived it at a distance of two miles from the island to windward. A gentle air from the northeast often carries this odor to Peggy's Cove, a distance of about fifteen miles. This smell, which can also be perceived on the gull species, and which is something akin to the odor of the ram and goat among quadrupeds, belongs in a peculiar manner to the petrel and its egg, and is particularly perceptible in the dark brown oily fluid which, seemingly in self-defense, these birds squirt from their bills.

"These petrels are nocturnal in their habits—at least during their residence on our shores; as, like the owl, they are never seen abroad in daylight, except in dull, foggy weather. It was just sunrise when we landed on Green Island, and although we had seen several petrels flying about the boat during the night, and at dawn of day on our passage, yet on the island not one was to be seen; all were underground, where at first you could hear their twitterings like the squeaking of mice, while seemingly arranging about nests and accommodations; but soon after sunrise they became entirely silent, at least so far as the screaming of the gulls, which was always about the same, would allow you to judge.

"On taking a petrel out of its nest, it would not at first, on being set down, attempt to fly, but would endeavor to dig and shuffle its way down into one of the broken holes. Most of the nests seemed to be old ones newly fitted up, and I found several such where the birds had brought quite a sprinkling of fresh dirt out to the surface. The galleries run in zigzags parallel with the surface and at an average depth of about six inches. In making their nests in the angles of their galleries, the birds take care to have at least two ways of access to the surface, perhaps lest one should be trampled in by heavier animals than themselves, as instinct is always equal to chronic necessity. Each nest is merely a little recess on the ride of the galleries, so that the incomer or fugitive need not disturb her neighbors. The nest itself is composed of a very little firm dry grass and is always scrupulously clean.

"In digging their holes these birds use the bill for a pick-axe and throw the loose dirt behind them very rapidly with their webbed and shovel-like feet, kicking with each foot alternately, and wallowing and pressing along, as I could see by setting one, just taken out into the light, at the edge of one of the broken holes before she had sufficiently recovered her sight and scattered faculties to fly away.

"Sometimes in spring and autumn a very heavy gale drives these petrels inland, where they are occasionally found lying in the fields, unable to fly. Mr. Richard Daubin, of Peggy's Cove, informs me that his family, one morning in the month of June, found a petrel on the mantelpiece in the kitchen, which they thought could not have entered the house otherwise than by the chimney during the night. Mr. Daubin laughingly adds that on the previous day he had brought a large number of petrel's eggs from Green Island, and supposes the bird had arrogated to herself the 'right of search.' If, however, the sense of smell is more keen in the lower animals than in man, and if the odor of the birds can be perceived by the people of Peggy's Cove when the wind is fair from Green Island, is it not within the bounds of possibility that a smaller quantity of this scent could be traced by the bird, perhaps flying in the neighborhood of the house in which the eggs were deposited?

"After the foregoing visit to Green Island, having found the opinion very widely prevalent among our fishermen that the petrel hibernates on that lonely spot, I made a second visit to the place, in a schooner owned by Mr. William Crooks, of Peggy's Cove, on the first day of March, 1861. The sea being smooth, we landed on the island at sunrise, provided with a crowbar and an old axe, with which we soon broke up several holes, but found no birds, and only one addled egg, a sad memento of love's labor lost in the previous summer. This widely-spread opinion concerning the hibernation of the petrel may, therefore, be safely classed with the ancient and kindred myth regarding the winter quarters of the swallow. It is remarkable that so many respectable persons had assured me that the birds remain in their holes in a torpid state all winter, and that they themselves had dug them out in very cold weather. But as the petrel does remain until November, and the flocks commence to return about the beginning of April, I conclude that some stragglers or early birds may for a short space remain behind or precede the main body, and that such were the individuals secured by my informants. Indeed, a man from Great Tancook Island, who saw me digging, assured me that he had dug petrels out of the ground on 'Ironbound Island,' near Tancook, in the month of February.*

"I am convinced that the habit of our petrels is to spend the months of December, January and February somewhere south of our coast, and the greater part of that time at sea, near the edge of the Gulf Stream. Our Peggy's Cove bankers see them about thirty miles beyond off to the southward, about the end of March, on their first trip for codfish. Several of our fishermen who have sailed to and from the West Indies in the winter, inform me that they never fail to see myriads of those birds during winter in and about the Gulf Stream. They are to be found again in their burrows on Green Island about the middle or latter part of April."

Gen. Puffinus, Briss.

1. Cinereous Shearwater (*P. kuhlii*).—Rarely observed in shore but not uncommon some miles out at sea. It is known to the fishermen on the banks as the "hagdown."

FAM. COLYMBIDÆ.

Gen. Colymbus, Linn.

1. Great Northern Diver (*C. torquatus*) "Loon."—Very common. Breeds on islands in the inland lakes; nearly all of which are tenanted by a pair of these birds during summer.

2. Red-throated Diver (*C. septentrionalis*).—Common.

FAM. PODICIPIDÆ.

Gen. Podiceps, Lath.

1. Crested Grebe* (*P. cristatus*).—Very rare. Mr. Egan has a specimen of the young in his collection.

2. Red-necked Grebe (*P. griseigena*).—Inserted on the authority of Lieut. Wedderburn, who stated it to be "very rare."

3. Horned Grebe (*P. cornutus*).—Very rare. Male and female specimens have passed through Mr. Egan's hands.

Gen. Podilymbus, Less.

1. Dabchick (*P. podiceps*).—Not uncommon. Frequents the lakes in the vicinity of the coast in summer.

FAM. ALCIDÆ.

Gen. Utamania, Leach.

1. Razor-billed Auk (*U. torda*).—Common. Known on the coast as the "tinker."

Gen. Fratercula, Briss.

1. Puffin (*F. arcticus*).—Common. Known on the coast as the "parrot."

*It would be interesting to have this specimen submitted to Mr. Ridgway for examination.

Gen. Mergulus, Coues.

1. Dovekie (*M. alle*).—Very common off the coast. It is known to the fishermen as the "bull bird." Capt. McClintock states that this was the only species of bird that stayed at their winter quarters at Melville Bay, lat. 75° N., during the dreary Arctic night when the sun made no appearance above the horizon from Nov. 1 to Dec. 31.

Gen. Uria, Briss.

1. Black Guillemot (*U. grylle*).—Common. Known to the fishermen as the "sea pigeon."

Gen. Lomvia, Brandt.

1. Common Guillemot (*L. troile*).—Very common. Known as the "murre."

*Dead birds of the past year, no doubt.—J. M. J.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Two beavers (*Castor fiber canadensis*), one punctated agouti (*Dasyprocta punctata*), one prairie dog (*Cynomes ludovicianus*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulvus*), one robin (*Turdus migratorius*), one Whitney's owl (*Micrathene whitneyi*), one great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), one turkey vulture (*Cathartes aura*), three box tortoises (*Cistudo clausa*), five alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*) and one copperhead snake (*Ancistrodon contortrix*).

IT IS APPRECIATED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to indorse most heartily what was said editorially in your last week's issue about the cleanliness of the FOREST AND STREAM. Those old-time "sporting" papers!—I suppose they still exist—as full of dam(n)s as Mill River, and redolent of whisky and running over with "cussedness" generally. To get at something pleasant or instructive in either gunning or fishing, or travel and adventure by land or sea, one had to wade through columns of chaff—perhaps the English word "rot" would be better. Well, that style of paper never crossed my threshold, and if they still exist you can't prove it by me. But week in and week out, almost with the regularity of clockwork, on Saturday comes the FOREST AND STREAM, and in the evening when the lamps are lit the paper is opened and the articles judged to be of interest to the "best of her sex" and the other members of the household are read aloud, and other articles more adapted to interest the male animal are perused in silence by the head of the house; and so the hours pass pleasantly away, and at last the paper is finished, with no bad aftertaste or regret, unless it be that it was not twice as long. After it has been read through it is loaned to a neighbor's boy, and subsequently finds its way to the plains of Dakota into a family of boys who can shoot and fish and yet be young gentlemen.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill., Sept. 1. HARRY HUNTER.

Game Bag and Gun.

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THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—IV.

A FULL-CHOKED gun is one so bored as to throw the charge of shot as close together as possible; a modified choke is one that shoots less close than a full-choke, and a cylinder is, strictly speaking, one not choked at all but of the same width of bore from muzzle to chamber.

The choke consists of a constriction of the muzzle. There are several methods of accomplishing the same result, such, for example, as the "jug choke," the "muzzle choke," the "taper choke" and the "multiply choke;" but the principle of all is the same—all are modifications of the same system.

The cheapest and poorest is the "jug choke," which is accomplished by making the barrels a true cylinder and then boring them out .01 or .02-inch in depth, beginning from 4 to 6 inches, and ending from ½ to 1 inch from the muzzle. This is the method usually adopted by gunmakers when they "re bore guns to make them shoot hard and close," and it often produces good results. It is especially adapted to muzzle-loading guns, as the wad may fit down tight on the charge.

The "muzzle choke" is usually adopted by American makers, and is pretty generally regarded as equal to any other system. The barrel is a cylinder from the mouth of the chamber to within ½ to 1 inch of the muzzle, where it is suddenly tapered down from .005 to .03 of an inch smaller.

The "taper choke" is perhaps the best of all, especially for heavy shooting at long range. As its name implies, the barrel is gradually constricted from chamber to muzzle until the desired degree of choke is attained. Some makers combine the "taper" and "jug" choke, and claim therefore improved shooting.

The "multiply choke," as I understand it, consists in effect of two or more "jug" chokes; one near the muzzle, following it a short cylinder, and then another and longer "jug choke."

Mr. Greener says that "a 12-gauge cylinder gun loaded with 1⅛ ounces (270 pellets to the ounce) by weight of No. 6 chilled shot, fired at a target 30 inches in diameter at 40 yards, will make a pattern of 100 to 120; a modified choke 140 to 180; a full choke 180 to 220."

Roughly estimating it, a cylinder makes a target of, say 33⅓ per cent.; a modified choke, say 50 per cent., and a full choke, say 75 per cent. of the charge at a similar target. But guns shooting so close as the last estimate are rare indeed.

I have recently read in another paper some articles calling attention to the defective boring of some American choke-bored guns, and stating that the diameter of the bore was sometimes greater than it should be. The articles in question suggested as a test the pushing of a wad corresponding in number with the gauge of the gun, through the barrels; if it fits tight all the way from the mouth of the chamber, the gun is bored small enough; if it drops part of the way down toward the muzzle, the gun is bored too large, and will not shoot well. The suggestion is a good one, and there is no special fault to find with the test suggested, but only one side of the question is suggested by the above summary of the discussion.

The Parker guns are all bored one size larger than any other make of American guns, and as a rule they are strong shooting guns; but Parker Bros. recommend the use of a 10 wad in a 12 gun, and an 8 wad in a 10 gun, which of course is correct, brass shells being used; and they also recommend the use of wads a size larger than the number of the shell in paper shells. A gun can be bored, and a great many are bored, too small the entire length of the barrel, giving great recoil and less penetration. A gun ought to be bored so that a wad corresponding in number with the gauge of the gun will fit snugly all the way, but not so that a 12 wad in a 12 gun will give the best attainable results, but so that a 9 wad in a 10 shell and a 11 wad in a 12 shell will give the best results. If a man wants to use a smaller wad than will load well and shoot best in a 10 or 12 gun, he should get a smaller gun, for if there is any advantage in a 10 or a 12 over a 14, he loses it when he has it bored too small.

In a properly-bored 12-gauge gun, a 12 wad will fit snugly all the length of the barrel, and a 12 wad is large enough for ordinary shooting; but increased penetration will be obtained by using wads a size larger, and so of the other bores.

As above intimated, my preference is for the "taper choke." The gun should be bored largest just at the mouth of the chamber and gradually contracted to the muzzle; but the contraction should be more sudden from within six to eight inches of the muzzle.

Many sportsmen seem to forget that the gun that makes the best display at a target (that is best for trap-shooting, or for heavy long-range shooting) is by no means the best gun for field use. I have owned at least one gun that was almost useless in the field because of its excessive close shooting. It was like shooting a large-bore rifle; at short range quails were literally smashed—reduced to a pulp and rendered unfit for food—if squarely hit. I sold this gun to a trap shooter, and have no doubt he found it just the thing for his business.

For general use I prefer a 12-gauge to have the right, or first barrel, a medium modified choke, and the left a full, but not the closest choke. Loaded with three drachms of powder and an ounce and an eighth of No. 8 shot, of New York standard size, 399 to the ounce, such a gun will make a pattern of something like 200 to 225 with the right, and 275 to 300 with the left barrel fired at a target 30 inches in diameter 40 yards distant. Properly bored, the penetration of such barrels will be all that any sportsman could desire; the right barrel will shoot at 15 or 20 yards without tearing the game and yet be good up to 30 or 40 yards, and the left barrel will shoot as far and as hard as any 12-gauge gun.

If the gun is of smaller bore—16 or 14-gauge—I prefer to have the right barrel a true cylinder and the left a modified choke; and some sportsmen prefer to have a 12-gauge field gun so bored. Indeed, where the gun is to be used exclusively for quail and similar game, I myself prefer the cylinder and modified choke to the modified and full choke; but for a 12-gauge gun for general shooting, my preference is as above expressed.

In selecting a gun for field use it should be remembered that ninety nine out of every hundred quail that are killed at all are killed inside of forty yards, and that quite a large majority are killed within half that distance. For the possibility of making an occasional long shot, do not get a gun with both barrels so close that it will be useless at short distances

Even distribution, regularity of pattern, coupled with first-class penetration, are the main things to be considered. As much spread of shot as is consistent with good penetrating power, provided the pattern is not so wide that game birds may escape between the pellets, is not only allowable, but desirable. If, however, you should find your gun to shoot too close, you can, in some measure, overcome this fault by your method of loading.

In selecting your gun by its shooting, do not rely implicity upon the maker's statements as to its performances recorded on the tag accompanying the gun. It is a hard saying, but nevertheless a true one, that not one gun in ten can be made to shoot up to the tag. I have tried several of different makes and have barely found one that I thought performed according to the tag. The patterns recorded on the tags are not the average patterns, but are the best single targets which can be selected from an indefinite number. And I have been told that some of these wonderfully close targets are made at shorter range and with smaller powder charges than the tag says; but I do not believe any of the best American or foreign makers would record a deliberate lie on the tag, whatever a certain class of makers may do.

In targeting your gun let the same shots count for both pattern and penetration; for while, on the one hand, it would be of no service to ascertain how close your gun could be made to throw the shot if they possessed no killing power, it would, on the other hand, be equally futile to know that immense force could be imparted to the pellets if they flew so wildly that the chances of hitting a bird were reduced to the minimum. One or two shots will not be sufficient to ascertain the shooting qualities of your gun, but a dozen or two shots must be fired from each barrel with different charges and at different distances. But if after repeated trials you find your gun to shoot satisfactorily at forty yards, you may be pretty sure it will shoot well up to the extent of its range. It is well, however, to try it at different and longer distances, up to seventy-five yards, beyond which it is hardly necessary to go, save as mere matter of curiosity.

By these repeated trials, at various distances and with various charges, you will, by carefully noting both pattern and penetration, be enabled to arrive at a just and accurate knowledge of your gun's capacity and, at the same time, ascertain the charges most suitable for it.

If you have none of the prepared targets or penetration wads you can make a fairly good target out of heavy brown paper. Take a sufficient quantity, some thirty or forty sheets, cut it into squares of about ten inches and fasten in the center of a thirty-inch sheet of paper, with a nail, to a board, a barn, or other suitable surface. If you have not the paper conveniently at hand you may utilize a "Congressional Record" or "Patent Office Report." I have found these public documents better to shoot at than to read. Remove the backs from the books and fasten up as already shown. By counting the number of pages or sheets penetrated, the number of pellets inside the smaller and larger targets respectively, by observing whether the distribution of the shot is uniform and regular or patchy and irregular, and, in case of uncertainty or inexperience, by comparing the targets with those of a gun which shoots satisfactorily, you may readily ascertain whether your gun shoots to your notion.

It is a common belief that the penetration of a full choke gun is superior to the penetration of a modified choke, but in repeated tests I have been able to discover no difference, and I do not believe a full choke superior in this respect to a properly bored modified choke gun. Between guns of different weight equally well bored, with the same charge, the difference of penetration is in favor of the heavier gun; the difference is slight, but perceptible. And the same gun will show better penetration in the hands of a heavy man than in the hands of a light one.

If the gun does not exceed 8 or 8½ pounds weight it should not be larger than 12-bore, for better results and more comfortable shooting can be had with a 12-bore of this weight than a still larger bore of the same weight. And up to 9 pounds I have been able to discover no material difference between the 10 and 12 bores, for the reason that a 12 bore will handle with effect any charge that can be used in a 10-bore of less than about 9 pounds weight.

It is a little out of place, but not improper, here to say that any sized shot may be safely used in any well-bored gun, no matter how close the choke; provided that in using buckshot they be first chambered in the muzzle of the gun, and only that size used that will properly chamber in the muzzle.

You cannot overestimate the importance of having your gun fit you. If the stock is too long it is difficult and inconvenient to reach the trigger; if too short a backward motion is necessary to enable you to pull the trigger; if too straight the muzzle of the gun will be too much elevated and you will overshoot; if too crooked the muzzle will be too much depressed and you will undershoot. In any case, ease, dexterity and accuracy of shooting are greatly interfered with and impaired.

Gun stocks range from about 13½ to about 15 inches in length, and the drop or crook at butt varies from 1½ or 2 to 4 inches. A stock 15x4 inches is very long and crooked, while 13½x2 is very short and straight.

If you are a tall man with long arms and neck, you will require a gun with long and crooked stock. If you are of short stature, with correspondingly short arms and neck, you will need a short, straight stock. If you are neither tall nor short, but between the two, a medium stock will fit you. In other words, the shape of the shooter determines the shape of the stock.

Some gun dealers—not all of them, I am glad to be able to say—will tell you that the shape of the stock is a matter of little concern; that a stock a little too long or a little too short, a little too straight or a little too crooked, will suit you best. It is amazing to see how different dealers will "exactly fit" a man with guns of entirely different shapes, and how the same dealer will make the same gun fit a dozen men of dissimilar shapes. In this respect they are not unlike the Hebrew dealer in ready-made clothing, who will have his customer try on a coat, and who, after grabbing up a handful of surplus cloth in the back, will swear by all the prophets it is "shoost a fit."

A gun fits when the stock is just long enough for you to reach the front trigger easily and comfortably, and not so short as to require any backward motion of the arm or body in changing your finger from the front to the rear trigger; when it comes up level, so that, without any raising or lowering of the muzzle, without any inconvenient twisting of the neck or elevation of the butt of the gun above the hollow of the shoulder, you can instantly throw it on an object. You should be able, naturally and without any noticeable effort at taking aim, to bring the gun to bear on a stationary object at the very moment the heel-plate touches your shoulder. The ease with which this is done should approach that with which you point your dexter finger at an object. In trying a gun to see if it fits, do not endeavor to adapt the eye or adjust your position to the gun; this you may do, and this the dealer in ready-made guns may endeavor to have you do; but remember that the gun is to fit you, and not you the gun. If the gun does not "come up right" do not take it.

If you have not a number of guns to select from, one of the best methods of ascertaining whether the stock is of the proper length is the following: Take a gun that nearly fits you, or if you cannot get one take any gun, and for convenience of handling, remove the barrels from the stock; bend the elbow of the right arm so that the forearm shall be at right angles with the upper arm, while the upper arm is held closely to the side; take the stock in your right hand and place the butt-plate firmly and perpendicularly against the upper arm inside the elbow, and allow the forefinger, with the hand naturally and easily placed, to fall on the front trigger. If the forefinger, about one-third bent, so falls that you can easily pull that trigger, and by slipping the finger to the rear trigger can draw that one without any awkward or cramping movement, and without any change in the position of the arm, the stock is of the right length. If the forefinger goes naturally beyond the front trigger, or behind it, by just so much is the stock too long or too short.

To ascertain the length of the stock, measure from the center of the butt-plate to the center of the front trigger, with the hammers on full cock. If the stock you are trying is too long or too short, the distance from the center of the butt-plate to the point at which the front trigger should be to make the stock the right length, as shown by your trial, will be the length of stock you want.

To find how much drop or crook a stock should have to fit you, use a hammerless, or a low hammer gun, or a gun with the hammers removed if the hammers are high. Hold the gun naturally, as you would in the field; some say with the left arm well extended, and so I think is the better and easier way in the field, but this may not be convenient to you, and so, I say, throw the gun up naturally, comfortably and quickly, and, without any effort at taking aim, allow the cheek to come to the stock and glance along the barrels. If the sight is on a line with the breech, and no part of the top rib is visible, but only the whole of the sight shows above the breech, the drop is right. But try this several times to make sure. If, however, a part of the rib is visible, the stock is too straight; if the sight is either wholly or partly invisible, the stock is too crooked. If too straight, take some square bits of pasteboard, and with a rubber band such as is used for filing papers, fasten them one at a time on the top rib at the extreme breech end of the barrels, and, as you add a bit of pasteboard, continue to test as before, until you have found the exact crook. If the stock is too crooked proceed in the same way, except that the pasteboard must be fastened at the other extreme of the top rib. When you have found a fit, put it to other tests. Take deliberate aim at stationary objects above, below and on a line with your head; throw the gun up quickly and see if the sight continues to appear to be at the breech; throw it on a mark with both eyes open, then close the left eye and see if your aim is point blank; aim several times at a small object on a line with your head and some twenty yards away, and when you have located it in your mind, bring the gun up with both eyes closed, and while holding it in position, open the right eye and see if you are on the mark; try it in any other way that may occur to you, and if you have ascertained the drop with absolute correctness, the result will always be the same.

To measure the drop, lay the gun bottom upward, with the bits of pasteboard on it, if it has been necessary to use them, on a smooth, level table, taking care that the hammers are cocked or removed and that the sight is allowed to go beyond the edge of the table, and carefully measure to the sixteenth of an inch, the distance from the edge of the extreme butt to the surface of the table. This gives the "drop at butt." The distance from the "comb" (the elevation of the stock just back of the grip) to the table will give the drop at cheek.

Now, in my judgment, the drop at comb (or cheek) is properly ascertainable by the ascertainment of the drop just forward of comb. The drop at this point I deem of even more importance to the proper fit and easy handling of a gun than the drop at butt. If the drop at wrist—just forward of comb—is sufficient, you can comfortably and effectively use a straighter stock than you would otherwise be able to use. Indeed, without pretending to speak authoritatively, my judgment is that American sportsmen usually use stocks with too much drop or crook at butt and not enough at the point just in front of the comb. I am over six feet in height, and formerly deemed 3½ inches drop at butt just the thing for me; but by having guns made with more drop forward of comb, and less at butt, I found that 3 inches drop at butt was amply sufficient, and I am not now so sure that 2¾ would not be sufficient. The drop at comb should not be more than is absolutely necessary; for by having the comb high enough, you get four points of holding—the shoulder, the cheek against the stock, and the hands, and perhaps the best of all these is the pressure of the cheek and stock.

The drop just forward of comb should be as deep as possible, so as to keep the right hand grasping the stock out of the way of the eye in sighting, and so that in case of recoil, your hand will not knock your nose off. According to my notions, the drop in front of comb should not be more than one-half an inch less than the drop at butt; that is, supposing the drop at butt to be 3 inches, the drop forward of comb should be 2½ inches, or 2 7-16 inches at least. This would give the drop at comb 2 inches, which would be about right. The stock should have a good high comb, measuring 7-16 to ½ an inch.

It is hardly necessary to go at length into my reasons for the views above expressed. I invite the attention of my brethren to the subject, and hope they will report their views through the columns of this paper. I am confident they will find that the English have not been so far wrong in using so much straighter stocks than are used in this country, and that proper drop forward of comb will in great measure give the results that Americans have sought by increasing the drop at butt. With proper drop at the point forward of comb, and a good comb, a stock much straighter can be conveniently used than most sportsmen are in the habit of using. For quick work, the straighter stock will be found to possess advantages over the crookeder one. And it is observable that the gun with the straight stock will appear to "feel better," "handle better," and possess that "indescribable something" so often attributed to English guns at the expense of the reputation of American makers. The very straight stocks of the English guns have, to a certain extent at least, given them the reputation of possessing that "exquisite distribution of weight" which, it is said, is always

lacking in the American guns, which, as a rule, have crookeder stocks.

And I am inclined to think that American sportsmen use stocks too short for them, as a rule. The crook of the stock is often blamed for what is really due to its length. My observation is that a stock 14½ inches long (Greener's standard length) will suit the majority of sportsmen. The American standard—so far as any standard exists—seems to be 14 inches in length, which is a little too short for the great majority of shooters. My judgment is that a man can best use the longest and straightest stock which he can handle comfortably.

I ought to have said before that a "straight-edge" laid along the rib and extending to the butt is more accurate than laying the gun on a table to ascertain measurements; but I suggested the latter because usually most convenient. If the gun used to ascertain the measurements has a rib which is sunk between the barrels, a "straight-edge" is indispensable.

The weight of the gun should be well between the hands and within the last foot of the breech. The gun must not be "muzzle-heavy," causing you to undershoot, nor too heavy at the butt, causing the gun to hang heavy in the hands. This "balance" is a matter of great importance; but no exact rules can be laid down, for men's tastes and needs differ in this matter to a slight extent at least. The gun must "feel right" in your hands, and must not hang so awkwardly that it requires an effort on your part to handle it.

AH-PE.

A RIFLE TEST ON SQUIRRELS.

SEPTEMBER is here once more, and the crack and crash of the rifle and shotgun resound through the land. Monday, the last day of August, found my old friend Jack and your humble servant aboard of an outward bound train, armed and equipped with our rifles and "duffle," ready for an interview with the gray squirrels. Our destination was our old hunting ground in Central New Hampshire, which we arrived at, after jumping the track once and getting a pretty thorough shaking up. Jack and I have been at practice with our .22 cal. rifles at short range all summer, and just to make it a little interesting, we agreed to let the one that made the poorest score pay for all the cartridges that were used. I trust that you will not charge me with egotism when I state that I have paid for one case of .22 short, and I begin to realize that we do not get seventy-five and ten off the list as we used to. Jack carried a repeating rifle of .32-caliber, with which, he told me, he could cut a squirrel's head in the tallest tree every fair shot. I also have a rifle of the same kind, and if I should happen to hit a squirrel with it I should consider it an accident and not worth mentioning.

On the way to our hunting ground Jack remarked that Smith, our grocer, had just received a fresh lot of cigars, and that seven dollars would buy a box of one hundred. "Now," said he, "I propose that every squirrel that is not hit in the head shall call for one cigar as a fine. Every one that is missed calls for two, while every one that is barked off clean shall be credited two." "Very well," I replied, "just as you say, you have made me pay for the cartridges and now I suppose I shall have to pay this bill too." We had engaged quarters with an old acquaintance, so we were not long in getting settled after our arrival. Thinking we would like to take a stroll, toward night we went to a grove of oaks (of which I have spoken in a former communication) and found that although rather early the squirrels were working the trees in fine style; and after sitting down and keeping quiet a few minutes we heard a slight noise overhead, and the next instant a fine large fellow with a tremendous great brush whisked around the trunk of the tree and looked down at us with his big bright eyes as if to ask us if his murder was being premeditated. Several red ones as well as chipmunks also put in an appearance, and as we took our way homeward Jack remarked that "the indications were, in his estimation, very promising for a good morning's work, weather permitting."

Before retiring for the night Jack suggested that as "we were to start early, it might be a good idea to have things in readiness," and after filling his brier root and remarking that he would not mind "having one of those cigars now," he pulled his repeater from its case and commenced to stuff it with cartridges. Judge of his consternation when from my canvas cover, instead of a repeater, there was a 9lb. 30in.-barrel muzzleloader, carrying 100 round balls to the pound, or about .35-bore. Next a hickory swab stick and a string of cotton flannel wipers. Wiping out the barrel carefully with the hammer at half-cock, I noticed a peculiar look about Jack (who was smoking like a locomotive just after the fireman has stuffed the fire box with "Cumberland"), and after I had turned in the charge of powder from the flask, placed the small circular patch of Scotch Holland linen and flat-pointed slug in the muzzle ready for the guide and plunger, Jack found his speech once more and said he: "Look here, are you going to use that thing on this trip?" "Certainly," I replied, "I have nothing else with me." "Well, are you not a half century or so behind the times?" "Perhaps so," I replied, "but as you know I have modern arms at home." "Yes," he responded, "and if you had been level-headed you would have brought one of your breechloaders. Why, it will take you a week to load that thing. What is it anyway, one that Noah had in the ark?" "Oh no," I replied, "it is one of my own make, and as you see bears the date of 1885." After examining it he praised the workmanship altogether too much, but the one great fault with it was he said, "an old-fashioned way of loading that had been discarded years ago."

We turned in early to dream of the gray squirrels, etc., but before long Jack said, "Look hear, let's make that cigar trade include red squirrels as well as gray ones." "All right," I replied, and the next thing I heard was, "Come, boys, it's past four o'clock, and those graybacks are waiting for you." We were soon out of bed, and after a dip in water out of the cold corner of a forty-foot well, we felt as though we had been well repaid already for our journey from the hot dusty city. After a good substantial breakfast we started for the woods and arrived at the squirrel ground just at the right time, for it was still pretty dark in the woods. We each took our position as per agreement, with the understanding that we were not to shoot toward each other and were not to speak, but at a signal from the whistle the one blowing would go to the other.

Sitting down on a stone I waited a few minutes, and soon I hear one up in an oak over toward Jack. Then he turns and runs along a limb toward me. Now he goes down the trunk of the tree and whisks out of sight. I am afraid I have the "buck fever" a little, but soon cool off. Ah, my fine fellow, there you are, as pretty a shot as one could ask for. The leaves are very thick yet, and I do not know as I can see well enough, but I raise the rifle and through the large aperture of the Lyman sight I catch the bronzed bead of the Beach fore sight. Can I bark him off and earn my two cigars? No, he is too high up. A sharp crack follows and he comes to the ground with the top of his head missing. I have hardly time to wipe out the rifle and load before another one shows up in nearly the same place. I can see him distinctly, and he little dreams what is in store for him. He runs up on the trunk of an oak about twenty-five feet from the ground, there turns squarely around, and stops with his head toward the ground. A bullet strikes the tree just beneath the bark directly under his fore feet, and he goes whirling through the air and strikes the ground with a thud, and not a bullet mark on him.

I wait a few minutes and then scalp another, when a whistle from Jack announces his coming. "Are you doing much in here?" he queries. I pointed with my wiping rod to the three squirrels on the ground. "Why," said he, "I cannot see the first thing through my sights. I have seen several grays out there, but I could not sight them because the leaves are so thick and the sun is not up yet." "Well, Jack," I asked, "are you not a half century behind the times with your old-fashioned notch sights? If you will use sights like mine you can see to shoot your rifle in the woods as well as a shotgun." I suggested that he take his stand near the edge of the woods, where he could get more light, and we sat down once more to watch. In a few minutes I hear Jack's repeater begin to repeat, and four or five shots in quick succession tell me plainly that it does not "take a week to load that thing." "I've got him," Jack yelled. "I can see better out here."

The sun is up now and all nature seems to be alive. There has been very little or no frost, and with the exception of a few discolored leaves and ferns the woods have the appearance of midsummer. The sun creeps slowly up; the light improves and the sport begins in good earnest. The chattering of red squirrels, the barking of grays and the squeak of the little chipmunk, all help to swell the chorus to the sharp crack of the rifles. I am enjoying the sport hugely and am in the best condition. Pure country air, good wholesome farmer's food, and I am not cursed with bad whisky. The warm blood is bounding through my veins and I feel like a boy again, or like a prisoner set at liberty.

We remained in the grove until past 2 o'clock and then we began to think of something to satisfy the inner man and started for the house. We counted the spoils and Jack had two grays and four red ones to show for fourteen empty shells, and three only were hit fairly in the head. Your humble servant had (I dislike to tell it, but it would spoil the story if I did not) seven grays and three red ones, six were hit in the head, one in the neck and three were barked off clean, the concussion killing them as dead as a stone.

"Well," said Jack, "you have stolen a march on me this time; and now, my dear sir, will you please explain if you can tell why this is thus?"

"Yes, Jack," I replied, "I think I can. In the first place you are younger than I am, your eyesight is better than mine, and you are a better shot than I am, and, all things being equal, you can beat me at rifle shooting, whether at game or at the target. But this rifle I have been at work on at odd jobs all summer, and it has been made especially for this occasion. While you have been extolling the merits of the breechloader for accuracy, you knew nothing of the perfection of a good muzzleloader at short range. While a good breechloader with a patched bullet and shells carefully loaded is a splendid weapon, it cannot equal a good muzzleloader. While a poorly-made or badly-handled muzzleloader is bad enough, it can be no worse than the miserable rifles that are turned out by some of the factories, and are offered to us at retail for from $15 to $25 each, and what is lacking in the rifles is made up in the quality of the cartridges. I have found cartridges with no bullets in them, with only half a charge of powder, and in almost all conditions. I have made breechloaders that would shoot well enough to satisfy most sportsmen at any game, but for absolute precision I will use a muzzleloader every time. Secondly, you could not see your game distinctly in the woods at this season through your notch and bead sights. Get a good rifle and put a Lyman rear sight and almost any open bead sight on the muzzle, and you will astonish yourself in the difference it will make in your shooting."

"Well, yes," Jack responded, "perhaps so, but if I can do no better I will go back to the shotgun, but no old fagy muzzle-loading rifle for me, no I thank you."

Jack was convicted but not converted, and as we made our way to the house he said that he would get even with me yet. The next morning we shouldered our 10-bore breechloaders and gave the grouse a trial, of which I will tell you in my next. I omitted to state that I fired ten shots only at the squirrels.

IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND GAME.

THE interest in bird shooting in this section is greater than ever before. With the gun and ammunition dealers, trade has seldom been better. The sale of loaded cartridges has been very large for a week. This means bird shooting, but thus far the bags have been very small. Two noted gunners were questioned yesterday. They agreed in the idea that grouse in the towns not far from Boston are quite plenty, but remarkably shy. One of these gentlemen came across a couple of noted shots yesterday, brothers, one of whom hits a penny tossed in the air with a .32-cal. rifle three times out of five. They are crack wing-shots. They killed last year over one hundred partridges apiece. But so far this season their score has been almost nothing. They have seen the birds, but they take to wing long before the near approach of the hunter. The testimony of the sportsmen is that the grouse grow more and more wild each year. Their lying to the dog grows worse and worse. The markets have seen but very few partridge as yet, and woodcock have been scarce in the stalls where they have been quite plenty on former seasons. Some of the best gunners claim that the remarkably wet weather has scattered them to the uplands.

One or two letters from good grouse sections in Maine mention only very small bags, and the birds scarce. That State is being overrun with gunners this year, as well as last. Where shall the sportsman find room and game? There is a good deal of indignation felt among the pot and market hunters here concerning New Hampshire's non-exportation game law. They have been in the habit of boarding morning trains and going over into New Hampshire, returning the second evening with well-filled bags. It is understood that the new law will prohibit their bringing the birds out of the State, the same as in Maine.

One more terrible accident with a shot gun must be chronicled. The son of Mr. Morton, a Boston merchant, well-known in the fruit and oil trade, 17 years old, was on his vacation in the western part of this State. In getting over a fence one day last week his gun was discharged and the contents entered the young man's chest and passed upward and backward through the right lung, lodging near and breaking the backbone. He must have put the breech of his gun down, holding on to the upper end of the barrels, and the cocked weapon was discharged by some twig against the triggers. Truly our education is at fault. A gun is a dangerous thing; so is a precipice; yet who thinks of walking off it? Neither is there the least possible chance of harm from the gun, if one never, udner any circumstances, allows the muzzle to be turned toward his own body. A man or boy in his senses will not walk off a precipice in broad daylight. It is a matter of natural education. Why not train every boy to keep the muzzle of his gun away from himself and everybody else. There is just as much sense in seizing a razor by the blade with the thumb over the edge, as to seize a gun by the muzzle. It should be beaten into every boy's understanding, word by word: Never, under any conditions, allow the muzzle of a gun to be pointed toward your own body or that of any other person.

SPECIAL.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 7.

Ipswich seems almost deserted this year. Small birds are very scarce and have been all the season. Whipple, of Hamilton, got some black breasters and some uplands lately. Lewistone, of Ipswich, got eleven summers and a winter in two shots. Jim Lord, of Ipswich, got four uplands on Great Neck. One flock of coots recently seen in Squaw Bay. Next month they should be plenty. Harry Procter recently got some birds at Palmer's Pond, Swampscott. He saw a fine bunch of black breasters but they were shy. Partridge season opened very tame. Woodcock are scarce, though I hear two Boston gentlemen got twenty-nine at Sharon, Mass., lately. If this be true they had rare good luck. I think there was some shooting at Chatham last week as I saw doughbirds and jack curlew that were shot there. Perhaps October may afford better luck. Rail shooting should be in order by the 10th, as the tides then run high.

X. Y. Z.

SALEM, Mass., Sept. 7.

BOW VALLEY GAME.

THE close season for grouse, partridge, pheasants, prairie chickens, swans, ducks, geese and widgeons ended on the 15th inst, and as prairie chickens are unusually plentiful they are being bagged in great numbers. Last summer, in this district, was an exceptionally wet one, more rain fell from June to September than was precipitated during several seasons together. The present summer has been dry but not to an extreme. Occasional rain showers have furnished sufficient moisture for grass and crops. The heavy rains of last year destroyed an immense number of wildfowl eggs and the effects were visible in the scarcity of the smaller variety of birds.

So far, of the kinds of wildfowl named, I have seen no pheasants, though the ordinance for protection of game mentions these with the more common varieties. I may in this exception include the widgeon, as I understand he is not an inhabitant of these parts.

The laws for the local government of the District of Alberta, and in fact for the whole of the Canadian northwest territory are made by the Northwest Council, which is a partly elective and partly crown nominated. Its *locus in quo* is Regina, the capital of the entire territory. These laws are known by the more familiar and American term of ordinances, and they relate to all matters not essentially Federal or Dominion in character.

The Council meets once a year as a legislature and performs its functions without the ostentation which generally accompanies the proceedings of the Provincial Local Legislature of the Canadian Dominion. In 1883 this Council passed an ordinance for the protection of game in the Northwest Territory. Of course by the word game is meant everything wild in the shape of life except fishes, and our own species. The protection of fish from piscatorial vandals is left to the Dominion authorities, the same as in other portions of the Dominion. The ordinance contains about twenty clauses, and it is, I think, a good measure, but like all legislation of a similar character, it is rather in its operation than in its existence by which it should be judged.

The ordinance provides that elk, moose, caribou, antelope, deer, or their fawn, or hare must not be hunted or killed between the first of February and the first of September in any year. The close season for plover and snipe is between the 15th of May and the 1st of August. None of the kind I have mentioned, except the wavy must be killed or taken at any time by means of any rope, snare, spring cage, net, or trap of any kind, and no engine for such purpose shall be set or constructed in whole or in part.

The forbidden period for otter, beaver or fishes is between the first day of May and the first of October, and the period for muskrat is between the 15th of May and the 1st of November.

The enforcement of these laws is left to guardians, who are appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. These guardians have the power of constables, and they may appoint deputies. They are authorized to seize all animals or birds mentioned, or parts of them, in the possession or in the custody of any person during the forbidden period. The offender may be brought before a justice of the peace and the property confiscated in whole or in part. The animals or birds confiscated become the property of the guardian; but of course if the person charged shows that the animals or birds have been killed in the open season or have been sent from any place outside the Territories, there is no confiscation. Possession of any animal or bird by any person in the close season, except in certain cases, is deemed to be *prima facie* evidence that the same has been illegally taken. Guardians are empowered to open any case or receptacle in which he has reason to believe that game taken or killed is concealed. Every offense against any of the provisions of the ordinance is punishable, in addition to confiscation of the animal or bird, by a fine not exceeding $50 and not less than $5, and it is recoverable summarily before a justice of the peace or stipendary magistrate. Half of this penalty goes to the informer and the balance forms part of the general fund of the Territory. In default of immediate payment the offender must be imprisoned in the common jail of the district where the offense was committed for a period not exceeding two months. An appeal from the decision of a justice of the peace is allowed, to a stipendary magistrate, and prosecution is barred after six months from the time at which the offense alleged was committed.

The requirements for scientific purposes are met by a

clause which empowers the Lieut.-Governor to give permission to this end. There is another clause and an important one too, in a sparsely settled district like this, which protects the hungry traveler. This clause permits him to kill game and hypothecate eggs enough for his own use. The provisions of the ordinance applies to Indians as well as whites, but the country twenty miles north of the main Saskatchewan River and the north branch thereof is exempt from the operations of the ordinance.

The advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the disappearance of the buffalo from the benches and valleys of this region are coeval. With the exception of the whitened skulls and bones scattered over the prairies, and the seamed trails, there is nothing left to remind the traveler that along these benches and through these valleys the shaggy monster "roamed and roared." A few tame ones in the penitentiary grounds of Manitoba are all that remains of the great herds that a few years ago roamed over the prairie waste of British North America. But this is not new or news. There are no moose in Southern Alberta, but in the northern portion of the district north of the north branch of the Saskatchewan these animals are numerous. Their home is the great forest which begins in the latitude of Edmonton, 54° 20', and stretches far beyond the height of land which forms the divide of the Arctic water slope. In this sub-Arctic district the moose wanders without much interference even from the Indians.

Antelope, red deer, black and cinnamon bears, and the mountain sheep are the large game of this immediate district. The first-named are frequently seen in the Cyyress Hills country, a district wooded with the cypress, whence it takes its name, and so cut up with ravines and hills that it was feared during the recent rebellion that the hostile Indians would flee to these hunting grounds, and if they had done so they could have stood off ten thousand troops. What the lava beds were to the Modocs, so would have been the Cypress Hills to the Crees or Blackfeet against the common enemy, the whites. It was not to be wondered at, then, that Major Stewart with a body of one hundred and fifty cowboys held the approaches to this excellent cover. The Cypress Hills country is a portion of the great Milk River district, which stretches from Fort Assiniboine north, and just the country for antelope and the deer variety. It is, therefore, not often that local sportsman can get a pot at these animals, but he is more likely to succeed in the Cypress Hills than in any other part of the Northwest that I know of.

The black bear—and the cinnamon occasionally—is often met with in the foothills of the Rockies, but the capture of a grizzly or even the sight of one in these parts is a rare thing.

The Rocky Mountains to the reader is inseparably connected with grizzlies and the American tiger, but in this latitude there appear to be very few of these savages. Whether they have been driven off, or whether they have more favorite haunts than in the valley of the Bow, I am unable to say, but I am inclined to think the latter is most likely. One of the latest grizzly captures in this vicinity was that made a couple of years ago by the Rev. John McDougall, the well-known missionary who has spent many years in this country. I have seen the claws of Rev. Mr. McDougall's quarry, and any one who doubts the dreadful feats which they can accomplish with their claws should just take a peep at these iron-plated rakers. No sausage mill can do its work more effectively than can these leviathan paws. They crush, lacerate and growl at the same time.

The fox is seldom seen in these foothills, but the wolf and coyote are dwellers under the shadows of the great icy caves which tower thousands of feet above. Both are patiently waiting the advent of the thousands of sheep which the enterprising stock raiser is introducing into the country, and which in a few years will cover the fields, for the adaptability of this country for sheep-raising is now no longer a matter to be questioned.

Rabbits are a sure crop. Last year they overran everything in the foothills, and were snared and shot by the thousands. Their numbers are such as to make them a nuisance even to the housewife. GEO. B. ELLIOTT.

CALGARY, Alto, August, 1885.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

ABOUT the 10th of September, 1884, I boarded the northern bound train on the Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago R. R. at Tekamah with my English setter Heck, and my 10-bore gun. The rain poured down incessantly without any promise of let up, until about 5 o'clock P. M. But I was going up into Cedar county, Neb., after cattle instead of on a chicken hunt, so I was thinking very little of any great amount of sport. We arrived at Hartington, the terminus of the Hartington branch of the railroad, about 6 P. M. Having engaged a buggy and driver, 6 o'clock next morning we started out northwest from Hartington to see some cattle. About two miles from town, in the Bow Valley, I let Heck out of the buggy as we neared a fine stubble field, and driving around the field on the edge of the grass, we had only gone a few rods when old Heck sniffed the air as if he scented some birds. We drove up to him, I got my Baker in shape, and stepped out. By this time the old dog was standing as if carved out of marble. I pushed him along with my knee a few feet, when up went two fine prairie chickens. A few seconds, grace was given to let the chickens get a fair start, when there were two quick, sharp reports from the gun, and directly two fine chickens lay lifeless upon the sod. Heck very cautiously proceeded to fetch in his birds. He picked up and started in with it, but when about half way to me straightened out on another fine point with the dead bird in his mouth. I stood for a second and up went another bird, whang went the gun, and a third chicken fell to the earth with the thud that delights the sportsman on the discharge of his field piece. I stood almost in my tracks and shot eight fine birds from this covey inside of ten minutes, and each bird was brought to me by my faithful dog. What is there more exhilarating?

Our road left the fields and stretched out over the sand knolls and ridges from this on from twelve to fourteen miles; we found a few lone cock on the ridges and these I bagged. About 10 o'clock we arrived at our place of business, which was something quite of another character. I completed a bargain with the man on the cattle and we sat down to a fine dinner about 1 o'clock. The cattle were to be delivered at Hartington the next day ready for me to load and start home with the following morning. We hooked up and started for Hartington about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I took the dog in the buggy the first eight or ten miles, as the sun had been shining hot all day and the sand ridges were dry and barren. About 5 o'clock we came down into a fine valley, where there was a delicious spring of water which our road passed close by. I let my dog out to get some water; he ran to the spring, took a good drink and turned around to start for a hunt, when he came to a dead stand not ten feet from the spring and close to the roadside. I was not long in getting to his side, when up went three fine chickens, two of which turned their toes up in quick succession. I bagged in a short time from this covey thirteen, only letting two escape. I thought this would do for one day, so I put up the dog and chickens, got in the buggy and drove to town in time for supper at the Hartington House, and the next morning had chicken on toast. I was very busy for about forty minutes. In the forenoon I arranged for cars to ship the cattle. My brother came in from the Southwest, where he had purchased some feeding steers, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we procured a livery and started out to meet his bunch of cattle that were being driven in.

Southwest of Hartington about six miles on the South Bow Creek we found fine chicken ground. I bagged forty-two chickens in less than two hours, killing one full grown chicken at eighty good full length paces. We drove back to town, found our cattle all in and in good stock yards, so we partook of a prairie chicken supper at the hotel; the next morning loaded our cattle, eleven car loads in all, and had a good run down home, where we arrived about 5 o'clock P. M.

CHILLED SHOT.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We take it for granted that all readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are interested in the working of the new deer law in the Adirondacks. Questions like these will be asked: Is the law popular? Is it observed and enforced? Will it work to preserve deer? These queries were in our mind as we went into the woods late in July, and we tried, by observation and inquiry, to answer these questions, at least to our own satisfaction. We give the result.

First, is the new law popular? Yes and no. With all true sportsmen who love only lawful legitimate sport, and who desire the preservation of game, the present law is popular, and by these it is vigorously sustained. Beyond this we have not seen any evidence of popularity. With that large class of tourists who go into the woods hoping they may kill a deer, caring little how, and caring less whether it be by lawful or unlawful means, this, with all other restrictive laws, is not popular, and is observed only when fear of getting caught exceeds their desire to kill. With the guides the law prohibiting hounding is decidedly unpopular, and this is the important class to be considered, for it lies almost wholly with the guides whether the law shall be observed, or whether game shall be preserved in the Adirondacks or not. The cause of this unpopularity is easily found. In the first place every guide owns one or more dogs. They are valuable dogs, family favorites, and they have kept them a whole year for the autumn's hunting. The dogs are on their hands and they are out of pocket for their keeping. It is natural that their feelings should be aroused against a law which brings to them disappointment and pecuniary loss. In the second place, for the present, the law, if enforced, lessens the number of autumn hunters, and so takes money out of the pockets of the guides. For it is well-known that, from the beginning of cold September nights until the leaves have fallen and have become wet by frosts and rain, it is very difficult to get deer except with the help of hounds. Heretofore large hunting parties have gone in who have engaged a number of guides with their dogs for a hunt. Besides the regular daily wages of the guide, his dog, if it brought in the deer, usually won the hide and a handsome fee. The guides fear, with reason, that they will lose this income. Moreover, a good many of them honestly think the law unwise, to put it mildly, they maintaining that not one race in ten is successful, that there is little killing compared with the amount of hounding, and that the majority of deer killed before dogs are bucks. All of which is partially true, and yet from their inference we disagree entirely. Many races are unsuccessful, yet a good deal of observation leads me to believe that the majority of the killing each year for five years has been done before dogs. We know of one small section where twenty-four (24) deer were killed last fall before dogs, and this year, in consequence, it was very difficult to find a deer there with a jack. We know also of a party which has been known to go—twenty-four hunters and twenty-five dogs—surround a lake, let loose the dogs, and clean the country of its game. These are unusual instances, we hope, yet they happened not ten miles apart. We believe that were the present law observed the deer would increase very rapidly.

But is it observed? To this second inquiry we answer again yes and no. In one part of the woods the law is both observed by the guides and enforced by the wardens. In this section a sportsman owns his dog at peril. If the truth was spoken to us, he won't do it the second time, if it is known. In another large section dogs are being used, not as much as last year, but as much as the guides dare to use them. In this section it is hard work to get deer without them. Campers want venison, sportsmen want to kill deer, the guides have dogs, and not having any quick consciences, by consent they use them.

There was a report going about among the hotels when we came out that our chief executive, the one man who of all others should respect and observe law, was hunting with dogs on the Saranac waters. We don't know that the report was true, but true or false it was enough to kill every scruple which disturbed the conscience of any guide. It was said with reason, "If President Cleveland can break the law I can, and when the wardens put him through and make him pay his fines, I'll walk up and pay mine."

Will the new law preserve deer? Yes. The law is and will be broken. Every game law is broken to some degree. This one may be in some places almost a dead letter, but even there it will work to preserve game. In other places it will reduce the killing fifty per cent. In spite of the present attitude of the guides and the seeming reason to some of their objections to the law, the law exists and its penalty hangs over the head of every transgressor, and he knows it. Any man who breaks the law is liable to be caught. The law is enacted. We want to see it faithfully tried. And we believe its faithful observance will be to the interest of every guide. He may lose a dog and a few dollars in fees this year. He will more than make it up in the years to come if in regions where a deer is now rarely seen, they again become plenty. So much, the result of my observation, about the law forbidding the use of dogs.

There is another law bearing upon the increase of deer to which I want to direct the attention of the sportsmen and law makers of New York, viz., this, the law which gives as a State bounty $20 for the head of a panther. This bounty ought to be increased to $50. As it is the bounty is so small that it is no object for the guides to hunt the panther, and they are not hunted, and consequently they are increasing. Now it is estimated that a panther will destroy about one deer a week the year through. Venison is known to be their principal diet and they never fail to kill a deer when they want one. A guide who has had many years of experience in the woods told me ten cats would kill more deer in a year than all the sportsmen who come into the woods. If there are ten cats in the woods, if they feed half the time on deer, we can see that they will destroy an immense number. No one can possibly object to raising the bounty on cats as suggested, and if it should lead to the killing of one more panther a year than is now killed, that would do more to save deer than the destruction of a hundred hounds. Were the bounty raised, I have the assurance of guides that panther would be hunted. I suggest, Mr. Editor, I urge, the raising of this bounty, and I am sure every one interested in the Adirondack region will heartily support the suggestion. H. H. K.

WEST WINSTED, Conn., Sept. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I know that jack-shooting is practiced to a great extent from the 1st of May and even earlier until so late as the last part of August each year in the Adirondacks, and I do not see how it is to be stopped unless the guides and hotel keepers unite and insist on it. This they are not likely to do unless they become satisfied that the game is decreasing and they will soon lose occupation on account of the scarcity of game. P.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Conflicting reports are heard in this vicinity regarding the supply of grouse in the woods of Western New York. Toward the close of August a railroad engineer who "runs" south from this city painted for me a pleasing pen picture of the numerous broods of grouse which he had seen a short time before near the Pennsylvania line. I had also heard of large families of birds nearer home, and was prepared to see them rising on all sides on favorable ground. The information was all the more agreeable from the fact that woodcock have been rather scarce this season, and the grouse is almost alone in the woods, quail being extremely scarce, and no pigeons whatever appearing. A friend, who assured me that he knew where there were some grouse and woodcock, invited me to accompany him on the 1st inst., and try to bag a few. A railroad train and a vigorous walk took us to the ground early in the day, and we were not long in the bush before G.'s pointer made game, and a woodcock was shot and retrieved. After about two hours' work we had five woodcock and two grouse. None of the long-billed birds which we put up escaped, but we left three or four grouse to be called for later in the season, when the leaves are off the dense underbrush.

On the same day, W. J. B., ex-treasurer of the State Sportsmen's Association, and his son shot five grouse. Other men who beat considerable ground, report the birds very scarce.

Robert Taugnewy, in company with some friends, is building a steamboat to be used for sporting purposes in Florida this winter. She is forty-five feet keel, and eight beam, and as the veteran boatbuilder, Sam Hingston, is constructing her hull, she is sure to be a fine craft.

The gray plover are said to have appeared on our wheat fields within a few days, but none have yet been shot by any one of my acquaintance, nor are they in the market, a place where they are usually found soon after their advent. E. R.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 6.

ON MINNESOTA PRAIRIES.

THE village of Graceville is situated in Big Stone county, Minnesota. It is a small hamlet; a dozen stores, thrice the number of houses, a church, school house and railroad depot comprise about all the buildings in the place The inhabitants of the village and of the surrounding country are mostly Irish, and are sportsmen from instinct. They enjoy a foot race or horse race, a dog fight, a boxing match, or in fact almost anything which involves a contest or will test the physical powers or courage of man or beast. In this village reside my friends B. and Major O'T., the former until recently a bachelor, with a warm place in his heart for a horse, a dog and a gun, and never quite happy unless entertaining a friend in his comfortable bachelor quarters, the latter a graduate from the British army, in which he has passed the greatest part of his life, and an enthusiast in every thing which can be even tortured into a semblance of sport; both withal are gentlemen, genial of speech, graceful in hospitality, and delightful companions in the field.

Such are my companions, when before the dawning of an autumn day, I put my gun and cartridges into the wagon and am carried outside the village to hunt—the indefinite. Our cartridges are loaded for geese, ducks, chickens, cranes and jack rabbits; our dogs will, of course, stand and retrieve, and our inclinations are toward the first animate thing which will rise before the dogs, be it fur or feather. What a charm there is in a day like this! It is the ecstacy of loafing. A boundless prairie stretches out before us, dotted with little lakes and ponds, and broken here and there with stretches of wheat fields and breaking. We feel the freedom of the sailor upon the sea; we follow no beaten track, but drift about from pond to pond, from field to field, with no restraint upon the manner of our going, guided only by the rudder of our own sweet will. We watch our dogs as, like birds of prey, they sweep the expanse of prairie, and when they find, and stiffen with excess of rapture, an answering thrill flashes over us, sending new life into veins whose sluggard course old Time with ruthless scythe has clogged with wrecks of joys grown stale and profitless.

By break of day we were stationed on a strip of land between two good-sized lakes, and soon the boom of a gun told of another feathered prize, or more likely still, of a badly-frightened family of early-rising ducks, unscathed this time, but as surely going to pot as that in a multitude of hunters one will be found who sometimes gathers from the air even the swiftly-flying denizens of our lakes and ponds. Our sport grew moderate as the sun climbed toward the zenith, so we changed our cartridges and moved slowly over the prairie, our dogs ranging away from the wagon, sometimes as far as half a mile. Several grouse fell to our guns before we stopped for lunch at high noon.

We had now lazily drifted away from Graceville westward about ten miles, and were in the vicinity of Lake Traverse, on the western boundary of Minnesota, and among fields

which are sometimes gray with geese and brant. Many flocks of geese were seen by us sitting upon the fields, and selecting a piece of stubble which had been partly burned, with toil and heat we dug two pits, in which at about 4 o'clock P. M. we disposed of ourselves and "peeled our eyes" for geese. A couple of dozen decoy geese loafed with borrowed gravity about the pits. After a half hour's waiting a waving line appeared on the horizon, and we lay low for a shot as soon as the line should resolve itself into a flock of geese and visit the vicinity of their sheet iron brethren. On they came, their discordant honks making more distracting music than a country band. We crouch within our pits until we can see the flock just over us, not three rods away, and then we give it to them right and left. The sport continues until it is quite dark, the same flock often coming twice to our decoys, so deceptive were they; and then the drive home through the cold moonlight and the silence of the prairie. This completes a day of perfect enjoyment.

The variety of sport which an autumn day on our Minnesota prairies affords is the strongest inducement possible for a sportsman to visit them. The novelty of shooting from a wagon is a thing to be enjoyed only in the West. Nowhere else is the pleasure of watching the work of the dogs so keenly felt. Their every movement is under the eye of the master, and when they find game sometimes half a mile away and stand firmly upon their point until the guns arrive, they prove their mettle in a way that tries the patience of the best of them. Prairie chickens and grouse are often raised in the same field and sometimes in the same covey.

Small lakes and sloughs are numerous and furnish breeding places for countless ducks and geese; the fleet jack rabbit is liable to dart up and away before the dogs at any moment; and the wary sandhill crane may find an innocent-looking wheat stalk conceals a hunter who prizes its succulent breast when stuffed and baked more highly than turkey or goose. A fortunate bag often contains specimens of each of the kinds of game mentioned, and all obtained with little more fatigue than that caused by a day's ride and the effort of getting in and out of the wagon. Can any country under the sun furnish better sport than this? HUNT.

ST. PAUL, Minnesota.

ILLINOIS NOTES.

SPITE of the rain, prairie chicken shooting has been good. The same can be said of woodducks. Pretty good bags are made at Fox Lake and other club grounds around Chicago, but unless this month gives us more sunshine to dry up the marshes the snipe will be badly scattered. Here on my own particular ground (the Skokie Slough) there is now two feet of water.

Fall woodcock shooting is something we know little about in this part of the country, but one evening after a most successful day at the snipe, in passing through a twenty-acre lot that had been cut over the year before and had grown up to poplar sprouts, I flushed two or three woodcock, and the next afternoon in company of a friend we beat over this lot and bagged nine, and so on for a week, getting altogether if my memory serves me right forty-nine birds. They were evidently flight birds, for we cleaned out all there were each day, and the next day there would be about as many more. This was in the month of October, and about ten years ago. The next year I tried the same ground again but found no birds, and have tried many other as likely places since, but have never again shot a woodcock in October or even found a boring.

I am glad one contributor is tackling the gun question, and fully indorse his position on the "list" and "net" prices. It is high time there should be a uniform price to all.

HARRY HUNTER.

HIGHLAND PARK, Ill., Sept. 1.

"A HUNT ON THE YAZOO."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Hunting narratives are not very edifying unless the incidents, however trivial, are at least plausible. Mr. Jackson's memory seems to be faulty about some slight matters of fact, and he is quite too sensational.

A steamboat cannot leave New Orleans in the evening (the invariable leaving time) and reach Vicksburg by breakfast next morning. In 1870 the R. E. Lee, in a race with the Natchez, for a large wager, made the fastest time on record, twenty-six hours and some minutes. The usual time for packets is forty-eight hours.

Mr. J. states that the boat "struck a snag," the only noticeable result being to spill some custard into an old gentleman's hat. It is a very serious matter for a steamboat on the Mississippi River to strike a snag. The almost invariable result is a large hole in the bottom, and then the pilot runs for shoal water, so she can settle down with as little damage as possible. There is not always time for this even. In 1881 the Florence Meyer struck a snag opposite a government camp in my charge. Having at hand a tug and barges I saved all the passengers and crew except five, who were drowned. The boat sunk in deep water in a very few minutes after she struck.

Mr. J. relates that after strolling about Vicksburg and viewing the sights, his party embarked in a skiff with two pairs of oars, and I presume a pretty good load. They reached the mouth of Big Sunflower with the "lengthening shadows" that same evening. The distance is about sixty miles. A pretty good pull up stream, against a "stiff current."

The next morning they proceeded up the river, "rowing the entire day" and going five miles further the day following. Judging from the rate of progress the first day, their "permanent camp" should have been fifty or sixty miles above the "confluence of the Yazoo and Big Sunflower." And yet Mr. J. lightly traverses that distance "one morning" to examine an Indian mound. Returning to camp, "I floated down stream, using only my paddle to guide my course." This is unintelligible, in view of the fact that camp was a considerable distance up stream. Floating with the current, he passes near enough to an alligator on shore to touch it with his paddle—supposes it to be a log until it turns over twice and sinks into the water. Alligators resemble logs to a very slight degree. They never attack canoes, at least in this country. They never "turn over," but use their legs like other quadrupeds. They are never seen on the Yazoo in the winter time—they are then hibernating at the bottom in the mud.

Mr. J. was frightened by a "Spanish tarantula." There are no tarantulas, Spanish or other kind, in the Yazoo country. At all events, I have spent the best part of twenty years in the Yazoo and Mississippi swamps, and have never seen or heard of a tarantula there or elsewhere east of the Mississippi River. I have seen plenty of them further west.

Moss does not "festoon from branch to branch." It grows straight down from the branch it is attached to. There are no "lilypads" in the Yazoo or any other river in this country, and they are not seen in the lakes in the winter time.

It seems remarkable that a party of hunters in a peaceful country should agree upon a mysterious signal to announce their approach or call for "assistance in an emergency," and that they should select "the screech of an owl." This savors of dime novel literature. It is a difficult matter to imitate the screech of an owl, and it can be heard but a short distance. Perhaps Mr. J. meant the hoot of an owl. There are great numbers of owls in that country which keep up a pretty lively hooting on their own account. Mr. J.'s party must have had a good deal of exercise chasing owls about the swamp looking for cases of "emergency."

It seems incredible that a murderer and fugitive from justice, in hiding at the mouth of the Yazoo, should follow this party some hundred miles through the wilderness to place himself in their hands, in order to find out if they were looking for him, in which latter case he intended to kill them all, send them to keep company with the fellow he had already murdered, if they were imbeciles enough to allow him to do it. Murderers in this country seldom pursue such a very sanguinary course. They have rarely been known to hunt up sheriffs' posses, and the latter never pursue a murderer by rowing after him up stream in a skiff, as he could easily walk along shore and keep out of the way. The sensation about Ball's secreted knife, the carefully loaded shotguns with fresh caps, etc., is too ridiculous for comment.

Mr. Jackson has evidently mistaken his vocation. He ough to embark in a "yellow back" enterprise. If he essays to write more hunting narratives, it is to be hoped he will treat your readers to a little common sense.

T. G. DABNEY.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 1.

BURNING PRAIRIE CHICKEN EGGS.—The St. Louis *Republican* reports that a number of St. Louis sportsmen returned last week from trips after prairie chickens in Iowa and Minnesota. Nearly all of them are greatly disappointed with their sport, and attribute their very inferior bags to the disregard of the people of the North to their own game laws. This feeling especially applies to the Minnesota men, the Iowans being apparently offenders in a lesser degree. There are, of course, many districts in Minnesota where both townsmen and farmers assist in game preservation, but they seem to prove the rule by exception. Near Albert Lea, Fairmont Wells, Spirit Lake, Jackson, St. James, Madelia and Winnebago City, chickens have been most scarce this year, almost all of the young having been killed off by village shooters when but squeakers and incapable of any kind of flight. The birds have also suffered greatly by the reckless method of burning off the dead prairie grass each spring. This practice was introduced in Minnesota some years ago with the object of destroying the young grasshoppers as they hatched out, and in many ways it was most beneficial. If it was to be a case of either no chickens and no grasshoppers, or all chickens and all grasshoppers, it was doubtless best for the State that the grouse should go at the same time as the hoppers, but when these last had finally taken marching orders to the Gulf of Mexico, there could be no reason for the burning of the prairies at so late a period in the year as that usual for the operation at present. It is now deferred until almost all of the breeding grouse have laid, and after the burning of a prairie cooked grouse eggs are to be found in every direction. One St. Louis gentleman tells of a farmer near Spirit Lake who found no fewer than thirteen dozen eggs so spoiled by one fire last spring on one bit of his prairie.

THE OLD GUN.—Melrose, Mass.—In my father's family was an old single-barreled gun that had been changed from a flintlock to percussion cap, and was said to have done wonderful execution in the old days, but in my boyhood rust and time had left their marks upon it. Still, for the boys of the village the old gun had a mysterious charm. It was said to have been taken from the Indians by my grandfather, and certain strange figures upon it seem to confirm this. Whatever its origin, the clear response of the lock and the workmanship of the barrel showed that it did not have a plebeian birth and that it was worthy of the honorable old age that it enjoyed. Whether the wonderful stories of what it used to do were the result of its merits or of poetic imagination is hard to say. All the traditions of its wonderful powers were treasured in my boyish mind—loons killed nobody knew how far, and ducks stricken upon the far off bosom of the lake. This fatality was said to have been attained by a particular way of loading. In my days this peculiar method was a lost art and the muzzle was so badly worn that no charge could be made to kill except at short ranges. It would still "sling shot" most terribly, but not in exactly the same way as of old. What it lacked in this respect I contrived to make up in perseverance and ingenuity. It seemed to take kindly to an ounce ball, or if an ounce ball was not handy any other smaller size would do with patches enough, and many a woodchuck attested the correct adjustment of the boy and the gun. I have dwelt upon this gun because it seems now in retrospection a part of my early life. How many of your reader now amid the busy cares of life can recall the old gun of blessed memory with all the sacred associations of home clustering about it?—W.

THE PROFITABLE WOODCHUCK.—The woodchuck, usually accounted a curse by the average farmer, has proved a blessing to New Hampshire rural districts. Not long ago the Legislature of that State provided a bounty of ten cents on every woodchuck killed, the tip of the tail to count as proof. The result exceeded all anticipations. The appropriation for bounties on vermin jumped up tremendously. According to a report made by State Treasurer Carter, the bounties paid on wild animals for year ending June 1, 1877, was $727; for year ending June 1, 1878, $620; June 1, 1879, $271.20; 1880, foxes and hawks having been added, $2,155; 1881, foxes dropped, $1,491.90; 1882, $2,030.10; 1883, $3,021.90; 1884, $4,087.30; 1885, woodchucks added, $14,756.10. During the month of June last, being the first month of the present fiscal year, the bounties amounted to $2,239.97, of which nineteen-twentieths were on account of woodchucks. Woodchuck farming was rapidly advancing to be a leading industry; it paid even better than keeping summer boarders; but a sudden stop has been put to the business by the repeal of the bounty. Now the question is, what are the New Hampshire people to do with their extensive "groundhog" plant?

"QUAIL" AND "BOB WHITE."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Wells" borned a child and christened it "Bob White," and now "Coahoma" assumes paternity and re-christens it "partridge Bob White." Whose child is this any way? I'm sorry for "Wells," for it's hard on him. As for the term "partridge," it has been shown conclusively, I think, in your columns that it is entirely a misnomer and should be dropped. As for Bob White, he may be any sort of disreputable human who neither has wings nor lives in coveys, and as for choice of names, I had rather have quail, for I never knew a disreputable quail. In all probability he was properly named after his European conqueror, whose right to the name no one will deny. It has always been my impression that he was in shape a European quail. He don't fly across the Mediterrancan, it is true, because it is too far off. He would if he could get there. No little thing like that would dishearten an American bird. Of course the European bird is dwarfed. It dwarfs anything to live under a monarchy. Here he has expanded to the full capacity of his original quail nature and has become the full blown American quail. It is not necessary to burden him with a human name. "Coahoma" calls him "our southern partridge." Since when? Now that we have one name for our country, let us have one name for the same bird wherever found. What's the matter with "quail," anyhow? "Wells" says "Bob White," "Coahoma" says "partridge Bob White." Somebody else might say "*Ortyx virginianus*, Bob White, partridge, quail," and add "pheasant," by which name he is called in some sections of the country. Those who so call him insist that they are right. I do not claim the name quail proper because it is a local one, but because the bird, as I suppose, more nearly resembles the true quail than any other bird or Bob White. Else why the name? There is no desire on my part to "tyrannize" over anybody—I am shrinking in my disposition. However, it is in human nature to be like the man who disputed holly with his wife as to the merits of a country or city residence, he wishing the former, and being unable to agree consulted a friend who advised him to compromise. Afterward his friend asked him if it was settled, and the reply was, "Oh yes, we compromised on the country."—S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE "PRIVATE SHOOTING BILL."—An effort to make the trespass law of New Hampshire more stringent was defeated in the last Legislature. The bill was a very sensible one, but it provoked such opposition that after having been passed and sent to the Governor for his signature it was vetoed by him, and being returned to the House the veto was sustained by a vote of 148 to 14. The text of the bill was as follows: "An Act to prohibit shooting and trapping on private grounds. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened: Sec. 1. When the owner or occupant of inclosed lands conspicuously posts on the same a notice that shooting or trapping thereon is prohibited, if a person thereafter willfully enters upon such lands without the permission of said owner or occupant, and shoots or sets traps thereon, or for the purpose of shooting or trapping, the owner or occupant may recover against such person, in an action of trespass for such entry, a penalty of ten dollars in addition to the damages sustained thereby. Sec. 2. The notice mentioned in the preceding section shall be given by erecting and maintaining sign-boards not less than two feet long by one foot wide, in at least two conspicuous places on the premises, which notices shall have appended the name of the owner or occupant. Any person who breaks down, defaces or injures such sign-board shall be fined ten dollars. Sec. 3. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed."

DEER AND CROPS.—Woodford's, Me., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose item from a Machias (Me.) paper, which says: "One of our suburban farmers is sorely afflicted this season by the depredations of what he denominates Gov. Robie's neat stock. The wild deer are destroying his crops, and as he is not allowed to kill them, he has requested the Governor to see to it that no more damage is done by them." It would appear that the suburbs of the city of Machias are being devastated by deer, and I would suggest that the police force be increased so as to protect the crops. I am pleased to learn that our "deer laws" are proving so effective, and do not fear that Gov. Robie will give the "suburban farmer" the right to kill "his neat stock," or the State's neat stock, or his neighbor's neat stock, whether it be deer or horse or cow. The "suburban farmer" ought to have that trespassing deer impounded, and Gov. Robie should pay the bill. Many years since a deer jumped through a door (or window) of a store in the city of Bangor, ran to the other end of the store and jumped into a large mirror. I do not remember if he suffered the death penalty for his crime or not, but am quite sure that neither the city of Bangor nor her injured citizen petitioned the Governor of the State for protection against such savage attacks of wild beasts. This citizen of Machias must not murder the neatest stock the State owns, unless the stock bites him.—MAC.

LASSOING A BEAR.—Clarendon, Tex., Aug. 29.—As W. H. Oliver was riding over the range of which he is foreman in company with one of the boys, they discovered a black bear to which they immediately gave chase. They soon overtook his bearship, who showed fight. Neither having any firearms, they availed themselves of the only weapons they had, their "riatas." Mr. Oliver succeeded in catching the bear by the neck, and his friend secured a hold by one hind foot. They stretched him out and leaving the horse to hold him, cut his throat with a pocket knife. The bear will probably weigh 200 pounds and is in fine order. Plover are very plentiful and very fat, several fine bags have been made. The last time I was out twenty-six of them fell victims to my Spencer. I shall keep a record of outings and birds bagged, also shells used. I do not expect to equal some of those that have been given in FOREST AND STREAM, but get as many as any one who shoots with me.—PERITO.

PROTECTED BY A NEWSPAPER.—Baltimore, Aug. 25.—Near Oakland, Md., last Wednesday, Lieuts. Chisholm and Jamison, of the Garrett Guards, were out bird hunting. They had but recently separated when Jamison raised a bird. He fired, and besides bringing the quail down lodged the largest portion of his charge in the body of his friend Chisholm, who was concealed from view by the underbrush. The shot pierced Chisholm's clothing, but fortunately most of them lodged in a copy of the *Evening Star*, which the lieutenant was carrying in the inside breast pocket of his coat. The folded paper was literally filled with shot and prevented serious injury being done to Chisholm. One stray shot lodged under one eye, inflicting a painful wound, but his breast was saved by the *Star*.—*Washington Star.*

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Sept. 5.—The West Jersey Game Protective Society is again this year showing great activity in the preservation of the game in that State. Two additional detectives, Jacob Cowan and George Hannold, of Gloucester City, have been appointed to aid in enforcing the laws, and stringent measures will be taken to prevent a violation of the statutes. The society has paid out over $1,000 in rewards for hawks' heads in South Jersey, and these birds have been nearly exterminated. Only one was shot last month. Rail birds have not arrived in any great numbers and very few sportsmen have tried the marshes for them. The tides thus far since the opening of the season have been poor, and the winds blowing from the west. Reed birds are more plentiful and in good condition. No teal have arrived, but they are looked for after the first easterly storm.—HOMO.

TEXAS.—Galveston, Aug. 27.—Up to this time the weather has been so hot and the ground so dry that we have had very little sport; but after this month we will have good shooting until February. I tried a round with the doves and bay birds last week and found them plentiful, but very shy. The doves are so fat that when shot they burst open when they fall to the ground. Bay birds, such as snipe, willet, curlew, etc., are plenty, but their meat is dry and not fit for the table. Very few ducks have arrived as yet, but a norther which came last night will bring them.—RED BREAST.

PIGOU POWDER.—American sportsmen are to have an opportunity to test the famous English gunpowder known as Pigou. In response to repeated inquiries for the powder Mr. Henry C. Squires, of No. 178 Broadway, this city, has imported a stock, and advises us that it is now ready, as will be seen by a notice in our advertising columns. The powder stands very high in England, and will doubtless meet with favor among those on this side of the big pond who are very particular about their ammunition.

BUFFALO ROBES.—Soon the American bison will rank with the ichthyosaurus and the dodo. This season's shipment of robes from Wolf Point, Poplar River and Berthold—a few years ago sources of immense supply—consisted of one bale, in which were three and a half full robes, two splits and four calf skins. At Winnipeg there may be 1,000 robes in store, held over from last season, and they represent Canada's total.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press, Aug.* 19.

FORT RENO, Ind. Ter., Aug. 31.—Chickens are unusually scarce here this season, the birds being very much scattered. Think the cold spring prevented all except late broods from hatching out. Quail promise to be plenty, turkeys ditto, deer fair. The duck season will depend, to a great extent, on the fall rains. A dry fall means few ducks with us. Plover are exceptionally scarce, but very fat.—C. H. C.

MARYLAND.—Fair Hill, Cecil Co., Md.—The prospects for quail in this section are not good. There seem to be enough old birds, but I have not seen nor heard of a covey of young ones. Rabbits are plenty and squirrels very scarce.—E. S. G.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Somerset, Aug. 25.—Ruffed grouse, here called pheasants, will be very scarce here this year. A very hard winter and forest fires have brought about this result. Just in this neighborhood there are no quail or Bob Whites.—AMATEUR.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION, to be held in that city Sept. 29, is attracting much attention in the West and Southwest, and the promoters anticipate a large gathering of representatives from the various sections.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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ONE of the best shots of the Audubon Club of Chicago was John T. Abbey, long since gathered to his fathers. The club used to adjourn to the little suburb of Lyons on Saturday afternoons to indulge in a little trap-shooting. One day Old S., who was known to most of the club, drove by and hearing the shooting, stopped to see the fun. Now, old S. was no sportsman and had not handled a gun since boyhood, but shooting pigeons from a trap seemed to him mighty easy work. He rallied the boys a little about their want of success and allowed that he could do a great deal better himself. Some of them seeing a chance for a little fun, tipped the wink to the others and egging the old man on got him to challenge Sid K., one of the best shots of the club. Sid accepted the challenge and the match war arranged for the next Saturday, ten birds each, the loser to pay for a supper for the club. When the day arrived the club turned out in force to see the fun. Sid shot first, at old S.'s request, who "kinder wanted to see how the thing was done," and missed his bird. Then the old man was placed in position with a gun which had been selected for his use and kindly loaded for him. Meantime Geo. Abbey stepped behind a tree, gun in hand, and at the instant the old man cut loose George did the same and down tumbled the pigeon. This thing was kept up all through the match, Sid getting eight birds, the old man (George Abbey) ten, the boys meantime keeping up such a fusilade that old S. never suspected but what they fell to his gun. The whole thing furnished a world of fun to the boys, and the true inwardness of that match never dawned upon S. He got pretty well pounded up with the big loads the boys fixed for him, but that wore off in a week, and the supper was paid for by Sid; he refusing to allow the others to chip in as had been agreed upon.

HARRY HUNTER.

ILLINOIS.

Three enterprising eel-pot fishermen have been reaping a substantial harvest this summer by poisoning the sea gulls that have resorted to the bay. They watch the shoals where the birds go to feed, and then knock them out by putting small fish charged with arsenic or strychnine on the bars. The birds thus killed bring from fifty to seventy-five cents each from the feather dealers in this city. Five years ago thousands of sea birds congregated on the sand bars of Shinnecock; to-day not half a dozen can be seen. Some time ago a whale came ashore on the beach abreast of the lighthouse. When the bone and blubber were cut out the poisoners commenced operations. Hundreds of gulls and terns of all sizes hovered over the carcass of the fish one morning; by afternoon the sand and surf were covered with the dead gulls. The matter was kept quiet, and since then the business has been worked for all it was worth.—*New York Sun.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

LESTER RIVER.

IN the first few warm days that came in May amid the blustering east winds, and before the ice had melted from the rocky head lands, a hungry angler (trout hungry!) was trudging along the road leading east from Duluth, bound for this famous trout stream. Old Lake Superior shimmered and rippled in the bright sunshine, and despite the huge masses of ice floating in the bay it was truly an enchanting and a beautiful sight to a wearied and half-sick angler, who for months had been pent up amid frost and snows, and who for two summers had not wetted a line in a trout stream or creek. Plodding along mile after mile until seven of them were reckoned, the road suddenly ended at a washed-out bridge. Toward the lake shore we looked upon huge piles of ice white and glistening, but as firm as in January; though lovely to look on, especially when its scintillations dazzled even to paining the eyes, yet to a trout angler who almost longed for some of these gamy fishes, these ice-bound cliffs brought out a sense of weakness and a certain hesitancy about entering this rushing stream that lies so far below us. For the first time in many years' experience we dreaded this cold water, but the roar, as of a mighty torrent, came down the ravine and excited our curiosity, so taking up the rod we plunged into the deep thickets until we found a trail. Another moment and a mass of foaming waters leaping and tumbling over a pile of blue rocks into a whirling pool came into our range of vision. We sat down and contemplated this beautiful sight for some minutes. Down fifty feet below us these waters swirled and rushed, just broken loose from the winter's snow and ice. Though feeble-kneed and faltering we determined to climb down to the gravelly sides of the stream and try if any trout had their home in this pool.

It was a risky piece of business to one so long unused to climbing and already tired out by the long walk, but by hanging to roots and branches we slipped and tumbled, coming right side up at the bottom, rod and all. We speedily jointed this, put in reel and line, attached a new leader, leaving this to soak, while we sat down and watched for symptoms of flies upon the water. No fly! no sign of a break! only the faintest indications of a trout in the dark, boiling waters as they rushed by me. We sat on a big rock enjoying the warm sunshine, and with that inherent love for the massive, the grand, the beautiful in nature, our eyes followed the scarred lines in the rocks towering high above us. The winds sung and soughed in the pines above us, but it was in the treetops; scarce a breath came into this pool. We sat dreamy and wondering, no hum of insects, no voice of birds, no sound of hammer, no lowing of cattle; but the changeful monotone of the flood pouring over the rocks. Other scenes, other fishing days passed before the memory, until we wondered if the sun of our life was on the downward trend, and such scenes as these showed how weak one can become.

Gathering the thoughts that were straggling into our knowledge box we opened the fly-book and put on two favorites, and in a few minutes the nerve force gathered at the bidding of the will, and the flies were lightly lying out forty feet from us, at the very eddy of the falls. We did not know we could do it, but it was done, and we attempted a longer cast, but could not lay out another foot of line. There was a corner in the rocks I wanted to drop my tail fly into, and could not reach it. Into the water I plunged knee deep, made the cast and then another, succeeding in hooking a fish which from its fighting I took to be a trout. This I led into my landing net and as quickly unhooked and dashed the beastie amid the huge boulders. It was a horned dace, ugh! the wretch to thus desecrate a trout pool and violate the abode of *S. fontinalis*. A closer inspection showed me the pool was full of them.

My exercise and the excitement had warmed every drop of blood in my body, and though the water was cold I remained in it. Dropping down stream to a bend in the river below a series of riffs, we again took water at the head of a big pool, we fished carefully, often changing flies, but with no success. At times a big form seemed to roll up to the fly as it sunk below the surface, coolly examine it and turn again under the shadow of the big rocks. We determined to try bait. It was evident to the mind that some big fellows—lakers—held possession of this pool, and had driven all the small fish away. We determined to give them something they would look at. They are cannibals (we have since caught them, and found young brook trout in their throats hardly marred); so we put on a fly spoon—a miller fly—dropped it carefully into a mass of foam, allowed it to sink through, and then quietly played it. Instantly I felt the tug and struck home. I knew my fish, though I had never handled one of them before in these waters. My little rod bent and sprung, but there was no giving out, until I lifted him to the gravel at my feet, and then sat down to admire him. I do not wonder at the enthusiasm evinced by some anglers. These fresh-run trout are beautiful fish, as handsome as a salmon, yet having some of the coloring of the brook trout.

I was satisfied that trout were in this pool; so, taking off the fly I determined to try a big lake fly and sink them. Putting on an Alexandra, I again cast into a mass of foam, allowed my fly to drift down stream into it and sink. I could see nothing, but judged by the sense of feeling, I struck and missed; every time a fleck of foam came down stream I cast into it, and every time found I had a tug. Finally I struck quick and hooked, played, and landed another, the match of my first.

I worked hard for these trout, and under ordinary circumstances would condemn the use of either of these flies. The fishing with them is barbarous, and is only excusable when big trout hold a pool and drive everything out. The Alexandra is, I deem, as dangerous as a minnow, and experience has proved to me its killing powers. I know both mine whirl and spin almost as a bass spoon will.

I unjointed my rod and at once tramped off homeward, slowly and fagged out, as the electric lights of Duluth came into sight; but I was content, and determined to wait until the mosquito got in his work and the flies began to buzz ere I again visited Lester River. My string of trout would satisfy an epicure. You can imagine how a trout-hungry angler would enjoy them.

A month later the stream had run down, the sun was high in the heavens, the ping of the "skeeter" was abroad in the land, the birds had come, the trees were putting on their spring costume, nature was smiling. The same angler, with an elastic step, made the seven miles in an hour and a half, and in a few minutes had pulled on wading boots and was into the water. A belted kingfisher began scolding and chattering at me for invading his domain. Another came, and then another, until I was enjoying a free concert of not very entrancing music. They are bold and predacious, and resented in their own style the brown-coated biped waving a slender wand across the stream at them. I longed for my .22 rifle to get a specimen of these fine birds. They caught fish if I caught none, for once in a while they dash into the water within casting distance of me, and came up with a fish in their long bills.

After soaking my leader I put on two flies, a needle-eyed coachman, a Seth Green, and left a loop at the bottom for something else. I cast out across the stream and found only small ones rose at the flies. I changed many times, but failed of hooking trout. I could see them come to the surface of the water, inspect the flies and at once turn heads down. I knew what this meant, and like "Nessmuk," I adopted a ruse to beguile the trout, or I should go home with an empty creel. I had taken with me some red worms, well scoured in damp moss. I slipped into my lower loop a Kinsey hook and put on a small worm for my tail fly. I cast out carefully under the rocks and made a commotion. I saw three large trout dash for my worm and fly. Strange enough I caught on the Seth Green the largest trout of the lot. We had plenty of fun, many rises, many strikes, and the number taken with a fly was just about one-half of the whole number caught. We thought we knew something of the strange fancies of *Salvelinus*, but this action beat all our past experience. We cast for an hour without hooking a single trout; they didn't want flies; yet, as soon as I put on a worm, I began to get as many with flies as I did with my worm bait

I understand fully some of the brothers of the angle will be ready to upbraid and cry, "Out on him for an an angler!" Keep cool brothers! I love fine fishing with the best of you, and boast of as fine tackle as any of you, and use them too. But when trout are as capricious and subtle as are these Superior trout, and as John L. Stockton, known to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, said to me years ago, "T., the trout along the north shore of Lake Superior are barbarians; you must humor their whims and fancies. When they won't take your flies, put a worm on the tail of the line, or a tip of a worm on the tail fly, and you will fetch them every time." In the remaining hour I caught sixteen as handsome fish as I ever brought to creel, some of them going over a pound weight. I turned my steps homeward, no halting footsteps or weak knees this time, but with a sturdy swinging gait.

Many times since that June afternoon, when harassed and perplexed, we have taken the implements of war and started for Lester River; we come home calm and refreshed, and a good number of trout in the creel, all of them of good size. Trout weighing two and a half pounds have been caught there this summer, and some higher than this, but these were rare fish.

I want to say a word about these north shore streams. Somehow they have been belied, and objections raised against them, principally the expense in getting to them. Some instances have come to my knowledge where parties coming from Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky have been turned aside from a trip to Duluth and the north shore by persons interested in the park region of Minnesota, telling these gentlemen that one cannot get to the streams without hiring a tug to convey fishermen to them, and you risk the chances of getting home again. This is false. The means of communication with the fishing waters are very frequent and easy. Boarding can be obtained, sweet and clean food and plenty of it, fresh milk, abundance of wild raspberries, "just slathers of them," as Uncle Dan says in "Kingfisher's" letters, and good beds. But the best way to enjoy fishing is to get a kindred spirit, hire a boat, take a tent along, some camp fixtures and a U. S. survey chart of this end of Lake Superior. The steamers running from Duluth will drop you at almost any point you may wish to stop. I wish "Kit Clarke" could be induced to come a little further up Superior and enjoy some of the finest fishing he has ever seen.

I anticipate another summer to visit Isle Royale, and though my wife and boy are my companions on these fishing trips, yet I hope to induce some gentlemen who love trout fishing to visit this lovely isle.

Of these streams nearer Duluth I will say something in the future. W. DAVID TOMLIN.

DULUTH, Minn.

RANGELEY LAKE AND BEYOND.

WE drove from Bethel to Phillips with our team sixty miles in one day the last week in August. The next day drove to Rangeley, twenty miles, and down the length of the lake, ten miles, to Mountain View House, where we left our team and crossed the carry to Mooselucmaguntic House, where we took a small boat and rowed up through Cupsuptic Lake to Billy Soule's camp on Pleasant Island, near the mouth of Cupsuptic River—a good center for fishing or hunting. Some of the largest trout are taken near this camp, and large game is abundant near by; in fact we saw tracks and roads of moose, caribou and deer within two miles of his camp. I saw lady guests at his camp, among whom was Mrs. C. H. Ottignon, late superintendent of Camp Kennebago, Indian Rock, where the famous Oquossoc Angling Club make their headquarters. Mrs. O. graciously directs camp affairs, and entertains other guests when the camp is crowded, which makes everything pleasant for all concerned. Miss Cornelia T. Crosby, of Phillips, was also among the guests. She is a reporter for some journals. Billy Soule is a son of the old original hunter, Geo. Soule, one of the first white hunters of these lakes, and he inherits much of his father's genius for the craft. Billy will guide a hunting or fishing party to sure success, and his location is as good, if not the best, for fish and game of all the lake country. His address is Indian Rock, Me.

I saw many small boats, anchored in deep water in the big lake, fishing for big trout by sinking near the bottom. Many large ones, of from three to eight pounds, are taken daily in this manner. During September trout congregate at certain points, preparatory to moving on to their spawning grounds, and will take the fly at these places all through the month. The big lake is drained down to its natural level, owing to a breakage in the dam, and we predict a good catch of trout this fall.

Large game is very abundant this season. Many bears have been killed all through the lake country, and still they ravage among the flocks of sheep on the farms near the verge of the forest. Moose, caribou and deer fill the woods.

The Mountain View House, at the outlet of Rangeley Lake,

owned and run by Mr. H. T. Kimball, is a beautiful spot, facing Baldhead Mountain, with a piece of the lake between and a wonderful growth of pretty trees cleared of underbrush all about the place. There were twenty-five guests when I was there, and we had church service on Sunday, conducted by Rev. Mr. Heath, from New Bedford. The landlord and his good wife make you feel quite at home and show you every attention. A daily stage brings the mail to Rangeley from Phillips and the little steamer brings it to Mountain View. You can also telegraph from the head of the lake.

BETHEL, Me. I. G. R.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have followed with much interest the discussion of the menhaden question as it from time to time appears in your columns, and it seems to me, as the result of actual observation in the course of much cruising along our coast, that if ten times as many steamers and men were engaged in taking these fish as are now found in their profitable pursuit, there would still be no appreciable diminishing of the supply of menhaden.

The truth is, not that too many menhaden are caught, but that they are simply frightened away from the waters near shore (which locality they at certain seasons prefer) by the constant hunt of the fishing steamers. If we enact and enforce a law preventing the fishermen from hauling their nets within one mile of land, it is my opinion that one season, or two at most, will show us more menhaden ruffling the waters of our harbors and inlets than have greeted our eyes for the past five years.

Large bluefish unquestionably do follow, kill and eat very extensively the menhaden. Striped bass and codfish do the same, when they can catch them. And wherever the menhaden go, the first named fish will follow.

The whole thing lies in a clamshell. Banish the steam fishermen to the open sea, one mile from land, and the menhaden will return to their old summer haunts, with an army of large bluefish and bass following, to catch and be caught.

ROSLYN, L. I., Sept. 7. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

AT the next tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association, to be held in Central Park on Oct. 13 and 14, there is a prospect of having a change made in some of the rules, although the Committee on Rules has not yet reported. In the casting for heavy bass the following has been suggested:

NEW YORK, July 25.—Mr. Francis Endicott—Dear Sir: As president of the Rod and Reel Association, I desire to call the attention of yourself and associates to a change I would suggest in the manner of making and recording the tests of heavy and light bass casting.

The change suggested will, I think, induce numbers of gentlemen to enter and try their skill who have been kept out by the fear of making all their casts wide and of not appearing on the record. My proposition is as follows: Have a distinctly marked center line only, except such stakes as may be needed to obtain the necessary right angles. Then record the full length of each cast made, however much it may deviate from the center line. Then record the deviation in feet from the center line and deduct the deviation from the length of the cast and the balance will be to the credit of the caster. This table will show to every one just exactly what was done both in distance and in wide casting. This does away with any lane and reduces the trial to a scientific record. I would propose the casting should be done over the ground, to enable the measurements to be easily made.

I would propose, if this plan shall be adopted, that it should be made known as early as possible, that those practicing or thinking of practicing could know what to expect.

Please consider this a communication to your Association for their consideration, and oblige, yours truly,

W. H. WOOD.

GAMENESS OF THE BLACK BASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Like all brother anglers the writer has been greatly interested in the discussion relative to the small and large-mouth bass. During the past ten years I have taken hundreds of either kind on rod and line, using minnows and artificial flies, and am somewhat competent to speak knowingly as to the game qualities of the fish. It may have been that being particularly favored by locality, my experience differs from others. My fishing for bass has been mostly on the St. Lawrence River, from Lake Ontario to the rapids, and on the numerous lakes and tributaries adjacent. I wish to speak a good word for the large-mouth, commonly called "Oswego bass."

Pound for pound the small-mouth excels its brother, the large-mouth, as a game fish, but in this respect only; taken in cold or deep water, the large-mouth bass, when running from two to six pounds, offers to the angler using fine tackle as good sport as could be desired. The writer has from choice angled for the large-mouth in preference to the other, principally for the reason that the former were of good size. During the past summer while fishing on a lake forming a part of the St. Lawrence River, from one side of the skiff could be taken the small-mouth of one and a half pounds, and from the other side, in the same water, large-mouths, weighing from three to five pounds. These fish were full of life and game.

The main difference between the two kinds of black bass being, aside from weight, that when struck, the large-mouth less frequently broke water, though they would sulk and fight for every inch of line with as much determination as ever shown by the small-mouth, and the angler having one on his hook had business on hand. I use a rod weighing nine ounces, but prefer one an ounce lighter, of split bamboo of first-class make, and have not as yet broken or injured one, though good luck has prevented accident several times. To give the large-mouth bass an opportunity to make its reputation as a game fish, I will be pleased to give brother fishermen any information as to where they can be taken as full of fight as any caught by OPINICON.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thanks to Mr. H. P. Ufford for his kindness in giving so full a description of his bethabara rod. I arraign Ira Wood for slander in his article on the "cod-mouth" in comparing the large-mouth bass to a sucker. I don't think he has ever taken them in Minnesota lakes, clear and deep, where I have had several bass leave the water four times before landing them. To see one leap three feet into the air and throw the frog six feet when he shook himself would convert him. There is no sucker about the Minnesota large-mouth, not any. HOLLOW RIB.

HASTINGS, Iowa.

THE ENGLISH TOURNAMENT.

WE are under obligations to Mr. R B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, for an advance report of the fifth annual *Fishing Gazette* tournament in aid of the fund of the Anglers' Benevolent Association. We notice that our friend Thos. B. Mills, of the fishing tackle firm of William Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York, took part in the casting.

"In weather that was all one could wish for the tournament, which appears likely to become an annual institution, took place at the Pike and Anchor Fishery, Ponder's End, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 22. There was a fair attendance, and an average number of entries for the casting competitions; while for the peg-down match no less than eighty-five anglers entered. The spot selected for the tournament was a large field, alongside of which runs a bit of the old river Lea—one of the stretches Walton must often have fished. The ground on which the bait-casting took place left nothing to be desired; nor was there much to complain of in the fly-casting stretch on the river, until the latter began to get small by degree and unbeautifully less, in consequence of the supply being stopped by the miller, or same other spoil sport, up stream. The fly-casting took place from a platform level with the bank of the river, the latter running deep between its banks.

"The casting this year calls for no special remark, being decidedly below the average, except in a few instances. The absence of Major Traherne, Mr. Malloch, and other former competitors, was disappointing, and certainly detracted from the results, Mr. Kelson, as will be seen, easily getting his own way in the fly-casting, and evidently not casting his full cast in all cases. In the casting for accuracy and delicacy, a novel feature was introduced by Sir Randal Roberts, who set the competitors the following problem: 'You see that bit of green weed on the other side of the stream; now you are to imagine that a trout is feeding just off it, and the position you take to try for him, as well as the casting, will be considered in deciding the winner.' This competition caused some amusement, at any rate, to the spectators. One gentleman, whose casting under difficulties—viz., with a borrowed rod too heavy for his liking—was much admired, backed into the field, then squirmed along the ground on his stomach like a snake, taking advantage of a bush to cover himself from the fish. Another rather stout competitor endeavored to hide himself behind a young tree just below the fish; others got hung up in bushes; and finally Mr. Bennett won with some extremely neat casts, which not only captured the imaginary trout, but rose some actual dace just where the trout should have been. Another interesting competition was an extemporized affair, in the Nottingham style, between two expert members of the Fly Fishers' Club, who experimented with the flighty Nottingham reel for the first time. They beat all previous records. Mr. W., after making his bait describe a parabola or curve of the second order, deposited it one yard and a half from his feet; the Rev. Mr. S. evidently imagined it would be hopeless to beat this, so he described a beautiful hyperbola with the weight, and landed it three feet from his own. This little affair afforded great amusement to all the spectators, with the exception of one—the owner of the rod, who evidently feared the competitors would either kill themselves or smash his rod, and of the two catastrophes hoped it might not be the latter.

"A reference to the result of the peg-down match will show that nearly ninety anglers, most of them thoroughly expert, fished for two hours with the sublimely ridiculous result that only five of them caught fish, and that their combined take only weighed eleven and a half ounces! This match took place, not in the private fishery in the old Lea, which was not extensive enough or the results would have been very different, but along the towing path of the canalized portion of the Lea, disturbed by the passages of barges and boats. Hence, doubtless, such a small mouse out of so big a mountain."

COMPETITIONS ON WATER.

Amateur Overhand Fly-casting with Salmon Rod not exceeding 16ft. in Length.—Two prizes. Entrance fee 5s. First, Mr. Geo. M. Kelson, with a cast of 117ft.; second, Mr. R. B. Marston, 110ft.; third, Mr. W. Thomas, 99ft. 4in.; fourth, Mr. T. B. Mills, 99ft.

Amateur Overhand Fly-casting with Salmon Rod not exceeding 18ft. in Length.—Two prizes. Entrance fee 5s. First, Mr. Geo. M. Kelson, with a cast of 111ft.; second, Mr. W. Thomas, 108ft.; third, Mr. Harris, 106ft. 6in.; fourth, Mr. R. B. Marston 102ft.

Amateur Switch Fly-casting with any Salmon Rod. 6ft. only allowed behind the competitor for the rod or line to extend. Entrance fee, 5s. Two prizes. First, Mr. Geo. M. Kelson, with 17ft. 9in. rod, 102ft.; second, Mr. W. Thomas, with 18ft. rod, 96ft.

Amateur Fly-casting Competition with Single-handed Fly-rod.—Three prizes. Entrance fee, 2s. 6d. First, Mr. Geo. M. Kelson, with a cast of 81ft.; second, Mr. T B. Mills, 76ft. 6in.; third, Mr. R. B. Marston, 72ft.; fourth, Mr W. Thomas, 67ft. 6in.; fifth, Mr. E. Middleton, 67ft. 6in.; sixth, Mr. Watson, 61ft. 6in. (In this competition, Mr. Mills and Mr. Kelson, both using a split-cane rod made by Leonard, of New York, made a tie at 75 feet. In throwing off for first prize, Mr. Kelson won as above.)

Amateur Competition with Single-handed Fly-rod, in Throwing Fly with Greatest Accuracy and Lightness under Bushes.—Two prizes. Entrance fee, 2s. 6d. First, Mr. Bennett; second, Mr. R. B. Marston; third, Mr. W. Thomas; fourth, Mr. E. Middleton; fifth, Mr. T. B. Mills.

Amateur Fly-casting Competition with Double-handed Trout Fly-rod, Length 14ft.—Two prizes. Entrance fee, 2s. 6d. First, Mr. Geo. M. Kelson, with cast of 85ft. 3in.; second, Mr. R. B. Marston, 81ft.; third, Mr. W. Thomas, 79ft. 6in.

COMPETITIONS ON LAND.

Amateur Competition in Casting in the Thames Style.—Three prizes. Entrance fee, 1s. First, Mr. Hester, with a cast of 108ft.; second, Mr. Granfield, 106ft. 6in.; third, Mr. Larkins, 101ft. 3in.; fourth, Mr. Fitch, 94ft. 6in.; fifth, Mr. Hobden, 90ft.; sixth, Mr. Da Costa, wide.

Amateur Competition in Casting from Reel in Nottingham Style.—Three prizes. Entrance fee, 1s. First, Mr. Mayhew, with a cast of 138ft.; second, Mr. Hobden, 129ft.; third, Mr. Slater, 105ft.; fourth, Mr. Granfield, wide.

Amateur Competition (open to Thames and Nottingham style) in casting toward a fixed mark. The angler casting the bait nearest to the mark to take first prize; the next best cast made by another angler the second; and the third best cast by another angler to get the third prize. Three prizes. Entrance fee, 1s. The judges placed a flag at 30yds. distance; First, Mr. Slater cast within 1yd. of the mark in Nottingham style; second, Mr. Granfield within 1½yds. in Thames style; third, Mr. Powell within 1½yds. in Thames style; fourth, Mr. Fitch within 2yds. in Thames style; fifth, Mr. Hester within 2½yds. in Thames style; sixth, Mr. Foster within 2½yds. in Nottingham style; seventh, Mr. Larkins within 3yds. in Nottingham style; eighth, Mr. Mayhew within 4yds. in Thames style.

Amateur Competition in Casting in the Thames Style, each competitor to use the same rod, line, winch, and weight, which, in this instance, was 2oz. Three Prizes. Entrance fee, 1s. First, Mr. Granfield, with a cast of 139ft. 6in.; second, Mr. Thompson, 138ft.; third, Mr. Fitch, 135ft.; fourth, Mr. Stidolph, 135ft.; fifth, Mr. Hobden, 135ft. (In throwing off the tie or third prize, Mr. Fitch and Mr. Stidolph both made 129ft., Mr. Hobden, 117ft.). Sixth. Mr. Powell, with a cast of 125ft. 3in.; seventh, Mr. Evans, 117ft.; eighth, Mr. Larkins, 96ft.; ninth, Mr. Archer, 87ft.

Ledger Bait Casting toward a Fixed Mark.—Three Prizes. Entrance fee 1s. First, Mr. Granfield cast within 18in of the mark; second, Mr. Foster, 1yd. 4in.; third, Mr Slater, 2yds.; fourth, Mr. Wood, 2yds. 2in.; fifth, Mr. Mayhew, 2½yds.; sixth, Mr. Fitch, 3yds.; seventh, Mr. Parker, 4yds.; eighth, Mr. Da Costa, 4yds; ninth, Mr. Hester, 4½ yds.; tenth, Mr. Powell, 5yds; eleventh, Mr. Howes, 12yds.; twelfth, Mr. Tibbatts, wide.

Special Competition.—Two Hours' Fishing Match (Peg-down), under direction of Mr. R Murphy. Twenty valuable Prizes. Entrance fee 1s. First, Mr. Hales (Ponder's End), 2¾oz.; second, Mr. Wheeler (Waltham) 2¼ oz; third, Mr. Osborne (Hoxton Brothers), 2¼oz.; fourth, Mr. Davey (Odds and Evens), 2¼ oz.; fifth, Mr. Day (Golden Barbel), 2oz.; (eighty-five competitors).

KEEPING HELGRAMITES. — Kansas City, Mo. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* "D. T. G.'s" account of his method of keeping dobsons in your paper of Aug. 20 brings up recollections of my own experience, which may be of interest to some of your readers. I have kept helgramites or dobsons for months by the following method: I fill a tin, wooden or earthen bucket with pieces of rotten wood thoroughly saturated with water, having also about an inch of water in bottom of vessel, and during the hot months of summer and autumn renew the water and rinse and wash the decayed wood at least once a week, keeping in a cool place. By this method I kept nearly fifty alive from the close of the bass fishing season in New Hampshire last year until March following, more than six months from the time I caught them, and had I been able to have continued the experiment, have no doubt could have preserved most of them until the opening of the bass season this year. They were quite lively when I examined them in March. A few had evidently been eaten by their fellows, as I discovered from time to time the horny heads of some in the vessel, the soft part having been entirely consumed. Authorities say the transformation from pupa state to the horned corydalus (*Corydalus cornutus*) usually takes place in early summer. I have found the full grown larva as late as Nov. 1 in New Hampshire, and several feet from the water, under conditions which indicate that they had burrowed there preparatory to the transformation. Would the fact of their being disturbed and confined as I treated them last winter arrest their transformation and indefinitely prolong the pupa stage?—C. H. P.

CATFISH RISE TO THE FLY.—One year ago last spring I stocked a pond with brook trout fry and visited the pond quite frequently for several weeks after to inspect them and see what they were doing in the way of improvement. Later in the season I visited the pond to take a look at them but could not see any; could see lots of sunfish and many other kinds. I visited the pond one day this week and thought I would surely get a rise from a trout, thinking they would be large enough to rise to a fly. I attached but two flies to the leader, brown hackles, and the first cast I saw a swirl in the water, and striking quickly hooked two dace, one on either fly. I continued fishing for at least a half hour, and on making a long cast across the pond my flies had scarcely touched the water when there was a rush, and on striking I took a large catfish on the stretcher and a chub on the dropper. Did you ever hear of an angler having a like experience, and is it usual for a catfish to take the fly? I will also mention that I did not see or have a single rise from a trout; think they have all died; water is about four feet deep on an average, and fed by under current springs. Lots of moss grown up in the pond.—AH LOOK. [We have recorded several instances where catfish have taken the fly, but the instances are rare.]

LONG ISLAND COAST FISHING.—Springs, Gardiner's Bay, Long Island, Aug. 17.—But very few Spanish mackerel are caught in the pounds and nets of these bays, as the fish wisely prefer to keep in deeper, outside waters. Neither are the bluefish taken in great numbers in the pounds that line these bays from Montauk Point to the headwaters of Peconic Bay, a distance of more than forty miles; the fish chiefly caught being weakfish, porgies, flounders and butterfish. One party of my friends here have five pounds, placed in Fort Pond, Montauk, which they visit about thrice weekly, taking from two to fifteen boxes of fish at each lift. These fish are boxed up in ice and sent to New York, and the money returns are made weekly. The returns for the last three months have been very good, so I suppose fish are in good demand in Fulton Market. The sea bass fishing in these bays has been very poor this season, but in the waters of the Long Island Sound the fish have been very plentiful, and great catches have been daily made with the hook and line. But for the last two weeks, during the hot weather, the bass catch has greatly diminished, and this is owing perhaps to the heated condition of the water. The fish must have deserted the rocky shores for deeper and cooler ocean tides.—I. MCLELLAN.

NO NEED OF A VACATION.—My business prevents me taking any vacation, and it is quite as well this summer to have remained at home. I have all the same caught or "killed" a great number of bass, and that too without being away from my own kerosene oil lamp and feather bed a single night. Fifteen minutes drive from my office takes me to the liveliest, fattest, sweetest and most gamy bass I know of.—SYRACUSE.

DOWELS VS. SIMPLE FERRULES.—Cynthiana, Ky., Aug. 31.—In reading over my article on "Dowels vs. Simple Ferrules" in your issue of Aug. 27, I find that I have inadvertently used the word "tenon" instead of "mortise," wherever it occurs in my hastily-written screed. Of course "tenon" is synonymous with "dowel," though my meaning will be apparent to most readers.—J. A. HENSHALL.

PRESERVING FISH LINES.—Houston, Tex., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in your paper of July 16, an article from "Petra," giving a method for preserving fishing lines, to wit, the application of, as he terms it, Miner's Oil Company's finishing oil. What I want to know is what that means; what kind of an oil it is, or where could it be obtained? I would like to find something that will preserve a line or net in our waters here, and especially the waters of the Trinity River, as I have yet to find anything that will keep lines from rotting in this stream more than a month, let alone a year, except coal tar. That will do it, but it is miserable stuff to handle, and takes so long to dry—six months will not dry a line so it will not muss up the hands as soon as put into the water; but then, if well saturated with it, the line will last two years in the water all the time. I have used pine tar, or pitch tar, linseed oil, etc., but they will not preserve a line a month in that stream. The water of Trinity River is alkaline to such an extent that it just eats up tackle like nitric acid.—C. L. J. [The Miner's Oil Co. are at 43 Front street, New York.]

STRIPED BASS.—Buzzard's Bay, Cape Cod, Mass., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your correspondents complains of the absence of salt-water fishing items. Here is one: The cool, beautiful days of autumn have brought striped bass here, and with rod, large reel, 150 yards Cuttyhunk line and hook, bass weighing from 3 to 15 pounds each are now caught very frequently. The largest striped bass caught here this season weighed 38½ pounds. With the same tackle bluefish are often caught weighing from 2 to 12 pounds, and when a 10-pounder is hooked, with 100 yards of line out in the swift running tide, it is the most exciting sport imaginable, and to bring the fish to shore requires both skill and strength. No boats are required, as you fish from off the railway bridge, which is 300 yards from Parker's Hotel. Fare from New York city to this place, via Fall River steamboats, $3.90. Here, among the good, kind people of Cape Cod, here, breathing the pure, healthy, bracing air, with the ever-changing views of Buzzard's Bay spread before your eyes, is happiness, with now and then a good fish thrown in.—WILLOUGHBY.

IN CAMP AT A HORRBLE PLACE.—Gardner, Mass., Sept. 5.—The Monomonock Sporting Club, of this town, went into camp at Lake Monomonock, Rindge, N. H., to-day. Near where Nanequahunkopopoppequashanticut Brook flows into the lake the camp is located. Messrs. G. R. Pratt and S. Leone Walker are the caterers. The party includes Aaron Greenwood, J. D. Edgell, G. F. Ellsworth, L. W. Brown, Thomas Greenwood, George Nichols, C. F. Read, T. P. Perley, G. H. Newton, F. M. Greenwood, Ambrose Stevens, A. Warren, L. A. Wright, Frank Pierce, Amos Coleman, Leslie Bent and Edni Coleman, of Gardner, and Frank Nichols and Thomas Sheldon, of Fitchburg.

LARGE BLACK BASS.—A black bass weighing 4 pounds and 10 ounces was taken on Aug. 14 in No. 10 Pond, Calais, Vt., by Mr. C. G. Levison, of Brooklyn, N. Y., inventor of the "Levison" patent fly-book. He used a split bamboo rod weighing 7 ounces. Three days later the same gentleman took another black bass which weighed 5 pounds and 12 ounces, using a split bamboo rod of nine ounces. Mr. Levison has the reputation of having killed more large fish during the past five or six years than any man in Washington county, Vermont, and that some of his fish in former years brought down the scales to 5½ pounds.

THE MISCARRIED BUTT-CAP.—Casselton, Dak., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have just received a letter from the "Chicago and New York house," of which I spoke in your issue of the 27th ult., in which they inform me that they "exchanged the butt-cap June 24, and replied to mine of July 6 upon July 9." As neither the butt-cap nor the reply came to hand, the fault must be shifted from the firm's shoulders to those of Uncle Sam. Will you please give this space, that no injustice may be done to the aforesaid firm?—H. P. UFFORD.

"KINGFISHER" has just returned from "the annual fish."

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FERTILITY IN HYBRIDIZATION.

BY HON. ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT.

[From the Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Vol. XXXIII., Philadelphia Meeting, September, 1884.]

BEFORE entering into the gist of the matter implied by the title of this paper it may be wise to determine the true meaning of the word "hybridization." "Rare old Ben" Jonson remarks of a young lady in one of his plays that, "she's wild Irish born, sir, and a hybride." Now if that is to be the acceptation of the word "hybrid" the end of this article is reached before it is fairly commenced, for that fertility exists among the "wild Irish," and to no small degree, no one doubts who has seen the "beautiful plenty" of children in and around the cabins of "old Ireland." Indeed, under that construction, our entire American nation might be called a race of hybrids, for are we not the intermixture of representatives of the sons and daughters of the entire earth, whether born on the green sod of the "Gem of the Sea" or under the tropical sun of Africa, the "what is its," of Central America or the moon-eyed followers of Confucius? Fortunately, however, we discover a charming diversity of opinion herein as with the case of more than one other scientific problem and find a doubt and disagreement as to the very meaning and derivation of the term hybrid. By some learned authorities it is derived from "*hybrida*," Latin for monstrosity, an outrage upon or insult to nature, order, propriety and beauty. But other equally scientific writers assure us that the word is derived from the Greek, which means superior, above, improved. It is unnecessary to observe how well that definition would apply to the American nation and even "rare old Ben" may have had this interpretation in view when he printed that line as he spelled the word with an "e," making his wild Irish girl a "high bride." Something of this superiority I hope may be found in the creatures to which I am about to refer, although they will at the same time come under the more common definition of mongrel or cross between different races or families. The term race or family is not used in a purely accurate scientific sense, for hybridization even with plants has been limited to species nearly allied. With them specifical hybridism may be said not to be unusual even in a state of nature, but with living creatures it is mostly if not entirely forced, or brought about through the interference of man. The union of the wild bore with the domestic sow and of the wolf and the dog, which are more or less natural are not hybridization in the true sense of the word as the species which have thus united are admitted to be identical in their origin and only modified by domestication. The case of the lion with the tigress is too rare to be considered, and among animals we are brought practically to that of the horse and the jackass which produces our common and useful mule. That the mule is the superior of its progenitors on both sides will hardly be admitted, but both the mule and the janette with a few rare exceptions have proved themselves sterile. The law of nature throughout all terrestrial life seems to be that no mongrel should procreate, no hybrid create a new race or species, but that like the fairies when they died they were to die out of existence leaving no heirs to their fame or name. This rule holds as to the *mammalia* without an exception, and it is only when we come to another and perhaps inferior order of life that we have lately found modifications of it.

When fishculture grew from mere individual and occasional effort into a science and system, one of the possibilities which suggested itself to ingenious minds was the crossing of different species. As the entire operation of producing fertility was artificial, there was no sexual repugnance against intercourse to be overcome, the eggs of any species of female being stripped from her could be fertilized by the milt from the male of any other species. That is, the spermatozoal embryos could be brought into contact whether fertility followed or not, which at first was doubtful. The crosses made in this way under the New York State Fishery Commission have been very numerous and in some instances quite unnatural, and the results have proved equally surprising and unexpected. The first cross was that of the California salmon (*Salmo quinnat*) and the brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*). This was in the year 1876, and the species being so closely allied fertility of the eggs and vitality of the young could almost be predicted with certainty. Then came the cross of the salmon or lake trout (*Salmo confinis*) with the brook trout, then the California trout, the *Salmo iridea* and the brook trout, and thereafter the entire range of the salmon and trout families, as far as they were within the reach of the operators, were combined in many and curious proportions. Outside of that, even more remarkable attempts were made, such as the union of the striped bass and shad, which came about by accident, utilized by intelligence. A ripe female striped bass or rockfish (*Labrax lineatus*) being caught in the nets during the course of the operations of the shad hatchery on the Hudson River, and there being no male bass to be obtained, the eggs were taken and brought into contact with the milt of the male shad (*Alosa sapidissima*). Then these eggs were placed in a box entirely by themselves, and every precaution was taken to make the experiment perfect. The eggs hatched; of that there is no question, but whether the product was the result from that impregnation, or whether it was reached by the chance contact with floating seminal animalcules from bass, or whether the young lived after they were hatched, may be regarded as still open for consideration. As there was no possibility of keeping the fry in confinement, the experiment goes no further than opening the field of study and research.

Fish do not attain sexual maturity as soon as is generally supposed, and in confinement it is probable that this period is even more prolonged. The earliest hybrids to mature their ova were the cross between the male California salmon and the female brook trout. This took place in the year 1879. They not only became gravid but ascended the spawning races as naturally as those of either distinct species and evidently with the intention of procreating. But as they deposited no eggs and did not appear to mate, an examination of them was made and it was ascertained that they were all of one sex, the entire family being females. To remedy this a number of male spawning brook trout were admitted to the same race-way; these promptly paired with the half-breed lady fish, selecting their wives as readily as they would from their own species, but although they made all the preliminary preparations, no results appeared from their union. The nests had been constructed but no eggs had been deposited in them. A further examination proved that the eggs were too large to pass the ovarian opening. When they were extruded by force, as in the stripping process, the shells were crushed and a few which were obtained by the use of the knife, a sort of modified Cæsarean operation, and were brought into contact with the milt of the trout, failed to impregnate and perished. This experiment led to the conclusion that where the male was much the larger fish, the ova might be too large for extrusion, and also that possibly under certain contingencies all of one hatching might be of a single sex. In all subsequent operations, however, the proportion of each sex has been about equal. Some of these females of the first batch of hybrids which never matured eggs, although they had not the honor of parentage, are still living, grizzled and gaunt like the proverbial old maids of the jocose story-writers, but they have never repeated the attempt to perpetuate their species, one abortive effort in that direction seeming to exhaust their aspirations for maternity.

The cross of the male brook trout and the female salmon trout, the *Salmo fontinalis* with the *Salmo confinis*, matured ova in October, 1880. There were about 72,000 eggs cast which hatched as readily as those of either parent, although it was found that a larger percentage of them could be impregnated with the milt of the male brook trout than with the milt of their own kind. The percentage of fertility was good, and the young proved to be perfectly healthy and as able to stand the struggle for existence as any of their brethren of pure strain. Upon this discovery rested the possibility of a great future for fishculture. There are qualities in each of these species which it was exceedingly desirable to combine. The *Salmo confinis* grows to a far greater size than the *Salmo fontinalis;* they are hardier, easier to hatch and handle, and more able to take care of themselves, while the brook trout are the more delicate in flavor, the more admirable as a sporting fish and will take the fly in fly-fishing, which is the crowning virtue in a fish from the angler's point of view. In the hope of reaching such a result this process of interbreeding has been kept up regularly from its inception. At the first cross one-half of the salmon trout was eliminated, their young impregnated with the milt of the male brook trout left only a quarter of the coarser parent, and then came those which were seven-eighths brook trout to one-eighth salmon trout, which is as far as we have got at the present time. The young of each of these generations show the effects of the cross, just as we have witnessed the occasional bleaching out process in this country between the children of Africa and those of colder climates. The first in descent had none of the carmine specks which are the distinguishing feature of the "speckled trout" of our brooks. In the second generation the spots began to appear, and in the last they are distinctly visible, although fewer in number than in the trout of *Sangre Azul*. Of their habits and qualities other than their growth and their flavor on the table we have had as yet no opportunity to judge. Those of the first cross have been eaten on several occasions by epicurean judges and were pronounced excellent, fully up to the reputation of either of the parents. In the year 1883 there were distributed to the brooks of the State 45,300 hybrid fry which were one-half salmon trout and one-half brook trout, and in 1884 a second planting of 79,000 three-quarter brook trout was made. Neither of these has been in the streams long enough to determine how they will act nor how they will get on when left to shift for themselves. They may go back like the fancy pigeons to their original breed or they may remain permanent or even branch out into infinite modifications. The fact remains that in this artificial way a new breed has been established, whether it is designated as a new species or not, which can be maintained by manual perpetuation forever, and another conclusion is proved that hybridism is not necessarily another word for sterility.

That the young will spawn naturally is probable, if not certain, in view of their procreative instincts when in confinement, and that they will live and grow is fully ascertained. They are in no wise like the monstrosities with two heads or two bodies which occasionally appear and that die as soon as they reach the feeding age after the umbilical sac is absorbed. The first, which were deposited in wild waters, were found in six months to have attained a growth of four and a half inches in length, equal to the growth of a brook trout in the same water for an entire year. These operations have been conducted on a sufficiently extensive scale to justify the deduction of some quite positive conclusions and have been attempted with several quite incongruous species. The first cross as we have seen was that of the *Salmo quinnat* with the *Salmo fontinalis;* the second, the *Salmo fontinalis* and the *Salmo confinis*, then the salmon trout, *Salmo confinis*, was bred with the whitefish, the *Coregonus albus*, the brook trout with the fresh-water herring, *Salmo clupeiformis*, the brook trout and the California trout, *Salmo iridea*, the shad, *Alosa sapidissima*, with the the striped bass, *Labrax lineatus*, and the shad with the salt-water herring. There are at present at the New York hatchery 10,000 breeding hybrid fish of the various modifications and during the year 1883-4 hundreds of thousands of fry were hatched. The cross of the shad with the salt-water herring appears to have lived, as the fishermen have taken them so frequently as to designate them as "Seth Green's shad;" it is possible, however, that they are all males, as those which have been examined seem to be so. While mentioning the name of the putative father of the "herring-shad," I cannot withhold the well deserved meed of praise to Mr. Seth Green and his brother, Monroe A. Green, for the intelligent and earnest interest they have taken in these experiments.

In these operations we have not only made interesting discoveries which promise benefit to the consumers and catchers of fish, but we have reserved for the world of science, that I have seen so fully represented at this meeting of the Association, a pleasure which of all others they most enjoy, the opportunity of inventing long, learned and distinguishing names for the product of our efforts. It will be their special duty to tell the world just how the mixed-up babies should be termed, whether the young of the brook trout unto the third and the fourth generation is to be the *Salmo confinis fontinalis* or *Salmo fontinalis confinis*, and whether the *fontinalis* is to be duplicated like treble x ale in the succeeding generations, and how they will distinguish such an "odd fish" as that of the intermingling of the *Alosa sapidissima* one of the *Malcropterygii* or soft-finned fishes with the *Labrax lineatus*, a prominent member of the *Acanthopterygii* or spine-finned fishes. As the trout has married the salmon and the shad has united its fate with the herring and the whitefish has taken in unholy, because artificial, wedlock the brook trout, it would seem to be impossible to determine where the limits of hybridism in fishculture may yet be found.

SALEM, 1885.

MISSOURI.—A car manufactured and fitted up for the Fish Commission of Missouri arrived the other day from Litchfield, Ill. It will not, however, be complete until a further appropriation by the Legislature doubles the number of fish boxes it contains at present.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

This is the season in which the English sparrow masquerades on the bill of fare as a reed bird.—*Baltimore American.*

When a miner has been eaten by a grizzly, the Western people speak of him as being admitted to the b'ar.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Every close observer knows that fishing stimulates the imagination to such an extent that thought is an impossibility.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche.*

A number of granite rocks have been found by Indians on the Snake River, Oregon, which contain impressions of deer and bear feet, and one of which has a very distinct human footprint.—*San Francisco Call.*

The Hon. William H. Harper reports that fishing in the Superior region is not as good this fall as usual. "I have been here a week," he writes, "and have drawn only one good hand in all that time."—*Chicago News.*

A Berlin paper contained an advertisement the other day promising 30 marks "to him who the person who cut off his dog's tail, which was not at all fierce, will point out, so that he can convict him before court."—*Evening Post.*

Bill Moore, a pioneer, tells the *Silver State* that the ducks are so numerous at the Sink of the Humboldt this season that they have to take turns in going on the lake, and old drakes stationed along the shore see that all have a fair show in getting to the water.—*San Francisco Call.*

We have some of the laziest negroes in the world right here in Palatka, and in summer they live on catfish and melons. We saw one of those lazy creatures the other day. He had his fishing line tied to his dog's hind leg, and when a fish would bite he would give his dog a kick.—*Palatka Herald.*

The Columbus *Enquirer* wants to exterminate worthless dogs in Georgia. If our brother will talk with Col. Tom Howard for about 10 minutes he will learn that many thousand pine woods Georgians prefer one mangy dog to a flock of sheep and a woolen factory.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Last Wednesday C. W. Sanders, of Kershaw county, shot a carrier pigeon on whose right wing was printed in purple ink by a rubber stamp the following inscription: "2,012—if caught or shot, please report this number to 'Star,' 78 Cortland street, N. Y." On another feather "4." On the inside of the wing the word "Pensacola." Mr. Sanders reports that the pigeon, when shot, was flying behind some doves.—*Charleston (S. C.) News, Sept. 4*

One day last week a son of Benson J. Lossing, the historian, was riding on a mowing machine on his father's farm. In the left pocket of his overshirt was a hickory stick about four inches in length, three inches wide and an inch thick. As he was riding along a rifle ball shot by some one struck the stick and imbedded itself in it. The boy does not know from which direction the ball came nor who shot it. If the stick had not been in his pocket he would have been instantly killed. As it was he was not injured at all.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

Mr. W. B. Robinson, a lumberman of Sinnemahoning, who is a guest at the City Hotel, says that Mrs. Mary Ann Jordan, who resides on the East Fork of the Sinnemahoning, in Potter county, owns a tame deer, which leaves her every winter and goes off into the woods, returning in the spring. This spring it returned bringing with it another deer, and both now roam around in the barnyard. The pet deer wears a bell hanging from its neck, and thereby escapes the guns of the hunters during its wanderings. Sometimes dogs chase it, and then it makes a dash straight for Mrs. Jordan's house, rushes in and jumps upon a bed, evidently deeming that a safe place.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Gazette.*

One of the instances of the Imperial meeting was a grand hunt at Kremsier. The Czar and the Emperor of Austria are both represented to be "splendid shots," and how these expert sportsmen exhibited their skill appears in the narration of a correspondent. Two hundred and fifty tame stags and roe deer were driven into an inclosure, where they were imprisoned by means of a net fence, while the Imperial Nimrods, assisted by nine sharpshooters, selected from their suites, banged away at the poor pent up animals. It is much as if our own Hayes should organize a prairie chicken shooting party and then arm his friends with clubs for an indiscriminate assault on his hen houses.—*New York World.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society, S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

Oct. 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2588.**

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club at Pittsburgh, Sept. 29.

G. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

BIRMINGHAM, Conn., Sept. 9.

THE SETTER STANDARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your invitation *in re* altering the setter standard, I have bred setters, English and Gordon, for many years. Although not known as a breeder of setters, the get of my stud dog has won first in the 18-months class at Washington and New York. Spaniels are my forte. I write as an exhibitor and breeder to say that it is not for dog show authorities to create or alter a standard, which alone pertains to breeders and exhibitors. When they move in the subject, and adopt a standard, it will then be the duty of the A. K. C. to adopt it and sustain it. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 6.

ENGLISH KENNEL NOTES.

XXXIII.

RUMORS wild and vague have chased one another through the kennel world to discover the cause of "Lillibulero's" delaying silence. It is a simple one, if my editor or I chose to give it—but we do not. The cheap sneers of "Wildfowler" have probably been provoked by the flash of the "fierce light" that has relentlessly beaten upon him in your columns. In one of our papers I have noticed a remarkable letter called "American Plain Speaking," and signed with initials. I have no stomach for your questions of the hour, but if I have understood the guarded significance of this letter's phraseology, Rowethello has spoken—

"Clement, I love thee;
But nevermore be officer of mine."

The unstability of canine institutions has received astounding confirmation in the "ratting" of the Birmingham committee. The great Midland show was, in old-fashioned fanciers' circles, regarded with a feeling amounting to affection, with a respect that it commanded for its John Bulldoglike stand against the overt and covert opposition of its southern rival. One by one the small shows have crossed over to the Kennel Club's side of the ring, content to pipe their purchased applause at each fresh blow struck by the braggart bully of Cleveland Row. When Darlington failed to come up to time the hearts of the backers sickened, but they rallied the closer to their champion, "Old Brum." "Birmingham men," they confidently boasted, "were too well endowed with the dogged, indomitable courage that relieved the brutality of the prize rings of other days. Brum will never throw up the sponge." But the July Kennel Club's official organ has revealed the abasement of the "National Dog Show Society," Brummagen has fallen from its high estate and will now hold the bottle for another. Would that the old show ground might be closed and the ladder planted against the wall for the effacing hand of the insensible bill-sticker to post "Ichabod" over its silent portals.

Not a few accidents have contributed to the catastrophe. When Birmingham made its first firm stand against the Kennel Club and its lucrative registration rule, which selfishly subverts the principle of *do ut des*, the National Dog Club was founded under the weighty auspices of Dr. Walsh, editor of *The Field*. Mr. Vero Shaw, who was then on the staff of that powerful periodical, was elected secretary to the new society, and intrusted with the task of compiling its stud book. The secret history of that stud book's failure has still to be written—want of funds, or want of energy on the secretary's part; there may be those who know, I do not. Then came the first show under the new society's rules; it was a falling off, but not a disheartening one. There was still no need that the badge of cowardice should be produced by the town world-famed for its fighting strains of gamecocks, among whose plumes a white feather was never found. Next followed the expedient resignation of the Kennel Club secretary, a man whose principles, right or wrong, were firm and consistent, a man of some spirit too. His terms to Birmingham were, "No fusion, no compromise; unconditional surrender. Lay down your arms and march out."

The society's secretary had also lost his post on *The Field*, and between Mr. Vero Shaw, B.A., kennel director of the greatest sporting organ in the land, and Mr. Shaw, of "The Live Stock Agency," Queer street, there was a wide brook that few of the followers of Prince Fortunatus cared to span. But this may still be accomplished by all-healing, forgiving Father Time. While with Lockhart's sad metaphor "the muffled drum is in prospect," God forbid that I should point the finger or harbor any other feeling than the hopeful wish that the curtain may rise again.

Heigho! I would all men were rich, for then I think we should all be good and true.

But my narrative lags. Well, the two secretaries are gone, and the Kennel Club secured for their vacant post a gentleman who was an accountant, ignorant of dogs and the ways of their owners, but clever, quick and docile. Now that the burly form of the late secretary no longer blocked the way of negotiation, now that the contemptuous whiff of his "returns" no longer fumigated the building, the conspirators, Mr. S. E. Shirly and the Rev. Lovell, who had before, with the rest of a wether-led committee, quailed before the ardor of his presence, straightened themselves up to their full height and then furtively entered into treaty with Birmingham, resulting in the compromise announced, viz., that "In future the National Dog Club show at Birmingham will be held under Kennel Club rules, and on the other hand the Birmingham Society will be represented on the Kennel Club committee, on all points relating to these rules, by two gentlemen to be elected every three years by the National Dog Show Society, Birmingham."

Because I do not care to conceal my contempt for "ratting," I do not wish to be understood as condemning the Kennel Club and its rules out and out. In fact I think the club's rules are emphatically good; they are still capable of improvement. Who and what is not? The present regulation which requires an exhibitor to lodge the objection that is intended to disqualify a brother exhibitor is bad in theory and practice. I think it has been quite lately referred to in one of our own papers. The show itself should "object." Then, now that an accountant is at their books, we can hope for an equitable readjustment of the charge made for registration. The club at present admit what it would be puerile to deny, that the shilling impost yields a large profit which they say "We give away again in prizes." For that statement we have only their own word, and though none of us, knowing the men responsible for the assertion, would be inclined to doubt it, yet I am sure Mr. Aspinall would understand me if I told him it was not business. By their own admission it is the public's own money they thus distribute, and it would seem only reasonable to let the actual donors have some voice in the eleemosynary direction it is afterward to take. Of course the club very materially studies its own interest by only patronizing those shows out of the public purse which support the authorities of Cleveland Row.

Before I leave this subject I must first say I always look forward to my *Kennel Gazette* for the list of freshly elected associates, whose mission in the club I described some months ago. The editor seems puzzled how to describe the associates, and escapes by calling them "the following;" he doesn't say what, only "the following were elected."

For a bit of downright farcical reading, commend me to the report of the late Crystal Palace show by the judges. The report in the *Kennel Gazette* was the most comical, and that in the *Stock Keeper* the worst that appeared. The gallant, the gay and evergreen Capting was not "on the job," to use his own expressive idiom. On the first day he had his own friends and other people's friends to entertain, and the rest of the week belonged to pleasure.

But to this report of the judges. The St. Bernard judge naively confesses that "unless the dogs were seen off the bench, some of his awards may appear puzzling." He then mentions the sale of Plinlimmon at a fearful price. The purchaser, a Mr. Chapman, is a freshman with much more money than —— discretion. Mr. Shirly, writing of a couple of dogs in the deerhound class says: "The former requires a little surgical operation," which, whatever it may be intended to mean, reads uncommonly like an admonition to fake. The fox-terrier judge, Mr. Theo. Bassett, makes an admission damaging to himself and uselessly exasperating to the deceived owner of the losing dog in the champion fox-terrier bitch class. Mr. Bassett coolly admits that "after a very careful scrutiny after the judging I came to the conclusion that the award as given was incorrect, so in justice am forced to confess it." That may be his idea of justice. I should not wonder if the aggrieved loser would the next time prefer a little more competence and somewhat less of that sort of justice. Lord Antrim's report leaves no room for criticism, as it is a close copy of the prize list. One of the exhibits tried to bite the wire-haired fox-terrier judge, so he advises his owner to "hang it." The bulldog judge owns that he blundered in the open class; more consolation! I was curious to see what Mr. Percival would say about his gloriously incongruous awards. He had the same dogs to judge in two separate classes and reversed his decisions—he says the sun was in his eyes. Finally I repeat my often expressed opinion that the value of reports from the judges is illusory, and that the practice produces neither credit to the judge nor satisfaction to the exhibitor.

I see that Mr. Emmet, who purchased Rector, stated that when he was over here that he has never regretted the high price he gave for the dog, and so far as I know, the vender has never regretted selling him. Mrs. Emmet has taken back with her the Yorkshire terrier Conqueror, whose late owner, Mrs. Troughear, is £250 richer since the transaction. An essentially feminine correspondence is raging in the *Stock-Keeper* between Mrs. Troughear and the owner of a rival kennel, Mrs. Foster, who accuses the other lady of having faked the dog that has gone where all our good dogs go before they die, the United States of America.

I suppose you have the news of the bulldog Monarch's death. He was the finest specimen of his breed I ever saw. The famous Laverack, Tam o' Shanter, is also dead. His owner has lost a handsome annuity.

I observe that Mr. Harding Cox has registered his racing colors preparatory to making his *début* on the turf.

It appears that the best joke in connection with the late Brighton dog show remains to be told. The inhabitants of the queen of watering places supported the undertaking and entered their dogs freely. After the show, the Brighton Excise people, who seem to be a rather enterprising body, waded through the catalogue and sued about a hundred of the exhibitors for keeping dogs without a license. I hear they got several convictions. A member of the show executive set up a defense that might have landed him fairly in the fire if he had escaped the frying pan; he pleaded not guilty because he was "only showing the dog for somebody else." This gentleman requires a course of study in the Kennel Club rules.

As anecdotes about doggy men appear to be the order of the day I will rescue the following from oblivion. The hero of the tale, Mr. Cumming Macdona, having left the church and belonging now to a profession that can afford a joke, will not object to its publication: In the days when the gentleman who is now reading for the bar was the rector of Cheadle he was very fond of traveling and pleasant company, so much so that he could spare very little time for his parish duties. A few days after his return to Cheadle from one of these pleasure trips he applied again to his bishop for leave to absent himself on the grounds of ill health. The bishop replied soliciting a call, which the rector at once complied with, and in answer to his superior's inquiries as to the nature of his latest indisposition informed his lordship that it was nothing serious, and that all he required was "change of air." "If that is all that is necessary for your cure," replied the bishop slyly, "why not try Cheadle?"

I am a rank old Tory, one of the fossil sort, but heaven help me, how I laughed when I read the list of Princess Beatrice's wedding presents, the embroidered quilt, the electro plate, pshaw! it was *indique* to publish such details. The lack of originality was pitiable. Considering the well-known passion of our royal family for dogs I am astonished that it occurred to nobody to present the happy couple (that is the proper expression I believe) with a sharp little black and tan terrier to guard the cottage, or a noble St. Bernard to accompany them on their rides abroad. I venture to affirm that in this age of valuable dogs a handsome specimen of a popular breed would be found a suitable and acceptable present.

The Earl of Haddington has presented the Queen with a fine specimen of a pure-bred white collie which was reared on his estate. His lordship's keeper, Macpherson, conveyed the dog to London and the day after his arrival he was admitted to the Visitor's Hall in Windsor Castle. Her Majesty, accompanied by her two daughters, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Marchioness of Lorne, on entering the room expressed her approval of the earl's gift, and patting the animal on the head repeating how highly pleased she was with the little creature.

I have only heard of one other pure white collie and that was bred on the Duke of Roxburgh's estate. It was shown at the Alexandra Palace some years ago, and I remember suspecting a touch of English setter blood.

Somebody in our press has been making merry over the idea of tooth brushes for dogs. I think it a very practical suggestion indeed. The foul breath of many a pet dog is due to the neglected state of its mouth. Why should not extra coarse tooth brushes be made for the purpose and a rough powder used? The benefit is so apparent for dogs of luxury kept in an artificial state. I may be told that if one gives the dog bones you would be accomplishing in a natural manner the same purpose. I know that and I also know toys don't get bones, because "it makes the carpet in such a mess." If you commence the tooth brush on a three-year-old dog you will find a firm tartaric formation just below the gum, but this will easily crack off by putting a penknife under it and beneath you will find the pure white tooth. We go to the dentist to scrape our own teeth, why shouldn't we do as much for our companions.

The *Stock-Keeper* is forging ahead in doggy matters, and judging from its own statement that it has "increased in circulation a thousand copies in three weeks" (the statement smacks a little of partiality), the kennel world appear to appreciate the change. I have seen a most jubilant letter from one of the stockholders, boasting that they give for half the money "three times as much kennel news as will be found in any of the other papers."

They are essaying to start an American "Lillibulero," and have printed two letters on American doggy subjects under the heading of "American Kennel Notes." Your Mr. Wade has also lately contributed to its columns.

In their "Intercepted Mail Bag" they some weeks ago published a letter directed to "Lillibulero." It was amusing for the cool impudence evinced by the writer in giving the impression that he was quite aware of my identity. I have a sneaking regard for the *Stock-Keeper*, created, I must own, by the compliment they so often pay me of padding their columns with excerpts from these notes.

Before me lies a letter gaping full of information, couched in satirical sentences. The writer, an ex-judge, gives me his name and supplies data for all his statements. He concludes: "Now, Mr. 'Lillibulero,' some of these facts may be stale to you, but they will not therefore suffer for confirmation. Some of the men I mention may be friends of yours, and so it might be unnatural to expect your righteous nose to scent their offenses. But it is possible that in spite of your numerous reserved sources of information that I have been able to tell you something you did not know. If so, use it, how, when and where you please."

Hum! this is all very well, but there may be things I do not know and do not seek to learn. How shall it profit me to discover that this reporter guzzled more than his share of wine at a show committee lunch and continued to lap up champagne at his hotel and "put it down to the show"? What boots it, or clothes it, to me that another swindled a country tailor out of a suit of clothes? What is it to me that another "his bread in sorrow ate," provided by her gracious Majesty in one of the State hotels, where each visitor is given a room to himself, plenty of climbing exercise, medical attendance, and, hear this, you envious, honest folk—no bill to pay? Shall I fashion into form these

"Airy tongues, that syllable men's names"?

Such a task has not been accepted nor even offered. Necessity not opportunity will guide me in the use I may make of my knowledge. You have read of the magic cloak brought to King Arthur's court by "the littel boy." It would only fit true and honest subjects, and instantly slipped off the shoulders of the tainted. The garment was made of a stuff that is not fashionable nowadays, besides we don't like the cut of that cloth, the texture is coarse, the pattern does not suit us; no, we prefer to run no such "dreadful risk of catching cold." It suits us to go about as usual, trusting that a resemblance will be seen to Cowper's friend, Joseph Hill:

"An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

LILLIBULERO.

AUGUST 25, 1885.

AN UNUSUAL DISEASE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many of our sportsmen are losing valuable dogs from a peculiar disease of the mouth and throat. The first manifestation of sickness seems to be difficulty in swallowing and inability to protrude the tongue from the mouth. An examination now will reveal numerous white patches of canker on the under side of tongue and inside of lip. This rapidly increases until the entire mouth, throat and tongue are covered, taking usually about twenty-four to thirty-six hours. About the third or fourth day the inner surface of mouth and the surface of tongue and throat are covered with large granulations, secreting pus of the most offensive odor. In some cases an inch or more of the tongue has become gangrenous and sloughed off. The disease is remarkably contagious, appearing in its severest form, however, only among our setters thus far. It reduces its victims to a stage of extreme weakness in a surprisingly short time. Those that have died have done so within a week from the time of the attack, seemingly both from blood poisoning and weakness. They all have extremely high temperatures and a very rapid pulse from the outset. Those that have lived have been saved only by limiting the extent of the cancerous patches by early application of caustics.

In some respects this resembles dyphtheria, yet at the outset it seems quite different. There is no membranous formation in the throat at any time, but just a clean, constant, eating ulcer, which spreads to its neighbor, until the whole surface is covered. Any of your readers who have seen anything like this and can suggest curative remedies will confer a favor on his unfortunate sporting brethren in this vicinity. M. D.

WILLIMANTIC, Conn., Sept. 1.

[This seems to be entirely analgous to cancrum oris (canker of the mouth) or gangrenous stomatitis in the human. It appears as a rule in childhood, from the third to ninth year. The causes are bad air, bad food and too much mercury. The symptoms are, first the formation of small gray, sloughy, foul ulcers on inside of cheek, with red gums and foul breath, going on to destruction of fauces and pharynx, and death. The discharges of pus are highly infective. The treatment is thorough cauterization with nitric acid, antiseptic washes, and supporting food. Quinine is also given. We should like to have further details of this disease, as observed by our Willimantic correspondent.]

WANTS ONE OF HIS OWN.—Hartford, Conn., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please send by return mail a copy of Hammond's book, "Training vs. Breaking." I have just read it, and wish one of my own. Inclosed please find $1.—G. S. CAIRNES.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quite a number of working collies have been entered for the trials to be held during the Philadelphia Kennel Club October show, and this feature of the exhibition is attracting not a little excitement among the professional drovers about here. The representatives from the several hunt clubs met at the rooms of the Philadelphia Kennel Club on Thursday last to talk over the plans for hurdle jumping, and it was decided to have in connection with high leaping a ditch for broad jumping. The Hunt Club members will meet again at the grounds on Tuesday to conclude arrangements, and it will then be decided if it is practicable to have the fox hunt desired. Mr. Mather, of the Bryn Mawr Hunt, says he can furnish a pack that will follow the scent within the inclosure, as it is proposed to lead a live fox over the grounds to attract the hounds.—HOMO. In entering dogs for the cash kennel prizes offered at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's October show, an extra fee will not be charged to compete, as the animals will have been paid for in the regular classes entered.—E. COMFORT, Secretary.

ALBION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in your issue of Sept. 3 the sale of a bull-terrier puppy called Albion, by the Royal Bull-Terrier Kennel of New Haven, Conn., to a gentleman of Rutland, Vt. I claimed this name for a bull-terrier puppy bred by me, whelped May 10, 1885, by Dutch ex Nellie. I should like to ask whether my claim to the name made through the columns of the *A. K. R.* is not ahead of one made through the FOREST AND STREAM where no fee is required. The registration of my puppy appeared in the June number of the *A. K. R.*, while the claim to the name by the above mentioned kennel appeared in FOREST AND STREAM some time after. As I claimed the name first I request the present owner of the puppy to change the name of his dog. It seems to me that a little originality in the selection of a name for a dog would save much confusion in the future, especially when the dogs are of the same breed.—E. S. PORTER (Blandford, Mass., Sept. 5).

ANOTHER STRANGE POINT.—An article headed "A Strange Point" calls to mind a strange and very uncomfortable one for a dog that my pointer Bleak made last fall. We had had a fair day's sport near Otis Ponds, Mass., and were almost out of a large patch of woods, and were just thinking of drawing our charges, the dogs leading the way, when my companion sang out, "Look at Bleak!" He was apparently standing on his head on a large boulder, and "stiff as a rail." My companion went to one side of the boulder and I to the other, and down at the foot of the rock was an old hen with four or five third-grown partridges, as they are called here. Bleak was as comical a sight as I ever saw, with his nose flat on the rock and his tail standing up almost like a lightning-rod. He looked at me as much as to say, "You ought to give me the old hen," when I flushed them and did not raise my gun. He was in the sulks for the rest of the day.—LIEUT.

SHOW DISTEMPER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to the request of Dr. J. R. Housel in your issue of Sept. 3, I am not prepared to state whether there was such a case of distemper in the show or not. I did not see any, but my time there was somewhat limited after the first day; however, I would suppose he was safe in that assertion, as it would be a marvelous thing if there were not some dogs afflicted in such a large gathering. I did not question that part of his argument, in fact cared naught about it—it was nothing here nor there to me—I was simply protecting the rights of my dog. In conclusion would suggest to Dr. Housel that in future he mark his game before rushing into papers with it, thereby implicating others who are innocent.—J. M. FRONEFIELD, JR. (General Wayne, Pa., Sept. 4.

SPANIELS AT PITTSBURG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am told that there will be at the Pittsburg show a special of $10 for spaniels. I am given to understand that this prize will be awarded under the standard of the Entre Nous Spaniel Club, of which "Senex" is the presiding genius, provided "Senex" can furnish names of twelve members of the Entre Nous Club. If the twelve names are not forthcoming (and I don't think they will be found) the prize is to be awarded under the American Spaniel Club standard, Mr. James Watson to do the judging. For the sake of the grand old cocker of our grand old sires, I hope "Senex" will come forward with a baker's dozen of his fellow members.—FLIMFLAM.

DEATH OF BARRY.—Another grand dog gone the way of all flesh, human and canine. This time it is Mr. Sydney Smith's famous rough-coated St. Bernard dog, old Champion Barry. He was a huge animal, with the most perfect of rich orange tawny flat and straight coats. As a St. Bernard we always found fault with his rather sour expression. He won his first prize in Darlington in 1876, and finished his career, which embraced 166 cups and prizes, by winning first and prize for best stud dog at the first St. Bernard Club Show. Barry was just ten years old when he died from abscesses in the head. Mr. Smith imported him in 1876.—*Stock-Keeper.*

GRAPHIC.—In commemting upon the offer of Mr. Anthony of the free service of Graphic in the stud, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Aug. 15, the *Live Stock Journal* says: "Stringent as the conditions may appear to be, they are only fair consideration for the advantages to be derived from the free use of so valuable a stud-dog as Graphic, and they do not in any way detract from the generous motive which prompted Mr. Anthony to place his dog at the service of the public for the purpose of improving the breed of pointers in America. The example which has thus been set might well be followed by owners of stud dogs on this side of the water.'

THE MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.—Milwaukee, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the dog show to be held here, commencing Sept. 23, are coming in nicely, and we hope to give the best show ever held in this part of the country. In addition to the regular prizes, which aggregate about $1,000, there will be given $800 in special prizes, nearly all of them in cash. These will be given to the best of the different breeds and kennels. The entries close Sept. 12.—M.

GIVE THE A. K. R. NUMBERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a registered dog. My master entered me in a dog show last spring, and gave my A. K. R. number, but it was omitted in the catalogue, because "it was too much bother," said the superintendent. Now we registered dogs insist that our numbers be published in the catalogues, and we hope managers of fall shows will take notice.—A.K.R. 1765.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—The prospects for a good show at Pittsburgh are flattering. There will be a valuable lot of special prizes offered for almost every breed, including one of $50 for the best mastiff. We shall look to see a large entry of setters and pointers. Pittsburgh has many valuable animals and exhibitors from all parts of the country think it great honor to win over them.

THE ATTLEBORO DOG SHOW.—There will be a dog show at Attleboro in connection with the Farmers' and Mechanics' Association Fair on Sept. 15, 16 and 17. Mr. W. Tallman, the superintendent, informed us that quite a number of entries have been received, and that the show of beagles and New England foxhounds will be very fine.

THE IRISH WOLHOUND.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has become a matter of question with me since the articles on the subject of the Irish wolfhound have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM whether the head of the dog used by the Philadelphia Kennel Club as its crest is that of a deerhound or that of a part deerhound and wolfhound. This cut was made from



one of Landseer's drawings executed years ago, and certainly does not resemble the deerhound of the present date. The flews in the drawing are heavier, the muzzle squarer, and the ears more drooping and set on the head lower. From the reputation the artist Landseer has made, his drawing was no doubt a correct one; but it certainly appears to the writer that the living model he used was a different dog from that of today. I inclose an impression from the original die of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, and ask criticism on the subject here and in England.—HOMO.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOG STANDARD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. J. T. Norris, H. Malcolm and Jas. T. Pearson being the committee appointed by the American Kennel Club on a standard for Chesapeake Bay dogs, request all breeders and exhibitors to correspond with them. Address JAS. T. PEARSON, 6 Spear's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

"Un" will please send address to this office. It was omitted from article sent to us for publication.

DOG DAYS.—For list of dog days see "Fixtures."

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of *each animal*:

1. Color.
2. Breed.
3. Sex,
4. Age, or
5. Date of birth, or breeding or of death.
6. Name and residence of owner buyer or seller.
7. Sire, with his sire and dam.
8. Owner of sire.
9. Dam, with her sire and dam.
10. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Prince Napoleon. By T. H. Adams, Pawtucket, R. I., for lemon and white English setter dog, whelped July 8, 1884, by Prince (Pride of the Border—Petrel) out of Fairy II. (Bailey's Victor—Blue Daisy).

Leo. By T. H. Adams, Pawtucket, R. I., for pug bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by imported Punch out of Daisy III. (A.K.R. 2142).

Messenger. By H. E. Bowles, Pawtucket, R. I., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct 4, 1884, by Mingo (Spot—Rose) out of Nell (Sailor—Nellie).

Mischief. By Joseph H. Brady, Pawtucket, R. I., for lemon and white beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 4, 1883, by Mingo (Spot—Rose) out of Nell (Sailor—Nellie).

Pearl Laverack. By Alonzo Campbell, Clay Center, Kan., for lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 2, 1884, by Colonel Thunder (Thunder—Moll) out of Princess Belle (Rufus—Rose).

Lady Elcho. By A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 3, 1885, by champion Elcho (A.K.R. 295) out of champion Noreen (A.K.R. 297).

Paris Boy, John L., Bragdon, Francesca. Madona and Nana. By Edgar E. Haines, Waltham, Mass., for English setters, one black, white and tan and two black and white dogs and one black and white and two black, white and tan bitches, whelped July 9, 1885, by Count Paris out of Lyna.

Jerry. By T. J. Pender, San Francisco, Cal., for Irish water spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 10, 1885, by Whirlpool (Neptune—Mermaid) out of Biddy (Snider—Wapsie).

Mascot and Favette. By J. E. Hills, Newton, Mass., for lemon and white pointer dog and bitch, whelped July 6, 1885, by imported Bang (champion Bang—Luna) out of Rita Croxtetn (A.K.R. 2548).

Rollo. By H. D. Chauncey, Ridgewood, N. J., for mastiff dog, age not given, by Major (Gurth—Lady Ringwood) out of Juno.

General Grant and Nellie Grant. By Wm. T. McAlus, Philadelphia, Pa., for fox terriers, dog and bitch, whelped July 23, 1885, by Raby Tyrant (Baliff II.—Peach) out of Warren Lady (Brockenhurst Joe—Swansdown).

Royal Jet. By E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 25, 1885, by champion Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1297) out of Hornell Sunlight (Hornell Ra.tler—Hornell Blanche).

Fedora H. By E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 1, 1885, by Hornell Bub (A.K.R. 131) out of Smith's Curley (Burdette Bob—Carroll's Gyp).

Bosco H. By Henry C. Hart, Cohocton, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 24, 1885, by Hornell Jock (A.K.R. 1877) out of Hornell Flora (Bub—Jenny).

Joe Jr. By J. H. Butler, Penn Yan, N. Y., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 23, 1884, by Sam (Romey—Jessie) out of E. A. Higgins's Fannie.

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Princess Belle—Colonel Thunder. Dr. G. A. Seaman's (Marysville, Kan.) English setter bitch Princess Belle (Rufus—Rose) to Colonel Thunder (Thunder—Moll), Aug. 20.

Morning Star—Gun. Chas. York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Morning Star (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight) to his Gun (A.K.R. 1538).

Daisy—Silk Socks. S. S. Wickersham's Italian greyhound bitch Daisy (Leo—Min) to E. W. Jester's Silk Socks (Sport—Pearl), July 29.

Peep O.—Silk Socks. I. Yearsley, Jr.'s (Coatesville, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Peep O. to E. W. Jester's Silk Socks (Sport—Pearl), Aug. 14.

Pudge—Treasure II. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Pudge (A.K.R. 1595) to their Treasure II. (A.K.R. 2148). Aug. 31.

Hoosier Belle—Paul Gladstone. E. J. Wallace's (Bartlett, Tenn.) English setter bitch Hoosier Belle (Royal Scout—Daisy Dean) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Livalette), July 29.

Nellie C.—Paul Gladstone. Jerry Cockrell's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Nellie C. (Rake—Phyllis) to W. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone, Aug. 10.

Rose—Suil a-Mor. M. Wise's red Irish setter bitch Rose (Kit—Ruby) to Joseph Hayes's Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—Dido), Aug. 29.

Leah—Glen Rock. G. F. Clarke's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Lean (A.K.R. 1284) to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), Sept. 5.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Nora. Joseph Hayes's (Boston, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Nora (Cigar—Belle), Aug. 29, seven (four dogs), by his Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—Dido).

Dashing Jest. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jest (A.K.R. 1614), Aug. 28, five (two dogs), by his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Meg Merrilies. Harry A. Fletcher's (Portland, Me.) red Irish setter bitch Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181), Aug. 1, eight (four dogs), by Jack (champion Elcho—Meg).

Rita Croxteth II. J. E. Hills's (Newton, Mass.) pointer bitch Rita Croxteth II. (A.K.R. 2548), July 6, eleven (five dogs), by imported Bang (champion Bang—Salter's Luna).

Flounce. J. W. Murnan's (Keeling, Tenn.) English setter bitch Flounce (Druid—Ruby), Aug. 30, eleven (six dogs), by champion Gladstone.

Althea. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Althea (A.K.R. 842), Aug. 30, seven (four dogs), by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 433); all black.

Hazel Kirke. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Hazel Kirke, Sept. 1, eight (five dogs), by Young Obo (A.K.R. 861); one black, seven liver.

Princess Blossom. W. B. Gates's (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Princess Blossom (Dashing Rover—Princess Rose), Aug. 12, four bitches, by his Paul Gladstone; all black, white and tan.

Jule. Geo. H. Piercey's (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Jule (A.K.R. 1042), Aug. 29, seven (four dogs), by Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545); all liver and white.

Gayley. A. Quick's (New York) pointer bitch Gayley (A.K.R. 1440), Sept. 1, ten (seven dogs), by Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545); all liver and white.

Toodles. Geo. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) pug bitch Toodles (A.K.R. 2147), Aug. 6, five (two dogs), by C. H. Amsden's imported Tuck (Comedy—Lady).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Bang—Rita Croxteth (A.K.R. 2548) whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 6, 1885, by J. E. Hills, Newton, Mass., to George S. Tucker, Peterboro, N. H.

Rollo. Mastiff dog, age not given (Major—Juno), by D. P. Foster, New York, to H. D. Chauncey, Ridgewood, N. J.

Judge—Lucy whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 15, 1885, by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.

Judge—Dot II. whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Jan. 28, 1885, by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to N. Elmore, Granby, Conn.

Queen Blue. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, age not given (Gun—Pearl Blue), by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to I. T. Gorham, Leominster, Mass.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Tenor. Liver and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 2261), by J. W. Houston, Stuart, Neb., to A. D. Eddy, Chicago, Ill.

Mascot. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 6, 1885 (Bang—Rita Croxteth II.), by J. E. Hills, Newton, Mass., to Geo. L. Bullens, same place.

DEATHS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Dolly. Lemon and white pointer bitch, 9yrs. (Sensation—Dolly), owned by A. E. Burche, Washington, D. C.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—My Irish setter dog is fourteen months old. The hair is all off his face and lower jaw and his skin is dry and scaly. The skin is blue and swollen and under his ears greatly swollen. I washed with chloride of soda, and it seems to have done him good. His nose is cold and appetite good. Sometimes bowels all right, but seems dull and sluggish. Ans. Get the following ointment and apply twice daily to the worst spots on the body, after cleansing with soap and warm water: Of zinc oxide and ammoniated mercury 2drs. each; of lard 2oz. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic in the food twice daily. Stop the arsenic in a month.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association. Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As all rifle matters are of interest to me, I very naturally look forward to the outcome of your trajectory trials, to be inaugurated next month. To have the actual facts regarding the line of flight of bullets, using the varied ammunition at present in use, will settle many an uncertain statement that we often hear regarding the results to be obtained by the use of certain rifles and ammunition. There is little doubt but what there is a large percentage of "high curve" ammunition in use for hunting purposes, noticeably the 44 40-200, for the use of which cartridge so many rifles are fitted, all of which might be displaced for something far preferable, and in many cases not change the shells materially.

I hope the trials to be made under the management of the FOREST AND STREAM will influence the cartridge companies to furnish more suitable cartridges for hunting purposes, that is for use up to 200yds. In the majority of cases, in using the fixed ammunition sold to day, should a man misjudge the distance to his game, by 25yds, in 200, he would miss it entirely by several inches.

Besides trying the ammunition at present in use, I will express a hope that you may go a little further, and tell us by actual demonstration what can be done in the way of flat trajectory, by loading the same shells with lighter bullets, even down to the pistol sizes, keeping the powder charge the same as in the cartridges first used. Many of the cartridges thus made might prove inaccurate, but that would be something for the rifle maker to remedy; let them change the form of twist or rifting enough to properly control such bullets, should your trials show them to give such results as hunters require in both trajectory and penetration or striking energy.

Just here comes in the question: How much can we afford to lose in accuracy, for the sake of extra flat trajectory? Naturally we must expect to lose something in accuracy by the change. At least that is the inference I draw from the general opinion as held and expressed by riflemen that a heavy bullet in proportion to powder charge is essential for the greatest accuracy from 200yds. up at least.

The largest rifles in use at the present time will put their bullets into a four-inch circle at 200yds. I do not say that is the best they will do, for I have seen far better work, but it is what most of them will do at any time, shot from the shoulder, with muzzle rest. This is far more accurate than we can expect to do on game, for game will not stand for sighting shots, neither can we always have a sight just right for the object aimed at, as we do in target shooting, where, in order to hit the four-inch ring successively, we aim at a bullseye or spot from eight to twelve inches in diameter, that it may be plainly seen, and again, a special shaped fore sight is used to enable us to center this spot as fine as possible—such arrangements for accuracy cannot be used in hunting game; for these reasons would not a hunting rifle be accurate enough if it would place its shots successively inside a six or eight inch circle at 200yds.? With this ratio of variation we could feel quite sure of a four-inch object at 100yds. and a two-inch one at 50yds. How far can we see a turkey's or squirrel's head, or the eye of a deer, over the rifle sights? Surely we can shoot at it no further away than we can see it over the sights of our rifle.

The conclusions to be drawn from this would seem to be that we need have our rifles for hunting purposes no more accurate at any certain distance, than to be able to hit the smallest object we can see over the sights at that distance, and that would be a much larger object than we could easily see with the eyes unobstructed by the sights.

The next question to arise would seem to be: Can we obtain this flat trajectory and sufficient accuracy with moderate charges and still retain sufficient killing power? I believe that it can be done, but, of course, only the actual trial will demonstrate to a certainty. Here is where the importance of this further test, to be made by you after the original programme is carried out. Few riflemen, except those interested in rifle manufacture, have opportunities to experiment in this way with different charges and calibers, whereas, you will have all the rifles at hand for your purposes, and the shells could readily be loaded, as according to your plan only a few shots will be fired of each, sufficient only to obtain an average of the curves.

To go further into the subject, we will start with the round ball of the muzzleloader; this bullet was supposed to have sufficient killing power within its ranges, but with the breechloading hunting rifle we expect greater range, and to obtain this end we elongate the bullet, giving greater bearing in the rifling, and keeping it steadier in its flight. The round ball for the respective calibers in use are about as follows: .50-194 grains, .45-140 grains, .40-100 grains, .38-88 grains, .35-70 grains, .32-50 grains, .30 41 grains, .25-24 grains, .22-16 grains. Should we give the elongated bullets twice the weight of their respective round balls, and retain the same powder charges that are now used in the target rifles, we would have cartridges about as follows: .50-115-388, .45-85-280, .40-70-200, .38-55-175, .35-50-140, .32-40 100, .30-35-82, .25 32-48, .22-10-32. Here we find a powder and lead ratio, from less than 2 to 1 in the .25-caliber, to a little over 3 to 1 in the .45-caliber.

I will say here that the Bullard cartridge of .50-caliber has a bullet of 300 grains, showing that an elongated bullet of less than the weight of two round balls has been made and tried; whether successfully or not I cannot say from my own experience. The .25-caliber mentioned above as having powder charge of 32 grains had an accompanying bullet of 67 grains, which gives a ratio of nearly 2 to 1. Also that the .22-caliber measures nearer .20, which would make its round ball 12 grains and elongated one 24 grains. There are also longer shells for the .40 and .45-calibers, which hold 100 or more grains of powder. In the above list of charges there would seem to be variety

sufficient for all purposes, provided upon trial they should prove to give good trajectory and sufficient accuracy for our use; one advantage would be in the shells, being of the same shape and size as at present in use.

Whether there are any points in the above of advantage or worthy of consideration by you in this trial of hunting rifles, I shall be glad to leave to you to say. They are principally thoughts brought to my mind by experiments made at odd times, and I write them here for what they are worth. A. B. DODGE.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nothing could be more commendable than your determination to test the trajectory of hunting rifles. It is certain that the results of such tests will be highly esteemed by riflemen of the United States and attract widespread attention throughout the world. Now, as you ask for suggestions, I avail myself of your invitation and offer a few. I agree with the excellent remarks made by your correspondent, Mr. Leopold, in almost everything he has said; but I think it a mistake and a step backward if muzzleloaders are allowed a place in the competition, not through any fear that they will make a good showing, but because valuable time should not be wasted in testing obsolete weapons which have practically passed out of use. We want hunting rifles of to-day, not of the past.

Again, if a cloth patch is used, as suggested by Mr. Leopold, the barrel is wiped after each shot, and cleaning should then be permitted in other rifles. The weight of the guns should also be considered, and I think a limit ought to be arranged in this respect, as no one wants to carry a columbiad to shoot small game.

The weight of the rifle will make a difference in the trajectory even when clamped in a vise, and while the trigger pull will not, the trigger pull materially affects the accuracy when the shooting is done off-hand, and to some extent when shot from a rest. The shooting in your tests should be from the shoulder with a muzzle rest.

In order to make your tests practically valuable your readers should be able to determine which rifle will furnish the flattest trajectory and which is the most accurate when used as a hunting rifle. If a 40 pound rifle shows a flat trajectory, how are they to know that a 10-pound or an 8-pound rifle of the same make will do the same thing? It certainly would be unfair to test a very light rifle in competition with a very heavy one. Guns should be graded. Suppose, for instance, that a rifle is made for the express purpose of furnishing a low trajectory, it may be a success in that way, but still only be efficient as a squirrel rifle. W. I. C.

SYRACUSE, N. Y

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to make a point against a test of rifles for trajectory with fixed guns. Now, I do not shoot a rifle, have had but little experience with them, and have no favorites, but have experimented considerably with shotguns by shooting for pattern and penetration. For penetration I used cards obtained at the printer's of about same thickness as postal cards. Using same charge of powder and size of shot the heavier gun always gave the greater penetration. Now, greater penetration requires higher velocity, and higher velocity gives flatter trajectory.

If weight signifies in a shotgun will it not also qualify in the rifle? Indeed, I consider it one of the main features in a gun whether the arm be for shot or ball. Fixing the guns, as I understand it, does away with weight, and in that respect reducing all guns to the same level. Now, I would suggest that all guns be fired from the shoulder, allowing the gun to rest lightly at the extreme muzzle to secure accuracy of aim.

I have not the least idea how you will proceed to make the tests. No doubt it will be in the most approved way. The idea suggests itself that it could be satisfactorily done by using engineer's cross section paper, which is ruled both ways with great accuracy. A foot is divided on these papers into tenths or inches; these are subdivided into tenths or the inches may be divided into eighths and sixteenths. The division into decimals is the most convenient. To use this paper let frames be erected at points where it is desired to have record of the rifle ball. By using engineers' transit and level the several papers could be aligned and made truly horizontal, marking the frames for subsequent use. Put small target in exact center of first paper, and have rest for gun so the center of the barrel will be in line with center of paper, take careful aim with butt against shoulder and muzzle on rest and fire. Note where first paper is punctured, and so with each paper in succession. Here is your record which can be easily tabulated and the trajectory deduced.

For instance, suppose first paper is 25yds. from muzzle of gun, second 50yds., third 75yds., etc., and ball passes .12ft. above horizontal line in first paper; to make straight line it would pass .24ft. above on second paper, .36 on third paper, .48 on fourth, and so on to the end of range. Any deviation from this line will show the curve made by the ball.

Now, without having had any experience in this matter, this is my idea, and it is offered for what it is worth.

Your trials will be watched with great interest by lovers of the gun generally, and it is apprehended that hunters and sportsmen will generally acquiesce in the result, in the firm belief that the trials will be conducted after the most approved method. W. L. P.

VICKSBURG, Miss.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

ON THE 16th of the present month the thirteenth annual fall meeting of the National Rifle Association will open at the Creedmoor range. The directors have provided a liberal programme of matches with the necessary prizes attached, and ample time has been given for the completion of all the contests. This in itself is a new and well directed step. Then the medal nuisance has been abolished, and a fictitious importance will not be given the matches as in the old times when $7 medals appeared as $30 trophies in the catalogue. Cash prizes, many of them two in each match, is now the rule, and the total has run up to $2,161, which, considering the support which has been given the sport of recent years, is a very respectable figure.

As yet there has been no great showing of entries, though it is confidently expected that the present week will be a busy one in and about the Association office. Several of the States will be represented in the interstate matches, while in the team matches the small-bore men and crack military shots promise to make a close contest in every case.

The programme for the meeting has already appeared in our columns. It will be made complete up to date by the following from the supplementary programme just issued: Pool shooting will begin each morning at 7 and run one hour, and after that, as far as possible, pool targets will be kept open. In Match No. 4 the position is standing at 200yds. and any at 500 and 600yds. In this match the term "U. S. Service Rifle" is intended to cover the Springfield rifle as issued by the Ord. Dept. U. S. A., having a barrel 32.6in. long, cut with three grooves. One turn in 22in. and chambered for a shell 2 1-10in. long. No alteration of above will be allowed.

In matches Nos. 6, 11 and 13, cleaning will be allowed between shots for rifles other than military.

One new match has been added as follows:

No. 19, Chambers Street Match.—Open to all comers, 500yds., 7 shots each, position any, any rifle within the rules, no cleaning allowed; military and special military rifles will be allowed one point each score, the aggregate of two scores to count for each of the prizes. Entrance fee $1 each or three for $2 if taken in one name at one time. Cash prizes at least $100, prizes in kind at least $50. Competitors will have the choice of prizes in the order of merit of their scores.

The sight protector of the front sight may be used as a shade for the same on all military rifles, except in matches Nos. 8, 9, 14, 15 and 16.

The matches will be shot as nearly as possible upon the following days, though the right is reserved after entries are made to change the order of shooting:

Wednesday, Sept. 16 Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 11, 18, 19.
Thursday, Sept. 17, Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 11, 18, 19.
Friday, Sept. 18, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19.
Saturday, Sept. 19, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 18, 19.
Monday, Sept. 21, Nos. 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 18, 19.
Tuesday, Sept. 22, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 13, 18, 19.
Wednesday, Sept 23, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 11, 18, 19.
Thursday, Sept. 24, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 8, 11, 17, 18, 19.

FOLKLORE ON THE RANGE.—"Cuthbert Bede," in *Notes and Queries*, states that when the Queen's prize was won at Wimbledon on July 21, 1885, by Sergeant Bulmer, Second Lincoln, his victory was hailed with the usual "ovation," accompanied with the unusual cry, "Well done, yellow belly." This was in allusion to his being a Lincolnshire man (Spalding), and therefore supposed to possess a frog-like nature. This is an old superstition of the Fens; but it is remarkable to see it crop up on such a special occasion in this year of grace, thereby showing the vitality of folklore. The old monkish chroniclers gravely asserted, as a proof of the wisdom of Providence in adapting persons to their situations in life, that the Fenmen were created with yellow bellies and web feet, in order that they might be better fitted for their amphibious existence. Lord Macaulay, describing the Fenmen of the latter part of the sixteenth century, says that they were "a half-savage population, known by the name of breedlings," who "led an amphibious life."

GARDNER, Mass., Sept. 4.—At the recent telegraph match between the rifle club of Jamestown, N. Y., and the Gardner Rifle Club, the Creedmoor target was used by both. The following are the totals of each:

Gardner—G. F. Ellsworth 49, C. A. Hinds 46, W. C. Loveland 46, H. C. Knowlton 45, F. H. Knowlton 44, S. B. Hildreth 44, A. Mathews 43, F. E. Nichols 43, C. O. Bent 40, G. C. Goodale 38; total 438.

Jamestown—S. N. Ayres 45, H. V. Perry 43, F. K. Dowler 42, R. H. Burns 42, J. R. Moore 42, N. J. Fenner 41, H. D. Delisle 41, H. Ahlstrom 41, A. C. Jones 38, J. D. Curtis 36; total 411.

The Heywood Guards, Company F, Second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, went out to the Hackmatack range of the Gardner Rifle Club to-day for practice before going to the annual shoot of the regiment on the State grounds at South Framingham. Each company is to send a team of 5 men who have made 17 out of a possible 25, distance 200yds, shooting to be off-hand. At the practice to-day the following totals were made: Corporal Kindall 22, Private Carr 22, Sergeant Block 20, Private Bishop 20, Corporal Thompson 19, Lieut. Edgell 17, Private Thrasher 17.

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HAVERHILL, Mass.—Rifle Club, match at Riverside Range, Sept. 5. Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand:

J F Brown	5454445545—44	L W Jackson	5544435444—42
J Busfield	4454444445—42	F Merrill	4444444444—40
J P M Green	5444444445—42	J Forbes	3424445444—38

THE TRAP.

LIGHT GUNS FOR TRAP-SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the meeting of the National Gun Association in New Orleans last winter the question of light guns was fully discussed, and it was decided by a majority of those present that if a man was willing to use a 12-gauge of 8 pounds or less, against the heavy 10 bores commonly used, he should be entitled to two yards. It was then thought that not many guns of the above weight would be used. It was pretty well ventilated about a year ago through the sportsmen's papers, and some of the writers were very positive in declaring that the light 12 would have no chance on even terms with the heavy 10s. Some of them saying it had been tried over and over again unsuccessfully. The shooters in New England were nearly all of the same opinion, and when I ordered my light gun they all said I was making a great mistake and predicted that I would use it about half a day, and then go back to my 10. I think I have convinced a good many of them of the capabilities of a light gun, and some of our best shots have followed my example. H. W. Eager, of the Worcester, Mass., Club, was a strong advocate of the heavy gun and published a letter saying that he thought a gun should weigh about 12 pounds and have 34 or 36 inch barrels, as the weight of the gun would tend to steady the shooter when facing the traps. Mr. Eager now shoots a gun of same grade as mine, 12-gauge, 7½ pounds weight, and has done much better shooting than with the heavy one.

Now, some of the 10 bore men are "kicking" against the 2yds. allowance. As far as I am concerned, I am willing to stand on even terms with them, excepting in special matches. In such cases I should stand up for the allowance. At nearly all the shooting matches in New England all guns stand at the same distance, and it is only in exceptional instances that the light guns are allowed any advantage. Now, there are a good many men who do not care to own more than one gun, and such men usually prefer a No. 12, from 7 to 8 pounds. A gun of this description, with right barrel modified and left full choked, will answer for both field and trap work, and if the owners of these guns could be encouraged to attend the tournaments, the number of entries would be larger. As it now stands, they do not care to compete upon even terms with the big guns. There is no doubt in my mind but that a 12-gauge of the prescribed weight will do good work, although it requires closer holding, the killing circle being smaller, but the tendency will be to make better shots. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

WOODSIDE, L. I., Sept. 2.—Regular monthly pigeon shoot of the North Side Gun Club of Long Island. Match at 27yds. rise, Stocky and Grau 24yds.:

Winholz	1111111—7	Barlow	0011110—4
Lyon	0110101—4	Stocky	1101100—4
Tapken	1011011—5	Grau	0011101—4
Manning	0111110—5		

Sweepstake matches were shot, 25yds., 1 barrel, miss and out. They were won as follows: Lyon first, Trask and Winholz divided second, Bullwinkle fourth, Winholz fifth, Bullwinkle sixth.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass.—The Jamaica Plain Gun Club has elected the following officers: D. A. Brown, President; S. D. Charles, Treasurer; C. H. Cilley, Secretary. Match for a gold medal presented to the club by H. W. Deans, 30 Peoria blackbirds, 18yds., at 3 angles, screened trap:

D A Brown	110010111111011111010101101111—22
S D Charles	111111010000011110101200101—18
J B McKay	110101110111111000111111111—24
C H Cilley	011100011111101116111111111—24

Cilley 1111111—7. McKay 1111110—6. Ties on 24, miss and out: C. H. Cilley won, McKay second, Brown third.—C.

CLEVELAND, O.—The East End Gun Club will hold a tournament, Sept. 17, open to all, for 23 prizes, ranging in value from ten to three dollars each. The secretary is Mr. F. G. Hogen, care Forest City Oil Company, Cleveland, O.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 7, 9, 11—America Cup Races.
Sept. 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Championship Race.
Sept. 12—Boston Y. C., Fourth Club Race.
Sept. 12—Corinthian Y. C., Fall Matches.
Sept. 14—Newark Y. C., Open Regatta.
Sept. 15—N. Y. Y. C., Bennett and Douglas Cups.
Sept. 17—N. Y. Y. C., Brenton's Cup Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 22—N. Y. Y. C., Cape May Cup Race.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.
Sept. 28—Newark Y. C., Open Sweepstakes. Newark Bay.
Sept. 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Fall Regatta.

YACHT RACING.

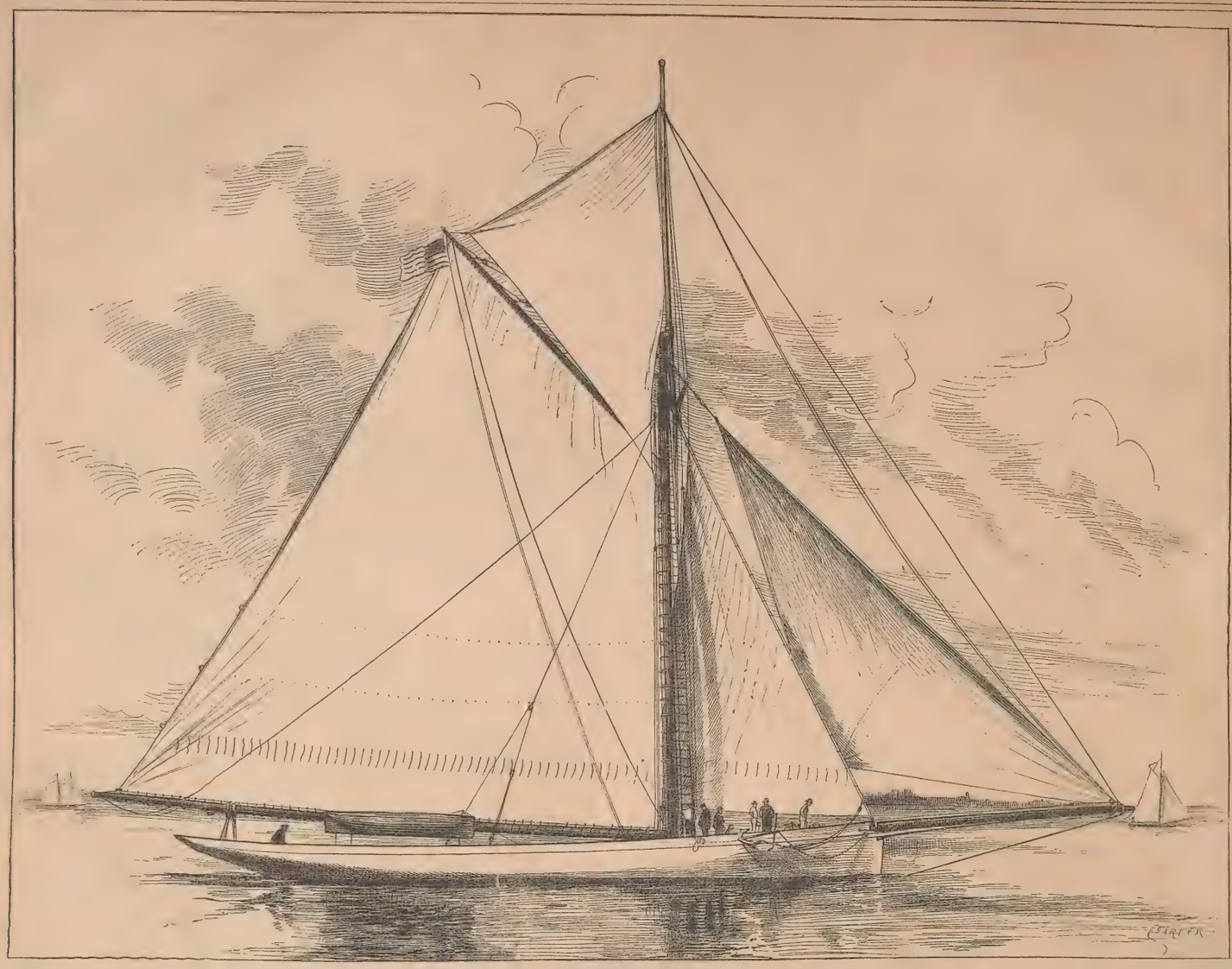
PROBABLY no sailor, though he may love the sea, has a great regard for a ship that makes long and laboring passages between port and port, and, as a matter of fact, among seamen, and British seamen especially, a fast vessel under canvas is always been a favorite. But steam, more particularly since the screw propeller has displaced the paddle, has completely separated fast sailing from smart seamanship, and speed is gained, not so much from dexterity-aloft as from hard, grimy work below in the unpoetical stoke-hole. About twenty years ago there were some fast and exciting ocean races from China with the first of the season's teas, but the days of such famous clippers as the Spindrift and the Taeping were numbered with the opening of the Suez Canal, which required the use of auxiliary power between Alexandria and Aden, and this has been so increased of late that steam is almost entirely relied upon throughout the full voyage. Between the Clyde and the St. Lawrence till very recently there were keen contests between the vessels in the timber trade, and it was not unusual for captains to remain day and night in their top-boots encouraging their crews in working the ship by what is called "kedging," through long channels of ice, so as to have the proud honor of being first at Quebec. Steel and iron being chiefly used in ship-building, there is no great hunger after timber cargoes, and the interest in the annual sailing of the fleet has been allowed enterely to lapse. Early fruit from Spain is now also brought by steamers, as is the first fish from the herring and cod fleets. The old sailing spirit of our forefathers is only to be found on board the boats of our white-winged fleet, more particularly those denominated "racing yachts."

Comparisons have frequently been made between yacht-racing and modern coaching. Some people are ignorant enough to think that the former has been instituted for the purpose of keeping alive the nautical tastes of our forefathers, just as the latter has been started for the purpose of preserving to some extent the sensations which were experienced in a drive on a mail coach. Long before the "steam pot" hissed the "Tantivy team" from off the road, yacht racing had come into favor, and though the speed of the competing vessels could not compare with that of the racing boats of the present time, skilful seamanship was displayed, and the enthusiasm was greater, even than it is now. As early as the year 1720, a club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht Club, was formed by the gentlemen who used to cruise inside Queenstown Harbor; but it was not till about 1815 that some fifty noblemen formed themselves into a club, which is now identifiable as the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most aristocratic yachting club of the world, and the only one in Great Britain the members of which are entitled to fly on board their boats the white ensign of her Majesty's navy. The early members of the squadron were those who had been connected with the senior branch of the service, and ready, of course, like all old naval officers, to oppose innovations. Up till 1815 the officers of the navy had not added greatly to the progress of science, and those of them who belonged to the newly formed sailing club did not attempt to improve upon the old-fashioned types of yachts, and their bluff, cod-like heads, and their lean, mackerel-tail like sterns. Fifty years ago a yacht's length was just three times its breadth; but about that time Wanhill, of Poole, began to lengthen and sharpen the bow; and in the north, Fife, of Fairlie, on the Clyde, father of the present noted yacht-builder, turned out a boat of 36 tons, named the Wave, which was very sharp-bowed and high in the bilge, the breadth of which was just one-third her length of keel. The latter, after being given a leaden keel and ballast, beat older boats of exactly double her size, and so the bluff bow was made more narrow still, and the mackerel like tail lengthened out and made more full and shapely. The Poole builder then began to seek stability, that is, roughly speaking, "self-righting power," by depth, and boats have been getting deeper and longer ever since. Leaden keels began to be generally used, and the shifting of ballast was allowed; then, and for many years afterward, each competing vessel having generally five or six tons of shot, such as is used by sportsman, in bags to pile up to windward as soon as the vessel changed her tack. In narrow water and a headwind this work was exceedingly heavy, for no sooner was the last bag shifted over from the ee to the weather side then the word "Ready about" was given, and it was necessary to throw the shot back again to the side from which it had just been taken. Fortunately, in the true interests of the sport, the shifting of ballast has long been forbidden, and the work of the crew is limited to the handing of the sails.

In 1823 the Royal Thames Yacht Club was founded for the encouragement of yacht sailing, and the formation of this club, which now has the largest membership of any in the world, was followed by the institution by a number of Plymouth gentlemen of the Royal Western of England in 1827, as well as at Queenstown of the Royal Western of Ireland, and about the same time, the Royal Northern of Scotland. In 1838, the Royal London, the second club of the Thames, was established, and this was followed by the Royal St. George's of Ireland, with its headquarters at Kingstown, Dublin Bay, in 1842; the Royal Victoria at Ryde in 1844, and the Royal Mersey at Liverpool, in the same year. Interest in the pastime by the establishment of these clubs was gradually disseminated, and the holding of annual regattas led to strong rivalry among crews and builders, the Thames men do their best to beat those of the Solent, and the Mersey men those of the Clyde or of Dublin Bay and Queenstown. Still up till 1851, beyond gradually making the bows more wedge-shaped, increasing the depth and length and narrowing the beam, there was not much improvement made in yachts. In 1851, however, the celebrated America, schooner yacht, came over to this country and startled every one who took an interest in sailing by winning easily a challenge cup which had been confidently thrown open to the world. Her hull was somewhat different in shape from the British boats of that time, she being what is called "straight floored," *i. e.* without any taper in her bottom between waterline and keel, while her run or after part was gradually rounded as the stern post. Her bow, which was cut away sharp, was also supposed to have a great deal to do with her success, and this and the straight floor form of her hull was actively copied. Soon, however, it was found that her success lay not in the hull at all, but in the sails which were set almost as flat as cards. In the British boats they were baggy, the after "leeches," or parts of the mainsails between the boom and the point of the subtending gaff, alone being as round as one-third of the circumference of an umbrella. So well was it set up in the America, that those on board watching vessels some distance in her wake could not distinguish it from the mainmast.

This improvement in sail making was the only great lesson the America's victory taught us, but yacht racing received a tremendous lift from the recitals of her performances, which were witnessed by immense crowds, Cowes never having been so full of visitors since. More boats were built, more yacht clubs established, more prizes sailed for, and yacht racing became a general sport all round the British coast. From 1851 to 1860 numerous improvements were made in yacht hulls, and exciting contests were witnessed between such vessels as Musquito (known as Old Ironsides), the Surge, Aline, Alarm, Oethona, the Sevrige and others. In 1863 we were introduced to that huge twin mainsail the spinnaker, which was first used in the forty-ton cutter Niobe. This the wonder of onlookers at regattas, soon superseded the square sail in running before the wind, and now no yacht is without one. In 1865 Fife built the famous cutter Fiona, the length of which was under five times her breadth, her draft of water aft being 12ft.; and in the twenty years which have elapsed since then we have had more than half as many champions, no vessel during the last eight years having been able to maintain her supremacy for more than a single season, so strong is the competition which has set in among the naval builders and architects. Cytera, Neva, Kriemhelda, Vol-au-Vent, of cutter; Egeria, Cetonia, Pantomine, Miranda, of schooners; and Florinda, Jullenar and Latona, of yawls, all have had their day, and it is very questionable whether they would be able to make the semblance of a contest with the vessels comprising the present racing fleet. It has been the same among the minor classes. The Formosa, cutter, may be said to have been the last of the old squadron, and her day came much sooner than was expected. Having beaten everything, the Prince of Wales purchased her from the owner, Mr. Sloane Staley, in 1879, confidently expecting that she would carry all before her in 1880, but in a Clyde shipbuilding yard there was cradled on the stocks a boat which was destined to cause as great a revolution in yacht building as the America schooner had caused in sail-making. This was the celebrated Vanduara, better known perhaps as "the steel cutter," designed by Mr. G. L. Watson for Mr. John Clark, of Paisely, with the view of sweeping the seas, so far as yachting was concerned. With 63 tons of lead run into that part of her which corresponds to the keel of a wooden boat, and a large spread of canvas, she proved very fast, more especially to windward, and in the opening race on the Thames, half an hour after starting, had ranged herself on the weather bow of the Formosa, much to the surprise of all on board. On the Saturday following the Prince sailed on board of his own cutter, she completely proved that his Royal Highness had no chance of heading the list of winning yacht owners, at any rate with the Formosa. In the end of the season she met a worthy opponent in the cutter Samoena, also a new boat, and now both are as much outclassed apparently as Fiona was by Formosa. Length on the waterline with enormous lead keels below, and a tremendous spread of canvas, seem to be what the naval architest, who has supplanted the rule-of-thumb builders of other days, aims at, and comfort is in many cases sacrificed to speed. The Wendur, Marjorie and others are luxuriously fitted up, and can in no sense be called racing machines, which are boats specially built to win prizes, their holds not being apportioned into cabins and berths in the usual style, but for the sake of trim left to remain unfurnished as sail lockers. The owner who wishes to race such a boat, must, if he has not a cruising or a steam yacht of his own, make his way from regatta to regatta as best he can, unless content to put up with the simplest of meals, and a bed on the top of some damp sails. The use of steel in yachtbuilding allows of a larger vessel, and as in composite boats, the fixing of the necessary ballast as low down as possible—a matter of importance, seeing that a vessel like Wendur carries 75 tons, Irex 65 tons (originally 73 tons) and Marjorie 50 tons, Genesta, Galatea and others have about the same weight of metal under them.

Though, however, the discomforts which formerly attended racing have been removed, the great increase in the initial cost and the heavy expense of keeping a racing yacht in commission deters many keen sailors from joining in the pastime. Roughly estimated, a first-class racing yacht of composite construction—that is, steel frames planked with wood and sheathed with copper—classed twenty-one years at Lloyds', and without upholstering extravagances of any kind, will cost, if of 20 tons yacht measurement, about £1,800, of 40 tons £3,500, of 90 tons £7,000. The suits of canvas which would be included in the above, but which might have to be renewed at the commencement of the season, would cost for a 20-ton boat £200, 40-ton boat £450, 90-ton boat £650. The cost of racing, inclusive of fitting out and laying up, would be for a 20-ton boat £600, a 40-ton boat £1,200, and a 90-ton boat £2,000. Men's wages would run away with a large proportion, the captain being paid £120 to £200, and more according to ability, while allowed from 5 to 10 per cent. on the winnings, whether in cups or money. The members of the crew get 26s. per week, and have, during the racing days, an unlimited supply of beer, £1 each for winning a prize, and 10s. for every time they start but lose, as a reward for their hard work during the contest. Two caps, two Guernsey frocks, one pair yachting shoes, one pair of leather "go ashores," a suit of ducks, and sometimes a suit of oil-skins, are also nice little perquisites. Possibly the owner of a cruising yacht, which is not raced, may think these wages high, but it has to be kept in mind that it is not every sailor that makes a first-class yachtsman; one may be a splendid hand on board of a square-rigged ship, and equal to every emergency that rises therein, but to win yacht races he must be expert in "bending" and "unbending," which means fixing and unfixing sails to topsail yards, the stowing of jib topsails, the setting of spinnakers, and many other things which are not practiced in the navy or the ships of our mercantile fleets. Nor do ordinary fishermen become first-class yachtsmen, as the Marquis of Ailsa found out when he first raced his famous little cutter Foxhound, of 35 tons, in the 40-ton class. With commendable patriotism his lordship had his new boat manned by fishermen from the little fishing village of Dunure, on his own estate on the Ayrshire coast of the Clyde. All were hardy seamen and splendid fellows in their own little boats, but they were of no use against the experienced men of



THE PURITAN.

Colchester, who, in the close of the season for oyster fishing, have long made yacht racing a profitable business. On the advice of yacht-racing men the crew of the Foxhound was changed, with the result that the little vessel proved herself a marvel for speed in her class.

The yacht-racing captain is as much superior to the ordinary yachting captain as the expert Newmarket jockey is to the plough man who rides a race with his fellow of the furrow home from the field on one of his tired team. At the commencement of the season he has to put his boat in commission, get her rigged from bowsprit to stern, see that the tackle is strong and reliable, and that the sails are properly and gradually stretched. If he is a fool he will try and stretch his new mainsail by sheer force, instead of waiting for the wind to do so by degrees, and the result will be shaking of the canvas and loss of wind force. After racing in the matches from Thames to Harwich, and also in the matches from Thames to Dover, and the Royal Cinque Ports match, he must be able to take his boat around Land's End to the Mersey. At the conclusion of the races there he will have to carry on for the Clyde in a Channel match, and after severe contests there, race to Belfast Lough; from Belfast, after the regatta, race to Kingstown, Dublin Bay; from Dublin Bay back round Land's End to Falmouth; thence up the Channel to Cowes and Ryde for the annual regattas of the Yacht Squadron; down Channel again as far as Torbay, then home to lay the vessel up. Only those who have gone what is known as "the racing round" can understand the troubles of the captain of a racing yacht or appreciate his wisdom in setting canvas on the morning of a race, his skill at starting, his confidence at mark-boats, or his patience in refraining from racing at all when he sees that the wind promises to blow too strong for his particular craft unless he reefs his mainsail, and to a certain extent spoils it for subsequent races. Bowsprits will snap at times, and topmasts will break in the very moment of victory, bringing down gaff and cross trees. He will have to make for the nearest shipwrights, and try to get everything ready for the race next day. Frequently it is necessary to run down to the starting line, still busy repairing the damages, after working all night with the men. The yacht-racing captain must be intelligent, skillful, plucky and patient, and be in addition endowed with powers of endurance. From the decision which he is daily required to exercise, he would probably make a splendid man for steering torpedo boats.

It may be asked by some what amount of pleasurable excitement the owner of a racing yacht gets for his money. The answer can only be supplied by experience. The reader must come on board a racing yacht and accompany me in such a race as I have sailed before now. All night we have been carrying on hard in a Channel race, on what is known as the northern round, now bursting up a long phosphorescent wake as our gallant vessel heeled to the freshening breeze, now with spinnaker set to catch the lightest of airs, racing ghost-like in the moonlight through a fleet of startled herring fishers, who, while their anchor lights bobbed on the surge we caused, no doubt thought with fear of the Flying Dutchman. Now, a few hours after our arrival, we are preparing to start in the principal race of the day. Racing flags are fluttering at the mast-heads of half a dozen competitors, two of which are rigged as yawls, and one as a schooner; bunting is flying in confusion from the rigging of the Commodore ship, moored at the entrance to the bay; union jacks float from every church spire of the little seaport town; a fast and stately steamer, specially engaged to accompany the match, hovers about with a fair gay crowd on board, the local band playing from the fore deck such tunes as "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Rule Britannia." The morning breeze has been piping up fresh, and promises to increase in strength. The captains of the competing vessels are much exercised as to what size of topsail to set, there being apparently, so far, no necessity for reefing. It wants but twenty minutes to the time for starting, yet each seems watching and waiting to see what his opponent will do. At last our own able skipper makes up his mind, and in a few minutes the crew is busily engaged in hoisting our balloon topsail, with its huge yard fifty feet in length; a work by no means easy when the weight of the spar and canvas, together with the fact that it has to be raised one hundred clear feet from the deck to the topmast head, is taken into consideration. "The breeze is always lighter here outside when it is from the northwest," says our captain in explanation, "and we will have it free all down the shore." The other vessels are following our example and soon balloon topsails are set on all of the fleet, that on our own boat sitting like a bit of cardboard. A glance through the binocular shows that there is some excitement on board the Commodore's boat, and as we rush past we can see the officer in charge with watch in hand by the side of the gunner, who with his hammer ready stands by the little four-pound brass swivel in order to strike the cap at the word of command. "Give us time from the flash," cries our captain. "There it goes."

As he speaks the crack of the first gun rings out, and we know that five minutes afterward to the very tick, we shall have the second, before the firing of which we must not cross the line. Our owner, who acts as timekeeper, holds a chronometer and calls off the minutes as they run, thus keeping check on the timekeeper on board of the Commodore ship while assisting our steersman in judging how he shall manœuvre his vessel so as to get a good position when the race commences. "One minute gone," he calls as we race up the bay in a direction straight away from the course we have to sail. "One gone, sir," repeats the captain, who has been casting his eyes anxiously round to observe the movements of his opponents, who are cat-like also watching his own. "Two minutes gone!" cries the timekeeper as we still hold on up the bay. "Two gone, sir." is the quiet answer to this, followed by the sharp command, "Stand by to go about; lee helm." Round she comes! With both hands he shoves the helm hard down, the bowsprit swings around till the head sails are in the wind; there is a heavy fluttering and flapping of canvas, a rattling sound of blocks and flicking sound of loose sheets, and then as the latter are hauled aft and belayed she fills again and goes off steaming down the weather shore for the line. "Three minutes gone, sir!" says our timekeeper. "Three gone," repeats the captain after him. "Burst the jibtopsail out smartly there, we must travel as fast as we can to catch the gun." As the flying jib, which has been fastened to the forestay by thin hanks of spun-yarn, is burst out by a hard pull at the sheet, our gallant vessel springs to the signal like a greyhound from the slips at Altcar, sending the white foam up in spurts from her lee shoulder, while the broken water snorts and hisses in the lee scupper, like escaping steam from the throttle valve of a locomotive engine. "Four minutes gone!" is called, and responded to in the same quiet manner; but as yet we are a considerable distance off the line, on the edge of which some of our opponents are hovering about so as not to be far off when the signal is given. What a mistake they made in doing this, they will soon find out. "Four minutes and a half gone," is the warning call. "All right," says our captain, looking not a little disappointed, however, as he sees our most formidable opponent, the largest of the cutters, close on our weather bow. "Quarter to go," "Ten seconds to go," cries our timekeeper excitedly, as midst the shouts of excited captains, the booming sound of loose canvas and the roar of rushing water like a Highland torrent in a spate from the stems of the competing vessels we charge through, getting the wad of the newly discharged starting gun almost across our bowsprits. Drawing his helm to him, our steersman tries to force his way through the lee of our opponent, who is so close to us that the foam from the bruised billows she occasionally catches under her fore foot lashes over us in showers of white spray, but in vain. Inch by inch she creeps up in the puffs, only to fall away in the lulls. Never disappointed our steersman tries again, and the jib-topsail has almost filled clear of that of our rival. Once that is effected we are through. We are almost certain of success, when all of a sudden we feel a scraping sensation beneath us, and the local pilot, who has up to now been very quiet, springs up and shoves the helm hard down, with the remark "No more away, captain, for any sake;" and just in time, for the sensation we feel is that of the boat's keel grating on the sand, and any moment might see us with mast, sails, and everything going over the bow in one huge entangled mass. Gradually we have been nearing the first mark-boat, and our captain resolves to try and get through our opponent's lee no longer, but makes preparations for the next stretch of the course, which is six miles dead to windward, and so giving promise of plenty of tacking. The square balloon topsail is hauled down smartly, and a three-cornered one without a yard, technically known as a jib header, hoisted in its stead, while the jibtopsail on the topmast stay is lowered and made fast ready for setting again (it cannot be used going to windward) by a man who sits stride legs on the bowsprit end. Round we swing at the stern of our rival, taking care not to foul the markboat, for if we even touch it we shall be out of the race, and with sails flat, the sheets having been hauled in, we hold on our original tack, our opponent standing off on the opposite one with the view of getting the early flood tide to assist her. Gradually we draw away from each other, and then we go about full two miles apart at the same time. Closer, and closer, and closer again we draw together, and the question arises which is first boat. We are on starboard tack, and she on port, and the rule of the road at sea will act in our favor if it comes to be a near thing. The distance between us lessens, "Can she cross us?" every one seems to ask of himself. "We have got her," says our captain confidently, as he sees our opponent's headsails commence to flutter as the helm is put down, and she goes off to starboard tack, while we make ready to go about, as the captain says, on the top of her—that is, well to windward—so as to keep her under our wing for a time.

In the third tack we weather our second markboat, and with our huge spinnaker on the port side dragging us along at a fearful pace, commence to run home to the Commodore, our opponent following, also with spinnaker set, and a water-sail carried under the mainsail. Faster than we are dead off the wind, she closes up on us gradually, and then, by the backing of our spinnaker and a slackening of our speed, we know that she has completely covered us and taken the wind out of our sails. As our canvas hangs limp she surges past, but we hold on in her wake, and at the Commodore she leads but by three-quarters of a minute as we start to do the second and finishing round. We have been allowed two and three-quarters for her superior size, and are hopeful; so, with the breeze still freshening, we go off in hard pursuit down the shore, with less-feared competitors close astern. In the showers the wind blows harder, and goes more into the northwest, so that we have less tacking to windward. We round the boatmark and set our head for the Commodore, just exactly a quarter of a minute within her time allowance, and we have to keep inside that in order to secure the prize. In the hardening breeze we have had to lower our topsail; but our opponent still carries hers, and our captain seems sorely perplexed as to what to do, for our own gallant little vessel appears to have as much as she can carry. Close up to the windward sit the crew with scarlet cowls against the rail, looking like red-combed sea birds cowering under a sheltering shelf of rock. To windward the sea is a mixture of foam and spindrift, and we are in hopes that one of the shower-laden squalls will bring down our opponent's topsail, topmast, and all.

But no! the showers pass and the wind rather softens. Questions seem to be passing every now and then between the eyes of the crew and the eyes of the captain, and the former seem to be glancing aloft appealingly. Their request is answered by an upward jerk of his thumb, and the remark, "Give it her!" In less than half a minute the jib-headed topsail is hoisted above the mainsail, and the little ship struggles gamely, the captain sometimes speaking to her and cheering her on, as if she were really a thing of life. Soon the flash of the gun tells us that our opponent has crossed the winning-line, and our timekeeper commences to count off the time, and two and three-quarter minutes allowed. The two minutes pass as slowly as if they were months on a bed of sickness, and yet we are still with buckling topmast and straining stays singing in the wind, ploughing the green water. The half minute, too, had gone, but the helm is shoved hard up, and as we gibe over, the flash of a second gun informs us we have won a good race, after forty-eight miles' hard sailing. Such is, possibly, but a fair description of an average day's racing in a modern yacht.

The sport is not without incident and healthy excitement, and worthy of encouragement. Business men, we know, are often called upon to cross the English or Irish Channels or the Atlantic, on very short notice, and all who have been yachting in their youth must rejoice in their experience when they see their fellow passengers writhing under the dreaded *mal de mer*, the only one remedy for seasickness being a love of the sea acquired in boyhood. The yacht-racing man, as a rule, is a good swimmer, and being accustomed to such unrehearsed effects as a sudden immersion at times with his clothes on, possesses that confidence and nerve which the fancy swimmer of smooth water in ponds and baths lacks. He enjoys his Channel passages and ocean voyages to the full; in shipwrecks or collisions he is cool and collected, and able to assist in launching or in managing the boats, and at home at his fireside he reads with an intelligence and appreciation he could not have otherwise possessed, descriptions of maritime disasters and feats of bravery by seamen. Sea stories have for him a fresh charm, and he can readily detect the difference between the swinging sea roll-like style of the expert and the pinchbeck "starboard-bowsprit" nonsense of the lady novelist who has never been out of sight of land. He loves, too, to look at the sea pictures of the olden time, when British seamen, with death raging all round them, would lay down their cutlasses at the word of command, and with both hands at the halliards and eyes aloft, obey the orders of the sailing master as coolly as if in harbor, while their comrades on the yards shook out their reef-points as if totally unconscious that they were the marks of picked riflemen below.—*T. Dykes in Fortnightly Review, August*, 1885.

THE AMERICA CUP RACES.

IT was generally expected last week that by to-day two races of the series would have been sailed, and that though the Cup had not yet changed ownership, the relative powers of the boats would be better known and each of them would be credited with one race. On the contrary, in spite of two trials no race has yet been made, and while Puritan displayed wonderful ability in Monday's sail, the final result is still in doubt. Twice have the yachts come to the line off the Scotland Lightship, once failing to sail the course in seven hours and the second race ending in a disastrous foul on the line, necessitating a delay of several days. Both failures are unfortunate, as they are apt to try the patience of the crews, while a large number of persons who have come from a distance to see the race, have been obliged to return without doing so. On Sunday both yachts lay off Tompkinsville, Genesta at anchor and the Puritan in the American Docks, where she was officially measured. The dimensions and elements of the two yachts are:

	Puritan.	Genesta.
Length over all	98ft.	96ft. 5in.
Length on waterline	81ft. 1½in.	81ft. 7½in.
Extreme beam	22ft. 7in.	15ft.
Extreme draft	8ft. 5in.	18ft. 6in.
Depth of hold		11ft. 9in.
Displacement, tons	105	150
Ballast on keel, tons	27	70
Ballast inside, tons	20	2
Ballast, total, tons	47	72
Rates of ballast to displacement	.45	.48
Tonnage, Y. R. A. rule	140	80
Racing length, N. Y. Y. C. rule	88.85ft.	83.05ft.
Mast, deck to bounds	60ft.	52ft
Mast, heel to cap	78ft.	77ft. 10in.
Mast, diameter in partners	17in.	14in.
Topmast, fid to sheave	44ft.	44ft. 6in.
Bowsprit, outboard	38ft.	33ft. 6in.
Boom, length	76ft.	70ft.
Boom, diameter	14in.	
Gaff	47ft.	46ft.
Spinnaker boom	62ft.	64ft.
Sail area, by rule	7,082ft.	7,387ft.
Topmast block to deck	10.2ft. 1½in.	97ft. 2½in.
Bowsprit to boom end	144ft. 7in.	140ft. 6in.

The difference of .8ft. is equal to an allowance of 31 seconds from Puritan to Genesta on a 40 mile course, making practically a race on waterline length and disposing of the rubbish about rules made to favor the cutter that was current last winter.

About 1 o'clock Puritan got under way, there being very little wind, and crossed the bay to Fort Lafayette, where she hung motionless for some time. An hour later Genesta also lifted her anchor and sailed for the Hook, going down slowly through the Narrows against the young flood. Once outside the boats met and a brush ensued between them for a few minutes. The entire bay was covered with steam and sailing yachts bound down or up, the latter making little headway in the light air. The racers continued down to the Horseshoe, where they found a large fleet already at anchor waiting for the next day's race.

Monday morning promised little in the way of wind, a light air from the north stirring at first, while a thin haze lay over the city and bay. As usual, the tug E. Luckenbach was engaged as committee boat, and on board were Messrs. J. F. Tams and C. H. Stebbins of the Committee, Mr. Daniel Appleton, of the Eastern Y. C., and Mr. L. P. Bayard, of the Seawanhaka C Y. C., both of the latter gentlemen assisting the Committee. A few members of the New York Y. C. and a number of newspaper men were also on board. The tug steamed down, calling at Staten Island, and then running on to the Hook. On the way vessels of all descriptions were passed, tugs from New York, Boston, New London, and other points about the Sound and Hudson, little launches, graceful steamers, the Empire State from Boston, the Taurus with the N. Y. Y. C. members on board, the awkward Kill von Kull, as big and high as a modern city block, the dismal and ancient Wm. Fletcher and dozens of others. Besides these the steam yachts, half a dozen Stilettoes, apparently, as the peculiar black and white hull was hardly noticed in one place before the same streak of foam with three masts popped up in an entirely opposite quarter. In and out among the fleet she twisted and turned, greeted with cheers and steam whistles. Steaming along in a more stately and dignified manner was the long, black Nourmahal, the stylish Amy, Atalanta, Electra, Corsair, Stranger and the entire fleet of New York steam yachts, with others from Boston, while under the Oswego Y. C. flag was the Ruth with Vice-Com. Condé and his family on board.

Sailing craft were present in equal numbers, yachts, pilot boats, working vessels, all bound on one errand, almost the only exception being a fleet of a dozen oyster sloops working out of the Narrows for their grounds in Princess Bay. Below, inside the Hook, was a wonderful sight, the low sandy point hidden by the fleet of vessels, whose masts were closer and more numerous than telegraph poles on Broadway. Such a turnout has never been seen on the bay before, as in the famous Cambria races there was no steam yacht fleet at all, and so one marked feature of Monday's display was missing. First among them all were the two racers, Puritan with a dull coating of black up to the gold streak which the white bulwark marked out sharply her sheer, and Genesta, with red and black flag at masthead and a smaller one down on the leach of her mainsail. The Boston boat was already in tow of the tug Luther C. Ward, and a line was passed from the Luckenbach to Genesta, and both started out for Scotland Lightship with the entire fleet in company. There was absolutely no sea, the veriest tubs and the smallest launches ventured out with impunity, and all were soon lying idle about the Lightship without any wind to speak of, the little that there was at times being from the south and east. From 11 to 1 the tedious wait continued; but at the latter hour there came up a light breeze from southeast, and the Committee resolved to start the race. The course, southeast, was given to both yachts, and the Ward, with Mr. Olsen in charge, and the big mark float aboard, started out, towing a log on each quarter. As soon as she was well away, at 1:30 P. M., the preparatory whistle sounded. The tug lay about 300yds. east of Scotland Lightship, the fleet being scattered in all directions, leaving a narrow lane to the southeast. When the whistle was blown at 1:35, Genesta was directly above the line standing slowly for it on port tack, while Puritan was further to the eastward and reaching along with freer wind. Both carried lower sails with small clubtopsails and jibtopsails. At first it seemed as though Genesta would lead across; but she moved quite slowly, while Puritan came reaching along at a pace and rushed by her astern, rounded the judges' boat at the east end of the line, and crossing on port tack, staying as soon as she was well over and standing out to sea. Genesta, meanwhile, coming directly down for the line on port tack, stayed just above it, and when on starboard tack reached along the line for some distance, only crossing it 37s. after the last gun. The times were:

Puritan.....1 35 55 Genesta.....1 37 37

Thus the latter had a handicap of 37sec., or 0sec. more than her time allowance, and as Puritan started 1min. 5sec. ahead of her, Genesta must finish within 58sec. of her to win the race. The first leg took them to the north of Sandy Hook Lightship, right out into the Atlantic. Puritan had made a big gain at the start and was now about 200yds. directly to windward of Genesta, both boats pointing nearly the same, and for the time footing equally. All about the two yachts on every side were the accompanying vessels, making a wonderful water pageant. The Gallia was sighted bound in, and some speculation was indulged in as to what her passengers would think of the procession; whether they would not imagine that all America was bound abroad, deserting the country entirely. In spite of the numbers present the yachts were not seriously incommoded, though one steamer, the Eliza Hancox, insisted on running dangerously near them in spite of the requests and protests of the committee. At one time the huge Kill von Kull took the wind of the Puritan and later on the fleet steamed through Genesta's weather, but no harm was done and no complaints made by the yachtsmen. At intervals during the race carrier pigeons with messages attached were sent away, carrying news to an evening paper.

The sailing was even for a short time, but Genesta was to leeward and her skipper started to lift her to a better position. At 1:55:30 she made a tack, coming about like a top, in a manner that astonished and shocked the friends of the American boat. Hardly was there a flutter in her headsails before she was over and away with her bow now heading further to the south. Puritan was not long in following, but did not come about so quickly, leaving her adversary still to leeward. Within a minute of the time she left the first or port tack, Genesta was about a second time and heading in the original direction, with Puritan about again a d to windward. All was done in a twinkling, two tacks made by each yacht and they were back in their original positions with little change. Genesta was undoubtedly quicker in staying, but Puritan had begun to outfoot her. The wind was very light, but steady, filling Puritan's sails at all times and not coming in puffs. The water throughout the race was perfectly smooth, neither boat having much motion. While it was dubbed a cutter day, it was not one of those variable winds, now light and now a calm, that shows the weight and momentum of the cutter to advantage; neither was there sea enough to roll the wind out of the wide boat's sails, but the latter had a steady breeze, such as it was, that kept her canvas drawing nicely all day. After sailing for an hour on the original tack the only difference noticeable was that the distance between the two boats, still side by side, had widened to nearly three-eighths of a mile. Both were pointing very evenly and Puritan was slowly moving ahead, while holding well to windward. At 3:08 Genesta again tacked, followed by Puritan, but the narrow boat was still far to leeward. Keeping a good full she stood in shore but still gained nothing. Matters were enlivened for a time by a brush between the schooners Montauk and America having a little race between themselves, in which the former went through the latter's lee. Gen. Butler had addressed a polite note to the committee asking that the America might be allowed to sail over the course and that her time might be taken, but they were obliged to deny his request. By 5 P. M. a part of the fleet were gathered near the tug Luther C. Ward which had thrown out the flag buoy. Several miles to the north the two yachts were slowly working along, the wind being now so light that it was very evident that the race could not be finished in time. After waiting until 6:30 the tug steamed back to Puritan and declared the race off, and then ran on to Genesta, passing her a line and starting home. Running at a speed of about 10 miles, the tug was 4m. in reaching Genesta after leaving Puritan, which would make the distance about ⅔ of a mile between them. The Ward took Puritan in tow, and both steamed slowly for the city. Nearly all the excursion boats had returned, and the ocean was quiet and calm with no sign of the crowds that had disturbed it through the day. Inside the Hook both boats were dropped, and the Luckenbach ran on up, reaching Pier 3 shortly after midnight. While the race was really no race, it served to show that in smooth water and a light breeze, the wide boat could beat the narrow boat to windward.

The race was called for the next day, and on Tuesday morning the Luckenbach steamed off again, calling at Staten Island, and then hurried down to the Hook.

The weather was very like that of Wednesday, but there was a little more wind in the early morning and a little roll outside. The fleet of the day before was not present, there being two of the iron steamboats, some steam yachts and tugs. Both the yachts started out from the Hook under sail, and at 11 A. M. all were at the Lightship. The Luckenbach was anchored to the east of the ship about 300yds., the Ocean King with Mr. S. B. Lippincott and Steward Olsen had started for the outer mark, 30 miles S.S.E. Genesta, under club topsail, stood along on port tack some distance to leeward of the line, at 11:32 when the whistle sounded, while Puritan, also on port tack, was much nearer the line, but well to the eastward and at a distance from Genesta. The latter held her port tack until just to leeward of the Lightship and as far as she well could go, then she tacked and stood squarely down on starboard tack for the line. Puritan was still far away when Genesta went on starboard tack, but continued along the starting line on port tack, evidently working for a weather position if possible. Genesta had come up so close to the Lightship that there was barely open water between them as viewed from the tug, and it seemed that the only course for Puritan was to stay under her lee bow, or else to bear up and cross before gunfire. Neither of these suited the Boston skipper, but to the astonishment of all the spectators he held his course and rammed his ship into the rapidly lessening gap between Genesta and the Lightship. For a moment Puritan's lofty canvas closed out like a white curtain the view of Genesta, and all held their breath. Then came a clear sharp crash that boded ill to one or both, a moment later the end of Genesta's bowsprit was seen through Puritan's mainsail close down on the boom, a rip of canvas, a big hole in the sail, a final crash, and the big cutter swung into view as she payed off under Puritan's stern, her handsome bowsprit in the water under her stern, and nothing over the bows but a broken fibres like a worn out broom. The spar was broken off just outside the gammon iron, the splendid quality of the stick, of Oregon pine, being shown by the long splintered fracture. The copper bobstay bar, 1½in., was bent nearly to the shape of a fish hook, and the chain plate of the port bowsprit shroud was broken short off.

The timekeeper had his hand on the cord to blow the whistle as Puritan hid Genesta from view, but did not blow it, as it was seen at once Genesta was disabled. Puritan sailed alongside the judges' boat and Mr. Forbes asked for instructions whether they should sail over the course alone, to which Mr. Tams replied with a very emphatic negative. The tug next steamed up to Genesta, whose crew were busy clearing away the wreck and getting the bowsprit on board. The first question from the cutter was as to the limit of time in which a protest could be lodged, to which Dr. Woodbury, after consulting with the Committee, answered, "Three o'clock on Wednesday." Mr. Webb proposed to hail a tug, but Mr. Tams offered to tow Genesta up. The tug withdrew, and the Committee held a further consultation, after which they hailed Genesta again.

Mr. Tams announced that they had ruled Puritan out and that Genesta would be allowed to sail over the course, claiming the race if made in 7 hours. Mr. Roosevelt Schuyler asked whether time would be allowed to rig a spinnaker boom as a bowsprit and then to start with a 7-hour limit, but Sir Richard Sutton interrupted the parley by thanking Mr. Tams and stating that he desired a race and not a walkover. The Luckenbach took Genesta in tow and brought her up to her old anchorage and then continued up to Poillon's yard with the broken spar. Mr. Webb and Captain Carter accompanied the tug, and after some trouble selected a stick of yellow pine. The workmen turned to at once, and worked all night so that the bowsprit, a very pretty stick, was ready by Wednesday afternoon. At 3 o'clock it was taken away on a tug. The weight of the old stick was 1,736 pounds; that of the new one is 2,000 pounds.

The outside race will be sailed on Friday and the New York course on Monday, the third race being on Wednesday. The owners of the Puritan visited the committee off Staten Island and expressed their regret for the occurrence, acknowledging that the blame rested entirely with their boat. They also sent a note to Sir Richard Sutton, offering to bear the cost of all repairs. The arrangements as to time and course for Friday are the same as published for last Monday's race.

THE EASTERN Y. C. CRUISE.

AFTER reaching Newport on Aug. 31, the fleet lay at anchor for a day. Phantom had a new jibboom fitted in place of the one lost on Monday, off Sekonnet. The schooner Gitana, Rear Com. W. F. Weld, joined the fleet in the afternoon. On Wednesday there was a strong breeze from the northwest, and the fleet was promptly under way, carrying single reefs all around. Beating out of the harbor, the yachts were off Beaver Tail at 11 A. M., and at 11:10 the starting signal was given from the flagship, the following yachts starting in the scrub race to New London: Meta, Addie, Rebecca, Tioga, Clara, Huron, Thetis, Stranger, Phantom, Foam, Gitana, Fortuna, Mohican and Sylvie.

The wind allowed them to lay a course for Point Judith, and they were soon strung out, Phantom, Meta and Fortuna leading, followed by Thetis, Addie, Huron, Clara and Gitana. Thetis, with jib and staysail in place of the single jib with a club which she carried in the spring, was leaving the fleet at 12:30, with Huron, Clara, Fortuna and Stranger in order astern. The wind held strong and Thetis continued in advance, leading Fortuna by 23min. at Fisher's Island, while Clara was third boat, 30min. astern of the leader. Phantom had again lost her jibboom, and Huron had parted her throat halliards, but both repaired damages and continued.

At New London Thetis was timed at 3:52:50, Fortuna 4:19:30, Clara 4:20:10, and Gitana 4:37:45. This would make Clara 27min. 20sec. behind Thetis, but it must be remembered that the latter is 64ft. on waterline with 19ft. beam and 8ft. 3in. draft, while Clara is only 53ft. waterline by 9ft. beam. The sloop's performance was excellent all day, but the strong wind is what is wanted as was shown by her races in New York this spring. With the change in her head rig since then she is going much better. The full times of the fleet on the run from Newport to New London were:

	Start	Finish.	Elapsed.
Thetis	11 10 30	3 52 50	4 42 20
Fortuna	11 10 30	4 19 30	5 09 00
Clara	11 10 30	4 20 10	5 09 40
Gitana	11 10 30	4 37 45	5 27 15
Stranger	11 10 30	4 42 45	5 32 15
Phantom	11 10 30	4 42 50	5 32 20
Foam	11 10 30	4 59 40	5 49 10
Huron	11 10 30	5 07 28	5 56 58
Silvie	11 10 30	5 09 10	5 58 40
Rebecca	11 10 30	5 17 30	6 07 00
Addie	11 10 30	5 27 02	6 16 32
Mohican	11 10 30	5 43 20	6 32 50
Meta	11 10 30	5 52 15	6 41 45

In the evening a meeting was held, at which it was determined to run for Huntington, about 70 miles, on Thursday. The wind was light in the morning, and an early start was made, the yachts drifting for some time near Bartlett's Reef lightship. After a time a light breeze came from southeast, shifting finally to southwest and blowing fresher, Stranger and Clara were now ahead, Thetis being sixth boat. Shortly after noon the wind came harder, and Stranger took in her topsail, while Thetis stowed her balloon jib and Fortuna lost the clew of her jibtopsail, having to take in the sail entirely.

At 1 P. M. the order of the leaders was: Stranger, Fortuna, Clara and Thetis, but a little later the latter took third place, and soon after she passed Stranger, now astern of Fortuna. Gitana was now coming up and made a bid for second place, leaving Thetis third. At 4 P. M. Fortuna was off Oldfield Point, with Gitana next. An hour later both reached the anchorage at Huntington Bay, the times of finish being:

Fortuna	5 38 33	Stranger	6 42 40
Gitana	5 52 25	Meta	6 43 02
Dreadnaught	6 01 32	Foam	6 55 00
Phantom	6 11 49	Tempest	7 00 13
Thetis	6 11 56	Addie	7 03 06
Sylvie	6 30 10	Mohican	7 08 13

Clara continued on to New York and was not timed. On Friday the fleet sailed down to New York, with a very light wind, and anchored off Bay Ridge, a few of the boats going over to Staten Island.

OSHKOSH Y. C. REGATTA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual regatta of the Oshkosh Y. C. was sailed yesterday. At the start there was quite a fresh breeze blowing from the northwest, and the race was very exciting. There were six boats entered in the race, three in the second class and three in the third class. The yachts in the second class were Carrie Morgan, Hattie and Pinafore, of Fond du Lac; third class, Mary, Sylvia, Fond du Lac. The prizes, second class, champion pennant and $15; second prize, $15; third prize, $10. In the third class, champion pennant and $10 first prize; second prize, $5.

The Hattie took the pennant and first prize in second class, and the Mary took pennant and first prize in third class. The course was a triangular course of six miles twice around; the race was sailed according to the Seawanhaka Y. C. rules. The Sylvia in actual sailing, beat the Mary 1m. and 18s., but had to allow the Mary 3m. and 24s.

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.
Hattie	2 16 20	4 27 30
Pinafore	2 17 40	4 50 40
Carrie Morgan	2 19 00	4 40 00

THIRD CLASS.

Sylvia	2 24 38	3 50 50
Mary	2 24 40	3 52 00
Cat	2 24 40	3 56 00

Third class sailed once around. The Hattie is cutter rigged and the Carrie is what we call a skimmer. The Carrie at Fond du Lac, two weeks ago, beat the Hattie 3½sec. in a heavy wind and sea. Another season I think that there will be more interest taken in yachting. There are several new steam yachts on the lake this season and there will be four more built this coming winter.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Sept. 5. GEO. M. HASBROUCK, Sec. Oshkosh Y. C.

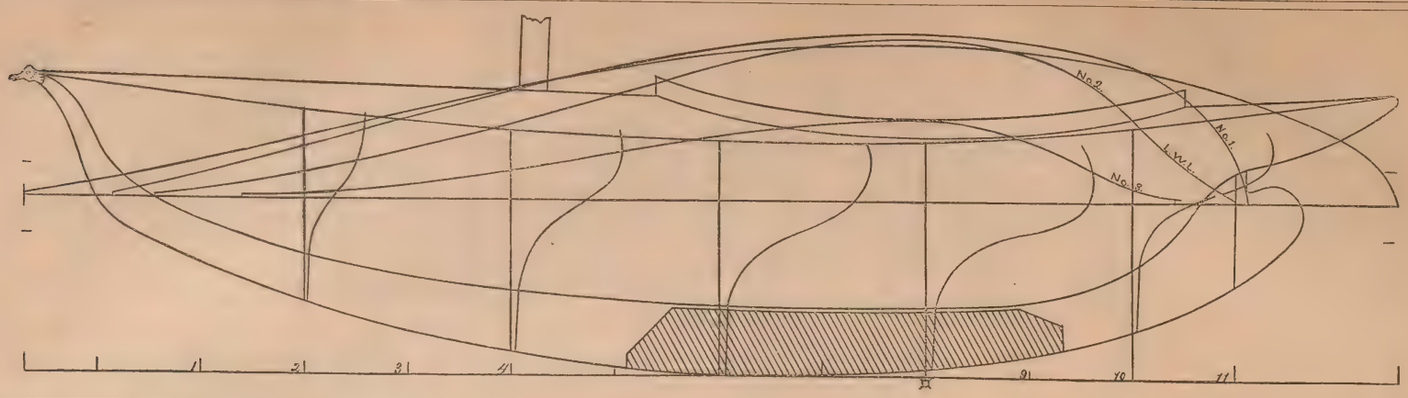
PURITAN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a firm upholder of the centerboard yacht, I rise in reply to the manifestly unfair remarks of "Loyalty" on Puritan as "the representative American sloop." The gentleman so signing takes the ground that Puritan is a cutter in disguise because of her two jibs, her stern and the fact that one-half the ballast she carries is beneath her hull, while at the same time he utterly ignores the fact that her ballast, in its entirety, weighs but half as much as Genesta's. Yes, Puritan wisely carries two jibs, for the very good reason that one jib on so large a sloop would be unmanageable and difficult to trim to the correct angle. Well, old Gracie, our typical "skimming dish" of other days, sported with double head sail years before cutter Madge came and taught our over-languid yachtsmen a lesson in machine racing, then wisely retired and has remained in retirement ever since. Nobody called Gracie a cutter. Puritan carries some of her weight "low down." Unhappily this is true, and I fully agree with the editor (see late issue of FOREST AND STREAM) that she would be a better sea boat with all her ballast stowed inside. But this certainly does not make a cutter of her, for the writer distinctly remembers that some thirty years ago a few American sloops and schooners tried this low weight experiment, then discarded the thing as a speed killer. Concerning Puritan's stern, I must candidly admit I am ashamed of it, for here, clearly, there has been an attempt to flatter Cousin John. Probably because her designer had a dim notion that Genesta would see more of that ugly fantail than any other part. To-day I enjoyed the treat of a good look at Puritan on the drydock, and how or why any unprejudiced person can call her a cutter in shape is strange. FOREST AND STREAM says she has a plumb stem. Allow me to correct the mistake. There is no approach to a plumb about it, but there is considerable rake, as well as very nearly the curve which will be seen in all the stems of Herreshoff's yachts. Cutters have great draft of water. Puritan is, for her size, a light draft sloop, unless we class among the deep ones such boats as old champion Julia, Arrow, Orion, Vixen, Sadie and Shadow. Ah yes, Shadow, the only sloop which fairly beat Madge. This reminds me to thank "Loyalty" for calling her a "full-blooded American sloop." The gentlemen responsible for Puritan are also old friends of Shadow, and as a natural result, Puritan may be considered Shadow's big daughter. The family likeness cannot be mistaken by one who sailed a Herreshoff sloop for twelve years, namely—THOMAS CLAPHAM (Roslyn, L. I., Sept. 4).

GENESTA IN THE DRYDOCK.—On last Thursday morning Genesta towed up to the Erie Basin, and about 10 o'clock was floated into the smaller dock, which, by the way, is 510ft. long and 125ft. wide on top. The keel blocks had been prepared in advance to fit the rocker of her keel, and she was lined on them and shored with four shores from each side of the dock. Her crew were afloat, six on a raft and five on a scow, each party having a tub of oxalic acid and water mixed with sand. Starting at the bow, the raft on one side and the scow on the other, all hands scrubbed away with brooms at the copper, going aft as the work proceeded. When the stern was reached the water was lowered in the dock about a foot, and the crews started back, scrubbing as they went. On each trip the water was lowered, until by afternoon the dock was dry and the entire body of the cutter was exposed to view. A large crowd lined the side of the dock and descended as soon as it was dry to inspect the bottom. The copper was very clean, as she had been docked late in April, and the plates below the lead keel was torn off in places. Several imperfect sheets on the sides were replaced by new. The most striking features of the hull are the raking sternpost and low bilges. The keel, which is well rockered, is quite short, while the sternpost rises at an angle of 45 degrees, the rudder being very deep but narrow. The bilge is dropped very low, but the bulk is so distributed as to make a very fair body both amidships and at the ends. On Friday morning the dock was filled and the yacht towed down to her anchorage, where she was measured by Mr. John W. Wilson, and at 2 P. M. on Sunday she sailed down to the Horseshoe, her owner having joined her on Saturday.

QUICK RUNS OVER THE NEW YORK COURSE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find in your last week's issue that in referring to the Puritan's quick run over the N. Y. Y. C. course, 3.52.37, you state that "The elapsed time is with one exception the best made over the course, the Montauk in 1882 doing it in 3.52.17, or 20sec. faster than Puritan." These and other quick runs over this course have been frequently referred to by local chroniclers, but I do not remember to have seen any notice of the run made by Livonia when racing with Columbia, Oct. 19, 1871; and in view of the possibility, and even probability, considering the superior rig and excellence of the craft to compete next week, that all previous records may be eclipsed, it may be well to call attention to the run of Livonia. Her time was 3.53.5, or 48sec. more than Montauk's and 28sec. more than Puritan's. If, however, I am not greatly mistaken, the Livonia sailed over a course about a nautical mile and an eighth longer than Montauk's, and Livonia's time is consequently several minutes faster than that of any other yacht. Livonia, as I am informed by a participator in the race of Oct. 19, 1871, started from opposite Stapleton and returned to finish at the same point. Montauk started further up the bay, near Buoy 18, but finished outside the Narrows, off Buoy 15. Any one who will take the trouble to measure these distances will find the difference as I have stated it. It is somewhat singular that in noting the quick runs made over this course that of Livonia should have received no notice.—J. H. (New York, Sept. 4).

OPEN BOATS ON THE DELAWARE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth of a series of races, taking place every other Tuesday from Cooper's Point, Camden, came off on Aug. 25. From 18 entries the following boats got away at 2:45, all being of the 15ft. class: Cook, Metz, Allmond, Wilkins, Henshaw, Russell and Conrad. During the forenoon the heat was oppressive, wind light from southwest, shifting just before the start to northeast, which increased to almost a gale, with hail squalls. It was a hard fight, dead to windward through a nasty chop sea. The Allmond and Wilkins, steadied by iron low down, made tolerable good weather, however, until reaching the upper end of Petty's Island, the turning point at Willow Grove, here the water was picked up and sent in flying spray far over the pavilion. It was just here the desperate fight ended in fact, between the two boats, the Wilkins succeeding in weathering the point, the Allmond passing around a few minutes after. They fairly flew before the wind and strong ebb tide, arriving at the home stakeboat, Wilkins 3:54:30, Allmond 4:01:43, the only boats that succeeded in going over the course. The Wilkins (new) has won every race she has been engaged in (four) and will sell any boat of her length for $100. Live ballast and sand has received another black eye. It was an ugly day for open boats of any size to be under sail. Even the 28ft. boats refused to start. The Conrad swamped and went out of the race after making one hank to windward.—R. G. W.

TORONTO Y. C.—The race from Toronto to Niagara on Aug. 29 was very successful, as there was a good sailing breeze. At 11 A. M. the fleet of seven yachts—Cygnet, Oriole, Aileen, Condor, Alarm, Winona and Verve—started over the line, all but Cygnet being handicapped. The course was to windward for the entire distance, and the cutters worked steadily away from the sloops. Oriole (schooner) finished at 3:15, her time being 4.09.30. Aileen was second, 4.33, and Verve third, 4.59. Verve takes second prize on time. A hop was given at the Queen's Royal Hotel in the evening, at which all the yachtsmen were present. On the same day a race was sailed by the open boats Mischief and Meteor, with shifting ballast, anchor start. At 2:30 the gun sent them away under spinnakers for Queen's Wharf, where they were timed: Meteor 2:40:30, Mischief 2:40:33. On the wind out to the spar buoy Meteor gained, and both were timed: Meteor 2:55:30, Mischief 2:56:15. Meteor was so strained that she leaked very badly, but still she gained, finishing at 3:59:30, with Mischief 4.30 later. Meteor will have to be strengthened and repaired.



LARCHMONT Y. C. PENNANT REGATTA.—The fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on Saturday last in a light breeze from the northeast, 11 yachts starting over the club course. The breeze died out entirely later on and it rained for a time, the race being a mere drift. The times of the yachts that finished were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
JIB AND MAINSAIL BOATS.				
Mimic	11 43 00	5 05 40	5 22 40	5 22 40
CATBOATS.				
Fairy	11 42 21	5 00 40	5 18 19	5 16 32
Cruiser	11 43 00	5 04 47	5 21 47	5 17 41
Orienta	11 43 00	5 04 00	5 21 00	5 19 30
Ada	11 41 48	5 04 20	5 22 32	5 22 32
Nozli	11 43 00	5 26 08	5 43 08	5 33 03

Fairy wins the pennant in her class. Gannet won in hers, beating Nora, but was not timed.

IS IT REALLY "QUITE ENGLISH YOU KNOW?"—The daily papers that are making such a cry over the "exclusiveness" of Genesta in declining all scrub races and docking in Brooklyn instead of New York, might easily have found another target for their remarks nearer home. The committee to whom was intrusted the construction of Priscilla started with the assumption that what they were doing was nobody's business but their own, and have acted on it ever since, withholding as far as possible all information concerning the yacht, and declining to let reporters aboard when under sail, while the boat was kept out of the way as far as possible until actually started on the cruise. All this may not be "English exclusiveness," but merely a sham American makebelieve; but whatever it is, it was entirely out of place, and not in accordance with American ideas, and in view of it the less said about Genesta the better.

MISSING MARK BUOYS.—Providence, R. I., Sept. 1.—The courses for a sailing regatta are laid out from the latest Government chart, with directions to turn a given striped buoy. During the race it is discovered that the striped buoy has been replaced by a black one. A certain boat loses the race in consequence of losing time looking for the striped buoy. What is the duty of the judges in this case? [The judges should order the race to be resailed if in their judgment the protesting yacht was actually hindered by the change in buoys. If all round the same mark promptly, even though it is not the one specified, the race should stand.]

WAS HE CORRECT?—Two gentlemen were walking down Nassau street one day last week, when one stopped the other in front of a store window in which some photos were displayed. "There," said he, "I'll show you what an English cutter is, see that straight stem, and that long thin overhanging stern? See the tall topmast and the forestay with a jib on it and the other jib set without any stay, and the round bowsprit, that's a cutter." The name at the bottom of the picture was "Puritan."

CORINTHIAN Y. C.—Marblehead, Sept. 2.—Sail off for championship pennant of second class centerboards:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Dash, A. S. Browne	20.01	1 14 53	1 08 49
Delphine, F. J. Bradlee	20.10	1 17 03	1 11 34

Dash holds the pennant for the season.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

FIXTURES.

Sept. 19—N. Y. C. C. Regatta, off New Brighton.
Sept. 26—Jersey City Y. C., Canoe Race.
Sept. 26—K. C. C. Open Regatta, 155th street, North River.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

BROOKLYN C. C. REGATTA.

THE closing regatta of the Brooklyn Canoe and Sailing Club was set for Saturday the 5th inst., at which time Sailing Class B, Paddling Class III., Tandem and Upset races were to be held. The rain storm which raged at the time spoiled the day's sport, and the paddling races were postponed. The sailing race for Class B, the first competition on the programme, was started in a drizzle, but the committee hoped from the clouds' quick motion that the weather would clear up before the race was over. It did not, but shortly after the signal to start was given, the rain poured down, and he was indeed unlucky who had forgotten his oilskins.

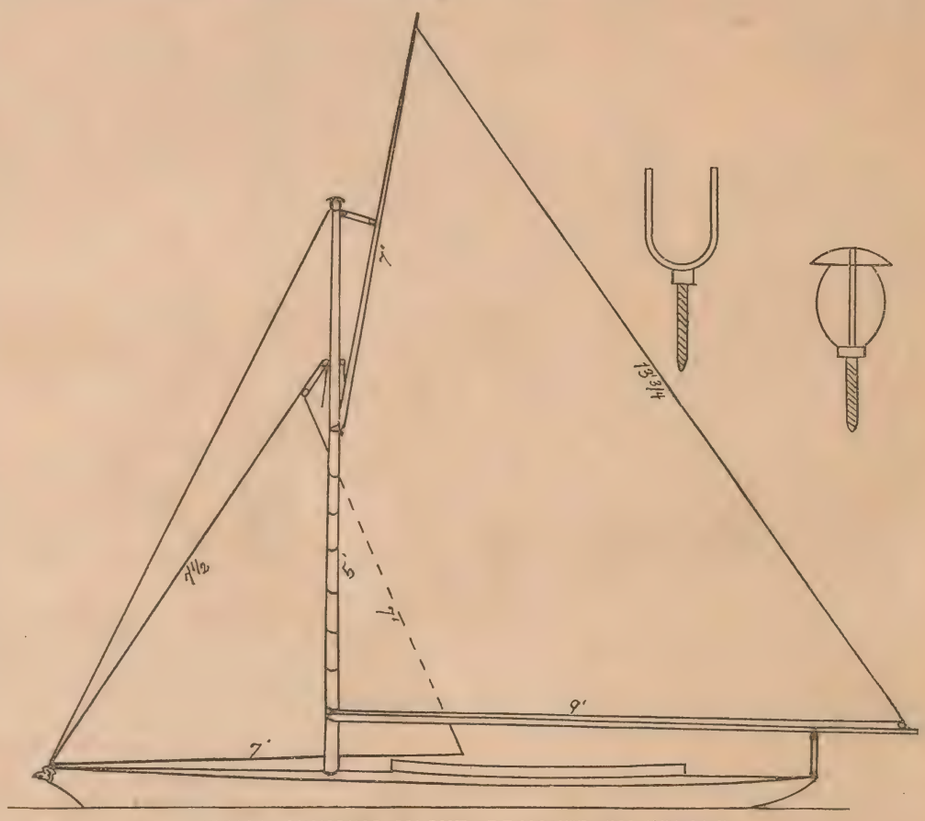
At 4 o'clock P. M., the sailing race was called with the following entries: Freak, C. V. R. Schuyler; Minx, M. V. Brokaw; Jennie D., A. R. Dunnell; Slipalong, Charles Gould; Tip Top, R. J. Wilkin.

All got away well together, the Jennie D. and Tip Top a little behind the others, and all went off on the port tack to the turning mark, a sloop anchored about a mile distant. The Freak and Minx held close together and turned about on the starboard tack almost at one time, the former in advance, and these two passed the sloop and ran under full sail for the home stake. The Slipalong lost considerably by making three short tacks, but went around third, followed by Tip Top and Jennie D. The Freak won, with Minx second and the Slipalong, Tip Top and Jennie D. came in in the order named.

No other races were called, and the members and friends then adjourned to the Shattuck House on the hill back of the club house and partook of a light repast. The bad weather spoiled what had promised to be a very enjoyable day; but in the evening at the boat house with songs, pipes, tobacco and ginger ale, the "Alligators" passed a jolly hour.

The regular monthly meeting of the club will be held on Tuesday, the 8th inst., when four new members will be elected, making a total membership of 23.

THE TIPPY CANOE CLUB OF CHICAGO.—This club, organized two years ago, now numbers eighteen members. We are indebted to the purser, Mr. A. W. Kitchin, for the following list: Captain, D. H. Crane; Mate, W. M. Dunham; Purser, A. W. Kitchin; officers and executive committee, R. P. McCune, P. F. Munger, G. M. Munger, F. H. Waters, W. H. Rockwood, H. S. Wells, L. J. Marks, H. A. Foss, C. F. Matteson, J. B. Keogh, B. W. Wood, E. S. Sweep, R. M. Morris, C. H. Sargent, H. M. Johnson. Boat house on the lake shore, foot of Thirty-ninth street. Regular monthly meetings the last Thursday in the month. Regular annual meeting the first Thursday in January.



SMALL CRUISING YACHT, DESIGNED BY "DEJA."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A CANOE.

THE accompanying drawing and description refer to the cruising boat mentioned by our correspondent "Deja," in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 9, as superior to the canoe. The following is the designer's description of his craft:

There is a fortune in store for the man who will revive the art of constructing boats and canoes out of gutta percha. It is the best, lightest, and most durable substance ever used. Next to it is white cedar, and when properly worked in the hands of a skillful builder it will be found an admirable substitute.

Judging by the light of my own experience, I would advise the amateur not to attempt the construction of his own ship, no matter how large or how small she may be. It is a trade, and requires not only a great many expensive tools, but infinite skill to produce anything like a satisfactory piece of work. Most of the builders through the country are as well able to outdo the uninitiated in this art as Burt is capable of surpassing the provincial cobbler in his.

The ribs should be of steel, punched every half inch. Streaks of white cedar, 1in. wide and 1/16in. thick, running full length. Decks of yellow pine, same dimensions, and finished in oil and varnish. Copper fastened throughout, and if provided with tarpauling to spread over the boom at night, the cruiser can always have a dry, clean and well-ventilated place to sleep, an item of priceless value on a long voyage through sparsely settled regions. She has depth and beam enough to afford ample stowage capacity for clothing and stores. Her principal dimensions are:

Over all	13ft.
Beam, extreme	3ft.
Depth, extreme	2 1/2ft.
Camber of deck	3in.
Draft	21in.
Ballast (on keel)	100lbs.
Length on L. W. L. (including rudder)	11 1/2ft.
Extreme beam on L. W. L.	3ft.
Depth inside	18in.

The keel should be of chestnut, 2in. thick on top, chamfered away on the bottom until just wide enough to receive a quarter-inch half-round steel shoe, put on with screws, except where it hits the lead, through which three copper bolts should extend to top of keel.

Her spars may be of spruce or yellow pine. I prefer the latter because of their superior lightness.

Mast, deck to truck	9 3/4ft.
Diameter at deck	3in.
At top	2in.
Gaff	7 1/2ft.
Diameter at throat	1in.
At peak	1/2in.
Boom	9 3/4ft.
Diameter at jaws	1 1/2in.
At block	1in.

The illustration of the truck shown at the masthead exhibits an invention of my own. The strapping can be made of wire by any good smith, and the truck can be turned out of black walnut. The under surface should be chipped out to receive the top of the block, so that, when the burrs are turned down on top, the whole is as solid as the top of the stick itself. To set it up properly use a small gimlet, with which bore into the masthead half the length of the thread, then dip the latter in oil or paint, and turn down carefully until the shoulder rests firmly on the summit of the mast. When in place the block ought to stand as shown in order that the halliards may lead clear fore and aft. This arrangement can be made any size, and canoeists are invited to try the experiment. I have used them for years and never had one break or get out of order. But to increase their durability they should be kept well painted, of suitable colors, black being most preferable. However, red or gilt are admissible.

The rig herewith is for cruising in open water. For racing, especially with two on board, a much larger area of sail can be used with out danger. In this article, however, I have addressed myself mainly to the canoeists just graduating from the paddles, who must learn by degrees. When, therefore, they wish to exhibit the full power of the trim little craft, they may spar and canvas her in accordance with the following rules, especially if they adopt the cutter rig, which I have found the best either for racing or cruising:

For every square foot of immersed midship section spread thirty-six square yards of plain sail. Topsails, jibs and kites to suit the fancy and the weather.

For mainmast, twice the beam added to the extreme depth, and topmast three-fifths of main. The Haggerty hoist is a capital invention, and can be used to advantage in all sailing canoes.

No hatch forward of the mast. Then it will not fall off and be lost, or suffer itself to be carried away by some boy. Anything stowed forward can be reached with the sculling oar or a boat hook, both of which should always be provided.

The best steering gear is the tiller, pure and simple. I learned to ship it under the deck after an adventure in swift water which came near costing me a long swim for my life. Passing through a narrow channel toward night, and sweeping round the elbow of an island on a current like a mill race, my tiller caught on a dry limb sticking out from a half overthrown tree, arresting the boat's career so suddenly that hatches and two handsome lines, with hooks, bait, sinkers, and a good coat went overboard. The boat careened and filled, throwing me out in water twenty feet deep, cold as ice, and roily from recent heavy rains. Relieved of my weight and everything else movable the boat broke clear, and catching the painter in my teeth I tried to swim and tow her. Humoring the current, I aimed to reach the shore at another bend a quarter of a mile below. The narrow channel was accounted for by the island, which had been neglected until its giant maples had grown to unusual size, and their heavy foliage, swaying in the June wind, shut out what little light remained. Darker and deeper grew the stream. Narrower and swifter the current became, and pull as I would the boat resisted all efforts to get much nearer the shore. There were two reasons for this. She was submerged to her gunwales and the water was failing, consequently it was higher along each shore than in midstream, so that I had to swim up hill a long distance. I was in danger of passing the point, in which event I would be swept into the main channel, the middle of it, too; and chilled through as I was, hampered and weighed down with clothing suitable for cool weather, I felt my strength going. There was only one thing to do in order to save my boat. I took a turn of the painter round my waist, which brought me near enough to the boat to get what buoyancy was left where it would sustain part of my weight, and then struck out directly for the shore. Making an extra effort just before coming opposite the point I succeeded in touching bottom, and hauled the boat aground. A watertight locker kept my matches dry, and after wringing my duds I got a fire of twigs, made a shake-down of wild willows, and dreamed of fishing through the ice.

DEJA.

BROCKVILLE C. C. REGATTA.

THE Brockville C. C. will hold their second annual regatta on Sept. 10, 11 and 12, at Brockville, Ont. The programme is as follows:

Thursday, Sept. 10.—No. 1, Sailing Race for Skiffs—10 A. M. Distance 5 miles. First prize, gold medal (value $15); second and third prizes, silk flags. Entrance, 50c.

No. 2, Sailing Race for Canoes—10:10 A. M. Class A. Distance, 5 miles. Entrance, 25c. First and second prizes, silk flags.

No. 3, Sailing Race for Skiffs—2 P. M. Reaching. Distance, 2 miles. First prize, silver cup (value $15); second and third prizes, silk flags. Entrance, 50c.

No. 4, Sailing Race for Canoes—2 P. M. Class A and B. Reaching. Distance, 2 miles. Entrance, 25c. First, second and third prizes, silk flags.

No. 5, Paddling, Single—3 P. M. Club. Distance, 1 mile with turn. Open to Class 3 and 4. First prize, silver medal (value $7); second prize, silk flag. Entrance, 25c.

No. 6, Three-Paddle Race—3:35 P. M. Distance, 1 mile with turn. Open to canoes of 28in. beam or over. First and second prizes, silk flags. Entrance, 25c.

No. 7, Upset Race—4:15 P. M. Distance, 150 yards. Canoes to be

turned completely over at signal from judges. First prize, silver medal (value $7); second prize, silk flag. Entrance, 25c.

Friday, Sept. 11.—No. 8, Sailing Race, Canoes—2 P. M. Class B. Distance 5 miles. First prize, silver cup (value $5); second prize, silk flag. Entrance 25c.

No. 9, Paddling, Tandem—3:30 P. M. Distance 1 mile and turn. Open to all canoes of 28in. beam and over. First prize, pair paddles; second prize, silk flag. Entrance 25c.

No. 10, Portage Race—4:15 P. M. One mile with turn, two portages; two men in each canoe. First prize, camp kettle; second prize, silk flag. Entrance 25c.

No. 11, Hurry Scurry Race—5 P. M. Five yards run, 50ft. swim, 100yds. paddle. First and second prizes, silk flags. Entrance 25c.

Saturday, Sept. 12.—No. 12, Paddling Single Race—5 P. M. "Best and best" boats. Open to all members of the A. C. A. or members of any recognized amateur canoe club. Distance 1 mile with turn. First prize, silver cup (value $15); second prize, silk flag. Entrance 25c.

BUFFALO C. C.

THE last race of this club was sailed Sept. 5, from the canoe house to Townsend's, on the west side of Grand Island, just below the Falconwood Club House. The wind was dead ahead as usual, and blowing rather brisk at times, dying out entirely before the last canoe finished. No topsails or jibs were carried on this day, as they would have been of no advantage in working to windward. Elf carried his cruising lugs, for he had none larger, and as formerly was left far in the rear. Helene was unfortunately absent, which caused many expressions of regret, for she was the favorite with many for second prize. Otter and Nellie kept very close together all through the race, except on the last port tack, when Nellie made the dock without altering her course, while Otter was obliged to come about to clear an obstruction.

The order of the canoes as they finished was as follows: Nellie, F. E. Wood; Otter, William Lansing; Elf, E. L. French. The first prize of the series was won by Mr. Lansing with a score of eleven. The second by Mr. Wood with nine points to his credit. The third by Mr. Campbell, who secured five points, although entered in only two races. The paddling race did not occur, as the regatta committee have not seen or heard from the paddle which was offered as a prize some time ago.

THE REGATTA COMMITTEE FOR 1886.—Com. Rathbun has named for the Regatta Committe Messrs. J. B. McMurrich, Oswego C. C.; S. T. Fairclough, Kingston C. C.; and Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburg C. C.

LAKE ST. LOUIS C. C. ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE first regatta of this young and flourishing club was held on Aug. 29 at Lachine, Canada, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The events were as follows:

1. Sailing race, course one mile and a half with turn. B. W. Richards, Commodore Brockville Club, W. Barry, W. Girdwood, St. Anne's. Richards led, and finished before the others had gained the turning buoy, W. Barry second. Prize, silver cup. Time, 26:15.

2. Portage race, paddle quarter mile, carry canoe twenty-five yards over stony point and paddle back. C. S. Shaw and F. W. Stewart. Shaw led and finished twenty yards ahead of Stewart. Time, 6:55. First prize, gold tiger eye scarf pin; second, silver scarf pin.

3. Boys under 13, half mile with turn. Campbell Stewart, Adolph Amos, Davidson brothers, Brock brothers. Won by the Davidson brothers, Stewart and Amos second. Prizes: First, scarf pins; second, cuff studs.

4. Tandem race, one mile, "Challenge Cup," four entries, C. S. Shaw and A. W. Shearwood, Lachine; M. F. Johnston and J. Chrysler, Brockville; G. Auldjo and C. E. Howard, Lachine; Girdwood brothers St. Anne's. Shaw and Shearwood paddled in their new racer, which they received a few days ago. Johnston and Chrysler used double paddles in a very fast canoe, while Auldjo and Howard found it impossible to use their new racer, not being able to sit her, it only having arrived on Saturday morning, and had to use their English canoe. The Girdwood brothers also used their English canoe. The four canoes got into line. The latter had the advantage if anything. For a quarter of a mile neither crew gained any advantage on the others, but shortly after this point, Shaw and Shearwood gradually drew away, and at the turning buoy led by about two lengths, and came home winners by about four lengths. The cheers and shouts were deafening as Shaw and Shearwood came in, and at the presentation of prizes in the evening, three hearty cheers were given for the winners of the "Challenge Cup."

5. Upset race, single, 300yds., upset twice. Four entries. W. Robertson gained his canoe first, with Stewart and Dowker together. Dowker came in first, with T. Stewart second. Prizes: First, dram flask; second, pocketbook.

6. Single paddling race, half mile, C. S. Shaw, A. W. Shearwood, G. Auldjo. Shaw led from the start and finished about three lengths ahead of Auldjo, with Shearwood a good third. Prizes: First, gold sleeve links; second, silver sleeve links.

7. Boys' race, single, under 18 years, half mile, three entries, G. Barry, W. Harrison, F. W. Stewart. From the start to the turning buoy Barry and Stewart kept on about equal terms. Stewart, who had the new racer, and had never sat in her before, was making strong efforts to overtake Barry, when he suddenly upset. But for this he would have taken second place. Barry first, Harrison second. First, scarf pin; second, canoe cushion.

8. Tandem race, one mile. From the start J. Robertson and G. Barry led, and finished two lengths ahead of T. Stewart and C. Gwilt, Harrison and Henderson third. Prizes: First, revolvers; second, paddles.

9. Hurry-scurry race, single, swim 25 yards, paddle 300 yards, five entries. C. S. Shaw won, T. Stewart second, A. J. Henderson third. Prizes: First, silver medal; second, razors.

10. Lady and gentleman's race, half mile, three entries. C. S. Shaw and Miss Radford. A. W. Shearwood and Miss Harrison, W. Girdwood and Miss Gregory. Won by C. S. Shaw and Miss Radford by about a length, W. Girdwood and Miss Gregory second. Prizes: First, lady, silver dog collar, gent, scarf ring; second, lady, brooch, gent, collar button.

11. Greasy pole walk. After several tries, the flag at the end of the pole was captured by F. W. Stewart.

The judges were Messrs. A. Boyer, M. P. P.; Capt. Howard, Jas. Stewart and H. D. Whitney. Starter, J. G. Monck; Referee, Duncan Robertson, Jr.

In the evening a reception was held at the boat house, and the prizes were distributed.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. E. R., Flemington, N. J.—Write to J. Adamson, Whippany, N. J.

F. L. S.—The Connecticut law forbids the killing of high holders and meadow larks except on shooter's own property.

G. S. S., Middletown, N. Y.—Where can I get bethabara wood? Ans. Write to our advertising dealers in fishing tackle. Some of them import it.

SKEPTIC, Groveton, Tex.—1. Have lived in Southwest Texas, where quails are very abundant. They have no dews there, nor were there any streams or waterholes nearer than several miles. Do these birds live without water, or do they go this distance for it? 2. Do foxes ever climb trees? A man from Virginia tells us that some time since, in his State, the hounds were after a fox. The fox ran by him and climbed 30 feet up a perpendicular pine. He shot at the fox and knocked him out, and the animal then climbed about the same distance up another tree. Is the fellow lying or not? Ans. 1. The birds do not live without water. 2. We have recorded numerous instances of foxes climbing trees; it is not an uncommon occurrence.

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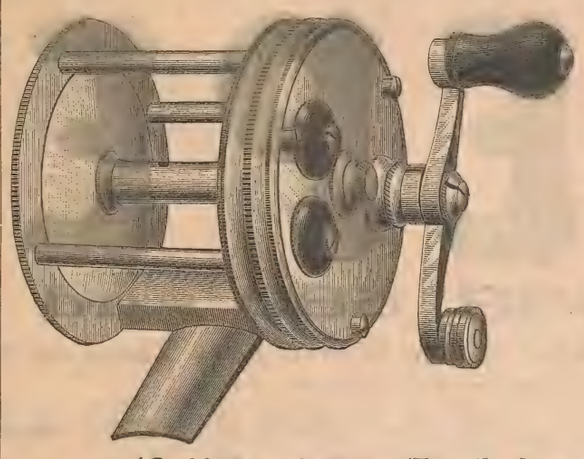
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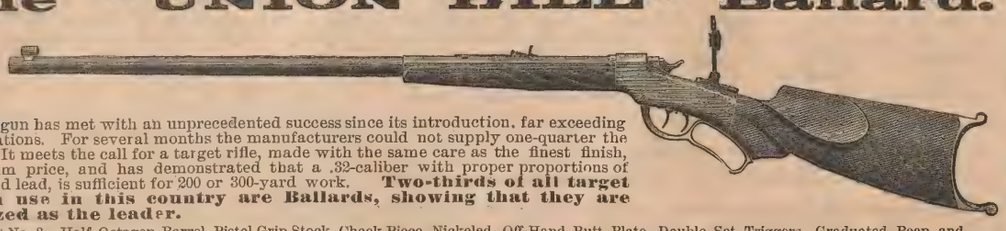
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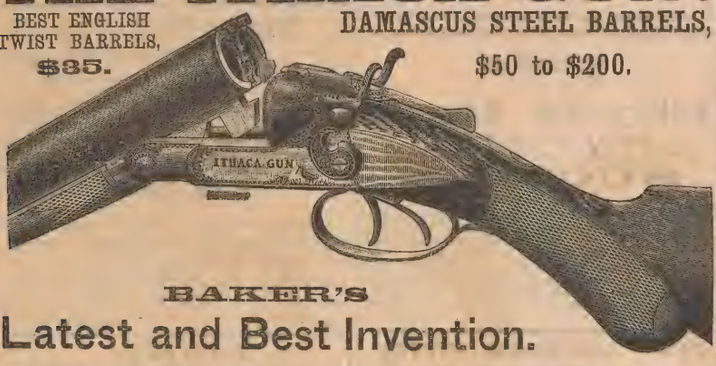
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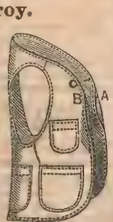
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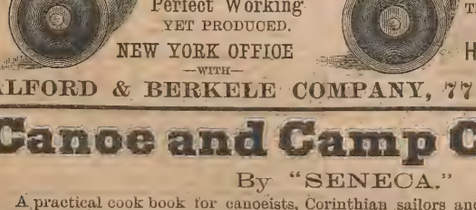
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

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BUILDING

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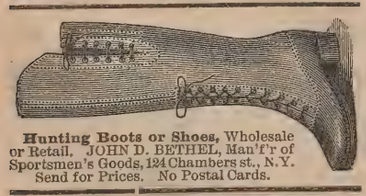
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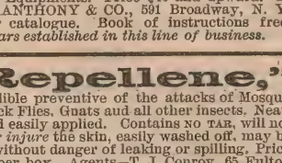
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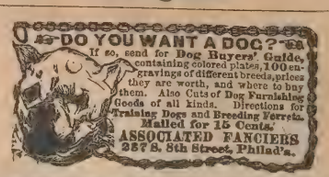
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For Sale—Three very fine Irish setter puppies, whelped June 18, 1885, by champion Glencho ex champion Reeta (A.K.R. 1303). Also two black and tan setter puppies, whelped June 5, 1885, by champion Argus ex Dora (A.K.R. 1183). Address CLAIRE-REETA KENNELS, Pawling avenue, Troy, N. Y. aug27,tf

POINTERS.

BEST FIELD STOCK IN AMERICA,

Liver and white ticked puppies, by Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472) (Nat ex Susy Royal) out of Lizzie Grace (A.K.R. 2476) (Beaufort ex White's Grace) This combines the best field stock in the country. Ready for shipping Oct. 1, 1885. For price and pedigree address A. A. RAYMOND, sept3,tf South Norwalk, Conn.

Champion Obo II.--Critic.

For Sale—Three fine black spaniel bitch puppies, 7 wks. old; also one 7 mos. old, from above stock. Please note that these are the same pedigree as my champion Helen (A.K.R. 654), winner of the following prizes this year: 1st and three specials, Boston; 1st and Cocker Club special, New York; 1st, Cincinnati; champion and special, Philadelphia. For full pedigree and price address W. O. PARTRIDGE, P. O. Box 5,135, Boston, Mass. sept3,2t

FOR SALE.

An English mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 22, 1883; 29½ inches high, well bred and marked, kind disposition, trained to watch house, accustomed to be with children. For price and reasons for selling write GEO. B. ORLADY, sept10,1t Huntingdon, Pa.

POINTERS.

For Sale—Several exceptionally fine pointer puppies, by champion Knickerbocker ex Lady Isabel (Beaufort ex Fanny Turner), and by Rush III. (champ. Rush ex champ. Nan) ex Flirt, 1st and special, Boston; 2d, New Haven and Cincinnati, 1885. GEO. L. WILMS, Sec'y, 142 Monticello ave., Jersey City, N. J.

FOR SALE.—ITALIAN GREYHOUND PUPS from imported stock. HENRY C. BURDICK, 150 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass. mar19,tf

WM. GRAHAM, NEWTOWNBREDA, BELFAST, Ireland, is prepared to purchase and ship dogs for importers. Dogs purchased from him had the following prizes awarded to them: At New York and Chicago, 1883, sixteen firsts, nine special, three second and one third. At New York, 1884, seven firsts, six specials and one third.

FOR SALE, A NUMBER OF WELL BRED AND well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept22,tf

Prize and Pedigree English Mastiffs.

American gentlemen desirous of purchasing these noble dogs should communicate with JAMES HUTCHINGS, 25 Gandy street, Exeter, England, who has the largest kennel of mastiffs in the world.

K 9 Breaking Kennels.

Pointers and setters thoroughly broken for field trials or private use. Reference given. W. G. SMITH, Field Trial Trainer, Templeville, Md.

BOOK YOUR DOGS FOR THIS SEASON'S training on woodcock, partridge and quail, commencing Aug. 1. Fifty dollars for the season. D. F. WILBUR, Myricks, Mass. jy3,tf

Rory O'More Kennels.

For Sale—Thoroughbred red Irish setter stock, full pedigreed Address with stamp, W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—HAVING RECENTLY ADDED several fine brood bitches to the Landseer Kennels of Scotch deerhounds and greyhounds reduced the price of puppies. Some choice greyhounds now ready to ship. DR. VAN HUMMELL, Denver, Col. apl16,tf

DOGS. DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FINE bred dog of any kind? If so write and name the kind you want. EDMUND MAURER, 464 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE. — POINTERS, THOROUGHLY broken: Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698), Nellie (A.K.R. 1789). Also pointer pups, by Donald II. ex Lady Bang, marked liver and white, age 9 wks. old. For price and particulars apply to CLIFTON KENNELS, 75 Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. J. aug27,4t

FOR SALE.—A THOROUGHBRED ENGLISH mastiff bitch, 2½ yrs. old, kind to children; a good watch dog. Address P. O. Box 1289, Montreal, Canada. aug27,3t

BIRD DOGS.—FOR SALE, A FEW YOUNG bird dogs. Address W. A. SUTHERLAND, Cabin Hill, Del. Co., N. Y. sept3,2t

CHEQUASSET KENNELS.—ST. BERNARDS, smooth and rough-coated, of best strains. Champion **Hermit** in the stud, $50. English pug Young Toby, sire of many prize winners, fee $20. Fine pups on sale. P. O. Box 94, Lancaster, Mass.

FOR SALE.—MASTIFF DOG BITCH AND PUPpies; also King Charles and Blenheim spaniels C. H. MASON, Bay Ridge, Long Island.

FOR SALE.—TRAINED COON DOGS, FOXhounds, squirrel dogs, rabbit dogs, beagle hound pups, ferrets, lop-eared rabbits, Wyandotte chickens, pit game chickens. H. C. GRAFF, Kensington, Ohio. sept10,tf

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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OUR RIFLE TRIAL.

THE preparations for the trajectory test which has been undertaken by the FOREST AND STREAM on behalf of those who own and use hunting rifles have been about completed, and immediately following the close of the Creedmoor fall meeting we hope to have such weather as will be favorable to the open air shooting. A secure iron rest, capable of fine adjustment, and with spring buffers to take up the recoil and render it uniform at each shot, has been secured and will insure a perfectly accurate and fair trial for each weapon used.

In answer to a demand from many quarters for a trial of the smaller caliber rifles now so popular, we have concluded to build a platform at the 100-yard point in addition to that at the 200-yard point for the main trial. The screens for the longer distance will be set at 150, 100 and 50 yards from the target, while for the 100-yard range similar screens will be provided at 75, 50 and 25 yards. In this way we will get exact data of the curves made by the moving bullet. As far as possible full details will be given concerning each rifle used.

The manufacturers are responding very generally to our invitations to provide rifles, taken from the regular stock on hand, for the purposes of the trial. It was our wish to get such weapons as an ordinary customer writing an order from an interior point to one of the companies would get in return for his money and patronage. Then as to ammunition, the endeavor will be to have such as an order to one of the cartridge companies would provide. Such a test with such a combination of arm and charge is the one which will interest the mass of sportsmen, and such we wish to have. Of course each marksman of experience will have his own ideas as to loading and will carry them out, often with marked advantage over the ordinary factory loading.

The trials will be conducted under the care of one of the best known experts in matters of this kind. When the final report is presented in our columns within the next few weeks we hope to make it so full and satisfactory as to put an end to much of the speculation now passing for fact.

It is probable that the trials will begin on Thursday or Friday of next week, the date depending upon the progress of the Creedmoor meeting. They will be held on the Creedmoor range, which is reached by the Long Island Railroad (Queens station). All persons interested are cordially invited to be present. Exact information on all points will be given in our next issue.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE HOUNDS.

IN the New York *World* of Aug. 26 appeared an account of a reporter's unwarranted invasion of President Cleveland's camp in the Adirondacks. In the course of the account the statement was made:

"While we were eating breakfast the distant baying of a deerhound was heard. The President, Mr. Ward, Mr. Bacon, and three of the guides went down to the pond and stationed themselves at various points to wait for the deer that the excited baying of the hound showed to have been started. They saw never a deer, however."

Commenting on this, we expressed the opinion that the statement that the President's party employed hounds for hunting deer was not sustained by the facts of the case. The story might well enough have been permitted to drop then and there as a reporter's yarn, had it not transpired that the report was eagerly seized upon by Adirondack visitors of lax morality as an excuse and defense for their own misdemeanors. The story was industriously circulated from one end of the North Woods to the other that the President of the United States had openly defied the law of the land, and had shown his contempt for the deer hounding statute by himself employing hounds at his camp. It would be hard to conceive a more utterly ridiculous canard than this, but the fact is that the story did have credence in the woods, and for that matter out of the woods too.

Upon the return to Albany of Dr. S. B. Ward, the President's companion in the Adirondacks, we addressed him a note asking his authority to contradict the report that Mr. Cleveland had employed deer hounds. In reply we have received the following note, dated September 13:

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 10th inst., and while it seems rather absurd to be called upon to reply to newspaper gossip, I have to say, in answer to your inquiry, that during the past month no dogs were put out after deer by the direction of either the President or myself. Very truly yours, SAM'L B. WARD."

So much for the silly story that the President of the United States so far forgot his position as to break the game laws of New York.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

IF THE actual attendance of sportsmen at the St. Louis convention, Sept. 29, proves to be as large as the responses already received lead the promoters to anticipate, there will be a large gathering, representing many of the States. The St. Louis clubs, whose members number a strong one thousand, are making arrangements for the entertainment of their visitors, who are invited to have their guns on hand for sweepstake trap-shooting. There is no question that the sportsmen who visit St. Louis and accept the hospitalities proffered them there, will have a most enjoyable time, and one to which they are now justified in looking forward with pleasant anticipation, and to which they will look back with equal pleasure. The convention will unquestionably be useful in that it will bring together the sportsmen of different sections and make them acquainted with one another.

The committee in charge of the affair express themselves as hopeful of more tangible results than this. They are of the opinion that the meeting will have an influence on future game legislation; that it will lead to the accomplishment of more uniformity in the game laws of the different States; that it will render assistance to the execution of the local laws in the different States; that it will lead to the regulation of marketing game, that it will in some measure remove the causes of conflict between sportsmen and game dealers, and that it will foster and increase the supply of game and fish. All these are results of very great importance, and if the convention, or the national association which is to be established, shall succeed in attaining them, future generations of sportsmen will rise up to call it blessed.

There are, however, many obstacles in the way of attaining immediate benefit from the St. Louis movement, and it will not be wise to anticipate too much from it. The actual change in game laws, when such changes are desirable, must after all be undertaken and carried through by hard work in each particular State, and it is not quite clear in what manner the national association can be of any use in such work, beyond, perhaps, by its annual conventions stimulating the interest and determination of State delegates.

THE "KINGFISHERS."—Last week we said that "Kingfisher" had returned from his "annual fish." Next week we shall have something about "Kingfishers" and jailbirds.

A CALL FOR MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

IF peace, as well as war, has its victories, they surely are not won without fighting. There is a very momentous conflict to be waged, and a most important victory to be gained in Massachusetts, and the leaders who are now planning the coming campaign are calling for Massachusetts volunteers to come to their aid, and by united effort carry the day.

It is the old, old struggle of game protection against lawlessness and greed. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is not discouraged by its defeat of last winter. The officers are maturing their programme for another endeavor to amend the laws. They ask for the cooperation of game clubs and individuals in every part of the State. All persons interested are urged to send their names to the secretary of the society, Henry J. Thayer, Esq., No. 246 Washington street, Boston, Mass. We hope the response will be general. Individual effort exerted at random may not accomplish anything, but the united efforts of the Association and its individual allies ought to be powerful enough to secure all the legislation needed.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—There is to be a meeting of the American Kennel Club at Pittsburgh on Tuesday, Sept. 29. It is of the greatest importance that every member of the association be personally represented. This meeting will be the turning point in the existence of the club and it is to be hoped that every effort will be made to direct its action then taken, so that no question can arise as to the fitness of the association to take charge of the kennel interests of the country. No narrow-minded sectional nor weak-kneed policy will be tolerated, only a broadly national and thoroughly upright course can succeed in winning the confidence and support of the public, without which the association must go to the wall. There is pressing need of an organization to preside over the canine interests of the country, and we urgently press upon every one entitled to a voice in the matter the vital importance of attending the meeting at Pittsburgh and using his influence to place the American Kennel Club in a position worthy its name and mission.

MR. H. R. FRENCH, president of the game dealers' society in this city which bears the misleading and deceptive title of the "National Game Preserving Company," their only preserving being in refrigerators and cold-storage houses, has written to the St. Louis convention committee that his society will be represented there if the sportsmen of the West have become convinced of the injustic of the present laws regulating the sale of game and are now ready to modify these laws for the benefit of the dealers. We beg to assure Mr. French that the sportsmen of the West have become convinced of no such thing, and contemplate no change in the law to facilitate the shipment of their game to his cold storage warehouses. What the sportsmen of the West ask for are more stringent regulations to control the shipment of game to the great Eastern markets.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTRY COMMISSIONERS just appointed have been put into place none too soon. The summer has been frittered away without anything being accomplished in the actual work of Adirondack forestry reform. Now that the commission is finally appointed, the public will expect to see progress, and progress unhampered by the curse of political shackles. The commonwealth cannot afford to sacrifice its forests to politicians' aspirations.

TO JOIN THE WILD PIGEON.—The St. Louis and Indianapolis trap-shooters are engaged in a laudable endeavor to prove the adaptation of the English sparrow to trap-shooting If they succeed, the English sparrow nuisance problem will be solved, the trap-shooting citizen will pose as a patriot, and the imported feathered vermin will go to the bourne whence the wild pigeon has not returned.

IT IS EASIER to help form a national sportsmen's association than it is to enforce the local game laws in one's own town and county. If the delegates who are going to St. Louis to attend the convention are bound thither with the hope of finding there some hitherto unknown mode of enforcing local game regulations, they are greatly mistaken.

A NEW ENGLAND FARM RECORD.—The Vermont farm, on which is the plot of land described by Mr. B. Hosford, in another column, has been in the uninterrupted possession of the family of that name for six generations. This is a noteworthy record for a New England homestead.

IN A. D. 1950.

THE usual September drouth was upon the earth. The grass was dun and slippery under foot; some of the small scattered trees wore a scant leafage of dull green, but more were burning in the smoky landscape with premature autumnal flames of yellow and red, casting blurred shadows under the redder rayless sun that burned its slow way through the brassy sky now endoming the desiccated fields and barren hills. Through a sedgy level a narrow, muddy stream wound sluggishly, too dull to reflect the blue spikes of pickerel weed that grew along its black shores, or the white blossoms of the saggitaria that drooped languidly over the spent arrows of their leaves. This slender waterway floated to-day a beautiful boat, with sides as thin as eggshell, but strong as steel, and buoyantly upholding its freight, a noble young gentleman of fourteen and his gray-bearded father, whom he had kindly permitted to accompany him—indeed, had done him the unaccustomed honor of inviting him to go with him on this trial trip of his new canoe. The younger of the two guided the craft by almost imperceptible movements of his forefinger upon the tiller, while the elder propelled it with rapid strokes of the double-bladed paddle, and he, though laboring hard, seemed most of the two to enjoy the outing. He was revisiting scenes that, though changed, were yet familiar, and recalled to his mind the past, concerning which he presently spoke.

"Right here," said he, as the canoe, under the skillful guidance of its master, lightly turned a bend of the narrow channel, "right here, when I was about your age, I killed my first duck with my first gun, which was only a double-barreled breechloader, a weapon somewhat out of date even then, but a great improvement on the percussion muzzleloaders our fathers had used, so we boys thought, for," said he with a sigh, "the males of the human race were called boys then till they were at least fifteen years old. The duck was of a kind now almost extinct, a dusky, or black duck, as we called them."

"*Anas obscura*, I think is the proper name," said the young gentleman.

"Ah, yes! *Anas, Anas*, what do you call 'em? And it was one of a large flock."

"Team! A team of duck would be better," suggested the younger.

"Very well; then one of a large team of five, and I brought him down with my second barrel."

"Ah! Then you missed with your first? Why, I never miss."

"Those," the elder replied, "who never shoot, or never take any chances, seldom miss, though far be it from me to insinuate that this is why you never miss. However, we boys used to miss occasionally, while we were boys, but when we were older we scarcely ever did. I can remember very many hits, but very few misses. ["How these old fellows do brag," thought the youth.] But this time, notwithstanding the miss, I was greatly elated, for it was my first duck, and I shall never to my dying day forget the place, nor just how it looked then, with the wavelets of the duck's plunge swaying the stems of the wild rice, and tossing the floating feathers, and the reflection of the trees that then lined the banks. And I remember too, with a twinge of shame, that I was not a bit conscience-stricken when the upbraiding look of the dying bird's eyes met mine. But that feeling comes later; boys are harder-hearted than men. A little further on, just around the next bend, one of those rare and most beautiful wildfowl, a woodduck, got up from the log where it sat sleeping in the sun."

"*Anas sponsa*, you should call it. Now that the game is gone we should treat the dear departed with proper respect, and I believe fewer ducks than a team are a plump, so you got up a plump of *Anas sponsa*."

"Anything to oblige you, my son; but then, it was not plump, but thin as a shadow, as I found when I picked it up after bringing it down, as I was about to tell you, with my first barrel. Doubtless it had run the gauntlet of a hundred guns before it fell to mine. Then I was indeed jubilant, having got what many an older sportsman had failed to get, two ducks in one day—or perhaps I should say, part of a team and a whole plump in one day—more than a sportsman of these days might hope to get in a season. Oh! but there were ducks in those days," the garrulous old man went on. "I have seen yokes; no, tandems; no, teams of a dozen and more right here on these marshes, where grew acres and acres of wild rice, and my father used to tell of seeing when he was a boy—for he, too, was once a boy—hundreds and hundreds in a—a—team. I suppose it might be said that these waters were then teeming with ducks. These waters, I say, for there were indeed waters here in those days all the year round. There were trees to shade them here and prevent their evaporation along these level reaches, and trees on the mountains that are now only bald wastes of rock, to shade the springs and keep the snow from melting all at once, to hold the moisture in the sop of deep moss and dole it out to the streams with a frugal hand. This waterway was twice as wide and deep as now, and full of good fish, pike-perch, bass, pickerel, with no end of perch and bullheads. Now only a straggler of the better kinds, some hardy survivor of his race, ever visits it, and the mudfish and gars have it all to themselves. Hundreds of muskrats built their huts of sedge and mud along the channel's edge in the fall, and found food in plenty at all seasons here, where now hardly a trace of one is ever seen. The great blue heron fanned his slow flight over the marshes that he is now a stranger to, and in the warm days of spring the guttural booming of the bittern sounded from every marshy cove. Now one might as well listen for the voice of the jungle fowl. Even the bullfrogs, since it became the universal fashion to eat them, have almost entirely disappeared, and the few that are left have grown so shy that one rarely hears the deep bass of a solo singer, much less the grand chorous of a hundred voices that of old used to roar along the sedgy levels and make them tremble with their loud melody—yes, and set the young leaves of the poplars aquiver on the distant hills."

"It must require a rather lively imagination to discover anything musical in the thin bass bellow of a bullfrog, I should think," the young man remarked.

"Well," his father replied, "it was pleasing to my uncultivated ear, as were the voices of the song birds then so abundant. In early spring were bluebirds—excuse me if I do not remember scientific names—the earliest minstrels of the year, 'shifting their light load of song from post to post along the cheerless fence,' as a poet of the last century says, and song sparrows singing songs of good cheer, with the jolly robins to help them keep our hearts alive with hope in the dismal days between winter and real spring. And purple finches atilt on the elm tops, and later the bobolinks, drunk with the wine of spring, singing as they staggered awing over the violets and dandelions of the May meadows. And flashing orioles that made one glad and sad with their song, and yellowbirds in summer, hanging like blossoms of gold on the thistles. They are almost all gone now. The stomachs of men and the bonnets of women have made way with them. It was the absurd and wicked fashion sixty years ago for women to wear stuffed birds on their hats, a fashion that raged so virulently that if a bird had handsome plumage or even shapely form, his sweetest songs and his prettiest ways could not save his life from the savage skin hunters who invaded all parts of the land, more cruel, rapacious and destructive than all beasts and birds of prey. And men, so called, ate robins, and even tickled their maws with the atomic carcasses of the beautiful snow buntings that used to come down in hordes from the north and give life to the white wastes of our wintry fields."

"Ah!" the young gentleman sighed, "they must have been very nice; much more delicate than crows, almost the only game birds one can get now."

"There were snipe on these marshes, a bird most excellent to eat," the old gentleman continued, "and woodcock, still more delicious, in the swamps and willow and alder copses that bordered the streams. The snipe were shot in spring and fall until, if there were any left, the marshes had become too dry for them to feed upon, and so they were exterminated or disappeared. The woodcock were shot in summer, and even in spring, and the swamps they haunted were cleared and drained to make meadows, the copses cut away to gain a few more rods for tillage, and so the woodcock were destroyed and banished. It was impossible to enforce the game laws, for they were cumbrous and full of loopholes that rogues, with the help of tricky lawyers, might escape through, and though liberal, they were held by the masses to be undemocratic, and after years of continual violation were abolished. In some places rich men leased large tracts of shooting grounds and protected the game on them. There were beside the snipe and woodcock, some ruffed grouse, a most noble bird now quite extinct, and wild quail, from which our domestic quail are descended. Also hares of two kinds in the eastern part of the continent, and red foxes. One or two individuals of this species are yet in existence, owned by the gentlemen of the Newport hunt, and are hunted by them every season. One of the foxes is so old and feeble that he has to be drawn before the pack in a low-wheeled cage, trailing behind it a bag filled with anise seed. The sport is said to be very grand and exciting, and nowhere else in America can one see this ancient and noble pastime pursued, with carefully bred hounds, blooded horses and well-equipped and gallant riders, and a real, live fox. The extinct raccoon and opossum also afforded a great deal of sport, and were preserved in the leased tracts, and in them was found too the terrible skunk, the most formidable and dangerous wild beast of the continent. It secreted a potent fluid which it ejected by the gallon, paralyzing whoever inhaled its fumes, when the ferocious animal would spring upon and savagely bite its victim, who sooner or later expired in the agonies of hydrophobia.

"But these domains were eventually invaded by the march of improvement, the marshes drained, and all the woods cut down, for when the running bean became the fashion in Boston, every tree in the land half as big as your wrist was taken to furnish the immense bean fields with poles. Perhaps it was because the supply of poles was exhausted, and therefore the supply of this most brain-nourishing of beans fell short of the demand, that the ancient center of culture lost its distinguished position, and the continent became a great bicycle, as it were, Chicago the hub of its big wheel and Boston that of its little wheel, for you know, of course, as you know everything, that on the great plains of the West was conceived and put in practice the idea of training bean vines on sunflower stalks, by a wild man from England, which was not then a republic, for this was before the Battle of Dorking, you know."

"And here we are almost at the lake, or what was once the lake. Alas! it is only a great puddle now, or rather a series of puddles, and if the ancient explorer who named it could see it now, he would be sorry that he ever discovered it. But hark! There is a—a—I cannot call the correct name, but what we used to call a helldiver, almost the only bird of the duck kind left. And there is a sportsman stalking him, and will soon open fire on him with his hopper-gun."

They watched a man clad in a suit of woven sedges and looking exactly like a great animate sheaf of the wild grass he was making his way through, till he arrived at the margin of the stream, where he set a tripod supporting a machine of curious construction. Into its hopper he poured a quantity of powder, shot and wads, and began turning a crank, whereupon the water for yards about the poor diver began to boil with the storm of leaden rain poured upon it by half a dozen revolving barrels, and for some minutes a succession of rapid reports filled the air. When these ceased and the foaming water became quiet, a cloud of feathers floated upon the surface, and were quickly brought to the sportsman by his retriever, till now unseen by the occupants of the canoe. Drawing near to the sportsman, they asked to see his game, and he with some pride showed his game bag half full of feathers.

"Thank you," said the elder of the canoeists, "but my son is something of a naturalist, and would be glad to see the bird."

"Oh," said the other, smiling, "there goes the bird swimming his best for the lake without a feather to his back. I did not wish to kill him, for he has furnished me a day's sport a year these five years, and if some bungler does not fall in with him, will give me as many more. I have picked him clean more than once, without injuring his bill, legs or eyes, or, I think, breaking his skin."

They went their way, marveling greatly at this shooter's skill. When they came to the lake their further progress was stopped by a sand or mudbar covered only by an inch or so of water. It was a dismal scene. The old rocky shores of the lake, once clothed with trees and washed by bright waves, stood now some furlongs inland, with a wide stretch of bare sand, cracked dried mud, and mossless, water-worn stones between them and the shrunken lake, whose turbid bosom no goodly fish broke into circling ripples, nor waterfowl swam upon. Not even a heron waded the black shallows, nor kingfisher clattered above them; not a sign of wild life was to be seen. The mountains to the westward were monstrous sterile piles of treeless rocks, savage and forbidding, not giving so much as a home to the eagle.

"Let us return," said the old man. "This is all so changed from what it was when I was a boy that I cannot bear to look upon it. The axe and fire—man's greed and carelessness and spirit of wanton destructiveness have spoiled it all. Let us go home, where we have at least an orchard and a well of clear water, and fields that are not entirely without greenness.

"O, why could they not have spared the trees upon these rocky shores, where they cumbered no tillable ground, and were so useful and so beautiful? The woods are gone, the waters are passing away and the hearts of men are grown as arid as the world they have spoiled. When I see how their Lands are never withheld from laying waste the earth, from making sterile and forbidding all that was once so fruitful and fair, from exterminating nature, I cannot but be glad that in a few years my eyes will be shut forever from the sight of this 'abomination of desolation.'"

The Sportsman Tourist.

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AMONG THE WATERFOWL IN DURANGO

THERE are places enough in the United States where one may still see plenty of ducks and geese, but plenty of waterfowl by no means implies plenty of shooting. There are many places where good shooting may be had, but it is too often at an expense of bodily comfort which the pleasure may fail to repay.

Of wildfowl shooting amid the howling blasts or driving rains of autumn, of shooting that involves starting before daybreak on cold mornings and lying in a battery on one's back or cramped up all day in a blind, shivering and lonely, there may be two opinions. But of wildfowl shooting during the middle of soft, warm days, upon ground where no boat is needed and perhaps even wading boots are unnecessary, and beneath bright sunny skies, while the lakes of the North are closed with ice and the once glad fields are lost in heavy drifts of snow, there can be but one opinion.

In Southern California I have seen some shooting of this latter sort. But there the ducks fly but little during the day unless stirred up, when they circle once or twice and then fly off to some other place. I have seen nothing there that equals the shooting between Lerdo and Noe in the State of Durango, Mexico. And considering the variety of game, its amount and manner of flight, combined with the ease and comfort of hunting it, I believe it now unapproachable any where in the United States.

Seldom have I seen the sun rise upon a fairer sight than that presented by the cotton and corn fields on each side of the Mexican Central Railroad, as on a bright warm morning in the latter part of December I went whizzing down the line on a hand car, propelled by several stout peons. On each side of the road stretched broad fields of lofty corn standing yet unhusked, and wide fields of cotton whose tall stalks, growing four or five years without replanting, are blowing the whole year round, were hanging full of snowy balls. Along the track and under the track ran ditches of water coming from the Nases River far above; and from these many of the fields were flooded with water, while others were perfectly dry, and some were still moist from recent irrigation.

On the right and on the left, from the ditches themselves and from the ponds of water formed in the fields by the irrigation, rose ducks and brant by the hundred. Two English gentlemen were with me, and I had hard work to keep them quiet until we got to headquarters. They wanted to stop, but I had been over all the ground before, and knew that we were only among the advance guard of the host we were going to meet. We kept on some five miles to a long stretch of fields, into which the water had been lately turned. Here a rare scene opened upon us. The ducks in the fields that had been flooded for several days, though plenty enough, were as nothing compared with the hordes that rose dark and roaring from those into which the ditches had been turned but yesterday. And even these were as nothing compared with the long lines that could be seen streaming along the horizon miles away over the wide sweep of the irrigated fields. On every hand mallards, sprigtails, canvasbacks, redheads, widgeon and other ducks in strings, dense bunches and wedge shaped masses, went spinning across the top of the corn and cotton, or with stiff set wings were settling into it. No large geese were to be seen or heard, but gray brant were winging their way here and there in clamorous bands, or from the sky above were pitching and tumbling downward in their peculiar way to alight. The black or bronze curlew in long black ranks, and with light and even stroke of wing, rode the warm air in different directions; occasional bunches of the sickle-billed curlew, seeming ill at ease, went wandering along on high; English snipe pitched about aloft or rose with their usual remark from the boggy ground along the ditches or out of the cotton or corn; and plenty of doves winnowed the air in every direction. Plenty of other birds were there too to add variety to the landscape, the snowy egret standing thoughtfully along the ditch, the white-throated and white-tailed hawk preening his dark wings upon the mesquite bush, the buzzard sailing far away in the sky. Gulls too, and even pelicans, were there, passing probably from one to another of the distant lagunas.

Mexico seems to be the winter home of the sandhill crane. I thought I had seen some sandhill cranes in the Western States many years ago, but neither there nor in California

have I ever seen them so abundant and so tame as they were on this ground. By many sportsmen and by nearly all who are not sportsmen the sandhill crane is considered worthless to eat. Its name is unfortunate as well as its shape, for most people think a crane is a crane and can be nothing else. The thousands who turn up their noses at the sandhill crane are just as wise as the man who won't eat eels because they resemble snakes, and is afraid to try frogs' legs because a frog is like a toad. The sandhill crane has little in common with the herons, bitterns, and egrets, all of which are commonly called cranes. Its general shape, however, is sufficient to make the crowd class it with the fish eaters. But it is as different from them as a mallard is from the sheldrake or loon. The sandhill may possibly, like the mallard, eat fish or bugs from necessity, but when it can get plenty of grain or grass it is a vegetarian. Though it goes occasionally on wet ground it generally frequents the high, dry uplands, and water seems not at all essential to its comfort, as it does to that of other cranes. Here it feeds entirely upon corn and cotton seed, as do the brant and large ducks, and it becomes very fat. When the sandhill crane is in good condition from feeding upon wheat, corn, etc., no finer flavored bird of its size flies the air. Steaks cut from the breast of a young one and broiled with butter will convince the most sceptical. And an old one parboiled for an hour or so, then stuffed and well roasted will walk off with the affections of the most particular epicure.

In other respects he is fully worthy of the most skillful sportsman's attention. No bird, not even the turkey, is more wild or more wary than the sandhill crane generally is; and, in general, it requires even more care to get within certain rifleshot of one than to get within certain rifleshot of a deer or antelope. To get near enough to one to kill it with the shotgun is next to impossible, except by concealment upon the line of its flight. Even then the concealment must be nearly perfect, and the shooter must remain motionless until the bird is too close to escape by turning aside or rising. The slightest motion of the head to watch its coming, or of the gun to get it in readiness to shoot, is apt to be fatal to your success. It is, indeed, easy to hit when once within reach of the shotgun. And so is the wild turkey. But there is skill enough required to get a shot to give to its pursuit all the flavor of hunting of the highest order.

On these grounds it seems to have relaxed its caution to an extraordinary degree, and becomes comparatively easy to shoot. I say comparatively because it is still actually quite wild. But here it is possible by the use of caution and good judgment to make a handsome bag of cranes almost any day without resorting to either pits in the ground for concealment or to decoys to bring them within reach. Whereas, on most grounds in the United States where they are found it is impossible to get one with the shotgun without using such aids. Over a tract of ground some ten miles in diameter these birds are here found in immense numbers. Often a hundred flocks, each containing from twenty to eighty or ninety birds, may be seen in the air at once, some swinging low along the tops of the corn, others drifting far away on high, while from almost every corn or cotton-field comes the long-drawn *grrrrrrr* of cranes feeding among the stalks. Where the fields are more open they may be seen standing in dignified array watching you at a distance with their long bluish-gray necks and heads, looking almost white in the sunshine, or else rising in a wild confusion of flapping gray with uproarious *grrrrrrrs* from the cotton or corn as the hand-car rolls along.

If this crane be so worthy of the sportsman's regard, what shall we say of his great white brother the white sandhill, sometimes called (if I remember rightly) the whooping crane. This is perhaps the most rare and difficult bird in North America to shoot. Many sportsmen who have shot all over the United States have never seen one, and few indeed are the men who have ever bagged one. Twenty years ago, upon the wildest grounds there were in Illinois, where the common sandhill was abundant, comparatively few specimens of the white one could be seen and these generally kept far out upon the open prairie and could not be approached even within rifle shot. All attempts to get on their line of flight were generally useless, for they either rose too high when disturbed or were so wary that they would see the hunter lying ahead of them. Many a year had passed since last I saw this beautiful bird, until last winter I saw them near Lerdo. Here they are more abundant than in any other place where I have ever seen them. Far away in the zenith you may see them sometimes about midday floating like specks of down in long circles and spiral lines, sending down through two or three miles of air a long note as ringing and clear as the blast of a bugle. Sometimes one will see three or four of them mingled with the other cranes, flying with them in orderly array, and keeping time to their stroke of wing, their long necks and legs outstretched in the same way, their snowy raiment, all spotless except the glossy black band that tips the huge white wings, contrasting strangely with the ashy gray and blue of their comrades. Sometimes one sees a few standing with upraised head and watchful eye out upon the open fields, and once in a while, though rarely, they skim low above the corn. This bird is fully equal, if not superior, in flavor to the other sandhill, but is much wilder and infinitely rarer. I saw one flock in Durango containing nearly two hundred. But with that exception I have found them only in small companies of three or four, and but few of these companies in a day. Though abundant here compared with their numbers in the United States, they are still quite rare and are found only by dozens where the others may be numbered by thousands.

To have good success with either of these cranes here one must make a bed of corn stalks and either sit or lie down upon it and bend a lot of them together over his head for a partial blind. There one should stay and keep perfectly quiet until one can hear the soft sound of their wings. By that time they are too close to get away. But there is no safety in any motion, however cautious, or in showing your face. You should not shoot at anything else, no matter how tempting the opportunity. Should you be upon open ground and see a flock coming toward you low enough to shoot, about the only way to obtain a sure shot is to lie down at once upon your face, and do so behind a bush or in a hollow of the ground, or in grass or weeds if possible. Lay your gun beneath you and lie perfectly still without showing your face until you hear their wings over you. Then jump with all the quickness of which you are master, and you may see one come whirling down from before each barrel.

I tried to persuade my friends to confine their attention to cranes, and use all their caution about hiding. But I could not convince them that they could not get both cranes and ducks at the same time; and finding that for most of the ducks concealment was almost unnecessary, and each one having with him for retriever a peon (all of whom dress in white cotton), a bag of cranes was out of the question, though dozens of flocks passed them just out of shot that would have come within twenty yards had they been properly hidden.

That day reminded me of some of the brightest of days gone by. It was all in all such a day as I had never expected to see again. One of my companions, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, whose name stands at the head of the crack shots of England, told me he had never seen its equal, though he had shot all over the world. Many a time before I have seen far more ducks, and seen them fly in denser ranks, and whizz even nearer to my head; but I never saw such a steady succession of close shots during the middle of the day. On every hand ducks, brant and crane were flying about of their own motion; on every hand they were rising with obstreperous wing and shining ranks from the fields as we advanced; on every hand ducks already started were circling around us, setting their wings and hissing down from above to alight in almost the same place from which we had started them; and on every hand at the report of a gun the heavy beat of hundreds of wings would arise from places from which so many birds had already arisen that we supposed them quite bare of anything more.

Easy as this shooting was it still savored too much of work. I knew that something better could be had. So I posted one of my friends in one place, and another in another, while I took four peons and went around among the neighboring fields where ducks were alighting by thousands, to keep them stirred up. It was a veritable "drive" of ducks. The amount of ground freshly irrigated did not exceed over a mile square, and no amount of disturbance could drive the ducks from it. Though they alight readily enough in any of the fields that are wet, and though there were thousands of acres of such ground on every side containing ducks, yet the majority seemed crazy about the freshly irrigated tracts. They rose in dark sheets from one spot, and without even circling about in indecision, set their wings and slid down the air to another not half a mile away. Sometimes they rose in tier after tier from the corn, those in the rear just rising above the corn and passing over a thousand comrades to alight a short distance ahead, as blackbirds often do. Single ducks went whizzing about in all directions, seeming more bewildered than those in flocks, but few of them would leave the place. But the brant and cranes left at once and staid away. Many a flock of the gray sandhill cranes came steering toward us from far away, but rose high in air as they came within half a mile of the uproar. Away on the edge of the tumult I could see the white ones turn off and leave us a mile on one side.

I doubt if there was a native within a mile who did not quit work or stop in his travels and wait until the sport was over. Groups of peons, all clad in white cotton, gathered upon the railroad embankment and climbed upon the hand-car, where they could see better, and kept the interval between the reports of the guns well filled with expressive *carajos* and *carambas*. Others on horseback stretched out backward full length upon the horse and laughed as though they would split whenever a duck came plunging from above at an unusually long shot.

My English friends had both been in "a hot corner" in *battues* at home, but had never seen so many birds fly over them as they did that day. In about an hour after the drive fairly commenced they had emptied both pockets and sacks of the cartridges they had taken with them and we had to stop. We ran into Lerdo that afternoon with the hand-car loaded down, there to meet a storm of *carajos* and *carambas* and other ejaculations too expressive for print, such as the good old State of Durango had not heard for many a year.

During all my hunting in Mexico I have found the people exceedingly obliging and polite. Instead of ordering me off they have come out and shown me where game was. Peons have followed me about like children, taking as much pleasure in the shooting as I did, plunging into the water and mud like a dog to retrieve a duck. They will do it for nothing if one is mean enough to let them, but will feel well repaid with twenty-five cents or a pair of ducks. It is probable enough that an American market shooter would not remain long in favor, as the Mexicans generally do not look upon the eradication of all that is fair in nature with the same composure with which the American sees his landscape swept bare to tickle the palates of city swells who are too lazy or too stupid to appreciate game anywhere but on a plate. But one shooting only for pleasure may feel assured of kind treatment.

Much apprehension exists in the United States about visiting Mexico. But a gentlemen who behaves himself as he would in any other foreign country, will be treated well by every one. In fact it is marvellous how well the Mexicans do treat the Americans in view of the way the most of them have acted here. Foreigners acting in the same way in the United States would in twenty-four hours have heads that would puzzle a phrenologist. I have found among my countrymen here many true gentlemen, who are as much respected by the Mexicans as anybody. But the majority of them I am most heartily ashamed of, and it is a standing wonder to me that the Mexicans tolerate them as they do. As for myself, I must say that I have never been treated better in my life than during the five months I have spent in Mexico.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

"You talk about dogs," said the judge, "you talk about dogs—I can tell you the funniest story about a dog." "Did you know the dog?" said the doctor. "I did. This dog belonged to a friend of mine, who used always to take him out with him." "A bad habit," put in the doctor; "you should never let a dog know too much." "The dog used to wait outside for him when he went in to call on a friend. One night they were a very merry party and they kept it up late. My friend got very drunk. The dog finally got restless and began to howl. A champagne bottle passed his nose and he smelt it and shut up. About 2 o'clock in the morning my friend came out. He said good night, shut the door, walked by the garden gate all over the flower beds, and finally unable to get out, he laid down on a rosebush and went to sleep. The dog watched by him till the milkman came along in the morning, picked him up and took him home." "That's nothing," said the doctor. "You just wait a minute. Two or three nights later he went and called on his friend again and took the dog with him. The dog waited outside a little while and began again to howl. Another champagne bottle was thrown at him. He smelt it, winked to himself, and trotted off. He went home, scratched at the door till the servant girl opened it, attracted my friend's wife's attention, made her follow him to a pile of planks and whined till they got out a very long and broad one. Then he directed them to where his master was, and when the door bell rang and the door opened, the revelers found the dog, my friend's wife, the servant and a stretcher. The dog knew what was needed, you bet." "Well," said the doctor, "I thought I knew all the dog stories, but that's a new one."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Natural History.

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NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WHITE PINE

IT IS fitting when important measures are prominent to add even a small amount to the general knowledge on the question involved, if that can be done, since it is often the case that those who profess to know the most, flounder about in uncertainties, and like geese in a fog, only show by noise their need of sun or stars to tell their position and course. We need facts and figures; and these the present article aims to supply.

Forestry, a subject ever important, is receiving more attention at the present time than at any former period, and especially in this country, where the pursuit of wealth sweeps all before it, regardless as the hosts of Attila that desert and desolation follow its track. At present the course of thought is like a procession of mourners. The direst calamities are presented as the inevitable result of the destruction of our forests; remedies multiply, some immediate, some remote, many impracticable, while not one has touched the great law of compensation in nature, the succession and reproduction of foliate life. Not one has dared to assume what is here done without fear of philosophic contradiction: that the creative force, that which gives life to matter is, back of all, just as active to-day, just as potent as it was "in the beginning," and that the earth is now a thousand fold better able to produce vegetable life without seed than it was as that remote period. What but creative force produced the tree that produced the seed at first? And tell me, if you can and dare to do so, what creative force has died or lost its power? That schoolboy philosopher who sought the fountain of life and gave out at a protoplasm, brought out from one soul at least in its anguish the exclamation, "Blockhead, why did you not stop at an elephant, just as near the origin of life, as at a protoplasm, because some child might ask what an elephant was and you could tell him, you could add to his knowledge, you could raise him in the scale of intelligence; but the same question, just as sensible in regard to the protoplasm must be answered, if at all, by, 'There is nothing to it, nothing to describe;' and thus your great subject of life has petered out until there is nothing left, absolutely nothing. One thing you might have known at first, or should at least have learned in the pursuit, that the principle of life is with the Infinite and not committed to your care nor mine."

In our researches among these mysteries in nature the work is poorly done if we fail to mark those points where the phenomena find analogy and counterpart in human life, and also where human life has wonderful illustration in other departments than its own. We find, in fact, distributed among animals, every trait of human character, and we find combined in human character, all we find in the orders of life below us. "Survival of the fittest"—that paradoxical, unexplainable, murderous law in nature, so often referred to by evolutionists—has striking illustration in the growth of the white pine. It is literally with that tree from the beginning a struggle for life regardless of the life of others. The law is, in effect, prostrate the weaker, crush the feeble and lowly beside you, break down and destroy all rivalry, and in every case make the dead and the dying contribute their life and substance to your own aggrandizement.

Not a rifle shot from my birthplace a grove of white pine covering two acres has grown, culminated and passed away. My first recollection is of when the trees were some twenty-five feet high, almost thick as a canebrake, and quite as straight and graceful. The tops were so interwoven that no ray of the sun could penetrate below, consequently a deep soft carpet of needles covered the ground, and not one green leaf of the humblest plant could be found upon it. It was at that time, in the year 1820, the most beautiful grove of white pine in all New England. I could step from tree to tree over the entire surface. My father supplemented any remark on its beauty with the statement, "When at seven years old I came from Hebron, Conn., there was a field of wheat on that lot." This would make the grove at the present time just about 100 years old. One year ago the timber, much of it two and a half and three feet in diameter, was sold standing for $1,200 and was all cut off. Here we reach an important fact, the first reliable data in the growth of white pine in its first century. We also reach the profits of that growth on two acres of land unfit for cultivation and abandoned after the first crop. But this was not all, for for half a century there had been constant draft on the grove for light building and fencing purposes, by the dying of a few trees and by thinning out the crowded parts. The phenomena of its growth and the multiplied uses to which the pine is applied make its history of pecuniary value as well as an interesting study to us; certainly no other tree shows such diversity of character, such extremes of value growing side by side; no other tree on the earth ministers so largely to the comforts and necessities of civilized and enlightened life.

The most prominent and important characteristic is a central spike shooting upward with each year and leaving with each shoot a circle of horizontal branches at its base. This central spike and the horizontal branches are covered with needles paired together, of a deep green color; and these remain through the winter. The succeeding spring comes a second shoot, the same spike, the same green needles, and the same circle of horizontal branches at the base. The third spring opens with a third shoot precisely like the others. Consequently, in June and July we have three lengths the growth of three years covered with the needle foliage of its nature. In September the joint three years old changes color and casts off its needles like all dead leaves. And thus, paradoxical as it may seem, the needles fall every year, although none fall until three years old. But this is a general characteristic of all evergreen trees. The balsam and spruce vary somewhat, retaining foliage longer than the pine and of course more dense and heavy than that tree. When this central spike is growing it is green, has a sweet, piny taste, is succulent and juicy, but so tender that a thoughtless bird seizing upon it and endeavoring to balance on the unsteady perch breaks it down and the growth seems entirely spoiled. But it is only a temporary setback, however; the largest horizontal branch at its base turns its central spike upward and by right of the strongest assumes to be "head of the family." The smaller branches, of which there may be a dozen in the circle, acknowledge the right by giving up life and substance "to the fittest," except where one directly opposite is equally strong. In that case they approach each other and in a few years two trunks stand perpendicular with no trace of horizontal opposition remaining

The growth of the pine in the first year is of little consequence. It is simply a green cone, wide as it is high, liable to be trampled down by cattle, cut off by scythe or mowing machine, and really worthless. But escaping these, it is silently laying in strength for after life, so that at five years cattle walk round rather than over it. The growth and strength now double with each year, until at fifteen, perhaps, it reaches the maximum point. I have one spike forty-two inches in length, the growth of a single year at that age. After that the yearly growth decreases in length, until at the height of 140 feet capillary attraction and natural forces fail and a scraggy, horizontal cap surmounts the whole.

But the tree is yet below middle life. If left to a course of nature, perhaps two centuries are yet before it. In the second century, as it can grow no higher, it makes a diameter of six feet where the first gave only three, the natural forces all absorbed in depositing wood fiber on the outside. It is from this outer coat, this growth of the second century, that what is termed "clear stuff" is obtained. Another thing. The second century opens the capillary tubes, and gives to the timber a quality of rift which the growth of the first does not reach; the old pines can be split into sheets or shingles while the trees of one century must be cut by machinery. In the first twenty years the growth is rapid, the fiber is soft and corky, consequently in the second century this center is liable to decay, and the great trunk becomes hollow from the ground upward. In view of this fact, with the facilities of machinery in its manufacture, and more than all, the long credit of two centuries for its full maturity, it is altogether probable that where the old stock is exhausted, the reproduction will not be allowed to reach the same age and perfection; but like the grove under consideration, will be taken at the growth of one century as being the highest point of its value and usefulness.

Another point to be considered is the necessity of sunlight, on which its very existence depends. I measured a square rod of ground in a thicket of white pine on which I counted one hundred trees from two to ten feet high, and forty of that hundred were already dead. The larger trees overshadowed the lesser and weaker ones, their branches united in a dense canopy above, shutting out entirely the sunlight and its mysterious influence. The little trees struggled a while for life, then, withered and shrunken, gave up the unequal contest in death, and as I said before, contributed their life and substance to the aggrandizement of the power which destroyed them. Nor are even the "fittest" exempt, except in a measure, from this same law. The higher horizontal branches overshadow the lower, which die and fall to the ground, and in time are overshadowed by new branches above and with the same result.

In this connection comes up the strange phenomena of the utterly worthless character of the pine when growing alone in the open fields. There it throws out large, crooked misshapen branches almost from the ground, seizing and absorbing all the juices which should go to produce height and majesty of form; and so interwoven in its destiny is this tendency that trees on the outer circle of this grove showed invariably on the outside of the trunk, large, crooked branches almost to the ground, while on the inner side, the same trunk had not a living branch in sixty feet. In the open field all branches reach the sunlight, although mainly in horizontal positions, and hence all live and grow with the tree. Trimming is often resorted to, but is wasted labor. It is good so far as the axe can reach perhaps, but what is a clear trunk of six feet when there should be sixty. I saw one tree standing alone, a beautiful trunk of ten feet, and ninety above that were gnarled and knotty, worthless even for firewood.

Another peculiarity in the growth of white pine is that when cut down at any age, the root dies with the trunk. It is now the close of the second summer since the grove was cut off. Not a twig of evergreen can be found where the pines stood, while every stick and stump of the hard wood undergrowth, smashed down in removal of the pines, seemed to start again with new life in sprouts from the root, ten-fold in number and ten-fold in growth, because the roots all lived, were all drawing sustenance from the earth and without regard to what was being done above ground, made this forced growth a result.

In regard to reproduction, I speak of what has been done on the estate where I was born. True, it was the middle section of the pine belt where it crosses New England, and of course where the tree grows at its best; and yet in general, what is true here is true of the belt in the circuit of the globe. The original stock, the growth of three centuries perhaps, was cut off to clear the land for cultivation, but these two acres were abandoned after the first crop as too arid and stony to repay the agriculturist. A few pines in the neighborhood scattered seeds over the pasture, the only place where they take root, one in ten thousand, and they grew thick and high, unnoticed and forgotton. But in all this time they shot higher, the roots spread broader and deeper, so that when the old stock was exhausted and men began to look in despair at the desolation, lo and behold, forces in nature had been silently at work to supply human wants in the future, and also effectually teaching us a lesson of prudence for all time.

But I anticipate. When the trees of this grove had attained their full height, with green branches near the top, the sun again looked in and the whole order and condition of things was changed. Vegetable life which had slept for centuries seemed to awake suddenly, and we first noticed that the whole two acres were covered with little trees thick as a grain field, but hardly of the kind we should expect to see. Not a pine tree among them, but nearly every other tree known in that climate, and many whose seeds could not have fallen on that ground in the centuries preceding. A question comes up then in regard to the fecundity and non-fecundity of pine seeds. Whither went the seeds which fell from these pines three-quarters of a century in yearly showers, not one of which took root in the grove? And again, whence came the seeds of that young forest among the pines, not a tree of the kind having stood on that ground while the pines lived?

There are hundreds of acres along this valley densely covered with young pines which had been a summer pasture a quarter of a century, and which seemed to start into life all at once, with not a seeding pine within a mile of them.

Seeds are a convenience, a necessity, in the interchange and distribution of climatic production, but let us remember that the creative force, that which made seeds at first, still lives, and by methods not known to us concentrates that principle of life in matter, and from which is evolved, through human agency it may be, the perfect form and quality that life was designed to produce.

In view of these facts, duplicated as they are beyond enumeration, is it at all strange that one man at least looks beyond seeds and beyond succession for the germ, the origin of life, and only credits ignorance or insanity with other conclusion?

We also see that it is not among the designs of Providence that the "evergreen belt" of our latitude shall pass from sight. There may be a "lean streak" between the two, but Reproduction is following the track of Decimation across the continent as the Connecticut Valley demonstrates. The mourners may dry their tears as the "calamities" fade in the distance and patiently wait. They might perhaps enliven the monotony of the "lean streak" by planting and pruning pines, but planting for one hundred years hence, and worthless at that except in thickets, is not a current benevolence at the present day and not likely to be largely entered into even by them.

The course pursued on this estate is unquestionably the best, the only true one. In the last half century every nook and corner not fit for cultivation has been given up to the growth of pines as the young trees claimed squatter possession, and we now come down by regular succession from the highest to the lowest. There are hundreds of trees now on the estate rivaling in value the best in the grove. There is one patch, an acre or two of younger trees 100 feet high; another, two acres, 75 feet, three acres 50 feet, another, two acres, 40 feet, another 25 feet, while little thickets of pine, 100 to the square rod, are too numerous to mention.

And what is the result of this foresight which has cost comparatively nothing? Succession and abundant reproduction for the next hundred years and with it a lesson for all time.

Surely it is safest to follow nature's work in these things. It is ours to assist, improve and beautify the work before us, but if we mar that work the result has neither evasion, palliation or forgiveness. If in our greed for present wealth we sweep the "evergreen pine" from our latitude with no effort for its reproduction, we shall justly receive the invective and execrations of generations to come. B. Horsford.

North Thetford, Vt.

√ The Colored Patch in the Crown of the Kingbird.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The kingbird, in common with other members of the genus *Tyrannus*, has a patch of brilliantly colored feathers in the center of its crown. When the bird is in repose this spot of color is concealed by the adjacent feathers on each side. But it has the power of retracting these latter at will in such a manner as to display the bright orange feathers and the white bases of the black ones adjoining. So far as I am aware, no satisfactory theory has yet been advanced to account for the presence of this spot, which is common to both sexes. Mr. Samuel L. King, of Bristol, Tennessee, has suggested a novel theory for its explanation. He writes me as follows: "I inclose herewith a scalp of the bee martin or kingbird. You will observe on blowing your breath upon it that a strong resemblance to a flower appears. I have never seen in any work upon ornithology that this 'flower' is used to entice bees, but from my observations I believe such to be the case. The kingbird takes its position in the top of a low bush, weed or tree, and spreads out the red and white feathers on its head to resemble a flower. The honey bee (or other insect) comes along, thinks he will get some honey from the bloom, goes too near and is caught."—C. Hart Merriam, M.D.

The White Goat.—Burrard Inlet, Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter on the mountain goat in your issue of Aug. 13 either your printer made a mistake in reading my copy or I made one in copying my notes, as the figures you give, viz. 3 feet 6 inches of length of goat should be 4 feet 6 inches. The other figures are correct.—John Fannin.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ON THE PLATTE.—I.

We had spent the early fall in writing to parties living along the Platte River in order to find the best place for our annual crusade on the geese, and had at last settled down upon Newark, a small village on the B. & M. R. R., about ten miles east of Kearney. In a few days after this decision, our friend A. M. Brewer, a merchant up there and withal an enthusiastic sportsman, wired us to come on. Taking the first train for the West, leaving here at 10 that night, our party, five in number, were dropped off at Newark the next day at noon, and were at once conducted to a farm house, about half a mile distant, where arrangements had been made for boarding us, and which proved to be a most enjoyable place. Dinner was awaiting us, and as soon as that was dispatched we donned our hunting rig, climbed into the big farm wagon behind an elegant span of horses, and bowled away for the river, about a mile distant. Every one was in high good humor, the weather was lovely, geese reported as being abundant, and the horses, apparently taking on the enthusiasm, cantered off at a lively rate. But just as we were making a short turn to come into the main road, the wheel on the inside of the curve ran upon an old barrel lying concealed in the weeds, and in a jiffy turned the wagon over and piled the contents promiscuously upon the ground. Every one was so hampered with toggery and wading apparel that no one except Lanham made any effort toward jumping out of the way. He was sitting in front with the driver, and before our vehicle was fairly on its side had landed about ten feet away in a patch of wild sunflowers, where he soon lay groaning as though every bone in his body had been broken snap off. Young Hathaway had fallen square across the body of his father, and Charley Baum had been unloaded on top of me and given me a jolt that hung to me two or three days. But after feeling Jack's leg awhile, and assuring him that he was making a deal of fuss over a small matter, it was but a short while before we were spinning away again, quite thankful that no bones had been broken.

The Platte, at Newark, is divided into three channels. Brewer had selected the middle one for our base of operations. So, crossing the first, which was easily done in the wagon, we drove over to the middle one and unloaded our decoys and other paraphernalia. At several points above, where we struck the river, there was quite a showing of geese on the bars, that had come in from the fields before noon and were taking their afternoon siesta prior to going out for their last feed, and the sight encouraged us to believe we would have some fair sport here.

After standing upon the bank and discussing the situation for a while we finally selected sites for our respective blinds and at once began work on them, first carrying out the share of decoys allotted to each, and our guns, stools and ammunition, and then brush for what the natives call the "bough house." Albeit it was near the close of October the leaves on many of the small willows were as green as in midsummer, and this was not as serious a matter as it had been on former occasions and at other places. By the time the flocks of geese began their afternoon pilgrimage to the fields the party were about all ready for them, and a few "single footers" coming within range, in their desire to investigate these new displays, were tumbled over and at once set up on the bars near the respective blinds to augment the flocks of decoys. Large displays are always desirable, the larger the better, and it is universally conceded that a dead goose, properly placed, makes a better decoy than anything else, except a live one. Even live ones are not good, if they are continually striving to get away or are every now and then yelping out their note of warning.

We did not do much good on the return flight from the fields, the geese coming in late, flying high and coming down in all three of the channels. This did not discourage us, however, as we had never had much success on the afternoon or night shoot, and when George announced, by a yell on shore, that he was there to haul us back to the house, we waded ashore and climbed into the wagon, sanguine of a good day's sport on the morrow. Supper was ready for us on arrival at the house, and renewed the promise of the noon meal that we were to fare sumptuously during our stay. Having slept but little the night before on the cars, and desiring an early start in the morning, we retired early to cozy rooms and clean, sweet beds, where we slept and dreamed of geese by the carload.

We were somewhat disappointed in the bag we made the next day. On account of a stiff south wind the greater number of incoming geese as they headed up the river, drifted to the northern channel and settled down there to our extreme disgust. By paying strict attention to our business and making the most of our opportunities, we bagged, I think, eighteen geese and a few ducks, and went home that night somewhat down in the mouth. We found the next day that our shooting in the middle channel had had the effect to send the geese to the others, and although the weather was quite propitious and the number of geese had materially increased, not so many came into our decoys. Yet, for all that, by reason of redoubled vigilance, the relocation of some of the blinds, and better shooting, we brought down more game than on the previous day.

On the morning of our fourth day, when we waded out to our respective blinds, we found they had all been visited during the night by thieves and over one-half of our game and decoys stolen. At my blind, which was the furthest down the river, they had made a clean sweep. It being near the hour of the return of the geese from their breakfast in the fields, I took the channel of the river and visited the other boys. None of them had suffered as I had, all of them having been left some of each dead geese, ducks and sheet-iron decoys. Getting from these as many decoys as I could well carry, I returned to my blind in time for the incoming flight, which proved rather a good one, and enabled us, in a measure, to retrieve our lost fortunes. But when George came down with our dinner we concluded to pull up stakes, spend the afternoon in quest of the thieves, and the next day have him drive us down to our old stamping ground at Foote's, back of Kenesaw.

The above programme was carried out by our leaving Newark early in the morning and taking roads running parallel with the river and as near it as possible, with the intention of pitching camp at the first favorable spot not already occupied by other hunters. But we found the territory everywhere covered, saw the tents of hunters at nearly every house near the river, and could hear the boom of their guns as they were let loose at some wary flock passing up or down stream, seeking a spot where they might light in safety and take a rest. Besides these unfavorable signs we met other squads of hunters going up as we went down, and from them obtained the most discouraging reports. Near 3 o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Foote's, hungry and pretty well tuckered out, to learn that a party was due there that night from Burlington, having telegraphed ahead to save rooms and beds. But our party had always regarded this as our home, and we at once gave Mother Foote to understand we could not be set aside for strangers. So we took possession, selected our beds and reconnoitered the field.

When the geese are flying right, Foote's, in my judgment, is the best place on the river. Here all the channels meet in one, just back of the house, which stands but a few yards from the bank. The hunter can walk out to his blind at any hour he chooses, and be in at meals without inconvenience or fatigue. But for the last three or four years these advantages drew the hunters in such great numbers, and filled the bars so completely with death-dealing blinds, that the geese abandoned that territory, and the hunters were left. Yet on this occasion we found the field nearly entirely deserted, while Willie and Ira, both good shots and doubtless the best honkers on the river, reported a fair flight and the chances of a moderate bag good. Of course we hired the boys to help us, and got the use of their decoys and dead geese. Here we remained two or three days, with varying success, when we pulled up, and, getting Mr. Foote to haul us over to the railroad, came home, having bagged less than 100 geese all told. When the Burlington people came over the night of our arrival at Foote's, the old mother stowed them away somewhere and somehow, if not so comfortably, and I guess they felt a sense of relief when we took our departure.

It was here that we met one Talbot, of Sioux City, Iowa, with his big and expensive outfit of tents, wagons, horses, hunters, attendants, four practical taxidermists, and a quarter of an acre of decoys, killing geese, skinning them, throwing the carcasses away, and shipping the skins the Lord only knows where. This wholesale murder looked cruel and wanton to us, and especially since not a pound of flesh was utilized, not even being eaten by buzzards, as there are none in that country. In our own case every fowl we killed went into some housewife's bake-oven.

On our return home we met a couple of our townsmen who had just gotten back from a point on the Platte, fifty miles above and west of Newark, and who had killed and brought home over 150 geese, their bag one day alone being nearly sixty. It appeared the geese had, in sheer self defense, drifted up that way to get a place to rest. They were not shy and decoyed readily to a small display of decoys. In our correspondence during the fall with parties up that way we had elicited the information that the geese had not been in the habit of coming up so far in any great numbers and

were not recommended to extend our pilgrimages to those points. We learned before the season was over that better shooting even than that enjoyed by our two friends might have been had even still further west, the geese being in greater numbers and not so shy of blinds and decoys. What course they will take this fall is yet to be decided, but my belief is it will be necessay, in order to have good sport, to hunt them fifty to one hundred miles west of Kearney. That territory being pretty well settled now, the geese can find plenty of grain fields near at hand upon which to feed, and yet so remote as not to be so constantly disturbed either while feeding on the land or resting in the river.

My belief is also that, upon the whole, the river Platte is the best territory for hunting geese in the world. The river is peculiarly attractive to that fowl. It is broad and shallow and showy, filled with little and big flat sandbars, flowing for hundreds of miles in a country not overburdened with lakes or rivers, and right across the track of the millions of geese in their journeys north and south, and through a territory teeming with grain to be had for picking it up. The geese begin making their appearance from the 20th to the 25th of October, and mostly remain here till severe weather drives them southward. Some come earlier and many hurry on south, but the bulk of them linger along till the streams hereabouts freeze up. They are not here long before they become fat as pigs and the young ones are especially delicious. During their stay in the fall very few are lost by spoiling. Three years ago a party of five of us killed 313 at Foote's in five days shooting. They were all left sitting on the bars night and days' around the blinds for decoys. They were brought home and expressed to friends around, 200 of them going into consumption here, and we heard of only two that were at all tainted. In the spring, when the shooting is infinitely better, the case is different. One then can't count on his game for more than a day or two. This same Burlington party went to Foote's last spring, killing some 160 geese, all of which spoiled but ten. Spring shooting by parties from abroad should be discontinued. As I went back to the Platte after the dates described herein, I will give the account of that trip in another letter. BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Neb.

THE HUNTING RIFLE TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Like many more of your readers, I was delighted at reading in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 6 that you are about to make a trial of the trajectories of the leading sporting rifles. The results ought to be of incalculable value to sportsmen, and I hope they will afterward be published in a book.

I do not think it would be possible to improve upon the suggestions made by Major Merrill in your paper of the 13th, for testing the accuracy and trajectory at 100, 150 and 200 yards, but another point of great importance is the distance up to which each rifle will carry without the necessity of making any allowance whatever for the curve in the flight of the bullet. This might be ascertained by setting the block sights of small game rifles so that the highest point of the curve will not be more than ½ inch. For large game the highest point might be, I think, 1½ inches, so that there would be no chance at over-shooting when aiming at an animal's brain.

A register of the recoil, as shown by some reliable machine, would be valuable. An experience of about twenty-five years with the rifle, has taught me that a weapon which will carry accurately at a target when held firmly always in one position, may make very poor practice at game when shooting in various positions up or down hill, or when, quickness being necessary, the trigger is pulled almost before the butt of the stock is embedded in the shoulder. In such cases a rifle which kicks severely will sometimes twist in the hand sufficiently to give a wrong course to the bullet when the aim has been quite correct.

I cannot agree with Major Merrill's opinion that 200 yards is an unnecessarily long range for sporting weapons. It is true that, in forest shooting, about three-fourths of all kinds of large game are killed within 75 yards; but in the mountains and open plains of India it is often impossible to approach nearer than 200 yards to various kinds of antelope and wild sheep or goats. The same must be, I would imagine, the case on the American prairies, and on the plains of South Africa such long shots are very common.

The trials of English express rifles in 1883 were limited to 150 yards, not because British sportsmen do not wish for a longer range, but, I believe, because comparatively few express rifles shoot truly at 200 yards. Shortly after the *Field* trials took place I asked a noted London gunmaker what sort of target his rifles made at the latter distance, and his reply was, "That is rather too far for trying an express." His rifles have been proved to carry as closely at 150 yards as the best of those fired at the *Field* trials, although he was not one of the competitors.

At those trials the large bores (from 8 to 12 gauge) were shot at only 50 yards, which was really absurd, for a good ball-shooting smooth-bore will carry well up to that distance, and a properly made 12-gauge rifle will put a number of successive bullets into a six-inch square at 100 yards. That such a range is necessary is shown in the accounts of shooting rhinoceros, buffalo and bison, by Sir Samuel Baker, Captain Forsyth and others.

It will be interesting to judge from the results of your trials how much or how little is really gained by the very heavy charges used in English express rifles. I have often doubted if the increased flatness of trajectory fully compensates for the loss of that invariable delicate accuracy which is so desirable in shooting weapons. For some years past I have owned a breechloading .45 express by one of the best English makers. It weighs 8 pounds 12 ounces, and is loaded with 125 grains of powder and a hollow bullet of 270 grains. The curve of the trajectory is about 3½ inches up to 150 yards, at which distance it will carry closely enough to hit a deer in the right place five shots out of six, but at 200 yards the shooting is so inferior that I would consider it a great piece of cruelty to fire unless pressed for food. If the rifle could be made quite accurate at this range I would willingly sacrifice one or two inches in the trajectory at 150 yards. I have had three different express rifles, not one of which could be depended upon beyond the latter distance.

The weapon with which I have made the greatest number of successful long shots was a two-grooved rifle that had a trajectory six inches high up to 100 yards, and required a leaf sight to be raised for every 50 yards beyond. It carried so closely that I frequently killed, not only antelope, but such small animals as gazelles at 200 yards. It was stolen from me in India sixteen years ago. Since then I have used six weapons of various kinds at game, and remain convinced that extreme accuracy in a sporting rifle is the one quality which should never be sacrificed for any other. The best judges of distance will make mistakes and lose animals by shooting over or under them, but in the long run they will lose far more by using rifles that carry irregularly.

J. J. M.

LONDON, August 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think some of your correspondents lose sight of the fact that the object of the proposed trajectory test is to test the trajectory, not the pull of trigger or weight of gun. Of course I agree that as it is to be a test of hunting rifles, field artillery should be excluded and only rifles that can be carried day after day without excessive fatigue be tested. As to the discarding of the fixed rest, as advocated in your last issue, I hope and suppose that it will not be done, for no man can invariably take the necessary sight by simply resting the muzzle that can be had when the gun is held in a vise, and absolute certainty is what we want. Of course, trigger pull affects accuracy, but it don't affect trajectory. Reduce pull if too great. Why should muzzleloaders be excluded? "Obsolete" are they? Well, you will find obsolete men who will take pride in muzzleloaders for years to come. It is not to be (as projected) a test of magazine rifles or breechloaders but of hunting rifles. I am not a zealous advocate of muzzleloaders, but I should be sorry to see them shut out. If, as our correspondent says, the trigger pull affects the trajectory to some extent even from a rest, how much more uncertain and unsatisfactory would the result be if fired from the shoulder even with muzzle rest. We want to know what the gun, not the man, can do. Your correspondent says "it would be unfair to test a very light rifle in competition with a very heavy one." Why? We want to know just what light rifles and certain ammunition will do, even if they are fit "only for squirrel rifles." The men who pump .44 lead from a repeater are not the only ones who take great pride in rifle shooting. Men who use rifles, and those who contemplate using them want to know exactly what repeaters, breechloaders and muzzleloaders will do with different weights (within certain limits) and different charges and at different distances, and this can only be done, as we take it, by putting the rifle where it cannot move. As we understand it this test is intended to be comprehensive, and we must express our great satisfaction that the FOREST AND STREAM has it in hand, for we know it will be thorough. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your proposed rifle test will be of very great interest to those who love that weapon and use it against game. I think that in order to insure the best results, the rules should be as simple as possible. Let not this test be hampered by any high-flown notions of any sort. To the riflemen of forest or plain it is of no importance whether the charge of his weapon is heavy or light, whether the ball be patched with hollands, leather or broadcloth, provided the desired results are attained.

The "Leatherstocking" said that "a true hunter will always use the skin of a fa'n for patches if he can get it;" and he is reported to have done good shooting. He would doubtless, however, have beaten his own record if he had not been too much under the control of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, who made him "continue to pound his bullet" after driving it home, while he was gossiping with Judge Temple.

This communication was accidentally laid aside at this point, a week or two ago, and may reach you too late for publication. I had little more to say, however. It is my expectation that any increased effectiveness in the rifle of the future will be mainly due to improvements in the nature of the expulsive force employed. It is not unlikely that in some little shop or office experiments may now be in progress, the results of which will be of moment in future trials of this kind, and I hope that all sorts of weapons and ammunition may find a fair show in your coming test.

Therefore, if a man shall present for the approbation of your committee a thing like a Chinese matchlock, loaded with a spoonful of syrup and an iron bolt patched with a pine shaving, look not unkindly thereat, but give him opportunity to demonstrate the superior effectiveness of the combination.

So shall you, possibly, entertain unaware the long-sought "rifle of the future." KELPIE.

SEPT. 2, 1885.

[See also our rifle columns.]

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

THE following letter was received recently by Messrs. W. W. Judy & Co. from Captain French, of New York, president of the National Game Preserving Association. It well illustrates the position of the game dealers in the situation and is therefore reproduced:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Your letter of August 25 ult., to Theo. P. Gilman, secretary, was sent to me while absent on a summer vacation. On returning I find Mr. Gilman is absent. In a brief interview with some of the members of our ex-committee, we find ourselves at loss about the scope of the proposed convention and the interests to be represented. You speak of a convention of sportsmen and game dealers for the purpose of modifying and making more uniform the game laws of the country. A printed circular has come to hand headed, 'National Sportsmen's Convention,' and signed L. D. Dozier, president, but this seems to be local and intended to provide ways and means for a festive entertainment. Our association is composed of game dealers, and soon after its organization we made overtures to the sportsman's organization of this city to confer with us, with a view to certain modifications of the law of this State. Our suggestions were curtly declined and they have since enforced the absurd and oppressive feature of that law more vigorously than before. The laws of which you and we complain have been instigated and enforced by sportsmen. If they—the sportsmen of the West—have come to realize that game dealers and game consumers are unfairly treated and desire to meet with them in convention for the purpose of a friendly and candid consideration of the situation, and the devising of better laws in the interest of food and trade, as well as of sport, I am sure we of the East would be glad to send delegates and do all we could toward settling the difficult question upon a just and comprehensive basis. Will you, therefore, please tell me something more about the origin of this movement, and particularly whether influential sportsmen have gone into it in anything like the spirit I have suggested. A prompt reply will probably be in time for us to take some official action, if it seems politic and proper. Very respectfully, N. R. FRENCH, President."

This convention was called by the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, at their annual convention, held in St. Louis, June 2, 1885.

The objects of the convention are to devise ways and means to arrest and prevent the further alarming waste and destruction of our game and fish by improper and unwise methods; to prepare and provide for the enactment and enforcement of game and fish laws; to secure more uniformity in the laws of the several States and Territories—regulating the commencement and duration of the open season—to take steps looking to the improvement of the relations between the sportsmen, game dealers and the land owners, and to consider such other matters as relate to our game and fish resources.

The following railroads and steamboat lines offer rates as below: Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Indianapolis & St. Louis; Louisville & Nashville; Ohio & Mississippi; St. Louis & San Francisco; St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern; Vandalia Line; Diamond Jo Line; Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis; Missouri Pacific; St. Louis & Cairo Short Line; St. Louis, Keokuk & Northwestern, St. Louis & St. Paul packet; Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific.

Recognizing the fact that the object for which this convention has been called is of much greater importance than many are aware, and desiring to reach every sportsman in the country, we have labored the more faithfully through the press and our circulars to awaken an interest with every true lover of the gun and rod throughout all the States, and shall continue our efforts in that direction to the 29th of September, feeling that our time and labor will be amply repaid if success crowns our efforts.

From the number of letters already received with promises to attend, we feel encouraged that our work in the great cause has not been in vain. It has been said that "what is everyone's business is nobody's affair." So it has been with the preservation of game and fish, and the enforcement of our laws relating thereto. We feel that nothing effective can be done without unity and concert of action, and we invite the coöperation of every sportsman from Maine to California, and from the lakes to the Gulf.

There are, perhaps, several thousand organized gunning and fishing clubs in the several States and Territories with, we dare say, a constitution providing for the preservation of game and fish and for the promotion of bodily and mental health and pleasure, but, we are sorry to say, that on account of irregular, inconsistent and inoperative laws, it is almost impossible to enforce them.

Game and fish are the food of the poor. The quantity sold annually in our markets is but a small item as compared to that taken and eaten by our farmers, and could the value be computed as food, we would find the figures way up in the millions. With such facts before us should not every true sportsman awake from his lethargy and lend a helping hand in having laws enacted that will arrest the wanton destruction of game and fish in close seasons, and thereby perpetrate our field and stream pleasures, as well as secure food for the farmer and the poor? This, in our judgment, can only be accomplished by united efforts and concert of action. Therefore we invite every true lover of the rod and gun throughout our broad land to attend the convention.

Delegates or friends to our cause are requested to forward us at once a correct copy of their State game and fish laws. The committee need them badly.

All delegates are requested to assemble at Elk's Hall, southwest corner Sixth avenue and Walnut street, promptly at 9:30 A. M., Sept. 29 and immediately present their credentials to the acting secretary that no time may be lost.

According to the call each sportsmen's club in the United States will be entitled to two delegates in the convention. The credentials of delegates should give the name and address of the club sending them, in full, together with the names of officers and number of membership. It is expected that notwithstanding the call limits the representation to clubs alone, individual sportsmen, fish and game commissioners, fish and game dealers and all others interested in the preservation of fish and game, will be admitted to participate in the deliberations of the convention.

To facilitate the progress of the convention's work, each club is requested to advise H. C. West, 114 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., by mail as quickly as possible, of the number expected to attend from their club.

Sportsmen in cities, towns and villages, where there are no organized clubs, and all who may desire to attend the convention and participate in its deliberations, are urged to organize one at once and elect delegates. It costs but little or nothing to organize a club, and with an organization they can better assist in the enforcement of the game and fish laws. A number of the Fish Commissioners of the several States and Territories have already signified their intention to attend the convention, and it is to be hoped that many more will follow suit, as the work to be considered is of great interest to their noble cause. It is believed that much good would follow if all Commissioners could meet and exchange views. H. C. WEST, L. D. DOZIER, J. D. MALIN, J. P. CARD, J. F. SHEPLEY JR., Committee.

TO MAKE THE GROUSE LIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am one of the "constant readers" of FOREST AND STREAM and have been for years, buying it from our newsman. It brings me a weekly treat which I dearly enjoy; and I would like to express my opinion of it as not only exeeedingly interesting, but a clean, gentlemanly, manly paper, which I can leave without mistrust among all the members of my household. I am now nearly an octogenarian, and my enjoyment of field sport being now limited to fishing for black bass from a boat, the next best thing for me is to read of what younger men are doing. Pardon all this gossip, which of course is not for printing; but I feel somehow as if I were writing to an old friend.

My object in writing is to tell what may possibly afford some sport to some of your readers, on the prairie, after the grouse begin to pack and become wild. A young Hungarian friend, speaking of the grouse which are plentiful on the steppes of his country, described them as very closely resembling our prairie chickens in appearance and in habits, and mentioned a plan, in use by sportsmen there, to obtain some shots after the birds have packed, and are difficult to approach. Some large buckshot have two holes drilled through them, crossing each other, and made as large as convenient. A charge of these is fired, not into the pack when it rises, but well over it, when the birds instantly drop into the grass and lie there "like stones," till several good shots may be obtained. The idea is that the birds fancy the whistling of the perforated shot to be caused by their natural enemies, the hawks. Possibly this might be found to work in the same way with our *Oupidonia cupido*, and perhaps some of your readers might think it worth while to try, and report results. PFARRER.

PORT RICHMOND, Staten Island, Sept. 11.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—V.

THERE is not very much difference in quality, material or workmanship between guns of equal price made by machinery and turned out in large quantities for the general trade by the different American manufacturers. The work of each establishment has its individual characteristics, and these peculiarities, as they happen to be admired by one sportsman and disliked by another, lead to opinions and selections as diverse and numerous as the styles of the guns. But some of these peculiarities add to, while others detract from, the durability and appearance and, consequently, the value of the gun in which they exist.

The principal American manufacturers of moderate-priced hammer guns are the Parker Brothers, the Colt Patent Fire-arms Manufacturing Company, E. Remington & Sons, the American Arms Company, L. C. Smith, Harrington & Richardson, the Ithaca Gun Company, Forehand & Wadsworth and N. R. Davis & Co.

Of all the guns mentioned, the Parker, as recently improved, is perhaps the handsomest model, and it is fully as well made and as neatly finished as any, and is perhaps as well balanced as any of them except the old Fox gun, formerly made by the American Arms Company. Even before the recent improvements which have been made in it, the Parker, with its lifted action, its single lug, without hinge-check or extension rib, fairly held its own among American guns; with its extended top rib, its improved check-hook, its solid head plungers, its top lever, its rebounding bar locks and its hammers below the line of sight, it is very much improved.

The regular sizes of the Parker are 10 and 12 gauge, but 8, 16 and 20 gauge guns are made to order at a slight advance on the price of the regular sizes of corresponding grades. This gun is made as light as 7 pounds in 12-gauge, and as light as 6 pounds in 16-gauge.

The extension rib of the Parker is not of a shape to possess much holding power, and the improvement of the rib would still further add to the merit of this excellent gun; but the old Parker has proved its durability even without an extended rib. Indeed, viewed from the standpoint of a sportsman, I know of no foreign gun of any make whatever costing net within 25 or 30 per cent. more than the $75 or $85 grade Parker (which, by the way, I consider, comparatively speaking, price being kept in view, the most valuable and desirable grades) that equals it, in workmanship, durability, shooting powers or in any other of those points which commend a gun to the practical sportsman, the æsthetical sportsman to the contrary notwithstanding. This is high praise, but the gun deserves it, and it is not one whit stronger than of right belongs to this excellent home-made gun.

The Parker is not a double-bolted gun, but is strongly fastened by its single bolt locking into the rear bottom lug, at the greatest distance from the hinge-joint, and there is little danger of the gun becoming loose by any fair usage. The forward lug has a shoulder which catches upon the hinge-check, and admirably serves its purpose of taking the strain off the hinge-joint, when the gun is opened. The locking-bolt is held back by a trip till the gun is closed.

The thumb-piece of the Parker hammers is hardly so long as it ought to be, but it is not short enough to be seriously objectionable. The hammers are fastened on with flat-headed screws, which I have observed, in one or two guns, to have a tendency to work loose from the manipulations of the hammers. If screws with nut heads were used, as in the Colt, they would more nearly conform to my ideas of what they should be; but this is an individual opinion merely, and probably is not shared by many sportsmen. The patent fore-end snap-fastening is used on the Parker, and it is both convenient and durable.

It is hardly necessary for me to say a word about the shooting powers of the Parker. Indeed there is so little difference between the standard makes of American guns in this particular, that it is hardly proper to mention the shooting of one without repeating the same language with respect to all the others that I shall describe and recommend. I may say, however, that for field shooting no gun is superior to the Parker.

The Colt is of more recent origin than the Parker, and has always had several of the improvements which are new to the Parker. It was formerly made with small-headed firing pins and without the extension of the top rib, but it now has solid firing-pins and extended rib, and has, and always had, double bolts, top-lever, patent fore-end, rebounding bar locks, and automatic firing pins. The act of opening the breech withdraws the firing-pins by a positive motion without springs, thus avoiding the danger of premature explosion by the contact of the points of the pins with the primers.

The Colt is well made and of great durability and shooting powers. For hard work it has no superior of its class. It is not so symmetrical and handsome a gun as the Parker, nor I think, hardly so well balanced. Its high and rather awkward-looking hammers and its huge top-lever with immense screw head, detract considerably from its appearance; and in my opinion the high hammers are a serious objection to the gun for wing-shooting.

On some grades of the Colt gun there is used an excellent device for taking the strain off of the hinge-joint when the gun is opened. I do not like the check so well as the Nichol's hinge-check used on the Parker and Lefever guns, as it is not so simple, and is, consequently, more likely to get out of order, but it seems to answer the purpose very well. I think the Colt hinge-check is only used on their guns of the $70 grade or upward. It ought to be placed on all grades. The company can very well afford to do so, as the profit on all machine-made guns is larger than it is popularly supposed to be. The failure to place the hinge-check on the cheaper guns (where perhaps its need is greatest) ought to detract from their sales, for the gun is not complete without it. The Colt check consists of a sliding bolt attached to the forward lug which projects against the bottom of the slot in the frame when the gun is opened. The extension of the top rib of the Colt is of the doll's head form, which, for reasons already indicated, is objectionable. But I do not wish to be understood as saying that the Colt is not a good gun, quite the contrary. It stands in the front rank, and it and the Parker are among the most popular of them all with sportsmen.

The Colt is only made in 10 and 12 gauge, and I believe 7¼ pounds is the lightest weight in 12-bores, and 8½ the lightest 10-bore.

The Remington model of 1882 is somewhat similar in general appearance to the Colt, but it is hardly as well finished, and does not present quite so neat an appearance. As formerly made, the gun was opened by lifting the lever, but now it has the regular top lever and is opened by pressing the lever to the right. The Remington has large head strikers, patent fore-end, extension rib, and is double bolted. The extension is a doll's head, and there is no barrel check. It is a close, hard shooter.

The lowest grade Remington is made with plain decarbonized steel barrels, and they are claimed to be safe, sound and durable; but I cannot believe that such barrels as are used in this grade possess any great tenacity, and would not advise their use. They are undoubtedly safer than the "Fine Damascus Steel Barrels" so often found on the cheap imported guns, but are not equal to the plainest genuine twist. The higher grades of the Remington are well worth the prices at which they are usually sold. The Remington is made in 10 and 12-gauge, but not lighter, I think, than 8 or 8½ pounds.

The Baker gun, manufactured by L. C. Smith, has long stood pre-eminent for its fine shooting powers, especially adapting it for water-fowl. It opens by pressing forward the front trigger. The point of locking is at great distances from the hinge, and it has an extension of the top rib dovetailing into the solid breech. It has rebounding locks with very high hammers, and is made in 12-gauge from 8 to 9 pounds, and in 10-gauge from 9 to 11 pounds. The Baker is also made with three barrels, a rifle barrel, chambered for the .44-cal. Winchester cartridge, underneath the shot barrels in the place of the bottom rib. This three-barrel gun is made with either 10 or 12-gauge shot barrels so light as 9 pounds. In many respects it is a remarkable gun, and, in certain localities, must be a desirable one.

The rifle hammer of the three-barrel Baker is hung in the trigger-plate, and extends upward between the two shotgun locks. It is operated by cocking the left hand shotgun lock and pushing forward the thumb piece of the rifle hammer, which stands immediately in front of the triggers and inside the trigger guard. Pulling the rear trigger throws the rifle hammer and causes it to strike its firing-pin and stop, thus not allowing the left hammer to reach its firing-pin. After firing the rifle, the cocking of the left hammer throws the rifle lock out of gear, and renders the shotgun locks entirely independent of it. The action of the three-barrel is the same as that of the double-barrel Baker gun.

I believe the manufacture of the Baker double-barrel gun has been discontinued, as the maker has made a very great improvement upon it in the introduction of the Smith gun. This gun is the latest American model, combines all the recent improvements in hammer guns, and, according to my notions, is constructed upon sounder mechanical principles than any other. Manufactured by the maker of the Baker gun and bored in the same way, its shooting powers are assured, while the principles of its action must give it great strength and durability.

In all guns which are fastened by means of bolts locking into bottom lugs, the metal of the frame is necessarily more or less cut away to receive the lugs and bolting mechanism. The Smith gun is not bolted by means of a bottom lug; it has a powerful extension of the top rib, brazed between the barrels and extending backward into the standing breech, and is locked by a double cross-locking rotary bolt. This rotary bolt is made from one solid piece of steel, and has a square forward arm which passes completely through the mortise made for it in the extension of the rib and under the metal of the frame, three-sixteenths of an inch. The rear flange of the bolt passes through the slot in the end of the extension. Thus, it will be seen, the gun is bolted at the greatest practical distance from the hinge-joint.

The gun is unlocked by means of a top lever having a post extending downward; by pressing the lever to the right, a coupler, attached to the post and straddling it, forces the locking-bolt back, where it is held by a trip until the barrels are closed, thus avoiding one-half the wear and reducing the force necessary to close the gun. The coupler is provided with a hinge-screw to hold it in position, which compensates for wear. The spring which throws the bolts home is made long, so as to increase its elasticity and lessen the danger of its being broken; but if it should get broken in the field, the gun could still be operated.

In the Smith gun, the metal of the frame in front of hinge-joint center is not cut away, but the solid cross-section of the frame is left intact to support the hinge-roll the entire length of the surface which comes in contact with the lug. The lug, which turns upon the hinge-pin, or roll, passes entirely through the frame and is well fitted; thus the bearing surface of the lug is increased, and any dirt or obstruction may pass through the frame.

The frame of the gun has a slot for receiving the eccentric pin of the rotary joint-check. The ejector passes through the diameter, and is operated by the rotation of the eccentric joint-check. When the gun is opened to load, the weight of the barrels is taken off the hinge-joint by the eccentric pin of the joint-check catching against the angle of the receiving slot in the frame. The point of the ejector, when the barrels are thus caught and held, has passed just beyond the point of the ejector rod, so that, if desired, the cartridges may be pushed entirely home in the chamber before the gun is closed.

The locks of the gun are rebounding bar locks, with the mainspring let into the lock-plate to a sufficient depth to bring the center of the spring on a line with the center of the tumbler; the hammers are low, cocking beyond the line of sight, and the gun is provided with large-head, direct strikers. The hammers and strikers are almost identical in arrangement and appearance with those of the Parker.

I ought to mention that the gun has the patent detachable fore-end, provided with a compensating spring to take up the wear. The Smith is made 10 and 12 gauge, from 7¼ to 11 pounds' weight.

The Smith gun has hardly been long enough before the public to have its durability thoroughly tested by actual use—the surest and best of all tests—but I do not hesitate to predict for it great popularity among those who desire to possess a gun constructed upon correct mechanical principles; nor do I hesitate to assert that these principles, combined with good material and workmanship, must of necessity give the Smith gun great durability, and great power to withstand the strains and wear and tear of constant, and not unfrequently rough, usage.

I have now noticed those American machine-made guns, manufactured for the trade, which seem to me to possess most merit. The Ithaca gun, made by the Ithaca Gun Company, deserves, however, more than a passing notice. For the quality of the work it seems to be remarkably cheap; and I do not know that I would not select the Ithaca if low price were a prime object. I have never used the gun, but those who have used it speak in high praise of it. It is the invention of the patentee of the Baker gun, and is an improvement on it. It is a strong and durable top-lever gun, with low hammers and rebounding locks. It has a "self-compensating" fore-end, but no hinge-check. It locks in the rear bottom lug, as did the old Baker. The extension of the top rib is like that of the Baker, and does not possess any special merit.

The Davis gun is sold at a low price, and is well worth it. It is by no means a handsome model, appearing particularly awkward through the frame. I have used one of these guns and found it a serviceable, sound gun. It has a long and very strong frame and wide and solid lug, large head plungers, and low rebounding hammers. For rough work, where beauty is no object, it is doubtless a good gun for the money.

The Harrington & Richardson hammer gun and the new gun which Forehand & Wadsworth have recently put upon the market, are similar in appearance, are of the ordinary top-snap model, with doll's head extension of the top rib, solid head strikers, rebounding locks, no hinge-check, etc. They have no special merit—no extra meritorious features—that require special notice. They are, doubtless, sound guns; but, with the Ithaca and the Davis, just mentioned, belong to the "top snap" family, without special features to distinguish them.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the Smith, the Parker, and the Colt are my favorites among the American hammer guns. They are not only top snaps like the other guns mentioned, but possess valuable features not possessed by any of the others, and are certainly as well made as any. The reasons for my preference I have endeavored briefly to point out. Every merit which the other makes of American guns have, the Smith, the Parker and the Colt possess, and in addition they have features of value in the order in which these three makes of guns are mentioned.

But of the old Fox gun it is but just to say, that of all American machine-made guns it is the best balanced, and, when closed, the handsomest. But its action always condemned it in my eyes. It is opened by means of a thumb-piece placed on the back-strap. Pressing this forward withdraws the bolt, and the barrels, instead of tilting forward, turn outward by a lateral motion. The gun is no longer manufactured; but for the quality of its material and workmanship it deserves high praise. Notwithstanding the inconvenient action with which it is handicapped, it is abundantly worth the greatly reduced price at which the guns remaining on hand are sold, and it would be hard to get more value for your money than by buying a Fox. But the action is a long way behind the times and will hardly find favor with any but those whose long use and familiarity with its peculiarity have overcome its awkwardness. If the makers of the Fox would bring out a gun constructed on principles which the progress of the times demands, and build it with that honesty and care which have always characterized the material and workmanship of the Fox, it could not fail to meet with the success to which its merits would entitle it.

Although writing of double guns, it may not be improper to say in this connection that the American Arms Co. (the makers of the Fox gun) are now making a single barrel gun that surpasses any other single gun of which I have any knowledge. It is "half hammerless;" that is, it is cocked by an outside lever, while the hammer is internal. It is made in 10 and 12-gauge to weigh from 6 to 9¾ pounds.

AH-PE.

A VERACIOUS RELATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As we had no dog to use for grouse we concluded to make the hunt include everything in the shape of game or vermin. Our object in taking a week for an outing was to enjoy ourselves in any and every way practicable. And whether we hunt or fish, lie around in the woods and loaf, gather wild cherries and wild herbs, we are sure to be benefited thereby. Jack carried a 10 gauge cylinder while the one that I used belonged to a friend. I have re-bored it for him and take it on this trip to test it on game. My orders were to "bore the right barrel full choke and the left chock full." I had little faith in this kind of gun for wing-shooting, but have a better opinion of it now. I used brass shells, 4½ drams Hazard sea shooting powder, one pink-edge wad on powder and one on shot, 1 ounce No. 4 chilled shot. This gave a good pattern, a good killing circle, together with tremendous penetration.

The sun was just rising above the mountains when we entered the woods. We saw some squirrels, etc., but not a grouse did we find until after 9 o'clock. Jack suggested that we "try the berry pasture at the edge of the wood, for," said he, "we shall be apt to find the birds where there is something for them to eat." We made for a pasture where blackberry briers were plenty on a side hill near the woods, and Jack's suggestion proved to be a good one, for on tramping through the blueberry bushes and briers we soon found them, and whirr—whirr—whirr went six or eight of them on a bee line for the woods. Jack raised his gun and coolly knocked over two of them, one with each barrel, while I scored a couple of the most unpardonable misses that I ever made in my life. "Well," said Jack, "it may be none of my business, but if that is the way you kill your birds, it is far different from your stories about your killing four or five in succession." I must acknowledge that I winced some under this keen thrust, but Jack was smarting under his defeat of the day before, and so I forgave him. The fact was that I was too sure of the birds and so did not hold on them, but I did not forget those two blunders the rest of the trip. "Now," said Jack, "we are not going to find many single birds, for the coveys are not scattered yet, so when we do start them doubles will be in order." In a short time we found four more and this time I made a double shot, and both of them were killed clean at the longest range that I ever dropped a bird. I will not tell a great story about the distance, for I did not measure it exactly, but one thing I did note, that is, No. 4 chilled shot will do great execution when there is plenty of powder behind it. Meanwhile Jack was not idle, for although making a miss with the first barrel he winged the second one, and after a lively chase through the briers he managed to catch him and wring his neck. We were in good spirits now, for we had made a good morning's work.

As the sun was pretty warm out in the open we thought we would take to the shade, and as we had as many birds already as we cared for then, we did not hunt for them longer. But fate said otherwise, for just as we reached the other side of the field another large covey flushed and again I got a double, while poor Jack, I never shall forget the look that he gave me when he found that he had missed both birds. It was then that we compared notes as regards the merits of choke and cylinder boring and we both came to the conclusion that the full choke is the best thing for a 10-gauge, for if you want to shoot ducks, foxes or large game you have a good gun for such work, while if you want to shoot grouse, etc., in cover, you can use light charges of

coarse shot and make a pattern about the same as a 16-gauge cylinder, while the penetration is sufficient to cut down brush and the bird besides. One thing is certain, a bird that is shot at a less distance than twenty yards is liable to be smashed any way, while beyond thirty yards the choke has many advantages. However, opinions differ, and so do guns and shooters, and if each individual can have what suits him best we will all be happy, at least as far as guns are concerned.

As it was getting along toward noon we started for the house, for we had the promise of stewed squirrel for dinner, and somehow it seemed strange that we should become so ravenous in so short a time. After a dip with the pocket cup into a cold boiling spring we made our way over by the pond. On our arrival Jack pointed out into the water at something, and inquired what it might be. As it disappeared beneath the surface I answered, "A loon, Jack, and a big one, too. After dinner we will take our rifles, and if we do not have some sport with him, then I am mistaken." For quite a distance with our course an old cart path ran parallel with the edge of the woods. Between this road and the fields there were a lot of rocks, and in those rocks were many hedgehog dens. Jack said that he wanted to "kill some of them." I protested against it, saying that "life was as sweet to them as any other animal; that they were doing no harm, and that they were of no use to us after we did kill them; that it was a waste of ammunition that gave no practice, and downright cruelty anyway." "Cruelty be blanked," responded Jack; "hedgehogs are good for nothing only to spoil sweet apple trees, as well as hemlock trees in the forest, except it is to fill cattle and dogs' noses with quills;" and a few minutes later the roar of his old 10 bore rang out the death knell of something—I never inquired what.

We went up to the pond in the afternoon and had an interview with that loon. Now if I were writing this for the "remarkable shot" column, I should tell you how we cut off his head at 100 rods the first shot, but the truth is that we fired and fired at him until we were tired of it, and never touched a feather so far as I know, although the balls seemed to throw water all over him. We could not estimate the distance very closely on the water, and when we fired he would dive and when he came to the surface again he would seem to be 200 yards from where we fired at him. We could not get nearer than 50 rods before down he would go and swim under water a long distance. We enjoyed ourselves, however, if we did not hit the loon. We saw the track of an otter in the mud at the edge of the pond, and saw a mink running along over across the cove.

Three years ago we were here and found no grouse, as we worked a week for them and killed but three. This year there are plenty of them. Why is it? I do not know. Upon nearing the house we met "Uncle John," (our host) and said he, "Boys, there is a mighty big flock of black ducks gone up to Rye Pond, and if you wish I will hitch up old Billy and we will go up there in the morning and give them a twist. Of course we were ready for duck shooting but did not like to tramp three or four miles and get no ducks. "Uncle John" has his team out to get in some barley which he had cut, so we take a hand at it and help him get it to the barn. Then we lay our plans for the morning's hunt, the result of which I will tell you further on. IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE only game law observed to any extent in the Adirondacks if one which, though unwritten, is known to all the guides and sportsmen in that region. It is "No one ought to starve in the Adirondacks."

The reasoning of campers on this question is very plausible. "The written law," they say, "was made to protect game from those who shoot to sell, but the little we kill will make no difference." It does, however, make a big difference, for this same reasoning is indulged in by a host of people, and as deer are more easily approached with jacks in May, June and July than after the season commences, since they stand more in the water and are less scary, almost as much havoc is made out of season as in season. When men are hungry or excited the difference between bucks and does is often not noticeable, and when the does are killed early, even if their fawns live, the latter are probably stunted for life.

One of a camping party boasted to me of having killed both doe and fawn. The constables being appointed from the country round and knowing many of the guides, it is a generally understood thing that if no venison is in sight there will be no search for any. As soon, therefore, as a deer is killed the carcass is buried or hidden in the underbrush, and if a constable should pay a visit to the camp he and the campers have so many pleasant topics of conversation that it seems a pity to introduce unpleasant ones. Accordingly, if a bone is carelessly left exposed to view or a dog comes in munching one, the minion of the law courteously looks at the salt pork for explanation, and all have a pleasant time. From the venison being deprived of air and being overheated most of it spoils before it can be eaten; but even if the party is large enough to eat the whole deer while it is in good condition, if another can be shot, little beside the haunches and the saddle are kept, as the other parts are not so good and are, moreover, lean and stringy early in the season. From these causes the waste of meat is enormous, except in the case of a few sportsmen who, wiser than their fellows, allow their guides to sell the meat not wanted for the camp and divide the proceeds.

When sportsmen go to the Adirondacks for the first time they go when the law is "up," but when they find that the deer, having been hunted for more than two months, are very wild, and they are assured on all sides that the unwritten law above alluded to is upheld by sportsmen, guides and most constables, they generally fall from grace, arguing that one person should have an equal chance with another. Living on salt pork and trout is, I may say from experience, a very powerful argument in itself. Camping out is in fact very demoralizing. A man may arrive looking a walking advertisement for some sporting tailor. In about two weeks, with clothes dirty and torn, hands inlaid with ashes and powder, face unshaved and hair unbrushed, he looks a veritable tramp. Another arrives, so observant of the fourth commandment that he chops a double amount of wood on Saturdays. After a time, however, you will not only see him chopping wood, but out paddling, and later taking out his gun, because, as he says, "We really must have meat, you know, and I don't consider this work."

And the hunter in like manner becomes so thoroughly demoralized after a week or two in the Adirondacks that he is no more troubled by qualms of conscience for having killed deer, grouse or ducks at any season than it is said our Western cousins are after shooting Indians. Should there appear a constable determined to enforce strictly the laws of the State he would be regarded as trying to overthrow an older and more sacred law, and a howl of indignation would be raised throughout the Adirondacks and threats would be poured in on him from all sides.—*Correspondence New York Herald.*

SOUTHERN SHOOTING GROUNDS.

THE following letter was written in response to a letter of inquiry concerning a desirable locality for winter shooting. The inquirer described himself as a sportsman compelled to go South for his health, and anxious to find a point convenient to good shooting. He wrote to Mr. Freeman because he had seen that gentleman's name in the FOREST AND STREAM:

Dear Sir: I think you will find this city a good place to make your headquarters for the winter. Ice is uncommon and snow very rare, though at times the thermometer for one or two days will range down to about 30°, but this is very seldom. The climate is as good as you will find in the States, and we have instances of renewed vigor and health in persons of weak lungs, notably Mr. I. M. Boorchman, a gentleman of over seventy years of age, who years ago had hemorrhages, and to-day is a vigorous man for his age, and who can give you better information as to the temperature of the city than any one else here, having for thirty years and over kept a record of it.

TEMPERATURE AT MACON, GA., FROM AUGUST, 1884, TO AUGUST, 1885.

	Mean.	Maximum.	Minimum.
August, 1884	76°	90°	61°
September, 1884	75°	92°	52°
October, 1884	69°	91°	34°
November, 1884	53°	78°	27°
December, 1884	50°	74°	18°
January, 1885	45°	72°	18°
February, 1885	44°	72°	18°
March, 1885	51°	74°	15°
April, 1885	65°	87°	35°
May, 1885	70°	88°	44°
June, 1885	79°	95°	60°
July, 1885	81°	95°	60°
August, 1885	79°	94°	64°

From Macon you have easy access to the hunting grounds of the coast and inland. Small game, especially quail (or partridge, as we call them), is abundant near us. Ducks, turkeys, gray squirrels and deer can also be found, the latter more abundantly near the coast, not far from Brunswick, Ga., where fine fishing is also to be found. You can in a day's ride by cars reach the forests and lakes of Southwest Georgia and Florida. Macon is the center of the State, and affords all the comforts and conveniences of the age for your family, from which you can with ease and safety take a day or week's sport at any time

I refer you for other places to E. A. Crawford, Tallahassee, Fla.; M. R. Curtis, Fernandina, Fla; F. C. Randolph, Montgomery, Ala.; Capt. M. G. Cooper, Savannah, Ga.; Thomas Martin, Bluffton, S. C.; I P. Chapman, Americus, Ga.; M. M. Parker, Macon and Albany, Ga., and Mr. Berryman, Brunswick, Ga., all of whom are members of the National Gun Association, and the towns are good locations. I send you copy of Georgia State Fair premium list, and would be glad to see you on that occasion when you will meet a number of sportsmen. Another advantage that these towns have over Florida is that there is here an equally as good climate and I think better, and here you can be accommodated at a moderate price, and not charged every time you ask a question or look at any one.

I can give you all the clay-pigeon shooting you want any fair day on our grounds within ten minutes' walk of the city hall. Extending to you an invitation to make Macon your headquarters with as many others as you can induce to try this climate, I am, yours respectfully,

M. R. FREEMAN.

DAKOTA FIELD DAYS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The prevalent idea is that it is so cold up here in the Northwest that people freeze to death; but this is a great mistake. The 16th of last December, sixty miles north of this city, in company with four gentlemen, I went for a deer hunt. The weather was so mild that I could not bear an overcoat. On the 20th it set in cold. On the 1st of March it was like May, and continued so all through March and April, beautiful warm, clear weather, with an occasional shower. Then we had just nine weeks of beautiful winter weather with four inches of snow.

I promised in my last that this letter should be devoted to the geese and duck family. I can only give my experience last fall, but later on I hope to tell of the good times I am anticipating next month. Last October I went east of town three and a half miles to a large grain field, and dug a pit. This was my first experience in goose shooting. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the flight began. The geese came by the hundreds, but I could not keep my head down, and could not understand why they would turn so abruptly to the right and left just before getting within gunshot. Two lone ones ventured too close to my decoys and I got them. A friend told me if I should hold even a finger up and move it I could not get them near me. The next evening I was better schooled and got as many as I could pack home on my Indian pony. Never did any man have better sport. For six weeks I went almost every evening, getting all the shooting I wanted.

The ducks are just as plentiful as the geese. They stay here till cold weather, untold thousands of them. There are large sandbars on the Missouri River, on which they stay during the night and day, going out in the morning and evening on to the grain fields to feed. It is a common occurrence for one man to kill seventy-five in a day. Let some of the Eastern sportsmen gather up their traps and come out, and if they don't write the FOREST AND STREAM that they have had the best time of their life in the hunting line, they are hard to please. We have a gun club of sixty members, and they can do fine work with the gun. The officers are: President, W. B. Bell; Vice President, W. H. Williamson; Secretary, Harry Weatherby. I will tell you something of the deer in my next. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

P. S. I find so many letters in answer to my communication in your paper that I cannot answer all, will you allow me to answer them in one? All Western towns are full of young professional men, and I cannot advise any more to come to this city unless they have money to invest, then the chances are great of accumulating wealth. To go into the farming business a man should have at least $1,500 to build a house, buy stock and have enough to tide him over the first year till he can raise a crop. You can get 320 acres of beautiful land for the taking. The climate is very good especially for lung troubles, not so good for catarrh. There is but little chance for a young man to find employment, but there is any amount of room for all who will make work. There is a certain class of young men who can go into any country and get along. It is no child's play to go into a new country and carve out a future; but to all who are willing to undergo privations, this is the country. For any one having from $3,000 to $5,000 to invest, I can say I have never seen such chances to make a fortune on so small an investment and so certain. Thank you for allowing this to appear in your paper. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

BISMARK, DAKOTA.

THE GAME OF VENTURA.

OUR county seems to be about the least advertised of any county in this State. In one respect I am glad of it, for as yet we have been troubled with the would-be "sportsman tourist" and "trout hog" but seldom. Ventura county is one of the best game counties in the State. We can furnish you with almost anything in that line from a quail to a grizzly bear. Blacktail deer are plentiful, and occasionally a whitetail is killed. Several years ago elk and antelope were seen. Rocky Mountain sheep are sometimes brought in. California lions, coyotes, wildcats, lynxes, and foxes are to be found in some parts of the county. Deer have been killed within two miles of town this year. A grizzly was seen within sixteen miles. A mountain lion was killed one day this week with bird shot. Venison dried in the sun for a few days is brought to Ventura and sold for from twenty-five to thirty cents per pound readily, giving the hunter a good profit. Quail exist in the greatest abundance. In some places they destroy considerable young grain as well as apricots and peaches on the trees. Farmers consider them a pest, and are glad to have any one shoot them. Last year an acquaintance killed twenty-six at one discharge of his gun, (a pot shot), both barrels being fired. There is but little advantage in hunting our California quail with a dog, as they will not lie to a dog but keep running. A number of young ducks have been killed lately—mostly mallard and teal—there being no law against it. In the fall and spring thousands of ducks and geese are to be seen. They destroy large quantities of grain for the farmers.

An exciting pastime our sportsmen sometimes indulge in is a wolf hunt on horseback. It is thrilling to watch the coyote's race for life, but the greyhounds generally overtake him.

In season the numerous trout streams in the county abound in trout. Large creels have been caught in the Ventura River, which empties into the ocean at San Buenaventura.

At present sea fishing is indulged in largely. Large schools of "sea trout" have come in lately. Over a hundred can be caught by one person in an hour. From the wharf a dozen or more varieties of fish can be caught, and occasionally a shark. If you like the excitement of trolling you may get into a small sailboat and sail a mile out into the channel, drop your line astern with nothing but a white rag or piece of polished ablone shell for bait, and you will not wait long until you have hooked a ten-pound bonita or barraconda, or perchance a thirty-pound yellowtail or "sea salmon." You will probably catch twenty-five or thirty in two or three hours' sailing.

Now, don't let any ignoramus imagine that I mean, in regard to the wild animals, that you can go to any place in this county and fall over bears, lions, wildcats, etc., for you can't do it. TYPO.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, CAL.

IOWA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have skirmished about to a reasonable degree in a reasonable time, but never till now, never till '85 did I strike the sportsman's paradise. It is in Northwestern Iowa; and where can you find better? One week ago to-day the chicken season opened, and auspiciously, too, you may believe. I am glad to know that the residents hereabouts are observing the law regulating the hunting season, and woe be it to the outsider who does not do likewise.

Last spring's prairie fires occurred early in the season, hence the birds have had better chances for nesting and increasing than for several years past. The result is lots of chickens. Messrs. Hinsey and McDonald, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad officials, have been here several days lately. I mention this fact because they come here each year, are enthusiastic sportsmen, and usually meet with as good success as any of the fellows. Their best day resulted in nearly 150 birds, and it was a cold, dreary day when they couldn't bag over a third of that number. Yet the other hunters follow close up to them, and it's a poor hunter that cries for more birds. It would seem that with so many hunters the prairie chickens must soon play out, but the natives say no. This year there are more than last, and last year there were more than the year before. Your prairie chicken seems to be a bird that lives on the edge of civilization, so, I take it, the advance of civilization drives him away faster than the hunter.

The laws of Iowa prohibit quail shooting throughout the entire year and it is a law well in force. Eventide is made joyous with the whistlings of the delicious little Bob Whites, a condition of affairs that would soon play out were the law to be abolished.

The chicken season will scarcely have done ere the geese and ducks will have made their appearance, and they come in such quantities as to make their season quite as enjoyable as that of the chickens. Northwestern Iowa is a section of country particularly adapted to chickens, ducks, geese, and the like. Maybe your finer-haired chap don't enjoy rabbit shooting; but if so, the reason is that he never engaged in it. You see, out here we have in addition to the cotton tail, his elder brother, the jack rabbit. During the winter an occasional deer is run down, and wolves are by no means scarce.

Such is some of the fun allotted to us out here, but I should feel "undone" if I neglected mentioning the fishing. The rivers and ponds do not lack for the finny tribe. The seiners have made havoc, but, thank heaven, we now have a State Commissioner who looks after his business, and without doubt legitimate fishing will always be ours. Pickerel take the lead. The river is filled with little bayous and deep holes, and here is where you find him. Can there be anything more enjoyable than to take a half-holiday, and armed with rod and trolling spoon, repair to these pickerel dens? A pickerel is chuck full of life, and he takes hold of a hook with a will. When once hooked he tries to tear out the bottom of the river; and that's where the fun comes in. It's delicious, especially if it's a twenty-pounder. GRANT.

ROCK VALLEY, IA., Sept. 14.

Hammerless Guns.—Huntington, Tenn., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much satisfaction the excellent article of "Ah-Pe." in Forest and Stream of Sept. 3, on "The Choice of Guns." The writer is evidently familiar with the proper make-up of a good gun; but like a number of other writers he falls (as I conceive) into the error of expressing a preference for low hammers "which are entirely below the line of sight when at full cock." Now how can the hammers be in line of sight when they are fixed to the sides of the barrels, while the line of sight is directly along the rib? And according to my observation, the ordinary sized hammer, standing well up when at full cock, serves as an excellent guide in catching a sight. I regard the low hammers, that stand so far back when at full cock, as inconvenient and dangerous, as they are very liable to slip from the thumb when being drawn back. In purchasing a gun a short time ago I was forced to discard the make of one or two excellent firms on account of the low hammers, and I finally selected the gun I did buy on account of the hammers standing well up. No sportsman in this immediate section of the country prefers a hammerless gun to the old style. I would rather by half use a gun of precisely same quality with hammers than one without; and my judgment is that in a few years the hammerless guns will pass out of common use. "Ah-Pe" is right as to the caliber of guns. For "all works" the 12-bore is the proper size; for ordinary small game the 16 is large enough. On my own responsibility I would say that choking is a fraud; and when the breech-loaders are all made cylinder barrels and 32 to 38 inches in length, the sportsmen of the country will be furnished with guns worthy of their calling.—L. L. H.

To Preserve Dead Game.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* London, England, Aug. 30.—In your paper of the 13th of August "W. L. P." writes: "If there is any way that is simple, cheap, and convenient, for preserving game for only a few days during warm weather, I would like to know what it is." I can recommend the following method for venison: Immediately after a joint is cut from a deer, dust it all over rather thickly with flour, then at once cover it with a piece of perfectly clean calico and sew this on tightly, taking care to leave no part of the meat uncovered, nor the smallest hole through which an insect could penetrate. Hang the joint to a branch round which the air circulates freely and it will remain good for twenty days, even in hot weather. The cloth and flour act by largely excluding the bacteria which cause putrefaction.—J. J. M.

Will Wild Rice Thrive in Mississippi?—Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 31.—A planter in the Mississippi bottom wishes to inquire about wild rice. Where can the seed be procured? What is the proper season for sowing it, and the modus operandi? If you or some of your readers will give the desired information it will be kindly appreciated. My friend has a large shallow lake on his plantation which he thinks would be suitable for growing wild rice as an attraction for ducks and geese. Do you know of any efforts to grow wild rice in the latitude of Mississippi?—Coahoma. [The rice can be obtained from Mr. Gilchrist, as stated elsewhere. It should be sown in early spring or late fall in shallow water. We cannot tell how it would thrive in Mississippi, but probably the experiment would be successful.]

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 5.—The opening of the season was observed by a great army of hunters. Game is reported plentiful. Prairie chickens are more numerous than for years, but are being hunted too persistently now. We need a law prohibiting the killing of them for five years. Young turkeys are plentiful, and six were killed within two miles of town on the 2nd inst. Newspapers report the killing of an elk near Fordyce, but I think it is a canard. I never heard of elk in this country in its early days. The press of the State is commenting universally on the good effects of the game law this year, and we hope that the time has come when we can have as good game and fish laws as any State. —Casual.

Concerning a Vulpicide.—Conway, Va., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Skeptic" (Groveton, Tex.) states in your issue of the 10th inst. that a man from Virginia told him foxes sometimes climbed trees, and wishes to know if "the fellow is lying." Pray let me inform "Skeptic" that having been a fox hunter since large enough to ride, I state that gray foxes frequently take trees when things get red hot; reds, so far as I know of the matter, never do. Nevertheless I would say to "Skeptic" if the man of whom he writes was born in Virginia, and shot at a fox, it is very well to keep an eye upon him, for he will lie or do anything else.—Richard Moncure Conway.

Philadelphia Notes.—Sept. 12.—The rail have not yet arrived in very great numbers, although during the late easterly winds a good tide came in and some very fine scores were made. The shooting to-day must be good, as there is plenty of water, but no word has come up from below. Many went to Maurice River, N. J., to-day, and the prospects of splendid sport is good. Some snipe have come and are being killed. Some teal have been seen on the Delaware, but none or but very few have been shot. After the next storm and afternoon run of high tide it will be the time to expect excellent river shooting hereabouts.—Homo.

Lehigh Valley, Pa.—During a late trip up the Lehigh Valley I learned that the prospect for pheasant shooting this autumn was very good. Not that the ruffed grouse were very plentiful in this valley direct, but some miles over the hills which border it. Woodcock have begun to drop into the wet spots, but these birds are from the broods that were hatched near by and have returned from their moulting grounds. The fall flight of more northern woodcock will not reach the locality referred to until a sharp frost of more northern sections drives them southward to it. This flight may be looked for in October.—Homo.

The Forestry Commissioners.—Albany, Sept. 14.—Gov. Hill to-day filled the vacancies in the Forestry Commission by appointing Townsend Cox and Sherman W. Knevals, of New York city, in the places of D. Willis James and William Dowd, declined. Mr. Cox was at one time Commissioner of Charities and Correction in New York city. He is a broker and prominent Democrat. Mr. Knevals is of the law firm of Knevals & Ransom, of which President Arthur was a member. He is a Republican and a member of the Union League Club. The appointees are to serve without salary.

Resuming White Shirts.—Perry, Wyoming County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The yellow and blue came down from the flagstaff to-day. The boats are drawn into the boat house for the last time. The long, lazy summer is past. We must assume again "biled shirts" and conventional manners. That the glimpses of woodland and seashore may be with us during the winter, as they have been during the "rainy days in camp," please change address of my paper to Ann Arbor.—M. D. A.

Mrs. Laughlin's Deer.—Judge H. D. Laughlin has returned from the North in splendid health, and more than satisfied with his sport. During his stay in Wisconsin the judge ran up to the Brule and took some splendid trout. Mrs. Laughlin proved herself a most capable sportswoman, and shot three deer with a rifle at Island Camp.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Wild Rice.—Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, of Harwood, Ontario, writes us that the wild rice crop is very heavy this year. Mr. John L. Cox, of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, reports that the wild rice obtained from Mr. Gilchrist and sowed in the vicinity of Bridgetown has grown well, and more is to be planted in the same neighborhood.

Massachusetts.—The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association especially desires to obtain the names and addresses of all societies organized for fish and game or fish and game protective interests, in the State. It is hoped that some member of every such association will send its address to Henry J. Thayer, Secretary, 246 Washington street, Boston.

Game Laws of New York.—The Utica Fish and Game Protective Association has published a sheet giving a synopsis of the laws of the State in good shape for posting up. It can be had by sending postage to the Secretary, Mr. John D. Collins, Utica.

Glassville, Mo., Sept. 4.—A solitary pair of blue-winged teal (*Q. discors*) were shot here this morning while passing south. They were the first ducks of the season, and were in fine condition. Quail are very plenty here.—C.

Texas.—Ednaville, Sept. 5.—Chicken shooting in this vicinity is not very good. The wet spring prevented the hatching, and we find but few young birds.—B.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SPANISH MACKEREL.

Loveliest of all the tribes that swim
The ocean's salty tides,
The Spanish mackerel sweeps the seas,
And like a meteor glides;
It speeds far off the harbor-bar,
Where tides are cool and deep,
Shunning the shoals that skirt the shore,
Where the swift bluefish leap.

The tenants of the brook and lake
In glories ne'er compare
With these gay rovers of the main,
Painted with colorings rare.
Pompano bright with yellow gold,
Strip'd bass of snowy sheen,
The drumfish blazing with its red,
Bonito splash'd with blue and green,
No rivals have in inland stream,
No peers with such bright gleam.

Symmetric with its rounded form,
Model of speed and grace,
No fairer seafish skims the wave
Or swifter darts in race.
Its sides are azure as the skies,
Beneath melt tender blues,
While golden spots of virgin gold
The shapely forms suffuse.

It is a nomad of the deep,
A pilgrim, migratory host,
In Mediterranean tides first seen,
Now known on every coast.
Off Carolina's reefs they sweep,
Off Barnegat's sand bar;
In Sound and Gulf of Northern shore,
They gather fast and far;
And yachtsmen o'er the billows blue
Their plunging multitudes pursue.

When sounds the gong of grand hotel,
And spread is sumptuous board
Rich with the spoils of sea and land,
Where wit and wine profuse are pour'd,
Where smokes the lordly, crisp sirloin,
Brown haunch of venison too,
The canvasback of Chesapeake,
Salmon from surges blue,
The gourmand finds no daintier dish
Than this delicious mackerel fish.

Greenport, L. I. Isaac McLellan.

CATFISH TAKE THE FLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice "Ah Look" expresses surprise that he should catch a catfish on the fly. I had a similar experience a year or so ago. I was fishing a lake in Connecticut for bass, and one evening as it grew dusk, I noticed hundreds of small fish rising in all directions. I noticed they were feeding on a vast swarm of a whitish fly, which was falling into the water in every direction. As they did not seem to be perch, I became curious to find out what they were. I had no flies with me, so I took a bit of skin from the belly of a perch, scraped the scales off, and wound it around a small snelled hook, to form a body; another bit made some wings, and the whole was tied at the head, and made quite a fly. I had a fly-rod, and putting this fly on my leader commenced casting, when I saw a rise. I soon caught, to my great surprise, a small catfish about eight inches long. I caught several, and then having satisfied my curiosity, I stopped, but I could have taken any number. Since then, I have noticed them surface feeding on flies quite frequently in this lake, though I never have in any other.

The bass fishing has been very poor during the latter part of the summer in Berkshire county, owing to the great amount of rain having made the lakes extremely roily from surface water. During the early part of the summer, in July, it was phenomenally good, and some wonderful strings were reported.

I had some great sport fly-fishing then, though getting none above three pounds in weight. They are small-mouths in all the lakes around here, and fighters to the last gasp. I found the most taking cast was a grizzly king stretcher and red ibis dropper. One old veteran we took, of three pounds, got into a weed bed, in spite of all efforts, and on rowing to the spot where he was lying (he could not be budged by a steady strain) he was lifted to the top by the line, and came into the net with a great bunch of weeds hanging from his mouth. He had been clinging to these, and even kept hold of them in the boat for a moment after he was on the bottom, till he began to gasp. It was the most bulldog-like procedure I ever saw in a fish. Percyval.

New Marlboro, Mass., Sept. 11, 1885.

HOW I LOST A BIG FISH.

Moosehead Lake, as most people know, is situated in the State of Maine, and there are few better places at which to pass the summer in that or any other State. If I were to consult the peace of mind of my fellow creatures, I should warn them not to go there for the reasons following: After a visit they will inevitably long to go back again, whether they can manage it or not; they will weary their acquaintances with the assertion of its superiority over the Adirondacks, or any other summer resort on this continent, and feel discontented at the idea that any person whose opinion is worth considering should think of going elsewhere for a vacation. No, you are quite wrong; I have no interest in the hotel at Mount Kineo—no such luck. I am, however, free to confess that I am feeling as mad as a March hare that the condition of my health and purse excludes all hope of throwing a fly on Moosehead Lake for this year at least. Still, with all this enthusiasm for that noble lake, I have to associate with my fond recollections of it one great disappointment, one great longing unsatisfied, one realization of the old saying, "there's many a slip, etc.," one prize lost as the hand was stretched to grasp it; in a word, the loss of a big fish and the consequent untimely quenching of an incipient fish story. Worst of all, I did not even see the fish in question, so that I cannot make my boast of his grand proportions; but as I have never heard of any trout having been caught in Moosehead weighing over 5½ pounds, I modestly put him down at that figure, reserving, however, the option of considering him a "laker" of unusual size, and unreasonable reluctance to come to the landing net.

A few years ago I had the good fortune to visit Moosehead for the first time, going there mainly for fishing, but with eyes wide open to its beauties. After a day or two spent in fishing (not very successfully) in the North Bay, under the shadow of Mount Kineo, my guide proposed that we should go and camp for a few days at the mouth of the Socotean River, a few miles further up the lake. Next morning, accordingly, we set off after breakfast by the small steamer that runs from Kineo to the head of the lake—canoe, tent, bedding, provisions, tackle, and last but not least, the Indian guide. I have always admired Cooper's "Leatherstocking" tales, and the gentlemanlike and exceedingly satisfactory Indians he treats of, and therefore was glad to have an opportunity of living for a few days in intimate communion with this swarthy son of the forest, to observe the modifications of character produced by the changed conditions under which the Indian now exists. The costume had changed considerably among other things. The chivalrous scalping tuft was not distinguishable among the numerous locks covered by—must it be said—an old felt hat. The eye may, at a much earlier period, have been quick and unerring, but a little observation showed me that the landing net could be handled to a better advantage by myself than by the ancient warrior, my companion. During the first recorded race for the championship of Lake George, so beautifully reported in "The Last of the Mohicans," "Hawkeye" complimented "Uncas" on his judgment in choosing a canoe. I found that I could not follow that great example with the Sachem under my command. Younger men in better built canoes used to go past us as if we were at anchor, if one may use such a figure of speech about a canoe. On the present occasion, however, we were being conveyed, canoe and all, by a steamer, and were getting along fairly. At the mouth of the Socotcan the steamer stopped and the canoe was got into the water. The various items of our plunder having been put on board, I carefully descended and took my place on the miniature chair in the bow. The chief calmly dropped into the stern and plied his paddle slowly toward the strand. The spot was not quite untenanted; on the contrary a substantial camp of boards was visible above a landing place, near which a guide or two were lounging. The party in temporary occupation was absent, with the exception of one gentleman who seemed to be enjoying a day off in earnest and delightful communion with a pipe. Having left our tent and other fixings at the landing place, the chief suggested that we should go and try for a trout for dinner at the mouth of the river. I didn't see any mouth; in fact there was no very decided appearance of a river. We associate with our ideas of a river, especially a trout or salmon river, living water fretting down the rapids and whirling slowly round the pools; but here it was a lagoon, a canal, an arm of the lake with no life apparent in it. The damming of the lake had done something similar for the river, which, instead of coming, as it must once have done, joyously and noisily foaming into the quiet waters of the lake, made its entrée in the most unassuming manner possible, the mouth being indicated only by a double row of lilypads some four or five feet wide, with a space of clear black water between them, where a most satisfactory cast might be made. There was room enough for half a dozen canoes to have fair fishing without any confusion of interests. The Sagamore cautiously approached the lilypads from the right quarter and shoved the bow of the canoe among them, holding on by a stake to keep the position. Here I cannot describe my cast, except that the hand or upper fly was a brown hackle, the other I have forgotten, but that one I have better cause to recollect, and I may mention that it is not now in my fly-book, for reasons that will appear hereafter.

As I set to work and got two or three fish that on the Neversink or the Beaverkill would have been the pride of the basket, about three-quarters of a pound each. Then I got a larger fish, a little over a pound. I was doing very well I thought. Luck seemed to be in my favor. The chief had

made a very bad shot with the ladle, and instead of getting the fish had thrown one of the flies into the boat, where it stuck in my trousers. Nevertheless I got the hook out and saved the fish too. This was luck. Then I got a really fine fish, over two pounds in weight. All had gone well thus far; the fish had behaved like gentlemen, keeping out in the clear water, and making a fair fight. Such an opening was surely the promise of good luck for the rest of the day. Alas, alas! how little we know of what is before us. We certainly had got a trout for dinner, but when fish are rising well who cares to give up with a whole day before him?

I feel that I have digressed shamefully, and that the big fish should have been introduced long ago; but this is even yet a sore subject, and I suppose that is why I find it hard to come to the point. I had made a cast diagonally down stream, when there was a sudden rush and splash that decidedly woke me up. I have missed lots of small trout, but one seldom misses a heavy fish. I struck instinctively and decidedly. The fish seemed to become at once convinced that I was acting strictly on scientific principles, and that he had to play his best card immediately or lose the trick. He made a deadly rush toward the lilypads, and the reel screamed. I checked him and got back a few feet before his next plunge toward the lilies, out of which I kept him by free application of the butt, the little seven-ounce split bamboo doing its work handsomely. The chief now broke through the lilypads and we were in clear water, the fish going straight toward the lake, some thirty or forty feet ahead of us. A little further on there was a stake to the right of the channel, and our fish went for it as if he lived there and could not pass without calling. Much stress of rod and tackle was necessary to get him away from it. We now got into the lake, and I implored my red brother to keep me in deep water—"only this and nothing more," Alas, alas! White man is said, not without reason, to be "very unsartin." I include one "Injun" in the same category. The camp now came in sight, with the stout party still sitting in the doorway dozing over his pipe. As we came within his range of sight, slowly drifting down before the wind, my rod bent nearly double with something throbbing at the end of the line, and occasionally going slowly around the boat; he sprang up into sudden excitement and activity, dived into the house, whence he emerged immediately, sat down again and leveled a large opera glass at us. Oh! but I was proud. The eyes of my countrymen were upon me. That fish should be sent down to Kineo with the fly and the leader that took him. I should have one of the biggest fish stories to tell. Woe is me, pride goeth before a fall.

Our stout friend gazed at us through his binoculars as long as we were in sight, but a point soon hid us from his view. By this time the fish had given up any attempt at running off the line, or even circling round the canoe, but held on like a bulldog. The knot fastening the leader to the line was visible at the surface; but not another inch could I get him up, and the water was so broken up into ripples by the breeze that I could get no sight of him. Another point loomed up and was passed. I kept urging the chief to keep in deep water; but the traditions of his tribe and his own great experience, no doubt made him deaf to my request. He craftily approached the shore, moved, as he said afterward, by some wretched notion about a sandy beach being a good place to kill a fish. Suddenly my eye caught a clump of lilypads, and looking up I saw that we were considerably inside the last point passed.

A moment afterward the nature of the strain changed. There was life in it no longer. I reeled up slowly and brought up a lot of brush. The upper fly with whatever it had held was gone! I didn't faint, neither did I break forth in wrath and use objectionable language. Not a reproach did I address to the Indian, whose stoicism was hard to contemplate under the circumstances. Wearily I took off my hat and wiped my forehead, feeling as if life was scarcely worth consideration for the time being. Then "hope told a flattering tale," and I said to myself, if not to-day, why then to-morrow, but that to-morrow has not come yet.

Returning to the spot where we had decided to camp, we met the stout man coming cautiously along the lake shore to see the big fish. Sorry to have disappointed him, but man proposes and his guide disposes. I thought bitterly of that Indian until dinner time, when his manner of serving up trout, potatoes and tea, made me take a more cheerful view of his ability. We are all of us good at something. Cooking was his forte, but what he didn't know about fishing might fill a big book. C. H.

YANKING THEM OUT.—Crossing one of the numerous creeks that empty into the Hudson near New York, is a railroad bridge which is a favorite resort for fishermen. One of the many users of the pole who make this bridge their sporting ground is a very excitable fellow who, at the slightest indication of a bite, will yank his pole so as to invariably entangle his line in the telegraph wires which are at this point rather low. No amount of chaff or advice would cure him of this, although often told that he would pull the head off a fish some time. One day having fastened his rod to the bridge and left his line in the water, he had gone off to a little distance to get more bait. Sitting near the rod was a great practical joker, who no sooner saw his chance than he quietly drew the line out of the water and hooked on a large fish head. Then dropping it in he awaited developments. The nervous fisherman, seeing his float drawn somewhat under water, grabbed his rod and swung it over his head, as usual catching his line in the wires. When he saw the fish's head, he imagined he had pulled it off, and tried to get his line down before any one should see him. But the boys were watching him and guyed him unmercifully. He at last had to break his line, leaving his trophy dangling in the air. He was so mad that he did not come to the bridge again for some time, and even then would not go near the spot of his unlucky adventure.—N.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—Complaint has been made that the use of dynamite cartridges is being resorted to for the purpose of securing fish in the streams about and above Jenkintown, Pa. This is a matter which should be attended to by the Eastern Pennsylvania Anglers' Association, as the parties who have resorted to this illegal method, I understand, can be readily apprehended. Your correspondent likewise learned from good authority, while at Manch Chunk, Pa., last week, that Pine Creek and other trout streams near there have been "fished" in the same way. It is hoped that action will be taken against these lawbreakers. Fishing at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays has been better during the past week than the week previous. Weakfish are fairly plentiful, but not large.—HOMO.

THE DEAD RIVER REGION.—Boston, Sept. 10.—I have been to the Maine land of trout. The size and numbers of trout in Tim Pond were not exceeded in 1878, the first year I was there, and when the first boat was launched upon its waters. The taking of trout by visiting sportsmen depletes the fish less than did the work of the natives taking them from the spawning beds before the law of protection was in force. And so for the remainder of our fishing days we will visit the Dead River Region, where so many gentlemanly sportsmen wend their way till they number thousands. I did think to send you in a very few lines a record of my late tramp, including a short account of the chain of ponds, through Monmouth, Winthrop, Readfield, Mt. Vernon and Belgrade, which have become a grand black bass resort, the very best in Maine, if not the best in all New England. I had rare sport there for ten days.—J. W. T.

A BIG TROUT.—Sault Ste. Marie, Aug. 30.—The fishing here is very fair and some large trout have been taken. A party of us have been in camp for a few days on Sugar Island, and we killed eleven trout that weighed over three pounds each, one of them scaling 4¼ pounds. On coming in to the Chippewa House on the 27th, we were surprised to see a monster of 6½ pounds, which was killed by Mr. H. M. Garlick, of Youngstown, O. It created great excitement, as it is said to be the next to the largest ever killed here. There is no doubt about its being a genuine brook trout, for its caudal fin and red spots were distinctive marks not to be mistaken.—POKE-O'-MOONSHINE.

THE BLACK PRINCE.—This fly, about which so much has been said, seems to be very killing in the Rocky Mountain region. Our correspondent "Cyrtonyx," who fishes in that country, sends us a specimen to settle the question as to the fly which should bear this name. As he was the first to mention this fly in our columns as being his favorite we may say that the fly sent was made with black wings, body and hackle, the body was wound with silver twist and the tail was red. It was made by James F. Marsters, Brooklyn, and was identical with one before described.

GROG ISLAND POOL.—Major Lawson B. Bell, of New York city, has leased for a term of five years from Mrs. Louisa Aylett, of the parish of Ashington, in the county of Restigouche, Province of New Brunswick, what is known as the Grog Island Pool, northern bank to shore of the Restigouche River, in the township of Metapedia, in the county of Bonaventure and Province of Quebec.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF NORTH AMERICAN FISH FAUNA.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY PROF. THEODORE GILL.

I DO not think that I can appropriate the time which I was requested to devote to a communication for your Society more profitably than by inviting your attention to some of the characteristic features of the North American fish fauna.

If we include the marine as well as the fresh-water fishes in our study we would have to consider the constituents of four primary different geographical divisions or realms, and we are therefore compelled by the limits of time to restrict ourselves to the consideration of the fresh-water forms alone. America, north of Mexico, forms a primary terrestrio-aquatic realm which has been variously designated as the North American, Nearctic and Anglogæan region or realm. It is one of the very richest of all in fresh-water types, considerably over six hundred species living exclusively, or nearly so, in the rivers and lakes, and these represent nearly one hundred and fifty genera and about thirty-four families. It is a large exhibit compared with the fauna of any of the other realms.

If we notice the constituents of this North American fauna, we find that they may be segregated into two primary categories. A considerable number of the families are shared with European and Northern Asia, and may be designated as the Arctogean, while an exceptional number of families are peculiar to our continent. Those peculiar are the Amiidæ, Hyodontidæ, Percopsidæ, Amblyopsidæ, Aphredoderidæ, Elassomidæ and Centrarchidæ, and several well-marked sub-families are also limited to the regions. Such are the Campostominæ, Exoglossinæ, Plagopterinæ, Etheostominæ, Haplodinotinæ and Hysterocarpinæ. It is possible that even the Lepidosteidæ are at present peculiar, but Dr. Bleeker has named as such a species, based upon a Chinese drawing of a fish supposed to have been obtained in China. Fifteen families represented chiefly by marine species, but with members also in the fresh water, are the Petromyzontids, Silurids, Clupeids, Dorosomids, Argentinids, Salmonids, Cyprinodontids, Anguillids, Gasterosteids, Atherinids, Labracids, Scienids, Embiotocids, Cottids and Gadids, and among these we find the families which are represented by the same genera in both the old and new worlds.

The fresh-water species and even the genera of most of these families are, however, to a large extent, peculiar to the interior waters; of the others, (1) some are anadromous, like certain of the Salmonids, Clupeids and Labrocids; (2) others inhabit fresh and salt water almost indifferently, as the Dorosomids, many Cyprinodontids, and most Gasterosteids, and (3) one (the eel) perhaps should be considered as a salt-water rather than a fresh-water species, inasmuch as it is catadromous and appears to breed only in the sea. Conversely those fishes which resort to fresh water to spawn and therein spend their early days may be considered to be fresh-water forms. If all species which, to some extent, run up into fresh water were included, the list might be very greatly increased, and it is by this inclusion of these species running up into fresh water that the faunas of other countries have been unduly enhanced.

If now we consider the bearings of the known facts, we may deduce the following conclusions:

(1) The number of family types peculiar or almost peculiar to North America and the very large number of genera also confined to the temperate and cold regions of the continent indicate that the region specified has such characteristics as to entitle it to be considered a primary geographical division of the globe which will appropriately bear the name of the Anglogæan realm, inasmuch as its habitable portions are occupied by the largest portion of the Anglo-Saxon race. Several of the families peculiar to this realm are almost coincident in their range with its limits, and such coincidence is especially manifested in the case of the family of Centrarchids.

(2) If we compare the constituency of our ichthyic fauna with that of the Eurasiatic realm we find several notable contrasts. The North American is distinguished by the great development of Acanthopterygian types, while there are few in the Eurasiatic one. North America has as many as 180 species, while nineteen are all that have been credited to Eurasia. The Centrarchids and certain little fishes related to the perches, which have been distinguished as Etheostomines, are very characteristic for the American fauna, and are among the most prominent features, while those types are entirely wanting in Europe. The catfishes, so abundant in America, and of which there are at least twenty-six species, are represented by only one in Europe, and even that one is of an entirely different type.

Another noteworthy contrast is exhibited by the Cyprinids. The species of Europe and Asia are almost all of large size and are the most conspicuous fresh-water fishes of that region, whereas the American species of the family are almost all small and even of minute size, and (if we except the Pacific slope, which has features in common with Eurasia) there are not more than a couple of what can be called large species of the family in the entire region. It is indeed to a related family, the suckers or Catastomids, (entirely wanting in Europe proper) that we have to look for analogue of the European Cyprinids. Among them we have forms equaling in size the European carp, barbel, and others, and some quite similar in superficial appearance. Summing up all the species we find that Europe has been accredited with 360 fresh-water fishes, while the North American fauna has at least 625.

The number of the genera common to North America and Europe is indeed extremely few, and the idea suggested by some recent authors, that the North American fauna is merely a subdivision of a common Arctogean, Triarctic or Holarctic realm, is entirely traversed and negatived by the fish fauna.

It is also especially noteworthy that a number of the types peculiar to America are distinguished by the care which the parents take of their young; whereas the European forms are generally indifferent to the future progeny, and after spawning, leave the eggs to take care of themselves. In this connection it may be recalled to the American Fisheries Society, that the care of the eggs and young is accompanied by an apparent diminution of the number of eggs, and we have a sort of analogy in this respect to the relation between fishculture and nature. The fishculturists assume the part which, in nature, is exercised by the attentive parent, and the eggs and young being provided for, stand a less danger of destruction, and consequently in such, the ratio between the eggs laid and fertilized and the young matured is very much less than that between the number of eggs of the indifferent parents and that of other progeny matured.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—In a letter to the superintendent of the hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Herr von dem Borne, the well-known German fishculturist, writes: "Perhaps you remember that you recommended to me the introduction of the black bass, and also that I received some of them when Mr. Eckardt returned from America. I am pleased to say that the fish have multiplied abundantly. We had 1,200 in the fall of 1884, and have caught more than 2,200 fry this season.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.—Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

Oct. 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2704.**

JUDGES AND REPORTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Apropos of the coming dog shows; now that the "all round" judge, however excellent, has had his day, why may not the "all round" reporter retire into the background also, and let each special judge speak for himself over his own signature, after making his decisions? Then the many who are unable to attend and see for themselves may perhaps acquire some information about the dogs, at present withheld. The reporters have never failed to give us spicy reading, interesting and amusing, disclosing their varying moods. Now their pens are dipped in honey to laud the astuteness of A. in bestowing blue ribbons upon certain dogs, and anon plunged into bitterest gall to blame blundering B. for his stupid failure to decorate others of their canine friends. Meanwhile we who are trying to learn something about the dogs of various breeds are left perishing in our ignorance. One critic tells us—by way of consolation perhaps—that only the good dogs are noticed at all, yet how he ridicules them! We read, for example, that the winner "is not clean enough, leggy, faulty at both ends," or that the first prize animal in Class 1,000 is "faulty all over," or "faulty in head, ears, body, legs, tail," etc., until utterly bewildered and weary we begin to wonder how much worse those poor creatures could be who received no awards and were spared all criticism.

If judges are authority on the classes assigned them, can they not be allowed or persuaded to speak for themselves? Or if they are really incompetent will not their statements as well as their awards convict them? The wise "Lillibulero" to the contrary notwithstanding, the *English Kennel Gazette* reports after any of the leading English shows are instructive and exceedingly interesting, though quite free from personalities. They give us something about the good points of the winners as well as their faults, and moreover we know just who is responsible for each account—a matter of consolation sometimes.

An artist, puzzled by the conflicting statements of reporters and the remarkable fact (?) in natural history that dogs change in quality and proportion with their owners' names, suggested that large paintings of typical dogs of all breeds be made and placed in conspicuous positions at the shows, where all could see and study them, and judge and compare for themselves without following judges or heeding reporters' notebooks.

CONSTANT READER.

THOUGHTS ON MASTIFF BREEDING.

IS the present accepted fashion in mastiffs compatible with perfect health and development: in other words, is it possible to breed dogs to the standard without inviting deformity? This question has frequently recurred to the writer suggested by the crooked limbs of many of the most noted prize winners of the day. To allude to the deformities of the mastiffs of England might seem an unkindness, and to dwell on the defects to be noted in the kennels of American breeders good taste will not sanction. Material to illustrate the theory of the writer is absolutely indispensable, and the mastiffs at the Crystal Palace are chosen, with an apology to their breeders and owners for their selection. A careful analysis shows not a single mastiff in the front ranks that is not, in a measure, defective in the hind parts; being either weak in the loins, narrow in the quarters, cow-hocked or too straight in the stifles, they have slouchy, dragging gaits, or are "stilty" in their movements. The dog considered by many to be the best in the world is badly cow-hocked, weak in the loins, and has narrow hindquarters, which he finds it difficult even to drag after him.

Among the mastiffs at the Palace well-shaped and developed behind, not one was given a first prize. To one was awarded second; in her class there were but two entries. Another received third prize; four were very highly commended, and the remainder unnoticed. Recall the mastiffs of America, and on the fingers of one hand can be counted all the noted winners that are not imperfect in loin or limb. Surely there must be a reason for all this. The one which naturally suggests itself, and in which a ready solution for these deformities is found, is over-eating and insufficient exerise. Were they due to other and constitutional causes the infirmities would be general, that is, the forelegs as well as those behind would be affected. Consider then the origin of the most prominent prize winners in England, were they not bred in London or its suburbs? Was it possible for them while being matured to have had freedom of movement sufficient to develop perfect limbs and symmetrical bodies? Again, do not English breeders generally theorize that mastiffs need but little exercise, and therefore restrain them from active exertion? Answers to these questions must aid in sustaining the theory of the writer. Following out this line of reasoning, would mastiffs if allowed sufficient liberty during the growing stage—permitted to gambol, run and jump in constant activity as their natures prompted them—then have developed into that cart-horse form, with short legs, heavy body, and lazy, waddling gait? In the human experience perfect health and development is born of activity. Exercise does not invite the accumulation of fat, nor in the maturing youth promote low statures and coarse heavy frames; rather does it tend to a symmetrical growth, greater height and slenderer limbs and bodies. Will any one gainsay that the tall, slender, muscular man of quick, active movement is healthier by far than the short, heavy, obese man, with his slow, labored manner and duck-like gait?

It is proper to assume that the representative dogs in England are found in the front ranks; in fact in accepting a type of mastiff demanded by the present fashion, deformity in limb is one of the characteristics. The dog that waddles along with a slouchy gait, who finds a walk laborious, a canter torture, a run impossible, is the one chosen as nearer the standard of to-day. Within the year a mastiff has been imported to this country of which a judge in England, an acknowledged authority on the breed, is reported to have said that he considered him the best specimen for breeding purposes he ever saw. The writer has carefully examined the dog in question and can honestly say that never before has he seen a mastiff so deformed. The muscles of the thighs are wasted, and paralyzed to such a degree that were his hindlegs of wood his movements would be as graceful and unrestrained as now.

Is it possible that specimens like this can be regarded as proper for breeding? Can heads formed even in the most perfect moulds compensate for incomplete development and deformity of limb? If so, why this marked distinction, why are abnormalities considered less important in this breed and fatal faults in others? Had Beaufort, Elcho and Glencho been faulty in the loins and cow-hocked, would they have won their premier positions? True, they are sporting dogs and speed is an essential, but is not perfect symmetry and development as necessary in one breed as in the other? Consider for a moment other animals. In a competitive class of thoroughbred stallions, would not lameness from spavins, curbs, navicular diseases and other abnormalties disqualify, no matter how perfect the horse is in form? In breeding cattle and sheep, is not success dependent in the main upon the selection of perfect sires? The farmer in improving his grains selects only the sound and healthy seeds for planting. The breeders of domestic animals must appreciate the value of a high degree of health in progenitors, for the reason that all signs of defective nutrition or impaired development are transmissible. Dr. Manley Miles has given a case in point: "A mare affected with ringbone that unfitted her for farm work was kept as a breeder for several years. The colts were uniform in color, and as they showed no indications of disease when two or three years old, they found ready buyers at good prices. At the age of five years or six, however, they all had ringbone to a greater or less extent, and several were entirely disabled." The same author has stated: "In horses, strain of the back tendons, swelled legs, grease and roaring are often hereditary." Instances are not wanting showing that even slight defects in animals are inherited.

It is generally believed, and on good evidence, that in man and animals the offspring derive from the father more than the mother, external form and frame, from the latter more than the former, the vital organs, the lungs, stomach and mental nature. Knowing this, should it not be insisted upon that the sires have all the essentials, and especially among them well developed frames and muscles?

This fact was well understood by Bakewell and his successors in the breeding of Leicester sheep; of them Lord Somerville said: "It would seem as if they had at first drawn a perfect form and then given it life." Of the fundamental laws in breeding, Youatt asserted that from passages in the Old Testament bearing on this point, the best principles of breeding were understood at the time it was written.

It must not be forgotten that not only is health in a high degree essential in progenitors, but also harmonious development of the muscular system. Compare the wild boar of the past with the pig of to-day. Wild life and activity developed the former, breeding and want of exercise has made the latter a loathsome thing.

In our bench shows the writer has studied mastiffs, has found there pictures of grace and symmetry, with blood pure, eyes bright, head in proportion, bodies well knit and limbs in harmony; all indicative of active powers, capable of making a run of several miles behind a team, or a jump over a "five-foot" fence.

Those same dogs he has seen enter the ring to be displaced by others, cow-hocked and weak-loined, lame, shuffling specimens. And why! because their heads, as the Almighty had intended, were in keeping with their bodies, and their legs in harmony with all. Of them the criticism made was "deficient in head and leggy." "Leggy!" that term has now become common from its continued application to our mastiffs. And whence comes it? The wild boar had legs and was "leggy;" the pig of the present has the shortest possible. The former was symmetrically developed by activity, the latter is propagated largely by restraint.

The beau ideal of an athlete is a man, tall, muscular, graceful. The short "stubby" boy, by well-appointed exercise and gymnastic training, becomes the ideal. The same boy, if decreed to live a sedentary life, would grow less in height, be gross in frame, lazy by nature, slothful in habits, and possibly fat, short-legged, with a shuffling, slouchy movement. If two puppies are selected, litter brothers, one given perfect liberty to run the fields, jump fences and follow his own promptings; the other kenneled, allowed but a small yard, there to eat, grow fat, occasionally bark and largely doze his time away, who can gainsay the result of this experiment? The first will in nearly all cases be more slender in body and have limbs, at the sight of which in the ring the average judge of to-day will wisely shake his head, say "leggy" and turn to award the prizes to cripples with hydrocephalic heads, and loins unable to bear a firm pressure of the hand.

By their awards, virtually, breeding is directed, at least influenced. The question of health, muscular strength and development, the possibility of transmitting vices, weighs little when compared to better shaped heads and prize-winning records.

Should this be so? Should a race of cripples be encouraged by awards, while dogs having perhaps little longer muzzles, but rich, pure blood, strong, healthy, well-made bodies and powerful limbs, are displaced by those so imperfect in constitutions and structure, they must transmit to their "get" if not absolute weaknesses and deformities, at least a tendency to the same.

Following this subject a step further, a dog is valued no less for his intelligence than his beauty of form. Why can it not be said of him as of man—

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

Infirmities in man warp his nature, propagate eccentricities, rendering him capricious if not morose. Among those of rich pure blood, well developed bodies and limbs, and healthy to a high degree, would more naturally be sought buoyancy of nature, bright, keen intelligence. Might not the same physiological law exist among animals? Certainly it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that not only deformities and infirmities embitter their natures, render them impatient and savage, but inactivity vitiates faculties; lazy, indolent habits blunt perceptions and dull understanding.—"*Ashmont*," *in American Kennel Register.*

DEW CLAWS ON ST. BERNARDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article headed "With the St. Bernards at the Hospice" in your paper dated Sept. 3, interested me very much, as I have lately imported several fine specimens of the race, and among them one nearly two years old that was bred by Heinrich Schuhmacher and by him exhibited at the late dog show at Basle, Switzerland, before being delivered to me. As soon as I get back to New York I will send you a full copy of the dog's pedigree, which runs back to the dog Barry, that was sent to the Hospice by Heinrich Schuhmacher. It is not my object to enter into any controversy on the question of the importance of dew claws as a sign of the genuineness of the breed, but would like to say that Heinrich Schuhmacher, as well as Dr. Künzli, President of the Kennel Club, "Barry" at St. Gall, Switzerland, and other eminent breeders in Switzerland, all agree with the rule adopted by the Swiss Kennel Club (of which I also have the honor of being a member), that as regarding dew claws, "the presence or absence of either single or double dew claws has no significance whatever, as the same cannot be considered as a sign of the race." This can also be read in the German edition of Vero Shaw's "Book on the Dog," page 685. Furthermore, it is a fact that in one and the same litter of pups animals will be found with single, with double and without any dew claws, and this where both parent dogs did have dew claws. W. J. EHRICH.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Sept. 9.

THE ATTLEBORO DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In passing through Attleboro, Mass., Tuesday, I stopped off to see the dog show of the Attleboro Fair, and there found "Will" Tallman in fine feather and with his hands full, being the "chief cook and bottle-washer" of the kennel department, but he stole time to show me around. On a bench at the end of the room lay champions Plantagenet, Foreman, Flash and Beaufort, for exhibition only, and they were, as usual with dogs under Tallman's care, in first-class condition, although they are being worked all of the time in the field.

In the open English setter class, dogs and bitches, Peck's Bad Girl (Mack B.—Chica), awarded first, is a beautiful little bitch, with good body, legs and feet, but to my idea a trifle faulty in head, of the Gladstone type. Belton II. was awarded second, and is a fair dog. In the Gordons champion Rhoda had a walk-over. Topsy, first in open class, is really a fine bitch and would receive a good place in large shows. The rest of the class was only ordinary. Elcho, Jr., had a walk-over in champion Irish class; Goldstone first and Bess (Glencho—Igune II.) second in open class. H. W. Smith's kennel of greyhounds was represented by Mother Demdike, Mennon, Stealaway and Ben, but had not been judged when I left. A. H. Wakefield & Co. had a fine display of beagles, but I did not have time to take down the awards in that class.

Jewell, a Beaufort pup, took first in pointer class with Jock second. A fair display of pugs was made, but awards had not been made. There was an excellent showing of American foxhounds. After doing the bench show, we visited the Blackstone Kennels, and there found what we expected, "a perfect kennel," a description of which I have not time to make at this writing. Tallman goes South about Oct. 1, with a string of dogs that I doubt have ever been equaled by any one handler in this country, and shows how popular "Billie" is. Just look at it! Champions Plantaganet, Foreman, Flash, Elcho, Jr., Rhoda, Beaufort and Bradford, who won first the only time shown. Good luck go with him. ROSECROFT.

ALBION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the name of Albion, I wish to state that at the time of naming my dog I had no knowledge of its having been claimed by others, nor have I claimed the exclusive right of naming dogs throughout the country. As for "originality," I think that despite Mr. Porter's claim to such, I have heard the name Albion before; in fact history, as taught in our common schools, shows that England was called Albion centuries ago, at a time when the nomenclature of canine pets was not a source of dispute between owners, or a means of revenue to kennel registers.—F. F. DOLE (New Haven, Conn., Sept 14).

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. James A. Stovell, of Philadelphia, Pa., has accepted the position of judge for beagles, dachshunde and Bassets. Mr. R. H. Hoffecker, of Middletown, Del., will be the third judge for foxhounds. Mr. J. R. Pierson, of Brooklyn, who is now in England, has accepted for greyhounds, deerhounds and Italian greyhounds. The Pennsylvania Railroad will carry free dogs in kennels when accompanied by their owners. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad will do so too.

COMPLETE THE RECORDS.—Owners of registered dogs are requested to communicate to the *American Kennel Register* all winnings which have been taken since the registry of the dogs. It is important that the record of each registered dog should be made complete, and this can only be done by the co-operation of owners.

POINTER DOG STOLEN.—A liver and white pointer dog was stolen on August 10. One of his ears is liver and the other ticked, his tail is slightly docked, answers to the name of Spot. A liberal reward will be paid for his return, or information that will lead to his recovery. Address S. S., 86 Beekman street, New York.

FRAUDULENT PEDIGREE.—Collingwood, Ontario, Can., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some two or three months ago I purchased of Mr. H. C. Miller, of Hudson, N. Y., the liver and white pointer bitch called Fancy. Mr. Miller stated that she was about three years old and by champion Croxteth ex Royal Fan. The bitch pleased me very much as she was certainly a very fine animal to look at, and a stylish, fast worker in the field. I kept her until I was ordered to this post to remain for several months, when I sold her to Mr. Percival, of Stanton, Mich., who has just written me that Mr. Dilley, of Wisconsin (who owns Royal Fan), has written him that the bitch Fancy was not from Royal Fan, nor was she by Croxteth; in fact, her pedigree was a fraud from beginning to end, and that it was exposed as a fraud through FOREST AND STREAM long ago. Now that I come to think the matter over, it strikes me that I remember of seeing something in FOREST AND STREAM about a fraudulent pedigree, in which Mr. Miller was interested; but in buying the bitch I never gave the matter a thought, as I considered Mr. Miller a gentleman. Now, can it be possible that Mr. Dilley is mistaken a little in this matter? As I understand it, Mr. W. A. Coster bred and raised the Croxteth ex Royal Fan litter. The bitch Fancy has a head strongly resembling Croxteth's, and I thought it just possible that Mr. Dilly might be mistaken. Will you kindly let me know if FOREST AND STREAM did once contain an article on this bitch's fraudulent pedigree? I have just written to Mr. Miller asking him to please explain.—C. E. LEWIS. We republish from FOREST AND STREAM of July 17, 1884, the letter of Mr. Coster in relation to the matter. We fail to see how Mr. Miller can justify himself in selling the bitch with a proven false pedigree. Following is the letter: "*Editor Forest and Stream:* The pedigree of the pointer bitch Fancy, said to be by Croxteth ex Royal Fan, about three years old, and so advertised by Mr. Miller, is undoubtedly a fraud, from the fact, corroborated by Mr. Dilley's letters on the subject, and my personal knowledge that the only bitch of that breeding was sent to me. This bitch pup was whelped Nov. 27, 1881, at Mr. Dilley's kennels, Rosendale, Wis., was liver and white, and I kept her in my yard till quite large, then I passed her over to a friend, Thomas F. Connolly, of this place, to break and train for me. During that early fall I sent her to a friend in the South, to work her on quail. After some time I received a letter from him stating that she was so gunshy and intensely nervous of every noise that she was worthless. I wrote for her and told my friend Hamilton he could have her under certain conditions, as I did not want to bother with her any more. He disposed of her, and at this present date of writing says he can produce her in New York city in four hours. This bitch is the only one that came East, beyond a doubt. Therefore, the only construction in accordance with the facts in Mr. Miller's explanation, is that ——, —— has been made the victim of a rascally imposition, and in all innocence has transferred with the bitch Fancy this imposition to Mr. Miller. Who the originator of this is deponent saith not, but one thing is sure, whoever it is, all subsequent purchasers have been most shamefully duped, and I feel it my duty to advise Mr. Miller to ferret out this originator. I will cheerfully give and obtain all facts, dates, etc., and personally aid him with my best endeavors. He has my sincere sympathy, as I have suffered some few years ago in the same manner.—W. A. COSTER (Flatbush, L. I.)."

THREE DOG STORIES.—A number of tough fish stories have been told by anglers of this city during the present season, and there seems to be a rivalry between them to see who can spin the biggest yarn and then vouch for the truth of it. Some fair fish stories have been told, but everybody after reading the following will admit that Mr. Augustus H. Drury, the lawyer, of this city, is far ahead of all competitors, and that he certainly deserves a chromo or some other mark of distinction. Mr. Drury has just returned from a trip through a part of New York State, where he had been enjoying his vacation. He stopped for some time near Monticello, where hunting and fishing is supposed to be good. Mr. Drury, according to his statement, one day took a notion to go out after woodcock. He borrowed a gun, a dog, some cartridges and other things that are supposed to be necessary for a successful hunt. The dog was recommended to him as one of the finest woodcock dogs in the vicinity, and he was cautioned to be very careful with him. Mr. Drury was hunting along the banks of a small stream, when the dog suddenly came to a dead point. Mr. Drury looked and saw the dog pointing directly into the water. He wondered what the dog had struck, but as the animal seemed to mean business Mr. Drury investitgated, and found that the dog was pointing a pickerel, which lay partly concealed in the water under some overhanging alder bushes. Mr. Drury was not after pickerel, but he could not resist the temptation; so he blazed away. He hit the pickerel squarely, carrying off nearly the whole of his head. The dog retrieved the fish, and Mr. Drury wondered by what scent or instinct the dog had discovered the presence of the fish. Mr. Drury returned to the place where he was stopping, and subsequently while the cook was preparing the pickerel for supper, the mystery of the dog's pointing was explained. In removing the stomach of the pickerel it was found that that organ was enormously distended. Cutting open the stomach revealed a whole flock of woodcock. The fish had gobbled up the game and the dog, true to his reputation as a good woodcock dog, had pointed to the birds. Mr. Drury will please go up head and stay there. And that he has one prime qualification for a good lawyer no one need doubt.—*Paterson Press, Sept.* 9. Sheriff McKee says that the intelligence or the nose of the dog referred to in yesterday's *Press* does not amount to anything compared to the nose of a dog a friend of his owned. He thinks that any dog with a half way decent nose ought to be able to smell out a flock of woodcock even if the birds are concealed in the stomach of a pickerel. The Sheriff says he had a friend who had a wonderful good dog for coons. If there was a coon within a mile of the dog the coon's doom was sealed, for the dog would certainly smell him out. One day the dog was out with his master after coons. They stopped at a small railroad station just as the train drew up. The dog came to a dead point on the train. The owner of the dog insisted that there must be a coon on board the train or that the train had run over a coon. His dog could not be mistaken. The train was searched, but there was no coon and no gore on the wheels. The man's faith in the dog did not waver for an instant. "Are you sure that there is no coon on board this train?" he inquired of the brakeman. "I am sure there is not. The nearest thing to a coon is the conductor and his name is Coon." "That settles it," said the owner of the dog; "I knew there was coon on this train."—*Paterson Press.* We have heard and read many strange things about dogs from childhood, but we never heard of a more novel or interesting canine freak than one it was our privilege to witness in Bath a few days ago. "Rex," Mr. Samuel S. Seely's handsome, intelligent setter, recently took upon himself the duties and responsibilities of a hen. Mr. H. W. Garnsey, with whom Rex formerly lived, had a brood of chickens hatched, and the old hen not caring for them properly, they were taken from her. Rex's sympathies were evidently touched at seeing the peeping orphans thus cruelly left all alone in the world, and he at once generously adopted them and became as anxious for their comfort and welfare as could the hen herself. Strange to say the chickens did not object in the least to their novel foster parent and it is certainly a rare sight to see them all together. At night Rex crawls into their coop and the grateful chicks nestle in the long hair about his neck and paws. During the day he follows them about the yard and can scarcely be induced to leave his novel protegés a moment. He will lie down and the chicks clamber all over him in great glee and to his evident delight. In order to see how he would

act, some of the chickens were placed on opposite sides of the yard. Rex immediately began running from one lot to the other and was much distressed until he had gathered his little flock together again. Certainly an own mother could not be more solicitous for her little one than Rex is for the motherless chicks he so generously adopted. Should any one doubt this story or any part of it, a visit to the place will convince him that it is true in every detail.—*The Cohocton Valley Times.*

BOBTAIL SHEEPDOGS.—Hulton, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please say that the Glencoe Collie Kennels, East Bethlehem, Pa., have just received from M. B. Lowe, Wednesbury, England, a pair of bobtail sheepdogs, which will be at the coming Pittsburgh show. These are the first of the breed known to have been imported.—W. WADE.

AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.—The September number of the *American Kennel Register* contains 115 new entries, making the total number of dogs now registered in the *A. K. R.* 2,704. The other registry departments are also unusually full, giving abundant evidence that the *Register* is growing in the appreciation of breeders.

CRUELTY TO A DOG.—Timothy Shaw, aged sixty-two, dog trainer, Greenwich, Eng., for cruelty to a dog by beating it with a whip was sentenced to a month's hard labor.—*Stock-Keeper.* [Moral; Timothy should have trained his dog by the rules laid down in "Training vs. Breaking."]

IRISH SETTER LOST.—A light built dark red Irish setter dog strayed or was stolen about ten days ago. He has a spot of white on breast. Any one knowing of his whereabouts will confer a favor by addressing his owner, B. F. Callaghan, 973 Broad street, Newark, N. J.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.

For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." We request that all Kennel Notes be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Load Stone, Grind Stone, Whet Stone, Jack Stone, Curb Stone, Kate Gladstone, Bell Gladstone, Rose Gladstone, Fanny Gladstone and Nelly Gladstone. By J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., for English setters, four black, white and tan and one lemon and white dog, and two black, white and tan and three lemon and white bitches, whelped Aug. 3, 1885, by champion Gladstone out of Flounce (Druid—Ruby).

Dot Berwyn. By Dr. H. F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 22, 1885, by Dashing Berwyn out of Dryad.

Belle of Dixie. By H. B. Hale, Montgomery, Ala., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped May 3, 1885, by champion Plantagenet out of Matchless (Roderick II.—Jennie).

Genesta. By E. Lever, Philadelphia, Pa., for bull-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887) out of Young Venom.

Moss. By A. W. Griffiths, New Market, N. H., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 8, 1885, by Dash (Berkley—Tilly) out of Beauty (Rocket—Madge).

Rufus. By Samuel Morgan, Riverton, Va., for red Irish setter dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Pat (Grouse—Nora) out of Kate (Marquis of Lorne—Gypsy).

Rex. By M. B. Sayre, Baltimore, Md., for red Irish setter dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Pat (Grouse—Nora) out of Kate (Marquis of Lorne—Gypsy).

BRED.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Trusty Gladstone—Ted Llewellin. George Jarvis's (New York) English setter bitch Trusty Gladstone (A.K.R. 1550) to Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599), Sept. 1.

Diana—Dash Mannering. Samuel Huntington's (Plainfield, N. J.) English setter bitch Diana (A.K.R. 1458) to Dr. C. F. Stillman's Dash Mannering (Dash III.—Lady Mannering), Aug. 4.

Leah—Glen Rock. Geo. F. Clark's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Leah (A.K.R. 1284) to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), Sept. 5.

Lit—Sportsman. Wm. A. Ellison's English setter bitch Lit (Gath—Lit) to J. W. Murnan's Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), Sept. 5.

Zitta—Graphic. Fred F. Harris's (Portland, Me.) pointer bitch Zitta (A.K.R. 1358) to Jas. L. Anthony's champion Graphic (A.K.R. 2411), Sept. 14.

Bessie—Black Knight. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Bessie to his Black Knight, Aug 28.

Judy—Garry. W. F. Reynolds's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,) Irish terrier bitch Judy (A.K.R. 2199) to his Garry (A.K.R. 2198), Aug. 4.

Twin Maud—Rebel Wind'em. Memphis & Avent Kennels' (Memphis, Tenn.) English setter bitch Twin Maud (Gladstone—Clip) to their Rebel Wind'em (Count Wind'em—Norma), Aug. 22.

Flaxie—Gladstone. Memphis & Avent Kennels' (Memphis Tenn.) English setter bitch Flaxie (Druid—Ruby) to P. H. Bryson's champion Gladstone, Sept. 13.

WHELPS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Judy. John C. Dawes's (Kingston, Mass.) beagle bitch Judy, six (five dogs), by Punch (Blue Boy—Music).

Ruby. Kilmarnock Collie Kennel's (Dorchester, Mass.) imported collie bitch Ruby, Sept. 8, eleven (seven dogs) by their Kilmarnock Bruce (A.K.R. 1422).

Hazelnut II. Dennis Desmond's (Fall River, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Hazelnut II. (Chief—Hazelnut), Sept. 3, nine (seven dogs), by J. F. Shay's Dick (Von—Floss).

Zell. Thos. F. Morris's (Mott Haven, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Zell, Aug. 28, five (three dogs), by H. C. Glover's champion Turk (A.K.R. 717).

Beauty. C. H. Redfield's (New Haven, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Beauty (Glen II.—Jet), Sept. 7, thirteen (eight dogs), by H. C. Glover's champion Turk (A.K.R. 717).

Darkie. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Darkie (A.K.R. 250), Aug. 29, eight (four dogs), by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

SALES.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Monogram. English setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1885 (Roderigo—Merry Belle), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to J. C. Lassell, Smyrna, Del.

Lady Elcho. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 3, 1885 (champion Elcho—Noreen), by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., to A. B. Truman, San Francisco, Cal.

Venture. Mastiff dog, whelped June 15, 1885 (Turk—Drudess), by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to S. B. Besse, Rockland, Mass.

Rea. Red Irish setter dog, whelped July 17, 1885 (Pat—Kate), by Samuel Morgan, Riverton, Va., to M. B. Sayre, Baltimore, Md.

Montezuma. Mastiff dog, whelped June 22, 1885 (Turk—Bess), by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Chas. H. Barnes, Boston, Mass.

Joe. Mastiff dog, whelped June 22, 1885 (Turk—Bess), by E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., to Geo. W. Fulton, Jr., Rockport, Tex.

Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545)—*Lady Bang* (A.K.R. 698) *whelp.* Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, N. J., to C. F. Chase, Haverhill, Mass.

Robin Adair (A.K.R. 2030)—*Lady Belle* (A.K.R. 1788) *whelp.* Lemon and white pointer dogs, whelped May 26, 1885, by Clifton Kennel, Jersey City, N. J., one to C. F. Jenkins, Greensboro, S. C., and one to John Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.

PRESENTATIONS.

☞ *See instructions at head of this column.*

Moss. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Feb. 8, 1885 (Dash—Beauty), by G. H. Gilbert, Boston, Mass., to A. W. Griffiths, Newmarket, N. H.

Larry. Skye terrier dog, whelped Nov. 7, 1884 (Zip—Gyp), by E. H. Higgins, Cohocton, Pa., to Mrs. O. P. Smith, Towanda, Pa.

Planter. Liver, with white markings, pointer dog, whelped Feb. 6, 1880 (Sensation—Black Rose), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to Franklin Miller, Lawrence, L. I.

Nellie. Lemon and white pointer bitch, 4½yrs. (Sensation—Lill), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to Laurence Drake, Kingsbridge, N. Y.

Planter II. and Wanda. Pointers, liver with white markings, dog, and orange with white markings, bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to Laurence Drake, Kingsbridge, N. Y.

Lorna Doone.—Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to S. R. Welser, Kingsbridge, N. Y.

Flirt. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to E. Schermerhorn, Riverdale, N. Y.

Lady. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to A. H. Howard.

Sport. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to P. Winters, Kingsbridge, N. Y.

Tennis. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to E. W. Anthony, Longwood, Mass.

Norma. Lemon with white markings pointer bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to James Kent.

Don Carlos. Lemon with white markings pointer dog, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to Chas. T. Stagg, Belleport, L. I.

Pattie Lemon with white markings pointer bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to Edward M. Anger, Peekskill, N. Y.

Jack and Jill. Orange with white markings pointer dog and bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to A. Pierson Case, Vernon, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

D S., Vicksburg, Miss.—While feeding my setter puppy to day, he suddenly left his dinner, running around the yard and into the house at a furious rate, barking and howling all the while, seemingly in some pain and somewhat frightened. I stood near him while he was eating and am certain that nothing came near to frighten him, and when his dinner was given him he did not seem to be be in any pain. He is about eight or nine months old and has always seemed in perfect health. Ans. We incline to the opinion that the puppy has worms. There are many causes for such fits, the most frequent being worms. You had better satisfy yourself by giving an active purge, such as a tablespoonful of castor oil or a dessertspoonful of oil of buckthorn and watch the passages. If you find worms you must diet on milk and give as little as possible, and as a vermifuge you can give a dram of powdered areca in a pill or ball or ten drops of oil of worm seed on a lump of sugar twice daily. If the trouble is from indigestion or overloading the stomach you must treat accordingly.

BERGEN.—1. There appeared on the ears of my mastiff dog blotches where the skin seemed to thicken and grow hard and dry. After a day or so the entire surface of each blotch peeled off like a scab, taking with it the hair. I kept them well greased, and in a week or so the scars were well healed, and now there appears to be a good skin over them. Will the hair grow on these spots again? 2. The flaps and passages of each ear then became red and inflamed, and the dog began to shake his head. A reddish brown matter appeared in the ear, looking like dried sweat and blood. The shaking of the head has latterly increased with some slight indications of a return of the blotches along the edge of the ear. Ans. 1. The hair will grow again. Use balsam of Peru ointment for any external sores, applying twice daily after washing. 2. Cleanse the ears and drop the following into them twice daily: Of bromo-chloral, one dram, of laudanum, one dram, of water six drams. Mix.

H. B.—A setter dog for 18 months has had, as I supposed, the mange. I gave him Fowler's solution arsenic, 5 drops up to 10, for nearly two weeks. I used Glover's mange cure. He was broken out on his shoulders and between the hips and tail. By treating him as above he was apparently cured, but it only lasted for about a week when he broke out again as bad as ever. He breaks out in spots as large as a half dollar, and there is a watery fluid running from these spots. Ans. Begin again with the arsenic and use it for a month, running the dose up by a drop a day from 3 to 10 drops and then decreasing, and so on. Dust any running sores with calomel powders twice daily, using a camel's hair brush. Report results.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. P.—The name on her stern is Genesta, the g being soft.

H. C., Vermont.—You will find in Batty's "Practical Taxidermy" practical and sufficient instruction.

C. H.—See the letter elsewhere relating to Macon, Ga., as a center for reaching Southern shooting grounds.

M. C. W., Titusville, Pa.—Read Bogardus's "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting," price $2, for sale at this office.

O. H. R., Cleveland.—Write to N. G. Stebbins, 521 Washington street, Boston, for photos of Puritan and Genesta.

C. S. G. A., Pittsfield, Mass.—Puritan's lines have never been published. We hope to publish them shortly.

J. S. R., Erie, Pa.—It is possible that the whipping of guide-ring keepers is done as you say by some rod makers, *i. e.*, with the whipping ending on each side of the ring, leaving a bare place under the ring. Of eleven rods owned by us and made by half a dozen of the best makers, not one is so whipped. The whipping is not discontinued when the duty of the keeper is reached, but is continued under it so that on the upper side of the rod the whipping is continuous, passing under the keeper at the ring, yet the ring does not play upon the silk as you suggest it must, but on the brass keeper. Rings do not usually stand up when the rod is turned over, unless when new and stiff. They flatten down when put in the sack.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association. Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I must commend your very sensible editorial upon your proposed rifle trial, as well as the views of Major Merrill, Mr. Romer and others. The test, as I understand it, is not to be in the interest of rifle makers, but in the interest of science. I am certain that a large number of your readers are quite as much interested in the discovery of general truth as in truth limited by the whims or necessities of manufacturers, or the nervous or muscular endurance of hunters. If any one wishes to use your apparatus to see what can be done by excessive powder charges, light bullets, heavy or long rifles, how does it affect the relative worth of rifles with factory ammunition any more than if such experiments were tried in Europe or next year? For my part I should like very much to see the exact figures of such trajectories as have been made with the old-fashioned sugar loaf cone, not "conical ball," but a short bullet tapering from butt to point and having no more bearing on the barrel than is given by being swaged into it by the "guiding starter." These cannot be shot accurately from the breech, with any system of "fitting" that I have been able to devise. But when carefully loaded from the muzzle they were very accurate, while their extreme lightness and sharp points gave them a very rapid flight for 200yds. and over. With conical balls hollowed from behind to the lightness of a round ball of same diameter—or even lighter—filled up with tallow or wax, and set over a stout wad, a marvelous speed may be obtained, especially if the point be sharp. Why should we not know what can be done with such things, even if we do find them too inconvenient for general use.

Of course the shooting must be accurate, not because an inaccurate rifle is worthless for hunting, but for a far better reason. Erratic balls generally travel in curves that are independent of the curve caused by gravitation. The axis of rotation does not coincide with the axis of the bore, and the ball has a wabbling motion that carries it off the line upon which it issued from the bore. Its line of flight then becomes a curve. And this curve may also be a spiral line, so that a ball that would be well off the mark at 100yds. may be nearer to it, or even in it, at 200 and *vice versa.* A wild ball cuts up such antics at times that there is no certain way of knowing what its trajectory is. Hence all such must be excluded.

Subject to the condition of accuracy, why should not excessive charges of powder be tried? We are not all afraid of a rifle kicking, and with light balls there is no danger of its bursting. The old-time maxim, "Too much powder makes the ball wild," is in a certain sense true, but it is subject to limitations that are very little understood. An increase of powder may easily change the line of flight of the ball driven by it, but upon this new line the balls may be as true as before, so that the rifle needs only resighting. Major Merrill does not express himself clearly when he says that a rifle that "buckles" or springs is worthless. A double rifle well loaded rarely shoots on a line corresponding with the axis of its bore, and few single rifles shooting a long ball ever do so, unless very lightly charged with powder. A rifle may be worthless from springing or "buckling," but not necessarily so. If its spring be regular, it is as good as any rifle. Major Merrill undoubtedly means those that "buckle" irregularly.

This old maxim is also subject to other serious limitations, such as the cut and twist of the rifling, the fit of the ball, the length of its bearing and its hardness. With a rifle of sharp twist and shallow grooves there is a limit to the amount of powder consistent with accuracy, though even this limit may be much extended by hardening the ball to excess. But many of the old muzzleloaders were quite different. If I were back-East at that trial I would guarantee to bring there a score of rifles that would play upon a half-inch bullseye at 20yds. all day with four inches of the quickest and strongest powder obtainable. I would not undertake to do so with the ball in a cartridge. It would doubtless have to be loaded as a muzzleloader. Six fingers of powder used to be my regular load for the best muzzleloader I ever had. Mr. Romer writing to me some years ago about his crack muzzleloader, with which he thought he could then beat any breechloader said, "I never weighed my powder before (that was before something I wrote FOREST AND STREAM upon this subject) but on weighing the charge I find it a little over 200 grains." This was for a rifle of about .46-caliber, as I remember. There have been many like us, though the majority of hunters have undoubtedly thought moderate charges essential for accuracy.

I hope you will follow Major Merrill's advice about taking the trajectory of all hunting rifles at 100 and 150yds. as well as at 200. Of course, these can be computed from the trajectory at 200. But so can the 200 one be computed from the 100 one. As a matter of fact, there are about ten hunters who hunt with their rifles sighted to 100yds. to one who hunts with one sighted to 200; and five who hunt with it sighted to 100 to one who hunts with it sighted to 150. That is, it is sighted for their eyes, though to another not accustomed to those sights or to rifle shooting, it might appear to be sighted 40 or 50yds. further: with practice the eye catches a finer sight than at first. This is because of the practical recognition in one form or another of the statement made by Major Merrill that nearly all game is killed inside of 150yds. and most of it inside of 100. Most of the long-shot braggarts tacitly or unconsciously follow this principle, have their rifles sighted to a short trajectory, kill nearly all their game by holding the same constant amount of sight on it, and make their long shots by fancy's aid. No man but an expert has any business hunting with a rifle sighted to a rise of more than one inch. Even an expert, unless in practice, is, with a rifle sighted to a rise of over three inches, liable to miss more game inside of 125yds. than he will kill beyond that point by virtue of the increased rise. And with a rifle sighted to a rise of over four inches even an expert in quite constant practice is very liable to miss if he lays the rifle aside for a week or two, or shoots down hill or toward the sun or in dim light or at anything running. For no hunting in woods or rough, broken ground should a rifle be sighted for 200yds. Such a point blank is needed only on open plains where the breaks are long and low. And even there it should be given by a raised sight which can be lowered in a moment if necessary to a point blank of 100yds. Nearly all shots beyond 100yds., where the distance is unknown, involve more good fortune in guessing distance than skill in shooting. And it is almost as hard to hit a mark at 110 yds. with a ball rising ten or twelve inches at that point as to hit one at 200yds. with a ball falling fifteen or twenty inches, as when the rifle is sighted for 100yds. Either of these guesses are bad enough, but as most chances to kill fall inside of 125yds., the first guess is the worst. Both should be avoided as far as possible by the utmost speed of bullet consistent with other qualities.

Permit me to ask that, either by experiment or computation, you will, besides the regular form of a curve, put your results in the following form: The greatest distance at which a rifle will hit the regulation bullseye for that distance without rising above the regulation bullseye for any intermediate distance. The regulation bullseye for any point corresponds to the size of game that one could reasonably expect to hit.

If I know any person in this world, it is the average hunter with the rifle. You naturally want to reach the thoughtless and unscientific as well as the more intelligent riflemen. If ever I have written a true sentence in this paper it is this: "When you talk to the average hunter of short range curves and trajectories and rises above the line of sight, etc., you babble an unknown tongue." Some will take you for an idiot, others for an ignoramus, others for a bungler who don't know how to shoot. Of course all know that the ball rises for a long flight, but for a short one the majority know nothing of any rise. They have the old-time "hold up" notion firm in their heads, and the only result of trying to get it out is to make yourself pass for an ass. But talk to them of a point to which a rifle will hit every mark of reasonable size along the line, provided the same sight be held on it, and they are with you at once. Talk of the importance of extending this point as far as possible, and they take your idea before half expressed and forestall your wisdom with their quick, hearty approval. There is no wisdom below or than that which, in fighting ignorance, descends to its level and uses its own weapons. I will take my results in curves; but I believe the majority of those who need enlightening on this point can be far more quickly convinced by a tabulation of results in the other form. Moreover, a 200yd. curve does not show the great advantage of short swift balls over long and slow ones, especially the effectiveness of round balls at short range. To see the faults of slow bullets, trajectories should be taken at 100, 125 and 150 yards. T. S. VAN DYKE.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.

HOLYOKE, Sept. 12.—The first tournament of the Paper City Rifle Club, recently organized, took place at the Willimanset range to-day. The attendance was very large, the sport opening at 7:30 and continuing until nearly dark. There were 62 entries. The range was 200yds., and Massachusetts targets were used. The best individual scores are as follows: H. K. Cooley, Springfield, 107; Hiram Engle, Chicopee Falls, 106; G. E. Day, Springfield, 103; C. L. Newcomb 97, W. Beeching 95, J. E. Harris 95, J. P. Blaisdell 91, H. Whitney 84, C. Stacey 83, E. M. Adams 79, F. W. Burris 74, Frank Barber 72. W. B. Stacey 66, M. Whalan 75, W. P. Cutter 63, C. Abrams 60, all of Holyoke. Sixty-two per cent. of the entries were divided for prizes, as follows: Cooley 15 per cent., Day 10, Newcomb 10, Harris 8, Blaisdell 5, C. Stacey 4, W. B. Stacey 2. Frank Barber is President and M. N. Snow Secretary and Treasurer of the club.

WALTHAM, Mass., Sept. 12.—The fourth weekly telegraphic match between the Hillside Rifle Club of Waltham and the Jamestown, N. Y., club was shot yesterday. The first of the four contests was won by the Jamestowns by two points, the second by the Hillside by one point and the third was a tie. Following is a score of the Hillsides in the fourth contest shot yesterday, Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand: E. A. Emerson 46, W. H. Stone 44, W. A. Caughey 43, J. R. Monroe 43, John Logan 42, W. W. Greene 42, L. O. Dennison 41, G. W. Strickland 41; total 342. The above is the best total score made on the range, the weather and other conditions being extremely favorable. The arrangement is that the best seven scores shall be counted in the matches, so that the total score which counts will really be 301. Practice will be continued each week, but no more matches will be shot at present. The score of the Jamestown Club was 298.

CLEARFIELD, Pa.—A prize shooting tournament under the auspices of the Clearfield Rifle Club will be held on the grounds of the grounds of the Clearfield Park Association during the fair, on Sept. 29 and 30, and Oct. 1 and 2. Eight prizes, aggregating $580 in value have been presented. The rules provide for shooting over a distance of 100yds. at the Dennison ring target, off hand, open sights, any kind of triggers, each contestant to shoot 5 shots consecutively while at the trigger. Range open for contest from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. of each day. Each board to consist of five shots. No call shots. No person to receive more than one prize. Contestants may shoot for any one who desires them to do so. Entrance fee $2, which entitles the person to one board, and four more at $1 each. When these are shot out, the contestant, if he so desires, may re-enter on the same terms. The Association has a fine range, with ample protection from the weather. The committee consists of J. E. Harder, D. R. Fullerton and Ashley Thorn. W. C. Cardon is Gen'l Superintendent, J. R. Bixler, Secretary.

NEWARK, N. J.—The secretary of the Newark Rifle Association, on the 6th inst., published the following card: *To the New Jersey Riflemen:* The need of a standard short-range target is apparent to all American riflemen. Recognizing the necessity of concerted action upon the subject, we would request that each organized club give this matter its early attention, and after obtaining the vote of their club fill up a blank and return the same to the secretary of the Newark Rifle Association at its earliest convenience. Each club will be entitled to as many votes as it has members. Blanks will be furnished to each club this week.—A. C. NEUMAN, Sec'y N. R. A.

ARMY PRACTICE.—The several departments in the regular army are closing up the practice for the year and the reports are coming in. Many of them show that the men are taking capital advantage of the opportunities for range work offered them. The recent changes of target and the new orders render it impossible to do much in the way of comparison with civilian scores on the old targets. It is to be regretted that the members of the army do not take more kindly to all-comers matches and assist in building up rifle shooting outside of professional ranks.

MUZZLELOADERS TO THE FRONT.—I.

130GRS. POWDER TO 130GRS. LEAD—RATIO 1 TO 1—ROUND BALL—WONDERFUL VELOCITY—FLAT TRAJECTORY AND STEADY SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my previous articles in your columns I have squarely asserted that

First—The muzzleloading hunting rifle will shoot more powder, make a flatter curve, and at the same time shoot steadier than the hunting breechloader when using its appropriate fixed ammunition, and when the bullet is shot from the shell.

Second—That the round ball is the lightest bullet which can be shot with accuracy from the rifle, and is therefore susceptible of the greatest velocity, and of making the flattest curve of any bullet for short ranges. Short ranges here include those beyond which it is very unwise, as a rule, for the hunter to shoot at game animals, and 100yds. may be safely set down as the general limit for success in hunting large game, and 50yds. and under for small game.

Third—That the conical bullet of the muzzleloader is the next lightest bullet, for the same caliber in use, and has its great merits also. But in this article I will treat of the round ball only.

While none of the breechloader supporters have, to my knowledge, squarely come out and denied my propositions, yet none have come forward and plainly acknowledged them to be true. In reply some have resorted to low ridicule, which is the staple "argument" used against the muzzleloader by this class of men. Sometimes they call for "proof," when this is given they call it "theory," "science," "mathematis," or "book larnin'," and in which they "do not believe." Hence comes up the question: Are my propositions true or false? Let us examine and see. The truth should be known.

Rifle Trial.—On Feb. 12, 1884, Mr. G. J. Romer, a sound and honest rifle expert, at my request made over his range at Peekskill, N. Y., a most careful trial test of a muzzleloading rifle, .42-cal. The main object was to learn how it would shoot the round ball, weight 130grs., with 130grs. of Hazard's FG rifle powder—*ratio 1 to 1.*

Neither Mr. Romer nor myself had ever made this test, and we could not say in advance just what the results would be, and I will here add that this was the first and only trial we have ever made under the same circumstances with this load, so that the results stand on their own bottom. Of course the targets for steadiness of shooting may be much improved on a calm day, but we deem them good enough as they stand in this article, and until they are beaten by the breechloader under like circumstances of charge, 1 to 1, etc.

Rest.—A machine rest was used, the same for all the shots, and after one sighting shot all the others were made in the same way. In other words, no changes were made so as to bring the shots around the center of the target, but only the group of shots was sought for. A good telescopic sight was used (an excellent thing) to carefully align the line of sight at the muzzle with the center of the screen at 50yds. and target center at 100yds.

Measurements.—The measurements from the center of bullet holes to the line of sight have been measured by us to .01 of an inch as nearly as possible, and we hold the screen and targets on hand for any one to inspect and verify who may wish to do so. We prefer, and for good reasons, aligning on the line of sight and then reducing our work, as if aligning on the axis of bore.

Shots Computed.—Each shot has been individually computed to the third decimal point, and the hundredths preserved in all cases; this should always be done, especially where a mean curve is sought and where accuracy is desirable. We present the results of this trial as in every way reliable from beginning to end, nor have we designedly concealed anything. The trial was one for our own private information, but we deem the results so full of fact and interest to the public that we ought not to withhold them any longer. We hold the work to be correct throughout, and fully believe no error of importance can be found in it. We pronounce it authoritative not only for today, but for all future time. We are now prepared to enter upon the work itself.

The shooting was in three parts, as follows:

First—Six consecutive shots at 100yds. and then an interval to replace the screens, etc.

Second—Five consecutive shots at 100yds. and then an interval as before.

Third—Seven consecutive shots at the screen at 50yds.

During the last two trials the wind, though not heavy, was gusty, and it affected some of the shots, as the target (Fig. 2) clearly shows. Previous to this trial we had found that shooting through a screen of ordinary wrapping paper at 50yds. deflected the ball a little, and thus affected the target slightly at 100yds. This is the reason why the shots at 50yds. were made separately from those at 100yds. That the shooting at 50yds. was correctly made is proven by the curve itself. It is a beauty and not forced in any way .01 of an inch—the decimals to the third degree enter into all the work, none are lost, nor any added to square the work.

Trial No. 1.—I will now present the results in the order of the shooting, and by the aid of diagrams, everything can be seen at a glance and comprehended.

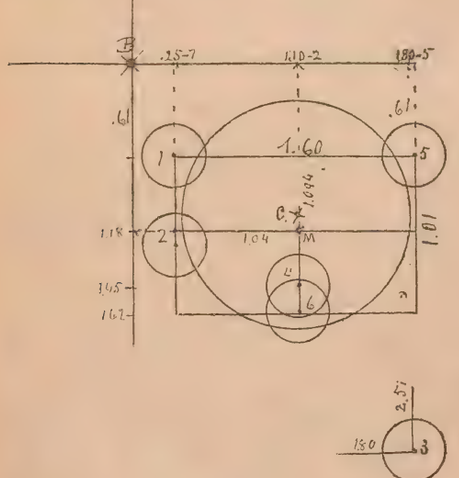


Fig. 1.

TARGET AT 100 YARDS. SCALE FULL SIZE.

HEIGHT OF MEAN CURVE, 1.232 INCHES AT 50 YARDS.

Explanations.—B represents the bullseye, and is the point where the line of sight intersects the diagram or target at right angles. M, the mean center of the 5 shots, which is the size of a silver dollar.

Shot No. 3 you will see is evidently not a normal one vertically; its evident true place is up among the other representative shots within the parallelogram. Hence in getting the data for the true (approximate) height of the mean curve of the 17 shots, its fall is left out, since to use it would lead to error in getting the true height of the trajectory. The 5 shots under the machine (constant) pointing of the rifle, average as seen in the plot 1.04 inches to the right of, and 1.094in. below B. With a correct elevation of the rifle, M would have been as high as B in the plot. From M the steadiness in shooting is shown and legitimately proven.

Height of Curve.—The height of the mean curve at 50yds. for these 5 shots is 1.232in. Of this more hereafter.

Proof No. 1.—This diagram proves beyond the hope of successful cavil, that the much-abused muzzleloader shoots the light round ball with wonderful steadiness and great accuracy for 100yds., and this too with a heavy powder charge and the lightest of all bullets (same caliber) in the ratio of 1 to 1. This fact now clearly demonstrated, prove my statements which were made to your readers before this test was made or even thought of by me, to be exactly true. Here we could stop, the point is actually proven.

I learned my facts in relation to the round and elongated bullets in 1843 in some experiments I then made at Fort Washita, in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nation, adjoining Texas. As facts never change or die, they are the same now as forty-two years ago, and so they will remain.

And now for the "string." Let us see how it looks. The muzzleloader loves string measurements because it can shoot close.

MEASUREMENTS IN INCHES FROM C, THE CENTRE OF CIRCLE.

Six shots.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	String.	Av.	Remarks.
Measurem'ts.	.90	.80	1.70	.48	.87	.62	5.37	.89	No. 3 abnormal
Five shots....	.90	.80	....	.48	.87	.62	3.67	.73	5 normal shots.

Thus the six shots average .89 of an inch from the center, while the five normal shots average but .73 of an inch. Take your choice, it is immaterial which. Measured from M instead of C, the give approximately the same results.

Proof No. 2.—When five out of the six shots hit the size of a silver dollar at 100yds., with considerable space to spare at that, and when the string and average is as small as shown above, this is again proof positive that my propositions were and are true and not false, and that I well knew what I was writing about when I made them. And I think all I have hitherto written about the rifle (though not infallible in accuracy) is as true as my propositions and as susceptible of positive proof. Perhaps a few might be benefited by looking my articles over. They well know who I mean.

Beat It Who Can.—I offer this trial to any breechloader in the world to equal or beat, (1) in steadiness of shooting, (2) in as flat a mean curve and to be made with the same five successive shots at the same time. This is to be done by using the fixed hunting ammunition of our stores, and the bullets must be shot from the shell.

Trial No. 2.—I will now present the second test, made under greater disadvantages than the first from a rise in the wind.

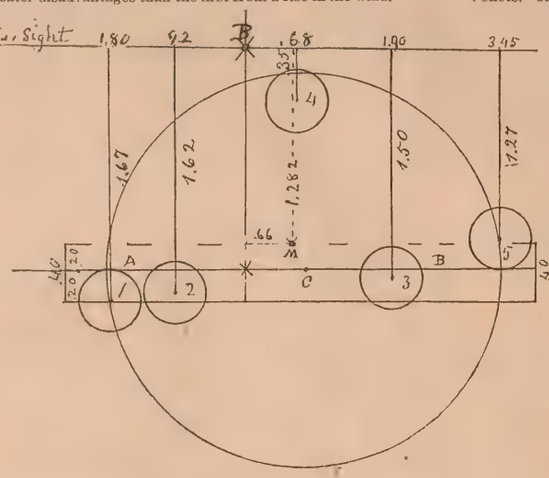


Fig. 2.

TARGET AT 100 YARDS, 5 SHOTS. VERT. SEC., FULL SIZE; HORIZ. SEC., HALF SIZE. HEIGHT OF MEAN CURVE AT 50 YARDS, 1.32 INCHES.

Explanations.—B denotes the bullseye, M the mean center of the 5 consecutive shots; it is 1.282 inches lower than B because the rifle was not sighted point blank, and .66 of an inch to the right of it. See Fig. C represents the center of the large circle which we have drawn. The 3 parallel lines at the bottom of Fig. show how very steady vertically 4 of the bullets went. It is plainly evident from the plot that shot No. 4 should be down among the others. The charge was probably a little defective, or a gust of head wind may have caused it.

Explanation.—I here present a correct plot of the 7 shots. L. S. represents the trace of a horizontal plane, including the line of sight, which cuts the diagram at right angles. B shows the position of the

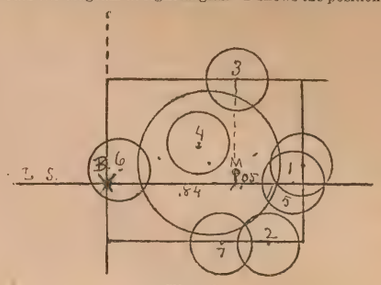


Fig. 3.

TARGET OF 7 SHOTS AT 50 YARDS. SCALE FULL SIZE.

bullseye on the aligned screen. M represents the mean center of the 7 shots. The average distance above the line of sight or bullseye is .05 of an inch—the use of this decimal will appear hereafter in determining the mean height of trajectory into which it enters. The large circle represents a 25-cent piece.

Proof No. 4. When the size of a 25-cent piece at 50yds. is struck by 7 successive shots and its center knocked out, this is proof positive (against all ridicule) that the ever true muzzleloader shoots with wonderful steadiness, and this too with a heavy load of powder—in ratio 1 to 1. Thus my propositions are again proven to be true; and this trial was made with gusty wind at that; flags were used but no wind gauge; the rifle remained unchanged from its 100yds. position. Mr. Romer stopped shooting after 7 shots.

Modern disbelievers ridicule the idea of the old-time shooters with the muzzleloader, taking off the heads of squirrels 8, 10 or 12 times in succession. These are generally shot at about 35yds. This target will serve, I hope, to teach them a wholesome lesson. Now let them repent of their unbelief. From this hasty example of a target, they can see how the muzzleloader shoots. Next let us produce the string:

MEASUREMENTS FROM M TO THE CENTER OF THE BALL HOLES.

50yds., 7 shots	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Stri'g	Av
Measurements	.42	.49	.60	.30	.37	.45	.48	3.39	.48

Proof 5.—Thus this string, 3.39in., and the average .48in., again proves the muzzleloader with the round ball to shoot as before stated, and that my propositions are true. Then let the facts be openly confessed and "let a clean breast be made of it." Look upon the plot; ask yourself what chance a squirrel's head has among these shots, and it may strengthen you in making the confession. Can the breechloader ever hope to beat this shooting and yet make as flat a curve? I more than fear never! never! Until it is squarely done please to cease ridiculing the muzzleloader and the telling little round ball, none has ever equalled it for short ranges in close shooting day in and day out.

Trials Nos. 1 *and* 2 *combined*, 100*yds.*—I will next present a correct plot of trial Nos. 1 and 2, at 100yds. The main object of this is to show the 11 shots in one group, also to find M, the mean center of all the shots in order to use it in finding the height of the mean curve for 17 shots.

Explanations.—B denotes the bullseye, M the mean center of im-

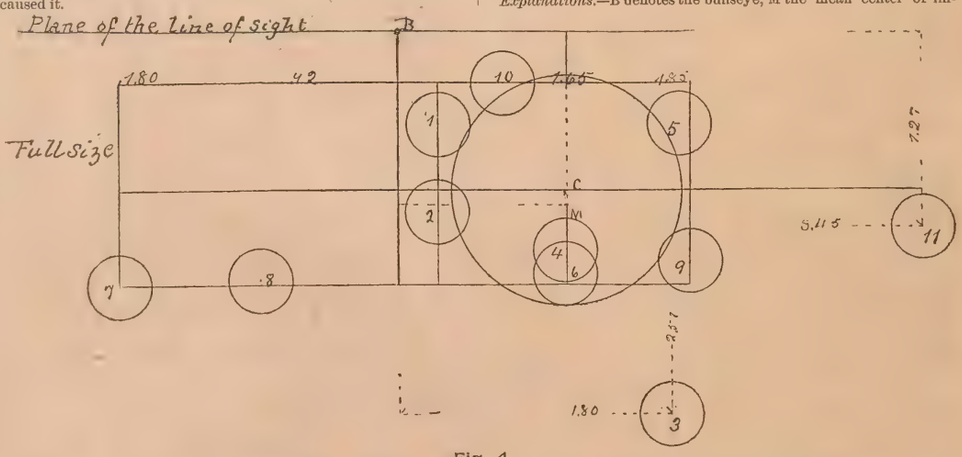


Fig. 4.

TARGET OF 11 SUCCESSIVE SHOTS AT 100 YARDS. HEIGHT OF MEAN CURVE AT 50 YARDS, 1.27 INCHES.

A Point.—A rifle naturally shoots more steady horizontally than vertically, because in the latter case more causes combine to scatter the bullets. Among these are hollowness and variations in size of the bullets, change in powder charge, light, dirty barrels, etc. These causes affect the velocity of the ball, and this tends to a vertical spread of them on the target. The main cause of horizontal spread is the wind, and a constant aim, as in this case, cannot prevent it. The plot shows this effect quite strikingly in the horizontal spread of the bullets; this spread is evidentally not natural.

Proof No. 3.—Thus 4 of the shots differ in their fall or vertical spread less than the diameter of the ball, .42 of an inch. Proof—the centers of shots Nos. 1 and 5 are embraced by the upper and lower lines of the parallelogram, and the middle line H K cuts all the bullet holes. Thus is our proposition in reference to the round ball (so often sneered at) again proven to be true, and this too, while shooting powder and lead in the ratio of 1 to 1. Equal or beat this shooting who can with the breechloader and yet make as flat a curve. Next comes the string.

MEASUREMENTS FROM C, THE CENTER OF CIRCLE.

Five Shots.....	1	2	3	4	5	String.	Average.
Measurements.....	2.63	1.72	1.08	.62	2.63	8.68	1.73
Four Shots.....	1	2	3	4	..	5.87	1.47

These measurements are made from a plot, full size, and are correct. We have no apologies to make for this string, the wind, as the plot shows, mainly caused the horizontal spread.

Trial No. 3.—I now present the next trial at 50yds., 7 consecutive shots.

MEASUREMENTS FOR VERTICAL DATA FROM THE LINE OF SIGHT.

7 Shots.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Measurements..	.11	....	.68	.22	0	.609	....	Above L.S. Sum 1.10
Measurements..	....	.38	....	....	0	....	.38	Below L.S. Sum .76

Dif. .34 ÷ 7 = .0485 = .05M. above L. S.

pact, C the center of a dollar circle, L S is already explained. Thus 7 shots out of 11 cut the dollar circle at 100yds.; 3 are driven a little way off by wind and 1 is a little low from a defective charge I think.

Proof No. 6.—The 7 normal shots furnish conclusive proof that the muzzleloader shoots steady, as before stated, at 100yds. with powder and ball in ratio as 1 to 1. And this again proves my former proposition to be true. 10 of the 11 shots fall within the size of a squirrel, and 7 would hit the size of his head. Tell me then what chance a squirrel or his head has within 100yds. when a good muzzleloader is used? Ans. His body virtually none, and his head but little. I am speaking of its normal or steady natural shooting. Ordinary practical results will not accomplish this of course. Next pass to the string.

MEASUREMENTS FROM C, THE CENTER OF A DOLLAR CIRCLE.

7 shots.....	1	2	4	5	6	9	10	String.	Average.
Measurements.	.94	.81	.36	.87	.54	.84	.81	5.17	.75 { normal shots.

The average of the 11 shots is 1.20in. But the average of the 7 normal shots is .75in. Either is good enough for one trial, so take your choice, you who do not believe in either the muzzleloader or round ball.

Challenge. 1.—Now, as a stimulant to action, I add, let any one in the world who can, beat this shooting with a breechloader and yet make as flat a curve at the same time, and this while shooting the store fixed ammunition from the shell.

2. And beat, if you can, in target and curve, while shooting powder and lead in the ratio of 1 to 1—the trial work to be as full as I give for the muzzleloader. If this show is ever beaten we will try again.

Proof No. 7.—Thus the strings and averages of the combined shots again prove that the muzzleloader with a round ball shoots magnificently at 100yds., and this too with powder and lead in the ratio of 1 to 1. No breechloader has ever done this and yet made so flat a curve, so that my propositions stand true and not false.

Beauty of it.—Now slip the hand into the other pocket and take out the light conical bullet, press it in a moment smoothly down the same barrel and you are prepared to shoot accurately up to 200yds. and over and this is 100yds. too far to shoot at game, unless it is actually necessary to do so; and when you have shot your bullets all away, then go to camp or home, take down your wood or "iron ladle," and cast all you want, and so sleep soundly. "But Oh!" says some one, "I can't shoot the muzzleloader quick enough, nor the single breech-

loader either, and I must have a repeater." And now comes a wide and wild bombardment of the "whole planation." Wild animals after the first volley neither sleep nor rest within about—yes a little less than—five miles around. All right, and then the game is so abundant, you know, "can't load quick enough."

And now if you wish to shoot squirrels and the like with the muzzle-loader, just slip in a small charge of powder, get a 50yds. point blank and it will yet make a curve so flat that a humming bird cannot escape its normal accuracy within 60yds. Here the round ball is the best of all others, by far. Beyond 80 or 100yds. use the conical ball, for it is heavier and has more sustaining power and offers less air resistance. The little round ball is nearly worthless after about 150yds.

I will now present a correct plot, a new picture in fact, which goes

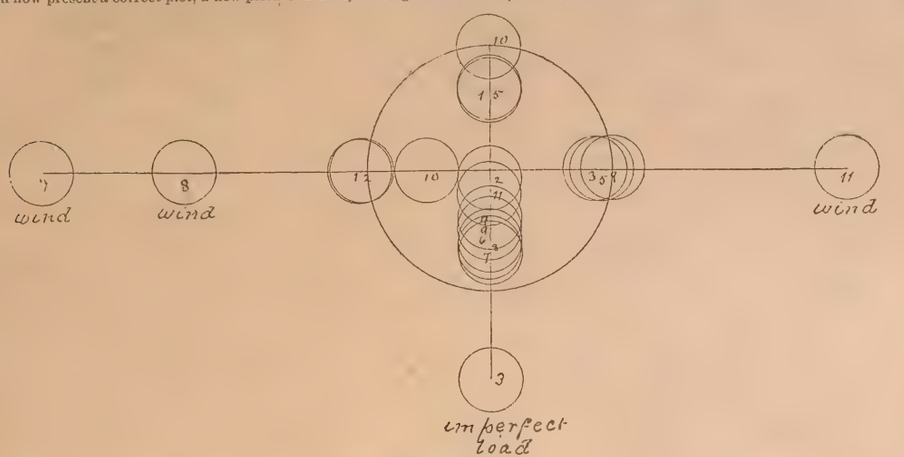


Fig. 4a.

far to explain the plots under Fig. 1, Fig. 2 and Fig. 4. See them. I cannot refrain from calling it a cross since it calls that figure to mind.

Explanations.—This plot is designed to show at a glance the spread of the 11 shots both vertically and horizontally at 100yds. It is full size. The two straight lines at right angles pass through M, Fig. 4, the bullet holes being projected on these vertically or horizontally. Thus is shown at a glance just how the bullets spread, and I believe your readers will enjoy this plot very much.

Proof No. 8.—The vertical spread (even including No. 3 shot) is simply magnificent, and the horizontal spread should naturally be less than the vertical. Another trial or two in a day of calm will accomplish this doubt. How systematic the shooting is! The result is truly wonderful to me, and I think it will be to all who look upon this beautiful plot. I cannot call it less than beautiful indeed. Well, the muzzleloader—a good one I mean—has always been regarded as a wonder for its superb shooting qualities, and here among wonders I must cut the matter off and proceed.

Height of Trajectory.—Having eight times proven that the muzzle-loader shoots the light round ball steady up to 100yds., it now remains only to prove that it makes the flattest of all rifle curves, under its superior powder force. From the beginning to the end of this trial we have aimed to have everything as correct as possible. To do this I will next present its approximate trajectory. I say approximate, because the exact curve can never be constricted any more than we can survey and present an exact plot of an acre of ground. But with much ease in both cases we can arrive at very close approximate

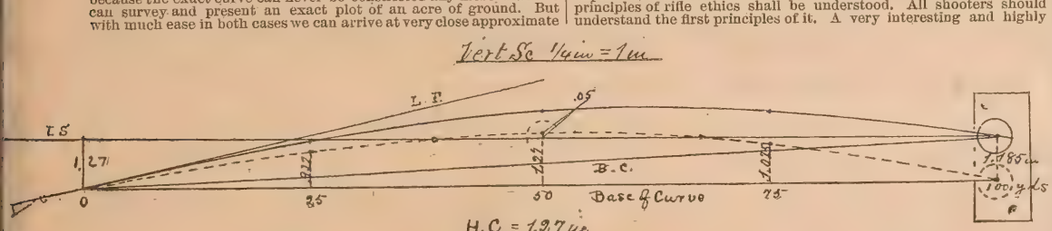


Fig. 5.

results, and we believe .05 of an inch will cover the error in the height of the curve in this case at 50yds.

Explanation.—B denotes the bullseye. L F means the line of fire.

Definition.—The line of fire is the imaginary prolongation of the axis of the bore. It indicates the pointing of the barrel, etc. L S denotes the line of sight, 1.27 is the distance between the axis of bore and the line of sight at the muzzle. The sights were telescopic, and hence high. 1.185in. show the mean fall of the 10 shots (No. 3 rejected) at 100yds below the bullseye. .05 shows the mean height of the 7 seven shots above the line of sight at 50yds. See Fig. 3 for this. As seen in the figure the height of the curve at 25yds.=.922in.; at 50yds., 1.27.; at 75yds., 1.02, as in the figure.

The height of curve at 50yds. for 5 shots, Fig. 1=1.33in; the height of curve at 50yds., 5 shots, Fig. 2=1.23in; the average of these is 1.27in., which is the mean of the 10 shots at 100yds., and of 7 shots at 50yds., total 17 shots, as in the plot. Time and space do not allow us to fully explain this here, so we pass on.

Proof 9.—The height of the mean trajectory is thus found to be 1.27in. at 50yds. This is an extremely flat curve, and it calls for a higher velocity of ball than any we have an authentic account of anywhere. Why should it not be so? We presume it is the only test of the kind ever made. It is certain that if this light ball received the full powder force of 130 grains, its velocity must have been terrific.

This extremely flat curve proves my proposition to be true on this point, and this ends the matter. I found this to be so with the muzzleloader to my entire satisfaction forty-two years ago, for I then found the round ball with a very heavy charge of powder made (contrary to my expectation) a little flatter curve up to 100yds. than the light "sugar loaf" shaped bullet.

On the strength of my former practical experience I have based my propositions, and this careful test proves them to be true. Be it remembered my propositions were made as against the breechloaders, which use a light powder charge, and comparatively a ponderous bullet. This article points to the necessity of a complete revolution in these respects.

We will now present another very interesting and instructive plot. It exhibits the same curve, but continued up to 125yds., and it shows how very close this rifle shoots for this distance.

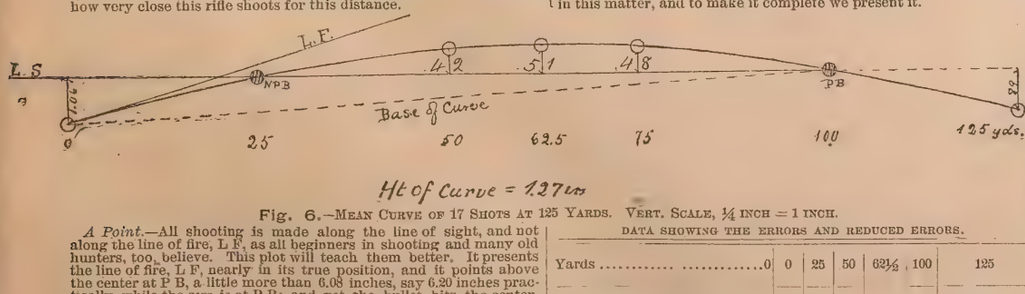


Fig. 6.—MEAN CURVE OF 17 SHOTS AT 125 YARDS. VERT. SCALE, ¼ INCH = 1 INCH.

A Point.—All shooting is made along the line of sight, and not along the line of fire, L F, as all beginners in shooting and many old hunters, too, believe. This plot will teach them better. It presents the line of fire, L F, nearly in its true position, and it points above the center at P B, a little more than 6.08 inches, say 6.20 inches practically, while the aim is at P B; and yet the bullet hits the center, P B, which you see is 6.20 inches below where the barrel points on the target, and yet with this fall of the bullet from the line of fire, see how very flat the curve is, and, therefore, how very closely this rifle shoots all along the line of sight for 125yds. This makes this plot valuable, and the very close shooting pointed out in it will astonish nearly every one; but so it is, and I have neither space nor time to explain it more fully. P B means point blank (proper).

Definition.—Point blank means the second intersection of the line of sight by the trajectory. See the Fig. and you will understand the definition. Some five years ago it took me some time in your columns to establish the definition; many believed it is made along the line of fire, and not along the line of sight; they were classed among "the straight shooters," and most of them now see their error.

You see that when the aim is on the center, and the center of the bullet hits it, this constitutes a point blank shot, or, as they generally say, "the bullet holds right up to the center."

In all practical shooting the barrel points above the object aimed at and struck, it points "blank," we do not know where, unless previously computed. The average breechloader points above P B about 10.50 inches in a range of 100yds. and about 44 inches in a range of 200yds. Some of them point much higher than this and some lower. You will see from the plot why a high curve indicates poor shooting, and a flat curve good shooting. It is only within the last two years

DATA SHOWING THE ERRORS AND REDUCED ERRORS.

Yards	0	25	50	62½	100	125
Error of rifle	1.27	0	.63	.72	0	.89 nearly.
Semi-diameter of ball	.21	....	.21	.21	....	.21 subtract.
Reduced errors	1.06	0	.42	.51	0	.68

Look at the plot and you will see only the reduced errors in it, the lowest column in the table. At a glance you can see how little this

that rifle shooters have begun to see into this very important matter. For years and years it has been studiously concealed, but now, thank God, through the efforts of but a few, and amid strong opposition in some quarters, the light of fact prevails and this is destined to effect a complete revolution in the manufacture of rifles in this country, a thing so long desired by old hunters everywhere. But I must not tarry.

New Definitions.—N. P. B. means the Near Point Blank.

Near point blank is the first intersection of the line of sight by the trajectory.

Now see N P B in the Fig. and you will understand the definition. Practically it means a center shot at 25yds., and this too, with the same aim that makes another center shot to wit, the point blank shot proper, at 100yds. You now see why the rifle shoots exact near the piece, and again a good way off.

A definition for this important intersection is very much needed (for many good reasons) and I hope all your rifle correspondents and other writers on the rifle will use it when they can well do it, this will bring it into public notice, and finally into the nomenclature of scientific as well as the practical shooting.

Near point blank is always found to be near the muzzle, say within 30yds. of it at most, so that the definition is a very proper one. The very name of it will serve to invite inquiry as to its meaning, and an explanation will lead to other questions, and so on until the first principles of rifle ethics shall be understood. All shooters should understand the first principles of it. A very interesting and highly instructive chapter could be written on near point blank alone. It presents some very nice points indeed.

New Definition.—The error of the rifle at any point of the range we define to be the vertical distance of the trajectory, or center of the bullet hole from the line of sight. Now see the Fig. and the definition stands explained. At N P B, the near point blank, and again at P B, the point blank proper, there is no theoretical or practical error under the definition, because the same shot (and under the same aim) makes a center at these two points, while at all other points in the range there is an error either above or below, however great or minutely small it may be. Thus error refers to the curve or bullet hole center.

New Definition.—The reduced error of the rifle at any point of the range we define to be the vertical distance of the inner edge of the bullet or bullet hole, from the line of sight. See the Fig.

Thus reduced error refers to the inner edge of the bullet or bullet hole, and error to the curve or center of bullet hole.

Point 1.—The highest point of the curve practically is so near mid-range up to 200yds. that we may regard it to be there, and this is the best distance at which to place the tissue-paper screen in finding the height of a curve.

2. The height of the curve must be measured from its base, and not from the line of aim, as most rifle shooters believe. See Figs. 5 and 6.

3. The distance in the range for the highest point of the curve above the line of sight or aim and the highest point of the curve (above its base) are never (or very rarely) the same. See Fig. 6, where, in this case, they differ 12½yds.

4. The highest point of the curve above the line of sight is virtually equi-distant from the two point blanks. See Fig. 6.

5. Hence the strike of the bullet or the center of the bullet hole in practice above the line of sight, or the center of the bullseye, does not show the height of the curve at this point of the range as the majority of shooters now believe.

My diagrams 5 and 6 will make all these matters plain. These definitions and the plot will enable the beginner with the rifle—the boys for whom we mostly write—to understand these things, as well as the table of data we now present. This table forms a part of the history in this matter, and to make it complete we present it.

rifle in a mean curve of 17 shots misses the smallest object anywhere within 125yds. With such a record can the muzzleloader die? We do not believe it.

Proof No. 10.—Aiming on the center (mark center) of a half-dollar circle (diameter 1.20in.) at 115yds., it hits it for 100yds. within this range, and only missed it for the first 10yds.

Challenge.—1. It now being our right, we challenge any breech-loader in the world, when using powder and bullet in the ratio of 1 to 1, to equal or beat this curve and yet to make with the same shots as good a target at 100yds. as is shown in Fig. 1 for 5 in 6 successive shots.

2. To equal or beat both of the same in the same trial while using the store-fixed hunting ammunition and shooting the bullet from the shell.

3. To beat both of the same without any restriction except the bullet must be shot from the shell and not from the barrel in imitation of the muzzleloader.

4. To equal or beat both of the same without any restriction whatever.

As full an exhibit of the trial as we make for the muzzleloader must be made to substantiate any claim laid under this challenge, else not entitled to a hearing.

As a military weapon, the breechloader is splendid.

To recapitulate.—At the muzzle, the rifle shoots 1.06in. too low.

At 25yds. N.P.B. it makes a center.

At 50yds. it shoots .42in. too high.

At 62½yds. it shoots .51in. too high.

At 100yds. P.B. it makes another center.

At 125yds. it shoots about .68in. too low.

Now if this mean curve, the result of 17 careful shots, as well as of computation, does not tell a very pleasing and instructive tale, then is our gratuitous labor lost. We do not believe it or begin to believe it—we believe it will be for many good reasons most happily received (by most), and this will be our rich reward.

As to the muzzleloader, it tells its own tale. To us it is a pleasing one, because this rifle is a very fine and steady shooter, therefore it makes a splendid hunting rifle, and I would wish no better.

Its performance is certainly worthy of imitation by the breechloader, and the result of this trial by the muzzleloader and round ball are now placed on record for the breechloader to equal or beat it:

1. In steadiness of shooting and a good target.
2. In making a flat curve at the same time.
3. In little recoil; this is very light in this rifle, even with the heaviest charge of powder, because its bullets are so light—round or conical.

These three essential qualities must combine in the same rifle in order to make it a "good all round" gun, and no one of much experience in hunting will pretend to deny this; and here I will drop the subject for the present.

MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

NEW YORK CITY.

[There is evidently a mistake in computation of the four shots in the second table.]

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 12.—To-day has been the annual field day of the Worcester Division of the Grand Army of the Republic. They met some 300 strong at Woodlawn Grove, Lake Quinngamond. During the day there was a rifle shooting match, distance 200yds., shooting off-hand. The scores were in the following order and the score as follows:

O. Devens Post No. 27, Oxford.		Ammidon Post 168, Southbridge.	
O B Chaffee	53400—12	Frank Jacobs	34043—14
G H Keith	22300— 7	Theo Place	30003— 6
L E Thayer	22400— 8	Benj Dandridge	30000— 3
J E Nichols	00000— 0	Frank Hoffner	30000— 3
Samuel Francis	22200— 6—33	Charles Lombard	30033— 9—35
Ward Post No. 10, Worcester.		G. A. Curtis Post No. 70. Millbury.	
C L Macomber	43433—17	A H Batchelor	43234—15
H W Pepper	43443—18	S C Spooner	20040— 6
J B Willard	42343—16	S L Chapman	25424—17
E R Shumway	44444—20	C Tyler	00304— 7
L A Taylor	49344—15—86	T Tourtellotte	00202— 4—49

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Sept. 12.—The promise of a fine day brought out a large number of riflemen to the Saturday shoot at Walnut Hill. The weather conditions were nearly perfect, and fine shooting was done. The military match was opened and good shooting done by Messrs. Perkins, Bateman, Parker and others. Following are the best scores of the day, all at 200yds.:

Practice Match.

F W Perkins (mil)	4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5—47
A Miller	5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 4—47
J B Howard	5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 4 4—45
E C B Erickson (mil)	4 4 4 3 3 4 5 5 5 5—42
I P Horton (mil)	4 5 3 2 5 4 4 4 4 3—38
William T Hill (mil)	3 4 4 3 4 5 4 2 4 3—36

Decimal Match.

O M Jewell	7 8 10 9 8 10 9 9 9 8—87
R Reed	9 5 10 10 8 10 10 6 9 6—83
J B Fellows	9 7 8 8 9 8 10 9 10 5—83
J R Missam	9 5 10 8 7 5 9 10 7 8—75

Victory Medal Match.

E F Richardson	8 10 8 10 10 10 8 10 7 10—91
A J Again	10 10 6 10 8 8 7 5 8 9—84
R Reed	9 7 9 8 10 8 8 7 10 3—79

Rest Match.

J N Frye	10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10—99
D L Chase	9 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—98
J Hurd	9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10—98
C H Brown	9 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 9—97
H Smith	10 9 10 10 9 10 10 10 9 8—95

BOSTON, Sept. 10.—There was a slim attendance at to-day's rifle shoot at Walnut Hill, and the weather conditions were unfavorable. Long range match opened with several competitors, but their scores not being satisfactory, they withdrew. The militia team which is to shoot at Creedmoor was on the ground, and made a fair record as a whole. The scores:

	800yds.	900yds.	1,000yds.
J R Hittam	5554555555554555	3554555534444455	4554535444444554—203
S Wilder	5554454435455555	5554531554433554	0554555535255555—197
W Charles (mil)	5045354444555555	5455555333304455	5344334345054054—178

Practice Match, 200yds.

L Grant (mil.)	4554555544—46	W Henry (mil)	4555444455—45
H H Bateman	5444454444—42		

Decimal Match, 200yds.

J Francis (mil)	10 7 8 10 7 8 9 9 8 8—84
R Duffer (mil)	10 5 9 10 7 10 7 9 9 5—80
W H Oler (Mil)	9 4 8 8 8 0 8 7 7 8—76

HAVERHILL, Mass.—Rifle Club at Riverside Range, Sept. 12, 200 yds., off hand, Creedmoor:

J Busfield	4544464555—45	F Merrill	4455543544—43
J F Brown	4545445554—45	J P M Green	4445444444—41
E Brown	4544455454—44	L Jackson	4454544443—41
J Forbes	5445444445—43	E Bray	4444444444—40

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About Aug. 8 Mr. H. W. Du Bray—elected General Manager, and for which position he duly qualified by taking the oath of office—sent his resignation to this office as such, without having accomplished aught for the benefit of the Association.

The position was then tendered to Judge M. R. Freeman, of Macon, Ga., with the suggestion that if he saw fit to accept he should designate two other Macon sportsmen who would serve as directors, so that the three would form an executive committee of the Association provided for in the constitution and by-laws. In reply the following letter was received:

"MACON, Ga., Aug. 31, 1885.

"*Mr. J. E. Bloom, Cincinnati, O.:*

"Dear Sir—Your esteemed favor of 26th before me, and in reply would say, that while I am very much interested in the success of the National Gun Association and would at all times render any assistance in that direction in my power, I fear the result attending my assuming the position you refer to.

"I can understand the apparent necessity for having the management in the hands of persons entirely disconnected with the sale and manufacture of supplies of every character used by the Association in order to prevent any charge (groundless though it may be) from being made that the Association is being run in the interest of any particular manufacturer, also the removal of the main office from the immediate centers of such manufactories for the same reason; but in doing this would not the Association suffer a loss in the services of good and true men who are connected with these various enterprises, and would such a move prevent unscrupulous persons from making such charges if such a change was made? I think not.

"If the sportsmen of our country who are the consumers will only put their shoulders to the wheel by joining our rank in mass we can very soon remedy all defects and enact a code of laws with the assistance of our legislators that will not only protect us in preserve privi-

leges, the protection of fish and game, but will also enable us by this concert of action to secure our supplies at a reasonable compensation to manufacturers.

"I also believe that in cases where manufacturers manifest an interest in our Association and assist in its good work by a good subscription to its capital stock, should be given the preference when ever it can be done consistent with the good government of the same.

"The city of Macon, Ga., offers extraordinary inducements in the way of permanent grounds as a place for the main office, having a public park unsurpassed in the United States in its natural beauty and convenience, affording ample accommodation for both rifle and shotgun shooting, buildings for the storage of property, and accommodation of contestants and visitors, which can be had free of charge, and policed whenever occasion requires it.

"There is also within a few hours' ride of the city any quantity of fine land preserves in every direction which can also be had for the asking, the only condition required that the Association will accept it and enforce the game laws.

"Having given you my views if I can serve you use me, and I would suggest W. W. Parker and F. C. Ethridge, the latter for secretary, when it becomes necessary, MATT R. FREEMAN.

Thereupon, by the affirmative vote of Directors Russell, Coster, Stark and Bloom, the following resolutions were adopted by the Board of Directors:

Resolved, That Judge M R. Freeman, of Macon, Ga., be elected general manager, vice Du Bray, resigned, and that he be also elected vice president, vice Bloom, and treasurer, vice Bishop.

Resolved, That Messrs. W. W. Parker and E. C. Ethridge, of Macon, Ga., be elected directors, vice Du Bray and Bishop, resigned.

Resolved, That F. C. Ethridge be elected secretary, vice Bishop, resigned.

Resolved, That Messrs. Freeman, Parker and Ethridge constitute the executive committee of the Association.

Resolved, That the main office of the Association be removed to Macon, Ga., together with all books, etc.

J. E. BLOOM, late V. P., N. G. A.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest*

MOBILE GUN CLUB.—Last monthly handicap shoot, 15 balls, 3 traps, 5yds. apart for the medal:

Finch, 27yds	111111111111111—15
Stewart, 21yds	101111111111111—14
McDonnell, 24yds	00 111111101111—12
Boltz, 27yds	1101101001011111—11
Pritchard, 21yds	0010100101011110— 7
Sartore, 24yds	1011100010100000— 6

Mr. R. A. Finch won the medal two months in succession.

Match at 5 single balls, class shooting, 24yds. rise:

Finch	11111—5	Wagner	00111—3
Vass	11111—5	Pritchard	10011—3
Stewart	11110—4	Custa	11001—3
C Burch	11101—4	McDonnell	10001—2
Boltz	01101—3	J Burch	10001—2
Sartore	01011—3	Bones	00010—1

Finch and Vass divided first, Stewart second, and Boltz and Wagner third.

Match at 6 single American clay birds, 18yds. rise, class shooting.

Finch	111111—6	Sartore	010111—4
Pritchard	111111—6	Wagner	110110—4
Vass	111111—6	McDonnell	110110—4
Boltz	011111—5	Burch	100101—3
Custa	011111—5	Bones	010000—1
Stewart	100111—4		

Finch, Pritchard and Vass divide first; Boltz and Custa second; Sartore wins third. Match at 6 single American clay birds, 18yds. rise, class shooting.

Boltz	111111—6	Vass	011111—5
McDonnell	111111—6	Sartore	110011—4
Stewart	111101—5	Wagner	111100—4
Finch	111110—5	Custa	010111—4
Burch	101111—5	Pritchard	101010—3

Boltz and McDonnell divide first, Stewart second, Sartore Wagner and Custa divided third.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, probably the best trap-shooting ever done in Niagara county took place yesterday. The target used was the bat, concealed traps, 18yds. At 10 bats, 3 angles:

Geo Moody	1111011111— 9	Ed Moody	0011111110— 7
H C Howard	1111111111—10	W Gombert	1011110111— 8
J H Jewett	1101111111— 9	Geo Barker	1111111111—10

First and second were divided. At 10 bats, 3 angles.

E Moody	1101111111— 9	Howard	1111011101— 8
Jewett	1111101111— 9	Barker	1111111111—10
G Moody	1111001111— 8	Gombert	1111111111—10

First, second and third divided. At 10 bats, straightaway.

Gombert	1111111111—10	G Moody	0111111111— 9
Barker	1111111101— 9	Jewett	1101101011— 7
Howard	0110111110— 7	E Moody	1111111111—10

First, second and third divided. At 5 bats and 5 balls, double rise.

Gombert	11 10 11 10 11—8	Jewett	11 11 01 11 11—9
Barker	10 11 00 11 11—7	E Moody	11 10 11 11 01—8
Howard	11 11 01 11 11—9	C Moss	10 00 11 11 01—6
G Moody	01 11 10 00 11—6	M Bailey	00 11 10 11 00—5

First and second divided. At 10 bats, 3 angles.

Gombert	1111110111— 9	Jewett	1111111110—9
Barker	1111111111—10	E Moody	1100111111—8
Howard	0100110011— 5	Moss	1110001101—6
G Moody	1101111111— 9		

Gombert won ties for second. At 10 balls.

Gombert	1011111101— 8	Jewett	1111111011—9
Barker	0111011110— 7	E Moody	0111111110—8
Howard	0110100100— 4	Bailey	0010110010—4
G Moody	1111111101— 9	Moss	1110110100—6

First and second divided.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—The prize shoots that have been held at Wellington the past few weeks, under the auspices of the Boston Gun Club, closed on the 12th. B. A. Ward won the first prize with a score of 100 out of 105 birds, and carried off a fine breechloading champion gun; J. Snow won second with 99 out of 105, and won 500 paper shells; A. S. Spencer took the third prize, 1,000 Wesson primers, with 93; J. Philbrick won the fourth prize, 200 paper shells, with 90, and H. C. Warren fifth, 1,000 wads, with 90. The leaders of the several sweeps were as follows: First event, 7 single birds—Ward first. Second event, 7 birds—Warren first. Third event, 7 birds—Warren first. Fifth event, 7 birds—Ward first. Sixth event, 7 birds—Warren first. Seventh event, 7 birds—Snow first. Eighth event, 7 birds—Snow and Warren divided first. Ninth event, 7 birds—Ward first. Tenth event, 7 birds—Snow first.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 12.—The Malden Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot this afternoon. Following is the result of the several sweeps: First event, 5 clay-pigeons—Crosby and Pratt divided first. Second event, 5 clay pigeons—Crosby, Moore and Snow divided first. Third event, 5 blackbirds—Stanton first. Fourth event, 5 clay-pigeons—Swift, Pratt and Loring divided first. Fifth event, 5 blackbirds—Pratt and Pond divided first. Sixth event, 5 blackbirds—Wardwell and Moore divided first. Seventh event, 10 clay-pigeons, medal match—Crosby was first with 8; Snow second with 7, Laborn third with 6. Eighth event, 3 pairs clay-pigeons—Pond first. Ninth event, 5 clay-pigeons—Stanton first. Tenth event, 5 clay-pigeons—Swift first.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Nimrod Club held its monthly glass-ball shoot on its grounds on the afternoon of the 5th for the club medal. It was won by W. I. Beatty, who broke 9 out of 12 balls. The rifle match for the club medal will take place on the third Saturday of the month. At Erb's on the 5th the return match between W. P. Hughes and J. Ryan, both of Montclair, took place. The stake was $100 a side. The conditions were 25 birds each, Hughes giving Ryan two dead birds; 21yds. rise, trap, find and handle, one barrel, ounce and a quarter of shot, 80yds. boundary. The shooting was anything but first-class. W. P. Hughes killed 16 and missed 9; total, 25. J. Ryan killed 17 and missed 8; total, 25.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—F. C. BISHOP, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 19—N. Y. C. C. Regatta, off New Brighton.
Sept. 26—Jersey City Y. C., Canoe Race.
Sept. 26—K. C. C. Open Regatta, 155th street, North River.

A CANOE CRUISE WITHOUT A CARRY.

AT 7:30 A. M., on Aug. 1, 1885, Miller and myself passed under the Brooklyn Bridge on the New York side of East River in the canoe Outing, 16ft. long, 30in. beam, and about 8in. draft, bound up Long Island Sound. I paddled and Miller steered; Miller is fond of steering. At the outset we were a bit nervous at the proximity of the numerous craft plying up and down, crossing and recrossing the river; but soon familiarity bred indifference, and we rather enjoyed being the center of attraction to the passing steamers, and dancing up and down to their swells. We passed the Government dispatch boat Dolphin and the cruiser Atlanta, opposite the Navy Yard. At 9 A. M., we paddled through Hell Gate on the flood tide and without trouble; in fact, Hell Gate, so far as its dangers are concerned, is a thing of the past, owing to the submarine excavations and blastings, and the compulsory pilotage under which so excited the wrath of captains of coasting vessels, has been repealed for about two years.

After passing Hell Gate we were favored with a southwest wind, and sailing free we skirted the Long Island coast, making excellent time, and in fact, beating several schooners and a brigantine, heavily loaded, to be sure. Cruising as far as Hempstead Bay, we changed our course and stood up the bay for Sea Cliff, where we arrived about 2 P. M., after making a 30 mile run from New York. Sea Cliff is quite a popular summer resort for New Yorkers, but outside of its social aspect, there seemed to be little of interest, the bathing facilities are poor, as are the situations of the principal hotels. In the evening we walked over to the Sea Cliff House, where a hop was in progress. We rather obtrusive in our canoeing costumes, so we plumed ourselves in a dark corner of the veranda, lit our cigars, and amused ourselves with watching the ladies pass and repass through the halls and corridors.

About 11 A. M. the next day we got under way and laid our course close hauled across the Sound. The wind had veered around to the N. E., was blowing strong and a pretty heavy sea was running, but as the swells were large and even we escaped a wetting. At 2 P. M. we were off Marmaroneck, and as we skirted the shore we saw many beautiful villas owned by wealthy New York parties. Conspicuous among them was the elegant summer residence of Mr. Arnold, of the firm of Arnold, Constable & Co., New York, a very large edifice and built after the style of an English manor house. We spent the night at quaint old Milton, two miles from Marmaroneck, remarkable for nothing except dullness. Monday the 3d we had a regular nor'easter, it blew heavily and rained intermittently, the surf roared in foamy fury on the Scotch Cap rocks off Rye Point, and not a sail could be seen on the Sound. The day, so far as canoeing was concerned, was a blank. We obtained lodging in a house rented for the summer by a New York lady, and amused ourselves as best we could. Miller seemed to have no trouble in killing time. The fact is Miller has a susceptible heart, and the landlady had a daughter; to be sure she was very young and wore short dresses, but Miller did not mind that; he appropriated the lion's share of her society, and told her canoe yarns of goodly proportions. I was under the impression that Miller lacked imagination, I think differently now. That night I turned in early and left Miller sitting on the sofa with Miss Dickey. I had not been abed more than fifteen minutes when I heard the landlady shuffling around down stairs, slamming shutters and blowing out lights, and pretty soon Miller came into the room grumbling; he said, "Confound such early hours, anyway; Miss Dickey and I were enjoying ourselves in the parlor, when the old lady came in, blew out the light and said, 'Tillie, come, come, child, it's bed time,' so I had to vamose."

The next morning it came off bright and warm, with a brisk southwest wind. We got under way about 8 o'clock, and sped merrily along before wind and wave with flowing sheets. We enjoyed a delightful run along a pretty coast as far as Shippan's Point, situated about 5 miles from Stamford; here we put up long enough for dinner and to smoke a cigar. The Shippan's Point House is pleasantly located, commanding a view of Westcott's Cove and the Sound. In the cove a fleet of sloops were dredging for oysters, and a very pretty picture they made as they stood slowly on and off shore with half-filled, snowy sails, on a background of green land slopes, blue sky and dancing, sparkling seas. This section of the Connecticut coast is noted, locally at least, for its fine oysters. The hotel register showed a majority of New York and Brooklyn people. Miller wanted to procure an introduction to a pretty young lady guest. I managed to dissuade him, and taking his arm, led him to the canoe.

Our run among the Norwalk islands was one of the prettiest features of the trip. The islands, with their green slopes and rocky bases, loomed clear and bright in a setting of blue sea and white clouds which were massed upon the horizon. On the higher slopes of the mainland pretty little cottages overlooked this marine view, which was vitalized by the existence of numerous yachts and sailboats standing in and out with gleaming sails among the islands. About 6 o'clock that evening we entered Southport harbor, and as we skirted close to the shore we were saluted by a bevy of young girls with waving handkerchiefs and cries of "Oh, what a cute boat! isn't it just lovely?" We courteously acknowledged their admiration by doffing and waving our caps. Miller wanted to land at once. I dissuaded him. We made the canoe snug at Southport and walked to Fairfield, about 4 miles from Bridgeport, and registered at the Allyn House. We were struck by its pretentious appearance and expected a good supper, though rather late. We didn't get it; the meat was out and the milk had soured. What we lacked for supper we made up by grumbling. After supper "there was a sound of revelry" in a mild form. The guests, all New York and Brooklyn people, were having a dance. We did not dance that evening—not for lack of inclination, but for lack of invitation.

The next morning we left Southport with a light southerly wind and cruised along past Black Rock, Bridgeport, and a less interesting coast than we had seen heretofore. We were off New Haven about 5 P. M. and Branford a little later. While off Branford I performed the rather difficult feat of shooting a diver duck on the water from a dancing canoe with a rifle, the distance was about 75 yards, and the ball passed through his head. At this time a thunder storm was rapidly brewing and we made haste to effect a landing, which we succeeded in doing at the point of Indian Neck, just as the storm burst with fury upon us. On this point there stands "the Ark."

At Indian Neck we registered at the Montowese House, we were fortunate enough to meet friends and were introduced to a number of very agreeable ladies and gentlemen. At this delightful place we spent the best part of two days and, thanks to the courtesy of our friends, we knew not a dull moment. There was an open air roller skating pavilion near by, and in the evening we rolled the fascinating roll to the music of a harp and violin, afterward there were delightful strolls by starlight among the rocks along the shore. There were romantic little nooks among these rocks where one, or rather two, could silently sit and listen to the gentle splashing murmur and the lapping of the sad sea waves upon the beach, and they could remain entranced for hours clasping each other's hands and—well, Miller was just in a whirl of ecstatic bliss. I was under the impression that Miller lacked an appreciation for the romantic and poetic. I think differently since that night. I rather expected that our cruise would end here and was surprised when Miller consented to continue up the coast; anyhow, it was a hard pull for him, poor fellow.

Every good thing has a speedy termination. We left Indian Neck with reluctance and with a twinge of the heart, or at least Miller did. We paddled through the pretty Thimble Islands and reached Madison about 3 P. M. on the 7th. Here we also had friends, who hospitably entertained us for a day. Miller gave the ladies an exhibition of what he called plain and fancy canoe sailing, and they were delighted with the fairy bark, as they styled the Outing, and she did make a pretty sight as she glanced like an arrow through the blue sunlit seas with snowy sails filled and bright bunting fluttering. We left Madison with a head wind and tide, and after a hard paddle succeeded in rounding Hammonasset Point, and clawed along the rocky coast with sails and paddles. As the coast trended away to the westward, we had more water, and soon sailed into Clinton Harbor with a fair wind and tide.

Here we spent Sunday with friends and Monday A. M., set sail with a light S.E. wind and favoring tide for Greenport. On the way across the Sound we were passed by several yachts of the New York Y. C. They swept majestically along through the white capped seas with clouds of snow white canvas set. We also encountered five little stormy petrels or Mother Cary's chickens, lightly resting close together upon the water, rising and falling to the heave of the seas. As we forged ahead they rose and skimmed along the water, their jet black and white plumage clearly marked against the blue sea. These birds are, I believe, not commonly met with on the Sound. About 4 P. M. we were off Plum Gut, the wind hauled around to the S.W. and blew briskly. We made the Gut just as the tide commenced to turn and had considerable difficulty in getting through. There was a nasty snappy sea running, but with sails drawing and paddles plying we passed through without shipping much water. We considered this the most difficult portion of the trip. We did not reach Greenport that night, but laid over at the Orient Point House until 3 P. M.

The next day when we started with a strong head wind, there in Gardiner's Bay we encountered the heaviest sea yet met with and took in considerable water. I was pretty thor ughly wet, but Miller was pretty dry, as he was steering. We found that we were making such slow progress through the heavy seas that we decided to run in for the night at Orient, which we accordingly did, and stopped at the Mt. Pleasant House. There we were well treated and met several nice people from New York and New Jersey. Miller was introduced to a young lady with whose charms he was quite smitten, so that next day I had trouble in persuading him to get under way. We reached Shelter Island about 1 P. M. and took dinner at the Prospect House. This fine large hotel seemed to be nearly full, the guests being mostly New York and Brooklyn people, ladies predominating of course. Their principal amusements seemed to consist of gossiping in little groups on the veranda, waiting, sleeping and bathing.

We also visited the elegant Manhanset House. Situated on a high plot of ground, it commands a beautiful view of Gardiners Bay, and seems to deserve a better patronage than it has received, this year at least. The hotel together with its cottages, has a capacity for about 400 guests—there are hardly 200 there at present. The cottages, seven in number, are charmingly situated among groves of oaks and locust trees and are fitted with every luxury and convenience. We were just in time to witness the bathing that day, and a jolly crowd of bathers they were, the ladies' bathing toilets were simple, but very pretty, dark blue flannel with white or red trimmings predominating. We noticed that quite a number of the ladies were expert divers and swimmers. I understand the art of swimming is growing fashionable with the fair sex; they will certainly learn to swim for fashion sake, where they would not from mere prudential motives.

We spent the last two days of our trip at quaint, old-fashioned Greenport. This port is now the headquarters of a number of steam bunker fishermen. The bunker industry is carried on from Virginia to Rhode Island. Bunkers or bonyfish weigh about one-half pound, and resemble a shad in color and shape. They run in large schools, are caught by being surrounded by nets which can be drawn up at the lower edge, and called in consequence purse nets. These nets are carried in boats towed astern of the steamers; 25,000 fish is an average haul. The oil is extracted from the bunker by the application of steam and hydraulic pressure, and makes an important substitute for linseed oil, being sold as such. The residue or pumace after the oil is extracted from the fish makes a rich fertilizer, and large quantities are shipped South. Thus ended our cruise and we said au revoir to Outing for this year. ALBERT D. CROWELL.

BAYONNE C. C., SEPT. 5.

THE Bayonne C. C. held their fall regatta Saturday, Sept. 5, off their club house, Newark Bay. In the sailing race there were six entries:

Ianthe	George Cox	Ianthe C. C.
Sioux	T. F. Garrett	Bayonne C. C.
Lil B	R. V. Vienot	Bayonne C. C.
Manahatta	R. Peebles	Bayonne C. C.
Mist	F B. Collins	Bayonne C. C.
Gus	L. F. Burke	Bayonne C. C.

Cox won a very close race by two lengths, Garrett second and Vienot third. In the canvas class the following boats entered:

Foam	John L. Collins	Bayonne C. C.
May	William Rumble, Jr	Bayonne C. C.
Windward	Frank Beardsley	Bayonne C. C.

The Foam won easily, with May second. Before the paddling race was started it began to blow very hard, making a heavy sea. The entries were:

Sioux	T. F. Garrett	Bayonne C. C.
Mist	F. B. Collins	Bayonne C. C.
Regina	C. N. Schuyler	Ianthe C. C.
Ianthe	George Cox	Ianthe C. C.

Garrett won by one length, Collins second. The water was so rough and it was raining so hard that the other races had to be given up.

SAILING CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am surprised that no canoeists have replied to "Deja's" first letter, in which he attacks the sailing powers of canoes, but I suppose that the more important matters connected with the meet have occupied their time to more advantage. Now that "Deja" has given us his ideas of a boat we can form a better conclusion as to his fitness as a critic of the canoe. That his knowledge of the modern canoe is very limited is evident from his former letter; the Shadow has by no means been acknowledged as the best canoe under sail, as the low freeboard, tumble home and some other features detracted greatly from her powers. Speaking only of sailing canoes, before the Shadow was thought of there was in England a fleet of fast, safe and able sailing canoes, fitted with most efficient rigs, the only objection to them being that they were heavy to paddle. Of these "Deja" has evidently never heard, but they have increased and improved abroad until they are veritable yachts, while still possessed of the *sine qua non* in a canoe, the capability of being easily housed and handled on shore and of allowing the crew to land without a yawl boat, in both of which points "Deja's" boat is lacking. His jibes about a sail like a pocket handkerchief and setting sail in a bathing suit are very funny, or were so once on a time when they were young, but had he seen the little boats that spread their huge sails on Eel Bay in perfect safety, or beat over the course under cruising canvas one stormy Monday, he would have realized how absurd such language is to any practical canoeist. There were some upsets at the last meet, as there always are at the races, but on such occasions there are always plenty who take the risk of an upset in return for the chance of winning a prize while there are always a fair proportion of beginners who are only learning to sail. With a reasonable cruising rig, a modern canoe, not a heavy English one, but such a boat as the Sunbeam, can go to windward in very bad weather, and if handled, sail boats should be with a fair amount of care and skill, is in little danger of upsetting. From a sailing point only, a fairly good canoe could hold "Deja's" proposed boat, unless in very short tacks, and when free would easily out run him. The popularity of the Shadow was due to its general adaptability rather than to its good qualities under sail, and it is in this former point that "Deja's" design fails entirely. A modern canoe can be handled on shore by one man, can be hauled up or launched by him in most places, it will lie perfectly upright or nearly so when in the club house, in a wagon for transportation or on shore for packing and for sleeping in. A man can rest in an ordinary canoe on any boat in smooth water and step ashore from the deck. The boat can be easily and cheaply housed, thus saving the trouble and expense of an anchorage and attendant, the hull is kept clean when not in use, it does not soak water and become heavier, and no rowboat is needed to get under way or to make a landing. In all of these features, which constitute the main advantages of a canoe over a sailboat, "Deja's" cutter is conspicuously lacking. With her great draft a man must use a tender to board her, or he must wade in two feet of water, rather different from the six inches of a canoe. The boat must lie at her moorings, unless a special carriage and ways are built to haul her out. What she would do in a cruise it is hard to conceive, when it is necessary to haul her up extra help must be had, and on shore or in a car or wagon she will need a special set of chocks to hold her. She may be a better boat when under sail; but there are many times when wind fails, though "Deja" writes as if sailing were always possible. The picture of sailing vs. paddling is very pretty, but how about the reverse, when the wind dies out and the tide is ahead and one must get home? The canoeist hauls up his board, stows his sail, and makes three miles or more in an hour. What does the "cutter canoeist" do? Very few canoeists care only for sailing, and not one in ten of these has the facilities for keeping such a boat as the one described; to most of them the great charm of canoeing is its infinite variety, one day sailing on broad, open waters, the next under shady coverts on a quiet river, or among rapids and carrys. For such a purpose no better craft can be devised than the canoe, and "Deja's" cutter would be entirely useless. RON ROY.

NEW YORK C. C.—The fourteenth annual regatta will be held off the club house, at New Brighton, Staten Island, on Sept. 19. The programme is as follows: 1. Sailing—All classes, no limit of sails or ballast. 2. Novices. Sailing—No limit of sails or ballast. 3. Paddling—Classes 3 and 4. 4. Tandem paddling. 5 Paddling—Class 2. 6. Standing paddling. 7. Hand paddling. 8. Performance by the trick canoeist and his trained dogs, Black and Tan. Races 1 and 2 will be sailed together. Novices are those who have never won a sailing race. The first race will be started promptly at 2 o'clock. Courses for all races will be announced on the day of the regatta. Prizes will be given to the winners in each race. Boats leave the Battery for New Brighton at 12:45, 1:45, 2:45, 3:30 and 4 P. M. Returning leave New Brighton at 3:50, 4:35, 5:18, 5:48, 6:40 and 8:35 P. M. Boats leave the Battery for Tompkinsville at 12:30, 1, 2, 3, 3:40 and 4:20 P. M. Returning leave Tompkinsville at 3:32, 4:12, 4:52, 5:32, 6:12 and 7:12 P. M.—C. K. MUNROE, C. B. VAUX, C. J. STEVENS, Regatta Committee.

A CANOE, which has been but little used, is advertised for sale this week by a Philadelphia canoeist. We are informed that the boat is in excellent condition.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 17—N. Y. Y. C., Brenton's Cup Race.
Sept. 19—Beverly Y. C., Nahant.
Sept. 19—Hull Y. C., Champion Race.
Sept. 19—Pentucket Y. C., Union Regatta.
Sept. 22—N. Y. Y. C., Cape May Cup Race.
Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.
Sep . 28—Newark Y. C., Open Sweepstakes. Newark Bay.
Sept. 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Fall Regatta.

THE GREAT RACES.

THUS far five attempts have been made to sail the three races for the America's Cup, the result of which, briefly summed up, are as follows:

Monday, Sept. 7.—Outside race, 20 miles to windward and return. Race started in light wind, and failed to finish in time. Puritan leading all day.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.—A fair sailing breeze. Puritan fouled Genesta at start and was ruled out. Genesta declined to sail over and returned to Staten Island for a new bowsprit.

Friday, Sept. 11.—Race started in a good breeze, E. by N. Genesta leads at start but drops astern as the wind falls. Puritan rounds the outer mark but fails to finish.

Saturday, Sept. 12.—Fourth attempt to start the outside race. No wind up to 1:30 P. M. Race postponed.

Monday, Sept. 14.—Race over New York Y. C. course. Wind light and fluky. Water smooth. Puritan beats Genesta 16 minutes 19 seconds.

"OUR weather" has much to answer for; its reputation has been at stake before the entire yachting world, and its performances during the past week have been such that its credit is gone beyond repair. After a whole season of preparation and expectation, two great nations have been disappointed; yachtsmen have been put to endless vexation and expense, the scribes of the press, to the number of two or three score, have run the entire gaunt of "white-winged flyers," "leashed greyhounds," and other terms supposed to be specially applicable to racing yachts, and have entirely exhausted the stock of "opaline tints," "ruddy sunsets," "dull gray masses edged with a golden glory," and the other well-worn "properties" with which the embryo Black prefaces or concludes his allotted "space," and all for the want of a little wind. Each day for a week the types have been set to record in glowing headlines the victory of the Eastern yacht, Boston has been at a red heat of enthusiasm and patriotism, and New York has not been far behind, fireworks are ready, the restless presses wait eagerly to throw off thousands of "extras," tired children, barefooted boys and girls that should have been at home and in bed for hours, sleep in the doorways of Ann street, Park Row and Washington street, ready to start off with their shrill cries, "Full account of the great race," "Puritan ahead at Sandy Hook," "Genesta leads at the turn." Thousands of people neglect business and even the daily routine of pleasure, to spend a dozen hours on a wheezy tug or rolling steamer, and the result of all is summed up in four words each night, "No wind; race postponed."

How the news that will have so eager for is collected and distributed all over the world is in itself an interesting matter. First, on board of the judges' boat, the tug E. Luckenbach, are twenty or thirty reporters from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other points, the majority from the former two. As it happens that the tug may not return until midnight, and in a quick race little time is given for more than rapid notes, to be elaborated later on, each of the large dailies is represented by two skilled reporters, most of them starting on their "story" by the light of the galley lamp, as soon as the race is fairly over. As the tug reaches Sandy Hook in the morning one or two reporters for the evening papers are set ashore in rowboats, to find their way to New York as quickly as possible. On board the various excursion steamers the rest file, who pick up any funny incidents and odd happenings that can be twisted into half a column, and on board the club steamer is the accomplished gentleman who does the "sassiety" column, and whose intimate acquaintance with the "dong tong" enables him to tell in an airy and graceful manner what Miss McFlimsy was dressed in, and what Col. Sellers said about the race to Sir Thomas Noddy. On an affair of this kind words are not enough, but an artist accompanies the reporters, and a diagram of the course is hurriedly drawn, perhaps with a few sketches, and as rapidly engraved on wood. One reporter carried a coast survey chart, marking down Genesta's course with a blue pencil and Puritan's with a red one, the time of each tack being noted. One carried a similar chart divided into squares of ⅛ mile each, every square being numbered. A duplicate chart was kept in the Boston office, and the numbers being telegraphed, the course of each yacht from point to point was plotted on it. An evening paper had on hand fifty carrier pigeons, from Newark, New York and Keyport, one being sent away at frequent intervals with a message on thin paper wired to its tail feathers. On reaching home the message was at once telegraphed to the paper in New York. Out of thirty-eight pigeons dispatched in a day only four failed to report. So much for the marine corps; they land between 6 P. M. and midnight and quickly make their way to the newspaper and telegraph offices.

Coöperating with them are the land forces, stationed along the beach from the tall tower of the Western Union on the point of Sandy Hook as far south as Deal Beach, all armed with powerful telescopes and ready to note every movement of the yachts and to wire it to the city. It is from this division that the earliest, though least accurate intelligence is obtained. Something definite is usually known by 5 or 6 P. M. Once in New York the news flies everywhere by wire, under the Atlantic and the English Channel, over the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains; Boston has it by dinner time, London and Paris have it after the theater, and before the new day has begun that part of the world from San Francisco on the West to St. Petersburg on the East knows who has lost and who has won.

Of course, the excitement centers in New York and Boston; Wall street is comparatively quiet, and the "tickers" speak in a new tongue for a time the language of the sea supplants that of the "Street." Bulletins are as plentiful as in election times, every few minutes a new one is posted in front of each newspaper office, "Special by pigeon post," "Latest from Sandy Hook." One bulletin in the Stock Exchange announced that the race was postponed, to be sailed on Central Park Lake, on Saturday, another that the yachts were then crossing the Boulevard. Everywhere that news could be had were groups of people, and as the day closed the centers of excitement moved uptown to the clubrooms and hotels, the spectators who had been on the steamers mingling with the crowd and telling the story to eager listeners. How many people were afloat on Monday would be very difficult to compute, but there never has been such a turn-out of steam and sailing craft before, even on the occasion of the reception to the Isere.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11.

The many disappointments had compelled a large number of visitors to return home without seeing a race, and many were unable to leave their business for a third time, but still there was quite a display on Friday morning when the Luckenbach steamed out from the Hook at 11 A. M. On Tuesday there was wind enough for a good race, and it could easily have been made within the time if Genesta had not been disabled. Thursday was rainy with a southeaster and a good sea, but the race had been set for Friday to allow time for repairs to Genesta. On Friday there was still some sea outside and a good breeze from the east in the morning, while the sky was clear and bright with warm weather. Off Tompkinsville Genesta and Ileen were met, standing down under headsails before the westerly harbor breeze. On the big cutter the crew were seen mounting aloft and laying hold of the halliards, the big sail rising quickly as the double rows of men descended until it was set, as flat as any one could wish. Aloft at her masthead flew the red cross of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and at the peak of her mainsail the red and black burgee she has made famous in her home waters. The new stick looked no whit inferior to the old one, in spite of its additional weight of 260lbs., and a remeasurement showed no difference in her trim. On Thursday night a dinner was given at the Union Club by Mr. Philip Schuyler to Sir Richard Sutton, at which several gentlemen from the Puritan were present. They were on the tug on Friday morning and it was necessary to set them, as well as Mr. Padelford and Capt. Ellsworth, on board. After towing Genesta from Clifton to the Romer, where the breeze caused her to overrun the tug, the Luckenbach ran outside, where Puritan was under lower sails. The patch in her mainsail had been mended in a very neat manner, and it was none the worse for it. After putting Mr. Lippincott and Steward Olsen on board the small tug Scandinavian, the Luckenbach ran out to where the Hesper, a splendid specimen of a pilot boat, deep, high sided and handsome, one of D. J. Lawlor's finest boats, was flying about under topsails. On being hailed she dropped a boat, which, well handled in the rough sea running, came alongside and took off Messrs. Forbes, Burgess, Padelford and Capt. Ellsworth. About the Hook were the Dauntless, Vixen, Waterwitch, Albatross, America, Electra, Wanda, Venture, the little Madge with topmast housed, and Atalanta with a big British ensign at her foremast head. At 11 o'clock all were at the Scotland Light, and there seemed every prospect of a race. The wind was none too heavy for jibheaders, but was steady, and there was a short ugly roll to the sea that was considered favorable to the narrow boat. The course given was E. by N. 20 miles, and the Scandinavian was soon steaming away with two logs spinning over her counter. As soon as she had a good start the whistle was blown as a signal to come into position, and both boats took their places to the south of the line, which was drawn from the lightship to the Luckenbach, its direction being about S. E. The usual maneuvering for place followed, and when the preparatory whistle blew at 11:30 and five minutes later the start sounded, as on the first day the whistle found Puritan to windward, crossing near the tug, while Genesta cut the line at its middle, both on starboard tack. They were timed: Puritan 11:35:41, Genesta 11:35:47. Close hauled on starboard tack made the course N. E., both heading evenly. Puritan was trimmed in pretty close, and Genesta too seemed troubled in the same way. The breeze held strong and the sea rolled in heavily, but against them both Genesta stood up and was soon seen to be gaining a little on her opponent. Little difference could be seen in the pointing, but soon a decided difference in speed was visible, and the jet black hull, though still to leeward, was well ahead of the striped one. On they went until near Rockaway, where at 12:40 Genesta went about for a cant off shore, easily weathering Puritan. The latter had slackened sheets and was going faster, but was still some distance astern. Along the beach the sea had gone down greatly and the long roll seemed to trouble her less. Standing across her bows Genesta tacked again at 12:48 and found herself on Puritan's weather bow. At once the latter eased off a little, reaching through her lee and going faster, though falling off of course. At 1 P. M. the water was comparatively smooth save for a long roll, which lasted all day, but bothered the boats much less than the short breaking seas near the Lightship. At 1:16 Genesta went on port tack with Puritan after her. Both crews were seen busy on deck, and soon a club topsail went aloft on the Puritan, set over her jibheader. Genesta, on the contrary, was obliged first to take in her jibheader, afterwards sending up a sprit topsail with her crew on the halliard, but in spite of the lost time her sail was sheeted home more quickly than the Puritan's. After having her own in this tack, Genesta shifted to a balloon foresail at 1:40, but the wind continued to decrease, and as it did so, Puritan gained on her. For an hour the latter continued to improve her position, the conditions being nearly the same as on Monday, light wind and little sea, the roll troubling her but little. At 3:07 she went on starboard tack, being then well ahead and to windward, and at 3:14 Genesta followed her, ¾ miles astern. At 4:10 Puritan tacked off shore again, holding for eleven minutes, when she stood inshore. At 4:50 Genesta parted her topsail sheet, reeving off a new one and changing her sprit for a club topsail, paying off on port tack. The boats were now off the Long Beach Hotel, and a good tide was running in against them, while the lessening wind made their progress very slow. At 4:54 Puritan went on port tack, only holding it for a few minutes. At 5:16 Genesta went on starboard tack, and eight minutes later Puritan tacked again. The wind was now so light that she barely made it, being backed off with her foresail. The mark was now near by, with a group of steamers and yachts waiting near it. The schooner Intrepid was in tow of a tug, having followed the race all day in this fashion. A very strong tide was swinging the buoy homeward and Puritan lay for some minutes barely moving toward it, but at 5:37, with spinnaker boom lowered to port, she turned the mark, in the midst of a horrible din from fifty steam whistles. The spinnaker was at once sent aloft in stops but was badly handled, being taken in once, and over two minutes passed before it was set. Only an hour was left to drift 20 miles and the committee resolved to call the race. Genesta was taken in tow at 6 P. M., and the Scandinavian picked up the mark, passed a hawser to Puritan and the fleet started home, the steam yachts and fast steamers in the van, then the other steamers, and last the two tugs with their tows. Genesta was dropped inside the Hook and Puritan at Stapleton, and at 10:30 P. M. the Luckenbach landed her tired passengers at Pier 3.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 12.

Again the weatherwise attempted to strengthen their reputations with the oft repeated boast, "A fine breeze from the south'ard in the afternoon," but there were no takers. As the Luckenbach passed down on Saturday morning with Genesta in tow there was a flat calm, a smooth sea, and a blue sky with light gray clouds across it, the lightship swinging lazily at anchor, and a group of vessels, smaller now than on Monday, sailing or steaming around. From 11 to 1 the same monotonous game continued, only broken by the incident of a huge steamer, the Assyrian Monarch, going some distance out of her course as she passed out to cheer Genesta three times; a salute which Sir Richard Sutton acknowledged from the stern of the yacht. About 1:30 a light breeze did spring up, and the prophets who had quietly disappeared, again bobbed up serenely with the same old song of "More wind from the south'ard." The Committee decided to call the race and blew the whistle vigorously, but when Genesta came alongside her owner objected that the course given, due south, was not to windward, and also that so late a start in a light wind would make the finish, if at all, late at night. The Committee decided to postpone the race again and a line was passed to Genesta. The decision suited the Puritan's owners as well, as the prospect for a race was very slight. When up by the Hook the schooner Norseman, which had been in tow of a tug all day, was discovered aground on the False Hook. Leaving Genesta for the Scandinavian to pick up, the Luckenbach went to Norseman's assistance. After getting aground herself she finally passed a hawser and towed off the schooner. At Tompkinsville Messrs. Tams, Schuyler and Stebbins boarded the Genesta, and after a consultation with Sir Richard Sutton decided to sail the inside race on Monday, the windward race on Tuesday and the third, if required on Wednesday. Puritan went on to the city, where she hauled out on the screwdock for a new coat of pottead. The wind, after freshening for a time, died down, so that had they started no race would have been made.

MONDAY, SEPT. 14.

At last, after so many delays and disappointments, a race for the Cup has really been decided, the course of 38 miles being made in a little over 8 hours, and well within the limit. After the postponement on Saturday, Sir Richard Sutton agreed to sail the inside race, over the New York course, on Monday, although it had been specially agreed from the first that an outside race should be sailed first. Four attempts to do this failed, as we have recounted, and in the order of things the race naturally went over to Monday; but the club had made all their arrangements in advance, to enable the members and friends to see the inside race, while many who were able to attend but one race had made up parties and engaged boats for Monday also. Under these circumstances, Sir Richard Sutton consented to the change, and it was agreed to start at 10:30 on Monday. After a good scrub on the screw dock on Saturday evening, Puritan was lowered at midnight and towed to her moorings, lying there all day Sunday, Genesta being just above. A fine breeze came in from S. W., mocking with its puffs and flurries the tired yachtsmen who had wooed it in vain for a week. On Monday morning it still blew, but with lessening force, striking over Clifton hills into the Upper Bay, and at times hauling more to the east and coming on end up the Narrows. Of course, the "wind from the south'ard" fiend was on hand again, but he made his suggestions in a mild and deprecating way, with an air of doubt and apology, too, so that he deceived few. Nearly every morning the light harbor airs had given a promise that failed of its fulfillment, as they are often quite fresh inside, with a calm outside the Hook.

The start was ordered for 10:30 opposite Owl's Head, but long before that the entire Bay was crowded with craft of all sorts. There were fewer large steamers than on the Monday previous and those present carried but few passengers. Many of the Boston yachts had gone home, but still there were steam and sailing yachts on every hand, and tugs and small steam craft beyond number. Just below Buoy 18, in charge of Captain Jake Schmidt and Sailor, his big brown dog, was the sloop Alice with the New York Y. C. flag aloft above a gay string of small colors from truck to bowsprit and taffrail and in addition a faded old flag with a history of its own, its dingy yellow or green ground bearing a device, a tiger's head surrounded by a broad band or circle, the flag of the notorious Americus Club, once ruler of New York. Two hundred yards west of the Alice the Luckenbach cast anchor at 10 A. M. and signaled to the yachts. On board of her were Messrs. Tams and Stebbins of the Committee, Mr. Appleton, of the Eastern Y. C., and Mr. Bayard, of the S. C. Y. C., who assisted in timing; Dr. Woodbury, the representative of Genesta, a few members of the N. Y. Y. C. and a number of artists and reporters. On board of Genesta were Sir Richard Sutton and Sir William Levinge, Mr. J. Beavor Webb, Mr. William Krebs, representative of Puritan, Mr. Edward Padelford, Mr. Edward Lapthorne, and Captain Hunter. On board of Puritan were Messrs. Paine, Burgess, Forbes, Welsh, Richards, Busk and M. R. Schuyler, the latter as representative of Genesta, Captain Joe Ellsworth acted as pilot and Captain Crocker was in command.

Both boats left their moorings with jibs in stops, breaking out quickly, and worked up with the tide above the line, moving slowly in the light air. Both carried club topsails and lower sails. It was 10:10 when the call was blown and soon both were maneuvering above the line. Genesta made no special effort for a weather berth but boxed about a little to leeward of Puritan, finally setting a small jibtopsail when near the line. There was hardly wind enough to allow any close maneuvering, and when the starting whistle blew at 10:30 both were some distance above the line. Paying off slowly on the starboard tack they ran down evenly, Genesta a little to leeward, as in all the other starts. Two minutes only was allowed, and it had all but elapsed when they crossed together at 10:32.

With a strong flood on their weather bows they stood on starboard tack until near the Long Island shore, Genesta lowering her jibtopsail, and at 10:37 they made the first tack together, Genesta leading. Standing now across the tide Genesta outran Puritan but was undeniably going to leeward, up the Bay, while the other's course lay straighter, in toward Clifton, and she held to windward better. Again Genesta led the tacking, going about at 10:46 with Puritan directly after. As usual Genesta was about and away instantly, while Puritan was very slow in stays. This leg lay along the Staten Island shore, the wind being very light under the hills. Genesta ran up a large jibtopsail at 10:52, and at once showed an increase of speed, but four minutes later Puritan followed suit and set hers, and again left her rival slowly but surely. Close astern came the motley fleet that had been spread over the bay, now converging to the Narrows. The progress was very slow, but at last Puritan took a free puff from over the hills above the Quarantine grounds and ran away out of the Narrows, passing the forts at 11:05. Genesta had not the wind for some time, and was just five minutes astern when she passed out. Still on the starboard tack they moved slowly down, the distance remaining the same, but when below Dix's Island Puritan caught a flaw from S. E. that set her headsails fluttering, and threatened to throw her aback and on to port tack. Genesta, astern, was now closely pressed by the fleet, a steam yacht running on her weather side and the big steamer H. F. Baya in close proximity to leeward. At 11:40 the wind had left her completely and her sails were shaking, but a few moments later they felt a slight wind on the port side which promised to put her to leeward of the steam fleet, and in a very bad position. The wind dropped entirely, however, and both she and Puritan were nearly motionless until noon, when the morning breeze again came up from the old quarter, S. W.

At 12:08 Puritan went on port tack, standing to the west to clear buoy 14, and at 12:17 Genesta followed her, after standing well down by the buoy. Immediately after, at 12:18 Puritan came on starboard tack again with a long lead to her credit, going about again at 12:32, just as Genesta went on the starboard tack. Another tack by Puritan at 12:40 showed her ahead and well to windward of Genesta. At 12:51 the Boston yacht again went on port tack, going about very slowly, and after holding it for ten minutes, tacked to the east again. At 1:05 Genesta went on starboard tack, and it was seen that she had improved her position greatly since passing the islands, being closer and less to leeward of Puritan. At 1:07 Puritan made her last tack for buoy 10, about which the fleet were grouped, with many new arrivals from the Horseshoe, all greeting her as she turned and fell off a little for buoy 8½. The times at buoy 10 were:

Puritan	1 16 22	Genesta	1 19 25

Thus Puritan was 3min. 3sec. ahead, in place of 5min. at the Narrows. Genesta at once set a balloon foresail, and into it there came a bagful of wind, driving her along, while Puritan now felt it too. Both were timed at buoy 8½:

Puritan	1 19 33	Genesta	1 23 12

Now began the only work that could be called racing in all the five days, the wind came fresh out of the S. W., and both yachts bowled along, Puritan with scuppers awash and Genesta with lee rail down, much in the position shown in the well known photo. Her balloon foresail was sheeted in to the main boom, but she soon found it of little use and shifted to plain foresail again. Outside there was a little tumble, nothing to bother either boat, while the freshening breeze hurried them along at a pace they had not reached before in any of the races, Genesta moving with more life than she has yet shown. The times at buoy 5 were:

Puritan	1 31 00	Genesta	1 35 35

Of the two the wide boat seemed the steadier and less troubled by the slight roll than the narrow one, in marked contrast to the experience with the smaller cutters and the old sloops. Out to the Sandy Hook lightship was a reach, and the course in was the same, a soldier's wind for the seven miles each way. A number of vessels were waiting at the turn, but it was seen that there would not be time to run the full distance, so the Luckenbach stopped half a mile away, in a position to time both boats. On came Puritan, her sails showing a slight yellow as the sun shone through them, in contrast to the darker shades of Genesta's hemp. The white bulwark showed its curve above water, and the white stern stood out in relief from the dull gloss of the sides. Luffing up, she left the lightship on the starboard hand, and was quickly off for home, among an infernal din of whistles that gladdened the heart of every steamboat man, from captain to messboy, on the whole Bay, surpassing as it did even the wildest flights of Wagnerian fancy. The times at the lightship were: Puritan 2:14:54, Genesta 2:19:16, a difference of 4min. 22sec., a gain of 13sec. for Genesta between buoy 5 and the ship. As soon as Genesta rounded the fleet steered for home, such a motley crowd of boats as has never been seen in the harbor before.

The wind held steady but a little more ahead as the boats hurried in, their positions changing little on the reach to buoy 5, where they were timed:

Puritan	3 04 35	Genesta	3 09 13

The difference is 4m. 38s., or a gain of 3s. for Puritan in the 7 miles from the turn. No official times were taken at buoy 5 in either direction, but these times were taken on the judges' tug as the boats hulled at buoy 5 and are quite accurate. They show that the difference in sailing was really nothing. When they reached at buoy 5 the exciting part of the race was over, the wind dropped, and at no time for the rest of the course was there a fair sailing breeze. Outside the Hook, Gracie came out to meet the fleet. Far up in the Horseshoe was a mosquito fleet of catboats and small craft, and at buoy 10 the big boats halted also.

As Puritan came in the wind fell, and the strong ebb tide from the Shrewsbury was met off the point of the Hook. At 3:23 Puritan stood inshore on the starboard tack to weather buoy 8½, tacking again at 3:27. Genesta had held further to windward coming in, but she, too, tacked at 3:27:30 for the Hook, going about again at 3:31:30. Both moved very slowly against the tide, with barely a capful of wind to help them along.

Buoy 8½ was turned:

Puritan	3 33	Genesta	3 42

Puritan now came for buoy 10, taking in jibtopsail as she neared and breaking out a big balloon jibtopsail in its place. Another wild howl from the assembled steam whistles, and she was around and on her last leg for home, with spinnaker boom dropped, but only under mainsail, clubtopsail, foresail and balloon jibtopsail. The wind was still so light that there were fears that she could not cover the last eight miles in the two hours remaining to her. The times at buoy 10 were:

Puritan	3 38 05	Genesta	3 46 05

Genesta had lagged badly in the light airs by the Hook, and now there was no chance of her catching up, as the wind was still very light. Once around she set her spinnaker, but it seemed of less service than Puritan's balloon jibtopsail, and when by the lower island she sent up her big balloonser, soon after taking in her spinnaker.

When Puritan, slowly stemming the ebb tide, came up to the finish, the entire Bay was thick with boats. The Grand Republic, Columbia, Taurus, Baya, Eliza Hancock, Laura M. Starin, and a host of other steamers; tugs by the hundred, and the steam yachts Polynia, with Mr. George L. Schuyler on board; Atalanta, Utowana, Electra, Norma, Cora, Corsair, Stranger, Falcon, Ocean Gem, Adelita of Boston, Tillie Theresa, Ladoga, Radha, Magnolia, Sophia, of New Haven; Wanda, Orienta, Viola, Sentinel, Vision; the schooners Dauntless, Ruth, Montauk, Clytie, Dreadnought, Sylph, Intrepid, Norseman, Wivern, Clio, Estelle, Wanderer; the sloops Gracie, Fanny, Arrow, Vixen, Kelpie, Eclipse, Penguin, Iola, Truant, Venture, Gaviota, Enterprise, Wizard and a whole fleet of smaller ones; and the cutters Bedouin, Ileen, Stranger, Clara, Madge, Muriel, Isis. One steamer, the Meizingah, carried big canvas signs on each side, "Moderation Society." On the forward deck was a field gun and the members indulged in an immoderate amount of noise, besides sending up rockets with paper figures and also balloons. A big tug carried the members of the Produce Exchange, under the sign, "Produce Exchange Yacht Club." One sloop with a party on board, was only half completed, no deck being laid and only part of a bulwark on, but she was rigged and canvassed and her crew saw the race. Right in the course of Genesta on the finish line laid a nondescript with rusty paint and mildewed canvas that ran up an Irish flag as soon as Puritan had finished.

About the line vessels were packed so closely that an active man could leap from one to another for a quarter of a mile. Dirty, smoky little tugs discharged cinders over the decks of stately schooners, pert little catboats bumped against the glossy sides of the yachts, but everywhere good humor prevailed. Inside the buoy was a fleet of rowboats and small craft at anchor, and the heights of Fort Tompkins were black with a crowd of sightseers. A White Star steamer came by in time to have a look at the finish also. Through the mass of vessels a narrow lane was kept open with difficulty, and up it, slowly and grandly, sailed Puritan with barely wind enough to fill her sails, and astern among the fleet Genesta was also visible. Over the line went the Boston boat, greeted first with a cheer, and then, all at once, every whistle opened its brazen throat and howled itself fairly hoarse, while the bells added a discord of their own to the general clamor, and the cannon on all the yachts helped the uproar. Right at her heels the fleet ran on, over the line and regardless of Genesta, and it was with great difficulty that a passage was cleared for her. Slowly and soberly she moved on, crossing the line at last with a welcome only a shade less demonstrative than the victor received. Her balloonser came in and a line was passed to the tug and she went up the Bay to her anchorage. When abreast of Puritan the tug stopped at Sir Richard Sutton's request, and he led his crew in cheering loudly for Puritan. The crew of the latter ranged themselves along-

side and Mr. Forbes led off in a hearty cheer for their plucky antagonist. The times of the finish were:

Puritan ..... 4 38 05 Genesta 4 54 52

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Puritan	10 32	4 38 05	6 06 05	6 06 05
Genesta	10 32	4 54 52	6 22 52	6 22 24

The allowance for the 38-mile course was 28sec., so Puritan wins by 16min. 19sec.

The race confirms the opinions of most of those who have witnessed the previous sails of the yachts, that Puritan is faster and will sail closer in a very light breeze. Inside the Hook, both going out and in the calms and tides made the race very unsatisfactory and uninteresting, the flukes preventing a close race; but taken with the sailing for five days, all in light airs, there is no doubt of Puritan's superiority in such weather. Twice only since the boats have met they have been seen in a breeze that could be called fresh: once on Friday, when Genesta left Puritan easily as long as the wind lasted, and on Monday when outside the Hook. For fourteen miles, seven miles out and back, both yachts had a true wind that drove them at a rate of about ten miles per hour, and served each equally well, the course both ways being a reach. Under these conditions the difference in fourteen miles was measured by a few seconds.

Both boats have been excellently handled, Puritan displaying greater skill at the start, while in setting and shifting sail the odds are rather in favor of Genesta. With the courses sailed there have been but few changes in the canvas from start to finish, no reefing, only two or three times has a spinnaker been set, and the only sails touched have been topsails and jibtopsails. Great as the satisfaction has been thus far over Puritan's victory there is a general desire to see a more conclusive test than has yet been afforded. Good feeling has been apparent everywhere, and even the most obstinate of the sloop men have cheerfully conceded the excellence of the British boat, and unite in admiring the sportsmanlike conduct of her owner, and in wishing him some reward after his long and plucky journey.

Wednesday, Sept. 16.

The postponed ocean race, twenty miles to windward and return, was finally sailed yesterday, Wednesday, Sept. 16, and resulted in a second and the decisive victory for the Puritan.

At length the wishes of yachtsmen have been gratified by a race, in which the qualities of both boats have been really tested; their long and by no means patient waiting has been repaid by a breeze such as both parties desired; a race has been sailed such as has never before been witnessed in America, if in the world; a contest between the picked men and boats of the two nations that place yachting first among their national sports; the question of beam has been fought squarely in a fair breeze and in open water: and the wide boat wins. Not by a large margin, not by any flukes on either hand, but she crosses the line after 50 miles of hard sailing, a winner by less than two minutes. America may well be proud of the victory. But though unsuccessful, England need in no way be ashamed. The spirit and pluck that have brought Genesta 3,000 miles and raced her so generously and so boldly have been appreciated by all Americans, and Genesta and her owner have both won a high place in the opinion of all.

Curiously the issue has really been determined by one race, as that of Monday can hardly be considered conclusive in itself. These races will upset a number of well established ideas, both of sloop and cutter men, as to the relative performances of wide and narrow boats. Had any one said, three weeks ago, that in a run of 20 miles in smooth water and a good sailing breeze, with spinnakers set, a narrow and deep boat would beat a wide and comparatively shoal one, the latter a centerboard, he would have been laughed at by all; and on the other hand, had he asserted that in a heavy wind and sea, with topmast struck, the wide boat would beat the narrow one, he would have been considered as still more foolish. This, however, has been the case in the present race. From the Lightship out 20 miles in a wholesail breeze, so nearly dead aft that one boat carried her spinnaker to starboard and the other hers to port, Genesta beat Puritan 1m. 21s. Home in the teeth of a hard and steady N.W. wind with a lively lop of a sea, two long legs and one short one, Puritan turned the tables on her narrow adversary and beat her 2m. 30s.

After a southwest wind on Tuesday there came a thunder squall in the evening, clearing away before midnight, with a light breeze from the northwest that still held next morning. After a delay of half an hour waiting for Mr. Olsen with a big tin sphere to take the place of the flag on the weather mark, the Luckenbach started for Sandy Hook. Only the Wm. Fletcher, with the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. flag aloft, and the iron steamer Sirius went down with her. Genesta had made temporary repairs to the trestle trees, a lashing being added. On Tuesday morning Puritan's jib had been recut on the foot, the continued dry weather having affected her sails as well as Genesta's. Both yachts sailed down and were off the Hook when the tug ran out.

The day in itself was a perfect one for an excursion on the water, though few were out to enjoy it. The bay was smooth, with a deep green tinge to the water, a light haze whitened the horizon at a distance, merging gradually into the softened blue of an absolutely cloudless sky, while the slight chill of the northerly wind tempered the sun's heat very agreeably, in marked contrast to the hot and close weather of Tuesday. A few schooners were standing in to Sandy Hook Bay and the Shrewsbury, but the anchorage inside the Hook was deserted. A pilot boat, some fishing sloops and a square-rigger out seaward were the only vessels in sight, except the yachts that were under sail outside and near the rendezvous.

Mr. Centre went aboard of Genesta, and Dr. Woodbury joined the Committee on the tug. The course was given, E. S. E. Mr. M. R. Schuyler was sent on board Puritan, and the course given. The tug ran to the line, sounding the first whistle as she anchored, at 10:45. There was wind enough to allow the boats to work nicely, and the maneuvering for place was the neatest yet seen, though this time a weather berth was less important.

Genesta, to windward of the tug, described a semicircle on port tack, from west to east, jibing over, while Puritan on starboard tack made a smaller circle inside. After jibing, Genesta stood on under the tug's stern at gun fire, and crossed the line diagonally at 11:05:16. Puritan held on starboard tack, easing sheet, and crossed at 11:06:01, to windward of Genesta's course. Genesta dropped her spinnaker boom at once to port and set her spinnaker flying. Puritan went over with spinnaker breaking, and instantly her big balloon jibtopsail followed. She steered a course a little to windward of Genesta. Both caried clubtopsails, of course, in addition to lower sails.

The difference in time of crossing was 45sec. in favor of Genesta, which, deducting her allowance of 31sec., made the difference needed at the finish 14sec.

While all were watching the start a fleet had gathered suddenly, until there was quite a respectable flotilla astern, four or five large steamers, the Richmond, Sirius, Fletcher, Grand Republic, H. T. Baya, and a number of tugs, steam and sailing yachts.

Genesta, carrying her largest spinnaker, led by about 250yds., while Puritan carried a small spinnaker. The former's held its hard rounded shape, while the Boston boat's lifted continually with a back draft from the ballooner, which was soon taken in.

At 11:36 Puritan had nearly overhauled the leader, making for her lee from the start, and a little later, when abreast of the Sandy Hook Lightship, she had a slight lead. Both foresail and balloon jibtopsail had been taken in before this, but still her spinnaker was not doing its best; and a hand was sent aloft at 11:35 to clear a few stops yet holding the head. Genesta meanwhile had set a small jibtopsail that was doing good service, in addition to the steady pull of her bellying spinnaker.

The water was smooth, the catamaran Ægir being perfectly at home with the fleet. Both of the boats sailed steadily, standing upright and with no pitching.

By 12 o'clock the boats were nearly even, Genesta about one-quarter mile south of Puritan. While both were steering the same course and with the same wind, at 11:58 Genesta's crew were seen aloft on the topsail halliard, and a minute later her spinnaker came in. It was 12:01 when her boom went over. 12:03:30 when the spinnaker boom dropped to port; and 12:05 when the spinnaker, set flying, was sheeted home, or six minutes from the time halliards were started until the spinnaker was full. At once an improvement was noticeable in her speed, she pulled ahead, while Puritan's sail was helping her much less to starboard.

The great difference in the appearance of the sails was more plainly noticeable, perhaps, than at any other time during the races. Puritan's, with the sun brightly on them, shone out with a very pretty light yellow tint, at times almost a lemon yellow. Genesta's hemp had a rich pearly tinge, with a high gloss, the huge spinnaker standing out hard and solid as an immense billiard ball, looking as smooth as if starched and ironed. While Puritan's spinnaker was fluttering and lifting all the time, Genesta's was towing her like a huge balloon.

The wind eased a trifle to the north, which made the course a trying one for Puritan; but it soon came back again, blowing with about the same force as at the start, and with the water still smooth. Steadily the Genesta forged ahead and was now leading perceptibly. The motions of the boats were very even, neither see-sawing any.

At 12:40 several of Puritan's crew were sent aloft, and at 12:52 her topsail came down. At 12:44 Genesta started her topsail sheet, but it was 12:50 before the sail was on deck. By 12:52:30 the sprit topsail was up and drawing in place of the club.

Both boats were now nearing the mark. Out to leeward was the float with a red ball above a red flag, the tug lying near, with the big steamers and steam yachts waiting for the turn.

Genesta came for the buoy with a good lead, at least ¼ mile. At 1:02:00 the spinnaker came in and the pole was stowed on deck. Now all hands on the mainsheet. "Haul away handsomely," and in comes the boom, going over at 1:05:30. Now she heels until the copper shows on her bilge, and with a beautiful sweep she is around the buoy, closely shaving it, and then she lays off on starboard tack for the first leg of the long way home. The whole maneuver was beautifully done, the distance being calculated with the utmost nicety, and from the time her spinnaker halliards were started until she was down to work again, with all hands under the windward rail save Carter, erect at the stick, nothing could have been bettered.

Puritan had taken in topsail and spinnaker some distance above the mark, running down under lower sails only, which cost her a lit le time. It was not necessary for her to jibe as her boom was already to port. At 1:07:30 she hauled in her mainsheet and started in Genesta's wake.

The times at the turn were:

Genesta ..... 1 05 30 Puritan 1 07 36

Here was something that must astonish all. Down wind, in smooth water, with a strong breeze, the narrow boat had beaten the wide one 1min. 21sec. No great amount, truly, in boats of the same length; but it was expected by all that the result would be greatly the other way. Her easy form and small beam had carried 150 tons displacement quicker and with less sail than beam and shoal draft had carried 105 tons, the odds being in favor of the wide boat with board up.

Somehow, when once around, it was seen that the wind had freshened greatly, and when fairly butting into it there was quite a respectable sea coming up. The tide was going to leeward, cutting the boats back, but with this wind it made little difference. Here at last was the weather that all had been looking for, a lower sail breeze, a tumble of a sea, and a match at windjamming. The opportunity had arrived.

The chance for the wished-for trial has been made, and one side has won. Why and how must be left to a later date to consider. Now time allows us to deal only with the actual facts of the race.

Both were now settled to their work, lee rails down, sheets hardened, booms to port, crew under weather rail. Genesta still carried her sprit topsail over lower sails, while Puritan's upper stick was bare of canvas.

The course lay in toward the Jersey beach, 25 miles away. Genesta was well ahead, Puritan in her wake, and it was very interesting to compare them.

From the first there was a gain in footing on the part of Puritan. She seemed, and as events proved, she did go through the water more rapidly.

In pointing the difference was also in Puritan's favor, as she looked up closer, but Genesta held on much better than in light weather. In the previous sailing, while they were pointing equally, Genesta seemed to slide to leeward; but even though she heeled more on this occasion, she held to windward much better.

The rougher water had little apparent effect on either as yet. As the seas struck the weather bow of the judges' tug, they sent a good shower of spray over the forward deck, but the yachts went along easily to all appearances. Puritan seemed to rise and fall a little more than Genesta, whose motion was very slight.

At 1:23 Puritan went on port tack and stood in toward the Long Island shore, Genesta at once after her. The latter still held a good place to windward, but Puritan had already made up much of the distance between them.

At 1:26 Puritan housed her topmast, for the wind was still rising, and the sea was heavier as they ran into it. Genesta started to shift topsails at 1:35, lowering her sprit topsail, which she had carried thus far, and at 1:41 sheeting home a jibheader. It is doubtful whether this sail aided her much, as it was shaking nearly all the way in, and she would probably have done better with topmast housed.

Puritan was still gaining in the footing more rapidly than to windward, though even here the gain was all on her side. They held the leg in to the Long Island shore, the wind coming harder all the time, while the seas that at first had been only spray over the tug's bitts, were at 1:30 coming in heavy showers over the forward deck, and at 2 P. M. they were throwing spray to the top of the smokestack and a drenching mass of water soaked the lookers on who stood outside the pilot house on the upper deck.

Genesta was now going steadier, while Puritan toed and heeled to the seas, which came over the weather bows of both. At 1:45:00 the Highlands loomed up on the port bow of the tug.

At 2:15 Genesta went on starboard tack, and Puritan followed at once. The course was now W. N. W., on which they could weather the lightship, and Genesta's chances looked better.

Puritan had stood on further than necessary, as it afterward proved. At 2:45:00 she looked to be nearly a mile to windward with Genesta about abeam.

The excitement increased on all of the following steamers, as it was seen that the finish must be very close. As they were now, Puritan stood the better chance, but any error or accident would change the result. When within four miles of the finish the sea was much lighter, and Puritan's speed increased in proportion.

At 3:36:00 she eased off, now being dead to windward of Genesta, coming down on the latter and dropping literally on top of her, less than two lengths on her weather bow.

At 3:46 Genesta made a bold luff for Puritan's weather quarter, but dropped off again, only to try it again a moment later. Puritan met her each time, and Genesta was obliged to fall into her wake.

Now came a beautiful sight, a luffing match between the two flyers, Genesta working sharply out, taking a place on Puritan's weather beam, and holding it for a short time, but finally dropping astern again.

Steadily now the wide boat gained the smoother water favoring her. The line was but a short distance away. The Luckenbach lay a short distance from the lightship, with a fleet in attendance, and at 4:09:15 the whistles greeted her as she went across, winning the fifth series of races for the America's Cup.

Only 1m. 24s. behind her came Genesta, a wonderfully small margin for such a race of 50 miles. The times were:

Puritan ..... 4 09 15 Genesta 4 10 39

This is a difference on the windward work of 3m. 30s. in favor of Puritan, while the difference in time over the entire course is 2m. 9s., which the allowance reduces to 1m. 38s.

The following were the times:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan	11 06 01	1 07 36	4 09 15	5 03 14	5 03 14
Genesta	11 05 16	1 05 30	4 10 39	5 05 23	5 04 52

The Puritan thus wins by 1m. 38s.

The great race has been won and lost, but the outcome, though disappointing to many, has many features that must be pleasing to all yachtsmen. First of all the races from the first challenge to the ending yesterday have been conducted in a fair and sportsmanlike manner, creditable to both sides. Sir Richard Sutton by his conduct and Genesta by her sailing have done much to change public opinion here in regard to English yachts and yachtsmen, and at the finish yesterday the bulk of the cheering was for Genesta.

Boston has every reason to feel proud both of the spirit that led to the building of Puritan and of the brains and skill that have placed her first among American yachts. Such a victory is in itself a great reward for her designer, but Mr. Burgess may well congratulate himself that he has not only built the first compromise boat that has proved fast but that his boat will take a place second only to America as being the first of a new and better type.

The entire series of races have been most interesting, and many ideas and theories have not stood the test. Even the oldest and wisest have been astonished; facts have been brought out and theories enunciated which will afford ample material for study, both here and abroad, for a long time to come.

The following bulletins give the progress of the race through the day:

9:55 A. M.—Wind is now settling in the southwest, and increasing. The yachts are now nearing the lightship and the Luckenbach is now in the Swash Channel, steaming out. Prospects for a race are good.

10:10 A. M.—The wind is now blowing 14 miles per hour. The judges' boat is passing out to the lightship, where the yachts are already waiting.

11 A. M.—The preparatory signal has just been given. Wind west, 14 miles per hour; sea smooth.

11:05 A. M.—The wind is increasing, and is now blowing 15 miles an hour from the northwest. The start was made from the Scotland lightship, the yachts heading east-southeast.

11:08.—The Genesta crossed the starting line at 11:05:16, the Puritan at 11:06:01.

11:13 A. M.—The Puritan is gaining on the Genesta.

11:23 A. M.—The yachts are now off the Sandy Hook lightship. Their positions remain about the same as at the start. The wind is blowing sixteen miles an hour from the west to northwest. The weather is clear.

11:40 A. M.—The yachts seem to be in the same position. The Genesta leads a little.

11:46 A. M.—The Genesta is leading the Puritan somewhat now.

At noon the wind was blowing 24 miles an hour from W.N.W., and the weather was fair. The Genesta has jibed over and set up her spinnaker on the other side.

12:15 P. M.—The hulls of both yachts are now out of sight. It is therefore impossible at this point to tell which has the lead, but the impression is that the Genesta is ahead. The tide is now against both yachts.

The yachts have now covered about 14 miles of the outward run, and keep well apart with the Genesta still in the lead. The wind is northwest. Weather cloudy.

At 12:35 o'clock the Genesta has jibed over on the port side. The wind is blowing west-northwest, at 24 miles an hour. The boats are getting a thirty-mile-an-hour breeze. Half of the outward course has been sailed.

The Genesta turned the stakeboat at 1:05:30; the Puritan at 1:07:36.

HIGHLANDS, 1:12 P. M.—The Puritan has had her topsails down for some time. The reason is not known.

1:30 P. M.—Both yachts have gone about on the port tack, standing northwest. The Puritan has no topsail set yet. Wind 25 miles per hour.

1:50 P. M.—The Puritan leads the Genesta.

2:15 P. M.—Both yachts still on port tack standing northeast. Puritan about 1 mile ahead.

SANDY HOOK, 2:25.—Both yachts have gone on starboard tack, th Puritan is ahead and has not yet set her topsail.

2:48 P. M.—Wind thirty-seven miles an hour. An unknown cutter yacht has lost her bowsprit and is signaling for a tug.

2:48 P. M.—Both yachts east of Sandy Hook Lightship. The Puritan one mile to windward.

3:05 P. M.—The Genesta has every sail set, but for reasons unknown the Puritan fails to set her topsail. The crew on the latter appear to be engaged in making efforts to that end.

3:10 P. M.—The yachts are now on the last tack and are about even. Wind 29 miles N.N.W.

3:20 P. M.—Both yachts are now about two miles northeast of Sandy Hook Lightship. It is impossible to tell which is ahead, but the Puritan is to windward.

3:22 P. M.—Both yachts are now standing in from eastward, about eight miles out. They are on the wind, two miles apart, the Puritan to norhward and leading apparently. The Genesta carries small topsail. The Puritan under lower sails only; blowing stiff; race will finish in less than an hour.

4:10 P. M.—The Puritan wins, crossing winning line at 4:09:00, the Genesta at 4:10:15.

NEW YORK Y. C.—The races for the Bennett and Douglass cups, over the triangular course, from Sandy Hook lightship, will be sailed to-morrow, Sept. 18.



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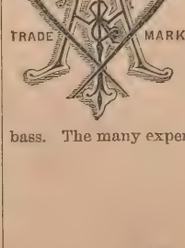
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III. The Windward.
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V. An Eastern Catboat.
VI. Keel Catboat Caprice.
VII. Caprice—Sail Plan.
VIII. Keel Catboat Dodge.
IX. Catboat Dodge—Sail Plan.
X. Open Boat Cruiser.
XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
XII. Open Boat Trident.
XIII. A Skipjack.
XIV. The Centerboard Sloop Gleam.
XV. Gleam—Sail Plan.
XVI. The Centerboard Sloop Midge.
XVII. Light Draft Cutter Mignonette.
XVIII. Mignonette—Sail Plan.
XIX. Single-Hand Cruiser.
XX. Light Draft Cutter Carmita.
XXI. The Dart.
XXII. The Boston Sloop Neva.
XXIII. The Boston Sloop Nyssa.
XXIV. Keel Sloop Columbine.
XXV. Columbine—Sail Plan.
XXVI. The Keel Sloop Alice.
XXVII. The Gannet.
XXVIII. A Compromise Sloop.
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XXX. Daisy—Sail Plan.
XXXI. The Cutter Vayu.
XXXII. The Cruising Yawl Windward.
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XXXVII. Deuce—Sail Plan and Construction
XXXVIII. The Cutter Petrel.
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XL. The Cutter Merlin.
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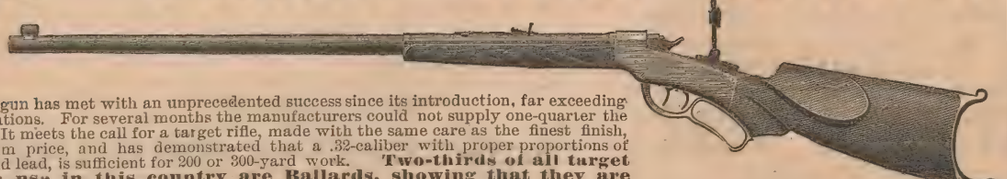
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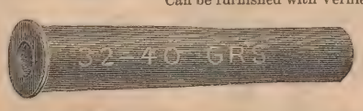
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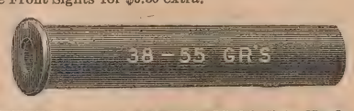
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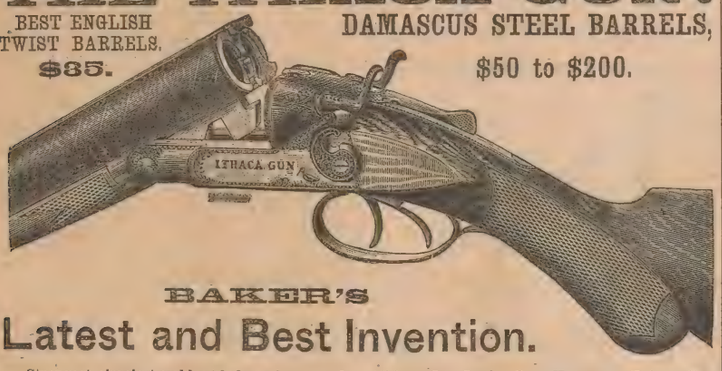
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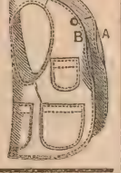
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

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BUILDING

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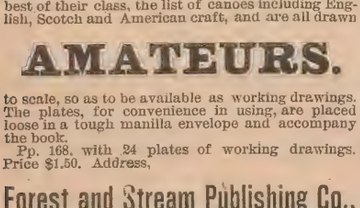
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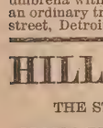
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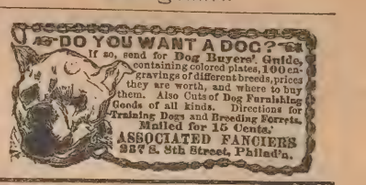
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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THE PURITAN'S VICTORY.

THE ultra sloop men and advocates of the skimming dish who may be inclined to exult over the victory of the Puritan, a victory in which they certainly have no share, will find plenty of food for quiet reflection in the race of Friday last. The Cup has been retained here, not through any effort of New York, not by the aid of a skimming dish, but solely through the venture of a few Boston yachtsmen backed by the skill of a gentleman who has made the English cutter a subject of careful study for some years, and who is known as a successful designer of a number of small cutter yachts of moderate beam. The Puritan is the embodiment of this gentleman's conception of a boat that should be wide and should carry a centerboard, the two conditions entailed on a yacht to defend the Cup. Apart from these two conditions he has exercised his discretion in carefully omitting all those salient features belonging to the old American sloop, and in choosing with equal care and judgment the better points of the English cutter. The experiment has been a bold one and many predictions of failure have been made, not a few from New York, but its justification is found in the fact that the boat was successful.

To the Puritan alone is due the retention of the Cup, and before joining the general exultation over her the sloop men can well pause and consider what their share in this result has been.

From the first the real American sloop, both in its old form and modernized, has been conspicuously absent from the entire races. Of the latter we have had the Priscilla in the trial races, but her trials against the Puritan show plainly that she, without radical changes, which could not be made in time, would have been a very poor opponent for the Genesta. The older boats were represented by only one of their class. In spite of the invitation and urgent requests of the committee that sloop owners would enter their yachts in the trial races in order to afford a comparison of the speed of the new boats, the vaunted fleet of American sloops could not be found; as a body, they were perfectly content to let the entire battle go by default. One only, the Gracie, saw fit to enter in the trial races or that of Friday for the Dougjass Cup, and though defeated in both she comes out with flying colors as the only representative of the American sloop that remains in the field.

When the history of the Cup races of 1885 is written, after the Genesta has returned and the present excitement is over and a calmer judgment can be had, it will be highly amusing to see the small and insignificant part that our great American skimming dish occupies in it. The Genesta came here, a single yacht selected from a fleet and a fitting representative of the prevailing build of English yachts. Our existing fleet proved entirely unfit to meet her. A special boat of the same family was no better, and the retention of the Cup is due to an accident, the advent of a vessel of a new type from an entirely unexpected quarter. Such are the true circumstances of the case, divested of all hurrah and patriotic vaporings, and they will afford ample food for mature reflection for the winter and a long time to come.

The construction of the Puritan marks two great milestones, or perhaps we may more properly say headstones, one on each side of the Atlantic. Here it will put a final quietus to the old theories of shoal draft, high ballast and sloop rig, as well as to the boats built in accordance with them. Abroad it will hasten into its deep and narrow grave the already tottering Thames or Y. R. A. rule, leaving a length and sail area rule to reign in its stead. "We've got them on the list, we don't think they'll be missed." Their obituaries will be short, the flatiron, skimming dish or trap, has many murders to answer for, the less said about it the better; the Y. R. A. rule has served a purpose, it has enforced the construction of safe and seaworthy boats, it has taught yachtsmen and naval architects much about depth and ballast that without it never would have been known; but its day is past, the lesson of depth has been learned, and the school book is no longer necessary; the sooner we can say "The king is dead," the better for English yachts and yachtsmen.

The victory of the Puritan involves too many important points to be passed over hurriedly or carelessly. Marking, as it does, a new departure in American yacht design, it is worthy of a thorough and careful study that must be deferred until the conclusion of the present races. In the meanwhile, it is an excellent occasion for those who have persistently decried the cutter rig, double jib and low ballast, and who have advocated a mean length rule that would have shorn the Puritan of her chief beauty that even they now admire, to follow the sage example of the late "Brer Fox" and "lay low an' keep on sayin' nuffin."

OUR RIFLE TRIAL.

THE trajectory tests preparations are fully completed, and with fair weather the trials will open on Monday next at the Creedmoor range, at 200 yards for the heavier-charged rifles and at 100 yards for all in the trial. The plan is to make everything as simple as possible and yet eliminate every element of error or uncertainty. In the actual manipulation of the trials we shall be assisted by Mr. Henry A. Sinclair, who, as an expert connected with the United States Ordnance-Proving Ground at Sandy Hook, has had abundant experience in this line of work. His careful supervision of every minute detail preliminary to and during the trials will carry to all an assurance that the results announced are beyond question.

Already the guns submitted make up a very formidable battery. Among those already represented are the Remington, Whitney, Maynard, Winchester, Bullard and the Colt. The muzzleloading advocates have not been unmindful of the opportunity afforded them for a direct comparison with the breechloading weapons. The English rifle makers will be represented by a sample from one of the best known private armories.

In the report of the tests the manner of making them will be fully explained with such illustrations as may be necessary to make the matter thoroughly understood, while with the number of rifles in the test almost every possible make or modification of arm will receive attention. It must be understood that if the weather proves unfavorable the test will of necessity be postponed. The test will be open to inspection; the public is cordially invited to be present. The range is reached by the Long Island Railroad (Queens Station).

GAME REPORTS.—As one mission of the FOREST AND STREAM is to furnish in its columns information for the sportsman who is looking for desirable shooting grounds, the other sportsman who has such knowledge is invited to put his information where it will do the most good, namely, in our game columns.

"KINGFISHERS" ARE NOT "JAIL-BIRDS."

SOMETHING more than a year ago, an estimable official of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, for whom we had the greatest respect, told us that the "Kingfishers"—meaning the party whose camp life in Michigan had been so charmingly described in the FOREST AND STREAM—had been guilty of a gross violation of the law of the land by killing deer out of season. We scouted the suggestion and called for the proofs. Not long after that there came to this office a letter, which read as follows:

FIFE LAKE, Mich., Sept. 3, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have just returned from a trip to Cheboygan and am sorry to inform you of the bad repute of the "Kingfisher" party. Knowing that your paper is always willing to expose violators of the law when found out, I send you the record of the party while at Black Lake last summer, which can be vouched for by *well known merchants of Cheboygan*, as well as the officer who had warrants for the arrest of the party. Charges are as follows: The party paid Merrill five dollars apiece for deer driven into the lake, where a shot could be had at them; and Merrill acknowledges to have received for deer so driven the sum of one hundred and forty dollars from the party. What do you think of such violations of the law? Will you request the party to give an explanation of their conduct? If not, I can find a paper devoted to sports that will. Respectfully—W. E. MINER.

P. S.—I don't propose to go back of my record, as I am well known as a vigorous prosecutor of parties who violate our game laws. You can refer to Cyrus W. Higby, of Jackson, for any information you may require as to my reliability. I merely wish to show the record of the party and have no ill will toward them as private individuals. You are at liberty to use my name, as I am not ashamed of it.—W. E. MINER.

Here was the old charge again, and we determined to investigate it. Not for a moment did we believe that there could be any foundation for such an accusation against the "Kingfishers," whom we knew too well for that; but here was the charge preferred by a man who claimed to have abundant proof, and manifested a most commendable eagerness to produce it. So we first wrote to Mr. Higby, who was known to us as the very efficient "game law missionary" of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association. He replied:

JACKSON, Mich., Sept. 9, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 6th at hand. In reply, any statement made by W. E. Miner, Fife Lake, I consider entirely reliable regarding violators of the game and fish laws of Michigan.—HIGBY & DENNIS.

We also wrote to Mr. Miner to send us the names of the persons who killed the deer, the number of deer killed, the address of the officer who had the warrant, and the names of the Cheboygan merchants who would vouch for his statements.

In reply we received none of the things asked for, but instead this letter:

FIFE LAKE, Mich., Sept. 15, 1884.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours in regard to the "Kingfisher" matter at hand. In reply will say: *I have no reason to doubt the information I received at Cheboygan*, as it came from a member of the gun club at that place, who is a merchant there. I was at Black Lake at the time of the party being there, and found their totem to the mail carrier, consisting of two pickerel hung on a stick by the side of the road. While referring the matter to him when I met him a few weeks ago, he remarked: "The 'Kingfisher' party are a set of snides." I asked for an explanation, and he then told me that the party paid Merrill $140 for driving deer into the lake for them to shoot. Whether they killed all the deer so driven or not he did not know, but told me that Merrill had given the information after the party had gone. He told me of the officer going after them and finding their camp broken up, as parties had evidently notified them. He volunteered the information that Merrill was a notorious law breaker, but living so far from Cheboygan that no one wanted to go to the expense of prosecuting him. Here the matter ends. You can judge for yourself whether it is fact or not. I have always taken an interest in the description of the "Camp of the Kingfishers," and could hardly credit the story, but coming as direct as it did, I cannot doubt it.—W. E. MINER.

This was not what we wanted; it was by no means sufficient. We wrote to Mr. Miner that we must have some facts to go on. We reminded him again that a newspaper could not publish grave charges against individuals without some evidence in hand to warrant the charges and sustain them. We asked him again for the name of the officer who had the warrant; and urged him to send us the name of his Cheboygan informant, assuring him of our desire to get the bottom facts of the case. Here is what he wrote:

FIFE LAKE, Mich., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of Sept. 18 at hand. In reply will say your propositions put me in a delicate position, for this reason. The gentleman from whom I obtained my information has not the least idea that I have written to you on the subject, consequently I do not wish to compromise him in the least. I will do this for you and anything else that I consistently can. I will write to him asking for particulars, name of parties, etc., in fact, will write for all the information that I can get relating to the matter, and at the same time ask him if he is willing I should give you his name. If he refuses the use of his name, or will not take any steps in the matter, I am sure that I am not to blame. I have not the time or means to hunt the thing up, as Cheboygan is over 100 miles from here. Would be glad to do so if possible. As the matter now stands I shall await further developments. If nothing is heard from Cheboygan I will retract my charges and consider it

as an idle rumor, and tender the party an apology for making the charges I did.—W. E. MINER.

P.S.—So little attention is paid to the game laws in this northern country, that I do not think he will put himself out of the way to obtain any information for me in regard to the case in hand. I shall write to him about the facts, in justice to myself as well as the party, and request him to substantiate the charges against them. If not what can I do further?—W. E. M.

That ended the correspondence so far as Mr. Miner is concerned. We wrote him afterward, urging him to send us some satisfactory proof, or to direct us to some one who would furnish evidence, but though we have waited a year, no response has come.

The facts of the case, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, appear to be that a party of men from Cincinnati did hire Merrill to drive deer into the water for them to kill out of season. But these men were not of the "Kingfishers'" party. We have their names as registered at the Spencer House, Cheboygan, Mich., and there is not a "Kingfisher" among them.

The correspondenc will repay study. Here was a man who was quite willing to rush into print himself or to involve us in the blunder of doing so, to accuse a party of respectable, law-abiding gentlemen of having committed a misdemeanor, for which, if they received their deserts, they would be landed in jail. His letter of accusation was accompanied by a threat—not in the best taste—that if the FOREST AND STREAM would not accuse one of its valued correspondents, he could find some other paper that would do it. Most newspaper editors are accustomed to threats of that sort, but we have never heard of an editor who paid any attention to them. Mr. Miner professed to have plenty of evidence. Called upon to furnish the names of the Cheboygan men, he fails to do it. Asked for the name of the officer who had the warrant, he cannot give it. Urged to give us some of his proof, he backs out, step by step, and finally is quite ready to retract and apologize to the men he had accused.

We do not for a moment question the motive which prompted Mr. Miner to write to us as he did in his first communication; but we do confess to an impatience with him and the scores of others just like him, who, while game law violations are going on all about them by their neighbors, will do not the first thing to put an end to the disgraceful condition of affairs, but are always ready to write to a paper a thousand miles away and accuse outsiders without any very particular care whether what they charge can actually be substantiated by the facts in the case.

In conclusion, if any citizen of the State of Michigan, or of any other State, has any evidence to show that "Kingfisher" or any other tried and true correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM professes one thing in print and practices the reverse in the woods, he is invited to send it in. We are always ready to expose anything of this sort, but we do not propose to take away any man's good name without reason.

The "Kingfishers" are not jail-birds.

ST. LOUIS.

THE St. Louis convention of sportsmen, game dealers and fish commissioners will be held next week, beginning Tuesday. The meeting will be watched with great interest, and it is to be hoped that some practical advance in the methods of efficient game protection will be made. There will be so many diverse interests and opinions to be harmonized, that no immediate result of great moment can reasonably be looked for. The sportsmen and the fish commissioners may agree on most points, but the greatest difficulty will be encountered when any attempt is made to enlist the cooperation of the market dealers in anything like efficient and sufficient restrictions of game killing and selling. The sportsmen who are going to St. Louis will not make a mistake in exercising every precaution to keep the work of the meeting strictly on the line of the interest of proper game protection. There will be, of course, a very enjoyable series of trap-shooting matches. But the persons who are attracted by these matches will not be likely to show themselves equipped with any well-digested schemes of game protection, and the practical results of the convention will not be greatly advanced by them.

THE CREEDMOOR MEET.—We are glad to see that the liberal policy of the Directors of the National Rifle Association in making up the fall meeting programme has been appreciated by the marksmen, and that so far as appearances go the thireenth fall gathering at Creedmoor is a success. The weather has been variable, but on the whole good. In our next issue we shall give full details of the meeting as far as possible, to the time of going to press, noting the conditions of each match and the full scores of winners and other leaders in the competitions.

THE WOODS.—The woods are beginning to change their hue of green for the brighter colors of the autumn, yet how few of the dwellers in town and city ever think of going out to the hills and mountains to behold this autumnal splendor. Why is it that while as a rule men and women care nothing for the charms of nature, as open to them in every neighboring woodland, they will hurry and scurry in indecent haste to those same woods to gaze stupidly at the spot where a murder has been committed?

THE FORESTRY CONGRESS, now in session at Boston, is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

REFLECTIONS.

I STUMBLED on a woodland pool one day
Deep in the wildwood, 'neath a mighty rock
That overhung as though the tiny shock
Of bird-feet might o'erbalance. One light ray
Shone through the branches bright, and, dazzling, lay
White as a diamond flash upon the loch.
The sleepy trees, nid-nodding, seemed to stand
Upon a narrow ledge, with space below,
Through which more trees grew downward, as would grow
The woodland of some unknown fairyland,
Trees in some strange, far-off antipodes;
While every shade among the leaves above,
From scarlet maple to the breast of dove,
Gleamed from the mirror undisturbed by breeze.

JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

A RECENT EPISODE.

AT THE present time of writing, I confess to a certain degree of fellow feeling with that despised individual, the tramp. I can understand his dislike for active work, his continued tendency toward complete idleness, and disposition to wander listlessly from place to place. And last, but not least, his penchant for wearing shabby clothes, in which, without fear of soilful consequences, he can throw himself down upon mother earth regardless of time or place.

For am I not to a certain degree a sort of maritime tramp in blue shirt and well worn apparel? Do I not take an indolent pleasure in doing nothing with all the inactivity of which I am at present capable? Do not I dawdle listlessly from the bow to the stern of the sailing vessel on which a few of us are taking our vacation trip to far away Labrador, and experience a positive pleasure in casting myself recklessly on the not over clean deck in the sunshine, or in hoisting myself tentatively on the nearest water cask with a view of discovering the most comfortable lounging place?

Wind and fog bound, the Polar Star is lying at anchor in what is locally known as Little Bras d'Or Lake, in contradistinction to Big Bras d'Or, from which the former is divided by a long island called Bouladerie. The Bras d'Or lakes are the wider parts of certain intricate passages or straits which, extending through almost the entire length of Bape Bréton Island, are entered from the Atlantic Ocean on the south and empty into the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north. Perfectly land-locked, the picturesque scenery on either hand makes the passage through them with a fair wind one of the most charming trips imaginable.

"Why called Bras d'Or (Arm of Gold), Captain?" I inquire, as the swarthy-featured Acadian sailing master of the Polar Star approaches with a wooden pipe between his white teeth and both hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"J'n sais pas," is the brief answer, for Captain Baudét is not only a man of few words, but, moreover, is inwardly chafing at our enforced delay, being in a hurry to complete the voyage and return to his family.

The Student, who, standing at the rail, is catching rock cod as fast as he can pull them in, directs my attention by a brief gesture to the bluffs of red and brown sandstone which rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of from two to three hundred feet. Over their rounding summits and in places extending half way adown the sides of the cliffs are patches of intensely green verdure in fine and strong contrast to their reddish-brown background.

The western sun, with its cloud-wreathing of purple and crimson, is preparing for its evening plunge in the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which lies far-reaching and beautiful before us, and as it gradually touches the rim of the horizon sends forth a wondrous glow which bathes the cliffs of Little Bras d'Or in a flood of tawny gold.

"Some—'er hundreds of years ago," remarks the Student, who, evidently rather lame in his chronology, supplies the lack thereof by a vividness of imagination that is quite remarkable in one so young, "a shallop, manned by a company of hardy voyagers from Brittany, dropped anchor after a long and tempestuous voyage in, well, I—I—think," said the Student, fingering his line rather nervously and glancing about him a little hesitatingly as one who could not locate the precise spot within, say, a fathom or two, "in the immediate vicinity of our present anchorage."

"Here, here," softly remarked the Professor, as he unhooked, not a cod, but a handsome three-pound salt-water trout with an air of affected indifference.

"The sun was setting as they furled their sails," continued the Student, affecting not to hear the Professor, "and as their eyes rested upon a picture similar to that [with a nod shoreward], one of their number, with poetic enthusiasm peculiar to his race, shouted 'Bras d'or!' and this was the origin of the name."

I saw by the play of the Historian's expressive features as he washed his hands in a bucket of salt water that he was preparing to come down, so to speak, on the unfortunate Student with such an array of names, dates and historical facts as would cover him with confusion as with a garment, and felt intensely relieved as the summons to dinner sounded forth from aft.

I lingered a little for a final glance. The golden gleams of sunset gave place to a rosy afterglow, such as one sometimes sees on canvas in De Haas's best moods. On the opposite side of the straits, bathed in the ruddy coloring of the dying day, green fields alternating with forests of stunted fir and pine, slope steeply downward from a range of lofty hills which extending southward blend hazily and are lost in the now fast gathering twilight. The light spots here and there at intervals of a half or three-quarters of a mile, showing dimly against the background of green, are the white-washed farmhouses on the Bouladerie side of the island. Our Celtic pilot, a red-visaged fisherman, wearing a "jersey" and long sea boots into the tops of which are tucked his moleskin trousers, informs me in a vernacular peculiar to the locality that "yon's ta' church, and ta' store be a bit fur'der do'on, but she's she't the no'o for t' man wha' k'eps her have ga'ne t' fishin' banks t' sayson."

On the following morning we all go ashore. Two miles to the post office, which is in effect a corner cupboard in a farmhouse kitchen. It brings vividly to mind an extract from one of John Phœnix's descriptions of a small California town: "There is a post office there, where I once saw a man call for a letter, receive it, and walk away chuckling." The mail in midsummer arrives and leaves twice a month. The rest of the year it may or may not arrive once in two months, according to the severity of the winter and thickness of the ice.

Hospitality among the Cape Breton Islanders begins with the heartiest of welcomes to the stranger, and advancing by easy stages to a liquid form in the shape of huge bowls of rich creamy milk, winds up with the innumerable questioning regarding "the news," peculiar to a people who, to a certain extent, are isolated from the world. Before we left, the Professor (who is somewhat of an invalid) had surrounded seven glasses of the lacteal fluid, and as he afterward said, had answered by actual count, 107 distinct questions. After which, declaring himself too full for further utterance, he gave the signal for departure.

When we reach the Polar Star we find the Sportsman, who has also been ashore but in another direction, sitting on the top of the little "trunk" cabin, overhauling a most comprehensive assortment of rainbow hued flies, silk lines, gut leaders and all the piscatorial paraphernalia so dear to the heart of those who follow—even a long way off—in the footprints of gentle Izaak Walton.

The Sportsman, who is a short thick-set man, with a thick brown beard and a keen gray eye, hath a fashion of clipping his speech as short as may be, and the while speaking as rapidly as Phillips Brooks, though perhaps not quite as eloquently. He looks up as we clamber over the vessel's side.

"Say, fellers," he remarks, with a painful disregard of the proprieties of grammar, and of the respect due to two professors of as many different colleges, a live author, a historian and eke the present writer, "saw the daisiest double 'Greener' 's forenoon ever feller put to 's shoulder."

"Daisiest double Greener," interrogatively echoes the youngest professor with a puzzled look. And as he feebly scratches his head with the point of the pencil which, with his note book, he has drawn from his pocket, I fancy that he vaguely connects the "daisiest, etc.," with some new botanical specimen.

"Yes, sir," continues the Sportsman, carefully examining the tip of his favorite split bamboo rod, "Cap'n of that little forty-tonner just round the point owns it—told me he grappled it up from wreck of ship Lord Duf'rin, that went ashore on No Name Ledges last October—all hands lost, bodies washed up, and all buried in one grave just above high-water mark. Aint much on poetry myself," the Sportsman modestly admits as he pulls a soiled envelope, on the blank side of which are some lines scrawled in pencil, "but some one's stuck up a wooden head board over the grave, and cut this verse, that I thought was—er—mighty pathetic and all that sort of thing."

Clearing his throat, the Sportsman glances at our expectant faces, and reads in the singsong voice peculiar to the youth who attend the country schools as follows:

"Pause, stranger, pause as you are passing by,
And view the place where sixteen bodies lie.
The ship Lord Dufferin with her gallant crew
Struck No-name ledges and was split in two
October twenty-first, in 1883,
They perished all in one tremendous sea.
Weep for their wives and children and for the parents dear,
Whose husbands, sons and brothers at rest lie sleeping here.
Prepare ye too, for death, for come to you it may,
As sudden as to this bold crew, like them ye are but clay."

"What an elocutionist he would have made," remarks the Professor of Natural History at a college in a very audible aside, with evident reference to the Sportsman, who affecting not to hear the remark, looks, nevertheless, immensely gratified as he pockets the crumpled envelope, and with the aid of his fingers and strong white teeth, begins clearing the twists in a badly mixed salmon line, which of course, with what some one has called "the total depravity of inaminate objects," persists in "snarling" worse than ever thereby, establishing a precedent for the Sportsman himself, whose muttered "confound the thing!" draws from the Historian a cruel paraphrase of the words of Cap'n Jack Bunsby: "If knot, whine not," having perpetrated which, he retreats rapidly for'ard followed by abusive epithets and a heavy rubber boot.

"Rum old bird the skipper of that little forty-ton schooner is," again remarks the Sportsman, who, having at last cleared his line, is deftly coiling it in readiness for winding it on his reel. "He and one man run the schooner; they've just now got back from a trip up to the nor'west coast of Greenland."

The Student gives an involuntary sniff; not, be it remembered, as expressive of unbelief in the Sportsman's statement, but by reason of an appetizing odor which is wafted aft from the suddenly opened galley door, where a dozen or more curlew, shot the evening before, are stewing, while at the same time certain slices of an eight-pound salmon (price twenty cents) taken in a set net within half a cable's length of the schooner, are broiling and sputtering over the coals.

"Well," absently asks the Student, stifling a faint sigh as the galley door is pulled suddenly to, "What did they go up to Greenland for—pleasure?"

"Oh, of course," ironically observes the Author before the Sportsman could make a reply, "Twenty odd days among icebergs and white bears and—and things, with the mercury in the thermometer considerably below zero, would be nothing but a pleasure trip for two men in a forty-ton schooner."

"Tradin' voyage with the natives and Indians on the coast," explains the Sportsman, ignoring the Author's mild sarcasm at the Student's expense. "They carried up tobacco and notions, and brought back seal skins and oil, feathers, moccasins and all sorts of truck; 'mong other things they've got nigh a half a hold full of peck baskets that'll hold water; cost 'em in trade 'bout six cents a piece—low enough, eh?"

"Low the poor Indian," murmurs the Historian, who has rejoined our little group, but the equivoque meets with the silent scorn it merits, and, encouraged by the attention given to his remarks, the Sportsman again takes up his parable, and gives us various bits of information derived from his interview with Captain Lechapel.

How the Captain only the day before had "stopped" six wild geese with the right-hand barrel of the Greener and six with the other (whistle of incredulity from three distinct sources); of the condition of the brant in the spring, whereby when shot on the wing and falling on the ice they burst asunder by reason of extreme fatness; of the tame brant used by the sportsmen at Port-à-Pré, which are sent out into the harbor, and, having tolled their wild brethren within gunshot, get themselves rapidly out of range of the death-dealing gun, whose owner lies *perdu* behind a blind on the shore—

"Dinner, gentlemen!"

* * * * * *

"Well," remarks the Professor, surreptitiously wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his blue flannel shirt as we emerge from the cabin half an hour later, "to paraphrase old

what's-his-name's laudation of the strawberry, 'God might have made a more delicious fish than the salmon, but He never did.'" And so said we all of us. But the broiled curlew was one of those culinary triumphs, to express the enjoyment of which the English language is utterly inadequate. Selah. The head wind still continues. No hope of getting under way this afternoon. Far ahead of us the white-capped waves of the Bay of St. Lawrence shone irregularly against the clear, steely blue of the horizon. On the port hand Cape Smoke stretches far out into the bay, its fir-crowned summit wreathed with the vaporous clouds which probably suggested its name. All hands are ennuied. Even codfishing from deck has become monotonous; the fish bite too freely.

All but myself go below. One to write up his journal, another to add a page or two to his week-ago-begun letter to her, a third to some needful mending, and a fourth to peaceful slumber. I stealthily smuggle my seventy-five-cent fish rod with its ten-cent line, two-cent sinker and one-cent hook into the dingey alongside, as Captain Budrot, a swarthy Acadian with glittering black eyes, dilapidated apparel, and small gold hoops in the lobes of his brown ears, comes on deck, glances with a shoulder shrug at the compass, then at the fluttering tell-tale at the masthead, and turns abruptly on his heel, humming a quaint old French tune, of which I only catch the words of the refrain:

"Ayez, ayez, pitié mon chagrin.
Ma pauvre femme et mes enfants,"

by way, as I imagine, of expressing his impatience at our enforced delay. Meanwhile I drop into the dingey, and casting off the painter pull lustily for the pebbly shore, bestrewn with seaweed, fish heads, driftwood and the usual debris that designates high water mark along the coast.

Half an hour later I am digging for worms under the small building called by courtesy a stable appertaining to the nearest house, an unpainted one-story building of spruce logs chinked with moss and banked with turf. It must be a very early bird that could catch a worm in Cape Breton Island, for in vain do I dig and turn over rocks or logs. Good St. Patrick must surely in by-gone days have cast his ban upon the soil in this respect, and I give up in despair.

A small boy in dilapidated shirt and tow trowsers, gives me a "pointer" on the nature of bait to be used in Cape Breton Island streams, and as fortune wills it, a quarter of mutton is hanging in one corner of the one room that comprises the Cape Breton farmer's dwelling house.

Provided with bait I sally forth. One has not far to go to the island to find a trout brook. Not the wide, dark stream, with its steady current and steep falls flowing swiftly but smoothly on to the sea. No, the fisherman must content himself with following up with infinite difficulty, owing to underbrush, overhanging boughs, rotting tree trunks, beds of dwarf spruce and steep banks, a brawling, rollicking, noisy little brook, scarce five feet wide, as it comes laughing and gurgling down from the steep rocky incline on its journey toward some primitive sawmill in the valley below.

I am absent from the Polar Star rather less than two hours, and when once more I stand on deck, I bear in my good right hand about forty trout, the largest thereof weighing nearly half a pound, but the majority less than a quarter. Great is the piscatorial excitement among the ship's company, particularly in the case of the dual professors, who, in company, have for two seasons whipped the Adirondack lakes and streams together, while the Sportsman's lines have been cast in pleasant places throughout the length and breadth of the land. All needful and many needless fishing appurtenances are collected in hot haste, and a few moments later, three fishermen might have been seen rowing vigorously toward a tumble-down pier, where a small dismantled fishing vessel lay moored to the rotten piling.

I am not naturally of a revengeful nature. But I have in mind certain mild jeers and pointed jokes which during the voyage have more than once been directed at my somewhat primitive fishing rod and tackle, not to mention divers invidious comparisons between the same and those of my more scientific *compagnons de voyage*. And a sound not unlike a chuckle escapes my lips as I watch the trio make their way inland after leaving the boat; for the Bouladerie trout have never been educated up to an appreciation of an artificial fly. This I have learned from the oldest inhabitant, whom I happened to meet while on his way to the mill five miles distant, while I myself was on shore.

"They feller's ca'as 'emselves too'rists co'oms 'ere from Baddeck so'omtoimes," remarked the O. I. in acknowledgment of a respectful question and a gift of tobacco, "an' they throshes t' brooks wi' their new-fangled flois me'd o' red fet'hers an' a' tho't, but the tro'ot hereabo'ots bea'nt sich danged fools—they'll to'och naught but baits—a tro'ots eye's t' best bait i' th' warld;" and wishing me good day the sturdy old Yorkshireman, who had lived on Bouladerie thirty-five years without ever having visited the mainland, had gone on his way.

About sundown the boat and its occupants pull alongside, to whom I at once lower a half-bushel basket to receive the afternoon's "catch," and so verbally notify them.

Prof. B. is one of the most gentlemanly and correct spoken of young men, but unless my ears deceive me he alludes to the wicker receptacle as "that blanked" thing and rather peremptorily desires me to get it out of the way, which with a look of injured surprise I proceed to do. Prof. A., who is first on deck, casts a darkling glance at me, but speaks no word. The Sportsman with his hat over his eyes bangs his fishing rod on deck and strides forward, muttering something inaudible under his breath. The professors silently collect their fishing tackle, together with two small trout strung on an alder twig.

The Historian and the Author, paralyzed with astonishment, ply them with many questionings, but their answers are vague and unsatisfactory. Prof. A. declares that he lost his book of flies, and pulled his leaders off in a witch hazel bush. Prof. B. said that he knew all along that he'd taken the wrong colors for his flies, but was in such a hurry, etc. Presently, moody of brow and uttering audible anathemas against the Bras d'Or lakes, Bouladerie Island and its trout streams, together with an emphatic—not to say mildly profane—diatribe directed at matters and things in general, having thus relieved himself the Sportsman cooled off sufficiently to narrate his afternoon's experience, which in substance was this: In climbing the first fence that he encountered on his way to the nearest brook, he managed to fall from the top rail so expeditiously as to break the second joint of his rod, set his nose to bleeding and bruise his shins in an unpleasant manner. Contriving to splice the break, he finally reached the stream which was at the bottom of a steep ravine whose almost perpendicular sides were choked with fallen tree trunks and rotting branches, while the stream itself was thickly bordered with a heavy growth of alder and scrub pines.

The first cast of his fly landed leader and all in the branches of a birch tree with surprising ease.

Too mad to climb the tree, and tortured by several trillions of black flies (for the wind had all died out), he "yanked" at the line so hard as to pull the splice apart. Then, after leaving part of his line in the birch, and finding after further trial that fly fishing was simply an impossibility amid so much underbrush, the Sportsman inserting the tip into the first joint of his rod, and wedging it tightly, found some grubs under a dead log, baited his hook and followed the brook for a mile and a half, and after punching a hole in one rubber boot by stepping on a sharp stick, and plunging knee deep in a quagmire, the Sportsman reached the road. Here he encountered the oldest inhabitant returning from the mill, who, after regarding him with mild astonishment when he learned that the Sportsman had been fishing in McCloskey's brook, casually mentioned the fact that said streamlet had never contained the finny prey he sought, or to use his own phraseology: "Nobody 'n th' island ever know'd of trouts bein' saw in ta' stream yon'." And in great bitterness of spirit the Sportsman had returned to the boat and come on board in what our French (Canadian) cook mentioned afterward as "z'e très mauvais tempaire."

"Look here," turning suddenly to the writer, "Where did you get your trout?"

"Little stream this side of the one where you were fishing," is my answer.

Then from the rest came a shower of questions, did I use the yellow hackle, a brown Bess, or was my success achieved by using bait? If so, did said bait consist of worms, grubs, caddis, rubber helgramites?"

"Gentlemen," I reply, checking the flow of interrogations, "there is no secret in the matter. I learned from the oldest inhabitant that fly fishing has been tried in vain by hundreds of fishermen without the slightest success, therefore, reverting to first principles, I used a bait peculiar to this section of the country."

"And that was—," chorused the trio.

"Sheep's liver," I answered, with unruffled composure, and the hollow groans from the

"Three fishermen who traveled far into the west,
Into the west 'ere the sun went down,"

testified to their several opinions regarding my unsportsmanlike action. But on the following morning all was forgotten when we all sat down to a banquet of crisply browned trout, while the Polar Star with anchor aweigh and an eight-knot breeze on the quarter went bowling over the long blue reaches of water across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, bound for far away, bleak, desolate Labrador. FRANK H. CONVERSE.

UPPER CHATEAUGAY LAKE.

THE summer of 1885 will be famous in the Adirondacks for the number of people who have visited those mountains. No previous year will compare with it. Most of these visitors have entered either by the southern route (the Adirondack Railroad) or by Newport or Port Kent, on Lake Champlain; but how few of these many thousands of visitors passed north of Au Sable Charm. Their knowledge of the Wilderness is confined to the St. Regis, the Upper and Lower Saranacs, Big and Little Tupper, Long, Raquette and Blue Mountain lakes. These waters are without doubt all beautiful, and the mountains surrounding them are the finest in the woods, but the solitude that pervaded them twelve or fifteen years ago is gone; the hotels and camping parties are too numerous, and the deer and fish are no longer there. If some of the many who are fond of sporting would turn their footsteps northward and visit Loon Lake, and later take in Chazy and the Upper Chateaugay, they would be amply repaid for their trouble. I have for the last two weeks been on the waters of the latter lake. Last summer I spent a month in the Yellowstone country and the Big Horn Cañon, but I have seen more game in the last two weeks than I saw there in a month. One can see deer any day, and bear signs are very plentiful. Snipe, wood ducks and black ducks are quite numerous.

The Southern Inlet drains the W Mountains and the whole country to the north. Through here there are no lumbermen's camps to drive away the deer, and as under the law no dogs are allowed to hound them, accessibility to their feeding grounds is of prime importance. Dick Shutts, who keeps the hotel at Indian Point, Upper Chateaugay, takes great pride in the amount of game that he can show his visitors. The most intelligent man I have ever met in the woods, he is also the most industrious. His salt licks over a large extent of country are kept well supplied with salt and the deer frequent them in large numbers. The writer of this shot a large black bear there a few days ago, at the base of the W Mountains, and bear tracks are very plentiful all through the woods.

The fishing in the spring I am told is excellent. Salmon trout from 12 to 15 pounds are frequently caught, and whitefish are of equal size. The trout up the Southern and Stony inlets are very plentiful.

There is not a prettier lake in the woods than the Upper Chateaugay, and as very few people visit it, so to the sportsman is it by so much the more attractive. I am confident that any of your readers who may visit it will be amply repaid for their trouble. S. C. R.

INDIAN POINT, Upper Chateaugay Lake, Sept. 19.

REED'S BAY.

I WELL know that the FOREST AND STREAM is always willing to give to its readers such information as will enable them to spend a few days or weeks pleasantly and insure them the sport of which they are in quest. If I know a spot where fish and game are abundant it seems but fair to my fellow sportsmen that I should give them a chance to profit by my knowledge. I do know such a spot, and if details do not prove too tiresome, he who takes advantage of the information gained and acts upon it, will I assure him, have a delightful and successful trip.

Leaving New York by the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, either by the morning or night train, as time permits, the traveler is transferred without change to Cape Vincent, where ends his journey by rail. If he has the time at his disposal the trip may be made by daylight without regret, as the way lies through a fertile country and presents ever changing scenes of which the eye never tires. At the Cape a good and reliable boatman may be engaged, and after a charming row of about twelve miles in one of the trim St. Lawrence skiffs the tourist will find himself at Reed's Bay, and here his journey ends and his sport begins. Mr. J. J. Conley has a house where he can accommodate a goodly number, and to those who fall into his hands he extends a bountiful table and pleasant courtesy.

The bay is a deep indentation into Wolfe Island, Ontario, made by Lake Ontario. There is scarcely any depth of water and the bottom is of rock, making it a resort for great quantities of black bass. In fact it seems a regular summer watering place, where they come and bring their families. The fishing is good in all kinds of weather, and the fish seem to be in a regular state of starvation, morning, noon and night. The usual manner of taking them is by drifting with a minnow, although I found that on the shoals they took the fly well.

In three afternoons I took 128 bass, weighing over 150 pounds. One gentleman and his son, in about five weeks' fishing, captured 990. I have no record of the weight. The beauty of the fishing here is that in the first place you are always in sight of the house, to which one can return for dinner, and thus avoid also a long row to and from the fishing grounds; secondly, one does not feel like a butcher if he has extra good luck. Suppose you get a catch of fifty pounds or more in a day, or even half a day, are the fish wasted? By no means. There is plenty of ice on the premises, and at Cape Vincent is a fish house where every pound that is taken is bought at four cents per pound, making a nice extra for your boatman, and causing him to be as anxious as yourself that you have good luck.

I have made several trips to the place this summer, and not once have I come away dissatisfied. My last expedition I had but a few days to spare and did not try the fishing, but devoted my entire time to shooting. It was the first week in September and I was a little early to get the plover, as the flight had but just begun. I managed, however, to get long shots at three flocks and bagged about a dozen. The best sport, however, was in pushing through the marshes for duck, and in this I was more successful, making a good bag of black and woodducks. I also saw one small flock of green-winged teal, four of them there were, and I thinned it down to two, the remaining pair making a very delicious broil for supper. Later in the season I am told that one gets good decoy shooting, and also that a great many geese come there. But little shooting is indulged in by the inhabitants, as their farming duties do not allow them the time, and besides, there are very few of them as the region is not thickly settled. I am sure that any one who tries Reed's Bay, either for its fishing or shooting, will return from there well satisfied with his success. CYP.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HOW MANY NESTS?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the following notes and queries in the hope that some of your bird-loving readers that know more of ornithology than I do will give me their experience.

I have taken some pains during the past spring and summer, not only to identify the returning birds, but to try and satisfy myself in respect to the number of nests that they build or broods that they raise. Of course my observations have been confined to the narrow limits of the place where I live, and must therefore be taken in a restricted sense.

The first nest that I found this year as usual was a song sparrow's (*Melospiza fasciata*). I had fed some four or five of these birds during the inclement weather of last winter, and expected to have my reward in their lisping songs of the earliest spring. I also wanted to see if instead of allowing them to go further north in the summer time to breed I could not persuade them to remain here. In both of these respects too, I think I have succeeded. I have heard their unpretending song since Feb. 25, and this is now Aug. 4. I think, too, that I have the same birds that I fed during the winter. To be sure, of this one cannot be actually certain, since sparrows of the same species are as much alike as two peas of the same kind. But I will give my observations and your readers must judge of whether my conclusions are correct.

As I have said, the first nest that I found was that of a song sparrow. This was back of my woodshed under a tuft of grass that grew on the side of the bank and perhaps thirty or forty feet from the place where I used to feed the birds in the winter. I found this nest on May 5. It had then five eggs in it, and about a week after the mother hatched out five young birds. No cowbirds had found this nesting place. If they had I would have pitched their egg out or wrung the neck of the interloping young one.

There were two peculiarities that I noticed about this bird. One was that when I came near her nest and she skulked off, she would immediately fly up and light on a twig three or four yards away, and watch me in perfect silence as I peered into her nest. And another singular thing, as I considered it, was the fact that I might take any number of my young friends to the nest and show them her brood, with their long necks and gaping mouths, while she would assume the same position on the twig and never utter a chirp. This I considered most remarkable, as all birds exhibit their alarm when there are young ones in the nest, though the older these are the more alarm they exhibit. To this I might add there was a degree of familiarity in the parent birds as they hunted industriously around the flower beds on the lawn and near me that can hardly be described. It seemed to say, "We know each other."

But a fortnight after these birds were hatched, I saw this same bird (at least I considered it the same) building a nest among the blackberry bushes, only a few yards away from the old nest on the bank. This nest was hatched in due time. And now the same birds (I suppose) are feeding a third brood in the field across the way. The male bird never seems to consider himself so busy even yet that if he sees me sitting on the piazza, he has not time to mount up to the top of a spruce or horse chestnut, and give me a song. But perhaps it is because if I happen to notice him around, I mock his lisping note, and this suggests it to him. The latest that I have ever found a song sparrow's nest was on the 5th of August.

Next in order comes my robin (*Turdus migratoria*). Two pairs of these birds, with their fresh brick-colored breast, were around last year and two are here this. One pair fed more at the side and in the rear of the house, and the other pair in front (that is when they were not engaged in feeding their young and had to go far in their foraging), and so they have fed this summer. I ought to have said before though, that there is neither cat nor dog around this house, except as the pets of our neighbors visit us.

The first I saw of these robins was on the 29th of March, and then only one. It was a few days later when the females arrived, and then I found I had both males here. On the 19th of April one pair of the birds commenced building in the same spruce tree that they occupied last year, and near the place of their old nest. The young of this laying were fledged the 21st of May. I was away from home the last week in May and a part of the first week in June, and on my return I found a second nest in the apple tree that stands about twelve yards from the house. It was up quite high among the thick branches in the crown of the tree. This nest was fledged on the 3d of July, and on the 7th of the same month I saw the pair building again. This time they went just across the road, about ten yards from their second nest. They are feeding this brood now (Aug. 4), and as the young are beginning to peep, I think they will be fledged in less than a week.

Meanwhile, the second pair of robins built their first nest in a little cedar tree that stands back of the shed. Then a second one just across the road, and now they are feeding a third brood (as I suppose) in a nest built in the same tree as number one occupied in their second building, or perhaps number two may be across the road, while number one has a third nest within ten feet of the second that they built. But naturalists must judge of this. I give the facts as they are.

And now my reasons for thinking that these are the same birds that were here last summer and the same birds that have been around the house all this season. Before the female arrived I used to see a fine black-throated male on my lawn and near the spruce tree, where the nest was a year ago and a year before that. He would sing morning and evening, but not very much. It was not until the female arrived that his whole song appeared to come out, and he thought it necessary to call *teve-teve-teve* as he flew from one place to another. But the tree and the lawn seemed especially attractive to this bird and there was a battle at once if any robin presumed to alight on his possessions, as he seemed to esteem them. Indeed many a fight and many a chase have I witnessed in front of the window where I am now writing. And many a "night walker" or angle worm have I seen pulled from the lawn while I stood at the window as Mr. or Mrs. Robin, not five yards away, would turn their heads from side to side and peer at the sod, and then make a dash, when after a few tugs out would come a worm that seemed to me large enough to more than fill a robin's crop. Sometimes the birds appeared almost as though they wanted to show me the science of catching angle worms, and this familiarity has continued during the summer. Though I have thought that since there are more people around the house or they had young ones to feed that the birds were not quite so tame as they were in the early summer. The only time that I can remember them exhibiting any particular fear of me was when I first used the lawn mower. I then came out with a straw hat on, and as I passed near the tree where their young brood was growing they commenced calling in their most distressing notes. I once left the mower and went to looking around by the fence to see if there was a cat or a dog near (for both pair have learned to call me when help is required), and then I looked up the tree thinking that a squirrel might be threatening their young, but no, nothing could I find, while both birds within a few yards of my head looked angry and anxious as their eyes sparkled in the sunshine. Nor was it until a branch touched my hat that I guessed at the correct reason. They were afraid of the hat. It was something new. But all this has passed with them now and we are on the best of terms.

The next bird that I have noticed somewhat particularly is a Baltimore oriole (*Icterus galbula*). One of these bright-plumaged fellows has built for three years at the end of a limb on the apple tree spoken of in connection with the robins. The robins have occupied the crown of the tree, while the end of a branch that hangs over the road has satisfied his wants. I take the pair to be the same birds. They are just as tame as ever they were. We talk and laugh and read not more than twelve yards perhaps from the nest. I saw the young ones climb out of their home and many a time did my best to make the old birds think that I had one in my hand. So I served the robins, too; and although I could make strange birds anxious, I seemed to be incapable of disconcerting these.

The male oriole arrived on the 11th of May, I did not see the female until the next day, and on the 15th the pair commenced to build. The young were fledged on the 7th of July. I have never known orioles to build a second nest, except when the first one was destroyed. This happened this year to a second pair that I have around here. They built their first nest at the end of a pear-tree limb, just opposite my gate on the other side of the road. It was a fine nest and quite conspicuous. The consequence was that, while I was at church one Sunday, some mischievous boys that live near her went up and cut off the branch and took away the nest. The same bird, I take it, then went over in my neighbor's orchard, where boys cannot come, and there built and reared her young. I used to hear the youngsters calling for food during a part of the second and third week in July.

An orchard oriole (*Icterus spurius*) built in a maple by my woodshed. So far as I have learned they only build one nest too. This pair succeeded in rearing their brood. They were fledged the second week in July.

A pair of catbirds (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) have been here for three years. I think they are the same ones. They are as tame as the other birds. Their first nest was back of the shed among the blackberry bushes, and there is now another across the way. I do not think they have made more than two nests.

Then a pair of thrushes (*Hylocichla mustelina*) have built near me, but none that I know of this year upon my ground. Their first nest was in the rear of the woodshed over among the cedars, and the second in my neighbor's orchard. They are just through with their second nesting. They seem to regard the ground under my spruce trees as their especial province, and the male during the summer has favored me with his sweetest trills. I was very much pleased to find him the first morning after his arrival, May 6, sitting on a limb of a cherry tree near his old nest, picking and pluming his feathers. Poor fellow, he looked tired, and as I came down the hill and stood within three yards of him and watched his movements, he hardly seemed to notice my presence. I went away without disturbing him. I claim the birds as mine, and think they have made their home here for three years.

Song sparrows and robins are the only ones that it seems to me raise three broods, and this only when they are protected, and not always then, perhaps.

The robins that are feeding their young do no seem to be moulting yet, nor is their plumage much faded. They gave up singing on the 28th of July, very much as Bicknell says, and so did the catbird. I have listened for them in the early morning, and at night and at noonday, but not a song note except once, and that at a distance. Occasionally I hear the song sparrow yet, and sometimes a few notes from the purple finch, but otherwise the trees are silent.

I am not sure but that the robins that have been raised around here are around here still. They frequent the mulberry trees, especially in the early morning, and as these gave out I see they are taking to the wild cherries. Poor things, it is not long that they will enjoy immunity from the shotgun now. A. H. G.

Scarborough, N. Y.

A FLORIDA WHIP-SCORPION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send herewith drawings of a remarkable bug which is new to me. The drawings are done in my usual felicitous, saw-horsy style, but not bad as to portraiture. Any naturalist who knows the reptile will recognize the likeness. What is it? It is well known to the cracker farmers here, and the testimony as to its venemous qualities is universal. It has almost as many local names as the helgramite. It is the "scrauncher," "mule-killer," "grampus," and "devil-bull-driver." Its reputation as a killer is as well established as that of the water moccasin, or the diamond rattlesnake.

I have been much interested in this reptile, and have taken some pains to investigate his habits, and learn all I could of him by interviewing old coasters, spongers, hunters, fishermen, etc., men whose lives have been mainly passed in the woods and waters of Florida—men, let me say just here, who do not lie when they talk of what they have seen, men who have no occasion to lie, men who were all through the Indian war, and helped to build and defend the forts in the Everglades, to cut roads through the interminable swamps, and hunt Billy Bowlegs—with no hope of ever catching him—for months on end. Such men have a fund of actual and interesting fact to draw on that relegates the most scientific liar to the back seats of story telling. And most of them have a personal knowledge of incidents confirming the reputation of the "mule-killer" as a deadly reptile, quite as poisonous as the rattlesnake, and infinitely more so than the black scorpion. Of the stories told me about him, I will briefly repeat a few that are true, if evidence proves anything.

A small party of road makers were at work on the Anclote in a cold, wet time in winter. They had a pair of mules, and it became necessary to ride one of them pretty hard in the early morning. Returning to camp the rider hastily dismounted, picked up a damp blanket and buckled it around the sweaty animal. Almost immediately the mule began to plunge and kick frantically, then it lay down and rolled on the ground in agony. The blanket was quickly removed and a large "mule killer" or "scrauncher" was found firmly fastened by its formidable claws to the mule's back, with its sting deeply inserted. It took some force to knock the reptile loose, and the mule died in an hour.

On the same side of the Anclote, a few miles higher up, a horse was blanketed, with a "scrauncher" under the blanket. The horse was stung and lived but a short time.

A well-known cattle buyer of this coast was riding a young mare through the "flat woods" when, in crossing a palmetto bog-head, the mare began to plunge and kick furiously. Thinking she might be snake-bitten, the gentleman dismounted and found a "scrauncher" sticking by sting and claws to the mare's hind leg. Energetic kicking had failed to break his hold, which was just above the hoof, and as in the other cases death resulted in an hour or two.

These cases are all recent and came under the observation of the narrators. There are many others, some of them including the deaths of human beings. But the above will do. I send rough drawings by this mail, and by next mail I will send the veritable "scrauncher" alive and ready for business. Look out for him. I want to know what the savans will say to him. Probably they know all about him, or will say so. They are not going to give themselves away by confessing ignorance to the ignorant. I have had the reptile before me on the table where I write for some days, under a large glass cover, and have almost become attached to him. He is rather an amiable devil. Perfectly tame and quiet when well used (unlike the scorpions I have had, which go restlessly about, with elevated tails and a rabid desire to sting the world in general). Just now he is calmly taking his morning drink from a tin pill-box cover. He has had his breakfast of big horse flies and "man-eater" bugs, and he feeds greedily.

By the way, I will send two or three "man-eaters" in an envelope in this letter. They are the fellows that invade your peaceful Florida couch at night, drawing more blood than you can well spare, and leaving a painful swollen lump that itches and burns for days. I have caught as many as eight about my bedding in the early morning. I think he is of the *Chinch* family. Am I right? Anyhow, it is a satisfaction to catch him in the morning and put him under glass with the "scrauncher." It is quite amusing to see the catlike manner in which the latter goes for him, and the leisurely way he eats him up.

Put the "scrauncher" under a large glass on the table where you write editorials. He is an inspiration. When you are tired and want a little diversion, put a lively cockroach or a big fly under the glass with him. It makes quite a circus. His apparent stupidity arises from the fact that he cannot see by daylight. But he is quick to hear or feel. If you want to handle him, lift him carefully by the end of his long, hair-like tail. Keep his claws clear, and he is harmless. That is how I caught him.

I wanted to say something about the word cahoots, and also a few words to "Kingfisher," whom I would like and be glad to meet in his well found camp. And I have a report to make about cruising among the Florida Keys in dog days, but can only paddle down in time for the mail.

Use the bug well. And if you have any doubts about his poison qualities get a worthless cur from the dog pound and tie a handkerchief around him with the bug under it. That will tell the story. Nessmuk.

Tarpon Springs, Fla., Aug. 10.

I am just getting over a little fever and a good many bites and a few scorpion stings and a trifle too much sun on my back when paddling and—well no matter, I am tough as whipcord yet, and was out a few days ago with the winner of a Lake George paddling race for a forty-mile cruise down the coast, and I loaned him the Bucktail and took the ten-pound Rushton, and he was always going in swimming and showing me his splendid physique and muscle, and being sorry for me because I was old and my muscle seemed so thin, "and how ever did I manage to keep up? and wasn't it phenomenal, an old man 63, to stand it so well, lying on the sand and paddling all day in the hot sun, etc., etc. And how could I paddle without a back rest?" I grew tired of being pitied, and coming up the coast I sort o' got down on to the spruce to go the way I looked. The dominie—for so he was—complained of the heat and his back, and began to cut off sailboats for a tow, but they were all going to the wrong ports, and he finally wilted, ran ashore and spread himself loose on the sand to rest his back. (The mercury that day stood at 102 in the shade.) At the mouth of the river he "caved" and went into camp with a friend, while I paddled on five miles further up the river. "Old man! thin muscle," hey? We, "Tarpon" and I, bit him up pretty well with yellow flies, man-eaters and mosquitoes. But it would take him a week to get home and he had plenty of time to scratch.

I am very sorry the "poison grampus" or "mule killer" failed to reach you. I sent one to August Koch, of Williamsport, Pa., that went all right, I got his answer yesterday. He is a naturalist of ability, and he says: "This most interesting reptile, *Thelyphonus candatus*, or, in plain English, 'woman killer,' arrived in good health. Brehm, the naturalist, says he is found as well in Asia (and Java) as in the warmer parts of America."

I am doubly sorry you did not get the specimen because just now the "poison grampus" is attracting attention here, and a specimen was recently sent to Washington to settle the question as to poisonous qualities. It was sent by Mr. G. W. Davis, of Orange county, and here is part of the answer: "Department of Entomology, Washington, D. C., June 25, 1885. G. W. Davis, Dear Sir: Your 'grampus' is the so-called gigantic whip-scorpion (*Thelyphonus giganteus*). It is found in Mexico as well as Florida. Its poisonous properties are doubtless exaggerated, and I believe there are no authentic cases of fatal poisoning on record. Respectfully, L. O. Howard, assistant." Thereupon the Tavares *Herald*, published at Tavares, Orange county, Fla., adds triumphantly: "Thus another Florida 'bugaboo' has been sent winding." Oh, has it? And how?

With all respect to the authorities of the entomological department at Washington, let me suggest that such expressions as "I believe" and "doubtless" have no place in a question of science. Science is positive knowledge or it is not science. What do you know of the "whip-scorpion," Mr. Howard? And how do you know there are "no authentic cases of fatal poisoning on record?" I have been at pains to hunt up some "authentic cases," and can furnish them with "proofs strong as holy writ," where mules, horses and human beings died in a few hours, through being infected with the poison of the deadly "grampus."

I will send you another as soon as I can capture one, and the true way to test him is to tie a handkerchief with the "grampus" inside around a worthless cur. Or get the Superintendent of Police to capture a member of a "bridge gang" or "short-tailed gang," and drop the "grampus" down the spine of his back.

And now that I am on the reptile question, what can you tell me of that neat little snake, the "ground rattler?" A sub variety, I take it, of my old favorite, *Crotalus horridus*. A little active, bright-colored fellow, with a tiny set of rattles, about as large as the tip of a well-developed match. He shakes his tail precisely like his larger congener, but with so little result that it is not easy to hear him. He has slender and very sharp fangs, and can strike more times in ten seconds than any other poisonous snake in a full minute. He is not usually fatal. Three cases of his bite on human beings have all recovered. One of them was in this neighborhood about three weeks ago. Another at the Springs, a darkey, bitten on the foot, got well in three weeks. Of three dogs, bitten by the same snake and within a half minute, one died.

He is beautifully marked and spangled with coppery and bronzed patches, light ash-gray and yellowish blotches, and is to my eye a beautiful reptile. I sent a very fine skin for mounting to Mr. A. Koch, of Williamsport, Pa.; but like your "grampus," it has failed to reach. Does the natural history man of Forest and Stream recognize the description or know of a specimen in New York? If not I will send one. I go reptile hunting every week, sometimes every day. But decent snakes for specimens are scarcer than hen's teeth. Nessmuk.

Sept. 10.

[We would appreciate a skin of the ground rattler.]

The Colored Patch in the Crown of the Kingbird.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The theory suggested by Mr. Samuel L. King to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, as to the attracting of bees by the flame-colored patch in the crown of the kingbird (*Tyrannus carolinensis*) is not new. I had heard it before I knew anything of the habits of the bird, but have never yet been able to prove the assertion, although I have watched the bird for years. In the circular issued by the Department of Agriculture in the interest of Economic Ornithology, I could not answer the question "Has any kind of bird been observed to feed upon the honey-bee?" as the circular asks for facts, and I could not give them. During the past August I spent three weeks on Indian River, Jefferson county, this State, and I saw more kingbirds than I ever saw here in a whole year. It was not an unusual sight to see from six to a dozen birds together. I saw five kingbirds and two wood pewees (*Contopus virens*) in a dead treetop that had fallen over the water, and they were all engaged catching flies, and perhaps bees, but I hardly think that the insects were enticed there by the flame-colored patch in the crown of the kingbird; more likely by the many flowers along the bank of the river. As a general thing flycatchers do not wait for insects to come to them, but will go one, two, three and four rods for them. I have seen a kingbird that was sitting in the top of a tree go after a bumble-bee that was enticed within about one hundred feet of the bird, and it had quite a chase before it secured its prey. The kinglets (*Regulus calendula* and *satrapa*) each have the ruby and golden-colored patch in the crown that they can display at will. Do they do so to entice the small insects upon which they feed? I should as soon think so as that the honey-bee is enticed by the colored patch in the crown of the kingbird. —J. L. Davison (Lockport, N. Y., Sept. 19).

Wolves in New Jersey.—Exactly two hundred years ago, on the 4th day of September, according to the town records of Piscataway, Middlesex county, N. J., a bounty of twenty shillings was authorized to be paid to any one killing a wolf in the said township. Who knows when the last wolf was killed in this part of New Jersey?—J. L. K.

Fawn.—A correspondent tells us of a fawn five months old, which can be secured for a pet or some zoölogical garden.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ON THE PLATTE.—II.

THE best of shots have their misses. The best of hunters often make poor bags. One cannot capture game unless the game be there to capture. Such thoughts as these combined no doubt keep the ardent sportsman from taking on a cargo of disgust when he makes a failure on one of his tours, and induce him to try his hand again at the first opportunity and with renewed and redoubled vigor.

The scanty luck attending our first hunt for geese last fall did not discourage us in the least. If possible it made us keener than ever to try it again. So, in the early part of November three of us took cars here at noon and were pulled to Kearney. From thence, that night, we went by the Union Pacific, sixteen miles further on, to the small village of Elm Creek, where we put up at the only hotel in the place, kept by one John Dermody, a pretty clever sort of fellow and who feeds his guests fairly well for that country at $1.50 per day. It was here our two Lincoln friends had stopped the week before, and from which point they radiated to the river Platte for five or six days in making their bag of over one hundred and fifty geese. One of the gentlemen of the present party, Mr. Webster, had been one of the couple on the former occasion and, of course, was pretty well posted about matters and things.

Arranging for a team to carry us down to the river early in the morning and for a breakfast in good time, we soon went to bed; not, however, before learning that geese were quite abundant, and meeting our man Talbot, of Sioux City, who had come up from Foote's with some of his force and his mammoth display of decoys, his dead geese being properly numbered and tagged and shipped by express to his taxidermists in the camp down the river.

Dermody gave us an early breakfast, according to promise, and we reached the river in good time. Selecting places, Houtz and I built a blind together, about one-third across the river, Webster going another third and a little in advance of us, building his blind. In driving down to the river, Houtz took a crack at a sandhill crane about twenty five yards off, with a wire cartridge, missing it a foot or so by shooting to the left. Further on we saw two geese in the edge of the prairie, and as we approached one of them rose and flew a hundred yards or so and came down again. The other was wounded and could not fly. Houtz got out and made for the first one, while Webster and I gave chase in the buggy to the other one. The fowl was simply wing-tipped, and made a most creditable race; but ere long we overhauled and captured it without further wound, and tying its legs, placed it in the bottom of our vehicle. In the meantime, Houtz's goose had taken wing out of range, but swinging around in search of its mate, came too near and was brought to bag.

On looking up the river after being located, what should first meet our eyes, about half a mile distant, but the outfit of our Sioux City slaughterer, his decoys covering a large territory around a low, flat blind, and making a show that was sure to bring in the geese as they should pass up or down the river. We felt pretty certain from the start that this outfit would materially diminish our score, if indeed it did not knock us "out of time" altogether. But as our team had gone back to the house, and it was then out of the question to move that day, we had nothing to do but to remain where we were and see it out. It was not long before we sighted a flock of geese coming up stream. Dropping down in our blinds we began honking at them. At once they showed signs of coming in, and slowly set sail for our decoys, but before coming within range they espied the larger display of Talbot's, and at once sheered off in that direction and made a bee line for them. We had the privilege of standing there and seeing this flock approach apparently within ten feet of Talbot, when two puffs of smoke and two unshapely objects dropping from the startled and confused flock that soon gathered together and went on up stream, told a tale that was repeated during the day till this man in pursuit of hides had brought fifty-four to bag. Our score was only five, including the two captured on land in the morning, none of these falling to my gun. The enjoyment Webster seemed to get out of the fact that I had closed the day without a single feather, would, in my humble opinion, alone have amply compensated him for this trip.

My friend, Jack Lanham, who tried to elicit sympathy by feigning a broken leg when the wagon turned over down at Newark a few days before, dropping in on us at 9 o'clock that night cheered me up considerably, for I had anticipated his coming and had already laid plans for the next day. We had often shot from the same blind and understood each other first rate, although we often had our disputes as to who jumped up before the geese were in range and frightened them away. Jack had taken the noon train at Lincoln, having telephoned to his daughter at Crete, where he lives, to dump his gun and hunting traps upon the cars as he passed there, so he appeared on the scene, as he always does, about half prepared. But the party turned in and helped him load his shells that night and the morning found him in trim and in fine spirits.

The second day after our arrival at Elm Creek we all went further down the river, Webster and Houtz locating about a mile below the blinds of the day before and Jack and I going still two miles further on, where we found a fair blind already erected and a few dead geese in a state of decay, sitting around it. This proving to be a good location, we managed by main strength and awkwardness to kill twenty-four geese during the day. For some reason we did about as miserable as can well be conceived of gentlemen who professed to be shots at all, and on one or two occasions the driver was so disgusted with our work as to yell from shore across to us and ask if he should not bring out a batch of clubs. But for all that we had much fun, and twenty-four geese in one day was an experience so far ahead of anything we had encountered, that we were in no mood to fall out with ourselves or each other, and were taken back to the hotel for a late supper that all hands enjoyed. Webster and Houtz had not done so well as Jack and I, although they had tried the fields in the afternoon during feeding time. They kept their wounded goose which had already become somewhat tame, and had witnessed on this day its capacity for storing away shelled corn by seeing it devour every grain of a large ear. Talbot as usual brought in a large number of geese and tagged and shipped them to his skinners at Wood River. Two days after this he pulled up stakes and took his own departure, having alone killed nearly three hundred geese

On the next day Jack and I went down to our blind of the day before, Houtz and Webster pulling up stakes and going up the river four or five miles above town, where they had exceptionally fine success, Jack and I falling considerably behind the score of the previous day. On meeting at the hotel that night we were informed by Houtz and Webster of their intention to leave for home in the morning, to meet business calls requiring their attention. Jack and I concluded to stay two days longer; and early the next morning, having the night before brought up our decoys and game from below, we were driven up the river to the scene of Houtz and Webster's operations. As we drove up to the bank where we were to take the river, a fine deer—a buck—walked leisurely down the bank and across the sandbar to the long, narrow island running parallel with the main shore, where it disappeared among the plum bushes and high grass. Jack was anxious that we should try and capture this fellow by one of the party taking a stand in the center of the island, while the driver and other party should move him up. But as we had no buckshot, and were hunting for geese, I objected, and the project was abandoned. That afternoon the buck was shot and killed by a Swede woman, who, with her husband, lived on the upper end of the island. During our two days' sojourn in this locality we found the bars in the vicinity literally cut up with deer tracks, where they had apparently been at play, but no other animal put in an appearance.

In addition to our box of sheet iron decoys, we had taken with us up to this place two dozen or more which some Chicago parties had left at the hotel, and these, together with our guns and lunch and ammunition, made quite a load to pack through water and quicksands and across the tangle and jungle on the island. There is scarcely anything so fatiguing as staggering along under a heavy load in water threatening every moment to run in at the top of your waders, with a dash into quicksands here and there, and now and then having to back out on account of too great depths, and to seek another route. The wind was whistling down in a bee line from the north and the weather was growing quite cold. One had to have much faith in his rubber pants before he could muster up the courage to plunge into the stream on that frigid morning. The sandbars were frozen on top and we had to use our pocket knives to make holes for the pins that supported the decoys, and to enable us to stick down the willows that were necessary in repairing the blind.

The flight from the fields that began that morning shortly after 10 o'clock was the largest one I ever saw on the Platte, but the tendency of the geese seemed to be for points further up the river. And another thing that militated greatly against us was the fact that our blind was located too near the northern shore. The wind at that point was blowing directly across the river, and as the clumsy fowls slowly made their way up stream, they naturally drifted toward the southern shore, and generally passed too far from us to be attracted or called in by our decoys, though once in a while a flock made us a visit, to which we paid our best compliments. It was a source of no small annoyance to us to see them alighting by the thousand about two miles further up the river. About the middle of the afternoon Jack took a few decoys and went up, where he had good luck, considering he had a new blind to build under great difficulties, and that the best flights for the day were over. He came back down to me before nightfall, when we waded ashore, climbed into our spring wagon and were hastily driven to the hotel, a distance of some six miles, against a raw wind that chilled me nearly to the bone.

I now begin the doings of the last day, which was a stinging cold one, coming nearly up to the proportions of a blizzard. I waded out to the blind abreast the island, and Jack was driven on up to a point opposite the one he had erected the day before, it being understood that the driver should tie up his team and perambulate between the two and finish by helping us get our traps ashore later in the day. I had about the same experience as on the preceding day, namely, to see the geese pass out of range and out of call to the south of me, and frequently settle down in the vicinity of Jack's blind, he being too far away for me to decide with any certainity if they went to his decoys. The wind was too fierce for me to hear the report of his gun, and the dark lowering clouds made it impossible to see the smoke from its discharge

I retrieved eight geese that day. Two wounded ones that had fallen near the blind had waded about and recovered their health, and when later I went out to gather them in, they took wing for parts unknown and were seen no more. Two others fell not far from the blind of some countrymen a quarter of a mile above me, who waded out and took them in. I think those were the only geese four of them got all day, and I had no disposition to parley with them over the rights of property. Not long after the geese took the afternoon departure for the fields I began to pull up stakes so that I might get ashore before dark. The first thing I did was to gather up and strap together the decoys belonging to the Chicago folks, which I carried out and across the island, where I laid them down on the sand and stuck up some bushes to mark their locality. I then returned to the blind, when I pulled up the other decoys and packed them in their box, which I expected the driver would come and take ashore, the box being too heavy for me to manage. There yet remained a big bag of shells and seventeen dead geese, most of them the large Canada fellows, to be disposed of. Unwinding the cord that had been tied around the blind to hold it in place, I tied my geese around the necks with it, each one separately and so far apart that in dragging them they would follow tandem, and one not pile upon top of another. It was done in this way that they would the more readily float, and not ground in shoal water.

This being done I started ashore, taking everything with me save the box of decoys. I bore down stream, pursuing every little channel that led toward the northern bank, intending to come out below the point of the island, where I would leave them for the more robust Jack and the driver to carry across the dry channel to shore. This undertaking proved to be a most arduous one. In many places I had to drag my big string of geese across little bars in order to keep them in channels leading toward my destination. The quicksands were numerous and deep, and as I struggled along under my burden I fell into a copious perspiration, and took off my gloves, wristlets and neck wrap to get relief. These I put in the pockets of the hunting coat, which I wore outside of the wading pants. On two or three occasions I came near getting into water above the waist of these pants. Finally, after a long and weary pull, and the most violent exercise, I think, of my life, I reached the foot of the island, and dragging my train of geese upon the bar, fell down upon the sands for a moment or so to rest. But this was not for long. It was too fearfully cold. The sky had become overcast, more densely, if possible, with clouds, and it was now about dark. I soon started up the bar along the edge of the island in quest of the decoys I had carried out there early in the afternoon. I did not find them for nearly an hour, having passed them three or four times in my journeying up and down there.

I then went out to shore where I could be picked up by the vehicle as it came down with Jack on the way home. Huddling up in a nook down behind the bank, I tried to keep warm. The wraps I had taken off and put into my coat pockets when wading ashore, had gotten soaked with water by being submerged, and of course could not be used. When I first made this discovery, I think my spirits and my temperature both fell about forty degrees. I was literally wet with perspiration, and my overcoat was in the spring wagon. All at once the subject of a fire flashed upon me, and then it occurred that one of the pockets of my vest was stored with matches put in there three years before. On fishing them out they proved to be all right, and lighting a piece of newspaper I soon had a rousing fire. The territory abreast the river there was newly plowed, leaving a strip of prairie grass about fifteen feet wide between the plowed land and the river bank, and it was this which furnished my fuel. After it had burned a little I got a bunch of brush and whipped the fire out at one end, letting the other burn against the wind partly, and following it up as it slowly crept along, keeping warm and drying my saturated wraps.

It was now about 8 o'clock and as dark as a stack of black cats, with a most cutting wind from the direction of the North Pole. I could not imagine what was detaining Jack and the driver, but directly the latter came down alone, and on being asked where Jack was facetiously queried, "Where are you?" He had not seen Jack since the middle of the afternoon, when he had taken his lunch out to the blind and had returned to shore with a load of dead geese. Of course I sent him back up the river with instructions to stay there until he found Jack or had some definite information concerning him. Not long after he had gone I heard the faint yell of some one I took to be the Swede, on the upper end of the island. This was repeated at intervals apparently closer each time, until at last I distinguished Jack's voice, and on my replying vigorously he asked, "Is that you, Polk?" and upon my answering in the affirmative he yelled in tones of thunder, "Put her out! put her out!" meaning for me to put out my comfortable and harmless fire. Upon learning that plowed land was behind me and the river in front his fears of devastation by a prairie fire that dark and windy night were allayed.

When Jack came up, though a man of herculean strength, he was nearly exhausted. He had started ashore with sixteen or eighteen dead geese on his back, and when about half way over had given out and left these on a bar and had then gone back after another load, some eight or ten, which he carried ashore to find on reaching there that the driver and team had gone. Leaving the geese he went back after those left on the bar, but it had grown so dark he could not find them, besides himself getting lost out in the river. At about this time he descried my miniature prairie fire and made tracks for it, every now and then yelling as he proceeded. His journey took him diagonally across the island, where the bramble and plum bushes came near tearing all the clothes off him. On reaching me he felt a sense of relief at knowing where he was, but I think if he could have laid hands on the driver he would have shaken the life out of him. Satisfying himself that there was no danger of my fire getting beyond control, he at once started up the river bank in quest of the driver. In the time between this and their return I was enabeld to thoroughly dry my wet garments and put them on.

On the return of Jack and the driver a hasty council of war resulted in our deciding to drive at once back to the town and send a team up the next morning after the box of decoys and thirty-five dead geese, which was to be expressed home, as we were to leave early the next morning. This decision being reached we beat out with brush the last vestige of our fire, and in the blackness of a dark night climbed into the open spring wagon, wrapped ourselves up as best we could, and started down the rivrr bank in the direction of home, about the only thing that was visible being the white broncho on the off side, and the dim lights of a few farmhouses scattered about at long distances off on the prairie.

Our route for the first mile or so lay eastward along down the river bank, where we were to bear off in a northeast course to strike a road leading eastwardly to town. The two bronchos we were driving had only the day before been purchased out of a herd brought into the town and of course we could not trust to them to take us home. The course along the river was easily pursued, but when we left that and struck out upon the prairie we were all at sea. The only guide we had was the direction of the wind; and as Jack swore up and down the wind had changed, no basis as to the direction could be derived from that. At the very start Jack and the driver fell into a dispute as to which was the proper way to drive, the former insisting that we were driving directly back to the river. I sided with the driver and urged that we travel so as to keep the stiff unvarying wind on our left cheek. "I tell you," Jack would emphatically reply, "the wind has changed." And when I would look forward and see the little white broncho apparently going the wrong way in a circle I would forbear further comments. At last the driver got out and walked in the hope of falling upon some kind of road, but it appeared to me we took more of a circuit then than at any time before, the wind blowing first and last upon every side of our persons.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock somewhere, we agreed to drive to the light apparently the nearest to us, and there find where we were; and so we headed for one. We had not proceeded far before we came to a plain road. Then a dispute arose between Jack and the driver whether we should turn to the right or to the left. I took no part in this dispute, but on the theory that the wind still came down from the north, I believed the driver to be correct. Jack had become so utterly demoralized I had no faith in him; but he was so persistent in the correctness of his position, that the driver yielded and went his way. Luckily for the party we drove up to a farmhouse whose light had not been visible before, and calling the owner out told him we were lost and wanted to go to Elm Creek. "That being the case," said he, "you must turn and go back the other way." "Are you not mistaken?" asked Jack, as though the man was crazy and did not know the way to town. He must have felt that some such thoughts were passing through Jack's mind, for he held the lantern that was in his hand up to Jack's face to see what manner of man he was. We further learned here that we were less than a mile due north from the point on the river bank where I had started my fire.

Following the directions of the farmer we took the back track, but the fool bronchos did not have sense enough, or were too blind to follow the road, and we soon became aware of the fact that we were off from it and driving through the grass. Jack and the driver got out, and after long search at last found it. Not long thereafter getting off again, and not being able to find it, we drove back to the farmhouse, where the light still served as a beacon, and took another start. Having gone a mile or more we once more got off the road at a point where there was a bad place across a draw, and a temporary road had been worn around it. At this place, which we all remembered well, it was half an hour before we got straightened out again, and even then Jack swore the wind had certainly changed this time, and we were driving away from town. And he kept up this protest till we came to a farmhouse near a bridge, where there was a furious stench from an overcrowded hog pen that none of us could mistake as the place we had already passed three times in our pilgrimage.

There were other landmarks between us and town, and when we did not reach them as soon as Jack thought we ought he would insist that we were on the wrong road. But I continually called his attention to the fact that the cold north wind was blowing on my left cheek, and that our course was eastward—the very direction necessary to [illegible] home. The relief to the party, and especially [illegible] we at last sighted the stream [illegible] will never be [illegible]

[illegible] that day, and Jack's score [illegible] found at the hotel some fresh arrivals [illegible] hunters, but learned in a few days afterward that the cold snap which had set in drove all the geese southward and there was no more shooting that winter. The boys are talking of a big hunt this fall, but have not determined where to go. I very much fear that on account of bad health I will not be able to accompany them. BURR H. POLK.

LINCOLN, Nebraska.

SNIPING.

"HELLO Harry. Say, I've just got a letter from Dave, and he says the birds have come along, and if we start right down we'll have good shooting. What do you say? Can you go?"

This was my welcome greeting to my friend and shooting chum, Harry C., as he entered my office on India Wharf one pleasant morning in August. Dave was our sentinel down at Chatham, on old Cape Cod, and every one but he and we wondered how it was that we were always so lucky in striking a flight of birds. But he knew that twenty-four hours later would see us on hand ready for business and the proofs that we generally brought away usually convinced our friends at home that business had been good and that it had been carefully and properly attended to by us. With us it was a pleasure to do business of that kind.

"Well, my boy, I guess I can get aboard to-morrow morning's train if nothing breaks. All we need is duds, guns and shells, isn't it? Our stools are down there still. I think I've enough shells loaded."

As if I didn't know that the anxious fellow had loaded enough shells in the last month with No 8, and stacked them away to kill pretty nearly all the birds on the Atlantic coast, and it would't have taken very big odds to have got me to bet that his traps were all packed, strapped and down in the front hall even then and had been there for a week past just awaiting for this word to come. If he got impatient of an evening he'd stay off up stairs and load a few more, and get out his old No. 10 and look it over once more; and surround himself with all his paraphernalia; and sit down on his trunk, and with gun in hand, softly whistle up an imaginary "yelper" or "beetle head," until suddenly, as if he had him in range, he'd jump up with "Ha, my pretty, do you think you can get away now." Snap! and "There you are, and now for the next." This is the way he would fill the aching void waiting for the glad tidings that the victims had arrived.

Ready to morrow morning! So nonchanantly, well I should say so, was my unspoken comment, but I added audibly, "All right then. Meet you at the Old Colony 7:15 sharp, and we'll scoot on the 7:30. Now you just skip, will you, for I've lots to do so as to leave everything straight, so we can stay a week if everything holds out." And away he went. Next morning saw us on hand with our traps, and two school boys never welcomed the final start for the circus more than we the ding-dong and puff-puff of the engine that at last got us in motion, while we, snugly ensconced in the smoker, cigars in mouth, rehearsed the ghost stories of former shoots, and enjoyed as much, I do believe, in pleasant anticipations as if our sport had begun and we were actually cutting them down.

To me there is a charm in bay bird shooting. In fact many. Comfortably seated in your blind with the sea breeze gently fanning your face and cooling your pulses and lending you new vigor with every breath you draw, with the grand view of the majestic ocean spreading before you, or the more placid beauty of the land-locked bay, dotted with its white sails, or with occasionally an ocean steamer drawing up gradually and as gradually sinking to the horizon beyond, with the magnificent and ever-changing panorama of sky and sea spread out before you in all its grandeur, inspiring in you thoughts that nature's noblest and most solitary scenery ever bids rise. So with your pipe giving comfort to the soul at ease you scan the clouds. Suddenly something catches your eyes, something moving far away. The sun flashes on it as from the polished surface of a glass, it's the glancing wing of a bird, and as the focus is perfected you see it is a bunch. Down! Down! it's a bunch of yellowlegs! and crouching low and motionless you whistle loud their call; some one or two respond, they waver, whirl and call again. Another call from you; they answer and draw toward you and all the time you're talking to one another until finally they see your stools, and hustling one another they draw to windward and then swing down again, and whirling to leeward they set their wings as head to the wind they bunch and hover to alight. They look a tangled mass of feet and wings, and as you rake them first one barrel and then the other, as they jump, out you throw the old shells and slip in a couple more, whistling all the time, to which the wounded and wing-tipped add their calls and perhaps back the others come again, and another two barrels tell their story. Now hurry and gather them before another bunch draws in. Chase down the wing-tipped and lift the stone dead last. What modest-looking little fellows they are, for such a set of pipes and pair of wings. They look like pigeons almost on the wing, but stripped for the broiler a robin compares favorably in size. But notice that pure white rich fat an eighth of an inch thick. That cooks into the bird as it broils, and no larded quail was ever so rich as these, nor so delicate with gamy flavor. Well, we'll never get to work if we digress or rather anticipate in this way. Our journey was as uneventful as most short ones by rail are, except that as we drew near to Chatham the odor of the pure salt air, fresh from old ocean's breast, was upon us to cap the stronger scents from the salt marshes, along and through which we had traveled, ever on the alert to catch the sight of bunches of birds, as startled by the train they sped away to quieter and more undisturbed feeding grounds, whistling the old familiar notes.

Chatham found Dave awaiting us; thin, wiry, and tanned like a copper cent, his close-twisted curly hair, like his skin and beard, showing exposure without stint to all kinds of weather. His eyes twinkled and snapped, and he saluted us with "Wall, I swon! I was tellin' Cynth this mornin' thet I'd bet ye'd be here; sure and here ye air and lookin' derful well tew. Reckin yeou'll git [illegible] Be gosh, I never [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] fried scollops and [illegible] young black-breasted plover stewed up [illegible] and Johnny-cake and coffee. Our appetites needed no urging, and for about fifteen or twenty minutes we were too busy to talk. Then we went off into the shade and lay off on the grass. So for an hour we lay and smoked and dreamed and enjoyed the *dolce far niente* as only the thorough sportsman with good digestion can, when well stuffed and sprawled out on the bosom of mother earth, with the light-blue heavens above him, where the driving clouds chase one another by, and the salt-laden breeze from the ocean fills the lungs with the pure ozone (that Barnum discovered, I believe) and makes him at peace with himself, his neighbors and the world. Care and boiled shirts are forgotten together, and he deliciously anticipates the morrow, and his pulses tingle with excitement as the thought of fast and furious volleys absorb his mind, while he indulges in his happy day dreams. At last Harry heaves a grunt, I can't dignify it by calling it a sigh, and thus holds forth "Come, you lazy runt, get up! we've got to get things in shape for to-morrow. Dave says the tide serves on the flat about 9 o'clock, and we have to be off by six sure." So up we rise and everything is unpacked, until our room looks like a garrison in a state of siege; guns, shell, wiping rods, shooting coats, wading boots, etc., everywhere each lays out his rig and about 100 shells loaded with No. 8s with a few 6s for long shots, and so supper time finds everything fixed. Mrs. N., recollecting our taste for cod fried in with salt pork in the old-fashioned style, has made that the *pièce de résistance*.

"Ugh! What's the matter? What's that?" and I jump up in bed with a sense of wetness. "Come, get up! Jump! Breakfast is ready, and we want to get off if you expect to do any shooting to-day;" and I find that Harry has smashed me plump in the face with my big sponge soaked full of water. He dodges my return volley, and soon we meet below as if nothing of the kind had happened above; his bread is cast on the waters, he knows it will return before many days. We tuck away a hearty breakfast and start for the boat, laden down with traps, provisions and water, for we have about ten miles down the bay to sail to reach the flats, which are interminable beds of sand just above low water level, which extend from Chatham fifteen or twenty miles south into the broad Atlantic to where Chatham Light marks the extreme southern limit of Cape Cod. We sail as far as the beach runs, and then start out on the sands about half a mile until we come to a few slight hummocks in the dead white shining level, sufficiently high to make islands of them until nearly full flood. In each is sunk a big dry goods box, with seats and shelves for shells, etc., and we each take possession of two a short gunshot apart, and after setting our decoys wait for the rising tide to set the birds to trading, gradually driving them toward our islands in the center, where they fondly hope to find security, but, alas, to-day they'll find three yawning pairs of gun barrels and doses of No. 8 shot.

Soon comes a whistle from Harry; all hands duck, and cautiously peeping over the top of our box we see far out over the sands a pair of big birds steadily drawing in to us. They'll come to him first, and we get ready to wipe his eye if he fails to connect. Here they are, the first of the season. Innocently, unsuspiciously they pipe away and swing within easy range and set their wings to light, when up pops Harry like a jack-in-a-box, and bang bang, and a cluster of feathers drifting down wind like the smoke tells they are down—a pair of spot rumps as they call them here; further south they are ring-tailed marline. Fine fellows they, like a fall woodcock in bill, eye and plumage, and rivalling him in delicacy of flesh; but their legs—they make you think there is a mistake somewhere, or else these fellows had a "shanghai" father.

Look out! I heard a beetle-head, and again he whistles. Yes, there he is away up. How dark his black breast looks. He is a youngster, for at first call he responds, and spying the stools, with a swoop he is on the way to us, in he swings, and impatient, I bang away and miss him clean. Like a flash he turns, but the next barrel reaches him. He is only wing-tipped, and sailing down he starts on the run. Unfortunate, but out of the box I jump and after him, slipping in a shell as I run, and on a long shot drop him, and quick as possible am back in the box. None too soon, for see that bunch of robin snipe swinging in, and close and evenly they fly, and right behind see that flock of willet. The red breasts will just about get to Harry and Dave as the willet pass me, so I call quietly to tell them to wait until I shoot, as I'll let the willet get a little by before I pull, so we can surround them and all have a chance. Down close! there go the robins! here are the willet! a napkin would cover the dozen of them! hold steady now! what a volley! and as the smoke blows away, what a prize. We all jump out and gather them in. Harry and Dave have cut their bunch all to pieces, only three get away; and they gather in some sixteen fat fellows with joyful pride. While I, "Oh, tell it not in Gath," have killed my bunch entire, eleven plump willet lie stretched upon the sand; in fact, they were so closely bunched that to shoot for one was to shoot for all, and that's what I did. But back quick, here's something coming. A sickle bill curlew, alone and solitary, by all that's rare, and I have the first chance! As he draws I hold carefully on him and pull, but he keeps on—and again missed clean, by Jove! Harry tries him, but he's moving and drawing away fast and still goes on. Bang again, he wavers, flies a hundred yards or more and drops like a stone. Away rushes Harry, grabs him and scurries back, looks him over and calls out "Hit him with only one pellet, and that took the top of his head off."

A whistle from Dave, and we see them coming in a mingled bunch, from which we can hear curlew, beetle-heads, yelpers, willet and marline calling in turns, and mingling their whistling till it sounds as if they were all talking at once, evidently a squad from some outlying point of bar, that are bound to get where they can enjoy a peaceful and quiet feed for a while, a general clearing out away from the sea, which is now coming over the sands like a race horse, as we can see it far away. So they are coming in to us to be quiet. Whew! how mistaken they'll be. On they come piping away, while six good barrels await them. We crouch low and whistle away to encourage them. Here they are past Dave, and he rises up behind them and cuts loose; the feathers fly; bewildered they scatter and draw together instantly, only to get Harry's shot, while I add to their downfall with two sharp discharges "head on." They [illegible] swing each way, and Dave and Harry whistling [illegible] while the wounded are calling too, one bunch swings [illegible] to hover over them. They are ready; four barrels [illegible] again, and the thinned remnant of the bunch tarries [illegible] ger, it's too hot. Away they go after the others, flying like streaks, while all hands jump out to retrieve until Dave, far out on the sands after an obstinate brant bird that will not be killed quickly and without trouble, suddenly drops flat and lets the bird go and begins whistling. We are up to concert pitch now, and soon see what his sharp eyes, accustomed to scanning the sky and sea far away, has caught at a glance. One solitary big marline coming, away up, and as he passes Dave rises on one knee and shoots. We except to see him drop, but he don't, and he gives it to him again. He is hit, but he mounts straight up, flying in short, sharp circles, while the breeze carries him out and out to sea. We sit and watch him until he is a speck in the clouds, then lost to sight. He is hit, but he will fly until he drops stone-dead into the ocean, food for the fishes. Too bad to lose him, but such is the luck.

Once more on watch; not long to wait; another motley bunch, mostly marline. How handsome they look as the sun shines through their pinions and burnishes their backs of dusky rich brown. What bold, free flyers, they are coming and going like the wind, their long black bills held so proudly out before. We'll count some of those bills this evening. No, some other evening, for Harry has carelessly shown himself and these shy fellows have darted out of range, taking the rest with them. Whistling or stools won't fool those fellows when they see what's behind it; then all hands, including himself, bless Harry for a nice intelligent fellow to go sniping.

Whee-u-u-u-u, whee-u-u-u-u-u. Lay low now, Harry, my boy. These boys won't quit so easy. They are bound to come. A perfect swarm of summer yellowlegs that have wandered from their favorite marshes above. We are ready for them. They circle down and around, and swing and swing and swing, and wheel and whirl, and down they come all talking at once, as thick as a barn door, hustling each other to get to those decoys first. Now wait until they swing in as they wheel and as you catch them right rake them down the line. Whang! what a drop, and once again; but nothing disconcerted they wheel once or twice more and respond to Harry's whistling and try his stools; and poor Dave, not to be denied after Harry has cut a double swathe through them, lets go at about a hundred yards and blamed if two or three don't drop. And so it goes. They come in singles, doubles and bunches, first to one and then to another. The sport grows fast and furious until they are gone, and the sea, rushing in over the sands like a racehorse, begins to invade our territory, and as the birds have all left and will not begin to come back until the ebb, and we are not going to wait for that, we gather our stools in bags, tie them into the boxes, and with guns, birds and traps, start on our wade back to the boat.

The water is knee deep, and gets deeper fast, until we come to a sort of little channel and then it's hard work to keep shells and gun out of water until we reach the boat. She is floating now in three feet of water, where we left her beached high and dry, and we are so engrossed with counting our bag, strung as they are through the bills on some long wing pinions, that we leave Dave to handle both throat and peak halliards alone and "up kellock," too, while we decide that for the first day a sickle bill, ten marline, three jack, fifteen willet and twenty robin snipe, to say nothing of about four dozen beetle-heads, brant birds and yellowlegs together, are not such a bad day's work after all. Ninety-seven big birds; what a glorious looking string they are. How we wish we could show them as they are to the boys to-night.

Dave interrupts our revery with: "Say, yeou! there's some bluefish drails in ther cabin, and ef yeou git um eout, p'reps yeou'll ketch er fish er tew goin' up." That's enough! We jump, and soon two lines are trailing, with a fresh eel skin over each drail, as they call squids down here, and soon a lively jerk and a steady pull shows me that Harry has the first fish as well as the first bird to-day, and in comes a nice four-pounder. But I soon follow suit, and when we make the landing, eight or ten nice blueboys are gasping out their lives in the wooden box that Dave always carries for such emergencies. Staggering under the load of fish and birds and guns, we mount the piazza, tired and hungry mortals, for we had forgotten to eat all day. As we resembled Dave's porcine pets shortly after, on what transpired we'll draw the curtain; but if you enjoyed our story so far, we'll draw it aside and give you more of it.

WESTERN FLORIDA.—Tallahassee, Fla., Sept. 15.—In your paper of Sept. 10, "Special," writing from Boston, Mass., asks where good hunting can be found. Were he in Western Florida he could scarcely speak so despairingly. One can take his gun and dog and find from one to two hundred quail, or partridge, as they call them here, almost any day. Ducks come by thousands a little later than this, and the numerous lakes afford the best of sport in that line. Deer and bear can be found within from ten to twenty miles of this city, and a friend of mine told me to-day he got up a flock of sixty wild turkeys last week and bagged eight of them. Alligator shooting is a novelty to most sportsmen, and it is here to perfection. The climate is mild in winter, accommodations are good in many of the hotels, etc., and it is no trouble to get companions who can guide the hunter to all the sport he desires. I am much interested in the rifle trials you propose making, and think you deserve the thanks and hearty support of every man who shoots a gun.—E. W. D.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the forthcoming rifle trial you will have done for American sportsmen and military men just what your great collaborateur the London *Field* did for the same class in England three years ago. I fully concur with Major Merrill and Mr. Van Dyke in what they say concerning the muzzle-loading rifle. While I believe that the breechloader has created a new era in modern tactics that could only have been effected by a long-range arm of precision, susceptible of rapid loading, yet as a hunting rifle at ranges of 100 yards and under it can never compare in precision, absolutely faultless, with the best-made muzzleloader. I have owned and carefully tested Sharps, caliber .40 and .45; Remington's .44, Marlin's .40-60, and Ballard's Union Hill .32 and Pacific .40-90. My experience is that Sharps' and Ballard's are the best single-shot breechloaders for field work. But none of them will make the target at, say, 40 to 60 yards (piling the bullets right on top of one another) that can be made by a good shot with the old-time muzzleloading rifle. I witnessed a curious and interesting instance of this which may be worth recording.

I own a flint-lock rifle that is nearly one hundred years old, but in an admirable state of preservation. The caliber is about .46, while the barrel is 39 inches long and weighs 10 pounds. About a year ago I sent this rifle to an excellent practical gunsmith and had it put in order. The lock must have been the work of a master, for to day it is as soft, smooth and silken in its workings as those of one of Purdey's best £80 express rifles. One lovely day last March, I and an officer of the United States Corps of Engineers, who was my guest, concluded to match the centenarian for accuracy against his .40-90 Sharps that had done approved work on elk and blacktail deer in the Rockies, and my new 18-pound, .40-caliber, 90-285 Ballard No. 5 Pacific. The target was 40 yards distant from the firing point, and the shooting was from a dead rest. We took turns in shooting the flint-lock rifle, which was loaded with 90 grains of the strongest quick-burning English rifle powder, and a round bullet that fitted perfectly, patched with strong linen greased with tallow. We shot at a round pasteboard target, 2½ inches in diameter tacked to an oaken plank, which was set up against a brick wall. The flint-lock rifle put one bullet on top of the other with a deadly accuracy that I have never seen excelled. It did not miss fire once in 14 shots. I had fortunately bought some extremely fine gun flints in London ten years ago for this rifle. They gave out abundant sparks, which accounts for its never failing. Every bullet we fired from this rifle was inside the white pasteboard. We had 3 of these 2½-inch discs. The first was cut to pieces by the bullets from the muzzleloader, the second was hit 4 times out of 7 shots with the Ballard, and by 5 shots out of 10 from the Sharps. The sights on all three were the usual notch and long silver front "bead."

Where small game (squirrels and turkeys) is abundant there is no more delightful shooting than with an accurate muzzleloading rifle. Why the modern small-bore breechloader cannot be made to shoot with the deadly certainty of the muzzleloader is beyond comprehension. I have yet to see one that will. Why does not some maker of muzzleloading rifles advertise in your widely read journal and do many sportsmen a real service? I know of many gentlemen who would gladly add a muzzleloading rifle to their batteries if they knew where such a gun could be built.

I live in a far South State, and in the fall and winter reside on a great cotton plantation situated on a lovely tributary of the Mississippi River. Large game of all sorts, such as deer, bear, sometimes panther and wolves, is fairly plentiful. My neighbors number many gentlemen who are ardent sportsmen, and as four-fifths of them have had either a European education or were graduated from Yale or Harvard, the society is of the best. The plantations are large, and run from 1,000 to 15,000 acres, consequently we have no near neighbors. Some of the finest guns in America are owned in this community. One gentleman has a battery of Purdey's consisting of two heavy 10's, a pair of 12's, one 16-bore and a .450 double Express rifle, the total cost of which, not including duty, was £400 sterling. We read the *London Field* and the FOREST AND STREAM and concur in the belief that in literary excellence your journal excels its great British contemporary. I simply intended to say when I commenced what has been so unconsciously spun out, that your rifle trials is precisely what American sportsmen have long desired, and in your hands it will be fairly and intelligently conducted.

I wonder if your contributor, Major Merrill, is the former captain of Dragoons, who in "the roaring forties" was a dashing hard-riding *sabreur* always first to the fore, be it at feast or when the bugle sounded "boots and saddles" for a long hard ride after marauding Comanche or stealthy Lipan? If it be the same man, I am glad to know he is still on this side. What memories are evoked when one begins to call up the ghosts of forty golden years ago!

MISSISSIPPI LOWLANDS.

SEPT. 16.

THE PENALTIES OF CARELESSNESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

As several serious accidents (?) have recently been recorded from the careless handling of shells in loading, I will give you several facts that recently came within my observation. Strolling into the store of a friend, I found the proprietor, who is somewhat of a sportsman, engaged in seating primers on loaded shells in this wise: Holding the loaded shell in one hand, driving the primer into its seat with blows from a pound weight in the other hand. When remonstrated with of the danger and utter recklessness of this proceeding, he replied, "I'll be blanked if I pay $4 for a set of reloading tools." If the fool blows out his brains or is maimed for life, I for one can say, served him right.

Only a few days after, I struck a youngster with his newly-purchased single 12-bore, seating primers on loaded shells with blows from a tack hammer. I at once took the liberty of also admonishing and reproving him pretty sharply, at the same time calling the attention of his father (who is too much absorbed in business affairs to pay any attention to either recreation or any of its aids), who at once sent for the proper reloading tools. I took pleasure of course in instructing the youth in their proper use.

Should this strike the eye or ear of any one guilty of like ignorance, or more properly, foolhardy recklessness, let me repeat your old warning, "don't." If you are too poor or too penurious to procure proper tools and fair knowledge of the handling of explosives, better leave them alone, and above all, having obtained such knowledge, exercise the utmost care and circumspection.

True, the breechloader is a safer weapon than a muzzleloader; but beware in the handling of the loaded shells or cartridges. Occasionally a cap or primer will fail to fire from the blow of the firing pin. On your peril, do not "monkey" with it in a perilous attempt to withdraw the primer (which you suppose to be inert) for the purpose of inserting a fresh one. Better throw that cartridge into the river, or if you must preserve the shell, first carefully withdraw the charge without interfering in the least manner with the primer until the charge is withdrawn; the insertion of an expelling needle or other instrument, a de-capping tool, a blow or even pressure will sometimes fire that very primer which failed in the arm in which it was tried.

BACKWOODS.

WEST VIRGINIA.

DIANA ON THE PRAIRIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to tell you of a hunt I had last evening that pleased me very much, and especially the ladies of our city, and if you have any lady readers it will please them too. After office hours two of my friends, with my wife and myself, went out three miles to a slough. My wife had never fired a gun, but she had prevailed on me to get a single 12-gauge for her to try. We landed safely, and the gentlemen and myself having rubber boots, started in, leaving her in the high grass. It was not long before three mallards came my way. I shot, and two of them answered to the call. The third wended his way on swift wing in the direction where my wife was. I heard the small 12-gauge bark, and saw the duck drop. I could not believe it until I heard her shooting. We all laughed and helped her find her duck, just sixty yards from where she had stood, and as the duck fell at the instant it was shot you will see it was a fine shot. We put it down as a chance shot and intimated the same, which made the young lady indignant, and she declared that she held just a little ahead of the duck as I had told her to do, and would prove it to be no chance shot if another come her way. But the second one she missed, which dampened her ardor very much. The third one came flying very fast, about forty yards away. She took deliberate aim, and the duck came down. This was too much for her, and true to woman nature, she threw the gun into the high grass and ran for the duck. The duck was soon found, but the gun not so easily. It took a long, patient hunt before we came upon it. I will leave you to imagine the lady's feeling at the second success No more ducks came her way. The first one was the handsomest male mallard I ever say, and the largest, weighing almost five pounds. It now hangs on a beautiful black velvet plaque in our dining room. All who have seen it say it is the most handsomely mounted bird they ever saw, and the mounting was accomplished in a few hours by one of the gentlemen of the party. He simply skinned the duck carefully, put plenty of arsenic on the skin, filled it with cotton and shaped it, and I never saw any bird so natural after being mounted. This was all done unknown to the lady, and her delight on seeing it was unbounded. The gentlemen of the party got a few mallards, when the birds all left. But I understood them, and told the boys they would return about dark. So they did; they came by the hundreds, and such a banging for about ten minutes you seldem hear. We must have killed fifty mallards, but some fell in the grass so you could not find them. We came home with thirty-five. I think we could have killed one hundred jack snipe. They are in flocks of twenty. I did kill three at one shot, but we don't bother with small game in this country. These will not stay long as the frosty nights will soon cause them to migrate. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

BISMARCK, Dakoto.

REED BIRDS ON LAKE ERIE.

LARGE flocks of reed birds, great companies of many hundreds each, have been passing over to the southwest against a strong wind, during the entire day, and so low that one bent on slaughter could have made a most respectable bag. Immense numbers of these birds used to frequent the wild rice marshes along the south shore of Lake Erie in the early fall to feed upon this grain, but we have never known any one to make a specialty of shooting them, as is done on the Atlantic coast.

During the first ten or twelve days of this month the well-known *chink chink* call of the reed bird may be heard overhead both day and night, but never before have we seen them migrating in large flocks by day; possibly this is done by night, the large flights seen to-day being an exception, from some cause or other, to the general rule. The reed bird (he is called bobolink and skunk blackbird now) breeds with us the last of May, but in limited numbers; it is only now and then he is seen dancing in his white and black plumage over our meadows in the spring. The swarms that used to haunt the marshes in the fall must have come from breeding places far to the north. DR. E. STERLING.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 8, 1885.

ARKANSAS.—Hot Springs.—Since the 1st of September deer hunting has been the order of the day. During the first few days of the open season deer could be started with dogs almost anywhere in the hilly country north of here, but the woods have been overrun with dogs and hunters until now scarcely a deer can be started. They have been either killed or have left for more secure quarters. I know of about twenty deer being killed within a range of country perhaps six miles across. If the hounds could have been kept out of the woods there would have been fine sport all the fall. Mr. Goza, of this county, has the credit of killing the first deer legally this fall. He went to his peafield at midnight and before 1 o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September had killed a fine buck which had come in to feed on the peas. Quail are fairly plentiful, and there is a promise of good sport with them when the season opens the first of next month. Squirrels are scarce, they nearly all having migrated away from here more than a year ago. Fishing in the Washita has been superb all the summer. Bass are our principal game fish. By the way, I do not know of a stream that would yield finer sport to the canoeist. Beautifully clear water, mountain scenery along its upper waters, rapids enough to make it interesting.—LEW WILLOW.

INDIAN TERRITORY.—Prairie City, I. T., Sept. 7.—The chicken season has been a fair one so far. The continual shooting of them out of season, prairie fires while they are nesting, and an insect call a chicker that destroys them when young, are the causes of their scarcity. Quail are very plenty.—T.

MORE TROUBLE ABOUT STOLEN DOGS.—The St. Louis *Republican* reports: "St. Louis sportsmen have found more than poor sport to grumble at with Southern Minnesota this season. Several dogs seem to have been railroaded out of sight just before the Iowa border was reached by hunters returning southward, and it has even been claimed that a regular business of dog stealing is made at certain railroad crossings, where the animals of south-bound shooters may be easily sent east or west. The most valuable St. Louis dog so lost this year is Grouse, a coal black English setter, which belonged to Dr. J. G. Parrish. The doctor started in company with Mr. John D. Johnson, the eminent attorney, from Minneapolis one day last week, both gentlemen having seen Grouse securely tied in the baggage car by the baggage man, into whose charge they gave the animal. It had a collar with railroad direction tag tacked on and was fastened with quite a stout rope. On arrival at Albert Lea for breakfast, the doctor went to take his dog in company, but found it had disappeared, and on looking at the rope saw that it had clearly been cut. On questioning the baggage man, he stated that the dog had gnawed the rope in two at a station north of Albert Lea. The railroad officials have made inquiry of the man who has since given them the name of a town not quite so far north as being that where the dog escaped. The motive of the change of town is clearly that of preventing his being asked why he did not at the first stoppage of the train acquaint the owner of his loss. This case would seem to be simple enough, but it is indorsed by others. It is not very long since a party of Eastern gentlemen, returning from grouse hunting in Faribault and Martin counties, Minnesota, drove to Winnebago City, to take the Southern Minnesota road to LaCrosse on their way home. They had six very handsome setters along and saw them stabled at the Collins House on the evening of their arrival. Next morning the whole were gone. The gentlemen put off their departure and declared their intention of remaining until their property was returned. The village authorities felt that a practice which was carried on of most years without much of a row to follow had gone a trifle too far this time. Ordinarily the loser of a single dog met with half a dozen sympathizers, who swore to find and ship it next day. An easy enough promise to fulfill if they had chosen to do so, as the animal was pretty sure to be in one of their own barns—but the theft of a whole kennel and the determination of a number of wealthy gentlemen to remain and prosecute might be serious, and certainly would keep away some long-pursed sportsmen. A bargain was struck, and for the sum of $100 a man named Nick Lattin was induced to take a drive out on the prairie, from whence he returned in a couple of hours with all of the truants. Many such instances might be added. Albert Lea is such a main crossing place that if the practice of dog stealing be permitted to go on there unchallenged, Southern sportsmen will have to leave their dogs at home if they propose to take them shooting in Minnesota. Capt. Wm. Mitchell, the head of the Albert Lea police, used to have the town in a good moral condition. It will be well if he uses his powers sufficiently to assist the railroad authorities in securing the return of Dr. Parrish's dog."

AN ALARMING TRANSMOGRIFICATION.—Dannemora, N. Y.—One day last June John and Charles Turner, two fishermen, were catching minnows in one of the bays of Chazy Lake, when one of them called the attention of his partner to some animal swimming across the lake forty rods away. They at once pronounced it a big doe, and having no regard for game laws or fawn, they proceeded to cut a good stout club. After some little delay and discussion as to who would do the clubbing, they launched their frail craft and started in pursuit of their venison. On drawing near they saw that instead of a doe it was a large black bear, and the "tail holt" was too short for them. Being cheated out of broiled venison for supper, they agreed to compromise with bear meat; and silently paddling up behind, the sapling was brought down with terrific force on bruin's head. To say the bear was surprised would be drawing it mild. With a growl and snort that could be heard at least a mile away, he turned and seized the paddle in his teeth and reduced it to splinters in a jiffy, then charged on the boat. Having a light Saranac skiff and oars already shipped, they commenced a race for the shore. The boat reached the shore first and the fishermen leaping out made good time to the nearest cabin. Old bruin came over the stern of the boat, and not finding his enemies, devoured a fine string of salmon trout, and taking a short nap without being disturbed again started and swam the lake in safety.—ROMER.

MARYLAND RAIL SHOOTING.—Rail shooters are now having lots of fun on the Wicomico marshes, at Salisbury, Md., and all along down the river. The game and gunners are also out in force on the Patuxent marshes. The best feeding grounds extend along the river for about twenty-five miles from the bridge which crosses the Patuxent near Upper Marlboro', Prince George's county. In this section of the river one of the largest stretches of marsh land extends along the Prince George's side a little above the village of Nottingham. This is the favorite spot for the game. Sportsmen are now coming here from Baltimore, Washington, Annapolis and all the adjacent sections. Besides visitors that come from almost every direction to see their country cousins at this season of the year and get a shot at the ortolans, the gunners of the border counties are in the marshes at almost every high tide. Standing on one of the high bluffs on the Calvert side, the smoke is seen curling up from countless guns on almost every part of the river, and the quick, sharp report of the breechleader is heard at intervals of a few seconds. At Nottingham, near Croom Station, a little village that is noted only for its antiquity and quaintness, and the rendezvous of gentlemen who are seeking sport on the Upper Patuxent, everything is moving now at quite a lively gait. The hotel has brightened up, and everything is propitious for sportsmen during the ortolan season.

THE WEST JERSEY GAME PROTECTIVE SOCIETY met at 531 Market street, Camden, Sept. 17, and the treasurer's report was read, which showed that the total expenses from April 16 to September 16 were $2,120, and that there was still a balance in the treasury of $1,211. The society during the last six months have distributed 2,006 quail in the counties over which it has jurisdiction. A Board of Directors was elected, and also William Eisenbrown, President, Chas H. Barnard, Secretary and Geo. E. Taylor, Treasurer. The detectives employed by the society are very active in their work of challenging rail and reed bird shooters for their license whenever they can reach them, and there is scarcely a sportsmen from Philadelphia who selects the New Jersey side of the Delaware for his ground but what is accosted.—HOMO.

It Was Not Sportsmanship.—Umatilla, Oregon, Sept. 9.—Elk are more plentiful in the Coos Bay and Umpqua Mountains in Western Oregon this summer than for years, and would-be sportsmen are holding high carnival. One party of three went out and killed six from one band. Two fellows did all the killing, as the third party's gun, a .38-cal., was too small to be effective, but he fired into them until his magazine was empty, and there is no telling how many died a lingering death from his pure wantonness. From all this slaughter they took only two hundred pounds of meat, thus putting themselves far below the skin hunter. Another party killed eight elk, not even going to two of them after they fell. With any kind of care this noble game would thrive in these mountains, and they would be sport for all time to come for the true sportsman; but a few more years and the vandals will have made them a thing of the past. —Rifle.

New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society.—At the sixth annual meeting in Plainfield, Sept. 16, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Directors—Jas. S. Vosseller, William E. Jones, Edward P. Thorn, Wm. L. Force, Martin W. Schenck, Wm. B. Dunn, Israel D. Ten Eyck, J. W. King, Chas. Smith. Vice-Presidents—Percy C. Ohl, R. M. Stelle, Jos. B. Miller. Honorary Vice-Presidents—Fred. Volckman, New York city; Gen. William H. Sterling, Plainfield, N. J.; John I. Holly, Plainfield, N. J.; James R English, Elizabeth, N. J.; William J. Thompson, Gloucester City, N. J. Counsel—George P. Suydam, Plainfield, N. J. The Board of Directors subsequently met and elected the following named officers: President, Jas. S. Vosseller; Secretary, Wm. L. Force: Treasurer, Wm. E. Jones.

"Bob White," "Partridge," "Quail."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If "Wells," "Coahoma" and "S." are through their discussion on this point, please give us all leave to go on calling the birds by the names we have known them by. They are just as easy (or hard) to shoot by one name as by another. The prolongation of the discussion recalls the speech of a North Carolina colored member of the State Legistature, who rose and said: "Mistah—Spea-kah—I—yah—did not maginate dat de extenuation o' dis line would extenuate unter dis time, sah," and then sat down again.—Meat-Hawk.

A Mother Doe's Strategy.—Umatilla, Oregon.—While hunting last June I was eye witness to a neat piece of strategy played by an old doe. I was bear hunting and my dog, while ranging the woods, started a doe and fawn. They came by at race horse speed, not seeing me as I stood perfectly still, and dashed into a clump of young fir, and, as I thought, passed on. But directly the doe came back without the fawn and retraced her course until she met the dog, when she bounded off up the mountain with him following, thus leading all danger away from her baby.—Rifle.

Ontario.—Paris, Sept. 14.—Fishing and shooting have been rather poor in this neighborhood this year. I seem to have had extra luck in the fishing line, having caught over 100 pickerel, or as I think you would call them, "wall-eyed pike," and about the same number of bass, the average weight of each kind of fish being one and a half pounds. We have literally no game laws here and the result is that our game is nearly a thing of the past. We have a game and fish protective society but I have never joined them, as I consider them pot-hunters.—Xl.

Rail Shooting.—Philadelphia, Sept. 19.—The rail shooting up to two or three days ago has been very poor. A flight of birds arrived, however, on the 16th and 17th, and better scores were reported. The rail are now arriving in good numbers, and can be heard every night passing over the city. A run of afternoon tides will take place next week and good shooting is expected. Snipe are arriving and more teal are seen, but the latter keep well up the unfrequented creeks flowing into the Delaware.—Homo.

A New Georgia Law.—Newton, Ga., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Birds plenty this season, thousands of them all over the county, and but few hunters. No market-hunters here, though some in the adjoining county. Under our law parties owning fenced land by posting the same can keep market hunters off their lands. Our Legislature now in session has just passed a law protecting deer, turkeys, squirrels and insectivorous birds till the 1st of October; open season till 1st of April.—Wire Grass.

High Point, N. C., Sept. 19.—The game prospects in this vicinity are better than I have known for many years. Quail were never more plenty within my recollection, there are also plenty of squirrels and rabbits and a fair amount of turkeys. It is very dry here, and the hunting is, of course, poor, but we hope for rain soon when we shall have some capital sport. Those four old gobblers still live. Come down and give them some exercise and get them in condition for the field trials.—Turk.

Stale Goods.—The evening papers inform their readers that canvasbacks, redheads and terrapins are in market. Yes, there are a few last year's ducks in market, that were kept in ice houses all summer, but the pretended epicure who would order them sent home now would probably steal sheep. As for terrapin, they are the sickly pen terrapin, the livers of which taste like rancid oil, even in winter, while in hot weather this objectionable flavor is still more pronounced.—*The Cook, Sept.* 21.

St. Louis Convention.—The arrangements for the St. Louis convention are rapidly approaching completion. The "formulating committee" will meet several prominent gentlemen from other cities, at Mr. J. D. Johnson's office, on Sept. 28, the day before the meeting of the convention, to draw up suggestions for the open meeting. Mr. Gates has been appointed chairman, and Mr. Peck and Dr. Swander of a committee to arrange for grounds and programme of shoots.

Middlebury, Vt., Sept. 21.—Grouse are more plenty with us than they have been in several years. Gray squirrels are not here yet, but as there are plenty of nuts we expect to see them later. Foxes are everywhere, and we look forward to fine sport with them.—Seldom.

Hartford City, Ind.—Ruffed grouse shooting will be excellent with us this season; birds very plentiful.—C.

Canadian Non-Export Law.—Deer, wild turkeys, quail, partridges, prairie fowl and woodcock, are prohibited to be exported from the Dominion of Canada by the customs laws passed last session, and all customs officers have been ordered to be on the alert.—M.

Taken for a Turkey.—A Liberty (Mo.) hunter last Friday shot at what he supposed was a wild turkey, but was in reality his hunting companion. The victim lived about twenty-four hours.

Information Wanted.—Wishing to complete our record of Westley Richards hammerless guns, we desire to obtain the address of the present owner of the highest quality gun, No. 13,289. Any sportsman will confer a favor by sending such address to the undersigned. A. G. Spalding & Bros., 108 Madison street, Chicago. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Adv.*

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

168.

I WONDER how many times this old joke has been played on greenhorns, and how many times it will be played. Johnny was night operator at Magnolia and boarded with Mr. H. He was a very green youth from somewhere in New Jersey, and had never before seen so many ducks or heard so much duck talk. He was just crazy to shoot a wild duck or goose, and was generally found wandering around the shore with an old gun he had borrowed. One day he went out without his gun and walked up toward the creek. Here he saw several large white birds moving about among the cattails. He asked Hickey, a curiosity of these parts, what kind of birds they were. Hickey said, "Them's wild swans; why don't you git your gun and shoot one of them?" Johnny did not wait to hear more, but started off for the house on a full run for a gun. Arriving there pretty well blown, he spurted out with his eyes as big as saucers, "Lend me a gun! lend me a gun! the creek is full of swans; Hickey said they were, and I can get close enough to kill one." The gun was loaned him, and off he went. In about fifteen minutes there was a report, and in about an hour Johnny was seen approaching covered with mud from head to foot, and with a large white bird on his back. He marched proudly up to the porch, where all those about the place had congregated to see what he had got, and with a most consequential air threw down his swan and said, "There, now, let's see you fellows beat that." At this moment Mrs. H. appeared upon the scene, and taking one look at the swan, she went for Johnny. "You dratted fool," she said, "don't you know a tame goose from a wild swan? That's my best young gander you have killed, and you have got to pay for it." The shout that went up from us "fellows" caused Johnny to slink away awfully crestfallen. After he had shot the goose he had a terrible time getting it. He cut several poles and lashed them together, and waded out in the mud most up to his neck before he could get it ashore. The boys never let up on him about his "swan," and it was not very long before he applied to be transferred to another station. E. H. R.

Baltimore.

169.

Quail are abundant here; squirrels are found in all of the bottom lands, rabbits are plentiful on the uplands and in the fields, and we have a good sprinkling of wild turkeys, geese, and ducks. The quail shooting here is as fine as there is in the State, and some of our crack shots made some extraordinary bags during the last season. All kinds of game wintered finely. Our game laws are generally respected by the hunters. Two of our local sportsmen are still quite sore over a joke that was perpetrated on them early in the spring. One of their country friends was coming into town late in the afternoon, and in a bottom close to his house he flushed a fine gang of young turkeys. Will and Ed requested him not to tell any one else, as they did not want too many. Great preparations were immediately begun, and long before day the next morning, two men could have been seen with breechloaders on their shoulders and visions of turkey gobblers in their minds, quietly making their way toward the bottom. A brisk walk of twenty minutes found them close to the house of their friend, who was waiting for them. Another short walk of five minutes and a suppressed sh-h-h-h brought the three to a stop. Peeping through the heavy timber, the outlines of several dark objects could be seen high up in the trees. There was a hurried whispering and three guns went up to aim, a low command, and three flashes and three loud reports were followed by the fall of several heavy bodies into the thick underbrush and a loud flapping of wings. There was a quick rush to prevent escape, followed almost immediately by a choice selection of language, with something about buzzards, fools, etc. If any one thinks those men won't fight, just ask what size shot is best to shoot at buzzards. Bob.

Graves County, Ky.

I was waiting for the train at our station a morning or two ago, talking to an old sporting man and the village parson, when the former told us about a fox-terrier he had bred out of a bitch from the Fitzwilliam Kennels by a dog belonging to a colonel near here, who never had a bad one. The pup is about six or seven months old. Late in the seasons a fox was chopped in the gorse and left by the hounds, which went away with another fox. The master ordered the watcher to get him out, which he did next day, finding a very good head on him. This was stuffed and found its way to a spot a foot or so over the narrator's mantelpiece in the dining-room. The terrier, coming in shortly afterwards, began sniffing about until he caught sight of the head To spring on to the seat of an easy-chair and from the back of that to the mantelpiece, was an instant's work. His owner, coming in, attracted by the smashing of glass the dog had upset in his rush at the head, found him worrying it right merrily. A very gentle chiding was all he got, and the head was put up, as was thought, out of his reach, 2ft. higher. Shortly after this, as the family sat at dinner, an unaccountable scratching noise was heard, and all calls for Gyp proved unavailing, but a search discovered him up the chimney scotching himself on a disused pot-hook, and tearing with all his little might at the brickwork where the brush ought to be, as the head he no doubt reasoned was coming out of a hole on the other side, and the mounting of the head gave color to this, and must have a body and brush behind it. So, no doubt, thought Gyp, who, being baulked in his wish to worry the head, thought he would have a go at the other end, but had to bolt up the chimney to do it.—*J. L. W. in the Stock-Keeper.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SALMON IN THE COLUMBIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This scrap, cut from an old copy of *Land and Water*, gives some idea of the great numbers of salmon once found in the Columbia River, and now in a fair way to be exterminated:

"I take the liberty of writing to communicate to you a fact respecting the vast increase of salmon in their native rivers when unmolested, and thereby showing that if the poor things had but the chance of getting past the nets at the mouth of our rivers, and of avoiding those horrid small mesh nets along the Kentish coast, which inclose many tons of fry of the smallest and most valuable fish, which are used merely as manure, what an immense increase of valuable food might be procured from the waters for our population; but I am induced to send you these facts about salmon also because I have never seen them mentioned in any work on ichthyology, so that they may possibly be new even to you. I have never heard here of salmon being caught in the sea, or in any of our harbors at the mouths of salmon rivers, but in the year 1845 I was a lieutenant in H. M. S. Modeste on the N. W. coast of America, and when lying in the inlet of Puget Sound, a branch of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the Indians used to catch salmon of thirty and forty pounds weight almost alongside the ship, by trolling for them in their canoes, using as bait a fish about the size and appearance of a four ounce roach.

"In the Willamette River, about thirty miles from its junction with the Columbia River, there are falls which, when the waters are high, are about fifteen feet deep; the river being half a mile broad, at the bottom of the falls is a very deep pool; when the salmon are going up the river they leap these falls, and get over them by the aid of a natural ledge of rock that is about half way up their perpendicular face, but though numbers succeed in getting up them, a vast number also fail, and these are so bruised with their fall that they die in the pool at the bottom, and such great quantities die there as, when the water gets low in August and September, to cause an abominable stench, and to make the river water putrid and undrinkable for a long distance down.

"In the same year on this N.W. coast, in about lat. 56°, we went in a man-of-war's gig, drawing about eighteen inches water, up a small stream about as large as the River Adur above Shoreham Bridge; there was a depth of water of about four feet; it was in August, and the fish were returning to the sea after spawning; the whole stream was full of them, and so full that they were swimming, or rather floating, on the top of each other, for they were in so very weakly a condition that they could scarcely move a fin or wag a tail; many were dead, and we lifted several out of the water so as to be able to say that we had caught live salmon with our hands, which if in condition would have been 30-pound or 40-pound fish; some were hooked by the gills and lifted out with the boathook, so as to be able to say that we had done such a thing, but of course they were quite unfit to eat. The stench from the dead fish that had been left on the bank by the tide was abominable, but we tried to get on to see what the river was like, but after forcing the boat through salmon for about a quarter of a mile we had to give it up, the boat in four feet of water having fairly stuck fast upon the salmon.

"I am afraid of relating this story, for it seems so incredible that it may be thought to be a 'Traveler's Story,' but I assure you that it is a fact, and the present Admiral Baillie and Captain Maitland Rodney, who were with me in the boat, would tell you the same thing.

"Thomas George Drake, Captain R.N. (July 16, 1870)."

I thought this worth sending in these days of annihilation of all animal life. During 1856 I visited most of this region, and I assure you Capt. Drake has not drawn too long a bow. It will not be long before the Columbia will be as depleted of salmon as our Eastern rivers. Dr. E. Sterling.

Cleveland, O.

THE PIKE FAMILY.

At a recent meeting of the Toledo (O.) Fishing Club, Hon. Emory D. Potter, the veteran angler and former Fish Commissioner, gave the following description of the members of the *Esocidæ:*

Mr. President, without taking up your time I would say that I have always been on intimate terms with the pike. Without further preliminary remarks I will give you a short history of the pikes (family of *Esocidæ*). This family of fishes is known by the long cylindrical body, large elongated jaws, armed with strong, sharp hooked teeth, one genus and six or seven species. The species most abundant in Lake Erie and tributaries is the muskalonge (*Esox nobilior*) the great lake pike, (*Esox lucius*) the green pike, (*Esox reticulatus*) or Eastern pickerel. We do not propose to enter into a minute scientific description of the varieties of this fish, our aim being to give such description as will enable the fisherman to recognize them at once, with some account of their habits and the best modes for their capture.

First—The muskalonge breeds in the latter part of May, seeking the shoal waters of rivers and bays, when they pair (they are not polygamous), the pair running side by side, in water so shallow that their dorsal and caudal fins are seen above the water. Here the spawn is fertilized and dropped upon the sand or gravel. Nature does not seem to have endowed them with much wisdom, for their eggs, laid at high water in the spring on these shoals, dry or become food for the birds. This fish seldom takes the bait in the upper waters of Lake Erie. In Buffalo Creek, New York, he is a vigorous biter, and Esquire Slade and George Clinton have captured many in that stream. In the St. Lawrence and the tributaries of Lake Ontario they take the bait or the spoon readily.

In the streams in Southeastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, they are ravenous biters and are known as the Ohio river pike. They were formerly abundant in the Mahoning and Coshocton in Ohio, and the Beaver and Alleghany in Pennsylvania. Without question they are the best table fish, next to whitefish, that is taken in our waters. They grow to a large size, sometimes as high as sixty pounds, and are very rapid growers. At one year of age they will average one pound; at two years, three to five pounds; three to four years, twenty to thirty five pounds.

Second—The Great lake pike (*Esox lucius*) is the most numerous of the species in our waters and the one with which our fishermen are most acquainted. They are found in March and April as soon as the ice is out of the shallow

streams and swamps contiguous to the lake and rivers, depositing their spawn. They are the earliest spawners we have. By the time the ice is fairly out of the larger rivers and the lake, they have deposited their spawn and returned to the deep waters. They never feed during the spawning season, when they become much emaciated, in which condition they remain till late in the summer. They are in their best condition from the middle of September to the middle of February. They have been known to weigh twenty-five or thirty pounds. They will take a trolling bait or spoon, a live minnow in deep fishing, a frog, a young duck and have been known to swallow a gosling a week old. When in season they are esteemed by many as a very fair table fish. The largest should be boiled, the smaller broiled. They are also rapid growers; at one year they will weigh six ounces; at two years, one pound; at three years three to four pounds; five to six years they attain their growth.

Third—The common Eastern pickerel or green pike (*Esox reticulatus*) has the same habits as the great lake pike, and is fished for in the same way. They are not often seen in the great lakes, and seldom weigh more than five or six pounds. They are much darker colored than the lake pike; the bars on the sides are more marked and distinct.

Fourth—The hump-back pickerel (*Esox cypho*) resembles *Esox salmoneus*, only he is rounded or swollen in the dorsal region.

Fifth—The banded or trout pickerel (*Esox americanus*), dark green, the sides covered with twenty curved bars.

Sixth—The little pickerel or trout pickerel (*Esox salmoneus*), olive color, green above and white below, with streaks on the side instead of black bars. These three last never grow to be a foot long, and are considered of very little account by fishermen. Their habits and mode of life are very much like the other species of the family to which they belong.

FAIRLEE LAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days since I was in the village of Post Mills, Vt., enjoying the genial hospitality of Captain Thos. H. Chubb's home. A copy of the FOREST AND STREAM was placed in my hand and my attention called to an article bearing the signature of "S." and entitled "Auld Lang Syne," which carried me at once, in imagination, to scenes of my childhood, which, I believe, must have transpired in the same town of which "S." writes. I am sure the description answers perfectly to the town of R——h, where I was born, and the Uncle Lisha must have been Uncle Isaac R—d, of whom I have heard many most laughable anecdotes besides those related by "S." Uncle Isaac was a man who, besides being universal "Uncle," was universally liked. But he had one bad habit; he would partake too freely of the "ardent," and when exhilarated he got the "cart before the horse" more than ever, and then the boys—some, and, in fact, most of them "boys" of a larger and older growth—delighted to congregate in the village store and hear the old gentleman talk.

It was on one of these occasions that he said he "wanted to get a good board to come and boy with me and go to thcool thith winter." Also on such an occasion he told a story of a wonderful field of pumpkins in these words: "Onth I had the nitheth field of pigths that ever wath, and the neighborth's dam punkinth kept getting into them pigths. I got tired of it, and I juth called the houth out of the dog, and they went through the devil ath though the very bruth fenth wath after them." And I wonder if it was an exaggerated version of the story that "S." relates that I heard, or if "S." did not quite remember it all. To "tell the story as 'twas told me," he once borrowed a sleigh called a cutter in those days, of a man named Tucker, and in the course of the evening he stepped into Mr. Tucker's house, saying, "Well, Mithter Cutter, I run your tucker under the thed and put your harneth in the thtable and hung your horth up in the barn, and I gueth you will find it right."

But alas! the trout fishing of which "S." speaks is now no more. Like most of the towns in Vermont, the brooks of R——h are tenantless, and the hills once clothed in verdure are disrobed. Many of our beautiful forest trees have been "cut off as cumberers of the ground," and are now no more. Tree planting will soon be as necessary with us as at the West.

But the hunting and fishing laws of Vermont are beginning to have a beneficial effect. Game and fish are more abundant than they were five years ago. It is well that there were a few men far-sighted enough to realize that game and fish must be protected by law and cultivated, and a happy illustration of this foresight may be seen in the case of Fairlee Lake, which lies partly in Port Mills village. The waters of this lake had formerly contained a great variety and seemingly an inexhaustible supply of the finny tribe, but fifteen or twenty years ago they only lived in the memory of the people. However, about that time there came to Post Mills, from the Lone Star State, a gentleman who was passionately fond of hunting and fishing, especially the latter. He was at once struck with the beauty and healthfulness of this locality, and he decided that this was the place for him, consequently he brought his family and settled here, and as it was now to all interests and purposes his home, being an active energetic man, he set about making improvements. He interested himself in the law for protecting game and fish, and stocked the beautiful lake that is so like an emerald gem, with a variety of fish, and established a manufactory of all kinds of fishing implements, and has kept the place alive generally. His is a history which, were it only written, is well worth the reading. R. A. T.

VERMONT.

GEORGIA BASS FISHING.—Macon, Ga., Sept. 15.—My friend and partner (H. B. D.) owns an interest in a large mill pond three and a half miles from Macon. In this are a great many small bass. Some years ago the supply was almost exhausted by the largest ones destroying the smallest and then being taken by the fishermen. H. B. D. had the pond restocked, and now the fishing is improving. He and I caught over twenty fish one day in June, most of them bass, and we also had some bream fishing. Together with a friend one morning in June I caught twenty of these, the finest perch fish in the world. Three miles beyond this pond is one owned by Dr. McC., of Macon, which is well supplied with bass, and several parties have caught some big weights there recently. I give you weights of ten, 2, 2, 2, 3, 4, 4, 5½, 8½, 9 and 9 pounds respectively. These are private ponds and well protected. We anticipate some fine sport in November, as H. B. D. will let off most of the water in his pond to have some repairs done. The fish will then be in a small compass of water, and will bite freely. Will report to you if we have much success.—I. H. J.

A SECOND COURTSHIP.

A YOUNG lawyer friend of mine, H. H., has lately married. His wife is a good Catholic of an old Virginia family, and on Fridays and Wednesdays H. has to eat fish or dine with the heretics. These circumstances have been fortunate for your esteemed correspondent, who, by pretended or true interest in the cause of churchly fasts, was invited to "try the trout some Thursday." So last Thursday I asked H. if he thought his folks would take kindly to *Salmo fontinalis, or salvelinus*, whichever be correct. His reply was favorable, so I meditated another bold stroke, namely, to persuade my own wife to walk to the stream and participate in the prospective sport. Leaving directions to a colored citizen to follow with lunch, my wife and I set out. The Big Spring is about two miles or more from our humble dwelling. We "walked in the middle o' the road," to avoid climbing too many fences. We wanted the trip to be inconspicuous, but every acquaintance we have seemed that evening to be on that particular road. My wife, however, behaved well under fire, and trudged along admiring the beautiful landscape on each side of the way, and enjoying the fresh air and exhilarating exercise as much as her fisherman escort, who was feeding on prospective pleasures yet to be drawn from the clear running brook, odorous with fragrant mint and sweet-smelling plants—pleasures of tangible shape and beauteous form—flame-colored fish sprinkled with sparkles of the finest jewelry. In fine, he was thinking of the trout and she of the landscape.

The trout stream runs through a beautiful grassy meadow. Its waters, clear, swift and sparkling, glide over enameled pavements of multifarious mosaic, many-formed and many-colored, all colors represented in its pebbles and clays—reds, whites, yellows, bluish-grays, and lead-shaded tints changing their hues with the movement of water, sky or cloud, outshining the products of man's poor looms.

One of our sons with the colored contingent had arrived and the rods were jointed, the narrowness of the stream precluding the fly, we began to try the swift stream with the festive grasshopper, who was out in force and tumbling from everything but "sweet tater vines" into the stream and being gulped up by the agile and scaly citizens of the water. Rob caught the first and largest fish, more than a foot long and as broad as my palm, in fact the rascal, notwithstanding the commandment, "Honor thy father," etc., beat me in size of catch, though not in numbers. Or to put the matter as Henry Powell, the colored aide, did: "Mr. W., if your fish were two or three inches longer you would beat Rob all to pieces, I tell you this for a fac'."

We fished the stream to the river, about half a mile, caught a dozen fish, eight trout, nearly all plump and sizable, and after lunch and a pleasant walk home, ate trout for supper with the fragrance of mint still clinging to them, besides turning over to our friends enough for their Friday meal.

My wife had such a color, was so pleased and excited by the pleasure of the trip that I only was kept from courting her over again by the presence of the children, and by the consideration that "discipline must be maintained." If ladies only knew how much prettier a complexion may be gotten on a trout stream than from a drug store they would take more exercise and less powder. T. W.

LEESBURG, Va., Aug. 31.

RHODE ISLAND BASS.—I took with the rod the week ending Sept. 16, striped bass, the largest weighing 22 pounds; smallest 3½ pounds. Two rods that I baited during the week ending Sept. 12 took respectively: Rod No. 1.—Sept. 7, five, of 12, 9, 4½, 5 and 4½ pounds respectively; Sept. 8, two, of 17 and 8¾ pounds; Sept. 9, six, of 10, 7, 5½, 5, 2½ and 2 pounds. Rod No. 2.—Sept. 10, one, of 22½ pounds; Sept. 12, four, of 12½, 10, 7½ and 5 pounds; and Sept. 12 another rod took six, of 6, 5½, 4¾, 4, 3 and 2½ pounds. Seven bluefish were also taken during the week, weights, 10¾, 10, 8½, 8, 6, 5½, 3 pounds. I think from the indications that there is going to be the best fishing this month there has been for some years. For the past month the menhaden steamers have been in other parts and the menhaden have struck into the rivers and along this part of the coast, which in this locality means good bass and bluefishing. The gill-netters and trap-fishermen have had very poor fishing most of the season and it looks as if there would be less of them the next season. If there should be less and should the steamers also make themselves scarce, it would be of great benefit to the hook fishermen who depend on the line for their daily bread. I was much pleased with your editorial on the menhaden question, also with Mr. Clapham's notice, and could it be made as plain to the United States Government as it is to most fishermen that the steam fishing, pound and gill-netting destroys our fishing and fish supply, they would either be restricted or wiped out.—W. M. HUGHES (Newport, R. I., Sept. 13).

FIGHTING BASS.—New York, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine, recently from Florida, has just told me an absolutely true fish story, as follows: A friend of his with his wife were out rowing on Lake Nettie, near Lake Eustis, Orange county, Fla., when, noticing a commotion in the water at some distance, they approached and found two black bass in deadly combat. The water boiled. The fish attacked and retreated after the approved style of the arena. Finally one of them seized the other by the upper and lower jaw, and shook him as a dog shakes his prey. So exhausted were they that the gentlemen reached down and drew them both into the boat. One of them weighed 9 pounds and the other 9½ pounds. Verily Florida waters are the ones in which to go fishing, without either rod, line, hook or sinkers.—GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.

RAINBOW TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Number Four, Lewis County, N. Y., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During the spring of 1882, while I was in this region, Mr. Fenton was hatching 300 eggs of the rainbow trout. About the first of this month Rev. Dr. Shipman, of New York city, caught one of these fish in the rapids of Beaver River, which weighed ten ounces. A day or two afterward one of the same size was caught by a gentleman from Albany. I found that they fed on green worms gathered from the rock bottom. —SPENCER M. NASH.

BRITTLE HOOKS.—Redditch, Eng., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We notice that one of your correspondents complains of the quality of the sproat hooks of one of the manufacturers in this town. We take the liberty of sending you 100 of our manufacture, and shall be obliged if you will try them and report on them. Yours truly—S. ALLCOCK & Co. [We have tested the hooks sent and find them of most excellent quality, and have sent some to our correspondent Mr. E. A. Leopold.]

LONG ISLAND SEA FISHERY.—Springs, Long Island.—The fishing of September here has been better than before, but the fresh winds and rough sea have been unfavorable for the bunker steamers and the pound-fishermen. The cooler weather and water have brought in the fish from the ocean tides in greater abundance, but the water has been too rough to allow the pound boats to "lift" their nets. One party here (Fireplace Point) who have five pounds at Fort Pond (Montauk) have been able to visit them but once this week, viz., on Monday. On that day (7th) we had fresh easterly winds here, when the racing yachts were prevented by calms off Sandy Hook from completing their struggle. The fish chiefly taken in the pounds of Block Island, Gardiner's Bay and Peconic Bay waters are weakfish, bluefish, porgies, shiners and flatfish, these five pounds taking from two boxes of fish to twenty. The average prices they receive for them in New York vary from $2 to $12 each, according to the demand for them in city markets. The dealers tax the fishermen about 12 per cent. for sales, which is a fair sum and is not objected to here. Once each day a cartload of worthless fish is taken, such as sharks, dogfish, skates, bunkers, etc., and these are used to manure the land.—I. MCLELLAN.

SNAKE AND BETHABARA WOODS.—Snake or letterwood is a tree of the genus *Piratinera*, growing in Guiana, South America, and used by the natives for making bows and arrows, for which reason it should be an excellent wood for fishing rods, but has not entered into general use owing to its being very heavy and expensive, costing twenty-five cents per pound in the log in Guiana. Greenheart is a variety of the genus *Laurus*, found in the West Indies and South America. That in Jamaica and Guiana is the *Nectandra rodiæi*, called also "cogwood" in the former and "sipieri" in the latter locality. Lancewood is a tree found also in the West Indies, called in botany *Guatteria virgata*, and is *par excellence* the best wood for fishing rods. It will be difficult to find bethabara wood in the botanical list, it is only found in the catalogues of some fishing rod makers who have enshrouded it in mystery, otherwise it is nothing but a fancy name for greenheart.—M.

FLY-FISHING FOR PERCH.—Salisbury, Md., Sept. 14.—My colleague and myself were red fishing on the Urcomico River, two miles below this place, and at my suggestion, Mr. D. put on a leader containing three flies. On the third cast he took a white perch, and on the fifth or sixth cast took a large yellow perch, twelve or fourteen inches long. Handing his rod to me, he went into the yacht's cabin to put a leader on another line, when upon the first or second cast, I took a large yellow perch. This was on a narrow mud flat, shelving up toward a marsh in fresh, or perhaps a little brackish water. The tide had been flowing perhaps an hour, and was in a short time too high upon the flat to fish. We will try it again. Fly-fishing for perch is something new to both of us.—E. W. HUMPHREYS.

FISHING WITH A PADDLEWHEEL.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—I see it reported that the other day the steamer Moulton struck and stunned a thirty-five pound pickerel with her wheel, in the lake off Chautauqua. A fisherman named Rew killed it with his oar and sold it to the Chautauqua meat market for four dollars. It was more of an object of interest than the pin machine, for the time being. I do not think this fish was a pickerel, but a muscalonge (*Esox nobilior*). I have caught them in Chautauqua Lake, but could see no difference in them and the Niagara and St. Lawrence muscalonge except in color. True this is some years ago and I did not at that time know that the true muscalonge had naked gill covers.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

BASS FISHING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Philadelphia, Sept. 19.—Bass fishing is now excellent in the Upper Schuylkill, above Phœnixville, and the fish take the fly freely. Two friends waded the river at or near this turn a few days since and took twenty or twenty-five fine bass with the artificial lure. September and October with us are the season *par excellence* for this fish, and our anglers are finding it out gradually and many put up their bass rods for July and August and never think of jointing them until autumn opens.—HOMO.

PICKLING CLAMS, MUSSELS AND EELS.—Can any of your readers give me directions for pickling clams, mussels and eels, for use on a long cruise?—A. W. R.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE BIENNIAL SPAWNING OF SALMON.

THE BUCKSPORT EXPERIMENTS.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY CHARLES G. ATKINS.

AFTER the organization of the establishment for the collection of eggs of sea-going salmon at Bucksport, on the Penobscot River, in 1872, it was one of the earliest suggestions of Professor Baird that we should attempt, as occasion might offer, to obtain evidence bearing on the frequency and duration of the salmon's migrations and its rate of growth.

To carry out these suggestions it seemed requisite that observations should be made on individual fishes at successive periods in their lives; yet, whatever means should be taken to secure and identify them must, it was evident, not prevent free movement in the open river to and from the sea, or interfere in any way with the development of their functions or their regular growth. They must be distinctly and durably marked, yet in such a way as to do them no injury. The cutting of the fins would answer the purpose only in part, since it would not afford a sufficient variety in form to enable us to distinguish a great number of individuals. Branding upon the side of the fish was thought of and even tried, but the serious mutilation that befel the first fish operated on, and the extreme probability that those marks that were so lightly impressed as to do no injury to the fish would soon become illegible, or so nearly so as to be overlooked by fishermen, caused that method to be abandoned. A metallic tag, stamped with a recorded number, appeared to offer the greatest promise of success. The first tag tried was of thin aluminum plate, cut about a half inch long and a quarter wide, and attached to a rubber band which encircled the tail of the fish. It is probable that most of the bands slipped off, and that those which were tight enough to stay on cut through the skin and produced wounds that destroyed the fish. At any rate, no salmon thus marked were ever recovered.

The next method employed was the attachment of an aluminum tag by means of a platinum wire to the rear mar

gin of the first dorsal fin. This place of attachment was chosen, because, being near the middle of the fish, it has less lateral motion when the fish is swimming than any point nearer the head or tail, and because the tag, lying thus in the wake of the fin and close to the back, would be better protected from contact with foreign objects than elsewhere. The attachment was effected by placing the fish upon a narrow table, confining it by straps, and piercing the thin membrane of the fin between the last and next to the last ray by means of a needle, into the eye of which was threaded the wire already connected with the tag, the ends of the wire were then twisted together, so as to form a loop, and neatly trimmed with scissors. The tags were stamped with dies. This mode of marking has been adhered to in all subsequent experiments of the kind with no change except that the aluminum tag has been replaced by one of platinum.

The marking was always done in the fall, after the fish had been relieved of their spawn. They were then liberated either in tide water or in fresh water whence egress to the sea was easy.

Of the salmon marked with rubber bands in 1872, as has been said, none were recovered. In November, 1873, there were marked 391 salmon. In the ensuing year rewards were offered to the fishermen for the return of any marked specimens. In response, there were sent in to the station twenty salmon, the first in January (taken in a smelt net) and all the others in April and May. All of the twenty retained the wire, by which they were with certainty recognized as having been marked in the preceding autumn. Sixteen of them still retained the tags. One of them was found to have lost eight ounces in weight, eight others had lost from one to two pounds each; all had fallen away in flesh since November. The males had faded in color; the hooks on their lower jaws were still present, but had decreased much in size. The females had regained their bright silvery color to a great extent; in their ovaries were the germs of the next litter of eggs, but they were very small. No food could be found in the stomachs of either sex. It was quite evident from their condition that these fishes could not have been to their feeding grounds during the winter. Twelve out of the twenty were taken in the Penobscot above Bucksport, and nine of these were taken at Veazie, twenty-five miles above Bucksport, in close proximity to the first serious obstacle they would encounter in ascending the river. Salmon in their condition should be bound toward the sea, and had they, as may have been the case with some, reached the upper waters it is quite impossible that they could have became breeders the same year. That all these loiterers dropped down to the sea before the first of June we may conclude from the fact that after that date no more were captured. During the whole year not a single marked fish was recovered or reported that had in any degree mended from the condition in which it was released the preceding autumn.

In 1875 the offer of a reward was renewed and this time resulted in the recovery, in May and June, of eight specimens, and among our breeding fish there was found in the autumn another whose mark had escaped observation at the time of capture. Of these nine fish, four were females, three males, and two not determined. They were all of good size, weighing from 16 to 24¼ pounds, and measuring 34½ to 40½ inches in length, and were all fat and apparently healthy. One of the females was placed alive in our inclosure and yielded in the fall about 11,500 eggs. Unfortunately the tags, supposed to have been good aluminum plate, proved deficient in durable properties, became (as we learned by direct observation) weak and brittle after a short time in water. All of them had fallen off from these specimens, and we could not therefore trace the record of the individual salmon, but the wire remained and proved beyond question that these salmon were marked and released in November, 1873, as none others had up to this time been marked in the same manner, and none at all marked in 1874. They had thus been absent eighteen or nineteen months, and had (we cannot doubt) passed the intervening months, including the summer of 1874, mainly on their feeding grounds in the sea. The experiment was repeated in 1875 and in 1880, with platinum tags, which proved durable.

In 1875 there were marked and released in tide water, at Bucksport, 357 salmon. In the spring of 1876 a considerable number of these were taken in the river; but without exception they were, as in 1874, all poor. In 1877 three specimens were recovered, all in good condition and of larger size than when released. The first, No. 1,019, was caught on Cape Gelison in April. This was a female fish; before spawning it weighed 21 pounds 6 ounces, and at time of release 16 pounds. When retaken, seventeen months later, it weighed 33½ pounds. The second individual, No. 1,010, was also a female; weighed before spawning 18 pounds 2 ounces, after spawning 13 pounds 8 ounces, and on recapture in Lincolnville, nineteen months later, 30 pounds 8 ounces. The third individual was also a female; weighed 20 pounds 7 ounces before spawning, 15 pounds on release, and 26 pounds on recapture in Lincolnville nineteen months later. The results of this second experiment supported the conclusions drawn from those of the first in every particular.

The salmon marked in 1880, numbering 252, were released in the fresh waters of Eastern River, a small branch of the Penobscot. The distance from the point of liberation to tide-water was two miles, and the only impediment a dam over which they could easily go down in the spring, or at any high water when the river was not very low, but which during the winter must have constituted a serious impediment. There is reason for thinking that the larger part of these salmon remained above the dam until the spring floods. A small reward was offered for the return of fish or tags taken the next spring, and twelve tags were received. Nine of the fish bearing them were weighed and found in every instance to have fallen away in weight since marking. No fully or partially mended fish were obtained or heard of that year. But in June, 1882, five prime salmon were recovered bearing the tags affixed in October and November, 1880. The following statement shows the date for each individual:

RECORD OF MARKING.

No.	Date. 1880.	Sex.	Length inches.	Weight before spawning. lbs.	oz.	Weight of eggs. lbs.	oz.	Weight on release. lbs.	oz.
1135	Oct. 28	F.	30	9	7	1	15	7	8
1136	Oct. 28	F.	30	9	5	2	1	7	4
1239	Nov. 5	F.	36	17	12	3	8	14	8
1248	Nov. 5	F.	32	10	5	2	5	8	0
1247	Nov. 12	M.	30½					8	8

RECORD OF RECAPTURE.

No.	Date. 1882.	Place.	Length inches.	Weight lbs.	oz.
1135	June 20	Bucksport Center.	34½	16	8
1136	June —	Searsport.	35½	17	4
1239	June 22	Sandy Point.	39¾	21	0
1248	June 27	North Bucksport.	30	21	0
1274	June 23	Frankfort.	—	14	12

The results of this third experiment coincide, it will be seen, with those of the other two, and they leave little room for doubt that it is the normal habit of the Penobscot salmon to spawn every second year. Had any considerable number of them recovered condition in season to return to the river for spawning the year after their first capture, they would hardly have escaped detection altogether, indeed, they would have been much more likely to retain their tags, since they would have borne them only six or seven months, instead of eighteen or nineteen. This view is further supported by what we know of the reduced condition in which the end of the spawning season finds the salmon, the short time, only six months, that intervenes between the spawning season and the time for the next "run" up the river, the low temperature then prevailing in the river and bay, and the fact, which is pretty well established, that a large part, perhaps nearly all the salmon, instead of proceeding at once to sea after spawing, linger in the fresh water all the winter and descend only with the spring floods.

BUCKSPORT, Me.

THE TEXAS COMMISSION.—The last Legislature of Texas has abolished the Fish Commission of the State. The late Commissioner, Mr. John B. Lubbock, of Austin, has leased the State carp ponds, and is now supplying customers with young carp at from eight to ten cents each, according to quantity. Mr. Lubbock was an active Commissioner, and the Legislature has done an unwise thing in abolishing the office.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22, 23, 24 and 25.—Dog Show of the Milwaukee Exposition Association. John D. Olcott, Superintendent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

——— ——— ———Twelfth Dog Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

Oct. 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2704.**

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owing to the want of timely advertisement the closing of the puolic stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club, viz., the All-Aged setter and pointer stakes, is postponed from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1, the Members' stake to the evening of Nov. 11 and the Champion stakes to the evening after the finish of the two all-aged stakes. The dates of running remain as advertised last spring, viz., the Members' stake on Thursday, Nov. 12, and the All-Aged Setter stake on Monday, Nov. 16, followed on its finish by the All-Aged Pointer stake, the Champion stake, if it fills, and ending with the Eastern Field Trials Derby.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Secretary.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think we have all been somewhat cranky this summer. How could it be helped? The A. K. C. was such a sore, so constantly breaking out in new places, that we all got to be cranks in our magnifying of our pet grievances, and our adulation of our pet remedy.

Now that there is to be another attempt to put the A. K. C. on a firm and respectable basis, let us all try to clear our minds of crotchets and illusions, and bring a sober, unprejudiced reason to our aid. We will doubtless make some mistakes that cannot be helped, but let us build so that we will be respectable and not the laughing stock we have been in the past.

To my good friend Osborn I extend my hand. I will fight by his side in a mutiny till the ship sinks. Now after the above prosy sermonizing, for an application, to wit, the "standard committee" business. It is really incomprehensible to me how so many clear-headed men have gone wrong in this. Except Mr. Osborn. I do not know of one that has expressed himself in public to the real point on this matter. Granting that the mainspring that moved the machine was the desire to enact a setter standard to fit the Gladstone dog (there is no use beating round the bush), there is nothing inherently wrong in that. If certain parties want a standard enacted to fit a certain dog or strain of dogs, that is legitimate enough, and all that is required is to let all shades of opinion be heard, and decide the question fairly. If the majority want the Gladstone type, so be it; if not, then down with it. Granted that it was the intention to smuggle it through in Pennsylvania Legislature fashion, that is now balked, and in fighting that, don't charge around like a bull in fly time, tail in air, eyes ablaze, charging every cornstalk in the field (this especially applies to "Porcupine").

The mischief is that these excellent but excited bovines seem to be possessed with the idea that these standard committees would upset all existing standards, and set up creations of their own. Now, no such chimera can be evolved from the mode of appointment or construction of any of the committees except that on setters. How many breeds are there for which there is no standard? Take mastiffs. Who ever judges them by the sacred "Stonehenge," that so many have made a fetish of? "Stonehenge" gives thirty-five points for head, Mr. Wynn's scale, prepared for the late mastiff club, gives forty-two, and the practical lesson derived from the judgings of the O. E. Mastiff Club is about seventy-five! Is it not about the same in many other breeds? For instance, take the illustration of Governor in "Dogs of the British Islands." Can any one imagine him a good mastiff if the wretched beasts the English craze has recently sent over here are good type? Imagine old champion Turk, with the mien of a chief justice of the United States, led out and beaten, as he surely would be, by such a beast as Lady Clare, as short-faced and turn-up nosed as any pug, with quarters as lank as a starved wolf. Here we have got clear away from "Stonehenge," and have set up a shadowy fancy of our own, each judge giving us his own particular views as to high art.

In such a case (and I assume that there are a dozen more), would it not be well for it to be positively laid down that "Stonehenge" is the standard?

Then this "standard" business has brought out blasts from "Porcupine" and even from the level-headed editor of the *A. K. R.* about "a good judge that knows his work," not needing any standard. Now this is sheer nonsense. How is any judge to know what is the correct type, or what are the relative values of various merits or demerits in the specimens being judged? In fact, no judge can act without consciously or unconsciously following a standard, and on this no advice can be sounder or clearer than that of "Zoilus" that lately appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, especially when it is known that "Zoilus" is himself one of the oldest and most weighty of English judges. So much for an airing of my pet crank. Another thing. The "constitution" (there really is such a thing, construction, skylark appointment of committees, etc., notwithstanding) provides that the officers of the A. K. C. have no vote. Now, is not this wrong? If we have sufficient confidence in any one to elect him an officer should we not trust him with a vote? The change was brought about by the president casting one vote as such, one as a delegate and "x" as proxy; but cannot all this be obviated by providing that the officers shall not be delegates, and that none shall hold more than one proxy? I am not blind to the enormous difficulty we will have in securing respect for any set of rules that may be enacted. The farces of "construction," "Pickwickian" appointment of committees, Jack Bunsby opinions, and the unavoidable necessity of deliberately setting rules aside has honeycombed the idea of a duty to observe rules, but with the evidence of a sincere determination to look solely to the general good, and an executive and committee on discipline, determined to enforce rules, with the single purpose of protection to canine interests in general, these difficulties will gradually vanish. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Sept. 12, 1885.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of bench show committee of Philadelphia Kennel Club Sept. 15, 1885, it was decided to separate the dog and bitch mastiff puppy class and make a class for each; also in the fox-terrier dog and bitch class in October show. The numbers therefore of mastiff dog puppy class will be 579 and that of the bitches 579½, of the fox-terrier dog puppy class 608 and the bitches 608½. E. COMFORT, Secretary.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is every prospect that this show will be as large in entries as any yet given by the Philadelphia Kennel Club. The attendance at the State Fair will be double that of last year, and room enough has been given the Kennel Club to do away with all possibility of a jam, as occurred last season. Fully 50,000 people will visit the fair daily. Last year there was an average of 39,000 each day, so it can be readily observed the coming show will be just the place to sell and advertise dogs. A number of entries have already been made for the collie trials, and quite a number of valuable specials have been presented to the club for distribution. These will be apportioned to the several classes at next meeting of the committee, and sent to you for publication. HOMO.

THE BLACK AND TAN COLLIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I desire to call you attention to a matter and hope to be able to enlist your aid in accomplishing what I think would be a benefit to breeders of shepherd dogs, as well as to the future of the breed in this country.

To come at once to the point, I am anxious to see the black and tan collie a separate class at the bench shows. I think this dog has distinct characteristics which entitle him to be separated from the general collie class. There is no other collie with such distinct markings, reverting from sire to progeny (when carefully bred). By black and tan collie I mean a black dog with tan (or bluish black) undercoat, tan spots over the eyes, tan under the chin and on neck, and a very beautiful tan triangular point down on the breast, tan on the legs, principally the forelegs, and sometimes a ring around the neck. This is a beautifully marked animal, and as I said before, properly bred will throw the markings at every point to the offspring. There is no other one-color collie which will do this as certainly as the black and tan.

Besides the obvious advantage of perpetuating this beautiful collie by encouraging his separate breeding, the division of collies into two classes would do much to smooth away the growls of exhibitors at bench shows, when the rulings of the judges seem (?) to favor one color more than another.

I am not foolish enough to imagine that the mere insertion of this letter in your columns, signed as it is by a young and comparatively unknown breeder, would have much effect. And it is for this reason I beg the FOREST AND STREAM to actively take up the matter and solicit the opinions of the larger and better known breeders on the subject. I believe if such an expression of opinion could be had, the majority at least of those favoring the black and tan in their kennels would favor the movement, and those breeding other colors certainly have nothing to lose and perhaps something to gain by lessening the competition. That I may not be accused of studying only my own interest, I would state that I am breeding black and tans, and also tawny and white, and my kennels have as many of one kind as the other. I trust you will give this matter your consideration and attention.

B. A. R. OTTOLENGUI.

SUCCESS IN TRAINING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My father and uncles were sportsmen of the old school, in the good days when Manton guns and pointer dogs were used in the fields, and I have been accustomed to dogs from my childhood. Years of observation had taught me that training was better than breaking, and I had so found it in my own experience. When, therefore, Hammond's book, "Training vs. Breaking," made its appearance, I was attracted by its title and bought a copy, and have taken it as my guide, for I there found systematized and reduced to an art the principles which I knew to be correct. By the aid of this little manual, I trained a dog in the season of 1883 as thoroughly as I ever saw so young a dog broken. He would do anything that any dog broken by a professional would do and do it cheerfully, and he was of a disposition which made it likely that he would have been spoiled had he been broken instead of being trained. As a retriever (the thing of all others that its advocates say force is necessary to make) he was one of the best that I ever saw. This dog I sold to a gentleman in Georgia, and I have no doubt his training sticks to him.

I now have a couple of puppies five months old; one of them by San Roy (Count Noble—Spark) out of Drane's Cora (Mark—Jennie; Mark, by Rob Roy out of Juno; Jennie, by Leicester out of Dart), and the other by San Roy out of Queen Bess (Gladstone—Donna J.); and if I can find time, I shall train these puppies according to Hammond's rules in preference to placing them in the hands of a breaker. Already they point, back and drop, and readily retrieve a ball or glove. One of them showed a good deal of inclination to gunshyness (although there is no gunshyness in his ancestry), but I effectually cured him by following Hammond's directions.

No matter what may be one's views as to the proper mode of breaking or handling dogs, no bird dog owner can afford to do without this little book of Hammond's. It should be in the hands of every sportsman; and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be doing God's service if it would raise a fund for the gratuitous distribution of this book. It teaches the best code of morals yet devised for the regulation of the relation of sportsman and dog. It shows that kindness will more effectively do the work of preparing the dog for field use than brutality. It raises from a most disagreeable task—a task involving beatings innumerable for the poor dog

—to a pleasant recreation the education of this animal. It makes your dog your cheerful friend instead of your fearful, crouching slave. If a man will read and follow the precepts of this little book he will be a better master to his dog and, therefore, a better man, and his dog will be a better and happier one. Instead of being willing to pay a breaker $100 for his services, a man who reads this little book and has the time, will train his own dog and will get $100 worth of pleasure in doing so.

I will rejoice to see the day when the evil force system is abolished, and I know of no better or surer way of bringing this speedily about than the general circulation of this little book. AH-PE.

FANCIERS' FALLACIES.

UNDER the heading of "Fanciers' Fallacies," the *Stock-Keeper*, London, Eng., is publishing a very interesting series of articles. "Hakim," who started the ball, has undertaken the task of pointing out some of the fallacies and old women's whims that to a greater extent, we fear, than any one would believe, govern the actions of very many fanciers. The subject is an interesting one, and well-known writers are adding their mite. Our readers we hope will profit by a perusal of the articles.

You truly remark in your paragraph of last week's *Stock-Keeper* that the subject, namely, "Fanciers' Fallacies," which we have often discussed, is of vast dimensions. When one sits down to grapple the matter, one's thoughts are tossed about in a whirlpool, of which there is no beginning and no end. Therefore I have been doubtful in attempting to carry out our proposed scheme; but—

Our doubts are traitors.
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

One of the commonest fallacies I have heard is that the gloss on a dog's coat depends on the presence or absence of oil. Now, frugal nature never meant that a dog should be a nuisance to himself or man, nor his coat a receptacle for all the dirt with which it comes into contact. I therefore propose to give a short physiological description of the coat or hair, and some of its uses.

The hair is simply a modification of the outer layer of skin or cuticle, as also are the nails. Each individual hair is composed of an outer layer of scales overlapping one another like tiles on a house, with an inner layer of horny cells; this sometimes incloses a small cavity containing fat and pigment granules. The hair itself fits into a tubular depression of the skin, called the hair follicle, which is deep down in the true skin. In close connection with the hairs are small glands, containing an oily sebaceous matter, whose outlets are either into the hair follicles themselves, or on the surface of the skin very near the hair. This oily matter keeps the skin moist and supple by preventing evaporation, and also protecting the skin (not hair) from too long continued action of moisture. To preserve a healthy coat, it is therefore very necessary that these glands should be in good working order, and it is a useful expedient when dogs are unwell and the skin dry, "not diseased," to rub vaseline into the skin, and thus prevent the hair coming off. The glossiness and fineness or hardness of a coat depends on the thickness and density of the horny scales in each individual hair, as above alluded to.

The undercoat is generally short, fine, and very close, protecting the skin from wet and keeping the body warm by preventing the cold getting to the body and loss of heat from the body. The long coat is especially useful to those dogs who are much exposed in their work, and have to lie down on damp ground; it really acts as a greatcoat, and should be hard and coarse, so as not to be so liable to get entangled and matted by the wet, as otherwise it would be on account of its length. Dogs not much exposed, and especially small dogs kept indoors who have long coats, have fine long hair; but they obviously only require the coat for warmth, and the careful grooming they get makes the coat perhaps finer than otherwise it would be. HAKIM.

THE EAR.

I have heard so many theories put forward regarding the ear, and especially as to the reason of the half-prick ear, many of them as absurd as fallacious, that I do not think I can do better than discuss this knotty question. I was told that a well known judge even asserted that the flap of a half-prick ear vibrating conveyed the sonorous undulations to the auditory canal. I only state this to show what ridiculous ideas exist.

The most plausible theory accepted and believed in by most doggie men is that the useful function of the flap is to protect the ears from wet, dirt, etc., and consequently is an objective point in breeding in certain classes. Now I hold that the flap has no use whatever; by flap I mean that part of the half-prick or pendant ear which hangs down.

Doubtless the external ear, or pinna, as it is technically called, whether prick, half-prick or pendant, does to a certain extent protect the internal ear or true auditory organ from insects, dirt, wet, etc.; but nature has provided several efficient means, which are of themselves perfectly capable of affording the necessary safeguards: Firstly, by the distance of the internal ear from the surface of the body, and secondly by the external canal, called the external auditory canal, being itself protected by the hairs at the entrance and by the wax poured out by the cells along its extent. A well-known method to prevent cats poaching "from the knowledge that pussy has a strong objection to dew, etc. getting into her ears," is to cut her ears off; but this is by no means sufficient to keep her from predatory habits, unless the hairs also at the entrance to the canal are snipped away. Now, this does not alter the opinion stated above, "that the flap is useless to the dog," and, I expect, if he were again metamorphosed to the wild state, he would find one of his chief supporters of existence taken from him, the prick ear being essential for quick hearing. For instance, take the rabbit in its wild state, or the Dutch earth-hog, both of which burrow in the ground, and whose large ears are much exposed to wet grass on account of the size of the animal. Surely, if the above theory is correct, we should expect them to have pendant or half-prick ears! No; their life depends on the acuteness of their hearing, and the ears can be pricked at once and readily turned about by muscles in connection with them. Take, again, the rabbit in its domesticated state. No longer requiring the use of these muscles, the ears become lopped in every variety, and by care you obtain a breed with both ears constantly lopped. I cannot do better here than to quote Professor Darwin, who says: "Not one of our domestic animals can be named which has not in some country drooping ears, and the view which has been suggested that the drooping is due to the disuse of the muscles of the ear from the animals being seldom much alarmed, seems probable." To sum up, then, the half-prick or pendant ear is due to domestication of the dog, and provides no protection to the ear when dogs are swimming, burrowing underground, etc., and each variety has its own special form perpetuated by careful breeding, according to the fancy of the fancier. An ear being placed on each side of the head allows animals to detect the direction of the sound by the intensity of its action on either. HAKIM.

SIR—If I may, without trespassing on "Hakim's" ground, I will point to a few fanciers' fallacies, drawing from what is considered, or would like to be considered, the well of canine knowledge undefiled, the sole source of wisdom as of honor. Of course I mean that guide book, the oracle of Cleveland row.

In a leading article on the, or rather headed the, "Mental Capacity of Dogs," the greatest authority in the world gives expression to the following "fallacies," errors so crude and stupid that a kennel boy should be whipped for whispering them.

This head of the "fancy"—its Dux Lux Lex—writes of "what constitutes a substitute for reasoning powers in dogs," but is careful not to say what he means. There may be leading and law in the Kennel Club organ, but there is precious little light.

The fair inference is that the editor quoted thinks that dogs do not reason, but arrive at conclusions by some other process. Manifestly absurd. Put that down, Fanciers' Fallacy No. 1.

The same authority says: "It is difficult to account for all the characteristics of a breed—why, for instance, a collie puppy instinctively runs after sheep." Well, as collie puppies do not instinctively run after sheep, I call that Fanciers' Fallacy No. 2.

Further it is said that "St. Bernard puppies like digging in the snow." Of course this is instanced as contra to the liking for digging in snow of puppies of other breeds, for it is added, "these are the qualities that show aptitude for certain uses," and, as the statement evidences gross ignorance, I call it Fanciers' Fallacy No. 3—a very fair number of fallicies to be crammed into a quarter of a small column of large type in the mouthpiece of a club that assumes to teach the world all about dogs.

I will conclude by pointing out a very common fallacy, namely, that a dog fancier is a dog lover, and necessarily possessed of a profound knowledge of dogs, but the quotations given from the head of the "fancy" disprove this, so I shall fall back on the rendering of the term given in my dictionary. "Dog fancier—one who has a taste for dogs, and keeps them for sale." May I ask, are you and all of your readers dog fanciers, Mr. Editor? Say, do tell INQUISITIVE.

SIR—When a man hears that which is new to him, or contradictory of some old opinion which he has held, probably without examination, but just because he has found it generally accepted, and is afraid to admit that he may be ignorant on the point, he takes the certain course to remain ignorant.

As I think that course a foolish one, I shall admit frankly that I for years have enterterained the "fancier's fallacy" that the softness, flexibilty, and to some extent the glossiness of the hair, was dependent on the presence of an unctuous substance.

I am not a physiologist as "Hakim" is, and therefore I trust he will understand that anything I ask or say I do as a scholar willing to learn, and I take upon myself to add, he will also be teaching new ideas to many other old fanciers equally willing to adopt them when convinced of their truth.

The description of the structure of the hair, the outer layer or epidermis having smaller scales imbricated like the tiles of a house, covering the cortical substance which forms the bulk of the hair, and inclosing the medullary substance occupying the cavity or tube which extends from the root of the hair to its point, and having at its root cells containing fat granulations, we must all accept.

"Hakim" says: "In close connection with the hair are small glands, containing an oily sebaceous matter, whose outlets are either into the hair follicles themselves, or on the surface of the skin, very near the hair. This oily matter keeps the skin moist and supple by preventing evaporation, and also protecting the skin (not hair) from too long action of moisture."

Now, this is the part of "Hakim's" article I cannot understand. On what grounds does he assert that the oily matter does not protect the hair as well as the skin?

As I understand the matter, the visible part of the hair, the shaft, fits into a follicle or sac containing the hair bulb or root from which the hair is furnished with the elements of growth. Annexed to this follicle are two sebaceous glands, which, says Chauveau, "open into the sheath of the hair by a small excretory canal." Now, I ask, does not the excretion of oily or fatty matter from these glands keep the hair soft and pliable, and as a consequence, aid in the appearance called glossiness, which is usually applied to the look of a dog's coat in health?

It appears to me as if "Hakim" had assumed that fanciers were guilty of the fallacy of supposing that oil was deposited outside the hair in order to give it a gloss, as some young men anoint their locks with Rowland's Macassar, but I have not met with a fancier I have had any suspicion of holding such an opinion.

But the hair being, as "Hakim" says, "simply a modification [and I suppose I may add extension] of the outer layer of the skin," it is difficult to see how the skin can benefit by the excretion from the sebaceous glands, and the hair not participate.

In some cases of skin disease it is dry, and the hair is then harsh and dry to the touch, and when the skin contracts the hair is erected more or less, producing what is called "a standing coat." Is not the harsh feel of the hair due to the absence of the sebaceous matter with which it is usually supplied?

I take it that, though in a greater degree, the "yelk" or greasy substance which makes the wool of the sheep so soft corresponds with the sebaceous substance excreted into the sheath of the dog's hair alluded to. Now flockmasters do not wash their sheep one day and shear them the next, but wait some days until, to use the common phrase, "the yelk rises."

Here, then, comes the practical question which your readers who have had experience in washing dogs can throw light upon, and I hope they will.

Is it not a fact that the coat of a dog that has been washed, and especially if washed with strong soap, is, after thorough drying, harsh to the feel, and wanting for a time both in flexibility and gloss? If that is so, as I believe it is, then I think we shall be free from the charge included in "Hakim's" "one the commonest" of fanciers' fallacies. CORSINCON.

P. S.—I object to "Hakim" calling Dame Nature frugal, because she does not anoint her dogs with hair oil; she is not an old woman who deals exclusively in candle-ends and cheese-parings, but is mostly generous, and often prodigal, of her gifts. I equally object to her supposed parsimony in the pomatum supply being attributable to her desire that the dog should not "be a nuisance to himself or man, nor his coat a receptacle for all the dirt with which it comes into contact."

As a matter of fact, the dog left to nature is an intolerable nuisance; and not content with collecting in his coat all the dirt that comes to it in ordinary course, and that will stick, he goes out of his way to seek it, rolls himself with delight in the utterest of abominations, reducing himself to a state to which the term nuisance is immeasurably too mild to apply. If I thought the old lady had withheld the macassar of Mr. Rowland from our dogs from parsimonious reasons, or the futile vices imparted by "Hakim," I would not entertain for her the respect—amounting to adoration—which I do.

CORSINCON.

SIR—My articles to you as to Fanciers' Fallacies are written to invite discussion, so as to get breeders of dogs, as you say, to inquire intelligently into the reason for the many rules in breeding that have become hallowed by time. I cannot therefore but feel greatly gratified when so well-known a writer and keen observer of dogs as "Corsincon" takes up the subject, as I know then I have not failed in my object. In dealing with his remarks on my article on the coat, I hope he will not think I am doing it in a captious spirit, but simply in the hope of arriving at the truth. Will he allow me first of all to correct one or two physiological errors in his letter? The medullary canal to which he refers does not run up the center of the hair in the dog's coat from root to point, but is confined to the bulb of the hair, the shaft of the hair being solid. Again, the sebaceous matter is excreted into the sheath or lining membrane of the follicle, not hair. Now, this oily matter thence gets on to the surface of the skin and surface of the hairs to a certain extent, but not into the hairs, as "Corsincon" would imply, for he says, "It appears to me as if 'Hakim' had assumed that oil was deposited outside the hair in order to give it a gloss, some as young men anoint their locks with Rowland's macassar, but I have not met with a fancier I have had any suspicion of holding such an opinion." I certainly gave doggie men the credit of believing this; but those to whom I have spoken gave me to understand that they thought the glossiness of the coat entirely depended on this oily matter; and it is this statement to which I demur in my article. I am quite at one with "Corsincon" in believing that this sebaceous matter protects the hair, and, in fact, recommend vaseline to be rubbed into the skin for that purpose under certain circumstances, but it is essentially those parts of the hair below the surface of the epidermis, namely, the follicle and bulb. Some of this matter is also on the surface of the hair, but dogs and cats' are peculiary dry, which can be easily demonstrated by rubbing them, when you get the crackling, electrical sounds. I understand the glossiness to be due to reflection of light from the dog's coat, the essentials for this being that the hairs should be cylindrical, and lie more or less in parallel planes; and it was for this reason I stated that the glossiness depends chiefly on the fineness of the hair, as in this case the hair lying closer to one another, you get the necessary conditions best fulfilled. The doggie man shows his appreciation of this, without perhaps always knowing the reason why, by rubbing the coat down before he takes him into the show ring. In the mole, which has a peculiarly glossy coat, each hair is of different thickness throughout its extent, thus allowing the hairs to fit closely one against the other. If "Corsincon" will take some hair, oil one portion and deprive the other of any oily matter in connection with it, and place both portions in equally good conditions for reflecting light, I do not think he will find much difference in their glossiness. In fact, much oil would be more likely to refract light, and give a play of colors. No doubt it is partly the loss of this oily matter which causes the coat to be harsh and dry after the use of soap and water, but it is also due to the loss of elasticity of hair through absorption of water, and the small muscles in connection with the hair causing the hairs to become more or less erect by contraction from cold or irritability. These muscles also cause the staring coat referred to. "Corsincon" objects to nature being called frugal; he certainly cannot claim to be so in his PS., but I conjecture it was writen for "humor." HAKIM.

SIR—The articles by "Hakim" promise to be of wide and deep interest, and should prove to be of great practical use, and powerfully corrective of fanciers' fallacies, the name of which is Legion. I feel confident "Hakim" will not be offended with me saying that I fear he scarcely comes down to the level of us poor fanciers, and in dealing with the case I cannot but think he has missed a good opportunity of delivering a severe rebuke to one of the most cruel and vulgar of fanciers' fallacies.

I confess I never before heard of the ridiculous opinion, held by a well-known judge, that the drooping part of a half-pricked ear by vibration helped the dog to hear better.

That judge is an instance of matter out of place. His opinion shows he has had little experience, or is unobservant of dogs, or he would know that every dog, whether with the falling ears of a hound, the half falling of a collie, or the prick ears of a sky-terrier, erect the outer ear to the best of their ability when listening attentively, and even turn round the ear to some extent, to present the trumpet like opening to the direction from which the sound seems to come.

I cannot attempt to explain by what set of muscles this is done, but perhaps "Hakim" will be so good as to do so.

I was not prepared for such a strong opinion as "Hakim" expresses when he says, "I hold that the flap [that part which hangs down] is of no use whatever;" and this opinion he strengthens by a quotation from our great naturalist, Darwin.

The theory that drooping ears are the result of disease, atrophy, or loss of power of the muscles from disease, may be absolutely correct, although it makes a heavy demand on the unlearned to believe that the immensely long falling ears of the Irish spaniel represent the result of a disease of the normally prick-ear dog. Still, so far I am aware, every one of the *Canidæ* in a state of nature has erect ears; and we still have some of our domesticated breeds—the Skye terrier and Pomeranian for instance—wherein that form is retained, and in many breeds in which the drooping or half-drop ear is usual, well-bred specimens crop up with erect or tulip ears, as in the bull-dog, greyhound, fox-terrier, etc. Will "Hakim" explain why the Skye, Pomeranian, and other breeds long domesticated have ears as erect as the domesticated *Surinam aguara* dog, or the dhole, dingo, jackal, or the wolf?

Again, as to the flap being useless to protect the ears from wet, dirt, etc., I should be inclined to differ from "Hakim" for, whatever the cause of the alteration in position and form of the external ear, it seems to me absurd to say that the flap covering the orifice does not serve the purpose of keeping out dirt.

Dogs burrowing after vermin in light dry soil would surely be more likely to get fine particles of dirt intruding if the entrance to the meatus was only protected by the soft hairs that guard it, than if, in addition, they have an outer bulwark of skin folded loosely over it. Then, as to the protection afforded against the penetration of wet by the flap, has "Hakim" ever been out with prick-eared dogs in very wet weather, and, if so, has he observed how they depress the pinna as much as they can to protect the ear?

I find I have not been myself so closely observant of this as I ought to have been, and therefore I appeal to readers to give result of their observations.

Had "Hakim" thought well to go into detail he would have told us what a wonderful set of muscles the ear is furnished with, and I wish he had, for then he must have referred to, and that to condemn, a fanciers' fallacy that is a disgrace to the age. I mean the vile fashion that insists on artificially pricked ears, necessitating the cutting and hacking of skin and muscles by those ignorant of their position.

I hope "Hakim" will revert to this, and also to the refined cruelty which is its accompaniment.

The long soft hairs which nature provides for the protection of the auditory canal against the intrusion of extraneous matter, and also, I presume, against the effects of cold, for naturally prick-eared dogs are most liberally provided with them, are removed by fanciers of bull-terriers, or some other breeds, thereby, I contend, exposing a delicate organ to inflammation and its consequences. These practices represent more serious fanciers' fallacies than the silly opinion of a judge respecting the vibrations of the turned-down end of a semi-erect ear conveying the sonorous undulations to the auditory canal, and I hope that "Hakim" as a medical man will not spare such vulgar follies. CORSINCON.

THE STAFFORD SPRINGS DOG SHOW.—We have received the premium list of the second annual dog show of the Stafford Kennel Club, to be held at Stafford Springs, Conn., in connection with the Stafford Agricultural Society's fair Oct. 8 and 9. The entry fee will be fifty cents, to which the club will add an equal amount, the total in each class to be divided into three prizes, 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. Dr. George Walton, Boston, Mass., will judge all the classes. There will be special cash prizes of $5 each or silver medal awarded in the champion classes. Entries close Oct. 3. David Bissett, superintendent, Stafford Springs, Conn.

THE DAYTON (O.) DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Directors of the Southern Ohio Fair Association inform me that if the classes fill well this fall they expect to make the bench show of dogs a regular fixture as part of their annual fair. This association is incorporated under the laws of the State, and always pay their premiums in full. The prize list, both regular and special, is liberal and valuable.—S. H. & S.

THE NEW DOG SHOW RULES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some months ago you were kind enough to give publicity to an article upon the first sample of dog show rules issued by the American Kennel Club for the guidance of its members. Subsequently the club delegates met at Philadelphia, where a new set of rules were framed, and are, I understand, to be brought before the Pittsburgh meeeting for final adoption. With your permission I will comment upon these rules, which I will premise by saying are a vastly superior set to the old "shake bag" lot. Nearly all of the suggestions offered in my former criticism have been adopted, but I think the rules can yet be improved.

2. All dogs entered for competition or exhibition only shall be entered in the name of the *bona fide* owner. Such entry must be identified by the name of the dog, its date of birth, and, if known, the name of its sire, dam and breeder, otherwise it must be entered "pedigree unknown." If the name of a dog which has won a first prize has changed, its name at time of winning any and every such prize, and the place thereof, must be given.

For "shall be entered," it would be better to make it "must be entered." The words "and, if known" should precede "its date of birth." There should also be a correction made in "otherwise it must be entered 'pedigree unknown.'" The pedigree may be known, but its date of birth or the breeder's name may be unknown or forgotten, and in such a case "pedigree unknown" does not apply. The word "been" is required in the sentence "If the name * * * has changed." Then a limit should be specified as to how many times the repetition of the old name and record must be given. The presumption is that this applies only to the first entry made after the change, and if such is the case it should be so stated.

3. If a dog is entered without being identified, as directed in Rule 2, it shall be disqualified from competition.

The words "from competition" had better be omitted.

4. Puppies may be entered in the grown classes in addition to the puppy class by the payment of an extra entrance fee.

In this rule it would be well to clearly specify when a puppys eligibility to the class ceases. For instance, if a dog's date of birth is May 1, 1885, and a dog show is held beginning on May 1, 1886, with the entries closing on April 29, some may consider that it is eligible because it was under a year on the date of closing the entries. Then again, is it or is it not over the age on the recurrent date? It is a point that ought to be made clear and it seems to fit on to this rule better than any other.

6. Dogs to be eligible for special prizes must in all cases be entered in their regular classes, and no dog eligible for special prizes can be withdrawn from competition, unless it has been stated on entry blanks, "Will not compete for special prizes." Stud dogs and brood bitches with their progeny, may compete for such special prizes as may be offered, but the progeny must be entered in regular classes.

The opening of this rule is a relic of the old one. It is not necessary at all, as it would be extremely difficult to see how a dog could compete at all unless entered, and how can he be entered in any other way than in the regular class. Let the committee, by all means, cut out all useless verbiage, and in this rule all purposes are served by making it begin, "No dog eligible for special prizes, etc." "Entry blanks" should be "entry blank," as the rule refers to a dog. I fail to see the object of the addenda respecting stud dog and brood bitch prizes. It is purely a matter within the province of the show committee and will be fully covered by the wording of the premium list. It would be equally proper to say, "Dogs competing for a kennel prize must be entered in the regular classes." There is no necessity for that and neither is there for the clause as given in the rule.

The wording of Rule 8 is very crude, "Any dog * * * must have stated on its entry blank, etc."

9. In estimating the number of prizes a dog has won, with reference to whether it should compete in champion class or not, the number of prizes won shall be calculated up to 12 o'clock noon of the day previous to the day of closing entries for the show.

I fail to see the object of eligibility being calculated up to noon of the day previous to the day of closing entries for the show. An exhibitor filling out an entry blank on the date of closing entries puts down three first prizes, one of which does not count for a champion class because it was awarded on the afternoon of the preceding day. That is decidedly wrong. In England, entries close with the secretary on the announced date, not as with us by mailing a letter on that day, and the limit is noon of the day previous. With us all prizes won on the day of closing should be included in estimating eligibility to champion class.

10. Dogs that have won in a champion class shall be continued in said class.

This has been characterized as a legacy of "construction." Possibly the framer of this rule meant to say "a champion class under these rules," and that is quite proper. After a dog had won three prizes at associate club shows, and then a champion prize, two of the clubs might resign and this would give the dog only two prizes, one of which is a champion, and throws it back into the open class.

14. Dogs that have been erroneously entered may be transferred by the judge to their proper classes. If such classes have been judged they shall not be reopened.

If we are to understand that exhibitors are all to be treated alike, it is difficult to see how such can be the case under such a rule. A member of the Executive Committee informs me that the rule was suggested by a case which occurred at the late Philadelphia show, in which a pointer was entered in the wrong class through the owner not being aware of his increased weight putting him in the large size class. If the attempt is to be made to provide rules for every special circumstance that may arise at a dog show, we will soon be in a worse plight than we were before. Take two cases: Mr. A. enters a dog in the bitch class by mistake, and Mr. B. gets his bitch in the dog class. Manifestly, if it is proper to correct Mr. B.'s error, Mr. A. should be equally favored; but it so happens that Mr. A. cannot be placed on the same footing as Mr. B., because the class in which his dog should have been entered has been judged. The principle is entirely wrong; both exhibitors should be treated alike. This can only be done by throwing the responsibility of the error on the person who made it, and let the entry form govern in all cases. In other words, the rule should be that errors in making entries cannot be corrected by the managers.

15. The decision of the judges shall be final in all cases, except where mistake, fraud, misrepresentation or collusion can be shown. In such cases the managers, or such referee as they may appoint, must decide all cases, and the dog must be rejudged.

A little Lindley Murray would improve the last sentence "In such cases the managers * * * must decide all cases, and the dog must be rejudged."

17. Any person guilty of misconduct, or has been guilty of misconduct, in any way in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials, may, in the discretion of the managers, be disqualified from exhibition or competition at these shows. Such disqualification shall be recognized by all the members of this association, until the person or persons disqualified shall appeal to, and the case has been decided by the executive committee. The disqualification of the owners will apply to all dogs connected in the perpetration of the fraud.

If the wording of this rule ran something like this it would read smoother: The managers of any club may suspend or disqualify any person proved to their satisfaction to have been guilty of discreditable conduct in connection with dogs, dog shows or field trials. Such suspension or disqualification shall be recognized by all the members of the association and can only be revoked by the executive committee, to whom appeal may be made. The penalty shall extend to any dog connected with the perpetration of a fraud.

There is a question as to how much the phrase "in connection with dogs" may be made to cover. It would seem to go far enough to cover a case of willful deceit in a dog trade.

18. A castrated dog or spayed bitch shall be disqualified from competing, or from receiving a prize if awarded. Total or partial blindness shall have great weight against a dog.

I should like to know how a totally blind dog can be recognized at all by any judge.

19. All clubs shall reserve the right to exclude or remove from the show such dogs as it may deem proper or necessary.

A better reading would be, "The right is reserved to exclude or remove from the show any dog the managers may deem proper or necessary."

20. Each member of the association shall appoint their judges, arrange prize lists, form of catalogues, assume its own financial responsibility, and arrange such other details as may properly come under its individual management.

This is entirely out of place as a dog show rule. Its proper sphere is in the rules appertaining to the association itself, either in the constitution or by-laws.

EDITOR AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER.

THE ATTLEBORO DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The dog show of the Attleboro Farmers' and Mechanics' Association Fair, held at this place Sept. 15, 16 and 17, was quite a success so far as attracting the attention of the many visitors was concerned. The number of dogs exhibited was not large, but many of those present are well-known prize-winners. The display of New England foxhounds was very fine. The beagles and greyhounds were also good. Among the latter was the bitch Stealaway, recently imported by Mr. H. W. Smith. She is very good indeed, except that she might be better in head. There was a good class of English setters. Tallman's string was not for competition. Peck's Bad Girl won first in the open class. She is a very well-built one, but weak in head; otherwise she is fit for any company. There was a fair collection of Gordons. Trim, winner of first in the puppy class, was the best of the lot. He is good all over, with an excellent coat, and will be heard from again. Altogether there were about 100 dogs present, and the manager informed me that as many more had been refused. Mr. W. Tallman managed the show very successfully, and I understand that the society will make the dog show a permanent fixture of their annual fair. The judges were Messrs. A. H. Wakefield, Jacob Klebes, Wm. Tallman, W. P. Medbury and Luke White. Following is a full list of the

AWARDS.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—Pike & Fuller's Captain.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Bank Street Kennels' Jumbo and Dublin. Diploma, Pike & Fuller's Ben II. Very high com. and high com., Bank Street Kennels' Drive and Rome. Com., John Shepardson's Towser. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Bank Street Kennels' Faunie and Belle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Bank Street Kennels' Wideaway and Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, Bank Street Kennels' Guide.

BEAGLES.—CHAMPION—A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Bush.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke and Star; 3d, A. Chatterton's Joe. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Chase and Vixen; 2d, E. E. Jillson's Victress. High com., C. A. Chatterton's Fanny. *Puppies:* 1st, P. McCusker's Spot; 2d, Owen Leary's Ferret. Very high com., E. E. Jillson's Bugle.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—OPEN—1st and very high com., Menomoit Kennels' Peck's Bad Girl and Shot; 2d, B. F. Gage's Belton II. High com., C. J. Renn's Zipp and Henry Green's Gipp. *Puppies:* 1st, F. D. Freeman's Fern; 2d, C. F. Carpenter's Oberman.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHAMPION—Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr.—OPEN—1st, G. F. Peckham's Goldstone; 2d, F. Leonard's Bess. Very high com., J. E. Stern's Belva. High com., W. D. Farrell's Coffee II. *Puppies:* 1st, Edward Bent's Garnet; 2d, T. McAlpine's Red Dan. Very high com., Blackstone Kennels' Red Prince.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHAMPION—C. R. Taylor's Rhoda.—OPEN—1st and 2d, C. W. Tuttle's Topsey and Dan. Very high com., D. McMurray's Bessie B. High com., C. R. Taylor's Gypsie. *Puppies:* 1st, Geo. R. Reed's Trim; 2d, Mrs. Carrie Graves's Jerry. Com., C. W. Tuttle's Chris and M. T. Leary's Captain.

POINTERS.—OPEN—1st, W. Smith's Jule; 2d, C. F. Carpenter's Jack. Very high com., W. H. Renn's Biz.

MASTIFFS.—1st, Dr. O. F. Coe's Leo II.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHAMPION—H. W. Smith's Mother Demdike.—OPEN—1st, H. W. Smith's Stealing Away; 2d, Dr. O. F. Coe's Paris.

COLLIES—1st, B. D. Curtis's Rover; 2d, J. McNally's Daisy.

SPANIELS.—1st, C. P. Keeler's Jeff.

BULL TERRIERS.—1st, B. M. Jackson's Reel; 2d, M. Barstow's Bogus. Very high com., E. J. Cox's Victor.

FOX TERRIERS.—1st, Miss A. Potter's Quickstep; 2d, N. A. Sanford's Ned.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, M. A. McDonald's Prince; 2d, Miss Annie Draper's Prince.

PUGS.—1st, Enos Pratt's Dido; 2d, Mrs. F. E. Crawford's Harry Montague. Very high com., Enos Pratt's Dandy and S. H. Burns's Fansy. High com., F. E. Crawford's Jip. *Puppies:* 1st, S. B. Bosworth's Victoria; 2d, L. H. Green's Daisy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, N. B. & W. E. Richardson's coach dogs Sport and Rhoda, and F. King's Mexican hairless Jerry.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best kennel foxhounds, Bank Street Kennel. Best couple foxhounds, Bank Street Kennels' Jumbo and Dublin. Best foxhound dog, Bank Street Kennels' Jumbo. Best foxhound bitch, Bank Street Kennels' Fanny. Best kennel of beagles, A. H. Wakefield & Co. Best beagle dog and best beagle bitch, A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke and Bush. Best setter dog, Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. Best setter bitch, C. R. Taylor's Rhoda. Best brace of setters, C. W. Tuttle's Dan and Topsey. Best pointer, W. Smith's Jule. Best kennel of greyhounds, H. W. Smith. Best greyhound dog, H. W. Smith's Memnon. Best greyhound bitch, H. W. Smith's Mother Demdike. Best collie, B. D. Curtis's Rover. Best fox-terrier, Miss A. Potter's Quickstep. Best bulldog, F. Gerry's Beeswax. Best terrier, Miss A. Potter's Quickstep. Best collection of pugs, F. E. Crawford. Best litter of puppies—setters, pointers or hounds—Bank Street Kennels. Best litter, any other breed, A. H. Wakefield & Co. Best trick dog, C. B. Keeler's Jeff. Best setter puppy, F. D. Freeman's Fern. Best mastiff, Dr. O. F. Coe's Leo II. Best Mexican hairless, F. King's Jerry. Best collie bitch, J. McNally's Daisy. Largest dog, Dr. O. F. Coe's Leo II. Smallest dog, M. A. McDonald's Prince. Handsomest dog, Mrs. F. E. Crawford's Harry Montague.

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JUMBO, Barnum's great elephant, which was killed last week, was ruled by the principles of Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking." Mr. Barnum said of him: "He had known Scott since he was three years old, and was very fond of him. Our other men thought at first that they could manage Jumbo, but they had to give it up. Scott ruled him by kindness. Our American trainers think that the prod is necessary, but Scott says not. He declares that he never used a prod on Jumbo, and never governed him except by kindness. It was wonderful how fond Jumbo was of him."

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The entries for the Members' and All-Aged stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club will close Nov. 15. Blanks can be obtained by addressing W. A. Coster, Box 30, Flatbush, Kings county, N. Y.

THE GOODSELL KENNEL.—Mr. E. I. Martin, of Wilmington, Del., writes us that he has purchased from Mr. J. H. Goodsell, of New York, his entire kennel of pure Laverack setters.

THE PITTSBURGH SHOW has been postponed indefinitely. We are informed that the setter and pointer classes filled poorly and the non-sporting classes fairly well.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. F. C., Hartford City, Ind. My dog sheds his hair all the time. He eats nothing but fresh meat. His nose is hot and he is very poor in flesh. Ans. When your dog has fever as indicated by hot nose and skin and rapid pulse, give him three drops of aconite tincture every two hours. Stop feeding raw meat and give cold Indian meal mush which has been cooked with a few bits of lean meat, also give plenty of milk and broths of beef or chicken. The dog may be simply out of condition or may suffer from chronic indigestion or liver trouble We cannot make a diagnosis from the meagre facts you give.

W. S P., New York.—Your dog has canker in the ear. Take of bromo chloralium and laudanum equal parts and dilute with three times their bulk of water, fill the ear and gently knead with fingers for a short time. Repeat in twenty-four hours. Two or three applications will be sufficient.

F. W. W., Worcester.—A pointer dog, a year and a half old, seems perfectly well in every respect, is lively in the field, and is a hard worker, but he is very poor and I cannot succeed in getting flesh on him. Of course I don't expect him to be fat while hunting, but within the last three weeks he has had no appetite, and what he has eaten has been coaxed into him. Have tried two grain pills of reduced iron, but with no better results. He is fed on Indian cake, oatmeal, wheat bread, beef chopped fine, potatoes and milk. He is constipated and to relieve him gave a dose of salts two or three times, which had the desired effect for a short time only. Ans. Keep your dog's bowels in condition by giving teaspoonful doses of syrup of buckthorn, given once or twice daily, according to the result obtained. Have your druggist make you some small pills, each to contain one-quarter of a grain of extract of nux vomica, one-sixth of a grain of calomel, and one grain of sulphate of quinine, and give one pill three times daily, hidden in a small bit of raw or slightly cooked meat. Report results.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.

For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." We request that all Kennel Notes be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Vanguard. By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658).

Montilla. By J. M. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 14, 1885, by Prince (Pride of the Border—Petrel) out of Clio (Gladstone—Belle).

Minnetonka. By J. W. Fronefield, Jr., Wayne, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 10, 1885, by Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine) out of Petrel III. (Carlowitz—Petrel).

Puritan. By M. F. Odell, Peekskill, N. Y., for black and white collie dog, whelped July 30, 1885, by Argyle (Brack—Dora) out of Jean (A.K.R. 538).

Lady Lola. By Dr. B. A. R. Ottolengui, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and tan collie bitch, whelped June, 1884, by Lord Lorne out of Nancy (Sandy—Sandy's Mate).

La Duchesse, Fleur de Lis, Jeanne d'Arc and Dame Blanche. By Hospice Kennels, Newark, N. J., for rough-coated St. Bernard bitches, whelped July 29, 1885, by Duke of Leeds (A.K.R. 1535) out of Sheila (A.K.R. 796).

BRED.

Nellie Grey—Ben Nevis. F. W. Kaye's (St. Johns, N. B.) collie bitch Nellie Grey (Rex—Jennie Nettles) to Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391), Sept. 10.

Glen—Count Gladsome. Theodore Potter's (Glendale, O.) English setter bitch Glen (A.K.R. 1953) to John Overman's Count Gladsome (Gladstone—Lelia), Aug. 18.

Judith—Bob. Glencoe Collie Kennels' (East Bethlehem, Pa.) bobtailed sheepdog bitch Judith to their Bob. Sept.

Music—Trailer. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Music (A.K.R. 1411) to his Trailer (A.K.R. 2325), Sept. 20.

Floss—Gaffa II. B. Holmes, Jr.'s (Mountainville, N. Y.) collie bitch Floss (A.K.R. 2457) to his Gaffa II. (A.K.R. 2323), Sept. 20.

Blue Belle—Dashing Monarch. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Blue Belle (A.K.R. 99) to their Dashing Monarch (A.K.R. 2348), Sept. 18.

Nancy Rake—Stormy Petrel. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Nancy Rake (Rake—Phyllis) to their Stormy Petrel (A.K.R. 2427), Sept. 21.

Daphne—Brahmin. Chas. S. Fitch's (New York) cocker spaniel spaniel bitch Daphne (A.K.R. 1632) to Compton Grove Kennels' Brahmin, Aug. 3.

Dora Gordon—Phil. Chas. S. Fitch's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Dora Gordon to R. M. Johnson's Phil, Sept. 8.

Lady May—Rockingham. H. Pape's (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Lady May (A.K.R. 1371) to F. Windholz's Rockingham (Belthus—Bess), Sept. 10.

WHELPS.

Beauty III. W. S. Powers's (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Beauty III. (A.K.R. 2598), Sept. 13, eight (five dogs), by champion Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391).

Nettle. W. H. Cookson's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nettle (A.K.R. 1704), Aug. 19, four (two dogs), by J. E. Thayer's Mixture (A.K.R. 2697).

Flame. John G. Tod's (Harrisburg, Tex.) red Irish setter bitch Flame (Von—Floss), Sept. 10, ten (two dogs), by champion Glencho.

Gladys. Mr. Garguilo's cocker spaniel bitch Gladys (Black Prince—Princess), Sept. 15, five (three dogs), by A. G. Rendle's Brahmin.

Mistress Mary. P. H. Coombs's (Bangor, Me.) Yorkshire terrier bitch Mistress Mary (A.K.R. 2703), Aug. 28, three (one dog), by his Tug (A.K.R. 2704).

Zona. W. H. Moseley's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Zona (A.K.R. 2301), Sept. 17, six (four dogs), by Obo, Jr. (A.R.R. 1481); five black and one liver.

Kate. Geo. Snyder's (Pataha City, W. T.) red Irish setter bitch Kate (A.K.R. 1849), Sept. 9, three (two dogs), by his Ralph II. (A.K.R. 636).

Lady Bess. J. A. Cathcart's (Atlantic City, N. J.) red Irish setter bitch Lady Bess (A.K.R. 2178), Sept. 11, eleven (seven dogs), by Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231); three bitches and one dog since dead.

Blackie III. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Blackie III. (A.K.R. 428), Sept. 7, seven (three dogs), by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); all black.

Jet. J. P. Willey's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Jet (A.K.R. 851), July 16, seven (three dogs), by Black Pedro (A.K.R. 1474); all black.

Princess II. George G. Barker's (Wilmington, Del.) black pointer bitch Princess II., Sept. 14, fifteen (seven dogs), by E. I. Martin's Bangor (Bang—Jean).

Gussie. Rancocas Kennels' (Jobstown, N. J.) English setter bitch Gussie (Lord Percy—Nettie), Sept. 15, ten (seven dogs), by their Dashing Monarch (A.K.R. 2348).

SALES.

Buckeller (A.K.R. 30)—Brimstone (A.K.R. 29) whelps. Orange and white English setters, whelped June 25, 1885, by W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., a dog to Wm. S. Smith, same place; a dog to John W. Frye, South Oil City, Pa.; a dog to H. L. Kyles, Oxford, O., and a bitch to T. W. Stoutenburg, St. Louis, Mo.

Dandy. Pug dog, whelped July 11, 1885 (Prince—Pet), by H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Miss Emma L. Work, same place.

Beau. Black spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 1, 1877 (Rolf—Belle), by J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Can., to Chas. W. Nutting, Lynn, Mass.

Julien I. St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 1600), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Puritan. Black and white collie dog, whelped July 30, 1885 (Argyle—Jean), by W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., to M. F. Odell, same place.

Tony Weller. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 24, 1885 (Keno—Fly), by J. Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa., to Wm. H. Child, Germantown, Pa.

Don Juan—Petrel III. whelp. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped July 10, 1885, by E. I. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to A. J. Ward, Boston, Mass.

Flyaway II. Black, tan and white collie bitch (A.K.R. 2458), by W. E. Moore, Mattawan, N. Y., to B. Holmes, Jr., Mountainville, N. Y.

Countess May. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped July, 1885 (Foreman—Jolly Nell), by A. J. Callahan, New Haven, Conn., to Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J.

Glendale. White, black and tan English setter bitch, whelped July, 1885 (Foreman—Jolly Nell), by A. J. Callahan, New Haven, Conn., to Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J.

PRESENTATIONS.

Lady. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped June 11, 1885 (Planter—Nellie), by Jas. L. Authony, New York, to A. H. Heward, same place.

Prince Al—Maiden whelp. English setter bitch puppy, by E. S. Wanmaker, Elmwood, N. C., to Geo. Fox, Philadelphia, Pa.

IMPORTATIONS.

St. Triphon. Light tawny, with white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog, 4mos. old (Barry—Belline), by Hospice Kennels, Newark, N. J., from Switzerland, Aug. 7.

Thuna. White, with orange markings, smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, 6mos. old, by Parthos out of Sabah (Apollo—Bernice), by Hospice Kennels, Newark, N. J., from Switzerland, Aug. 7.

DEATHS.

Rockingham II. Blue belton English setter dog (A.K.R. 2497) owned by L. E. Wilkes, Lehighton, Pa., from dysentery.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association. Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although I can hardly hope to witness any part of the contemplated test, my interest in it will be none the less, and I shall await the result with no little anxiety. In earlier life, the rifle was my favorite weapon for partridge and squirrel hunting, and many a mile and many a step up mountain side have I tramped over in pursuit of game, and called it pleasure, and so it was. Even now, though more than fifty years have passed, it is pleasant to recall scenes and events that claimed my thoughts and efforts in those long passed days.

The facts that are to be brought out by the trajectory test are the very things that rifle shooters want to know. With the true trajectory of a hunter's rifle established, an important point in shooting is gained; all else depends in a great measure on the skill of the one using it.

So don't waver in any degree from your first proposition, no matter how many advisory communications the mail may bring you. If others wish to test light rifles or heavy rifles, hair triggers or ten pound pulls, naked balls or covered balls, open or covered sights, or any other of the many questions that are being discussed, let them get up tests for those purposes, trajectory, and only that, is now on trial. J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There never was a more sensible proposition made than your scheme on the trajectory of rifles, and I am satisfied the test will be square. I have unbounded confidence in the promoters of the test. No doubt there will be some disappointed rifle manufacturers and agents growling after the decision is given, but never the less I am going to stand by the FOREST AND STREAM. CABERFEIGH.

PARRY SOUND, Ontario.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

SEPT. 16.—The 13th annual meeting of the National Rifle Association of America began to day at Creedmoor. The attendance was much larger than it has been for several years, for besides the usual number of riflemen from the National Guard of New York, there were more than 100 United States regulars in attendance, and a number of officers and men from the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts militia. The visiting riflemen camped on the range, in the long lines of white tents. Gen. Charles F. Robbins was executive officer, assisted by Colonels Bridge and Bodine, Lieut Col. Roullier, Major Brown, Capt. Charles Smith and Lieut. E. L. Zalinski. Capt. G. Henry Witthaus was statistical officer, and Colonel Rodney C. Ward, as treasurer, received the money for entrance fees. Notwithstanding the high wind, the shooting proved unusually good. No matches were finished during the day, but all the open contests began with good spirit and with prospect of good work before the end of the meeting.

Sept. 17.—The shooting at the Creedmoor range to-day was excellent. The weather was perfect and some very high scores were made. This was especially the case in the Judd and *Army and Navy Journal* matches. Firing commenced in the matches at 7 A. M. and continued until 5:30 P. M. This allowed the riflemen an hour and a half longer in which to shoot, and great satisfaction was expressed at the new arrangement. In the extra hour before breakfast some of the best shooting of the day was done. The morning was enlivened by a beautifully executed skirmish match, participated in by the members of the regular army at present on the ground, of whom there are quite a large number. This match was under the direction of the military authorities, and had nothing whatever to do with the National Rifle Association. The soldiers in their handsomé uniforms presented a striking appearance, and the evolutions were carried out perfectly. The matches shot were the Directors', the Judd All Comers' and Marksmen's Badge, *Army and Navy Journal*, Chambers Street, Governor's, and Short-Range Team. None of these were finished with the exception of the Judd match, which is won by Lieut. H. R. Anderson, of the Fourth United States Artillery, with a score of 63 out of a possible 70.

Sept. 18.—Great enthusiasm prevailed at Creedmoor to-day, being the third day of the fall meeting of the National Rifle Association, and moreover the day on which those matches were to be shot that are of the most interest to members of the National Guard. Consequently there was a large attendance, the 23d, 12th, 14th and 7th Regiments being especially well represented. When the boys of the gallant 23d found that teams from their regiment were the winners of all the competitions which they had entered, their delight had no bounds, and they made the woods around the range ring and ring again with their hearty cheers. The officers of the day were: Surgeon, Major N. H. Henry, 12th Regiment; range officers, Major G. L. Fox, 4th Brigade; Major Edward Duffy, 69th Regiment; Captain H. S. Steele, 7th; Captain J. L. Le Count, 47th; Lieutenant J. F. Long, 7th; Lieutenant F. T. Morgan, 9th, and Lieutenant J. B. Christofel, 47th. The matches to day were the Directors', Continuous, Governors', All Comers and Marksmen's Badge, Brooklyn Furniture Co., Short Range Team, New York State National Guard, First Division National Guard, Second Division National Guard, *The Army and Navy Journal* and Chambers Street. The shooting on the whole was good, but in the early part of the forenoon the weather was not favorable for making high scores. The 23d Regiment team took the State match with a score as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Twenty-third Regiment	208	219	487
Fourteenth Regiment	224	245	469
Twelfth Regiment	227	240	467
Seventh Regiment	219	447	466

In the First Division the Twelfth Regiment won, making 448 to 436 by the Seventh Regiment, and in the Second Division match the Twenty-third beat the Fourteenth Regiment with a score of 478 to 457. The Brooklyn Furniture Co.'s match went to the Twenty-third Regiment Team B, with 233 against a score of 232 by a team of the same regiment. In the final competition of the Regular Army skirmish match, held under the direction of the War Department, Corporal Nihil is first with a score of 159, and wins a medal, Sergeant Powell is second with 134, Sergeant Free third, 98, and Lieutenant Brown fourth, 63.

Sept. 19.—The weather favored the riflemen at Creedmoor again to-day, although a tricky southwest wind rendered it impossible to obtain any remarkably fine scores. The attendance was about the same as during the former days of the National Rifle Association meeting, and the competition among the marksmen very keen. The officers of the day were as follows: Executive officer, Gen. Charles F. Robbins; Assistant, Lieut. E. L. Zalinski; Statistical Officer, Capt. G. H. Witthaus, of the Ninth Regiment; Surgeons, Major A. W. Brown and Capt. A. W. Doty. In the early morning Gen. Sheridan's skirmishers' match was shot for and won by the Fourth Artillery's team. The international match occupied the remainder of the morning hours, and brought out teams from Philadelphia, Massachusetts and New York, the first team being the winners last year. The Pennsylvanians left the 200yds. range with a lead over their nearest competitors, which they increased at the larger distance, and again carried off the prize. The afternoon was devoted to the Shorkley match, the entries comprising all the noted long-range experts present on the ground. The first prize was won by George Joiner with a score of 133 points out of a possible 150. The leading scores were:

Gen. Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match.

	First Run.	Second Run.	Third Run.	Penalties.	Total
Fourth Artillery	291	208	210	..	709
Third Artillery	267	224	247	..	738
Fifth Artillery	255	203	169	..	630
Twenty third Infantry	190	177	246	1	613
Fifth Battalion Engineers	170	164	203	3	537
Second Art llery	141	148	203	1	447
Twelfth Infantry	160	163	140	1	463

Inter-State Military Match.

First Pennsylvania	1,014
Second Massachusetts	939
Third New York	948

The Shorkley Match.

Geo Joiner, 23d Regt	133
C W Hinman, 1st Mass	129
James McNevin	129
W W DeForrest	128
John S Shepherd, 23d Regt	124
C H Gans, 10th Batt., Albany	123
H R Anderson, 4th Bat. U.S.A.	120
H B Ogden	119
T J Dolan, 12th Regt	109
Walter Scott, 3d Separate Co.	108
Frank Stuart, 69th Regt	107
M D Hinds, 20th Separate Co.	105

Sept. 20.—To-day was the fifth day of the National Rifle Association's fall meeting at Creedmoor, and in point of interest and attendance was no exception to the preceding days. When it was announced that the "regulars" had captured the Hilton trophy by outshooting the New York and Pennsylvania State teams, the boys in blue made the old hotel resound with their cheers. The Pennsylvania State team took its defeat gracefully, and the New York team was pleased at getting second place. Out of a possible 1,260 points the regulars scored 997, the New Yorkers 968, and the Pennsylvanians 957. The match was at 200, 500, and 600yds., 7 shots at each distance, standing position at the first distance, and any at the latter two. The score of the United States Army team was:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.
Lieut. Anderson	30	31	28
Sergt Barrett	25	30	31
Private Crist	31	31	27
Corp Scouce	29	29	25
Sergt Petit	27	27	23
Private Cranley	31	28	21
Lieut Dunn	28	30	31
Corp Lockwood	28	27	27
Sergt Harrell	32	27	26
Corp Yates	28	30	23
Sergt Driscoll	30	26	24
Lieut Smith	29	27	25
Aggregate	343	343	311—977

The Pennsylvania team held the trophy in 1882, and the following year it was won by the Michigan team. In 1884, the Division of the Atlantic, United States Army, succeeded in putting up the highest score and carrying off the prize. A gold medal is also given to each member of the winning team. None of the other matches of the day were decided.

FALL OF ROUND BALL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following table shows the fall of the round ball (Peekskill trial) for each yard up to 10yds. from the muzzle. To many the information would be new and interesting no doubt. Four years ago to-day in FOREST AND STREAM you will see puolished the drops for the long range rifle.

The drops of the ball, under the law of gravity, are as the squares of the times. Making 1yd.=1 time, we have 10 times in 10yds. and they stand thus!

Muzzle—0, 1, 4, 9, 16, 25, 36, 49, 64, 81, 100, squares times.

TABLE OF THE DROP FROM THE LINE OF FIRE FROM 1 TO 10YDS. (IN DECIMALS OF INCHES).

Yds..	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Drops	0	00061	.00244	.00549	.00976	.01525	.02196	02989	.03904	.04941	061

Fall at 10yds. is .061in. or about 1-16in. The average fall of the long range rifle is .0973in., or about 1-10in. The ratio then (.0973÷.061 which is 1.60), is 1 to 1.60.

Velocity.—The velocity of the long-range rifle is 1380ft. per second. Then assuming the velocities of the two kinds of bullets to be as the ratio of their drops we have 1,380ft. velocity×1.6 ratio=2,208ft. velocity for the round ball, which I think is very nearly correct. The height of the 10yds. curve at 5yds, equals under gravity ¼ of the drop at 10yds. Hence, .061÷4=.015 height of curve at 5yds. Any one of the drops is, to any other drop, as the squares of times, for the drops.

Example—.00244 : .00976 :: 4 : 16, which is proof.

It was my article of Sept. 8, 1881, in your columns that killed off the "dead level shooters" MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE ARMY COMPETITIONS.—The general gathering of the Regular Army marksmen at Fort Snelling, Minn., during the past fortnight was declared by those present as most satisfactory in every respect. Gen. Terry did the honors of presenting the medals. The division of the Missouri team showed capital scores, the leading twelve standing:

	Department.	Known distances.	As skirmishers.	Total
Prof F Ebrenfried, 18th Inf	Missouri	328	418	746
Lieut B F Handforth, 11th Inf	Dakota	302	416	718
Lieut W H Sage, 5th Inf	Dakota	805	405	710
Pvt R George, 25th Inf	Dakota	299	391	690
Lieut J E Bell, 7th Inf	Dakota	326	345	671
Sergt J W Weeks, 6th Inf	Platte	319	350	669
Sergt J Pederson, 7th Inf	Platte	319	348	667
Sergt B F Morrison, 6th Cav	Missouri	306	360	666
Sergt G N King, 20th Inf	Dakota	305	360	665
Sergt J F Crawford, 19th Inf	Texas	326	328	654
Sergt G Zobel, 3d Inf	Dakota	313	335	648
Corp S M Greene, 8th Cav	Texas	306	335	641

The first twelve of the division of the Atlantic stood:

	Known distances.	As skirmishers.	Total.
Sergt W Driscoll, 23d Inf	332	296	628
Corp H W Stamford, 4th Art	360	347	616
Lieut B W Dunn, 3d Art	326	276	602
Sergt W D Harrell, 23d Inf	340	259	599
Corp J Nihill, 5th Art	316	281	597
Lieut J Garrard, 4th Art	337	257	594
Corp C W Lockwood, 3d Art	324	269	593
Private C Bickers, 12th Inf	284	304	588
Sergt J A Richardson, 3d Art	307	272	579
Sergt J Hansen, 3d Art	336	252	578
Private J Grime, 4th Art	323	254	577
Sergt R C Powell, 5th Art	315	259	574

BOSTON, Sept. 17.—There was a slim attendance at Walnut Hill today, most of the riflemen having gone to Creedmoor to compete in the annual matches at that place. The records made yesterday are appended:

Long Range Match.

	800yds.	900yds.	1,000yds.
S Wilder	5554555555554455	4554555555545542	5555245545555544—208
J C Sumner	5535555545554455	5555555555455555	4554485505455544—204
J R Missam	5555555555555455	4544355554555850	3535325544585453—197

Rest Match.

S Wilder	10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 9 10—98
S Winchester	10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 9—98

Sept. 19.—There was a further slim attendance at Walnut Hill today and but few scores were completed, owing to the high wind. The fall meeting of the Association will be held Oct. 8, 9 and 10. At this meeting an off-hand match on the decimal target, 200yds., will be shot, 50 prizes being offered; also a 200yds. rest match and a carton match at 600yds. for mid and long-range rifles. To-day's scores were:

Decimal Match.

R Reed, D	8 6 9 8 8 9 8 9 10 8—83
J B Fellows, C	10 9 7 5 10 3 8 7 9 8—76
J B Howard, C	5 5 8 8 8 4 7 8 7 8—68
J A Cobb, C	3 3 6 5 8 9 9 4 3 8—58

Military Practice Match.

R S Winsby	5554444443—43	A H Wright	3444454433—38
A Nichols	4454444454—42	E O B Erickson	4454344343—37
Joseph Stewart	4544454431—41	J P Horton	3444334524—37
L E Nichols	4444543453—40	M G Witham	4434444442—37

BISMARCK, Dak., Sept. 2.—Dr. Williamson made the best record at the shooting of the rifle club last evening.

Score Sept. 1.		Score Sept. 8.	
Schaffnauer	3244034433—30	Williamson	4534454353—41
Legler	3343344444—36	Kuehnl	5423454443—39
Tyler	3445433443—37	Tyler	4404343443—33
Kuehnl	4334442543—37	Legler	4 53454334—35
Williamson	3455434444—40	Schaeffnauer	3335434534—39
		Ward	4243444433—35

THE GENESIS OF A RIFLE.—A pistol of decidedly clumsy appearance, and with fully as much brass as steel in its composition, was left for a few minutes last evening at Klock's drug store, with several other articles, by a gentleman who had some errands to do before taking a horse car from the corner, and who asked permission to temporarily relieve himself of the load. During his absence several visitors in the store handled the weapon, which, although it was not loaded, did no damage. The peculiar make was the subject for conjecture for some time, until the pistol was shown to a leading military man, who immediately recognized it as one of the Tyler Henry patent. "This pistol," said he, "works on the same principle as the Winchester magazine gun. Of course many improvements have been made since this pistol was manufactured, but the principal features are the same. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been made from the invention, but the inventor received little benefit from it. The late O. F. Winchester began the shirt business many years ago on a very small scale, cutting out the garments which his wife and other women put together. The business gradually increased until Winchester & Davies built for shirt manufacturing the large factory on Court street. The firm prospered, and when Tyler Henry produced his magazine pistol, he went to Mr. Winchester, as a leading capitalist and manufacturer, and proposed to sell him the patent for $75,000. Mr. Winchester offered him $50,000, but the offer was refused. Henry afterward offered to sell for $40,000 and Winchester offered him $25,000. No sale was made then; nor later when the invention was offered for $20,000 to the capitalist, who then reduced his figures to $10,000. Finally, Winchester bought the patent, paying Henry, I think, only $7,500. The first guns were made on the model known as 1866. Other models have been made since, but all conform very nearly to the original Henry model."—*New Haven Palladium.*

RICHMOND, Ind., Sept. 13.—Here is a score I made with a .32-cal. 26in. rifle, with 20grs. powder. I think it is a good score, and will set small caliber shooters to thinking. I shot three strings of 10 shots, 200yds., off-hand, Massachusetts target:

First	11	10	11	10	9	6	9	11	11	12—101
Second	12	7	10	8	10	10	11	11	11	11—101
Third	11	9	9	12	10	10	9	9	11	11—101—303

C. A. JACKSON.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Scores of Jamestown club in match with Waltham last Friday and Saturday, Creedmoor target, 200yds., off-hand:

J R Moore	4354444444—40	H D DeLisle	4444434444—39
S N Ayres	5454544555—46	O H Lilly	4344455444—41
F K Dowler	4544455445—44	R H Burns	5445544555—46—298
A F Ward	4435545552—42		

The Waltham score was given in last issue.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Manchester Rifle Association hold their annual fall meeting Oct. 6, 7 and 8. They will offer two events, in the principal one of which they will give a sporting Bullard repeating rifle valued at $50 as first prize, as well as twenty-nine other prizes, the first six aggregating $175, which ought to give us a good attendance from the marksmen of the East The shoots will be on the Massachusetts decimal target, and under the majority of Creedmoor rules.—RIFLE.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 17.—Trenton Gun Club, 20 glass balls, Card's rotary trap, 18yds rise, trap screened.

J Allen	11111111101111111111—19
R Lovless	11111111111111111111—20
C Allen	01111111111111111110—18
W Barwis	01111101111101111111—17
J Stradling	01110111100111111111—16
C Neale	10110111011110110011—14
Cubberley	11110100111011111001—14
J Dumont	11100001101001111110—12
A Leigh	11000010101000111111—11

Clay-pigeon match, Sept. 17, between the Kingston Gunning Club and Trenton Gun Club, 20 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise. 5 traps, set in 4th notch. A number of the best shots in the Kingston Club failed to make their average score.

Kingston Gunning Club.

G Snook	00000101111001010111—10
J Blackwell	10010111101101011110—13
C McDonald	00111011100101101011—11
Ed Lichenor	10101010001111101111—12
C Stout	01001000010100011000— 6
J Stryker	00000110100011010000— 6
I Pullen	10001011110101010111—11
W Van Duyn	10001010110110011010—10—79

Trenton Gun Club.

J M Allen	11111111101111111001—17
H M Loveless	11111101101110100111—13
D Cubberley	11011001010101010001—11
J Stradling	10111110010010100011—11
C H Allen	10010111111111110111—15
C A Neale	00110011100101001010—10
J Dumont	01010111010101011111—14
A S Leigh	11111100001010011000—11—102

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 18.—The following gentlemen from this city went to Manchester, N H., to-day: W. S. Perry, E. T. Smith, H. W. Webber, W. R. Jones, C. B. Holden, M. D. Gilman, J. B. Goodell, W. L. Davis, L. G. White, L. R. Hudson and H. W. Eager, members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. There were eight events of trap shooting under the auspices of the Manchester Club. The principal event was a match between W. S. Perry, of this city, and C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., for $250 a side. The match was for 100 clay-pigeons, 50 single, 50 double. The judges were Dr. C. H. Gerrish, of Exeter, N. H., and Major L. G. White, of Worcester. A. F. Cooper, of Exeter, N. H., was referee, and H. W. Eager, of Marlborough, Mass., held the $500. Stark used his light 7¾ pound 12-gauge Scott gun and wood powder. Perry used a 11-pound, 10 gauge Daily gun and black powder. This gave Stark under the rules an advantage of 2yds. The detail of the work will be seen by the following score:

Perry.

Singles	01111111111111111111101100111111111101011111111111—43
Doubles	11111110101011101111100011101111111111111111101110—40

—83

Stark.

Singles	11111111110111101011111011111111111111101111111111—44
Doubles	11111011100101111111111011100000110111010101111110—35

—79

The result of the contest pleased Perry and his associates, and upon their arrival in this city they were met by members of the club, who did not go to Manchester and were at once escorted to the Bay State Hotel, where a game supper was awaiting them. Major L. G. White presided at the table. After dinner speeches were made by Alderman John R. Thayer, E. S. Knowles, Gen A. B. R. Sprague, Col. J. A. Titus, N. S. Harrington, Deputy Sheriff Capt. David M. Earle and Webster Thayer, Esq.

THE LOUISVILLE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION will hold a tournament, targets of all kinds, Oct. 1-3, open to all. J. B. Griffith, Secretary, Louisville, Ky.

OCCIDENTAL WING-SHOOTING CLUB.—Final shoot of the Occidental Wing-Shooting Club, San Francisco. The shooting was excellent, despite the usual sharp wind. At 15 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 5 screened traps, 4th notch:

E Funcke	111111111111111—15	T Healy	001101110011010—9
E Dunshee	111111111111011—14	J Healy	011001110110100—9
P J Walsh	111111110111101—13	H Blanken	111100011010110—9
W Dunshee	101111101111011—12	B Rowan	110011010010110—8
P Funcke	111110011101101—11		

Sweepstake, at 10 clay-pigeons, same conditions:

E Funcke	1111111111—10	P Funcke	1111010111—8
E Dunshee	1111111101— 9		

The club held three rich gold medals to be won by those making the three highest scores during the season. E. Dunshee won first prize, with 76 breaks: Ed. W. Funcke second prize, with 74, and P. J. Walsh third, with 71. The Occidental has 19 members.

At San Bruno Messrs. Messrs Edward A. Funcke and Will A. Jenke shot for the amateur championship of California cup, at 50 birds each, 20 at 30yds., ground traps, 20 at 21yds., plunge traps, one barrel, and 5 pairs, plunge traps:

	At 30yds.	At 21yds.
Funcke	11110011101111111101—16	11111111111111111110—19
Jenke	11100100111051101110—12	01110101111111001111—15

At 5 Pairs.

Funcke	11 01 11 11 00—7
Jenke	01 withdrawn

RYE BEACH, N. Y., Sept. 18.—Match at clay-pigeons for silver badge:

W D Beck	1010111111— 8	T Ward	1101111111— 9
D Stuber	0000000000— 0	Theal, Sr	0001101011— 5
Genung	1111010001— 6	Theal, Jr	0001110110— 5
G W Bassford	1111111111—10		

Bassford defeated Ward 5 to 4 in a possible 5 after the regular contest, and Ward had his feelings soothed by shooting 4 to Genung's 3 in a like match.

GIRARD MANOR, Pa.—A clay-pigeon match was shot Sept. 18 at the Ringtown fair. At 9 clay-birds, revolving screened traps, 4yds. rise, use of one barrel. First prize $35, second prize $25, third prize $5. Score as follows: M. Cooper 9, MacMillan 8, P. Cooper 7, J. Lorah 7, Kleckner 7, Fuhrman 7, Ready 7, Clayburger 7, G. W. Lorah 6, P Dresher 6, Burnhard 5, Curry 5, Morgan 4, Goodman 3, Jones 4, Dresher 4, Stauffer 2. M. Cooper first prize, MacMillan second, third divided between P. Cooper, J. Lorah, Kleckner, Fuhrman, Ready and Clayburger.—X.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 15.—Match between J. Welcher and E. Perry, at 6 pigeons a side, being our first attempt at pigeon shooting; E. Perry, 1 0 1 1 0 1—4; J. Welcher, 1 1 0 1 1 1—5. Welcher's second bird fell dead out of bounds.

CLEVELAND, O.—The gun club will hold a clay-pigeon and blackbird shooting tournament, Oct. 7 and 8, open to all, N. G. C. rules. D. C. Powers, Secretary, No. 4 South Waters street.

CAVANAUGH VS. MILLER.—Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds, Sept. 16. Match at 30 birds, 30yds., 1 barrel, 80yds. boundary. John Cavanaugh (Madison) scored 24, Enoch Miller (Springfield) 16.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—F. C. BISHOP, Secretary, Box 1292, Cincinnati, O. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 28—Pentucket Y. C., Championship Regatta.
Sept. 28—Newark Y. C., Open Sweepstakes, Newark Bay.
Sept. 30—Knickerbocker Y. C., Fall Regatta.

THE BENNETT-DOUGLAS CUPS.

EVERY one knows what the American navy amounts to—a long string of names on the navy list and a lot of old hulks and unfortunate experiments, mostly tied up permanently to the docks. Merchantmen of American build are found in all ports and dot every sea, but unfortunately they sail under all flags but the Stars and Stripes. At least we may be proud of our pleasure fleet; schooners, sloops, steamers, from the largest size downward are listed to the number of 2,000 in Olsen's; and yet a great race, not merely for valuable prizes, but for a question of national supremacy, sailed from the first yachting port in the Union in the height of the yachting season, brings out three schooners and one sloop, the latter twenty years old, to represent this great fleet, a proud showing truly. For three weeks our harbor has been crowded with the pick of American yachts in racing trim. Our cabins, it must be understood, are not racing machines, but are used for cruising; nevertheless they are the fastest craft in the world and always in racing order. Now after three weeks' idle looking on at a race they could not participate in, at the first symptoms of an open contest they all scuttle through Hell Gate as fast as tugs can tow them, and air their sails at Newport, leaving four of their number to represent them against the British yacht.

However, there is one thing to be said in favor of this proceeding, it's not "Quite English, you know," but in marked contrast to the action of Genesta's owner is entering all the races open to him. Nearly all the boats famous in our yachting annals have been seen on New York Bay this month. America, Dauntless, Dreadnaught, Comet, Columbia, Viking, Ruth, Intrepid, Mountauk, Clytie, Foam, Phantom, Cleo, Fortuna, Estelle, Norada, Nirvana, Tidal-Wave, Vamoose, Gitana, Nokomis, Wanderer, Harbinger, Albatross, Mohican, Speranza, Grayling, Vesta, Norseman, a fleet of thirty large schooners, most of which claim to be fast yachts. The sloops of course were fewer in number, Gracie, Mischief, Fanny, Hildegarde, Priscilla, Arrow, but on them more especially devolved the duty of meeting the visitor from across the seas. Out of this fleet of nearly forty boats we might expect a decent showing, but the starting whistle found exactly four, three schooners and one sloop at the line. We do not include the smaller craft, as they had no possible chance of saving time from Genesta, but entered for a handicap of their own. On Monday's race the showing was even worse, as only one yacht started, though the long course and absence of allowance give excuses that were not valid on Friday. For the final race around Cape May Lightship, only Dauntless and the bold little Athlon, 50ft. long, have therefore entered against the cutter.

While Genesta has failed to win the Cup she has been defeated by a very different sort of antagonist from that which it was expected here and abroad would meet her, and she has really had no opportunity to measure her power with the typical American boats. In this race the chance was offered to the sloop men either to defeat her or to be beaten squarely on their merits, and with one exception only they have backed out of the contest. The one boat that entered was beaten badly and conclusively, but it is far more to her credit than to have stayed at anchor, as Sandy Narrows; and such a defeat, the only one making a good fight to the last, is worth half a dozen such victories as that of the Long Island race last year. There is really no excuse to be urged for the boats which in perfect condition and manned by racing crews, lay at anchor on a light weather day in September, after a fortnight of calm weather and smooth water, while an important race for a valuable prize and in face of a direct challenge from a boat of a type whose powers they hold inferior to their own, was being sailed within 15 miles. The white ensign with its red cross that has waved at the masthead and taffrail of Genesta was a silent challenge that should have sent aloft every racing flag in the fleet, but it waved almost unanswered.

Though far less exciting and important than the great Cup races, the race of Friday possessed a feature of special interest that the other did not, as it was in reality a race between sloops and cutters. Gracie, Athlon and Daphne are all sloops, though with some modifications of rig or fittings, and Genesta and Clara are cutters of the most extreme type. The results are conclusive, and such as to make ample amends for the previous defeat of narrow beam and great depth by large beam and moderate length. Gracie was beaten 22m. over her allowance on a course of 35 miles in sloop weather, only saving her time by 9m. from little Clara, a boat 18ft. shorter and less than half of her beam. Clara went over the course easily and in good time, while Athlon and Daphne were so far astern at the end of the windward work that the stakeboat had taken up the mark and started home, so that Athlon withdrew, and it is uncertain just where Daphne rounded. The two cups, valued at $1,000 each, were presented by Commodore James Gordon Bennett and Vice-Commodore Wm. B. Douglass, for schooners and single-stick yachts respectively, to be sailed for over a triangular course from the Scotland Lightship, under the New York Y. C. rules and allowance. The four smaller boats—Athlon, Clara, Isis and Daphne—sailed also for a sweepstakes of $150 each.

The entries were: Schooners—Dauntless, Fortuna, Grayling. Sloops and cutters—Genesta, Gracie, Ileen, Clara, Athlon, Isis, Daphne.

A triangular course is usually understood to imply an equilateral triangle when it is specially laid out in open water, but in this case something had evidently fouled the headgear of the mathematico-geodetic department of the regatta committee, with peculiar results. The first leg of the 40-mile course was given as E. by N. 13½ miles from Scotland Lightship, the second leg was S.W. by W. ¾ W. 13½ miles, and the third was supposed to be of the same length. Any one who will take the trouble to consider the bearings will see that the second leg ran back nearly to the starting point, the last leg being only 6 miles, making the entire distance under 35 miles; in short, the course as laid out would have done credit to that eminent navigator, the mate of the clipper Guyascutas, who goes down in history as reporting that "She heads to the east, sou'west by no'th; and the binnacle lies abaft." As all the allowances had been calculated for a course of 40 miles the committee were obliged to reduce them for the shorter course of 35 miles, which took some time. The Luckenbach steamed down in the morning with the usual party on board, passing Genesta and Ileen in tow of the same tug. Ileen had replaced her broken bowsprit, but Stranger had not repaired damages in time to start. Bedouin was entered, but as Commodore Rogers is in the West on a business trip, she did not start.

Outside the Hook Gracie, Grayling, Dauntless, Fortuna, Daphne, Isis and Clara were flying about with topsails set, before a fine S.W. wind. A few steamers and yachts were at the start, and the tug Ocean King with Mr. Olsen and the two big floats on board was ready as a markboat. The Ocean King started off E. by N. with her logs towing, while the Luckenbach dropped her anchor a short distance north of the Lightship at 10:20. When the whistle blew at 11 A. M. the yachts were to windward of the line, all with club topsails except Ileen and Clara with jib headers and Genesta with a sprit. At 11:10 the start sounded and the fleet came for the line in three chance divisions. To leeward, close aboard the Luckenbach, went Clara with Ileen not 10ft. astern to windward. Still nearer the middle of the line was Genesta, while Grayling, setting big maintopmast staysail, and Fortuna after her with balloon jib flying, completed the first division. Lagging a little astern came a second lot headed by Athlon, with staysail down and spinnaker adrift as it went up. Dauntless under her lee, had all hands on the halliards as a great maintopmast staysail and balloon jib went up, while between the two was Gracie with spinnaker hanging in stops. Still another lot now came down from far astern, Daphne breaking her spinnaker very prettily on the line, and well astern Isis, already under spinnaker. The times were:

Ileen	11 11 03	Athlon	11 13 59
Clara	11 11 09	Gracie	11 14 48
Genesta	11 11 30	Dauntless	11 14 48
Fortuna	11 11 47	Daphne	11 16 14
Grayling	11 11 59	Isis	11 17 30

Daphne and Isis were handicapped, the limit being at 11:15.

By the time the last whistle had blown the fleet were settled down to work, spinnakers drawing to starboard and kites on the schooners. The water was perfectly smooth and continued so almost to the first mark, by which time there was some sea on. The wind held steady on the run out, hauling near the mark to S. S. W. and later on to W. S. W. near the second mark. At 11:39 it was a fresh breeze, all carrying sprit or clubtopsails easily. The order then was Grayling, with Genesta 250yds. to windward on her beam, Ileen and Fortuna nearly even with the leaders, then a short space between them and Clara, then Gracie astern of Clara a few hundred yards and just abeam of Sandy Hook lightship, then Athlon a short distance astern, Dauntless in her wake, Daphne ¼ mile or less astern of the schooner, and Isis as rear guard. At 11:45 Clara had pulled up, leaving Ileen in fifth place, and soon after Gracie also passed her. Grayling's big staysail was drawing, but still she could not hold the cutter, and at 11:50 Genesta headed her, while Fortuna was even with her. Five minutes more and Fortuna's jibboom was even with Genesta's archboard, while a clear length of water opened between Fortuna and Grayling. The tug was steering a parallel course with the yachts, and was even with the leaders, so a line across her showed their positions very accurately. Genesta lowered her jib, but still continued to gain on both, while little Clara was still leaving Gracie.

At 12:01 Genesta's big jib went up in stops, but it was 12:07 before it was broken out, the stops near the head holding for a time. A few minutes before Grayling had made a sudden start, but a 12:10 Genesta had dropped Fortuna, and the latter in turn was leaving Grayling. Genesta had taken in her topsail, but was still holding a good pace. The boats were in a string, Genesta, Fortuna, Grayling, Clara, Gracie, Athlon, Ileen, Dauntless, Daphne and Isis. At 12:20 Fortuna set her jibtopsail, and at 12:30 Genesta sent up her cloud topsail. The wind came nearer now to the end of the spinnaker booms, and Fortuna first slacked hers well forward and at 12:30 lowered it entirely, Grayling doing the same. Fortuna lowered her jib for a time, while Grayling's balloon jib was helping her greatly now her spinnaker was in. Her staysail was also drawing. Between 12:30 and 12:40 there was some lively shifting of headsails and topsails on all the yachts and spinnakers all came in. Gracie was now leading Clara, as she could lay a better course with fore and aft sails only, while Clara held on to her spinnaker until 12:45, at which time Daphne, Isis and Athlon lowered theirs also. At 12:45 Fortuna took in her maintopmast staysail, and at 12:48 Genesta lowered her jibtopsail, luffing around the mark, shaking for a moment in the wind, and then filling away on starboard tack. Next came up Fortuna, but Grayling cut inside of her very nicely and turned with her. Clara was jumping into the seas as she luffed, but soon settled down to an easy, regular swing. Athlon was unlucky in being covered by Dauntless at the turn. All took starboard tack after rounding except Ileen and Daphne. The times were:

Genesta	12 49 14	Ileen	12 54 38
Fortuna	12 50 23	Athlon	12 56 33
Grayling	12 50 55	Dauntless	12 56 48
Gracie	12 53 23	Daphne	1 03 30
Clara	12 54 33	Isis	1 04 30

Genesta had gained nearly 3min. on Gracie in 13½ miles before a fair breeze, while Gracie had gained nearly 5min. on Clara in the same time. Gracie is 11ft. shorter than Genesta, and 16ft. longer than Clara.

Once away there was a sea outside that tumbled the small ones about. Gracie's jibtopsail came in at 12:51, and her clubtopsail followed at 12:57, leaving her jibheader aloft. Dauntless took in her big jibtopsail and Athlon her club at 1 P. M. Genesta walked rapidly to windward and away from the schooners, holding the starboard tack until 1:18. At 1:05 Ileen had gone on starboard tack, at 1:14 Isis went on port tack, and at 1:24 Gracie, and 1:30 Athlon followed. Grayling went on port tack at 1:31, Fortuna 1:34, Dauntless 1:35, Ileen 1:38. At 1:42 Genesta went on starboard tack, standing toward the south. About 1:45 Genesta was far ahead to windward. Grayling and Fortuna were close by each other but well astern, Clara and Gracie were well to leeward of a line joining Genesta and Gracie. Ileen and Athlon were some distance astern of the fleet, while far down to leeward, in smoother water, were Daphne and Isis, the latter now ahead. Dauntless was astern of the other schooners and gave up before the second mark was reached. Genesta was carrying jibheader and going along grandly, while Clara, under same sail, was rushing through the seas very steadily with little bobbyhorsing. She slid along over the waves taking a wash along her lee channels and now and again a splurge of water over the weather bow, but her motions were very easy and regular and her after deck shone out perfectly dry as the tug passed to leeward.

At 1:44 Genesta shifted to a jibheader and at 1:47 she went on port tack again. Ileen lost her topsail sheet by its chafing off and soon after her halliards parted, so she gave up and started home. About 2 o'clock Isis and Daphne essayed topsails again, the wind dropping and the water growing smoother as the second mark, under the lee of the Jersey hills, was reached. At 2:26 Gracie set her jibheader that had been clewed down for some time. The two schooners were still making a close fight of it in the distance, Grayling still being ahead. At 3 P. M. Genesta came steaming along on port tack for the buoy, but could not weather it by half a mile. At 3:03 she went on starboard tack and at 3:07 she tacked again, breaking out her jibtopsail as she turned at 3:07:55. No other boats were near, the schooners were all astern, Gracie and Clara far to leeward. Athlon, Daphne, and Isis a long way off, and Ileen and Dauntless withdrawn. Slowly the sloop and cutter turned to windward for the mark, while Genesta, coming home fast, passed by them. The wind and sea were both lighter and Gracie began to pick up. Only four boats were timed at the second mark:

Gracie	3 07 55	Fortuna	3 20 06
Grayling	3 19 55	Gracie	3 35 45

Clara rounded the mark and was not timed, Isis rounded the markboat after the buoy had been taken in, Athlon found no mark and Daphne turned where she supposed the mark had been, but both buoy and tug had departed. Genesta came in flying, then came the two schooners, Gracie, Clara, Isis, and finally Daphne. The times were:

SCHOONERS.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	11 14 48	.....	.....	.....
Grayling	11 11 59	3 53 32	4 41 33	4 35 38
Fortuna	11 11 47	3 54 16	4 42 29	4 42 29
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS.				
Genesta	11 11 30	3 41 10	4 29 40	4 29 40
Gracie	11 14 48	4 13 56	4 59 08	4 51 32
Ileen	11 11 03	.....	.....	.....
Athlon	11 13 59	.....	.....	.....
Clara	11 11 09	4 33 34	5 22 25	5 00 57
Isis	11 15 00	4 51 46	5 33 46	5 13 50
Daphne	11 15 00	4 48 37	5 33 37	5 07 16

Grayling beats Fortuna 6.31 and wins the Bennett Cup, Genesta beats Gracie 29.52 even and 21.52 corrected time. Gracie beats Clara 23.17 even and 9.23 corrected time. Genesta wins the Douglas Cup and Clara the $60 sweepstakes put up by her with Athlon, Isis and Daphne.

ENGLISH YACHTSMEN AT COWES.

COWES during yachting week presents a sight entirely novel to an American. English fashionable life all goes yachting this week, just as it went to the Goodwood races last, and will go shooting on the Scotch moors next week. The Prince of Wales came down last Saturday and joined his yacht. All the royal yachts are here, four in number, and all great, clumsy, old-fashioned side-wheelers with a large amount of gilt on them. There are about a hundred of the royal family on them and an indefinite number of German princes, including Prince Louis of Battenberg, the husband of the Princess Beatrice. Prince Louis is a fine, soldierly-looking young man; but what or where Battenberg is no one seems to know. The German princes do not take any active interest in sailing and are transported to and from the royal yacht in a little glass case built on the deck of the Queen's steam launch. The Prince of Wales, however, does not come in the glass case category. He is a thorough and energetic sailor. He is commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, takes a lively interest in all the races, and on any race day for schooners may be seen on the Aline holding her tiller or hauling at a rope, side by side with his men. The popularity of yachting here is no doubt largely due to the good natured and plucky commodore of the squadron.

We have nothing like a yachting week in America and we have nothing like Cowes. It is distinctively a yachting town. Of the five or six thousand inhabitants, there is probably not one who does not gain his livelihood from yachting patronage. Up the river are the shipyards where a hundred old worn-out racers are lying beside the frames of new boats not yet launched into life. Here is the famous old Sappho, which once saved the Queen's Cup for America, lying rotting in the mud. Every business which caters to the wants of a yacht, and there are not many which do not, is represented by excellent shops, from the fashionable yachting tailor and an establishment of Redfern's down to the bumboat woman and her stock of sailors' knick-knacks. To live at Cowes one would think that yachting was the only real business of the world. A yachting atmosphere pervades the whole place. Butchers and grocers wear boating jerseys, and to-day I saw a girl scrubbing the sidewalk with a yachting cap on. The club house of the Royal Squadron is situated on a rising slope right on the edge of the water and commands a view of the Solent for ten miles east and west. The house itself is a picturesque castle of the time of Henry VIII., the battlements now being armed with spy glasses instead of guns, and the white club signal flying on the tower in the place of the flag of England.

It is the proper thing to sit on the lawn of the club house, and here may be seen on any pleasant afternoon the Princess of Wales and her daughters and all the faces seen at a party at Marlborough House or in the royal enclosure at the Ascot races. In the harbor a hundred little steam launches and cutters with crews of big, broad-backed sailors in blue jerseys and bright colored caps are flying about, and with the bright yachting costumes of the ladies, on shore and on the water, the whole place has put on holiday dress. You see no gaudy costumes, however. They are generally of white or blue serge, or flannel, simply made, but fitting exquisitely. This applies only to the younger ladies. The old ladies, of whom quite a number take part in the sport, are generally dressed in a faded black dress and bonnet, and an aged shawl, following in this, perhaps, the fashion set by their Queen, and presenting about the same appearance as a respectable Irish widow who takes in washing. But they are all good sailors, young and old. You may see a young girl steering a six-oared gig, giving her men orders and bringing her boat up to the landing steps as scientifically as a naval officer, and you may see a lady of sixty or seventy popped up on the windward side of the schooner, with the spray flying in her face from every wave. They all know the history and merits of the famous racing yachts, and take the liveliest interest in their struggle—for this, too, is fashionable—and it is not rare to see a couple of ladies sitting on the deck of a cutter taking part in a hot race, and knowing how to keep out of the way—something by no means easy to do when jibing around a stakeboat or setting a big spinnaker.—*C. K. Halsey, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

ATLANTIC Y. C., PENNANT RACE.

A PENNANT race between Class E boats of the Atlantic Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 8 over a course from the club house to Scotland Lightship and return, 32 miles. The schooner Agnes, with Com. Hogins and his wife, and the judges, Messrs. T. P. Fiske and L. H. Cress, sailed over the course with the yachts

The start was given at 10:16:28, five minutes after the first signal. The wind was fresh from S.W., and Romeyn housed her topmast above the line, while her only competitor, Ilderan, essayed a jib-header. Romeyn stood over before the signal and was obliged to recross. Ilderan was far above the line, and in spite of Romeyn's blunder the former was astern at the start, the times being: Romeyn 10:16:00, Ilderan 10:16:50. Romeyn held a lead to windward, and Ilderan soon doused her topsail but still fell astern. Below the islands she set it again—11:45, Romeyn being far to windward. The latter now sent up topmast and jibtopsail, and soon after her jib-header, while Ilderan followed with a balloon jib instead of a jibtopsail.

Romeyn led around Buoy 8 at 11:37:10, with Ilderan at 12:00:05. Ilderan took in balloon jib and set jibtopsail again, losing some time in the change. The times at the Scotland Lightship were: Romeyn 12:39:22, Ilderan 12:49. Both came in free with booms to starboard. Romeyn lowered her jibtopsail for a time, but set it again, while up the bay Ilderan set her balloon jib. Both finished under spinnakers, Romeyn still having a good lead. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Romeyn	10 16 00	2 29 55	4 13 55	4 17 14
Ilderan	10 16 50	2 36 47	4 19 57	4 19 57

THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN SLOOP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 3 I notice under the above heading an article signed "Loyalty," from which I quote as follows: "I think it would have been more fitting for the committee having the matter in hand to have selected as a contestant for honors in the trial races a full-blooded American sloop, without making a concession at the start, which I claim the Puritan to be." I take the liberty of anticipating the "committee that had the matter in hand" and built the Puritan to enter in the trial races, in extending their thanks to "Loyalty" for his kind suggestion, and have no doubt that if he had communicated with them personally and been just a trifle more previous, as it were, they would have taken great pleasure in building him a sloop after his own ideas, no matter how antiquated, provided he would simply furnish the draft. They might possible want the draft made payable on demand, with the autograph of say Jay Gould, just to show his acceptance and approval of the drawing. Under the existing circumstances, I hope "Loyalty" will not be too hard on the committee, although their only excuse is they were paying all the bills and were under the impression that they knew what they wanted. Trusting "Loyalty" will accept this apology, I quote again: "I do not believe in meeting the Englishman with anything that has any English in it. I do not believe in shining with a borrowed light, which a defeat of Genesta by Puritan would virtually be." Now, as a rule, I never interfere with any one's belief. It is sure to lead to an argument, and an argument, especially on the sloop cutter question, makes me weary. For my part, provided the Puritan wins, "Loyalty" may pay his money and take his choice—call her sloop or call her cutter. If the former, the American sloop is faster than the English cutter; if the latter, then an American designer, an American builder and an American sailmaker have turned out an American cutter, to order, on six months' notice, that outsails the best cutter England has produced after years devoted to the improvement of that special type. *Viva la America.* YANKEE DOODLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I read a communication from Mr. Clapham in reply to my communication of the 3d inst. In it he either shows ignorance of what he talks about or an intention to mislead instead of enlighten others. He evidently does not know the difference between a sloop with a double head rig and a cutter, and does not know the difference between a one-masted yacht with long mainmast well forward, short bowsprit, short topmast, and headsails running on stays, ballast all inside and short overhang with house on deck (Gracie), and a one-masted yacht with short mainmast well amidships, long topmast, long bowsprit, two headsails on stays, one set flying, deep keel with lead on it, long overhang to stern with flush deck (Puritan). When he talks about the likeness of the one to the other, in regard to the stern and big jib, his concessions are all I claim. In regard to ballast, location and not quantity is my argument. As to discarding this low weight he evidently is unaware of the location of the ballast of Fortuna, which did so well at Newport. The likeness of the Shadow to the Puritan shows how he jumps at conclusions. The shallow keel, short bowsprit, short topmast, and headsails running on stays, ballast all inside and short overhang with house on deck, short topmast, short bowsprit; in fact an ideal American sloop (no mongrel). Judge for yourself as to likeness. You will find more of it in Fortuna's stern and after part. Evidently twelve years of yacht-sailing has been of no benefit to Mr. Clapham or else he has moved about with his eyes shut, as shown by his argument, which is as shoal as his shardie. LOYALTY.

LYNN, Sept. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our yachting friends would now be glad to hear from your late yachting editor, Mr. K. We would like some nautical lore from him regarding cutters soaking out to windward and centerboard traps falling off in a sea way; also about sloop yachts having to lay at anchor when cutters are carrying full sail. Anything of that kind would be very interesting at the present time from such high authority, from one who knew so much and furnished so much wisdom free of cost to yachtsmen of America. DEEP CENTERBOARD SLOOP.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.

[Our correspondent will hear from Mr. Kuhardt as soon as he returns from a short cruise. What the FOREST AND STREAM has asserted in regard to the weatherly powers of the cutter compared with the shoal centerboard boats is as true now as when first written. Witness the performance of Genesta and Clara with Gracie, Athlon and Daphne on Friday; and the question is in no way affected by the performance of a radically different type of boat from the "centerboard trap" our correspondent mentions. Of sloop yachts at anchor there have been plenty of late. Where were Mischief, Fanny, Arrow, Hildegarde, Priscilla on last Friday? All have backed out and left to old Gracie and little but plucky Athlon the difficult task of upholding the prestige of the real American centerboard sloop. Where was the American sloop in the Goelet Cup races, what part has she played in the work of this season, and where would the Cup have been now if Boston brains and enterprise had not made the cutter rig and lead keel a controlling factor in the fight? We have heard a good deal about the American sloop of late years and there has been a deal of boasting over our racing fleet. Now, in the finest racing weather, on a clear pleasant day, an important race for a valuable prize brings out three sloops, two of small size, and one of these fails to sail the course. A splendid showing for our fleet, and not the only one. The Goelet Cup races did not fill, only three large sloops, one from Boston, have shown up in the year's races, and now their friends and defenders seek a tardy salvation by hanging on to the white counter of the Boston centerboard cutter. It's too late now. Oh! centerboard sloop men; the mere prefixing of the word "deep" will not bring you in to share in Puritan's victory. What you have said about cutter rig hits her as hard as it does Genesta; your scoffs at lead ballast low down apply to both boats, if you have been right for years Mr. Burgess is wrong now. Genesta's defeat by Puritan, a matter of a hundred seconds in a five hour race is nothing; the great disaster was to the real Simon pure American sloop when Puritan was chosen to meet Genesta.]

The result of the races for the America's Cup must be satisfactory to every patriotic American, but it is doubly sweet to the advocate of the sloop-built boat as opposed to the cutter. Yet it behooves them to be moderate in their rejoicing, for the "white horse of the billows," as some enthusiast has called the Puritan, is far from being a typical American sloop. Her comparatively great depth, her lead ballast on the keel and her long, overhanging stern make her at least first cousin to the English cutter, and if she does belong to the family of American sloops, she cannot be said to resemble the rest of the family very much. Nor does the rig help to identify her. The divided headsails are copied from English models, while the mainsail is American in being stopped to the boom along its whole length, instead of being attached at the corners only. The main point of national difference (and it must be admitted to be an important one) is the moulding of the sides, which in the English cutter are straight and high, tumbling in suddenly toward the keel, while in the American sloop they flare broadly out amidships and taper gradually toward the stern. The centerboard of the Puritan is also peculiarly American, and the deep keel, although rarely found in such development in the centerboard yachts of our Southern waters, is a characteristic feature of the stanch little fishing boats of the Maine coast.

In them the keel deepens rapidly from the bow, some boats drawing hardly two inches of water at the bow and more than four feet at the stern. Half way down the keel the centerboard is inserted. This deep portion of the keel aft, which is technically called the drag, is highly prized by the fishermen for holding the boat up to the wind and increasing her speed in working to windward. The Puritan is, in a high degree, an "occasional" boat, built with a special purpose, which she has admirably fulfilled, and combining all the best results of modern experiments in the science of boat building, whether English or American.—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE AMERICA'S RACES IN ENGLAND.

THE London *Field* of Sept. 12 gives the following account of the America's races in her visit to England:

Thirty-five years have passed away since the yacht America added to the sensation of the "Great Exhibition" year, and it is not surprising that many wrong impressions should exist as to what this celebrated yacht actually accomplished. It was in 1850 that Commodore Stevens and some others decided to commission George Steers (who, by the way, was the son of a West of England man, but who left with his father for the United States before he was out of his teens) to build the America, in order that everything American, even to yachts, should be represented at the International Fair. She was built somewhat on the model of the New York pilot boats, but was longer in the bow and shorter in the run than those famous vessels, the best known of which on this side of the Atlantic was the Mary Taylor, built by George Steers in 1848. The dimensions of the America yacht were: Length on waterline, 87 3ft.; beam ditto, 22 2ft.; beam extreme, 23 4ft.; draft of water aft, 11ft. 6in.; area of L.W.L., 1,253 square feet; area of midsection, 102 8 square feet; displacement, 146.6 tons; area of vertical longitudinal section, 860 square feet; center of buoyancy aft center of length of L.W.L., 4 3ft.; ballast, 45 tons; area of lower sails, 5,263 square feet.

During June and July, 1851, the America, under jury rig, crossed the Atlantic to Havre, where she took on board her big spars and bent racing sails. She left for Cowes July 30, and when she got inside the Isle of Wight, it being thick, she let go her anchor when five or six miles distant from Cowes. On the following morning, July 30, the cutter Lavrock, 72 tons, built by J. White, came down from Cowes to have a look at the Yankee and measure her speed, and was soon gratified, as the latter got her anchor at once. Reaching for Cowes the America soaked out across the wake of Lavrock in the most wonderful manner, and, of course, headreached too. The matter was thus put at once, and the most extraordinary stories were propagated to account for the close windedness of the Yankee, the common story being that she had "a screw in her," a means of propulsion just then being introduced, and as yet regarded as something uncanny. However, all these forecastle yarns were soon dispelled; but the serious matter was, that Commodore Stevens, having so openly showed his hand, could get no match on. He, by consent of the committee, posted a notice in the R. Y. S. house that he would sail any British yacht for a stake of from 1,000 to 10,000 guineas; but this offer went begging, and it seemed that there would be no match. The R. Y. S. regatta commenced Aug. 18, with the match for the Queen's Cup, and this was thrown open "to all the world," with the line that the America would compete. However, as there was to be a time allowance, "half Ackers' scale," Commodore Stevens declined to enter, and the Queen's Cup was won by the cutter Bacchante. Meanwhile, Mr. Stephenson, owner of the 100-ton schooner Titania, built by Mr. Scott Russell on the "wave-line" principle, offered to sail the America for £100, and the offer was accepted, the match to take place Aug. 28. The members of the R. Y. S., not liking to risk the possible reproach that they had not given the stranger a fair chance of entering, decided that the match to be sailed round the Isle of Wight, Aug. 22, should be without time allowance. The America was then promptly entered, although such a contest was not what the owners of the yacht sought. They desired to meet a thoroughly representative British vessel in single combat, and sail for a good stake. The entries for this, the match round the Isle of Wight, were as follows:

Yacht.	Tons O. M.	Rig.	Owner.
Beatrice	161	Schooner	Sir W. P Carew.
Volante	48	Cutter	Mr. J. L. Craige.
Arrow	84	Cutter	Mr. T. Chamberlayne.
Wivern	205	Schooner	Duke of Marlborough.
Ione	75	Cutter	Mr. Almon Hill.
Constance	218	Schooner	Marquis of Conyngham.
Titania	100	Schooner	Mr. R. Stephenson.
Gipsy Queen	160	Schooner	Sir H. P. Hoghton.
Alarm	193	Cutter	Mr. Joseph Weld.
Mona	82	Cutter	Lord Alfred Paget.
Brilliant	393	Bark	Mr. G. Holland Ackers.
America	300	Schooner	Mr. J. C. Stevens.
Bacchante	80	Cutter	Mr. B. H. Jones.
Freak	60	Cutter	Mr. Wm. Curling.
Stella	65	Cutter	Mr. R. Frankland.
Eclipse	50	Cutter	Mr. R. S. Fearon.
Fernande	127	Cutter	Major M. Martyn.
Aurora	58	Cutter	Mr. Le Marchant Thomas

The Titania, Stella and Fernande did not start, but the others got away before a light westerly wind at 10 o'clock. The Volante—the most advanced in model of the cutter type among the entries—led the fleet out to the Noman Buoy, when they hauled up a bit, and the Yankee at once began to march up to her. The America continued to haul her wind, but Volante and the others reached along for the Nab Light, that being a usual mark to clear in sailing round the Isle of Wight. However, in the instructions given to the yachts, nothing was said about the Nab Light, and the America hauled up to a "full and bye" as she scraped round Bembridge Ledge. This at once put her to windward of the whole fleet. They worked up along shore across Sandown Bay to Dunnose in a nice breeze and slight head sea, the America holding her place to windward. However, the wind fell lighter, and the latter tried her flying jib, but the jibboom broke, and she had to get the sail in. All the cutters were beating the English schooners very badly, Volante, Freak, Arrow and Alarm leading, but it should be said that the cutter Wildfire, 49 tons (not in the match), which had stuck to the America all the way round, was keeping the weather gauge of the whole fleet, including the America. The cutters were now working the shore very close to shun the flood tide, and Volante and Freak by these means had got to windward of the America; the latter not liking risking such shrimper's casts, had reached off into the tide two or three times. Near Ventnor the Arrow, when close up to Volante, went ashore, and Alarm, outer, and some of the schooners went to her aid. It was dreadfully slow work beating up against the torrent of tide pouring round the headlands, and the cutters were working in very close quarters in shore, so close that at 3 o'clock off St. Lawrence, Freak, in crossing Volante, carried away the former's bowsprit, thus three of the most formidable of the competitors were disposed of. The Wildfire weathered St. Catherines at 3:45 and the America 3:59 and one of the English cutters at 4:10. The America now made a long cast off on starboard tack, the tide being easier, and when she stood in again she weathered the Wildfire at 5:25 in Freshwater Bay, and the nearest of the other yachts was the Aurora, about seven miles distant. The America bore away around the Needles at 5:47, pretty well an hour before Aurora got there. However, the wind fell light, and running up the west channel in the evening the sternmost division brought up the young flood and closed up a great deal. They drifted past Cowes and ended the match at:

America	8 37 00	Bacchante	9 30 00
Aurora	8 55 00	Eclipse	9 45 00
Brilliant	1 20 00		

The Brilliant, square-rigged on her three masts, finished after midnight, and was the first of the English schooners, but, as before explained, several went to help tow Arrow off. The owner of the Brilliant objected to the prize being awarded to the America, on the ground that she did not go outside the Nab; but the objection was overruled, as the Nab was not mentioned in the instructions.

In the match with the Titania, in a fresh breeze twenty miles to leeward and beat back, the America won by 52min. She was then sold to Lord de Blaquiere for £4,000, and she spent the winter in the Mediterranean. With an English crew in 1852 she beat the Swedish yacht Svering, but in a match round the island was beaten by the Arrow and Mosquito, the finish being very close, as follows:

Arrow	8 33 00	Mosquito	8 58 41
America	7 08 05		

The America sailed no more matches until 1860, when she was brought out with shortened masts and lengthened gaffs. In 1861 she sailed a memorable match with the Alarm schooner, and was beaten half an hour; but as she had a scratch crew on board, her defeat was by no means conclusive.

THE SALE OF THE PURITAN.—As the Puritan was built only to compete in the Cup races, and as she was the property of a dozen owners, it was decided to sell her at once in order to settle up the business. She had been advertised for a week past, and on yesterday morning Draper's large auction room on Front street, New York, was crowded with yachtsmen, most of them actuated, as it proved, merely by curiosity. About noon Mr. Edward Burgess and Mr. Draper mounted the auctioneer's stand and the latter read an inventory of the Puritan's outfit, her ballast being given at 17 tons inside and 27 tons outside. The first bid was $8,000, going to $10,000, from which it rose to $12,000, hanging there a long time, and then reaching $13,000. Two more bids brought the price to $13,500, at which sum she was knocked down to Mr. Burgess for a Boston yachtsman, whose name was withheld. The Puritan will be taken at once to Boston.

THE BRENTON'S REEF RACE.

THE fourth race for the Brenton's Reef Cup, the first since Idler won it in 1876, was started on Monday last at 4:47 P. M., the only competitors being the American keel schooner Dauntless and the British cutter Genesta. The cup was first offered by Com. Bennett in 1872, as a perpetual challenge cup to be sailed for over a course from Sandy Hook Lightship to Brenton's Reef Lightship and return; or over the same course, starting from Brenton's Reef, the entire distance being about 275 miles. If won by a foreign yacht it must be sailed for over a course from the Needles, Isle of Wight, to Cherbourg, France, and return.

The first race was sailed in 1872 and was won by Rambler, owned by Mr. J. M. Forbes, and Madeleine, owned by Jacob Voorhis, Jr. Madeleine giving up and running into New London. Madileine challenged again, and on Sept. 19 both boats started, this time from Brenton's Reef Lightship. Rambler won by four hours. When she changed owners the cup reverted to the New York Y. C. and was not sailed for until 1876. On July 27, Idler, Mr. S. J. Colgate; America, Mr. B. F. Butler; Wanderer, Mr. James Stillman and Tidal Wave, Mr. Wm. Voorhis, started from Sandy Hook, the Countess of Dufferin sailing with them but not in the race. Idler won, beating the others badly. Since then yachtsmen have been content to leave the cup in the club lockers until Genesta stirred them up.

Messrs. Busk and Tams went down on the tug Scandinavian on Monday afternoon, while on the big iron tug Ocean King were a number of reporters from the New York papers who had chartered her to carry them over the course. The tug Luckenbach was down the Bay with a tow, but she was met coming in and the passengers were transferred from the Scandinavian to the Luckenbach. Taking Dauntless in tow they proceded down, while the Ocean King took Genesta. The first whistle blew at 4:50 and the start at 5 P. M. There was no wind at the time and it was 5:15 before Genesta crossed with jibtopsail and clubtopsail set. At 5:23 Dauntless went over with main clubtopsail and maintopmast staysail set in addition to all lower sail.

Genesta rounded Brenton's Reef lightship about 9:30 P. M. on Tuesday, Dauntless not being reported. At 8:45 A. M., Wednesday, Genesta passed Quogue with topmast housed, and at noon was off Fire Island, beating against a westerly gale. At 2:30 P. M. Dauntless passed Quogue. No news of the finish had been received in the city up to our time of going to press (5:30 P. M.), but Genesta must win by a large margin.

BEVERLY Y. C.

THE 106th regatta, open to N. E. Y. R. Association, was sailed at Nahant, Sept. 19. The day opened with a strong W. by N. breeze, constantly increasing in force, till at noon, the starting time, it was blowing very hard, and the small boats were all busy reefing.

Race was sailed under the rules of the N. E. Y. R. Association, and the preparatory gun was fired promptly at 11, the gun for first class following five minutes later.

Witch and Seabird were off on the flash for the Graves whistling buoy with the wind way aft on starboard quarter, Witch with topmast housed, Seabird "reaking" out a small jibtopsail. They were closely followed by Atalanta, breaking out balloon jibtopsail on the line; then the catboat Posy reefed but carrying a jib; Erin and Nellie under small topsa ls, and Gem apparently overpowered by her jib topsail.

The little cutter Otter was close on Gem's heels swinging her light kites handily; then Secret reefed down, while Bessie brought up the rear.

The latter's big rig seemed too much for her; under lower sails and working topsail she heeled way over and moved very slowly.

In the second class the 10 boats started well together and followed the larger boats, nearly all of them were reefed.

The two third class boats had a beat to start with, their course being round Sunk Rock and the fish weir to Lobster Rock Buoy, and back round Flip Ledge Buoy, 4 6-10 miles.

Flora Lee, double-reefed, was almost on the line at the starting signal, and was off at once, closely followed by Guenn, Flirt, Psyche and Undine. Beating up the Nahant shore, Flora Lee increased her lead. Psyche, single-reefed, a good second, closely pressed by Flirt under whole sail, the others single-reefed not far behind. In Lynn Bay they got it very heavy. Undine was overpowered and had to withdraw, while Psyche had to lay to and pump out, falling back to last place, and Guenn went to second but could not catch the little slabsider. In second class Thisbe was just able to fetch back, the rest all had to make a hitch, and by the time they neared Nahant the puffs were very severe and several of the boats were overpowered and withdrew. Nettle got within a quarter of a mile of the finish, and seeing she was beaten, went back for home. Pet ran in to leeward of the line and evidently started to anchor and clue reef, but was caught in a heavy puff just to windward of a boat at anchor; her sheet being eased off the end of her boom grazed the mast of the other boat, and in an instant she upset and gradually sank, but so slowly that she was first towed into shallow water. First class had a hard beat to Winthrop Bar and a run home. Atalanta spun out a big lead and came home under jib and mainsail. After a while came Gem with jibtopsail up, then Sea Bird and Bessie and the others straggling after. Secret with an additional reef in and only Otter carrying light kites. Nellie parted jib sheets and withdrew. Summary:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Atalanta, c. b. sip., I. R. Thomas	27.00	2 14 13	2 03 53
Gem, k. slp., H. W. Savage	25.11	2 29 15	2 17 46
Seabird, c. b. slp., C. L. Joy	22.08	2 30 19	2 14 57
Bessie, k. slp., C. P. Curtis	28.02	2 30 28	2 20 49
Witch, k. cutter, R. B. Crowninshield	22.10	2 33 56	2 18 48
Otter, k. cutter, P. Chase	22.06	2 34 33	2 18 57
Erin, c. b. slp., H. J. Cavanagh	26.06	2 41 04	2 30 13
Posy, c. b. cat, R. G. Hunt	22.00	2 41 47	2 25 32
Secret, c. b. cat, E. F. Linton	22.06	2 53 00	2 37 34
Nellie, k. slp., A. J. O'Leary	25.08	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Thisbe, cat, S. O. Freeman	20.10	1 27 12	1 15 16
Zantho, slp, H. M. Sears	20.08	1 31 02	1 18 56
Niobe, cat, J. R. Chadwick	20.01	1 32 15	1 19 34
Comus, cat, J. Newcomb	19 01	1 37 08	1 23 23
Crusader, cat, A. Wilson	19.01	1 37 12	1 23 27
Nettle, cat, W. M. Mayberry	20.04	Withdrew.	
Cosey, cat, Bumpus & Cane	20.01	Withdrew.	
Joker, cat, Geo. Coffin	20.02	Withdrew.	
Scamp, cat, H. Gray	18.04½	Withdrew.	
Pet, cat, J. W. McFarlane	19.08	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee, cat, D. H. Lincoln	16.09	0 59 16	0 48 24
Guenn, cat, W. L. Dearborn	17.06	1 00 49	0 50 34
Flirt, cat, J. W. Hildreth	15.06	1 01 00	0 49 00
Psyche, cat, P. S. Sears	17.05	1 01 56	0 51 37
Undine, cat, H. French	17.02	Withdrew.	

Atalanta, Thisbe and Flora Lee take first prizes. Seabird, Zantho and Flirt second prizes.

First class keels had a race for a flag among themselves, Gem winning. Judges, W. Lloyd Jeffries, Ellerlry Lodge, Geo. B. Inches. Judges' boat, B.

LADIES AT THE HELM.—Races have been sailed in this country in which ladies have formed part of the crew; but the first race on record in which ladies have steered the boats has lately been sailed in England. We copy the following account from the London *Morning Post*: "One of the most interesting races sailed for some time came off at Portsmouth on Saturday in connection with the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. It was a match for service yachts steered by ladies, the first prize being the Grace Darling Bangle, presented by Mr. Julian, Sr.; the second prize, a handsome Norwegian belt, presented by the club; and the third prize, a silver bangle, presented by Mr. J. C. Curtiss. Although there was a very strong wind and a heavy sea running, five boats started, and the start was one of the best this season, as far as service boats are concerned, the Chip and Duchess being over the line a very few seconds after the gun, closely followed by Asia Minor and Ariadne, the Elma being the only boat which got a bad start. The course was from the Club Signal Station round the Spit Buoy, East Measured Mile Buoy, back round the Spit and Fairway Buoy, twice round, but as the wind was so strong and the sea running so high the committee decided to shorten the course to once round. The result of the race was as follows: Asia Minor, steered by Mrs. Carre (wife of Lieut. Carre, H.M.S. Asia), 3h. 17m. 11s.; Duchess, steered by Mrs. Hume (wife of Lieut. Hume, H.M.S. Duke of Wellington), 3h. 19m. 31s.; Ariadne, steered by Miss Scott, 3h. 28m. 3s.; Chip, steered by Mrs. Watson (wife of Commander Watson, H.M.S. St. Vincent), 3h. 30m. 1s., and Elma, steered by Mrs. Burney (wife of Lieut. Burney, H.M.S. Excellent), 3h. 54m. 32s. The way the ladies handled the boats was the admiration of many yachtsmen and others, and it is to be hoped that this is the beginning of a series of races of the kind, as no doubt the ladies can show as good sport in yachting as many of them do in lawn tennis and other sports. Next week there is another very interesting race to be sailed in this club, viz.: For 20-tonners, a purely Corinthian race. No paid hands allowed—not even a pilot. It is for a valuable cup, presented by the naval officers of the port, as well as a £5 sweepstakes, and prizes for the winning crew presented by the club. The boats going are Euterpe (Mr. Gritton), Quickstep (Mr. Curtis), Penelope (Admiral Byng), and Vanessa (Mr. Wilson)."

CORINTHIAN Y. C., FALL MATCHES.—The annual fall matches of the Corinthian Y. C. were sailed at Marblehead Sept. 12.

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Atalanta, Isaac Thomas	28.08	1 45 13	1 44 02
Leona, Louis Malin	27.07	1 56 20	1 54 09

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Bessie, C. P. Curtis	28.06	1 53 04	1 51 44
Mavis, J. H. Proctor	27.03	2 16 24	2 18 54
Aeolus, J. C. Mills	28.03	Did not return.	

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Expert, Lawrence Whitcomb	23.03	2 05 45	1 58 54

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Thelga, A. P. Thayer	22.01	1 59 52	1 51 33
Witch, B. B. Crowninshield	22 10	Disabled.	

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Joker, George Coffin	20.03	1 03 53	0 57 56
Peri, Henry Parkman	19 00	1 05 21	0 58 22
Dash, A. S. Browne	19.03	1 04 51	0 58 44
Comus, John Newcomb	19.01	1 05 36	0 58 41
Helen, D. C. Holder, Jr.		1 11 09	

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Carmita, C. H. W. Foster	20.11	1 09 25	1 03 59
Vera, Everett Paine	19.09	1 11 16	1 04 55
Mona, Herman Parker	18.10	1 13 26	1 06 18
Alma, George Allen		1 26 30	

The Bessie collided with the Witch at the start, tearing the latter's mainsail and breaking her mainboom. The wind was southeast, and was quite fresh at the finish.

THE STEAM YACHT MOHICAN.—We republish from the London *Field* the following account of the first cruise of the new steam yacht Mohican, which, it was reported, was built to come to America: "The Mohican, launched for Mr. John Clark, of Curling Hall, Largs, commodore of the Royal Largs Club, which was fully dealt with in these columns a few weeks ago, completed a very successful cruise to Norway on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 2d inst. She was away three weeks, and in that time she steamed exactly 2,600 knots, at an average rate of 12½ knots per hour. The highest rate taken out of her was 14½ knots per hour. The engines worked beautifully, and the unpleasant vioration, so common even in many finely appointed steam yachts, has almost been annihilated in the Mohican. Very little bad weather was experienced, and only for four or five hours one day in the North Sea had she to be slowed on account of heavy weather. Strange to relate, the only inconvenience encountered through the vagaries of the weather was in Largs on the arrival home. Mohican made her moorings to find a gale blowing off the shore, a gale which made it impossible to get Mr. Clark and his party landed for two hours after the anchorage was made. Three days were spent at Copenhagen, two at Bergen, and one and a half at Lerwick. At one of the stations pleasant exchanges of courtesies took place between the parties in Sunbeam and Mohican, and each was much struck and pleased with the grandly appointed vessel of the other. Mr. Clark's party was composed of a few of his own immediate relations and personal friends, and one and all of them speak highly of the good qualities of the splendid ship which Mr. George Watson and the Messrs. Henderson have supplied him with."

SLOOP RIG VS. CUTTER RIG FOR SINGLE-HANDED SAILING.—I noticed the letter from your correspondent signing himself "Medway," with regard to the relative merits of cutter and sloop rig. For handiness in working when sailing single-handed there is no doubt that one headsail is far preferable to a jib and foresail; however, a single headsail is considered to press a boat more in a seaway than two headsails. I believe, as a rule, broad beamed boats sail better with one headsail than with a jib and foresail; and, as a proof of this, I may mention that the Windermere yachts always carry one headsail. The headsail of a sloop, if laced to boom, could be made to work itself when tacking, by having an iron horse athwartships in front of the mast; however, I am inclined to think that a boom along the foot of such a sail would only tend to pin a boat, except in light winds, when a boom might be used with advantage. If I were fitting a sailing boat with a single headsail, I should set it flying with halliards, not on a stay from bowsprit end. I should further have three sizes of headsail to suit different strengths of wind, instead of having one headsail fitted with reef points. This may seem a needless expenditure in sails, but I believe a boat is all the better for not having a bunch of reefed canvas along her bowsprit. Of course the bowsprit should be made so that it can be reefed, with a fid hole for each size of headsail. As to whether a sloop requires a longer or shorter bowsprit than a cutter, that depends upon the position of the center of lateral resistance, which is regulated by the rounding up of forefoot and rake of sternpost.—*O. O. Ashworth in London Field.*

OSHKOSH Y. C.—The annual regatta of the Oshkosh Y. C. terminated in a victory for the Hattie by 9min. 10sec., with the Carrie Morgan second and the Pinafore of Fond du Lac third. In the third class the first prize was taken by the Mary and the second by the Sylvia of Fond du Lac. The following shows the times made by the boats:

SECOND CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.
Hattie	2 10 30	4 27 30	2 11 10
Carrie Morgan	2 19 00	4 40 00	2 21 00
Pinafore	2 17 40	4 50 00	2 32 20

THIRD CLASS.

Mary	2 24 40	3 25 00	1 00 20
Sylvia	2 24 38	3 50 40	1 26 02

The judges were H. H. Dodd, Fond du Lac, H. B. Harshaw and Gen. T. S. Allen of this city. Time keepers, Robert Brand, George Hasbrouck. Saturday evening a meeting was held at the Revere House and the following prizes were awarded: Hattie, champion pennant and $15; Carrie Morgan, $15; Pinafore, $10; Mary, $10; Sylvia $5.—*Oshkosh Northwestern, Sept. 7.*

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The last regatta was sailed on Sept. 12 resulting as follows:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Altaire	1 51 51	0 55 19
Dorcas L	1 33 50	1 03 01
Ibex	1 23 20	1 00 22
Breeze	1 14 37	0 54 43

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Nydia	0 52 32	0 33 04
Monarch	0 56 43	0 35 15
Diana	0 55 46	0 37 01
Vera	0 57 50	0 36 18

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Awilda	1 18 35	0 55 08
En-Eli-Eye	1 18 14	0 50 29
Thisbe	1 18 26	0 51 52

THE NEWARK Y. C.—A sweepstakes regatta will be sailed on Monday, Sept. 28, over the club course in Newark Bay, 10 miles. The time allowance is one minute to the foot. There will be five classes: First class, cabin sloops; second class, jib and mainsail, over 19ft.; third class, jib and mainsail, 19ft. and under; fourth class, catboats, over 19ft.; fifth class, catboats, 19ft. and under. The start will be made at 11 o'clock, A. M. A special prize will be awarded to the yacht making best actual time over the course. There will be an entrance fee of $3 for each boat, payable on entering, and all entries must be made by 9:30 o'clock on the morning of the race. All entries to be made to the Chairman of the Regatta Committee, Edward Hindenlang, 314 Walnut street, Newark, N. J. E. Hindenlang, Chairman; E. D. Cameron, A. F. Adams, Hardy Bush, Regatta Committee.

A MIZZEN STAYSAIL ON A YAWL.—The little yawl Windward has been fitted this summer with a mizzen staysail, running from the head of the mizzen mast to the foremast at deck. The main boom is disposed of by lashing it to the mizzen shroud, the topping lift and peak halliards being stopped to the mast out of the way. The staysail can also be set when the mainsail is hoisted on a long reach. Mr. Willoughby reports that it works very successfully.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—The regatta of the R. C. Y. C. was to have been sailed on Sept. 7, but after a drift from 11 A. M. until 5 P. M., in which the sloop Winona led, the race was postponed. On Sept. 11 the race was sailed, only Aileen, Verve and Orlole starting. Aileen won, beating both the others over half an hour, taking the Prince of Wales, Lorne and Anderson cups, all of which were contested for in this one race.

THE WINNING YACHTS IN ENGLAND.—Tara lately arrived at Southampton with 9 flags, 6 of them firsts, flying. Irex came in with 23 flags strung from topmast head to taffrail, and Marguerite, towed in with her mast carried away, showed a string of 11, 5 being firsts.

BEDOUIN.—Com. Rogers has left on a long trip to the West, and Bedouin will not enter any more races this season.

ILEEN-STRANGER.—The private match between these two cutters is off, Mr. Warren having declined to sail.

TORONTO Y. C.—The race for the Cosgrove Cup was sailed on Sept. 5, being won by Gypsy.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

A REGULAR meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association will be held at the Doolittle House, Oswego, N. Y., on Saturday, Nov. 7, 1885, at 10 o'clock A. M. All members of the A. C. A. are cordially invited to be present either in person or by letter, with any suggestions or ideas for action of the committee that they may deem of benefit to the Association.

The following-named members constitute the Regatta Committee for 1885-6: J. B. McMurrich, Oswego, N. Y., Chairman; S. T. Fairtlough, Kingston, Ont., Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The above Committee will meet at the call of the Chairman, to prepare such matter as it may deem advisable to submit for the action of the Executive Committee. Members are respectfully requested to address all communications relative to matters in the jurisdiction of the Regatta Committee to the Chairman thereof on or before Oct. 15.

By order of the Commodore. CHAS. A. NEIDÉ, Sec'y A.C.A.

DESERONTO, Ont., Sept. 18, 1885.

A MEET ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

C. Bowyer Vaux, Esq., Secretary New York C. C.:

The Grand Army of the Republic will hold their next annual encampment at San Francisco in Tuly next, and to meet the demand for low fares the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has fixed the rate for first class at $60 for round trip, between St. Paul and Tacoma, good for sixty days, with privileges of a stop-off at any point west of Yellowstone Park.

It seems to me that anything like concerted action on the part of the American Canoe Association should be able to secure an extension of the same rates as the G. A. R. get. The Knight Templars in 1883 got a round trip rate to San Francisco for $75, from Chicago. The round trip rates of 1886 will not exceed $60 from New York or any other Atlantic city; but I think it would take a guarantee of at least 150 canoeists to induce the company to extend the same rate to canoe clubs as to the G. A. R.

Owing to the great distance between the two oceans it would be impossible to get canoes carried free. If a round trip rate of $8 from St. Paul, $9 from Chicago, and $10 from New York can be had, it is as good as can be asked.

The idea is to have a fourteen days' bivouac on Puget Sound, the finest and smoothest sheet of salt water in America; and a ten days' encampment at some point on the Willamette River, not far from the city of Portland, with from three to five races per day for souvenir prizes.

Hoping you will bring this matter before your club and instruct your delegates to bring it to notice of the American Canoe Association at its next meeting, I am yours truly,

THOS. B. MERRY, Com. Oneonta C. C.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

BROCKVILLE C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Owing to bad weather the full programme could not be carried out on the dates announced, but the races came off as follows:

Thursday Sept. 10.—Sailing race for skiffs. Distance, 5 miles. Wind N.E. blowing a gale. Seven starters, three finished. First, Moise Sauvé; second, H. B. Coates; third, G. Crawford McClean.

Tuesday Sept. 15.—Reaching race for skiffs, nine starters. First, Jas. Findlay; second, B. W. Richards (canoe Grebe); third, J. E. Chrysler.

Reaching Race for Canoes.—First, B. W. Richards, Grebe; second, G. B. Wilkinson, Swan; third, F. M. Turner, Emily.

Paddling Race.—Single, 1 mile. First, Edward Pitt; second, J. E. Chrysler; third, Mr. Lowe.

Three-paddle Race.—One mile. First, F. M. Turner, G. B. Wilkinson and J. H. Bagg; second, Pitt, Lowe and McCullough; third, Ault, Dresser and Field. This was a very close and interesting race.

Upset Race.—First, G. B. Wilkinson; second, F. M. Turner.

Wednesday Sept 16.—Sailing race for Class B canoes, 5 miles. First, B. W. Richards, Grebe; second, F. M. Turner, Emily; third, G. B. Wilkinson, Swan.

Tandem Paddling Race.—One mile. First, Pitt and Burt; second, F. M. Turner and G. B. Wilkinson; third, McCullough and Dresser. This was the closest and most interesting race on the programme.

Portage Race.—First, Pitt and Burt; second, R. E. and G. B. Wilkinson; third, McCullough and Dresser.

Hurry Scurry, with Swim.—First, G. B. Wilkinson; second, F. M. Turner; third, Edward Pitt. ALLAN TURNER, Sec'y.

NEW YORK C. C.—14TH ANNUAL REGATTA.

NEXT to the A. C. A. meet at Grindstone, the regatta of the New York C. C., held last Saturday afternoon, off their club house at New Brighton, Staten Island, was the canoeing event of the season. Although it was the fourteenth annual regatta of this, the oldest American canoe club, it was in many respects the most notable of them all. In it were met the crack canoes of four crack clubs—the Mohican, Hartford, Knickerbocker and New York. The Mohicans sent R. W. Gibson and his famous Rushton-built canoe Snake. From Hartford came Commodore Jones with the Venture, a canoe built on the Harlem by George Roahr, and formerly owned in the New York club, but now the champion of the Connecticut River and all Eastern waters. She sailed away from all the canoes at the A. C. A. meet of a year ago and has easily beaten St. Lawrence skiffs and New Haven sharpies. The Knickerbockers sent Brown with his Everson-built "Sunbeam" Inertia; and, to meet these, New York sent Vaux with his new Lassie, built by Everson on the "Daniel Webster" model. Besides these came canoes from Brooklyn, Bayonne, Newark, and the Staten Island Athletic Club.

The day was perfect and the upper deck of the floating club house was crowded with fair spectators, who were sufficiently well up in canoeing matters to be thoroughly interested in the races, and their male escorts, most of whom were members of canoe or yacht clubs. Messrs. Munroe, Vaux and C. J. Stevens formed the regatta committee having charge of the races. W. P. Stephens acted as starter and A. C. McMurray as judge at the finish.

The first event of the programme was the sailing race for classes A and B and novices, or those who had never won a sailing race. The starters were Venture, L. Q. Jones, Hartford C. C.; Snake, R. W. Gibson, Mohican C. C.; Inertia, E. W. Brown, Knickerbocker C. C.; Minx, M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn C. C.; Sea Bee, Gran. Edgar, Newburgh C. C.; Psyche, C. K. Munroe; Lassie, C. B. Vaux; Kittywake, C. L. Norton; Surge, H. O. Bailey; Siren, R. B. Burchard; Tramp, C. J. Stevens, and Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal, all of the N. Y. C. C.

The wind was light from S.W. in shore, but blowing a good sailing breeze out in the Bay. The course was from a flag off the club house to and around can buoy No. 17, off Robbin's Reef, and return, to be sailed over twice, or three miles in all.

A premonitory toot of the Vice-Commodore's fish horn warned the racers to make ready, and two minutes later a second toot sent them skimming across the line with Psyche first and the others close after her. Psyche held her lead for nearly half a mile, and then was passed by Lassie, Venture and Snake in the order named. The run out was made close-hauled, and the three leaders turned the mark almost in a bunch, Lassie tacking and the others jibing around it. The run in with lifted sheets, was one of the prettiest sights ever seen in a canoe race. Lassie maintained a slight lead, but Venture was close beside her, and Snake not far behind, until the first round was completed. They held the same order on the second outward run, and all three jibing around the buoy, they again went flying home, and had neared the finish before some of the fleet had made the first turn of the outer mark. On this stretch Lassie and Venture took a decided lead of Snake, and most of the way Venture held a slight advantage over her New York rival. She was magnificently handled, and would undoubtedly have scored a victory had not Lassie, at the last moment, shot in under her stern and run her pert little nose over the line less than two feet ahead of the Hartford beauty. Snake was only a few lengths behind, and the whole race was one of the most closely contested ever sailed in New York waters. Lassie thus scored her maiden victory, Inertia came in fourth, Psyche fifth, Minx sixth, Surge seventh, and the rest straggled in after them.

Psyche won in Class A, Lassie in Class B, and Minx the prize for novices. The prizes awarded in these races were, for Class A, an alligator skin lunch case; for Class B, a handsome toilet case of similar material for first, and a canoe compass for second, and for novices a small library of books on canoeing

The paddling race for Classes 3 and 4 brought out as starters Laura, M. G. Foster, Knickerbocker C. C.; Sioux, T. Garret, Bayonne C. C.; Daisy, G. O. Totten, Essex C. C.; Mist, Venos, Bayonne C. C.; Lassie and Psyche, N. Y. C. C. Foster, after a long summer of paddling on Lake George and Hudson waters, was in such prime condition that he was able to lead from the start and finish a safe winner with Totten second. As the distance was not measured, no time was taken. The prize in this race was a plate glass canoe lantern of latest design.

In the tandem paddling race which followed, and which was one of the prettiest and most closely contested events of the regatta, Foster and Vaux in the Laura won, after a hard struggle with Hurd and Collins, of Bayonne, who occupied the Waterwitch, and Wilkn and Brokaw, who in the Minx came in third. The prizes in this race were a handsomely framed canoeing picture by Burns, and a small canoeing library.

The hand paddling race was a novelty in canoeing, and occasioned considerable merriment among the spectators. The starters were the ubiquitous Foster, in the Laura; Totten, in Daisy; Munroe, in Psyche; Stokes, in Clytie; Garret, in Sioux; Paine, in Black Maria; and McMurray, in Lark. Foster won, and as a prize received another lantern, a bullseye. Totten came in second.

Another novelty in the shape of a standing paddling race, was also won by Foster in Laura, with Psyche second and Sea Urchin third. As a momento of this race Foster was presented with a small pocket flask.

The concluding event of the programme was a paddling race for Class II., for which the entries were: Lark, A. McMurray; Daisy, G. O. Totten; Clytie, A. P. Stokes; and Black Maria, H. G. Paine. It was neatly won by McMurray, with Totten, in a Class III. canoe, making a close second. The prize in this race was a book on camp cookery.

After the races were over the guests assembled in the "forecastle" of the club house, and Commodore Munroe, with a few touching remarks to each one, distributed the prizes to the several winners.

The match between Com. Jones in the Venture and Mr. Vaux in the Sea Bee was postponed for want of wind.

SMALL CRUISING YACHTS VS. CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Deja" has contributed to your columns the design of a small cruising yacht as a substitute for a canoe, and in your last issue "Rob Roy" finds fault with it on account of a number of evident faults, and lauds the sailing canoe because the latter excels in the points of portability, etc., which "Deja's" craft lacks. Now, I think I have a singlehand cruiser that has all the good points of "Deja's" boat and of the sailing canoe combined, some improvements on both of them, and none of their faults. She was built for me nearly a month ago ago by John D. Gifford, of Tuckerton, N. J., and on a short cruise from which I have just returned, I have had ample opportunity for testing her in all sorts of weather. In all my experience with singlehand cruisers and canoes (I have canoed and cruised since '72) I have never seen a boat so near perfection for open water cruising as my new one. She is of a new design, and is called a "Barnegat cruising boat," being an improvement on the well known Barnegat sneakbox. In shape of hull she follows the sneakbox model except that her lines are shaped to make her a better sailer, and to prevent "pounding" in a chop sea going to windward. She has no storm apron like the sneakbox, but instead a removable washboard running all around gunwales (5in. high at midships, 7in. at bow) which makes it almost or quite impossible for her to take water into her cockpit, her cambered decks assisting also to keep seas out of her inside. Just forward of the well, which is 5ft. long, is a steel hanging centerboard of good area housed in its trunk entirely out of the way. It is only 3/8in. thick, which allows the use of a very thin trunk, and of course there is never any trouble from it's warping, swelling or sticking fast like the ordinary wooden ones. The dimensions are: Length, 14ft.; beam, 53in.; depth (from top of combing to floor in well) 20in. Her mast is stepped in a copper tube 22in. from bow, and I use a balance lug of 112sq. ft., although my next sail will contain 130ft., which she can easily stand. With centerboard up she only draws six inches of water, and can be hauled on shore anywhere.

Now here is a boat that will sail as well as "Deja's" cruiser, and is, I think, less apt to capsize, and which, I give you my word for it, rows easier than a Sunbeam canoe paddles. A canoe that draws six inches can be run ashore, but you have to step into the water to get to dry land from the well, whereas, when my Barnegat cruiser is run ashore her bow, owing to her peculiar shape, is a foot or more on solid ground and you can walk right over the deck and step ashore, something impossible in a sailing canoe or in "Deja's" cruiser. I have greater stowage capacity than "Deja," greater depth inside for sleeping and taking comfort, greater beam for stability under sail and 15in. less draft. I can carry as much sail as he, go as fast either free or to windward, take any weather that he can and keep as dry, and when wind fails I can get along as fast as a canoe and with as much ease. My boat will lie flat when hauled ashore for sleeping, or ride at anchor during a nor'wester with comfort. I carry no ballast except the weight of the centerboard and my stores, and can haul on a boat house easily by using a light snatch block tackle and a single roller. I don't believe there is so safe a boat built as the Barnegat cruiser, and I am sure the most careless man with my boat and my 112-ft. sail couldn't capsize her if he tried except under a combination of adverse circumstances, like a squall from all directions, a tide current bucking the wind waves and the swell from four or five Coney Island steamers all going in different directions at once. With all the above conditions existing at one time a very careless man might get her over. As to cost, my boat is certainly 40 or 50 per cent. cheaper than "Deja's" and will come under the price paid for the best built fully fitted canoes. SENECA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Modesty is a great charm in a man. If that man knows something and is willing to communicate his knowledge to the interested, how eagerly they will listen to him. But if a man professes to know something, and knocks all other fellows' pins from under them by assertion at the beginning that they know nothing, and that any one who pretends to know anything is all wrong, then I say he fails to get fellowship and listeners.

Somebody calling himself "Deja" wrote a letter which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of July 9. In this letter he knocks all canoes attempting to sail clean out in one round, and in the highest possible strain looks down with scorn and a drop of pity upon the poor devil that paddles. Then, with some extra exertions at word painting, he sets the pins up in the other alley by asserting that he can "show you a perfect little ship capable of holding on in a gale and riding the seas with the ease and grace of a petrel." Note, he says "perfect," and he also adds: "I have expended considerable time and money experimenting with all of the models now before the public, not only in canoe, but row and sailboats also, and I write advisably when I assert that none of them are satisfactory under canvas. For punting, rowing and paddling they are all right, but to sail well, a vessel, however small, must possess some body, and to exhibit any degree of speed, she requires an application of wave lines, not only in her longitudinal body, but athwartships also. Some degree of concavity therefore becomes indispensable, and the moment these are intelligently applied, she ceases to be a canoe in everything except her size." When a man says he has tried everything and found all wanting, and then goes on to say that he has invented something that is perfect, a modest man may have his doubts about it all, but he quickly holds his tongue till this only bit of perfection the world has ever seen is published.

"Deja" made a mistake in publishing those lines in the Sept. 10 issue. Had he kept them to himself we all would have believed he had reached perfection in a boat—because he said so. Describe heaven and it becomes ridiculous. It is the heaven of but one mind, if it is even that. Had "Deja" but described his boat and left to his hearers or readers the task of supplying adjectives, no fault could be found with him; but when he attempts to cram down the canoeist's throat the only kind of corn this goose "Deja" eats he cannot find fault if the canoeists do rebel against being fed Thanksgiving-turkey fashion. He don't give a man a chance to have any opinion of his own, but states everything as fact, when in reality it is but the opinion of one man of limited experience, as his numerous mistakes show conclusively.

"Canoeing is ruined." Not for some of us—a thousand or two—at least just yet. She has "lines which enable her to stand up and hold her course under sail." Many canoes carry with ease in good strong breezes as much sail as "Deja's" yacht carries, according to the drawings. Is this the pocket handkerchief he alluded to? "Depth, freeboard, where are they?" They are there all the same, and in sufficient quantity to bring a Shadow along the entire Labrador coast in safety, a cruise you would pause before attempting in your perfect ship, Mr. "Deja," if I take it. And yet you sneer at the seaworthiness of a canoe. You don't know her, my boy.

When a tired paddler sees the perfect yacht sail, "Deja" says: "That man is ready to learn. He will see points without much ado. I can teach him something and he will be an apt pupil. Oars and the paddle are too slow and too primitive. No sooner does a fellow learn them than he speculates on making the wind do his work, and the moment he succeeds he leans back to grin at the ease with which the breezes do his blowing. Once educated to that, he never afterward contents himself with a boat which floats on a light dew or voyages on rivulets, for those he can wade; and if he is a genuine sportsman, an inch or two of water doesn't deter him from casting a fly into any of the shady coves 'deep, delicious pools' where trout and salmon tempt the trial of a fisherman's skill." Now turn to the end of "Deja's" letter in the issue of the 10th, where he describes getting upset and nearly losing his life. The canoeist could teach him there that paddles or oars are not too slow and primitive at times, for the wind will not always do all the work. Yes, "Deja," you perhaps can always raise the wind, but even Genesta and Puritan are less fortunate. A man of your kind informed me once he never paddled, he always sailed, and had his boat built accordingly. Three hours later I rescued that man from an all-night outing on the river, with a head tide and wind, no landing place for a mile or more, and no grub on board. The big canoe-cutter-yawl-substitute was anchored out of harm's way and her crew taken on board my own canoe, with all his camping traps, and in less than half an hour we were both comfortably in camp two miles down river and eating a well cooked supper. I will do the same for you some day, Mr. "Deja."

I admit frankly that a boat's lines drawn on paper do not convey to my mind any adequate idea of her speed on water under sail. My education in this line has been neglected. But I will venture to express an opinion that I have arrived at, namely, that my canoe, which is not a Shadow (acknowledged to be the best under sail according to "Deja"), will ride it out in a gale as long as the substiture, and will stand rough water as well. I should only be too delighted to try conclusions in a race on either the upper or lower New York Bay. A canoe well handled could beat your perfect ship round Staten Island, say paddle or sail according to wind, any day over an hour easily. The later sailing canoes do not carry bones in their teeth—"Deja" seems to think a bone something very fascinating—when they are in fast motion, then enter and leave the water with hardly a ripple.

If any poor benighted mortal takes to heart "Deja's" gratis advice about the substitute for a canoe and gets one, may he be fully prepared to find that he has substituted all that makes canoeing enjoyable—some of which points "Rob Roy" touched upon last week—and that he has got all of the worries and bothers of a larger sailboat and none of its advantages. Think of going trout fishing in a boat where oars and paddles are tabooed and with 21in. draft. This casting a fly into shady pools, etc., is only the high light thrown in to give character to the noble picture. It is pretty, very pretty—but absurd—yes, on a par with most of this letter of "Deja's."

When "Deja" talks about a racing rig for his boat he is miserably at sea in his calculations. Thirty-six square yards, indeed, for one square foot of midship section! That is 324sq. ft., and his published rig is but 80sq. ft. If his rules are carried out the sail area would be over 500sq. ft. Now note the length of spars he gives for this spread.

"Deja" cannot have ever seen a good sailing canoe, well rigged, or he would be a little more modest in his statements. Does he know that Com. Jones in Venture easily beat a crack Clayton skiff with two men aboard last year at the meet? The skiff was sailed by an expert. The skiff was 18ft. or over, and had a beam of 40in. to the canoe's 30in.

There is but one skiff at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence, that has succeeded in beating the canoe Grebe. Yet the Grebe was beaten at the meet by some four or five canoes. The relative speed of this substitute and a canoe can easily be tested. "Deja" can't live very far from one of these four places—Pittsburgh, Albany, Hartford and New York. There are canoes in all four places that will be only too glad to get a chance at Mr. Brag and give him every opportunity to substantiate his sweeping statements about speed. DOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very sorry to have trod upon "Rob Roy's" heels, but I had to step somewhere, and if he will stop swearing in Latin which is bad taste) we will 'cuss the subject in Anglo Saxon. I must plead guilty to never having worked over the eel grass in the bay he mentions, but I have taken many a header in such brooks as the Hudson, the Potomac and the James without finding it necessary to use chocks or tow ashore boat.

Rob Roys were out-built and superseded twenty years ago. I presume I have sailed more of them than the taker of their name in vain ever saw, even if he slips off his gloves and counts up on his thumb hand. The canoe has not been built that can outsail my boat before the wind, especially if it blows. I have never had any difficulty in keeping out of the way of canoes close-hauled either.

The round up both fore and aft in my boat admits of landing as readily as any canoe, and if she heels a little more she has bilge enough to sustain herself without taking water as canoes do upon the slightest provocation.

I cheerfully admit that the canoe "can be handled on shore by one man," and that is where most of them are handled. They are excellent for navigating meadows, one fellow can sit on the fence till he is sure no one is looking, and then boost the thing on his head and tote it. But I am not a porter, and if a carry is necessary find it an advantage to get a cart. However, every man to his taste. The canoe under sail makes me tired. She won't go about, as a rule, without one or two dips of the paddle, while my boat sums round like a top and is off on a new tack before her way is lost. On a long voyage, except in very rare instances, it is unnecessary to house her. She is not a trunk.

The object I attain in her design is: Weatherly qualities, quick runs and protection for her crew, rain or shine. White cedar absorbs very little water, and when she needs overhauling she gets it without a grudge. Two boys, or a boy and a man, can lift her clear of the water dry shod. One man can haul her out or float her without the least risk of breaching himself, as one of my friends did, trying to carry an Irene through underbrush on the Saranac. He says it don't pay to be a snail and carry your house; and quite a number of experienced canoeists whom I know admit that their boats are poor luggers.

"Rob Roy" may like drawing his sled up hill to slide down, just as he seems fond of stowing his sail and paddling home to supper. Perhaps his ma don't allow him to stop out nights and the good old lady is right. He needs maternal care for some time yet. By and by, though, he will "cast off" the home moorings, and find that there are "housen an' housen" in this world, and he can get good accommodations almost anywhere, providing he keeps his tacks aboard and does not splice the main brace too often. What's that about wind failing and having to get home? Well, what's the matter with a haymaker's barn to keep your boat in a week or two till you can sail her home again, and a quiet walk along the shore over the hills through the golden twilight. The exercise of a little good judgment prevents such excursions too often; but when business requires it can be done. So, too, if the distance is greater than he cares to walk, or if, like myself, he owns a Methodist foot and don't care to dance, thank you; railways latticework the land so effectually that he can "ride up" in time to test the quality of the walnuts and the wine and talk the evening out with the girls, as goody boys ought. As a rule, home is much to be preferred instead of a strange bed; but on a cruise my boat admits of "a sleep in" under all conditions of weather, while the little canoe does not. DEJA.

HARTFORD C. C.—The regular fall meeting of the Hartford C. C. was held at the residence of Col. Green, on Tuesday evening, the 15th. After finishing the routine business the question of holding a regatta this fall was talked over in an informal way. It was decided to hold a captains' meeting early next week to talk over with the regatta committee the subject of a proper handicap for the big boats. The idea is to have a series of open paddling and sailing races in addition to the club races for the Commodore's Cup. A nice little lunch was served about 10, after which the talk drifted to reminiscences of vacations just over, and the cruises of Venture, Vision, Oahu and Outing to New York, Water Hill and Sag Harbor were fully discussed and notes compared. Mr. Goodwin brought much welcome news from Grindstone Island, and "takiug one consideration with another" the first camp fire for '85, as it may be called, was quite a jolly one. Last Saturday afternoon several of the club cruised up river, camping over night, and were met Sunday by Messrs. Shedd and Wright, of Springfield. Dinner was served at Scantic, after which the whole party returned to Hartford, where the members of the S. C. C. took the night express home. "How is S. anyway? Oh, he's all right."

THE NAUTILUS AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.—Mr. W. Baden-Powell has been awarded the silver medal for improvements in sails and rigging applied to canoes and boats. The first rig he exhibited was a new design, combining partly the battened balance, lug, and sliding gunter, the yard being slung in a novel manner, whereby a single halliard acts the part of holsting gear and double, or sling and heel parrel, the reefing gear being of the Nautilus batten reefing kind; and the tack, jackstay and topping lift on the Nautilus lug principle. By this form of rig a short masted, high-peaked rig is obtained, and the sail with its spars is detachable from the mast in quick time, while in working afloat it can be reefed *à la* lug, or lowered as a gaffsail, or topped up and down the mast as in a "sliding gunter," and thereby furled on the mast in a snug manner. The second rig exhibited is that of the Chinese form of balance lug, or battened lug, fitted with Nautilus gear throughout. The canoe is also fitted with the 200 years old idea of a "drop" or center-plate rudder, but of new form or design. The Nautilus, now in the exhibition, is the winner of this season's £50 championship cup, and numerous other Royal C. C. prizes.—*London Field, Sept. 5.*

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—The postponed races for canoes held by the Jersey City Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday next. The entries are: Lassie, C. B. Vaux, 15ft.; Guenn, Wm Whitlock, 15ft.; Minx, M. V. Brokaw, 14ft. 8in.; Tramp, C. J. Stevens, 14ft.; Psyche, C. K. Monroe, 14ft.; Fanny, S. B. Crane, 14ft. Course: From stakeboat, near club house, to and around the Piles, near the S. E. corner of Black Tom, thence to stakeboat, near Ellis Island, and to starting point, around the course twice. Allowance, one minute to the foot. Open to all canoes. Start to be made promptly at 3 P. M. Regatta Committee—Geo. Hawes, T. E. Bailey, I. S. Mettler.

PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. Mix and Mr. Gibson, of Albany; Messrs. Van Dalfsen and Edgar, of Newburg, and Mr. Jones, of Hartford, were at the N. Y. C. C. regatta on Saturday. Messrs. Dodd and Davidson, of Hartford, were also present on Sunday at the house. Mr. Whitlock returned from England on Sunday morning and was with the canoeists in the afternoon.

PASSAIC RIVER.—Newark, Sept. 19.—The canoe race for the championship of the Passaic River, for which the Triton Boat Club offered a handsome prize at their annual regatta, was won by G. B. Hussey, in the Elese, in two straight heats; George Cox, in the Aelius, second.—L. E. LAMM, Sec'y.

CANOE BRASSWORK.—Messrs. Turner, of Albany, have issued a reduced price list of brasswork of all kinds for canoes. They manufacture a large line of canoe fittings of all descriptions.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents. ☜

AMATEUR.—For pigeon shooting use No. 9 shot.

R. H. BURNS.—The Great Eastern has six masts.

H. B. P., Portland, Me.—The ears may possibly come right with age.

B. G., Texas.—Write to Milton P. Peirce, Philadelphia, Pa., for the sight.

T. S., Cheboygan, Mich.—We shall publish a list of photos of Puritan and Genesta shortly.

W. B. B.—The address of the game protector of District No. 10 is Nathan C. Phelps, Remsen, N. Y.

G. S., N. Y.—No permit is required for Long Island shooting, except on inclosed and posted lands.

F. W. D., Dunkirk.—For the liquid write to Zucker & Levett, No. 538 West Sixteenth street, New York city.

W. J.—The open season for robins in New York State opens Oct. 1. For local supervisors' law apply to your supervisor.

F. L., New York.—No vessel has crossed the Atlantic in 12 days, the quickest passage under sail was 13 days 6 hours.

L. C., Iowa.—See the letter from Bismarck, Dakota, in this issue. The prairie chicken season in Dakota is Aug. 15 Jan. 1.

E. A. W., Rome, N. Y.—We hold the opinion that for the gun you want you will not go astray if you buy one of any of the makes advertised in our columns.

MOR EM.—For hunting rifle see our advertising columns. The various makes there noted are all first-class, and any one of them will give you satisfactory work if you know how to use it.

R. BROTHERS, Milwaukee.—What is the difference between a muscalonge and a pickerel? Ans. The most striking point is the coloration. The great lake pike, often called pickerel, is of a grayish color with oval spots which are nearly white. The muscalonge is usually lighter with round black spots, but is occasionally found without spots. The muscalonge has no scales on the lower half of the cheek and gill cover, while the great pike has the cheek scaly.

G. S. L.—Of the two States named you will do well to try Arkansas for bear, deer and turkey shooting. But deer and bear may be had nearer home. See note in another column about the Chateaugay Lake country, of the Adirondacks.

F. W. F.—1. What fish can be found in St. Mary's, Fla., Savannah, Cape Fear, James and Potomac rivers? 2. Is a Great Dane or German mastiff nearly full grown at 8 months? Ans. 1. Black bass, sunfish or bream, chubs, perch, and suckers. 2. No.

C. W. B.—Given a certain result with 4½ drams powder and 1 ounce shot from 10-gauge gun, what will be the proper charge to obtain a similar pattern with same penetration, from 12-gauge gun, distance and shot same as before? Ans. You may do it with 4 drams powder, but 3 drams will give better results.

G. C. H.—1. The "best" goose shooting is to be had in the West, and if you really want to know what goose shooting is go out to Dakota or Nebraska. See current reports in our game columns. 2. In the Lower Peninsula of Michigan you will find deer and quail. It is forbidden to transport game out of the State.

KNOTCH.—1. To decide proper charge for your gun experiment with shot Nos. 6, 7 and 8, with different charges of powder, until you get pattern and penetration which suit you. 2. The fourth notch in the trap is the hardest. Two eyed shooting is better for some persons, while others cannot accustom themselves to it; but it is the best if one can succeed with it.

C. E. B., London, Ont.—There are a few rails in this part of Ontario in marshy and wet places, but I have only come across three in as many years. They will fly only about ten yards when flushed, and a dog cannot flush them again. Sportsmen around here claim they are not good to eat. They have a short yellow bill, brown feathers, edged with white, green legs and stand about as high as a snipe. Are these the same bird I read about so often in your journal? Ans. Probably it is. Test the edible qualities and the next time you kill one send us the skin for identification.

E. H. F.—Can you inform me where a good 200yds. rifle range is located other than Creedmoor, either in the suburbs of this city, in Brooklyn, or across the river in Jersey? Ans. Try the Schuetzen Park range, at Union Hill, N. J., reached via Hoboken.

E. W. D., Tallahassee, Fla.—Are there now in this country any fly-fishermen, who, while sitting by the water's edge and observing the particular flies at which the fish are biting, can make then and there this same fly? Ans. There are plenty of such anglers, most of the amateur fly-tyers can do it if the materials are at hand.

S. F. J.—Please tell me of the right treatment of the rose-breasted grosbeak, when kept in a cage. This bird was given to me by a gunner early last spring, he having wounded it. I nursed it until it got well. It sung very sweetly for about a month, when it commenced to moult. Since then it has not sung. I cannot get it to eat any seed except canary, nor any other kind of food so far. This bird seems nocturnal, being more lively at night than through the day. It will not bathe in water, but about 12 o'clock at night it wakes me up, taking a sand bath, it makes the sand fly in all directions. Wilson in his book says this bird sings at night, I have not heard this one yet. Will it stand a cold climate? Ans. Give the bird some raw apples and berries of different kinds. They eat the seeds of weeds and grasses. They have been kept in confinement. We send you a copy of FOREST AND STREAM giving account of their successful treatment. The bird comes to us from the North, and thrives in cold weather.

INFORMATION WANTED.

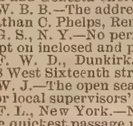
O. G. L., wants to be told of the grouse and squirrel shooting in Livingston county, N. Y.

S. R. B. wants to be told of the best place in West Virginia to hunt deer, bears, turkeys and grouse.

G. S. wants to know about the grouse and squirrel shooting in country between Owasco and Cayuga lakes, N. Y.

C. A. C. asks if "Ah-Pe" will give his mode of changing the drop of a gun stock that is too straight for the shooter.

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HOMEOPATHIC

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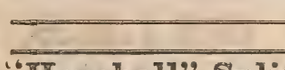
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XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
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XIX. Single-Hand Cruiser.
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XXIII. The Boston Sloop Nyssa.
XXIV. Keel Sloop Columbine.
XXV. Columbine—Sail Plan.
XXVI. The Keel Sloop Alice.
XXVII. The Gannet.
XXVIII. A Compromise Sloop.
XXIX. The Itchen Cutter Daisy.
XXX. Daisy—Sail Plan.
XXXI. The Cutter Vayu.
XXXII. The Cruising Yawl Windward.
XXXIII. Windward—Accommodation Plan
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XXXVIII. The Cutter Petrel.
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XL. The Cutter Merlin.
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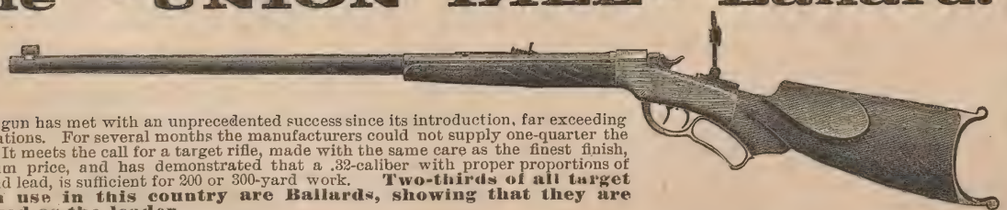
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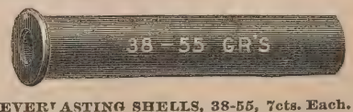
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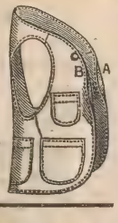


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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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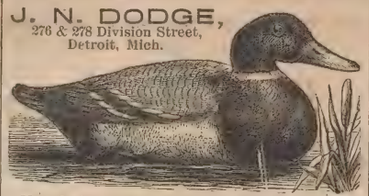
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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NEW YORK FISH LAWS.

ON several occasions we have pointed out the necessity of an intelligent supervision over proposed laws relating to the catching of fish, and have suggested that the Commissioners of Fisheries would be, by reason of their long acquaintance and their study of the subject, very proper censors. It is natural that fishing clubs should imagine that they understand all questions which may arise concerning fish and believe themselves competent to frame proper legislation. We recently commented on a case in which the St. Lawrence Anglers' Association procured the passage of a law affecting the sale of striped bass in the markets, while trying to protect another fish locally called by the same name. The club is composed of gentlemen who mean well, but who do not seem to distinguish between *Roccus lineatus* and *Roccus chrysops*, both fishes having the common name of striped bass, the former the large fish of salt and brackish water, and the other a lake fish seldom exceeding fifteen inches in length. In another column we republish an article referring to this matter, in which it will be seen that Mr. Byington has tried to explain the difference between these fishes and has got a trifle mixed in describing one as having "lateral stripes which run around the body." We believe that this striped-bass law was introduced with the best of intentions; but the fact that it is so worded as to be capable of different constructions shows that it was carelessly framed. We also believe that, in order to make such laws clear, the scientific name of the fish should follow its common name, and that to properly do this the advice of some one skilled in modern nomenclature should be followed.

That the legislation relating to the opening of the trout season will have to be revised this winter there is no doubt. This was an instance of hasty legislation which abruptly closed the season after it had been open for two weeks, but its main fault lay in making the season on Long Island open a month earlier than in the rest of the State. Either one of three things will be done. The old date of April 1 throughout the State will be restored; the 1st of May be made the opening day in all counties; or the Adirondack region will be made to open in May and the rest of the State in April. When the last law was passed the date was changed to May 1 after it had been submitted to the Commissioners.

We wish that the laws protecting fish could be entirely separated from those protecting other game, and that they could be intelligently revised and then left alone for a while. It is time that such obsolete and outlandish names as "Oswego bass" departed from our statute books, since the name "black bass" covers both species which are now distinguished by anglers by the size of the mouth, one being as much a "true" black bass as the other. This is of a piece with the legislative orthography which, in the law relating to duck shooting, speaks of a house constructed of the boughs from trees as a "bow house." This has been on the books for years, and looks as if the schoolmaster had gone abroad to stay.

The laws of New York speak of "California trout" and "salmon trout." As there are now recorded by the latest authorities, Jordan and Gilbert, the rainbow trout, *S. irideus;* the steel-head or salmon trout, *S. gairdneri;* the salmon trout of the Columbia, *S. purpuratus;* and the Dolly Varden trout, *S. malma*, all found in parts of California, the name as used in the New York law is too indefinite. No doubt the first species mentioned is the one intended. The fish spawns in early spring, and since its introduction here had developed a habit of spawning earlier than in California, and why its open season should be from Sept. 1 to May 1 is a mystery. Its season should be the same as our native trout, for by May 1 it should be through with its spawning. Its present season, beginning when other trout fishing closes, is not only absurdly late, but is mischievous in giving legality to fishing in trout waters at that time under pretense of fishing for rainbow trout. Regarding the name of "salmon trout" for our lake trout, it is simply a misnomer which, while doing no positive harm, is not to be encouraged. The name is applied to several fishes in different parts, see list of trouts above, and properly belongs to the *Salmo trutta* of Europe. The Adirondack guides have shortened it into "salmon," and talk of taking salmon in their lakes, apparently ignorant that the name properly belongs to another fish. There are several other matters pertaining to fish legislation which need attention; but we have cited cases enough to show that in New York there is need of thorough revision.

THE FOREST AND STREAM TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S tests of hunting rifles as to their trajectory lines, began at the Creedmoor Range on Monday last and are at present in active progress. The fine weather has assisted much in enabling the trials to proceed with despatch. It is, however, a work which will not admit of much hurry, as each step requires the utmost exactness and care that no error may creep into the final result. The base line over which the several shots are fired, was fixed with the utmost exactness by Mr. Chas. H. Haswell, of world-wide fame as an engineer. The several scientific instruments for fixing the atmospheric conditions under which the shots were fired were furnished from the extensive warehouse of Gall & Lembke, Union Square, West; while Mr. Henry A. Sinclair, from the U. S. Proving Ground, has given his personal attention to every detail, sighting and firing for every shot.

There are some thirty weapons under examination, embracing samples of the leading American arms, including the Winchester, Whitney, Remington, Wesson, Bullard, Marlin, Ballard, Colt, Stevens, and Maynard. A foreign double-barreled Express rifle, from the shop of Thos. Bland & Sons, England, was put in competition and with it a muzzleloader of a type of which so much was expected and so much has been written. With such a fine battery of rifles, the finest probably of its sort ever gathered together, the FOREST AND STREAM is desirous of doing its full duty in making these tests the standard for all discussion of hunting arms. In due time the full report will appear in our columns, and until then we hope our readers will exercise due patience, or better still within the next few days take a trip to Creedmoor and see the tests in progress, as many well known experts in the science and art of small arm shooting have already done.

The trajectory tests will probably extend through the week, if the weather continues favorable; and possibly they may be extended into next week.

OCTOBER is, of all the twelve months of the year, permanently the sportsman's month, and when all the reforms we are waiting for have been wrought it will be practicable to leave one's business in October and go shooting.

THE DEER ON LONG ISLAND.

THE open season for deer hounding in Suffolk county, Long Island, N. Y., opens to-day. The sportsmen of Suffolk county and the people of Long Island exerted themselves last winter to secure for their own section immunity from the law forbidding deer hounding. They did this, not so much for their own benefit, as for the convenience of their friends from other parts of the State and from other States. As we have already stated, all persons, whether sportsmen or market hunters, who want to hound deer are cordially invited to visit Long Island, and take part in the fun while it lasts. The season will extend only to Oct. 8, and next Sunday, the 3d, will be a close day. The route is via the Long Island Railroad, and the hounder should go down to the Hamptons. By addressing Mr. Geo. A. Whittaker, the district game protector at Southampton, the intending visitor will obtain specific instructions as to the most desirable localities.

It is the wish of the residents of Suffolk county that their pains to afford this sport may be appreciated and that their warm invitation to deer hounders may be understood to be general and intended for everybody.

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS convention at Boston last week was the most substantial meeting of the kind yet held in this country. The members present, the papers read, and the general character and tone of the meeting unite to give every assurance that the cause of forestry is making real progress in this country. The new United States Commissioner of Agriculture, Mr. Coleman, has a deep and intelligent interest in the subject of forestry, and in him the workers in the cause are likely to find a most valuable aid. The secretary of the Congress is Mr. E. B. Fernow, No. 13 Burling Slip, New York. A proposition which we hope to see put into effect was to secure the appointment of a committee on forest legislation, with ex-Governor Morton, of Nebraska, at its head, to draft suitable laws, both national and state, for forest conservancy. Papers were read on the methods of utilizing the waste of lumbering operations, the private protection of woodland tracts, and the prevention of forest fires.

"THE AMERICAN NIMROD" is the title won by Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, Md., who has astonished and dismayed the sportsmen of Great Britain by his wholesale leasing and protection of Scotch grouse moors. He has fairly beaten the Englishmen at their own game, and the landowners begin to fear that before very long the American millionaire may absorb the entire shooting country of Scotland. He now leases no fewer than fourteen forests and shootings, which he has joined together, and his preserve extends across Scotland from Moray Firth to Loch Duich, and covers at least 250,000 acres, his sporting rental exceeding £14,000 a year.

A GENTLE HINT.—If you have occasion to telegraph to the FOREST AND STREAM on a matter requiring immediate attention, be sure to direct the message to some individual connected with the paper and not to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The reason for this is that the individual may happen to be absent, and the telegram will be placed on his desk, where it will lie unopened for a day or a week. This is, of course, just what you desire. If the message were addressed to the Company, it would be opened immediately, but that is not what you want.

DOGS AND SHEEP.—From Tennessee comes word that prominent sheep raisers have determined to abandon that industry because they cannot protect their flocks against the dogs. It is true that the average Tennessee dog does have an abnormal taste for mutton. But instead of surrendering their sheep to the dogs, why do not the farmers organize and put through a law to kill off two or three hundred thousand of the brutes? That would be the correct course to cure the cur curse.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION OF SPORTSMEN convened last Tuesday and is now in session. A report of the proceedings will be given in our next issue.

WILD GEESE.—The southward flights of wild geese are reported. We should be glad to have notes of the migration of the geese as observed by our readers.

GEORGE WILKES, widely known as one of the editors and proprietors of the *Spirit of the Times*, died in this city, Sept. 23.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life. VI.

DATED my last budget from Hurdwar, where I remained until the 14th of November collecting the deodar ties sent down from the mountains during the summer, and despatching them down country to Delhi and Agra. By that date my young assistant, Charley C., fresh from a three-years' course in Germany, had reported himself for duty. I had collected three hundred pairs of sawyers for the conversion of the season's yield of sal timber—the staple building timber of the region—had been furnished with the Trigonometrical Survey's map of my division, about a thousand square miles in area, with instructions to divide it into blocks, make a rough valuation survey of the timber of each block, outline a general plan of operations based on the standing stock and annually productive capabilities of the forest, submit a well-considered scheme of fire conservancy, report on the feasibility of clearing the Ramgunga Channel for rafting and submit my estimate of costs, to rid the division of a notorious man eating tiger, and offer a hundred dollars for his skin; further, I was called on to thoroughly master the details of the local timber and bamboo sales, which footing up as they do to about eighty thousand rupees (forty thousand dollars), nearly half the estimated revenue of my division, and being exported across a frontier line of fifty miles in length, afford especial facilities for combination between the merchants and my subordinates for defrauding the government. From this you may infer that sport is only incidental to, and not the actual business of, a forest officer's life; but the fact is game is so plentiful in these uninhabited regions that you run across it go where you will, and can turn aside to stalk a fat stag or beat up a likely looking clump of long grass for tiger without any undue interference with the matter in hand, whether it be estimating stock or moving from camp to camp.

So on the morning of the 15th, behold my quiet camp once more a scene of dire confusion. The tents struck, a dozen camels being loaded and bellowing their vain remonstrances, while servants and camel drivers maintained an incessant and more or less disputatious chatter. The elephants were ready by the time we had dispatched our *chota haziri* of coffee and toast and eggs, and impatient to get away from the discordant clatter, we mounted them at once, my native superintendent taking the back seat of my howdah, and Charley C., with his *shikaree* (huntsman)—Ram Buksh—filling the second howdah.

Passing through the city of Hurdwar under the eyes of the troops of monkeys, which regarded us philosophically from the roofs of the houses, we skirted the right bank of the Ganges to a ford about five miles up, where we crossed and entered a vast, almost treeless plain, covered at this season with a coarse grass from four to six feet high, through which ran a beaten road to the southwestern corner of my division, two days' march from Hurdwar. There is more or less game scattered over these plains, and after the December fires, when the grass is reduced to small scattered clumps, there is no difficulty in making a bag; but at this season it is hard to come on it, and still more difficult to shoot it when you do come on it, for the only sign it gives is a ripple in the grass as it moves out of the way. But as it is as easy for the elephants to go through it as along the road, and all of us being more or less keen the first day out, we struck into the grass and followed the line of the road at three or four hundred yards distance. We had not gone far before I saw a ripple in the grass, and moved the elephant down on it. There was a rush for about twenty yards, and all was still again. A hog deer most probably, but there was no chance of sighting him, so we went on our way.

Another couple of miles and a shot on my right, rapidly followed by a second and a third, turned my eyes in the direction of the other elephant, when I saw Charley and Ram Buksh reloading; by the time they were ready the elephant had started the game again and another three shots were fired. This continued for about a quarter of an hour, the elephant continually putting up the game, and following it now this way, then that, and I should think something like thirty shots must have been fired when the yelling of a small pig (an old boar never yells) announced that some stray bullet had found its billet. "How does your mahout like loading a pig?" I asked my superintendent, who being a Hindoo mountaineer had no prejudices against anything eatable. "Oh, he does'nt mind, Sahib," was the reply, "as long as he is not asked to handle it." Coming up we saw the elephant sit down and Charley and his shikaree both dismount, Charley quite excited and Ram Buksh very happy in the anticipation of a good square meal, for he is a Musbi Sikh, and loves wild pork better than anything that runs. With the aid of ropes and pulleys the game was soon secured behind the howdah, and we once more went on our way. In the course of the next two miles we started another sounder of pig, and two or three hog deer, but without a chance for a shot. Charley had several shots at the grass, but without any apparent effect. At length I too was tempted to fire. I caught sight of the tips of a stag's horns, and having set him in motion, I told the mahout to get straight behind him if possible. This little arrangement he was unable to negotiate, and at length I called a halt and bidding Gorind Ram, the superintendent, fire together with me, I tried to locate the shoulder, a rather difficult matter with nothing to guide one but the tips of a pair of horns of unknown length and form, but luck favored us, the beast dropped, and hurrying up to the spot the elephant dropped on his knees, and Gorind Ram drawing his hunting knife, jumped down to inflict the *coup de grace secundum artem*. He plunged his blade in behind the ears, intending to cut the throat, but the next moment there was an earthquake or something like it. Gorind Ram and the stag flew up at the elephant, which sprang to his feet and got away a dozen yards before he could be brought to order and the matter investigated. Gorind Ram meantime had picked himself up more astonished than hurt and reported the stag gone with the knife in his throat. Letting him mount to his seat, a feat which satisfied him that the most important of his bones were still in working order, we began beating our game, Charley joining us on the other elephant. We put him up at length and four or five shots were fired together, but on taking up the elephants there was another rush for a few yards and another broadside. Again we went up to where we had seen him stop, and again the poor beast staggered to his feet, but only to roll over again, and Ram Buksh dismounted and finished the throat cutting. Getting the beast secured behind the howdah, a labor in which all hands joined, we found that the first shot had taken effect, entering the upper jaw below the eye and slashing it all up; this had stunned him, and Gorind Ram's blade plunged into his throat had restored him to consciousness, he had got rid of the knife again in his struggle and bled to death.

Remounting we started for the camping ground on the Ganges, where we dismounted and sent the elephants away for fodder. Charley and I discussed our luncheon and the events of the morning under the shade of an acacia tree, while Ram Buksh skinned the stag. The camels made their appearance about 11 o'clock, and not caring to be in the way while matters were being straightened out, Charley and I took our rods, and calling one of the chuprasses to carry our rifles in case of need, went down to throw a fly on the Ganges. We strolled along about a mile at fifty yards apart without getting a rise, when I struck a fish in some rapids, and after about ten minutes' lively play ran him well up the bank. It was a compact little fish about seven pounds weight. While I was disengaging the fly, Charley, who was fishing in deep water just below me, shouted that he had hooked a whale or a crocodile or something, and looking I saw his line running out at a pace that threatened to exhaust it. It stopped in time, and Charley got a chance to reel in, but before long his fish was away again, down stream this time, so I went on fishing the rapids, and after a time landed another fish nearly the same size as the first. Charley was by this time nearly a quarter of a mile down stream, so I followed him down.

After about half an hour's whipping without a rise, I wound my line up short and set off to see if Charley was still playing his whale. He was now coming up stream, and I saw that he had the fish in tow still. By the time I joined him the fish had gone to the bottom and refused to move; but as he was not more than thirty yards from the bank, I told the chuprasse to put down the fish and rifles and try stoning. This started the fish again, but he was getting played out and soon answered to the rein and allowed himself to be run a dozen feet up the bank, where he was soon disposed of. We had no scales in the camp, but judging from many fish I had weighed I estimated him at twenty-five pounds. These Ganges fish are called *Mahseer*, and are a species of *Salmonidæ;* the flesh is white and very fine, and the head of a big fish a morsel for a *gourmet*. We had now had enough of fishing for one day and returned to camp to find our tents pitched and everything in order, and Ram Buksh with two or three assistants busily occupied in shaving his pig.

The next day's march was through similar country, more or less diversified by clumps of trees with a scrubby undergrowth, and in one of these clumps I bagged a brace of wild bantams. The elephant put up several head of game, but I had had too much experience in shooting in long grass to throw my ammunition away. Charley and his shikaree kept banging away, and between them bowled over a hog deer, and while they were loading it I pushed on to the camp, to get the report of my forester, who had been at his post about a week. The man-eater afforded the first item of intelligence. News had been brought in that morning that he had killed one of three village women who were out grass cutting on the northern skirts of the forest, some fifteen miles up river. There was no news from the eastward, there being no postal communication along the line before my arrival, and the bamboo cutters were only just entering the forest from their villages on the south.

After dinner I held office, the superintendent being present while I heard all applications for timber and bamboos which the forester had received to date. The applications for bamboos were practically mere notifications of intention to cut, but the applications for timber wanted my sanction before felling could commence. Sal timber was cut only by the department for export down country, but among the applications was one for a windfall sal tree lying in a specified water course. On this I passed my orders, "Referred to the superintendent with instructions to sanction the application if it proves a windfall, as reported." I had received a hint from my official chief that, although he believed the superintendent pretty honorable, he thought it very probable that the foresters and merchants worked into each others' hands behind his back. I had a different opinion. I believed the superintendant and sheristidar of my office had hitherto run the division between them, and I felt it necessary to put them completely off their guard before I displayed the slightest want of confidence.

Toward 4 o'clock Charley and I, taking Ram Buksh and a couple of chaprasses to be in waiting with our rifles, strolled into the forest for an hour's ramble. We picked up a peacock and a brace of bantams and saw a herd of spotted deer, but were unable to come up with them.

We had now six days' march to this place where our timber operations are in progress, the road being the boundary line of the forest and grass land the whole way. Postal communication was established, and on reaching the fourth stage I found reports from all the eastern sub-divisions waiting me. Starting in the morning about 6 o'clock, we struck three or four miles into the forest, getting into camp about noon, by which time the tents were generally pitched and breakfast ready, or at least so far forward, that it was on the table by the time we had washed and changed. In these rambles I was acquainting myself with the condition of the forests, classes and available stock of timber, etc., taking copious notes which I committed to paper daily on my arrival in camp; of course the superintendent thought I was looking only for game.

One day he sounded me by pointing out a decayed sal tree and asked me if I did not think it would be better to sell such trees than wait until they fell. I asked if he thought there were any purchasers for such trees, and he assured me that he could sell scores of such dry trees in the season if I would give the order—he was putting his foot in it, but it was my policy to lull him to sleep. In the afternoon I held office hearing and passing my orders on all applications for timber. We got plenty of venison on the way to keep the camp well supplied and generally succeeded in bagging a brace or two of birds, bantam or peafowl. The latter make an excellent mulligatawney, and a young bird, although inferior to a turkey, is by no means a roast to be despised. The bantam is very gamy and I think superior to either pheasant or partridge.

On the sixth day we reached the Ramgunga, and on the seventh entered the little gorge through which it escapes into the plains. The road winds along the hillside on the left bank at two or three hundred feet above the river, the opposite bank is alluvial drift, and rises generally three to five hundred feet perpendicularly from the river, but at about eight miles from the plains the narrow gorge opens into a broad valley nearly a mile wide, through which the Ramgunga winds its devious way. At the opening of the valley there is a small bungalow belonging to the department; it is a ground floor building with a commodious sitting-room, two bed-rooms and bath-rooms within fifty feet of the edge of the river, which at that point is about forty feet below. This will be Charley's headquarters for the season, and as I dismount and look through the building I feel by no means sorry that it will be mine too for the next few weeks.

The camels marched into camp about an hour later, together with the mail runner, who brought the verbal intelligence confirmed by letter that the man-eater had bagged a bamboo cutter about ten miles to the eastward the evening before. This gave me great anxiety, for unless his depredations were put a stop to, a panic would ensue and the forest be deserted. A batch of English correspondence which the runner brought with him occupied me until breakfast, and contained among other matters a suggestion that I determined to act on immediately. This was to apply to the officer commanding the nearest Ghoorka regiment, to place a party of his men at my disposal to hunt up the man-eater.

I was now in full postal communication with all my foresters, nine in number, and with the head office, and after breakfast I disposed of my English correspondence, summoned the sheristadar, heard and passed orders on all vernacular reports and petitions, gave a final audience to the superintendent, told him I should hold him responsible for efficient supervision, and with a few general and detailed instructions as to his duties, bade him take his elephant and prepare for an early start in the morning on his tour of inspection. It was now near 5 o'clock, and Charley, who had sat it out with me, was not sorry to have the office closed, and cast a fly upon the rippled bosom of the Ramgunga.

SHIKAREE.

CAMP BOKSAR, Lower Gusheval, Sewaliks, East Indies.

NOTES FROM ORANGE COUNTY.

A FEW camp and other notes from Orange county, this State, may not be amiss, inasmuch as we do not hear from it often through your columns. That it is so close to us may account for its being overlooked, but there are still attractions there if we look in the right place.

First of our party was Chief, so dubbed because he always proved himself "high boat" when it came to the question of landing the largest and most fish. He is one of New York's leading architects, and was the life of the camp. His original "sermons," effervescing with humor, were our delight, while a few time-honored chestnuts sown occasionally among the natives, never failed of a crop of applause. It was he who feeling somewhat sensitive and discouraged at his great deficiency in adipose matter a while ago, asked a friend of his, an Irish gentlemam, "Tell me, S., did you ever see a thinner man than I?" In a rich brogue, his friend, always ready with a quick repartee, replied, "Well, to tell you the truth, Charley, I have [C. felt encouraged], but I had to pay fifty cents at the museum." The second on our list is John Ayres, who took the part as guide. He hails from Central Valley and is the inventor of summer tobogganing. At the bottom of the list appears the undersigned, who, though one of the clan, *Philo. minor*, hobnobs and freely associates with a noted but cross black spaniel, who has assisted him in bringing many of his own clan to bag.

Our first camp was made on the shores of Lake Mt. Basha, a pretty little sheet of water, near Monroe, on the Erie Railroad. We tempted the small-mouths here for two days and a half, with satisfactory results, though our largest fish weighed only a little over two pounds. Helgramites and crawfish were the baits most freely taken. Fair strings of pickerel are caught at this season by the valley people, who drive over the rough mountain roads in all imaginable rigs to picnic and fish. Some good shooting can be had here a little later on, as this lake seems to be a favorite feeding spot for blue and green winged teal, mallards, redheads, black and, quite often, canvasback ducks. The great drawback is that there are no accommodations for sportsmen; hence it is a case of camp-out, with no alternative. Partridges may be found in the densely wooded sections, while in the swales fall woodcock are already stopping on their flight southward.

Our second camp was located at Summit Lake, two and a half miles back in the mountains from Central Valley station, and about twelve miles from our former encampment. During our stay here of five days we fished Slaughter Pond, Upper and Lower Twin lakes and Summit Lake, with fair scores. The owners of the latter body of water are making well-directed efforts to restock it with bass, having put in a goodly number from the lakes adjacent, and a nice consignment of big ones, ready to spawn, from the State hatchery. Though bass fishing in this lake is prohibited, fishing for pickerel and other fish is permitted. The largest pickerel killed here lately was one of three and a half pounds, by Capt. Jos Luce, of Poughkeepsie. Another gentleman took twenty-one in a few hours.

The sport of tobogganing in summer, as here practiced, is an exhilarating pastime. Much is heard of it as a winter sport for Canadians, but it was left for the fertile mind of John Ayres to originate and introduce it as a fixture for both seasons. The track or slide is made of planking, and is five feet wide. It extends up the mountain back from the lake one hundred yards. The grade is eighty feet, and the descent is made inside of six seconds. The "toboggan" used for summer partakes of the nature of a boat, so that when the descent is made and the lake reached—for the slide runs into the lake—the boat, with flags flying and its human freight shouting, goes skimming for fifty yards or more over the smooth surface of the water as though shot from a gun. A stationary engine draws it up the incline, again and again to go rushing down like a whirlwind. In winter the sport is pursued as in Canada, with toboggans and sleds.

At one time, not long ago, ruffed grouse were comparatively plenty throughout this section of the country, but owing to persistent trapping the coveys have been greatly decimated. Some of the hotels engage to take all the birds the trappers can procure, hence a ready market is at hand. A step in the right direction toward stopping this nefarious business has been taken by two New York gentlemen, who have at heart the interests of game protection. They have engaged two constables, paying them from their private purses, to patrol the adjacent partridge country in search of snares and snarers. This looks like business. All credit to them for their good work.

The Central Valley Shooting Club must be made up of live men too. There is scarcely a farm in the valley but that has one of the club's signs up in some prominent place forbidding shooting thereon, showing that the farmer has become interested, and been taught the value of Bob White. A very commendable resolution has been passed by this club

to the effect that none of its members shall indulge in quail shooting for three years. Many outsiders have joined in the movement.

In an evil moment I started to see a rumored dog show at Newburgh, in connection with the county fair. Before I got through I felt like the supplier of sinews to the succulent fish cake, who figures in the following verse:

"On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
A cod was caught at break of day.
It never had been there before.
And wished to gosh 't had stayed away."

I was stepped on, jostled, squeezed and finally lost; but I turned up again like the bad cent.

The show contained about eighteen dogs, mostly local celebrities. There was a fair specimen of the red Irish setter, a pair of good mastiff pups, a St. Bernard bitch with a litter, a collie, two beagles labeled "foxhounds," a couple of nice fox-terriers, a pug, an overgrown cocker ticketed as a water spaniel—its pedigree told us that its sire was a King Charles and its dam a water spaniel—and perhaps one or two others. The dogs were comfortably benched in a roomy tent. The management could have added a valuable attraction to their fair by giving a good dog show. To that end a fairly liberal premium list and some advertising would have been of great assistance. TIM. BERDOODLE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

A WEEK IN ICELAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you by this day's mail an extract from the London *Field*, Sept. 5, entitled "A Week in Iceland," by Mr. Cumming Macdona, whom you probably know as one of the most distinguished sporting men in England. It was my good fortune to travel with him in Iceland, and to spend some little time with him at his home in Cheshire.

T. R. G. P.

From the paper inclosed by our correspondent we make the following excerpts:

"Everything is so different in this remote place to what we are used to in England, and so strange. Most people think that in going to Iceland, as the name would seem to imply, that one was about to travel to a frozen land; but in our case we left the cold in England, and found the warmth and mosquitoes, and other more familiar friends—or acquaintances. I should rather style them—in Iceland. It is a new sensation to find oneself traveling among really honest people. It is a refreshing excitement to await the production of our hotel bill—to note how much below our anticipation it generally is. It is queer to find oneself in a country where there are no vehicles on wheels, not even a cariole, as in Norway, nor a gondola, as in Venice. All traveling from place to place all over the country and all about the towns is done on pony back; so it would be well for those coming out to bring their own saddles and bridles with them. Of course, there are plenty provided on the island, but the English-made tackle is always more comfortable and much safer. The charge for excellent ponies is most moderate—only two kroners a day, or 2s. 2d of our money. Of course, there are no roads in the country. Generally there are bridle tracks, but these at times are hard to find in the boundless lava-fields; so it is an absolute necessity to have a guide, for which a charge of five or six kroners a day is made. It is also necessary to have a relay of ponies, as a change is needed every four hours when riding on a long journey. A pair of ponies is also wanted to carry the pack saddles with the tent-bedding and provisions; fresh ponies are also required for them, and an extra guide. As there are no hotels in the country part, the farmers and the parsons keep open house for the wayfarers, and make a very moderate charge for what accommodation they give. It sounds strange, but for all that it is true—travelers are provided by these farmers and parsons with better coffee and cream than I have tasted on the Boulevards of Paris or among the Arabs in Africa. There are three excellent hotels in Reykjavik, the capital—Hotel Island, Hotel Reykjavik and Hotel Alexandra, called so after the Princess of Wales.

"Most of the men on the island are terrible snuff takers, carrying in their pockets large horn scoops, with which they fill their noses from time to time.

"Any one needing a thorough change of scene should take this trip to Iceland. Here the fisherman will find rivers teeming with salmon and trout, and lakes full of char and every other kind of fish. The moors are full of ptarmigan and golden plover; the rivers and fjords alive with ducks and geese. The air is dry, lambient and light. The ordinary tourist will find many a delightful excursion through and about the island—to the extraordinary sunken valley, formed by cooled lava and riven rocks, over an immense plain, at Thingvellir, then on to that seventh wonder of the world, the Boiling Geysers, and so to Hekla, breathing fire and brimstone beneath its ermine coat of purest snow, and the many extinct volcanoes. It is passing strange traveling over boundless fields of barren and black lava, alongside of crags and peaks of great grandeur and wondrous beauty, along lovely and lonely lakes of immense size, upon whose waters the sound of an oar has never been heard. One can travel hundreds of miles and never see a single tree. Away from the screech of the steam engine, away from telegrams, letters and newspapers, away from toil and turmoil—here the weary find rest. Now and then we come upon habitations of men composed of a pretty and picturesque farmhouse, surrounded by its garden and sheep huts, and near at hand a few of the neighbors' huts, covered with sods, 'in verdure clad.' We were a party of twelve, and with our fifty ponies and six guides, we made quite a sensation among the natives, as we were the largest party, except the King's, that ever visited their island.

"We visited Thingvellir, and were most hospitably entertained by the parish priest there, who showed us his pretty little church.

"We were lucky enough, at the end of our next day's ride, to reach the Geyser in time to see next day a grand eruption of one million and a half gallons of boiling water driven with terrific force up about one hundred feet into the air, shaking the ground all around as it rushed with mighty throes to the surface—seething, splashing, dashing, crashing and roaring with terrible earnestness and grandeur in the calm and silent moonlight."

THE POOR MINERS OF DERBYSHIRE have a curious notion that pulmonary consumption is caused by the upheaving of the lungs, and so they swallow shot to weigh the lungs down into their normal place. The miners are all right in their belief that shot are a preventive for disease, but the way to use shot is not to swallow them, but to shoot them out of a gun.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

WILDFOWL IN DOMESTICATION.

SOME years ago my brother and myself conceived the idea of domesticating specimens of our native wildfowl, partly for instruction and amusement, perhaps ultimately with a view to profit. As we were both duck hunters, and frequently captured birds only slightly wounded, we soon had a nucleus to begin with, which by accretion we expected would develop some day into a more than usually interesting collection. By our own efforts and those of our friends, in saving cripples, catching young, purchasing, etc., we gradually increased our flock, in spite of frequent losses by disease, escapes and vermin, until the collection contained a number each of three species of geese and seven or eight of ducks, all in fine condition and as tame as could be expected. Our hope was to eventually obtain specimens of all North American geese, ducks, cranes, etc. The hope was never realized. As breeding time approached in the spring of 1882 we looked forward with high expectations as to the result, for the preceding summer and fall had seen a considerable addition to our flock, when one ill-fated night dogs gained access to the inclosure where they were kept and destroyed nearly the entire flock of ducks. The geese were in another lot and escaped. This mishap so discouraged us that we never undertook the experiment again; but perhaps a few notes of the characteristics of these birds as observed by me would prove interesting.

I discovered that while wild geese and ducks could be tamed, they never became thoroughly domesticated, as the migratory instinct is so strong during the spring and fall that they would leave if not pinioned. At other seasons the geese were as contented as domestic birds, and were generally allowed to run at large; but not so the ducks, which had to be confined at all seasons by a tight fence, and if one of them found an opening, it had no scruples against deserting its companions, and striking out for the nearest watercourse leading to the river, although there might be plenty of water in their own pond. This was in marked contrast to the geese, which were reluctant to separate from each other, even to escape. Neither would the ducks ever become as tame and gentle as the geese, but they were always timid. Mallards, if allowed to run with tame ducks, would not show much fear of a person, but as soon as separated their wild nature returned. Mallards will breed in domestication, and their habits do not differ from tame birds, with which they freely intermix. They are said to also cross with the gadwall and black duck. But of this I know nothing. They are the easiest duck domesticated, and next to them comes the woodduck. Of the latter we had quite a number, mostly young ones captured just before ready to fly, or adults caught while moulting. These beautiful little birds, the most active on land of any, were pugnacious as bantam cocks, and did not hesitate to attack larger ducks, and I have even seen one make a pass at a white-fronted goose, their extreme quickness enabling them to dodge an enemy. I am satisfied that they can be raised in domestication, and perhaps innumerable generations would reduce their timidity and remove the migratory instinct. The only one we ever had which did not seem inclined to stray was one raised almost from the egg The woodduck, with its brilliant plumage, sprightliness and general lack of resemblance to the regulation flat-billed species, is an ornament to any pond, and they are less liable to sickness than any other species, except, perhaps, the mallard.

The pintails were perhaps the wildest, most restless and discontented of any species in the collection, although bearing confinement reasonably well. During the season of migration they were constantly out in the open, with long necks stretched skyward, watching for passing flocks, and every few minutes trying to rise into the air, and turning a somersault in consequence, on account of a pinioned wing—only to get up and try it again. Ducks never seem to learn that they can't fly when pinioned, but keep trying for hours at a time. Geese are different and learn by experience. I believe the pintail will breed in domestication, and they should cross with the mallard, as I know they sometimes do in the wild state.

The "black-jack" or ringneck, although not like the foregoing, was interesting. Reasonably tame at ordinary times, during the migratory period they seemed to become almost irantic, especially in the evening, as all ducks travel more by night. As when in a state of nature they cannot rise directly into the air like most other ducks, so here they would go flapping along the surface of the ground or water to get headway instead of trying to spring directly up like the pintails. Strange to say this movement was to the north in spring and south in the fall. After reaching the other end of the inclosure, instead of repeating the attempt in the other direction, they would return to the starting point on foot and try again. The species is strong in its attachments. I once saw a drake black-jack exhibit the most touching devotion to a sick mate which we were doctoring. He would leave the other ducks and sit for hours at a time by her side, in a corner to which she had retired, manifesting his solicitude unmistakably. In spite of all our medicine the female died, and the drake knew as well as we, who were watching at a little distance, that a change had taken place. He would walk round and round the body, caressing it with his bill, and seemed almost to understand what was the matter; we had to approach very close before he would leave, and it was some time before he seemed to forget the loss.

All ducks are greedy, but the black-jack is insatiable. Although nominally a grain-eating duck, he is exceptionally fond of meat, as I discovered one day when feeding some grebes or "dabchicks" on raw beef. The woodduck will also eat flesh; others may, but I never saw them. I doubt if the black-jack or any other deep-water duck will breed in domestication.

The blue and green-winged teal were quiet, gentle birds, the former especially, and showed no marked characteristics. When ours were killed the bluewing contained eggs, but I think the green would also breed, and I would like to try crossing the two, and also crossing them with the woodduck. If such a hybrid could be obtained it certainly would be a beauty.

Of the gadwall or gray duck we had but one specimen, a fine drake, which was very tame, but it was the only species which we could not teach to eat on land. We were compelled to feed it with something which would float on water, such as oats, as their natural food consists of certain mosses, insects, small seeds, etc. The gadwall would doubtless breed in confinement and is said to cross with the mallard and black duck; if so, then it should also with the pintail and widgeon. Except this bird, all our ducks preferred corn as their steady diet, in preference even to such food as they could obtain when wild, pin-oak acorns for instance. Next to corn, wheat was their choice, oats they did not much like and rye they would scarcely eat. Animal food in some form was occasionally supplied, also fine gravel, charcoal, and at breeding time lime in some shape, preferably in small shells.

But it was to the geese that I gave most attention, they taking to domestication much more kindly than ducks, and becoming very tame, so tame in fact as to be a nuisance. Like some other creatures which are very wild in a state of nature, yet become tamer when captured than other kinds apparently not so wild, geese as soon as they discover there is nothing to fear, seemed to become possessed of a desire for human companionship. I suppose the greater the resemblance the greater the "affinity." Ours were confined part of the time in a small lot at some distance from the house, and along the further side ran a small branch, yet they selected for a roosting place the very extreme corner nearest the house, away from the stream, and there spent most of their time when not feeding. Turn them into the house lot, which was of considerable extent, and they would not stay down to the water without company, but must needs come up about the part of the house where the folks were most likely to be, and if the doors were not closed had no scruples against coming inside.

The common Canada goose is so well-known that I shall content myself with giving two rather remarkable instances of intelligence which came under my notice. Wild geese in domestication do not breed until at least three years old, and are strictly monogamous, some writers even claiming that should one of a pair be lost the remaining one never remates. Of the latter I know nothing, but from their strong attachments I believe it would be true in many cases. The first pair of geese we obtained from Iowa when not quite one year old, fine, large, well-formed, perfect specimens apparently, and to all appearances thoroughly mated and devotedly attached to each other. When these were nearly two years old we secured in this State another gander and two geese, all three years old, and within a week thereafter the Iowa gander deserted his mate, driving her fiercely away whenever she approached him, and formed a union with one of the new arrivals, which lasted until last spring when we sold them. They raised a brood the year after, but his former mate has never dropped even unfertilized eggs, although while in our possession two springs passed after her arrival at breeding age, thus proving that she was barren. Now the question suggests itself, did this gander form the new attachment because of the greater age of his second mate, or was it mere fancy, or, as I think, did he recognize through some subtle sense as yet unknown, that his first mate was barren, though not then of breeding age? If the latter is the true explanation, then was it instinct or reason? I believe that the lower animals reason more or less logically, but they certainly possess another power, call it instinct or what you will, and in a much greater degree than humans.

That the Canada goose sometimes performs acts irrespective of instinct and governed solely by reason, I will now attempt to prove. Canada geese from some cause have a great antipathy toward common barn yard chickens, but soon get accustomed to those they are brought in contact with, and pay no attention to them unless they come in their way. But let a strange chicken come in the yard and away they go to catch it. Or let them find a sitting hen where they can get to her, and off she has to come to make music for them by cackling, and woe to her if she gets caught. Going down to feed them one morning, I saw a lot of strange chickens in a corner of the yard besieged by a pair of geese, who were waking the echoes over their delightful discovery. But they were afraid to make a charge at such long range for fear the chickens would dodge past. I called them down to the branch to get their feed, but they were uneasy and would not eat much, and kept watching the chickens, which were working down toward the branch as if to cross about forty yards above. Presently the geese gobbled together a little, and then struck off up stream, swimming very slowly and cautiously, with necks kept well down below the bank, which was perhaps eighteen inches high, and so timed their speed that they arrived at the point where the chickens were going to cross just as the latter reached it, and with a great outcry sprang out on them. They failed to catch any, but that was no fault of the strategy, which entitled them to rank as generals, but it was due only to their own clumsiness. Then they returned satisfied, and quietly finished their breakfast. Whoever had witnessed the maneuver would have had no doubt that it was intelligently planned and carried into execution. At any rate I have none.

The white-fronted goose looks too much like the domestic bird to make it much of an ornament to a collection, but it is nevertheless quite interesting. They are easily tamed, and are rather disposed to be pugnacious. One old gander in particular always looked as if he were spoiling for a fight, and his mate once followed a horse with the apparent intention of trying it a round. Although these birds arrive here later in the spring and earlier in the fall than the Canada geese, yet they seem to stand more cold and, I believe, go further north to breed. I have seen one of ours sitting on a large cake of ice in one of the coldest days in winter in preference to seeking shelter or even to roosting on the dry leaves and grass close by. Although well contented in domestication, they never bred, nor do I believe they ever do in this latitude even in the wild state. And yet they seem to stand the heat of summer as well as the other species.

But the most interesting variety by far was the goose known to naturalists as the blue-winged, white-headed or blue goose, known to hunters as the bald brant. These names sufficiently describe it so that any one can recognize a specimen. One of our specimens manifested remarkable intelligence in various ways. When it was received from the hunter who shot it, it had been wounded about two weeks, and was immediately given the range of the pasture with the other geese, where it would graze almost all day, seeming hardly ever satisfied. It was in very poor condition, but after it got in good order it always showed more voracity than the other species. This bird although exceedingly wild at first became within a month as tame as a barnyard fowl, and within two months, with a very little coaxing, came to eat out of my hand with great familiarity. At the same time it was shy of strangers and would not allow them to approach very near. It differed very materially in this respect from the white-fronted variety, which I never could induce to eat from my hand, yet is apparently no wilder than the blue one. It was not gifted with much courage or pugnacity, and I very seldom saw it make an aggressive movement

toward another goose, a duck or a chicken, and it would hardly ever even stand on the defensive. This was not from weakness, as the case with which it would snap a hard grain of corn in two showed that it had abundant strength of jaw, and I believe it could easily whip the white-fronted goose; yet when attacked by the latter (as it frequently was) it always gave way with a pitiful squeal and chatter of reproach which was rather amusing.

This bird was better acquainted and more familiar with myself than with any other member of the household, and almost always greeted my appearance with its shrill cry, and if hungry, would come running to me with wings outspread and follow around at my heels like a dog. That it did not notice others of the family in like manner proves that it had sense enough to distinguish one person from another and was capable of forming attachments. Its intelligence was also shown by the following: While feeding it from my hand one day I inadvertently withheld the food from it for a short time, when becoming impatient it gave me a slight peck on the right knee. Taking advantage of this trifling action to teach it a trick, I immediately held the corn to it, and, after letting it eat a little, I again withdrew it. For a few moments the bird seemed perplexed, then quick as thought, it reached out and bit me severely on the same knee, this time with apparent intelligence, for it then seemed to expect the corn. This was repeated several times, until no doubt was left in my mind that the bird understood that biting me brought the food, and it never forgot the lesson. It was a handsome bird and had many amusing ways. They never bred, nor even laid, although they mated. The white-fronted ones were never observed to. The brant were sent to Central Park more than a year ago and are probably there now.

JUNIUS P. LEACH.

RUSHVILLE, Ill.

HOW MANY NESTS?

Editor Forest and Stream:

ADDITIONAL NOTES.—A rather singular circumstance has occurred in connection with one of the robin's nests mentioned in "How Many Nests?" since that article was written, and as it may be interesting to some, I give it as it happened. On the morning of Thursday, the 6th of August, a young bird took its flight from the nest nearest the house. I was sitting at the time where I could see it hopping around among the branches before it left the tree and calling for food, while the old birds seemed to give their entire attention to those in the nest. It was very seldom that they appeared to consider it necessary to give this young bird anything, and even when it would flutter up to them and shake its wings and beg, it was not often that its entreaties were answered. Indeed, had I not seen the bird leave the nest that the old ones were feeding, there were times when I would have considered the poor little creature as not belonging to them. At last, after calling and begging for an hour or more, it made an effort to follow one of the parent birds. This took it away from the tree across the road, and I was surprised to see how strong were it wings. But still the calling went on, while the old birds were as devoted as ever to the nest. Twice I saw the young bird return to the place and beg for food, his strength of wing seeming weaker the second time than it did the first time he came. But he occasionally received something, and I could see he was not disowned.

However, in the afternoon I noticed that he remained in one place across the road, calling at times in the most pitiable way. I could always tell when he was fed. He would stop his squalling for a few minutes, and it seemed to me that he was receiving just enough food to keep him alive. And still the parent birds were most attentive to the nest. Then Friday morning came, and almost the first sound that I heard after daylight was the calling of the young bird. This stopped, however, after sunrise, and was only heard at intervals during the day, while the old birds were as devoted as ever to the nest. Only the hen bird came most frequently, leading me to think that the cock had been detailed to wait upon the fledgeling. Meanwhile, I had been expecting to see some more birds leave the nest. But no, nor did I hear a sound from it. And now Saturday morning arrived, when occasionally I would hear the fledged bird call and saw that the parents were still giving most of their attention to the nest. This was the day of General Grant's funeral, and I had to leave home at 9 o'clock and did not return until after 12. Before I entered my gate I heard the fledgeling calling most frantically, and I had hardly taken half a dozen steps toward the piazza, when the hen bird in a very distracted way called and scolded at me as I went toward the nesting tree. I had never seen her so excited and angry, nor would she go away after food until I entered the house. This puzzled me, and I determined to find out, if possible, what was the cause. So taking a paper, I went out on the piazza and pretended to read. I had hardly seated myself there before the bird returned with food in her bill, and began to call and scold again. I pretended to take no notice of her, while at the same time I was watching every movement. Meanwhile the fledgling was calling even louder and more frantically than ever, while not a sound came from the nest.

Every time the old bird returned she would go through the same maneuvers. She would alight on the top of a spruce, scold and then make a dart for the nest. I watched her for a long time, until all at once it dawned upon my mind that there was only one bird, and that the hen attending to the young. I now looked more carefully and sure enough one bird was doing all the waiting. There could be no mistake. She was the one that came and went upon an average of thirteen minutes all the afternoon, and I only saw her visit the fledged bird three times during that period. But now his cries were not so loud and I could see that his strength was failing. He was obliged to confine his flights to a few dead branches where he sat, and those were surrounded by a luxuriant growth of young locust trees. And now Sunday morning came, and again the frantic calls of the young bird are almost the first sounds that I hear. I cannot stand it any longer. I will try and save the poor thing. So I go across the road, the old bird following me and scolding as usual, when out from some grasses by the bank comes my fledgeling, making a vain effort to lift himself from the dust of the road and the dew that bedraggled his feathers. Poor thing, it was very weak now and all it could do was to open its mouth as I place my hand upon it, and I was astonished that the mother bird did not make a greater outcry when I seized her fledgeling. But I took it to the library and I gave it some little pieces of fresh meat. These it swallowed most ravenously. And when it ceased to open its mouth I ceased to feed it. Before church time it seemed quite recovered. So taking a pasteboard box and slitting some bars in it I put the bird in it and I placed the box in the window, where the mother could hear her fledgeling call. When I returned home at noon I found I had made my openings in the box too wide and that not only had the mother bird fed her young one but had succeeded in coaxing it out of the box, and was now attending to its wants on the branch of a tree that grew beneath the window. This was just what I wanted, but on returning from my afternoon duties I heard the bird calling again from the old place across the road. I now prepared another box, a larger one and of wood, in which I thought to confine the bird until the whole nest was fledged. This box was placed on the ground not far from the nesting tree, and beside it I threw down some worms that I had dug. Nor did I have to wait long before I saw the old bird fly down to her young one (as it put its head out between the slats and called) and pick up several of the worms and put them in its mouth. This led me to think that it was only because the mother could not feed so many mouths that it was being allowed to starve. But this was not so as will be seen from the sequel.

On Monday morning my bird was quite smart. It was very evident that it had been feed many times before I saw it, and was now hearty and strong. The old bird made a great time when I went near it now. Any one might have thought that she had given it her undivided attention. But it was not long after breakfast before I heard the bird calling again from the same old quarters among the locust bushes. At first I thought it might be another young one, but no, I went to my box and mine was gone again. The slats were still too far apart. It was after dinner before I went for it. Then it seemed to be calling in the most frantic way. I found it on one of the lower boards on the fence, with its wings hanging down and utterly unable to fly. It was put in the box again, and I had hardly taken my seat in the house before I saw it hopping across the lawn and chirping, with its mouth open, as the mother bird ran before it and tried to coax it to fly up into one of the spruces. I now decided to catch it again and let it go in the field just opposite the nest, where it would not be exposed to persons walking along the road and where boys would not be so likely to trespass. This was nearer the nest than the place I had taken it from so often, and had the advantage of being a foraging ground of the parent bird. Here I heard it call several times, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing its cries attended to again.

On Tuesday morning I found the old bird attending to both nest and fledgeling, and very early heard a young bird chirping in the nest. I watched the nest now very closely, until noon. I was particularly desirous to see how many birds left it. For a past experience had led me to think that the last brood of birds where three nests are raised is smaller than the second, and the second smaller than the first. Thus, if the first nest contain five eggs, the second may have three and the third two. Or, if the first nest have four eggs, then the second two and the last one. I have good reason to think that the second nest mentioned in "How Many Nests" had only one bird in it. But I watched the nest I am speaking of now most carefully. Well, at noon I saw a young bird leave it, and call and move around among the thick branches. And now the old bird seemed even more excited than ever. She never came to feed this young one that she did not stop to scold at me; and she would sometimes remain as much as four minutes watching my motions, while one or the other of her birds called for food. But I was determined I would sit her out and satisfy myself. So I read on for an hour and a half, and before that time had expired the young bird took its flight from the tree. There was but one; when it left the nest was forsaken. The two young birds were taken over among the locust trees, and have now grown so that they can feed themselves. Mornings and evenings I think I can still recognize the voice of my bird as he feeds upon the wild cherries with a great many others that were reared, I take it, in this neighborhood.

What became of the old male bird is a question. And yet I do not know that it is. I was told that several reports of a gun were heard in this vicinity while I was away from home on that Saturday morning. And my conclusion is that in some of his foraging expeditions while providing for the young, a robin fiend shot him. He will not come back another year to gladden this household with his early song.

I have reason to think that many robins in this vicinity have built three times. I saw one in my neighbor's garden on the 15th of August carrying food to the nest, and on the 16th started a young bird with a short tail out of some bushes that grow in the rear of my house.

A second nest of thrushes was fledged (I consider it a second nest) on the 11th, and a second one of catbirds about the same time. The old birds, so far as I can judge, feed the young from a week to a fortnight after they leave the nest. The orioles and some others I had thought give their attention to their brood for perhaps a much longer period. It is only a few days since I saw a full grown young Baltimore oriole following an old male bird (the male without a tail), and begging it for food. But now I hope during the fall and winter to hear occasionally of some one else's experience.

A. H. G.

THE FLORIDA WHIP SCORPION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "R. A. T.," in issue of Sept. 21, points well, and will please accept thanks for correction of my anecdote and for others which I had forgotten.

As to "Nessmuk's" Florida whip scorpion or grampus, I have unearthed hundreds of them; but never heard of their bite being fatal. A neighbor of mine was bitten on the arm some years since by a grampus that had hidden in his coat sleeve as it lay on the ground, but although the arm was swollen and quite numb for a day or two, no permanent harm followed. The poison might possibly be fatal to brutes and not to human beings. The grampus has one habit not mentioned by "Nessmuk." It is that of emitting a most nauseating fetid odor when irritated. At such times it rears its hair-like tail on high, raises itself on its legs, and moves slowly away with stiff-legged dignity, its claws held aloft and well spread ready for attack or defense. "Nessmuk's" "man-eater" or "Florida bedbug" is no doubt of the *Chinch* family and is a veritable pest, like others of Florida. S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you by this mail a dead specimen of the "whip scorpion," "scrauncher" or "deadly grampus." If the post office clerks get away with this one I am afraid the paper will have to scrub along till spring on ordinary bugs.

I roll him up in a Tarpon Springs tract, which tracts are mostly concerning tracts of land reserved for the Northerner who is supposed to stand in urgent need of orange groves.

NESSMUK.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Sept. 19.

PURPLE GRACKLE ABOUT PHILADELPHIA.—One of the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM has lately written me to know if there is a nesting place of the purple grackle in the vicinity of Philadelphia at this time. Not for fifteen years in my recollection has there been such. Some years since the cedar rows dividing the fields of Dr. Twaddell's farm in West Philadelphia was a breeding place, and hundreds of birds selected the locality for building their nests, but now scarcely one can be seen. In Delaware county, Pa., however, within fifteen miles from Philadelphia, wherever spruce or cedar rows are growing, these birds can be found breeding in great numbers. There was quite a colony of them near the town of Avondale, Delaware county, and also in Heffinger's Woods, near Leiperville, Pa. They begin their migrations south from the 1st of October to the middle of the same month, according to the condition of the season.—HOMO.

DAKOTA BOTANY.—Le Beau, D. T., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have discovered a plant growing wild here in the Missouri River valley, which is a species of the ice plant (*Mesembryanthemum crystallinum*). The simple fact that this plant has been found growing in the open air of this northern climate is of itself a great curiosity, as it is supposed to be only a native of South Africa. I was greatly surprised on my arrival here to find wild many plants and shrubs grown in Eastern gardens, among which are the climbing rose, mountain cap (sometimes called snow or mountain oxalis), cactus, etc. But I am astonished, after living here a year, to find an African plant.—FRANCES JOHNSON.

THE COLORED CROWN OF THE KINGBIRD.—Bethel, Me.—I was much interested in the idea of Dr. Merriam as to the use of the colored patch on the kingbird's head, as described in your issue of Sept. 17. The three-toed woodpecker also has a brilliant yellow spot on his crown, commonly covered with black feathers. I had shot many of these birds before I discovered it, so completely was it hidden. I also had a theory that these hidden patches of beauty on both these and other birds were used to adorn themselves in the mating season, at which time they could uncover their beauty spot to their admiring mates at pleasure.—J. G. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

WITH THE BIRDS AT PINE POINT.

ON Saturday, September 12, I started with gun, baggage and my red Irish setter Prince, for a week's shooting at Pine Point, Maine, having engaged Mr. John Bryant, a well known and successful gunner at that place, to go with me.

We went into camp Saturday afternoon. We had expected a storm Monday, but it did not come, so we had to content ourselves with a warm pleasant day. The morning's shooting amounted to almost nothing, but toward noon the wind shifted to the south, and for about two hours we had good shooting. Our bag for the day consisted of 3 teal, 22 summer yellowlegs, 1 fall snipe, 1 robin snipe, 3 granbirds, 1 brownback and 1 golden plover—32 birds in all. Tuesday we scored three teal, one of which was a green-wing, and 1 summer yellowleg. Wednesday was a very poor day and we were quite discouraged, 2 summer yellowlegs and 2 granbirds being the total bag. Wednesday night was cold and frosty, and we looked for better shooting Thursday. We were rewarded by getting a good bag of 5 teal, 6 golden plover, 1 blackbreast, 1 winter yellowleg, 2 summer yellowlegs, 7 granbirds and 4 snipe—26 birds. We were of course in high spirits and our expectations were at the highest.

Friday found us bright and early at our decoys. Our record for the day, after considerable hard work—and that in my opinion is the only way to get birds—was 4 teal, 5 winter yellowlegs, 2 golden plover and 5 granbirds. Friday night we packed up, leaving just enough things to get breakfast with, as we wanted to get as much shooting as possible before train time. Could we have stayed the day out, I think we would have had better shooting than any previous day. As it was we got 7 teal, and 2 winter yellowlegs, just in time to take the eight o'clock train for Portland.

I never in my life enjoyed a trip so much, and if my setter could speak, he would tell the same story. Our gunning, of course, as in a great many places, is diminishing, but still a score of 91 birds in less than a week will satisfy me. If any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who think of taking a trip this way will write to Mr. Bryant, I can assure them of a good time and some good bags of birds.

H. A. FLETCHER.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 23.

THE WISCONSIN LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While the Governor of Wisconsin last winter vetoed our game and fish warden bill, which had passed both branches of the Legislature, yet two of our local shooting clubs on Lake Koshkonong, Wis., namely, the Blackhawk Club and the Koshkonong Place Club, have at their own expense employed two game and fish wardens to patrol said lake to see that the game and fish laws are rigidly enforced this season. The following extracts give the game law as amended last winter:

Section 4965 of Revised Statutes was amended by Chapter 351, approved April 8, 1885, published April 15, 1885, so as to read as follows:

"Any person who shall take, catch, kill, destroy or wound any woodcock, prairie hen, prairie chicken, partridge or ruffed grouse, sharp-tailed grouse or grouse of any other variety, snipe, quail, mallard, wood or teal duck or deer, by the use of any net, snare, trap, gin or gun, * * * kill, destroy or wound any wild duck, brant or goose, by the use of any pivot or swivel gun or any firearm other than a gun habitually used at arm's length and fired or discharged from the shoulder or when raised or held by the hand, or by any float, sneakboat, sail or steamboat, or floating box or similar device, or from any fixed or artificial blind or ambush located in open water outside or beyond the natural cover of reeds, canes or flag, then and there projecting above the surface of the water of any lake, river, bay or inlet, or attempt to do so, * * * * * shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars nor less than five dollars for each offense. One-half of such fine, when collected, shall be paid to the county treasurer and by him paid

into the school fund, the remaining half shall be paid to the informer. Any further the gun or guns, boat or boats, and decoys of any such person guilty of such offense shall be forfeited to the State." Chapter 392, approved April 11, 1885, published April 17, 1885, repeals the private and local laws of 1876 and 1877 applying to Lake Koshkonong as follows: "Chapter 92 of the private and local laws of 1876 entitled 'an act for the preservation of ducks and other wildfowl;' and Chapter 97 of the laws of 1877, entitled 'an act to amend Section 1, Chapter 92 of the laws of 1876, entitled an act for the preservation of ducks and other wildfowl, are hereby repealed." This makes Section 4565 as first above quoted the present law on Lake Koshkonong. Chapter 414, approved April 11, 1885, and published April 16, 1885, prohibits fishing with nets or seines of any kind as follows: "Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to take any fish, suckers, minnows and whitefish, excepting in the inland lakes or streams of this State by the use of any net or seine of any kind except as now provided by law for the Fish Commissioner of the State. Section 2. Any person violating the provisions of Section 1 shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon the conviction thereof shall be fined ten dollars for each and every offense, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a term not exceeding thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment. Section 3. The provisions of this act, so far as they permit the catching of suckers, whitefish or minnows, shall not apply to Lake Koshkonong or any of the tributary waters thereof within five miles of said lake. Section 4. All acts or parts of acts interfering with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed."

G. W. Esterly.

Whitewater, Wis.

"BOB WHITE" AND "PARTRIDGE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend "Wells" has gotten me into a controversy with "S." on the subject of quail, partridge, Bob White, etc., and has ingloriously retired and left me to fight it out. He ought to come forward and claim paternity of his own offspring, and defend its cognomen. But if I must battle alone in this cause, here goes.

About a dozen years ago some one signing himself "Bob White" wrote an article in one of the literary magazines, I have forgotten which one, suggesting and advocating the name of Bob White for our partridge. That has been a common nickname or pet name for this bird in the South ever since I was old enough to carry game for my older brother. I don't know how much longer. It arose from a fancied resemblance of the cock's call note in the mating season to that combination of syllables. The name "partridge" as the proper designation of the bird, has always prevailed all over the South as far as my knowledge of the subject extends, and I never heard the term "quail" applied to it until after the war, when a large influx of Northern sportsmen brought the name with them. Some Southern sportsmen, rather of the "dude" order, have come to affect that name, but it is generally regarded as an innovation. So much for facts. Now for argument. I have not a copy of Audubon by me, but if my recollection serves, he distinctly dissociates it from the quail family and allies it with that of the partridge. In the North there are several varieties of game birds, having, as I understand, the general characteristics of the partridge, but each having its own specific designation, among which the partridge proper is the least prominent of all. In the South the partridge is by far the most prominent and widely prevailing game bird we have. Indeed, with the exception of a few prairie chickens, in limited localities, he may be said to be the only resident game bird we have, aside from wild turkeys and woodducks, for we do not call doves game birds. Now, considering the premises, that he is about the only native game bird we have, and he is far more numerous in the South than in any other part of the world, as he whistles "Bob White" on every worm fence from Maryland to Texas, I humbly submit that we ought not to be deprived of our long-established, hereditary right to call him "partridge," as did our fathers and fore-fathers.

Now, Mr. "Wells," it is your turn. Coahoma.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 21.

DAYS WITH THE SQUIRRELS.

I.—IN AN ARKANSAS SWAMP.

ON Aug. 30 I was invited by members of the Blackfish Hunting and Trolling Club, of Memphis, to join them in a squirrel hunt at their club grounds on Blackfish Lake, in Arkansas. This lake lies three or four miles north of the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad, and about parallel with it, the middle point, where the club house is situated, being opposite the twenty-five-mile post west from Memphis. The lake is eight miles long by three hundred yards wide. Shell Lake, another fine body of water, lies three miles southwest of the club house, to its nearest point. Blackfish has high, steep banks, and deep water, is evidently a former river channel. The banks are high for the swamp, and clothed with heavy timber, hickory, white oak, etc. and cane. Black bass and white perch fishing is very fine in season, but they were not then biting. I partook of a bass from this water last spring, which weighed six pounds two ounces, taken with a spoon troll. The country in the vicinity for many miles is an unbroken forest, teeming with many varieties of game, from squirrels to black bear, and late in the fall and through the winter there are ducks innumerable. Our party was hunting squirrels, no other game being there in season, though young turkeys are very numerous.

We left Memphis, four of us, by the 4:40 A. M. train, crossed the Mississippi on the railroad transfer boat and at 6:30 were deposited in the woods at the twenty-five-mile post. There were half a dozen other members of the club on the train in another party. We soon heard the voice of the Swamp Angel, otherwise Martin Mitchell, coming with wagon and team to convey us to the club house.

The Swamp Angel deserves a passing notice, as he is a local celebrity, and has figured extensively in the Memphis newspapers. He has had several deadly feuds with other swampers, is reputed to have killed a man or two, and has still on hand a feud or two with certain other "angels" in the remote swamps. He is in charge of the club house and property and entertains members at one dollar per day for board and attendance. It was stated in one of the dailies a short time ago that certain timid members of the club were afraid to venture into these woods for fear they might get into a cross fire between the Angel and his assailants. It was accompanied by an assurance from him that they might come without running into any danger. The said Angel has also the reputation of highly coloring his recitals of his own exploits and hairbreadth escapes. I was curious to make his acquaintance. I found him to be accommodating and rather good-natured, much given to talk, and he was a butt for the jokes of the party, notwithstanding the ferocious nature of his talking. I concluded that the tales of his bloody career were much exaggerated, though he has had several shooting scrapes.

We mounted the wagon, ten of us, the Angel driving the two handsome gray mules, property of the club. While on the road the Angel told us that the second night previous a bear had come to the house and captured a 350-pound hog from under the building. He ran out when the uproar occurred, and tried to shoot the bear, a very large one, but had a shell caught in his gun in such a way that he could not use it. The bear carried away the hog, holding it clear of the ground. The next day he found what remained of the hog three miles off. He built a pen trap and placed the remaining portion of the hog in it, and expected to trap the bear. This story was received with incredulity by the party, but three days after he brought to town an enormous bear's paw, quite fresh, also three wild turkeys. His story is that the bear came back and caught another hog, that he crippled it badly with an axe, and it crawled a short distance into the corn, where he found it and shot it next morning. The black bear of the South has none of the pugnacity of his Northern brother, but is always disposed to run away from man rather than fight.

When we arrived at the club houses, there being two substantial and comfortable buildings, built high up from the ground for high water, we found that the Angel had a family —which I had not suspected—a comely dame and three little Angels, pretty children with bright eyes and yellow curls. The madam soon served up a savory and substantial breakfast, and afterward we sallied forth for the squirrels. Captain De Garis, Nick Maletesta's "cub" (a young cadet on vacation), and the writer, constituted our party, the genial "Old Nick" himself concluding to troll for bass.

The extreme dryness of the swamp at this season concentrates most of the squirrels along near the lake, where the cane is very thick and the only available hunting ground is in a wood road running along the lake bank, and an occasional dry bayou channel. So the hunters extended their wanderings for several miles. We had lost the best part of the morning, it being now between 8 and 9 o'clock. It was very warm, and the squirrels were not at all active. A good many were feeding, however, rather quietly, in the thick white oak and tupelo gum trees. I having separated from the others, was alone all day and suffered much from thirst, for these swamps, which have such a vast superabundance of water during the flood season, are extremely dry at the low water period. In fact, a hard rain will leave no visible traces after an hour or two, the water is so rapidly absorbed. The only water which was accessible was in the lake, and that being filled with green vegetable matter is utterly unfit to drink. I am told that Shell Lake is clear and wholesome at all seasons. The inhabitants of the alluvial country rely mainly for drinking water on "drove wells," which consist of an inch and a half pipe driven from twenty to sixty feet into the ground. These afford an abundant supply of water, which, however, is not very palatable to those unaccustomed to it.

About 4 P. M., when I expected to have had my best shooting, a high wind arose and spoiled all further sport. This, combined with thirst and fatigue, drove me back to the club house, some two miles off. Arriving there I got hold of a two gallon demijohn of good Catawba wine, which the sumptuous Nick had provided. This, in conjunction with crushed ice, I found to be about the most palatable allayer of thirst that could be imagined, and my parched mouth and throat and empty stomach received something like a quart of it with great unction.

De Garis and the "cub" had preceded me to the house. De Garis had killed eleven squirrels and the "cub" five I had bagged an even dozen. This was considered very poor sport, though the half dozen other hunters had averaged about ten each, with a leading score of fourteen, making a total for the day of about ninety. Three men came in from that locality a few days after with sixty-seven squirrels and four turkeys. Later in the season, when the leaves have fallen and the air is frosty, the hunting there will be very fine. There is equally good and accessible ground on the Kansas City road, running northwest, and the Mississippi Valley road, running south. There are club grounds established on each of these roads, all easily and quickly reached from Memphis.

After a good rest and a much-relished supper the Angel got out his gray mules and wagon, and we embarked for the railroad to catch the 8:20 train. The swamp was enveloped in Egyptian darkness, and the road narrow, tortuous and full of stumps and large roots, but between the sharp eyes of the Angel and the sagacity of the gray mules, we reached the railroad without accident a few minutes ahead of the train, which, having flagged down, we all boarded; and at 10 o'clock again we landed in Memphis. The next morning I went to my place of business with feet and muscles a little sore from previous confinement to office duties during most of the summer, but much invigorated both in mind and body by the day's outing.

Memphis sportsmen enjoy extraordinary facilities for both hunting and fishing, with excellent grounds in easy reach by several railroads running westward and southward, while all the eastern roads give access to the best kind of partridge grounds. The railroads are very liberal to sportsmen, giving return tickets at two cents per mile for the round trip, that is, one dollar for twenty-five miles and return. One may enjoy a good day's sport with but little cost or trouble, leaving town early in the morning and returning by bed time.

Since writing the above I am informed that the Swamp Angel, who built the club houses on Blackfish Lake, and has not been settled with to his satisfaction by the club, has elevated the "black flag," has overturned the principal building into the lake, and threatens a hot time to any members of the club who present themselves in that vicinity. It is difficult for me to take in this startling news, since it was exactly a week ago that I was over there, and the Angel was then the very pink of courtesy. I am inclined to believe there is much bluster and exaggeration about it.

I wrote the foregoing ten days ago, since which date I have been constantly riding through the counties of Desoto, Tunica and Coahoma, in Mississippi, along the river of that name. Squirrels abound in extraordinary numbers all over the country; all the swamps are alive with them. I found the luxury of young squirrels on almost every table throughout my journey.

I have just read with interest the contribution by "Iron Ramrod," in your last issue. He contrasts the antiquated muzzleloader rifle with the breechloader in squirrel shooting, and certainly strikes a responsive chord, so to speak, in my own bosom. I have never been able to kill small game with any facility with the magazine rifle, though in years gone by, with the muzzleloading, hair-trigger rifle, I could generally hit a squirrel's head.

While in the swamp a few days ago, I took a magazine rifle into the woods. Squirrels were plenty enough, but the woods were rather dark, and whenever I raised the gun to shoot a squirrel I had great difficulty in finding the sights and getting them into line. When this part of the process was accomplished I generally found that the squirrel had changed his position, or did so while I was endeavoring to assign him to his proper position in these arrangements. I did succeed in killing one in four or five shots, and I think the squirrel and myself were equally astonished. I was disposed to attribute the difficulty to my failing powers of vision, but perhaps the trouble was in the rifle's sight instead of my own. There is certainly an existing want of some modern rifle suitable for squirrel shooting. It is absurd to use a gun capable of killing a deer five hundred yards off, to shoot a squirrel twenty-five yards. The little .22 caliber rifles are little better than toys. They soon lead up and then shoot very inaccurately. If facility of loading could be combined with the excellent qualities of the old muzzleloader for small game at short range, the product would be a very valuable weapon. Here is a field for enterprise among gun makers. Coahoma.

Memphis, Tennessee.

WHICH IS THE BEST GUN?

[From an Addendum to Chapter VII. of "Woodcraft."]

WHICH is the best gun, *i. e.*, the most murderous? Because in the present rapid increase of game birds and wild animals, and especially the larger and more dangerous varieties, it is of the highest importance that every sportsman who goes to the woods for a few days' rest and sport should be armed with the most destructive weapon that modern skill could devise. Wherefore we encumber ourselves with magazine rifles and 8-bore shotguns, with a backload of cartridges which we mostly bring back to camp at night; and we tramp around with loads that are mainly useless and always unpleasant, because we wished to be heeled for an emergency, which very seldom or never comes.

Which is the best weapon—the best gun? The answer to that conundrum is very simple. There is no best gun, *per se.*

To quote from myself in Forest and Stream, Nov. 27, 1884: "The best gun for chipmunks or red squirrels may be a light 22-caliber rifle or a .40 caliber light shotgun. But if I had lost a grizzly and were looking for him I would prefer a heavy steel-barreled rifle, carrying a long bullet weighing 2½ ounces, and nearly cylindrical; say one-eighth of an inch narrower at the peak than at the butt, and sharply dished at the peak. Such a bullet is murderous. The gun should be as heavy as I could hold off-hand, and I would load as heavily with powder as I dared. But such a gun for the quiet camper-out and the average sportsman would simply be ridiculous. As well take out a 4-pound cannon."

For the professional duck butcher, a far-killing 4-bore Greener may be the best gun, or better still, a swivel gun, shooting a half pound of coarse shot. And for the market hunters and skin butchers (the back of my hand, the sole of my foot, and an old woodsman's bitterest curse rest on the heads of the entire wolfish tribe) a heavy repeater, a business Sharps, or a Hotchkiss may be the "best gun." For a decent white man, a lover of nature, and a fair gentleman sportsman the "mongrel gun," rifle and shot, will be found satisfactory, sufficiently deadly, and a pleasant, steady, satisfactory weapon to handle. Such guns are made at present, breechloaders, of course, but they all have the barrels side by side, and they are all a trifle clumsy, let alone that they all pull much too hard on the trigger for accurate off-hand rifle practice.

I once had a gun made to order, a short description of which was published in Forest and Stream, Sept. 25, 1884. I quote: "My next gun was made as follows: Rifle and shot, barrels lying vertically, locks, 'over and under,' weight 8½ pounds, shot barrel 14-gauge, rifle 80 round balls to the pound, conical bullet 40 to the pound. It proved the best all-round hunting gun for sporting and general use I have ever owned. Rather heavy for chipmunks, and not powerful enough for grizzlies. But, as I never hunt either, I managed to keep myself pretty well heeled for anything from a squirrel to a deer. Had the gun not gone up in an unlucky fire, it would probably be my favorite to-day."

A gentlemanly writer, "J. J. M.," in Forest and Stream demurred to the size of the bullet as too small. I made a brief explanation, as follows: "'J. J. M.' thinks eighty round balls to the pound rather light, and gives reasons therefor. Let me explain. Say the conical bullet is forty to the pound. Now hollow out the top and bore into it with a large brad-awl, making it something like the modern spatter ball. That is what I did, although I had never heard of spatter or express bullets then. But it was only pleasant pastime to sit in front of a blazing camp-fire during the long November evenings and carefully fit half a dozen bullets with dishing tips; and the bullets were most effective. They threw blood freely from the start, and a deer fairly hit with one seldom got away. I used it in Eaton county, Mich., for an entire season as a deer gun, and it was just as effective as a 12-pound steel barrel carrying forty round balls to the pound, which my partner used. Up to the day before Christmas I had killed sixteen deer and the heavy steel barrel had scored fifteen. Moreover, my deer were killed clean, and I only lost one wounded deer, while my partner lost half a dozen or more with his powerful rifle and large ball. This, however, was rather attributable to our different modes of still-hunting.

It is seldom that two men go in for a partnership hunt so diametrically opposite in all their modes of camping and hunting as Ad. Smith and the writer. He was a powerful, active six-footer, weighing in running order 185 pounds. I was five feet five inches high, weight at that time 115 pounds. He would start out from camp at dawn at a five-mile gait, and arriving on my favorite ground, would hardly move three miles in an all-day hunt. He was constantly jumping deer at pretty long range, and taking chances on stern shots, by which it happened that he had a good many wounded deer to look after, while I crept about silently, or kept still on the runways, and my shots were nearly all tucked snugly in just abaft the foreleg. He made at least four shots to my one, and he did make some remarkable hits at long range—for the woods, while I refused all stern shots at uncertain range, not caring to hit a deer in the hips and chase it all day, because I could mostly find another deer and a better shot with much less trouble. He worked like a beaver. I

took it mighty easy. He could scarcely cook anything eatable, and hated cooking. I was a good camp cook, and liked to practice cookery. He would grill and hang up a deer in five minutes, then dash off after another on the lope. I took an hour to dress a deer, and having saved one, would usually start to hunt back to camp. He had a high reputation as a still-hunter. I had not; but on the day before Christmas I had killed sixteen deer against his fifteen. He got even by going out on Christmas Day while I staid in camp. In fact, he got one ahead of me. Whereat his soul was possessed with a great joy. It would have broken his constitution had he been forced to quit with the Little Yorker one ahead, and I was content. Perhaps it was because we were so opposite that we got along so nicely together. This is digression.

As to the gun question, I have a notion that the coming gun is to be something different from anything yet offered to the sporting public. It will not supersede the double-barrel shotgun with those who prefer pointers, setters and wing-shooting to any other sport. Rather, an all-around gun for general use in outing. Not heavy, weighing from 7½ to 8½ pounds. Breechloader, of course, for your modern sportsman is too far advanced to tolerate a muzzleloader. Rifle and shot. Barrels lying vertically, locks "over and under," rifle barrel on top. The rifle may be .40 or .44-caliber; either is good. The shot barrel 16-gauge or even smaller. The locks, especially the right lock, should go quick, crisp and very light. No man can make fine off-hand shooting at short range with a rifle that draws hard on the trigger, or, what is as bad, creeps. Such a gun should answer all reasonable requirements, while being light, handy, and withal pleasant to use.

I do not like a rifle and shot barrel side by side. If the right hand barrel be the rifle, and the sights are placed between the barrels, the bullet must be on the right side of the sights, and must swerve to the left in order to catch up with the sights. The makers of such guns usually claim that the bullet is intended to come exactly to the bead at 30 yards. If this were precisely so—which it is not—a good shot would miss the head of a grouse at 15 or 18 yards, while at 45 yards the bullet would be past the head and going off into space to the left. The principle is all wrong. Even under the best conditions, where the sights are ranged perfectly on top of the barrel, there is the curve, the trajectory, to reckon for and overcome. And this is enough, without a continual shunting off to one side, which destroys all fine shooting for the rifle.

Let us have the coming gun. Not as a more destructive weapon than any before the public at present, but as a neat, handy, effective tool that a sportsman can learn to love. It will come after a while, when the rage for 10-bore shotguns and magazine rifles has somewhat abated through the scarcity of game and the subsidence of the deer-hog and skin-butcher. It will come in the shape of a light, artistic weapon that any sportsman may be proud to handle. It will not be the best gun for any one special purpose, but, for an all-day hunt in the quiet woods, where it is desirable to be heeled for anything, from a squirrel to a deer, from a quail to a turkey, it is likely to become a favorite with sportsmen as a most satisfactory all-around gun.

There are some valid reasons why such a gun may be the best, under conditions; for instance. Any man who has still-hunted for several seasons has had it happen that a deer came by him at high speed, not hearing or heeding the weak attempts to halt it by bleating, whistling, or any other of the devices known to hunters. Of course, the cool hunter takes chances on a flying shot, and almost equally of course, he misses. I know all about the brag and lies of men who seldom miss a running shot in thick woods. Shrubs, staddles and tree trunks are plentier than deer. And a very small bit of timber will stop or deflect a bullet, let alone that in brushy woods the best shot will miss half the time anyhow, on the merits of aim. But the best point on such chances is that the sharp crack of a rifle is the very noise to stop a flying deer. And here comes in the advantage of the gun I have been trying to describe.

Let us say you are still-hunting in the deep woods, in your moccasins, shod with sheepskin soles, tanned with the wool on, and the wool carefully clipped to a mat ¼ of an inch thick. This is for hunting on leaves. On snow you will wear a pair of lumberman's rubbers, with two or three pairs of heavy woolen socks; and in either case you will make no noise to speak of in slowly picking your way through the forest.

In still-hunting silence is golden. Ergo; hunt still.

Suppose your gun is the improved repeater, and you have crept silently through the deep, dim aisles of the forest for the best part of the day without seeing a flag. At last comes the supreme moment. Your ears catch the soft, velvety thud of a deer's feet, jumping on wet leaves. There she is, a big doe, running at speed and heading directly across your bows. In an instant the rifle is at your face, and you try your most seductive bleat. She does not heed, and you are trying it again, louder this time; but on she comes, and is crossing you within thirty yards when crack goes the rifle and the next instant she comes to a dead stop with head down, ears pricked forward, and her eyes on the spot where that puff of smoke came from.

Now, if you remain motionless as a milestone she will take time to locate the danger either by scent or sight before making her burst for safety. But the slightest noise or the motion of a hand will send her flying.

But you must throw in another cartridge, and down goes the lever, *ker-klut-uk*; back it comes, *ker-klunk*, and the doe is sailing through the woods like a gray ghost, with the nearest tree trunk directly in line with her tail and your front sight. You lost the one chance of the day. A Hotchkiss would not mend matters. A Maynard, Sharps, Ballard or Remington would be nearly as bad. You cannot reload without motion and noise.

Now, supposing you are using the vertical barrels, locks over and under. The mainspring of the under lock is also the guard, and as your first finger rests on the trigger you have only to reach forward with the middle finger and draw the hammer down without taking your eye from the bead. It can be done in one second, and without the least visible motion from the deer's standpoint, because the left hand in front of the hammer effectually hides the slight movement necessary to cock the gun. You can do it without alarming and one such certainty is worth a good deal of pumping the deer that is looking straight at you within less than thirty yards, and shooting. The locks can be made so that both will stand cocked at the same time, and may then be fired one at a time, with the single trigger. But it is better not. Because in that case they draw harder, and what is worse, the second barrel will draw the hardest. Moreover, it is seldom that a still-hunter cares to cock the second barrel until thy first shot is made. And it can be done much more quickle than a person unused to such a gun would be apt to think. As an instance, I once made two shots at a doe on Little Pine Creek that struck her back of the shoulder, and the shots were barely an inch apart, although there scarcely could have been more than a second between the shots. She was running down the bed of the stream, and passing me within twenty-five yards as I made the first shot, and as the first ball cleared the muzzle a wink of the middle finger cocked the under barrel. She made one high convulsive jump, and as her feet came down on the stones I let her have the second shot. She sprang out on the opposite bank, ran about thirty yards, and dropped dead. I gave her the second shot partly because it was such a tempting chance, and partly because I was using a pea ball of 120 to the pound, which a deer would sometimes carry a good way or get away with altogether. It was the quickest, neatest double shot I have ever made with the rifle, and I remember it with more pleasure than I do the lordly old antlered patriarch that I missed with both barrels as he was crossing me at a steady lope about fifteen rods away, on the same hunt. Such lost chances are painful to think of, even at a lapse of twenty years. They do not come back—neither the chances nor the years.

As a special gun for deer hunting both barrels should be rifled, and they should be so matched and put together that either barrel will shoot plum center at 100 feet. At 200 feet the ball from the under barrel will then go a trifle the highest, and at 100 yards it will have gained a rise of some two inches. I used a rifle of that style for several seasons, and it was the best gun for deer I have ever owned. It carried seventy round or thirty six conical bullets to the pound, weighed 9½ pounds, and the bullets came just together at 100 feet. At 150 feet there was no perceptible difference in off-hand shooting, and I missed fewer deer and lost fewer wounded deer than with any gun I have ever carried. I had moulds made to run a shouldered bullet, on the theory that the sharp shoulder would cut harder and throw blood more freely than the ordinary conical bullet; and the theory proved correct. It is the best-shaped bullet for deer or bear I have yet seen. It cuts its full size through skin, meat and bone, but does not fly to fragments on striking a hard substance like the spatter bullet. I think it is the coming bullet.

There is a tide in the affairs of breechloaders and the makers thereof which, taken at the turn, has led some men on to fortune, while some others have got badly broken up. The breechloader has come to stay. Nothing will or can ever supersede the breechloading shotgun for birds, from snipe to swan, though it is likely that time and larger experience will reduce the 4, 8 and 10 bores to 14, 16 and 20, as being lighter, pleasanter and much more artistic.

The modern breechloading rifle, magazine or single shot, is a more important factor in the affairs of nations than is usually supposed. Armed with the Hotchkiss or Remington-Hepburn a regiment can defy a cavalry charge or demolish a brigade armed with the old muzzleloading musket, while it makes a bayonet charge simply ridiculous, and changes entirely the savage front of war.

The coming rifle will be primarily the one that can soonest exterminate our large game, and make the best score at long range. But the game is already so nearly extinct that the skin butchers are quitting the business, complaining that it does not pay. I notice that many of them propose to put in the seasoon in shooting out the stallions from droves of wild horses, with incidental "wolfing," *i. e.*, hunting coyotes for bounty and pelts. I hope they will succeed in "wolfing." Then I hope the Apaches will get in their work, and have equal success in scalping the human coyotes. If after that the Government could manage to wipe out the Apaches, it would increase my faith in the millenium.

Hunting is miniature war. Creedmoor and Wimbledon are simply the preliminaries of the battle line.

The coming rifle is the one that will kill and cripple the greatest number of men in the shortest possible time. This as a military arm.

For general sporting purposes the favorite weapon is likely to be the double barrel I have described. And let me add, it will not always be a breechloader. Rapidity of fire is not so essential to success in sporting as it is deemed. One or two well placed shots will, in most cases, leave the sportsman ample time to reload from the muzzle, and there is no necessity for carrying a backload of shells.

The mechanism of the breechloader necessitates a lot of metal about the breech, making the gun heaviest just where it should be light, and in very cold weather it is most uncomfortable to carry.

It is so handy, however, in loading or cleaning, and can be so rapidly used, that none of the younger sportsmen of the land are likely to give the muzzleloader any serious thought. With them it is obsolete.

For myself, I am rather on the fence. I have both styles, and am heeled for bullet or shot with either. I incline to the breechloader for shot, but rather tie to the old rifle for ball. I can get nearer the center with it in off-hand shooting, and in hunting I can vary the charge according to the game.

And after all, the discussion of the "best gun" is of little account. We have guns enough and deadly enough. It is the game that is lacking. NESSMUK.

IN VIRGINIA HIGHLANDS.

I NEVER see any mention of sora or rail shooting except as detailed by sportsmen who hunt them in tidewater regions. The mode then usually seems to be that the gunner is carried among the reeds and weeds in push boats and thus beats the birds up and kills them. Persons used to that mode of sport, believing also that the rail is not found out of such localities, will with poor grace credit the fact that we frequently, in this far inland section, have an autumnal visit from these little birds. The altitude here is very great, many thousand feet above sea level, it is the very comb of the great water shed, the mountains are high and sharply defined. When the rail sojourn here they are usually found in fields from which the grain has been harvested and which has grown up with rag weed. The largest number I ever saw here was on Aug. 27, 1879, when two friends and myself shot about seventy-five in two or three hours. The rail ordinarily tarry here until the 1st of October; I have seen them later in that month. When they are out of the swamp and grass in meadows they afford pretty sport with dogs. They give out strong scent, and in rag weed fields are not hard to get up.

The sun never shines on a lovelier country than we have here in autumn. It is in verdure a second spring with us. When the sun loses its summer burning power the grass, that has been mown or grazed closely, takes new life. You may now stand upon one of our sharp elevations, and not a bare spot of earth will you see save the roads or freshly-ploughed fields. The meadows, watered by our cool, clear branches, are beautiful with their covering of dark and verdant rich blue grass.

With a friend I went out the other evening to shoot sora. I had one old and one young setter. We put them into the branch, and soon the old fellow, with all his best style, began his low crouching points, the young dog stiffly backing him. We would go to put up the bird, and the old dog would appear worried that he would have to trail the little creeper through the sawgrass, with a repetition of the points. In such places dogs should not be allowed to worry with them. I remember the young dog came to a beautiful stand on one bird, in the old channel of the branch, grown up in sawgrass and weeds. The place was circular, and he roaded the bird entirely around to the branch fifty yards before we got it up. We shot fifteen or twenty that evening. Then went into a field of corn to shoot woodcock. The prettiest work of the evening there was on a woodcock which was flushed and marked down in a spot bare of corn—a small ledge of rocks covered with short grass. We took the dogs to the place and the old dog came to a stand, with that upturned nose you have seen when close on game, and there sat the cock within an inch of the dog's foot, his bill really over the dog's toes, with his weird pop eyes. The old dog at command put him up, and he fell to a snap shot.

Yesterday I was hunting, up a marshy swale, high in the mountain, and a covey of partridges was flushed, when one flew around a point and lit. I took the dogs to water near the spot, and when they were through I sat down on a stump and put the young dog to hunting for the partridge. He was a little too headstrong, so I called him in to chat about it. He reared up, placing his forefeet on my knee, where I sat on the stump. Suddenly I saw his eyes flash up, and he gently slid himself off my knee and bent around the stump in a stiff point. I kicked over some pieces of bark and out came the partridge at the root of the stump—and here the curtain falls. GRAEME.

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA, Sept. 20.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—VI.

IT has already been sufficiently indicated that I am an advocate of the hammerless gun, and if you contemplate buying a gun, and the limit you have fixed will enable you to reach the price of a hammerless, take my advice and get one. There is a good deal of conservatism in sportsmen; they do not readily take up with new things; they are somewhat inclined to old fogyism. This conservatism has, to a greater or less extent, resisted every step in the development of the shotgun to its present stata, and the introduction of the hammerless gun—the greatest of the recent improvements—has not met with the favor of many who use the shotgun. But the hammerless gun has come and it has come to stay, and the gun with external hammers must give place to it just as surely as the flint-lock disappeared before the percussion muzzleloader, the latter before the Lefaucheux pin-fire, and the pin-fire before the center-fire top-snap breechloader. One obstacle to the early introduction of the hammerless gun into general use has been its price. For a long time none could be had below a hundred dollars, and even now there are few made below that price. But the probable increase in number of the manufacturers of the hammerless guns and the application of the principle to a plainer class of guns, will doubtless produce a decline of prices, for there is no reason why the price of the hammerless should much exceed the price of a hammer gun of corresponding grade. Until within the last few months the list price of a plain Harrington & Richardson hammerless was $100; but the Colt Company put a similar gun on the market at the same price, and now the list on the plain Harrington & Richardson is $85. The price of Lefever's plainest gun was $100, and that of Sneider's $130; but the Lefever Arms Company put on the market a plain gun at $75, and Sneider has now reduced his lowest grade to $100.

I was myself one of the many in whose eyes the gun without outside hammers found no favor; but this was because I was unfamiliar with the appearance of the gun, and now that the newness of the sight has passed, the hammerless is far more graceful in outline to my eye than the gun with hammers. My experience was similar when the transition was made from the muzzleloader to the breechloader. I thought a gun without a ramrod had a particularly awkward appearance.

And, without a thorough knowledge of the subject, I was prejudiced against the hammerless gun, because I assumed it was more complicated, no more convenient, and less safe than the gun with hammers. Like many others, I did not even care to give it a trial. This prejudice was, however, removed by enlightenment; and observation and experience have shown me (as it will show you sooner or later, my brother) that the hammerless gun is not only less complicated than the gun with hammers, but far safer. And when you have fairly considered its simplicity, and, consequently, its durability, its safety, its convenience, and the superior facility with which it can be used on sudden and unexpected call, you will at once see the points of its superiority over the hammer gun. For wing-shooting there is no comparison between them; a man with a hammerless will get many shots which a man with a hammer gun will lose, and in quick shooting I am confident that nine men out of ten will do better work with the hammerless than with the hammer gun. After using several hammerless guns of the best English makes and several American hammerless guns, I could not be induced to return to the gun with hammers, nor be induced to take an English hammerless when I could get one of either of several American makers.

The Harrington & Richardson hammerless gun is made under the Anson & Deeley patent. As already remarked, the list price of the lowest grade is $85, of the next grade $100, and so on up to, I believe, $300. The lowest grade is really a "fine gun," very neatly but very plainly finished, entirely without engraving, but with good laminated barrels, fairly good stock, pistol-grip, checkered, rubber butt-plate, and good mountings. In my judgment the $85 grade, or the $100 grade, is the gun to buy, for the additional cost of the higher grades is not justified by the superiority of material or workmanship. And it is true as a rule of all machine-made and most hand-made guns, that after reaching the price of a sound but plain gun, of good material, the improvement in quality does not keep pace with the increase of price of higher grades.

The Anson & Deeley is a very simple and strong lock, one of the simplest and strongest of all the hammerless locks. It consists of but four pieces, namely, the dog, or cocking lever, the mainspring, the tumbler, and the sear, and these are all

in the body of the action. It has no outside parts to collect dirt and moisture, and it is seldom necessary to go into the lock or take it to pieces. But, it must be said here, that when the necessity for cleaning the lock does occur, the average sportsman will probably find it a difficult job to perform, and herein lies a grave fault of the Anson & Deeley lock.

The lifting-cams, or dogs, one for each lock, are hung in the fore-end of the frame, each by a pin passing through its center. One arm of the lever thus formed extends into the metal of the fore-end of the gun, and the other acts upon the tumbler from the under side. When the gun is open and the barrels are depressed, the tumbler is carried back by the action of the cocking lever, compressing the mainspring as it goes, until it is caught by the sear, the nose of which engages in the bent of the tumbler; the gun is then at full cock. The striker is an extension of the tumbler, and reaches the primer through an aperture in the breech. The opening of the gun cocks it, and when loaded it must always be carried at full cock, for the reason than when the tumblers are down their points project beyond the face of the standing breech. There is nothing to arrest the striker or to interpose between it and the primer in case the sear should break or jar out of the notch in the tumbler. There is a device for locking the triggers, and thus decreasing the probability of the accidental fall of the tumblers, but nothing to catch them if they should fall. This device for bolting the triggers acts automatically, and the act of opening the gun locks the triggers, so that they cannot be accidentally drawn, nor the gun be fired in the legitimate way, until the thumb-piece, which is located on the back strap, is pushed forward and the triggers thereby released. The thumb-piece is not countersunk in the Harrington & Richardson gun and the forward motion unlocks while the backward motion locks the trigger.

The cocking of the gun leaves a hole in the breech through which gas from the primers, moisture and fouling find ready access to the lock work. Various remedies have been proposed and tried for this evil; but none have been found to obviate the difficulty, nor will any be found so long as the Anson & Deeley lock remains what it distinctively is—a lock with tumbler and striker in one piece. Some persons will tell you that fouling does not enter the lock through this aperture, and I have even read in print that water poured over the face of the breech would not go in at these holes! It needs no argument to prove that fouling can enter, will enter and does enter. I am sure I have no prejudice against the Anson & Deeley lock; a majority of the hammerless guns I have owned have been guns made under the Anson & Deeley patent. While my experience has taught me the merits of the lock, it has also taught me its demerits, and although the latter have been often pointed out, it is my duty to call attention to the bad as well as the good points. But this matter of fouling has been very much exaggerated by opponents of the Anson & Deeley system, and as much underestimated by its advocates. The former would lead you to think the locks will get foul after a day's use, and the latter that they will not foul at all. My experience is that, with reasonable care, the locks will hardly get so foul in a season's use as to absolutely demand cleaning.

Theoretically, the Harrington & Richardson gun, with its Anson & Deeley lock, is not safe; for, as has been seen, a perfect system not only provides against the accidental firing of the gun from pulling the trigger, but provides means of intercepting the tumblers if thrown by other causes, or in some way makes the accidental firing practically impossible. But practically, I believe it is safer than any gun with outside hammers. The actual danger of jarring off is not very great; such a thing may possibly occur, but its occurrence is not at all probable. As already intimated, I have myself owned and used four hammerless guns made under the Anson & Deeley patent, and have shot in company with others that have used them, and have yet to see a single case of jarring off. I am aware that this is no reply to the argument that the gun may jar off. It is not intended as a reply; I admit the full force of the argument, but it is evidence at least that this jarring off is not of frequent occurrence.

While the extension of the top rib on the Harrington & Richardson is of the doll's-head shape, and a poor contrivance, it is a long way superior to none at all. The gun has no hinge-check, which is necessary to the durability of any gun. It is true much of the weight of a barrel-cocking hammerless gun is taken up in compressing the mainspring to cock the gun; but it is frequently necessary to open the gun when the locks are both at full cock, and, consequently, when none of the pressure is expended in compressing the springs. And for the very reason that the gun is a barrel-cocker, the gun is frequently opened with a jerk, causing a great strain to the hinge and fore-end. So I regard a hinge-check as a much-needed improvement on the Harrington & Richardson hammerless.

But, notwithstanding the defects I have pointed out, I am willing to go on record as saying that the Harrington & Richardson is, in my judgment, one of the best and most convenient, durable and reliable guns in the world for the money. I have never seen a gun of this make that was a poor shooter, and it is decidedly less clumsy in appearance than any other gun made under the Anson & Deeley patent with which I am acquainted.

The Harrington & Richardson is made in 10 and 12 gauge, the lightest weight being 7½ pounds. The standard length and drop of stock is 14x3 inches.

The new Colt hammerless is open to the principal objections that have been urged against the Harrington & Richardson; the triggers only are bolted, the extension rib is bad, the tumbler and striker are in one piece, requiring an aperture through the face of the breech which is open when the gun is loaded; the locks cannot be put at rest when there are cartridges in the gun, and the locks are not detachable, as in the hammer gun, but are imbedded in the frame. Moreover, the lock is decidedly less simple and is certainly no stronger, if so strong, as the Anson & Deeley. The Colt lock was intended as an improvement on the Anson & Deeley, and it is claimed by the manufacturers, and by many advocates of the Colt gun, to be an improvement; but, everything considered, I do not so regard it. The principal difference between the Colt lock and the Anson & Deeley consists in the arrangement of the parts of the lock. The Colt is a barrel-cocker, employing "cocking-pins" to effect the cocking; but both motions of the barrels—first, throwing them back, and, second, bringing them back—are utilized to effect the cocking. The second motion increases the tension of the mainspring and makes the forces required to open and close the gun more nearly equal. This is an improvement in the lock, and is the principal one.

The Colt Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company long had this gun in preparation, and doubtless expected sportsmen to find in it advantages over any other hammerless gun. Its use, so far as my observation extends, has not, up to the present time, become very general, but I risk nothing in saying that the well-earned reputation of this company for turning out sound and reliable weapons will not suffer in this, their most recent production. There is, in my judgment, little room for choice between the Harrington & Richardson and the Colt hammerless; it is a matter of individual preference; both are good guns, and either is well worth the price at which it is sold.

The Colt is made in 10 and 12-gauge, and I believe the lightest gun that has been put upon the market is about eight pounds. It is made in two grades, viz., $100 and $150, and these correspond with similar priced grades of the Harrington & Richardson.

The Pittsburgh Fire Arms Company sell a hammerless gun marked with their corporate name. It is not an American made gun, but is made, as I am informed, in Birmingham. Although sold at a higher price, it is certainly not superior to the Colt or the Harrington & Richardson, and in my judgment is not equal to either of these. For reason stated in previous articles, it is unnecessary for me to describe this gun further than to say that it is made under the Anson & Deeley patent and has all the faults of that system.

The last hammerless guns which I shall describe are those made by C. M. Sneider, of Baltimore, Md., and the Lefever Arms Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., guns which seem to me to be superior to any others, whether made in this country or abroad. No other gun possesses so many meritorious features as the Sneider and the Lefever possess. This or that gun may possess this or that meritorious feature, but for every valuable feature you may show me in any foreign gun of any make whatsoever, I think I can show you a corresponding feature in the Sneider and Lefever, and when you have finished pointing out the valuable features of your foreign favorite, the good points of these two American guns will only be half enumerated.

The Sneider hammerless is made to order in the various gauges and weights at prices ranging from $100 to $300, according to the quality of material and finish. It is in many respects different from any other hammerless made. Its breech mechanism is very strong and durable; the points of locking are as far from the hinge-joint as they can be placed on this gun with its length of frame, and the frame, while shorter than that of the Lefever, is longer than that of most other hammerless guns; the top action employed on this gun is so arranged as to be self-closing; the locking bolts are held back until the gun is closed, and the gun may be used, but not so conveniently, if the spring which throws the bolts home should be broken.

The Sneider has two rotating grips, each provided with means for taking up wear. The top grip locks into a lug brazed between the barrels at their breech end and fitting into the solid metal of the breech. This presses the breech end of the barrels downward and against the face of the breech, and prevents the barrels and breech springing apart. The bottom grip locks into a lug placed at the extreme breech end of the barrels. The extension of the top rib (or rather the top lug) has great bearing surface and is excellently designed. The action is exceedingly strong, and inasmuch as the grips are held back until the gun is closed, the wear is reduced to the minimum, but for taking up the wear each grip is supplied with a nut, and by tightening these nuts the wear may be taken up and the grips kept in closest contact with the lugs into which they respectively lock.

The gun has an excellent hinge-check which slips into the frame and is operated like the bolt which is used to hold the barrels to the stock of the muzzleloader. The forward lug on which the gun turns on the hinge-pin, or roll, has in its rear a shoulder which comes in contact with the check and stops the barrels when the gun is thrown open, thus relieving the hinge-joint of strain.

The Sneider is a barrel-cocker. When the gun is opened to load, a pushing lever in the head of the frame is forced by a cone-shaped surface in the fore-end against the hammer-carrier, pushing it backward against the hammer and bringing it to a full cock, where it is held by the interlocking of the notch of the hammer-carrier with the sear. By pulling the trigger, the sear is pressed upward, thereby releasing the hammer-carrier, which is driven forward by the force of the mainspring, taking with it the hammer and exploding the cartridge. The interlocking of the hammer-carrier and sear is positive, and there is little danger of the gun "jarring off" even if unprovided with any safety device; but the hammer-carrier has an extra notch, into which the hook of the sear would engage if it should accidentally jar off a full cock. The gun is also provided with a safty catch which locks both sears and triggers. The button or thumbpiece is placed in the end of the lever that opens the gun, and to lock the gun it must be pressed forward, and there is no danger of the gun being accidentally unlocked. This safety works independently, but it may be had to operate automatically. The latter is, however, objectionable in this gun, inasmuch as the motion is reversed, and after unlocking and firing the gun, the button must be pushed forward before the lever can be operated and the gun opened, thus rendering it far less convenient than the independent safety. The Sneider has spiral mainsprings, coiled around the hammer-carrier, and the maker of this gun guarantees that these "spiral mainsprings will not set one-eighth of an inch in the life-time of a lock." A device is provided for adjusting the tension of the mainspring, which consists of a nut, by the tightening of which the spring may be compressed. This device is of considerable value, the only objection which I have to it being that which I have to Sneider's provisions for taking up wear, viz., inconvenience of use by inexperienced persons. If his devices for taking up wear and for increasing the tension of the mainspring were more simple and could be more readily utilized by the sportsman, I would like them better.

The gun has fixed firing pins to exclude the gas, and is also provided with gas chambers and vents to carry off such gas as passes the firing pins. These gas chambers and vents I regard, however, as practically of little value. The locks are simple and seem to be safe and strong, and are detachable like the locks of a hammer gun, so that they may be readily removed and cleaned.

Taken altogether, the Sneider is a first-rate gun; its principles are sound and it is well made, safe, convenient, durable and symmetrical. Until considerable improvements have been made in the hammerless system, a man might go further and fare worse by taking a gun different from the Sneider. I do not consider it the best hammerless that is made, but I do think it is next to the best and a close competitor for the first place. I think it is better than any foreign gun, and it would be the best in the world were it not for the fact that another American maker produces a better one.

Perhaps a history of the improvements that have been made in the hammerless gun manufactured by the Lefever Arms Company (successors to D. M. Lefever), would show more clearly than could be shown in any other way the various stages through which the hammerless gun has passed until it has reached that degree of perfection presented in the Lefever as now made. This maker has taken step after step, and now offers to American sportsmen the most perfect weapon to be had in the world. His gun always had features which strongly recommended it, and these have been continually improved upon. Until recently, however, the Lefever was cocked by an outside lever, and could not fairly be considered a hammerless gun in the strict sense; for the term implies that no extra motion shall be used to cock the gun, and it not only excludes the old Lefever with outside cocking lever, but all guns in which the cocking is effected by any extra motion whatever, whether the lever be placed on the side, the bottom, or the top of the gun. But since the Lefever has been made a barrel-cocker, and thus its objectionable feature removed, it seems to me to stand at the head of hammerless guns, and therefore, at the head of sporting firearms.

The breech-mechanism of the Lefever is without a superior—and this is faint praise. This gun has a powerful extension of the top rib, dovetailed between the barrels, with a neck and a square shouldered bearing on each side of the neck ¼ inch in thickness and ¾ inch in depth. This extension fits and fastens into a recess in the solid breech which has the same amount of opposing surface against which the square shoulders bear and rest. There is but one bolt, and it locks into the solid steel extension at the rear, four inches from the hinge-joint, thus giving a longer leverage than in any other gun and reducing the strain to the minimum. The bolt is made compensating so that all the wear may be instantly taken up by simply turning a screw, the point of which rests on top of the bolt.

The hinge-joint consists of a ball and socket—the strongest joint known to mechanics. The ball screws into the head of the frame so as to make a perfect compensation, and, as with the bolt, all wear can be taken up by simply turning a screw. The socket is in the lug (the gun has only one lug), and the pressure of the ball into this socket keeps the gun tight. This lug is split, and lateral wear of the lug may be taken up by turning in a long tapering screw with which the lug is provided. The fore-end is also made compensating, and if wear occurs there the turning of a screw takes it up. The gun has the Nichols hinge-check—the best made—and when it is thrown open, an extension, or shoulder, on the rear of the lug engages with the check and prevents strain. The gun is a "top-action," but it is not operated with the ordinary top lever. Instead of that it has a thumb-piece on the back-strap, which I have found more convenient. Pressing forward this thumb-piece withdraws the bolt, where it is held by a trip until the gun is closed. If the spring that throws the locking-bolt home should be broken the gun may be used, and the only inconvenience incurred would be the pulling back of the thumb-piece to carry the locking-bolt into place.

Thus it will be seen that the action is not only the strongest, but wear is reduced to the minimum. More precautions are taken than on any other gun to be found in the world to make it last and remain serviceable. And when wear does occur, the simplest and most effective means are provided for taking it up, means which the sportsman may himself utilize without the aid of any tool but the screw driver. The action and its compensating features seem to me to place it ahead of any other gun; but its lock is in no respect inferior to that of any other hammerless.

The Lefever lock is very simple and strong. As made until recently, it was cocked by means of a straight rod (one for each lock, of course,) extending from the fore-end to a point on the hammer ⅛ inch above the pivot on which the hammer swings. The friction of the inclined point of this rod with a similar inclined surface of the fore-end was found to make light guns cock harder than was desirable, and so the point of the rod that extended into the fore-end was cut off, and cocking levers inserted in the head of the frame similar to those used in the Sneider gun, and the Lefever now cocks very easily. The firing pins are separate from the hammer and are springless. The cock notch is in the rear part of the hammer, and being one and seven eighths inches from the pivot, the trigger pull may be made very light without danger of jarring off. The mainspring is of the ordinary V shape. Each lock plate is provided with a set-screw bearing on the sear, by means of which the trigger pull may be changed at will without taking off or tinkering with the locks. The lock plates are of the bar lock style and may be readily removed. The gun is provided with a safety locking both sears and triggers, and each lock has an indicator which projects when the lock is at full cock, thus showing at a glance or a touch whether the locks are cocked or not. The safety indicator, as the gun is now made, is placed on the back strap and operates automatically, but, if desired, the gun will be made with the indicator in the rear of the trigger guard, so that, when the gun is in position to fire, the pressure of the middle finger against the indicator will release the triggers. The gun may be taken apart and put together with the hammers down.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I think the Lefever lock better than any other hammerless lock made, and that, as a whole, the gun has no equal. As before remarked, the Sneider comes next in my judgment, and I place it second because I regard the action of the Lefever, its lock and compensating features, superior. In point of material, workmanship, symmetry, beauty of design and perfection of balance, it has no equal among American guns, and, taken as a whole, it has no superior in the world. I do not say that there are not foreign guns of finer finish; and if fine finish were all, a foreign gun might be found to surpass the Lefever. What I say is that, taken as a whole, its principles of construction, as well as its workmanship and material being considered, the Lefever stands at the head. Where durability and safety, and convenience and strength and shooting powers are thought to be things of value, the Lefever will be esteemed, for no gun with which I am acquainted surpasses it in these attributes; and its material, workmanship, beauty, symmetry and balance are equal to anything American and to anything foreign to be had at near the price of the Lefever. I am proud of the achievements of American gunmakers in general and of those of D. M. Lefever in particular.

The Lefever gun is made in various gauges and of various weights, at prices ranging from $75 to $300. AH-PE.

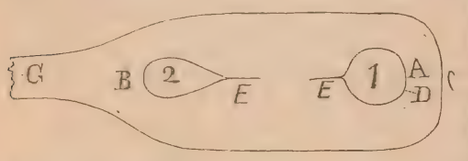
TRY LIGHTER LOADS for game. They will not pound your shoulder; you can shoot with more pleasure, and the work will be just as effective.

A GUN SLING FOR THE SADDLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are doubtless many who like myself find enjoyment in hunting in the saddle, and have experienced the difficulty of carrying the gun even with the horse walking, but when the gait is increased to a trot or a lope, how the gun does thump on one's shoulders! If carried in the hollow of the arm it must be held with one hand, and this prevents the free use of the other in reining, or if carried under one arm (as when afoot and in passing through a crowded street) it hammers away on the knee-cap until in desperation it is placed across the saddle in front of the rider, where one hand must hold it in place and try at the same time to prevent its chafing the rider, the saddle and itself.

For the benefit of those sportsmen on horseback, I wish to call their attention to a simple device which I use for holding a gun. About three years ago while hunting in company with a Spaniard we had occasion to ride some twenty miles in the saddle, part of the way over level ground, where the speed of our horses made the carrying of a ten-pound rifle most annoying. Soon after starting, Manuel drew from one of his pockets a heavy piece of harness leather, shaped as shown in the following diagram:



Passing the opening No. 1 over the pommel of the saddle, he held the end G in his left hand, laid the gun barrel across the sling, muzzle to the left, with his right; carried the end G forward over the barrel and looped the hole No. 2 over the pommel, and pushing his rifle further through until it stopped at the lever, the gun was fast. When he wanted to use the weapon, the right hand withdrew the gun partly out, and the left hand threw off the end G. With a short barrel the gun can be easily withdrawn without unlooping G.

The "life size" pattern which I inclose is taken from the sling which I have used more than two years. The width of Manuel's sling was 3½ inches, but I find 5½ inches gives a better bearing for a gun.

My sling is made for a double barrel shotgun, and yet answers for a rifle, if one hand is used to steady it when loping.

The important measurement is from A to B, which for a shotgun is about ten inches. I suppose a rifle sling would need to be one or two inches less. Make it of thick, pliable harness leather, which may be given a fancy finish by stamping. If you cut one of 3½ inches wide, make AD ¾ inches, and the other end in proportion. If 5½ inches wide make AC 1¾ inches. If the openings 1 and 2 (especially 2) will not readily pass over the pommel, make a cut of half an inch or more at the bottom of each as shown by the dotted lines EE. The holes should be about the size of the neck of the pommel, two inches in my sling.

Understand that the gun does not pass through either 1 or 2, but rests in the space between them. When carrying a magazine rifle with cartridges in the magazine I keep the gun horizontal, with one hand resting on the stock. If carrying a shotgun, and you get off to walk, leading the horse, it is well to tie a pair of saddle strings over the barrels. The weight of a rifle barrel will keep the muzzle down, with the gun at an angle of about 45°. I have had a gun fall out but once, and that was a shotgun. My horse stepped into a badger hole full of water and threw me, and in plunging to regain his feet the muzzle was thrown up and this allowed the gun to slip from the sling.

The device may be familiar to many, but it was a revelation to me when I saw the use for which it was intended. Many persons to whom I have given patterns and explained its use express themselves in highest praise of its convenience.

I have seen a long leather holster used for carrying a carbine in the saddle. It was attached to one side of the saddle in front and held the carbine in a perpendicular position, with the butt-plate a foot above the pommel. It did not appear to me as if the gun could be quickly withdrawn, and it certainly was more cumbersome than the sling I have described. W. E. B.

Oakland, Cal.

A FLOCK OF DUCKS ON RYE POND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Jack and I were awakened from a sound sleep by Uncle John, who informed us that our breakfast was ready and that we must turn out "spry, lively," if we were "going up to the pond after those ducks that morning." Uncle John is an old gentleman who has passed the allotted three score and ten, but is almost as straight and active as a man of thirty. He is a good shot and a great lover of field sports. Many a story has he related to us about his experience in years gone by, in moose and deer hunting in Canada and Northern New York, when with the old-fashioned flintlock muzzle-loader and globe bullet, snowshoes, etc., he has supplied the larder with meat.

Long before daylight old Billy was harnessed to the express wagon and we were on the road to Rye Pond. Uncle John was armed with a double-barreled muzzleloading shotgun that had "seen service for forty years," he told us, and he had never known it to fail him: so if we found the ducks he wanted to "show us that there was some virtue in the old gun as well as our new-fangled breechloaders." He used as much powder as he thought suitable for it, and the same rule applied to his method of measuring the charge of BB shot. His proportions of powder and lead, he informed us, was "about a bushel of powder to three pecks of shot." We arrived at the pond about daybreak, and it was agreed that Uncle John was to go up to the feeding ground on one side of the narrow pond and do his best at crawling upon them, while Jack and I were to go further up and pay our compliments to them as they flew past.

With a field glass we discovered that the ducks were there, as had been predicted, and we each started for our separate posts. Jack and I soon arrived at a good location, where we found some good natural blinds in the form of some young cedar trees. We waited until our patience was nearly exhausted, for we could see the ducks very plainly from the blind about a hundred yards down the pond. However, there is an end to all waiting, and presently there was a flash, a crash and a roar, quickly followed by another that seemed to shake the earth, and as it echoed and reëchoed between the hills and mountains we realized that Uncle John had "got in his work;" and as we saw the ducks coming for us head on, we hugged the ground as close as possible. We were intending to wait until they had passed us before we delivered our fire, but when fifty yards from us, and coming straight for us, Jack exclaimed, "Great Scott, how they are climbing! up guards and at them."

As Jack jumped to his feet the birds sheered off sharply to the right hand, and as Jack afterward expressed it "they climbed a little more than straight up." There were five of them that had survived the terrible noise of Uncle John's muzzleloader, and Jack brought down two with the first barrel and made a clean miss with the second. Now comes the time if ever to test the shooting qualities of the choke-bored ten-gauge, as well as the shooting of the man behind it. Three large black ducks sixty yards away, and climbing for all they are worth. There is one fifteen feet ahead of the other two, which are close together. The gun is carfully held a little ahead of the leader, the trigger is pulled and down come the two rear ones. In sheer desperation I try to get some kind of a sight away ahead and I believe that the gun went off on its own account (whether accidentally or intentionally I am unable to say), but at any rate the duck came down, down, and struck the water with a splash.

"Well," exclaimed Jack, "there is one thing certain, and that is that flock of ducks are all here just the same as before we fired into them, an occurrence which I never before witnessed."

We soon retrieve our birds, and just as we are about to start down to where Uncle J. is, the old muzzleloader roars again and a cripple is stopped in his endeavors to get away. We soon hail the old man and inquire what he has been about. "Well," replied he, "when this old gun goes off she goes for game, and the first barrel stopped four and when they arose from the water I gave them the second and two more came down, but one of them I had to use that last charge on." We were fortunate to find an old boat with which we retrieved the ducks, and as we made our way back to the team we felt that there is something to live for in this world besides the almighty dollar and that there is something in outdoor sports and recreation that prevents a man from ever growing old. For here is Uncle John as full of joy over our success as a boy of sixteen. May he never grow old.

On the way home Uncle J. suggested that "we cut across the fields with our guns and perhaps we could get some shooting." We were going up hill in an old road, the use of which has long been discontinued for public travel, when Jack suddenly wheeled around, and discharging both barrels in quick succession, succeeded in bringing down a wild pigeon at long range, the first that I have seen for several years. When I was a boy (which I do not care to say was how many years ago) wild pigeons were very plenty, and about the last of August we always began to hunt for them wherever we could find wild cherry trees or buckwheat fields, and we could generally kill all that we wished to compound our pot-pies with, but they are a thing of the past here in New England, and it is seldom that I see one or hear of their being shot.

We arrived at the house before noon, pretty well tired out, but our appetites were as sharp as a schoolboy's, and the way that we disposed of broiled grouse, potatoes, johnny cakes and fresh milk was a caution to dyspeptics. After dinner the shotguns were cleaned and packed in their cases, for we have only one more day, and the rifles are to be used, the result of which I will tell you in another letter.

Iron Ramrod.

Somerville, Mass.

Canada and Vermont.—Highgate, Vt., Sept. 23.—Since the commencement of the open season for fowl shooting the writer has rambled with Greener and Irish setter over a portion of the Provinces of Quebec and Eastern Ontario, as well as through the northwestern part of my own State, and can report woodcock, ruffed grouse and plover as being plenty, and native-bred duck numerous, gray squirrels scarce, coons and foxes fairly plenty. Snipe very scarce; in fact as far as our marshes here go, none. The continued high water here last spring prevented them from nesting here. So there are no natives, and it is too early for flight birds unless the present cold storm which has covered our hills with snow brings them. A large number of duck bred in our marshes during the past summer, but they were during the first few days of the open season subjected to such a heavy fusilade from the breechloaders that they left for quieter climes, and the B. L.'s will remain idle until the late duck arrive. It is not the sportsman who drives our native birds away so early in the season, but it is a gang of fellows who are out, it would seem, for the sole purpose of burning powder. If a duck comes in sight they pump cartridges into their guns and blaze away as fast as possible until the bird disappears from view; they kill no game but drive it away. We are greatly troubled here with this kind of a nuisance; more so, I believe, than in other localities, unless it is in the vicinity of large cities; and this evil is increasing rapidly. Who can devise a remedy for it?—Stanstead.

Three Loons at Two Rifle Shots.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A little incident occurred on Massapequa Lake a few days since which is really entitled to a public notice. Mr. Wm. Robison, of the New York Stock Exchange, killed with his repeating rifle three helldivers in two shots. Of all the birds that swim, helldivers are probably the most difficult to shoot on the water, as they swim with their backs level with the surface, and nothing exposed but a slim neck and small head. The first shot was at a single diver about fifty yards, putting a bullet through the neck. The second was at two birds nearly one hundred yards distant, the bullet passing through the necks of both, and of course both were instantly killed. A shot so remarkable almost challenges belief, but having seen the birds and knowing the facts I can attest the truth of the above statement.—W. F. I. (South Oyster Bay, L. I., Sept. 24).

Cahoots.—I see the word cahoots has called out some correspondents, with more of less of witticism and criticism. It is a good, strong American word. True, it may be applied to a partnership of thieves, as may any word that implies partnership. But it will apply as well to bank presidents as to bank robbers, and it stands for a little more than partnership with hunters and woodsmen. It means equality and fraternity. An equal sharing of pains and pleasures, profits and losses, and that each stand by the other in all dangers and difficulties. In short, it means cahoots.—Nessmuk.

"Woodcraft" Outdone.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Does not the wise author of "Woodcraft" recommend to black-fly-pestered humanity to swab on the insect repellent and abstain from ablutions until safely out of the woods? Is "Nessmuk" a Miri or an Abor? This is what those primitive folks do when they go hunting: "I will now tell you a funny custom, and a very dirty custom, among the hill tribes about here, viz., Miris and Abors. When they go on an expedition of this sort, and they do not know how it will turn out, life or death, they cannot wash their faces or hands—in fact, they must not touch water, except for cooking and drinking—until such expedition be over; in other words, until they return. If they do, the expedition will come to grief, they will come to harm, they will not be able to perform what they went to do, and all sorts of things will happen. You can imagine these poor ignorant people's consternation to see Needham and I having a jolly good bathe and putting the stopper on all that by shaving. This nearly drove them wild with fright, and we could not get them steady until we had used very forcible language." Did the "Woodcraft" man go to the hills of Western India for his anti-fresh-water fancy?—Meat-Hawk.

A Massachusetts Bear Hunt.—Worthington, Mass., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sunday, the 20th, was a day of great excitement in town. As W. Hayden was on his way to church, he saw a bear cross the road near the center of the town. The news spread, and after an hour two dogs, one belonging to Mr. F. O. Beach, the other a young hound belonging to Mr. A. C. Stevens, were put on the track, but showed much fear, and it was some time before they could be made to follow. At last the bear was started, and after a run of three miles the dogs came up with him, but were no match for him. As the men came up he ran back toward the center, but there were so many men out he was soon headed off. One man fired at him twice, but did not stop him. Soon he came upon a boy, who shot at him about twenty feet away, and after two shots and the use of a club by a man he was at last killed. This is the first bear that has been killed in this town for more than seventy years. It is thought to be one of three seen west of here some weeks ago. It was a yearling and weighed ninety pounds. The skin has been mounted by C. Bates and will be placed in the public library in this town.—Fox.

Philadelphia Notes.—The rail season thus far has been a very unsatisfactory one, and but five birds have been killed. When good tides occurred the rail had not arrived, and since their coming there has not been water enough to allow pushing to where the birds keep. I have no doubt there are the usual number of rail on the grounds, but it will take a storm tide to reach them. Reed birds have about all gone but the crippled ones. Snipe are dropping in and teal ducks are becoming plentiful. I hear from the Lehigh Valley that woodcock have begun to arrive, and those new comers from northerly sections joining the birds that have bred in the valley make the prospect of sport good at any time now. A few flocks of creakers, jack snipe they call them here, occupy the mud flats of the Delaware at low tide, and are in good condition; but hard to approach. Some little yellowlegs are with these flocks. Although somewhat early, some black ducks and teal have reached Tuckerton and Barnegat Bay, N. J. They are protected (so called) by the law for a little while yet in those waters, but are regularly gunned for as soon as they show themselves.—Homo.

Washington's Testimony.—Among James Parton's extracts from Washington's diary I found the following: "Went hunting after breakfast and found a fox at Muddy Hole, and killed her after a chase of better than two hours, and after treeing her twice, the last which time she tell dead out of the tree, after being there several minutes apparently well." That settles it. George Washington, although a Virginian, "could not tell a lie" (Moncure Conway to the contrary notwithstanding) about so serious a matter as to foxes climbing trees.—J. L. Davison (Lockport, N. Y., Sept. 22). Tell "Skeptic" foxes do climb trees, at least certain trees on certain occasions. Early in the morning, one day last winter, my boys discovered a red fox in an apple tree in my orchard, eating frozen apples. The tree was a little slanting but he was well up in the top.—J. G. R. (Bethel, Me.).

They Tramp Hard but Get no Birds.—Springfield, Mass., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. Bradford, Colburn and S. T. Hammond, of this city, have been out three successive Saturdays tramping the grouse covers. They have worked faithfully, worked hark, worked persistently; have put in all their hunting sense, have banged away singly and all together; have gone out each succeeding week with renewed determination, and have halted only for a hurried lunch at noonday, yet not a feather have they scored. They claim that the birds have all been educated up to the fourth notch, so to speak; and this excuse, though pretty lame, is perhaps the right one. Messrs. Colburn and Bradford are tired, but Mr. Hammond says he will score a grouse if it takes all season.—Santiago.

The Kind of a Gun he is.—A correspondent of the Florence, Wis., *Mining News*, who evidently has some sort of a grievance against one of his neighbors, says of him: "He did not say how much time to give the homesteaders to skin out, but they had better not wait for any ceremonies as he claims to be a higher gun in authority than President Cleveland, but what kind of a gun is not mentioned. I believe he is too poorly constructed to be called a cannon and the material is too soft for a musket, he has neither lock, stock nor barrel, there is not sufficient material about him to make a ramrod, nor a cartridge, nor even a wad. He is not a percussion cap, nor a revolver, and I cannot see that he has any claims to anything higher than a small pop-gun made from dogwood."

Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 25.—Prairie-chicken shooting is very poor this year. I think it is because cold and wet weather in the spring prevented the eggs from hatching. Teal ducks are plenty in the lakes in the river bottoms. In company with several others made a bag of 42 the other day; but going over a few days after only got six wood duck. The flight is very irregular. Hearing so much about wild rice, I would like to know something about it. What depth of water does it require, and does it grow well in Kansas? Quail promise to be quite plenty, and our sportsmen are anxiously awaiting the time when the law will permit them to hunt, Oct. 1.—Nimrod, Jr.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME.—Athens, Pa., Sept. 21.—Squirrels are very scarce here this fall. Quail hatched well; several coveys can be found within a mile of town. Ruffed grouse are plentier this fall than they have been for several years, but some pot-hunters have already been shooting the young, and no one seems willing to be witnesses against them. I heard of one case where quail were killed a month ago. I did not know such men were loose around here. The gun club are now looking up such parties and will make it unpleasant for them if detected. The gray rabbit is so thick as to be a nuisance, and farmers are killing them off to save their fruit.—PARK.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.—St. Cunegonde, Montreal.—I own a light gun, 12-gauge, not choked, which I prefer to any other for snipe shooting, my favorite sport. I have been in the habit of carrying a few of Ely's wire cartridges loaded with one ounce No. 4 chilled English shot, and three drams Curtis & Harvey. With these I frequently bring larger birds to bag and at longer ranges than I find practicable with ordinary cartridges. My gunsmith here tells me that using these wire cartridges will ruin my gun in time and urges me to discontinue their use, but I am loath to stop them. Can any of your readers give me points? Will they injure the barrels? —N.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

A MEETING of the Committee of Arrangements was held in Mr. Blackford's laboratory on Tuesday, Sept. 29. On account of the absence of Judge McGown, Mr. Endicott took the chair. In consequence of the absence of so many members in the country at present, it was decided to postpone the date of the tournament to Wednesday, Oct. 21, and condense the programme so that it can be finished in one day. It was moved that only one amateur class in single-handed fly-casting, one in expert, one in salmon, one in heavy bass casting and one in minnow-casting for black bass be held, five in all.

Mr. Blackford moved that a sufficient sum be appropriated to purchase gold medals for first prizes in all classes. Letters were read from prominent dealers in fishing tackle offering many handsome prizes.

The Committee on Grounds reported that the Park Commissioners have granted the use of Harlem Mere for the purposes of the tournament.

The Committee on Rules reported that the following changes have been made: In minnow casting for black bass the contestants will be allowed to cast either under or overhand, as they choose, instead of confining them to the underhand mode of last year. In heavy bass casting the lane was abolished. In single-handed fly-casting the casts for delicacy and accuracy shall be made at the same time, and these points will be left to the judges. As the dinner of the Ichthyophagous Club occurs on the evening of the tournament the annual dinner of the Association will be omitted.

The following are the amended rules for 1885:

Rule 1. All persons competing for prizes shall pay an entrance fee in each contest as follows: Members, $2; non-members, $5.

Rule 2. No one shall be permitted to enter an amateur contest who has ever fished for a living; who has ever been a guide, or has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle. The judges in the different classes shall appoint a member to see that the tackle is at all times in accordance with the rules and requirements of the Association during the contests. The judges in any particular class, on appeal, shall have power to decide in all matters relating to entries, and their decision shall be final.

Rule 3. No trout rod shall exceed 11 feet 6 inches in length, and it shall be used with a single hand.

Rule 4. In single-handed fly-casting any style of reel or line will be allowed, but a leader or casting line of single gut of not less than eight feet in length, to which three flies, one stretcher and two droppers, shall be attached.

Rule 5. No allowance of distance shall be made for difference in length of rods.

Rule 6. Persons entering these contests shall draw lots to determine the order in which they will cast and will be ready to cast when called by the judges.

Rule 7. Each contestant will be allowed five minutes to cast for distance and will then stand aside until called in his turn to cast for delicacy and accuracy, when he will be allowed five minutes for this purpose.

Rule 8. The distance shall be measured by a line with marked buoys stretched on the water; said line to be measured and verified by the judges at least once each day of the casting. A mark shall be made from the stand from which the buoy line shall be measured, and the caster may stand with his toes touching this mark, but may not advance beyond it. Should he step back of it, unless directed so to do by the judges, the loss in distance shall be his.

Rule 9. The stretcher fly must remain at the end of the casting line in all casts. The others are not deemed so important. A contestant may claim time for repairs, which shall be allowed by the judges, or the judges may order the next on the list to cast while repairs are made, in their discretion.

Rule 10. In the absence of an appointed judge the committee will fill the vacancy.

Rule 11. Salmon Fly-Casting.—The foregoing rules shall govern, except that the rods shall not exceed eighteen feet in length, and may be used with both hands, and that only one fly will be required.

Rule 12. Black Bass Casting.—All general rules which do not conflict with the following special rules shall govern. No rod shall be less than 8 nor more than 10 feet, nor less than 7 nor more than 10 ounces. Any black bass multiplying reel may be used; but clicks, drags, or any device to control the rendering of the line, except the thumb, will not be allowed. Lines shall not be of less caliber than No. 6 (letter H) braided silk, or No. 1 seagrass, or corresponding sizes of other material. The weight of the sinker shall be one-half-ounce, the same to be furnished by the committee. In casting but a single hand shall be used. Each contestant shall be allowed five casts, the longest to count, and then will be allowed five minutes to cast for style and accuracy. The scale shall be the same as in fly-casting, viz: Distance, the longest cast in feet; style and accuracy, 25 points each.

Rule 13. Heavy Bass Casting.—Rods shall not exceed 9 feet in length; any reel may be used, but the line shall be of linen not less than No. 9. The casts shall be made with sinkers weighing 2½ ounces. (These will be furnished by the committee.) Each contestant will be allowed five casts. His casts shall be measured, added and divided by five, and the result shall constitute the score.

BASS SIZES AND WEIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last spring there was some controversy in your columns regarding the weight of a ten-inch black bass. Below I give the weight of a few small bass that I caught in the Missisquoi River in this town:

June 15	11⅛in. 11 oz.	July 3	10½in. 7½oz.
June 16	10 in. 8 oz.	July 6	11¾in. 12 oz.
June 17	11⅛in. 9 oz.	July 15	11½in. 9 oz.
June 19	10½in. 10 oz.	July 18	14 in. 20 oz.
June 25	13½in. 19 oz.		

Please let us hear from the other gentlemen who were interested in this subject. STANSTEAD.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.

A MEETING of the committee was held at the office of Mr. E. G. Blackford, on Tuesday, Sept. 29. There were present Mr. John Foord, President; Mr. Blackford, Head Caterer; Mr. C. M. Miller, Prime Taster; Mr. Fred Mather, Poet Laureate, and Mr. Barnet Phillips, Naturalist.

The Head Caterer presented an invitation from Messrs. Weatherby & Fuller, of the Buckingham Hotel, asking the honor of entertaining the club. This was accepted and the date was fixed for Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, at 6:30.

Mr. Francis Endicott was added to the committee and delegated to provide the necessary quantity of sand fleas for a bisque. Mr. Blackford suggested that the club experiment with starfish. Mr. Mather was ordered to furnish mantis shrimps, horsefeet, and sea spiders.

Mr. Phillips proposed a tea of sea-weed and agreed to provide the material. Mr. Foord promised a baby alligator and Mr. Miller suggested that porpoise liver might be acceptable. Then with mournful glances at the tank in which the electric eel killed the hellbenders and then died from the exertion, the committee adjourned. Tickets can be obtained at Mr. Blackford's, price five dollars.

STRENGTH OF HOOKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through the courtesy of Mr. Mather I have received samples of spratt hooks, manufactured by Samuel Allcock & Co, of Redditch, Eng. They are size No. 5 as nearly as I can judge, and I have compared them with Harrison's No. 4 sprout in the following tests. Each hook was fastened in a vise, three-eighths of an inch of the end of the shank being between the jaws. Pressure was applied to the hook by means of a spring scale, coupled to the hook with a small cast iron ring, the inside surface of which offered a practically flat surface for the point of the hook to rest against. Five hooks of each kind were selected indiscriminately. In the first test, pressure was applied up to five pounds, in the second six. The following table shows the breaking strain of those which were broken:

Makers.	Pounds Pressure.					Pounds Pressure.				
Allcock	5	5	5	4½*	5	6	6	6	—	5½*
Harrison	3½*	3¾*	5	4½*	4*	—	—	6	—	—

*Broke off under the beard.

Of those still unbroken one of each kind was tested up to seven pounds, at which point the Allcock hook straightened out to such an extent that it slipped out of the coupling ring and sprung back in such shape that it would still hold a fish under ordinary circumstances. At seven pounds the Harrison hook slipped out of the ring and broke into pieces, and the only part I could find was the end of the shank between the jaws of the vise. The Harrison hooks being made of heavier wire should have withstood the harder strain; the opposite, however, was the case.

While on this subject I will state that I bought last season of a large tackle dealer in New York half a dozen each of trout and lake flies, that were rated as highest quality; and with what I should call fair ordinary usage the most of them were either broken off under the beards or the beards were broken off. Several of my angling friends have complained of the same trouble, and as the hooks were bought of different dealers, I incline to the belief that a really first-class hook is the exception and not the rule. I inclose the hooks and fragments which remained after the tests. You will note that the three Allcock hooks are still fit to catch fish.

E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Sept. 16.

FLY-CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

SOME weeks ago, while at Rawley Springs, Va., I had the pleasure of a trip to Pendleton county, West Virginia, along with my friend, Benjamin Berry, of Baltimore, who is one of the most skilled fly-fishermen of the day. We went to fish the South Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac for bass; and enjoyed a lovely drive over the mountains and four days' fine sport on the stream. The water was low and extremely clear, and the fish were taking no notice of any sort of bait, but we found them rising readily to the fly and caught as many as we cared to. In that condition of the water bass will, I think, always be found to take the fly much better than the bait.

I agree with Dr. Henshall and so does Mr. Berry, who has devoted himself to trout exclusively for many years, that the future "old reliable" of the game fishes of the United States is the black bass. In the South Branch we caught exclusively the small-mouth variety. It is by some said that both the large and small-mouthed sort are found in the Potomac. I believe they are wrong. I have fished from Long Bridge to the fountain head of the great river and have never yet taken a large-mouthed bass in the Potomac or any of its tributaries. It is my opinion that a small-mouth black bass of a pound and a half to two and a half weight is as gamy a fish as exists. The bass will rise but once to the fly, rarely indeed a second time, whereas the trout will usually rise a second and even a third time if not struck pretty hard by the hook. Moreover, if the bass fly be but slightly meager in its dress, you are very likely not to get the fish well enough hooked to hold him. My experience teaches me that a small hook well covered is much better than a large meagerly-dressed fly. A stone-colored or light brown wing over a green body perhaps topped with yellow, is about the right color, such as the Seth Green or Ferguson. A stone wing over a red body does very well; but if there are any fall fish about, and they abound in the South Fork, they seem to be so thoroughly infatuated with the red that you will have to catch all of them out of a pool before you get at the bass. Of course, all fly-casters know that it is pretty much of an effort to cast three large heavily feathered flies with a delicate rod. I often discard the traditional whip and use only one fly. My experience is that 95 per cent. of the bass are hooked on the stretcher at any rate, the droppers are of no use.

Bass fishers know that you must make a good long cast to get at bass in clear water. Fly-casting for bass is the analogue of still-hunting deer. I advise the use of a light trout rod with a long leader and one moderate-sized, stout-bodied and ample-winged fly. I don't like hackles for bass. If the water is smooth and glassy, don't cast in that place until the breeze riffles the surface; it will be "no good."

In wading, discard all boots and waterproofs. Get a pair of hob-nailed, broad-bottomed brogans, fitting comfortably over wool socks, and a rather close-fitting pair of blue cotton pants, and a short-tailed gray flannel shirt, no coat, but a short jacket of canvas, and take the water waist deep without hesitation. Keep wet while you are fishing and dry yourself as soon as you are done. This beats all the gum boots and water-proof breeches out of sight. Some say fish up stream, some say fish down. My rule is to take the pool so as to keep the deep water where the fish lie on my left hand, whether in so doing I must begin at the top or bottom of the pool.

There is one art in getting bass to rise to the fly, that is to say, don't scarce the fish by plunging and slashing around; be deliberate, keep out of sight, and mind what you are about. If you are looking at the clouds, or scratching your head, or changing your quid when the fish rises you are certain not to get him. Any good fly-rod will do. One of the best I have tried I made myself about fifteen years ago, middle joint and tip, hornbeam, butt red cedar. I am just finishing a very beautiful rod of Osage orange, or so-called bois d'arc. I think it will perform well. This wood is one of the most beautiful when polished, and makes a bow three times as good as the best lancewood. Split bamboo will do when one can't do better. An ash rod with lancewood tip is good. Hornbeam is the best, I have tried all kinds.

M. G. ELLZEY, M. D.

THE STRIPED BASS LAW.

THE following from the Brooklyn *Eagle* will be of interest to our striped bass fishermen. We have referred to this subject before, and in our editorial columns will be found reference to it again. The *Eagle* says:

The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence, of which Mr. John Flannegan, editor of the Utica *Observer*, was president, caused to be introduced into the last Legislature an amendment to the game laws passed in 1879. In the amendment was the clause that "no person shall expose for sale or have in his possession, after the same has been killed, any black bass, Oswego bass, striped bass or muscalonge, save only from the twentieth day of May to the first day of January." This amendment was passed by the Legislature May 9, and soon after received the Governor's signature. It was then transmitted to the State Fish Commissioners—Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York; Richard U. Sherman, of New Hartford; Eugene G. Blackford, of Brooklyn; and William M. Bowman, of Rochester, for enforcement.

There come to the New York markets (from which all the Brooklyn markets are supplied) two kinds of striped bass—the fresh-water fish and the salt-water fish. The former is found in lakes in the northwestern part of the State, and very rarely gets as far south as the New York market. But of the salt-water bass during the months of February and March, between one and five tons arrive each day from South Carolina, which is the principal place of supply. After the season for other fish has closed and during the Lenten season, the salt-water striped bass is about the only fish worth much that the dealers have to offer. By the wording of the amendment, however, the importation or sale of this fish was prohibited except from May 20 to Jan. 1. Commissioner Blackford said to an *Eagle* reporter: "I saw that the enforcement of this amendment would work a great injury to the fish dealers' interests in this State, to the extent of between $200,000 and $300,000 a year, as near as I could estimate, and I at once called a meeting of the Fish Mongers' Association here in New York, in order to get the general sentiment. They all looked upon the matter as I had, and believed that the change must have been brought about by somebody having malicious intent, or who was wholly ignorant of the laws governing fisheries. I also wrote to my colleagues and at the same time tried to find out who instigated the change. I found that it had been passed at the wish of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence, a pleasure club. I received letters from the other Commissioners, who had come to the same conclusion as myself on the subject, that is, that this Anglers' Association, with an eye to the protection of fish in the lakes and other waters of this State, had ignorantly or carelessly given such wording to the measure that a literal reading of it would not only have bearing upon the striped bass in the waters within the State, but also govern striped bass indigenous to waters outside of the State. I wrote to the Anglers' Association to ascertain their intention, and received the following reply from the secretary:

ALBANY, July 2, 1883.

Eugene G. Blackford, New York State Fish Commissioner:

DEAR SIR—The striped bass referred to in the law means the fresh-water striped bass and no other. This fish has what may be called lateral stripes, which run around the body, and is entirely different from the others. The question was raised while the bill was before the Senate and it was distinctly understood that it was the fresh-water fish, and nothing else, which was intended by the law.

* * * * * *

In the game law which has been in force since 1879 striped bass has been constantly mentioned in connection with the other fresh-water game fish. Under the old law it was illegal to have it in possession. We have never had any doubts as to the meaning of the old law, that it was illegal to have it in possession during the closed season, but in amending the law on some other points we merely made the law more clear, and in doing so mentioned precisely the same fish that were mentioned in the old law.

I sincerely regret that it is causing you and other honorable dealers any trouble or worry, but you will see that there is no reason for it, and if there was our association cannot be held responsible, for as to this part of the new law it was the old one re-enacted. Yours very truly,

W. W. BYINGTON.

"By this," continued Commissioner Blackford, "it was clear that the law did not intend that the importation of salt-water

striped bass should be in any way interfered with, but only that the catching or exposing for sale of fresh-water striped bass should be prohibited between the twentieth day of May and the first day of the following January, and acting upon this knowledge we commissioners so read the law and have so enforced it, feeling confident that should a case concerning this matter be carried to court the interpretation would not be the letter of the law, but the intention of the law makers. It would have done an immense damage to this market if the salt-water bass had been excluded, for we would not only have missed the fish here, but have seen them placed on the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets. As for the fresh-water striped bass, probably not so many come to the New York market during the whole year as come in one day in the season of the Southern salt-water bass. At the next sitting of the Legislature the Fish Commissioners will try and have this difficulty cleared up. As to the remark in the foregoing letter, that after all the Anglers' Association had in this amendment but reiterated the old law, though that might not have been questioned, let me say that this is not true. The only statement there is a prohibition of the catching, selling or exposing for sale of a striped bass weighing less than half a pound.

"We have also had some difficulty with regard to brook trout. Hitherto the closed season has been from the first day of September to the first day of May, thus restricting the time of fishing one month more than under the old law. But this is not all. From this restriction both Queens and Suffolk counties have immunity, and though a man may not find a brook trout in a New York or Brooklyn market during the month of April he may go into Queen or Suffolk counties and eat all he wants. This law is in plain black and white and we have to enforce it, though it will probably cost the New York market alone $25,000. The month of April has been our great month for brook trout, and more business was done than at any other time. Such a law must be detrimental to fish dealing interests all over the State. The Fish Commissioners are against this amendment also, and we will endeavor to have it abolished and the old time law reinstated.

"With the exception of these two points everything seems to be working well within the jurisdiction of the State Fish Commissioners. The fish hatching station at Cold Spring, L. I., where Mr. Fred Mather is in charge, is turning out very satisfactorily. Between eight and nine millions of young fish were hatched and sent out to all points of the State last year. The varieties included salmon, land-locked salmon, brook trout, shad and frost fish. Work on the same line will not only be pushed next year, but a new feature will be introduced, that is, the hatching of cod's eggs. The only place where this has been done successfully has been at the United States Fish Commissioners' Station at Wood's Holl, Massachusetts, where the result was very gratifying. We have tried the experiment at Cold Spring, but failed, owing to causes which can doubtless be obviated this time. The eggs before were not fresh, having been carried about a long time before they were sent to the hatchery. A sloop will be specially chartered for this trial, and sent out about November, when the fish are likely to be in prime condition. The boat will start at Sandy Hook and run east along the south side of Long Island. When the eggs are procured they will be quickly transported to the station, and put immediately under treatment. As each cod yields several millions of eggs, it will not require the spawn of a great many fish to make the trial."

The Striped Basses.—Hon. E. D. Potter gave a lecture on these fishes before the Toledo Fishing Club. We extract the following: "The fishes embraced in this family—*Family labracidæ*—(the bass) are very numerous, but as few of them inhabit our Western waters, I will briefly notice a few with which I am acquainted. First—*Roccus lineatus* (striped bass or rock fish) is a marine fish entering rivers and bays on the Atlantic coast. He may be known by his silvery hue and six to eight dark, longitudinal bands along the sides. They are taken with seines in great abundance in the Potomac in the spring of the year. During the summer and fall they are taken with hook and line, baited with herring or other small fishes, and will not refuse a crawfish, lobster or frog. They are vigorous biters, and show all the game an angler may desire. They were formerly abundant at the falls of the Potomac above Georgetown, D. C., where their average weight was about three or four pounds, sometimes running as high as twenty-five pounds. Mr. Webster, Mr. Crampton, British Minister; and Baron Stoeckle, Russian Minister; often resorted hither for recreation. The last time I visited this place the party consisted of Messrs. Justice Nelson and Grier, of the Supreme Court, and Gov. Seymour of New York. We took an early start, Dexter, of the National Hotel, Washington, furnishing the supplies. Justice Grier was an ardent fisherman, Justice Nelson and Gov. Seymour preferred the shade surrounding a beautiful spring of water, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, where our headquarters had been established. I cannot brag much on our success in fishing. I remember I hooked a very large bass that took a shear and entered the rapids, carrying away upward of fifty yards of valuable line, which I have every reason to believe he or she (as the case may be) carried to the ocean in a hurry, for the fish was going at a very rapid gait in that direction at last accounts. Second—*Roccus chrysops*, striped lake bass, or white bass, silvery, with half a dozen dark longitudinal stripes. Morone, white bass—1st, *Morone americana*, white perch, faintly striped, found along the Atlantic coast in abundance; 2d, *Morone interrupta*, short striped bass, silvery with interrupted dark stripes, found in the Mississippi and southward. They are best taken with small minnows, but will accommodate the worm fishermen. They seldom weigh one pound."

Rules for the Tournament.—Since you have published that the committees for the coming casting tournament would be ready to receive suggestions, etc., allow me to offer the following: Why not make the minnow casting for black bass as near akin to actual fishing as is practicable, the same as is done in the fly-casting competitions? One thing is casting a sinker hanging within one or two inches of the end of the rod, another casting the same accompanied by leaders and hooks and as often used hung so that it cannot be reeled up closer than three or four feet from the tip end of the rod. I for one, not only would like this change made, but also the one suggested by Prof. Mayer in regard to substituting a wooden minnow for the ½oz. lead, and for that matter, why not a live minnow? Kindly accept this as an open letter to the proper committee, and if acceptable give it room in your columns, that others may be encouraged in expressing their opinions.—Brooklynite.

Remarkable Catches.—A writer in *Land and Water* tells the following: An angler was telling me the other day that he caught a good pike by whipping a pool with a dead sparrow affixed to a flight of hooks. I could not say him nay, for had he told that his bait had been a mousetrap, or the sole of an old boot, I should have concluded that it was just within the bounds of possibility where such a voracious rascal as *Esox lucius* was concerned. An Irishman once told me that he and a friend had been spinning a famous lake in his native country where the pike ran very large indeed, and that quite at the close of the day the bait ran out. The friend who was with him, a certain Lord Buzzy Parker—(I have looked, by the bye, through Debrett, and found no trace of the family)—saw a very heavy pike strike among some weeds, and then, lo! there was not a solitary bait left in the can. "Bedad, I have it," cries my Lord Buzzy, and he suddenly whipped off his little brown scratch wig," said Fitzgerald, "rowled it round a flight of books, and wid two brass buttons off his waistcoat for the eyes, and a bit of rope for a tail, he made a water rat with it. At the very first cast Buzzy had him, and after the divel's own fight he pulled him ashore, and that pike weighed noienty-six pounds—he did, by my soul, and faith, I had a greatcoat made out uv his skin."

Greenwood Lake.—This famous spot for bass fishing still maintains the leading attractions for the lovers of black bass. Mr. H. Folsom has just returned from a day's fishing there, and in about five hours' time caught seventeen black bass, weighing a trifle over 37 pounds, the largest of which turned the scale at 6¼ pounds, being the largest bass taken in that lake this year. Mr. Folsom also carried off the prize last year by taking one of 7¾ pounds. The Fuller House has been opened this year at the lower end of the lake, being right in the center of the best fishing and directly opposite where the above fish were caught. To reach it, stop at Cooper Station, Greenwood Lake, N. J.

Claimed in Canada.—"Spalding's hammered trolling spoon" is advertised by a Brooklyn man in Forest and Stream as "something new for anglers," and it is announced that a patent is applied for. The bait in question may be "something new" in the metropolis of the United States, but it is nothing new in what is understood to be the backwoods of Canada. Mr. DeLany has made spoon baits identically the same in Orillia for some thirteen years, and first put them on the market at Cobourg four years before that time. Thousands of them have been sold by Mr. DeLany to Americans, many of whom must read Forest and Stream.—*Orillia (Ont.) Packet.*

Fish Killed by Lighting.—A gentleman living at Caldwell, Tex., had an iron pipe leading from a spring into a pond. This was recently struck by lightning and every living thing in the pond was killed. After the storm he found black bass, perch, catfish, gars, minnows and frogs dead all all over the pond. He immediately went to Austin and procured a stock of carp from Mr. Lubbock and has planted them with faith in the adage that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

Bass in the Susquehanna.—Athens, Pa., Sept. 21.—Bass fishing here has been poor for the last month, as the heavy rains have raised the Susquehanna River and kept it muddy; but now it is clear, and the fishermen are making up lost time by catching a great many. Most of these are small and should be thrown back, some not six inches long are carried home. This spoils good bass fishing and should be stopped.—Park.

Bass about Philadelphia.—The coming month of October is the season *par excellence* around Philadelphia for bass fishing, and more fish will be taken from the Upper Schuylkill in the next four weeks than in the whole summer and spring. Minnows after all seem to be the best bait.—Homo.

Fishculture.

FISH COMMISSIONERS.

Forest and Stream presents its annual list of the Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries of the different Provinces, States and Territories of North America. The list has been revised and corrected to October, 1885:

Dominion of Canada—
[We cannot learn that any appointment has been made to the office vacated by Mr. W. F. Whitcher two years ago.]

Province of New Brunswick—
W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, St. John.

Province of Nova Scotia—
W. H. Rogers, Inspector, Amherst.

Province of Prince Edward's Island—
J. H. Duvar, Inspector, Alberton.

Province of British Columbia—
A. C. Anderson, Victoria.

The United States—
Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

Alabama—
Col. D. R. Hundley, Huntsville.
Hon. Charles S. G. Doster, Prattville.

Arizona—
J. J. Gosper, Prescott.
Richard Rule, Tombstone.
J. H. Taggart, Business Manager, Yuma.

Arkansas—
James H. Hornibrook, Little Rock.
H. H. Rottaken, Little Rock.

California—
R. H. Buckingham, President, Washington.
A. B. Dibble, Secretary and Treasurer, Grass Valley.
J. D. Redding, San Francisco.

Colorado—
John Pierce, Denver.

Connecticut—
Dr. Wm. M. Hudson, Hartford.
Robert G. Pike, Middletown.
James A. Bill, Lyme.

Delaware—
Enoch Moore, Wilmington. (Term expires April 23, 1887.)

Georgia—
Hon. J. T. Henderson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Atlanta.
Dr. H. H. Cary, Supt. of Fisheries, LaGrange.
(Under the laws of the State these two constitute the Board of Fish Commissioners.)

Illinois—
N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago.
S. P. Bartlett, Secretary, Quincy.
Maj. Geo. Brenning, Centralia.

Indiana—
Enos B. Reed, Indianapolis. (Term expires in 1887.)

Iowa—
A. W. Aldrich, Anamosa.
A. A. Mosher, Spirit Lake.

Kansas—
S. Fee, Wamego.

Kentucky—
Wm. Griffith, President, Louisville.
P. H. Darby, Princeton.
John B. Walker, Madison.
Hon. C. J. Walton, Munfordville.
Hon. John A. Steele, Versailles.
W. C. Price, Danville.
Dr. W. Van Antwerp, Mt. Sterling.
Hon. J. M. Chambers, Independence, Kenton Co.
A. H. Goble, Catlettsburg.
J. H. Mallory, Bowling Green.

Maine—
E. M. Stilwell, Bangor, } Commissioners of Fish
Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield, } and Game.
B. W. Counce, Thomaston, Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries.

Maryland—
G. W. Delawder, Oakland.
Dr. E. W. Humphries, Salisbury.

Massachusetts—
E. A. Brackett, Winchester.
F. W. Putnam, Cambridge.
E. H. Lathrop, Springfield.

Michigan—
Dr. J. C. Parker, Grand Rapids.
John H. Bissell, Detroit.
Herschel Whitaker, Detroit.
(W. D. Marks, Superintendent, Paris.)
(A. J. Kellogg, Secretary, Detroit.)

Minnesota—
1st District—Daniel Cameron, La Crescent.
2d District—Wm. M. Sweney, M. D., Red Wing.
3d District - Robt. Ormsby Sweeny, President, St. Paul.
(S. S. Watkins, Superintendent, Red Wing).

Missouri—
J. G. W. Steedman, 2803 Pine street, St. Louis.
John Reid, Lexington.
Vacancy.

Nebraska—
W. L. May, Fremont.
R. R. Livingston, Plattsmouth.
B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha.

Nevada—
Hon. Hubb G. Parker, Carson City.

New Hampshire—
George W. Riddle, Manchester.
Luther Hayes, Milton.
E. B. Hodge, Plymouth.
(E. B. Hodge, Superintendent.)

New Jersey—
Richard S. Jenkins, Camden.
William Wright, Newark.
F. M. Ward, Newton.

New York—
Hon. R. Barnwell Roosevelt, President, 17 Nassau street, New York.
Gen. Richard U. Sherman, Secretary, New Hartford, Oneida County.
Eugene G. Blackford, 809 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn.
William H. Bowman, Rochester.
(Superintendents: Seth Green, Rochester; Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor; Monroe A. Green, Mumford, Monroe county; F. A. Walters, Bloomingdale, Essex county.)

North Carolina—
M. McGehee, Raleigh.
Logan Terrell, Assistant, Raleigh.

Ohio—
Col. L. A. Harris, President, Cincinnati.
George Daniels, Sandusky.
James Dority, Toledo.
(Henry Douglass, Supt., Sandusky.)

Pennsylvania—
John Gay, President, Greensburg.
H. H. Derr, Secretary, Wilkesbarre.
Arthur Maginnis, Swift Water, Monroe county.
A. M. Spangler, Corresponding Secretary, Philadelphia.
Aug. Duncan, Treasurer, Chambersburg.
Charles Porter, Corry.

Rhode Island—
John H. Barden, Rockland.
Henry T. Root, Providence.
Col. Amos Sherman, Woonsocket.

South Carolina—
Hon. A. P. Butler, Columbia, Commissioner of Agriculture.
C. J. Huske, Columbia, Superintendent of Fisheries.
(These two constitute the Fish Commission.)

Tennessee—
W. W. McDowell, Memphis.
H. H. Sneed, Chattanooga.
Edward D. Hicks, Nashville.

Vermont—
Hiram A. Cutting, Lunenburgh.
Herbert Brainerd, St. Albans.

Virginia—
Col. Marshall McDonald, Berryville.

West Virginia—
C. S. White, President, Romney.
N. M. Lowry, Secretary, Hinton.
F. J. Baxter, Treasurer, Braxton Court House.
(Terms expire June 1, 1889).

Wisconsin—
The Governor, *ex officio*.
Philo Dunning, President, Madison.
C. L. Valentine, Secretary and Treasurer, Janesville.
J. V. Jones, Oshkosh.
A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee.
Mark Douglass, Melrose.
C. Hutchinson, Beetown.
(James Nevin, Superintendent, Madison.)

Wyoming Territory—
Dr. M. C. Barkwell, Chairman, Cheyenne.
Otto Gramm, Secretary, Laramie.
N. L. Andrews, Buffalo, Johnson county.
E. W. Bennett, Warm Springs, Carbon county.
P. J. Downs, Evanston, Uinta county.
T. W. Quinn, Lander, Sweetwater county.

SUCCESSFUL OYSTER CULTURE.

This summer, by direction of Mr. E. G. Blackford, member of the Board of Fish Commissioners of Fisheries of New York, and in special charge of the Oyster Investigation, I began some experiments in the artificial propagation of oysters at the hatchery under my charge at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. The trial was made under two different conditions and was successful in each.

One experiment was made in a wooden tank 12 feet long, 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep. This was of two-inch pine plank coated with coal-tar and supplied with sea water through

hree half-inch rubber tubes from a reservoir upon the hill where it is pumped by a hot-air engine. The bottom of the tank was covered with shells and gravel, and shells were suspended on strings across the tank. On the latter there was no "set," but on the shells and gravel on the bottom many were caught. The temperature in the tank ranged from July 8 to Aug. 31, from 69 to 73 degrees Fahr., standing most of the time about 71 degrees. The density of the water being from 1.017 to 1.020, and standing steadily at the latter figure from July 18 to the close of the season named. At that time, Sept. 1, it was necessary to remove the pipes, clean and tar them for the coming work with cod eggs, and the young oysters were removed to the great pond mentioned below. They were then one fourth of an inch in diameter.

The other trial was made in our large salt-water pond which has a flood-gate to hold the water at low tide, and from which we pump. This pond is some 280 feet long, 125 feet wide, and about 4 feet deep. Ten bushels of scallop (*Pecten*) shells were spread on the bottom and hung on strings. The swimming spat was put in at the flood-gate while the tide was flowing in and thus scattered over the pond. On Sept. 19 the pond was drawn down and a splendid set was visible, both on the bottom shells and also on those suspended. On the latter there was a set as high as three feet from the bottom, but the lower ones showed more specimens. The following is from the journal kept by my foreman, Mr. F. A. Walters:

July 1—Received first lot of oysters, opened one bushel, found 17 ripe females and 1 ripe male; took spawn from these. After 9 hours, as there was no sign of life, considered not good.

July 4—From ⅓ bushel, 9 females, 3 males, melt not active, no sign of life after 10 hours.

July 5—From ⅓ bushel, 11 females, 1 male. Three hours after taking spawn young were swimming, put in tank.

July 9—Put in tank 3 pans of spawn.

July 10—From 200 oysters 175 were ripe females, 18 not spawning and 7 partly ripe males; had to lose all.

July 11—From 80 oysters 60 ripe females, 4 unripe males, and 16 not spawning.

July 14—Cleaned tank.

July 16—Ground gate of salt pond had to be taken out owing to a leak, poor tides followed, pond did not fill for five days, could not pump and consequently no circulation in tank for that time.

July 20—Opened 70 oysters, found 20 ripe males, 30 females and 20 not spawning. Took two pans of spawn at 10:20 A. M., swimming at 2 P. M., put in salt pond.

July 22—Put spawn from 200 in salt pond.

July 26—Cleaned tank, could find no set.

July 28—Put in pond 4 pans of spawn in good order.

July 31—Put in tank 4 pans of spawn, the best lot taken.

August 11—Cleaned tank, and put in spawn from 1 bushel oysters.

August 20—Discovered set in tank.

September 8—Cleaned tank, found a number of shells and about a peck of gravel with sets on, but all dead. There were no sets on the hanging shells; the reason for this, I think, is owing to lack of current, which should be quite strong, there is more danger of getting too little than too much. Lowered salt pond.

Sept. 19—Found a good set, the hanging shells had sets 3 feet from the bottom, but the shells on the bottom did the best.

FRED MATHER.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—The new hatchery in the Adirondack region is nearly completed and will be ready for work this fall. It is situated on the outlet of Little Clear Pond, between the Upper Saranac and Upper St. Regis lakes, on the road from Bloomingdale to the Prospect House. Mr. F. A. Walters, for some years an employee of the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery, has been placed in charge of the work. It is expected to work with the eggs of trout, lake trout and frost fish.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1, 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association. H. Anderson, Secretary, Dayton, O.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 7, 8 and 9.—Dog Show of the York County Agricultural Society. Entries close Sept. 28. A. C. Krueger, Superintendent, Wrightsville, Pa.

Oct. 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for Derby close May 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2704.**

FIELD DOGS AND FIELD TRIAL DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not wish those who compliment me by glancing over this article to suppose that I wish to make myself intrusive, to claim any original thought as far as the arguments in this article are concerned, or to think that I wish to place myself upon a pinnacle of authority regarding either field dogs or field trial dogs. The object which prompts me to take up my pen is not one of interference, not prompted by any spirit of rivalry, but upon the other hand, is put forward with the sincere hope that it may possibly be appreciated by at least a few sportsmen, if not by the vast majority of dog breeders throughout the length and breadth of our country.

Before entering directly upon the theme of this article, I do not think it out of place to briefly comment upon the utter uselessness of attempting to justly decide field trials, or rather the field qualities of contesting dogs, before at least partially revolutionizing the questionable system of scoring which is in vogue to-day. The fact that dogs, as with other living creatures, do not behave equally upon different days, of course cannot at all interfere with their judging. It is the merit of the dog as he behaves while being judged that can alone convince a judge of his worth, but to set a dog down in the field as I have seen judges order, and in the short space of one half hour decide justly as to his field qualities is beyond the power of the most astute men associations can appoint as their judges. Like men, dogs are characterized by temperaments, which rule their existence, characterizing them in their kennels or at their work. They are constituted of a harmoniously working organic system, one system predominating in one dog, while another will in another dog, thus stamping them with their various differences, so that we actually see in our domestic friends a proportionate variation as their qualities or characteristics may differ.

One dog enters the field in that sedate manner which age has awarded him, and which caution has prompted him to assume. He fortunately finds at once his covey of birds, does his work among them and under the gun without apparent fault, and is awarded meritoriously over his antagonist, who in the vigor and impulsiveness of a stronger physical constitution acts more rashly. The former dog may have completed his day's work; he did it well, but there was very little of it, while the latter dog actually requires two or three hours, work to relieve him of his surplus energy, and then only is he in a condition to act as well as the former dog ever did. The former dog may be of the proper species but, that does not say that he is a field dog. The latter dog as a field dog in every sense of the word, may be his superior from all points of view, except for the first few moments of their run, when we can or must excuse surplus energy, for it is a condition over which we have or he has no immediate control. No dog's field qualities can be judged under short or stinted time.

Are the scoring points in field trials of the National American Kennel Club, strictly speaking, just from all points of view? Inaugurating field trials for the express purpose of advancing the standard of field dogs, should "style" enter into their work as a meritorious quality? Does the dude who travels in our own midst bear a strong reputation for his work? Some of our most thorough workmen who stand before their respective benches, are the least stylish of their fellow men; the greatest thinkers that this world has ever produced and whose work she has profited by were notoriously plain, silent, unpretentious, progressive men. Style is the result of an emotion—variety cloaked in a more or less brilliant garb. The other and only necessary elements of a field dog may be found absent in many stylish ones. I hope that none of you will smile at the likeness which I attempt to draw of the emotions of two animals, a man and a dog; that emotion vanity, resulting in style, will be found a remarkable trait of local rivalry so far down in the scale of animal life as in many species of fowl and variety of birds.

Those scoring points "pace" and "ranging" may be much simplified, "quartering" and "retrieving" consolidated under the head of "advantages." "False pointing" in young unbroken or partially broken dogs for very obvious reasons is an advantage.

I must profess myself incapable of proposing a scoring table which would be practically perfect in the hand of any one judge, to say nothing of different appointees, unless perhaps it consists alone of "physical qualities" and "acquired habits." I have seen dogs who were largely hunted upon wild birds in the fall, voluntarily acquire the habit of "heading them off" and "flushing them toward the gun;" for example, after pointing a covey of running birds, and after leading you to where he stood, he would leave his point, "head them off" and stop the running covey, a trait which in a field dog is invaluable and yet one which one cannot easily train him to adopt. Such a trait in a field dog should receive higher credit than their natural staunchness, for it exhibits an amount of intelligence and train of reason in them very pleasant for us to contemplate. I do think that the dog breeders, who have hitherto proven themselves so loyal to their pursuit in life, should meet and by their united efforts reassert their supremacy to this existing and very apparent inefficiency in the manner of scoring at trials.

Before briefly discussing field trials, allow me to attempt to criticise the qualities of field dogs. Of show dogs, so far as the hunter is concerned, I care nothing and consequently entirely overlook them. Let us inquire into the essential elements of the various dogs which will answer our purposes in the field. The pointer and the setter—two species closely allied from a natural standpoint—compose the true field dogs of the sportsman. They must be possessed of certain characteristics necessary to our wants, strongly affectionate, yet not of a fawning disposition, still obedient and submissive to their masters' will, with nervous energy enough to render his senses keen, and prompt a fully developed muscular system to that energy necessary for him to accomplish his work, are the primary requisites necessary to all hunters, whether pointer or setter. If a breeder overlook the primary essentials necessary in the breeding of field dogs, while aiming at the development of a peculiarity, any one can most readily see the natural consequence. Is it toward such a standard that our breeders are unanimously aiming? I think not, for I find many of them endeavoring more ardently to secure the trophies and honors of field trial tests rather than breed actually good field dogs. What then are these so-called field trial dogs? They are dogs bred for that purpose, and entries which actually stand a greater chance of winning under such a test than does a field dog. Small in limb, with a proportionately undeveloped muscular system, comparatively of small size, with the physical appearance of hereditary inaptitude. They are dogs which are physically incapable of withstanding hard work, and consequently lack the first and gravest quality necessary to a field dog, stamina. Upon the other hand, to at least partially offset this condition, we find dogs with tremendously developed nervous systems, bright, intelligent, acute dogs, bearing unexampled noses; in other words, dogs which have been bred "to nose" at the expense of their physical conditions, and as a result, dogs inferior in finding birds, yet promptitude itself in pointing them when found.

Had I to choose between a dog with an inferior nose, and one with an inferior physical constitution, each dog's other qualities except the ones named being good, for a field dog I would be obliged to choose the former, for I would then be in possession of a dog who would at least show me that birds were somewhere in my district of the country, notwithstanding his blunders after having found them. When one hunts, whether it be for pleasure or for a living, he can always more easily procure his birds after he knows their whereabouts, than he can primarily find them. Had I to choose under such circumstances, I would want a dog who would occasionally raise a feather before the gun, not one that I would have to find birds for in order to witness him point them, no matter how gracefully he could accomplish the feat. I make these remarks simply that I may demonstrate that the "staying" qualities or "stamina" in a field dog is really of more vital importance than is his sense of smell; and now I shall endeavor to prove that the dog who is bred "to nose" at the expense of his remaining economy actually "loses his nose," and under hard work it early becomes inferior to that of his brother who possesses a perfect system.

Unless great care and unlimited study is indulged in by those breeding dogs according to a very simple natural law, breeders will find themselves, by methodical selection, unconsciously breeding their dogs toward the development of some particular and peculiar advantage, and doing so at the expense of some other system of the dog. For example, dogs are now being unconsciously bred "to nose" at the expense of their general economy. That organ of the nervous system hereditarily and also most cultivated which predominates in these dogs are the olfactory bulbs of their nose. They receive the greatest blood supply and in their developed condition naturally support the greatest circulation of blood. Now, the moment that a dog increases the number of heart beats and otherwise excites the circulation by muscular exertion, that moment do the other organs of his body also receive a greater blood supply. The tension of the circulation is heightened and the capillaries become less capable of resisting its force. The dog "loses his nose," as the experienced sportsman says; it becomes congested with the quickened circulation and the dog finds himself less capable of appreciating scents wafted to his nostrils. He begins to flush birds and his attitude of very apparent surprise when they raise from his immediate neighborhood is ample evidence that he had no indication of their presence. Now, the greater the proportional size of a dog's olfactory organs, as compared with the remainder of his economy, the greater must proportionately be the congestion to which they are subject under the above circumstances; and, again, with a given amount of work the faster must be the blood circulation and supply proportionately as the dog is inferior constitutionally, and consequently the greater must be the congestion of his nose from this latter cause. Just upon the same principle which requires a great brain-worker to be supported by a strong constitution, in order for him to withstand for any length of time the wear of his work without rest, so exactly does a dog necessarily require a strong physical system in order to undergo his work and fortify his nose against congestion.

Those dogs so carefully bred, as above stated, for field trial purposes, must again be more liable to succumb from the effects of disease; with the heightened development of the nervous apparatus (throughout the entire scale of animal life) does disease assume a more complicated type, and with a degenerative, or rather retrograded condition of the physical economy, these diseases must assume a proportionately more grave aspect.

Thus we have field dogs and field trial dogs, each, although of the same species, differing from the other as black differs from white. Let the dog breeders of our land once attempt to act otherwise; let them attempt to bury rivalry, and some individual among them of a less mental caliber than the others will steal the prizes and the honors which they seek. They cannot afford to do it so long as the present system of marking remains in vogue at field trials, and consequently they will go on breeding toward the advantage "of nose," until they finally find themselves in possession of a sort of "poodle" whose "nose" will surprise the huntsmen of the past, and whose field qualities will be next to useless.

UU.

MILWAUKEE DOG SHOW.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show has been all the success that the Milwaukeeans anticipated. It has paid expenses, and more, too. Our mutual friend, Jno. D. Olcott, has managed the show to the decided satisfaction of all. The quality of the dogs was good. The judging gave satisfaction. Following are the awards in full:

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, Chas. F. Winkler's Sandy; 2d, Mrs. A. J. Richter's Dash McD. Very high com., Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Ilford Cromwell II. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. A. J. Richter's Renee; 2d, Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Dolly Vardee II.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—1st, Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Otto II.; 2d, Lewis Bohme's Young Kaiser. Very high com., Mohawk Kennels' Tell. *Bitches:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Noma; 2d, Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Abbess II. *Puppies:* 1st, Mohawk Kennels' Jumbo.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, S. S. McCuen's Miro; 2d, Carl Thomas's Baron. Very high com., C. Salcner's Jumbo.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Geo. S. Parvin's Major.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. C. Hooker's Trump. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Hooker's Juno.

GREAT DANES.—1st, August Trinkle's Brock; 2d, Paul Merker's Pluto. High com., O. J. Hansen's Pluto, F. E. Weeks' Solo III., Albert Blatz's Cæsar and Paul Merker's Flora.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—1st, C. T. Bradley's Dash; 2d, Coleman's London. Very high com., A. K. Delaney's Dan D. and Frank Whitten's Hero. High com., Geo. H. Hill's Don Gladstone. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. W. A. Collins's Pickles; 2d, Geo. A. Hill's Clara F. Very high com., D. Stone's Lady Pearl. Com., Geo. H. Hill's Minetta.—*PUPPIES—Bitches:* 1st, Frank Whitten's Mabel.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st, W. A. Van Brunt's Moss; 2d, withheld.

IRISH SETTERS.—EXTRA CHAMPION—J. A. J. Sprague's Brush.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Collins's Kaiser; 2d, B. E. Sivyer's Bob. Very high com., L. Weil's Sport. Com., ——'s Hector. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. J. Sprague's Lorraine; 2d, P. Thomas's Gypsey. Very high com., H. Schuber 's Weil's. High com., L. Weil's Cora. Com., W. A. Collins's Zulu. *Puppies:* 1st, F. B. Rice's Larry Thorn. Very high com., F. F. Merrill's Rowena.

POINTERS.—CHAMPION—*Bitch:* B. F. Seitner's Lady Croxteth.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, B. F. Seitner's Rapp and Tippecanoe. High com., F. B. Rice's Royal Croxteth. *Bitches:* Badger State Kennels' Birdie; 2d, B. F. Seitner's Lass. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Badger State Kennels' Lady Snow and Commodore.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHAMPION—A. J. Cooper's Storm.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Roe's Mack. *Bitches:* 1st, Frank Whittin's Gipsey; 2d, D. Corcoran's Catch Fly.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, Geo. W. Kierstead's Nan.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, J. A. Roche's Fan II.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk, Hornell Jack and Little Van. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Flora and Hornell Bell. Very high com., —— Rose

BEAGLES.—1st and 2d, Chas. Swein's Minnie and Marjory. Very high com., Wm. Swain's Blossom and Violet II.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, Wm. Loeffler's Waldmann II.; 2d, J. Van DeWefen's Bergmann. Very high com., Geo. Poppert's Goethe. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Poppert's Juliette; 2d, Mohawk Kennels' Waldine III. Very high com., O'Hearn & Sanglaub's Flory.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Munson's Gorse. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. W. Munson's Venom III. and Orange Girl.

COLLIES.—CHAMPION—J. A. Long's Rob Roy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st., J. A. Long's Clifton Hero; 2d., V. S. Kennedy's Prince Charles. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d J. Kidston's Prep. *Puppies:* 1st, Bruce.

BULLDOGS.—Prizes withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, C. E. Feller's Joker; 2d, H. Russell's Lill. Very high com., J. Callahan's Jumbo.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st, Henry Muss's Lady; 2d, W. C. Kneeslor's Venus. Very high com., S. J. Caro's Topsey.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John H. Naylor's Whinstone; 2d, A. Blatz's Scoppie. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, John H. Naylor's Rosie and Scotland Yet.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Bonnie Briton. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansy.

PUGS—CHAMPION—*Dog:* Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Joe. *Bitch:* Mohawk Kennels' Judy III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. C. S. Cumming's Colonel; 2d, Mrs. Edward Bradley's Bijou. Very high com., Miss Lizzie Plankinton's Fred. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss Lizzie Plankinton's Punch; 2d, Mrs. C. S. Cumming's Durkey. High com., H. Oelrich's Miss Georgie D.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Prizes withheld.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, H. Oelrich's Prince; 2d, S. J. Caro's Topsy. High com., G. A. Oberman's Nellie and Louis P. Best's Puppy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, H. Giles's Lillie.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st, R. W. Holmes's Milwaukee Charlie; 2d, Julia M. Stevens's Mary Anderson.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Van Brunt's Driver; 2d, J. M. Shaffer's Music. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Naylor's Lady Stewart; 2d, H. E. Cook's Spotty. Very high com., J. M. Shaffer's Lead.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, W. H. Thurston's Mack. Very high com., J. E. McLaughlin's Dick and A. M. Grau's Gipsey.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, C. F. Winkler's Sandy.
Best St. Bernard, Coughcura Medicine Co.'s Otto II.
Best Newfoundland, S. S. McCuen's Miro. Best Newfoundland owned in Milwaukee, C. Thomas's Baron.
Best greyhound, G. S. Parvin's Major.
Best deerhound, J. C. Hooker's Trump.
Best Great Dane, A. Trinkle's Brock.
Best English setter (two), Mrs. W. A. Collins's Pickles. Best English setter puppy, Frank Whittin's Mabel.
Best Gordon setter, W. A. Van Brunt's Mop.
Best Irish setter, J. A. J. Sprague's Brush. Best dog in open class,

W. A. Collins's Kaiser; best bitch, J. A. J. Sprague's Lorraine; best puppy, Mrs. F. B. Rice's Lairy Thorn.

Best pointer, B. F. Seitner's Rapp; best bitch with two of her progeny, B. F. Seitner's Lass with Rapp and Lilly Bang; best kennel, B. F. Seitner; best bitch owned in Wisconsin, Badger State Kennels' Lady Snow; best dog owned in Milwaukee, F. B. Rice's Royal Croxteth; best puppy, Badger State Kennels' Lady Snow.

Best Irish water spaniel dog, A. J. Cooper's Storm; best bitch, F. Whittin's Gipsey.

Best Chesapeake Bay, Geo. W. Kierstead's Nan.

Best field spaniel, J. A. Roche's Fan II.

Best kennel cocker spaniels, Hornell Spaniel Club; best cocker spaniel, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk.

Best beagle, Chas. Swein's Mimic.

Best fox-terrier, J. W. Munson's Venom III.; best kennel, J. W. Munson.

Best dachshund, Wm. Loeffler's Waldman II.

Best collie, J. A. Long's Clifton Hero; best pair in best condition, B. F. Lewis; best puppy, T. C. Swan's Bruce.

Best bull-terrier, C. E. Feller's Joker; best in Milwaukee, H. Russell's Lil.

Best black and tan terrier (two), Henry Muss's Lady.

Best Scotch terrier, J. H. Naylor's Whinstone; best pair, J. H. Naylor's Whinstone and Rosie.

Best Dandie Dinmont, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansy; best pair, Mrs. J. H. Naylor's Pansy and Bonnie Briton.

Best pug, Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Joe; best kennel, Mrs. C. S. Cumming best pair, Miss Lizzie Plankinton's Punch and Fred.

Best toy terrier, H. Oelrich's Prince.

Best King Charles spaniel dog, R. W. Holmes's Milwaukee Charlie; best bitch, Julia M. Stevens's Mary Anderson.

Best in miscellaneous class, W. H. Thurston's Mack.

Best foxhound, John H. Naylor's Lady Stewart.

Best sporting, Mrs. W. A. Collins's Pickles.

Best non-sporting, Mrs. Geo. H. Hill's Joe.

THE KENNEL HOSPITAL.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

THE skin, like all other organs of the body, is liable to injury and disease. Being a complex structure, not a homogeneous layer of tissue, the changes caused in it by disease are very variable, and are recognized by considerable diversities in the symptoms developed. The skin consists of two layers—the outer merely a tough, insensible protective covering; the inner, or true skin, a delicate, sensitive layer, supplied with a perfect network of blood-vessels and nerves. The skin of the dog is studded all over with little pits or follicles from which the hairs are produced. Besides these it contains numerous glands, some of which are perspiratory and some sebacious. The latter secrete an oily material which serves to keep the skin supple and the hair bright, while the former excrete a watery fluid and some of the effete products of the body. It is well known how causes acting directly upon the skin—such for instance, as heat and cold—may affect some of the internal organs. It is equally evident how certain morbid conditions of the internal organs, or of the blood, react prejudicially upon the skin. As the result of disease of liver we have jaundice and the yellow staining of the skin. In distemper the specific poison in the blood gives rise to an eruption on the integument. We have, then, in considering diseases of the skin, to take into consideration its close sympathy with the internal organs and the general health of the body. We have to remember the various distinct structures forming an integral part of the skin, and we must be acquainted with the different kinds of external agents which irritate or otherwise affect it. It is a vascular organ, and therefore liable to disturbances of its circulatory system; it is a sensitive organ, and therefore liable to disturbances of its nervous system. It possesses special functions of excretion and secretion, all or some of which may become interfered with by disease of the organ, while, on the other hand, these functions may, being themselves primarily altered from within, give rise to disease of the skin.

The symptoms of skin disease are many. They differ in their form, arrangement, and position according to the causes giving rise to them, and they are modified in appearance by condition external to the animal. There are certain primary changes in the skin as a result of disease which it is necessary to recognize. These are—redness, stains, pimples, vesicles, pustules, and scales. Redness is simply due to congestion of the blood vessels of the skin, but this may be induced by many different causes. Locally it may result from irritant application, and then we find it circumscribed. As a rule general redness of the skin may be looked upon as evidence of disease due to internal causes, but there is one common condition in which general redness exists as the result of simple external irritation. I refer to that induced by washing with strong alkaline soaps, the ill effects being apparent in white-haired dogs. Redness differs in shade on different parts of the skin, being increased by rubbing and scratching or by the chafing which takes place where folds of skin are in apposition during movement, as seen in the bend of joints, and still more markedly inside the elbows and thighs. Redness may be the only symptom evident, but usually we shall, on careful examination, find other changes which assist us in discovering the cause and determining its significance. Stains are not so important a symptom in the dog, covered as it is by a hairy coating, as in man. Freckles and congenital marks seen in the human object are matters of small importance to the student of skin disease in the dog, but we have other stains which are worth notice. We have accidental stains from dyes and chemicals, and wilful stains caused by the same agents, to disguise or alter the appearance of the animal for show purposes. The detection of these is very difficult at times, but none are permanent, and all can be removed by proper bleaching agents. As the result of injury we have cicatrices of different colors on the skin, and we sometimes find discoloration, of skin and hair as the result of disease — dark shades due to ringworm, and a rusty color from an attack of eczema. In one disease there is a progressive spread of dark discoloration as the result of the growth of a vegetable parasite. The increase and spread of discoloration should be accepted as evidence of parasitic infection. Pimples are small, red, conical eminences, and may result from various causes. When they surround a hair—or, in other words, when a hair passes through them—some special affection of a hair sheath or follicle is suggested. When they arise between the hairs we look for some source of irritation, and frequently find it in the presence of animal parasites. In the absence of parasites, we conclude the pimples are simply due to congestion of the papillæ of the skin, most likely of constitutional origin. Vesicles differ from pimples in not being solid, but containing a clear fluid. They exist in the early stages of skin disease, marked by wet patches or blotches, but are seldom seen, as the scratching accompanying the early stages ruptures them, and allows their contents to escape. Pustules differ from vesicles in containing matter or pus instead of a clear fluid. A pustule, before it arrives at its full development, passes through all the stages of pimple, vesicle and pustule, and we usually find all three, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that if we find pustules fully developed we shall find in the same region others less mature. We have a good instance of pustules in the white-topped eruption of distemper, and I think in only one other disease do we find them in any numbers, viz., follicular mange. Scales are the whitey-gray flakes thrown off by the outer layer of the skin. They are only signs of disease when noticeable in excessive quantity. Any disease which causes congestion of the skin is followed by excessive formation and throwing off of cuticular scales. In such cases it is a result of disease, and ceases with the exciting cause. There are, however, cases in which it exists as the only signs of disease, a condition most often observed in fat puppies. In addition to these primary signs of skin disease, there are other changes of a secondary nature which arise from the continuance or alteration of them. The dog, scratching, ruptures vesicles and pustules, causing their contents to escape and collect on the hair and skin. Pimples, and even sound skin, are made to bleed, and these fluids drying, form crusts or scabs, which are evident in nearly every case, accompanied by much itching. Ulcers seldom appear on the skin of the dog, but in follicular mange they are very diagnostic. They appear as small depressions, having clear cut edges and a fresh raw surface at the bottom. They result from the death of the portion of skin whose site they occupy, and in the case I have mentioned are due to a number of pustules isolating a small portion of the integument. When they heal they form scars which, though small, are permanent, and never again covered by hair. Thickening of skin is not necessarily a sign of long-continued disease. It may appear very rapidly, but is then accompanied by heat and tenderness. It is due to exudation of fluid into the congested skin. In a favorable case this exudation is absorbed, but as the result of continued congestion, or repeated attacks, the fluid may become organized, causing a callous or hard thickening of a more or less permanent nature. Such thickenings are hard, usually dry, and the skin loses a great deal of its sensibility. Along the back, on the elbows, and points of the hocks, are the positions most commonly affected. The tender thickenings, due to recent exudation, are mostly found in the skin of the ears. The dog's skin being covered with hair, many of these changes are not detected until they have been in existence for some time, and often not until they have become much modified. The animal's coat being one of its chief beauties, naturally attracts attention, and thus, quickly suffering from any disease of the skin, it affords a valuable index to the state of that organ. Even before the skin itself shows any special change, the hairy coat may indicate an unhealthy condition. It loses its crispness and brightness, becomes dull, dry, and rusty-looking. It is more easily removed from its sheath. Rapid loss of hair accompanies most skin diseases. In some it is general, in other local, and, roughly speaking, we find that these conditions are indicative of the nature of the disease—general loss of hair being due to constitutional forms, local to parasitic. The effect of loss of hair on the system should be borne in mind. In cold weather the loss of the protective covering may be so great as to cause the death of a dog not otherwise assisted in retaining the heat of the body. The causes of skin disease are many. First, I must mention hereditary tendency. This, of course, applies only to diseases arising from internal causes, chief of which is eczema. In no breed is this hereditary tendency so evident as in St. Bernards and bloodhounds, some strains being never free. Internal disease of liver and stomach is often the cause of irritation of skin, and should always be looked for previous to adopting a course of treatment. Intestinal worms are also a cause, and it is no uncommon event to find a hitherto intractable affection of the skin cease after the expulsion of a tapeworm. Dietetic errors are the most common of all causes, but the use of animal food is not the great evil. Restriction to one article of diet, especially if that be largely farinaceous, is the greatest error. I am bound to add that if a dog be doing daily hard work he seems capable of remaining healthy, so far as the skin is concerned, on any kind of dietary. Poisons in the blood give rise to disease of the skin. We have before referred to the eruption due to the specific distemper poison. Mineral poisons may also cause irritation. Arsenic has a decided effect on the skin and sometimes a most injurious one. But there are poisons of quite a different kind that most frequently injure the skin. Every one who knows anything of the animal body knows that there is a constant waste going on within, and that the materials resulting from the waste tissues must be regularly removed. Some are removed by the kidneys and bowels, some by the lungs and skin. The retention of these materials in the blood causes disease, it may be of the whole body, but most likely of those organs whose duty it is to effect their removal. Want of exercise leads to inactivity of the excreting organs. Add to this dietetic errors of quantity and quality, and we have the causes of more than half the skin diseases of the dog. There are external causes also. Some few may be classified as chemical and mechanical, but the most prevalent are of a parasitic nature. In addition to fleas, lice, and ticks we have three forms of microscopical animals, and two or three forms of fungi which set up definite diseases in the skin of the dog. Each of these will require separate consideration. Before rashly treating a case of skin disease, or what is vaguely called mange, it is necessary to form a correct diagnosis. To do this is far from easy. It may be guessed at, but to be known requires a history of the case, how long it has existed, if it has altered in character, if any other dogs in contact with it have been affected similary, what is the general health of the dog, how it has been fed, etc. We should also take into consideration the effect of any treatment which may have been adopted, the surrounding conditions, the modifications which may have resulted from scratching, from wearing clothing, or a collar, and from any circumstances which may have influenced the dog. Finally, in all cases where a positive diagnosis is urgent, resort should be had to the direct evidence afforded by a microscopic examination of the scurf, crusts, hairs, or secretions of a diseased skin. Of course well-defined cases are diagnosed by a practiced eye without much assistance and with little hesitation, but there are cases which the most experienced can only postively identify after a microscopical examination.—*W. Hunting, F.R.C.V.S., in Land and Water.*

FRAUDULENT PEDIGREES.—Rosendale, Wis., Sept. 21. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Sept. 17, a communication dated Sept. 7, from Mr. C. E. Lewis, of Collingwood, Ontario, Can., in regard to the pointer bitch Fancy and her fraudulent pedigree. I cannot see how Mr. Lewis can justify himself in the sale of said bitch to Mr. Percival, as on July 23, 1885, I received a letter dated at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., from Mr. Lewis, asking for the pedigree of said bitch. I answered July 27, informing him said pedigree was fraudulent—or words to that effect. How ingenious his article, as he says: "Now that I come to think the matter over, it strikes me that I remember seeing something in FOREST AND STREAM about a fraudulent pedigree in which Mr. Miller was interested; but in buying the bitch I never gave the matter a thought, as I considered Mr. Miller a gentleman. Now can it be possible that Mr. Dilley is mistaken a little in this matter? As I understand it, Mr. Coster bred and raised the Croxteth ex Royal Fan litter." I wish to state that Mr. Lewis in his understanding of that, is as badly off, as his memory is treacherous. Mr. W. A. Coster did not breed nor raise that litter, and only had what I shipped to him (a dog, Pride of the Neversink) and a bitch, Cara C., of which Mr. Coster writes, as published by you July 17, 1884, and as it looks to me, how can Mr. Lewis and Mr. Miller justify? The thought "it's just possible that Mr. Dilley might be mistaken," will not do, until he explains his letter of July 23, 1885 (away). There are some things that as strongly resemble as this bitch Fancy does Croxteth. Will you ask Mr. Lewis to explain?—S. B. DILLEY.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show advertised by the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, has been indefinitely postponed owing to a lack of entries. It is not pleasant to make such a confession, but it is better than having exhibitors send their dogs to a beggarly array of almost empty benches, and it is best to be frank about it.—WM. WADE, Secretary pro tem, (Pittsburgh Sept. 22, 1885). [The above was received too late for insertion last week.]

COMPLETE THE RECORDS.—Owners of registered dogs are urged to send in to the *American Kennel Register* notices of all prizes won by each animal since the registry was made, with all other pertinent facts. The records should be completed as early as possible.

EXHIBITORS of registered dogs should not fail to send to the *American Kennel Register* prompt notification of all prize winnings.

BRETON TRADING.—An amusing characteristic of the Breton peasant is related in an article describing Point Aven, a quaint little town of Northern France, which appears in *Outing* for October. We sometimes hear of Yankee farmers driving "hard bargains," but the peasant farmers of Brittany usually indulge in a war of words over so small a matter as the sale of a cow that would seem to indicate imminent bloodshed. After putting the cow through her paces, after the manner of a horse, a dicussion arises as to price, and for quite a while they wrangle over a few cents, neither party being willing to give in. The writer says that at times they waxed so hot that blows were expected, though none were given. At last the would-be purchaser started to walk off in apparent great anger, but he was called back by the owner, who met him with outstretched hand. This denoted that he had given in. A kiss on both cheeks closed the bargain, and the money was handed over. Now what in the world they not have done if instead of a cow it had been a dog?

DEATH OF DOCTOR DUER.—Dr. W. A. Strother, of Lynchburg, Va., has met with the misfortune of losing by death his valuable English setter dog Doctor Duer. He was by Gladstone and out of Frost (Leicester—Victress). He was a capital performer in the field, and did some grand work at the Eastern Field Trials last year. Dr. Strother has our sympathy; we well know how hard it is to obtain so good a dog as Doctor Duer.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—The letter from Mr. Coster in our issue last week, stating that the entries for the Eastern Field Trials would close Nov. 15 was received before the meeting of the club was held, and should have read Oct. 15. This letter was marked to be left out after receiving the one giving the time as Nov. 1, but somehow it was overlooked. The date of closing entries in the All-Aged stake will be Nov. 1.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

JIM, Fort Bowie.—What is good for ticks in a dog's ear? My dog is bothered a great deal by them; I think one ear is festered a little. I have used sweet oil, but that does not give him any relief. Ans. your dog probably has canker. For this the bromo-chloral and laudanum mixture is the best. The proportions are one dram of each to the ounce of water. Drop into the ears three or four times. You do not give us enough particulars.

A. C. G., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—A setter dog, three years old, has tape worm. The dog seems to feel all right except that he is quite thin, and has had about six feet of the worm drawn from him. Ans. You must diet your dog on milk only for three days, giving as little as possible. On the second day of the fast give a teaspoonful of fluid extract of filix mas or male fern, or ten drops of oil of worm seed on sugar. Repeat this dose after two hours, and at evening give a tablespoonful of castor oil or syrup of buckthorn and repeat this unless the bowels run very freely. Report result.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.

For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." We request that all Kennel Notes be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Bedouin and Lelda. By Arthur E. Rendle, New York, for black cocker spaniel dog and bitch, whelped Sept. 15, 1885, by his Brahmin out of Gladys (Black Prince—Princess).

Bruce. By George Burston, Alpena, Mich., for black and white English setter dog, whelped May 15, 1885, by Lexington (Nixey—Princess Louise) out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110).

Birdie Cohen. By W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn., for Gordon setter bitch, whelped August, 1885, by Harry (Malcolm—June) out of Gypsy (Malcolm—Dream IV.).

Brock. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped May 3, 1885, by champion Plantagenet out of Matchless (Roderick II.—Jessie).

Princess Novel. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped May 10, 1885, by Count Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Countess Mollie) out of Nelly B. (Pollux—Elsa).

Dash Starlight. By Chas. York, Bangor, Me., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by Rex (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight) out of Lady Bright (Rink II.—Aida).

Meteor's Maid. By R. Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped March 31, 1885, by Meteor out of Dee.

Plantagenet, Jr. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 3, 1885, by champion Plantagenet out of Matchless (Roderick II.—Jessie).

BRED.

Belle—Chief. J. A. Temple's (Toronto, Ont.) red Irish setter bitch Belle to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231), Aug. 5.

Forest Dora—Plantagenet. G. E. Osborn's (Birmingham, Conn.) English setter bitch Forest Dora (A.K.R 500) to Blackstone Kennels' champion Plantagenet, Sept. 18.

Virginia—Fritz. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (A.K.R. 1357) to his Fritz (A.K.R. 1351), Sept. 13.

Nora—Turk. H. Clay Glover's (New York) black and tan setter bitch Nora (Sport—Clara) to his champion Turk (A.K.R. 717), Sept. 25.

Charlotta—Brahmin. Arthur E. Rendle's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Charlotta (Black Charley—Frolic) to his Brahmin, Aug. 18.

Frolic—Brahmin. Arthur E. Rendle's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Frolic (Rex—Nellie) to his Brahmin, Sept. 4.

Ruth—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Ruth (Prince—Ruby) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), Sept. 23.

Rose—The Earl. Geo. E. Vaughn's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Rose to the Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels' The Earl (Marquis—Lady), July 5.

Kitty—The Earl. Geo. E. Vaughn's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Kitty to the Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels' The Earl (Marquis—Lady), Sept. 17.

White Rose—The Earl. Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch White Rose to their The Earl (Marquis—Lady), Sept. 6.

WHELPS.

Jessie Winfield. Geo. H. Hill's English setter bitch Jessie Winfield (Gladstone—Bessie A.), Sept. 19, seven (five dogs), by Count Noble.

SALES.

Bruce. Black and white English setter dog, whelped May 15, 1885 (Lexington—Kelp), by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to George Burston, Alpena, Mich.

Sirus—Daisy II. whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, age not given, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Dr. A. G. Aldrich, Anoka, Minn.

Grand Duke. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1881 (Prince—Flora), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Charles Richardson, Allegheny, Pa.

Wedgewood. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 13, 1884 (Bradlaugh—Belle), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Chas. Richardson, Allegheny, Pa.

Blue Cap. White, black and tan imported beagle dog, age not given (Leader—Music), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Chas. Richardson, Allegheny, Pa.

Lill II. White, black and tan beagle bitch, 4yrs. old (Boxer II—Lil), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Chas. Richardson, Allegheny, Pa.

Belle. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 26, 1880 (Rattler—Lucy), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Chas. Richardson, Allegheny, Pa.

Dandy, Beauty, Jumbo and Trial. White, black and tan beagles, whelped April 16, 1885 (Bannerman—Lill II.), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Chas. Richardson, Allegheny, Pa.

Burt. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 6, 1885 (Bradlaugh—Belle), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to Charles Richardson, Allegheny, Pa.

Rox. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 6, 1885 (Bannerman—Lill II.), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to John Sheridan, same place.

Belle. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Nov. 10, 1884 (Bradlaugh—Belle), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to F. Lanjinger, McKees Rocks, Pa.

Leader. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 22, 188 (Racket—Tough), by Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh, Pa., to J. S. Rugn, Salina, Pa.

Cardinal. White and orange tawny St. Bernard dog, whelped July 20, 1885 (Hermit—Dapnne II.), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to H. C. Whitney, New York.

Gipsey. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped May 3, 1885 (Plantagenet—Matchless), by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to E. G. Coues, East Hampton, Conn.

PRESENTATIONS.

Birdie Cohen. Gordon setter bitch, whelped August, 1885 (Harry—Gypsy), by H. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md., to W. A. Wheatley, Memphis, Tenn.

DEATHS.

Doctor Duer. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Nov. 20, 1881 (Gladstone—Frost), owned by Dr. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association, Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

THE N. R. A. MEETING.

THE Creedmoor meeting of 1885 has come and gone. It was not a success in some respects, in others it was. The Directors offered a liberal prize list, but the riflemen and especially the civilian shots did not respond as they should have done, and some of the matches went almost by default. It was more distinctly a military meeting. The regulars came down by orders, and gave the range its old-time picturesque look; but if the report of the Fort Niagara range be true, it is probably the last time that the camp of the regulars will grace the Creedmoor Range. The week was a cold one, not at all inviting for spectators to the range, and in consequence the shooters had the ground largely to themselves. Supt. Brower had prepared everything about the range for a lively week of hard work, but found little occasion for calling out his full working force. There were a few protests, but the meeting passed off as a whole in capital form under the management of Gen. Chas. F. Robbins as executive officer.

The details of the shooting in the several matches are given below:

No. 1. Directors' Match.—200yds., open only to directors of the N. R. A.; rounds, 5; position, standing; any military rifle, including specials.

J S Shepherd	35554—22	James Duane	43444—19
Maj Geo Shorkley	54344—20	J F Ackerman	34304—14
W W DeForest	44344—19	G W Wingate	04440—12

No. 2. Judd Match.—Open to all comers, any military rifle, including specials; 200yds., standing; rounds, 7; the aggregate of two scores to count for the first five prizes:

H R Anderson	4454455—31	5455555—34—65
T J Dolan	5555455—32	5454455—32—64
J S Shepherd	4434455—31	5 44455—32—63
G B Thompson	4554445—31	4544555—32—63
J F Klein	4454545—31	5445554—32—63
F J Rabbeth	5555544—33	J H Lacroix 5444545—31
B R Shelman, Jr	5454545—32	A C White 4455445—31
Geo Joiner	5544554—32	J Corrie 4455445—31
H J Rice	5545454—32	W Scott 4446554—31
M D Hinds	5455544—32	A Krebs 4454554—31
E A Anderson	5545544—32	J Garrard 5444554—31
E J Cram	4544455—31	C W Hinman 5454544—31
S S Bumstead	5444455—31	C B Pratt 5554444—31
F Stuart	4544545—31	C H Gaus 5554444—31

No. 3. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States, 1,000yds., 30 shots, any rifle within the rules, cleaning allowed, position, any without artificial rest. Won in 1875 by Maj. Fulton, in 1876 by E. L. Allen, in 1877 by Dudley Selph, in 1878 by Frank Hyde, in 1879 by C. H. Laird, in 1880 by W. M. Farrow, in 1881 by F. J. Rabbeth, in 1882 by W. Budworth, in 1883 by H. T. Rockwell, in 1884 by J. W. Todd.

J W Todd	5455545545455555555545455555524—140
L Geiger	5035535555555555555454555354555—136
W W de Forest	2355554534545444555555555455344—131
C H Gaus	4524555531455545535435454555—125

No. 4. President's Match for the Military Championship of the United States of America.—First stage, 200 and 500yds. Seven shots at each distance. Open to all members of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States, or the National Guard of any State. Second stage—Open to all prize winners in the first stage, 600yds. Number of shots, 10. Position, any. Rifles, same as in first stage, but .50 caliber Remington State model will receive one point allowance:

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
J Grime	31	34—65	S S Bumstead	32	29—61
F W Yates	29	35—64	B W Dunn	27	33—60
T H Klein	30	34—64	M Doolan	27	33—60
E F Young	30	34—64	E W Price	28	32—60
E A Anderson	29	34—63	J K Green	30	30—60
A C White	30	33—63	W Driscoll	30	30—60
J S Shepherd	30	33—63	G S Scott, Jr	31	29—60
J Garrard	31	33—64	C B Pratt	27	32—59
H R Anderson	29	33—62	C W Hinman	28	31—59
G L Fox	29	33—62	J Cavanagh	28	31—59
Sergt. Barrett	30	32—62	J Cranley	29	30—59
R McMillan	31	31—62	G C Power	29	30—59
D H Ogden	32	30—62	M McCormack	29	30—59
L J Elliott	33	29—62	H J Rice	26	32—58
H W Stamford	28	33—61	J Hansen	26	32—58
E DeForest	29	32—61	C Bickers	27	31—58
F A Wells	29	32—61	J A Richardson	28	30—58
Geo Johnson	30	31—61	W A Sconce	29	29—58
W D Harrell	31	30—61	J Pettit	28	29—57
M D Hinds	31	30—61			

Second Stage—600yds.

F M Yates	5454453554—44	S S Bumstead	0545444443—37
J K Green	5245545555—45	E A Anderson	3035542554—36
M Doolan	4445555535—45	L J Elliott	2444443443—35
N D Harrell	5544444455—44	John Cavanagh	2445524440—34
H R Anderson	2555534445—43	A C White	4445845400—33
M McCormick	5454535442—43	F A Wells	3334235333—32
Sergt Barrett	2355345455—42	J A Richards	0440425435—31
E F Young	4514345345—41	H J Rice	0205455243—30
John S Shepherd	3353445545—41	W A Seoner	0243335225—29
John F Klein	4345435554—41	James Crawley	3524420000—30
M B Dunn	3253535554—40	G S Scott	2232005022—15
Ezra DeForest	2345555254—40	R Macmillan	42340ret.
Major G L Fox	5435452543—40	N Driscoll	02025ret.
Jos Gaward	3554442435—39	Jas Pettit	44202ret.
John Grinie	2455552434—39	H W Stanford	534000ret.
Geo Johnson	4443444453—39	D H Ogden	0ret.
C Bickers	4534455332—38	E W Price	0000ret.
John Hansen	4233353455—37	M D Hinds	240ret.

No. 5. The Shorkley Match.—Any military rifle, including specials, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., any position, open to all comers, 10 shots at each distance.

Yards.		Rifle.
800	5445545555—47	Rem.
900	4453555455—45	Hep.
1,000	4434345455—41—133	Mil.
800	8445459555—43	Rem.
900	4455543445—43	Sport.
1,000	5443555345—43—129	
800	4355555555—47	Rem.
900	5533453455—42	Hep.
1,000	5533354543—40—129	
800	4535545455—45	Rem.
900	3550455455—41	Hep.
1,000	3453553554—42—128	
800	5555554545—48	Sharps
900	5553345555—46	Mil.
1,000	3333534324—34—128	
800	4553455244—42	Rem.
900	3434553553—40	Hep.
1,000	4545553353—42—124	
800	4455054554—41	Rem.
900	555544354a—40	Hep.
1,000	4554345553—42—123	
800	0055555445—38	Lee.
900	3555453353—41	
1,000	5434454444—41—120	
800	5255545550—42	M.B.L.
900	4454444000—29	
1,000	5553335555—44—115	
800	3553104554—38	M.B.L.
900	3444505550—40	
1,000	3053445533—32—110	
800	40r3335453—30	Sport.
900	3343534555—40	
1,000	4033554545—38—108	
800	5444354455—43	Sport.
900	4445000025—24	
1,000	5554344332—40—107	

No. 6. Continuous Match.—All-comers' continuous match, 200yds. standing, number of shots seven, any rifle within the rules, military rifles to be allowed one point on each score, provided they are not cleaned between shots, and such handicap to be added to the competitor's first shot below 5. The aggregate of three scores to count for each of the first five prizes.

John Corrie	4555555—35	5554555—35 4455455—33
C B Pratt	5455155—34	4555555—35 5545545—34
C E Paynter	5555555—35	5555545—34 4455555—33
A C White	5544555—33	5545555—34 5555455—34
G F Ellsworth	4554555—33	5455555—34 5555545—34
B R Spellman	5554555—34	5554555—34 F D Bartlett 4455544—32 4445555—33
O M Jewell	5554555—34	5555455—34 M Dorrler 4545545—32 5555454—33
E J Cram	5455455—34	5455545—33 E E Lerris 4555445—32 4454555—32
C W Hinman	5555554—34	5544555—33 Timmerman 5445545—32 5545445—32
H R Anderson	4555554—33	5545554—34 M Herrington 4555544—32 5544554—32
T J Dolan	4544555—33	4445555—33 Geo Joiner 4444555—32 4534555—32
A Krebs	5535455—33	4455455—33 D Miller 5454455—32 5544544—31
C H Gaus	5445555—33	5555445—33 N O'Donnell 4555544—32 4454545—31
F J Rabbeth	3555455—33	4555455—33 Jas Duane 4544555—32 5443555—31
Jos Gaward	4445554—32	5545455—34 W A Stokes 4444544—31 3444555—31
GH Lamareau	5555445—33	5545554—33 C Judson 5544544—31 5544544—31
J S Shepherd	4445545—32	5545445—33

No. 7. Governors' Match.—Seven shots at 500yds., any position, any military, including specials, open to all comers. The aggregate of three scores to count for first five prizes, aggregate of two scores to count for the others. Two points allowed on the aggregate of the three scores in the first five prizes to State model rifles of 50 cal., one point allowed on aggregate of the two scores.

T J Dolan	5555555—35	5555555—35 5555545—34
Geo Joiner	5555555—35	4555555—34 5555455—34
W W De Forest	5555555—35	5555545—34 5555455—34
J S Shepherd	5555455—34	5455555—34 5545555—34
R Macmillan	5555555—35	5554555—34 5455455—33
P Farrelly	5555455—34	4545555—32 F Stuart 4545545—32 4545545—32
GB Thompson	5555555—35	5445455—32 D H Ogden 3555544—31 4545555—33
W Scott	5555555—35	4545554—32 F C McLinn 5445554—32 5454354—30
C W Hinman	4455555—33	5445555—33 F A Welk 5554553—31 5355555—31
J F Klein	5555554—34	5454455—32 E DeForest 3554545—31 4555244—29
C H Gaus	5545444—31	5555555—35 A Krebs 5445544—31 4354454—29
Sgt M Doolan	5535455—33	4555455—33

No. 8. All-Comers' and Marksmen's Badge Match.—Open to everybody, 200 and 500yds., position standing at 200, prone at 500. Five shots at each distance, Remington .50-cal.

	200yds.	500yds.
J S Shepherd	45445—22	45555—24—46
John Kerr	45445—22	54555—24—46
F C McLewer	34555—22	54355—24—46
Ezra DeForest	54444—21	45555—24—45
E A Anderson	44445—21	54555—24—45
C H Hoyt	44445—21	55554—24—45
E W Price	54454—22	44555—23—45
Geo Joiner	54445—22	45545—23—45
T J Dolan	54544—22	55154—23—45
M D Hurds	55544—22	35555—23—45
W A Stokes	44545—22	55355—23—45
G W Munson	43544—20	55455—24—44
F A Wells	44454—21	55445—23—44
G C Power	35454—21	45455—23—44
Rich Oliver	54454—22	44555—22—44
John F Kline	55545—24	55545—24—48
G L Fox	45455—23	55455—24—47
D H Ogden	45545—23	55455—24—47
L J Elliott	41454—21	55555—25—46
E F Young	43455—21	55555—25—46
G S Scott, Jr	54545—23	53454—21—44
W A Bryant	33154—18	55555—25—43
W L Candee	41444—20	54554—23—43
H T Farrell	54353—20	54545—23—42
P Farelly	44445—21	54534—22—43
B R Spellman, Jr	44555—23	44435—20—43

No. 9. Brooklyn Furniture Company Match.—Open to teams of four from any regiment, company or battery in Second Division, N. G., S. N. Y. Remington rifle, State model, seven rounds each at 200 and 500yds., position standing at 200, prone at 500yds.

Twenty-third Regiment, Team B.

	200yds.	500yds.	
Oliver	4 4 4 2 4 4 5—27	3 4 3 5 4 5 5—29—56	
Frothingham	4 4 4 4 5 3 4—28	4 5 5 5 5 3 5—32—60	
Scott	3 5 3 4 3 4 4—26	4 3 3 5 5 5 5—30—56	
De Forest	4 4 4 4 4 5 4—29	4 4 5 5 5 4 5—32—61	
	110	123	233

Twenty-third Regiment, Team A.

Shepherd	5 3 4 4 4 5 4—29	4 4 5 5 5 5 5—33—62	
Joiner	4 5 5 0 4 3 3 4—24	4 4 5 5 4 4 5—31—55	
Wells	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 4—31	3 5 5 4 5 3 4—29—60	
Elliott	4 4 3 4 5 4 3—27	4 3 5 4 4 3 5—28—55	
	111	121	232

Company I, Fourteenth Regiment.

Sergt. Anderson	3 4 4 4 4 4 5—28	5 5 5 5 5 4 3—32—60	
Pvt Madison	3 3 5 4 4 4 4—27	5 2 3 4 5 2 4—25—52	
Corpl Wallace	4 4 0 4 4 3 4—23	5 5 5 5 4 4 5—33—56	
Pvt La Croix	0 3 3 4 5 3 4—22	5 5 4 5 5 5 5—34—55	
	100	124	224

Twenty-third Regiment, Team C.

Candee	3 4 4 4 3 4 4—25	5 0 5 4 4 5 3—26—51	
Holmes	4 3 4 4 4 5 4—28	4 5 4 4 4 3 4—28—56	
Kraft	3 4 3 4 3 4 4—25	4 3 5 4 5 5 3—29—54	
Stokes	4 4 4 4 3 3—25	0 4 3 5 5 5—26—51	
	103	109	212

No. 10. Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of 12, from the army of the United States, the United States Navy, the National Guard, the Regular Army, the Militia, the Volunteers, the Navy of any country, 200, 500 and 600yds. 7 at each distance, standing at 200yds., any at 500 and 600yds., any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or government, ammunition any. Won in 1878 and 1879 by State of New York, in 1880 by Division of the Missouri, U. S. A., in 1881 by State of New York, in 1882 by State of Pennsylvania, in 1883 by State of Michigan, in 1884 by Division of the Atlantic, U. S. A.

Military Division of Atlantic (U. S. Springfield).

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.
Lt Anderson	4545444—30	4555345—31	3454543—28—89
Sgt Barrett	4324434—25	4545349—30	5554945—31—86
Pvt Brist	5554444—31	5445355—31	2455553—27—89
Corpl Seonce	5445424—29	2445554—29	5243452—25—83
Sgt Petit	4443444—27	4554432—27	4352450—23—77
Pvt Cranley	4454554—31	5248554—28	3433503—21—80
Lt Dunn	4344544—28	3454545—30	4554544—31—80
Corpl Lockwood	3355103—23	3454245—27	0538455—27—77
Sgt Harrell	4555454—32	4344534—27	2245445—26—85
Corpl Yates	4445344—32	4554435—30	5223453—23—85
Sgt Driscoll	4435455—30	3545342—26	3352344—24—80
Lt Smith	5443544—29	3434454—27	5432443—25—81
	343	343	311 997

New York State Team (Rem. Mil. Cal. .50).

Pvt G Joiner	3445545—30	0542544—24	3254344—25—79
Lt J S Shepherd	4454344—28	3445344—27	3350445—24—79
Pvt M D Hinds	5444444—29	3335543—26	5254545—30—85
Pvt D H Ogden	4335443—26	2345324—23	3252003—15—64
Sgt L J Elliott	5444435—29	3345444—23	3524035—22—74
Sgt F A Wells	4354444—28	3233355—24	3443254—25—77
Sgt G C Power	4454454—31	3555543—30	3444324—24—85
Sgt E W Price	3454444—28	3455555—33	4452443—26—87
Sgt J F Kline	5454543—30	4455455—32	5453354—27—89
Pvt G S Scott, Jr	4445453—29	2425245—24	2452434—24—77
Maj G L Fox	5545455—33	4535453—29	5454553—30—92
Capt E DeForest	5354544—30	5444535—30	3343233—20—80
	351	325	292 968

Pennsylvania Team (Springfield Mil. Cal. .45).

Pvt Huntington	4344444—27	3433445—26	0002344—12—65
Capt Thompson	4445445—30	5433535—28	4343354—26—84
Lt T Connelly	4455544—31	0455334—24	4543350—18—73
Pvt A L Baker	4554445—31	4444534—28	2443554—26—85
Sgt E E Chase	5444444—29	4452343—25	2443352—23—77
Sgt C B Pratt	5444443—28	5325445—28	0554554—28—84
Pvt R Macmillan	4445444—29	4454445—30	4245354—27—86
Lt M J Andrews	4553445—30	3354555—29	4445435—31—90
Sgt J W Conlston	3433454—26	5355543—30	3455343—27—83
Pvt J J Mountjoy	3434444—26	3545445—30	0422224—16—72
Sgt O J Gunning	4435544—29	3343345—24	3442450—22—75
Pvt J Blatter	4544444—29	2535545—30	3435543—27—85
	345	331	281 957

No. 11. Short Range Team Match.—Open to teams of four, from any club or military organization, ten shots at 200yds., any rifle within the rules, teams armed with military rifles allowed six points, provided no member thereof cleans between shots.

Zettler Rifle Club.		Mass. Rifle Asso.—Team A.	
G Joiner	4545545554—46	O M Jewell	5444544454—43
G Zimmerman	5454454445—44	C W Hinman	5535544443—45
D Miller	4455554544—45	A C White	4445554455—45
M Dorrler	4455554454—45	G F Ellsworth	5454545544—45
	180		178
N. R. A. Club.		13th Regt., Penn.—Team No. 1.	
Sgt T J Dolan	4455445545—45	1st Sgt E E Chase	5544444434—41
Maj G Shorkley	4454443444—40	Sgt C P Pratt	4445555555—46
J T Kline	5554434433—42	Cpt G B Thompson	3454445454—41
Lt J S Shepherd	5445545555—47	Pvt J C Huntington	5345434544—41
	174		169
Allowance	6	Allowance	6
	180		175

Military Division of the Atlantic, No. 3—Taylor 40, Corrie 41, Crawley 41, Glassford 41—163. Allowance 6. Total 169.

N. Y. Rifle Club—Tayntor 46, Case 43, Duane 40, O'Donnell 40. Total 169.

Co. C, Battalion of Engineers—Irving Hale 39, C. E. Gillette 40, J. Turner 44. —— 39. Total 162.

Willet's Point Rifle Club—Geo. Doyle 39, John Cavanagh 42, Charles Renaud 40, A. Krebs 40—161. Allowance 6. Total 167.

Third Division Rifle Association, Albany—L. Geiger 36, J. B. Schuyler 38, B. R. Spelman 42, C. H. Gaus 42. Total 158.

Military Division of the Atlantic, Team No. 1—Anderson 43, Dunn 40, Garrard 46, Harrell 40—169. Allowance 6. Total 175.

Massachusetts Rifle Association, 2d Team—E. J. Crane 44, J. P. Frost 39, F. W. Perkins 43, F. J. Rabbeth 42—168. Allowance 6. Total 174.

Military Division of the Atlantic Team—Seonce 42, Johnson 41, Driscoll 40, Pettit 44—167. Allowance 6. Total 173.

No. 12. Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team from each State and Territory in the United States, consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed National Guard or militia, 200 and 500yds., at 200yds. standing, at 500yds. prone, any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or Government, rounds, ten at each distance. Won in 1875 by New York; in 1876 by Connecticut; in 1877 by California; in 1878 and 1879 by New York; in 1880 by New Jersey; in 1881 by New York; in 1882 by Pennsylvania; in 1883 by Michigan; in 1884 by Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania Team.

	200yds.	500yds.
A L Baker	4545545344—43	5555555554—47—90
M J Andrews	4434544554—42	4545555455—47—89
C W Wells	4444444455—42	5545455444—45—87
Thomas Connelly	4455544445—43	5544555434—44—87
N M McMillan	4443544454—41	4445455554—45—86
C B Pratt	4454544445—43	4454554454—43—86
J C Huntington	4444444445—41	5545435445—44—85
J J Mountjoy	5444444555—44	5532335453—40—84
E E Chase	5444544344—41	4444244555—42—83
G B Thompson	4434444445—40	2445454345—40—80
G W Coulston	4444454441—41	4355535254—38—79
John Blatter	3434343433—35	5535535444—43—78
		1,014

Massachusetts Team.	200yds.	500yds.	New York Team.	200yds.	500yds.
S S Bumstead	46	42—88	J F Klein	40	47—87
J P Frost	42	43—85	M D Hinds	41	45—86
H White	43	41—84	George Joiner	42	42—84
R B Estes	43	40—83	E J Elliott	43	41—82
R C White	42	40—82	Ezra De Forest	42	39—81
C W Hinman	40	41—81	D H Ogden	39	41—80
F D Bartlett	40	40—80	F A Wells	37	43—80
L H Bateman	40	40—80	G L Fox	39	41—80
L Grant	41	39—80	J S Shepherd	39	39—78
F W Perkins	43	34—77	G C Power	40	38—78
C A Parker	34	37—71	E F Young*	41	28—69
W C Johnston, Jr	34	34—68	E W Price*	44	19—63
	959				948

*Shut out at 500yds.

No 13. Inter-State Long Range Match.—Open to teams of four from all rifle associations or clubs in any State or Territory in the United States, 800, 900 and 1,000yds., 15 shots at each, any rifle within the rules. Won in 1877 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1878 Massachusetts Rifle Association, in 1879 by New Jersey State Rifle Association, 1880 by Empire Rifle Club, N. Y.; in 1881, '82 and '83 by Ilion Rifle Club, in 1884 by Amateur Rifle Club, N. Y.

[Match laid over for future competition.]

No. 14. New York State National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry of the National Guard of the State of New York; 200 and 500yds.; standing at 200, prone at 500yds.; Remington rifle, State model; rounds, 5 at each distance:

Twenty-third Regiment, Brooklyn.

	200yds.	500yds.
Lieut J S Shepherd	44534—20	44335—19—39
Private Geo Joiner	34434—18	35434—19—37
Capt W L Candee	43454—20	34344—18—38
Capt F L Holmes	44444—20	23424—15—35
Lieut R Oliver	33343—16	55535—23—39
Private G S Scott, Jr	44454—21	55444—23—44
Sergt E J Kraft	44444—20	45345—21—41
Corp W A Stokes	43444—18	33254—16—34
Sergt L J Elliott	54544—22	54545—23—45
Sergt F A Wells	34443—18	55554—21—42
Lieut Col J B Frothingham	25444—19	54545—23—42
Capt E DeForest	43443—19	55445—23—42
	231	247 478

Fourteenth Regiment, Brooklyn.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Pvt C L Madison	22	18—40	Pvt J L Brewing	14	16—30
Adjt H Nutt	19	18—37	Cor C C Wallace	20	22—42
Lt L M Harvey	19	25—44	Pvt J L Lacroix	15	19—34
Cor J Corry	18	22—40	Sgt W Jennings	17	21—38
Cor J W Day	16	18—34	1 R P Ed Browe	20	19—39
Cor J Heywood	20	19—39			
Sgt E Anderson	20	20—40		220	237 457

Twelfth Regiment, New York.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Pvt U E Wood	20	21—41	Pvt H T Farrell	20	23—43
Sgt A Kingsland	20	22—42	Ad Schermerhorn	21	15—36
Lt J Macauley	16	23—39	Sgt A Van Heusen	21	18—39
Sgt W L Frost	16	22—38	Pvt E Lockley	17	20—37
Sgt T Mahoney	17	18—35	Capt W DeForest	21	20—41
Ord Sgt T J Dolan	21	14—35			
Capt C H Eagle	17	24—41		227	240 467

Seventh Regiment, New York.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Sgt J P Richards	20	21—41	Capt W Palmer	10	19—29
Pvt H H Spies	16	18—34	Pvt C H Hoyt	16	22—38
Sgt G W Munson	18	22—40	Pvt J W Hale	15	23—38
Pvt J H Brown	20	18—38	Sgt E F Young	19	21—40
Sgt G C Power	20	23—43	Lt F C McLewee	20	24—44
Sgt E W Price	20	20—40			
Sgt J K Green	18	23—41		219	247 466

No. 15. First Division National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the First Division of the National Guard of the State of New York; Remington rifle, State model; 200 and 500yds.; 5 shots at each; standing at 200, at 500yds. prone:

Twelfth Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.
Private H T Farrell	44530—16	44455—32—38
Capt C H Eagle	34344—18	43455—31—39
Private U E Wood	44443—19	33555—31—40
Sergt A Kingsland	35444—20	55554—24—44
Adjt A F Schermerhorn	44324—18	24234—15—33
Sergt A B Van Heusen	03443—14	55554—24—38
Lieut J Macauley	34343—17	44344—19—36
Sergt W L Frost	44043—15	52052—14—29
Private E Lockley	34043—14	45554—23—37
Capt W W DeForest	44344—19	44554—22—41
Sergt T Mahoney	35453—20	03554—17—37
Sergt T J Dolan	45343—19	44504—17—36
	209	239 448

Seventh Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Sgt J P Richards	16	11—27	Sgt T A Barets	10	16—26
Pvt H H Spies	18	18—36	Pvt C H Hoyt	15	19—34
Sgt G W Munson	19	22—41	Pvt J W Hale	15	20—35
Pvt J H Brown	20	20—40	Sgt E F Young	20	23—43
Sgt G C Power	18	23—41	Lt F C McLewee	18	23—41
Sgt E W Price	22	15—37			
Sergt H Thompson	12	23—35		263	233 436

No 16. Second Division National Guard Match.—Open to teams of 12 from each regiment, battalion or separate company of infantry in the Second Division of the National Guard of the State of New York, Remington rifle, State model, 200 and 500yds, 5 shots at each, standing at 200yds., at 500yds. prone.

Twenty-third Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.
Lieut J S Shepherd	43444—19	44345—20—39
Private G Joiner	53453—20	43555—22—42
Capt W L Candee	54443—20	04353—15—35
Capt F L Holmes	24384—18	53534—21—39
Lieut R Oliver	35354—20	55455—24—44
Private G S Scott, Jr.	44545—22	55425—21—43
Sergt E J Kraft	34353—18	54555—24—42
Corpl W A Stokes	45445—23	43525—19—41
Sergt L J Elliott	44444—20	44543 20—40
Sergt F A Wells	44444—20	54435—20—40
Lieut-Col J B Frothingham	34434—18	25455—21—39
Capt E De Forest	44445—21	45454—22—43
	238	249 487

Fourteenth Regiment.

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Private C L Madison	16	21—37	Sergt E A Anderson	20	24—43
Adjt H Nutt	15	23—38	Corpl C C Wallace	22	22—44
Lieut T W Harvey	18	22 40	Private J H Lacroix	21	19—40
Corpl J Corry	21	23—44	Sergt W J Jennings	21	19—40
Corpl J W Day	13	17—30	I R P Ed S Brown	19	19—38
Corpl J Heywood	16	19—35			
Private L Bruing	23	17—40		224	245 469

No. 17. General Sheridan's Skirmishers' Match.—Open to teams of 6 from the Regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps, National Guard, Volunteers or militia of any country, State or Territory, 600 to 200yds. and return, second-class targets, the military rifle with which the organization has been regularly armed, unless such be a magazine gun, in which case any military rifle which has been adopted as an official arm by any State or Government. Won in 1884 by Fourth Artillery, U. S. A.:

	First Run.	Second Run.	Third Run.	Penalties.	Total.
Fourth Artillery	291	268	210	..	769
Third Artillery	267	224	247	..	738
Fifth Artillery	255	201	169	..	630
Twenty third Infantry	190	177	246	1	613
Fifth Battalion Engineers	170	164	203	3	537
Second Artillery	141	148	203	1	447
Twelfth Infantry	160	163	140	1	463

No. 18. *Army and Navy Journal* Match.—Open only to members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard or Militia of any States or Territory. Rifle, the U. S. service .45-cal. or the Remington State model, .50 cal., 200yds., number of shots 7.

T J Dolan	5545545—33	4445555—32	4455554—31
E J Crew	4455554—32	4455545—32	4545445—31
F J Klein	4554545—32	5443555—32	5545543—31
A Krebs	5555534—32	4554554—31	4555454—31
J K Green	4554555—33	4454445—30	4454454—30
G W Couiston	5545544—32	5545444—31	4544445—30
J S Shepherd	5445555—33	5554455—33	5445554—32
	4554554—32	4554544—31	5444455—31
J Corrie	5555445—33	4555454—32	4545545—32

W A Stokes	30 30 30 29 28	John Cavanagh	29 29 27 27 26
J H Lacroix	30 30 30 26 22	J C Huntington	30 30 29 28 26
H J Rice	29 29 28 28 28	T Conolly	32 31 29 28 27
Geo S Scott	29 27 27 26 26	J J Mountjoy	32 30 29 28 28
N D Heines	29 28 27 27 23	O J Gunning	33 30 29 29 27
D H Ogden	32 31 30 29 29	J G Ganley	30 29 29 28 28
L I Elliott	30 30 29 28 27	G B Thompson	32 29 29 28 28
L H Bateman	29 29 28 28 28	G L Fox	29 29 28 25 25
C B Pratt	30 30 30 30 30	H R Anderson	31 30 29 29 28
R B Edes	29 29 29 27 26		

No. 19 Chambers Street Match.—Open to all comers, 500yds., 7 shots each, position any, any rifle within the rules, no cleaning allowed, military and special military rifles will be allowed one point each score, the aggregate of two scores to count for each of the prizes.

J S Shepherd	5545555—35	5555555—35—70
L Geiger	5555555—35	5555555—35—70
T J Dolan	5555555—35	5455555—35—70
Geo Joiner	5555545—35	5555555—35—70
J F Kline	5455355—35	5554555—35—70
C H Gaus	4555555—35	5555555—35—70
J W Todd	5555555—35	5545555—34—69
W J Fancher	5555545—35	5455545—34—69
Capt S A Day	5545545—34	5555555—35—69
W W DeForest	5555555—35	5445445—32—67
Maj C L Fox	4555554—34	5445454—33—67
M Dolan	4454455—33	4555445—33—66
E DeForest	5355554—33	5555445—33—66
James Duane	5544554—33	5545445—33—66
F A Wills	3555255—31	5555554—35—66
G W Munson	4455355—32	5454555—31—63
F W Perkins	4545453—30	4454544—30—60
James McNevin	4345455—30	4545545—31—61
W A Stokes	4545443—29	5545545—32—61
E F Young	2545543—29	4555452—32—61

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to differ with the views of your correspondent "S." He says, "No man can invariably take the same sight by simply resting the muzzle that can be had when the gun is in a vise, and absolute certainty is what we want."

Is it possible he does not know that in shooting through screens absolute certainty is of no consequence whatever? Major Merrill will tell him he is wrong on that point. The Major speaks of "machine rest" as being used in his tests, but he does not say the gun was screwed in a vise. But I claim that better shooting can be done with a muzzle rest than from a vise, "S." misquotes me as saying that the trigger-pull affects trajectory. On the contrary, I said plainly that it affects accuracy.

I presume that your tests are intended to show what hunting rifles will do when used as such, but some of your correspondents are only interested in knowing what they will do under totally different conditions. The results of the two tests would be entirely dissimilar. Are we to understand that "S," carries a vise with him when he goes hunting?

I do not care which wins, but am only interested in knowing that the test will be conclusive. "S." is evidently befogged. The muzzle-loader advocates will undoubtedly attend the test in force, armed with mountain howitzers. In Major Merrill's carefully written article he very carefully omits to tell the weight of the rifle used. Was it twenty or thirty pounds? The shooting was nothing to brag about.

There is one point on which "S." and I agree exactly. He says, "You will find obsolete men who will take pride in muzzleloaders for years to come." Just so; that is the only kind that takes pride in them now. W. I. C.

Syracuse, N. Y.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 28.—Medal score of rifle club, 200yds. off hand, Creedmoor target:

Dowler	5554444454—44	Moore	4534554444—42
Brown	4435543443—40	DeLisle	4444444555—43
Warner	4444434344—38	Burns	4444443444—39
Ward	5445344445—42	Barber	4333344354—37
Lonngren	4534543344—38	Hazeltine	4544444555—44
Kelso	5544444445—43	Curtiss	4345344343—36
Ahlstrom	4454444544—42		R. H. Burns.

HARMLESS GUNS.—In the August issue of the U. S. Consular Reports N. P. Tisdel, agent to the States of the Congo Association, gives an interesting narrative of his travels in the valley of the Congo. He speaks of the many isolated tribes, and says: "These tribes often go to war with each other upon the most trifling pretext, and, notwithstanding they are all armed with guns, it is a rare thing that a native is killed by this weapon. They seem to have little or no idea how to use the gun successfully, and a complete victory consists in the burning of villages, the capture of prisoners, and their execution by the knife, spear or fire afterward, or their sale into slavery. It is a remarkable fact that while guns and powder are plenty, lead is almost unknown to the natives, the coast traders having so far kept it from them. They therefore use small pebbles and baked clay balls instead of bullets, though very recently they have taken to cutting brass rods into slugs, and naturally the gun will soon become a dangerous weapon in their hands. Since the advent of the white man with his repeating rifle, the up country kings are commencing to demand that they be supplied with percussion guns. Up to the present time the gun has been used only to make a noise with. With it they profess to frighten away bad spirits; to bring health to the sick; to assist the spirit of a departed friend; to celebrate events of joy or sorrow; in fact the gun is used for everything but for war purposes or the killing of game."

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.

To the Members of the National Gun Association and all Sportsmen:

In assuming the duties of my new position I hope to have the faithful co operation of every lover of field sports, and the earnest support of every one who has a desire to see the fish and game of our country protected from the terrible destruction that is fast depleting our forest and streams, and who wish to encourage the gentlemanly sport of skill with gun and trap. The perfection to which manufacturers have brought the various flying targets is most wonderful, and affords an excellent substitute for the natural bird, and its cheapness, cleanliness and convenience brings it within the range of all classes to enjoy this finest of all sport, and perfect themselves in wing-shooting, without the necesity of days lost from business to frequently find the game or sport not worth the trouble and expense.

Now that no one can charge that any particular interest is to be subserved in the management of the Association, I hope that all true sportsmen will join its ranks and help forward the good cause, and that every member be represented in person or by proxy at our next annual meeting at Macon, Ga., in 1886. I would call the attention of members to the fact that a large number of them are in arrears for past dues, and ask that they send in the amount as early as possible.

Address Matt R. Freeman, V. P. and Gen. Manager.
Macon, Ga.

A TAIL FOR NOBODY'S KITE.—Speaking of a recent trap-shooting match, the *Breeder and Sportsman* sensibly remarks: "The published statements that the contestants shot for $250 a side in addition were all untrue, and were added by interested persons in the hope of drawing a large attendance and resulting profit. It is a question whether all this issuing of posters giving false conditions and information about strictly amateur shooting matches is not calculated rather to keep people away than to draw them. At all events, it is disagreeable to the shooters to be placarded like circus attractions."

PERRY HAS OUT-STARKED STARK, now who will out-Perry Perry?

WALLINGFORD, Conn., Sept. 23.—Fourth State shoot for prizes and sweepstakes. Following are the scores at 25 clay-pigeons: V. A. Blakeslee 19, A. B. Pixley 14, H. Nichols 10, C. Beers 12, T. Platt 12, G. A. Saunders 17, C. H. Sterry 17, E. A. Birdsey 14, F. P. Clark 16, R. Penn 9, F. Brown 18, M. Bull 12, F. C. Barlram 11, A. Ives 16, C. Bristol 11, A. Trager 14, N. H. Ames 9, J. F. Ives 13, C. W. Viberts 18, H. A. Sanford 14, A. J. Goodrich 14, L. Widman 13, N. D. Folsom 16, A. Strong 8, J. B. Brogden 15, G. Minor 22, G. T. Ferris 10, A. H. Merriman 13, P. Downs 16, E. A. Folsom 13, J. Melrose 15, J. Cook 11, M. Cook 13, C. Higby 12, W. Johnson 8, C. Hill 12, J. H. Ames 9, C. Longden 9. Next shoot will be held at Bridgeport, Conn., on Oct. 28.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 26.—Shoot for the gold medal presented by the Wappinger's Falls and Poughkeepsie gun clubs, same as before 10 single rotary balls, 18yds., 5 pairs doubles, straightaway 15yds.:

	S.	D.		S.	D.
J Kunkel	3	4— 7	G A Talmage	6	2— 8
H Meyers	5	4— 9	J A Jameson	8	5—13
M Condit	2	4— 6	O Thorne	2	6— 8
O Anderson	5	6—11	Wm Baxter	3	5— 8
J M Godinez	8	7—15	C Clapp	7	7—14
M Jones	9	5—14	J Clear	4	8—12

The last shoot for the medal took place Sept. 24:

O Thorn	6	7—13	G A Talmage 6	7—13
J M Godinez	7	9—16	M Jones 8	6—14

As this was the second time Godinez had won it, it now becomes his property. The competition for this medal has been quite close as follows: First by E. Decker, score 15; second by M. Condit, score 17; third, J. M. Godinez, score 15; fourth, J. M. Godinez, score 16.

THE CHAMBERLIN CONTEST.—Cleveland, O., Sept. 21.—The contest for the Chamberlin Cartridge Co.'s prizes, ($2,000) closed Aug. 31, 1885. J. R. Stice, Jacksonville, Ill., with a score of 99, wins first prize, ($750) without a tie; W. S. Bell, Pittsburgh, Pa., and R. E. Sheldon, Cleveland, O, with a score of 98 each, are in a tie for second money ($500); Andy Meaders, Nashville, Tenn., J. A. Prechtel, Cleveland, O., and C. F. Wheal, Cleveland, O., with a score of 96 each, are in a tie for third money ($300); F. M. Eames, Bay Ridge, L. I., with a score of 95, wins fourth money ($200) without a tie; "McDuff," Cincinnati, O., W. R. Huntington, of Cleveland, O., and H. H. Fleischer, Rochester, N. Y., with a score of 94 each are in a tie for fifth money ($150); Benj. Teiple, Covington, Ky., Wm. Wagnor, Washington, D. C., and John A. Bell, Putnam, Pa., are in tie for sixth money ($100). The ties will be shot off at Cleveland, O., commencing Tuesday, Oct. 6, and the prizes will be paid at the conclusion of the tie shooting. The Cleveland Gun Club have arranged a tournament with $655 guaranteed cash prizes, Oct 7 and 8.

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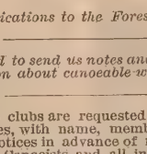
National Gun Association Tournaments.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—Matt R. Freeman, Vice-President and General Manager, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. Stark, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Canoeists *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neide, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

SMALL CRUISING YACHTS VS. CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Deja's" answer to my criticism of his design is very funny, it only needs the accompaniment of bad spelling to equal Josh Billings or Little Freddy and his slate; but without dealing with his witticisms, I will try and sift from a good deal of irrelevant matter in his letter some points bearing on the question in dispute. The Rob Roy canoe was not, as "Deja" states, "outbuilt and superseded twenty years ago." On the contrary, Macgregor's first canoe was built in 1865, exactly twenty years ago; for ten years it was more widely known and used than any other type of canoe, and even yet boats of this class, 14ft.×26 and 28in., and Rob Roy, American Traveling, Stella Maris, are sold and used in considerable numbers. It would seem that in spite of the number he has sailed, "Deja" is as ignorant of their history and qualities as his former letter proved him to be in regard to the Shadow model. I wonder whether "Deja" has ever seen a real canoe, certainly he must know very little about one when he brings forward in proof of his assertion that a canoe cannot readily be carried an instance of a man who could not carry an Irene through underbrush. Of course he could not; the Irene model is a centerboard sailboat, ranging in size from 16 to 18ft.×4ft. or more beam and weighing at least 200 pounds. A canoe, I can inform him, is a boat 15ft. long and 28 to 30in. wide, weighing 90 pounds if for sailing, and not over 40 to 50 if for such work as his friend essayed, hunting or cruising in the woods.

His assertion that the round-up of the bow and stern makes it as easy to land from his boat as from a canoe is disproved at once by a look at the design. The boat draws 21in., and must have that depth of water within less than 6ft. of the shore or her crew cannot land dry shod. A canoe draws usually 6 to 7in. On a shelving beach she can be driven up easily or pushed off, unless there are rocks and stones; and most canoeists are expert enough to land or to board their boats by a spring from or to the deck, aided by the paddle. If "Deja" were to cruise on the Hudson, the Sound, or any of the waters about New York, he would find as a rule gently shelving beaches, over which his boat could not get within 10ft. of the shore, while a canoe could float so close as to land her crew easily. His statement that a canoe usually requires the paddle to help her in tacking is simply untrue, as every canoeist knows. The earlier canoes with their primitive rigs were uncertain in stays, but any fairly fitted canoe to-day will go about as surely and quickly as any boat of her proportionate length. As to the question of speed, no doubt there are plenty of canoeists who will give "Deja" an opportunity to prove his claims for his boat. In the meantime let us hear from him just what canoes he has beaten. Canoeists as a rule are pretty well acquainted with each other throughout the country. If "Deja" will name the boats and men that he has outsailed we can soon judge of his boat's qualities.

It really seems a waste of time to answer the last paragraph of his letter, but some who are not canoeists may read his statements and be misled by them. Much of the canoeing that is done to-day in all our large cities consists of short sails or paddles in the evenings after business, and a weekly outing each Saturday night. The canoeist, whether in Albany, Hartford, Springfield, Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Toronto or scores of other places, finds his chief pleasure in starting off as early on Saturday afternoon as work will let him, alone, in pairs, or in parties of half a dozen. With a day's store of food, a canoe tent, blankets, an air bed, a total weight of perhaps 200lbs. for boat and cargo, he is off a few miles, sailing if possible, if not cheerfully knocking off three or four miles per hour with his paddle, a grateful rest after a week's work, until some favorite spot is reached for a camp. The canoe is hauled up, a fire lit and supper cooked, his tent is pitched over the canoe, air bed or cork mattress spread and soon he is doing just what "Deja" says is impossible, sleeping comfortably in a canoe.

He has the power of going where he pleases, at will, while "Deja," starting with him, and finding no wind, would have stored his boat where best he could, to be at the mercy of boys and stragglers, and found his way home by rail to wait until the wind blew at a time when he was at leisure. Next day the canoeist is up early, his tent and bed are packed, his canoe afloat, and he is off for the entire day, with no other restraint than the absolute one of being back in time for work next morning. He sails or paddles, as the weather or fancy dictate, and in good season starts for home with the knowledge that even a flat calm and a foul tide mean only a little extra work and an hour's delay in the evening, and by 9 or 10 P. M. he is once more in shore rig with his boat safely housed. Had he followed "Deja's" plan he would often be deprived of his boat in the evenings for a week or two, while the boat itself would in all probability suffer some damage in strange bands. This is the kind of work done by seventy-five per cent. of American canoeists to day, and their boats must be and are adapted to it.

I own "Deja" has the advantage of me in two or three respects. I don't know it all, I have not tried and experimented with all models of boats, and I have never designed nor built a perfect boat; but I do claim to know what a canoe is, and perhaps I have butchered enough good wood in building imperfect canoes to have earned the right to criticise "Deja's" model and also his construction.

In behalf of the great majority of canoes, I can say confidently that for such small boats they are unsurpassed for speed, ability and seaworthiness, and that the faults they have are due not to model nor lines, but to their size; it is impossible to get a small boat to do all that a larger one will do, but at the same time it is their small size and lightness that fits them so well for the required purpose. Enlarged they would make very fast and good boats, though as they would then be too big to paddle, the relative beam would naturally be increased. Out of the same despised Rob Roy, in fact, has grown the Mersey canoe yawl, a perfect lifeboat, safe, fast and weatherly; canoe-shaped, but wider, 14×3½ft., 16×4 and 18×5ft. These boats have the double ends and the flat floor and midship section of any good cruising canoe.

Can "Deja" tell us why wave lines or any concavity are necessary in a boat of any sort? There was a time when the wave-line theory was believed in and wave lines considered by many as indispensable; but surely no one still entertains the idea that such curves as he shows have any place in a boat unless his object was to secure a maximum of wetted surface with a minimum of displacement, in which case I have nothing to say. His construction would be heavier and not as strong as the old lapstreak canoe. The planking, ⅛in., is entirely too light, the steel ribs must either be very heavy, or if of light band steel they will soon corrode in places, especially in salt water; yellow pine is about as heavy for spars and decks as any wood he can find. Perhaps "Deja" will give us further details, size and spacing of frames, thickness of deck and weight of entire boat, from which we can form a better opinion of its construction. Rob Roy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is surprising that any sensible canoeist will take the trouble to reply to the vaporings of your correspondent "Deja." All his writings bear the stamp of ignorance, as witness the size of plank—1in. wide by ⅛in. thick—he specifies for his Jullanar. Also his statement that yellow pine is lighter than spruce. Also his rules for spars and sails, by which he would have us hoist upward of 500sq. ft. of canvas on a mast 2½ft. high. Then by his own confession he is such a lubber that he cannot get a canoe to come about without the use of a paddle.

But "Seneca" is a very different sort of man, and there is considerable hope for him, as he has discovered that the sneakbox is capable of improvement. Then he limits the absolute perfection of his craft to open water cruising, a thing which I know nothing about, so will not attempt to dispute. But I don't see how he will get a low bow which will not pound, and yet when run ashore will be "a foot or more on solid ground." (By the way, if "Seneca" had stood in front of the Delaney farmhouse gate about meal time any day of the past week and observed one hungry skipper after another come gliding in, run square ashore, and then without so much as dropping the sail, place one foot on deck forward and spring lightly out upon the dry sand, he would hardly have stated that "you have to step in the water to get to dry land from the well.")

He says his boat's lines are shaped to make her a better sailer than the sneakbox. Now, living inland as I do, I confess my knowledge of the box is limited, embracing only the two by Rushton at the '84 and '85 meets, and one owned by a member of our own club, which is a genuine Barnegat; but if these three are any criterion I must say his lines must be very different to obtain any speed as compared with a canoe, which will both outpoint and outfoot the box to windward, in rough or smooth water, and also beat her comfortably running free. As to dryness and comfort, I will not venture to say anything, for I have not fully succeeded in picturing to myself that "washboard," and of course can form no idea of its effect in practice.

On the whole I shall still class myself with "Dot's" "thousand or two," still stick to the craft which has served me so well in the past, and make no preparations for next season's aquatic enjoyment further than a fresh coat of varnish to the old Katrina.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your reasonable correspondent, "Seneca," is a man after my own heart. His deductions are logical and I would like to make his acquaintance. He seems to be of an investigating turn, like myself.

The main reason I have in opening this matter is to get the views of experienced gentlemen to the end that, before building a racing boat on the lines given, I can introduce such improvements as this comparison of notes will suggest. The cruiser is very fast, but of course, may be beaten, as others have been, by longer water lines and larger spreads of canvas. I think "Seneca's" boat must be too heavy, otherwise I like her for the use designed. Nevertheless a

centerboard is not to my mind, and the additional grip of a kee makes me feel as though I had something under me that can be relied on in cases of sudden emergency.

I regret exceedingly having offended the intense modesty of "Dot." He seems to have it bad, besides there is something the matter with his memory. If he will look at my letter again he will see that the rule reads "immersed midship section" It is the safe old rule on which the finest clipper ships ever launched were sparred and canvassed. Red Jacket, Flying Cloud, Sovereign of the Seas, and others stand as unapproachable among the white wings as does the Stiletto among steamers. "Dot" is very modest, too, in rousing out his jaw tackle for a thousand or two canoeists. Perhaps a few of the latter will pipe up in their own behalf and let him have a little time to read up on politeness.

I shall be glad to afford any gentleman a suitable opportunity for testing the relative speed of my boat; but for reasons which FOREST AND STREAM will furnish on suitable application I cannot accept any challenges this season. My name and address can be learned by any respectable person who may wish it, providing he sends his own to the paper for me. I will endeavor to answer all letters and treat correspondents with the utmost courtesy. But after a man writes himself down an ass he need not expect very profound civility from me. I ignore mules and let them bray themselves tired. If "Dot" has had his "pins knocked out from under him," why does he not "set 'em up in the other alley" himself, and get out of the ring? He evidently does not belong there any more than he would off soundings. His bone is not in his teeth; it is down his throat. He will pick me up, will he? Not if I know it. I do not like the cut of his jib. If he had turned turtle in a mill race, as my working boat did, he and his matchless canoe would have been in Davy Jones' locker, and then what would the two thousand canoeists he mentions have done for a secretary? Upon reflecting I find that perfection is only comparative in my case, but absolutely without a rival in his. The only difficulty is it has a variety of aspects. DEJA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Abuse will mend no one's temper or settle so vexed a question as that raised by "Deja." As I, however, believe that canoes are all that he claims them not to be, I hereby challenge him to a match race, believing that to be the most satisfactory way to show the superiority claimed by each side. I propose a minimum course of five miles, time limit of two hours for that distance, the loser to subscribe $25 to a cup, which I understand is to be offered for an international trophy on the occasion of Mr. Baden-Powell's proposed visit to the meet next summer. GUENN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am not a racer, but as I notice "Deja" mentions both the Potomac and James rivers, he must live "somewhere hereabouts," and should this be the case, it will give me great pleasure to try the merits of a canoe 14ft.x30in. against "Deja's" cutter anywhere in the Potomac between Alexandria and Washington at any day "Deja" may fix. He can learn my address through you, Mr. Editor. Many canoeists have read "Deja's" article in your canoeing columns, and considering it a mistake of the printer, have left "Deja" and others to the enjoyment of their "cruising yachts" without any desire to interfere with their hobby or that of the Puritan or Genesta. "Deja's" cutter is not a canoe, and if he cannot find a place for it among catboats and such like, please do not foist it off on us, but create a new column for his especial benefit if he is so lonely and forlorn as to desire companions. A CANOEIST.

JERSEY CITY Y. C. CANOE RACE.

THE club arranged to have a canoe sailing race on the day of their annual regatta. A cup presented by Mr. Crane was offered as a prize for the winner and the race was open to all canoeists about New York. It so happens that the canoeists hereabout are all business men, and find it difficult to get away for a day or part of the day in the middle of the week, the day set being Thursday. The race was therefore postponed to Sept. 26, Saturday. The course was from stakeboat near club house to and around the piles near the S. E. corner of Black Tom, thence to can buoy near Ellis Island, and to starting point, leaving every mark on port hand, around the course twice. Six miles Allowance one minute to the foot.

The entries were: Psyche, C. K. Munroe; Fanny, S. B. Crane; Tramp, C. J. Stevens; Sea Urchin, B. H. Nadal; Siren, R. B. Burchard; Guenn, William Whitlock, and Lassie, C. B. Vaux. Tide was just beginning to flood inshore, but still strong ebb in channel. Stiff breeze from S. S. W., making the first side of the triangle a beat to windward with a long leg and a short one. At the signal six canoes came down to the line in a bunch, leaving Guenn, who had mistaken the directions and gone too far south out of the race; a new start was called. Guenn bore away to get into position, and in so doing fouled a sloop at anchor and carried away her (Guenn's) mast, thus throwing her out of the race.

At 3:35:30 Fanny crossed the line and ten seconds later all six canoes were over and thrashing up to windward with a spanking breeze and in lively chop of a sea. Fanny took in a reef shortly as did Lassie just before she turned the piles, having out-pointed and out-footed the fleet. Fanny and Psyche were having close work of it with the odds in Psyche's favor. The buoy at second turn was well out in the main channel in very rough water—tide and wind opposed. Lassie did not risk jibing but luffed up and came about, as did also Psyche and Fanny. From the buoy to home stakeboat was before the wind, making very lively sailing in the freshening breeze and seaway. The Tramp ran through the smooth water in the lee of Bedloe's Island and pitched into the rough channel just as a squall swept by. The canoe heeled over, dropped the boom into the top of a big wave and was tripped up. Sea Urchin and Siren at once came to the rescue. Tramp's crew boarded Sea Urchin and was taken to the club house for some dry and warm clothing. Siren saved the wreck by beaching on Bedloe's Island. Tramp was there pumped out and came home later in tow of Siren. Meantime Lassie, Psyche and Fanny were spinning along on their second round ignorant of what had happened to the canoes behind them. On the windward work Lassie made a decided gain as before and won. Psyche and Fanny changed places several times; Psyche getting a lead near the piles increased it on the run and came in well ahead. The exact times are here given:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lassie	3 35 45	5 02 25	1 26 40	1 26 40
Psyche	3 35 45	5 15 00	1 40 15	1 38 15
Fanny	3 35 30	5 19 45	1 44 15	1 42 45
Guenn	Disabled; did not start.			
Siren	Bent on claiming salvage.			
Sea Urchin	Bent on claiming salvage.			
Tramp	Capsized.			

Vice-Com F. C. Brower-Archer was judge and starter, and Mr. J. F. Carnes presented the cup to the winner, at the same time making a very neat and appropriate speech, in which he said he had never seen a canoe under sail before that afternoon, and were his hair a few shades darker (it had turned gray) he fully believed he would get a canoe himself, so charmed had he been by them.

TORONTO C. C.—On Saturday, Sept. 19 a paddling and sailing race was held with seven entries. Colin Fraser, canoe Kate; Arthur Mason, canoe Evora; Frank M. Nicholson, canoe Sadie N; John L. Kerr, canoe Ada K; Hugh Neilson, W. G. McKendrick, Robt. Tyson. Mr. Fraser won in the Kate. Mr. McKendrick won the Mason Paddling Cup, with F. W. Mason second and Arthur Mason third. On Sept. 26 the club held their regatta, the first race being a half mile handicap, won by W. G. McKendrick, canoe Wenona, with F. W. Mason in the Whimbrel and Arthur Mason in the Evora, second and third. Mr. Wm. Leys won the open canoe race, half a mile and turn. The tandem race brought out the following: Colin Fraser and Mr. Jacques, canoe Wanda; Hugh Neilson and Fred W. Mason, canoe Whimbrel; W. B. Raymond and W. G. McKendrick, canoe Wenona; Frank M. Nicholson and Arthur Mason, canoe Evora. Wanda won, with Whimbrel 4ft. astern. Messrs Leys and Parsons had a walkover in the 30in. open tandem race, doing the half mile in 5¼min. The sports concluded by Mr. Arthur Mason showing how a canoe may be righted and entered after a capsize. He dived under his boat, staying there some time, and finally rolled the boat right side up while lying inside.

HARTFORD C. C.—An interesting race took place on the Connecticut River on Monday afternoon, by canoes of the club, for the privilege of starting in the final race for the Commodore's Cup. The day was fine, the air clear and bracing, and a light breeze blowing up the river from the southwest. The course was about two miles, from an imaginary line across the river, thence north around a stakeboat, thence south to a second stakeboat and return to the starting line. The entries were the canoes Rambler, E. Hart Fenn; Leila, J. C. Abbott; Caroline, Col. J. L. Green, sailed by W. B. Davidson, and Kestrel, Rev. Francis Goodwin, sailed by Mr. Forrest. The race was quite close from start to finish, Rambler winning by 40 seconds, Caroline second, Kestrel third and Leila fourth.

A LIGHT CANOE.—Mr. Rushton has lately finished a very light canoe 11×28×9½ with 5in. sheer. The weight was to be under 25lbs. Mr. Rushton also reports that his sales have exceeded those of any previous year by nearly fifty per cent. He is engaged on a new catalogue of boats and canoes, which will be ready earlier than usual.

A HANDSOME CLUB BOOK.—Decidedly the neatest club book that has yet appeared is that of the New York C. C. for 1885. It is handsomely printed on heavy linen paper, with a cover of vellum paper, on which is the club flag in red.

VESPER BOAT CLUB.—On last Friday night the Vesper Boat Club, of Lowell, gave an entertainment, the chief feature being an illumination of the house and fleet. From the roof down the house was decorated with Chinese lanterns, while inside the reception room was decorated with plants and hangings. Off the house was the steamer Pinafore, with a band on board. On the water were some 30 canoes, each with its string of lanterns in fantastic outlines. At 8 P. M. Messrs. Butler and Nichols marshalled the fleet and headed up the river, then they came down, first in two lines across the river, then in single file, each following the leader in a zig zag route over the river. After the parade and fireworks a dance was given in the club house.

OTTAWA C. C. RACES.—The high wind of Sept. 19 interfered with the programme of the Ottawa C. C. and but one race was called. This was a sailing race from Nepeau Point to Earnscliffe and back, the entries being Iolanthe, R. McLeod Maingy, and Irene, R. W. Baldwin. Irene was hindered by an accident to her steering gear and Iolanthe won. On Monday the single paddling race came off, over a course of 1½ miles. The entries were Irene, R. W. Baldwin; Iolanthe, Mr. Wheeler; Hazel, Mr. Borough; Ottawa, Mr. Wicksteed; Emma, Mr. Hemming. All were started at 4:30, Irene leading over the course and winning, with Hazel three lengths astern and Iolanthe third.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

A NOBLE sight is this, I ween,
Fair panorama of the sea,
The ocean white with crested foam
To windward and to lee;
Bright shines the day on Staten Isle,
On woods of emerald green,
On stately dome and villa roof,
With field and lawn between.
Long Island stretches east away,
Engirdled with the brine;
On sandy bar and weedy rock
The glorious sunbeams shine.

Full many a score of stately yachts
Wide o'er the sea are spread,
Careening like white-plumag'd birds,
On rushing pinions sped.
Vast steamers bound for foreign land,
Their smoky banners raise;
The flag of every nation
Its blazon'd field displays.
The sounds of martial music
From many a deck arise,
Loud shouts of acclamation
Swell grandly to the skies;
From fortress wall and green parade
Ring out the cannonade.

Off Sandy Hook two stately yachts
The broad arena sweep,
White meteor flag and flag of stars
To each tall masthead leap;
Each emulous to win the prize
For speed in ocean race;
To claim the palm of victory
O'er ocean's rolling space.

See how they matchless ride the seas,
Like rush of desert steed,
Graceful as swan on limpid lake,
Swift as the eagle's speed.
A cloud of canvas each displays
From deck to topmast head,
Jib, mainsail, spinnaker,
In ample folds outspread.

Onward, right onward see them fly,
Cleaving the tumbling surge;
A score of miles away the goal
To which the champions urge.
The mark is reach'd, and homeward now
On free wind turns each dashing prow.
So ends the race, the first great race,
Where Puritan holds foremost place;
But nobly in the watery way
Genesta bore her flag that day!

Once more these yachts the challenge fling,
Again on rushing wings they swing;
From Scotland Lightship swift they bear,
Each yacht a pyramid of snow,
The white sails blossoming high in air,
Balloon jibs all aglow!
Yielding to pressure of the breeze,
Thro' the salt ocean-sleet they dash,
Plunging thro' maelstrom of green waves,
Through whirling foam they flash.
'Tis battle of flight and chase,
Pursuer and pursued;
The centerboard, the cutter race,
Fought out o'er ocean flood.
Ah, Puritan hath won the prize!
And cheers exultant rend the skies.

GREENPORT, L. I. ISAAC MCLELLAN.

ATALANTA AND STILETTO.

THE decision of the Regatta Committee of the American Y. C. on the protest made by Mr. Jay Gould, on the ground that Stiletto did not round Sarah's Ledge buoy properly in the race last July, has just been made public. Mr. Gould presented fourteen affidavits from persons in New London, to the effect that Stiletto did not pass the buoy to the south and east, while the crew and guests of the latter aver that she did. The committee decide to allow the protest, and have awarded the prize to Atalanta. Mr. J. B. Herreshoff thereupon forwarded the following challenge to Mr. Gould:

BRISTOL, R. I., Sept. 21.

Jay Gould, Esq.:

I hereby challenge the Atalanta to race with the Stiletto over a 100-mile course on the Hudson River, from a point off the foot of West Twenty third street 50 miles up and back, on Saturday, the 26th inst., and will join you in the purchase of a championship cup, worth at least $500, to be held by the winner, subject to the challenge of any yacht which may be disposed to race for it thereafter. The cup will be held subject to the conditions that it must be sailed for over the same course, and that, in order to win it, the challenging yacht must go over the course in less time than that previously made by the yacht which holds it. Please reply by return mail and name your judge. Yours truly, JOHN B. HERRESHOFF.

To this Mr. Gould replied with the following challenge;

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1885.

J. B. Herreshoff, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Your challenge to race the Stiletto with the Atalanta over a 100-mile course on the Hudson River, from a point off the foot of West Twenty-third street about 50 miles up and back on Saturday, the 26th inst., was received this morning. In reply permit me to state, although you are doubtless aware of the fact, that over a part of the distance named by you on the Hudson River the Atalanta can steam only at three-quarter speed, and whenever a large tow is met her engines must be run at dead slow. The Atalanta's time over the American Y. C.'s course in 1884 was 4.42.57, that of the Stiletto in 1885 4.49.54, so that up to date the Atalanta has made the fastest time over the course. However, as you appear to want a race to settle the relative speed of the two yachts over a long distance course, I suggest that we race from Sandy Hook to St. John's, Newfoundland, for a challenge cup, to be held under the conditions you propose. As it will cost $3,000 to fit out the Atalanta to run her to St. John's and back I propose that we each put up $2,500, to be forfeited by the owner whose yacht does not go over the course at the time agreed upon. Yours truly, JAY GOULD.

The proposal that Stiletto shall enter such a long race in the open sea is so absurd that there is no probability that it will be accepted, as in any rough weather a big ocean steamer like Atalanta would quickly drown out a little torpedo launch, however fast the latter might be.

A NEW BOTTOM PAINT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Loyalty" has been so handsomely handled by your other correspondent, "Yankee Doodle," and moreover, the personal tone of his last effort is so apparent that I am content to drop the Puritan sloop question, so far as he is concerned, with the remark that it is my intention to ascertain the exact draft of water of several of our old well-known sloops, merely to show whether or not Puritan is, comparatively, a sloop of heavy draft, and thus, in shape, approaches the modern racing cutter.

And now for another matter which will be of greater interest to your yachting readers than the exchange of schoolboy "arguments." The question is frequently asked: "Where can we find a durable, smooth paint for yachts' bottoms, something which will keep worms from attacking the wood, and entirely prevent the growth of barnacles and grass?" I have tried nearly all the kinds advertised with the result that, up to last summer, all are more or less failures excepting pure copper bronze, and it is very expensive.

Last spring I had sent me by the owner of a small yacht I was then building, four gallons of paint with the request that I should give it a fair trial.

I also purchased a further supply and used it on several boats, one of which (a 40ft. yacht) has been moored in this harbor all summer, and thus far not a sign of grass nor a barnacle has appeared on her bottom.

The paint is called "Ulesote," and seems to be pure zinc finely pulverized. It costs about as much as white lead. In appearance it resembles the ordinary pot lead as usually applied for racing purposes. It dries very quickly, and if lightly rubbed with fine sandpaper, forms quite as smooth a surface. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Sept. 26, 1885.

THE OCEAN RACES.

SEPT. 21—SANDY HOOK AND BRENTON'S REEF.

IT would seem at a casual glance that a record of three important ocean races such as the Bennett-Douglas, the Brenton's Reef and the Cape May, all sailed within two weeks, betokened a real revival in American yachting; but such, unfortunately, is not the case. True, these cups that have laid unclaimed season after season have at length been raced for and won; but this is due only to the spirit of an English yachtsman, and if the three races prove anything, it is only the apathy of American yachtsmen, who have let the three cups go with barely a show of defending them. However, the races have served one good purpose in showing what a boat Genesta really is, how far she is superior to the great bulk of our yachts, and also where the Cup would now have been without fail, but for the happy Inspiration of some Eastern yachtsmen.

After starting at the Lightship on Monday, Genesta at 5:12:35 P. M. and Dauntless at 5:22:55, the yachts held on down the Long Island shore with barely a breath of air and by 7 P. M. there was a calm on the water. In company with Genesta, now a mile ahead, was the tug Ocean King, chartered by the New York dailies and freighted with a valuable assorted cargo of reporters. By 9 P. M. there was a light wind from southeast, and Genesta moved faster under it, soon increasing the space between her and the schooner. The night was clear and calm and the sea perfectly smooth. It was nearly midnight before Fire Island lights fairly on Genesta's beam. Toward morning the wind drew ahead and compelled the schooner to make a tack; at 2:30 she stood off shore on port tack, going about again at 3:15, while Genesta held her first course until 4:10, when she too went on port tack until 4:37. Again at 5:10 Genesta tacks off in the gray and cloudy dawn. At 2 P. M. a light rain began to fall. It increased as the afternoon passed, and when at 5 P. M. Genesta passed Montauk Point, it was raining hard with a good breeze from the east. At 5:30 Block Island light was in sight, but the wind had lightened and the yacht moved very slowly. Dauntless was now far astern, not passing Montauk Point until 9 P. M. and sighting Block Island light at 9:45. It was 7:30 when Genesta sighted Point Judith light and 8:40 when she had it abeam.

At 9:38:50 she luffed around Brenton's Reef lightship, having finished half her journey in 28h., 26m., 15s. The sea was now rising and there was felt the first of the cyclone from the northwest that was so severe along the coast next day. At 10:15 Genesta again passed Point Judith, and at 11:20 the lights of the Dauntless were passed as she hurried on to windward to the mark. A little before midnight, between Block Island and Point Judith, she lost her jibboom, but saved the sail without damage. It was 1:24 A. M. when she luffed around the mark, 3.45.10 astern of Genesta, her time being 32 11.25.

The wind was increasing when Genesta came up to Montauk Point at 12:25 A. M. on Wednesday, and was now west-northwest. Her jibtopsail had already carried away. As the gale increases her sprit topsail comes down, and finally at 4 A. M. her topmast is housed. At 4:10 she made a tack inshore, and an hour later Shinnecock was sighted. The wind was now howling and a good sea running, so at 5:30 she hove to for a reef in the mainsail and to set No. 3 jib. It was expected that wind would soon lighten, or the trysail would have been set at once for the homeward trip. About the same time Dauntless, far astern, had also double-reefed her mainsail and foresail and stowed her jib. A little after 6 A. M. Genesta reefed her bowsprit and shifted to No. 4 jib, and at 6:50 she tacked inshore, into calmer water. At 8:20 she had Shinnecock abeam.

A little later than this Dauntless, when near Montauk Point, had carried away her foresail, being obliged to take it in for repairs. When nearing Shinnecock at 1:30 she set it again, and once more it carried away, leaving her under two reefed mainsail, forestaysail and jib. Off Fire Island at 11:00 A. M., Genesta ran into heavier water, while the wind was now blowing 60 miles per hour, as registered on shore. Again she hove to for a second reef. While it was being tied in a sea struck her and threw two of her crew to the deck, stunning one badly and spraining an ankle of the other who nearly went overboard. Now she went on easier, but the seas were still very heavy and the wind as strong, so at 2 P. M. a third reef was turned in. No pennant was now off, and the man who ventured out on the boom had some difficulty in passing one, but finally he succeeded, and the points are tied on, the boat going along more easily. At 3:45 she passed Long Beach Hotel, and at 4:40 the first sight of the Lightship was caught from the Ocean King, that had stuck by her bravely all the way. Dauntless had only passed Shinnecock at 1:57, setting foretrysail an hour later. When she was abreast of Fire Island, Genesta was just at the finish. It was 5:19:40 P. M. on Wednesday when she crossed the line, her elapsed time being 48h. 7m. 5s. After some trouble and danger, owing to the heavy sea, Genesta took the hawser of the Ocean King and was towed up to her anchorage. As she was taking in her jib one of the crew was struck heavily by a flying chain and wounded in the head.

At 9:55 the Highland Lights were in view from the Dauntless, and at 11:16:42 she crossed the line, taking her own time. The elapsed time was 53.54.42, or 5.48.12 longer than Genesta The latter had gained 3.45.10 in the drift out, and had increased this by 2h. 3m. 2s. on the beat home in a gale. Genesta sustained no injury beyond the loss of her jibtopsail, but Dauntless was towed to Poillon's yard for repairs.

SEPT. 26—SANDY HOOK AND CAPE MAY.

Again there were no entries but Genesta and Dauntless, though the weather promised to be very different from that of Wednesday. Both yachts sailed out on Saturday morning, and at 4:30 P. M. were ready at Buoy 5, while with them were Vision, Mischief and Esperito. The Luckenbach was also on hand, this time in charge of a party of reporters with the regatta committee also on board.

At 3:47 the preparatory signal blew and at 3:57 the start, Genesta going over as it sounded, at 3:57:15 and Dauntless followed at 3:58:30, both standing on starboard tack, heading southeast by east, with a light southerly wind. Genesta carried jibheader and jibtopsail and Dauntless sent up balloon jibtopsail with jibheaders and maintopmaststaysail. The regatta committee were placed on board the Scandinavian and the Luckenbach started after Genesta. Down the beach in the gathering darkness the two boats went, with a light wind and smooth water, making long legs on and off shore. At 1 A. M. Genesta passed Barnegat, making good speed in the light air. At 7:50 A. M. the steamer City of Atlanta passed by, bound north. The Luckenbach left her for a time and ran north in search of Dauntless, but she could not be found, and by noon the tug was again near Genesta, with the Northern Lightship only five miles distant. At 1:30 the tug neared the lightship, hoping for news of Dauntless, but no yacht had been sighted.

Genesta worked down to the weather mark, the Five Fathom Light-

ship, and at 3:55:23 she rounded it, setting spinnaker to starboard, and started home. About 5:30 she passed Dauntless, the latter with clubtopsail and maintopmaststaysail but no foretopmast. When near Aboseom at 6:30 the southerly wind died out, leaving a calm for a couple of hours, after which came a light breeze from northwest. Through the night she continued her course without any special incident, the wind drawing to the north and northeast toward morning, making a beat home. At 9 A. M. she was abreast of Seabright, traveling very fast with a good northeast breeze that heeled her down. An hour later she was at the line, winning her third race at 10:11:55, the time being 42.14.40. After she finished she sent up the white burgee with three winning flags under it. The Luckenbach passed her a line and towed her up to her anchorage.

Dauntless had the wind very light, but at 1:20 A. M. on Sunday her foretopmast carried away, owing to the breaking of the backstay bolt in the deck. She turned the outer mark at 10:10 on Sunday night, and after a tedious sail up the beach finished at 3:20 on Tuesday morning.

The full times are:

	Start, Sept. 26.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Genesta	3 57 15 P. M.	10 11 55 A. M. Sept. 27	42 14 40
Dauntless	3 58 20 P. M.	3 20 10 A. M. Sept. 28	59 21 14

LENGTH AND DEPTH IN A SEA.

THE value of length, depth and ballast when properly combined is well shown in the performance of Queen Mab, Watson's latest and most extreme 10, in the regatta at Dartmouth last month, where she raced successfully against such boats as Vanessa and Quickstep, beating them twenty minutes in a gale and heavy sea. Queen Mab is a 10-tonner of the modern type, 55ft. over all, 49ft. stem to sternpost on deck, about 47ft. waterline, 7ft. 4in. beam, with 13 tons of lead outside. Vanessa, the famous old racing 10, is 47ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam. Quickstep, also 10 tons, is 46ft.x10ft.; Rondo 47ft.x10ft. 10in.; Butterfly, 47ft.x9ft 10in , all 20-ton racers of ten years since, and first-class of their kind. Queen Mab in this case gained no advantage from the Y. R. A. rule, as the 20s were in class C and she had to race in class A at a nominal rating of 40 tons, or double their tonnage. In spite of such a handicap, in a heavy E.N.E. breeze and a big sea running, the narrow boat left the wider ones easily, they holding her down wind, but once with sheets in she made 19min. even time on the foremost of her rivals, going easily through the seas and astonishing all the spectators. Besides the 20s, Irex and Marjorie were sailing a match at the same time, and the performance in a seaway of the little 10 compared with these big ones was noted favorably by all who saw it.

SLOOP OR CUTTER.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

The keen interest with which so many here, whether yachtsmen or not, have read the reports of the Puritan-Genesta races have also provoked a great deal of criticism as to their respective builds and rigs, and on the lesson to be learned from the result. In two thoroughly fair trials under widely dissimilar conditions the Puritan won, proving that Americans can build and rig a centerboard cutter to beat a keel, and that is all. If Americans can derive any satisfaction from that feat it is theirs. It appears to me to be very little to be proud of, considering the claims that they make and the respective positions of keels and centerboards in American regattas. One thing is clear, they were afraid to trust to a sloop to meet the cutter. By their actions in these races they have set the following problems for solution before settling finally which country can claim the honor of building the fastest yachts:

First—A series of races between the Puritan and an English centerboard cutter.

Second—A series of races between the Genesta and an American keel cutter.

Third—A series of races between a *bona fide* American sloop rigged keel sloop, such as you will find by hundreds in American waters, and an English cutter of which there are thousands in England.

But Americans strenuously assert that the Puritan is a typical American sloop, and they try to prove it in this way: She was designed, built, sparred and rigged by Americans; her model is broader and shallower than the English; she has a centerboard and a stationary bowsprit. These are the essential points that distinguish the typical American sloop from all other boats.

The minor points, or non-essential, as I shall enumerate, are copied direct from English yachts, but do not affect the classification of a yacht if American papers are correct in their contentions.

The rank rake of the sternpost, the overhanging counter and outside ballast. The complete English cutter rig in its entirety, length of mast and set. The long gaff, mainsail with low hoist and high peak, foretopsail and jib, square head topsail, and all the kites.

I will venture to say the Puritan is the first typical American sloop of such a build and rig, and if Americans are right in their claims as to minor points, as a logical sequence a "schooner-rigged catamaran sloop" will be among the possibilities of the future, with a typical English sloop-rigged centerboard cutter for variety.

I have no wish to detract from the splendid success of the Puritan, but to coolly appropriate the English methods and cutter rig, and calmly claim the resulting yacht as typical American, and their race a centerboard against a keel when they have special classes for the two in their own regattas, is, to say the least, not thoroughly sportsmanlike or hardly fair.—*Aurus in Halifax Chronicle, Sept.* 21.

Now that the spray has been allowed to settle back into the ocean around the Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships, allow me to congratulate the cutter men on the unqualified triumph of their theories. Where in all the world is there a shingle-bottom capable of sailing on and off the wind as Puritan and Genesta have done?

The gentlemen who held forth so eloquently on the subject of sloops have crossed Al Sirat and are safe in Paradise, fondly imagining that the former was a sloop, a most fortuitous circumstance, while those who took pains to study Mr. Burgess's ideas intelligently saw at a glance that he was of the cutter persuasion, but found himself compelled by the necessities of the case to introduce certain modifications which have heretofore existed only in the sloop and schooner models. Puritan has the bowsprit and doublehead sail of a cutter—with this advantage, which her designer has slyly introduced as a sloop feature, the stick is built in and does not sleeve as in the cutter. The overhang of her stern, the straight or nearly straight line of her stem, especially in the freeboard, and the cut of her mainsail, is that of a cutter. In the light winds which prevailed, no doubt the lacing on h-r boom was an advantage; but in a solid breeze it would not have been. It is a sloop and catboat feature, originating in the Sound as the centerboard did, and destined eventually to go back there, consigned to a long sleep in those placid haunts where the memory of the Mystery (suggestive name) reminds us of the danger which lurks in lazy sailing, even in "still waters."

I am sorry the Genesta did not win the second race, not because I am at all unpatriotic, but solely for the real interest of yachting. Now, for a season or two we shall have all sorts of visionary compromise cutters, and it will take two or three years to educate the average experimenter into a practical yachtsman. Every one will learn at last that compromise boats are unsatisfactory in the long run, and that deep keels are really "the only wear" for genuine yachting. Next summer I hope Galatea, Vanduara and Irex, or Wendur and Marjorie will come over on their own bilges, as Genesta did, and between them capture the ugly mug. DEJA.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE RACES.

IN an editorial under the heading of "The America's Cup" the London *Field* of Sept. 19 reviews as follows the late races. The *Field* also publishes a picture of Puritan, to which the following remarks are appended: "It will be seen that Puritan is a cutter, pure and simple, although her mast is stepped a little further forward than is usual in England, and the bowsprit will not reef in, as is customary on this side of the Atlantic. The mainsail is laced to the boom, and this has often been done in England in cutters; but a belief prevails here that better effects are got out of loose-footed sails. This much is certain, that if the sail bags much, hauling out on the foot takes the bag out much more effectively if the sail is not laced, and on the whole a loose-footed will sit better than a laced sail. On the other hand, if the sail is laced, the boom can be lighter, as the strain is more equally distributed. * * * It is plain that Puritan is no more the typical American centerboard sloop than Genesta is, and this is satisfactory, because it will probably induce American yachtsmen to abandon a type of boat universally condemned. That beam is not incompatible with good seagoing qualities was made pretty plain at the recent Dartmouth regatta by the performance of the yawl Constance, which went as fast and as well as anything in the race, [Constance is 86 9 stem to sternpost on deck, by 18ft. beam, or 3ft. wider than Genesta on the same length nearly.—ED F. & S.] and if the success of Puritan only reconciles British yachtsmen to the adoption of a little more beam, we shall have as much reason to be satisfied with the achievements of Puritan as the Americans have." The *Field* comments editorially on the race as follows:

"For the third time an Englishman has made an attempt to regain the cup won by the America in the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1851, and failed. So far, however, as the failure of the Genesta goes, there is nothing to be disheartened about, and much to learn. In 1870 the American yachts had rather an easy victory over the Cambria when she started against the whole fleet of the New York Y. C.; and the decisive defeat which she subsequently bestowed upon one of their crack schooners—the Idler—in a jib-headed topsail breeze, failed to convince Americans that their shallow type of yacht would be any better for a little more depth of body. From an American point of view, the successive defeats of the Livonia in 1871 only confirmed the opinion that the shallow type of yacht could not be improved upon for speed and weatherliness, so far at least as smooth water sailing goes; and the subsequent attempts to win the cup by Canadian yachtsmen were of little interest from an English point of view.

"However, in 1881, an event occurred which created a great change of opinion in America as to the relative merits of the broad and shallow and deep and narrow type of yacht. Between the years 1870 and 1880 a notable advance had been made in the mode of ballasting English yachts, by tranferring the lead ballast from inside the hull to outside under the keel. By these means a yacht, say 80ft. loadline and 15ft. beam (5.33 beams to length) could be made to carry the sail of another of similar length, but with 20ft. beam (4 beams to length); but one would be rated as of 80 tons and the other as of 110 tons. Unfortunately the advantages seemed so much in favor of the narrower vessel that no one ventured to build one of the broader type, and so all our experiments were in one direction; and there is no doubt that the objects sought by the designer were attained with fewer failures than experiments with broader vessels in America. Beyond this, here was the solid fact that, no matter how narrow the English yacht is, she can be sailed in any kind of weather and sea; and as much cannot be said for the broad and shallow yachts of America. All these things had been marked by the more observant of American yachtsmen, and were freely discussed in a portion of the New York press; but the recollection of the successive defeats of the Cambria and Livonia formed a bulwark which no amount of argument could surmount. At length, in 1881, the event to which we have referred occurred; that is, Mr. James Coats, one of our most staunch and enterprising yachtsmen, took the 10-tonner Madge to New York for the purpose of gauging the two types. The decisive victories of the Madge came as a revelation to American yachtsmen, and the advocates of the narrow-beamed craft were so elated that one of the papers suggested that 'if they were not hooped they would bust.' We at the time wrote, 'Fortunately American yachtsmen are not likely to lose their senses over the victories of the Madge, and while probably their present type of yacht will undergo considerable modification, it is improbable that they will adopt suddenly the modern British type; at the same time, it is to be hoped that they will not attempt to get on terms with the British model by simply cutting deep, heavy lead keels on their broad shallow yachts. Of course the yachts would be improved by deep lead keels, but an alteration in the type is required by dispensing with a little breadth and giving more under-water depth of body.'

"This exactly describes what American yachtsmen have been doing during the last four years; and to foster a type of vessels with moderate beam and unrestricted depth, they adopted the "sail area and length rule," in place of the old bulk rule, which had for some years been used by the New York Y. C. Of course when yacht building is in a transition state, there is not likely to be any vessel of distinct excellence produced; and on the arrival of the challenge from the owner of the Genesta, the members of the New York Y. C., on scanning over their fleet of yachts, came to the conclusion that not one existed fit to tackle the British craft. It is true they had the Bedouin of 66 Y. R. A. tons, a good hard weather boat, but no better than their crack sloop Gracie in moderate weather, and moreover, there was from a national point of view the objection that Bedouin was designed by an Englishman (Mr. John Harvey), and although of only four and a half beams in length, she is in every respect an English type of cutter.

"Under these circumstances Mr. Gordon Bennett and Mr. W. Douglas commissioned Mr. Cary Smith, a very successful naval architect, to design a sloop at least equal in length to the Genesta, and while retaining most of the features of the American type, to modify them as circumstances seemed to require; the result was the Priscilla. At the same time Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, one of the best known and appreciative yachtsmen of Boston, accepted a design made by Mr. E. Burgess. The latter in one sense is an amateur, as three years ago he held a position in the Boston Society of Natural History, and only adopted yacht designing after a long correspondence with English yacht designers and a visit to English yachting stations. At any rate there is no doubt that in the Puritan he has produced a masterpiece, whether we regard her speed and weatherly qualities or her 'looks.' The engraving in our yachting columns is taken from a photograph, and while it conveys a correct impression of the vessel's appearance, does justice to a very symmetrical-looking hull.

"Our special correspondent ably described the characteristics of Puritan in the letter we published last week; and from is description it will be gathered that she is a craft midway, as it were, between an English cutter and an American sloop. Her length of waterline is 80ft., her beam 23ft., her draught of water 8ft. 3in., and her displacement 120 tons. She is fitted with a lead keel of 25 tons, and has 20 tons of lead inside. She has a centerboard, but this probably was fitted in deference to the *amour propre* of Americans; she might otherwise have had a much deeper keel and have carried her lead lower. However, this opens the question of immersed surface, and it would be out of place to discuss such a matter here. As already described in our columns, trial races between Puritan, Priscilla, Gracie and Bedouin took place, and the final selection fell on Puritan, although there was not much to choose between her and the Priscilla, both, however, being incomparably better than Gracie or Bedouin.

"The sail area rule, as used by the New York Y. C. is this: to the square root of the sail area add twice the length on the load water line and divide by three; the rating is thus by length. By this rule Puritan is 83.85ft. and Genesta 83.5ft.; their actual length on the waterline being 80ft. and 81ft. respectively. Thus, the sail area of Puritan be must 8382sq. ft. and that of Genesta 7833sq. ft., the excess in favor of Puritan being 549sq. ft., quite sufficient to give her an advantage in light winds, and in fresh winds either, provided there was not much sea, when her want of depth of body might tell against her. So far as the match sailed on Monday goes, there seems to be little doubt that Puritan held Genesta safe all day in the light wind, but the long distance by time (16 minutes) at the finish was no doubt due to the wind dying out to a mere sigh at the end, rendering it very tedious work getting through the water.

"The match on Wednesday was sailed in a better breeze, which the landsman who telegraphs the result to the London papers magnifies into a gale, although Genesta brought her big topsail home all through the long beat of twenty miles. That it must have been very close work is evident from the time at the finish, which in this case seems reliable, although the 'roundness' of the figures telegraphed across from New York concerning Monday's match is suggestive of the sundial. It would be premature to form any conclusions as to the relative merits of the two types as represented by Genesta and Puritan; but this much seems certain, that yachtsmen on this side of the Atlantic have been blindly prejudiced in favor of 'all length and no beam,' in consequence of the Thames and Y. R. A. tonnage rules being the sole standard test of merit. But, even judging by those rules, it would now seem evident that, for any given length, a good vessel of four and three-quarter beams could give the Y. R. A. time to one of five and a half beams. Puritan has only three and a half beams to length, and by the Y. R. A. rules would be 141 tons against Genesta's 80 tons, equal to 9min. 25sec. over a 40-mile course, and it appears to be clearly established that by this rule Puritan would have no chance against Genesta. On the other hand, by the displacement rule under which the Livonia sailed in America in 1871, the Genesta would allow Puritan two or three minutes. Under the Y. R. A. sail area rule Genesta would be 106 tons and Puritan 112 tons, and the allowance on a course of 40 miles would be 57sec., and this allowance would not be far wrong for whole sail breezes.

"A question has been mooted on this side of the Atlantic as to whether Genesta is the best of our late fleet of cutters. Perhaps she is not; indeed, many of our good judges would sooner pin their faith on Irex or Marjorie, or even Marguerite in a very light wind; but it must be evident to every one that, with the additional lead put outside Genesta during the winter, and her increased sail spread, she must be very near Irex in speed, and perhaps her equal by the wind. At any rate, all yachtsmen can confidently regard Genesta as a representative cutter, and good enough in all respects to test the qualities of the yachts of America. Until we get full reports from our special correspondent we can withhold our judgment as to the merits of the two tests just now completed, although we cannot get over the fact that the Genesta has failed to recover the America Cup. There are other matches for which she is entered, notably the Brenton Reef and the Cape May challenge cups, and it is much to be regretted that the Puritan is not also entered for these races, as the contests already sailed cannot from all points of view be regarded as conclusive; and, moreover, we all should like to see the English craft have the opportunity of returning a Roland for an Oliver."

A GALE AMONG THE YACHTS.—The heavy gale of last week did considerable damage to the yachts in the bay, the most serious injury being to the centerboard sloop Sagitta, Mr. Henry C. Ward, N. Y. Y. C., which was driven ashore on Debb's Inlet Shoal near Rockaway on Wednesday morning, giving rise to the report that Genesta was aground. The Sagitta, in charge of Captain Smith, left Gravesend Bay at 1:30 A. M., bound for Fire Island to lay up, and at 3:30 she went ashore off Far Rockaway, in consequence of the loss of her mainsail, which was double-reefed at the time. Captain Smith and his crew of two were rescued by the boat from Life Saving Station No. 34, commanded by Captain John H. Abrams. After the gale subsided she was lightened and hauled off, sustaining little serious damage. At Bay Ridge the Crocodile, Wivern, Comet, Florence, Caprice, Breeze and several others went ashore, but none were very seriously injured.

OPEN REGATTA AT MATTAPOISETT.—The annual open regatta was sailed at Mattapoisett on Sept. 12, there being four classes of catboats. The courses for first and second class were 13½ miles, and for third and fourth class 10 miles. The starters and times were:

FIRST CLASS—OVER 23FT.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Surprise, J. Codman	2 42 36	2 38 55
Quissett, Isaac Hiller	2 40 44	2 39 26
Mary, G. E. Phinney	2 43 08	2 43 08
Mattie, Howard Stockton	2 46 00	2 45 03
Myth, Thomas Parsons	2 50 02	2 45 32
Cadmus, H. E. Perry	2 50 08	2 45 26
Almira, J. T. Phinney	2 49 38	2 48 30

SECOND CLASS—20 TO 23FT.

Zillah, Jabez Jenney	3 04 43	3 03 59
Tantrum, C. C. Handy	3 05 03	3 04 02
Gleam, E. H. Storms	3 10 51	3 10 51
Lady of the Lake, F. A. Bowman	3 16 15	3 14 13

THIRD CLASS—15 TO 20FT.

Mystic, B. R. & L. Frothingham	1 17 38	1 16 18
Spray, J. Friedhoff	1 24 50	1 24 50
Gem, S. A. Bigelow	1 27 42	1 25 40
Gladys, S. Warren, Jr.	1 32 29	1 28 04

FOURTH CLASS—UNDER 15FT.

J. T. Sampson	1 37 21	1 37 21
Lewis Bacon	1 45 48	1 40 19
Sylvanus Swift	1 43 47	1 41 37

Regatta committee—E. B. Gifford, Robert Atkinson, R. F. Holmes and Ansel Hardy. Holmes and Hardy were the judges and M. G. H. Dexter measurer.

NEWARK Y. C.—This club sailed their open sweep takes regatta on Monday over a ten-mile course, twice around a five-mile triangle, off Greenville in Newark Bay. The summary is as follows:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Winifred	12 42 00	2 49 00	2 07 00	2 07 30
Vixen	12 42 00	2 49 30	2 07 30	2 07 00
Lydia F	12 42 00	2 08 15	2 26 15	2 22 22

CLASS 2—JIB AND MAINSAIL, OVER 18FT.

Eliza	12 33 00	2 38 30	2 05 30	2 05 30
Rambler	12 35 45	2 49 15	2 13 30	2 10 02
Just Woke Up	12 35 50	2 30 55	1 55 05	1 49 22
Maud F	12 34 05	2 38 00	2 03 55	1 56 10
Fern	12 37 00	3 00 55	2 23 55	2 14 48

CLASS 4—CATBOATS, OVER 18FT.

Blavi B	12 24 50	3 04 15	2 39 25	2 39 25
Shadow	12 24 30	3 05 00	2 40 30	2 39 15
Triton	12 24 15	3 08 15	2 43 50	2 42 50
Teaser	12 24 45	2 40 00	2 15 15	2 12 52
Ripple	12 26 15	2 57 00	2 31 50	2 33 00

CLASS 5—CATBOATS, 18FT. AND UNDER.

Tillie	12 18 45	2 54 30	2 35 45	2 35 16
Niack	12 20 30	3 09 50	2 49 29	2 47 07
Marion	12 19 15	3 10 15	2 51 00	2 49 45
Fleetwing	12 22 00	2 55 45	2 33 45	2 33 45

Just Woke Up wins the silver pitcher for best time over the course. The owner of Emmy C. fainted just as the boat was at the starting line and she was withdrawn.

OSHKOSH Y. C. STEAM YACHT RACE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Sept. 19 a large crowd assembled at the island, seven miles from Oshkosh on Lake Winnebago to witness a steam yacht race. There were five starters, the Albina, Maggie Leard, Coquette, Farrand and Annie. The race was a handicap, the Farrand and Coquette starting three minutes and fifty-eight seconds behind the Albina and Maggie Leard, and the Annie seven minutes and thirty seconds behind. The Albina was the first to arrive at finish, the Farrand next and the Coquette following. The captain or the Farraud, not understanding the rules of the race passed inside the buoy rounding for home instead of outside and was set back ten seconds. The Annie, Geo. W. Peck's yacht, made the quickest time around the course, but was handicapped too heavily, and consequently came in fourth. The following table shows the time of start and finish, and the elapsed time:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Albina	2 49 30	3 50 00	1 05 30
Coquette	2 53 28	3 57 05	1 03 37
Farrand	2 53 28	3 57 10	1 03 32
Annie	2 57 00	3 57 30	1 00 30
Maggie Leard	2 49 30	4 03 30	1 14 00

The corrected time of the Farrand make her finish 1:03:42, although it is claimed that the judges set her back too much for the little time she gained by going inside of the buoy. The lake was as smooth as a mirror, and a better day could not be picked out in a whole season. As the race had been postponed twice four other yachts did not put in an appearance.—MORTIMER.

HULL Y. C.—A championship race was sailed on Sept. 19 in a good breeze. The summary of times is as follows:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Hera, G. R. Howe	37.04	1 51 40	1 27 41

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Banneret, J. F. Brown	35.02	1 56 54	1 21 49
Lizzie F. Daly, Wm. Daly, Jr.	26.11	1 57 42	1 21 36

THIRD CLASS KEELS.

Kitty, E. H. Tarbel	23.09	1 19 14	0 58 08
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	22.07	1 26 39	1 05 42

FOURTH CLASS.

Amy, E. W. Baxter	21 03	1 22 05	1 01 05
Joker, Geo. Coffin	20.08	1 22 53	1 00 24

SIXTH CLASS.

Elsie, C. F. Hardwick	16.10	1 38 00	1 11 49

Banneret has won 9 firsts and 2 seconds out of 11 starts this year, having beaten Lizzie F. Daly 7 times in 9 races. For the season, Hero wins in first class keels, Banneret in second class keels, Atalanta in second class centerboards, Queen Mab in third class boards, Kitty in third class keels, Amy wins in fourth class, Em Ell Eye in fifth and Elsie in sixth.

SLOOP RIG VS. CUTTER RIG FOR SINGLE-HANDED SAILING.—The matter appears to me to lie in a nutshell. For very narrow waters—such as the Upper Thames or the Norfolk rivers, or any lake less than a half a mile in breadth—one sail before the mast will, I consider, be found most convenient for either a yawl or any fore-and-aft-rigged sailing boat, for all who like any sail at all before the mast for narrow-water sailing, and do not prefer the cat or Una rig. Circumstances, however, alter cases, and, where you have to deal with wider waters, two sails are much more convenient, as, instead of shifting canvas if the wind freshens, you merely lower your staysail, and thereby take much of the pressure off the head of the boat. Where there is sea room, so to speak, the additional pair of sheets is of little consequence. Nearly the whole of the larger boats used by watermen here are yawls, and the convenience of having two head sails is seen daily, particularly in sailing for mackerel, in which these boats in a fresh wind use only their jib and mainsail, answering perfectly with this canvas.—J. C. WILCOCKS (Plymouth, Sept. 14).—*London Field.*

TOLEDO Y. C., SEPT. 24.—A race was sailed on Sept. 24 over the club course of 21 miles by the three sloops Kate Graham, Scud and Crescent. The start was at 11:42, with five minutes to cross. Kate Graham crossed at 11:43:35, Scud 11:44:32, and Crescent 11:48:44, with 1.44 handicap. Reefed mainsails with spinnakers were carried on the first leg, Kate Graham also showing a topsail over her two-reefed mainsail. She led round the first mark at 12:36:35, with Scud at 12:39:51 and Crescent 12:50:10. Scud gained for a time on second leg, the times being: Kate Graham 1:30:04, Scud 1:30:40, Crescent 1:40:48. The last leg to windward saw Kate Graham still further ahead, winning by 7.11. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Kate Graham	11 43 35	3 22 55	3 39 20	3 36 32
Scud	11 44 32	3 28 15	3 43 43	3 43 43
Crescent	11 47 00	3 43 35	3 56 35	3 49 35

SOUTH BOSTON Y. C.—The last regatta of this club was sailed on Sept. 19 off City Point. The course for first class boats was 7¼ miles and for second class 5¾ miles. The times were:

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Actual.	Corrected.		Actual.	Corrected.
Altaire 1 51 51	1 55 19	Ibex	1 23 20	1 00 22
Dorcas L. 1 23 50	1 03 01	Breeze	1 14 37	0 54 43

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Nydia	0 52 32	0 23 04	Diana	0 55 46	0 37 01
Monarch	0 56 43	0 35 15	Vera	0 57 56	0 39 18

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Awilda	1 18 35	0 55 08	Thisbe	1 18 26	0 51 52
Em Ell Eye	1 18 14	0 50 29			

TORONTO YACHTING.—On Sept. 26, a sealed handicap race was sailed by the Royal Canadian and the Toronto yacht clubs, the starters being: Aileen, Com. Leys, R.C.Y.C.; Oriole, Vice-Com. Gooderham, R.C.Y.C.; Verve, Rear-Com. Cochrane, R.C.Y.C.; Alarm, Mr. L. H. Robertson, R.C.Y.C.; Cygnet, Com. McGaw, T.Y.C.; Condor, A. Carmichael, T.Y.C.; Escape, Capt McIntosh, T.Y.C. At 1 P. M. all started in a southwest wind. In beating out Oriole carried away Condor's topmaststay with her main boom, and the latter withdrew. Owing to one buoy being misplaced, there was some difficulty in finding the course and a resail may be ordered. Oriole won in 3.43.05, with Cygnet 3.47.15 and Aileen 4 21.45 corrected time.

AN INGENIOUS TRANSFORMATION.—We noticed some time since a picture of Priscilla leading Puritan around the Lightship in the (then) coming trial races, painted by the eminent marine artist, Mr. Franklyn Bassford. Owing to a combination of unforeseen circumstances, the principal one being the extra speed of the Boston boat, the trial races did not terminate just in the way expected, and whatever its artistic merit, the historical value of the picture was somewhat impaired The artist, however, proved equal to the occasion, and the picture now graces a Nassau street window, but in a new guise. The leading boat (Priscilla) now has housed her topmast, her sheer and overhang are greater, and a broad white bulwark has been added, changing her into Puritan. The other boat, less plainly shown, has dropped her white coat for a black one, and with very slight alteration her stern does fairly well for Genesta. Of the artistic merits of the painting we do not feel competent to speak, but we can at least compliment Mr. Bassford on his ingenuity.

THE DINNER TO SIR RICHARD SUTTON.—On Monday week the New York Y. C. gave a dinner to Sir Richard Sutton, at the club house on Madison avenue, the repast being served by Delmonico, in the large model room of the club house. Sir William Levinge and Mr. J. Beavor-Webb were also present, besides a number of the club members. After dinner the various challenge cups were placed on the tables, prominent among them being the Brenton's Reef and Douglas Cups, which were presented to Sir Richard Sutton by Vice Commodore Douglas, who presided. A number of speeches and toasts followed, after which Sir Richard Sutton was unanimously elected an honorary member. On Saturday both he and Sir William Levinge sailed on the Etruria for Liverpool. Mr. Beavor-Webb will remain in New York for a few weeks. Those desiring to consult him in regard to sailing or steam yachts can address him at No. 7 Bowling Green, care of Anchor Line.

PURITAN.—Col. C. J. Paine, of Nahant, owner of the schooner Halcyon, is the purchaser of Puritan. Last Thursday she left New York and towed through the Gate for Marblehead. On her arrival at 3 A M. on Sunday she anchored quietly, but by daybreak her presence was made known on shore, and by noon hundreds of people from Salem, Beverly, Boston, Lynn, Swampscott, Nahant, and all the surrounding country were pouring into Marblehead on foot, in carriages and wagons, and in the horsecars, to see the victorious yacht. On Monday night a huge bonfire was built on Bartoll's Head and the town was enjoying a general jubilee. A dinner to Mr. Burgess and the owners of the Puritan will be given in Boston. Puritan will winter between the bridges at Beverly, going out of commission at once.

LAID UP FOR THE SEASON.—The South Boston *Inquirer* ends its yachting reports for the season as follows: Hurrah, Puritan! Hurrah, Burgess! Hurrah, Lawley! Hurrah, Crocker! Hurrah, South Boston! Hurrah, Everybody! Hull Y. C. regatta to-day. The yachting season is about over. After this date our yachting department will be suspended for the season.

A KEEL SLOOP FOR SALE.—In another column will be found an advertisement of the sloop Altaire, a fast keel boat that has raced very successfully in the South Boston Y. C. She will make a good boat either for cruising or racing.

A NEW MARINE GLASS.—A very convenient and powerful glass has lately been introduced by Norie & Wilson, 156 Minories, London, under the name of Regatta and Race glass. It is a 12 lense glass with bending bar, fitting it to any width between the eyes, and its compact shape makes it easy to carry and allows it to be held steadily on board a rolling vessel. The price, including case, is three guineas in England.

LLOYDS.—We have received the first supplement to "Lloyds Yacht Register," containing alterations and additions in the lists up to July 24, 1885. We have also received a very handsomely made book, the "Annals of Lloyds Register," a history of the society from its foundation, which we will notice at length shortly.

ACCIDENT TO THE PURITAN.—"That was a great gale yesterday," said Captain Burtis. "I was surprised to hear how quickly the yacht Puritan was knocked down." "Knocked down? I did not hear of it," said his surprised friend." "Yes, knocked down for $13,500. An auction gale, you know."—*New York Herald.*

BEVERLY Y. C.—The protest of Witch vs. Peri in Beverly Y. C., second championship race, July 25, is not allowed. That of Peri vs. Witch is allowed; this gives Fad first and Caprice second prize in second class keels. Protest Niobe vs. Zantho in the 106th regatta is not allowed.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

B., Concord.—See article on Maine coast shooting in this week's issue.

B. J. B., Portland, Oregon.—Write to Brentano Brothers, Union Square, New York city.

C. S. M.—To bark a squirrel is to strike the bark or limb on which the squirrel is resting, in such a way that the shock of the concussion will kill it.

F. P., Newark, N. J.—For the Sunday shooting law apply to the New Jersey Fish and Game Protective Society, Geo. P. Suydam, counsel, Plainfield, N. J.

B. G., Galveston.—Where and at what price can I obtain the convex glass frames under which dead game is mounted. Ans. The frames are made by H. E. Chubb, Cleveland, O.

B. R, Penn Yan.—1. In using a .32-cal. rifle that is reamed for the extra long cartridge, could I, by using wads in the center fire shells, shoot any amount of powder I like? 2. How would round balls shoot in a shell loaded in that way? 3. Would it be advisable to use patches for either round or pointed balls? Ans. 1. You cannot get good shooting with shells that are too short for the chambers. You may, in the long shells, put a thin wad over powder, then fill up as necessary with bonedust. 2. As good as round balls in any weapon. 3. Yes, if properly applied.

D. G. M.—For black bass fishing go to Greenwood Lake. See note elsewhere, or go to Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

R. H. B.—In Michigan the open seasons for deer are: Lower Peninsula, Oct. 1-Dec 1; Upper Peninsula, Aug. 15-Nov. 15. Forbidden to export venison from the State.

A. F. D., Boston, Mass.—Will the correspondent signing himself "A. F. D." please send his address to this office. We do not print anonymous communications.

O. S. C.—Can you inform me where the purple grackle, commonly called crow blackbird, is a winter resident? Ans. You will find millions of them in the Gulf States in winter.

H. R. W., Columbus, O.—Black is not a mastiff color. The puppies will probably be brindle when mature. Send in their full pedigree and we can probably inform you as to the purity of their breeding.

R. H. D., Silver Cliff, Col.—I would like some information on the making of trout ponds, raising trout, etc. You will greatly oblige me and the neighborhood by sending me same. Ans. From your question we think you want a volume on trout culture. In former years we published many continued articles on this subject which were of interest in the early days of fishculture, but would not be so now. Get "Domesticated Trout," by Livingston Stone, price $2. We can furnish it.

H L F.—The Creedmoor targets are divided into three classes, of the following sizes: 1. Third Class—Used at all distances up to and including 300yds. Target, 4×6ft.; bullseye, 8in. diameter; center, 26; inner, 46; outer, remainder of target. 2. Second Class—Used at all distances over 300 to and including 600yds. Target, 6×6ft.; bullseye, 22in.; center, 38; inner, 54; outer, remainder of target. 3. First Class—Used at all distances over 600yds. Target, 6×12ft.; bullseye, 36in.; center, 54; inner, square, 6×6ft.; outer, remainder of target. The bullseye counts 5, center counts 4, inner counts 3, outer counts 2.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A. W. R. wants to know how to pickle eels, mussels and clams, for use on a cruise.

C. S. C. wants to know the best place on the Illinois River for duck shooting, and when will be the best time to go this fall.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THOUSANDS OF OTHER FOLKS THINK SO TOO.—An Arkansas correspondent says: "The FOREST AND STREAM has become almost a necessity to me. It suits my taste better than anything else I have ever read."



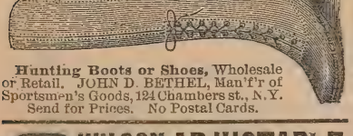
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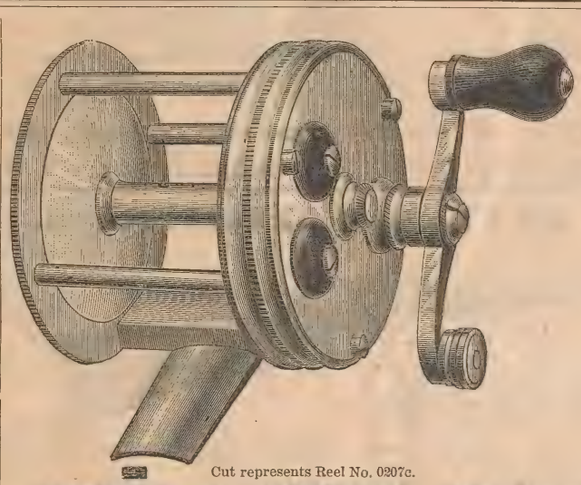
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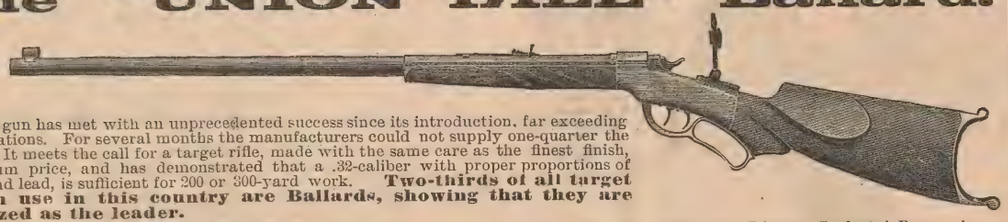
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VI. Keel Catboat Caprice.
VII. Caprice—Sail Plan.
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IX. Catboat Dodge—Sail Plan.
X. Open Boat Cruiser.
XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
XII. Open Boat Trident.
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XIV. The Centerboard Sloop Gleam.
XV. Gleam—Sail Plan.
XVI. The Centerboard Sloop Midge.
XVII. Light Draft Cutter Mignonette.
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XXXIII. Windward—Accommodation Plan
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XXXVII. Deuce—Sail Plan and Construction
XXXVIII. The Cutter Petrel.
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XL. The Cutter Merlin.
XLI. The Merlin—Sail Plan.
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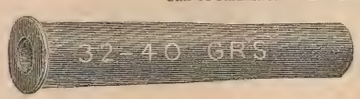
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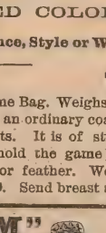
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THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of explaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican sertee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and canap outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

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FOR

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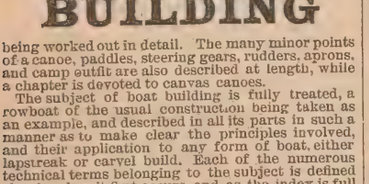
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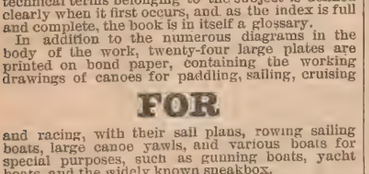
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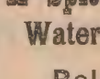
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THE FOREST AND STREAM TRAJECTORY TESTS.

AS weather and circumstances permitted, the trajectory tests undertaken by the FOREST AND STREAM have been pushed forward at Creedmoor. To make careful tests, satisfactory enough in the matter of accuracy to go into our columns with our full sanction, is no light matter, and though all haste has been made, in accordance with this provision, there is still much to be done in the way of calculation and otherwise reducing the results of the tests to a form for publication. Among the rifles in the trial and already put through a portion of it may be named the Winchester .50-95, both express and solid bullet; Bullard .45, Bullard .40, Winchester .45, Remington-Hepburn .40, Colt .32, Bland English double-barreled, Bullard .38, a 15-pound muzzleloader from Major Merrill's Peekskill testing range, Marlin .40-60, Ballard .40 85, Remington .32, Bullard .50, express and solid balls; Wesson .44, Remington .38, Bullard .32, Maynard .44, Winchester .40-60, Marlin .38-55, Marlin .32, Steven .32, Whitney .40, Marlin Government .45, Winchester .22, Remington .22, etc.

The arms were first put through the 200 yards distances firing from a fixed rest, and each shot on its way through the screens accurately plotted, so that when completed the trials will give each rifle an average founded upon the separate calculation of five different trajectory curves. Of course there has been the usual chapter of mishaps, for everybody at all posted knows that rifles are very much after the manner of family baby pets; just when they are expected to look their prettiest they take on a contrary turn and kick up all manner of didoes. Carrier blocks would refuse to move and striking pins became unaccountably jammed; yet on the whole the rifles have behaved very well and put asterisks in the tissue paper screens with great accuracy. Full notes have been taken, and as soon as possible after Mr. Sinclair has made the necessary measurements of the screens and targets all the facts brought out by the trial will be placed before our readers.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

IN his address before the St. Louis convention last week, Gen. Jackson L. Smith expressed his strong disapproval of the laws adopted by some States forbidding the exportation of game. This, he said, was unsportmanlike and a reproach to the State. The meeting by its applause showed its indorsement of this characterization of such legislation. It is a great mistake to condemn non-export laws. They are perfectly proper and just. They are the very best laws to save the game of the West from being shipped to market. Rigid non-export game laws, if stringently enforced, mean that the occupation of the snarer and the deer butcher will be gone, and until that occupation is done away with, no one national association nor ten national associations can stay the gigantic slaughter of game for market.

If any demonstration of the capital working of a non-export law be needed, it may be found in Maine. By no other means was it possible to cut off the butchery of game in Maine woods for the Boston market. The non-export law stopped it. The citizens of Maine recognize the value and utility of the law. Michigan has a similar statute. It is systematically evaded. When the Michigan Legislature possesses sense enough to provide for the law's enforcement, its value will at once be made apparent.

To secure the enactment of such a regulation in every State in the Union would be the very best possible achievement of the new national association.

A GOOD STAND.

FOR many years we have urged the total abolition of spring shooting, and it is encouraging to see that at last there are indications that the seed which we have sown has taken root. The sentiment of the St. Louis convention appears to be in favor of such abolition, and we are sure that all thoughtful men will concur in this. It is unnecessary to repeat the reasons already so many times given, why the birds should not be killed on the way to their breeding grounds. We may, however, present a few extracts from editorials which have appeared during the last few years in FOREST AND STREAM, showing clearly what our position has been on this important question, both as to snipe and wildfowl.

In April, 1881, we said:

The practice of shooting the snipe in spring is one which, in our opinion, is unhesitatingly to be condemned. * * * * the birds are killed while on their way to the breeding grounds—nay in some instances on their very breeding grounds, and often with eggs almost ready for deposition.

Again, in May, 1882, we said:

The shooting of English snipe containing eggs in an advanced state of development and of ducks already paired and on their way to the breeding grounds is over for this season. The slaughter of beach birds will go on, however, for a week or two longer. For every female shot this spring, the stock of birds to return to us in the autumn is reduced by half a dozen. The short-sighted policy of keeping up the killing as long as the birds remain with us is bringing about the result which was to be expected, and the day is not very distant when the shooting for fowl and Wilson's snipe will be practically confined to preserved land. The selfish practices of the sportsman of to-day will meet with legitimate punishment, and those not interested in shooting clubs will put away their guns for a long rest. In the mean time the best shooting grounds are being taken up and the value of membership in regular clubs is increasing. Hotel keepers advocate the continuance of spring shooting as they do the killing of ruffed grouse in August, and sportsmen's conventions and legislatures meekly accept the dictum of the Bonifaces without a word of demur. And so it will go on until our people take hold of the matter in earnest and show by their votes how they feel on this subject.

And again:

The wildfowl should be protected just as other birds are; the same common sense principles applying to other game apply with equal force to ducks and geese. No game should be killed in its breeding season, nor just as it is repairing to its nesting grounds. To shoot ducks which have mated is simple folly, pure and unmitigated. Spring shooting is inconsiderate and improvident. It is gratifying to know that there has been a great change of sentiment on this subject, that men are coming to see the unwisdom of spring shooting, and that the change in public sentiment is likely to be followed by a change in practice also. The good results which would be sure to follow a general cessation of spring wildfowl shooting are admitted by almost all men who are familiar with the habits of the birds, and who have had any extended experience on the various shooting grounds of the country. Nine of every ten of the older sportsmen are agreed that spring shooting is wrong; indeed, we have yet to find one who will contend to the contrary. Nevertheless the same men, or a majority of them at least, go out every spring and kill all the birds they can. Their practice belies their principles; but this is only another of the multitudinous exhibitions of that trait of human nature which prompts a man to "go in" for what he can get now, regardless of the rights of others who are to come after him, and indeed of his own future advantage. This question of spring shooting or no spring shooting is one which should receive careful and honest consideration by individuals, game clubs and State associations.

On June 11, 1885, we wrote as follows:

There is no good reason why any birds, except the few that are considered really injurious, should be killed after the first of February. There should be in the mind of every one who uses the gun a dozen good reasons why they should be jealously preserved. We have not been weary in urging upon the public the necessity of the absolute prohibition of spring shooting. The subject is one which becomes annually more and more important in view of the rapid diminution of all our birds. To continue our present reckless course of slaying many species of birds whenever and wherever they can be found, can have but one result—that of practically exterminating them. It should be the effort of each one who shoots to do what he can to preserve the supply of breeding birds. They may be called the capital on which the sportsman must depend. The increase is the income of this capital, and we ought to limit ourselves to this, and not by short-sighted greediness make away with principal and interest.

It is pleasant to see that the members of the committee took the date which we named, and wisely determined that the close season should begin Feb. 1. This for most of the territory in question is practically Dec. 15, or earlier.

THE LIMIT OF KEEL FOR CANOES.

EVER since the Association rules were adopted in 1882 a limit has been, for obvious reasons, imposed on the depth of the keel outside of garboards, the width allowed now being three inches. This width, it is found, is not enough to allow a keel canoe to compete with a centerboard boat, and the suggestion has been made that the rule be changed, so as to allow more keel. In 1880 there were, we believe, but three centerboard canoes in America, the Wraith, the Queen Mab and the Whimbrel, and in 1881 this number was increased by a few canoes with iron "dagger boards." It had then been decided that a canoe could not work to windward with only one or two inches of keel, and as sailing became more popular many attempts were made to increase the weatherly powers of canoes, all in the direction of big keels. Two of the many keel canoes in the New York Canoe Club had keels 7 inches deep, one with a heavy lead shoe underneath, and a number of the canoes at Lake George in 1880 and '81 had great slabs of rough plate iron some 2 feet long and over 8 inches deep, bolted on to the wooden keel. All the efforts to improve the sailing powers were in the direction of a large keel, and all of them practically made the canoe worthless for sleeping asbore or for transport. One ardent sailor went so far as to propose and start to make a metal casting of great weight in the shape of a half circle 18 inches deep, to be permanently fixed to the bottom of his canoe. The centerboard was hardly known and in little favor, and no attention was paid to its improvement.

Under these circumstances the rule limiting keels was passed, and with good results. The plates of iron and the 7-inch keels at once disappeared, and the capabilities of the centerboard were soon fully developed. One canoe, the Dot, continued to be victorious, though with but 3 inches of keel, but most of the boats were fitted with centerboards. The small limit of 3 inches was decided on because any more is a positive disadvantage in an all-around canoe, adding to the difficulty of paddling, increasing the draft to a greater extent and making it difficult either to land, to transport the canoe, or to keep it upright for sleeping and packing on shore. It was considered that if more were allowed the cruisers would be compelled to use all, to their detriment for all purposes but racing, or they would be beaten in the races by the few who cared nothing for all-around work, or who were so situated that the keel was less objectionable. For the cruiser on salt water with sandy beaches the keel answers very well, as he can beach his craft and always make a good berth for her in the sand, while the keel aids his boat greatly in rough water, but for those differently situated the deep keel will not answer for general work. Thus far the rule has worked well and given general satisfaction, while it has created a fine fleet of centerboard canoes, fast as racers and yet all good cruisers, and there seems little cause to change it. There are few, if any, racing men who would prefer keel to board, and the cruisers are independent of the rule in any case. If the advocates of the keel care to present their case to the Regatta Committee in November they will be accorded a fair hearing, or in the meantime, if either side has anything to say, our columns are open to them for a discussion.

POISON IVY.—It is curious that church festival committees often do not possess enough information about the common vines and plants of the fields to save themselves from wholesale poisoning by the poison ivy. Every autumn the newspapers report a new case of the stupid work. The latest instance occurred at Roselle, N. J., last week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

MORNING.

THE morning wakes on the woods and lakes,
And the mavis a matin sings,
The camp-fire wanes, and the tent is struck,
And the boat by the landing swings.

A thought I give to the friends who live,
Another to those who've gone,
Whose oars now wimple the stream of Life,
That flows by the Father's throne.

There's a sword and wreath, with a grave beneath,
By Nashua's placid flow;
And the legend graved on the marble tells
That the soldier lies below.

And one sleeps well, 'neath the ocean swell,
On the stormy coast of Maine,
His requiem tuned by the sounding surge,
And the roar of the hurricane.

They 'camped far back, on the misty track
Of the Horse, and the Rider pale;
While I, for a century's half, and more,
Have traveled the weary trail.

Ah, well! On the lake may the wavelets break,
But nigher the stream runs fast;
And I poise my paddle, and head the prow
For the foam-wreaths whirling past.

And away we glide on the swirling tide,
Sun-flecked with its silver gleam.
The thrush still sings, but his voice is lost
In the sound of the rushing stream.

The scarlet tints of the tanagers glint,
Where the cardinal's spikelets grow;
And mock the hues of their glowing plumes,
In the limpid stream below.

And the wood duck springs on his shining wings,
From his perch o'er the rushes brown,
By a pool thick-strewn with the bright-hued leaves,
That the ash trees flutter down.

To the left—or right of each foam-flash white,
No rock may our progress stay;
For eye and keel, and the nerves of steel
Shall win in the race this day.

And swift as the glance of the Tartar's lance,
Through the flash of the flying spray,
With never a shock from shoal or rock,
The good boat speeds her way.

There's a short, sharp bend, where the cliffs ascend,
And hang with a beetling frown
O'er the bounding rush of the churning foam,
Where the strong stream plunges down.

And the graybeard sire hath a glance of fire,
As he bends to the swing and sway,
With a cheer for his old foam-riders bold,
Who would fain be here this day. K.

Sept. 14, 1885.

EN KLAPJAGT OVER DANSKE FJELDE.*

THE gray haze of a November morning made a monochrome with the gray walls and paved streets of Denmark's capital, as Dr. Warming and I with our guns and canvas suits and big boots, stepped into our carriage in Vesterbrogade and rattled off past the early milkman with his bumping, thumping cans, and past the homeward bound sporting man, who was damp and limp from long exposure to night air.

Uncas, the setter, we had left whining and barking and pawing at the door, and my heart went out in pity for the poor fellow as my mind reverted to earlier days and a little red school house beneath the butternut trees in a small Connecticut village. A loose clap-boarded, lichen-blotched school house in which I myself could have whined and barked and pawed at the door when the gentians by the brookside were nodding toward the muskrat tracks in the sand, and when the ruffed grouse in freedom walked and flew whither they would in the gay-colored breezy autumn forest. Yes! I could sympathize with Uncas now. We were going on a drive hunt, and knew that the ambitious setter could not resist the temptation to follow if a slick-limbed hare should shake its tail in his face and challenge him for a run. I had hunted deer in the Royal Forest, had shot partridges on the private estates of wealthy landowners, and in fact had enjoyed every luxury in the way of shooting which my Danish friends could furnish, with the exception of the drive hunt which had been arranged for the day of which I write.

We reached the suburbs of Copenhagen and smelled the rich salt air from the reedy marshes just as the haze in the east began to grow coppery, and the peeps of the small birds fluttering from the hedges by the wayside told of the beginning of their day. Flocks of sparrows were already feeding in the stubble, and their chirrups sounded clear and loud through the crisp morning air. The white frost on the fences sparkled on the eastern side of the way, and the heavy-framed laborers with wooden shoes, carrying agricultural implements on their shoulders, bowed to us as they passed on their way to work. Broad meadows stretched out to the right and to the left. Fields of wheat stubble, of green and gray turnips and of black cabbage dotted the hillsides. Here and there stood a dark Norway spruce tree or a clump of beech trees. The air felt just as Pennsylvania air feels, and the groups of apple and pear and cherry trees might just as well have been standing in somebody's back yard in Massachusetts; but nevertheless there was a something different, an indescribable foreignness about the scenery which impressed me constantly and pleasantly.

My enthusiastic companion, who spoke no English and whom I constantly admonished to speak slowly, would start off on an enraptured strain about prospects every few minutes, in the same way as Sam and I encourage each other when the ruffed grouse at home are ripe and the chestnuts shine in plump brownness through the yellow and crumply leaves under foot. Thistles and plantain and clover grew with familiar grasses along the road, and shocks of corn were waiting to be husked. A little way ahead a high thatched windmill swung its long arms slowly around in the light breeze, and over the top of a hill to the right the ends of another windmill's arms appeared and disappeared at regular intervals. Every now and then a big white and black magpie slid from a tree overhead as we jogged along, or a flock of lead-colored crows (*Corvus cornix*) changed fence posts and cawed a salute. Over the bay long lines of geese were cleaving the air with measured wing strokes, and an occasional mallard or snipe settled in among the feathery-topped rushes near us.

The sun was beginning to soften the air of the perfect autumn morning when we espied the group of jolly Danes who were waiting at the place of rendezvous. There were Ole Larsen and Lars Olesen, and Neils Holmsen and Holm Nielsen, and Asmus Rasmussen and Rasmus Asmussen, and Ask Bjoerken, and Axel Hagerup and Olof Qvist, Hjelt Raavad, and Sell Maag and Hjalmer Bjoernsen, and a lot of others whose names have in some unaccountable way slipped my mind. They say that when two Danes go off for a walk they sometimes get so mixed up that it takes weeks to find out which one is the other.

Twenty or thirty flaxen-haired, strong-limbed boys wearing home-made clothes and heavy wooden shoes, carried wooden clappers and old tin pails and other racket-producing implements. The noise part of the hunt was to be left to the responsibility of the boys, and never was responsibility carried more lightly. There were hunting suits of corduroy, and hunting suits of canvas, and hunting suits of business suits there. There were English guns with shoulder straps, and Belgian guns with shoulder straps, and American guns with shoulder straps; and all these straps wrinkled the coats of their respective owners as the hunters stood about chatting in Danish and preparing for the start. Many of the men spoke German and French, and it was surprising to find that many who had had little opportunity to speak English were able to carry on conversation in that tongue.

A few minutes were spent in making arrangements, and then we formed in a line out across the fields, the hunters about two gunshots apart and the boys sandwiched in between. There we stood in picturesque style, the fox-tail grass and the red-flowered wild poppies and the seedy pig weeds glistening about our feet with melting frost, while every one impatiently awaited the signal to start. Suddenly a bugle blast rang out along the line, and at the same instant the boys began a lively clapping and clattering, and the shooters shouted in glee to each other, as with cocked guns and accelerated heart beats we began a military march toward the horizon.

From under the very feet of Stjerne on my left an enormous hare bounds out like a jackass struck by a locomotive, and with ears laid back and short tail bobbing begins to measure off the ground in rods. A No. 10 roar calls out for him to halt, and through the smoke we see the hare tumbling and rolling and kicking sand and grass into the air. A boy runs forward, and grabbing the heavy animal by its hind legs throws it over his shoulder and hurries back to the line. A hare weighs as much as a shotgun, but no boy ever felt too tired to carry one of them. Another flash further down the line, and another an instant later, excite the boys to the developing of an unbelievable degree of noisiness.

There goes a hare which was not hit and three dogs start for him at once. Over the meadow they go at a tremendous pace, the hare apparently hardly touching the ground with his feet, but in a brown and white line of waving motion leading the canines easily. Were he to keep straight on at this rate he would be in Chicago in time for lunch, but playful Hvide, who strikes him in the forequarter with a stray shot. Off he scurries, handicapped, with one of the dogs close at his heels; but it seems as though a bar of steel prevented the dog from gaining the last necessary foot of distance, while the hare bounds up and down so fast that I wonder why he don't shake his head off or fray the end of his tail. Hares are put together with flail strings, and this one does not even shake an ear loose. The shooters hold their breaths in interested expectancy. Suddenly the hare doubles, and the dog in the funniest kind of a way runs sprawling several yards past before he can acquire the saw-horse stiff-leggedness which he requires for stopping. Another dog springs open-mouthed on the hare, but he opens his mouth too widely or something of the sort, because the hare seemed to pop right through him and come out smiling. The third dog joins the first one, and together they dash furiously through the grass and out across the ploughed field. The hare misses his footing and a gleam of white belly fur appears for an instant as he rolls on a furrow. The dogs make a dive for him, but they are too simultaneous and stand themselves up like three muskets on an armory floor. The hare has all of the room and time that he wants, and leaves the dogs standing as pigeon-toed and discouraged as a man with a "busted" collar-button on a hot evening at the theater. A puff of smoke and a loud bang are followed by a reaping of grass leaves about the hare, and the dogs have an opportunity to "quit their fooling." It seems as much a pity to let off that hare's stored-up energy as it does to let off the steam from an engine at the end of a day's work, but the thing is done, and the hare ought to be glad of it, because he must have been getting pretty tired.

As we start on again Bjoernstjerne quickly jumps around and fires into the turnip leaves through which we have just passed, bagging a hare and half a dozen turnips, but letting a boy get off as a fast driver to the right without firing at him. Notwithstanding the noise and disturbance the hare had lain so close that he was passed unobserved and might have escaped if he had allowed us to do the departing instead of trying to do it all himself. Ploughed land seems to pan out the best for hares, and every few minutes one goes bounding out from a furrow and vaulting from one hummock to another. Occasionally one will jump wild but the dogs usually manage to get him back to one of the hare receivers and he is relieved of future care. All at once the clappers stop their racket and every one looks to see what game is coming. A couple of big wood pigeons are bearing for us bow on. Nearer they come and larger they grow, until it is too late for them to pass—put their tails as hard to port as they may. Their white-lined wings go with misty fastness and they spring away from each other overhead. Three or four guns belch forth rolling volumes of smoke, and the hurtling storm of lead perforates atmosphere and pigeons alike. Down come both birds together, twisting and whirling and losing downy feathers as they fall. Little straw-colored Harald runs out and brings in the biggest bird, wiping the blood from its bill with his finger and then wiping his finger on his pantaloons—just as he does with his own chubby nose. He is anxious to carry the bird and I tell him that he must be very careful with it. Such tender carefulness as he displays one seldom sees in a boy, and when he is trudging through a wet spot he holds the bird over his head where the saw grass won't muss it, until tripping up on a willow root the poor little fellow snaps shut like a jackknife and pokes the pigeon so deep down in the mud with one knee that the saw grass turns green with envy.

Here comes a short-eared owl from the marsh. Swinging along with soft noiseless flip flops he skims the perfumed air from the aster tops, and carelessly wafts himself into our dangerous midst. The opportunity is too good an one for Svensen to resist, and borne down with disappointment and No. 4 shot, the owl bites the dust and the dog's ear.

The clappers are again quiet as a mallard duck flying high passes over the line on his way to some small inland pond which he knows about. Half a pound of shot goes up after him, but he points his bill toward heaven and chews the air up finer than ever with his stout whistling pinions. So far as I know, he is going up there alive. Hardly has the smoke stopped sifting through the poplar sprouts ahead before a pair of pretty little blue doves dart past like arrows. One, two, three shots and one dove is down; four, five, six, seven shots and the second one tumbles into the clover. How smooth their feathers are, and what delicately moulded heads and dainty red feet they have!

"Smukke dove! Saa lille og nydelig,"† says big Waldemar, as he brings one in in his hand.

It doesn't take long for the sun to reach the noon mark in Danish November, and it gets there before one really feels that Phœbus dare stand up straight. A wagon which has been following us slowly through the meadows now drives up and the hunters and boys brush each others' ears with their elbows as they help themselves to the hunks of cheese and bottles of beer and boiled eggs, and other luxuries which the wagon contains.

A small ravine, on whose grassy banks the Vikings probably sat on grasshoppers and sharp stubble just as we do to-day, runs through the fields near our halting place. We pull the crooked, stiff hares out straight, smooth their fur, and lay them in heaps by our sides. We toss lunch tidbits to the dogs, light pipes and cigars, kick our heels into the sod, fire egg-shells at the boys, and joke and laugh until the uneasy members of the party suggest that we be off again. The dogs notice the first movement, and in exuberant spirits leap over their masters and over each other, and bark in good plain English. This time the line of march extends down toward the sea. More hares spring up and die, ephemerally. Another short-eared owl and another pair of doves find that our influence was more reaching than they had thought. We are approaching a series of sand knolls which are covered with tall, dry, sparsely growing grass. The clappers remain quiet. A word of caution is passed along the line.

Hardly have our feet begun to crunch the loose sand when a covey of twenty partridges bursts out of the grass with an explosive rush of wings, and spreading their ruddy tails widely, and crying *quirlp-quirlp*, *quirlp-quirlp*, in shrill, quail-like tones, they lengthen out into a straggling flock and head for the marsh. Poulsen, who is nearest to the birds, coolly winds up one of them with each barrel, but Iversen, who tries to kill the whole bevy at once, fails to get any of it. Two men off on the left pick out four passing birds, and the rest of the partridges, after a rapid flight of a few hundred yards, sail off on curved wings and scatter singly among the tussocks of grass. A bird which stayed behind flies up almost at my feet with a startling whirr, but he joins the minor part of the flock and helps make it the major part. The scattered partridges lie in a territory which belongs to a distant part of our line, but we observe that the care of the birds can be safely left to the men who are burning powder down there.

The sand knolls crossed, we reach the marsh, but on we go through the sloppy reeds and splashy grass holes as though we were on a board floor. In goes little Ivan just ahead of me, splattering the water with heavy shoes, and sprinkling it over his fox skin cap and home-made blue blouse. In go Bjoerken and Jansen and Raavad. Out go a snipe and a fox and a duck. Snipe jump up on all sides and zig-zag off "skniching" huskily, just as they do when Culver and I flush them from the soft ground of a New Jersey swamp lot.

The marshes here look very much like our own marshes at home, and any one not a botanist would have difficulty in determining from the surroundings whether he were in New Jersey or in this far north Sjaelland. The ducks are rather wild and they usually manage to get out of the way of our noisy party before we get within range of them. Now and then a single mallard will lie concealed under the fallen sedge until we are close upon him, and then with loud quacks and swishing wings he tries to escape. He is a doomed and boomed bird, every time.

The daylight is fading rapidly, and by 4 o'clock it will be too dark to shoot. Working back toward the hills in broken line we pass the house of a peasant family and my friend Dr. Warming and I stop for a moment to see the place. The one-story house with whitewashed stone and mortar walls is built to surround a square court yard. A single large gateway leads through the south wall of the building into this court, in the middle of which latter a high wooden pump is surrounded by ducks and geese and chickens. The court is cobblestoned, and pretty green algæ run off along the damp crevices between the stones. Several doors open into this central yard. The few small windows are set deeply in the walls of the house. The high-peaked roof of two-foot thick straw thatching is covered with broad patches of rich green moss. Part of the house is the barn, as Mike would say, and the horses, cows, wagons, poultry and family all go and come through the opening in the south wall of the building. Two or three dark Norway spruce trees spread their bottle-green branches over the house, and the contrast with the whitewashed walls is a striking one. Several lead-colored crows flew up on the thirty-foot-high straw stack by the barn as we approached and they now sat cawing at us within easy stone shot.

We are greeted by the children, who pull off their caps politely and then rattle their wood shoes on the cobbles as they run off to their mammas in the doorways. Strong, handsome, yellow-haired children, with bright faces and clear gray eyes. I looked in at a school window one day and the whole room seemed to be lighted up with a mellow glow of yellow hair. All Danish children have to be strong. The weak ones die off when they begin to learn the language, and, like Connecticut River shad, only the most robust are able to surmount the difficulties which beset their way.

Doctor and I, on invitation, step into a simply-furnished

*A clapping hunt over Danish fields.

†Pretty dove! So little and cunning.

room, with white-sanded floor, and sit down by the square table in straight-backed chairs. Our host is delighted when he hears that I am a Yankee, and he wishes to bring out the household penates in bottles, but we thank him and beg him to be quiet. Turning to little Maren, who stands bashfully covering up two-thirds of her grin (smile) with a fold of her mother's dress, I say in my most enticing Danish, "Kom hin lille pige, og sit paa mit knee. Jeg skal ikke gjoere dig ondt."‡ But my pronunciation gives her a terrible fright, and, disappearing from sight in the dress like a young kangaroo in its mamma's waist basket, she begins to sob. A looking glass hangs on the wall, together with two or three highly-colored lithographs representing "The Girl of the Period," "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "The Pleasures of the Country," etc. Several mottoes worked on perforated paper with bright-colored worsted are stuck up here and there, but one can't read the words any better than he can read the same in worsted English. I guess likely they say "God bless our home" and "Blessed are the pure in heart," and things like that. A large Jerome clock stands on top of the unpainted cupboard in one corner of the room, and from poles overhead are hung dried herbs. A wooden bracket by the looking glass holds the usual comb, which needs false teeth, and the loose-backed hair brush, which reposes on all such brackets.

It is time to go. As I step to the stone threshold the lord of the manor extends a hand like the hand of Providence, and engulfing my own in a maelstrom of fingers he works my arm up and down in the same manner as he does an eight-foot pump-handle out in the court. I escape in fairly good condition, however, and amid profuse good-byes we go out through the big gate and into the field of tall, curly-leaved green cabbage to join the straggling hunters who are preparing a line for one more trip across the fields.

All is ready, and together we advance in imposing array, each man anxious to add just a little more game to his list. Every few minutes a big hare makes a sudden spurt and tries to kick the world around faster on its axis, but he is stopped in time to save the time of day. A flock of partridges make the trembling dry grass wave in little swirls, as the birds, with a mighty spring, launch out into the air right near us. Glass-ball shooters would have instinctively yelled out "broke" if they had seen the feathers start when four or five of the birds suddenly became limp and noiseless in midair.

It is almost dark when we reach the road and take a short cut for the old inn of Valdby Kro. A fox runs out into the field in the distance, and I make the whole crowd laugh by my pronunciation of his Danish name "raev." They say that the word which I use sounds like the Danish name for a boot target. Two or three of us try to scramble over the rickety fence at the back of the inn, but a sample dog—a Great Dane—is waiting for us on the other side, and as my friend says that it hurts to have a leg pulled off by a dog of this size we decide to disappoint the dog and let him wait for somebody else. I don't care how prosperous a hotel may be, it is bad policy for the landlord to keep a dog which destroys customers before they have paid any bills. Inside the hotel guns are stacked and hung up in the reception room, and hats and heavy coats follow suit. Over in one corner is a great heap of hares, boys, birds and dogs. Everyone is happy, and securely seated with is glass of lager—of cool, cream-foamed lager which trickles over the edge of the mug and mingles with the misty condensed moisture on the outside—is telling his neighbor confidentially just how it was that he had the good luck to kill one-fifth of all of the game bagged during the day.

A smile born of light hearts and lighter stomachs seems to flash across the room when the dining-room bell gives the signal for the shuffling of heavy boots to commence. The tables are groaning with solid sections of brown, juicy, steaming roasts, and piles of mealy potatoes enveloped in hot fog, and long white platters of whole salmon through whose tender torn skin the pink flakes and streaks of white fat look all ready for the limpid golden butter sauce which stands in the brimming full dishes near by. Dark bottles with white labels, and red bottles with dark labels are stuck in between the dishes for the purpose of keeping the edges of the crockery from chipping. Tall, handsome Danish girls are running hither and thither with chicken soup for this man and hare soup for that man, and extricating order from the chaos on the table with a marvelous degree of skill. Good nature is rampant, and the fast delivered hearty speeches are followed by rousing echoing cheers. Cries of "skol! skol!" follow every toast in which the Yankee is mentioned, with a vigor which shows how deep and real their feelings of hospitality are, and men come from the distant tables to express friendly sentiments toward America and Americans in general.

An hour passes by, and the tide of speech gradually subsides. The stage of quiet enjoyment is ushered in with the blue-flaming plum pudding; and coffee with cream melts all dispositions into one easy flowing current of serene contentment. Snatches of Danish song which have been idly traveling about the table for several minutes begin to join forces as we light fragrant cigars and pipes, and lean back lazily and stretchful in our chairs.

While others sing I pull from my hunting coat pocket the old battered meerschaum, and fill it with yellow, fragile grained "Loue Jack." That dear old meerschaum that I have smoked by my camp-fire in the Adirondack forest, while the birch log sizzled and snapped and fitful gleams of red flame lighted up the form of the strong antlered buck which lay dead on the moss by my side.

The same fond pipe that I have smoked in the evening light while I sat with Sam on the threshold of a Pennsylvania farmhouse, and the October breeze whirled the rustling leaves about our day's load of ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail, and toyed with the wavy locks of our tired and sleepy setters.

The same beloved meerschaum that I have smoked on a Connecticut June noontime in a sunny, ferny corner of the rail fence among the white birches, where the fresh sprouting grass on the bank stirred sunshine and shadow into the clear waters of Poohtatook Brook with every zephyr, and the dashing half-pound trout waited in the foam-flecked roaring torrent among the mossy boulders until I was through with my smoke, and the brown thrush in the willow-top asked the buttercup-dancing, air-prancing, soul-entrancing bobolink to call me away from my reverie.

The same quieting pipe that I have smoked in the mid-winter icy blast in Great South Bay, while the staunch sloop plunged and strained at her anchor among the rushing, voice-smothering, white-capped waves, while the wind whistled and hissed through the rigging, the boom creaked and swung with every lurch, and the heap of ducks exchanged places with the bushel of oysters on the cabin floor; while the thundering breakers on the outer beach, furious in the casterly gale, bellowed and groaned in hoarse monotone between the reverberations from the thousands of tons of black and whitening billows rolling in mighty front high upon the sand bulwarks, and dark night clouds all ragged and torn drifted low and swiftly overhead.

Every whiff of smoke from the pipe is richly flavored with the essence of old associations, but I am precipitated back into Denmark as one of the party, a gigantic sturdy, good-natured hunter, mounts a platform at one end of the dining-room and prepares to auction off our game for the benefit of the poor people of the village. This is a customary proceeding after such a hunt as we have had and the bidding is spirited, some of the hares bringing four or five times their market price.

The auctioneer gets one krone (twenty-seven cents) for one of his assistants whom he holds up before the audience, and a smaller man who is held out at half arm's length by the big one is knocked down to a bidder at ti oere (two and a half cents).

Our day is finished. MARK WEST.

‡Come here little girl and sit on my knee. I shall not hurt you.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life.

VII.

RAM BUKSH is a hero! By the time he had been a fortnight in camp, he had heard probably all the thrilling tiger stories known to every native in camp, and as some of my chuprassees had been for years past in the service of forest officers in the Sewaliks, these stories were not a few; but Ram Buksh never heard one without being able to cap it with something more thrilling still, from his own personal experience, until at length he created so decided an impression as to his skill on the long bow, that there was considerable doubt as to the authenticity of any of his stories. In his presence the public voice was loud in its condemnation of my importation of the Ghoorka party as a quite unnecessary measure, while Ram Buksh was in camp, a view in which Ram Buksh entirely coincided, declaring that if he did not feel tied to the Chota Sahib by a sense of duty and honor, he would certainly throw up his service and devote himself entirely to the man-eater until he should be able to claim the reward. As to the Ghoorkas they were all very well, he said, in their way, nobody disputed their bravery, the cunning and stealth of the tiger had to be overmatched with superior stealth and cunning, and this was to be looked for only in a shikaree and not in a soldier.

Well, a party of eight Ghoorkas had been granted a month's special leave of absence from their regiment, and had reported themselves for duty more than a week before. I had stationed them in two parties at twenty miles apart, and they had not been twenty-four hours at their post before the man-eater carried off a bamboo cutter almost under the nose of one party—about two miles from their camp. It was evening when the news of the kill reached them, and of course nothing could be done that night, but they were off at daylight, got on the trail, and followed it up until they came on what remained of the body; they then mounted trees and held watch all day and the following night. Between dark and moonrise there was an interval of four or five hours of darkness, during which a distinct grunting or growling was heard close to the corpse, and first one and then the others fired into the darkness, scaring the beast, whose tracks, examined by the morning light, proved that the visitor had been an astonished boar. A few days later there was a tiger skin stretched out in camp, and no one chaffed Ram Buksh any more, for he slew the beast on foot and single-handed, and the slaying thereof was in this wise:

After a cursory inspection of the block of sal forest on the left bank of the river from Bocksar to fifteen miles up stream, I took my map, divided the forest into strips as nearly a mile wide as local conditions rendered convenient, and placed Charley C. with a party of two hundred coolies to clear an eighty-feet roadway through, due south from the first designated point. Fronting the forest is a terrace of about three hundreds yards wide, covered with grass about three feet high, then a fall of about one hundred and fifty feet to a second terrace or valley which slopes gently down to the river; this lower terrace carries great clumps of grasses from twelve to sixteen feet high on the wet spots, while the general surface is covered with short grass not more than eighteen inches to two feet high, and a man standing on the high bank has a capital view of the hog deer and other game passing from clump to clump. One morning Ram Buksh, tired of sitting still and watching the wood cutters, and having received positive instructions from me not to wander far from the party, but to be on the watch in case the man-eater should turn up unexpectedly, asked permission from Charley C. to go down and see if there was anything moving about below. Arrived at the edge of the upper terrace he saw a herd of spotted deer right abreast of him, but about a hundred and fifty yards from where he stood. There was a fine old stag among them, and not caring to risk so long a shot, he determined to steal down the slope, which is covered with a low, dense jungle. Scarcely had he taken a step downward before an angry growl directed him to a tiger, barely ten feet from him, crouched and apparently ready for a charge. To raise his Enfield, fire and spring back and crouch in the grass above was the work of an instant. Charley heard the shot, and looking around saw the shikaree sink down in the grass, and after watching a few minutes for his reappearance in vain, took his rifle and went down to investigate. Reaching the spot and glancing over and seeing nothing below, he turned and raw Ram Buksh peering cautiously up and beckoning to him. "Tiger, Sahib, tiger," said he, excitedly, and then gathering confidence from the reinforcement, stood up and reloaded. Charley knew but little Hindoostani, and Ram Buksh as little English, but that Ram Buksh had fired at a tiger close at hand was as clear as words could make it. Advancing cautiously, Ram Buksh again sighted stripes in his old position, and as he raised his rifle Charley, too, got a sight of him, and both fired. Ram Buksh sprang back as before; Charley, having a second barrel, stood his ground for a shot on the wing, but the beast made no sign, and Charley, satisfied that he was dead, shouted to Ram Buksh, who reloaded and joined him. Going close, Charley, keeping his finger on the trigger, touched the beast on the face and then saw the blood oozing from the center of the forehead. Ram Buksh's first shot had entered the brain; of the second volley, one shot had struck the fore paw, the second had entered the flank. And now Ram Buksh is a hero and his tall figure has really a very commanding air as he struts about the camp. Of course it was claimed that this was, or at least might be, the man-eater; and being prepared for this, I sent up my elephant and had the carcass brought into camp and the inside opened up for inspection. This afforded very decided evidence; there was a good supply of deer's hair in the undigested refuse, but no trace of human hair. None the less Ram Buksh talks hopefully of bagging the man-eater, while he admits that superior skill may of course be baffled by better luck.

Meanwhile every day brought for us its regular round of duties. Mounting my elephant shortly after daylight I dropped Charley at his fireline and then passed on to the inspection of a block of four or five square miles of forest, noting down soil, aspect, age of timber, proportion of stock to full crop, condition of the forest floor, natural features, water courses, etc., and on my return to camp, I traced out my day's inspection on the map, numbered the block and then filled in a detailed description of it in a book kept for the purpose. In these morning rambles I put up lots of spotted deer, sometimes roaming in herds through the forest, sometimes crouched in the "fairy rings" (spots of a quarter to a half acre in area, in which coarse grass had got the upper hand, and prevented seedling trees from springing); I had no difficulty in keeping the camp supplied with venison. Ram Buksh, too, had many opportunities of stalking a deer and brought one in occasionally. I generally got home to breakfast about noon, opened office at 2 o'clock, wrote rough drafts of my English correspondence and sent them to my English office, received timber merchants and heard their personal applications for sal beams and other building timber, and then summoned the sheristidar, had the vernacular reports and correspondence read to me, the sheristidar or his scribe jotting down the substance of my replies, which he drafted fully in time to read to me the next day for my signature.

My morning inspections were always spoken of as "Sahib shikar kogya" (the Sahib is gone hunting), and I knew very well that the superintendent received a daily account of my doings from the sheristidar, and of my demeanor during office hours, and that these accounts all tended to inspire perfect confidence that I never troubled my head about their doings. Every day brought an application from some merchant for permission to remove a windfall sal tree or a dry standing tree from some designated locality, and my uniform order "subject to the superintendent's inspection and approval" was soon considered a matter of course. I jotted down the names of all the applicants and localities, and only bided my time for a wholesale seizure. It was not of much moment if a score of timber trees should slip through before I was ready. I wanted to create confidence, make a wholesale seizure, and inspire terror. One afternoon I heard altercation and scuffling outside, and asked the sheristidar what it meant. He went to the door and began to abuse some would-be intruder, and ordered the chuprassees to drive him away, and then came back and reported that it was a bad character, who had been caught stealing timber and been ordered out of the Division. I made him point out the fellow, and after office I took my rod and went down to the river alone, where, as I anticipated, I was in time joined by the accused. I listened patiently to his petition, and then, without replying directly, I asked him "How much do my people make the merchants pay for green sal timber?" He hesitated, but on my assurance that I would conceal his name and hold him harmless, he gave me the names of half a dozen merchants who were felling and removing green sal trees at prices ranging from eighteen to twenty-four cents a cubic foot. Our rules are that no sal trees shall be felled except by the department, whose operations for the year are confined to a particular block, the timber converted by our own sawyers is principally exported as small scantlings and sells at from eighteen to twenty-four cents, but we take orders from local merchants for beams, for which they pay us from thirty to thirty-six cents and remove them themselves. As it would not pay us to hunt up and convert windfall over so large an area, there is a standing rule that it may be sold where it lies at twelve cents a foot in the rough.

There was now a large trade being done in creating windfalls. The merchants selected first-class trees worth thirty-six cents a foot, for which they paid the superintendent or the local forester eighteen to twenty-four cents, and these credited the department with twelve cents. The difference goes into a common fund, and at the close of the season is is divided among all my official employees, from the highest to the lowest, every one getting a share proportioned to the responsibility of his post. As regards the bamboos, the merchants take about twenty-five per cent. more than they are charged for, and share the price with the department (so says my informant). I found a perfect system of checks in vogue. The forester counts and gives a check for the members; eight miles down the road toward the settled districts is a line of patrols, whose duty it is to count and countersign the checks, and send them certified to my office. Of course the natives smile benignly at the idea of the Sahibs' trusting to so simple a system. Wait a little. I have them all in my net, and await only definite instructions from headquarters before taking action. Peculation is a recognized feature of administration by native agency, and a fellow who forgets old Talleyrand's maxim "*Surtout, pas de zèle,*" is liable to come to grief, as I know from past experience.

After the first week I found the blocks getting too far for my inspection from headquarters, and sent my camp ten miles up stream, and as the river was now getting near its lowest I determined to march up the low bank, estimate the obstacles in the way of rafting, and beat up some of the long grass clumps; flowing through a heavy diluvial drift, I saw that I had only to pick up the boulders from the center of the stream, and arrange them in line on either side, to get a thirty feet wide channel, with from eighteen inches to two feet of water, with a little extra labor for rapids, and an occasional big boulder requiring blasting. I put up several hog deer on the way, and by the time we were seven miles from camp we had got a stag and a hind lashed behind the howdah. At this point we were beating a clump of long grass, and put up something heavier than a hog deer; we could see nothing, the grass was fifteen feet high, but we heard the rush of a heavy body and pushed through. It was a gerao (a large Sewalik stag about thirteen bands high, carrying very large horns), which disappeared behind a clump of grass before I had time to draw on him. Turning the elephant up stream I laid down my rifle and as I did so I saw a tiger looking at us not fifteen yards off. I saw only his head above the grass, and that disappeared the moment our eyes met. Calling a halt and seizing my rifle I watched for a chance, but a light ripple in the grass, which may have been made with his head or his tail, was the only visible sign and did not extend a tiger's length. Whispering to the mahout to beat up the clump, we entered close after the beast, but there was no movement, and although we spent a full hour beating up the grass, we failed to find any trace of him. These beasts dodge a single elephant with perfect ease in long grass.

It was now nearly 1 o'clock and I made for the camp, crossing the Ramgunga and ascending to the upper terrace, which we had no sooner reached than we found ourselves within a hundred yards of a solitary elephant. The beast sighted us immediately, and the mahout suggested flight, but that would have been poor policy, so I told him to move straight for the camp, which was just visible about half a mile off. The elephant also moved off about fifty yards, and then stopped and looked at us, but we made no hostile sign, and he appeared indisposed to provoke a quarrel and made straight away for the forest.

The following week was a repetition of the last as regards my forenoon duties of inspection. I came upon one fresh kill within two miles of my camp, and spent a couple of hours beating up the surrounding grass, but without any result, and as there was no tree near at hand fit to make a perch on, I returned to the kill, and making a long incision in the haunch that had not been touched (it was a gerao hind), I poured in about ten grains of strychnine. I must confess that I did it very regretfully, but the strychnine had been sent me from headquarters with positive instructions to use it whenever there was no reasonable probability of bagging the beast, so I had no alternative.

I came to the kill the next morning, found that it had been dragged about a dozen yards off, and some at least of the medicated haunch eaten; and as the beast had evidently not made a full meal, I thought it probable the poison had taken prompt effect, but I beat the surrounding grass in vain. If dead the vultures will point him out by and by, but too late to secure his skin, which at best would be but a poor trophy for a man whose memory is not good enough for invention. I might have presented it to a man in our department to whom I gave a dozen black buck skins about six years ago. Last year, in company with another of our fellows, I ran across his camp, and the conversation turning on black buck shooting, my friend gave a detailed account of how, when and where he had shot the skins in his camp. I turned over two of them and recognized my own old skins.

I hope in my next to have something satisfactory to report anent the man-eater. My chief writes me that he is coming down with the determination to do his wickedest; so I suppose there will be a few days devoted to tiger hunting, and as we shall muster four if not five elephants, we are likely to make it exciting for any tigers we may come across.

SHIKAREE.

CAMP BOKSAR, Lower Gurhwal, Sewaliks, East India.

FLORIDA CAMP GROUNDS.

JUST now, when in the far North autumn frosts and untimely snows give premonition of what is to be, many longing thoughts turn to the Land of Flowers, and it is likely that more outers and health-seekers will try a winter in Florida the coming season than in any previous twelve months since the days of Ponce de Leon.

And it is possible that eight months spent on the Gulf coast—mostly in open camps—may enable me to give a few hints that will be of use to a new comer. As to location, I do not claim any special superiority for this section, although the fact that I am content to make my headquarters here is proof that there are some good points about it for a hunter, angler and canoeist. In the first place it is healthy, and there is large scope for choice of camp sites on high, dry, oak and pine land. I like the convenient mixture of lake, bayou, river and salt-water boating and fishing. There is good bass fishing in Lake Butler, and also on the Anclote and "Cootie" rivers.

While it is not a country to delight the heart of the skin-hunter or duck butcher, there is a great variety in the game, from shore birds and quail to deer and turkey. This is a novel feature to me, and I rather like it. The canoeing too is the best I have found, and the waters of the Gulf so quiet that I have cruised the little ten-pound Rushton for twenty miles down the coast and back, without shipping a drop of water. Fishing is excellent here, as it is almost everywhere in Florida. A man must be a poor shot and worse angler who cannot keep up a camp supply of fish and game in this section. At present I am camping within a mile of the post office, two hotels, stores, etc., and I shoot all the quail and rabbit I can use without going beyond sight of the camp.

I like the sort of woods life too that has a spice of convenient civilization mixed up with it, where, for instance, I can visit with intelligent men from different sections of the country, and get into the Bucktail and paddle in an hour to a secluded spot where I may camp for a month without seeing a human face. The associations here are good, and the natives are friendly and obliging, with one good trait that, I am sorry to say, does not pertain to the natives along the banks of the Susquehanna, *i.e.*, they never disturb nor meddle with your camp here. Even the colored brother, whom we of the North are disposed to regard as a trifle light-fingered, will not molest nor pilfer from the camp of an outer. For six months I have been in the habit of leaving all sorts of hunting and camping duffle in an open camp while I was off cruising, sometimes for days at a stretch, and I have never had so much as a fish hook taken, nor the camp in any way molested. In Northern Pennsylvania (I hate to say it, but it is true) they would steal me poor and burn my camp.

Luckily it is the policy here, both with the native population and the land companies, to encourage and assist campers and outers as far as possible. As regards mode of life and cost of living, there is a wide range of choice. The Tarpon House charges $2 and $2.50 per day, special rates by the week or month. Capt. S. D. Kendall will take three or four boarders at $5 per week. His house is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Anclote River, one mile from the springs. He has a sloop-rigged sailboat and two canoes, and there are boats kept for hire at the Springs.

The health seeker, however, had best camp out, especially if troubled with difficulty of the respiratory organs. Because hotels and boarding houses do not generally provide for fires in their sleeping rooms and furious "northers" are not uncommon here, at which times the rain pours down in torrents and the mercury sinks nearly or quite to the freezing point. Of course the air of rooms where there is no fire becomes cold and damp, and any man who suffers from catarrh or phthisis knows what that means. Now, in an open camp with a roaring light wood fire in front, an invalid can always keep warm and dry, which is of the utmost importance; let alone the fact that the inhalation of lightwood smoke is pretty nearly a specific for catarrh. The cost of living in camp is less than most people would suppose. Judge A. J. Cornell, of Granby, Conn., who spent last winter here with his family in a tent, gives the cost of living for three persons at $7 per week. But, he says, "if one were successful in hunting and fishing, it could be done for less." My own expenses for four months foot up $25.75. The rod and gun helped out to some extent.

The president of the Lake Butler Villa Co. says in his prospectus, "Every assistance possible will be rendered to those who desire to camp at Tarpon Springs, desirable and sightly locations will be cheerfully given and every possible attention rendered to make their stay among the pines comfortable and enjoyable."

Probably a large majority of the outers who come to Florida the present season will turn their faces to the eastern coast, the banks of Indian River, or the St. John's, as being better known and more easy of access. But many will try the Gulf coast, and a few may like to try camp life near Tarpon Springs. If any such there be, and they would like any information that I can give, I will cheerfully answer letters of inquiry; or if called on at my camp will go with parties to point out eligible sites for camps, etc. Almost every one at the Springs knows the Oak-and-Pine and the path that leads to camp.

NESSMUK.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla.

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NOTES ON THE NIGHTHAWK.

THERE was possibly never more of a misnomer in natural history than the name of this bird. Why the term hawk (a bird of prey) should ever have been applied to a creature with an almost flexible beak and useless feet for clutching purposes, will always be a mystery. There is nothing about it suggestive of hawk and almost everything about it to make it a "swift." The beak is not hooked like the falcon's, while its hairy head, large eyes and rapidity of flight should have prevented its ever being classed with the birds of prey.

The writer while traveling over much of the country, both among the large cities and in the wilds, has had many chances to watch this curious bird under widely varying circumstances. It is strange that this creature should be plenty in such extremes of surroundings, being very thick about our large cities and equally plentiful in the wilderness. Probably none of our centers of population have more nighthawks about them than Chicago. Every night from early spring till late fall, as twilight approaches, the penetrating *peet* of this bird will be heard above the business center. At first it keeps well up in the air, but as the sun sets it flies lower and lower until many of its flights are but little above the warehouses. They are there in great numbers and have been for years. Over most of the cities bordering on the great lakes they are frequent and furnish much entertainment for people by their aerial evolutions. I have never been able to find out where they kept themselves daytimes, although I have read in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM of their breeding on top of the high buildings in Cleveland.

There seems to be a great difference in the times of their appearance on different days. I have seen them over Buffalo, N. Y., as early as 11 o'clock in the morning of a bright day, from whence they were visible until dark, while on other days they kept secluded until nearly twilight. Over some towns I have heard their note resounding until midnight, although this was on moonlight nights, but in most places I have missed them by the time it became pitch dark.

These birds seem to be less numerous over the seacoast cities than those more inland or in the lake region. It is strange that they confine their flights to the business portion of places, and are not, so far as I am posted, ever seen over the residence portion. Here would rise a question as to whether more insects (of their kind) emanated from the great marts of trade than from buildings equally thick but used for different purposes. The writer spent last summer in Maine, about twenty miles south of Lake Umbagog. A small stream originating in the mountains flowed through the town, called the Sunday River. It varied in size at that time from the width of a good-sized brook to fifty feet wide in the shallows.

Every day after the middle of August a great swarm (it could be likened to nothing else) of nighthawks would come down out of the mountains about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and course back and forth over about a mile of this stream for about an hour, when they would move over to a field from which the hay had been cut, and spend the rest of the time until dark over that spot. There were always several hundred in the flock, and they very much resembled a swarm of flies over a dish of sweets. Back and forth they would go, some flying at the rate of an express train, others darting back and forth, up and down, and some going in all of these directions, as only a nighthawk can. It was a fine sight, and one not often to be seen. Such evolutions as we witnessed filled us with admiration. It is very much to be doubted if the same wing-power, skill and aerial agility is to be found in any other bird. To see one of them flying at the rate of thirty miles an hour, stop in his own length and either go straight back or up or down was a pretty sight, and fills the observer with wonder for the wing-power of these birds. The nearest approach to them in its manner of flight is the chimney swift, but it is so much smaller that it attracts but little attention. These hawks never alighted to rest while they were in our sight, and apparently were as fresh and vigorous as ever when they departed. We shot a few one day, and when they fell their feet seemed to be of no use to them, as one wing-tipped was unable to move after he reached the ground. Its general appearance is too well known to need description, but the comment of one of the party on the size of its mouth was that "if it opened that and flew in any direction there would be few insects that would escape falling into the cavern."

CURTIS.

THE CROW AS A GAME DESTROYER.

"WELL, what about the crow? Kill him every time you can get close enough to the thief to do it." That remark escaped my lips one day last June, when I was looking over a farming paper with a column and a half about the use of crows, explaining what great helps they were to the farmer, etc. The writer stated that crows were the greatest insect destroyers of all the birds, and that the amount of grubs, etc. they caught yearly was worth millions to the farmers of our country. "Well," I remarked to myself, "if what this writer says about the crow is so I must stop my triggers from pulling upon such noble helpmates of the farmers; but I had always regarded the crow as one of the farmers' worst enemies, and I believe so still and I have sent many a crow to the happy hunting ground."

Then as I stepped out into the yard I saw a crow, about two hundred yards from my house, busy eating something. "Insects of course," I remarked, calling to my mind the article I had just read, "well, I will see if I can find what the farmer's friend is eating." I went back into the house and took along my little rifle. Taking advantage of a fence which ran near by the thief I proceeded very cautiously until I got within about forty yards of his crowship. Resting the rifle on a rail and taking a careful aim I fired; one blast spoiled Mr. Crow's waistcoat beyond a doubt. Going up to where he lay I resolved to dissect him, and if I found his stomach full of worms and insects I would never shoot any more of his fellows.

The report of my rifle had brought my old setter to my side. Steady, old boy! What are you pointing for? Here's the old crow, if that is what you smell; and I threw the crow toward him; but still he held his point on a bunch of grass ten feet from where the dead crow lay, the crow having fluttered down the hill that distance. I went to the dog, but what a sight met my eyes! There, right at his nose, was a quail's nest with two or three young just hatched and one egg not hatched. The nest was lined with blood. I counted the shells around and found that eight birds had hatched; but where were they now? The nest showed signs of battle. There were quail feathers around it, which gave evidence of having just been plucked from the mother-bird. But who had driven the quail from the nest and murdered her babes? Could it be my old setter? No; he did not move until I went to him, and then he did not even touch the nest nor an egg. Well, who was the murderer? There he is, I said, as I cast a look at his mouth, stuffed with a young bird he was devouring when I shot him. Yes, the farmer's friend had broken up Mrs. Bob White's home, robbed her of her children, murdered them in cold blood and then devoured them.

I carried the crow to my dissecting room, an old shop near the house, and taking down my surgical instrument—an old corn knife—I soon dissected the bird, and found in his stomach all the young quail he had devoured when I shot him. Not a single worm nor insect did I find; nothing else but some young corn he had stolen out of my cornfield.

Now, you see, I am justifiable in saying shoot the crow. I have proof that the crows destroy here in Virginia many thousand young quail every year. They are very fond of eggs, and during the time the quail are laying and hatching, the crow is seeking his food in the very fields where the quail are nesting, and nothing escapes his watchful eye. A lady told me the other day that she rarely ever got any eggs from her guinea fowls, as the crows always found their nest and devoured the eggs. Crows also destroy thousands of bushels of corn in the fall of the year after the corn is cut down and shocked up; and in some portions of our county the corn has to be protected with the shotgun, and in the spring when the corn is planted they sometimes take up two-thirds of the field. I have known several farmers here in this section who have had to lay off their corn ground the second time and replant it because of the crows pulling up all the first planting. The crow not only destroys every quail's nest it finds, but every other small bird's nest it may come across. I have in the last year or two dissected more than a dozen crows, and from April to July I have found bluebirds, wrens, sparrows and mocking birds' eggs in their stomachs, but rarely have I found any insects or grubs. I think the sportsmen of Virginia and Maryland could not do a better thing for the quail, the song birds and the farmers than to shoot the crows.

THE CATAMOUNT OF THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

LIBERTY, Va.

THE CROWN OF THE KINGBIRD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In connection with the current discussion in your natural history columns in regard to the use of the coronal decoration of the kingbird and other species, permit me to quote from a paper written by me in January, 1883, and published in the July number (of that year) of the "Journal of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History," viz.: "A List of the Birds of Bardstown, Nelson county, Kentucky."

"107*. *Tyrannus carolinensis* (L.) Temm.—Kingbird; Bee Martin. An abundant summer resident; arrives April 20. Several years ago, in May, I saw one of these birds occupying an exposed perch on a pear tree in bloom, about which many bees were darting. Several times I observed that he caught the insects without leaving his perch, by quickly turning his head and grabbing them. My attention being thoroughly aroused, I noticed that many of them seemed to fly directly toward the bird, the majority appearing to 'shy off' a short distance from him and change their courses, but very few escaped him. Did the thrifty *Hymenoptera* mistake the fully displayed crimson crown for a flower? Once since I have observed the same phenomenon."

In a recent edition of this paper, entirely rewritten, however, published during September by the Kentucky Geological Survey (a copy of which I forward to you), the following additional remarks are added, page 33:

"Mr. C. C. Nutting, who has spent considerable time studying the birds of Costa Rica and Nicaragua in their native haunts, states that he has seen *Muscivora mexicana* perched upon a twig and waving its curious and brilliant fan-shaped crest after the manner of a flower swayed by a gentle breeze, and thus attracting insects within reach. In fact the majority of the fly-catchers, a family that numerically reaches its greatest development in the neotropical region, have some lively-colored coronal decoration, which, perhaps, has been evolved for the special purpose above suggested. I understand that this subject has been discussed by Mr. H. K. Coale in a recent paper read before the Ridgway Ornithological Club, of Chicago, but I have not seen it, and am unaware whether or not he has touched upon this particular phase of the matter."

C. W. BECKHAM.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5

KINGBIRDS AND BEES.—Tyringham, Mass.—Kingbird have nested withing twelve rods of my house for the past fifteen years, giving me a good chance to observe their habits. They are the poultry's best friend, not a hawk or crow would they allow to come anywhere near the house, thus saving me dollars in chickens. This is good of the birds so far, but it is said that they are bee eaters. I have also kept bees, and if I could have my way I would have a pair of kingbirds to every swarm of bees. I can safely say that no man ever saw a kingbird catch a honey bee. Before I knew this I believed, in common with others, that the bird was a bee destroyer, so sitting on the fence about eight feet from the hive I watched them dive into the midst of the bees, as they came out of the hive. This I saw them do time after time. Yes, with my own eyes I saw them go catch the bee and swallow it down. It seems to me that one's eye sight ought to be proof. But it is not, although I saw them as I supposed. You may well believe I was angry. The next thing to be done was to get rid of those birds. I went into the house, took down my muzzleloader, and shot three of them. Now for the proof. I opened those birds and found not a single honey bee in one of them, but in all three I found plenty of drones. Might not "J. L. D.," of Lockport, have mistaken a drone for a bumble bee? The drones fly high in the air, while the bumble and honey bee fly near the ground, for there is where their food is.—G. L. BARNES.

DRUMMING OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.—Decatur, Mich., Sept. 28.—In answers to correspondents in FOREST AND STREAM for Sept. 3 you say to "Jay Bebe" that the ruffed grouse drums every month during the year. I have lived all my life in Michigan and where I could hear them drum from one to four at a time, and I never heard one drum between the months of March and October. They begin drumming in April and continue about four or five weeks, and then nothing more is heard from them until some time in October. This second period lasts about the same length of time as that in the spring. I have known of them using one log, in a wood of twelve acres, for years; and never heard one drum on any other log in these woods. They have their particular logs to drum on and never choose any two very close to one another.—JOHN SMITH.

PURPLE GRACKLE NEAR PHILADELPHIA.—Manayunk, Phila., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to "Homo's" answer regarding purple grackles nesting in and around Philadelphia, there is a nesting place in Leverington Cemetery, Roxborough, Phila., and from good authority I have it that they have nested there for fifteen or twenty years. I have taken sets of eggs for the last four years, and I estimate the number of birds to be from eighty to one hundred pairs.—ELLWOOD C. ERDIS.

SEPTEMBER ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased—Five rhesus macacques (*Macacus erythræus*), two bonnet macacques (*Macacus radiatus*), nine common macacques (*Macacus cynomolgus*), one green monkey (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*), one mitred monkey (*Semnopithecus mitratus*), one mandrill (*Cynocephalus mormon*), one black howler (*Nycetes niger*), two hairy-nosed wombats (*Phascolomys latifrons*), two Egyptian geese (*Chelanopex ægyptiaca*), one Amherst pheasant (*Thaumalea amherstiæ*), one Daubenton's curassow (*Crax daubentoni*), one Slater's curassow (*Crax slateri*), two rufous-vented guans (*Penelope cristata*), one festive amazon (*Chrysotis festiva*), and one pine snake (*Pityophis menanoleucus*). Presented—Two male and two female Angora goats (*Capra hircus*), one Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), nine opossums (*Didelphis virginiana*), one king rail (*Rallus elegans*), one mocking bird (*Turdus polyglottus*), one pine snake (*Pityophis menanoleucus*), three alligators (*Alligato rmississippiensis*), two hog-nosed snakes (*Heterodon platyrhinos*), one copperhead snake (*Ancistrodon contortrix*), and one black snake (*Bascanion constrictor*). Bred in the Garden—One Carolina parrakeet (*Conurus carolinensis*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—VII.

IN preceding articles nothing has been said of Lefaucheux action breechloading shotguns. When referring to guns of foreign manufacture, my attention was not directed to French guns made under the Lefaucheux system, but in comparing guns of American make with foreign guns, I have had special reference to snap-action guns of English make, for two reasons: First—All American-made guns belong to that family, and, second, American importations are usually English snap-action guns.

But it is proper I should say something of Lefaucheux action guns, and I know of no better way of presenting the arguments *pro* and *con* these guns than by publishing the following correspondence. It is but proper to say that the correspondence was not intended for publication, but upon my asking leave of my correspondent to publish his letter to me, with my reply, he kindly consented, and, in his letter of granting the permission, he replied to certain points made in my letter to him, and this reply is here also given.

I.

AH-PE—Dear Sir—I have been much pleased with your articles on the "Choice of Guns," now appearing in FOREST AND STREAM. As I suppose you are interested in everything pertaining to guns, I take the liberty of writing you this, and of calling your attention to what I think is an error in your article of Aug. 27. I also send you by this mail a catalogue of Chevalier & Dru, Paris, France. Please return it to me after reading the pages I shall refer to presently.

You state, "You cannot buy a reliable and durable imported gun at $50 or under." You are right if you refer only to snap-action guns or guns of English make. But are you aware that in this present time of hammerless and of repeating shotguns there are hundreds of thousands of sportsmen in France, and other countries (Spain, South America, etc.) who still use, in preference to all other guns, the old Lefaucheux positive action gun? These guns are now made and sold in France and are the guns most in use there. The Lefaucheux is there considered better than snap-action guns for the following reasons:

First—They are more durable and stronger, having no springs in the action to get out of order. There are no springs except in the locks.

Second—There is not the danger of the gun getting shaky, as happens sooner or later with any snap-action.

Third—They are cheaper; any one can make a Lefaucheux action, the patent having expired years ago.

The gun has the strength of the muzzleloader combined with the safety in loading of the breechloader. It, I know, is too old-fashioned ever to be adopted by our sportsmen, who care more for quickness and the latest fashion in guns than for durability and strength, and who will rashly sacrifice the latter qualities for anything new-fangled.

Now as to price. Wages are less in France than in England, and it costs much less to make the simple Lefaucheux than the snap-action guns. Also, as I said before, there is no royalty to pay and no monopoly in the Lefaucheux action. For those reasons and others (such as the greater economy of the French people, and consequently less demand for extravagantly high-priced guns) a first-class Lefaucheux action gun can be brought from France for less than $50. Chevalier & Dru, whose price list I send you, are among the very best gunmakers in France. On page 18 of the price list are the prices of Lefaucheux action pin-fire guns, which range in price from 100 francs up; and the prices of Lefaucheux center-fire guns range from 160 francs up. Now 100 francs is less than $20; 160 francs less than $32. (These guns are double barrel). On page 14 you will see that these makers guarantee their guns for five years. They will last a lifetime. These guns are first-class ones in every respect.

It would cost to import the $20 gun by itself as follows:

Cost of gun in Paris	$20 00
Transportation of gun to New York	3 00
Express company's charges, buying gun, getting it through custom house, etc	3 00
Thirty-five per cent. duty	7 50
	33.50

which is less than the $50 gun stated; and the $20 gun is stronger, safer and infinitely more durable than English snap-action guns that sell for $100 in New York.

I have written this letter as one fond of guns to a brother sportsman and because I don't like seeing some of the best qualities in a gun lost sight of in the mad rush for novelties. I have used breechloaders from the time they were first imported to this country, twenty-two years ago, and have tried about all the actions and I can sincerely say that for wear, strength and lasting qualities, none are as good as the old Lefaucheux action. Very truly yours, — —

II.

MY DEAR SIR—I beg to assure you that I thoroughly appreciate the sentiments in your letter of the 2d, and the motives which prompted you to write it and I thank you for writing. I have examined the catalogue of Chevalier & Dru which you so courteously sent me and herewith return it with my thanks. The catalogue has furnished me with information I did not before possess. I did not know the prices of the Lefaucheux guns were quite so low as they are.

On referring to the article in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 27, I am not so sure but your criticisms are, to a certain extent at least, well grounded. But taking the articles as a whole, you will see that I am writing of breechloading guns as they are now made, and especially of American guns. Standing alone, the assertion in the article of Aug. 27, that "you cannot buy a reliable or durable imported gun at $50 or under," is incorrect; but looked at in connection with the context, I hardly think an erroneous impression will be conveyed thereby. The concluding remarks of the article which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 20, and the prefatory remarks of the article in the issue of the 27th, in effect exclude from consideration the Lefaucheux action guns as well as the muzzleloader.

I have lately seen some very handsome and excellent muzzleloaders, that would have sold in the days of the muzzleloader for $200, offered at $50 and under. They were "reliable and durable imported guns," but, of course, do not come within the purview of the articles under discussion.

So, too, of the Lefaucheux action. Although I am ready to admit that my attention was not drawn to the subject when I wrote the words above quoted, still guns of this action are virtually excluded from consideration. Necessarily the system possesses great strength; but, in my view, guns made with this action are, with American sportsmen at least, as completely obsolete as the muzzleloader or as the pin-fire breechloader. The superior convenience and ease of manipulation of the top-snap action have forever displaced the Lefaucheux, and the action now in use will only give way before something more convenient and easy of manipulation than it is.

I am not, however, ready to admit that the Lefaucheux is necessarily stronger than a properly constructed top-snap, or will out-last it. Wear takes place with all actions, and the Lefaucheux is at best an exception only in degree. Even when made with double levers under fore-end and double bolts (as shown in MM. Chevalier & Dru's cut, page 19), the wear is a continuous thing. The friction is greater than in the top-snap; and I have seen Lafaucheux guns that had grown quite loose from use, the barrels having sprung away from the breech so as to allow gas to escape and cause the muzzle to droop; but I admit that the wear of the Lefaucheux does not usually make the gun quite so "shaky" as the wear of the average cheap top-snap action.

While the element of strength ought to be considered, it ought not to exclude other elements of value. The bowie knife is stronger than the pen knife, but a man would hardly cumber himself with the former when he had use only for the latter. The point of the stylus was not so apt to wear or be broken as the point of the pen with which I write, but the pen is decidedly more convenient and certainly an improvement on the stylus as a writing implement.

The cheap English top-snap action guns, with no device for taking up wear and that become useless on the breaking of the action spring, were and are open to serious objections. Even with these objections, however, I am not sure that their adoption to the exclusion of the Lefaucheux action was erroneous. And when we come to such American guns as those of Smith, Parker, Sneider and Lefever, we find them not only incomparably better than the single-bolted top-snaps of English make, but, as I believe, superior in every respect to any other guns that are made. After considerable experience with breechloaders, from the Lefaucheux forward, I am convinced that in soundness of the principles of construction, no guns are to be compared with American guns as recently improved and now made. Admitting that in the "rush for novelty," men overlooked the strength of the old Lefaucheux and adopted a weaker thing, the improvements which the ingenuity of American makers have wrought have made it strong enough, and its superior convenience is apparent. Take for example the Smith, in hammer guns, and the Lefever in hammerless (guns which stand, in my opinion, at the head of their respective classes in point of soundness of the principles of construction), and you will find that they are not only strong enough but ten times stronger than is absolutely necessary. And we will find in the best American guns a thing unknown to the Lefaucheux—provision made for taking up wear that must occur in every action. And in many respects the superiority of the improved top-snap action to the Lefaucheux might be shown. The points which I desire to make, however, in reply to your kind criticism are these:

First—While strength of action is a thing of great importance, it is not the only consideration. If two actions are strong enough, that one should be selected which is the more convenient and handy.

Second—The Lefaucheux action is as much a thing of the past as the muzzleloader, and the causes which produced its retirement were sufficient.

Third—The articles in FOREST AND STREAM only profess to deal with guns as now made according to the present state of the art of gunmaking, and it would be as futile to consider the Lefaucheux on account of its strength as it would be to treat of the muzzleloader on the same account.

Permit me to say that I only write in FOREST AND STREAM as a sportsman. I am not, and do not claim to be, an expert; but I give my views for what they are worth. In many respects they may not coincide with those of my brethren, and they may be erroneous. They are such as experience and observation have led me to form.

Again thanking you for your letter, I remain, yours truly,
AH-PE.

III.

MY DEAR SIR—Your interesting letter and price-list of Chevalier & Dru came yesterday. To-day I received yours of the 15th asking permission to publish in FOREST AND STREAM my letter to you. Although I expect to be ridiculed as an old fogy by some and pitied by others (some of them probably born since the introduction of breechloading guns), yet as you desire it, you have my consent to publish the letter in question, provided you also publish the following answers to certain points raised in your letter:

First—You draw a comparison between the stylus and pen, etc., derogatory to the former, strength alone being the criterion. But I claimed for the Lefaucheux action more than mere strength. I claimed that it combined the convenience of breechloading with the strength of the muzzleloader better than any gun I know of, and I am not a novice, having loved shooting before breechloading guns came into fashion in this country, and having a pretty good knowledge of the so-called "improvements" in the modern gun. The Lefaucheux action is amply quick enough for legitimate shooting. Of course the market-hunter, while ducks are flying fast, could kill more with a snap-action; but where slaughter alone is the object, a swivel gun or a cannon loaded with small shot will kill more in a given time.

Second—I hardly think it fair to state that the Lefaucheux action is obsolete—a thing of the past—and that it has become so on account of its inferiority to snap-actions; when the truth is, that thousands of sportsmen at this moment are using the Lefaucheux in France and other countries peopled with the Latin race, and prefer it to snap-actions, considering they have good reason for so doing.

It will not do for a liberal, fair-minded man to get around this by calling foreigners old-fashioned, behind the times, etc., and praising our sportsmen as the only go ahead people.

Third—You have been more fortunate than I in your experience with snap-actions. I have known an imported gun by one of the most celebrated English makers get shaky in less than eighteen months. This gun cost in New York $210, and had all the modern "improvements." I have been told of, but have not myself seen, two guns by an English maker (London) costing each over $350, with all the modern "improvements," get shaky in less than two years. One swallow does not make a summer. I merely mention these among a very great number of cases of snap actions getting shaky that I have known of. I have been told by some that it did not matter if the barrels of their snap-actions did get shaky. Perhaps not; it's a matter of taste; but I prefer more solidity in a gun, thinking it far more important than mere quicknesss of loading. I have yet to see the snap-action that will go through without damage or injury, what a Lefaucheux action will bear. Of course, no sane man expects to see the Lefaucheux used by our sportsmen to any extent, and the reason is that they rate too highly mere rapidity as compared with strength and solidity, and think too much of anything new in a gun that is christened an "improvement" by the gun makers and gun dealers. Very sincerely yours, — — —

Editor Forest and Stream:

The articles of "Ah-Pe" on the choice of guns are the best that have ever appeared in your columns. I wish to tender him and you my acknowledgments. The thanks of all lovers of the gun, I think, are due also. To say that such and such guns are worth the money, or safe and satisfactory, is well enough; but to minutely explain the make and action of each gun, and to show wherein one is superior to the other, is far better. When "Ah-Pe" is done there will be no further need, for some time to come, of essays on the much-worn subject, "Choice of Guns." There will, no doubt, be differences of opinion as to his conclusions, but the facts are there for the guidance of all. It is a mass of valuable information, and you and all sportsmen are to be congratulated that "Ah-Pe" has so excellently put it before your readers. S.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 1 a communication appears by "N.," in which he desires information concerning the wire cartridge. Individually I have never used the wire cartridge. An unshakable fear prevented me from so doing, but from one who has used them I received the same wholesome advice as given to "N." by the gunsmith—let them alone, as they injure the gun barrel.

If "N." will give the thread-wound cartridges a fair trial, I feel convinced he will eventually adopt them permanently in his shooting. They are, I verily believe, as near, if not nearer perfection in the line of cartridge cases for the purpose than any in the market. Let "N." order and try the thread-wound case and report his opinion to FOREST AND STREAM. C. A. R.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I used Ely's wire cartridges, BB shot, extensively in a No. 7 muzzleloading duck gun before the advent of breechloaders. I generally shot an open charge in right barrel, wire cartridge in left. The result was that the left barrel was so worn that eventually I had to load with No. 6 wads in it. I did not see that the shooting of that barrel was at all impaired or the barrel was otherwise injured.

I will be obliged if Mr. Clapham will say where the "ulesote" bottom paint can be had. ACCOMAC.

WACHA PREAGUE, Accomac County, Va.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

THE sportsmen who met at St. Louis last week organized a new national association, passed a very commendable series of resolutions, and laid out an elaborate scheme of work for the future. The spirit shown and the sentiments expressed were for the most part worthy of the highest praise. The undertaking, to the accomplishment of which the members of the association have set themselves, may appear to experienced persons as somewhat visionary; but there is no denying that its attainment of a system of uniform game laws would be a most desirable consummation. If those individuals who have had most experience in working for suitable game legislation are disposed to look somewhat dubiously upon the bright picture of the future as painted by the enthusiasm of the St. Louis game protectors, it must not be forgotten that even should the effort of the convention now cease entirely, the influence of the meeting is most salutary. The gathering of such a number of men, the discussion of game interests, the daily newspaper reports, and the press dispatches, all combine to draw public attention to the subject of game protection. The St. Louis convention has already accomplished some good. What it will do in the future will depend altogether upon the earnest, systematic, individual efforts of its officers and members.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 29.

At 10:30 the convention was called to order by Capt. H. C. West, chairman of the committee of arrangements. He read to the meeting the original call.

Gen. Jackson L. Smith, of Jefferson City, the temporary chairman, taking the chair amid applause, called the meeting to order and on behalf of the State Association welcomed the visitors. He indulged the hope that the presence of so many sportsmen gave every promise of beneficial results as to game legislation. This, the speaker said, was the first convention ever held of the kind and its importance could not be overestimated. An examination of the game laws of other States showed how all varied and the results of the discrepancies were patently unjust to all. The chairman specially alluded to the present position in Missouri as to the close season of prairie chickens, pointing out the anomaly of grouse being allowed to be shot, marketed and eaten all around us, while Missouri had to sit by and hungrily watch these processes going on. Such a law invited breaches. How was uniformity to be obtained? Congress could not as yet interfere, for the game belonged primarily to each State, and the only profitable present action would consist in the obtaining of precisely similar legislation by each and every State. The work and influence of the convention could obtain that end. We of the convention should all work vigorously to obtain it. The meeting had a right to invoke the further aid of the public press, to which it was already so much indebted and which was always ready to help on any scheme for the good of the people. Let this meeting, continued the General, formulate a bill and press its clauses first on those States which have no game laws, and, secondly, on those others which were already partly in line. The speaker thought that a uniform opening date should be one of the first points to be adopted. This would restrict the present indiscriminate rate of slaughter. In some States laws had not long since been enacted by which game was not allowed to be shipped out, a course prompted by an illiberality and unsportsmanlike spirit to which every sportsman should be a stranger. He thought himself that the stopping of entry of game legally killed in one State to another was unconstitutional, and he considered that no State had the right to prevent a citizen of another from hunting within its border. He regretted to have to add that a recent enactment of such a nature had been passed as regards this State, and he believed he was not alone in thinking the law to be a standing reproach to every Missourian. As to the fish questions to be discussed, the speaker personally would prefer to first look to any means for the destruction of the gar and the hard-shell turtle, those insatiable pirates and enemies of all of man's fish food. There were many other points to consider as to this part of the subject to be discussed by the convention, but he felt that this would be considered with the greatest intelligence by others, and he would therefore close with once more heartily welcoming the delegates. Gen. Smith resumed his seat amid great applause, and his remarks as to the selfishness of retaining game in a State after being shot, and of keeping sportsmen out of a State, earned for him vigorous commendation.

Capt. West then appointed Dr. R. M. Swander as acting secretary, and J. G. Schaaf as his assistant. The secretary, on motion of John D. Johnson, read the names of the delegates present. They were:

Illinois—E. J. Brown, Quincy Gun Club; E. Kerles, Belleville Gun Club; A. J. Fleischman, Belleville Rod and Gun Club; Chas. Henry and Ed Vickery, Audubon Gun Club, Jacksonville; R. H. Mann, Chester Game and Fish Protective Association; T. P. Bartlett, Quincy Fishing Club; R. J. Slice, Central Illinois Sportsmen's Association; O. P. Bortall, Secretary Illinois Fish Commission; H. H. Fahnestock, Illinois Valley Gun Club, Peoria; Henry Saltat and D. T. Shipp, Waterloo Gun Club; F. W. Herbst and Strauss, Shiloh Valley Gun Club; O. W. Reed, Taylorville Gun Club; Geo. Crosby, Duquoin Gun Club; Fred A. Allen, Monmouth; D. Schroll, Meredosia Fishing Club.

Arkansas—A. R. Smith, Excelsior Gun Club, Hot Springs; W. J. Echols, James A. Gautis, Western Gun Club, Fort Smith.

Iowa—E. H. Carpenter and U. S. Young, Crystal Lake and Eagle Grove Gun Club, Burlington; John F. Gregg, Burlington Shooting Club; C. W. Budd and G. W. Griffey, Des Moines Gun Club; J. T. Brutenstcine, Nimrod Club, Keokuk.

Kansas—L. G. Perry and W. A. Irwin, State Sportsmen's Association; E. L. Shaffer, Council Grove Gun Club.

Missouri—L. D. Dozier and Frank Carter, Dardenne Shooting Club; J. S. Bell and J. W. Lemonist, Palmyra Sportsmen's Club; F. Hermann and L. E. Kaltwasser, Diana Hunting Club, St. Louis; H. C. West and A. G. Gates, St. Louis Fish and Game Preserve; J. B. Schulte, J. W. Fisher, J. P. Shaff, Excelsior Gun Club, St. Louis; John D. Johnson, St. Louis Gun Club; M. F. Taylor, Winfield Gun Club; J. L. Smith and W. Q. Dallmyer, Jefferson City Gun Club; Alex. Sweathers and Albert Cohen, Hannibal Gun Club; John K. McDearmon and J. W. Avery, St. Charles Hunting and Fishing Club; Judge P. S. Lanham and George Bain, Murdock Lake Hunting and Fishing Club; H. Hospas, William Kampheimer, Fred McCarty, Western Hunting Club, St. Louis; M. K. McGrath, White River Fishing Club.

Kentucky—J. M. Taylor, Lexington Gun Club; J. M. Barbour, Kentucky State Sportsmen's Association; James W. Harrington, Shelbyville Gun Club.

At Large—Kent County Sportsmen's Club, Grand Rapids, Mich., Dr. E. S. Holmes; Cuvier Club of Cincinnati, J. T. Blackburn and John R. Chamberlain; El Paso Gun Club of Texas, W. H. Irwin; Redfield Gun Club, Dakota Territory, W. A. James.

Fish Commissioners—Enoch W. Moore of Delaware; P. Dunning and J. V. Jones of Wisconsin; Dr. E. S. Holmes of Michigan; H. H. Rottaken, Little Rock, Ark.

Game Dealers' Representation—J. A. R. Elliott, Grenola, Kan.; J. W. Peters, St. Louis; W. W. Judy, St. Louis; L. S. Carter, Hammond, Ill.; Fred A. Allen; Monmouth, Ill.; D. Schroll, Meredosia, Ill.

There was some little discussion about the advisability of admitting fish commissioners and game dealers as members of the convention. The motion to admit them, however, was finally carried unanimously.

Mr. John D. Johnson moved that the usual committee on credentials be dispensed with. This was carried unanimously, saving much time.

Messrs. R. H. Mann, Illinois; J. B. Jones, Wisconsin; J. A. Yantis, Arkansas; J. P. Barbour, Kentucky; W. A. Jones, Dakota; Mortimer Taylor and John D. Johnson, of Missouri, were appointed by the chairman as a Committee on Permanent Organization. A recess was then taken until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. When the convention reassembled at 2 o'clock the Committee on Permanent Organization and Order of Business made the following report, which was adopted: For Permanent President, John D. Johnson, of St. Louis; First Vice-President, Enoch Moore, of Delaware; Second Vice-President, Henry Talbot, of Illinois; Secretary Capt. H. C. West, of St. Louis; Assistant Secretary, Joseph Wherry, of St. Louis; Sergeant-at-Arms, Hunt Wilson, of St. Louis; Committee on Resolutions, Hon. Jackson L. Smith, of Missouri; Col. H. H. Rottaken, of Arkansas; Maj. J. M. Taylor, of Kentucky; Philo Downing, of Wisconsin; Dr. N. Rowe, of Chicago; J. F. Blackburn, of Ohio, and W. W. Judy, of St. Louis.

Mr. Johnson was escorted to the chair by a committee of three. In resigning his place as temporary chairman, Mr. Smith remarked that Mr. Johnson was no stranger to the members of the convention or to the game and fish concerning which they had met to consult. Mr. Johnson was received with a hearty round of applause. He expressed his thanks for the compliment bestowed upon him, and at once launched into a well considered speech on the necessity for uniform game laws, uniform close seasons, and a determined effort on the part of sportsmen to see the game laws enforced. He remarked that the first sportsmen's convention met at Niagara Falls, N. Y., in 1873, and did a great deal toward creating a proper public sentiment on this important subject. As a result of that convention game laws were enacted in several States. Unfortunately, however, the organization then effected lasted but two years, but the influence was still apparent all over the country. Meetings of this character, continued Mr. Johnson, had a beneficial effect on the country at large. The time had arrived for further legislation, for the better protection of fish and game, and he was confident that the convention could make suggestions to the statesmen that would result in improved fish and game laws.

A long communication was read from M. R. French, President of the American Association for the Protection of Game, Game-dealers and Consumers, pointing out the necessity for uniform legislation relating to fish and game. The letter concluded by stating that purely destructive sport, like the shooting of deer in August, is unmanly and unjustifiable, and equally wrong is the unseasonable and improper slaughter of game solely for market.

Dr. Steedman offered a package of letters from various fish commissioners which were ordered placed among the records of the convention.

Mr. Taylor introduced a resolution urging the passage of uniform game laws in the various States.

Another resolution was read by the secretary urging: 1. That uniform close and seasons should be adopted in the several States and Territories east of the Rocky Mountains for deer, turkeys, pinnated grouse, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, wild ducks, wild geese, Wilson snipe, squirrel and rabbits, and that said close seasons should cover the breeding periods of said animals and birds, and such additional time as is necessary to prevent a further reduction of the present numbers of the same regardless of latitude. 2. That said close seasons should be as follows: For deer, from Dec. 1 to Aug. 15; for turkey, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1; for pinnated grouse, Dec. 1 to Sept. 1; for ruffed grouse, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; for quail, Feb. 1 to Nov. 1; for woodcock, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; for wild ducks, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1; for wild geese, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1; for Wilson snipe, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1; for squirrel, Dec. 1 to June 1. These documents were referred to the committee on resolutions, which was increased in membership, because of the large amount of work it has to perform.

On motion of Mr. George Bain, Messrs. Steedman, Dunning, Bain, Enoch Moore and S. P. Bartlett were appointed a committee to pay particular attention to the protection of fish.

It was decided after some discussion to take the sense of the convention on the close seasons. The general view was that the close season for deer should be from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1; for pinnated and ruffed grouse, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; for quail, Oct. 15 to Jan. 1; for woodcock, Jan. 1 to July 4. The other close seasons were left as named in the resolution.

Mr. Theodore Pilger offered a resolution, which was referred to the committee, that no gun larger than a No. 10 bore be allowed to be used by sportsmen.

An invitation from President Haarstick, of the Merchants' Exchange, to visit the Exchange was unanimously accepted and noon to-day set for the visit.

M. F. Taylor, of St. Louis; Mr. Holmes, of Michigan; Mr. Zaulis, of Arkansas; Gus. Griffey, of Iowa, and Col. Dallmeyer, of Missouri, were appointed a committee to formulate a scheme for the organization of a National Sportsmen's Association.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30.

The convention assembled at 10:30, J. D. Johnson in the chair. The first business was the report of the Committee on the Protection of Fish, which was as follows:

"Your committee, to whom was referred resolutions relating to fish protection and propagation, beg leave to submit the following recommendations for the action of the convention:

"That the catching of game and food fishes should be prohibited in the public waters of the different States during the spawning seasons, except for purposes of propagation or distribution by or under the direction of the Fish Commissioners.

"That the prohibited periods should, as far as practicable, be uniform and of sufficient duration to include the spawning periods in all these States of the same species of fish, say for spring spawners from Feb. 1 to Aug. 1, and for fall spawners from Sept. 1 to April 1, excepting migratory fish, and that the close season for such should be regulated by the several States in which they are found.

"That all obstructions to the ingress or egress of fish to and from their spawning grounds in streams and lakes should be prohibited, and the construction of proper fishways over dams required and regulated, and that the Fish Commissioners should be the judges as to what shall constitute a proper and sufficient fishway. The expense of putting in and maintaining such fishway shall be borne by the owner of such obstruction or dam.

"That no seine, net, trap, weir or other device for catching fish should be permitted to be used, where it is legal to use them, whose mesh is less than two inches square. That illegal seines, nets, weirs or other devices should be confiscated and destroyed wherever found.

"That the propagation and protection of fish and game, and the enforcement of all laws applicable to the same, should in each State be placed in the hands of a paid commission composed of one or more competent persons; that such commission should be authorized to appoint deputies or wardens throughout their respective States with power to institute prosecutions or make arrests, as circumstances require, under the supervision of the commission; that our respective legislatures be requested to recommend the passage of such national legislation as will regulate the menhaden and other fisheries along the Atlantic coast and great lakes."

Signed I. G.W. Steedman, Philo Downing, Enoch Moore, S. P. Bartlett, George Bain.

Mr. Jones, Fish Commissioner of Wisconsin, deprecated the use of dynamite in fishing, and urged that it should be made a penitentiary offense. Mr. Mann, of Chester, Ill., moved that the size of the meshes of the seines be fixed at two and a half inches instead of two inches. Messrs. Bartlett and Peters were of the opinion that a two-ineh mesh is large enough for all practical purposes. The convention, however, decided to let the committee's report on this matter stand. Mr. McAdams, of Illinois, offered a resolution, which was adopted urging Congress to provide such legislation for the preservation of fishes in the Mississippi and other public waters of the United States not controlled by State legislation as will be in harmony with the objects of this convention. Mr. Jones renewed his protest against the use of dynamite and other explosives and poisons in fishing. Mr. E. S. Holmes, of Michigan, suggested that a reasonable bounty should be paid for the destruction of predatory fish and animals that are not useful for food, such as gars, dogfish and hard-shell turtles. It was intimated that there might be some difficulty about getting money for this object, but the objection was not seriously entertained and the resolution was passed.

On the chairman calling for the report of the committee on game and that on organization of a permanent association, Mr. Yantis, of Arkansas, read a report from the latter as follows: "It is recommended that this convention take a recess so soon after final action upon the reports of the two committees now out for half an hour. That thereupon all members of organized game and fish clubs retain their seats, organize themselves into a caucus and pass upon the constitution herewith submitted proposed for the National Association. Your committee further recommend that upon the adjournment of this convention all the records of this convention be given to the National Association, and that all clubs represented be requested to come forward and become members of the National Association." On motion by Mr. Bain this was lost, the game committee not having yet reported.

An attempt was then made to ascertain, as fully as possible, the total number of members of the different hunting, gun and fishing clubs which had fallen into line with the objects of the convention, or who were represented thereat. A call was made in this view, representatives giving the census of their membership. It transpired during the call that there are 500 members of the Cuvier club of Cincinnati, and that there are 650 members of the Delaware Game Protective Association. With a great many clubs yet to be heard from, a total of 4,478 members was arrived at.

Gen. I. S. Smith, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions relating to the protection of game, presented the following report:

"That in the opinion of your committee the close and open seasons should be adopted in the several States and Territories east of the Rocky Mountains: For deer, turkeys, pinnated grouse, quail, woodcock, wild duck, wild goose, Wilson snipe, pigeon dove, upland plover, rabbit and squirrel, and that said close seasons should cover the breeding period of said animals and birds, and such additional time as is necessary to prevent a further reduction of the present number of the same, and that the close seasons shall be as follows: For deer, from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1; turkey, Jan. 1 to Oct. 1; pinnated and ruffed grouse, Jan. 1 to Sept. 1; duck, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1; geese, Feb. 1 to Sept. 1; Wilson snipe, May 1 to Sept. 1; woodcock, Jan. 1 to July 4; plover, May 1 to Sept. 1; turtle dove, July 1 to Aug. 1; wild pigeon, April 1 to Oct. 1; squirrel, Jan. 1 to June 1; rabbit (excepting jack rabbit), from Feb. 1 to Oct. 1.

"That hunting of deer with hounds should be prohibited at all seasons in all States. That song and insectivorous birds should be protected the year round. That the trapping, ensnaring and netting of game, insectivorous and song birds (excepting for scientific purposes) should be entirely prohibited. That the robbing of the nests of any birds mentioned in the preceding paragraph or the interference with them while nesting or rearing the young should be prohibited under severe penalties imposed by law. That the killing or catching of any animal or birds hereinbefore mentioned by night should be forbidden by law. That no gun of a larger gauge or caliber than No. 10 should be used in the pursuit and capture of any kind of game.

"That it is the further deliberate opinion of your committee that it would subserve a wise and useful purpose to unite and blend the twin interests of fish and game and to devote the duty and functions of protecting and preserving the same on one class of public officers; that the Fish Commissioners of the several States ought to have superadded to their duties and functions the protection and preservation of game as well as fish; that the Governors of the several States and Territorios should be authorized by statutes to appoint one game and fish warden for each Congressional District, and that such game wardens be authorized to appoint one or more deputies in the several counties within his Congressional District; that said game and fish wardens and their deputies be under the supervision and direction of the said Game and Fish Commissioners; that all of said officers be authorized and empowered to institute and prosecute all proper criminal actions for infraction of the laws

for the protection of game or fish; that the game and fish wardens receive an annual salary to be paid them by the State; that the deputy game and fish wardens receive as their compensation one-half of the net proceeds of all fines and penalties which shall be recovered through their instrumentality.

"That it is the opinion of your committee that the greed for large bags is destroying the game of the country; that while large bags are an exhibition of skill in the use of the gun they are not sportsmanlike and bring sportsmanship to the level of pot-hunting, and are in direct conflict with the characteristics of a sportsman, the chief principle of which should be the protection of game. Therefore we recommend that each individual be limited to twenty-five birds, other than ducks and snipe, a day, and that the limit for ducks and snipe should be fifty a day."

The committee recommends the formation of a national sportsman's association for the protection of game and fish, and that as a part of it there should be appointed a committee to prepare proper laws and press the passage of the same by all honorable means.

Gen. Smith explained that the report was not the unanimous expression of the committee. They had endeavored to occupy high grounds upon those great economical and moral questions, and if they had not met the expectations of the convention they regretted the fact. He was aware that the minority was composed of honorable, whole-souled sportsmen, but they were men of strong assertion and could not be swayed from their convictions. Mr. Hauworth, of Quincy, then stated that he was one of the minority. The committee had held a protracted meeting last night and had finally agreed to a unanimous vote, although there was a difference of opinion of six to three at its deliberations. The point at issue was on spring shooting of wildfowl and snipe. The sense of the convention had been that wildfowl shooting should close on Feb. 1, but at last night's meeting of the committee a compromise had been effected by the agreement that on the date of the open season on geese, ducks and snipe being extended to April 15, the minority would make all of the report unanimous. The compromise had, however, been overruled at a subsequent meeting of the committee. It being noon when Mr. Hauworth closed his remarks, the convention adjourned in order to visit the Merchants' Exchange in a body.

Chairman Johnson rapped the meeting to order at 2:30 P. M., and at once called for the report of the committee on game. It was asked by the chair whether a minority report had been prepared in writing by the three members who were in dissent with the majority. As this proved not be the case, Mr. Johnson decided that Mr. Hauworth's verbal expression, as detailed above, could not be accepted in lieu of a document, and the committee's report was then gone into in detail, the sense of the meeting being taken clause by clause seriatim. The close dates, as to deer, turkey, grouse and quail passed as proposed, but a lively fight came on when it was considered whether the close season on ducks and geese should extend from Feb. 1 to Sept. 1.

Mr. Hauworth moved that the dates be altered to from April 15 to Sept. 1. Mr. James was not in favor of the total abolition of spring shooting, but believed in preventing the wholesale destruction of game not only in the spring but in the fall. If that was done there would be good shooting both in the spring and fall. Gen. Smith was of opinion that the question at issue was one for the naturalists to consider, and that the sole object of the convention was the protection of game birds during their time of reproduction. When birds took their flight to the north, the process of reproduction had begun, and it was wrong to shoot them in the spring, since they violated the underlying principle of the convention, which was to protect and preserve game of all kinds. Mr. Bailey declared that he was in favor of shooting ducks in every latitude at any time, providing the shooting was done in a sportsmanlike manner. Mr. Zantiss intimated that such a view was neither moral nor sportsmanlike, but Mr. Baily took issue at once with the idea that the birds come north only to breed. "They come north," he stated, "because of the temperature and not solely for breeding purposes." This bold assertion tempted Mr. Zantiss to smile audibly, in which act he was joined by several other members of the convention, but Mr. Bailey stood his ground manfully and maintained that he was right in stating that the ducks go north for a summer vacation. Several amendments were rejected, and the season for duck shooting left as reported by the committee.

Debate on the other clauses then followed. Mr. Holmes, Michigan, was opposed to the date fixed for the close season for woodcock. He thought the time should be changed from July to Sept. 1, and offered an amendment to that effect. "During July," he said, "the woodcock is a poor weak bantling. The old birds have not recuperated from the arduous labors of breeding, and are neither fit to eat nor a proper target for sportsmen." Mr. Young emphatically said that Mr. Holmes was evidently not familiar with woodcock, or he would know that the birds were grubbing before the latter part of July or beginning of August. "I would not give the snap of my finger for a woodcock after August," said he, "because grubbing spoils his meat." The time was left as fixed by the committee. When the clause affecting rabbits was reached, a season of excitement ensued. The rabbit did not seem to have many friends in the convention. "Kill him all the time," shouted Mr. Geo. Bain, "he is not a game bird." The clause on plover was carried as were those on turtle doves, wild pigeon and squirrel, Judge Lanham remarking with the water running out of his mouth that the last named are the best eating at the last of June, when the mulberries are ripe.

The clause respecting the hounding of deer met with an amendment offered by Mr. Terry, of St. Louis, to except Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Missouri from its provision. The gentleman thought a deer should never be stalked or killed by fire-hunting. The animal should have fair play in the shape of whatever warning is given to it by the bay of a hound, and moreover those parts of the States he referred to which harbor deer for most of the year are swamp lands and thickets in which deer cannot be hunted except with the aid of dogs. Mortimer Taylor, of St. Louis, considered that it was only the lazy man who hunted deer with hounds and not the sportsman. There was no sport in standing behind a tree and letting drive at a poor big beast as big as a donkey and headed to that point by hounds. Mr. Yantis, of Arkansas, loved the music of the hounds and looked on the man who sneaked alone through a wood, stalked a deer and shot it standing, as a murderer. Mr. Taylor thought that Mr. Yantis was incorrect in one of his illustrations, and on that gentleman differing with him, feared that his (Mr. Yantis's) specimen hunters may occasionally have suffered from buck fever. Prof. Holmes stated that the people of Michigan had arrived at the conclusion that a still-hunter killed on the average five deer a day, while the man with hounds killed only one in eight days. Mr. McDonough drew attention to the fact that still-hunting included baiting and sitting over a salt hole and shooting all the deer that came along. The clause was struck from the report on vote by twenty-five to twenty-three.

The section respecting song and insectivorous birds was carried. That concerning their trapping was also carried, a provision being added to the effect that birds may be caught for propagating purposes, and another, that birds may be taken for scientific purposes by shooting. The clause relating to giving protection to nesting birds was adopted, as was that prohibiting capture of any birds at night.

The clause restricting the caliber of guns to No. 10 was carried.

The clause recommending the blending of present fish and future game commissions, appointment of wardens, etc., came next. Mr. Fahnestock was of opinion that the salary of the deputy wardens should be paid by States like those of the wardens. Mr. Bain thought that this would be the business of the legislatures. Dr. Steedman considered that fish and game commissioners also should be paid. They had given services gratuitously for fifteen years, and the speaker therefore had ample cause to suppose that the time had now arrived when those officials should receive compensation. The clause was amended by the addition of commissioners and deptuty wardens to the wardens on the list of officials to be paid by the different States and was then adopted. The suggestion that a national association with sub-committee to press the passage of laws was adopted.

Some debate took place on the restriction of the bags of sportsmen to a certain number of lives a day, and it was finally ruled that not more than twenty-five snipe, duck, teal, quail or grouse should be shot in a day by any hunter.

A motion by Judge Lanham and George Bain that sportsmen be invited not to string or take home croppie or striped bass of less than nine, black bass of less than eleven or jack salmon of less than twelve inches in length was adopted amid some laughter, though these are the lengths to which the members of the Murdock Lake Club restrict themselves.

The following motion was then put by Mr. Yantis, of Arkansas, and adopted: "Whereas, it has been represented to this convention that an indiscriminate slaughter of game is constantly going on in the Indian Territory regardless of seasons; and, whereas, there are no present means of preventing the same save through the instrumentality of the Indian authorities; therefore, it is resolved that clubs bordering on the said Territory, having for their object the protection of game, be requested to correspond with the Indian authorities and make such arrangements as may be most conducive to the protection of game in the Indian Territory."

The following report of the committee appointed to draw up a scheme for a national association was then called up. It is reproduced in a condensed form:

REPORT OF PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

We, your committee, would report that in our opinion this convention should organize a national association for the protection of game and fish, and would submit the constitution herewith filed as suitable for the organized laws of the same. We would further suggest that the officers for the same be elected by this convention for the ensuing year, and that when this convention adjourn that the records hereof be placed in the custody of said association.

1. Objects.—Protection and increase of game and fish, and the bringing about the enactment of uniform laws by the general government and those of States for those purposes.

2. It to be named the National Association for the Protection of Game and Fish.

3. Clubs of the present or future founded on the same view as the association to be eligible for membership. Fish and game commissioners to be admitted to ex-officio membership without dues.

4. The officers to be a president, a vice-president, a secretary and treasurer, and for each State and Territory a vice-president and assistant secretary. The president of each State association to be accepted annually as a vice-president, and its secretary as assistant secretary. Officers to meet annually.

5. The executive committee may accept or reject applications of clubs for membership.

6. The annual dues of clubs of twenty or more members to be $10; of those of ten, $5.

7. An annual meeting shall be held, one month's written notice of the place of holding to be given by the secretary on order of the president.

8. Clubs of twenty members are entitled to two delegates, of a less membership one.

9. The standing executive committee shall consist of the president, all the vice presidents, secretary and treasurer and two persons to be appointed by the president, five to constitute a quorum. The executive committee shall manage the ordinary affairs of the Association, reporting at annual meetings.

10. There shall be a standing law committee of five persons, appointed by the president, and who shall consider all legal questions affecting the association.

11. The president's powers are defined in this section, and are of the usual nature. In his absence the first vice-president shall exercise his functions. The president shall appoint the secretary and treasurer and take satisfactory bond for his guarantee.

12. The secretary and treasurer who serves under bond, shall reside at the same place as the president and shall perform his duties in the usual way. His salary to be fixed by the executive committee.

13. Twenty-five members at an annual meeting shall constitute a quorum.

14. The executive committee has power to make by-laws.

15. Proposed amendments must be submitted in writing a month before action can be taken.

Motion was made that the report be adopted entire, which was done by a unanimous vote.

The chair was directed by vote to appoint a committee of five to draw up resolutions explaining the proceedings and to publish the same to the United States.

John D. Johnson was elected President of the association by acclamation. Enoch Moore, of Wilmington, Del., was chosen Vice-President. Secretary, H. C. West, of St. Louis.

It was decided that all clubs represented at the convention shall become members of the association by paying the required initiation fees.

Mr. Hayden offered a resolution, which was adopted, recommending that all States and Territories offer bounties for the destruction of hawks that prey upon game.

Mr. Jones, Fish Commissioner of Wisconsin, made a brief speech of thanks to the local committee, remarking that the proceedings of the convention would result in raising the standard of American sport.

After considerable discussion it was decided to hold the next meeting of the association on the first Tuesday in June, 1886, at Chicago, at 6:45 P. M. The convention adjourned *sine die*.

Thursday and Friday were devoted to trap-shooting at the Cole Brilliante race course, and there was a banquet on Thursday afternoon.

THREAD-WOUND CARTRIDGES.—Will some reader of the FOREST AND STREAM who has tried the thread-wound, long-ranged shot cartridges, give me their opinion of them in regard to pattern and penetration. Also if considered good to be used in a chokebore gun.—NIMROD.

ADIRONDACK NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from an extensive trip through the Adirondack Lake region, commencing at the Forge House, extending through both Saranacs to Paul Smith, thence back to Raquette and Blue Mountain Lake by way of the Tuppers, and I have to say that I have scarcely passed a lake or pond on which watchers for deer, or dogs to be taken out, or actually running deer, or as in a few cases deer floating in the water with a bullet hole through their heads, in short, some positive evidence of the flagrant violation of the hounding law could not be observed. Moreover, everybody freely confesses that it is not meant to observe the law, and that it is the American way, to let everybody grab for what is left of game and fish while it lasts. No one expects that it will last long. My personal impression about it is that the obstacles to the enforcement of such a law are insurmountable, and that a law without the necessary force behind it is more ruinous than no law at all, because it makes no end of hypocrites of those who disobey it. I should hail with delight some remedy which could protect what is left of our game and fish, and of our once magnificent woods too, for that matter. But the modes prevailing in the government, the hopeless rascality of our professional politicians (a large portion of whom, by the way, pretend to be sportsmen), and chief of all, the indifference of the public regarding the subject, will frustrate every effort in that direction.

From four weeks' life in the woods I may say that deer and partridge seem to be fairly abundant in the more remote parts of the forest. Raquette Lake is teeming with black bass of a very small size, yielding a poor apology for sport. The hotels are mostly abominations as regards comfort or fare, a hollow pretense to be shunned by those who know how to camp out. The guides are fast becoming simple oarsmen, losing their former fame for woodcraft. The younger ones hardly know how to handle an axe, sometimes have great difficulty to find a well-trodden path, say nothing of a blazed line, know nothing of cooking, and groan in a fashion to inspire pity when there is a carry of more than a half mile ahead. They are comparable to forest hacks who also serve for hotel runners.

This letter may be too gloomy, but does certainly contain an unshakable basis of fact, admitted by everybody who saw the woods fifteen years ago. Of course I know that we are getting ahead in civilization, and that we must pay for the improvements, but the heart that saw the forests in their primeval beauty aches, nevertheless, seeing this senseless destruction, waste and ruin, going hand in hand with the appearance of the lumberman, guide, hotel man, and, worst of all, the city sportsman, who, with money, might, and main, slaughters the rest of the game, corrupts the guide, burns the woods, and disfigures the face of the earth with his gluttonous habits transferred to the woods, giving pabulum to the excrescences called hotels. It is curious to see how the woodsman hates the city dwellers and *vice versa*. Each thinks the other a rascal and fraud, and generally both are right. But what is the use of crying woe? Let us be glad that there still is a haunch of venison and a mess of fish for those who know how to get them. *Après nous le déluge!*

NEW YORK, Oct. 3, 1885. MUSQUASH.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

UNFAVORABLE winds, low tides and rainy weather prevented good rail shooting during the past week. There is no lack of birds, but they cannot be reached without plenty of water. The reeds have been well beaten down and pushing a skiff is very hard work. Nothing but a storm tide will allow a boat to go freely over them.

Teal are still reaching our waters in increased numbers, and some good decoying just at daybreak was had during the week, off the point of Raccoon Creek, on the New Jersey side of the Delaware. After the sun is well up it is useless to try to decoy longer, as the ducks appear to be on the move only in the early morning.

Snipe are becoming plentiful, comparatively speaking, in fact, shooting for them hereabouts is always much better in the autumn than in the spring, when they first arrive; but owing to the rail, reed birds and teal which attract the sportsman's attention at this time, the snipe seem to be lost sight of and are seldom regularly hunted, but merely killed when they are found while in pursuit of the more numerous birds. Woodcock also are ofttimes found when one is rail shooting, especially if the skiff can be pushed up to the alder-fringed meadow bank.

Quail are more plentiful in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware than last year and appear to have bred well. It is reported from some counties that many of the broods are composed of small birds. I think such birds are those of a second hatching, for Bob White has certainly had a good nesting season thus far.

Ruffed grouse are fairly plentiful through the Lehigh Valley, but the birds are still on the table lands, with plenty of food to keep them there until cold weather and frost drive them into the more sheltered ravines. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 4.

MOOSE IN MUSKOKA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two weeks ago, on my way into the Muskoka country on my third annual tour, I had the pleasure of meeting at Muskoka Wharf a fine two-year female moose. It was captured alive by an Indian hunter north of Rosseau, and was being shipped to Toronto, where it had been purchased by the directors of the zoological garden of that city. This animal, although a little thin in flesh, was apparently in good health, and seemed entirely indifferent to the curious crowd that surrounded her box. A gentleman living at Gravenhurst (one-half mile south of Muskoka Wharf) informed me that he had in his yard a lively moose calf now about six months old, which had already become quite tame. The country north and east of the Muskoka lakes abounds in moose, as the immediate territory does in Virginia deer.

Is it not possible for some of our natural history and zoological societies and wealthy lovers of such game, who find a more lasting enjoyment than that gained by looking at it over a rifle barrel, to take steps looking to the permanent preservation in parks of these magnificent animals? Are they too destined to follow the buffalo into oblivion?

Going in to Crane Lake we found that a couple of gentlemen (Mr. Colin Campbell, of New York, and a friend) just the week before had killed a large black bear near the landing, and that another had just been caught alive in a log trap. As for the Muskoka country, if I were a hunter as I am a fisherman, I would never lay down my arms while the open season lasted, never, never, never. JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 3, 1885.

BOB WHITE—QUAIL—PARTRIDGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Coahoma" thinks I have ingloriously retreated from the question of Bob White or quail and left him to bear the burden of the controversy. Let me assure him that I did not fear the encounter. When convinced that I am right, I quail before no man. My reason for not noting the remarks of one correspondent was that his style showed that no "glory" could be had from any contest with him.

In the South Bob White has been called partridge for more than a half of a century. At the North he was named quail. There are realy no partridges or quail east of the Mississippi or Rocky Mountains. The partridge of Europe more nearly resembles Bob White than he does the ruffed grouse, and yet the New England people persist in speaking of the ruffed grouse as the partridge. The quail of Europe does not resemble Bob White in several marked particulars, still the same people have dubbed our bird quail. If we will use Bob White as the name the error will be avoided. There is no authority anywhere, except the lowest of usage for giving our bird the name of quail. The error ought to be corrected. I have very little respect for any Southern men who has departed from the practice of his youth and adopted a greater error than the one which he contracted from his fathers. No man who speaks of the ruffed grouse (called in our mountains pheasant) as a partridge should complain of us for applying the same to Bob White, who far better deserves it because of the greater similarity to the European bird.

No habit which is preposterous can be properly canonized simply because some people persist in following it. Bob White is not a quail, and all the scribblers on earth cannot make him one. I do not mean to adopt the name, and I am equally opposed to calling the ruffed grouse either partridge or pheasant.

It is common with us now, but still highly improper, for persons to speak of "running" a farm, a law office, a blacksmith shop or a whisky saloon. Such word is legitimately applied to machinery. It may be tolerated, when used in connection with the business last named; for when the products flow freely there is a "running" into debt, disgrace and rags. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, North Carolina.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your various correspondents who have been conducting the great Bob White-Quail-Partridge controversy are all wrong. If the bird (or birds) are to be named according to common usage, the word is patridge, giving the a the sound of a in hat. ORIOLE.

NORTH CAROLINA BEAR HUNTING.

OUR prospects for sport is brighter than usual this fall. The crop of partridges, or quail, promises to be good. Squirrel are rather more numerous than for some time past, and the influx or overflow of bears is something startling to farmers who have stock ranging the reed lands of the Dismal Swamp. The old settlers up at the head of the river declare they have never known them to be so numerous. The chief attraction seems to be a blackberry somewhat resembling the "gall berry," but sweeter, which seems to be thicker this fall than usual, though bruin does not confine himself to a diet of berries, but changes to beef and pork about three times a week. A party of young men went in a few days since with the dogs and found the bears so thick the dogs failed to run one out to the standers. They found the carcasses of four fine cattle that had been killed and partially devoured.

On last Monday morning I drove up the river and joined the boys in a big bear hunt, and got in just as they had finished the first chase by letting the bear cross the drive (a narrow path cut through the dense swamp) over into the big swamp, where he was as safe as a flea in a sheepskin. We immediately went into another drive, where the dogs struck the "hot foot" instantly, and after a three hours' race the meat again got away. On going into the swamp we saw where seven bears had entered the drive at different points, the tracks being fresh and having been made during the morning, as a rain had fallen during the night and the tracks were perfectly plain. After having lost our second bear we took the dogs, although they were nearly tired out, into a new drive and soon had the third bear coming directly toward us, the dogs in full cry and at times stopping to bay as the game showed fight. Our guns are now at full cock and we stand with finger on trigger intently peering into the dense mass of brush and briers forming the undergrowth; soon we hear the crash and rush of dogs and bear as they come straight for us.

We are now standing about twenty feet apart and each one imagines himself to be the "lucky fellow," when there is a sudden stop, then a roar, as the bear stops. On getting the scent the hounds rush at him opened-mouthed, and with deep-toned baying make the old swamp resound. Pretty soon there is a scream as one little fellow, "half bull, half hound," more brave than discreet, rushes in and pinches bruin, and receives a "tender caress" from his heavy paw which tears a triangular hole in the "seat of the pants" of the brave little dog, but this only enrages the pack the more, and they crowd down on the bear *en masse*, and he takes "leg bail" for other quarters, making for the big swamp, but we head him off, and as he attempts to cross the drivers' path a ball and nine buckshot cut short his career, and a fine "old he" lies stretched before us, killed by the very man of the party who was looked upon as being the least likely to kill anything. Thus I missed the chance of killing the bear, though standing within twenty feet of the young man who shot him, but so dense was the woods and undergrowth it was impossible for me to see anything for any distance over six or eight feet. In fact, the bear was not more than two lengths of his gun from the man who shot him. It seems almost incredible that a party of men well armed and with good dogs will allow the bear to get away time after time, but any one who has ever hunted in this desert, as it is called, will understand at once how easy it is for the bear to get away, and how hard it is to kill one.

We went hunting again the next day and ran out three bears and one deer, and then came home empty-handed, though we learned afterward that Monroe (my favorite hound, who would not run a bear) brought the deer out to the settlement, and both dog and deer were mixed up promiscuously in a gentleman's barnyard, both being too much worried to jump the fence. Whether the deer was caught or not we did not learn.

We are now arranging for a grand hunt next week, and if we carry out the programme I will let your hear from me. I will at my earliest convenience give you an account of a four-days' deer hunt over at East Lake during the first part of September, which I enjoyed in company with Capt. M. E. Gregg, of Washington, D. C.; Ben Thach, of this county, and Bill Basnight, the noted bear hunter of East Lake. We had a good time and enjoyed the trip greatly.— A. F. R.

BELVIDERE, N. C.

GAME IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

REPORTS of game from all parts of the Province are favorable. The warm and dry season has assisted the breeding of the birds, and here in Moncton boys may daily be seen carrying bundles of from six to a dozen ruffed grouse. A Frenchman coming in from the country to-day shot fifteen along the road without going out of his way. There has not yet been enough wet weather to develop snipe shooting, but the prospects are considered good. Last week a caribou came out on the northern division of the Intercolonial Railway and ran ahead of the train for some distance before taking to the woods. He had fine antlers, and his beauty aroused considerable enthusiasm among the passengers. Geese have not begun flying south yet, but black ducks have appeared in numbers. Gilmore Brown, C.E., discovered a new woodcock ground on Friday while surveying for the Short Line Railway, north of Salisbury. Wetmore, one of his party, succeeded in bagging a dozen, although he had no dog. B.

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 29.

RIDGE-HUNTING DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with much interest all articles in FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of hunting deer with hound dogs. I propose to go to the county of Highland and Augusta, Va., about the 19th of the present month to hunt deer. Now I have hunted over the same ground for the last twenty years; ever since our late "unpleasantness," and I find no scarcity of the cute animals within that period of time. We always hunt them with dogs and hound dogs that will run a deer quick and sharp. We do not, however, run them to the water, and our dogs will not run over half an hour nor will these dogs "carry" a deer out of the country. We run what is known to all hunters as ridge dogs and we shoot at the deer on watches where there are crossings on runways. I have often stood the entire day on a "watch" and heard the dogs without having a shot. I have again had deer run to me, almost over me, and never heard the dogs. I have again had deer run to me and stop and listen for the music of the hounds when I have not before heard a sound of the dogs.

I would rather hear the music of the hounds in full cry than shoot all the deer in the woods. It is not the meat we go for, it is the excitement consequent on the chase. Possession palls the senses, and after the chase we are as harmless as doves. With us the chasing of deer with trained hounds does not drive them away from their haunts. In our hunting region I can start the same deer every day in the week and within half a mile of the same place. He or she will always go back to his or her habitat—dogs can't drive them away from it. It is the long-winded chase, driving to the water, that is objectionable and drives deer away from their haunts. Ridge-hunting and the killing deer on runways before the hounds does no harm. It is like shooting hares in a warren. RIDGE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 2.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

OUR game season promises to open magnificently. Quail have not been so plentiful for several years, and the country is fairly overrun with them. My home is about a half mile distant from our court house (which is in the center of town), and only about one hundred yards from the Florence Hotel, one of our leading hotels, and yet there is a covey of birds numbering over a hundred located within gun shot of the house. I have not disturbed them, but intend to have some royal sport when the season opens. I regret to say that many hundred quail have been killed so far this year, but we in Southern California hardly feel inclined to protect them. The immense amount of cactus which infests every cañon, afford a secure sanctuary for our beautiful pest, and if all the market hunters in our section of the country killed 10,000 apiece a year I hardly think it would be noticed. Year before last one party of three shipped to market 3,700 dozen birds; besides this numerous other parties hunted them, and it is safe to say that in this county in the winter of 1883-4 there were killed and shipped in the vicinity of 80,000 quail; yet this season they are more numerous than ever.

Our viniculturists and small fruit farm men look upon them as the worst pests they have, and Eastern sportsmen at their first coming here gaze in horror upon the farmer who curses the bird that destroys for him annually hundreds of tons of grapes. But when the said sportsman has located here himself he experiences some of the benefits of protecting our beautiful crested valley quail, in my eyes the most beautiful game bird of America.

Several immense bands of ducks numbering in the thousands have passed over going south, and a number of pintails (or "sprigs" as the boys commonly call them) have been killed in the near vicinity to town. Black brant (*Bernicla nigricans*) have made their appearance on the bay—something almost phenomenal for this time of the year, and every indication goes to show that the cold weather has set in remarkably early up north, and that our water fowl are going to be plentier than ever this winter. The copious rains of the winter of 1883-4 filled all our ponds to overflowing, and last winter our duck hunting was superb, and promises to be equally fine this winter.

Deer are very plentiful this season. One farmer living within ten miles of town, has since the first of July last killed twenty-nine. Walter Morgan and M. Chick, left town this morning at 6 o'clock in a buckboard, drove about five miles and got back to town as the 12 o'clock whistles were blowing, and brought in two fine deer. Although I am not a deer hunter I have been strongly tempted to shoulder my rifle and "try them one," but I'm not much of a walker and a deer is, so I am content to wait until I get a shot at one on the sly.

If any reader of FOREST AND STREAM proposes to come out this way this winter, we will treat him well, and I can assure him that finer duck hunting cannot be had in America. We are always pleased to meet our Eastern friends, and will give them one and all a first-rate chance to "wipe our eyes," if they will only come. AD. E. PEARSON.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Sept 13.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION was very fully reported by the local press, especially by the *Missouri Republican* and the *Globe-Democrat.*

A HARTFORD PROPOSITION.—Hartford, Conn., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The time has once more arrived, in one life at least, to lay aside the type writer and the ups and downs of shorthand and to hie away for a vacation; and now we can laugh at the boys who take their vacations in July and August, and boil down in the sun. So we spend a day or two loading shells and getting out tent, blankets, fish-pole and lines, gun and provisions, and hie for a week in the woods; and then, dropping half our luggage, pick up our dog for two more weeks among the birds. I have found nine coveys of quail and a number of woodcock within two miles of my house and three and a half from the heart of the city, and I blush for Hartford sportsmen when I report that I know of over twenty birds that have been shot since the 8th of this month up to the 24th; and if any sportsman here wants to know their names I will send them with proof and will stand my share of the expense of punishing any offenders, if a protective society is started here, so that we may not lose all our birds by early shooting. By the way, one of those offenders is a member of a gun club, and he has told a friend of mine that he shot five partridge (ruffed grouse) one day last week.—CAL. .45.

VERMONT.—Ferrisburg, Sept. 20.—This is a perfect day, a blue sky and a gentle north air, neither hot nor cold. The trees are getting gay, though we have had no frost yet just here; but yesterday the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks were white with snow. In my few rambles in the woods since Sept. 1, I find ruffed grouse very scarce and very wild, and have no reports of their being plenty hereabouts. One came flying over my head this A. M. as silently as an owl and lit in a tree near by. He had been flushed by my hound. When I started him out of the tree he went with a "w-r-r-r-r-r-r-h!" It is good to be in the woods on such a day.—AWAHSOOSE.

BEAR IN MONROE COUNTY, PA.—A bear has for some time past been committing depredations in the neighborhood of Stauffer's Mills, Monroe county, Pa. Seven cattle and nearly a score of sheep have fallen victims to his hunger, and the farmers sought for him in vain. During the past week, however, he was tracked to his lair and killed. The bear when dressed weighed 160 pounds. Owing to the great amount of damage perpetrated it is almost sure there is a mate to this bear still in the neighborhood, and the hunt for the female will be continued.—HOMO.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY, N. Y.—"O. G. L." wishes to know of game in Livingston county. For grouse Ossian is the best town in the county. The country is similar to Northern Pennsylvania, being very hilly, with numerous ravines. Dansville is the nearest railroad station, five miles distant. There is no squirrel shooting in the county that we can hear of. This scarcity is general throughout Western New York. In a three hours' tramp only two were bagged by your correspondent.—W. Y. P. (Tuscarora, N. Y., Sept. 28).

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 2.—Have just returned from a week's shooting on the marshes at Ipswich. Found the birds rather scarce, though we got a sprinkling of jack curlew, beetle-heads, chicken birds, grass birds, sanderling and red-backed sandpipers, of which sport twelve birds fell to a 16-bore Parker in the hands of my wife. We got some teal (green wing) and one gray duck (gadwall). Coots numerous in Squaw Bay. I think after this easterly spell of weather the sport ought to be good.—X. Y. Z.

NORTH FERRISBURGH, Vermont, Oct. 3.—Grouse are more plenty with us than they have been for several years. Ducks are not very plenty as yet, but we are expecting a visit from them on their way South as there is quite good feed here this fall. Gray squirrels are very scarce for there were but few nuts last fall and they did not winter well. Although many young foxes were killed in early summer there seems to be quite a number left, and we are looking forward to fine sport with them.—NIMROD.

WILD RICE.—We have reports from Cincinnati, O., that the wild rice seed put out by the Mercer County Shooting and Fishing Club at St. Mary's Reservoir, has grown well. From Cobourg, Ont., comes a like report of successful rice planting in a pond, in which the water ranged from two feet to six feet in depth. In both places the crop of the year was very full.

WILD GEESE.—Shelton, Neb., Sept. 25.—A few flocks of geese, the first of the season, came from the north to-day.—A. W. S.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

170.

APROPOS of Flickerings, I am tempted to relate a little story myself, as told me by Dr. B., an old Kentuckian. When he was a very small boy his name was Joe, and he had a brother, Herman, slightly older than himself. In the orchard was a cherry tree, where many woodpeckers resorted for food. Joe and Herman improvised a pistol by taking a couple of joints of cane, using one joint for the handle and the other, with a small perforation for a "touch hole," as the barrel. Having carefully loaded it with a large charge of powder and shot they repaired to the orchard to shoot woodpeckers. Arriving at the cherry tree it was arranged that Herman should hold the weapon and do the aiming, while Joe applied a "chunk of fire" to the "touch hole." The cherry tree had a large representation of the red-headed tribe of woodpeckers fluttering around it, and Herman, with much care and painstaking, pointed his weapon where the birds were thickest, while Joe diligently applied the fire. But the cane pistol failed to respond; so Joe, in the warmth of his zeal, stuck his mouth down close to the "chunk" and proceeded to blow. There was suddenly a mighty explosion. The cane was shattered to pieces, and Joe's face was blackened and his sight suddenly darkened, even as the darkness of Egypt, for verily he was sorely burned by the powder; and Joe being a small boy, and taken completely by surprise, that part of the performance not being in the programme at all, without any unnecessary delay lifted up his voice and wept audibly. Herman was much frightened at the result of the experiment, and was

especially afraid that Joe's lamentations would excite inquiry, which would shortly lead to an interview with his father in which a "hickory" would perform a prominent part; so there was every incentive for Herman to soothe Joe's lacerated feelings and endeavor to hush his cries of anguish. There was a running "branch" not far off, and Herman was lugging Joe along to the branch in order to obliterate as far as possible the traces of his disaster. Joe, in much tribulation and sorrow, with his eyes fast closed, was weeping and sobbing vigorously, as is the wont of small boys under such misadventures, Herman all the while using his best endeavors to quiet him. Suddenly between his deep-drawn and distressful sobs Joe jerked out, "Herman, did you kill ary peckerwood?" And so ends my story.

OUACHITA.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

As stated in our last issue, the Committee of Arrangements postponed the date of meeting to Wednesday, Oct. 21, for reasons given. Several more prizes have come in, and it is expected to have the score-book ready for distribution at an early day. The prize committee will probably arrange the list next week and we will publish it in full. The condensation of the classes so that the tournament can be finished in one day seems to be a good feature and meets with approval. Under the new arrangement there will be but one class for amateurs in single-handed fly-casting, and but one for the experts, instead of three for the former and two for the latter, as in previous years.

The changes in the rules, as published last week, is the result of experience in former years; but whether they are yet perfect remains to be seen. The rule of last year in casting for accuracy was that the contestant should have twenty-five casts at a float and should score one for each time it was touched. This seemed perfection at the time, but it was found that the general accuracy of some who seldom struck the float was much better than that of others whose flies touched it more frequently, and this test has been abandoned and the matter of accuracy left entirely with the judges. In minnow casting for black bass the rules now allow casting overhand as well as underhand, and as many use the rod in this manner it seems to be a good change. As this contest will probably take place on land, the committee did not think favorably of the proposition to use a wooden minnow.

In heavy bass casting the abolition of the lane will show some increased distances, and is an experiment worth trying. Those who remember the tremendous cast of Mr. Chas. Murray, two years ago, when his line went over the top of the willow tree in such a manner that the distance could not be recorded, will not be surprised to see all former records beaten. This class comes next to the single-handed fly-casting in popular interest and leads the salmon class; in fact the latter class never seems to bring forth much enthusiasm, while the interest in the minnow casting for black bass is quite feeble, owing to the fact that it is a style not in use in the East, where most of the contestants fish. The indications are that the tournament will call out a goodly number of contestants, and will equal in interest any former one.

LIVE EELS FOR STRIPED BASS BAIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to call the attention of those who fish for striped bass to my experience with the live eel as the most convenient and alluring of all baits. I think if my brother fishermen will give the eel a trial where there are bass they will receive most generous returns. While not claiming to be the first to use live eels, I have yet to see any account when or where they have been so used successfully.

Sand worms proved to be an attractive bait, but they were very perishable, and thinking that live eels might prove a greater attraction, I obtained some small ones, say from six to nine inches long, and used them for small bass. I kept the eels in a car or box suitably made for the purpose. I afterward obtained larger eels, say ten to eighteen inches long, by means of setting regular eel pots. These eels were used for larger bass, and were also kept in properly made cars. Most of my bass fishing was done from a boat, taking the car or cars into the boat when on the move, and putting them into the water when anchored, or when laid up for the night. Eels may be kept in this way for weeks, and perhaps months, without food. I kept some of the small ones over a month without one of them dying.

The following are some of the results of using the smaller live eels, 6 to 9in. long, on the 6th of August, this year: I took six bass, weighing 2, 2, 3, 4, 4, 5 pounds. On the day after I took nine bass, of 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 7, 10, 16 pounds weight; on another day four bass of 3, 4, 4, 5 pounds weight; on another, three bass of 3, 11, 15 pounds weight; on another, three bass of 4, 5, 9 pounds weight; on another, five bass of 7, 7, 10, 11,16 pounds weight. There then appeared indications of the arrival of larger bass, and I then used larger eels for bait, and the other fishermen, seeing my success, also used the live eel.

The first large bass was caught on the 7th of September by a brother fisherman and weighed 51½ pounds, and in a day or two another bass was taken weighing 53 pounds, and the next day a 40-pounder was taken. I gaffed the above three fish for my friends. On the 13th of September I caught a 48-pounder, a friend gaffing him, and on the 15th I caught a 40-pounder in a two mile an-hour tide run on a very light rod and reel with a nine-thread line and a 6-0 hook, and after the fish had taken some 500 feet of line I reeled him in against the tide and gaffed him myself and took him into the boat. A day or two after another friend took a 55-pounder and on the 30th I took a 30-pounder.

In looking over my record of bass I find I have caught since th 5th of August over fifty bass with the live eel, averaging over eight pounds each; during the season up to the 1st of October I have taken eighty-three striped bass, averaging nearly eight pounds each, and I credit most of my success, together with that of my companion, to the use of the live eel as a bait. In using the eel I hook it upward through both jaws a little in front of the eyes, and in most, but not in all, of my fishing with the eel I trolled it out from the boat in the tide run which was strong enough to prevent the eel from swimming to the bottom or tying itself into a knot. I use a dry towel or cloth in handling or hooking on the eel, this prevents unnecessary squeezing or hurting it, for the livelier they are the more alluring they must, of course, be. I caught a number of bass by casting out the eel and slowly reeling it in, and even when there is no current either in casting from the boat or shore the live eel will be found to give the best returns of any bait now known.

To give an illustration from the fishing of one of the most expert soft crab fisherman I know of; I induced him to try a live eel some sixteen inches long, and he soon caught an eighteen-pounder, and up to that time this year he had caught nothing larger than seven pounds, and all my friends who have made the trial, emphatically assert that the live eel is the bait. Live eels enough for the day's use can be taken in a pale or basket and kept alive for the day if properly protected from the sun.

MEGALOPS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1885.

THE RANGELEY TROUT SUPPLY.

It cannot be denied that appearances superficially show a decided decline in the volume of trout in the last decade. I say superficially because no one has made a general estimate of the catch from one year to another, and the most of men who think they see trout growing less from year to year have no good chance to make comparisons except by their own catches, and those are subject to so many influences of chance that no true estimate can be so formed from any one man's experience.

Hotel keepers near the fishing grounds have of course the best chance to know the facts, but if they discover a decrease in the catch it is not for their interest to publish it. Some years are more favorable than others for securing trout, and also more favorable for the trout. Very much depends on the state of the water and the rainfall through the whole open season, and as much perhaps on the atmosphere. A long siege of hot, dry, calm weather in the fall fishing season will keep back the fish from their feeding haunts, and if some work on to the favorite places where they are expected and fished for, they will not rise in such weather.

We must not lose sight of the fact that there are hundreds more fishermen who visit our lakes now than ten years ago; and this would seem to diminish the average as well as the individual catch, for very few new places are found where fish congregate from year to year, and the guides take all parties to the same old places, as a rule. And who cannot see that the general catch is divided into smaller strings? More than this, the dams at the outlets of each lake have been built higher within a few years, which flows the water back further into the woods, making new feeding places for trout and shelter or retreat for thousands of small and large fish, and that, too, where it is not convenient for anglers to follow them; and who shall say that there are not new places where trout congregate—good fishing grounds somewhere in these new pools, formed by the higher flood of the lakes, that have not yet been discovered. It is evident to us all that the extra rise of the lakes gives a greater chance for the small fry to feed in security and grow unmolested; and we have good reason to conclude that the lakes are now being replenished, quietly and unobserved, in a manner that in a few years shall exceed our most sanguine hopes and astonish the frequent visitors to our lakes.

It is not only my opinion, but that of the Fish Commissioners and others who have good opportunities to judge, that large trout have materially diminished of late years, so that comparatively few of the largest sizes are now taken. One reason for this is that anglers have found the most of the places where they congregate preparatory to going on to their spawning beds, and diligently and persistently fish for them day after day, rain or shine, and take every fish that will rise, and so lessen the school of big ones. I am now referring to the largest brook trout which run together in masses, all of nearly the same size, or at least of two pounds weight and upward. One-pound trout, as a rule, spawn in entirely different localities and by themselves, and commonly earlier in the season by some weeks. This is not, however, exclusively so, for many one-pound trout are often mixed with larger ones on their spawning grounds.

It is thought by many good judges that there are more trout taken in the spring of the year now than formerly, and that there are as many or more trout in number in the lakes now than in previous years, but that they are less in size. This is probably true.

I am indebted to Hon. Henry O. Stanley, of Dixfield, Me.—one of our Fish and Game Commissioners—for figures as well as important facts in regard to artificial distribution of trout and salmon in the Rangeleys for the past ten years. Mr. Stanley says he has lost his minutes of the number of trout fry distributed, but judges that between two and three millions have been put into the Rangeley water since 1875, and of land-locked salmon up to 1881 fifty thousand in all, and two hundred thousand since. He thinks we are now having the benefit of the fifty thousand first put in only and says: "More salmon have been taken this season than ever before." Now, if it be a fact that we get no benefit from the planting of trout fry under six years, we may soon expect an abundant harvest, for the most of these two or three millions have been distributed since 1880. This we think encouraging. Mr. Stanley further says "small fry are abundant in all the brooks and streams of the upper lakes." The dams across the outlets of the several lakes have gradually changed the feeding and spawning grounds of all the fishes in these lakes, and they are still very unsettled in their migratory habits, so that there are doubtless many more trout in the aggregate in these waters than is generally supposed or than can be estimated.

There always have been and are now, individual cases where anglers have had no success fishing for trout in their visits to these lakes, and sometimes their catch has been so much less than anticipated that they have called it a failure. I have often known one party to take a big string on a certain day, and the next day another party to have no luck. Fishing is uncertain, as we all know who have spent the best of our days at it. There are so many influences, *pro* or *con*, which alter the conditions necessary to success, as—

The height of the water.
The condition of the weather.
The whereabouts of the fish.
The appetite of the game when found.
The manner of fishing or the cunning of the angler.

I sometimes read—even in FOREST AND STREAM—the experience of a party who has visited our lakes and had poor success, and who avers that the trouting has played out. I always think of these men—if they had been here at such a time, and seen such a party's catch, they would have formed a different opinion. Had they taken that eight or ten-pounder that such a one caught the week before, they would have written more hopefully.

On the Kennebago River on the 14th day of October, 1884, the Fish Commissioners of Maine turned out between 400 and 500 trout of all sizes from eight pounds and less. These trout had been captured to secure their spawn for artificial hatching, and no prettier sight could be imagined than these beauties sparkling in the sun with all the colors of the rainbow, their bright vermillion spots glistening with untold splendor, as they scampered away out of our weir to the waters of freedom.

These lakes are not to be depleted in a hurry of the famous ten-pounders that have made the Rangeleys famous. In all our observation and experience on and about these waters, we conclude:

First—That the largest sized trout have diminished in number.

Second—That smaller trout are more abundant now than in any time within the last ten years.

Third—That on the whole there is great encouragement. With the present yearly repletion our supply will continue to give pleasure to the thousands of anfilers who visit our wilderness and lakes.

J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

ANDROSCOGGIN WATERS.

THE trout season at the Androscoggin Lakes, in Maine, came to a more prosperous ending from the angler's point of view than the early September foretold. During the first of that month the fishing had the name of being very poor. Repairing the breach at the Upper Dam and the consequent stopping of all the water by a coffer dam at Trout Cove, utterly destroyed the fishing, both above and below the dam, on the grounds heretofore so celebrated for big trout and remarkable catches. This cut off a great slice of territory usually giving a chance for from ten to thirty sportsmen every day during September, and in consequence a large number of fishermen were like the trout themselves, demoralized, and did not know where to go. A few trout gathered in the pool below the pumping works at the foot of the dam, and there was some fishing at the mouth of the river, but it was not generally satisfactory. Some of the regular visitors to this celebrated trout ground at once "packed their kits" and turned for home when they saw the situation of affairs. Others fled to Parmacheene, Kennebago or the Seven Ponds. At any rate there have been very few fishermen at the Upper Dam the past September.

But those lovers of the sport who kept their courage up, as all successful sportsmen must, and sought other locations, have been awarded with fair September catches. One remarkable catch is recorded. Mr. John Prentice, of New York, took Sept. 28, off Brandy Point, Lake Mooselucmaguntic, a remarkable trout, *Salmo fontinalis*, which weighed 10½ pounds. It measured 27½ inches in length and was fully 8½ inches deep. Appleton & Litchfield's window in this city was ornamented with it a couple of days. It was a male fish, though the hook on the under jaw was less prominent than usual on large trout of that class just before the breeding season. The hook was much less prominent than on the celebrated Marble trout taken at the Upper Dam, Sept. 29, 1880, and now in the possession of the Smithsonian Institute. This specimen is said to have weighed 11 pounds, but your correspondent had the good fortune to see the fish before it was dead, and when it was first weighed. This was done with old steelyards, the best there were at hand, which were capable of weighing but 10 pounds on one side, and the other side was broken down and bent in the hooks. In order to weigh the fish a little pebble was required in addition to the steelyard weight to balance him. The fish caught by Mr. Prentice was far more symmetrical than the Marble fish, said to be the largest *Salmo fontinalis* on record. Its coloring was remarkably bright and perfect. Other large fish have also been taken this fall. In fact, the fall record shows larger fish this year than last, but not so the spring.

It is claimed that the Prentice fish was taken with a toodlebug fly, but it would require the unqualified statement of the successful capturer to make the writer believe it. It was also stated that the Marble fish rose to a fly. But those who saw the operations of Marble's guide in a boat directly over a spawning bed where the big trout had been seen for several days are obliged to doubt the fly part of the story. Such trout are down to the spawning beds each autumn, and the disgusted fisherman who casts his best flies over them for days without a rise is strongly tempted to jig them up—an operation as easy as wicked. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Prentice will state over his own signature in the FOREST AND STREAM, corroberated by his guide, just how his big trout was taken. Trout with all the force of reproduction upon them do not feed, much less come to the surface to our artificial fly.

It is pleasing to note how general is the dropping of fishing tackle at the Androscoggin waters when the close season begins on Oct. 1. This year the haunts were deserted promptly, although the weather was fine. But the law is respected in Maine by all true sportsmen. One of the camps on Richardson Lake, Camp Whitney, was closed by the firing of a salute as the little steam launch of the owner left the landing with his wife and family on board. They had been in camp five months. Trout have graced their table all summer long as often as desired. Indeed this should always be the case, and might be the case at the Androscoggin lakes were the abominable struggle for the boxful to take out as trophies abandoned, as many sensible fishermen have abandoned it. Trout enough for the camp table should satisfy any reasonable man. The idea of "a box of trout" to one's friends should be set aside with the term "speckled beauties" and other marks of the greenhorn. The writer was so fortunate as to be in camp nine days, catching twenty trout. The largest weighed four pounds and the smallest not less than one pound. The average must have been about two pounds. Here were at least forty poonds of trout for one camp. It was enough, though none were suffered to waste. Every fish was caught with a fly. Two were landed at one cast. With this record the writer is content to live and dream over his fly-rods till another year.

SPECIAL.

[This is, we believe, the third in size of the Eastern brook trout. There is a cast in the National Museum at Washington of a trout which weighed eleven and a half pounds. We think the fish came from Maine, but do not know who caught it. Then there is the trout that brought so much glory to our genial friend, George Shepard Page, which weighed ten pounds three weeks after capture, and which, it is claimed, must have weighed at least twelve when caught. This last fish was taken in the Rangeley Lakes of Maine, and its capture raised a controversy as to its species at the time which was settled by the highest authority in the land, Gill and Jordan, to be a brook trout.]

POTOMAC RECREATIONS.

IT is a source of gratulation when one has looked forward for months to a short vacation—rowing, fishing and rambling—to feel after the event that he has had a pleasant and successful time. One can stand a good deal of disappointment camping and tramping if he has now and then a red-letter day; but when his allotted time is all of a cardinal hue he considers himself one of Fortune's elect, and plays on his retrospective harp with solid satisfaction. But, after all, how much success depends upon careful observation and common sense. How essential it is to have something more than ordinary knowledge of localities, habits and food of game and fishes and methods of capture, and how important it is to keep an even temper under all circumstances and be patient as Izaak Walton himself.

After considerable inquiry and writing for information, I concluded a few weeks ago to spend ten days bass fishing at Point of Rocks, a station on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, near Harper's Ferry, within a few rods of the Potomac, where, it was learned, good fishing was to be had; where bass weighing from one to seven pounds graced the angler's basket, and where boats and bait were right at hand. So one Monday morning found me at the little burg, well equipped as far as tackle went, and determined to catch some of the aristocratic bass if the aforementioned patience and some consciousness of skill would avail. There were certain unfavorable conditions, such as very clear water, very bright and warm days and beautiful moonlight nights, when the fishes feed at night and do not bite as well in the daytime. The Potomac River is broad, you know, from Harper's Ferry down, shallow, but with deep holes here and there, full of great boulders, ripples, rapids, eel dams, sunken tree and beautiful islands, and it is pre-eminently a home for the noble bass, where he now is in vast numbers, and there to stay.

It was soon arranged that with a man to row and guide I should go up the canal two or three miles from the point, where the boat would have to be drawn over into the river, a hundred yards or so, and then leisurely return, trying all the favorable water that appeared on the way. We had for bait fifty minnows brought from Baltimore, called "dabblers," a long-lived, active little fish, but very dark, disposed to hide quickly in the grass at the bottom, and, as it proved, not an attractive bait for fall fishing. We toiled carefully the whole distance, casting, tossing, trolling, and didn't get a bite. Imagine my surprise when on my return to the hotel, to find that Mr. Jesse Claggett, a jolly sportsman from Frederick, and his attendant, had caught twenty-eight bass, most of them of good size, the string aggregating over thirty pounds. Here was food for reflection as well as for hungry anglers. I know I can catch bass under reasonably fair circumstances, know it by experience, and a good record. Consequently there was a cause thereabouts; what was it? I had good tackle, in fact was quite proud of it, though I hadn't a rod better than an all lancewood; I had gone over water where many bass, and some very large ones, had been captured recently, and I had been persistent Looking at Mr. C.'s string with admiration, I said: "What kind of bait did you use?"

Turning to me with a confidential air, he said: "Catfish. Dabblers and canal minnows are N. G. I am going back to Frederick with my catch and will return in the morning early to fish the water you were in to-day. Will bring you a couple dozen catfish if they are to be had."

This was generous and gentlemanly and done with the spirit of a true sportsman. The next morning I set out with a bucket of small catfish, which came as promised, took a boat by myself, rowed out to a rock in the middle of the river below an old eel dam, put out my stone anchor and went to work. Put two hooks, Conroy's Cincinnati, on a line attached to a medium-sized bass rod, not my favorite, bit off the sharp horns of the struggling bait and tossed to a desirable-looking dark place sixty feet away. Then I went to rigging the lancewood, and had got the reel placed, when there was a beautiful signal from the first. The handle of the reel went round and round gently at first, then with a whizz, and in a minute I landed a bass that weighed a pound and a half. He fought every inch to the landing net, and when he with six others reached Washington that evening, to which point I shipped them by express in the afternoon, he was alive and kicking. By 2 o'clock, after resting an hour for dinner at noon, I had nine very pretty bass, the string weighing twelve pounds. This was good fishing, and I felt comfortable and contemplative. Putting away the tackle and sinking my bucket of minnows (I had not used more than half), I went on an exploring expedition, shooting rapids, gliding over swift ripples, landing on an island and wandering along its flower-fringed shore, listening to Jim Baker's grammatical jaybirds and some noisy kildeers, noting favorably looking places by sunken trees, partly submerged, boulders of huge dimensions, chasing big suckers that were foraging on aquatic grasses in shallow water, and otherwise rounding out a beautiful day on the water.

Next day I went up the river a mile, anchored at a hole by an old treetop, tying the boat's stern to a protruding branch to keep it steady, and cast down stream as far as I could. There was no immediate response, and so I took out a briarwood pipe that had seen service in the distant Rockies, loaded it with "old Virginia," whose noble Mount Catoctin pictured my horizon on the west, and adjusted myself for a season of masterly inactivity. This is still-fishing, you understand, the stillness broken frequently by splashing on the periphery of your circle, the shaking head of an active and determined fish, the cut and swish of a taut line, and the dip of a landing net. I did not smoke long before one of the reels began to turn, and almost instantly I struck, having determined the day before never again to let a bass run with the line before striking, and lo! there was music in the circumambient air. It was hard work to check the rush down stream, and when I did there was instantly a perplexing and dangerous rush up stream, but which I stopped ere it was disastrous. From there was a steady, stubborn fight clear to the boat, when I noticed that two bass were on, churning the water, leaping like acrobats, and rousing two or ten-fold enthusiasm back of the reel. To land one good bass is a matter of glorious uncertainty to the last moment, but two, well, it's a little short of the sublime. It stirs your latent powers, arouses your judicial nature, stimulates executive talent, awakes every muscular function, and calls for special tact until the campaign is over and the ballots are counted. I had hard work to keep my school of fish out of the treetop and away from the anchor rope, but finally succeeded, thrust the landing net for general results, and got my beauties into the boat, both of them free of the hooks when they struck the planks. Both were caught in the mouth, and the unusual tussle had well nigh torn the hooks out before it was everlastingly too late. This was the only time I caught two bass at once, but it gives a rosier hue than usual to the already well-painted picture that memory has in good collection.

Each day out was largely a repetition of those described, varied by different water, different scenery and other conditions. At times a light breeze rippled the surface of the river, making casting difficult or easier, according to position, and serving to render the angler less conspicuous; again the current made the boat get into the wrong places with almost mulish persistence, the grass that grew on the rocks and waved in the current caught the hooks, and several times caused the fish that were on to break loose, and other accidents that test the true metal of the man, seemed bound to occur. This is the shading and filling in of the picture spoken of, the varying tints, the clouds and tangled places, that give character and rugged outline to the whole, and make it more enduring.

Fall bass fishing in the Potomac is excellent, whatever may be said by some, and it is a great source of comfort and recreation for the anglers of Baltimore, Washington, Frederick and other places. Almost anywhere from away up in the mountains down to Great Falls, at Harper's Ferry, Weverton, Point of Rocks, and stations within easy distance of the river on the B. & O. Railroad good sport may be had. At all these points boats and bait can be readily obtained, as well as attendants, who know the river well, and who will render good service for a fair consideration.

JEROME BURNETT.

THE LAST CAST.

MY wife says that just as soon as I get home from Moosehead I begin next day to pack for the next year's trip, which, I am proud to acknowledge, is mainly true. "The beloved Maine woods," as my professional and piscatorial brother, Dr. P., hath it, never seemed so lovely as this September. The Outlet was unusually deserted, when we arrived, since guests had come and gone, and left clear water for us. So for two days we whipped at the sluice and down at the long pool, and piled up the score.

The Moosehead trout do not average such large size as at Rangeley and their shape is different. They are relatively shorter and broader, but well marked in distinctive spots and usually hardy fighters. In the streams about the lake abundance of half and pound fish are taken, while at the Outlet they scale at two and a half to three pounds, and even an occasional four or five pounder is brought to net. What they lack in weight they make up in gaminess, are wary, and the angler has to earn his fish. Fly-fishing is commonly styled sport, but sometimes labor can be more truthfully substituted. Let those who have played a three-pound fellow in quick water, and personally netted him, testify.

But too soon came the inevitable crowd. Why is it that men who are teetotalers at home are sots in the woods? Alas, three or four men, not fisher-men, were at every pool, who whipped and whipped and whipped. Every fly, from grave to gay, hackle, ibis, or Montreal, *et id hoc omne genus*, vexed the waters. In one respect certainly, barring the time, they resembled the disciples, for they toiled all day and caught nothing. Disappointed and disgusted, my friend, a veteran fly-fisher in Maine waters for forty years, and myself waited only for the rising of Monday's sun to pack our duffle and get away from the annoyance.

The morn announced itself by the rattle of rain upon the window. As it was our last opportunity of the year for trout, it was decided to try the stream just once more. So doughnuts are munched while we don rubber coats and boots, and with rod and net each slips into his canoe. "Ed, why didn't you bring your rubber?" "Wal, we shan't be gone long, and I guess this aint goin' to amount to much." A new leader, with a Seth Green for tail fly and an Abbey for dropper, is well bent on when we get out from the bank into quick water. A steady pour of rain isn't a really pleasant welcome at 5 in the morning when the bed is never so inviting and the air never so chill. Steadily the rods rise and the flies drop, now under the edge of that stone and then in the tail race just below another. But no rise. Pool after pool is systematically worked, but to no avail. "Let's try the head of the long pool." Ed poises the canoe for its plunge down white water. The iron of the setting pole rings out clear, and in a breath the foam-crested rapids are above us and we are in the edge of the main current by the old stump.

Now a cast at my left, and I strike a two-pounder. He pulls and tugs away, but in fifteen minutes or so the net lands him in the boat and the Seth Green scores another to its credit. Pretty soon I strike another, when, after playing him a little, my attention goes to the canoe of my friend, which has just come up beside us. "How many?" "Two," I shout, "one in the canoe and this one." But while talking I drop the tip of the rod, which maneuver permits the fish to get a straight pull upon the reel. This stupidity ends, as it ought, in my flies coming back to me and "this one" tearing out. It is a capital demonstration of the mechanism of a fly-rod. Its perfect elasticity keeps an even tension on the line, ruthlessly tiring out the trout as he hugs the gravel, fruitlessly gnashing his teeth against the vapid fly. More than this, it keeps the hook constantly pulling on the tissues through which it has been drawn, and, provided steel and flesh fail not, is a safeguard against unhooking by a sudden rush toward the rod.

Now comes the rain again, and for a time there is no rise. We drop a little lower down, and Ed, behind me, groans, "Guess I shell hev to change my shirt when I git home, sure." But the wet lessens. I look at my watch and find it ten minutes of 6. Just previously I have made a long cast, seventy feet or more, and then reeled off thirty feet besides, by which the flies are carried down in the swift current nearly to the broken edge of the pool. At the moment I drop the watch into my pocket, instinctively I strike and hook my third fish. In the first rush toward me he shows himself to be a "big one." No fooling this time. I reel as fast as possible half the line, and there he sticks. The hurry is over, and I sit back and take account of stock. The birch is against the tip of a submerged rock, kept broadside to the current by the setting pole of the guide, and ten feet of water is under us. The implements of warfare are a home-made lancewood rod 10½ feet long and 8 ounces in weight, a new oiled-silk line, a salmon leader and new large flies. I guess I can fetch him, and steadily give the butt. The fish moves a little toward me, and then whir goes a hundred feet of line. I retrieve some of it and try the butt again. It is no go; he at least is in no hurry to get in out of the wet. Another dash, and this time for the surface, but I balk him by rolling the tip under and giving a few yards of line. Meantime the rain echoes the line of the song, "But I go on forever." My arm begins to cry out under the constant strain, and I shift the rod into the other hand. My friend in the adjoining canoe stops casting to watch the fray, and my heart beats are climbing upward toward fever limits. What pleasure is there in comparison to the matching of skill against strength? I can recall many exciting times in professional life—my first baby and my first amputation—but what are these to the solid rapture of the present? But soberer thoughts intrude. Isn't this an instance of the fish playing the man? I can't get him near enough to net him, and I don't dare to reel in any more. Finally I turn to Ed, who, patient fellow, holds steadily on to his setting pole, his eyes sparkling with a fellow feeling, from his nose there trickles a gentle rill of rain, and his broad shoulders bend to the pour. "If you will put the canoe where it will hold itself, and then take the rod, I will net him." I turn my head back to my line and—"he's gone," we both cry out. Not through lack of skill in handling—a steady strain on the rod made the tip show a liking for the hand which grasped the butt—nor through breakage of hook or leader. All I can say is he tore out, and the largest fish of the season is gone.

Perhaps the United States' language wasn't aired for a time. The watch marked 6:57, sixty-seven minutes from strike to loss, and thus ended the longest and hardest struggle I ever had with a trout.

And this was really my last fish, for though I whipped the same pool thoroughly, nothing rewarded me, so finally, for the last time in '85, the canoe takes me back through rapids and pool and shadow up to the house. The gripsack is packed, rods are unjointed and covered, the steamer casts off for Greenville and the train at West Cove, while once and again do recollections of that brave fight press home. Oh, if I could only have weighed, or even seen him! Why did my hook fail me? When the snow whirls by my window next winter, and, tired of business, I sit in my big chair before the glowing fire, I shall take out that rod and live it all over again. The lancewood earned an honorable place for itself beside its aristocratic neighbor, the split bamboo, when down the river in the long pool and in the rain at that Monday morning it made "its last cast."

S. P. W.

PORTLAND, ME.

PINE TREE CREEK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are many men in the city of Boston to-day who can remember the delightful times they have had fishing for trout in Pine Tree Brook, Milton, in the old days when trout were plenty and sizable. I have an old uncle who tells of a two-pounder caught there by himself. Although the primeval pines which formerly guarded this brook are gone, yet a crop of birches have grown up to take their place, and with the exception that the water is a trifle lower than of yore, the same conditions exist as in the days when the trout were plenty. Nevertheless it is a melanchololy fact that the trout are decreasing every year. Hitherto I have blamed the boys in the vicinity, who are perpetually "skinning" the brook. But recently I have learned that the shotgun fiend is also at work.

A few weeks ago, while hunting woodcock in the neighborhood of the brook, I heard three reports of a gun with short intervals between. Being curious to know who they were and what they were shooting at, I started in the direction of the sound, and soon encountered two boys, one of whom was carrying a gun. They informed me that they had been shooting at the trout in the brook. They said that they had not killed any. Thinking that this was an exceptional case and that they knew no better, I contented myself with giving them a piece of my mind with a little practical advice thrown in.

Last Saturday, happening to be near the pool where the trout spawn, I crept to the edge, and looking in I saw a beautiful sight. There were at least twenty trout swimming gracefully about, perhaps a dozen good-sized ones and one big fellow, nearly if not quite a foot long. After watching them for some time I caught a cricket and tossed it in. Scarcely had it touched the water before a fine trout broke water and seized it. It wasn't long before I missed the little troutlings, the future hope of the brook. This pool had always been a great resort for them, but now not one was to be seen. Suddenly a green object at my feet with a brass end explained the mystery; it was an empty shell. Some one had been murdering trout with a shotgun. I suppose that the shock kills the little ones outright while it only stuns the larger ones, and they float down stream, a dainty meal for some mud turtle.

Is there no way this slaughter can be stopped? With a little care and protection Pine Tree Brook could be brought back to its old glory. It is fed by springs of ice cold water, some of which have never run dry. The bottom is part sandy and part muddy and there are plenty of nooks in the sides such as trout love. I wish our Fish Commissioners would see what can be done.

FEP.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

THE KINGFISHERS.—Duluth, Minn., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "Kingfishers'" camp has always been interesting to me, because "I've bin thar." I love camping, and have enjoyed some pleasant vacations on the rivers and lakes so aptly described by Hickory, and have had the pleasure of greeting Hickory and Uncle Dan'l. The grip of the old bass fighter almost started the blood from my finger nails. On the occasion named—the Black Lake trip—I met them. The trip was an entire failure; they did not get fish enough to supply camp with, so pulled out at once. While the "calamities" of our large camping party were being loaded into two wagons, I spent the few moments conversing with the "Kingfishers" as the "calamities" of their party were being loaded into a wagon, but not a rifle or gun did we see. It is a singular thing that this charge should be sprung on them, when for years they have been so highly spoken of by anglers who have been fortunate enough to meet them. For four seasons I have camped and fished within almost hailing distance of them, and until this time have never heard them spoken of in other than pleasant terms, and hoped they would come again. I hope the Carp Lake letters will be resumed; I have been waiting for them. And if the "Kingfishers" cannot fish in dear old Michigan without being stabbed in the rear, let them come up into Minnesota; a family of anglers can promise them fine sport, and a fight with as game a bass or tussle with a musky that will put Uncle Dan on his mettle, and that boy of mine is big enough to "wrassle" with him, and will row or paddle him from morn till evening without a grumble. We will find Hickory some brook trout bigger than fingerlings, and plenty of them too, while Misses Kit and Bob can try their skill against a twenty-pound lake.—W. DAVID TOMLIN.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Rouse's Point, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many of your readers have visited the Windsor Hotel at this place this season and had sport with black bass. On Sept. 28 Charles Beck and L. Perry in one boat, T. Chabott and guide in another and Capt. Auchman and myself in a third boat, secured thirty-four black bass, two muscalonge and one pike between 2 and 5 P. M. The largest bass weighed 4½lbs.; the others averaged 3lbs. The next day we secured twenty-three black bass, the largest weighing 4½lbs., three others 4lbs. each. The bass of these waters are generally of good size. Rouse's Point is considered the best point on Lake Champlain for bass and is a favorite resort for many experts. We are told by the oldest inhabitants that they never saw so many bass taken in so short a time with rod and reel. Each day our catches were made in the afternoon after 2 o'clock. The entire weight of first day's catch was 101½lbs.; weight of second day's catch was 84lbs., including one pickerel and ten perch which were weighed with the second day's catch. —THOMAS SLINGSBY.

A TIM POND CATCH.—Boston, Sept. 30.—Apropos of extremely good luck while fishing, Mr. C. J. Connelly (proprietor of the Adams House news stand), his brother, John L. Connelly, of Brooklyn, Mr. F. H. Carpenter, of Providence, and Mr. Pendergast, of this city, had a remarkably good catch while recently fishing at Tim Pond, Maine. One of the features of the catch was the taking of three trout averaging 14½ inches in length at one cast by Mr. C. J. Connelly. One of the trout is the largest caught this season, and the three average the largest caught in seven years. As a trophy of the catch Mr. Connelly has a fine photograph which Mr. Carpenter took of the fish before detached from the flies. The flies on which the fish were taken were the brown hackle, professor and silver doctor.

WA-WA-YANDA CLUB.—In the County Clerk's office there was filed yesterday a certificate of incorporation of the Wa-Wa-Yanda Fishing Club. Its objects are fishing and hunting and the protection of game. The corporators are Victor E. Roumage, C. C. Roumage, Jr., James A. Flack, James J. Mooney, George Jaffrays, Richard B. Hunt, Richard V. Harnett, George W. Wingate, E. Henry Witthaus, Martin B. Brown, Edward Kearney, A. L. Ashman, Charles J. Tappan and Shepherd Knapp.

A MAMMOTH COD.—Portland, Me.—A cod weighing 110 pounds, length 5 feet 4 inches, length of head 15½ inches, was caught Sept. 29 on a trawl near Portland, and I have just partaken of a steak cut from it. The fish was of symmetrical form, and its flesh of excellent flavor, although somewhat dryer than that of a younger fish. It is the largest fish of the species (the common cod of this coast) I have ever examined. Can this record be beaten?—EVERETT SMITH.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 1.—Mr. E. A. Leopold caught two black bass yesterday at Catfish Dam. To his line were attached two hooks, both baited with live minnows. Feeling a bite he struck, and after a few minutes' lively play had the satisfaction of landing two bass, the one on the upper hook being caught in the ordinary way, but the other was hooked on the under side just in front of the pectoral fins.

HARWOOD, Rice Lake, Canada, Sept. 30.—The fishing is first-class here, with plenty of maskinonge catching every day.—C. G.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

COMMISSIONERS OF FISHERIES.

IN our last issue we gave a complete list of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the different States and Territories, and under the head of Canada and the British Provinces we noted the fact that we could not learn that any appointment had been made to the office vacated by Mr. Whitcher two years ago. We now give below a corrected list of the officers of the Dominion, received direct from the Department of Fisheries:

DOMINION OF CANADA—
John Tilton, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, Ottawa, Ont.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK—
W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, St. John.

PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA—
W. H. Rogers, Inspector, Amherst.

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND—
J. H. Duvar, Inspector, Alberton.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—
Geo. Pittendrigh, Inspector, New Westminster.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST TERRITORIES—
Alex. McQueen, Inspector, Winnipeg, Man.
S. Wilmot, Superintendent of Fishculture, Newcastle, Ont.

THE AMERICAN FISHERIES SOCIETY.

THE RIVER EXCURSION.

ON Thursday, May 7, the Society made a trip to the shad hatching grounds of the Potomac on the U. S. Commission steamer Fish Hawk, by invitation of Prof. S. F. Baird. Col. Marshall McDonald acted as master of cermonies and was ably assisted in doing the honors by Lieut. Pietmeyer, Prof. Goode and Mr. Cox. Arriving at Fort Washington an attendant showed four million eggs in process of packing for shipment to the central station at Washington. At 3 P. M. the company sat down to a lunch of planked shad, corn bread and coffee, and then made ready to return. On the homeward trip a meeting of the Executive Committee was held in the cabin, Hon. Theodore Lyman presiding. Mr. Lyman suggested that the present was a proper time to transact any unfinished business and to make any necessary arrangements for the next meeting.

PROF. GOODE moved that a vote of thanks be tendered to Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Commissioner of Fisheries for the United States, for his courtesy in placing the Fish Hawk at the disposal of the Society for this trip. Carried.

MR. CLARK moved that the next annual meeting of the Society be held in Chicago. He said that it would be a great gain in membership to the Society to hold it there, for many Western men had held aloof from it thinking it to be an Eastern society entirely, and that little or no attention was paid to Western fisheries.

PROF. GOODE—The remarks of Mr. Clark carry great weight. It is desirable to meet in other places than New York and Washington, although the latter is common ground. I think it would be well to meet in Chicago next year.

DR. HUDSON—In 1876 we met in Philadelphia, but did not gain any members to speak of, yet if it is believed to be best to meet in Chicago we might try the experiment.

MR. MATHER—If it is necessary to meet at different points to avoid the charge of localism it may be well to do so. But why any person should consider that the society is in any sense a local one I fail to see. Its name covers the continent, and the subjects treated of are not at all restricted to any locality. It has been suggested, and I thought it understood, that the next meeting should be in New England, perhaps in Boston, and we certainly should meet there some time, if we propose to change about. New York and Boston are the great fish centers, and Washington, as Prof. Goode has said, is common ground. I do not think that any place is as good as Washington, but will agree to anything the majority thinks best.

MR. BUTLER—If we go West one year we will not lose members, but will gain them. The Commissioner of Agriculture hoped that we would go west of the Mississippi, and if so we would have a large meeting; but at Chicago we would certainly have a most interesting and profitable one.

MR. MAY—I hope that this question will be decided to-day and that it will be in favor of Chicago. We will then begin to urge Western fish commissioners and those interested in fishculture and in fishing to attend.

MR. CLARK moved that the next meeting be held in Chicago and that a local committee be appointed to fix the date and make all necessary arrangements. Carried.

The President appointed as such committee Messrs. F. N. Clark, W. L. May, Dr. R. O. Sweeney, A. P. Butler, Fred Mather and W. V. Cox. The meeting then adjourned.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. E. Comfort, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Fourth Annual Dog Show of the Danbury Agricultural Society. S. E. Hawley, Secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Oct. 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the Stafford Agricultural Society. R. S. Hicks, Secretary, Stafford Springs, Conn.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 12.—New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club. Field trials for members only at Fisher's Island. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for All-Aged Stakes close Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2704.**

FANCIERS' FALLACIES.

BONE.

WHEN a man speaks of a dog having plenty of bone, or being light in bone, he generally refers to the long bones of the legs; in the latter case the bones being of smaller diameter than in the former, which also has more strongly-developed ridges for the attachment of the muscles. Now, though undoubtedly many fallacies exist as to the size of bone required, it is impossible to state what amount is needed in a class so diversified as that of dogs, and where we get such very different types of animals as the boarhound and toy terrier in one class; therefore, one must leave to the sound judgment of fanciers themselves, founded on common sense, what they should breed for. It is my purpose in this article to point out the uses of bone, especially as regards the long bones, and some of the difficulties incurred in arriving at a right conclusion.

In the first place, we have no original type to which we can refer the whole class, dogs probably deriving their origin from several different species interbreeding, and wild dogs being, without much doubt, descended from domesticated dogs which have deserted mankind and run loose, unless we include the wolf, jackal, and perhaps fox. Again, we have such hereditary monstrosities as the basset hounds to deal with. I fancy, perchance, I am attacking some fanciers' fallacies now. These facts will show how much depends on fanciers and specialist clubs drawing up a proper and fixed standard for their favorite breeds. Now, as to the uses of bone. Nature, with her unfathomed knowledge, has, as usual, shown her wisdom by making the long bones hollow, thus losing nothing in lateral strength, and at the same time making them as light as possible.

Those who are fond of mechanics should study the physiological structure of bone, than which nothing is more beautifully planned for giving the greatest amount of strength. It is reckoned that bone is just twice as strong as oak, and that one inch square of bone will support a weight of 5,000 pounds. I should state also, without going too much into detail, that bone is made up of one-third animal matter (gelatin) and two-thirds earthly ingredient (mostly phosphate of calcium), the latter giving strength and the former elasticity; the long bones are also more or less curved to give play to this elasticity. Bones form the framework for the moulding and support of the soft parts of the body, and should therefore vary according to the size of the animal; they also form the joints for the locomotion of the whole body, as well as for the movements of individual parts. Nature here again has stepped in and made the ends of bones larger and much lighter than the shaft so as to give broad surfaces for articulation and attachments of muscles, and lastly—I am referring to long bones only—act as levers for the muscles in such a way as to obtain the greatest mechanical advantage. Breeders should remember, then, in breeding for bone they may lose in weight and coarseness more than they gain in strength, destroying the dog's beauty and hampering him in his flight, and that nature has supplied an article in bone remarkable for its strength and lightness, with the greatest mechanical appliances to aid it. What better guide can we follow than nature?

SIR—In reply to "Corsincon," I believe he will find in a few text books the statement that there is a canal running down the whole length of a hair, but this is disproved by Weber, "who has shown that the appearance of a central canal, and of a softer internal than external material, has resulted from microscopical errors occasioned by the unequal refraction of light passing through their rounded or grooved surface.—*Hakim, in the Stock Keeper.*

THE KENNEL HOSPITAL.

THE skin diseases of the dog are usually supposed to be included in the single term mange, and the only qualification made, even by some good writers, is to describe sundry varieties of mange. Now this crude method of classification only perpetuates ignorance, and, under an appearance of simplicity, causes confusion. Skin diseases are capable of a clear division into two kinds—contagious and non-contagious. The first are due to the irritation caused by animal or vegetable parasites; the latter are due to constitutional causes or to the injuries caused by chemical or mechanical agents. Contagious skin diseases due to animal parasites we shall first consider, and commencing with the larger insects—fleas, lice and ticks—class them under the head verminous disease.

Fleas.—These insects cause great irritation to the dog, giving rise to violent scratching, which injures the skin and coat. In hot weather they are most active, but are common enough in winter. I am told by the owner of some "performing fleas" that they are very tenacious of life, living from eight to fifteen months when carefully treated. I do not believe that it is a special variety that infests the dog, and I am certain that they may exist for months without any connection with that animal. Kennels, stables, hay, mats, carpets, etc., may harbor fleas for many months when no dog has been near to afford them sustenance. Hence, a great difficulty in freeing dogs from the annoyances. We may destroy every flea in his coat one day and find him swarming with them a few days after, having collected them from the various substances upon which they remain alive and active, but which they immediately forsake for the happier hunting grounds offered by the dog. There are many effectual agents for the removal of fleas from the skin of the dog. Some are poisonous, and some are not. Some are used with water, others dry, and it is well to bear this in mind, as there are cases in which washing or even wetting the coat is very dangerous. In cases of acute illness, such as distemper and some chest affections, it is very desirable to get rid of the constant irritation caused by fleas, and it is equally desirable to avoid moisture. In such cases dry applications must be resorted to, and none is better than the Persian insect powder dusted, rubbed, or blown into the coat. Camphor is a harmless remedy which has been recommended, but it is not very effectual. Even a saturated solution in spirit only causes the fleas to fall insensible from the coat. It does not kill them, and they rapidly revive in the sunshine. Watery infusions of quassia, tobacco or stavescre are effectual, but the last-mentioned is poisonous, and tobacco very disagreeable. Quassia is unobjectionable, being non-poisonous, free from color and smell, while very effective. Two ounces of the chips to a gallon of water will form a good infusion if allowed to macerate all night. Into such a bath small dogs and cats may be dipped, and, if the weather be warm, allowed to dry themselves, thus retaining some of the medicament on the skin and coat to protect them for a time against further attacks. There are a number of medicated dog soaps now sold which profess to kill fleas. Failure frequently follows their use, owing to an insufficient lather being produced by the person using them. On the other hand, a copious lather produced by a carbolic soap may injure the dog if allowed to remain too long on the skin, or if not properly rinsed out with plenty of water. Spratts' is not a carbolic soap, and yet seems very effective against fleas. Of all carbolic soaps I prefer Calvert's, simply because they are of definite strength, and, therefore, one knows exactly what effects to expect. The various sheep-dips are destructive to fleas, and when properly made into a bath not dangerous, excepting those containing arsenic, which are to be avoided as dressings for any animal likely to lick itself. To thoroughly get rid of fleas, whatever baths or applications are used must be repeated, and places likely to harbor the insects should be cleansed; mats, kennels, straw, etc., should never be neglected. Pine sawdust or shavings are recommended instead of straw as a bed. Hay should be avoided altogether, as it affords a most favorable surrounding for vermin.

Lice.—The dog louse resembles in form the human head louse. It is not so active as the flea, and does not cause so much irritation. It multiplies rapidly, depositing eggs upon the hairs in the form of small white objects which adhere firmly, and are known as nits. These eggs are hatched in about eight days, and the young lice are in a few days able themselves to deposit fresh eggs. The dog louse is found on all parts of the skin, on the legs, body, and head, but a favorite spot is just behind and below the ears, where the nits are to be plainly seen on the hairs. In partially cured cases we may often find quantities of nits and only few living lice. No predisposition is necessary to cause lousiness in animals. It is true that weak debilitated dogs are often found to swarm with lice, but the debility had nothing to do with their advent, it only favored their development and increase. The dog louse does not multiply on the human being, and soon ceases to exist off the dog. The difficulty in getting rid of lice depends chiefly on the eggs attached to the hairs, which are not injured by the dressing that kills all the developed parasites. To effectually rid a dog of lice we must either make use of an application which can be left on the skin for nine days, so as to cover the whole period of latent life in the nits, or repeat our dressing at an interval which will prevent newly-hatched lice from reaching the age at which they are capable of depositing more eggs. Three dressings, with an interval of four days between each, will do this. A dressing of equal parts of paraffin and oil is safe and effectual, though nasty. Most of the soaps and washes mentioned for the destruction of fleas will exterminate lice if they be repeated as I have suggested. A solution of sulphuret of potassium or sulphuret of calcium will be found a useful agent, as is also the infusion of tobacco or stavesacre. Sulphuret of calcium solution is made by boiling togehter lime and sulphur—lime, 1lb.; sulpnur 2lbs.; water, two gallons. These are gradually mixed, then boiled down to about one gallon, allowed to cool, and the clear liquid poured off for use. It is a somewhat caustic solution, and should be mixed with an equal quantity of water for use, and washed off a quarter of an hour after being applied. An infusion of stavesacre is made by macerating an ounce of the bruised seeds in a pint of warm water. Tobacco may be employed in the same way, but neither should be boiled, as the active principle is thus partially lost. It has been pointed out by Mr. Dalziel that "the destruction of the dog louse is of vast importance not only because of the discomfort it causes the dog but for the far weightier reason that the louse is the medium for hatching the eggs and assisting the development of the cucumerine tapeworm, a variety of intestinal parasite from ten to twenty inches long and very common in English dogs." Quoting Professor Cobbold, he tells us how this occurs. The joints of the tapeworm escaping from the dog become adherent to the hairy coat; the eggs contained in them are readily swallowed by th louse, in whose body they are hatched and constitute a cysticercus or bladder-worm. The louse thus infected may be swallowed by the dog, and thus the cysticercus reaches the intestine of the dog and develops into the mature tapeworm.

Ticks are not such a common source of annoyance to the dog as fleas and lice. They are, however, more difficult to destroy. There are different views as to the manner in which they attach themselves to the skin. I accept the explanation that they plunge deeply into the skin a serrated beak, anatomically similar to the bee's sting. The grip thus obtained is such that it is easier to break the insects than detach it. Ticks offer quite a different appearance according to their state of distension. From a small gray creature, not unlike the louse, they alter to a dark-colored round object as large as a pea. When few exist they may be picked off. The stronger applications recommended for lice may be used with confidence to remove ticks.—*W. Hunting, F.R.C.V.S., in Land and Water.*

STRAYS.—Seven thousand dogs were taken to the New York pound in the season which closed last week.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

THE second fall dog show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club, in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, commenced to-day. It has rained nearly all day, and exhibitors, visitors and dogs have been very uncomfortable. The dogs are benched in cattle sheds and there has not been sufficient light to see them to advantage. The judging rings were in open sheds without floors and the muddy ground was covered with straw, making it impossible to form a correct idea of the movement of the animals. There are 465 entries. So far as we have been able to examine, the quality is good. There are quite a number of animals that appear for the first time, and many of them appear from a casual examination to be excellent specimens. There has not been a large attendance at the fair grounds to-day, but judging from the crowds around the dogs, they have received more attention than all the other exhibits. Nearly all of the judging was finished to-day, had the weather been good it would probably all have been done. The judges were as follows: Mastiffs, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Edward Dudley, Esq., Camden, N. J.; collies, A. S. Apgar, Esq., New York; deerhounds, greyhounds, Italian greyhounds and whippets, J. R. Pierson, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.; pointers, B. F. Seitner, Esq., Dayton, O.; English, Irish and Gordon setters, Charles S. Westcott, Philadelphia, Pa.; bulldogs, bull-terriers, other terriers, pugs and toys, James Mortimer, Esq., New York; beagles, dachshunde and bassett, James A. Stovell, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.; foxhounds, Howard Lewis, Sr., Media, Pa., Mark Pennell, Esq., Ivy Mills, Pa., R. Hoffecker, Middletown, Del.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Champion.—*Dogs:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Homer (Cato—Queen II.). *Bitches:* 1st, Winlawn Kennel's Prussian Princess (Crown Prince—Nina).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, W. S. Johnson's Dread (Prince Charlie—Dorothy); 2d, E. R. Coleman's Jag; 3d, A. Brock's Terror. *Bitches:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Rosalind (Crown Prince—Lady Rowena); 2d, C. R. Colwell's Dido II. (Cato—Queen II.); 3d, Winlawn Kennels' Hebe (Cato—Queen II.). Very high com., Winlawn Kennels's Liberty (Crown Prince—Ilford Baroness). Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, C. R. Colwell's David (Danger—Dido II.); 2d, C. R. Colwell's Brother (Danger—Dido); 3d, W. B. Rowland's Ajax (Don—Clytie); Very high com., E. W. Jester's Count Waldo (Buck—Gypsey). Com., A. Brock's Terror. *Bitches:* 1st, Winlawn Kennels' Penelope (Homer—Queen II.); 2d, C. R. Colwell's Dora (Danger—Dido II.) Very high com., A. Graut's Miss Hildebert (Hildebert—Regina).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Champion—1st, J. A. Nickerson's Sam (Goliath—Dora).—Open—1st, Dan O'Shea's Bruno (Carlo—Nell); 2d, G. Schoen's Carlo; 3d, Peter S. Frick's Fido. Very high com., C. Dittess's Hero (Rover—Daisy). High com., Frank Read's Rover, Com., Wm. Lendrum's Nell.

COLLIES.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, Sans Souci Kennels' Ben Nevis (Eclipse — Meta).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Associated Fanciers' Royboy (Roy—Nellie); 2d, G. H. Whitehead's Robin Adair II. (Robin Adair—Lark); 3d, Jas. Lindsay's Joe Nettles (Rex—Jennie Nettles). *Bitches:* 1st, Sans Souci Kennels' Mavis (Eclipse—Nesta); 2d, Sans Souci Kennels' Wanda (A.K.R. 1924); 3d, Mill Brook Kennels' Meg and litter (Tweed II.—Lass o' Lowrie). High com., Mitchell Harrison's Dot (Rex—Jersey Lily). Com., J. Lindsay's Jeannie Nettles (Sweep—Lassie). *Puppies:* 1st, M. Harrison's Dot (Rex—Jersey Lily); 2d, J. Lindsay's Portland (Rex—Jersey Lily); 3d, Sans Souci Kennels' Daisy (Tom—Lassie).

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Burgess's First Choice (Boniface—Bessie II.); 2d, W. J. Ehrich's Nero; 3d, Buena Vista Kennels' Julien (Cæsar—Daphne). Com., Hospice Kennels' St. Maurice (Lebeau—Mina). *Bitches:* 1st, Buena Vista Kennels' Stella (Thor—Augusta); 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Bertha (Bruno—Elsa); 3d, Hospice Kennels' Theila (Monarque—Bonnet). Very high com., Mill Brook Kennels' Norah (Bayard—Stella). *Puppies:* 1st, Buena Vista Kennels' Julien (Cæsar—Daphne II.); 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Lys (Hermit—Limbra). High com., Hospice Kennels's St. Maurice (Lebeau—Mina).

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Verone (Rex—Alma II.).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, H. H. Chittenden's Erust (Rex—Alma I.). *Bitches:* 1st, E. J. Birmingham's Bess; 2d, Mill Brook Kennels' Snowball (Fido—Dina); 3d, S. J. Martinet's Abra (Mitre—Brunhild). Very high com., Hospice Kennels' Belline II. (Barry—Belline I.). *Puppies:* 1st, W. S. Kingsland's Prince (Lohengrin—Zug); 2d, J. E. Wilkinson's Maud (Dirk—Abra). Very high com., Hospice Kennels' Belline II. (Barry—Belline I.). High com., Mill Brook Kennels' Lionel (Alp II.—Alma). Com., L. Blank's Nellie (Dirk—Alva).

DEERHOUNDS.—Champion—1st, Clovernook Kennels' Mac (Paddy—Lassie).—Open—1st, withheld; 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Noble (Mac—Mercia).

GREYHOUNDS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Smith's champion Memnon (Caliph—Polly). *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Mother Demdyke (Pensive Laddie—Playmate).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Ben (Cremorne—Lioness); 2d, B. W. Smith's Wertheim (Beardwood—Lady Browne). *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Stealing Away (pedigree unknown); 2d, I. H. Shepherd's Lady Halifax (Frank—Fly). High com., E. Loeb's Saturday Night. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. B. Labe's Prince.

POINTERS.—Over 55lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (champion Donald—Devonshire Lass); 2d, C. J. Peshall's Jimmie (Start—Maud); 3d, E. I. Martin's Baugor (Bang—Jean). *Bitches, over 50lbs.:* 1st, withheld; 2d, A. H. Craige's Beulah (Sam—Vivian); 3d, C. Jacob's Neily (Captain—Tilley).—Champion—Under 50lbs.—*Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Daisy Bravo (champion Bravo—Lilly II.).—Open—Under 55lbs.—*Dogs:* 1st, P. C. Ohl's Shot (Sensation—Rose); 2d, Westminster Kennel Club's Castor (Bang Bang—Polly); 3d, A. W. Tobey's Adonis. Very high com., R. C. Cornell's Prince of Orange (Sensation—Lass). High com., D. P. Ayars's Dash (King—Dixie). *Bitches, under 50lbs.:* 1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Lucky Stone (Tony—Moonstone); 2d, Clifton Kennels' Lady Belle (Bang Bang—Polly); 3d, Surrey Kennels' Bellegarde (Marshall Ney—Tallulah). Very high com., Clifton Kennels' Rosa (Boon—Rena). High com., Westminster Kennel Club's Nancy (Bang Bang—Polly) and Lady Dufferin (Dash—Fan). Com., A. Brock's Virginia (Tramp—Grace). Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, T. H. Farquhar's Mascot (King Phillip—Dash); 2d, J. B. Trissler's Gem Beaufort (Beaufort—Nellie Bird). High com., A. Mears's Point (Frank—Florence). *Bitches:* 1st, W. M. Haldeman's Leda (A.K.R. 2036); 2d, H. J. Bennet's Genesta (Pete—Belle). Very high com., J. S. Wibirt's Dorcas II. (Beaufort—Faustina).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, Frank Windholz's Rockingham (Beltinus—Bess). *Bitches:* 1st, P. C. Ohl's Petrel II. (Pride of Border—Petrel).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco); 2d, W. Yewdall's Tug (Thunder—Peg); 3d, E. I. Martin's Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine). Very high com., P. C. Ohl's Storm Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.). High com., P. C. Ohl's Dashing Monarch (Dash II.—Countess Moll). *Bitches:* 1st, R. C. Cornell's Modesta (Jester—Modesta); 2d, John Yewdall's Blitz (Thunder—Peg); 3d, E. T. Martin's Fairy III. (Prince—Fairy II.). Very high com., P. C. Ohl's Dame Petrel (Don Juan—Petrel III.); E. I. Martin's Queen Petrel (Thunder—Petrel); E. I. Martin's Countess Warwick (Warwick—Ollie); E. W. Jester's Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle); H. Pape's Lady May (Lofty—Maud Muller). High com., E. Comfort's Cassino Gladstone (Gladstone—Countess Druid); T. B. Stulb and W. M. Wood's Belle (Dan—Rue); P. C. Ohl's Blue Belle (Rattler—Daisy). Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Johnson's Tug Junior (Tug—Floss); 2d, P. C. Ohl's Soudan (Druid—Ruby) *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Johnson's Bella (Tug—Floss); 2d, P. C. Ohl's Glen Ada (Glen Rock—Blue Belle). Very high com., George Fox's Princess Katie (Prince Al—Maiden). High com., H. J. Rice's Idylwoof (Antic—Princess Mix).

IRISH SETTERS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, Max Wenzel's Chief (Berkley—Duck). *Bitches:* 1st, I. H. Roberts's Lady Clare (Elcho—Rose).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, E. W. Clark's Blarney (Bruce—Luray); 2d, I. H. Roberts's Bruce (Elcho—Noreen); 3d, H. B. Goetchius's Chief II. (Chief—Doe). Very high com., Max Wenzel's Chief, Jr. (Chief—Doe). High com., C. H. Kuhn's Leon (Chief—Leigh Doane), G. W. Bush, Jr.'s Guy (King Bow—Norah) and Max Wenzel's Tim (Biz—Hazel). Com., C. W. Roedenburg's Chip (Chief—Doe) and Patrick Russ's Elcho III. (Elcho—Rose). *Bitches:* 1st, I. H. Roberts's Jessie (Elcho—Noreen); 2d, W. W. Kendall's Lorna Doone (Berkley—Maud); 3d, I. H. Roberts's Leigh Doane (Elcho—Rose). Very high com., E. Volmer's Nellie (Glencho—Bess) and I. H. Roberts's Little Nell (Elcho—Rose). High com., S. Barr's Hazelnut (Berkley—Madge) and I. H. Roberts's Hebe (Chief—Hazelnut). Com., Max Wenzel's Jersey Beauty (Chief—Doe). Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, R. H. Spalding's Garry (Glencho—Red Lassie); 2d, S. Barr's Glen (Glencho—Hazelnut). Com., J. S. Brown's Glenchovic (Glencho—Vic). *Bitches:* 1st, T. J. Farley's Neebe (Glassy—Glencore); 2d, W. J. Holly's Floss.

GORDON SETTERS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Clay's Turk (Dash—Belle).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, E Maher's Royal Duke (champion Bob—champion Nell); 2d, Linn Hartranft's Bob (Sam—Nell); 3d, E. G. Webb's Don (Don—Jennie). *Bitches:* 1st, H. C. Glover's Nora (Sport—Clara), 2d, D. O'Shea's Belle (Blossom—Moll). High com., G. Mac Miller's Grace. *Puppies:* 1st, W. J. Keegan's Flora Temple (Dash—Eliza); 2d, I. M. Jordan's Shot (Don—Edith).

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—2d, James Gilson's Dash (Leo—Duck).

FIELD SPANIELS.—Champion—Any Color, over 28lbs: 1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince (A.K.R. 62).—Open—1st, G. H. Whitehead's Pluto (A.K.R. 1879); 2d, A. C. Wilmerding's Newton Abbot Lady (A.K.R. 2091); 3d, Associated Fanciers' Pascha (Obo II.—Critic). High com., P. H. Clark's Coaley (Bob—Gyp).

COCKER SPANIELS.—Champion—Any Color, under 28lbs.—1st, A. E. Rendle's Brahmin (Bob—Clew).—Open—Black and Liver—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Tuck's Othello (A.K.R. 1932); 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Jock (Dandy—Spider); 3d, A. Laidlaw's Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie). Very high com., C. R. Lewis's Nigger. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Laidlaw's Belle (Silk—Flirt); 2d, S. R. Hemingway's Miss Nance (A.K.R. 1313); 3d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Flora (Beau—Rhea II.). Very high com., H. Whitaker's Dell. High com., C. R. Lewis's Virginia. Com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Ida (Silk—Daisy II.).—Any Other Color—1st, A. C. Wilmerding's Marion and pups (Brag—Princess); 2d, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Belle II. (Dandy—Belle). *Puppies:* 1st, Wm. H. Tuck's Alice Obo (Obo, Jr.—Phonsie); 2d, Wm. West's King Coal (A.K.R. 2585). Very high com., Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Sport (Silk—Maid) and John Lynch's Wonder.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, M. Richardson's New Castle (Ben—Juan); 2d, M. Richardson's Bateman; 3d, M. Richardson's Tyne (Ben—Joan.

FOXHOUNDS.—Champion—*No entries.*—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, J. J. Hickman's Jerry (Royal Duke—Twilight); 2d, Dr. Prizer's Ringer (Juggler—Lucy); 3d, Dr. Prizer's Whiskey (Ring—Fannie). *Bitches:* 1st, Dan O'Shea's Ranger (Ringwood—Roxey I.); 2d, J. J. Hickman's Jessie (Boxer—Ann). Very high com., Dan O'Shea's Roxey II. (Ringwood—Roxey I.) *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. Prizer's Cricket (Whiskey—Lydia); 2d, Dr. Prizer's Sheridan (Whiskey—Lydia). *Couples:* 1st, Dan O'Shea's Roxey II. and Ranger (Ringwood—Roxey I.).

BEAGLES.—Champion—Over 12in.—1st, D. O'Shea's Rattler (Rome—Music). Very high com., P. Dorsey's Lee (Warrior—Rosey).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, L. Sloan's Rattler III. (Rattler—Music); 2d, J. Satt rthwaite's (Kino); 3d, H. C. Wolfe's Duce (Rattler—Sprightly). *Bitches:* 1st, D. O'Shea's Mischief (Rattler—Hasty); 2d, L. H. Twaddell's Millicent; 2d, P. Dorsey's Flight (Ringwood—Juliet).—Under 12in.—1st, W. F. Streeter's Marchboy II. and Magnet (Marchboy—Myrtle); 3d, D. O'Shea's Fannade (Rattler—Music II.). *Puppies:* 1st, L. Sloan's Cricket (Bounce—Myrtle); 2d, H. C. Wolfe's Topsey (Duce—Juno).

BASSETS.—1st, C. B. Gilbert's Bertrand (Bourbon—Cigarette); 2d, Maizeland Kennels' Nemours (Jupiter—Vivian).

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, withheld; 2d, Valentine Friehl's Waldine.

WHIPPETS.—No entries.

BULLDOGS.—Champion—1st, John E. Thayer's Bellissima (Sancho Panza—Romping Girl).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, John E. Thayer's Remus (Byron II.—Rhodora); 2d, C. R. Snowden's Crib (Boxer—Joanna). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis (Monarch—Penzie); 2d, withheld. High com., A. E. Norris's Duchess (Royal Duke—Hornet). Com., J. H. Sanderson's Bonnie Duchess (Sancho—Peppo). *Puppies:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Ramona (Robinson Crusoe—Bellissima).

BULL-TERRIERS.—Champion—No entries.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr. 2d withheld; *Bitches:* 1st, Frank F. Dole's White Rose (Victor Chief—Bess); 2d, R. H. Dudgeon's Gypsy. Very high com., S. Hanford's Violet (Prince—Lilly). *Puppies:* 1st, Frank F. Dole's The Baron (Dutch—White Rose).

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Champion—Over 7 lbs.—No entries.—Open—1st withheld; 2d, Lizzie E. Tomson's Beauty (Zip—Minnie).

FOX-TERRIERS.—Champion—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Raby Tyrant (Bailiff—Peach). *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Richmond Olive (Tart—Jess).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Belmont, Jr.'s, Regent Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vie); 2d, Clovernook Kennels' Scarsdale (Joker—Ella); 3d, R. Lyon's Richmond Jockey (Marlborough Jockey—Twinkle). Very high com., H. A. North's Dan. High com., R. I. Crocker's Brokenburst Spice II. (Brokenburst Spice—Deacon Ruth); T. B. Wanamaker's Hapton Toby (Roysterer—Tingle). *Bitches:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Delta (Joe—Rank); 2d, J. E. Thayer's Di (Rally Tyrant—Richmond Olive); 3d, G. W. Bush's Nettie (Vicar—Gypsy). High com., S. Andrews's Maggie. Puppies—*Dogs:* 1st, Clovernook Kennels' Clover Ted (Mixture—Spite); Clovernook Kennels' Clover Turk (Mixture—Spite). Very high com., J. L. Banks's Spot (Primrose—Swansdown). *Bitches:* 1st, W. B. James's Blossom (Crisp—Vic); 2d, Dan O'Shea's Geraldine (Mixture—Venom III.). High com., S. Lumb's Lady (Crisp—Vic). Com., B. Cunningham's Foxey (Jesse James—Flirt).

FOX-TERRIERS.—Rough Haired.—1st, R. H. Barlow's Vero Venture (Victor—Beryl Broad); 2d, R. H. Barlow's Bundle (E.K.C.S.B. 12,471). Very high com., R. H. Barlow's New Year's Day (Gip—Nettle); R. H. Barlow's Tiny Todger (Toger—Nettie). High com., R. H. Barlow's Flossie la Muguet (New Boy—Peddie Broad).

IRISH AND ROUGH-HAIRED TERRIERS.—1st, Dan O'Shea's Jim (Garry Owen—Ilian); 2d, C. T. Thompson's Mustard.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. P. Kirby's Beresford (Sting—Wasp). *Bitches:* 1st, Dan O'Shea's Jule.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, W. P. Sanderson's Jim (Berkie—Highland Mary); 2d, J. Howard's Skye (Jim—Skye); 3d, W. P. Sanderson's Lass O'Gowrie (Jim—Queen Mab).

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Over 5lbs.—1st and 2d, Mrs. Jane Parker's Charlie D. (Dreadnaught—Nellie) and Dude D. (Duke—Princess). Very high com., Mrs. J. Parker's Jennie B. (Duke—Nellie).—Under 5lbs.—1st, J. Healey's Eber (Royal—Flora).

TOY TERRIERS.—Other than Yorkshire, under 7lbs.—1st, Ella E. Browne's Tiney (Frank—Tip); 2d, F. W. Sutterle's Pawsee. Very high com., E. B. Hirst's Flora (Burnside—Buttercup).

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. W. D. Peck's Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jennie); 2d, Miss S. Meek's Max (Roderick—Dolly); 3d, Mrs. J. W. Mercur's Puck (George—Judy). Very high com., John Parker's Punch D. (Punch—Judy). Com., F. P. Bannon's Toby and Mrs. J. B. Reddie's Rajah. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Moore's Miss Kitty (George—May); 2d, M. H. Dryer's Kitty (Roderick—Ollie). *Puppies:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' Thunder (Young Toby—Lady Flossie); 2d, Dr. M. H. Dryer's Bessie (Othello—Dolly). Very high com., Chequasset Kennels' Tiney (Young Toby—Lady). Com., Mrs. J. W. Mercur's Judge (Puck—Bijou).

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, J. B. Reddie's Pitou (Sancho—Onida); 2d, J. B. Reddie's Nellie. Very high com., Mary E. Ward's Otto; J. Parker's Jumbo D. (Ben—Littleton). Com., J. Parker's Countess B. (Duke—Queen).

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—1st, Wm. Phillips's King Victor; 2d, Miss M. Phillips's King Pippin (Bowsie—Countess Blennie). Very high com., Miss L. Harr's Chappy (Randolph—Lady); Miss M. Parker's Charlie D. (Prince—Violet). High com., Miss M. Parker's Violet B. (Scamp—Countess). Com., Miss M. Parker's Rubes B. (Prince—Violet).

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Annie K. Kramer's Romeo (Dick—Neppie); 2d, A. L. Belleville's Tiney (Romeo—Baby).

ULMERS.—1st, T. O'Brien's Markoe; 2d, C. Wagner's Spot (Smith's dog—Eckbert's bitch). Very high com., J. P. McQuaide's Rover. High com., P. Stamp's Tiger (Rover—Kate).

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, Alex Burden's Nellie; 2d, Glencoe Collie Kennels' bobtail sheepdog Bob; 2d, M. C. Harvey's Chesapeake dog Rover.

FOXHOUND PACKS.—1st, Jesse J. Hickman's Joe, Spot, Pete, Storm, Hornet, Rowdy, Pilot, Jessie Jerry, Count, Scuddy and Sport. 2d, George W. Hill's Boston, Bell Mai, Brandy, Hornet, Homer, Dido, Corlies, Amy, Trooper, Tinker, Milo and Reuben.

KENNELS.—Mastiff Kennels.—1st, Winlawn Kennels' Prussian Princess, Homer, Rosalind, Liberty and Rebe. St. Bernard Kennels.—1st, Mill Brook Kennels' Beryl, Norah, Bertha, Lys, Verone, Snow Ball, Lindan and Lionel. English Setter Kennels.—1st, Rancocas Kennels' Petrel II., Storm Petrel, Dashing Monarch, Dame Petrel, Vanette, Blue Belle, Coomassie, Soudan and Glen Ada. Irish Setter Kennels.—1st, I. H. Roberts's Bruce, Leigh Doane, Hebe, Jessie and Little Nell. Small Pointer Kennels.—1st, Westminster Kennel Club's Castor, Nancy, Countess, Lady Dufferin, Luckystone and Jill. Greyhound Kennels.—1st, H. W. Smith's Memnon, Fan, Mother Demdike, Ben and Stealing Away. Collie Kennels.—1st, Sans Souci Kennels' Mavis, Wanda, Daisy, So So and Ben Nevis.

YORK COUNTY DOG SHOW.—Wrightsville, Pa., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The dog show to be held in connection with the York County Fair on Oct. 7, 8, and 9, has been abandoned, owing to a want of entries, which, no doubt, has its cause in the holding of a bench show at Philadelphia the same week. Next year another effort will be made at York.—A. C. Krueger.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 6.—The entries both to puppy and all-aged stake in Western trials close Oct. 15.—A. A. Whipple (Secretary and Treasurer).

DAYTON SHOW.

THE third annual dog show of the Southern Ohio Fair Association was held at Dayton Sept. 29 to Oct. 1. Following is the list of awards:

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st and 2d, A. Frinkle's Rock and Flora.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, Mrs. Emma F. Hill's Abbess; 2d, L. S. Olt's Jumbo.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, C. Hanitch's Jumbo; 2d, C. Sander's Jeff.

GREYHOUNDS AND DEERHOUNDS.—1st, Geo. Parvin's Major; 2d, Landseer Kennels' Twilight. Very high com., Landseer Kennels' Snowflight and D. B. Conklin's Fannie. High com., Sander's and ——— King William. Com., A. G. Meakin's Victoria.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, John Bolus's Britton and Blue Dick. Very high com., W. A. Simms's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, Kyler & Keely's Topsy S.; 2d, Geo. A. Hill's Belle. Very high com., Theo. Potter's Glenn, Jas. Ritty's Carrie, Kyler & Keely's Slip and ——— Minnetta. *Puppies:* 1st, Geo. H. Voker's Lady; 2d, E. R. Watrous's Red Wine. Very high com., E. R. Watrous's Early Dawn. High com., W. H. Brown's Grouse.

GORDEN SETTERS.—1st, J. F. Campbell's Prince.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. N. Kuhn's Mack; 2d, A. S. Bickham's Dash. Very high com., Hitch & Chisolm's Jack Odono. High com., W. F. Koontz's Sweep. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, A. Sander's Lady Smizer. High com., J. R. Schuster's Fannie. *Puppies:* 1st, E. M. McIntire's Jim; 2d, A. M. Gillett's Bob.

POINTERS.—Champion—B. F. Seitner's Lady Croxteth.—Open—*Dogs—over 55lbs.:* 1st, W. Sabrey's Rock; 2d, W. A. Simms's Tom. Very high com., Dr. L. E. Russell's King's Boy. *Under 55lbs.:* 1st, Kyler & Keeler's Leon; 2d, B. F. Seitner's Rapp. Very high com., Hitch & Chisolm's King Hal. *Bitches—any weight;* 1st, Very high com. and high com., B. F. Seitner's Lillie Bang, Lass and Lulu Faust; 2d, Kyler & Keeler's Lillie Faust. Very high com., G. Sander's Diana, R. Wood's Sister and C. Whealan's Folly. *Puppies—under 18 months:* Very high com., G. Sander's Bull's Eye and C. Hanitch's N. Y. P. & O. High com., J. Ritty's Tippecanoe and Hitch & Chisolm's Jack.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, C. W. Sander's Bob; 2d, B. P. Critchell's Fancheon. Very high com., C. R. H. Cohan's Beauty.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. M. L. McKee's Felise; 2d, Chas. Sander's Victoria.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, 2d, very high com. and com., G. L. Makely's Lord, Sport, Ceoter and Dick.

BEAGLES.—1st, Mrs. Carl White's Bennie; 2d, C. Schwein's Marjory.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st and 2d, Idstone Kennels' Wallexie and Prince

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, Idstone Kennels' Nimrod and Countess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, W. B. Brueckner's Spot.

COLLIES.—1st, H. W. Frank's Fritz.

BULLDOGS.—1st, H. Cohan's Dick. Very high com., W. H. Clark's Jim. High com., H. Justice's Gem.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, withheld; 2d, J. Cray's Jasper. Very high com., Pat Brannan's Jack.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—1st and high com., Mrs. Carl White's Dandy and Dixie; 2d, H. Justice's Euchre. High com., J. E. Englehart's Beauty, and C. Sander's Tippys; C. Louisa Mackrodt's Tippy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. J. Englehart's Paddy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, J. Englehart's Maltese Pedro; 2d, A. Sander's black poodle Rumpty. Very high com., G. Sullivan's Italian greyhound Maud S.; H. Detmering's Dolly and J. Englehart's Pearl.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best kennel of pointers, Idstone Kennels; best pointer in Montgomery county, Idstone Kennels' Lillie Bang; best pointer bitch with three of her progeny, Idstone Kennels' Lass; best puppy, Kyler & Keeler's Leon; best litter pointer puppies, Alfred Kyler's Dave; best matched brace in county, Idstone Kennels' Lady Croxteth and Rapp; best puppy in county, Idstone Kennels' Lady Jane; best dog in open class, Kyler & Keeler's Leon; best puppy (two) in Dayton, Idstone Kennels' Lillie Bang; best kennel sporting dogs, Idstone Kennel; best Irish setter dog in county, W. N. Kuhn's Mack; best brace in county, A. S. Bickham's Dash and Bob. Best setter or pointer bitch, Idstone Kennels' Lillie Bang. Best brace English setters, John Bolus's Britton and Blue Dick; best puppy, G. H. Volker's Lady. Best beagle, Mrs. Carl White's Bonnie. Best basset hound, Idstone Kennels' Nimrod. Best Irish setter dog in Dayton, W. N. Kuhn's Mack. Best pug in Dayton, Mrs. Jas. Legler's Judy; best pug in open class, ——— Pip. Best Yorkshire terrier in Dayton, Mrs. J. Englehart's Paddy. Best toy spaniel, Mrs. M. L. McKee's Felise. Smallest toy owned by a lady, Mrs. Carl Hinderland's Pettis. Best St. Bernard, Mrs. E. F. Hill's Abbess. Best brace foxhounds, G. L. Makely's Lord and Sport. Best Newfoundland, C. Hanitch's Jumbo. Best King Charles spaniel owned by lady in Dayton, Mrs. M. L. McKee's Felise. Best field spaniel, C. W. Sander's Bob. Best pair of dachshunde or beagles, Idstone Kennels' Wallexie and Prina. Best St. Bernard, Mrs. Emma F. Hill's Abbess. Best greyhound, Geo. Parvin's Major. Best black and tan terrier, Mrs. Carl White's Dandy. Best trick dog, C. Sander's Nellie. Best pointer or setter, John Bolus's Briton. Best in miscellaneous class, J. Englehart's Pedro. Best Kennel English setters, Miami Kennels.

HOW TO BREAK A DOG OF GUNSHYNESS.—Jonas Hamilton, the superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad, is an inveterate sportsman, writes "Songo." Not long since Jonas had a setter sent him from Massachusetts, which proved to be gunshy. Jonas thought he could take him on the marsh and break him of his fear of the gun, and so one morning found him and the dog on Scarboro marsh. One end of a good strong cord was attached to the dog's collar and the other end to the strap of Jonas's bootleg. A bird soon arose; Jonas pulled up and fired; the dog heard the report, took up slack line on the dead jump and brought Jonas to the grass several seconds before the bird touched the turf. The dog's momentum was such that Jonas dragged several yards through the soft muck, before he was aware of the full extent of the accident, but like all true sportsmen he clung to his gun and as soon as the stars stopped twinkling, turned the remaining charge into the dog's carcass. Jonas now declares that the only way to break a dog of gunshyness is to break his neck.—*Portland Argus.*

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.—Perth Ontario, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The articles which have appeared in your columns relative to the Irish wolfhound have been read by me with great interest. I have been unable to gather from them, however, whether the wolfhound would run by scent, and as I have a Scotch deerhound I am anxious to know whether the latter would be a satisfactory dog to run deer with in this country. My dog appears to use her nose when in the woods, but as yet I have been unable to give her a satisfactory trial as she is still quite young. Perhaps some of your readers will have the kindness in your columns to throw some light on the subject of the usefulness of the Scotch deerhound in running deer by scent in a wooded country. If they can be got to depend mainly upon the nose in running they would be invaluable.—Rifle.

BEAGLE LOST.—A black, tan and white beagle bitch (badly ruptured) has been lost by C. B. Ludekins, Port Richmond, Staten Island.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.

For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." We request that all Kennel Notes be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Tom Tucker, Ran Tucker and Lady Tucker. By Dr. J. J. Board, Lynch's, Va., for black, tan and blue ticked foxhounds, two dogs and one bitch, whelped July 18, 1885, by Brodnax's Speck out of owner's Crowd (Sailor—Music).

Ben Butler. By Jos. L. Whittaker, South Groveland, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, age not given, by Hornell Silk (A.K.R 1397) out of Hornell Dinah (A.K.R. 66).

Puritan and F. C. Dudley. By Elm Grove Kennels, Stubridge, Mass., for lemon and white pointer dogs; whelped July 1, 1885; by Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472) out of Gain Day (A.K.R. 2634).

Buena Vista Kennels. By Wm. H. Fuller, New York, for his kennel of St. Bernards.

BRED.

Nell—Rags. Al Ward's bull-terrier bitch Nell to E. L. Bailey's Rags (A.K.R. 2557), Sept. 28.

Mystic—Bannerman. Dr. J. J. Board's (Lynch's, Va.) beagle bitch Mystic (Ringwood—Myrtle) to Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Sept. 28.

Bugle—Lead. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) beagle bitch Bugle to his Lead, Sept. 29.

Tiny—Silk Socks. A. L. Belville's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Tiny (Romeo—Baby) to E. W. Jester's Silk Socks (Spirt—Pearl), Sept. 14.

WHELPS.

Zoe. A. W. Adams's (East Bethlehem, Pa.) English setter bitch Zoe (A.K.R. 2009), Sept. 28, seven (four dogs), by Scott (Rob of Roy—Cloudy).

Crowd. Dr. J. J. Board's (Lynch's, Pa.) foxhound bitch Crowd (Sailor—Music), July 18, five (four dogs), by Brodnax's Speck.

Daphne. Charles S. Fitch's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Daphne (A.K.R. 1683), Oct. 1, eight (one dog), by Brahmin; two since dead.

Daisy Queen. Howard Hartley's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Daisy Queen (A.K.R. 236), Oct. 3, six (four dogs); by the Druid, Jr. (Druid—Swag).

Ruby. H. E. Hamilton's (Hackensack, N. J.) English setter bitch Ruby (Rake—Fanny), July 29, eight, (five dogs), by B. F. Wilson's Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Norna).

Laffie. J. V. Vail's mastiff bitch Loftie (Duke—Fawn), Oct. 2, six (two dogs), by E. W. Jester's Count Waldo (A.K.R. 1501).

SALES.

Norma. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 3, 1883 (Elcho—Noreen), by Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass., to Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn.

Lurline. White and orange English setter bitch, whelped March 12, 1884 (Don—Daisy), by F. Thurlo, Newburyport, Mass., to Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn.

Planeta. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped May 1, 1885 (Plantagenet—Matchless), by F. Thurlo, Newburyport, Mass., to Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn.

Blue Boy—Mystic whelp. White, black and tan beagle dog; whelped May 22, 1885, by Dr. J. J. Board, Lynch's, Va., to Frank Riesdorph, Jamestown, N. Y.

Speck—Crowd whelps. White, black and tan; and black, tan and blue ticked foxhound dogs; whelped July 18, 1885, by Dr. J. J. Board, Lynch's, Va., to Thos. Hubbard, Marysville, Va.

Fidge—Pink whelp. Black and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 30, 1885, by G. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to Wm. B. Ogden, New York.

IMPORTATIONS.

Isle. Tawny and white rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 13, 1885 (Duke of Wellington—Lady Bess), by Richard H. Derby, Lloyd's Neck, L. I., from A. Barnes, London, Eng., Sept. 8.

May Flower. Mastiff bitch, whelped May 6, 1884 (champion Beau—Cambrian Princess), by Richard H. Derby, Lloyd's Neck, L. I., from H. G. Woolmore, Leyton, Essex, Eng., Sept. 9.

Jack. St. Bernard dog, age not given (Saladin—Hebe), by Mr. Elton, New York, from England, Sept. 25.

Inverauchty. Collie dog, color and age not given (Chance—Jen), by Dr. Thos. Shearer, Baltimore, Md., from England, Sept. 25.

DEATHS.

Bizorah. Red Irish setter bitch (A.K.R. 1388), owned by Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn.; accidentally poisoned.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association. Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

ANOTHER TARGET SUGGESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems to be a demand for a new 200yds. target; one that may become a standard to be used by all the rifle clubs in the country, and although it is to be a new target, the desire is that certain old land marks shall be retained, that in a measure past records can be compared with later day performances, and it must have ten rings of such graded diameters that ties in totals, even of the rest shooters, may be avoided as much as possible, also of such size that the military may be induced also to adopt it. I submit a target that, in my opinion, is nearest to the wants of the entire shooting community of any that has yet appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM. The entire target is 4ft. square. The militiaman seldom makes a high 2 on the Creedmoor target, his misses are generally off the right edge, so our target is as wide as the old one, and high enough for all practical purposes. The dividers are set with the points 28in. apart, and the circle described is the outside ring of the old Creedmoor. The points are then closed up to 18in.; this ring is the 4 line. We have thus left a large space 10in. wide to count 3. It is the same size as the 3 on the old target. There is plenty of room for the new recruit to scatter his bullets and not cut up the finer lines in the center, which we now begin to draw, for it is inside this radius of 26in. that 90 per cent. of the marksmen place their bullets at 200yds. distance. The points are now set at 10½in. apart and a circle 21in. is described. We close the points to 8in. and make another circle 16 in. in diameter. Again we close the points to 6in. and the circle drawn is 12in. across. Now it is evident the next circle must define the edge of the bull—shall it be larger or smaller than the old one? In this we have decided to use the same 8-inch bull, so our dividers are set with the points at 4in. apart, and we describe the edge of the bull. At this point we have used considerable thought—if a marksman breaks the edge of the bull, his count on this target is 8; now if on the next shot he places his bullet 1 inch inside the edge, his count should increase one point, for let his bullet leave the edge of the bull, even but the eighth of an inch, and his count is lowered one point. Then our dividers must be set at but 3in. apart and a 6-inch circle is drawn inside the bull—it counts 9. Now the bullseye must be drawn and to puzzle the rest-shooter, we make it but 3in. in its total diameter by setting our dividers 1½in. apart.

Now we have a "combined target"—it combines the practical points of the old Creedmoor, the divisions of the so-called Massachusetts, and the finer circles in the bull of the decimal. This we submit to the riflemen of the country for their approval. W. MILTON FARROW.

THE TRAJECTORY TEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"W. I. C." seems to think that muzzleloader admirers are obsolete. It is gratifying to know that it by no means follows because he thinks so. It would horrify me to be obsolete—it would indeed. In my communication I used the word "vise," not because I supposed those in charge of the test would screw rifles into a vice, but simply in way of comparison. Does "W. I. C." intend to take a "muzzle rest" into the woods with him may I ask in return? My general idea was that a fixed rest would be necessary, and as this was decided on (see editorial 17th) it would seem that "W. I. C." is in the minority as far as weight of judgment goes, where he may remain if he so elects. S.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE WIMBLEDON PISTOL MATCH.

MR. FRED CONLIN who will be remembered by all frequenters to the well known gallery of his father at Thirty-first street and Broadway is now in London and of course visited Wimbledon during the recent meeting. He speaks of the pistol match in a recent letter saying: It was this year introduced as an afterthought, but was so successful that it will no doubt be henceforth the standard match. The shooting was done at a paper target called the "Martin Smith" target, after the gentleman introducing it. The target is a disc 12in. in diameter, having a bullseye 3in. in diameter, scoring six points. The remainder of the target is divided into four rings, scoring respectively 5, 4, 3, and 2 points. The rules of the match were distance about 20yds. with revolver provided by the Association, of any military pattern and carrying government ammunition, weight not to exceed 2lb. 3oz. The pistols to be at the firing point where the competitor can make his selection. The ammunition is provided likewise by the Association and handed to the shooter when at the firing point. Six shots to a score, position standing without rest of any kind to any part of the body. The prizes were; one of $60, one of $25, one of $20, three of $15 each, three of $10 each and six of $5 each; total $200. The leading scores stood:

Shooter.	Pistol.	Score.
Lieut. Scott	Enfield	34
Glendomwyn	Enfield	34
Hampton	Enfield	33
Holmes	Enfield	33
Oakley	Enfield	32
Lieut. J. R. Milner	Enfield	32
Parker	Webley	32
Harley	Enfield	32
Hunt	Wilkenson	31
Pratt	Wilkenson	31
Dibles	Rigby	31
Lewis	Colt's	31
Payne	Wilkenson	30
Thomas	Wilkenson	30

[In our next issue we shall give a cut of the winning target.—ED. F. AND S.]

CREEDMOOR, Oct. 3.—The ninth marksman's badge competition was shot to-day at Creedmoor. Owing to the severe storm in the morning the attendance was not as large as usual, but after the luncheon hour some good scores were made. The gold badge was won for the fifth time by John F. Klein. The best scores were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J F Klein, 17th Separate Company	22	24	47
W W DeForest, 12th Regiment	23	24	47
B R Meserole, 47th Regiment	21	24	45
*T J Dolan, 13th Regiment	22	23	45
*J S Shepherd, 23d Regiment	23	23	44
S W Merritt, 7th Regiment	19	23	42
N D Ward, 9th Regiment	21	21	42
*T M Kallock, 7th Regiment	21	21	42
*W J Underwood, 7th Regiment	21	21	42
D E Watson, 71st Regiment	17	23	40
C E Bryant, 23d Regiment	20	19	39

*Winners in previous matches.

The next matches will be shot on Saturdays, Oct. 10 and 24, and on election day, Nov. 3, when the season closes.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 1.—The Worcester City Guards, Co. A 2d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, George H. Cleveland, Captain, to-day celebrated its 45th anniversary by a street parade, target shoot and a banquet. The Massachusetts militia target; 4ft. wide and 6ft. high was used; Springfield rifle, shooting off-hand, distance 200yds. There was a light wind most of the time. The individual score of each man in the order they shot was as follows:

2d Lieut Wm D Preston	33431—17	George Barrett	33043—13
Musician Sweet	34234—16	Arthur Merritt	52032—13
Sergt F S Hoyt	00223— 7	Alonzo Hoyle	20004— 6
Sergt J R Cleveland	33033—11	John McIntosh	30422—11
Sergt F L Townsend	05034—12	John Lauder	03003— 6
1st A Condly	00023— 5	Henry Bradly	34442—17
Corp A D Jefferson	44453—20	Capt G H Cleveland	35404—16
J M Johnson	43324—17	Edward Knight	00000— 0
Chas Sharples	43344—18	A H Fogarty	22333—13
Chas Perry	44440—15	R W Tainter	32023—10
E L Donovan	00302— 5	John Scully	43433—17
Sergt A E Brown	04343—14	Frank Reilly	22002— 9
C M Fogarty	44333—17	J W Lepire	35440—16
Geo Lawrence	23340—12	Walter Carrico	33043—13
Geo Moseman	00033— 6	Wm Ballou	22420—10
Corp Frank Stewart	20005— 8	Albert Hayland	44334—18
Chas Flint	02003— 5	1st Lieut James Early	43343—17
Arthur Norton	00000— 0	S N Bellows	40444—16
William Potter	30342—12		

There was also shooting by honorary members, composed largely of past members of the company and by representative of the press, also by Gen. Nat Wales, who commands the First Brigade, of which the Second Regiment is a part. His score was 44444. Among the guests present at the banquet were Gen. Charles Devens, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Sheriff of Worcester county; Hon. Charles G. Reed, Mayor of Worcester; Col. E. J. Russell, of Governor Robinson's staff; Major E. R. Shumway, of the Second Regiment, a former captain of the City Guards; Capt. E. A. Harris and Lieuts. W. E. Tarbell and J. E. Lancaster, of the Worcester Light Infantry, Co. C, Second Regiment; Capt. Fred W. Wellington, Lieuts. H. E. Smith and C. H. Bigelow, and Surgeon Gifford, of Battery B; Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, of the Worcester Continentals; W. L. Robinson, Commander of George H. Ward Post No. 10, G. A. R., Department of Massachusetts, and Frank P. Goulding, City Solicitor of Worcester.

The prizes were awarded as follows: First, the company's gold medal, to be held one year, also a silver badge, to Corporal A. D. Jefferson; second, a silver badge, to Charles Sharples; third, a silk umbrella, to Albert Wayland; fourth, a gold scarf pin, the gift of Gen. Wales, to Lieut. W. D. Preston; fifth, a mantle clock, to Joseph M. Johnson; sixth, an order for a hat, to Lieut. James Early; seventh, a pair of sleeve buttons, to John Scollay; eighth, a pocket knife, to J. M. Fogarty; ninth, a leather medal, to John Keileby. Prizes were awarded to honorary members as follows: First, a wicker chair, to Capt. E. A. Wood, score 18; second, a walking cane, to A. D. Puffer, score 16; third, a leather medal, to Lieut. Geo. Burr, score 2; special prize, a pair of opera glasses to a representative of the press, to John McGuire, of the *News*, score 9.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Oct. 2.—The teams of the Fitchburg and Leominster rifle clubs had a friendly match this week, the shooting was off-hand, distance 200yds., each man had 30 shots, the American decimal target being used. The totals of each man and club was as follows:

Leominster.		Fitchburg.	
B M Pitts	228	A B Small	246
E M Rockwell	225	C H Brown	225
Geo W Foster	220	E N Cook	206
C A Joslin	211	F H Rideout	187
F A Whitney	205	E M Rogers	182
	1,089		1,049

The annual target shoot of the Washington Guards, Company D, Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts Militia, also occurred this week. The best score was by Corp. Martin Mannix, 15 out of a possible 25, and he was awarded the first prize, a gold medal. The next best score was first secured by Sergt. J. H. Shea and Pvt. John F. Rourke, it was shot off and Shea made 18 and was awarded the second prize of $4. The three who were tie on the contest for the leather medal did not care to shoot for the prize. The evening of the day was devoted to a ball, which was very enjoyable.

GARDNER, Mass., Oct. 2.—Members of the Heywood Guards, Company F, Second Regiment, Massachusetts Militia, have met twice this week at the Hackmatack Range of the Gardner Rifle Club. They were practicing for the State rifle match at the muster field of the State militia next week. The work of the men on the two occasions was as follows:

	First.	Second.	First.	Second.
Private Hinds	22	—	Sergt Black	18	28
Private Taylor	22	19	Private Thrasher	18	—
Private Bishop	21	28	Sergt Wood	18	—
Captain Chamberlain	21	28	Private Carr	18	28
Lieut Edgell	20	23	Musician Gracey	18	—

BOSTON, Oct. 3.—To-day's shoot at Walnut Hill was poorly attended on account of the stormy weather. The matches were not opened, with one exception. Next Thursday, Friday and Saturday the fall meeting of the M. R. A. occurs, and a large list of prizes is offered for all comers to compete for.

Practice Match.

C B Edwards	4	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	—45
E D Lodge (mil.)	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	—43
W Simmons (mil.)	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	3	—43
I P Horton (mil.)	4	4	4	4	5	2	5	4	3	4	—39
L Freeman (mil.)	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	3	—39
F R Blake (mil.)	3	4	4	5	4	4	4	3	3	4	—38

Rest Match.

D L Chase	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	—98
S Wilder	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	—97
S Winchester	10	9	9	10	9	10	10	10	8	8	—93
W Salem	10	9	9	10	9	10	9	8	9	9	—92

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Regular monthly shoot of the Washington Heights Gun Club, Oct. 3. Mr. Harrison having now won the medal three times becomes the owner. Score;

C R Terwilleger	1010001110111111111111110—19
W W Disbrow	1011111110111010111010111—19
J H Terwilleger	0001000111110101010110111—14
H Harrison	1101111111111111101111—22
G Snook	1110100011010111010110—14
P Hunt	0111000001010000000000—6
G H Beck	0101111001110111101001—16
E A Fountain	1111110111010011100001010—15
J R Terhune	1100011001100111100101100—13

ST. LOUIS TOURNAMENT.

THE sportsmen who were gathered at the St. Louis Convention Sept. 28-Oct. 2, enjoyed a series of sweepstake matches at the Cote Brilliante race grounds, as follows:

Thursday.—No. 1—10 tame pigeons, 1 barrel, 26yds.:

W B Hanworth	1111111111—10	E J Brown	1100101111— 7
Q B Still	1111011110— 8	E W Voight	1110111011— 8
J P Card	1111011111— 9	E L Carter	1011111110— 9
H H Fahlstock	1111111111—10	C W Budd	1111001111— 8
J M Woods	1111110111— 9	W Williams	0111111111— 9
J R Stice	1111111111—10	W E Field	1111110111— 9
J L Lyman	0001111111— 7	J W Lemmons	1111111111—10
J W Rinkle	1111111111—10	E Strong	1111111101— 9
F L Reuss	1111111111—10		

Ties at 31yds.: Stice and Rinkle took first on 4; E. L. Carter second on 11 to Williams's 10, Still and Voight divided third; Lyman took fourth with 10 to Budd's 9.

No. 2—10 tame pigeons, 26yds., 1 barrel; ties at 31yds.: Hanworth, 10; Stice, 9; Rinkle, 10; Griffey, 6; Still, 6; Dallmeyer, 9; Card, 8; Carbe, 8; Dozier, 6; Williams, 7; Wood, 5; Lyman, 10; Fahnstock, 8; Wilson, 7; Lemmons, 8; Gates, 8; Marks, 10; McDonough, 9; Pitts, 5. Ties: Lyman and Marks shot through divided first, Dallmeyer won second, Lemmons and Card third.

No. 3—10 blackbirds, 18yds.: Reuss, 10; Alford, 8; Smith, 5; James, 9; Powers, 8; Carter, 9; W. C. Smith, 9; Stice, 10; Bragg, 7; Woods, 8; Brown, 6; Still, 9; West, 5; Budd, 9; Griffey, 9. Ties: Reuss and Stice first; Carter, second; Woods, third.

No. 4—10 tame pigeons, 26yds., 1 barrel: Bragg, 6; Brown, 4; Young, 6; A. R. Smith, 6; Judy, 7; Voight, 9; Powers, 5; W. C. Smith, 8; Strawn, 10; Field, 9; Rick, 3; James, 6; Spelbrink, 9; Russ, 9; Gibbons, 6; Gates, 10, Hayden, 8. Ties: Gates and Strawn, first; Field, second; Smith and Hayden, third.

No. 5—10 globe flights, 16yds.:

Giffey	1110111110— 8	Homer	1110111111— 9
Bragg	0101100100— 4	Kulge	1111111111—10
Still	1111111110— 9	Carter	1111111110— 9
Stone	0101000100— 3	West	0111111111— 9
Reuss	1111010110— 7	Fahnestock	1111111111—10
Stice	0111111011— 8	James	1010101000— 3
Budd	1011111111— 9	Kahler	0111101000— 5
Allen	0111111010— 7	Riggs	0100111000— 4
Williams	0110111011— 6	Gibbons	1001011010— 5
Woods	1000111111— 7	Ricks	0100111001— 5
Schaff	1111010111— 8	Smith	1111111101— 9
Sinusky	0011001111— 6		

Ties: Still, Carter and Fahnestock, first; Budd, Homer and Kulge second; Stice, third; Reuss, fourth.

No. 6—5 live blackbirds, ground traps, 23yds.:

Card	1011—4	Cosby	01100—2
Pitts	01101—4	Dozier	10001—2
Lyman	11111—5	Marks	01111—4
Hanworth	11101—4	Stice	11110—4
Gates	11111—5	McDonough	01110—3
Dallmeyer	11111—5	Williams	10111—4

Ties: Gates and Dallmeyer first, Stice second; Pitts, Lyman and McDonough third.

Friday.—No. 1—10 English sparrows, 25yds., both barrels:

Budd	1111111111—10	Fahnestock	0011111001—6
Judy	1111011010— 7	Woods	1011101210—7
Carter	0111011111— 8	Gregg	1001010110—6
Stice	1111012211— 9	Lyman	0001110110—5
Griffey	1111112111—10	Strawn	1001121111—8
Still	1111111110—10	Williams	1011011121—8
Smith	1111111111—10	Gaines	0101121210—7

Budd, Griffey, Still and Smith divide first, Stice second, Carter and Strawn third.

No. 2—5 pairs double birds, 18yds.: Stice 10, Carter 9, Fahnestock 7, Fields 9, Lyman 8, Griffey 7, Rinkel 7, Card 9, Still 8, Williams 7, Hayden 9, Pettker 6, Wilson 7, Gates 7, Strawn 8, Hopkins 6, Schaaf 7. Ties: Stice first; Fields and Card second; Lyman and Strawn third; Griffey fourth.

No. 3—10 globe flights, 21yds.: Schaaf 7, Baugh 7, Wilson 10, Rinkle 4, Griffey 9, Jones 8, Gregg 8, Powers 7, Reuss 6, Stief 9, Bragg 5, Voight 7, Smith 8, Reuss 10, Stice 9, Fields 8, Gaines 9, Allen 6, Strawn 10, Judy 6, Williams 7, Carter 8, Budd 9, Loerke 6, Reed 7, Fahnestock 8, Card w., Hughes 9, Crosby 8, Hayden 7, Gates 6, Hopkins 8, Hassfurther 8, Meyer 9, Horner 10, Gibbons 5. Wilson, A. Reuss, Strawn and Horner divided first, Griffey, Stice and Gaines second, L. L. Carter and Hassfurther third, Powers fourth.

No. 4—7 blackbirds, 21yds.: Stice 7, Carter 7, Griffey 5, Woods 4, Reuss 6, Williams 5, Still 6, Corsby 7, Powers 6, Reed 4, Wilson 6, Jones 5, Baugh 6, Schaaf 6, Fields 5, Pettker 5, Sieminski 5, Hughes 4, Budd 7. Stice first, Reuss and Baugh second, Pettker third.

No. 5—2 pairs live birds, 21yds.: Stice 14, Card 15, Fields 14, Gates 11, Rinkle 14, Carter 15, Lyman 10, Gibbons 10, Williams 12. Card and Carter divided first, Stice and Rinkle divided second, Williams third.

No. 6—10 blackbirds, 18yds.: Carter 10, F. L. Reuss 9, O. B. Still 8, A. C. Ruess 9, Stice 10, Budd 8, Crosby 10, Fahnstock 7, Smith 10, Woods 9, Griffey 8. Stice and Smith first, F. L. Reuss second, O. B. Still and Griffey third.

No. 5—10 clay-pigeons, 18yds.: Carter 9, Stice 10, Williams 4, Horner 8, Baugh 9, Reuss 6, Hassfurther 8, Crosby 7, Budd 8, Jones 6, Nagel 4, Meyer 7, Gibbons 4, Griesedeck 5, Pettker 4, Hayden and Smith withdrew.

NEWARK, O.—The McIntyre Gun Club of Zanesville, the Licking Gun Club of Newark, and the Sherman Gun Club of Columbus had a friendly match at clay birds on the grounds of the Licking Club on the 25th of September. The match was shot from 5 traps, 5yds. apart, 18yds. rise, National rules governing. The Sherman Club was the winner by a small margin. The shooting was very close throughout, none of the clubs having at any time during the contest any decided lead. The day was perfect and a large crowd was in attendance. The full score follows:

Sherman Gun Club.

Siebert	1111111111101111101110—17	Belknap	0001010110000100110111— 9
Gugle	1010011111010111110001—13	Shaffer	1111010111111111110—17
Anderson	1111101110001111101—14	Graham	0111101000011111000010—10
McLiesh	1111011111111111111—18	Link	0110101110011011111—14
Damsel	0111111010101010101010—13	Southwick	0101001101001010111—11
Webb	1101111011101011111—16	Pumphrey	1110010101001101111—13
Pike	1001010000101100100— 7	Flowers	1010101000110110100— 9
Mason	1101111000111010101—13		

Licking Gun Club.

C Bourner	1011111010010101111—13	Dennis	1111010011110111110—14
Madden	1011001010101011010—12	Cockran	0011111001111011111—14
Robbins	1110111110111001010—14	Kear	1000111110001100100—10
Thomas	0111111010111011111—16	Kibler	0111000110010111010—11
F Bourner	1111111100101111101—16	Hend'rsh't	1110010010111011111—11
Forrey	0010101111011111111—15	Gates	1000001100111011101—12
Harlow	0010110100000010110— 8	Swick	0111001100100100111—11
Shield	1111111001011010101—14		

McIntyre Gun Club.

Hall	1111011111001111010111111—15	Grimes	1110001101101111101111—15
W Schultz	1101010011101000111—11	Thomas	0000001010100101 01001— 6
B Schultz	1111101110010011010—13	J Hook	0111101101010000111011—11
J McElroy	1110111011011111110—16	Staunton	1111111111001100001—14
Harsch	1110101000001101101—11	Hartmey'r	1101000111101101111010—13
P McElroy	0101111011011111100—14	McElroy	1111110100000100111—12
D Hook	1001011010100111111—13	Blankenb'r	0111010011011011111—14
Smith	1001110101001001110—10		

Referee—O'Bannon; judges—Hopkins and Connoley; scorers—Williams and Sprague. Arrangements are being made for a second match between the same clubs, on the grounds of the Sherman Club, at an early date.—SEC.

ALLENTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Monthly shoot of the East Hill Gun Club, 30 Ligowsky clay pigeons, 20 singles and 5 pairs; N. G. A. rules:

Stamm	1111001100011111011	11	01	00	10	11—20
J. Fay	0111010100010101011	10	11	00	10	11—16
L. D. Strayer	1001010010001111000	10	10	10	11	10—14
J. E. Cable	0000001000101011101	00	11	10	11	10—14
S. H. Brown	1111011100111111011	10	11	10	10	10—22

SPARROWS AT THE TRAP.—The English sparrows used at the trap in the late tournament at Indianapolis gave the greatest satisfaction. At first shooters looked only at the pigeons on hand, but on the last day they took to the Englishmen and did not leave them until the last was killed. Out of 500 sparrows not one was an incomer, and all but two sprung from the trap on opening. Scarcely a bird was challenged, as the little fellows require straight holding by the shooter, and at once show signs of lead if struck.

MIDDLETOWN, New York, Sept. 24.—Match held under the auspices of the Middletown Gun Club, 15 glass balls, 21 and 24yds. rise, rotary screened trap, first prize a Colt's lightning repeating rifle, second prize a squirrel rifle, third prize a hunting coat. T. A. Weller 5, J. Gunther 5, C. Bachelier 11, W. R. Stewart 11, F. Hulse 10, G. W. Hunter 2, Wes Decker 7, Maj. C. B. Wood 7, A. Wengenroth 10, W. H. VanWinkle 9, C. H. Winfield, Jr. 6, J. Jacock 6, R. J. Clark 10, C. H. Seymour 11, G. W. Knight 9, W. H. Buchanan 6, C. H. Worcester 12, B. Bachelier 13, G. W. Case 14, S. Washer 14, V. Green 10, C. S. Miller 12, W. H. Crawford 10. Tie on first won by G. W. Case. B. Bachelier took second, and C. H. Worcester third. The match was a success in every respect. We have a flourishing club, club house, grounds and rifle range, and shoot practice matches every Thursday.—W., JR.

CAMDEN GUN CLUB.—Camden, N. J., Oct. 5.—Sixth and final match for gold medal that has been offered for the past two years to the member winning it three times. It now becomes a permanent and useful fixture to Mr. Simon's watch chain, and, as yesterday's score indicates, he has earned it. Match at 10 pairs globe flights, 7 Ligowsky screened traps, 4th notch, 18yds.

Armstrong	11	11	11	01	11	11	11	11	01	11—18
Simon	01	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	11—18
Austermuhl	00	10	11	11	10	10	11	10	11	11—14
Milliette	01	01	01	01	11	11	01	11	11	01—14
MacMiller	11	11	10	11	11	10	00	11	11	11—16
Shute	10	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	10	11—17
Williams	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	11	10—15
Cragin	11	11	01	11	11	11	01	11	10	10—16
Turner	10	11	11	10	10	10	10	11	11	11—15
Forbner	01	10	11	11	11	10	11	10	10	11—15

Ties, Armstrong 00 11 01—3; Simon 11 11 01—5.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—The next tournament of the N. G. A. will be held at Macon, Ga., beginning on the second Tuesday of January, 1886. The general manager's address is Matt R. Freeman, Macon, Ga.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

"SMALL YACHTS."

SMALL YACHTS: Their Design and Construction Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice, by C. P. Kunhardt.

IT IS unnecessary to introduce the author of the new volume entitled "Small Yachts." Probably no person is so widely known in connection with all that relates to the improvement of yachting affairs at home and abroad. In every nook and cranny the world over, wherever yacht or boat can float, the author's name has become a household word, and his labors have been cherished as gospel from the true fountain head. No one has wielded a wider influence or exercised more potential sway over the yachting interests of this continent. It is not too much to say that in obedience to the exceptional force and logical acumen of Mr. Kunhardt's prolific pen, added to an especial fitness in his chosen field, the aspect of yachting in America has undergone more radical transformation than all other causes combined have effected. Not merely was he the chief instrument in furthering the numerous modifications which model and rig have been put through during the past five or six years, but the healthier methods of pursuing the sport and much of the existing enlightenment upon all that bears upon amateur sailing, is directly traceable to his earnest and untiring work in behalf of the elevation of yachts and yachtsmen in our waters. So emphatically was his personality impressed upon the community at large that even his very words and phrases have since been enerafted, part and parcel, upon the yachting literature and gossip of the day. Scarce a paragraph appears in contemporaneous publications but the plumes borrowed from the original and incisive pen of the author of "Small Yachts" can be readily detected. From a source which had shown the capacity to nurse a "cutter boom" successfully through the tribulations of an inauspicious birth to the climax of an international trial and the permanent habitation of a large fleet of cutters in American waters, the public naturally looks for something out of the common in the new volume "Small Yachts." In this expectation they are not likely to be disappointed.

Though portions of the technical ground gone over in "Small Yachts" are not of the author's invention, he has contrived to relate in an attractive, popular, but accurate and comprehensive form that which in other works on naval architecture is apt to repel the student as tedious and involved beyond reason Moreover, the one and all-important point to the student, the practical application of the lessons set forth, has ever been kept uppermost throughout the whole volume. Indeed, the useful side of the teachings of naval architecture make up the burden of the first division of the book. Not in a single page does the author steer astray into the purely theoretical field. On the contrary, theory is dealt with only to the extent to which it can subserve the practical side of designing, and all which is purely inferential or speculative in character has been purposely thrown overboard as foreign to the subject matter and more likely to mislead than instruct. In "Small Yachts" we have a volume which is neat from beginning to end, brimful of information, of data, of sound counsel, and totally free from "padding" with irrelevant material and the chimerical theorizing so constantly reiterated in similar works without purpose, other than to support a claim to "scientific" attainments.

While strictly impartial in the record of established facts, "Small Yachts" is the reverse from dreary reading. The technical chapters can be taken up by any one with a smattering of boat knowledge and perused without break or halt, owing to the happy faculty the author has of imparting even intricate subjects in fluent composition spiced with a breezy dash, holding the reader's interest and leading him along in logical sequence from topic to topic in little mental skips. It has been truly remarked that the book "reads like a novel—you never know when to leave off."

Personal experience in all the details of modeling and designing enable the author to impart to the beginner the fullest instructions in the manipulation of the tools and the processes to be gone through in scheming out a vessel in wood or upon paper. To this the leading chapters are devoted. Not the least instructive are the opening pages in which the special sphere of both model and draft are insisted upon and supported by good argument. After accompanying the student through the draftsman's office with specific caution on all points likely to harrass the beginner, the actual plotting of the "three plans" of a yacht is undertaken, the sloop Schemer, well-known in racing annals, serving in explanation and also in exemplification of light draft construction. As the three plans are in general use for representing the form of a vessel, eight pages are taken up in their discussion, and it is safe to say that they elucidate the meaning and object of the various lines in their relations to one another more clearly and comprehensively than anything of the kind yet published. Following this the plans are taken up represented physically in the block, together with the opportunities afforded for experiment, and the weight to be invested in the comparisons instituted. The summary of this chapter is a key to the motive which has actuated the author throughout the book. Not merely are sundry disjointed observations related, but their relative value for practical purposes has been assigned to the separate deductions, to forestall erroneous conclusions by the review of everything in connected action. The line is distinctly drawn between tank experiments upon models subjected to tests of certain qualities one by one, and between complete physical reproductions of sailing yachts on a small scale, the former being condemned as illusive and the latter supported with the clear insight which has always given the author's writings much weight. "Taking off," the reverse of the process of laying down a vessel's lines, receives attention in a special chapter. The yacht operated upon is the Nuckel, a German keel sloop, peculiar in many respects, and interesting in itself from a designer's point of view. This chapter will serve to further familiarize the reader with the relation of the three plans to one another and enables him to ascertain the form of a boat hauled out upon the beach. This brings the book up to the second division, which is devoted to a consideration of the elements governing performance.

The causes of resistance are set forth in such a plain manner that all the untenable "beliefs" and vagaries hitherto current in the building profession must give way to a true appreciation of the subject. The various causes adduced are supported by citations from experience, with which every one is familiar, and the well-attested fact that large displacement or heavy weight and great draft may be driven with less expenditure of power than lighter, shoaler forms, will no longer appear paradoxical. The extent to which beam may be clipped and depth increased without loss in speed is of special application, now that the matter of large or small beam has become such a prominent issue in match sailing. A study of this chapter alone will be of great profit in freeing the builder from old-time antipathy to vessels of safe and wholesome form, and open the way to an abler class of yacht than the typical sandbagger on a large scale.

The following two chapters comprise a review of displacement and stability, both written to be understood even by hasty reading. It is not long ago that a bold individual offered to wager $1,000 that he could capsize any cutter in the harbor, and that he could see no difference between cutter and sloop in that respect. Probably a casual glance at the chapter on stability will make the challenger a trifle more conservative in the sum he proposes to stake. Although stability is dwelt upon at length in all works on naval architecture, the method of presenting and dissecting the subject is novel in "Small Yachts." It is agreeable reading and comprehended almost without effort at thought.

Twenty-eight pages are replete with the description of recognized rigs and the principles of propulsion. Innumerable points crop up which the author takes in hand in connected description, giving precedence to practically ascertained facts over theoretical inference and loose talk, as in all other portions of the book. The fifth element considered is beam in its relations to the yacht as a whole. This chapter is one of the most valuable and instructive in the volume. It deals directly with the "battles of the types" brought into such relief in recent years through the author's writings in FOREST AND STREAM and other periodicals. It contains in terse, precise language the pith of design, so far as it is affected by beam. The leading paragraphs will serve to show the stand taken in "Small Yachts." They run as follows:

"Few elements of design are properly to be estimated in their individual capacity, but only in their relation to others and to the vessel as a whole. Meaningless and illusive deductions commonly arise from neglecting the qualifying influence of attending characteristics."

"The most prolific source of popular fallacies is to be traced to a ceaseless search for the 'best proportion of beam to the length,' a hunt which it is needless to say will ever be futile."

"No proportion of beam to length can be singled out as 'the best,' for that hinges upon the *concurrent displacement*. An amount of beam perfectly admissible and contributing to highest performance in one style of boat would, in another style, be inviting palpable failure."

"While 'beam to length' is devoid of significance, 'beam to displacement' is really the controlling cue, where design as a whole is referred to length as the initial, and where performance is the issue."

The foregoing quotations with the arguments in support in the rest of the chapter not only represent the main features of design in an entirely new light, but would be difficult to disprove, now that we have witnessed the very highest speed in the best examples of extreme breadth, as in many of our orthodox centerboard sloops, in boats of moderate beam as in the Puritan, also in boats of the narrowest midship mould ever sailed, as in the fast cutter Clara. In the light of events, all in "Small Yachts" that seems at first glance a startling departure from faiths once accepted, can be substantiated through the test of experience, and this gives to the volume an influence with the reader not derived from other works which fail to unite theory and practice on common ground.

Balance and its object, and handiness occupy several pages each, and then we come to a review of centerboard and keel. This will prove live reading. Its composition, while delightfully combative, displays such accurate process of reasoning, such well balanced thought, and so much that is instructive, that the student will regret its termination and wish there were more of the same kind. So much nonsense and so much fable is current about the assumed superiority of the centerboard as a direct contributor to speed that a chapter covering the hoary question of centerboard vs. keel deserved a prominent place in a book intended to disseminate accurate knowledge and dispel the wordy quackery of superficial observation. We feel certain that after digesting the case as presented by Mr. Kunhardt, the student will rise with the cobwebs effectually cleared from his mental vision for all time. A vast amount of ink has been spilled in a desultory way anent this very matter, but without reaching nearer the end than we were in the beginning, yet five short pages in "Small Yachts" suffice to shed light where darkness has so long prevailed, and once for all remove the so-called "question" from further discussion. The force of the author's logic is challenging, and it would take an adept to meet him, if indeed an adept could be found to take exception to direct evidence from experience which is indisputable.

We shall now give the book in a general way, but in turning over its leaves find so much pith and so much point in almost every line that nothing short of this can do the publication justice. Design in its unity, the next chapter, is a characteristic summary of the disposition of bulk and rounds up with a dissection of the various theoretical "systems," upon which the author places little store in comparison with more primary and influential essentials. Six pages cover the actual "Computations," they being of subordinate value, according to Mr. K., and spliced into the body of the book for the benefit of those who delight to "juggle with figgers." The second grand division of the book winds up with a chapter entitled "Theory and Practice Compared." This may be termed a regular "rouser." It starts in with vim and is carried along with considerable animation. It is an arrangement of theory, of naval architecture in figures, as it is preached in the litterature given over to an assumption of knowledge which lamentably fails when applied to the wants of the profession in practice. We, in America, of all nations, pick practice in preference to theory and the American constituency will indorse the author in the stand he has taken, though from abroad the chapter may "call down derision from high quarters." This is, however, met in advance by the systematic refutation of the claims of naval architecture as a guide to the inception of design, and it is difficult to see how even the "highest quarters" can invalidate the author's argument on up the contrary on a firm footing.

The third division of "Small Yachts" comprises an array of examples of all types, systematically arranged according to their chief features, such as catboats, keel catboats, jib and mainsails, centerboard sloops, keel sloops of deep and light draft, cutters of large, moderate and small beam and a variety of craft of special build. Two or more examples are provided in each case, with full description and data in the text and illustrated in about seventy plates bound in the rear. One hundred and sixty pages are filled in this manner. Each yacht is dealt with separately, her points and performance examined, and advice given for alterations where desirable. The plates are executed in higher styles of art than anything of the kind yet published and show the author to be an accomplished draftsman and artist. A vast amount of detail information is to be gleaned from the plates, while explanatory diagrams and illustrations abound throughout the volume. Ironwork, lead of gear, construction, cabin accommodations and equipment are among the things the plates will disclose. Those fond of sailing in small yachts by themselves will be pleased with the very comprehensive treatment of their hobby in a series of articles on the models, rig, outfit and management of singlehand yachts. Directions for fitting out, laying up, the keep and care of yachts, boat building for amateurs, yachts' boats, yacht clubs, racing rules, official papers, etc., are grouped in a fifth general division and an appendix is added with the new rules of the road, a bibliography, etc.

The volume is printed on elegant gloss finished paper, handsomely bound, and in its mechanical features makes a most agreeable display.

HIKERS ON THE DELAWARE.

THE "hiker" is an aquatic racehorse, not more than 15ft. long, without a deck, with a mast away up in the bow, and with a single sail big enough for a good-sized yacht. The "hiker" does not carry any ballast except that which can move about on two legs. In other words, her crew of four or five men are her ballast. In order to utilize their weight so as to prevent capsizing, the unknown genius who invented the "hiker" devised the following scheme: Fastened to the centerboard, the mast and the lower yard of the sail are five or six ropes, which are long enough to hang over one side into the water. On the ends which go over the side are fastened bars of wood, and on these bars of wood hang the human ballast.

An admirable illustration of the working of this simple but rather moist device is afforded during every regatta of the Southwark Y. C. The Southwark is composed entirely of "hikers," either with a double or a single bow. When the starting gun is fired, from thirty to fifty racers dip across the line as their crews frantically haul up the sails. They continue hauling until such a spread of canvas is displayed that any spectator who was not acquainted with the use of the apparently useless ropes and wooden bars, which seem to be only in the way of the men, would say at once that the unballasted little boats would go over before the first quarter-mile was finished.

On they glide down the river, gathering increased momentum with each moment. Still their progress is comparatively slow, there being but a breath of air. The crews all sit staring at the sail and at the river behind. Suddenly the ruffling of the water tells of the coming of a puff of wind. The crew of each "hiker" scramble over to the windward side and perch themselves on the gunwales with the bars of wood in their hands. Perhaps the wind blows steadily—perhaps it strikes them in a gust. If the former, then the men sit where they are, balancing the craft simply by their all being on one side. But if, especially while tacking, the "hiker's" spread of canvas above proves too much for her and she plunges over, the captain yells frantically "hike over."

In an instant the ropes are stretched taut and the wooden bars disappear overboard into the water, followed by the men or the posterior part of them. Only their legs remain in the boat as they sit on the transverse bars and hold on to the ropes. Every other wave surges up to their necks, and often a dip to windward submerges them completely, with the exception of their legs, which flourish wildly up over the side of the boat, but when they reappear again the craft has been saved from capsizing by this sudden hanging out of from 800 to over 1,000 pounds on the windward side. Sometimes an entire tack across the river is made with the crew "hiking out" in this manner.

Sometimes, as they come about, in spite of their efforts, the wind proves too strong for them and the side they are sitting over is raised high up into the air. Then for a few brief seconds every nerve is strained as they pull on the ropes and hang, almost head downward, over the side. They may succeed and keep the boat from capsizing, or they may all execute a grand flying leap as the "hiker" goes over and they are thrown forward into the sail. This, however, happens only when there is an unusually strong wind or when bad management is shown in "coming about" at the wrong time. And, even if they do capsize, there is no harm done. Of course they are out of the race, but that is all. The tugs and steamers that follow pick them up and tow the half submerged boat back home again, where she is righted and bailed out.

On many of the races at least ten men are taken in each boat. They serve to keep her steady as long as the breeze is too stiff or the cruise is against the wind. But if, after the buoy is rounded and the wind dies away, the captain glances significantly at one of the crew, the yachtsman grins, pulls off his boots, and drops overboard. Perhaps he is picked up, perhaps he is not noticed in the excitement of the race, and left to take care of himself. In this case he calmly strikes out for the shore, half a mile away. Sometimes half a dozen men are dropped over in this manner from one boat, in order to lighten her and keep her rivals from crawling ahead. But woe to the captain who sacrifices too many of his men. There may come up an unforeseen wind and bowl over the too-lightly ballasted boat in the twinkling of an eye.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SLOOP OR CUTTER?

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the yachting season closes and the excitement of the international races diminishes, I think that in order to determine the amount of glory attached to the victory and the advancement made in yacht achitecture that a comparison of the present with the past defenders of the Cup would not be out of place. Everything about the defenders of the Cup up to the present one seems to be entirely original and thoroughly American. Commencing with the America down to the Magic, Columbia, Sappho, Madeleine and Mischief, not in any particular do they show a point of English origin. How is it with the present one? What has become of the principles maintained by Vixen and Shadow that we should surrender all we claim without a contest? The sloop advocates are welcome to all the consolation they derive from the victory of the cutter over the cutter, as the sloop had nothing to do with it; and it must have been gratifying to the cutter men when the Puritan was selected as a contestant, inasmuch as no greater backdown could have been committed by the sloop advocates. The Genesta fails to carry off the Cup, but she succeeds in sustaining her side of the argument and being in with the Puritan at the demise of the American sloop. LOYALTY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read Mr. Clapham's letter in your issue of the 10th inst., in which he ridicules the idea of Puritan being a cutter or having anything in common with that British monstrosity except outside lead and a long counter, and dogmatically pronounces her a sloop pure and simple. May I be allowed to ask Mr. Clapham through the medium of your columns what are the points which constitute the difference between the two other than the rig (for even he cannot but allow that in that respect Puritan is a cutter and nothing but a cutter)? Is it the possession of a centerboard, or is it the relative proportions of length, breadth and depth, displacement and tonnage? If the latter I am curious to know what he would have called the old Bucaneer. She was built in 1867, and for three or four years was cock of the walk, and did pretty much as she pleased in the 15-ton class until the gradual increase in length, lead and depth snuffed her out. Now we in our ignorance had always deemed her a cutter, and she was so called and classed, but doubtless Mr. Clapham can set us right on that point and give us her correct designation. Here are her dimensions: Length on L. W. L. 33ft. 9in., beam 10ft, 4in., depth from W. L. to rabbet line on keel considerably under 4ft. She had not a centerboard, but a deep fixed keel very much cambered, and her fore foot well rounded up. She had 1 ton 10 cwt. of lead on her keel, the remainder of her ballast (lead) was inside, making a total of 6 tons for a craft of 14 tons T. M. and 12 tons displacement. These proportionate dimensions would surely, therefore, qualify her to take her place in the ranks of the sloops even more than do Puritan's, particularly in the matter of ballast, as her outside lead was less than a fifth of her total, while Puritan's is considerably over half. Now, sir, being always anxious to call things by their right names, perhaps Mr. Clapham will kindly enlighten me and set my mind at rest as to which type the old boat really belonged. Was she sloop or was she cutter? If the former I shall always in the future when referring to a little ship of whose exploits I am naturally rather proud, speak of her with much deference as my old sloop the Bucaneer.

HENRY E. BAYLY.

EXMOUTH, England, Sept. 22, 1885.

THE SONG OF THE AMERICA.

THE following song appeared in an English paper shortly after the victory of the America in 1851. We have never seen it in print, though it was once well known here. We are indebted for the following version to Mr. R. K. McMurray, Brooklyn Y. C. to whom it was dictated from memory by Mr. Lester Schofield, Chief Engineer of the Mallory Line:

Come listen to my ditty, a song to you I'll sing
Of four and twenty yachting boys all anchored in a ring.
It was the Royal Yachting Club, the Queen of England's pride,
And pride of all the yachting men that ever hailed from Ryde.

CHORUS—"Where did she come from?"
"New York town."
"Who's her skipper?"
"Old Dick Brown."

It happened on a morning as the sun was shining bright,
A modest looking schooner came wing and wing in sight.
Whence came she or what was she no one of them could say,
For no one thought so small a craft came from America.

Then on she came as lightly as bird upon the wing,
And rounding to so noiselessly, cast anchor in that ring.
Her stern presents an eagle, spread from starboard side to port,
And that's the only ornament she wore of any sort.

'Twas then the Royal Yacht Club began to smell a rat.
Some thought she was some pumpkins, some thought her more than that.
But interchange of visits soon made it clear as day
That she was brother Jonathan's own America.

Then next our worthy Commodore a challenge did indite,
A challenge frank and bold and fair as any man could write.
He told the noble Wilton he would race his Yankee yacht
Against schooners, cutters, steamers, of the size he cared not what.

The regatta being open to the yachts of all creation
And we the only Yankee yacht to represent the nation;
We entered against fifty royal racers round the Nab,
And beat the best as easy as a dolphin beats a crab.

This touched the ire of good John Bull and raised his native pride
Said he, "I'll bet 500 pounds I'll find a boat at Ryde,
In sailing twenty miles and back will beat the Yankee Doodle,
Or I will freely tell the world that I'm a beaten noodle."

Now the yachting season's over and we've all had lots of fun,
The prizes are all handed to the victors who have won.
Victoria frankly gave us her heartiest approbation,
Allowing that when Yankees wished they could beat all creation.

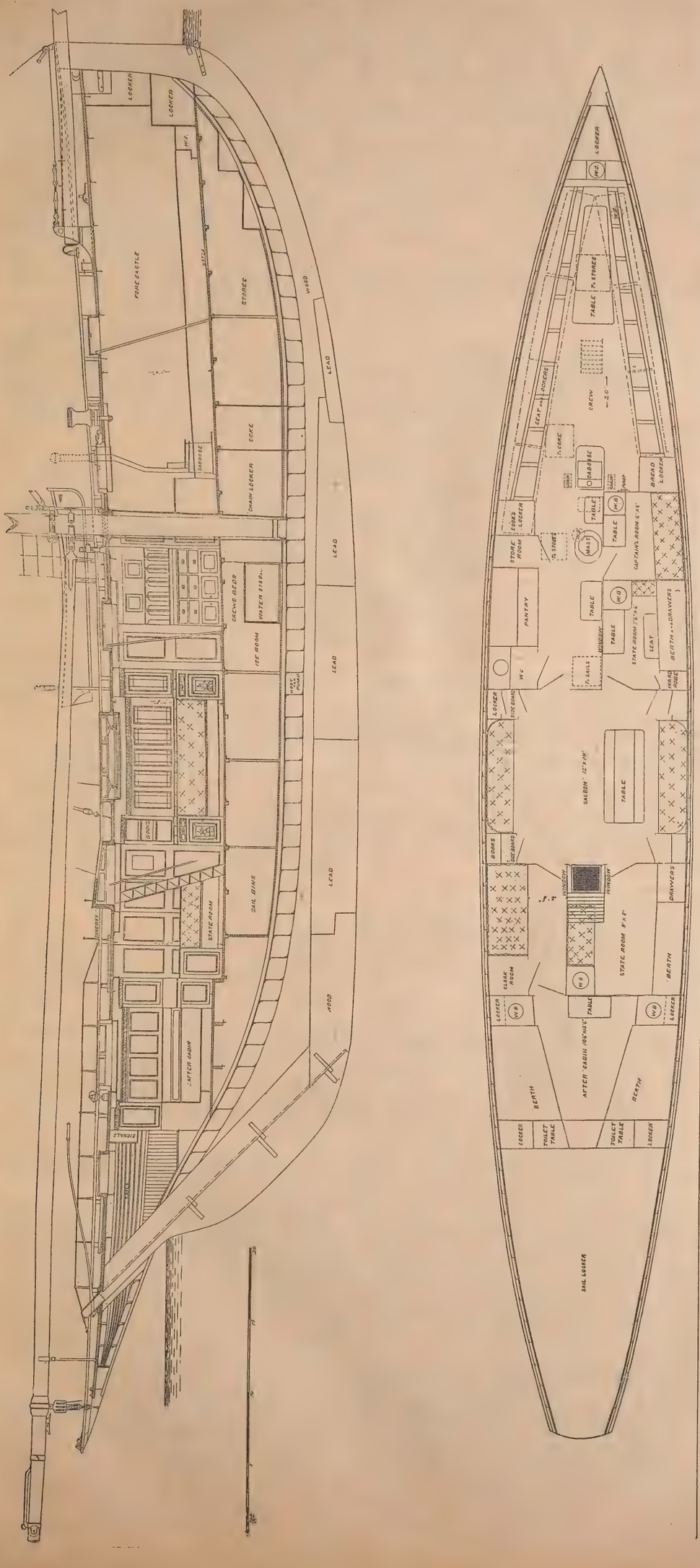
The good old tars of England looked on with sad surprise,
While others not so highly pleased all damned their blessed eyes,
The ladies pass and kiss their hands in token of adieu
While all the roosters in the coops crowed Yankee Doodle Doo.

DORCHESTER Y. C.—The ninety-second regatta of the Dorchester Y. C. was sailed on Saturday last, the final race for the Barnard Cup for catboats. Only four boats sailed, the day being foggy up to the time of the race. As Queen Mab and Flora Lee each had a leg previously the cups were awarded to them. This closes the club's season. The times were:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Queen Mab, Burwell and Litchfield	22.03	1 17 33	0 51 06
Niobe, J. R. Chadwick	20.01	1 20 03	0 51 20
SECOND CLASS.			
Flora Lee, D. H. Lincoln	16 09	1 25 37	0 52 46
Mirage, S. G. King	17.05	1 27 36	0 55 39

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GENESTA AND PURITAN.—We have received from Pach the photographer two handsome photos of Genesta and Puritan out of water, showing the entire forms of the boats. They can be had at 841 Broadway, New York, price 50 cents each. Mr. N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, has in press a list of views of the racers and many other yachts, which will be ready soon.

THE RACERS.—Priscilla has been hauled up at Harlan & Hollingworth's and stripped for the winter. She will be altered materially before next season. Puritan is now housed over at Beverley, and her crew have left her. Genesta shipped her short mast and bowsprit on Monday for her return trip.



GENESTA.

GENESTA'S voyage across the Atlantic and her subsequent performance here have shown very plainly her excellence in two important respects—first, as a safe and speedy seagoing cruiser, and secondly, as a racer superior in speed to all American yachts save one, and practically equal to that one. Under an easy seagoing rig and with no attempt to drive her she made the western passage in 22 days, or less than the time made by Cambria and Dauntless in their famous race. Such a passage made safely and quickly by a little boat only 81ft. long fully proves the seagoing powers of this type, and specially of Genesta, and since then we have had further proof in the Brenton's Reef race, when she came through some heavy weather at racing speed under her big mainsail.

Her claims as a fast racer in ordinary weather are placed beyond question by her races here. Though beaten twice by Puritan, a boat confessedly far ahead of all others, it has been by a small margin, only 1½min. in the better of the two races. The only other boats that have cared to face her—Dauntless, Grayling, Fortuna and Gracie—have been very badly beaten in all the races; and Genesta returns with substantial evidences of her superiority over all American yachts save one. In these two characters—as a seagoing cruiser and a fast racer—she is known to all who have followed her record in the papers for the past summer; but there is a third point, hardly less important than the other two, which is known only to the few who have been on board of her, but which is clearly shown in the accompanying plans, for which we are indebted to her designer, Mr. J. Beavor-Webb.

That she is not merely a racing machine, but in every sense a yacht, is well shown by the fact that for three months she has been the home of twenty-five men who have lived, eaten and slept on board continually in spite of the work and confusion of hard racing. The service required of the average American yacht of like size is one thing, there must be room for afternoon sailing parties from New York or Newport, some place where a crew can be stowed away, a place for a big galley, and sleeping space for owner and guests, frequently with most of them berthed on sofas in one cabin; but how many of them are fitted to give room for a score or more of men for a length of time, with space for stores, water, coal, and other requisites? On Genesta all this is done, in what manner is shown in the two plans. In the wide boat there is but one level, all is on one floor so to speak, only water tanks and chains being under the cabins, while sails, stores, luggage, ice, coal and similar articles needed on a long cruise, are stowed in the wings or in odd corners, as best they may be. The modern cutter, on the contrary, is arranged on an entirely different plan. Instead of one there are two levels or stories; one, the main portion, being only the living space of the owner, guests and crew; the other, out of the way and hidden from the casual observer, being a separate storage space for everything not in constant use. Two main ends must be kept in view by the designer, to provide pleasant and comfortable quarters for the owner and his friends, a floating home perhaps for months, and also to accommodate the large crew required in racing, giving them roomy and airy quarters. The steward's department also demands considerable space, as it is no small matter to care for the wants of twenty five or thirty men with salt air appetites.

In a small cutter, a 5 or 10-tonner, of modern type, narrow beam means literally an extreme breadth of 5 to 7ft., or in the case of a ½-tonner, not much more than 4ft. breadth inside the cabin, which, in spite of the accompanying advantages of length and headroom, is really a very small space measured by the true unit of size, the average man. "Narrow beam," however, is relative, not absolute, and the proportions of a Chittywee or Currytush, when expanded to a 90-tonner, not only give plenty of space, but give it in the shape that is most valuable to the architect. Though still a 5½ or 6-beam boat, the 90 has a width of 15ft., which gives a saloon over 14ft. wide inside, with a corresponding length, while the deck area is proportionately large compared with our unit, the height of an average man, or more properly the space which a man requires to move freely. Looked at end on or from above, the boat is ridiculously narrow, standing on deck there is a breadth of six paces from rail to rail. Bulk for bulk, the narrow boat offers to the architect facilities for an economic arrangement of space that no wide models can. In the former the space is in the shape of a long, deep block, readily divided in large and small rooms with the least possible waste from the curved character of the planes that bound it. From apron to archboard, from keelson to deck, the space may be subdivided without waste. In the wide, shoal boat on the contrary, even supposing the cubical contents to be the same, the central part of the boat is divided into several rooms of greater or less size, necessarily with little height in a vessel of less than 100ft. waterline, while in the ends, the wings on each side, and under the floor is a large amount of space divided into small triangular compartments, many of which are of no use, being inaccessible, while the best of them badly fill their purpose. Added to this is the centerboard trunk, monopolizing 15ft. of the best space in the boat, with an arbitrary bulkhead that cannot be pierced with doors or otherwise meddled with. It is firmly fixed, an intruder that is always present, occupying the space most essential to a proper arrangement, and dictating to the architect in unyielding terms.

In such a vessel as Genesta the space is in the most advantageous form and another benefit is gained from the me hod of construction, as the steel frames occupy little breadth and reduce the thickness of the sides.

Being a racing yacht, the crew's quarters must be very large, the total length of the forecastle being over 23ft. from the bulkhead aft to the locker at the fore end. In a cruising boat, or one that only raced half a dozen times in a season, this space would be cut down considerably, giving another stateroom. Going first to the owner's apartments, the companion opens directly into the main saloon, a room 14ft. wide, 12ft. long and 8ft. high, lighted and ventilated by two skylights. The walls are handsomely paneled with walnut and the two sofas upholstered with a dark material, the finish, as in all o her parts, being plain but elegant, hard woods tastefully combined, dark hangings and an entire absence of silk plush and jimcrack work. Both in the general plan and in the minor details nothing is neglected that would help to make a comfortable home of the yacht, but there is an absence of show and luxury that will at once commend itself to all true yachtsmen. On each side of the cabin is a large sofa, offering a bed if necessary, but the boat is so planned as to afford staterooms for all, the cabin being parlor and dining room only and not, as is often the case in the average sloop, converted into a dormitory at night as the only way of utilizing the space in the wings. At the head of each sofa is a sideboard with a small closet above. At the foot is a second sideboard, each having a drawer above it, as shown, and above this a bookcase, the shelves filled with modern works, mostly books of travel. A large swing table, always level, occupies the space in front of one, the sides hanging down when not in use. This room is used only as a parlor, library or dining room; no one sleeps there, no sails are stored there and it is always in order. Opening from it forward are two doors, one to port leading to the galley and men's quarters, and one to starboard leading to a stateroom 7½×6 ft. and as high as the saloon. This room is fitted with a berth with drawers underneath, a movable seat in front of the berth, a table, small sofa and a washstand, the latter with folding top, making a table when not in use, as do those in the other staterooms.

In the center of the after side of the saloon is the companion to the deck, the opening being closed with two half doors. At the front of the stairs is a grating leading to the lower hold and serving to ventilate it. On each side of the stairs is a window, one lighting the stateroom and one the passageway aft. On the starboard side of the stairs is a door opening into a stateroom 9x8ft., furnished with berth, drawers and toilet table, washbasin and sofa, the later partly under the stairs. On the port side of the stairs is a passageway 2ft. 8in. wide, leading to a large after cabin. On the side is a sofa and drawers, while next to it is a large closet for oilers and coats, a great convenience. The after cabin, 10½x13½ft., is fitted for two persons, there being a berth on each side with drawers under each. At the fore end is a washstand with closet above, and at the after end is a toilet table and closet. The room is large and well lighted and aired by a skylight on deck. At the side of the passageway was formerly a berth in place of a cloak room, but this, as well as a second berth, were removed some time since. The bathtubs are placed under the floor.

This completes the owner's quarters. Going forward by the door on the port side of the saloon, the next room is the steward's pantry. This is fitted up with a mess table for the officers just abaft the mast, and a large dresser for china and glassware. There is a hatch in the deck just abaft the mast, and one below it in the floor, the sails being passed up and down here without being taken through the saloon. Going on forward is a storeroom and cook's locker to port, and on the starboard side is the captain's room, 6ft. square and very neatly fitted up.

The forecastle is not only very large but is also high, the distance from floor to deck being 7½ft., and it is both light and airy, surpassing any of our largest American yachts. Plainly and neatly finished, it is kept scrupulously clean at all times. At the after end is the stove, a rather small affair, but fully equal, in skilled hands, to all requirements. Near it is the fresh water pump and bread locker. Along each side are lockers used as seats by day, and also for the crew's clothes, and above these at night the hammock beds are swung, as shown by dotted lines. Wash basins and other lockers are also provided, and at the extreme fore end is a large table. The fore hatch, just forward of the capstan, is a section of oval steel tube.

This finishes the living part of the ship, but there is still a large portion unvisited. Going aft on deck, first there is an oval hatch, opening into a large sail room in the counter, ceiled and divided into sail bins. Here are stored sails, lines, and other articles in frequent use on deck. Now going back to the forecastle, directly under the

forehatch is an opening in the floor, leading not into a confined and dirty bilge, but into a large space extending the entire length of the ship. Below the floor of this lower hold are the ballast spaces, between the iron floors, one of them being marked "hose for pump" in the drawing. What bilge water there is collects here, and the hold is kept dry and sweet. Forward are kept various stores and provisions; then there is a bin for coke, the chain lockers next to the foot of the mast, and abaft the latter is the fresh water tank, holding 378 gallons. Abreast of the tank are stowed each day the forecastle beds, thus getting them entirely out of the way. A hatch abreast the mast on port side gives access to the paint, gear by is the ice room and bin for vegetables, and still further aft are the sail bins where all extra canvas is carried. A hatch in the deck and one directly below in the floor gives access to the sail bins, which are ranged on each side of a central passage. Each sail in its bag is sent down and stowed in its proper place, and the saloon is kept entirely clear. All weighty articles, chain, watertanks, ice, etc., are stowed far below the waterline, where their weight does some good, and in the construction the upper works have been kept as light as is consistent with strength.

The keel, stem and sternpost are of wood, while the frame is of steel. The floors, angle frames and deck beams are shown in section. The inside ballast, only two tons, is stowed between the floors directly on top of the keel. Last winter ten tons of ballast were removed from inside, the lead shown in the present drawing was dropped 3in, and in this space, between it and the wood keel, the extra ten tons were placed, increasing the outside ballast to 70 tons.

On deck the fittings are no less perfect than below, the iron work being specially noticeable. The bowsprit ships in the center, the gammon iron and span shackle for forestay making one very neat forging. The heel of the bowsprit ships between strong but light wrought iron bitts, the starboard one being hinged to allow the heel to swing to one side in unshipping the bowsprit. To these bitts the forestay is set up with a double turnbuckle. The brass capstan is small and compact, but very powerful. The ironwork about the mast, the spidebands and gooseknecks for main and spinnaker booms all show the same care in design and workmanship that is evident in all parts of the ship.

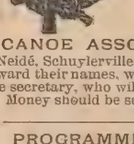
Galatea, whom we shall probably see here next season, is similar to Genesta in model, but is 5ft. longer with the same beam and built entirely of steel. Her interior arrangements are somewhat different and her fittings are much more elaborate, as she is the home of Mrs. Henn, who always sails with her husband. Both yachts were designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb, well known from the success of the 40-tonner Tara. Besides these three he has also designed a number of other yachts, large and small, Carmen and Medina, steamers, the little 5-tonner Freda, a fast 20 of the same name, a steam launch also a Freda, the Ventura, Medusa, Dandelion, Maggie, Whitewing, Partridge, Tern, Pulvia and many smaller yachts well known abroad.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

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AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $2 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE REGATTA PROGRAMME FOR 1886.

THE new Regatta Committee have begun work in good season for next year and are now busy with the race programme. The following letters contain some good suggestions, which are open for general discussion and commext as an aid to the committee in their work. The success of this year's programme, chiefly due to Mr. Gibson, adds weight to his suggestions given below. It is evident that the programme of regular races was too long, as any continued bad weather makes it difficult to carry it out. Mr. Gibson's plan for shortening it will meet the ideas of many, especially as if it should prove too short there are always extra prizes to be raced for. The best feature of it is that it calls for no change of the rules, which now seem to work perfectly in practice, the demand for even trifling changes being less each year. Thus far only one change has been suggested this season, an extension of the depth of keel, which we discuss in another place. The doubling up of the paddling races will be a decided advance, as it is now pretty well settled that the two leading sizes of canoes will be 28 and 30in.

It is fairly within the province of the Association to determine which are the proper sizes to encourage and to enact such arbitrary rules as may gradually exclude the odd sizes from the official programme, thus simplifying it greatly. Already the majority of boats will race very evenly in the 28 or 30in. class, and the few that will not can easily be accommodated with an extra race, for instance, of Rob Roys. The rights of all must be kept in mind, but still, at this date, the building of odd sizes must be restricted as much as possible. Builders are at last waking up to the importance of building to exact size and not selling a 29¼in. or 30¾ boat for a 30in. one, and canoeists must look to it in purchasing that their boats are of the guaranteed size. We all know that a 27¼in. boat or a 29in. boat is no better than a 28in. one, and it only means a little more care on the part of builders and users to secure a uniformity that will greatly simplify the rules and lessen the labors of the regatta committee and measurers. Two sailing, two paddling and one combined race are enough for the record, and any extra races can easily be arranged, as the time may make desirable. The annual races now are of interest to all canoeists, whether they take part in them or not, and they serve to a great extent as models for club regattas, so it is desirable to make them as perfect as possible and to this end we will be glad to publish any comments or suggestions calculated to aid the committee.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed I hand you a letter from Mr. R. W. Gibson, Chairman Regatta Committee A. C. A., 1885, written at my request, and as I have his permission, I desire it published, that the regatta committee for 1886 may avail themselves of the comments upon it and suggestions of others, in their meeting (Nov. 7) to arranze for programme for 1886 meet.

J. B. MCMURRICH,
Chairman Regatta Committee, A. C. A.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct 1, 1885.

J. B. McMurrich, Chairman Regatta Committee, A. C. A.:

I congratulate, not you, but the A. C. A., upon your appointment. I have been out of town or would have answered your letter earlier. I now gladly take the first opportunity to respond to your invitation to suggest changes in rules or programme for 1886.

I think the only change in rules which has been demanded is to allow more keel in order to give keel boats a better show against centerboards. It might be well (I don't urge it, however,) to allow added to keel clause an allowance of 3in. more for a length not exceeding 4ft. for rockered keel. But I do not believe more than one or two men want it. Keels are going out, not because of the superiority of boards in sailing, but on account of handiness and light draft, and to "let well alone" in this rule may be best.

As to programme, I have a decided opinion that it should be shortened if possible; as with all the prearrangement and early commencement it was hard to get it through this year and harder to get off extra races. In sailing races I would try omitting no ballast racers and would leave them for extra prizes, if members wish to encourage them in that way. I have always been the advocate of no ballast principles and methods, and have the satisfaction of seeing them extend rapidly, and would advocate the careful retention of the rules relating to them; but since the "no ballast" canoes show themselves so able in competition with heavier craft I believe it would be well to drop their special races for one year, as an experiment at least. The limited sail races give them some advantage. Sailing, unclassified canoes, had no entries this year and can well be dispensed with.

In paddling races I would strongly urge racing Classes II. and III. together—that is, boats under 30in. would race in one set and boats 30in. and over in another. There is very little difference in cruising canoes between 28in. (the prevalent Class III. size) and 26in. or 27in. boats, and there are fewer every year of these small boats. There is more inequality in Class IV. now than there would be in Classes II. and III. together. Two classes in sailing seem to be sufficient, and much will be gained by having only two sets paddling races. But I would leave the classification rules just as they are, simply altering programme—Event No. 1 (for example) Paddling Classes II. and III., 1 mile—instead of as on this year's card.

These changes will cut out five races and will give for each canoe two paddling, two sailing, and one combined race for record, without the upset race, which should be retained, but may be made a record race or not. This partly meets a suggestion made by a member that the record should be based on fewer races.

But the greatest benefit would be in cutting down the programme to sixteen races without disturbing rules and without barring anybody.

I was contemplating writing such a letter as this to FOREST AND STREAM, so if you think your committee would be assisted by comment upon these suggestions by other members you are quite at liberty to send it for publication.

Anything further in my power to aid your work you may command of me.

ROBERT W. GIBSON.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1885.

THE RECORD AGAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that in his opinion the Record should be done away with, and asks us if this is not our opinion also. His reasons are: "A Class A man beating another man only scores 10 points, while a Class B man, beating twenty others, also scores 10. That this is wrong is proved by the fact that the second man in a Class B race may score 9½ points, but the second man in a Class A only scores from 1 up, according to number of starters. [He means here, not starters, but those who finish.—Ed.]. As an instance, last year four started in the heavy board race, Isabel won, scoring 10, Boreas was second and got 1, but if the other two had punished themselves by drifting along until they had finished Boreas would have had a prize and scored 7 in the Record, putting her up quite a distance. I think I've studied the Record more than most people and it develops some astonishing things. I don't think the upset should be a Record race. There are many men like myself who do not care to upset and have not the physical strength to do it properly. I hold that muscle has too big an advantage in the Record, and skill has very little show. A man like Johnson can be certain of winning all his paddling races, but in these days of good sailors no one can be certain of winning a sailing race or even of having a place in it."

That the Record as it now stands is not perfect let us admit at once. It has been improved since last year in one point, that of counting the starters, irrespective of whether they finish or not, in calculating the points credited to those who finish. The record is designed to be as fair as possible to all. It is unfortunate that the winner must always get 10 no matter how many start—but any other way yet suggested is not as good. If the winner's points depended on the number of canoes entered in all races, the winners of the three B races would be sure to get the prize for record, as so few comparatively start in other races. When he takes a case of two canoes in Class A, and twenty in Class B, he comments upon a rare case. More than two canoes usually start in the A races. He does not say that 9½ points are too much for a second in B, but infers that 1 is too little for the A man. In any other case than this the Record is fair, being a mean between the scheme of counting points by entries and that of counting the first boat 10, the second 9, the third 8, etc., or some similar plan, no matter how many starters there may be. If any improvement on the second boat getting 1 can be suggested, the regatta committee will no doubt greet it with open arms, as it has again and again come up in club records, where but few start anyway. The example our correspondent cites is valueless, as at this year's meet the rule was changed as noted above, and had the gentleman sailed Boreas at the meet with the same result as last year he would have received the 7 points.

The Record was intended to add interest to all the races included in it, and surely it has accomplished much, as the last meet showed. The upset race was not included in '84, but the committee decided to put it in '85 programme, and because some men do not care to go in it is certainly no reason why it should be taken out. Many men have not the physical strength to paddle a race, but paddling races should not be dropped therefore. The Record is to show the best all round men and canoes, and does not interfere with the regular prizes in such races, but adds to them. If Johnson should drop out and some one appear with a canoe that could take all the sailing races our correspondent's argument would then fall through. This is just as likely to occur as it is that Johnson in future will be sure of winning every race he goes in, because he has done so for two years, when he had specially set out to win and not another man who paddled against him had done so.

It seems to us that the results thus far have justified the existence of the Record, added to the interest of regattas, induced men to enter races who otherwise would not have gone in, brought out weak and strong points of certain models, and put a check on the over active tendency to build paddling and sailing machines, pure and simple. We therefore still favor its retention.

SMALL CRUISING YACHTS VS. CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the late articles in your paper concerning the respective merits of cruising canoes and small cruising yachts with interest, and am glad to see the ready response of numerous canoeists on the subject, although any person at all acquainted with canoeing would not abandon it for the reasons set forth by "Deja" in his several letters. In "Deja's" first letter he takes rather extraordinary ground, or at least it would appear so to the average reader. He starts out with the bold and sweeping assertion that canoeing is ruined, and all on the account of a certain German canoeist who, in some slight fit of insanity, put forty pounds of lead on the keel of his canoe, probably as an experiment, which, I dare say, has proved a failure before this time, as it would destroy one of the principal good qualities of a canoe—namely, buoyancy. Not content with this, he starts out on another long tirade, discussing canoes in general according to his somewhat limited experience, as his succeeding articles have proved, and says that a canoe is lacking in nearly all respects, having no freeboard, depth, etc.; in short, lacking all qualities which she should possess. Just here I would like to interrupt him and ask the question, What is a canoe? As he has shown that he is unable to answer that question, I will try and answer it for him.

A modern cruising canoe is a boat which combines to the greatest extent the qualities requisite for both inland and open water cruising; in the former including the running of rapids, traveling on canals and shallow streams, as well as broad river work; in the latter consting, with a moderate amount of rough water usage, although canoes have been known to stand up in a gale where all other boats twice their size would be at a discount. This has been fairly proved and is now generally known by the boating public, although it does not seem to have reached "Deja" yet. He then goes on to relate that "the present models of canoes before the public" are all in some particular, which he has found out, wanting, and he "having spent considerable time and money on them," has given them up as a bad job, and with the valor of a knight of old comes to the rescue with the *ne plus ultra* of a cruising craft, namely, one with 21in. draft and a hundred pounds of lead on the keel, with sails as the propelling power, looking down with scorn upon the poor canoeist who finds it to his advantage to use the paddle if the wind gives out, or in an emergency like that described by "Deja" in his article of Sept. 10. In short, to sum it up, he expects to make his 21in. draft cutter-canoe with her 100-pound lead keel run rapids, walk over sandbars, and pull herself out on shore at the word of command, as he carries no paddle nor oars to give her a lift on such occasions, but expects the wind to "do his blowing." How he is to get to shore if the wind leaves him on an open stretch of water is a mystery, unless he unships his mast and resorts to some of the much-dwelt-on poling, or rides at anchor all night, with the cheerful prospect of being run down by some steamer, together with numerous other incidents which go to make joyful the life of a cutter-canoeist.

In response to the candid questions asked by "Rob Roy" he makes rather a weak defense it must be confessed; what he will do if other canoeists bring up some more of the qualities of the canoe is hard to determine. He says that his boat will admit of landing anywhere a canoe can be landed. I would like to believe him, but I hardly see how it is to be done. According to his drawings his cutter canoe is nearly 4in. in draft at bow, with an additional extension of 6in. Now, suppose he is coming before the wind just fast enough to make a landing without smashing things, and is headed for a shelving sandy beach. 8in. deep 10ft. of shore (not an uncommon instance on the sea shore). He gets within 5ft. of the shore and owing to the peculiar shape of the keel grounds hard and fast; not having a paddle he stays there or wades ashore. Take the canoeist in a canoe of 6in. draft. He approaches the shore under moderate headway, and grounds 7ft. off shore; thanks to the buoyancy of his craft, and with a few more well directed thrusts reduces the distance to 3ft.; he now steps nimbly on deck with the painter in his hand (the canoe remaining upright due to her flat bottom) and jumps quickly ashore, afterward hauling his canoe up high and dry.

In making a carry as well as in sailing "Deja" takes it for granted that a cart and a breeze are always on hand when wanted; but in my few experiences I have found it just the reverse. His proposition about the haymaker's barn is so ridiculous that it deserves little notice. I was not aware that farmers had formed the somewhat peculiar custom of planting barns at points along or near watercourses where cutter canoeists were to be found without a breeze, and as to that romantic idea about walking home I don't think "Deja" would enjoy the "golden twilight" so much as he might after he had tramped the five or six miles between his last acquaintance with a breeze and his home, particularly at the end of a hard day's cruise. One short trip by rail doesn't amount to much; but one every other time you take a cruise during the summer would make canoeing nearly as expensive as yachting; it is cruising by rail and not by water, and consequently it is away from the subject of canoeing. In his reference in regard to the sleeping accommodations of a canoe nothing need be said. It is a well-known fact that Dr. C. A. Neidé in his 3,400 mile cruise used his canoe almost regularly for that purpose, and if his looks go very far it is safe to say that he didn't lose very much sleep on the voyage. W. K. S.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Deja," having sought to kill a mosquito without building his trap, seems to have set the whole swarm buzzing about his ears. He will not get much sympathy either, I imagine, if for no other reason than his attempting to detract from Puritan's grand performance by calling her a cutter. Has he ever paused to consider? Have any of our "upland sailors," who have so much to say, considered the fact that Puritan is about one-sixth smaller than Genesta, and yet allowed time to the latter? However, "Dot," Rob Roy," and other representatives of the pretty little butterfly boats have swooped down on him, and one thousand to one are heavy odds even against a man who has the genius to design lead keel boats with planking one-eighth of an inch thick. Why don't he try his hand on fiddles? So, "Deja" having stated that he cannot race this season, and some wielders of the paddle seeming to hanker after victims new, I would like to take "Deja's" place, for this occasion only, and offer to match a 15ft. sharpie against "Guenn's" 15ft. canoe (if such be her length), the loser to subscribe $25 as he proposes. My boat is very close to 15ft. extreme length, and draws 6in. water, centerboard up. I built her for my own use two weeks ago, as a ducking and pleasure boat.

It will give me great pleasure to try conclusions with "Guenn" in a windward and leeward race at any point between here and New York city, on East River, Harlem River, or Long Island Sound. My offer is made in good faith, and if the canoeists begin to personally abuse me because I do not believe their craft capable of beating Genesta outside of Sandy Hook, well, I'll run 'em down with my sharpie the first time I catch them off Roslyn Harbor. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Oct. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot help believing "Katrina's" frank avowal that his knowledge of the sneakbox is limited when I read his accompanying assertion that a canoe "will both outpoint and outfoot the box to windward, in rough or smooth water, and also beat her comfortably running free." A sneakbox of 14ft. length can stand up under almost twice as much canvas as any canoe of the same length, and I never sailed one that would not compare favorably with a catboat in going to windward. With my Barnegat cruiser I overhauled and passed an oyster sloop of four or five times my burthen and three times my spread of canvas running free last week, from Sewaren to Perth Amboy, on the Staten Island Sound. The oysterer was "running light" to Prince's Bay for a cargo and was a trim built and finely modeled craft, too. I don't for a moment believe that the Barnegat cruiser will take the place of the light canoe. Their fields are entirely distinct. The light canoe and the paddle for river cruising, rapids and portaging is still, as it always has been, my favorite; but for open water work, where sailing is a constant factor, or for a long cruise, part sailing, part rowing, and no portaging, a canoe or a canoe yawl cannot compare with the Barnegat cruiser for safety, comfort, ease and certainty; and if you want speed—which I do not so much care for—there is certainly no comparison between a canoe and a Barnegat cruiser. For paddling about a club house afternoons and for eliciting the admiration of one's lady friends the canoe will always hold its own, because the Barnegat cruiser to the unnautical eye is the "homeliest" boat that floats; but cruisers who do not incline to be dudes and all men who go afloat for the love of Dame Nature will, if they understand boats, admire such craft as mine. "Handsome is as handsome does," you know.

I could better convince "Katrina" of the excellent points of the Barnegat cruiser if he were to see her. As we do not live so very far apart it might be possible for him to drop in on me and take a look at her, or perhaps a short cruise in her. I should be always glad to exhioit her to any man of "Katrina's" stamp, although she is not yet fully equipped and fitted up. My address can be had from FOREST AND STREAM, and a card from that paper is a sufficient introduction.

SENECA.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE annual fall regatta of the Knickerbocker C. C. took place at the club house at the foot of 152d street and North River on Saturday, Sept. 26.

The first race was a special one for paddling in open boats between Messrs. M. G. Foster and Edwin Gould, distance one mile with turn, over a very rough course, and was won by Mr. Foster, leading by 15 seconds.

The second race was for sailing, and was called at 4 P. M. Course, a triangular one of about three miles. Entries:

	Time.
Class B, G. O. Totten, Essex C. C.	35 17
Freak, Class B, C. V. R. Schuyler B. C. C.	38 01
Inertia, Class B, Edw. Brown	Upset
Nettie No. 2, Class B., E. Fowler	Did not finish
Tiny, Class A, A. L. Gardner (once around)	30 00
Nettie No. 1, Class A, W. L. Green	32 35

Nettie No. 2 withdrew from the race in order to help the Inertia, and the Class A boats withdrew after going over the course once, and on account of Mr. Gardner fouling one of the stakeboats, and the race was given to Mr. Green.

The third event was a tandem race, one mile with turn. Entries:

	Time.
Laura, Messrs. M. G. Foster and E. C. Griffin	5 15
Freak, Messrs. Schuyler and Brokaw, B. C. C.	5 19
No Name, Messrs. Totten and Gould	5 30

The fourth race was for paddling, Class 4, one mile with turn. Entries:

	Time.
Laura, M. G. Foster	6 00
Daisy, G. O. Totten	6 05
Nettie, O. Lowenthal	Not taken

The fifth event was an upset race. Entries: M. G. Foster, C. C. Taylor and George Cox, Ianthe C. C. The race was won by Mr. Foster, with Mr. Taylor a good second. Mr. Cox did not succeed in upsetting his boat.

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."—The author of the song is Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, who is living, at the age of seventy-one, at St. Louis. Of the author and the song the St. Louis *Republican* says: "Her volume of poetry, which appeared in 1880, contained 156 poems, a collection of the best efforts of her long and busy life, the most pretentious being that of "Leoline" and the one held in highest esteem by William Cullen Bryant, "Left on the Battlefield." Singularly enough very few people remember that Mrs. Bolton was the author of the famous song, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," which has been sung around the globe and paraphrased and distorted by alleged humorists until to-day only a few are able to recall its dignified, rythmical versification, although every man, woman and child on this continent would be quick to resent the insinuation of unfamiliarity with it. This song was written under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Bolton had been elected State Librarian of Indiana in 1847, and his duties included the care of the State House and grounds. During the excitement incident to the compromise legislation of 1850 Governor Wright invited the Governors of the Western States, North and South, to hold a conference at Indianapolis. This necessitated throwing open the State House for a reception, and the Senate Chamber needed a new carpet. Mr. Bolton purchased the carpet, but help could not be obtained to stitch it together, so Mrs. Bolton took the matter in hand, and sewed the carpet herself, working night and day until it was finished. Then she wrote the song, "Paddle Your Own Canoe." During the dark days from 1836 to 1845 she seldom wrote anything to which she was not prompted by some great occasion, but many of her poems of that description are worthy of remembrance, among them the poem written on the bringing home to Indiana of the remains of Gen. T. A. Howard, who died at his post while charge d'affaires at the republican court of Texas; the refusal of Gen. Jackson to accept the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus; the failure of the revolution in Rhode Island; the imprisonment of Gov. Dorr, and the death of Gen. Jackson.

MR. JOHNSON'S RECORD; A CORRECTION.—Our attention has been called to an error in our notes on the record in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 20, in which it is stated that Mr. Johnson made his record in 1884 in two canoes. The mistake was entirely unintentional, as the races that scored in the record were all won in the same canoe, and had the races won in two canoes been scored Mr. Johnson's average would have been much higher.

HARTFORD C. C.—The Hartford C. C. will hold their fall regatta on Oct. 10.

BROCKVILLE C. C. SKIFF RACE.—The concluding race of the Brockville C. C. for skiffs and canoes was sailed on Sept. 28, the course being around Old Man's Island, spar buoy, Oriental Island, and home, to be sailed twice. The starters were skiffs sailed by J. E. Chrysler, J. G. Findlay, H. Coates, G. C. McLean, M. Saure, R. C. Jameson, and G. Trourbeck, and the canoe Grebe, B. W. Richards. Findlay led the first round, with Richards second. On the last round the wind was very variable, dying out at times. Chrysler profited by a strong breeze and ran in half an hour ahead and winning the cup, leaving the others becalmed. Grebe finished second. Mr. Richards has sold the Grebe to another member of the B. C. C. and will build a new canoe this winter.

MORE OF THE TWO THOUSAND HEARD FROM.—We make the following extracts from a private letter to "Dot" concerning "Deja's" attack on him. "Thetis" writes: "Have just finished the FOREST AND STREAM. Now, who is 'Deja?' Is he not a vast joke of the editor, and does he exist only in imagination? I believe that you and the said editor are having a good joke on all the canoeists. Won't they pitch into you if they find that what I suspect is true." Com. Jones, of the Hartford C. C., writes us: "I accept with pleasure 'Dot's' nomination, and if 'Deja' sails in my home waters, the Connecticut River or Long Island Sound, from Larchmont to Watch Hill, I shall be pleased to sail the Venture against him."

SHATTEMUC C. C.—Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fall regatta of this club will take place Saturday, Oct. 10, at 3:30 P. M. The races are open to all. Canoeists are invited to attend. By communicating with the purser any information in regard to transportation will be furnished. There will be paddling, sailing and tandem races.—G. FISHER SECOR, Purser.

NEW YORK C. C.—The house has been hauled into the old Seawanhaka Y. C. basin at Tompkinsville, where it will be kept all winter.

OTTAWA C. C. RACES.—On Sept. 26 the tandem race took place between Hemming and Baldwin, Brough and Wheeler, and Wicksteed and Evans. Messrs. Hemming and Baldwin used single blades and Brough and Wheeler used double. The former crew led at the turn and also at the finish, with Brough and Wheeler second.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. S., New York.—We have made unsuccessful application for the lines.

W. Y. P.—1. The killdeer plover is edible. 2. Frogs may be caught by baiting a hook with a bit of red flannel.

F. B. P.—"Hallock's Sportsman's Gazetteer" is probably the best of its class. We will give the information about Frank Forester in a subsequent issue.

G. N. E.—The New Jersey law does not specify wild doves nor wild-fowl except woodduck (open season Sept. 1-Jan. 1). We cannot tell you about Bound Brook.

J. H., Lyme, Conn.—Can you inform me if there are any moccasin snakes in the counties of Accomack and Northampton, Virginia? Ans.—Probably both the water moccasin (*Toxicophis piscivorus*) and the highland or upland moccasin (*Toxicophis atrofuscus*) are to be found there.

D. B. G., Melbourne, Fla.—1. The turkey buzzards belong in the order *Raptores* (birds of prey), sub-order *Cathartides* (from Greek word *Kathartes*, a purifier), American vultures. 2. The bird you refer to is probably the sandhill crane. Send us a more detailed description of it.

PROFESSOR, Philadelphia.—You speak of the Philadelphia "fall" dog show. Should you not say "autumn" show. "Fall," used in the sense of autumn, is not good English. Ans. The word "fall" in this sense is good enough English for us or for any one else. It is older than the city of Philadelphia, and was correctly so used before there were any dogs in North America worth showing.

F. L. W.—I have an Italian friend who, having heard of our fast American yachts, wishes to have one of about thirty tons built here to race in the Mediterranean and the waters thereabouts. Please recommend model, rig, etc. Ans.—We commend you to send your friend a copy of Mr. Kunhardt's "Small Yachts," which contains plans and specifications of all types of yachts.

F. A. W., Northbridge, Mass.—1. A friend and myself have a small pond, ¾ of an acre, fed by a spring, clay and sand bottom, which we want to stock with some fish that are gamy, good food fish, that will do well and grow fast. What is your advice? Do you think trout or carp or what are the best? 2. Can carp be caught easily by hook and worm? I understand they won't rise to a fly, am I right? Ans. 1. If your pond is cool enough for trout they will find food in it and are the best. Next, for game qualities, stock with black bass. Carp will give the most food if the water is warm, but are worthless as game. No, the carp is a wary fish, and though it sometimes takes a bait, is not certain unless accustomed to being fed. They do not take the fly, as a rule, although one or two cases are on record of their doing so.

INFORMATION WANTED.

MYSTIC, New York, having ordered a new gun, wants to know of a good place to test its shooting qualities over partridge, quail, or gray squirrels.



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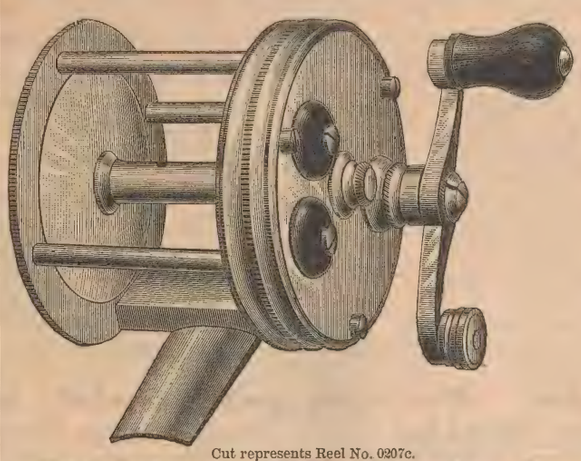
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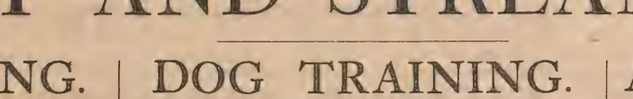
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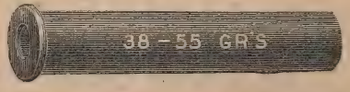
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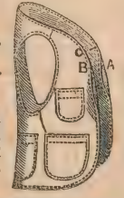
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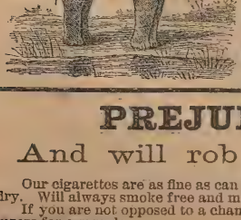
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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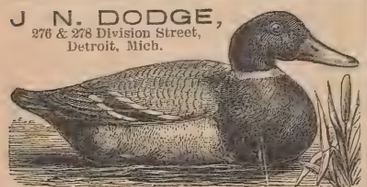
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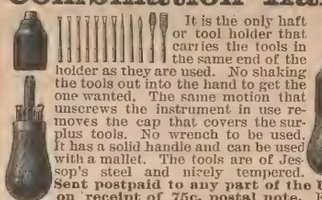
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THE ENTRIES TO THE ALL-AGE STAKE OF the N. F. T. Club will close Nov. 1. All communications address to B. M. STEPHENSON, Sec., La Grange, Tenn. oct8,tf

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Sporting Dogs Boarded & Trained
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FOR SALE.—ITALIAN GREYHOUND PUPS from imported stock. HENRY C. BURDICK, 150 Bridge st., Springfield, Mass. mar19,tf

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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TEACHERS FOR THE INDIANS.

WHAT shall be done with the Indians? What measures shall be taken to make them self-supporting, to civilize them, to fit them for citizenship? These are questions which possess an ever increasing interest for us all.

It is needless to refer to the past, to the horrible record of shame which must ever remain a foul blot on our boasted American civilization. That past we must lament, but its wrongs cannot now be remedied. We are too much accustomed to think that in years gone by the Indians were robbed and ill treated, their lands taken from them by force or fraud, and the supplies issued to them by the Government passed over to swindlers who hang about the agencies, and find it an easy matter to delude these simple and ignorant people. All these things, we say, used to be done, but better times have come and now the Indians are properly cared for. Unhappily this is not the case. The shocking story of the starvation of a tribe told on another page shows too clearly how utterly at the mercy of a dishonest or incompetent man these people still are. Nor is this an isolated case. The same year that the Piegans starved, the Assinaboines at Poplar River on the Missouri, lost one-third of their number from the same cause. A terrible amount of power is given to an Indian agent. He holds the welfare—indeed the lives—of the people under his charge in the hollow of his hand, and if he be dishonest or incompetent, he can work an inconceivable amount of mischief. And since among so many agents some are almost sure to be worthless, it is evident that by our present system the Indians are always in danger of suffering.

In years gone by, when many tribes were hostile, when an apparently inexhaustible supply of buffalo and other game roamed over the plains, when there were no railroads in the West and the settlements were few in number, the charge of the Indians ought to have been transferred to the War Department. Had this been done, hundreds of lives and millions of money would have been saved. But the political methods then in existence forbade this. To have given up the charge of the Indians would have robbed the Interior Department of a great deal of patronage and the number of places which might be given as rewards to political "workers" would have been decreased. Now, when the West is so rapidly settling up, when the game is gone and the Indians are dependent on the supplies issued them by the Government, there is less need of such a change. But the Indians must be protected, must be supported, must be taught that if a man would live he must work.

It is the fashion for those who have given no thought to this question to say, "If the Indian will not work let him starve." Such a remark shows an utter lack of intelligence on the part of the persons making it. One might as well say to a bricklayer, "If you will not make a watch you may starve." An Indian knows how to do certain things, because he has been taught. He can hunt, he knows how to set traps, he can follow a trail. But he does not know how to plow, or to drive a mowing machine, or to set type, or to navigate an ocean steamer. And why? Because he has never been taught. These things are all new to him. How should he understand them? If the Indian—the wild Indian of the plains and the mountains—is to become self-supporting he must follow the white man's road and work; but it is the duty of the Government which has taken from him his country and his food to support him until he shall have learned to work and to earn for himself that living which he made before he had been deprived of it by the whites.

Farming and stock raising are the only two methods by which the Indians of the West can become self-supporting. But a knowledge of farming is not born in a white man—and still less in an Indian—nor does a babe imbibe with his mother's milk experience in the stock business. These are matters of education. An Indian must be taught how to prepare the ground, how to sow the seed, to cultivate the crop and finally how to gather in the harvest. He must be taught how to use tools and implements, how to build houses and barns, and how to care for his animals.

At most agencies there is an employee who is termed the agency farmer. He is supposed to teach the Indians how to perform all the operations which we have enumerated, but as a matter of fact his time is almost wholly taken up in getting the agency crops into the ground, and in harvesting them. Even if he devoted himself wholly to teaching the Indians, he could accomplish very little, for on many agencies there are several thousand Indians, and on very few does the number run below one thousand.

The Indians must be taught how to cultivate the ground and raise crops, but this teaching must be done in an intelligent way. To every twenty or thirty families a farmer should be assigned, whose duty it should be to devote himself wholly to the task of teaching the men and older boys how to perform the various operations of farming. At first this cultivation would necessarily be in common, but after one season, to those who show a disposition to work, wagons and tools should be issued as they progress in knowledge, and they should be encouraged to fence and cultivate pieces of land for themselves, always under the supervision of an instructor. It would be well to have the agent authorized to purchase from them such portion of their crops as they might not need, paying them in tickets, with which they could buy at the agency store clothing, and such luxuries as they might desire in the way of food. Great care would have to be exercised in the selection of these teachers. They should be men of discretion and judgment, for the Indian is not accustomed to work in the fields, and will be easily discouraged if all does not go well with his crop, or even by the long continued work. Firmness, judgment and a patient willingness to explain things over and over again are essential requisites in one who is teaching Indians. They are, after all, merely grown up children.

Besides these farmers, who, however, must be the main dependence in this system of Indian education, there should be several carpenters and several blacksmiths; not, be it remembered, merely to do the agency work, which one man can easily attend to, but to instruct such Indian boys as may show a disposition to use tools. We have seen a number of Indians who were good blacksmiths, and as farming comes to be the pursuit of any tribe, there will be a great deal of this kind of work to be done.

We have touched very lightly on the measures to be taken to render the Indians self-supporting and self-respecting at the present time; only of the education of the adult Indians. In many tribes the men have already come to acknowledge the necessity of labor, and are taking hold with an energy that is most praiseworthy, though with an ignorance that is pathetic. They no longer feel that to work is disgraceful, and are ready, if the opportunity is given them, to put their hands to the plow.

The consideration of a far more important subject—the education of the young—must for the present be postponed. On this depends the future of the race.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S TRAJECTORY TEST.

AFTER ten days of field work the outdoor part of the trajectory trials is virtually concluded, and a portion of the immense amount of calculation over the screens has been made. When it is understood that there are between forty and fifty separate tests, each to be made at two distances and each again through three tissue paper screens, and then finally to introduce five as a multiplier, for each final trajectory is founded upon an average of five shots, the reader may form some idea of the amount of care and labor undertaken to get at that heretofore indefinite quantity—the experimentally-deduced line of fire in our standard American hunting rifles.

As the trials have been in progress we have been favored by visits at the range from many representatives of the firms interested, as well as by riflemen who take a personal interest in the question under trial. There have been many suggestions made and points of advice offered. Some of these opened up possible objections which might come up after the trials had closed, for none knew better than we the probability of hair-splitting theories and caviling censure which come in a subject such as rifle shooting, where there is so much rule o' thumb inaccuracy foisted upon a very narrow platform of fact, founded upon actual scientific experiment. It was to put a stopper to a great flood of much of this wild talk and absurd claim that this expensive and comprehensive series of tests were undertaken. They will present in a standard form just what the rifles of to-day, fired with a given ammunition and under specified conditions, are capable of doing—not in the way of accuracy, for that involves an entirely different system of testing, but what they do in regard to flatness of the flight line.

THE CANOEISTS AND THEIR CRITICS.

THE small war that has waged in our columns for a few weeks past between the canoemen and a rash critic who dared to make a fierce onslaught on their beloved boats, is not only amusing, but speaks well for the pluck and *esprit du corps* of the mosquito sailors, whose craft are measured in inches, but whose spirit is in inverse proportion to the tonnage of their boats, as any one who dares to question the many good qualities of the latter soon finds to his cost. They are certainly ready with their pens, and have charged with some effect on the latest intruder, and that they are no less ready on the water is proved by the challenges that the "cutter canoe" has received, but which unfortunately he is unable to answer this season.

More than a year ago a friend of the humble but convenient sneakbox ventured to assert its superiority to the canoe on all points, especially that of speed, and he met at once with an equally warm reception, both in controversy and in the shape of challenges, until he finally fled ingloriously from the field with the assertion that, though his boat was the fastest, he was not a racing man. After the poor showing our big yachts have made against the English visitor in all the open races, it is refreshing to turn to the fighting craft of the canoe fleet, whose owners are even now taking steps to provide an International Challenge Cup to induce English canoeists to visit us next summer, and one is apt to wish that some of the true sporting spirit and fondness for racing that is floating about in hundred-pound canoes could not be transferred to some of our hundred-ton yachts.

AMONG THE PERILS OF ANGLING mentioned in these columns was noted the case of a person holding a position of trust, whose prolonged absence was accepted as a proof that he had fled as a defaulter, but who was subsequently found to be on a fishing excursion where the fish were abundant. In contrast with this, a case has just come to light in which an implement agent set out ostensibly on a hunting trip, but actually to evade the officers of the law. The old joke of the hunter hunted was here repeated, for the fugitive was caught by the pursuers and lodged in jail.

GAME COMPUTATION.—In Oregon and Washington Territory they guess at the number of wild ducks and geese, making the figures as high as possible, and then multiply this by four. A Georgia man, in the Sixty eighth District of Burke county, who has seen three flocks of wild turkeys, with twenty to a flock, estimates the total number within two miles of his house as 2,000. The Georgia computation is a slightly more visionary method than that of the Northwest.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—The salmon fry placed in the streams tributary to the Hudson have thrived, at least there is evidence to show that some of them have done well. A letter on the subject will be given in our next issue.

THE FAMINE WINTER.

I.—ALMOST-A DOG'S STORY.

"MANY years ago this country belonged to the Pegunny. North of Belly River lived the Blackfeet; that was their country. The Bloods owned all the ground between Belly River and the Missouri. The North Piegans had their home north of the Cypress Mountains, and the South Piegans owned the country from the Missouri south to beyond the Yellowstone. Then my people were strong and many in number. When they went to war they had to go very far south, for the country was all theirs and their enemies dared not come on it. Only sometimes the Koottenais came out of the mountains, and we fought them. Far the men had to go to war, so far that it often took two seasons to make the journey; one summer they went and one they came back. Sometimes they went so far south that there were no more any mountains. When they made these long journeys to war their clothing would be all worn out before they returned, and because they had no women with them to make buckskin, they made for themselves clothes from the skins of coyotes and gray wolves, and moccasins from the skin of the shank of the buffalo, sewing up the end where the hoof was cut off. Things were so until the white men came. Then the country was all ours. Now the white men own it all, and we have to stay in one place; so little of our ground is left to us. We talk much about this among ourselves and say that the white men have taken all our country and never paid us for it. But what can we do? We are poor and weak now, though once very strong."

The speaker paused, and his face was clouded with a look of indescribable sadness as he recalled the former greatness of his people. He was a venerable Piegan, whose erect form and easy movements told little of his age. His long gray hair and his face seamed with wrinkles, and marked with more than one scar confirmed his statement that he was very old.

It was at the Piegan agency in Northern Montana. We were sitting in Mr. Joseph Kipp's trading store, and that gentleman was interpreting for me while I talked with Almost-a-Dog. Mr. Kipp had told me that he was one of the oldest men in the tribe, that he was truthful, had been a brave warrior, and although he bore on his person more than one scar made by the white man's bullet, he yet professed to have been ever a friend of our race. Almost-a-Dog and two others were the only ones left alive out of the twenty lodges of Piegans which were surprised in the Baker fight, and at that time he had saved the life of a white man who now lives at Fort Benton, Montana. I could feel when I shook hands with the old man the crooked fingers, crippled by a ball in that fight, and on his neck and cheek could see the deep furrow ploughed by another which he had carried for years.

"Father," said I, "when you were young what kind of knives did the Pegunny use?"

"When I was a young man and first began to hunt we used knives made of rock. Our arrow points, too, were of stone, but they were hard and strong. A man could drive one far into a buffalo. They were good for war, too, for the rock was poisonous, and the wound which they made festered and caused a bad sore, even if it did not kill at once. We made the arrow points of the black stone which comes from the South. Now we have none of the knives nor the arrow heads. All have been lost. With these weapons we could well kill buffalo. But before we had the elk dog (horse) we used to drive the buffalo into piskans, and over high cut banks, where they would kill themselves in falling. There is one of these places over on Two Medicine Lodge Creek, near Red Eagle's camp. That place was used by our fathers. It is sacred, and you will see there a pile of horns which have been gathered and given to the Sun. Once this pile was large and high, but now there are no more buffalo and we can no longer add to the heap."

"Tell me, Father, did the Pegunny have horses when you were a young man, and where did the horses come from?"

"Yes, we had horses when I was young. I have been told that the first ones we got came in this way:

"Long ago a Piegan warrior's secret helper—some beast or bird, I do not know what—came to him in a dream and told him about a lake, far away, where were some large animals which were harmless and which he could catch, tame and use to pack on, like dogs. And because they were large and could carry a heavy load they would be better to use than the dogs, on which the people then used to carry their packs. 'Go to this lake,' said his medicine, 'and take with you a rope, so that you can catch these large animals.' So the man took a rope of bull's hide, and went to the shores of the great lake, and dug a hole in the sand on the shore and hid in it. While he watched he saw many animals come down to the lake to drink. Deer he saw and coyotes and elk and buffalo. They all came and drank. After a while the wind began to blow, and the waves to rise, and wash upon the beach, saying *sh-h-h-h-h, sh-h-h-h-h.* And at last came a band of large animals unlike any that the man had ever seen before. They were large like an elk, and had small ears and long tails hanging down. Some were white, and some black, and some red and spotted. All colors had they. The young ones were smaller. When they came down to the water's edge and stopped to drink, his secret helper said to the man, 'These are the animals; throw your rope and catch one.' So the man coiled his rope and jumped up and threw it, and caught one of the largest of the animals. It pulled and struggled, and dragged the man about, and he was not strong enough to hold it, and at length it pulled the rope out of his hands, and the whole band ran into the lake and under the water and were not seen again. So the man went back to the camp feeling very sorry. And he prayed for help to Old Man, but he would not help him, but he said: 'Four times you may try to catch these animals. If in four times trying you do not get them, you will never see them again.' Then the man fasted, and made presents to the Sun and to Old Man, and prayed to his secret helper, and in a dream it told that he was not strong enough to catch a big one, and that he ought to try to catch one of the young, then he could hold it. So the man went again to the shores of the big lake, and again dug a hole in the sand, and lay hidden there. Again he saw all the animals come down to drink; the deer, the wolves, the elk and the buffalo. At last the wind began to rise and the waves to roll and to say *sh-h-h-h-h, sh-h-h-h-h,* upon the shore. Then came the band of strange animals to drink at the lake. Again the man threw his rope, and this time he caught one of the young, and this he was able to hold. He caught all the young ones out of the band, and took them to the camp. At first the people were afraid of these new animals, and would not go near them, but the man who had caught them told everybody that they were harmless. After a while they became tame, so that they did not have to be tied up, but followed the camp about as it moved from place to place. Then the people began to put packs on them and to ride them. And they called them *Pō-nō kah'-me-ta,* that is elk dog, because they are big and shaped like an elk and carry a pack like a dog. This is how the Pegunny got their horses.

"Some say that the first horses we had were found far to the south along a white man's trail. Anyhow when I was young we had plenty of horses.

"In those days the buffalo were very plenty. The plains were dark with them. Then we had meat enough to eat and robes and cowskins, more than we could use. Sometimes we got a white robe and that we gave to the Sun. There was nothing to do but to hunt and eat, and sleep and dance and sing. We were happy.

"My father and his father had told me about white men who had passed through the country before I was born. They had guns and knives and many other strange things that we had never seen, but they had come and gone. We talked about them, but did not expect to see them again. Then when I was a young man [in 1832] came Joe's father, and after him other white men. We were glad to see them come. They brought guns and knives, and beads and sugar, and traded them for robes and furs. Their medicine was very strong."

He paused for a moment and then broke out again:

"Our god is a poor god. He must be part devil, I think. See what your god has done for you; how strong he is. He has given you many things; guns and wagons and steamboats and everything that you could want, and he has taught you how to do many strange things, to put words on paper and to talk a long way off. Our god gave us nothing but the buffalo, and now he has let you cache them, so that we have nothing to eat. He cannot be strong or he would care for his people. He must be part devil. He has done nothing for us. We are poor and foolish. We know nothing and can do none of the things that the white man knows. We do not even know how to farm and make things grow. As long as we had the buffalo and plenty of ground we did well, but our god has let you take away our country and cache the buffalo and now there is nothing left to us. When the buffalo went away we were hungry. The agent had nothing for us to eat, and we starved. One-quarter of the people died. We knew, for we kept the count, and whenever a person died the chief of the band cut a notch in a stick, and when spring came the chiefs took these sticks to the agent and he counted them. The people who starved to death were mostly the young and the old. The little children wasted away. They had no strength to fight hunger and the weakness that comes with it. Their arms and legs grew small like my finger and then they died. The old people had nothing at all to eat, for those who were young and strong took from them what little food was given them by the agent. So they drew their blankets over their heads and waited, and one by one they went to the Sand Hills. That winter there were many dead persons. Out on the bluff south of the stockade you can see many graves where the bodies of those who starved were placed after their shadows [souls] had started for the Sand Hills. There were not trees enough on all the creek to hold the burial scaffolds, so many died."

II.—AGENTS AND THEIR WARDS.

When Major Allen, the present agent of the Piegans, reached the agency in March, 1884, he found matters there in a most deplorable condition. The man who had been his predecessor had represented in his reports to the Indian Bureau at Washington, that these Indians had eleven hundred acres of land under cultivation, and were practically self-supporting. As a matter of fact there were about forty acres of land broken, on which had been raised the previous year a few oats. Just what the object of this false report was cannot of course be known, but it is supposed that the man wanted to make a good record for himself at Washington, and hoped that by carrying on his agency in an economical way he would retain his position for a long time. So he reported 8,000 Indians at the reservation—when the real number was under 2,500—and that they were practically self-supporting. His last estimate for provisions for the ensuing year called for about enough to feed the 2,500 that he had there for three months.

Up to the summer of 1883 the buffalo had been sufficiently numerous to feed the Indians, so that they were by no means dependent on the supplies issued to them from the agency, but that summer the buffalo disappeared, and they had to depend entirely on the Government supplies. These being wholly insufficient, they turned to the smaller game of the prairies, and killed almost all the deer and antelope on the reservation. Fortunately it was a great berry year, and the women collected and dried a crop of these fruits far larger than is customary. It did not take long to clear the reservation of antelope and deer. The prairies were scoured, and the crecks and ravines so thoroughly hunted that, by the time winter set in, almost all the wild meat that was within reach had been captured. It is true that there was a little game in the mountains, but the Piegans are essentially a prairie people, and never hunt in the mountains if they can help it. They are afraid of them because they know that bad spirits hide among the peaks, and there are many bears in the timber. Really then during the winter they had nothing to eat except the berries which they had dried, and the scanty supplies issued them from the agency. These were at first half rations, but as time went on even this issue was reduced, for the agent cared little about the sufferings of the people, but a great deal about making his supplies last to the end of the year. Toward the end of the winter he was removed, and shortly afterward Major Allen reached the agency.

He had heard rumors of the suffering among the Piegans, and when he reached Helena these rumors were confirmed, and he telegraphed the facts to Washington. Continuing his journey he reached the agency, and there was informed by his predecessor in office that the Indians had plenty to eat. Their wretched condition could not long remain a secret, however, and the new agent began an investigation for himself.

The story of the frightful suffering which he found among these hapless people is most heartrending. They were dying, literally of hunger, at the rate of from two to six each day. In his attempts to find out exactly what was their condition, Major Allen one day went into twenty-three houses and lodges to see for himself just what these Indians had to eat. In only two of these homes did he find anything in the shape of food. In one house a rabbit was boiling in a pot. The man had killed it that morning, and it was being cooked for a sick (starving) child. In another lodge the hoof of a steer—the hoof mind you, no flesh nor skin, only the hoof—was cooking, to make soup for the family. Twenty-three lodges Major Allen visited that day, and the little rabbit and the steer's hoof were all the food he found. And then, as he told me with tears in his eyes, "I broke down. I could go no further. To see so much misery and feel myself utterly powerless to relieve it was more than I could stand."

From the time of his arrival he had been telegraphing to Washington the condition of affairs, but help was slow in coming. In the first place, the wheels of the Government are so tied up with red tape that nothing can be done promptly; and in the second, the lying agent who was the cause of all this misery had gone on to Washington and was busily engaged in contradicting all the reports made by Major Allen. Happily help was had nearer at hand. The noble people of Montana and the army officers stationed at Fort Shaw did all they could to get supplies to the sufferers. One or two Montana contractors sent on flour and bacon on Major Allen's personal assurance that he would try to have them paid.

But oh, how long it took to get the supplies in over the roads, sometimes hub deep in mud and again rough with great masses of frozen clay. And all this time the people were starving.

Major Allen had calculated with exactest care the supplies on hand, and was at this time issuing one-seventh rations. The Indians crowded around the agency buildings and begged for a little food. Mothers came to the windows and held up their starving babies that the sight of their dull, pallid faces, their shrunken limbs and their little bones sticking through their skins might move some heart to pity. Many a woman brought her young daughter to the white men in the neighborhood and said: "Here, you may have her, if you will feed her; I want nothing for myself; only let her have enough to eat that she may not die." One day a deputation of the chiefs came to Major Allen and asked him to give them what he had in his storehouses. He explained to them that it must be some time before the supplies could get there, and that only by dealing out what he had with the greatest care could the people be kept alive until provisions came. But they said: "Our women and children are hungry and we are hungry. Give us what you have and let us eat once and be filled. Then we will die content; we will not beg any more." He took them into the storehouse and showed them just what he had, how much flour, how much bacon, how much rice, coffee, sugar and so on through the list, then he told them if this was issued all at once, there was no hope for them, they would surely die; but that he expected supplies by such a day. "And," said he, "if they do not come by that time you shall come in here and help yourselves. That I promise you." They went away satisfied.

Meantime the supplies were drawing near. The officer in command of Fort Shaw had supplied fast teams to hurry on a few loads to the agency, but the roads were so bad that the trains moved with appalling slowness. At length, however, they got so near the agency that it was possible to send out light teams to meet the heavily laden ones, and bring in a few sacks of flour and bacon, and every little helped. Gradually the suffering was relieved, and now for many months the Indians have had plenty, but the memory of that awful season of famine will never pass from the minds of those who witnessed it.

There is a record of between four and five hundred Indians who died of hunger at this time, and this includes only those who were buried in the immediate neighborhood of the agency and for whom coffins were made. Probably more than half as many more died at some little distance in the camps on other creeks, but this is mere conjecture. It is no exaggeration to say, however, that from one quarter to one-third of the Piegan tribe starved to death during that winter and the following spring.

For all these deaths one person is responsible; the agent who preceded Major Allen. He starved from five to eight hundred Piegans within a year. Not many people can boast of having made such a killing. But nothing was ever done to him. He still lives; possibly honored and respected. What would be the feelings of a man of ordinary sensibilities, who was responsible for such a deed? In these days we have no form of punishment which is adequate to such a crime. Civilization has decreed that death is the punishment for the murder of a man, and for the murder of five hundred there is nothing more severe. In the good old days it was not so. There were the stake and fagots, the red hot pincers to tear the flesh from the bones, the wheel and bar, the kettle of boiling oil. We have outlived the days of such punishments, but not of the crimes to which they were applied. It is a pity.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Major Allen's wise and humane management during this most trying time. He showed himself indeed the right man for the place. By means of his unflagging energy he succeeded in arousing the Government at Washington to speedy action, and in securing the co-operation of the people of Montana at the time when their assistance was most needed. Moreover, his representations to Congress were so effectual that he secured an appropriation, which, for a year, places the Peigans beyond the reach of want. He has shown a combination of humanity, good judgment and energy, which is very rare, and he deserves and will receive for his treatment of this miserable remnant of a great people the thanks of the whole country.

Yo.

[In connection with Almost-a-Dog's story, Mr. Schultz's Life Among the Blackfeet, FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. XXI., should be read.—ED. F. & S.]

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN OFFING.

AMONG the many interesting and satisfactory traits of men illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM, are some commoner, we have faith to believe, to men of a bent for outdoor life than to those who have not the disposition. However much we err in this general proposition, at any rate, not long ago, yielding we will presume to the importunate demand of its followers, the FOREST AND STREAM gave a large part in its columns to rehearsals of "unsuccessful expeditions." Whoever heard of "the like of this" before? Where is there another paper having a constituency of sufficient simplicity and originality, or whatever you chose to call it, to ask a place to tell and hear of each other's failures? Who did not read, with fascinated admiration the yarns of these sons of the air and the woods? Perhaps the contributions from the West, whose boast is its simplicity and freshness, were not so much to be marvelled at, but that the "effete civilization" of the East, the knickerbockered, dainty-handed triflers with exquisite guns and rods, self-conscious, proud and uncommunicate, for so the popular idea goes, should find its responsive chord to this tune was somewhat of a surprise. All this may seem to have little point unless it prove the labored introduction to an account of some "unsuccessful expedition." But the unfortunate reader must be reminded that after unstinted praise of these authors it would hardly do to appear on the spot in the same role.

To be sure we took along guns and rods, but who could be looking much for bass along in October or "food for powder" in such fair weather as we had. Like young geese, which a local wit used to cite in the spring, we felt that we wanted to fly and that was all.

We were an open boat, three boys, one of them the real thing and two of older growth, an oarsman, a canvas covering, old clothes, coffee, potatoes, bread, pork and butter and camp utensils of the primitive kind. It was early afternoon before we went aboard and worked well into our fine "white ash" breeze that skirted us up along the shore resplendent in the golden red and brown of autumn foliage. Off on the horizon black lines of flock ducks swept the blue and quiet water toward some night shelter. "In vain the fowler's eye did mark their flight to do them wrong." A tribe of impudent coots and fish ducks dove, reappeared and bobbed around successfully, luring us to unsuccessful shots. The light wind went down with the blazing sun, and cool shadows fell across the country before we could land and make camp on the shingly beach, seven miles from town. Our boat was hardly hauled out and backlogs, forestsicks and lightwood enough for the fire brought in before twilight had said "good night." And good night it was.

Supper done for, the shelter of the upturned boat, its cushions and "the weed whose clouds all other clouds dispel" trimmed the occasion. We saw the stars light up their lights. Venus soon sloped over the Western threshold of our world. In the north Charles's Wain began for us its slow circuit, and aloft gleamed the stars of Cassiopeia. Later on, in the east Aldebaran's ruddy lamp moved up the sky and the Pleiades "glittered like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid." An air off the land rustled amid the neighboring trees and slid out over the lake. Miniature waves broke on the pebbly beach as if muffled to help keep the reign. Even the shrill crickets failed to mar the harmony, and the intermittent note of some late whippoorwill in a distant wood marked the gentle measure.

Wrapped in blankets and creeping closer under the shelter of the broad boat, we saw the fire burn down to embers; and at length sleep, won without any wooing, clasped us in comfortable embrace. Twice or thrice during the night the dark shadow of a companion—self-appointed and faithful stoker—feeding the dying fire to a grateful warmth, breaks the thraldom of our senses and we wake for long enough to hear, perhaps, the brief twittering of a dreamy thrush.

What weather we did have as we vagabonded along shore! Mornings whose sunrises dispelled the usual owliness, and days whose air "sparkled like champagne."

We trailed our flies up and down over the shelving bottoms of the shore and idly contemplated their many-hued pavements of glistening stones and their gardens of seaweed, but we hooked no bass. We sat our expensive decoys on "plashy brinks," among succulent lilypads and tempting reeds, and we scoured the heavens from green coverts for the foolish quarry. We saw the water hen run in and out and the cackling blackbird fly back and forth; we heard the squawk of a woodduck domiciled away up the creek and the bleat of a busy snipe somewhere about, but we bagged nothing. More than one day, always hungry and tired, we toiled home to our grateful habitation empty-handed.

One day broke gray and windy. Great rolls of somber clouds, the "gray and formless daughters of the air" that haunted Heine's castaway, journeyed across the sky. Vessels reeled along far out from shore under storm jibs and reefed foresails, with dropped peaks. The grasses of the marsh pulsated violently at the angry puffs, and trees bent supplicantly to the blast, scattering prodigally with it their dry leaves. Noon and afternoon the storm grew, until at dusk the angry breakers thundered their volumes of water on the beach as if in ferocity at having missed some prey. At their command we moved our roof and boat together out of the maw of their dark swirl and trouble. The searching wind clean swept great embers from our huge fire of logs, and shot their sparks away like meteors, to be quenched in the hissing foam, or to go out in the upper air.

It rained that night. But the boat had turned more water than that, and in rubber coats and on rubber blankets we did as they do in Spain when it rains. At length the lashing of the water by the wind and the roars and cries of them both ceased to impress our tired sense. But curiously enough our time was up the next day and our outing ended. Proudly we met our friends in town and reported in triumph the utter barrenness of our hands. They eyed us suspiciously, winked knowingly one to the other and crossed the street. Poor, untaught things! They read not the FOREST AND STREAM. They grope in the darkness of thinking that man lives by bread alone. They dream not that there is more in the philosophy of hunting and fishing than fat bags and strings of fish.

G. T. C.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

A WEEK ALONG THE GULF.

ON the morning of March 3, 1885, one standing in the business part of Tallahassee, Fla., might have noticed a light wagon with three persons, two young men about twenty-five and a negro boy of twelve. They were off for a week's trip to the Gulf of Mexico for fishing and hunting. The elder of the two was Dick Carpenter, of Tallahassee, who enjoyed nothing better than a week off with his rod and gun; the other was a vandal from the Florida University, who had accepted Dick's invitation for the purpose of adding some new specimens to his collection in ornithology.

The morning was all that could be desired. It was such a morning as has made Tallahassee famous all over our country. Mocking birds were singing in every treetop and the air was laden with the perfume of flowers. A half mile out of town a small pond is passed which contains a flock of forty ring-billed, black-headed ducks. It is an easy matter to kill them, but to get them out is another question. After considering the matter we leave them to enjoy their morning bath undisturbed. The road now enters an immense yellow pine forest, which appears almost void of animal life. Four miles from town we pass through the little village of Bellaire, once the residence of rich planters, but now almost deserted. Here may be seen the old plank road running from Tallahassee to St. Marks, over which the cotton used to be transported. There are no houses now for ten miles, but it is a delightful ride through the immense pine forest. Next we come to the natural bridge across the St. Mark's River. Just before crossing the natural bridge the traveler's eye is attracted by strong lines of entrenchments thrown up during the late war. But now the scene is somewhat changed, for a church has been erected within one hundred feet of the breastworks. A mile further on is the residence of Mr. Frank Hall, who is to accompany us to the Gulf. Mr. Hall has the reputation of being one of the best shots in Florida, and keeps a small armory of heavy and light shotguns, rifles and shotguns combined, and even old muskets and navy revolvers.

Our craft is 16 feet long and and 4 feet beam amidships, and is rigged with an 18-foot sail. Promptly at 3 o'clock the boat leaves the landing and her prow is turned toward the Gulf. The tide has just turned toward the sea, twenty-five miles distant. The St. Marks at this point is one of the most beautiful streams in the south, the water is deep and clear and teeming with fish and game. The banks are covered with a dense foliage of cabbage palmetto, magnolia, cypress, and immense numbers of semitropical plants with foliage so dense that a person's gaze cannot penetrate far into the vast gloom beyond. Here the wild turkey and deer are abundant, and occasionally a bear is killed. But the game is fast diminishing, as every winter brings a greater array of sportsmen from the North, who with the local hunters are fast exterminating the game from this favored region. The Legislature of Florida affords no protection whatever to the game within her borders, so that any one can with impunity hunt at any time without fear of the game laws. As the boat passes down the stream a pair of pileated woodpeckers fly across the river just ahead and are soon busy at work on an old dead pine. A little further on a mocking bird ceases his song long enough to dart into a tree where half a dozen cardinal grosbeaks are feeding on berries, and darting first at one, then another, he scatters them in all directions, then returns quietly to his perch and song. This is a favorite prank of the mocking bird, as he seems to have a deadly hate of the beautiful cardinal. From a tree overhanging the water a pair of red-tailed hawks start with a shrill scream. A number of ospreys are flying up and down the river. A red-shouldered hawk is perched on a tree near the water, and occasionally small flocks of ducks are seen on the surface. Most of them are widgeons; and there are also large numbers of coots, cormorants and grebes. The Izaak Walton of the party suggests trying bobbing for trout, and after fastening the spoon to the line hands it to the "Vandal," who after a half hour's trying to get a rise gives up and passes the line back.

We are now near the little village of Newport, which, like Bellaire and St. Marks, were thriving little business places in earlier days. Mr. H. takes a large conch shell from the bottom of the boat and blows it to call old Reuben, the cook, who had gone in advance of the party with cooking implements and fishing tackle. Reuben is a stalwart negro about 75 years of age and very active. He is in the habit of making frequent trips to Newport to see a dusky maid somewhat his junior, and on this occasion, judging from his beaming countenance, he must have been very successful in his wooings. A mile below Newport several large bald eagles passed down the stream, and as night approaches a number of owls begin to tune their voices along the river. About a mile above St. Marks the party encamp for the night. At 4 in the morning Reuben is astir and soon has breakfast ready and the party are not long in getting their boat afloat as the tide is running out rapidly. A little way below St. Marks stands the old Marine Hospital with its stone walls, and surrounding it are numerous breastworks, thrown up during the rebellion. Two miles further down is the site of old Port Leon, now deserted on account of high tides sweeping over it. As we pass down the river the woods on the banks disappear and tall rushes and sawgrass taken their place. Numerous gulls, terns and other sea birds are becoming more plentiful, and the St. Marks lighthouse is in full view. As the boat emerges into the Gulf a large flock of brown pelicans are busy fishing, plunging from the wing with great force into the water and splashing it many feet into the air. The boat grounds on one of the many oyster bars at the mouth of the river and it is the work of half an hour to get her afloat again. A number of Florida crows are feeding on one of the bars.

The destination of the party now is the Pinhook River, about twenty-five miles distant from the lighthouse. After exploring two or three streams, which proved to end in ramifications in the marsh, we finally enter another stream, broader than the first. Darkness is approaching very fast; all are tired and hungry, but it is out of the question to land, as the shore for several hundred yards is covered with a growth of rushes and sawgrass no boat can penetrate. Reuben in the meantime keeps up an incessant grumbling to his boat, and is beginning to think the Pinhook River is a myth. Mr. H. now says the only hope is to reach the Ancilla River and ascend it. After hours of groping about in the darkness and running aground on oyster bars a number of times, the Ancilla is reached and ascended for six miles, where a good camping place is found and supper soon ready. The watches, however, indicate 12 o'clock. Of course no one is hungry. Men used to regular meals are not apt to be after being tossed around for eighteen hours in a small boat. Nobody smokes more than two pipes after supper, but all are soon stretched under the friendly palms and dreaming.

Next morning the sun is several hours high when we are astir, and after breakfast Messrs. Hall and Moore take the small boat and set out once more to find the Pinhook River, leaving the rest of the party to amuse themselves as best they can. Mr. Carpenter and old Reuben try fishing for several hours, but the fish are not inclined to bite and Reuben says, "This heah Ancilla ribber nebber was no good for fish, nohow." The Vandal with his gun is following the birds around the woods, but like the others of the party is doomed to come in empty-handed, save for a pint of small sea shells. Just across the river a pair of ospreys are very busy repairing an old nest that has evidently been used for many years. About noon Hall and Moore returned, stating they had found the Pinhook and a fine dry camping place, about six miles distant. After a hasty dinner camp is broken once more and the party soon embark to go to this famous hunting ground. Passing down the stream several more large bald eagles are seen, and on a small island in the river about fifty buzzards are quarreling over the remains of a large alligator, denuded of his skin by the alligator hunters. The mouth of the Pinhook is soon reached, and after a hard pull of four miles against tide the party come to a place where the river seems to issue from the earth; one hundred yards further on it again appears and forms a circular pool fifty feet in diameter, in which the water boils like an immense caldron. The river through its entire course from this point seems part of the time beneath the surface, forming many natural bridges on which large trees of pine, cypress and palmetto are growing, and so proving that these bridges have existed for ages. By the time everything is in readiness about the camp and a comfortable tent of palmetto leaves is built darkness has once more spread her mantle over the earth.

Thursday morning all were astir early, and after breakfast Messrs. Hall, Moore and the Vandal took their guns and went out. In these Florida swamps the foliage is so dense that the eye can only penetrate a few feet ahead; add to this the numerous briers entwined among the heavier trees, the mud and water at times half waist deep, with sawgrass and rushes higher than your head, and you have a fair idea of what the trio had to contend with. If the jungles of Africa or India are any worse I pity the man who attempts to pass through them. The three returned about noon empty-handed and thoroughly disgusted with the prospects for killing game. Deer are evidently abundant, as their tracks can be seen everywhere, even within 200 yards of camp, and the hunter who comes here when there is not so much water and mud to contend with can presumably make a good bag of game. On returning to camp Mr. C. and old Reuben had an out-line all ready to put in the river. The Vandal on looking around discovered a bald eagle's nest in immense yellow pine 300 yards from camp, and a bald eagle was seen to leave the nest. We laid under the palmettoes near by, when she soon returned and was shot dead by the Vandal, who had been trying in vain for ten years to procure a specimen of this kind. In a few moments the other eagle is seen coming from the sea with a large fish in his talons. He evidently expects mischief of some kind, as he utters several piercing screams as he descends toward the nest in a spiral column. He is not long in coming within reach of the 10-bore. Unlike his mate he does not fall dead to the earth at once, but flies part reeling several hundred yards and pitches head first into the swamp. The three go to the spot and search through the tall grass for several hours, but are obliged to give up and return to camp with but one, which was made into a neat skin and packed carefully away. It was a female in adult plumage and measured six feet six inches from tip to tip. The party returned to the nest and cut down the

tree to secure the two young. The nest was 100 feet from the ground and the fall killed both young which were only a few days old. In the nest were found half a dozen fish over a foot long. The young were carefully made into skins to decorate a cabinet at some future day. There are several large pileated woodpeckers about camp, but they are very wild and will not let a person approach in gunshot. At night the party are again serenaded by such a chorus as can only be organized in some of the Southern States by owls. In a council of war around camp that night it was concluded to break camp the next morning and start for home, and return sometime in the future when the swamp would be drier so as to make deer hunting a success.

The following day at 9 o'clock the two boats were again moving out to sea with the tide. The Pinhook proved a very treacherous stream to navigate at low tide, full of oyster bars and large rocks near the surface, and at other spots there appears to be no bottom. The winds on the homeward trip were as contrary as they had been coming, so that at sundown the party had just reached the mouth of the St. Marks River, which they ascended to Port Leon, and by carrying the camping outfit quarter of a mile they found a dry place to camp under a large pine tree. The moving required two trips each to the man. The next day, after a pleasant sail up the St. Marks the party arrived at Mr. Hall's landing about sundown. The Vandal had got out four miles down the river and was looking for specimens, as usual. His gun was heard to crack a number of times, but at the landing he could show only one barred owl. Reuben had now got out of the "power of misery" he had been in for several days, and on passing Newport had even sung snatches from songs. On nearing the landing he was heard to say to his boat, "Jess look at you now, you kin run all right when you knows you's mos' home."

While seated around the bright fire that night in Mr. Hall's comfortable residence it was easy to note the contrast to camping on the Ancill, Pinhook or even Port Leon. But best of all was the bed so clean and soft when compared to the ones around the camp-fire. Next morning two of the party imagined they heard quail in the fields close by, and they soon started several fine coveys without the aid of dogs. Nowhere in the country can the quail be found in greater numbers than about Tallahassee. Later in the day Mr. Hall hitched to his two buggies and started for the city. Just as the night was beginning to fall the Tallahassee hills could be plainly seen, and very reluctantly two of the party went back to the hum-drum of every day life. VANDAL.

HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Lights and Shadows of an Indian Forester's Life.

VII.

I AM back again at the bungalow after a three weeks' absence up river, and am devoting every alternate day to office work, having been compelled to allow some arrears to accumulate, after I moved my camp a second ten miles further. There has been a fair amount of exciting incident in the Division since my last budget, and to begin with the most interesting topic—the man-eater—the Ghorrkas succeeded in getting a good shot at him, and have wounded him badly, if not fatally. Their time was nearly up, for they had to report themselves to their commanding officer on the thirtieth day from that on which they got leave, when the corporal or Naik took his party to join the other four, and report themselves to me for departure. After a walk of twenty miles they reached a forester's post, and prepared dinner, and while still at it, a lot of bamboo cutters came rushing into camp, with a report that one of their number had been carried off by the man-eaters. Sending word to the other party to join them at my camp the next evening they set off for the scene of the daring marauder's latest outrage, taking the bamboo cutters along with them. Arrived at the spot these latter were instructed by the corporal to recommence operations, while he and his party followed up the blood trail.

After about a mile's walk, which occupied them nearly an hour, for they paused at every five yards to keep a good lookout behind and on both sides as well as ahead, they came to a ledge of rock some three feet high, from which the ground hollowed away again to their right. Here the crunching of a bone was distinctly heard, and the naik dropping on his hands and knees and peering over, got a full view of the beast, greedily devouring her victim at about eighty yards off. Stealing back he whispered his orders with quiet precision All four advanced on their knees to the commanding point, he and another would reserve their fire while the other two fired and reloaded. Quiet as they were the tiger heard the whispers, for they had scarcely looked over before they saw him stealing toward them on his belly. The instant eyes met the beast rose and charged forward a few steps, growling savagely. "Keep steady and let him come closer," said the naik, but the beast was not disposed to charge home and came to a stop at fifty yards. "Fire," said the naik, and ping-ping went the two rifles, the men falling back and reloading with true Ghoorka coolness. A cry of rage from the tiger which bounded away. Again came the order to fire and another shot rung out, but the naik being unable to cover the brute held his fire. As soon as all were reloaded, which was the work of a few seconds, they started in pursuit and were at once gladdened by coming on blood which they tracked into some bush cover, where they found it on the leaves at nearly three feet from the ground, and inferred that the beast had been shot in the throat or high up the chest, but crossing a sandy nullah, they observed that the beast limped on one forefoot, sometimes carrying it, and as it was a front shot, there was no doubt the ball had lodged between the shoulder and the chest.

In this nullah there was some long grass cover, and as it would have been foolhardy for men afoot to follow a wounded tiger into this they returned to their camp, and sent a special messenger to me. The fellow, with a comrade picked up at the last station, got in about seven o'clock, while we were at dinner. The elephant was ordered immediately, a few bottles of beer and a supply of eatables were stowed in the howdah, and taking with us a couple of rugs Charley and I set off, reaching the Ghoorka camp at one in the morning. Charley was so anxious to join us that I did not like to refuse. I told him I must of necessity take one of the Ghoorkas with me, and that if he went, he would have to share the back seat of the howdah with him, but fortunately on arrival at the station we found Gorind Ram there with his elephant, and this squared the difficulty. Giving orders to have a quart of milk boiled at daylight, we stretched ourselves on our *charpoys* (the Oriental fourposters that the Jews used to take up and walk away with) and got a few hours sleep before we were summoned. A bottle of coffee essence with the hot milk made no bad substitute for the usual coffee, and this disposed of, we were in the howdahs and away long before sunrise.

We reached the nullah in which the trail had been lost in about an hour and a half; there was a long strip of high grass (fourteen or fifteen feet), but it was nowhere more than twenty to twenty-five yards wide and easy beating for two elephants. We beat upward first and got to the end of the grass in half a mile without any sign, and then turned and beat downward; some of the grass clumps were heavy but we meant business and took our time over them, turning and going through them again and again, and in two or three cases we set the elephants at work with trunks and tails and leveled the thickest of it. The whole nullah was not more than a mile and a half in length, but it took us nearly three hours to beat it, and the end of it was disappointment, modified by the fact that it terminated in a dry creek with a narrow strip of long grass on either side and about a hundred yards of bare gravel bed between. We turned up the creek, taking the long grass on the right bank and had not got more than twenty yards when my elephant gave signs which, being interpreted, meant that a tiger was passing us at close quarters. I called to Charley to keep a good lookout, and the next moment Stripes broke cover au my side, making straight across the creek. I had picked up my smallbore, which, being a good ball gun, I preferred to my rifle for sharpshooting, and when the tiger was about thirty yards off I got in a ball in the saddle which made him wince, but with a growl he turned sharp round and charged straight down on my elephant. Charley was by this time abreast of me, and three or four shots rang out nearly simultaneously, one of which hit him on the quarters and brought him down on his haunches, but before I could pick up my rifle he had again turned tail and was making across the plain. His pace soon slackened; there was considerable firing, but I saw he was coming to a stop and reserved my fire for close quarters. Presently he staggered and fell over on his side, rallied to his haunches again and sat up for a moment, and again fell over. He was done for. Coming up to him I gave the word not to spoil the skin, and finding that the beast's efforts to sit up were ineffectual, I told the Ghoorka to jump down and give him a ball in the ear. This was done, the tiger responded by wagging his tail, and in a few minutes the writhings were at an end.

Was it the man-eater? There was no stagnant blood from yesterday's wound visible as she lay—it was a tigress—nor on turning her over did we find the looked for evidence. Two balls had penetrated her, one in the saddle and one on the top of her quarters, both close to the back bone. There was a slight scar inside her forearm, and another ball had entered just above the hock. These were all fresh and there were no other holes in the skin. It was not the beast wounded yesterday—ergo it was not the man-eater.

It was now about ten o'clock, and I determined to continue the quest until noon, so going back to where we had started the game, we recommenced beating, coming immediately on a half-eaten pig. We beat upward for a couple of miles, and then back down the other side, but beyond a few hog deer we saw nothing. We then gave in for the elephants' sakes, and sat down to breakfast, after which our Ghoorka took off the tiger's skin, and I cut open the stomach to find, as I expected, boar's bristles, but no human hair; the older refuse of the lower gut was also examined, and yielded only deer's hair. The man-eater had beaten us again. If dead he would have been in the nullah to which he was traced yesterday, but he had evidently had strength to get away, and was probably not mortally hurt. We went back to camp, gave the elephants an extra allowance of raw sugar, and the next day Charley and I returned to Boksar, where I found a letter from the chief telling us to expect him in about a week.

The Ghoorkas came in in the evening, and I gave them a letter to their commanding officer, to the effect that they claimed to have wounded the beast, and that I would consult with my chief about the reward, which would certainly be given if there were no repetition of his depredations.

The next morning Charley returned to his firelines, and I sat down to my office work, and was listening patiently to a petition, when I heard excited voices outside, and the next moment a chuprassee and a couple of wood cutters made their appearance, and gave the exciting announcement that the Chota Sahib had been mauled by a tiger. "Where is the Sahib now?" I asked. "He is in the camp with the wood cutters," was the reply. "Can he walk?" said I, again interrupting the story. "Yes, Sahib; that is a little." "Send off eight men with a charpoy at once, and put the Sahib's bed clothes on it," was my first order. My next was to have my pony saddled, and while this was being done I got out some brandy, a pot of healing ointment (no sportsmen should be without it), cut some bandages from a linen shirt, took my rifle, strapped on a cartridge pouch, and in five minutes I was galloping up the valley, and soon left behind the party with the charpoy, who were running on at a steady jog trot. The distance was about five miles, but I was soon there, and found Charley sitting in the shade of a big tree against which he leaned.

"Where are you hurt, old man?" I asked as I sprang from the saddle.

"Here," said he, pointing to his left shoulder. "It isn't much," added he with a turn of humor; "the beast tried to eat me but didn't appear to like it, and dropped me at the first taste." But it looked bad; his coat and vest were clotted with blood.

Ram Buksh began a story, but I cut him short at once. "We'll attend to the wound now," I said; "the story will keep."

Cutting off his coat and vest, and telling Charley as I did so that his charpoy would be up directly, I saw blood trickling down the breast from the shoulder, and ripping up the shirt sleeve a moment's inspection showed what was the matter. The tiger's fangs had penetrated the shoulder to the bone before and behind, but without any laceration of the flesh or broken bones. Calling for water which was quickly brought, I mixed some brandy in it which Charley drank, and then dipping one of my bandages in water. I washed the blood away from chest and back, cleaned the fang marks, from which a little blood still oozed, and then asked Charley if he had no other wounds or scratches. He said he believed not, and wanted to tell his story, but I told him to keep quiet for the present, for I was sure it was a good story that would keep, and that he would be able to tell it with gusto in a day or two. I then got in a plug of the ointment in each of the fang marks, smeared a good coat of it over one of the bandages, and soon had the wound bandaged up. Charley tried to make light of it, but he was a good deal shaken, and looked rather like fainting before he took the brandy and water, but what astonished me most was that there was no clawing visible. The blood on his clothes had not come from the shoulder wounds. It was perhaps the tiger's.

Looking round I got sight of Charley's sun helmet, which accounted for one paw. It was a military helmet with a spike on top and two steel bands inside crossing each other under the spike. The helmet was battered and the steel bands were curved backward and driven outside the helmet. These were signs that the beast had charged in front, brought down his paw on the helmet with force enough to crush a skull, but the springs had broken the force and rendered the blow comparatively harmless.

"That saved me," said Charley, seeing me examine the helmet. "I am afraid I shall have to buy a new one."

The men now came up with the charpoy. Charley took another pull at the brandy and water, which I took care not to make very strong, said he felt much better, and rising with my assistance, I was glad to see that he walked quite easily to the charpoy, where with a sheet thrown lightly over his shoulders and his head on the pillow, he was quite comfortable. A party of fresh men picked him up, and the relay running alongside, he set out for camp.

I then mounted my pony and called Ram Buksh to walk along with me and explain the occurrence, "but first," I said, "tell me, where is the tiger now?" "He is gone right down to the lower valley, Sahib, and badly wounded. You can see the blood trail at every step through the grass, and he just trotted down slowly; all the men saw him." Ram Buksh tried to ramble off and tell his story, but I cut him short, and told him to give me simple answers to my questions first, and in reply to them I learned that they had seen a tiger come over the hill and enter a small clump of low grass (a fairy ring) in the forest. Charley had at once taken his rifle and handed Ram Buksh his smoothbore, both barrels loaded with ball; that on making the grass the tiger sprang out at Charley; both fired. Ram Buksh ran behind a tree, and looking out, saw Charley down and the tiger on him. His first impulse was to run for assistance, but not caring to expose himself to view, he selected the next tree in line; then, turning for another look at the tiger, saw him rise and move off He had tried to cover the tiger from where he stood, but was afraid of shooting the Chota Sahib, as it was about fifty yards off; and he did not fire at the tiger as he went off because he had but one barrel loaded and no more ammunition. All this was the result of a great deal of cross-questioning, and satisfied me that Ram Buksh had been unnerved by the charge and had left Charley to fight the battle single-handed. He was hardly to be blamed that he had not the courage to stand and deliver his second barrel as the tiger bowled Charley over, and I said no word of reproach; but his conduct did not justify the account he was in the habit of giving of himself.

Overtaking Charley I jogged along with the charpoy, speaking little, for I saw that he was suffering from the excitement and shock, and on reaching home I got him on my bed while his own was being arranged comfortably, and then made him lie still until four o'clock, when I gave him some chicken broth followod by a dose of laudanum. He appeared in good, or at least, mirthful spirits, but I kept him quiet, and between six and seven the opiate took effect, and he slept till long past midnight, when he awoke somewhat feverish. This was no more than I had expected. There was no doctor near, the patient had a good sound constitution, not vitiated by excess of any kind, and I had no anxiety about his pulling through easily. The next morning I washed and dressed his wounds and then at his request took the elephant to go after the skin, but arrived at the camp I found Ram Buksh had been before me, and found the beast lying at the foot of the bank dead, just immediately below where he had disappeared.

I finished the story by Charley's account a few days later. The beast charged at him, paused at about five yards for a spring, and as he raised himself Charley fired and hit him full in the chest, which brought him to his belly, the next moment Charley felt rather confused in his head, and then realized that he was on his back, the tiger holding him by the shoulder, but keeping quite still. Lying there powerless he did not know how long (it seemed a long time), he wondered what would be the next act in the drama, and was conscious of a feeling of impatience for a change, when the tiger relaxed his hold and walked quietly away. The shot in the chest was the only mark we found in the skin, Ram Buksh had missed, and although he now pointed to a hole in the forehead as his *coup de grace*, he was silent when I told him it was waste of a cartridge. Charley is on his legs again, and resolved to pour in the second barrel the next time he drops a tiger at the charge. SHIKAREE.

CAMP BOKSAR.

Natural History.

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FLORIDA PINES AND HAMAKS.

THERE is a theory that we are disposed to entertain with regard to why the greater portion of the State of Florida is covered with pine trees, which are evergreen, instead of deciduous, and other hardwood trees, the growth of which upon land in Florida causes it to be distinguished as "hamak," a distinction, so far as the original character of the soil is concerned, without a difference.

From various causes, frequently from lightning, often from carelessness and accident, and sometimes purposely by the owners of cattle, the wild lands of Florida are annually burned over.

The stock men resort to this means of getting rid of the tough, dry grass stems in early spring, and inducing a fresh and tender growth of grass for their half-starved cattle that have wintered on climate and wire grass in the open woods; but it is also true that the same practice was resorted to by the former Indian inhabitants, whose object was to furnish tender picking for the herds of deer, to induce these animals to leave the swamps and resort to the dry country.

The pine tree is propagated from seeds that fall from the cones late in the autumn. The seeds are provided with thin membranous wings, upon which they are blown by the winds and distributed over the land. The winter rains plant them. Early in the spring the young pine appears as a green spike that shoots up six or eight inches before its leaves begin to spread, after which it grows rapidly for eight or nine months. The green leaves of this young tree are practically non-combustible, and the only bud it bears is in the top of the tall stalk and thoroughly enveloped in a green coating.

When it is about ten or eleven month's old, the annual wood-burning takes place. Fire sweeps over the face of the pine region; every sprig of grass, every weed and every deciduous shrub and tree that has sprung up since the last annual burn, is destroyed. All the hard-wood growths have their eyes or buds distributed regularly along the stalks and stems, entirely unprotected from the fire, and as the growth of all plants of this character is slow in its early stages as compared with those of the pine, none gets far enough advanced in the twelvemonth to rise above the flames, and so they perish, while the young pine escapes with a severe scorching, which the bud survives. Thus, upon the principle of the survival of the fittest, the pine becomes master of the situation and sole proprietor of the woodland. But natural and artificial barriers are often offered to the progress of these forest burns.

Natural impediments consist of gullies, creeks, rivers or ponds, across which the fire does not cross when traveling before some prevailing wind. If the rainy season, which comes in the winter before the usual burnings begin, has been an exceptionally wet one, all depressed places become filled with water. These flats sometimes extend considerable distances in irregular courses. Imagine the woods on fire and the flames traveling slowly along the surface toward the southwest before a gentle northeast wind, destroying every vestige of vegetation not too much grown to be within reach. Suddenly it encounters a slight depression in the surface of the land, where stands an inch or two of rain water. This depression reaches perhaps in an irregular course for miles either way. It of course puts an end to the "burn." On the opposite side of this wet depression the little oaks, hickories, magnolias and bays, that have put up since the last burn, are not swept away this year, but get another year's growth. This first season's escape is enough to give these deciduous trees a foothold, and enable them to rear their heads high enough to escape complete destruction, even should no protecting water interpose the second year.

Here, then, we have an incipient hamak, making its beginning on sandy "piny woods" land, in no particular different from, or better than, that over which the fire has swept, and which remains pine land.

In a very few years, in this semi-tropical climate, this young orchard of hardwood bushes has become a pronounced hamak of spreading shade trees, whose shadows protect the originally poor and sandy soil from the summer's sun, and whose annual crop of castaway foliage tends year after year to add mould to the ground, which, under these two powerful fertilizing agencies, gradually changes from the original white saud to a dark, often black, loamy soil, as fertile as fertile can be. It is no uncommon thing to find such parcels of land in South Florida of wonderful fertility, possessing an upper soil of partially decomposed leaf mould several feet deep.—*The Florida Annual.*

THE ANTELOPE GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Rock and mountain-girt, Burrard Inlet, bowered amid the primeval forest, a cove within a cove of the silent, tranquil, far-away Pacific Ocean; in the foreground the dirty and unromantic Sywash paddling his canoe, in the background the great peaks of the Cascade range, at least on those rare occasions when they can be seen; isolation within isolation, solitude intensified, it is certainly not a spot from whence the emanation of deeply scientific disquisitions or even strictly logical or novel arguments based upon a knowledge of that science can with any degree of fairness be expected. How egregiously incorrect, however, this supposition is, is proved by the three letters from three inhabitants of this locality, the Messrs. Hughes, Fannin and Griffin, which you have lately published in your columns, and in which the chase, characteristics and genus of the so-called white goat is once for all described and definitely settled. Not only virtue, as the proverb has it, but also truth and deep learning can dwell in the modest Sywash-built log cabin lost in the primeval forest.

No doubt the world at large is perfectly satisfied with the accounts and classification of this animal contained in the above three letters. To me, to the ignorant wretch who once dared to write a poor little paper on this animal in the *Century*, and who has only paid five visits to the Puget Sound country (four being, it is true, entirely abortive ones on account of the peasoup-like dense smoke of forest fires that enveloped for months at a time the whole country, mountain goats and all, obliging me to retreat to other shooting grounds), and who only crossed the ocean thirteen times to shoot in the Rockies and Pacific coast; to me, I say, and perhaps also to some other poor dolts who have supposed that they knew something of this animal, these letters meant instantaneous annihilation. We feel weary, we feel tired with the gross extent of crass ignorance we have displayed. But not only to sportsmen, also to some so-called men of science (save the mark) such as Hamilton Smith, Agassiz and Spencer Baird, who have, without consulting Messrs. Hughes, Fannin and Griffin, dared to rank the "goat" as an antelope, Mr. Griffin's dictum thundered forth from the solitudes of Burrard Inlet that the animal is not an antelope; "that there is about as much of the antelope in the actions, habits and appearance as there is in a Government pack mule," must mean beads of anxious perspiration if no worse. Particularly creepy about the small of his back must Prof. Baird of the Smithsonian feel, for has he not placed on record in his "American Mammals" that the skull and other bones "show very clearly that the affinities are much more with the antelope than the goat or sheep? In fact, none of the more modern systematic writers place it in the genus *Capra* or indeed in the ovine group."

Mr. Griffin's letter published in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 27, must make many an old professional discounter of camp yarns of the tall, taller, tallest kind wince and scratch his head, but I think Mr. Griffin can, with safety, "stand pat." A royal flush, ace high, can not, as we all know, be beaten. To have such a rare animal as the white goat, so rare that only three museums in the world possess, so far as I know, stuffed specimens and not a single one a live animal; so hard to find that I do not believe more than six of England's most indefatigable sportsmen have ever killed it, to have, I say, such a rare guest come right into camp and "lie down within ten yards of the camp-fire," "anxious to watch the operation of cooking," is an event that deserves to be more widely known than even your columns can give it publicity. Mr. Griffin's feat repeatedly performed, as he assures us, of walking up "to within fifty feet of goats," of course in plain sight of them, "before they attempted to leave the spot," might be explained by the well-known extraordinary curiosity these animals exhibit. They naturally wanted to see what kind of a man this Mr. Griffin was. He further says, "I once got so close that I shot two of them down without putting the rifle to my shoulder," adding, "the first time I tried that style of shooting," words I think he must have borrowed from the man who, aiming at a sparrow, killed his mother-in-law standing behind the bush.

Mr. Griffin remarks that it is no uncommon thing for a Howe Sound Indian to kill twenty-five goats in a day with an old flintlock musket, the range of which is about twenty-five or thirty yards. Howe Sound adjoins Burrard Inlet, a circumstance which should be remembered by those who propose accepting the invitation extended by Messrs. Hughes, Fannin and Griffin to Eastern sportsmen—of course quite disinterestedly—for, considering that their hides (the goats', not the Eastern sportsmen's) find a ready sale at Victoria, Portland, and other neighboring marts, there cannot be very many left, or the Puget Sound Indians would be no Indians but a tribe of aboriginal Berghs. To many a good old hunter it will be news that the old muzzleloading Hudson Bay musket has only a range of twenty-five or thirty yards. I am no "experienced old hunter," and what is more I don't want to be one, but yet I have repeatedly seen game brought down by these very rifles at a distance of 150 or 200 yards, and what is more I have seen Winchesters and Sharps badly beaten at 100 yards by these very arms. I think natural history is more in Mr. Griffin's line, and this being the case his categorical denial of the measurement of the big Deer-lodge ram, concerning which I had collected the substantiating evidence of ten men who had seen the animal, would appear quite in place, only it would seem to me that his "I would certainly require some better authority than that which comes from 'the home of tall talk' before I would repeat it as a matter of natural history," shows some quite uncalled-for jealous fear. So far as I know, nobody dared to ask the infallible Mr. Griffin, the maker of natural history, what he would require and as to the size of the great ram those ten witnesses, good men and true, "pass"—and who wouldn't?

Mr. Griffin concludes his letter by a passage that exhibits a delicacy of wit, a Voltairian *penetralia mentis*, that is rendered all the more striking by the contrasting childlike innocence that blandly divulges and "gives away" the true *raison d'etre* of Messrs. Hughes, Fannin and Griffin's attack upon my humble self. It runs: "But it may be after all that we of British Columbia know nothing of the mountain goat, and that it has been reserved for an English sportsman who comes all the way from London sewed up [I quote original diction] by his metropolitan tailor in a fur sack, to teach us." To teach Messrs. Hughes, Fannin and Griffin? What a preposterously absurd idea!

One thing remains to be suggested; do not some other insolent sportsmen who have come all the way from London, such as their Lordships Southesk and Milton, Drs. Cheadle and Hector, Messrs. Burton, Lord, Murphy, Douglas, Williams, Jameson and a half dozen others, who have shot, or who have tried to shoot, the goat, deserve no less than I do that metropolitan tailor-made sack wherein to be sunk to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean's Bosphorus, *i. e.*, Burrard Inlet? W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

P. S.—It occurs to me that Mr. Griffin's allusion to that fur bag may not be understood by those who have not glanced over my paper in last December's *Century* or who are not acquainted with my little book, "Camps in the Rockies," in which reference is made to the usefulness of a fur-lined, waterproof sleeping bag, particularly when hunting "goat," when everything has to be carried on men's shoulders, either your own or others'. A bag of this description weighs seven or eight pounds, and is much warmer and far less bulky than twice that weight of blankets. I have used them at great altitudes in different parts of the world, and in America the idea has found many imitators, for its practicalness is obvious. I happen to write these lines while comfortably housed in this very bag, for in the absence of a tent and in the presence of a snowstorm there are worse places to get into while on a raid after goat. W. A. B.-G.

UPPER KOOTENAY, British Columbia.

FLYING SPIDERS.—Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have you seen the spider fly? A friend told me he saw it to-day. Perhaps it were better to call it a spider balloon ascension. The spider passed over his head as he sat in the carriage (as he said) attached to a network, which was about one foot in diameter, by small threads of perhaps ten inches in length, passing from the spider to different parts of the netting, which floated in the breeze (which was very light) with no apparent change of altitude. I asked if he tried with his whip to cut the line stretched across the road, and he said "No, there was no tree near for a web to be attached to," and he watched it pass across the road and over the fence, and he did not know how far it did go. This is something I have never before heard of, though I have heard of their climbing to the tops of trees and throwing down a ball of web to go down on, or to jump down, spin the web as they fall, this forming a line to pass on from the ground to the tree top. Can you give us some light on the subject?—R. H. BURNS. [The flight of spiders has been described in former numbers.]

MIGRATION OF HAWKS.—Onondaga, N. Y.—The various species of hawks and their habits is to me an interesting subject for study. We live on a hill two miles southwest of Syracuse, N. Y., and from this point we have a fine view of the city and a vast expanse of country lying to the west, north and east of it. Thursday afternoon of last week my attention was called to a long line of hawks coming from the north, and as they reached a point directly over our farm buildings, they began to circle around, hawk after hawk joining the flock until they numbered twenty-four, skimming in gradually extending circles, bearing toward the south. They came and kept on coming until they formed a long line of birds extending from north to south as far as we could see. Their passage over lasted nearly an hour. We could not distinguish the variety, but thought they were redtail hawks (*Buteo borealis*).—G. ALBERT KNAPP. [Such flights of hawks are not uncommon in autumn, nor do they seem to be confined to any particular species.]

LOON'S EGGS.—While in Frontenac county, Ontario, Can., this summer, I was fortunate enough to secure two loon's eggs. They were laid in a nest of reeds and moss carelessly drawn together, on the shady side of a small wooded island in Long Lake. The bird is almost constantly on the water, and is a very poor land bird, seldom building their nest further than twenty inches to two feet from the water, as they are but clumsy walkers. The eggs are fine specimens; light olive in color, with dark spots over them, and measure respectively $3\frac{15}{16}$x$2\frac{1}{4}$ inches and $3\frac{29}{32}$x$2\frac{17}{64}$ inces.—J. LEE SMEDLEY (Dugdale, Pa., Oct. 9).

A HOME-SICK WILD DUCK. — Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, Oct. 8.—While out duck shooting years ago my dog brought to me unharmed three wild ducks from a very late brood. I took them home with the intention of rearing them. Two of them died shortly after, but the remaining one, after being kept in confinment until tame, was allowed to run with the common ducks about the place. Early last autumn it began to go away, at first for only a few hours, but the periods of absence gradually lengthened until at last I gave it up for lost. Imagine my surprise two weeks ago to find it again with the tame ducks, where it stayed a few days and again disappeared. Whether it has gone this time for good is a question that only time can prove.—FLAPPER.

Game Bag and Gun.

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WHISPERS FROM THE WEST.

I ONCE knew a man intimately enough to borrow his dog. My friend had broken his leg, and as the dog needed exercise he loaned him to me. A new collar was made for the dog with his owner's name and address engraved thereon, and I took a cast-iron, kennel-riveted oath I'd fetch him back. My friend had purchased the animal from a noted dog handler, who had clinched the sale with the remark that "the man who could not shoot birds over Patsie was an extraordinary fool," or words to that effect.

Now, Patsie was an Irish setter, small in size, dark in color, famously well trained, but Patsie was a crank. "If he don't mind you," said my friend, "give him a liver pill, that fetches him, because Patsie is bilious at times." I got a box of Mandrake's and started for the West.

I had a lovely bitch along with me of Theo. Morford's strain, and both these dogs subsequently caused me serious grief.

The first morning, after I had reached my destination in Missouri, was clear and balmy. I took both dogs with me and killed sixty-four quail over them, and saw Patsie do both good and bad work. I never put a whip on him, but treated him with the utmost civility and kindness. At last about the middle of the afternoon I said to him, "Patsie, old sport, go thither and procure for me that defunct quail which fell before my unerring aim." Patsie gave me one look. Across the horizon there was a red streak like unto the setting sun. It was, I have since learned, Patsie. The prairie was too small for him. He was gone. What under heaven induced him to depart without saying "good bye," I cannot conceive. William Goldenbow Kippy, Esq., who carried the game bag and the whisky flask, looked at my brother-in-law, Mr. Miraculous Cadwalleder Kingsland, of Pennsylvania, and my wife's brother gazed with astonishment into the western sky. We then looked at each other, and after wiping away the tears which pattered on the dry prairie grass, discharged four guns.

"Ho! Patsie, old boy, yer needn't fetch the bird. I don't want him," I cried aloud.

"Does yar kum pack, Batsey?" ejaculated Mr. Kippy.

"Whet! Whet! Patse-é-e!" yelled the youthful scion of the ancient Kingsland family. "Hi! Here, Patsie, he-re." But Patsie was deaf to all persuasion and did not *hear* worth a cent. We then began the most scientific hunt ever entered upon in Missoura after a dog. (I may remark that the State appeared to have grown since I was there last year, and the old man's legs were shorter.) The hunt, however, was so terribly scientific that it resulted in our all getting lost. This was Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It was very cold. We got into the frozen marsh, which Mr. Kippy's choice remarks caused to smell like the White Sulphur Springs. At times, after it grew dark, I thought I could discern a blue light shining like a halo around his head, but I may have been mistaken. But Mr. Kippy's utterances were vile. At last he became so entangled in a patent complicated Dutch oven oath that he lost the trail and got separated from us; while a little later my brother-in-law went splashing off into the dark and was seen no more. Nellie, my bitch, stuck to me like wax. She waded through ice and water after me until she became frozen, and then I had to carry her. I became desperate, plunged into the deep water, crossed the marsh and got home at 10 o'clock that night. Mr. Kingsland struck the house at 7 A. M. next day and William Goldenbord Kippy, Esq., fotched up at 9 A. M. Although I did everything I could for my poor bitch the terrible exposure was too much for her and she died two days later and was buried on the prairie. Because I do not interpolate here a copyrighted lament for the death of my dog is not because I do not feel keenly her loss.

In the meanwhile Patsie having been heard of in Arkansas and Iowa at the same time, caused distraction for my sad and over-burdened heart. Scouts armed with toy whistles and wild duck calls were prevailed upon to scour the earth. For three days the search was kept up. No Patsie. I then took a two-days' whack at it myself in a wagon, varying the means of transit in an old locomotive on the "narrer-gouge" railway. No Patsie. On the evening of the sixth day, a man leading a something which appeared to me to be a short section of a red clay drain pipe, appeared upon the scene. He demanded twenty-five cents for the animated hollowness. I looked through the pipe several times, spotted an undigested liver pill and knew it was Patsie. The long lost Patsie of Patsieville. Behind the dog appeared the band who had been discoursing sweet music on the bird-like whistles and duck quackers. The wandering minstrels had come to cuss their luck as they saw the promised reward hovering out of reach. After serenading me and demanding shekels, they left. Then Mrs. Clamhoister came for $1.30 for a breast of veal knocked off of her calf on the "narrer-gouge" railroad, while I had been skirmishing in two counties after Patsie. This finished the outlay, for I secreted myself on a muskrat house out on the marsh, where neither man, woman or child could wade to me except in gum boots, which don't grow on trees out West.

As for the shooting, my brother-in-law had been having fine sport. On returning home one evening from the marsh he came on some wild turkeys on the roost. He killed three big fellows; one we eat and the others were sent as presents to friends. But after my brother-in-law left for home I had to pay $3 for the turkeys, which turned out to be tame ones belonging to old man Gobblingrod's flock.

But seriously speaking, quail were in thousands, and during the cold snap (for we could walk on the ice toward the end of our stay) mallards were in millions. I fairly slaughtered them in the oak timber. Then came a dreadful

storm. It rained three days and nights, and "the river" (Juniata river size) rose eleven feet in one night. The bottom lands were all submerged, and on the spots left out of the flood, thousands of rabbits and quail huddled together for safety. The trees which seemed sinking out of sight were alive with quail. There they perched until hunger made them too weak to hold on, and they fell dead into the water beneath. On one island of two acres I saw over one hundred rabbits. The roads became impassable. A section of five miles of the "narrow-gauge" was washed away. Millions of bushels of corn were lost. The cornfields were alive with ducks for two days until warmer weather drove them north. The loss of crops to the "bottom" farmers was immense. They tried husking corn into dug-outs. I saw one old fellow attempt to cross a creek, where the water was sixteen feet deep, in a dug-out canoe. It was only one inch out of water. He sat on a heap of rescued corn paddling. I said, "Say, old pard, if the river rises much more before you land you are gone." He did not answer, for at that moment he quietly sank out of sight. The water had "riz" an inch while I was speaking. I merely mention this to show newspaper reporters how to impress upon the public the quickness with which the rivers can rise in the wild West during periods of overflows. Hundreds of families fled from the flood. Chickens mostly roosted on chimney tops. "Hogs has the cholere," was heard on all sides. The whole country was transformed into a sea and remained so for several weeks. I frequently asked the inhabitants if they had seen anything of Noah, but they said that was not funny when people were being drowned out, so I gave them a rest, as I will also do my readers. CHOPSTICKS.

CAMPS IN THE WILDERNESS.

IT was Sept. 28, and once more I was afloat on the grand old Umbagog Lake, this time in a forty-five-pound canoe capable of carrying a weight of five hundred pounds. A light breeze had rippled the surface of the lake just sufficiently to impart an exhilarating motion to the canoe, and it was with the feeling of grasping the hand of an old friend that the paddle was taken up.

For the first time in my camping-out experience in the wild woods of Maine, I started out alone, and it was not without a feeling of lonesomeness that the first dip of the paddle was made on the trip to the upper waters of the Magalloway.

By noon I had crossed the lake and pushed up the Magalloway to Pulpit Rock. The ministrations of the passing seasons make slight impressions on the old pulpit, and the rock and surroundings had a rugged, homelike welcome to the lone paddler. The previous year a companion had been present to break a fast at this spot, which had been the scene of many a noonday lunch on our annual trips to the Magalloway. At 5 in the afternoon the canoe was drawn ashore at the mouth of the Diamond, and a cheery greeting was received from Uncle Peter Bennett and his family. If one has ever paddled some thirty odd miles against wind and current he can appreciate the feelings with which I welcomed Uncle Peter's generous bounty.

During the evening neighbors dropped in, and many a sly note was taken from the stories related of camping and hunting experiences. Uncle Peter told of how once in his youthful days he was out moose hunting with Jack ——. They had followed the track of the moose for many miles, occasionally coming in sight of the animal and within rifle shot, but they did not propose to pack that moose meat any further than was necessary, but as Uncle Peter expressed it, to "let it do its own packing." The scheme was to follow the moose until he should be somewhere near the river, and there dispatch him. They would sometimes get so near that the moose would turn on them, but if they stopped he would again move on, and at times he was entirely out of sight. Finally the word was given and his "pard" fired. The moose turned. Uncle Peter had his eye on him, and "where he could put in where he wanted to, unhitched and brought him down." But where was Jack? Nowhere in sight. Looking up, however, he was discovered in a tree some twenty-five feet from the ground, hanging on for dear life, his snowshoes dangling in the air. The instant he had fired the rifle was dropped and he had shinned up the nearest tree. Uncle Peter, meantime, had been so intent on the game that he had not noticed the maneuver.

Monday morning, after a couple of hours paddling, the upper settlement hove in sight. Made the canoe fast to an overhanging tree, and then, with wading boots drawn on, set off for Clark's farm, where Walter Buckman, the guide, was expected. After dinner the canoe, camp toggery and provisions were hauled over the carry two and a half miles to the head of Escohos Falls. Here we met a party coming out, and evidently they were slightly out of humor, tired out, no doubt, and perhaps disgusted with their luck. With considerable scolding on the part of one, and a free interchange of doubtful compliments among the others, they made their way to the foot of the falls. Our guide took in the situation and asked, "What will you sell out for?" You may just rest assured that these blankets which resulted from the dicker were decidedly acceptable on succeeding cold nights when the mercury fell below freezing.

"We will have an early breakfast, and if you are not too much of a tenderfoot, can camp at the catnip beds to-morrow night," insinuated the guide. We saw the early dawn of Tuesday. Loading up the canoe and boat (to which Walton had given a liberal coating of pitch) not forgetting to look about to see that nothing was left, the fleet struck. It was a pretty sight, and a surprise to many of the lumbermen as unsuspected we noiselessly glided within paddle's length of them as they were busily engaged on the banks. We stopped at many places along the river, and ate our noonday lunch at Hunter's Camp, so-called, though nothing but the camp ground now remains, the camp having been burned by some careless lumberman. This spot recalled several pleasant nights spent in the camp some four years ago. Two miles above here we met N. C. Natting, M.D., F. G. Perry, of Concord, N. H., and F. E. Shaw, of Brocton, Mass., camping at Lewis's Camp, on Lower Metallic Pond, and we were heartily welcomed and invited to come often. "Just quarter past three by the right time," remarked Walton, glancing at a wheezy old Waterbury relic; and we have struck the catnip beds. Not a bad day's work for single paddles.

Did you ever sleep on a bed of hemlock boughs? Not one of your rough-and-tumble affairs, half saw-logs and stumps, but made in this fashion: Place a six inch log at the head, smooth off the ground and grub up all stubs and sticks. Collect the boughs and break off the tips—be careful not to put in anything else—then commence at the head and place the boughs, tops up and the points or stubs down, the boughs to incline back and resting on the log. After laying one course continue by laying others, always commencing at the ends and working across. You can make a good bed in one hour's time, and the time is well spent. It is the most important feature of a pleasant camp in the woods to have a good bed, and yet how few pay proper attention to the matter. Should the bed become hard after a few nights, place another layer of boughs on top. The beauty of this bed is it keeps you from the ground, is springy, and the hemlock odor is healthful. Always select a spot that inclines downward considerably. A foot log should be placed where the last course of boughs had been placed, the log to rest on the ends or stubs. This will keep the boughs in place at the bottom and also serve as a foot rest. There are many who contemplate a trip to the woods for the first time and who are always glad to learn, and for the benefit of such I have been thus explicit. Such a bed we prepared, and that Tuesday night slept the sleep of one at peace with mankind. That evening plans were laid for future movements, and an early start for upper Metallic in the morning agreed upon.

"Wake up, boss, and get around some of this partridge stew; make you feel like a fighting cock." Thus saith the guide, and we had too some coffee strong enough to stand alone. Getting the shooting irons in readiness and launching the feather-like canoe, we shot out for game. Game must be had, and something worth talking about. Carefully and silently paddling along, we had not long to wait before a deer was seen to take to the water some distance up, and leisurely swim to the opposite shore. Shoot of course we did, and scored a clean miss. This served to drop our spirits to about ten degrees below zero.

An hour's paddling brought us to Upper Metallic. Hiding the canoe, bottom up, in the tall grass, and shouldering the rifles we took the trail leading to Lincoln Pond, some three miles from the river. Walter pushed on ahead, while the rear guard leisurely tramped along, taking several partridges. These, together with pair of ducks shot on Upper Metallic, and roasted over a bed of coals, with tea made in our pint dipper, served with half of an onion as dessert, made up the bill of fare for a lunch at the pond. The guide remarked, "To-night we will have a regular lay out." Thus we spent many pleasant days in tramping through the woods, and canoeing on the river and adjacent ponds. Several trips were made to this little sheet of water during our stay in camp, and the canoe played an important part in making the visits more interesting.

"Perhaps you would like to hear of a little adventure I had several years ago in a forced trip to Lincoln Pond," said the guide as we sat around the camp-fire that evening. "I was about fifteen years old, when, late in November, in company with my pard, I came up river one clear but cold day from gramp's [grandfather's], bound for Parmachenee. We paddled lively and put up at Spoff Flint's camp on Parmachenee carry that night. The weather grew cold, and, finding a young chap some seventeen years old at the camp who wanted to get down to the settlement the next day, we put our heads together and arranged to take him down. Well, the chap was from Massachusetts and he had the notion that he could come up here and get lots of money and have a big time trapping. He had been here about a week and wanted to get home bad. All three of us started late on the following day and came down through the quick water in a hurry, but soon struck ice too thick to break through. It was getting late and we had but one partridge for food. You see, we had expected to reach the settlement that night, but there was no use trying for that. We did not know the direct route back to Spoff's camp by land, but we did know the trail over to Lincoln Pond and from that place to Spoff's camp; besides, there was a camp at the pond where we could at least have a shelter. Leaving the boat, we started, but had not gone far before the city chap showed signs of petering out, and before long he wanted to lie down in his tracks. It was tough, I know, but the cold had increased and I knew that we must get him along somehow; so my pard carried his duds and we cut switches and switched him along. He would lie down, but we would pull him up and cuff him, and even raised our foot sometimes to help him along. Never saw such a darn fool, but then he was such a thundering tenderfoot that he could not help it. We reached Lincoln Pond and found a camp where we roasted the partridge, and tell you what, boss, between us there was hardly a feather left.

"We slept spoon fashion that night with the city chap in the middle and managed to keep him alive. Next morning as soon as it was light, we took the trail to Spoff's camp—where we had started from the day before—distance seven miles. It was a tough pull for the 'young trapper,' but by dint of cuffing and switching, with an occasional internal application of raw whisky, we managed to reach Spoff's, but when we finally struck the camp he fainted clean away. Tell you what, my pard and I wanted something more than a faint—grub we must have. While the rest worked over the young fellow, we got hold of some cold venison and worked it into our system lively. Better warmed up? Perhaps so, but we couldn't wait for that; let it warm up after getting down."

Having finished his story, the guide laid more sticks on the camp-fire, and drawing the blankets over us, we lay down, lulled to sleep by the moan of the fir trees and the rustle of dry leaves in the crisp October breezes, occasionally startled by the snapping of dry twigs as some wild animal made its way to the spring for water.

Early on the morning of Saturday, the 11th of October, 1884, we made an early start, bound for Parmachenee. Found our friends, previously referred to, in camp above Upper Metallic. They were unusually happy, having a good-sized buck hung up in camp, which had been killed the day before. Good shots, too, judging from the two bullet holes just behind the shoulder, not two inches apart. Pushing on the guide made some not very faint remarks about a weak stomach, but we managed to get along until we reached an abandoned camp on the Parmachenee Carry, called Lundy Pond Camp.

On our way up river we met a party consisting of Henry Chase and wife, William Durkey, wife, and their four-year-old son. They had been on a regular camping and sporting trip, the ladies being as fully enthusiastic as the gentlemen. They had been very successful, the spoils of the hunt, together with equipments, making a heavy load to work over the shoal places so frequent on the Upper Magalloway.

Ten minutes after the guide got into camp he had a roaring fire in the mongrel stove, and had bread mixed ready to put into the oven. In less than an hour he had prepared and set on the table the following spread: Fried partridge, hot bread, fried potatoes, and tea, together with canned cherries and milk, a feast fit for a king. An hour's sitting wore away the keener edge of our appetite, and while the guide busied himself in singing and imitating the cry of almost every animal we have any knowledge of, the scribe got out the field glass, and after taking in the situation, settled down to his notes and memoranda, until gathering darkness reminded us of the necessity of illumination. We had neglected to bring candles or lamps from our home camp, but the guide manufactured one out of pork fat and rags.

The pattering of the rain on the thin roof above us disturbed our Sunday morning nap, and investigation showed that the prospects were for more. We decided to take a stroll to Parmachenee, and if our provisions held out to stop another night at the camp before going down river. A good shelter from the rain with a cooking stove thrown in is not to be despised when in the wild woods. Thus far the supply of small game had been abundant, and we hoped for more. With rifle and shotgun in hand, a three-mile tramp in the cold rain brought us to the foot of Parmachenee Lake. Here, in a lumberman's hut, a fire was soon kindled, lighting up the dripping logs of which the hut was made and gleaming on the faces of two rather damp stragglers bent over the blaze busily engaged in preparing a meal that, as the guide expressed it, would make us as hairy as Esau, adding that such food was the stuff to make men of. Salt pork, fried potatoes, and last but not least, four good thick slices of venison steak, done to fit the weak stomach and accompanied with Sampson tea. We returned to Lunday Pond Camp for the night.

On the following morning with a clear sky, but somewhat colder air, all hands were ordered out, packs were arranged, and in a short time we were on the wing for our home camp at the Catnip Beds, some ten miles below. "There's a right smart chance for more wet," remarked the guide, "and we would best hump along and try for camp before that cloud lets out on us." But it was of no use, down came the rain in bucketfuls, the wind blowing strong enough to drive us up river against a strong current. In the midst of it a couple of ducks came within gunshot, and the guide pulled the gun from under the covering and brought down one, dropping it within ten feet of the boat. "Good shot, considering," he remarked, as he picked up the duck, "sort of fill up the chinks at dinner time." The tempest was short but severe, toppling over many old monarchs of the forest, and the crashing and grinding of these, mingled with the sharp lightning and heavy thunder was terrific and grand. Here among the rugged hills and mountains the thunder had free play, and the heavy peals seemed to gather fury and force as they echoed from crag to peak, and broke out above our heads. Stopping at our friends' camp we found them busily engaged repairing the damage done by the storm. Their boat had floated away in the night and the Doc took passage with us to hunt it up. Found our camp in good order. "All dry," remarked the guide, as he stepped inside the tent, "guess that slumgullion does the business." The tent had a coat of parafine and then a warm iron applied to drive it into the cloth.

The following morning we broke camp. It was rather a cold, dull day, and snow squalls were frequent. Stopping at Clark's farm, on Escobos Carry, for the night, and taking in two square feasts, we were in fighting trim for a long paddle next day. Leaving the upper settlement during the forenoon, and dining with Uncle Peter Bennett at the mouth of the Diamond, where we cast off our camp clothing, and reaching Ewel Dam that night, completed the day's doings.

The canoe used on this trip was built to order by Messrs. Joyner & Sons, Glens Falls, N. Y. The dimensions are: Length, 14ft.; beam, 34in.; depth at center, 11in.; depth at bow and stern, 21in.; and, as before mentioned, weight, 45lbs., and is capable of carrying a burden of 500lbs. It is built smooth, not lapstreak, which to our mind is much the best; no paint, but finished in oil and varnish. The joints are peculiar to this make, and lap some seven eighths of an inch. Although the boat was transported from Glens Falls to Umbogog, some three hundred miles, in July, and not put into the water till October, not a single leak was discovered; in fact the canoe proved perfectly satisfactory in every particular. KONOG.

A MAGAZINE RIFLE ACCIDENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some two weeks since I was hunting squirrels at Clyde, N. Y. and met with an accident which happily was confined to the loss of one finger and a few days' inflammation of the eyes. As near as can be stated the particulars are these:

I was using my favorite rifle—Winchester .38-caliber—with which I have fired over 17,000 shots, and a cartridge exploded while being pressed in the chamber. An assistant had reloaded my cartridges and this one had its bullet pressed so far in the cartridge that its length was shortened by a quarter of an inch. This cartridge was placed in the magazine and when I attempted to elevate it into the chamber the bullet (what was exposed to view) passed in the chamber, but the end of the shell caught on the upper side of the chamber and would not enter. At this instant I was watching a squirrel in the top of a tall tree and my eyes were therefore turned upward and at arm's length from the gun. The lever not going back the middle finger of the left hand was utilized to push the end of the cartridge down and pulling gently at the time with the right hand on the lever upward. This is all I can remember of Oct. 1. The cartridge exploded on its upper side, tearing off the middle finger at the third joint and badly lacerating the adjoining ones. My eyes, although turned upward, as stated, were literally filled with powder, many grains firmly imbedding themselves in the corners. My eyesight, which was feared to be lost or permanently injured at the time, is unimpaired, and at this writing my eyes are apparently well.

Upon examination of the cartridge it was found to have entered the chamber three-quarters of its length, with a large hole on its upper side corresponding to that portion which was out of the chamber. It was split in two the entire length of the cartridge. The primer had been properly pushed down, and the hammer had made the usual indenture found in them after firing. How the hammer became unlocked before the lever was fully up against the stock, or if it were locked at all, I cannot say. It did not injure the gun, and the action of the hammer and lever is as perfect as any of its kind. Other cartridges were in the magazine at the time and did not explode them, as was reported by several Western New York papers.

I send these facts to warn your readers, or caution them perhaps, against using cartridges not properly reloaded; and it is my judgment any cartridge is entitled to a certain amount of respect, and should be handled accordingly. If any of your readers know of similar explosions or any premature explosion of a cartridge I should like to know the particulars, to be able to avoid such an accident if possible.

Perhaps any of us can learn a valuable lesson from such an unpleasant experience.

I shall read with great interest all communications on the trajectory test, as I have been deeply interested in that matter for years; in fact, have made thousands of experimental shots with the Winchester rifles of all caliber, loaded with various grades of powder, but have not been able to devise a plan which would remove the curved tendency. In my experiments, covering the past three years, I have used a telescope sight attached to the side of the barrel after my own fashion, and I find that in the .32-caliber Winchester, loaded with FFFG Hazard powder, it gives a very satisfactory flat line of fire under 150 yards. The telescope lessens the apparent raise of the bullet materially, owing, I believe, to the certainty of aiming exactly at the bullseye and not above it, as is the case when the distance or light makes it difficult to exactly define the target. Then again, resting the muzzle of the gun instead at the point of equipoise, in my opinion causes one to shoot high. This tendency is apparently increased in light guns having much recoil.

E. C. WALDURFF.

BUFFALO, Oct. 8, 1885.

QUAIL—BOB WHITE—PARTRIDGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad "Coahoma" stands up for the correct name of the *Perdix virginianus*, to wit, partridge. To be sure, our Northern friends have no idea of ever giving up their name of quail for the same bird; but that is no reason Southern gentlemen or huntsmen should blindly adopt a misnomer. Audubon describes four varieties of partridge in "Birds of America," but never a quail, and expressly says that at the North the Virginia partridge is improperly called quail. The accomplished Lewis, author of "The American Sportsman," makes plain the difference between the two birds, and Stonehenge, a high authority in England, tells that the quail breeds in Africa, and flies across the Mediterranean into Europe, where it is shot in immense numbers. Indeed, these two species are not so nearly allied as the Carolina turtle dove and the passenger pigeon; for the flesh of the quail is dark, fat and greasy, while that of the partridge is white and dry. Moreover, their habits are entirely dissimilar.

I think, too, it is a pity we have let our Northern neighbors change the name of our old hare to rabbit, since the rabbit is not indigenous to this continent, and the two animals are as distinct as the sheep and the goat. BIRDO.

SLASHES, Va.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While I would not ignore in the least the many advocates of the deer hounding law, some of whom I know labored persistently to the last moment for its success, much credit is due the FOREST AND STREAM for its wide extended influence all over the country, when it took the side of humanity as opposed to slaughter and butchery of the innocent deer driven into the water in which there was no escape. It has happily moulded a healthy sentiment in opposition to this cruel mode of hunting.

Call me a sentimentalist, a humanitarian, call me what you please, but I could never bring myself to look on with indifference and see the timid deer chased by the swift, persistent hound until half dead with fright, melted with heat, and with protruding tongue and panting sides he plunges into the water. Here instinct has taught him that he can baffle the enemy on his track; when well out in the water he should be safe; when, lo, a boat pushes out from the shore and cuts off his retreat; he plunges frantically this way and that to escape his now more deadly enemy. His pitiful bleating for mercy is of no avail, there is no possible chance of life and he is ruthlessly murdered by the pot-hunter, or so-called "sportsman."

Age with its attendant decrepitude and failing sight can no longer compete successfully with the sharp senses of the wary deer. But I like to hunt as well as ever, and if I am fortunate enough to kill a deer it will be fairly, and not by trapping him, or what is equivalent, by driving him into the water, where I can have all the advantage.

After the bill had been passed I found there was still much to do to insure the enforcement of the law. I consulted with sportsmen and guides interested in the preservation of game in this section and found that they were willing to contribute something toward having a good man to attend to the enforcement of the law. I started the subscription with $50, but it will cost me three times that, as I am bound to pay all that others do not contribute, which will not be one-half of the expense. But I do not care for that. I mean to have one year of quiet if its does cost me $200. I accordingly engaged a man deputized by the State game constable, and he began his labors the first of July. He has proved to be the right man in the right place. He is all over and turns up where he is least expected. Silence reigns supreme. The deer grazes undisturbed on the mountain side and in his native haunts, and I imagine that his heart yearns with gratitude to FOREST AND STREAM and other coworkers for the Curtis hounding bill, for the quiet, undisturbed rest he is permitted to enjoy.

I am informed that hounding is practiced on the Fulton Chain of lakes and on the east side of the woods, which is only winked at by the game constables of that section, and if so, these negligent officers should be removed and others that will do their duty put in their places. But there has not been heard the voice of a hound in pursuit of deer in all the Beaver River country, patrolled by our private game constable.

There would be no trouble whatever in enforcing the game law in respect to hounding if the game constables were disposed to do so; but I think the constable in charge of the Fulton Chain of lakes was much opposed to the hounding bill, hence his lack of energy in this respect. Deer are, of course, scarce from the great slaughter of the past two years. There is great rejoicing here that this slaughter cannot be repeated this fall. While the law is on my side I shall see that no hounding is done in this section. Last fall more deer were killed in one day by the hounders within three miles of my house than I have killed in the past two years. But, thanks be to FOREST AND STREAM and all workers for the deer hounding law, this thing cannot occur again.

In my post office I have posted the deer hounding law published by FOREST AND STREAM and directly under it is a large rooster, cut from pasteboard, in the act of crowing, whose clarion voice proclaims to both friend and foe the great victory we have achieved in the salvation of the deer by the completion of the Curtis hounding law. I rejoice that this fall I shall not be compelled to send in to FOREST AND STREAM the bloody record of the wholesale slaughter of deer by hounding.

Inclosed is $4, for which please send me FOREST AND STREAM for one year. I like it for what it has done. It has taken the side of humanity, decency and game protection. Let the deer slaughterer heap maledictions upon it if they will, they cannot harm it. It is above reproach. It has the honor of advocating and aiding in the completion of the best law that could be devised for the protection of the deer in our Adirondack forest. CHAS. FENTON.

NUMBER FOUR, Adirondacks, Sept. 28.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL DAY.

MY TENT is, for the present, pitched at the mouth of the Jemseg—the outlet of Grand Lake—a place made memorable in the history of Acadia as the site of one of La Tour's forts, and the scene of some of the bitter fights between him and his rival Charnissé. Though all recent writers on the subject mention the fact that La Tour possessed a fort at this place, yet some of them place the scene of the fighting near the present city of St. John. Cannon balls and musket bullets have been found in the washouts on the adjacent intervale banks in sufficient quantities to indicate pretty sharp fighting, and as he was always at peace with the Micmacs, the only inference that I can draw is that it must have been done with his rival. The fort was situated on a knoll commanding both the St. Lawrence and the entrance to Grand Lake. Portions of the glacis are still visible, but the site is now a cultivated field. The boom of the Frenchman's cannon has given place to the sharp roar of the 10-bore, for the marshes adjacent to this place cannot be excelled by any inland place in this province as a resort for wildfowl, but it was much better ten years ago than it is now.

The grouse law was off Sept. 20. I cleaned up my old gun, or parody on a gun, and loaded a baker's dozen of shells, thinking perhaps I would be content to come home by the time I had fired them all away, and prepared to spend the day in the woods of Clifton. True, I had no dog, but had I not often in my boyhood days made good bags without the aid of a canine, and was I less smart now than then? In my snowshoe tramps last winter I had located every grouse within a radius of two or three miles; and I never saw more grouse or a finer lot winter safely than tided over last season's cold weather.

In this country the ruffed grouse individually haunt a particular territory, usually about one-fourth of a square mile, but the real shape of their beat depends a good deal on the formation of the ground and the abundance of food. I have noticed no difference in the extent of their range, whether there were two, three, or a whole flock using the same piece of ground. I have seen the same grouse every day for three months. I don't believe they ever migrate, except when compelled by scarcity of food, or some other cause they cannot control. I have noticed also that they have their favorite places in their beats, without being able to see any reason for their partiality. Some turn in an old road, perhaps, or a little glade or flat. I can point to one single spot where I have killed probably a dozen grouse, but never saw more than one at a time; neither did I ever kill two during the same season. The hunter's success depends to some extent on his knowledge of these places. I do not believe there are more than two men living who can discount me in finding birds on the grounds adjacent to the place where I was brought up.

On this day I beat the woods thoroughly between the Kennebeccasis and Puddington's Lake without seeing anything but one hermit thrush and an occasional red squirrel. I approached the lake cautiously, hoping to find some ducks; but there were none there. While I was doing this fine piece of creeping I passed within thirty feet of a pine limb which was lying on the ground. On it was a projection which very much resembled a squirrel. Passing the same place again twenty minutes after I was so much struck with the likeness that I shied a stick toward the limb and the excrescence disappeared like a flash. I present this as evidence that things are occasionally "what they seem."

I struck through a splendid growth of sugar maple toward Walton's Lake. On the whole, I rather like mountain lakes, but I hate the oozy swamps that often environ them. While picking my way along the edge of one of these, an old cock grouse which I recognized as a former acquaintance rose and dashed into a thicket like a bullet. I hunted for the old thunderbolt about half an hour, and then instead of "riddling" him, as I intended, I "gave him up," as I often have riddles. Going on about a mile I came to an old lumber road, when up went another grouse not ten rods from where I had often seen one last winter. He offered me a good, fair, flying shot, and I wouldn't take it; but having seen where he settled, I deliberately followed him up with the fiendish intention of potting him. However, I didn't pot him to any appreciable extent, for he ran about thirty yards at right angles to his line of flight, and rose, twisting around a dead tree top as he went, and I almost thought I could see him wink his left eye at me as he disappeared. I think I hear some one say, "Served you right," and I bow my head to the justice of the verdict. But I beg to present to the reader a few extenuating circumstances. I have spent weeks in the woods of Clifton and vicinity, and only three times did I succeed in shooting anything. If the good people of the village knew the Indian name for "The-Man-Who-Goes-to-the-Woods-with-a-Gun-and-Gets-Nothing," I would doubtless get the benefit of it; but the English form is rather long for common use. Is it any wonder, then, that in order to remove the stain on my character I would endeavor to get in a sure thing on that cunning old grouse?

Failing to find the bird again I struck through the woods to McGinn's clearing, a fair specimen of a backland farm. As I crossed it I couldn't help wondering how much money it would take to induce me to live there. An old man, with one foot in the grave, and the other so near that it displaced the loose earth on the edge, came out of the house and began to cut wood. As I watched the feeble blows of his axe I fell to moralizing on the bright and dark sides of the picture presented by a long life. Soon I came to a beech ridge where I had frequently flushed six grouse last winter, and from which I expected great things now that they had had a chance to increase and multiply. My best work could only start one grouse, and he rising very wild took a bee line in the direction of Anticosti. I took another route to Walton's Lake. On my way I called at Camp Campbell, or "Hotel Backlands," as we used to call it; a deserted lumber camp, which only last winter was the scene of all the bustle incidental to this busiest of lives. As I leaned against a tree I recalled the small neatly dressed figure of the foreman who could take as heavy a "hand-spike lift" as the best, and the stalwart forms of the men who used to labor shoulder to shoulder with him. I thought I could see "Hilly," the cook, with his bright red hair, good-natured, freckled face, and his feet, for he it known there never was so much of any man of like weight lying on the ground, while his canvas pantaloons, as if uncertain of which to be most afraid, the face or the feet, hovered about his knees at a safe distance from either, stayed only by a calf-skin suspender which constituted the "moorings" that prevented them from making their escape. For a complete picture of departed glory give me a deserted lumber camp. Some forest vandal had broken the windows and the door stood ajar; while around grew a few spires of timothy and oats, whose lives in the forest were destined to be about as ephemeral as had been the stay of those of the persons who were the means of sowing them. The lumberman has been thoroughly condemned by contributors to sportsman's papers. I know him as few men do. I've been one with him. I consider him an industrial necessity and there I leave him, with the additional remark that he is fast disappearing from this province.

Resuming my journey I crossed another aggravating piece of swamp. As I stood on a hummock I saw a red squirrel preparing to jump from a limb of an ash, and when he was in mid air I threw up the gun and fired. A dull thud told that my aim had been true, but had he been anything worth shooting I would not have touched him. Stepping carelessly backward one foot sank in the soft ooze of the swamp, perhaps a just retribution for killing the squirrel, but it was a fair flying shot. The rest of the hunt degenerated into a tramp, and I reached home feeling as if I didn't want to see the woods again for a month; but actually I would have been glad of the chance in two days.

The result of my hunt was a bad cold. The most noticeable feature in the hunt was that I saw no young birds, but the same old bachelor and old maid grouse that were there last winter. In my year's stay at Clifton I acquired a knowledge of its grand old woods and little lakes that is not equaled by that of some that were to the manor born; and I shall look back on some of the days I spent there with a good deal of pleasure. My exploits with the gun were few and insignificant, but some of my feats with the rod gained me a local reputation if nothing more. The hills were generous to me, for I enjoyed such health there as I have not known for two years. Farewell land of rugged hills, delicious small fruits, delightful autumn scenery, semi-perennial fog and genial people. *Vale!* L. I. FLOWER.

JEMSEG, N. B.

MOOSE HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

ON the twenty-fifth of February last, after driving sixty miles from Derby station of the Intercolonial Railway to the headwaters of the Savogle branch of the Miramichi River, a friend and I left McPowers's lumber camp in the gray of the morning, he carrying a double-barreled gun charged with bullet and buckshot and I a .44 caliber repeating rifle. We had three hunting days before us; the snow was five feet deep and a slight crust made fairly good snoeshowing. After traveling about three miles in one direction by pocket compass we struck a caribou track. Our hearts beat high as we turned to follow. In about two hours we saw two small caribou standing in the edge of the thick wood across an open distant about 150 yards; but there was very little chance for a shot among all those trees. At this moment a fine large fellow jumped up from the snow, where he had been resting, ran a few steps and stopped behind a clump of trees which allowed only about a foot square of his belly to be seen. My never-failing rifle placed the bullet in this spot and he fell like a stone. Believing him dead I turned to look for the others, when a shout from my companion told me that the caribou was up again and away. As the snow was plentifully sprinkled with blood we felt sure of overtaking him; but in this we were mistaken. They did not sink more than a foot in the snow and could run two miles to our one. They would lie down and rest about every mile and start again on scenting us. Late in the afternoon we ran across a moose yard, but kept on after the caribou until it was time to steer for the lumber camp, which we reached at dark thoroughly disgusted with caribou hunting. A good square supper with the lumbermen and a glorious sleep fitted us out for the next day, which was destined to see a yet more exciting chase.

We went straight to the moose yard, and after circling around for a considerable time, found his track leaving the yard. Straining every nerve, we gave hot chase for about three miles. As we were nearing a large tract of second growth, and on rising ground, a "There he is" from my companion woke me up to the fact that he was not far off. We could see the bushes swaying to and fro about 250 yards ahead. We both started to run for a little knoll 50 yards ahead to get a good shot. In the excitement his snowshoe caught in a twig and he fell into the deep snow, so that I reached the knoll first. When I got on top the moose was about 200 yards away, making lively for other parts. I fired for his left shoulder and over he went. By the time he got up I fired again and over he went again. I then ran along to get another shot at shorter range. When I got about 100 yards from him he started off again, so I stopped long enough to fire two more shots, the first of whtch I missed, but the last one stopped him. The shell caught in the rifle coming out, on account of some snow getting in, but he stood perfectly still until I got within 20 feet of him, when he made for me full drive, and it was then my turn to leave for other parts, which I did on the double-quick. I succeeded, however, in getting out the shell, and turning gave him a finishing touch behind the ear, which dropped him stone dead. All this happened in much less time than I have taken to tell it, and the shooting was all over by the time my companion had extricated himself from the scrape into which he had got when we first started to run. In an instant more my hunting knife had done its work, and we very complacently sat down and took a smoke, after which we removed the skin and buried the carcass in the snow to cleanse it from the blood.

It was with light hearts that we turned to walk to camp, bringing with us enough of the moose to prove that we had really killed him. The next morning we pressed a lumberman into the service, made a toboggan, and in two trips had the whole at the camp.

On the morning of the 28th we left the hunting ground, and the camp cook succeeded in running down the wounded caribou the same day. I am promised the skin and head for my share of the prize.

When any of your readers want good moose hunting send them to New Brunswick, where they can take the Intercolonial Railway and stop at any one of a dozen stations, from which a few hours' drive will land them on good hunting ground. When the snow is deep, about last of February, is the best time for hunting moose. In the first of the win-

ter, immediately after the first snow, 5th to middle of November, is the best time for caribou hunting.

I know of one person who shot ten caribou in one day this winter only four miles from Newcastle station, and three more on his way home the next day. After I left the Savogle River with my moose, an Indian shot six more near the same place. H. J. M.

NEWCASTLE, New Brunswick.

[As the law forbids moose hunting in New Brunswick after Feb. 1, the reader is warned not to take the advice of "H. J. M." as to season, unless desirous of making himself liable to punishment as "H. J. M." was for infringing the game law.]

COLORADO GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first flight of wild geese south was observed here on about Sept. 29. Only two or three flocks have been reported to the writer. Ducks are plentiful in all our waters, and have been for a month or more. Sportsmen bring in good bags, but no large slaughter of them is reported. Our first frost came yesterday morning, but it was not severe.

An occasional buffalo or a small herd is yet found in the State. Several have been killed and more seen on the plains in the eastern part of the State during the past summer. One cattle herder near Kit Carson killed two. The other day a herder not far from Trinidad killed a cow and captured a calf. He picketed the latter out over night and in the morning found it choked to death. Buffalo have been reported within the last few months on the snowy range between Middle and North Parks; on the Gore range, further to the westward, and about the headwaters of Roaring Fork of Grand River and headwaters of the Gunnison; in no case more than a very few animals. Hunters are killing a few elk and deer, but the great abundance of game that formerly prevailed is gone forever. W. N. B.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 7.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

RAIL shooting has been better for the past week than during the whole season, the easterly winds and storms bringing much water into the river. Although many birds had left for the South, those that remained were easily gotten at and in capital order. The storm likewise has made duck shooting good, comparatively speaking; the fowl that have lately come are young and can be paddled on readily. Teal and gray ducks still continue to reach our waters, the seeds of the reed affording them excellent food. Some snipe are now killed, but the rank growth of vegetation which covers the meadows at this time does not make attractive feeding grounds, and the birds in the main still use the flats at low water and are hard to reach. Many rail are being killed along the reed-fringed ditches with spaniels to start them on the wing. We hear of plenty of quail, but learn again the birds are yet small. Oct. 15 is too early to begin shooting them here, and Nov. 1 is considered a better date by sportsmen who are posted.

A flock of Canada geese was seen going over the city "high up" a few days since. No brant have yet reached Barnegat or Tuckerton bays, but ducks are reported as beginning to arrive. These are the marsh varieties, such as black ducks, mud hens, mallards and teal. In a week or ten days the bluebills, redheads and whistlers will be on the grounds and shooting will commence. Sportsmen who desire good shooting on the New Jersey bays should go early, before the ducks become wild. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11.

DAKOTA LARGE GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This season I have had but scant time for hunting, and have done none except immediately around my ranch. However, I have bagged so far an antelope, nine deer (three whitetail and six blacktail) and an elk, the latter a fine bull but with a small head, and probably the last of his kind in this immediate neighborhood.

Since writing to you last a bear killed a man about thirty miles down stream from my ranch. This was at the time of the floods last spring. The man, with a companion, were coming down the river on a raft, and stopped at my ranch for dinner, a few days afterward we heard from the survivor that they had landed to hunt a bear, and that one of them followed into a thicket and was killed. A party of ranchmen went out and buried the body; one of them told me that the head had been crushed in, apparently by a blow from the beast's paw, and that one of the arms was bitten through in three places.

This fall I found the body of a black-footed ferret (*Putorius nigripes*) near the house. I am inclined to think that this was the animal whose tracks we used to see early last winter in the light snow around the prairie dog town. As I believe the animal is still considered rather a rare species I thought this record of its existence might be of interest to some of your more scientific readers.

By the way, your correspondent, Mr. H. P. Ufford, of Casselton, Dakota, is, as we count distance in the West, quite a near neighbor of mine. If a good wind ever blows him toward Medora, I can promise him the certainty of a hearty welcome, and the possibility of some sport with deer and antelope. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCHE, Medora, Dakota, Sept. 18.

AN ODD EXPERIENCE WITH A GROUSE.—Up here in northeastern Connecticut birds are plenty enough to tickle the noses of our dogs, but very few remain in sight long enough for us to get the "circumference" as Lit, our "gillie," says. One day last week, though, we had very good luck. The first partridge brought to bag flew in through the open window of our gun room; then we got the "circumference" of a fine woodcock, and the third bird, a partridge—well, this is the way it happened. Flash and Bang struck a scent near a bunch of pines, worked their way carefully along, stiffening now and then, for about fifty yards, leading us into a place where it was impossible to shoot, so thick and dark was it. Suddenly, with a great whir-r-r, up got the bird within thirty feet of us, but completely hidden from view. It whir-r-rd and whir-r-rd, but, strange to say, the sound did not grow fainter, but finally ended up with a flip-flop, and all was still. We drew near, and behold, the partridge was high and dry, caught by a snare through which it had attempted to run while the dogs were trailing it up. Lit looked sort of foolish and proposed going home—the birds were too thick for enjoyment. We managed, however, to get two more partridges and three woodcock—by shooting them—before we reached home.—F. L. N.

THE FOX AS A TREE CLIMBER.—In your last issue, Oct. 1, "J. G. R." tells of "a red fox in an apple tree in my orchard, eating frozen apples. The tree was a little slanting, but he was pretty well up in the top." If a person is not perfectly familiar with foxes, gray and red, it is not infrequently the case that an old gray is taken for a red, and it may have been a gray in the leaning apple tree; hunger may have "pressed him hard." I have no means at hand of determining the habits of the red fox of Maine, but if he does climb trees he differs in this respect very much from his red brother of Virginia, so far as the matter has fallen under my observation. In the same number a Lockport correspondent notes that one of Washington's letters records the treeing of a fox. Any fox hunter in Maryland or Virginia would be willing to make oath that the fox which Gen. Washington put into a tree twice in two hours was a gray, or that every hole in Fairfax county was stopped. When the hounds "catch," the hunter is said to "have killed his fox." When a red fox is driven to earth it is dug out if it can be done, and the dogs held by the hunters, and the fox turned loose and given twenty minutes the start of the dogs. If a gray fox takes a tree he is shaken out, and if he is not at once killed by the dogs when he reaches the ground he gives us a rattling chase, though generally a short one. Should a gray fox, however, fall into the hands of the hunter unhurt, he is turned loose and given an hour the start of the dogs. Should a man shoot a fox, he would, in Virginia, be looked upon by his neighbors as a brute. People do not eat foxes. I am aware that in some parts of the United States, possibly in some parts of New York, the conformation of the country is such as not to allow of the fox being hunted in the usual way, and some of the best and most honorable authorities have written that "under such circumstances it is not, by some, held unsportsmanlike to drive the fox to the gun with dogs." At the same time they state distinctly "they could take no pleasure in such sport." There are many Virginians who would like to have the opinion of your able, occasional contributor, Dr. M. G. Ellzey, as to whether the fox driven to a tree twice in two hours by Gen. Washington was a gray or red. Dr. Ellzey was born and bred among gentlemen who were ever the first of fox hunters, and was taught, as all Virginia and Maryland gentlemen were and are, Gen. Washington in his day included, "to ride, and shoot and speak the truth." Albeit Virginians and Marylanders were never taught to shoot foxes, it was needless for Gen. Washington to have stated that his fox (a gray I have no doubt) fell from the tree dead, other than as a singular incident which doubtless led to an entry in his diary. No one can be made to believe he, or any other Virginia gentleman, shot, or shoot, foxes. Why Mr. Moncure Conway, who I am positively sure has not fired a gun in forty years, and never at a fox, should have been given a place in Mr. Davison's note I fail to discover. I am satisfied Mr. Moncure Conway does not know a gray fox from a red, and would have to go to his books to tell either from a raccoon.—RICHARD MONCURE CONWAY.

BEVY OR COVEY?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to see that your correspondents "Wells" and "Coahama" are standing up so bravely on the game bird nomenclature. The bird which they are talking about is rightly called neither "quail" nor "partridge," but they are very correct in their notion that it is a silly and a purposeless change to adopt the name "quail" in the South. There is another point which I beg to bring to the attention of your readers—that is, the indiscriminate, careless and incorrect use made of the two words "bevy" and "covey." Years ago, when I was taking my first lessons in shooting—and, indeed, my earliest lessons in this branch of a liberal education were cotemporaneous with the earliest events of my memory, for I just naturally imbibed shooting lore from a father, uncles and grandfather, who were all sportsmen of the old school—in those days, I say, no man who professed to be anything of a sportsman ever spoke of a "covey of quail" any more than of a "bevy of partridges." If any one made such a blunder as that he was very deservedly set down for an ignoramus, one outside the pale of true sportsmanship—and we had true sportsmanship in those days. I do not think the craft has improved in these later times, and some of these days I will give you my view on some things, providing, of course, you care for the tattle of an—OLD MAN SET IN HIS WAYS.

MISSISSIPPI.—Aberdeen, Oct. 6.—Our open season for quail began on the first of this month. Weeds are rank and dogs labor under great disadvantages. Several of our local sportsmen were out on the opening day, but did not meet with much success, the best bag reported numbering fifteen. For several days past the weather has been warm and unusually wet. Sunday was quite cool with light frost. To-day the thermometer registers a trifle higher, but fires are quite comfortable. The birds are reported plentiful and well grown. After a few killing frosts, good bags may be expected. We have several fine shots here, but a mongrel lot of dogs.—WILL. Sardis, Miss.—Our quail crop is splendid this season. A large covey came into my yard last week, and I live about the center of the town, and not more than fifty yards from the railroad depot. Squirrels have never been more abundant here than now. Two gentlemen went out one morning last week and killed over 100 before noon. Fishing has been all the summer and is still good.—W. H. C.

WHO TAKES THE DEER?—Sayville, L. I., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will oblige some of the constant readers of your esteemed sporting paper by answering the following question in one of the first numbers coming: Suppose a couple of gentlemen are out hunting for deer, without the assistance of dogs, another party (fourteen in number, as was here the case) were out for the same purpose and their dogs, starting a buck, drove it past one of the first-mentioned gentlemen, who shot and killed the deer. Now the question is, to whom belongs this deer? Is there any law which gives the owners of the dogs a claim or part of a claim to the said deer, or does it belong to the lucky hunter who killed it?—G. F. K. [We believe the custom is for the owner of the hound to take the game, but we are ready to be corrected on this point.]

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 9.—At the meeting this week of the Sportsmen's Club, the subject of the annual outing was discussed, and it was finally voted to observe Wednesday, Oct. 21, as the annual field day, and to have the annual supper on Friday, Oct. 23. The sides chosen are to be marshalled by Col. A. J. Titus and A. H. Perry. These two, with Webster Thayer, O. A. Benoit and W. S. Perry, are to be the committee of arrangements.

SPRING DUCK SHOOTING.—The only falling out among the delegates of the National Game Law Convention, at present in session in this city, arose, as was expected, out of the question of spring duck shooting. When thus applied the word duck is meant to include other migratory waterfowl and snipe. The largest bags of the year on almost any kind of feathered game are those made each spring when waterfowl are on the way north from their winter quarters. They have spent the cold season in the marshes of Texas, Louisiana and Florida, where they remain until the mating season has arrived and nature prompts them to proceed north in search of the cool places in which only can they nest. As pairing has almost invariably commenced before they set out on their long flight, the birds will, lover-like, linger in dalliance at every locality which pleases them, and during such periods of rest, varying from a week to a month, gunners get a chance of slaughtering them in thousands. The argument of the advocate for spring shooting is: "I am fond of sport; I get but the shortest kind of a duck season in the fall; the birds are here this spring; what are they here for? If I don't shoot them now I shall have scarcely any shooting at all." The last suggestion was very happily answered in the convention on Tuesday by Col. Barbour, of Louisville, who remarked that if spring shooting be allowed to continue, gentlemen need not bother themselves as to the future proportions of their sport, as duck shooting would soon abolish itself. No man of humane or sportsmanlike instincts can possibly urge that spring shooting should be allowed on account of the amount of practice it offers to a marksman, and every feeling of humanity should be aroused in behalf of the duck at springtime if it is borne in mind that at the time of its northern flight almost every one of these birds is in egg. If spring-shot duck and snipe be examined they will be found not only to be full of maggots in their flesh, but also to contain eggs varying in size from No. 6 shot to the nearly matured ovum, and it must also be remembered that the wild drake is monogamous. Civilization has robbed the duck, as it has many other creatures, of barbaric virtues, but polygamous as is the domestic drake, its wild relative is the husband of but one wife. Shoot, therefore, the wild drake when on its northern way and you leave its mate widowed and sorrowing, and with no possibility of, unaided by her spouse, bringing up the little family she is about to usher into the world so suddenly grown all cold to her. It must be added, if further argument be necessary, that duck going north to nest are altogether unfit for food. Their flesh, what little there is of it, is rank or tasteless; their bodies and feathers are often full of vermin, and their listless, apathetic disregard of danger makes the shooting of them unworthy the name of sport. It was stated in the convention on Tuesday, by a gentleman from Illinois, that in that State he came across a camp of three hunters this spring and found that they had within the short space of a few days shot ten thousand duck, of which the men themselves said, "and not one single one of them really fit to eat." Nothing further than this simple statement should have been necessary to insure the abolition of the detestable practice of spring shooting, one which it is to be hoped will be a thing of the past as soon as the fruits of the convention now sitting are gathered from the different Legislatures. No better work was done by the convention than the frowning down by no dubious vote of so pernicious a practice.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A WATER BUTCHER'S NARROW ESCAPE.—Port Jervis, N. Y., Oct. 9.—Early Wednesday morning Messrs. B. F. Bennet and John C. Westbrook, of Milford, accompanied by Mr. Baldwin, from New York city, went to Log Cabin Pond, in Pike county, for a day's sport. By 10 o'clock they had reached the upper part of the lake, where there is a dense forest which usually abounds with deer. Suddenly Mr. Baldwin noticed what appeared to be a large stump floating in the water. He called his companions' attention to it, and John C. Westbrook said it was a deer, and the party started in pursuit. The deer discovered that it was being followed and started for shore, but before it could reach the land the party overtook it. Mr. Bennet and Mr. Baldwin shot at the animal and wounded it, and as the boat drew near the deer showed fight. The party in the boat become frightened and in the excitement the boat was upset and all found themselves in the water. Messrs. Bennet and Baldwin clung to the boat and finally righted it, but Mr. Westbrook went for the deer and managed to get on its back, and the frightened animal carried him to shore. Just as they reached terra firma Mr. Westbrook drew a large hunting knife and cut the deer's throat and it was soon dead. When the other gentlemen reached the shore they found Mr. Westbrook sitting alongside of his trophy in an exhausted condition. The deer weighed at least 300 pounds, and had a fine set of antlers.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 8.—New Jersey farmers have been so thoroughly annoyed by so-called sportsmen that nearly every town has its game constable, and the "'Squire" or justice of the peace treats every violator of the game laws brought before him with the utmost severity. Rabbit hunting is the greatest nuisance, as everybody seems to consider it legitimate to pull down stone and rail fences in a chase for the coveted cottontail. The open season for this particular game begins on Oct. 31, and the farmers are now busy putting up trespass signs. So thoroughly is this work being carried on that a run by hounds is next to impossible. A non-resident found trespassing with a gun may be apprehended by the land owner (who has the same power as a constable for that purpose), and "shall forfeit $15 and the gun." Natives committing the same offense are liable to a "penalty of $5 to owner, or conviction before a justice, action in trespas."—PRESS.

A DIMINUTIVE GUN.—We saw in the store of Mr. Henry C. Squires, on Broadway, the other day, a little gem of a shotgun, of a gauge corresponding to rifle caliber .36. The barrels were 26 inches, the weight of the arm 4 pounds 10 ounces. There were also rifle barrels, which could be substituted for the shot barrels. In the window, near the little gun, was shown by way of contrast a 22½-pound, 4-bore hammerless gun, with 48-inch barrels, altogether a murderous cannon for duck shooting, albeit a muscular man might hold it to his shoulder and so keep himself within the law.

WEST STERLING, Mass., Oct. 5—The game prospects are quite good in this vicinity. Partridges are quite plenty, also gray squirrels. Several broods of quail were seen in the summer, but none lately.—C.

GRASSBIRDS.—In article "With the Birds at Pine Point," grasbirds should read grassbirds.—H. A. F.

ANOTHER SLEEPING FOX.—West Sterling, Mass., Oct. 5. Some time ago when stories of finding foxes asleep were in order, I sent you an account of a man who was out for a walk and found one asleep, which remained so while the man returned home for his gun, a distance of nearly half a mile, and coming back shot and killed the fox. I wish now to give a still more singular incident which happened recently not over half a mile from the scene of the other. On Sunday morning, Sept. 27, as Mr. James P. Weeks, of this place, was driving his cows to pasture, he saw a fox stretched out under a tree either dead or fast asleep. Mr. W. crawled up and caught the fox by one hind leg, whereupon reynard turned his head and tried to bite, but was soon quieted by a few blows from the butt of a whip. The fox was carried to the house of a neighbor where it was killed.—C.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME FOR NEW YORK.—Birmingham, Conn., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Am about to take a three or four weeks' vacation in Massachusetts and expect to shoot a little game during that time. Can you inform me of any reliable dealer in New York to whom I can dispose of it? I believe there is no law in Massachusetts against shipping out of the State.—D. C. PECK. [No, unfortunately, there is no such law; but there ought to be, both for the benefit of the men who leave their legitimate occupations "to shoot a little game" for market, and for the shiftless, lazy fellows who in this nineteenth century can find no honest work to do and so skin the game for New York and Boston market stalls.]

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 6.—It gives me pleasure to report the organization of the New Hanover Gun and Kennel Club at this place. The following officers were elected: Rev. Dr. Prichard, President; W. A. Williams, Vice-President; R. H. Grant, Treasurer; B. G. Empie, H. McL. Green and S. A. Haney, Governing Committee; J. C. Lodor, Secretary. Objects: To protect game and enforce game laws, improve our dogs, and find diversion and improvement at the trap.—J. C. LODOR, Secretary.

DAVE NYE.—In the FOREST AND STREAM the other day I read about "Dave" (Nye) and Chatham, Cape Cod. Have known that "curlyhead" more than forty years, and have been one of his patrons for many years. He went to Currituck and married Mrs. Van Slick some years since; is now near Norfolk, Va., I hear. "Ninety-seven big birds" would be "high line" in the work of weeks for three guns these times instead of one day. Hope India Wharf will "give you more of it."—B.

THE SWAMP ANGEL CAGED.—Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 5.—Teal have made their appearance and the other ducks will soon follow. I think the shooting around here will not be good, as the long drought has dried up many feeding places. I have not heard of any geese being seen. "Coahoma" and his Memphis friends can go to Blackfish now, as the State is entertaining the Swamp Angel on a charge of murder and selling liquor without license.—CASUAL.

FLIGHT OF WILD GEESE.—South Haven, Mich.—I have read the FOREST AND STREAM for years, it renews my youth, keeps me from feeling old. We have to-day seen the first flocks of geese flying south. Weather, rain, sleet, hail and sunshine. By the way, have the "Kingfishers" returned from their camp in Michigan? We would like to have the remainder of their experiences.—MEDICINE MAN.

WILD RICE is advertised in another column by Mr. Wm. Troop, of Hiawatha, which is on Rice Lake, Ontario. This is the time of year to have the rice on hand for sowing a little later. We should be glad to hear from persons who have had success or lack of success with the rice.

WM. DANFORD, of Duane, N. Y., a well-known Meacham Lake guide, was accidentally shot and killed by a New York man whom he was guiding. The hammer of the gun, a .22 cal. rifle, caught on a bush and the bullet was discharged.

MICHIGAN TO DAKOTA.—The hunting car City of Saginaw has gone to Dakota goose shooting. Mr. W. B. Mershon is one of the party. We hope to have a report of the trip.

A WOODCOCK flew across the Creedmoor range the other day during the progress of the FOREST AND STREAM rifle trajectory trials.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Oct. 8.—Wild geese going south. —KELPIE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

THE Harlem Mere, Central Park, can be reached by taking the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad to its station at 106th street, and going west. The Mere is at 110th street and Fifth avenue, opposite the Polo Grounds. Those on the west side of town should take the Ninth Avenue Elevated Road to 116th street, and walk back to 110th street. The tournament will be finished in one day, Wednesday, Oct. 21, rain or shine, unless an unusual storm should occur. A business meeting for election of officers will be held at the close of the last contest in the hotel of Emil Eitel, adjoining the grounds, as the dinner of the Ichthyophagous Club will interfere with the usual evening session. Members of the Association wishing to attend the dinner may notify the secretary on the grounds.

PRIZE LIST.

At a meeting of the committee on Monday, Oct. 12, it was decided to omit the rule which gave winners choice of prizes, and they will be awarded in their regular order. The following is the list:

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING (AMATEUR).—Judges: Rev. Henry L Ziegenfuss, Fred Mather, Hon. James Geddes, Referee. (Open to amateurs only. See rules in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 1.) 1. Association Gold Medal; value, $30. 2. Split bamboo fly-rod, given by T. J. Conroy; $25. 3. Split bamboo fly rod, given by B. F. Nichols; $20. 4. Split bamboo fly-rod, given by Fred Malleson; $25. 5. Levison fly-book, given by William Mills & Son; $6. 6. Six dozen flies, given by W. W. Cone; $6. 7. One thousand "Superlative" cigarettes, given by W. S. Kimball & Co.; $5. 8. Year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM; $4.

SALMON CASTING.—Open to all. Judges: Col. Locke W. Winchester, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt. James C. McAndrew, Referee. 1. Association gold medal; value, $25. 2. 1,000 "Cloth of Gold" cigarettes, given by W. S. Kimball & Co., $10. 3. Year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, $4. 4. "Imperial" waterproof fly-line, given by William Mills & Son, $2.50. 5. Device for drying and storing lines, given by E. J. Martin, $2.50.

HEAVY BASS CASTING.—Open to all. Judges: S. M. Blatchford, James L. Vallotton. Hon. H. P. McGown, Referee. 1. Association gold medal; value, $25. 2. Five boxes "business" fish lines, given by E. J. Martin, $11. 3. Five pounds "Kimball's Salmagundi" smoking mixtures, given by W. S. Kimball & Co., $7.50. 4. Year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, $4.

MINNOW-CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.—Open to all. Judges: M. M. Backus, W. C. Harris. D. W. Cross, Referee.—1. Association gold medal; value, $25. 2. "Imperial steel pivot" casting reel, given by William Mills & Son; $14.50. 3. Half gross trout flies, given by James Ramsbottom; $6. 4. Year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, $4. 5. Photograph of black bass 11×17 in., given by G. M. Skinner; $3. 6. Device for storing and drying lines, given by E. J. Martin; $2.50.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING (EXPERT).—Open to all. Judges: Louis B. Wright, Henry F. Crosby. J. S. Van Cleef, Referee. 1. Association gold medal; value, $30. 2. Half gross Lake flies, given by James Ramsbottom; $15. 3. Package of flies, given by C. F. Orvis; $15. 4. "Dorsal Fin" landing net, complete, given by William Mills & Son; $4.25. 5. Year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM; $4. 6. Device for drying and storing fish-lines, given by E. J. Martin; $2.50.

ON LONG LAKE.

THOROUGHLY tired out, my natural obtuseness vastly augmented by sleepless nights, my appetite constantly craved a bit of salt pork cooked on a ramrod over glowing coals; a civilized bed became an abomination and I became as irritable as the traditional hen in a brush fence.

Rising one morning from an almost untasted breakfast, I expressed myself as half inclined to give my patients a chance to get well, let business go to the dogs, and camp out for a few days under the old oak on the shore of Long Lake. "Capital! Go by all means! I'll have your mess chest and camp equipage ready within an hour." "Hurrah! I've been aching to propose that very thing!" The first speaker was my wife and the second an old comrade in the "late unpleasantness" and a tried companion in many adventures, ashore and afloat. Standing six feet four inches in his stockings, a giant in strength, the very soul of willingness and good nature, and as keen a sportsman as ever lined the sights or balanced a rod, John filled our quota to perfection.

At the appointed hour Frank and Topsy, staid, serviceable horses, stood at my gate, harnessed to a heavy farm wagon, upon which was loaded a large flat-bottom boat, rods, guns, provisions and what other paraphernalia was deemed absolutely essential to the success and harmony of the trip. Of course Dandy, my favorite retriever, was on hand, and his joyous yelps of satisfaction as we set forth blended harmoniously with our lively chant, "Begone, dull care." Not wishing to be bothered with the care of the horses while at the lake, we had prevailed upon a friend to go along and drive the team back, promising him that within an hour after our arrival at the lake he should have a goodly string of fish to take home. I had even guaranteed that one of the fish should be a five-pound small-mouth bass, delivered within thirty minutes after our boat was in the water.

At 3 o'clock we stood beneath the old oak, near whose knarled trunk my camp-fire had often blazed. Bonny Long Lake, I wish I could find words with which to describe it. Completely surrounded by bold bluffs covered with a virgin forest of deciduous trees, with here and there a sprinkling of evergreens, the lake, its waters clear and sparkling, stretches north and south for more than three miles, with an average width of nearly one-third its length. Its two extremities are marked with a beautiful sandy beach, while the main shores would bring ejaculations of delight from a connoisseur in fishing grounds. My friend agreed to manage the boat for me, if in addition to the bass, I would warrant him a wall-eyed pike of equal weight, the time to be extended to forty minutes. The proposition was readily accepted, and, thoroughly knowing the lake, and consequently knowing just where to cast for any and every kind of fish in its waters, I honestly believed I could meet my obligations, but my hopes went down to zero when I found that owing to the rough road we had traveled the bait bucket was overturned, the last frog gone, and my bass rod smashed beyond hope of repair. Making a virtue of necessity I tossed an eighteen-foot bamboo rod and line into the boat, seized a trolling line and spoon, and we launched forth. Twenty yards from the shore the spoon was cast overboard, and the line unwound until twenty-five feet were paid out. By the time the line was fairly out there came a sharp tug, and a moment later a seven-pound pickerel was beating his death tattoo in the bottom of the boat. "My gracious!" exclaimed Thornely, who was having his first experience in Minnesota fishing, "but that's a young whale." "A young whale! Pshaw! That's only a minnow I've caught for bait. Now pull for that point over to the left, pass it quietly, go about three boat lengths beyond, as many to the east, and then hold steady." Before the point was reached another longsnout, apparently the twin brother of the one we had, was deluded into snapping at the glittering object trailing in our rear, experienced a sudden pain in his jaw and came aboard for surgical assistance, which was promptly rendered. "There! hold steady, Thornely, your five-pound bass is under that bunch of lilypads; just this side of the pads the water suddenly deepens and there is a boiling spring."

Taking the bamboo rod and using for bait a narrow strip cut from the pickerel's belly, I cast as far as I could to the right, allowed the bait to sink several feet, and then drew swiftly toward the spring, but no strike followed. Again the maneuvers were repeated and with a like barren result.

"Isn't there an old proverb to the effect that it is unadvisable to count chickens before the process of incubation is complete," teasingly inquired my companion.

Even as he was speaking I made a cast shoreward, drew the bait to the edge of the precipitous bank and let it go tumbling downward. In a twinkling there was a rush, a strike and a tremendous strain upon my rod. "Great Scott! don't lose him," excitedly cried Thornely, as the fish, a noble bass, vaulted into the air and endeavored to shake the steel from his powerful jaws. Lose him! Of course not, if I could avoid it, but the chances were not overwhelmingly in my favor. Without a reel I could give no extra line, and in his frantic struggles he threatened to demolish my miserable tackle or tear the hook from his mouth. How I longed for my lancewood and reel! A few minutes of persistent battle and the gamy fellow, weighing six ounces more than enough to fill the bill, was lifted into the boat.

"How much time have I left?" "Fourteen minutes." "All right. Move the boat toward that bunch of grass and I'll get the pike." I spoke more confidently than I felt; but there I knew my ground, and somehow the new moon always seems to be over my left shoulder when I go afishing.

Before the fourteen minutes were out I had the pike, and in addition two more bass of 2¼ pounds each. "Please may I ask one question?" meekly inquired Thornely, "I'd like to know if you had made any previous arrangements with those fish."

Lest the great FOREST AND STREAM family may think I am drawing the long bow, I frankly admit, that under the circumstances my success was phenomenal, though if "Wawayanda" will come and manage my boat I believe I can repeat the performance. Long Lake certainly affords the finest fishing I have ever found, and my line has been wet in many waters.

Returning to our friends we found the tent pitched, beds made, fuel gathered, and best of all, a tempting lunch ready. Talk of your great hotel dinners, where appetites are provoked by stimulants, and an after-dinner fill swallowed. Give me the appetite of the honest sportsman, and the wholesome fare of the camp mess chest, and I sigh for no Mohammedan heaven. The day when victims of dyspepsia and consumption, as well as tired brainworkers, give up the pernicious use of drugs, and with rod or gun start for the dear old woods, will be the beginning of their physical redemption.

Our lunch over, Thornely reluctantly turned his face homeward, while we three, happy as schoolboys during vacation, pulled up the lake.

"Hold up, John, and we'll try this spot."

Try it we did, but not a strike rewarded our endeavors. Half a dozen times we changed our position, and still not a fish: but as the sun went down behind the bluffs, a gentle breeze swept over the water, and presto! all was changed. Three rods curved in unison, three lines cut through the water, and three men quivered as though holding the wires of a galvanic battery. "Gaff that fellow for me," exclaimed Jacob, skillfully guiding a huge pickerel round to the stern of the boat where I sat. "Can't do it, I'm engaged." "John, hand me the landing net." "Beg pardon, but I want it myself."

Fast and furious the sport went on. Scarcely would a bait sink beneath the water, before a tug came. Everything estimated to weigh less than three pounds, be it bass, pike or longhead, was unhooked as gently as possible and returned to the water. As twilight came on and "God's little lamps," as my child once called the stars, began to twinkle in the cloudless vault above, we slowly pulled down the lake, fully agreeing with John's sententious exclamation, "It's a blessed good thing to be alive and go a-fishing."

The darkness of a moonless and cloudless night had settled down over the landscape as the keel of our boat grated upon the sandy beach in front of our tent. Five minutes thereafter a roaring camp-fire cast lurid flashes out over the placid waters and caused weird shadows to flit hither and thither among the trees, until one might easily imagine the stalwart Chippewa warriors had returned from the Happy Hunting Ground to revisit one of their favorite earthly camping places. "What shall we have for supper?" inquired Jacob, lifting the lid of the mess chest. The question seemed a perfectly natural and timely one, despite the fact that less than three hours had elapsed since our last meal. O, the appetite one gains in the woods and camp!

"Come, wake up. It's a lovely morning for fishing, and breakfast is almost ready."

Poor John! With praiseworthy ambition he had, single-handed, attempted our morning culinary duties, evidently intending to afford us a surprising exhibition of his dexterity and neatness as a cook. The surprise was certainly complete. On the principle of a big hole for the old cat and a smaller one for the kitten, he had kindled two fires, a little one for the coffee pot and a bigger one for the frying pan. While he was busy with the fry kettle the nose and handle of the coffe pot melted off. While he was splitting a stick with which to rescue the remains of the coffee pot from the flames, the meat and fish in the fry kettle caught fire and were burned beyond recognition. Determined to have at least one palatable dish for breakfast, he placed a strawberry shortcake on an earthen plate over a heap of glowing coals for the purpose of warming it up. The intense heat shivered the plate into fragments, and the cake, after perambulating around in the ashes, went rolling down the hillside and with extreme difficulty was saved from a watery grave. "Gentlemen," exclaimed the imperturbable John, "there is plenty of grub in the mess chest, please walk up and help yourselves."

Jacob was right in saying it was a lovely morning for fishing. Light gray clouds covered the sky and a cool breeze from the northwest made just the right ripple upon the water. Pulling up the lake, we cast anchor in the cove where I had fished against time the previous afternoon; and immediately the sport began. Before I was ready to make a cast and even before John could ship his oars Jacob was having, as he expressed it, "a solemn and lively time" with a goodly sized longsnout, brimful of fight. Now, pickerel fishing on Long Lake is no mean sport; that almost universally despised fish being nearly as gamy as the bass of Eastern waters. I have frequently, when fishing there, had them adopt the characteristic maneuvers of the bass, fight lustily for ten minutes, and during that period vault clear of the water half a dozen times. Hardly was John's line in the water—and our only bait was pieces of pickerel—when a noble bass gave him instant employment.

Not wishing to interfere with my companions, my first cast was outward from the shore and into deep water. In a moment there came a swift tug, a lightning like downward rush, and I knew that my game was at least a four-pound wall eyed pike. Within the next twenty minutes Jacob had secured three pickerel, estimated to weigh three and a half pounds each, John three bass, estimated at three pounds each, and I three pike averaging four pounds each. It seemed singular that each should thus have captured three fish, and should have been confined in his success to one species.

"I guess we have got the last fin here. Suppose we change our location," said John, after some time had passed without any one of us obtaining a strike. "Wait a bit," I answered, at the same time attaching an enormous strip, cut from a pickerel's belly, to the medium-sized bass hook I had been using. "Thunder!" ejaculated Jacob as my bait struck the water with a tremendous thud, "why don't you use a codfish for bait and bob for sharks?" I have already explained, on the way to the lake my favorite rod and reel were ruined, and so I was compelled to use an ordinary bamboo rod without a reel if I wanted to fish at all. Twice I had shipped my abominable bait around the boat, allowing it to sink a few inches beneath the surface of the water, and persuaded by the laughter of my companions was about to withdraw it, when there came a rush that fairly churned the water into foam, and in a twinkling I was leaning over the side of the boat, desperately clutching the butt of my rod, all of which, except possibly two feet, was under water. For a moment it was nip and tuck. With bated breath I held on expecting

every second that the line would part or the little hook snap. What would I not have given for my old tackle with its three hundred feet of silk line.

"Great Scott, what are you hitched to?" gasped John. "Don't know! Up anchor, quick, and do your best to help me with the boat."

As the boat moved I lifted all I dared on the fish and succeeded in guiding him around and around the boat, and as he completed the circle the second time he vaulted into the air, snapping his jaws together with a sound like the springing of a steel trap. "A muscalonge! and a whopper!" shouted John, excitedly waving the gaff about, greatly endangering our heads.

Now the fish makes a rush straight for the boat, and I conclude that the game is up, but a powerful stroke of the paddle, wielded by my brother's nervous hands, averts that danger.

Five, eight, ten minutes of the incessant strain, and I am actually getting tired, and, fortunately, so is the fish. Once more I pursuade him to imitate the immortal Andy and "swing around the circle," and by standing upright on the seat I succeed in compelling him to contract his orbit. "Ready with the gaff, John, strike." John's movement was sure, his aim strong, and the fish was quickly lifted from his native element and deposited in the boat. Twenty-four hours after being taken from the water he pulled the scales down to seventeen and a half pounds.

Hardly was the muscalonge in the boat when a strong breeze from the west sent the whitecaps rolling in upon us with such force that our low-sided boat shipped more water than was at all agreeable. Running in close to the shore, and finding somewhat of shelter behind a long strip of rushes, we endeavored to work our way around a headland, where the water would be comparatively calm, but it was slow, toilsome work. "O for a drink of good cool water," murmurs Jacob, wiping the perspiration from his flushed face. "All right," I answer, "pull for that bunch of willows. Unless the drought has dried it up, a spring brook runs into the lake there." Springing from the boat, I found the bed of the brook quite dry, but by following it up twelve or fifteen rods I found a spring of beautifully clear cool water, on the margin of which stood a sleek fawn. What a beautiful jacket the little fellow wore, and what a look of innocence and trust in his large limpid eyes. Keen sportsman that I am, I would no more have shot that fawn than murder the son and heir of my dearest friend; and to my notion a man who will kill a fawn, unless it is a question of meat or starvation, ought to be hung without benefit of clergy. As I advanced to the spring the fawn bounded away, leaving me in peaceful possession. Shouting to my companions to come on, that I had found the spring, I waited for them several minutes, and as they failed to come, I took a short cut for the boat. They were not there. Three-quarters of an hour later they put in an appearance, puffing like porpoises. They had tracked me to the spring, and finding no return tracks, jumped to the conclusion that I was lost, and had been running and shouting through the woods. Peace was restored by my promising not to leave the boat again unless a hook was fastened to my coat tail, with the end of the line tied to Jacob's finger. After a hard pull, and no little danger of swamping our overloaded craft, we reached the extreme northern end of the lake, and landing upon the white sandy beach passed a quiet yet pleasant hour in gathering shells and culling rare and fragrant flowers in the adjacent woodland. A few yards from the water side, in a thicket of rushes, we found where a bear had recently made its bed, and judging by the fish bones lying around, concluded that his bearship was a fisherman of no inconsiderable skill. His tracks, in the wet and yielding sand, demonstrated that he was a monster in size. A few months later a neighbor of mine, only a short distance from the lake, shot a male bear, which weighed, after the entrails were removed, 350 pounds. Perhaps he was the one whose bed we found.

Launching forth once more, we pulled down the western shore, where the heavily timbered bluffs largely sheltered us from the force of the wind and made fishing possible. Near the inlet of the lake—it has no known outlet—we cast anchor and wet our lines again. For quite a while only sun perch deigned to notice our plebeian bait, and then, as suddenly as the evening before, the battle opened all along the line. Jacob comically compared the sunperch to sappers and miners, doing temporary duty as skirmishers and covering the approach of the main body. The pickerel he classed as cavalry, bass as infantry and pike as heavy artillery, and certainly they came down upon us horse, foot and dragoons. They came but returned not. When we repaired to dinner forty-seven fish, averaging 3 lbs. 10 ozs. each, were taken from the boat, and this with the muscalonge not reckoned. Let no one have the notion that we were catching fish simply to have them cast aside and wasted. Every fish was cleaned, salted and packed down, both of my companions being desirous to secure half a barrel for future use.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the wind moderated to a gentle breeze, and we decided to row up the eastern shore of the lake and once more try the cove where the muscalonge was captured. "I say, Colonel," exclaimed John, turning to me as we were about entering the boat. "I'll put up a target on that oak yonder and try you three shots with my rifle; if I make the best score you shall do all the rowing this afternoon, and if you beat I'll handle the oars." "Agreed! Up with your target and fire your three shots."

I knew that John was an extra good marksman with the rifle, and also that from long use thereof he had unlimited confidence in his gun. My only hope of success rested on the certainty that after his first shot John would become slightly nervous, while I, on the contrary, as my chances diminished, would become calmer and steadier. I wonder if I am an exception in this peculiarity? I can do as poor shooting with the rifle as any man I ever saw, and yet if anything of importance depended upon it, my nerves would be under absolute control and my shot would be a center one. The target, a bit of paper an inch square, was fastened to the oak by a nail through the center, fifteen rods paced off, and John blazed away. All three of his shots, the first being the best, left their impress on the paper, but the nail was untouched. My first shot equalled his poorest one, my second his best, and my third drove the nail. "Confound it," muttered John, "I might have known better than to have arranged for more than one shot with you. I can always beat you on a single shot and you are sure to win if we try three."

Arriving at the cove Jacob was the first to wet his line, and almost instantly he raised the shout, "I've got the big brother of your muscalonge, Frank!" But instead of that being the case, his line after a very brief but vigorous contest came up minus the hook. My first cast—and I had that good old orthodox bait, a frog—was to the windward; even as the frog touched the water I started back in affright, for up from the depths below came a veritable monster, with huge distended jaws which snapped together with such force that my companions turned hastily to ascertain what danger threatened them. My poor frog appeared, in that enormous mouth, like a baby mouse in a railroad tunnel. "Hooked!" vociferated John. Yes, hooked, certainly; but then I had no expectation of holding the fellow with my miserable tackle. For a moment I held him near the surface, and then with a sweep of his tail that sent numberless drops of water into the air, he slowly and majestically retired, taking my hook and several feet of my line along with him. Up to date my property has not been returned. I know that a lost fish is always a "whopper," and the estimated weight usually exaggerated; but I am confident that the one of which I speak was fully four and a half feet in length and would weigh forty pounds. If any reader of FOREST AND STREAM doubts it and will come here next June we will go over and get the fish and settle all controversy.

"I know just how you feel, Colonel," said John, with a world of sympathy in voice and expression. "Please inform me then, for I really don't know myself." "Why, just as though you had popped the question and been shown the door." With a hearty laugh all round, though my merriment ended with a sigh of regret, we again addressed ourselves to business; but though we used every enticement at our command not even a nibble rewarded our efforts. The "leviathan" had evidently frightened all small fry away, and we finally pulled across to the inlet. There, as long as our frogs lasted—we had only secured a few from a meadow near camp—the bass bit ravenously, giving us magnificent sport. Frequently we would all be playing a fish at the same time, and once three noble bass, each securely hooked, vaulted into the air at the same instant.

Absorbed in our sport, we took no heed of external surroundings until a sudden gloom and the heavy rumble of distant thunder aroused us to the fact that the storm king had marshalled his forces and was swiftly sweeping down upon us. With long, powerful strokes John sent our craft toward the tent, which we reached just as the first large drops began to fall. The heaviest of the storm swept round to the southward and but little rain fell where we were; but up the lake we could see that the water was lashed to foam, the air filled with dust, leaves, and even large branches torn from the trees by the fury of the wind; the lightning glared and glinted against the somber background; how the thunder crashed and rumbled until the very earth quivered and trembled as if in terror at the elemental strife raging above. A few moments and the clouds had disappeared, the sun shone out, seemingly more radiant than before, and not a ripple disturbed the perfect tranquillity of the lake. We were not in the mood for fishing again that evening, and at an early hour we sought our beds of fragrant hay. I had been sleeping, I know not how long, when a savage growl from Dandy, who was serving as my pillow, aroused me to the consciousness that a cowbell was tinkling close to the tent,

"Don't let the dog out," exclaimed John, starting up. "and I'll catch that cow and get some milk for our coffee in the morning."

Pulling on his boots and seizing a pail in which to secure the coveted fluid, he sallied forth into the darkness, followed by Jacob, who was also eager for the spoil. "Coal Coal So, so," I hear them call in tones of dulcet sweetness. "Well, did you get any milk?" I inquired as they returned. "Milk!" snarled John, "that bell was on Lew Hansen's old horse."

Immediately after breakfast we went to the inlet and endeavored to obtain some minnows, but not one could be obtained, neither did a search of the meadows yield more than half a dozen frogs. To be sure we had a couple of trolling spoons in our outfit, but as neither of us was partial to that sort of angling we were obliged to return to the old bait. During the forenoon our success was exceedingly poor, scarcely a fish coming to the landing net, save "flatsides," with which the lake seemed to be literally swarming. I did have a moment of excitement, and in this wise. Tired of such poor sport I had allowed my hook to sink to the bottom, and was lazily watching a pair of loons out in the lake, when I became aware that my line was taut and the rod slipping through my hands. Springing up I pulled away and brought to the surface an enormous great turtle. Hook and sinker were out of sight down his throat, and there was nothing to do but cut the line as near his mouth as possible and let the ugly thing go. Drawing him close to the boat I reached over, knife in hand, to cut the line, when, presto, he sent the knife spinning out into the lake.

Our failure of the morning was amply compensated by the success of the afternoon; from four until five we actually worked too hard for sport. Off a steep bank, where the bottom afforded excellent feeding ground, we struck a school of bass and pike that seemingly had been fasting for days. My experience in fishing covers more than thirty years, and all the way from Maine to Montana, but the results of that hour surpassed any previous experience.

In the midst of our excitement there came the report of a rifle from the direction of the tent. Three times the rifle was discharged, with regular intervals of half a minute between each shot. "Up anchor, gentlemen; we must hasten to camp." "Why? What for?" "Those three shots were fired either by my wife or her order; it is a private signal to call me if within hearing. Listen, and if at the end of a minute two more shots are fired in rapid succession, they will mean make haste. Even as I spoke the two shots were fired. Reaching the tent, we found a messenger who brought the sad intelligence that not only was there sickness, but also death, in the village, and that my return was imperatively demanded.

So ended my trip to Long Lake. I cannot close, however, without a more direct word to those who may be planning for a summer's vacation. It is ten rods from where I write to the shore of Swan Lake, a magnificent body of water. Twenty rods northwest from the head of Swan is Mons Lake. Half a mile from Mons is Bass Lake. Less than a mile from Bass is Long Lake. Three miles west of Swan is Big Swan Lake, and two miles south is Moose Lake. All these lakes (they are from one to five miles in length) afford excellent fishing. I should be more than glad to show these lakes to any reader of the dear old FOREST AND STREAM who can honestly lay claim to being "a manly sportsman." No others need apply. J. FRANK LOCKE.

PILLSBURY, Minn.

EXPERIENCE WITH MINNOW BOXES.—Louisville, Ky.—Some time since I wrote you with reference to a minnow box, that is, what kind of box would keep minnows alive in lake water where there is no current. Would it be asking too much for you to ask your readers who have had experience in this matter to give their views?—L. T. R.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.—The following invitation has been issued and can be obtained by non-members if properly vouched for: DEAR SIR—The Ichthyophagous Club will hold its annual dinner at the Buckingham Hotel, on Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 6:30 P. M., and will be pleased to have your assistance in sampling the varied collection of aquatic life, which has been collected for experiment in determining its value as food. The Club points with pride to the very low rate of mortality at its tables, and the fact that the insurance companies no longer class its members as "extra hazardous." This result has been attained by not allowing the younger members to indulge too freely in *Enchytræus triventralopectinatus*, or in *Strongylocentrotus drobachiensis*, but in confining them to the safer and more palatable marine forms, like *Pleurobrachia rhododactyla*, trout from the Bigosh, and *Lutjanus blackfordii*. There will be several medical men present who will make no charge for attendance, the price of the dinner ticket ($5.00) being ample to cover everything. These necessary pasteboards may be obtained from the treasurer, Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, for an equivalent in Treasury notes, silver certificates or Bland dollars. Trade dollars, mutilated coin and promises to pay will be turned in to the landlord. By order of JOHN FOORD, President; E. G. Blackford, C. R. Miller, Francis Endicott, Fred Mather, John H. DeMott, Committee of Arrangements.

ONE HOOKED AND ONE JIGGED.—Athens, Pa., Oct. 10, —I have just read in the last copy of FOREST AND STREAM how Mr. Leopold caught two bass. Mr. Frank Sherman caught two black bass this summer in exactly the same manner, he using small bullheads for bait. The one which took the bait weighed three pounds, the other nearly a pound, and was hooked on the side back of the gills.—PARK.

Fishculture.

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WORK AT COLD SPRING HARBOR.

[Read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY FRED MATHER.

IN this paper will be given merely a glance at the work done at the hatchery, under my care, on Long Island during the season of 1884-85. The place is leased, and most of the work done, by the New York Fish Commission, although the United States Commission on Fisheries has considerable work done there. In the fresh-water department we can report:

A. SHAD.—On May 20, 1884, I received 80,000 shad eggs from Washington in compliance with my request to be allowed to experiment with them in spring water. They were placed in the McDonald jars, and on May 29 there was planted in the Nissequoge River, at Smithtown, Long Island, 72,000 fry. This seems to have been the first trial of hatching this fish in spring water, and as Col. M. McDonald wrote me that the success privately reported might revolutionize present methods, I will give the details in full;

[May 20, received 80,000 eggs at 6:20 P. M., put them in the jars at 7:30 P. M. Temperature of water 58° Fahr., of eggs 55°. Eggs began hatching May 24, finished May 27.]

Date.	Temp. of water.	Loss of eggs.	Loss of fry.
May 21	60	30	....
May 22	59	45	....
May 23	60	60	....
May 24	71	40	125
May 25	62	25	20
May 26	60	20	42
May 27	68	15	800
May 28	59	....	150
May 29	60	....	40
		235	
Dead on unpacking		380	
		615	1,177
Total loss			1,792

A similar trial made later proved a failure.

From the above table of losses and the round figures given as planted it will be seen that there is a discrepancy of only 208 fish and these are on my side. Further, my estimate of eggs received exceeds that of Colonel McDonald by about 5,000. The cool spring water, say of about 60 degrees (the mean of the above table is 60.7 degrees) seems to account for the absence of fungus on the dead eggs. Having hatched shad eggs in iced water (see Report U. S. Fish Commissioner for 1873, '74 and '75, pp. 372, 376) and on the rivers of the Atlantic coast from the Pamunky to the Connecticut, where it has often reached 80 degrees, I find spring water at about 60 degrees to be the best medium for shad eggs which I have used. In the summer of 1884 I made an examination of the shad fisheries of the Hudson for the New York Fishery Commission to find the best place to take eggs. There are several points on the river where eggs can be obtained, and these lie between Kingston and Hudson. The catch of fish during the season of 1884 was a very fair one, owing no doubt to the plantings by the State and by the U. S. Fish Commission.

B. BROWN TROUT.—On Feb. 24, 1885, we received from the Deutschen Fischerei Verein a box of 40,000 eggs of the brown trout (*Salmo fario*), half of which were billed to Mr. E. G. Blackford and the remainder to me. The loss in transit was 1,020 eggs and we afterward lost 2,594 eggs and 3,131 fry; 28,900, according to our estimate, were planted in Queens, Suffolk, Westchester and Rockland counties, N. Y. These fish are destined to become great favorites and the demand for them increases.

C. BROOK TROUT.—We received 7,000 eggs from the United States Fish Commission at Northville, Mich., Frank N. Clark, Superintendent, and a lot of Rangeley and blueback trout eggs from the Maine Fish Commission on account of Mr. Francis H. Weeks, of Cold Spring Harbor, but which were so arranged that we could not tell which was which, and no careful estimate of the number was made, as a mistake occurred in shipping; probably there were 50,000 in all. These together with some 16,000 eggs taken from our ponds were hatched and distributed on Long Island.

D. RAINBOW TROUT.—From 20,000 eggs received from the United States Fish Commission, Northville, Mich., we hatched and distributed 14,500 in Kings, Queens, Westchester, Suffolk and Rockland counties, N. Y.

E. SALMON (PENOBSCOT).—From 500,000 eggs received from the U. S. F. C. station at Bucksport, Maine, Mr. Chas. G. Atkins Supt., we planted 269,300 in the tributaries of the Hudson in Warren county; 99,350 in the tributaries of the Delaware, in New Jersey; 46,000 in the Oswego River, and 4,900 on Long Island. The success of former plants in the Hudson is announced by Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., who says they are plenty in Clendon brook and promises specimens.

F. LAND-LOCKED SALMON.—Of 60,000 eggs of the land-locked salmon presented to the State by the U. S. F. C., only 16,300 fry were distributed owing to their being retarded in troughs too long awaiting orders. The fish were assigned to Adirondack waters, but for lack of orders were finally distributed on Long Island.

G. WHITEFISH.—We have favorable reports from former plantings of whitefish on Long Island, but lack specimens and

therefore have no proof that they have lived. From one million eggs we distributed 990,000 fry as follows: 600,000 in Great Pond near Riverhead (where success was reported); 340,000 in Lake Ronkonkoma, and 50,000 in St. John's Lake, Cold Spring Harbor.

H. SMELT.—The result of experiments with these refractory eggs will be found in another paper read before the Society yesterday, and there is nothing new to add.

SALT-WATER DEPARTMENT.

A. CODFISH.—Owing to bad weather and perhaps other causes, no good eggs of the cod were taken. There has been no decided success in the hatching of this fish, although a few have been hatched by Capt. H. C. Chester and Prof. J. H. Rider, both of the U. S. Fish Commission. This fall we hope to have a smack come in to the station with live cod and try to obtain good eggs.

B. TOM-COD.—With these eggs we have good results. We took 280,000 and turned loose 213,000 fish. The eggs are not adhesive like the smelt's, nor buoyant like the cod's. These hatched in about twenty-five days.

This record shows that between two and three million eggs were placed in the troughs at this station, and besides this there were over 3,000 more handled and repacked for foreign shipment, or received from foreign countries for hatcheries in America, all the foreign receipts and shipments passing through my hands for inspection or repacking, in which great successes have been scored. We propose to begin the artificial culture of oysters this summer.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 12.—New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club. Field trials for members only at Fisher's Island. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for All-Aged Stakes close Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2704.**

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

THE autumn dog show of the Philadelphia Kennel Club in conjunction with the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society was held at Germantown Junction, near Philadelphia, last week. On Thursday, the opening day, it rained steadily all day, on Wednesday the weather was raw and cloudy and on Thursday there was a light rain which lasted through the day. Friday was the only really pleasant day of the four, the attendance, however, was very good and the department devoted to the dogs was one of the chief attractions of the fair. The management of the show was the worst we remember to have seen; the dogs were benched in the open cattle sheds. This would have been all right, so far as the comfort of the animals was concerned, had the weather been good, but in the rain and cold it was "cruelty to animals" to keep some of the more delicate specimens shivering in the draught that came through the open sheds. If there are not many resulting cases of sickness we shall be greatly surprised. The arrangement of the benches was such as to exclude the light from the dogs, and even when the sun was shining it was impossible to obtain a decent view of a large portion of the exhibits; this was especially the case with the small dogs. We understand that the Fair Association has decided to erect a suitable building for the show next year, and that the space and accommodations will be ample and complete.

There was no superintendent, and, as is always the case when there is no responsible head to direct the management, there was much confusion and delay. A few members of the Kennel Club worked like beavers and accomplished a great deal, but many things that should have been seen to were left undone until some one could be found to attend to them. Not enough attendants were employed and the judging dragged in consequence. The dogs appeared to be well cared for and had plenty of good food and water. The judging rings were on the ground under open sheds, and were cold and muddy. Straw was strewn on the ground, but this made it impossible to judge of the movements of the dogs. A large portion of the judging was done on the first day, and it could have easily been finished had the classes been properly handled. There were 467 entries, which is about one hundred less than last year. More than one-half of the falling off was in the fox-hound classes. The pointers had two more and the setters twenty-eight less. There were some changes in the numbers of other classes. Taken as a whole, the show of dogs was a good one, but the quality in many of the classes was not equal to that of last fall, although there were many excellent animals present. The condition of the dogs was not so good as is generally seen at the spring shows, although some of them were in capital form. Many of the kennel displays were excellent and added not a little to the attractiveness of the show. There was a serious fault in the management in allowing exhibitors to bench together entries in several different classes. Much confusion resulted from this, and it was no small task to unravel the mystery and get the classes together when wanted in the ring. This arrangement came especially hard upon the reporters, who were obliged to put in a vast amount of extra labor in hunting up the animals wanted. Although we do not agree with all of the decisions of the judges, we believe them to have been made in an honest and impartial manner, and have no fault to find in this respect. Had the judge an equal chance with the reporter as to time to examine and compare the different animals we are confident that the conclusions reached would be much more harmonious than is often the case. Following are our comments upon the dogs:

MASTIFFS—(MR. DUDLEY).

The Winlawn Kennels exhibits saved these classes from mediocrity. Homer and Prussian Princess represented the champions, and although each was shown much too light in flesh they were entitled to championship honors. In the open dog class Dread, who has improved considerably since we last saw him, had no easy task in beating Jim, whose good body and size are weighed up in the scales by his rather houndly head and heavy ears. Terror will never be a terror to opponents on the show bench, but his wolfish head would scare away the most daring of burglars. Although Rosalind was shown too thin her numerous mastiff qualities put her far ahead of everything else in the class. Liberty, Hebe, and Dido II. have all been fully criticised in these columns; the latter, having the best head of the three, took second. There was not a good puppy in the show, not one that will distinguish itself at future shows. Mr. Colwell's David has not improved, and the same may be said of Brother. If Terror was worth third prize in the open dog class, he certainly was worth more than a c. card in the dog puppy class; but we think Mr. Dudley overestimated his worth in one class and upon a second examination pegged him back to his right place. Penelope, just a fair specimen, is faulty in muzzle, ears and eyes. Dora is too long in face, and has heavy ears and bad feet. Mr. Harvey's exhibits show no signs of good breeding. Miss Hildebert has a good body, but is faulty in head, ears, pasterns and tail. These classes were well judged.

ST. BERNARDS—(MR. DUDLEY).

There were no entries in the champion classes for rough-coated dogs and bitches. In the open dog class, First Choice not looking quite so well as we expected to find him, scored a creditable first, followed by Hero, a new comer. He is fairly good in head, legs and feet, and is above the average in size. Julien has not improved very much upon his Boston form. St. Maurice, catalogued a brindle and white, is a black and white dog, and would stand a fair good chance of taking honors in a class of Landseer Newfoundlands. The judge erred in giving him a commended card. He is good in head and body, but is not a St. Bernard. Stella, not looking at all well, won in the bitch class. We did not see Bertha off the bench, so must pass her. Norah, a well-bred one but scarcely up to show form either in head, tail, strength of limbs or size, came next. Beryl is out of coat. Sheila, with a healthy-looking lot of puppies, was in fair condition. Rough-coated puppies were a poor lot. Julien, who took third in the open class, was about the best of the lot. He has plenty of bone, and is faulty in head; his worst faults are behind the fifth rib. Lys, the second prize winner, requires care; his pasterns and feet are growing the wrong way. Victoria, vhc., has a passable head and a good body, but her straight pasterns, markings and awkward gait will prevent her from rising high in the St. Bernard world. Verone, a much improved (by nature) dog, won the championship for smooth-coated dogs, but the corresponding class for bitches did not fill, and in the open dog class Ernst had matters all to himself. He has good forelegs and feet, and is above the average in body; his head is plain. We made several calls upon the winning bitch Bess, but could never get a glimpse of her. Snowball, placed second, is faulty in head, bone, feet and size. Abra was too fat by half, but we liked her better than Snowball. Belline II., vhc., is good in body but is faulty in head, size and in bone. None of the puppies will ever be heard of in good company. Prince was well-placed first. He has a fairly good head and a good body, but is straight behind, moves badly and is not marked in the style required by the *cognoscenti*. Belline II., mentioned above, and Lionel were badly shown, and will never be seen to worse advantage than they were upon this occasion. Their heads are not typical. If Nellie would carry her ears better, she might earn two more letters. Taken altogether, these classes were well handled.

NEWFOUNDLANDS—(MR. DUDLEY).

Sam—who doesn't know Sam?—took another champion prize to Boston. We thought him looking well. Bruno took first in the open class, and we are glad to see that Mr. Dudley has at last recognized his many good qualities. He was away ahead of any in the class, and being a much better specimen than Sam, should have taken the special prize. The judge must have been severely taxed to find a second prize winner, and Carlo was the lucky one; but he is not a show dog, being faulty in head, ears and coat. Fido too is a poor specimen, curly in coat and faulty in head. Hero is leggy, short of coat and light in bone. Rover did not deserve a card. He has a ring tail and bad head and poor coat. Nell took first at a previous show under the same judge, but as we stated at the time, did not deserve it. Now she takes a c. card, which is just one letter too much. Our comments upon her when last shown are correct.

COLLIES—(MR. APGAR).

Ben Nevis and Rex were the only champions entered. Ben is not half the dog he was. He is growing coarse in head and is out of coat. Rex looked fairly well. Royboy, who made his bow to the public, has many good points. His head is much above the average, he has a good frill and is fairly well built all through. His ears are well placed, but they don't sit quite right. We would like him better had he more coat, especially in the place where it is most needed. Robin Adair II. is good in frill, but his heavy skull, light eyes and scanty coat will keep him from the coveted position. Joe Nettles, who took third, has not improved upon his puppy form either in coat or in skull. In the bitch class Mavis, who took first, is not a good one; her worst faults are in ears, feet and pasterns. Wanda, who lacks in top coat, undercoat, frill and in skull, came next, with Meg, faulty in head and ears, third. Gem was in shocking condition and was very properly discarded. Jeannie Nettles, faulty in head and ears and woolly in coat, was given c. Dot, short of coat, heavy in ears, faulty in shoulders, was given hc. This was a very poor class and the puppies were even worse. Dot, just described, took the blue ribbon from Mr. Lindsay's Portland. We do not remember having seen this dog win a first at New Haven, as claimed in the catalogue; but if he did, time has done much in the way of making him worse, not only in head and ears but in coat and symmetry as well. Daisy, faulty in head, ears, coat and in stifles, took third prize. We hope never again to see such a lot of puppies at any show. The classes were carefully and well judged. The special prize for the best collie shown by a member went to Ben Nevis. That he can beat Royboy when in condition we do not doubt; but he could not have done so upon this occasion had they came together. The collie trials were a failure and no prizes were awarded.

DEERHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

Mac, looking well, beat Heather for the champion prize. The latter was in wretched condition. There was only one specimen in the open class and it was given second prize, but for what reason we do not know, as it is a very poor specimen.

GREYHOUNDS—(MR. PIERSON).

Old Memnon, whose grand form we never tire of looking upon, was alone in the champion dog class. Greyhound men should take a long look at this game and almost perfect piece of dog flesh ere he retires from the bench. In the corresponding class for bitches Mother Demdike fairly smothered Fan, who never could have taken her numerous prizes had there been any "greyhounds" to meet her. The open dog class was a poor one; Ben, who took first, should be retired for reasons previously given. Wertheim, placed second, is not a show dog. The open bitch class introduced us to Mr. Smith's recently imported Stealing Away; she is a good greyhound, although not first-class, but is, of course, much better than such dogs as Friday Night, Fan, etc.; her head is too coarse, and she is not "filled up" below the eyes; back and quarters above the average; chest, legs and feet good; shoulders heavy. Second prize should have been given to Saturday Night, fully criticised in our report of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's May show. Lady Halifax, the fortunate recipient of second prize, has bad ears and a poor, expressionless head; she is leggy, shallow and faulty behind; not a show dog at all. There was only one entry in the puppy class, and it must have found its way there by accident, why such a specimen—faulty all over—should be awarded premier honors at a dog show we know not; the dog or animal, we cannot call it a greyhound, has a wretched head and ears, hindquarters such as we have never seen on a prize winner before, bad legs and feet, poor loin, and does not show the least bit of greyhound character; if this and the like awards are passed by unnoticed, much harm may be done to those who have no opportunity of seeing the dogs. Here is a dog which cannot be called a greyhound by any greyhound breeder, and yet he may be advertised in the public stud as a first prize winner. What would be the result?

POINTERS—(MR. SEITNER).

The pointers as a whole were not quite up to those shown there last fall. We could by no means agree with the judge in all of his decisions. We have had some experience with pointers within the past forty years, and long ago determined that weak chests, bad shoulders, slack backs, faulty legs and feet, light loins and feeble muscles were not the requisites of the pointer; that many animals possessing some of these characteristics are very taking to the eye is not to be denied; that they can go and stay we have yet to see demonstrated, and until all such are religiously excluded from the front seats of the show bench, the improvement of this grand breed of dogs will remain in abeyance. Our comments upon many of the dogs have already been published in reports of previous shows, and it is not necessary to repeat them here. There were no entries in the champion large classes. In the open dog class Donald II. was rightly placed first. He is preparing for the field trials, and was not quite up to the form he showed last spring, although he was looking well. There was not much to choose between Jimmie, second, and Bangor, third. Dan, unnoticed, was entitled to second place. He is a big lemon and white, with good head, back, loin, legs and feet, and moves nicely; he is rather coarse, but has a capital coat and shows quality. On the other hand he is too wide in front and is throaty, and was shown too fat. The other two entries, Rock and Rye, evidently have Irish setter blood in their veins, and were properly unnoticed. In the bitch class first was withheld and Beulah was awarded second. She won first at the same show last fall in a better class, and was clearly entitled to the same place here. She was shown too fat. Nelly, third, and Polly Varden, unnoticed, were fair specimens only. Polly we thought a trifle the better of the two. Her worst fault is a wide and shallow chest. In the champion small class Mr. A. H. Moore's Donald was alone. He was looking fairly well, and was for exhibition only. In the corresponding bitch class Daisy Bravo had a walkover. She has improved since we saw her last, but was not in first-class condition. In the open dog class Shot was entitled to his first; he has greatly improved since last spring, and was shown in capital condition. There was not much to choose between Castor, second, and Adonis, third. Castor has improved since we saw him last. He has the best of it in head, but Adonis beats him in legs and feet. Prince of Orange, vhc., has improved, was well shown, and deserved his card. Dash, hc., has a setter look about him that we do not like. The bitches were a better class and nearly all of them were in excellent condition. Those belonging to the Westminster Kennel Club were brought into the ring in better form than we have ever seen them. Lucky Stone, winner of first, was in elegant condition, but still retains her faults. Lady Belle, second, is a fair bitch only, not yet mature; her ears set too high and she is light in bone. Bellegarde, third, is also just a fair specimen; her ears hang badly and she lacks substance. Lady Maud, vhc. reserve, is a very good bitch, with a fair head and chest, and capital loin, quarters, tail, legs and feet. All of the others we have frequently commented upon. The awards in this class were all wrong. Lady Dufferin, hc., should have been first. She is a typical small pointer, with fewer faults than any in the class. Next to her we would put Lady Maud, with not much to choose between Rosa, vhc., and Virginia, c., for third place. The dog puppies were a very ordinary lot, and we saw nothing to lead us to believe that either of them would make a future winner. The bitches were much better. Leda, the winner, is rather an ordinary bitch, with bad color and is a bit shallow in chest, and lacks character. Genesta, second, is a fair bitch, except that she is weak in head and has a coarse tail. Dorcas II., vhc., we liked and thought that she had an easy win. She has not a very good head and her tail is a bit long, but otherwise she is very good and well deserved first. Puritan, unnoticed, was the youngest and smallest of the lot. She has few good points.

ENGLISH SETTERS—(MR. WESTCOTT).

The English setters were not up to those of last fall, either in numbers or average quality. In the champion dog class Rockingham was alone. He is preparing for the field trials and was not at his best in coat and feather. He was looking, however, better than we have ever seen him. His field work has hardened him and given him a wide-awake appearance that he did not possess before. In the bitch class Petrel II. was also alone. She was very short in coat and feather, but otherwise in fair condition. In the open dog class first went to Glen Rock. He was in the best show condition of any in the class. He is a very taking looking dog with beautiful color and markings. Tug, the winner of second, was not in the best of condition, although he is looking well. He is not quite so good in stifle as the winner, but beats him in head and quarters and is his equal at other points, had their positions been reversed it would have been about right. Don Juan was third. We have never seen this dog in first-class form but once; he was then a very hard dog to beat, but when out of condition he appears to great disadvantage. Storm Petrel, vhc., has improved and is very near the winners. He is not yet mature and must bide his time. Dashing Monarch received his usual hc. He was looking well. In the bitch class first went to Modesta. She was well shown and fairly entitled to the place. Blitz, second, should not have been in the money. She is a taking looking bitch with a good head and neck and fair shoulders. She is very weak in second thigh and pasterns and has very bad feet; there were a dozen better ones in the class. Third went to Fairy III. She was out of coat and feather, but should have been second with Dame Petrel, vhc., next. Dame has improved greatly and is one of the most symmetrical bitches in the class. If nothing befals her she will go higher up next year. Countess Warwick, also vhc., is a rare good one; she stands a bit high and is just a trifle short in body. She also carries her tail much too high. Petrel III., also vhc., was shown too fat. She was also out of coat, as were nearly all her kennel companions. Coomassie was very lucky to receive the three letters; one would have been plenty in this company. She should at least have exchanged places with Blue Belle, hc. Pebble, unnoticed, is a very well-formed animal and deserved the three letters. The dog puppies were a sorry lot. Tug, Jr., winner of first, should not have been noticed; he is big, lathy and leggy, and has a shallow chest, to say nothing of his deformed breast bone, which should disqualify him. Soudan, second, was rightly placed, his ears set too high and he is too long coupled. First should have been withheld; there was nothing promising in the class. Bella, first in the bitch class, was not entitled to the place; she has a coarse head, carries her ears badly, is throaty, too wide in chest, and has a bad tail; she is good in back, loin, quarters, legs and feet; vhc. would be about her mark. Glen Ada, the winner of second, was rightly placed; she is rather coarse, with no stop, and her ears set too high, she is also throaty and long in loin. Princess Kate, vhc., was the best in the class, she is a capital little bitch and will do to show again; she is weak in muzzle and her ears might hang better, her hindlegs also might be improved; she has a fair head, good body, chest and forelegs, and carries a good tail. Idylwoof, hc., promises well, and was worth her card. Nellie, unnoticed, we also thought worth mention.

IRISH SETTERS—(MR. WESTCOTT).

The Irish setters were a good lot. Chief, looking well, was alone in the champion class. Berkley was entered but not for

competition, except that his coat was in bad shape, the old champion appeared to be about as good as ever. In the bitch class Lady Clare also had a walkover. Her maternal duties have pulled her down and she was not in good form. Old Lou II., for exhibition only, has grown almost white with age. In the open dog class Blarney won over his son Bruce. In our comments upon the dogs at New Haven last March we said: "Blarney, vhc. reserve, is also very good. He is not yet mature and his color is not yet right. He will improve in this respect, and when he fills out we shall look for him among the winners." He has greatly improved, and as we said of him last May, "He has the head of an Irish setter, and he is an Irish setter." Bruce II. was looking well and deserved his place. Chief II. was placed third. He was well shown, but should have made way for Elcho III., a better dog. He has a grand head and is well formed, with no serious faults. His coat was broken and showed want of care; but notwithstanding this he should have been third. The others we thought well placed, except that two or three more cards would not have been out of place. The bitches were a fair class only, they were as well placed, perhaps, as was possible. The dog puppies were nothing extra. There were only two bitch puppies shown. Nellie, the winner, is a very nice bitch and if she goes all right she will do to show again.

GORDON SETTERS—(MR. WESTCOTT).

The catalogue called for Gordons, but the judge was instructed to include black and tans. Turk, looking well, won over Argus, in bad condition, in the champion dog class. In the corresponding bitch class, Rhoda, the only entry, was absent. Royal Duke won first in the open dog class. He was well shown. Second went to Bob, a Gordon and Irish; he is a very well-put-together dog, of good color and markings, and a nice flat but rather short coat. Don, third, is rather a good light-weight. In the bitch class, first went to Nora, a very nice bitch, with a good, clean-cut head. She is well formed and shows lots of quality. The others were nothing remarkable. There were but two puppies shown; both were only moderate.

SPANIELS—(MR. WINSLOW).

There were but two entries in the Irish water spaniel class. Both were seedy specimens, and first was properly withheld. Dash, the winner of second, would hardly pass muster in a good class. Charley, unnoticed, is a nicely-made dog, but was all out of coat and his topknot was entirely wanting.

Black Prince, looking well, was alone in the class for champion field spaniels. In the open class it was a close thing between Pluto and Newton Abbott Lady. Lady is well known, and we have repeatedly called attention to her good and bad points. Pluto is rather a nice dog, possessed of many good points. His ears do not hang quite right, his eyes are too light in color, and he is a bit leggy. He has a fairly good head, but might be better in stop and end of muzzle. Pascha has a pretty good head, but is curly and light of loin. Coaley lacks in head and has light eyes; we would have given the third prize to him instead of Pascha.

Brahmin had no difficulty in beating Hornell Silk in the champion cocker class. He is a niceish little dog, and but for a little legginess, lightness of bone and heaviness of brow would take a lot of beating. In the open class for dogs Othello had a very easy victory, but he has not improved; on the contrary, he is growing worse in head, he has not let down enough, and although his coat is straight, he has not enough of it. Hornell Jock is faulty in head and his ears are badly placed. Obo, Jr., was in such wretched condition that he should not have received notice of any kind. Nigger is well known. Belle won with a good deal to spare in the next class. Miss Nance is faulty in head and in forelegs, which are not straight. Hornell Flora is faulty in head, feet and legs. In the class for cockers of any other color than black or liver, Marion, the Boston winner, took first, and is well known. Second prize should have been withheld for want of merit. Alice Obo was the best of a very poor lot. She is too light all over. King Cole, who took second, is faulty in head and his ears are badly placed. Wonder and Hornell Sport did not deserve vhc. cards. Neither is worthy of notice in a class of spaniels.

Among the Clumbers, Newcastle had only Tyne, a fairly good bitch, and a dog without ears, to beat, and he did this handsomely.

FOXHOUNDS—(J. HOWARD LEWIS AND MARK PENNELL).

Thirty foxhounds were on show, including the two drafts of six couples each from the Rose Tree and Cheyney Hunt Clubs, competing for the prize for the best pack. In the champion class there were no entries. For the best dog in the open class, Jerry, a capital black, white and tan of the Cheyney Hunt was given first place. Second went to Ringer, a handsome blue mottle of the Lionville Hunt. Third to Whiskey, black and tan, a fine upstanding hound, also of the Lionville Hunt. Roxey II. was placed first in the bitch class, and Jessie, of the Cheyney Hunt, second; both are handsome bitches and full of quality. In the puppy class only two competitors faced the judges, the tan bitch Cricket receiving first. Only two packs were brought before the judges to compete for the pack prize of $50. The Cheyney Hunt received the award, beating the famous Rose Tree. Through an oversight the Rose Tree hounds were not entered for competition in any of the open classes, else the character of the awards might have been materially changed, as there were individuals in this pack of the most pronounced hound type.

BEAGLES—(J. A. STOVELL).

The class was a large and good one, showing that the interest in this popular breed is steadily advancing. At the earlier bench shows beagles were usually a small exhibit, and many of the entries were only beagles by courtesy. Since the advent of the Beagle Club and the establishing of the standard there has been a marked improvement in the quality of the dogs shown and a generally better appreciation by exhibitors of what the true-bred beagle should be. In the champion class, over 12 inches, Rattler, Bannerman and Lee were brought together; however, before adjudication commenced it was discovered that Bannerman was not eligible to compete under the strict ruling of the prize schedule, being under 12 inches. The contest, therefore, narrowed down to Rattler and Leo. Rattler won, but many beagle men differed from the judge in this decision and for the following reasons: Lee is more cobby, has a stronger back and a better arched loin, and a better bent hindleg. Rattler, besides being inferior to Lee in the points named, has become very fat and cloddy, his chest is let down like the brisket of a shorthorn bull and his shoulders are thick and loaded. Such a dog simply cannot run and last. Old Lee, bearing his years well, still shows the good beagle that he was in his palmy days. He is one of the few pure Roweths now living, a family, which if allowed to become extinct, beagle fanciers will always regret. Bannerman was shown in fine form. This little hound has been fully described in the FOREST AND STREAM and is a popular dog. Mated with overgrown bitches the progeny will almost certainly be within the height limit of the standard. This, without counting his symmetry and quality, will always give him value as a stock dog. A special champion class for beagles under 12 inches was made and Bannerman was awarded the prize. In the open class for dogs over 12 inches, Rattler III. received first honors. He secured timid in the ring, and did not do himself full justice. He has well-hung ears and is of taking color. His defects are that he is rather long cast and his tail shows a slight kink; in other respects he is very good. Kino, awarded second, is a cobby dog, but his shoulders are loaded and thick, and he is extremely throaty. King Pat, a neat white, black and tan, is a better dog, and should have been second. Duce, a good-bodied black, white and tan, whose ears are a trifle short though well carried, was deservedly placed third. Trailer, a good-looking useful hound, was ruled out by reason of being over the standard height of 15 inches; as also was Ring, another good-looking dog. Fleetwood lacks substance somewhat, being a trifle leggy. March is defective in ear and lacks in other essentials. In the open class for bitches over 12 inches Mischief was placed first. There seemed to be considerable discussion as to this bitch's eligibility in this class, it being claimed that she had won three first prizes already, and consequently should properly have been in the champion class. The matter hinged somewhat on the question of identity also, her owner asserting that the bitch was Mischief II., and that she was in her proper class. There being no protest entered, the judge decided to accept her. Millicent, placed second, is in poor condition from nursing a litter. She is cobby and has good feet. Flight, winner of third prize, is a very taking beagle. She has a beautifully arched loin, capital legs and feet, her tail lacks brush; she might be rather closer to the ground, and her head needs a little more beagle character. With these exceptions she is very near the mark, and many good beagle judges thought she deserved the first place. Music is another good one and deserved a vhc. Fashion and Lucy both ordinary; the former lacks beagle character.

In beagles under 12 inches, Marchboy II., looking thin and weedy, got first. He has not improved on his puppy form. Magnet, winner of second, is better in essential points, and the positions should have been reversed. Fannade, who got third, is long cast and flimsy. Prince has suspicious-looking forelegs, savoring of a bench-legged ancester. Diamond is a fair little bitch and deserved recoguition, as also did Zora. The best puppy under 12 months is Cricket. She got first and deserved it. Topsey, who, by the way, is a dog puppy, was second, which award is indorsed, and Letter got commended. Music, weedy, Gypsey, very ordinary, and Daisy, showing unmistakable bench-leg cross, finished the list.

BASSETS AND DACHSHUNDE—(J. A. STOVELL).

Bertrand, lacking in haw and peak, and not as good in crook as his competitor, Nemours, pleased the judge's fancy most for first. He is a dog of great substance, and excels Nemours in muzzle, flews, chest and ribs, but falls behind his competitor in the points enumerated above.

One dachshund and three bench-leg beagles competed for the dachshund prizes. Waldine, a true dachshund but of no very marked quality, received a second. The others were very properly passed.

BULLDOGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Bellissima, not looking very well, had the champion class to herself, and in the open dog class Remus had an easy task to beat Crib, not "up-faced" enough and prick-eared. With Britomartis in the open class, Bonnie Duchess and Duchess were outclassed. Bonnie Duchess is too long in muzzle and has a bad eye. Duchess is light in skull and long in muzzle, besides being cowhocked, light of bone and faulty in feet. In the puppy class Mr. Thayer's Ramona was alone. She is small in skull and wanting in chop; just a fair specimen. Mr. Thayer had it all his own way in these classes, there being nothing to approach his dogs in good looks.

BULL-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

No champions faced the judge. In the open dog class Dutch, Jr., was the only exhibit worthy of a prize. The winner in the bitch class was much the best. In skull, body and legs she will do, but she is faulty below the eyes, is a bit lippy, full in eyes and faulty in tail. Gypsey is a bit faulty in head and has an objectionable tan marking over one eye, still she was about second best. Violet is cheeky and falls away under the eyes, she is also too leggy and narrow in front. Only two puppies were shown, and The Baron, who promises well, beat Mac (a poor specimen) easily. We were surprised to see so few entries in these classes, as bull-terriers are becoming very popular. They were properly placed.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

There was only one entry, a poor specimen.

FOX-TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Raby Tyrant and Richmond Olive saved the champion classes from failure. In the open dog class first was given to Regent Vox, who is a catchy-looking dog, but he is light in bone, weak in pasterns, faulty in feet, soft in coat and light in muzzle. His beautiful markings and nice condition got him the prize, which should have gone to the more workmanlike Scarsdale, whose good and bad qualities are well known to our readers. Richmond Jockey, third prize, has a good head, but is light and faulty in feet. Dan, vhc., was in luck's way. He was in bad condition, is sour-faced, light in bone and faulty in feet. Hapton Toby, hc., is a much better dog than Dan. His ears are not well carried and he would do with more strength of jaw; he is also a bit cheeky and slight in coat. His body is good and his legs and feet are of the best. What the judge saw in Brokenhurst Spice II. to commend him we cannot tell. He is a short-legged, cloddy dog, with a good pedigree and nothing else. In the bitch class, Delta, who has scarcely a tooth in her head, was given first over Thayer's Di, a decision which we cannot indorse. Delta has scarcely a hair to cover her skin, is light in bone, snipy and minus teeth. Without teeth a fox-terrier is useless. Di is coarse in muzzle, but is a good terrier. Warren Lady was absent, but her puppies by Brokenhurst Joe were for exhibition; they are promising. Nettle is cheeky and light in bone. Maggie did not deserve the hc. card; she is pear-headed, light in bone and carries her ears badly. Dudley Blossom's color is objectionable, and she is prick-eared. In the class for puppies under 12 months old (dogs), the Clovernook Kennels took first and second with two promising young dogs. Spot did not deserve a vhc. card; he has a nasty, sour head, and carries his ears badly. Blossom, too leggy, was the best of the bitches. Geraldine made a good second. Clover Poppy was absent.

There were five wire-haired fox-terriers entered and the judge commenced by awarding first prize to the worst specimen of the lot. Vero Venture was the lucky one. We would have given him hc. He is leggy, soft of coat and faulty in head. Bundle came next, second prize; she is heavy in ears, wide in front and her mouth is bad. We thought her worth vhc. New Year's Day and Tiny Todger each got a vhc. card. New Year's Day was the best dog in the class. He has a "level jaw" but his teeth are not quite even, and he is light in bone. This dog won the cup at Fylde, England (Fox-terrier Club show), and was second in the open class at London. Tiny Todger was second best in the class. She is a nice little bitch. These classes were badly judged.

IRISH, BEDLINGTON, SKYE, YORKSHIRE AND TOY TERRIERS—(MR. MORTIMER).

The winners in the Irish, Bedlington and Skye classes are all of them well known. The second prize Skye is not so good as the third prize winner, either in head, ears or in tail, and is quite as good in coat; they should have exchanged places. There was not a good Yorkshire in the show. The toys were better, but there was nothing first-class, all of the winners being faulty in head.

PUGS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Bradford Ruby, in very poor condition, should have taken a back seat upon this occasion. Ruby is a grand little dog and can beat every pug we know when he is in condition, but this time he was not in condition, and Max should have taken premier honors, with Punch, who was vhc., second. Puck, third prize, cannot beat Punch. He is not very short in the face, and is smutty in color and heavy in ears. Punch is well known. Bitches were better judged. Miss Kitty and Flossy are well known. They were fully described in our report of the spring show. Cryer's Kitty is long in face, heavy in ears, stands high behind and does not carry her tail very well. She is of nice size and has a fairly good trace. Puppies were badly judged. First was given to Thunder, who is very smutty, heavy in ears and apple-headed. Bessie, placed second, was much the best of the lot; her most apparent faults are in muzzle and trace. Tiny was not worth a vhc. card. She has a very poor head, light-colored ears instead of black ones, no trace—a poor specimen. Judge got a commended card. We did not see him.

TOY SPANIELS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Countess B., hc., is long in face and faulty in forelegs. Prince D. is long in face. Jumbo is very leggy and is not free from white. Pitou, that took first, is faulty in head and is weedy. Nellie, placed second, was away ahead of anything in the class. Pitou cannot beat one side of her. Otto, vhc., has very small eyes.

In the Blenheim class King Victor was much the best in head, ears, eyes, coat and symmetry; his markings are excellent, but he is a couple of pounds too heavy. King Pippin is not so good either in head, coat or markings as Victor. The others were outclassed.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—(MR. MORTIMER).

All of the entries in this class were too large. A good Italian greyhound does not weigh more than 5½ pounds. Dogs weighing 10 or 12 pounds should be entered in the whippet class.

MISCELLANEOUS—(MR. MORTIMER).

Three firsts were given in this class to a Dalmatian, a bobtail sheep dog, and Chesapeake Bay dog. The Dalmatian is faulty in eyes, legs and feet, the sheep dog in coat and head, the Chesapeake dog in head.

ULMERS—(MR. DUDLEY).

This class was very badly judged. First was given to Markoe, who has a very bad head and poor loin; hc. was all he deserved. Spot, placed second, is much too small, and lacks altogether the tiger expression peculiar to the breed. Leo, unnoticed, was about the best dog in the class, and Nell, also unnoticed, is better than the first prize winner.

In the necessarily hurried manner that the list of awards was prepared, some errors were to be expected. A portion of these are owing to the fact that the steward's book did not always correspond with that of the judge. Below will be found a complete list of corrections and additions, which should be compared with the list as published last week.

In rough-coated St. Bernard puppies, Thos. H. Doan's Victoria was very high com. In pointer bitches under 50lbs., Surrey Kennels' Lady Maud was very high com. reserve. In pointer dog puppies A Mears' Point was very high com. In English setter bitches, Fairy III. was 3d instead of 2d. E. I. Martin's Petrel III. and Rancocas Kennels' Coomassie were very high com. In Irish setter bitch puppies the winning bitch was Nellie instead of Nube. In cocker spaniels other than black or liver, E. F. Thomas's Wanda T. (Col. Stubbs—Belle) was 3d. In Clumbers, Tyne was 2d and Bateman 3d. In beagles, a champion class under 12in. was made and won by A. C. Krueger's Bannerman. In beagle bitches over 12in., Flight was 3d instead of 2d. In pug bitches, Mrs. Walter D. Peck's Flossy (A.K.R. 2230) was 2d. In King Charles spaniels, Countess B. was high com. and John Parker's Prince D. (Duke—Queen) was com. In the miscellaneous, Nellie, Bob and Rover were equal 1st. In Irish setter kennels, Lady Clare was in winning kennel. Below is a full list of the awards for the

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best mastiff, Winlawn Kennels' Rosalind; best English setter dog in open class, E. W. Jester's Glen Rock; best pointer in open classes, W. K. C.'s Lucky Stone; best collie dog owned by member of club, Sans Souci Kennels' Ben Nevis; best fox-terrier in open class, A. Belmont, Jr.'s Regent Vox; best cocker spaniel in open class, W. H. Tuck's Othello; best Newfoundland, J. A. Nickerson's Sam; best deerhound, Clovernook Kennels' Mac; best Irish setter bitch, J. H. Roberts's Jessie; best Irish water spaniel, James Wilson's Dash; best bull terrier, R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr.; best black and tan terrier, Lizzie E. Tomson's Beauty; best Scotch or Irish terrier, D. O'Shea's Jim; best Skye terrier, W. P. Sauderson's Jim; best Italian greyhound, Annie M. Kramer's Romeo; best bulldog in open class, J. E. Thayer's Remus; best bull bitch in open class, J. E. Thayer's Britomartis; best pug, owned by a lady, Mrs. Walter D. Peck's Bradford Ruby; best dachshund, V. Friehl's Waldine; best Irish setter puppy, R. H. Spalding's Garry; best Irish setter dog, E. W. Clark's Blarney; best beagle owned in Philadelphia, L. H. Twaddell's Millicent; best field spaniel, A. C. Wilmerding's Black Prince; best St. Bernard, J. W. Burgess's First Choice; best fox terrier bred in America in 1884 or 1885, J. E. Thayer's Di; best Bedlington terrier owned in Philadelphia, Fred P. Kirby's Beresford, best English setter bitch in open class, R. C. Cornell's Modesta. The special awarded to the San Souci Kennel for the best kennel of collies was protested, on the ground that but four of the entries were present. The decision of the club had not been rendered up to the time of going to press.

THE IRISH SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

THE field trials which took place last week over the estates of his grace the Duke of Leinster, in the vicinity of Maynooth, seem to have attached to them a greater amount of importance than the number of entries and general surroundings would at first sight appear to justify. They were the first of the kind ever held in the sister isle, and, being entirely confined to a variety of setters of whose working capabilities and behavior behind game much uncertainty existed in many minds; an opportunity was afforded of seeing the famed red setter on "his native heath" or rather pasture, under conditions pretty much the same as prevail in England. As we stated last week, the trials were entirely arranged by the specialist club; the secretary, Mr. J. J. Giltrap, must have worked hard for their formation, and is to be congratulated upon so successful a first meeting. The judges—Col. Cooper, of Kilclooney, co. Tipperary, and Mr. W. Raleigh Trevelyan, of Monkstown, co. Dublin—gave their decisions as thorough sportsmen, and when we did not quite agree with an award there was always a plain reason, and just a one, why it was made in such a manner. The ground work, on both days was, to all appearance, an admirable game country. The fields generally were large, rich in covert, and teeming with fine pastures; the root crops, too, looked as good lying as ever we saw anywhere, and it was deplorable to find such a scarcity of game. The scarcity of course very considerably affected the decisions, and the judges were compelled in many cases to decide upon the merits of the competitors, and the style, pace, and stamina displayed in working, the very first time of finding game.

CONYNGHAM CUP for puppies; winner, the cup and 50 per cent. of entry fees; second, Spratt's Patent Cup and 20 per cent. of entry fees.

First Round.

Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's Colleen (Nob—Nelly), 16 mos., *beat* Mr. D. Sullivan's The Marquis (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.), 20 mos.

Mr. H. M. Wilson's Molleen (Garryowen—Nellie), 19 mos., *beat* Dr. Gogarty's Eily (Major General—Nellie), 18 mos.

Mr. L. F. Perrin's Timo (Scamp—Wee Kit), 16 mos., *beat* Dr. Gogarty's Sandy (Major General—Lillie III.), 19 mos.

Mr. W. H. Lipscomb's Dick Bragh (Shaun Bragh—Kate), 10 mos. (a bye), *against* Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's Grouse (Grouse—Countess), 17 mos. (absent).

Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's Rhiwlas Kate (Rover—Wee Kitty), 17 mos., *beat* Mr. J. J. Giltrap's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.), 20 mos.

Mr. J. McGoff's Little Nell (Cocksure—Granuaile), 26 mos. (a bye), *against* Mr. E. S. Snow's Jumbo, 16 mos. (absent).

Second Round.

Colleen beat Molleen.
Rhiwlas Kate beat Timo.
Little Nell, a bye.

Third Round.

Little Nell beat Colleen.
Rhiwlas Kate, a bye.

Final Round.

Mr. J. McGoff's Little Nell beat Mr. J. Lloyd-Price's Rhiwlas Kate and won.

ARDILAUN CUP for all ages; winner, the cup and 50 per cent. of entry fees; second, the club's cup (or 5 guineas) and 20 per cent. of entry fees.

First Round.

Mr. H. M. Wilson's Mountaineer (Garryowen—Cora), 4 yrs.

3 mos., *beat* Mr. W. H. Lipscomb's Dick Bragh (Shaun Bragh —Kate), 10 mos.

Mr. R. J. Lloyd-Price's Rhiwlas Kate (Rover—Wee Kitty), 17 mos., *beat* Mr. J. McGoff's Iveragh (Don—Lizzie), 3yrs. 5 mos.

Mr. J. McGoff's Lalla Rookh (Garryowen—Granuaile), 3 yrs. 5 mos., *beat* Mr. W. W. Despard's Gipsie (Carlo—Nellie III.), about 4 yrs.

Mr. J. K. Milner's Frisco (Rattle—Aileen), 7 yrs. 10 mos. (a bye), *against* Mr. J. Hamilton's May (Shot—Loo VII.), 3 yrs. 2 mos. (absent).

Mr. L. F. Perrin's Wee Kate (Attie—Kate), 3 yrs. 1 mo., *beat* Mr. J. J. Giltrap's Sarsfield (Garryowen—Currer Bell II.), 20 mos.

Mr. L. F. Perrin's Timo (Scamp—Wee Kit), 16 mos. (a bye), *against* Dr. Gogarty's Sandy (Major General—Lillie III.), 19 mos. (drawn).

Mr. H. Waterhouse's Chief (Count—Countess), 4 yrs. 5 mos. (a bye), *against* Mr. H. M. Wilson's Nellie (Scamp—Aileen), 5 yrs. 8 mos. (disq.).

Second Round.

Rhiwlas Kate beat Mountaineer.
Lalla Rookh beat Frisco.
Wee Kate, a bye.

Third Round.

Wee Kate beat Rhiwlas Kate.
Lalla Rookh, a bye.

Final Round.

Mr. L. F. Perrin's Wee Kate beat Mr. J. McGoff's Laliah Rookh, and won.

In the final tie for the puppy stake between Mr. Lloyd-Price's Rhiwlas Kate and Mr. McGoff's Little Nell, a very long trial was run during which both animals showed great equality; Nell, perhaps, had the better nose, but was not nearly so well handled as her opponent. To end long and tedious work, the judges ordered the keeper to fire his gun when the workers were in similar positions so far as regards their dogs. The result was in favor of Little Nell, who behaved better to the shot, and of course had the award. Though a somewhat unusual mode of obtaining a result, it was equally as fair to one as the other. An excellent decision was come to in the heat between Rhiwlas Kate and Mr. H. M. Wilson's Mountaineer, this time in favor of the former. After some little preparatory work, mostly in favor of the bitch, Mountaineer drew up for a short distance, made a magnificent point, and was backed. Somewhat uncertain, he moved on, evidently losing the line, and, leaving it altogether, Kate drew slowly in the direction where Mountaineer had previously stood, and likewise pointed. From this good score by the bitch a single bird rose and was killed. Though originally a capital point to the dog, his leaving the line was quite fatal to his chance. In the last trial of the all-aged stake, Wee Kate and Lalla Rookh were not down very long in turnips before the former, in the middle of the field coming down wind, got too near a covey, and dropped instantaneously as they rose, behaving perfectly to the gun. Away to the left and nearer the hedge, Lalla Rookh flushed a single bird, to which she had to be put down, just later another bird rose, which she might have found, and, though steady to shot, she easily lost the tie and stake. Such short trials as the two last and others were a necessity under the circumstances, and if they savor a little of luck in the way of the first to find and behave well being the winner, that as a rule fell to the best dog of the brace down at the time. To make the Irish trials a popular success on another occasion, they must be held where game is more plentiful; and there does not appear any reason why they cannot be held over grouse, which are far more numerous in the neighborhood of Dublin than partridge. On more than one occasion last week we walked for over an hour without coming on birds.

With the working of the Irish setters we were generally pleased. They bore the character of being headstrong, wild rangers, disobedient to whistle and wilful in the extreme. To none of these, not gentle impeachments did we find them more prone, or even as much so, as their cousins of the Laverack, Llewellyn, or any other variety. Most of them were steady in drawing up, few, either puppies or old dogs, chased fur or feather; and the staunchness displayed by some of the former, which we were assured had not been in the hands of their workers more than a fortnight, was extremely creditable—these were Colleen, Little Nell, Eily, and Sandy. What we saw of the Irish setters here proved their good pace, that they quarter their ground well, though not as a rule working it out to the very corners (perhaps more the fault of the workers than the dogs); they do not always appear on the look-out for game, and are decidedly addicted to pottering about on the ground scent where birds have been recently. Persevering they appear to be in the extreme, and only in one instance—that of Dr. Gogarty's Sandy in the trial with Timo —did we notice any inclination to tire, and this only occurred in one field, this dog freshening up wonderfully when he obtained a "sniff of birds" a little later. The most uniform fault of the red setters appeared to be in their natural habit of carrying their heads low. The most notable exceptions to this fault were found in Mr. Giltrap's puppy Sarsfield (who had rather hard lines with Rhiwlas Kate the first round, and with the ultimate winner in the all-aged stakes) and Mr. Perrin's Wee Kate. We fancy that the first-named, a son of Garryowen, was the fastest animal on the field. He could quite run round Kate, he carried his head splendidly, quartering well and covering a lot of ground. With a little more finished breaking, he would certainly make one of the best working Irish setters of the day, and in looks he is quite up to show form. Wee Kate, the winner in the all-aged stake, a daughter of the beautiful Kate of old, is already publicly known as a bench winner. Without the great pace of the puppy already named, she is by no means slow, quarters her ground well, and appears to be always looking for game. The way she carried herself was about perfection, head well up, flag beautifully straight from the back, and she appeared as truly level from the set on of her shoulders to the end of her stern as the top of a billiard table. She possesses a great reputation as a grouse bitch, and showed fair breaking, but there was not sufficient game to well try her staunchness. Perhaps the little suspicion we have with regard to the latter quality might arise from the over anxiety of her owner, Mr. L. F. Perrin, who worked her himself, to prevent her misbehaving. Mr. McGoff's Lalla Rookh, the runner up with Wee Kate, is a bigger bitch, handsome, and we believe, a bench winner, a fairly good goer all round, without the style and head carriage of her more successful opponent. Her breaking was not very finished and possibly she is one of the most head-strong examples of the strain. Little Nell—the winning puppy, a rare goer, with more than moderate carriage of head, better than some, not so good as others—appeared to have a happy knack of finding game. She behaved well throughout, and, with fairly good looks, may be classed as a good bitch, and, without being actually perfect, well able to hold her own in field trial company this side of the channel. Mr. Lipscomb's Dick Bragh is a promising puppy, and performed wonderfully well for a youngster only 10 months old. Probably the biggest animal competing at the meeting he possesses considerable quality and immense bone. A great, strong dog, a little drooping behind the shoulders; with good legs and feet, color and carriage, he would be just the animal to use where there is a tendency in the Irish setter to become small and effeminate, snipy in muzzle, and attenuated in the legs, as is to be noticed in some strains. Mr. H. M. Wilson's champion "bench winner" Nellie we were unable to see gallop more than a few yards, from the cause alluded to last week. Mr. H. Waterhouse's Chief showed to anything but advantage, quite refusing to hunt at all during the early portion of the trial on Thursday evening. Mr. Milner's Frisco has not the pace required in a successful competitor at field trials, but may be a useful dog enough for ordinary sporting purposes, and his rather ungainly gallop is, we are told, the result of a severe accident to one of his hindlegs. Mr. Perrin's Timo is a very handsome dog, fine in color, shoulders, legs, feet, and capital in stern, carried well. Without possessing so much pace as other animals in the stake, he quarters his ground well, proved a fine ranger, and fairly obedient for a puppy. He may reach a higher position in a stake on some other occasion. Mountaineer is apparently a useful sort of a dog to shoot over; his nose is good, though his leaving game in the way he did in his trial with Rhiwlas Kate proved lack of confidence in his own scenting powers; he worked out his ground and quarters well, and was very stylish on point.

From that which we have already written, readers will surmise that the animals competing were by no means deficient in good looks, and this undoubtedly was the case. So uniformly handsome a lot of dogs never before ran at trials; and, with little exception, any present might, without discredit either to themselves or their exhibitors, compete in a show ring. Indeed, about one-third of the animals running had appeared and been successful before what are known as show bench judges. A fact of this kind is so contrary to the ruling that obtains either at the National or Kennel Club Trials, as to be quite remarkable. At the latter, often enough, the ugliest dogs are the best, and those with the least pretension to so-called "show form" prove the winners. An English setter having a record—*i. e.*, a winner both on the bench and in the field—is, indeed a rarety, but here, at the first trial of Irish setters, we have a "best on record" obtained immediatly. In so far the strain common to the Emerald Isle thus possesses a great advantage, and now that it is so presented to the public, the means are forthcoming of popularising the red or red and white dog. The latter, which is said to be almost a distinct variety, had no representative present, if we may except Mr. W. W. Despard's Gipsie; and she, perhaps, had not quite sufficient marking to prove her of the more gaudily-colored strain.—*London Field.*

BAD SHOW MANAGEMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the canine death returns do not pan out 50 per cent. higher than is usual after a dog show, resulting from the bad arrangements of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show last week, then many of us will be surprised. The cold-blooded idea of placing valuable dogs—many of them used only to sleeping in snug quarters in one's own house—under cattle sheds, with nothing but a roof to protect them against October's inclement weather, is simply—well, is simply a nail in the coffin of the P. K. C. Then the accommodations for visitors and exhibitors were truly inviting—wading through mud and water half up to one's knees to get from one row of kennels to another was the order of things, not to speak of standing around in it all day for four-sevenths of a week, while the festive winds blew through the corn sheds and our whiskers.

Another little growl and I'm done. I was the unfortunate recipient of a champion medal. It was a fair little medal, worth, say, about three or four dollars; but on being shown Mr. Jones's medal given as a second prize to his puppy in another class, and Mr. Brown's, a third prize, in still another class, my heart sank within me, for on comparing them they were found to be one and the same, save that my hard-earned champion souvenir bore the title "champion" shallowly carved upon its back. EXHIBITOR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1885.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—There is every indication that the coming trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be the most interesting that have yet been held. The pointer stake especially promises to prove a hot one and great interest is manifest among fanciers of the breed as to the result. Birds are very plenty and well grown, and with favorable weather the trials will no doubt bring out a large number of interested spectators. At a meeting of the club on the 13th the secretary was instructed to notify the public that all Derby entries for 1886 must be whelped on or after May 1, 1885. It was also voted that the notice to handlers relative to working dogs south of the railroad track of the Piedmont Air Line should be changed to read "that any dog being proved to have been worked south of the Piedmont Air Line Railroad, within seven miles, taking the Bellevue Hotel at High Point as a center, shall be debarred from running and forfeit winnings, if any.

DEATH OF "IDSTONE."—It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of the Rev. Thomas Pearce, better known to our readers as "Idstone." The London *Field* says of him: "In the columns of the *Field* 'Idstone's' writings were highly valued for the crispness of his tales of country life, and for his careful descriptions of the various breeds of sporting dogs, of which he was a first-rate judge. As a companion he was most amusing, his repertoire of tales being as inexhaustible as that of Sidney Smith. Peace to his *manes*. We fear we shall not soon see his like again." He died at Bournemouth, Eng., on Sept. 24, of congestion of the lungs.

DEATH OF CHAMPION RODERICK.—Dr. M. H. Cryer has lost by death his pug dog Roderick. He was whelped July 12, 1878, and was by Mr. T. Morris's Punch and out of his Judy. Roderick was one af the winning litter at Southport, Eng., in 1878, and has won one second, one first, six champion and nine specials in this country. He has left a numerous progeny, many of them having already made their mark upon the show bench.

GREYHOUND LOST.—A black greyhound bitch with the letter S. branded on her side, has strayed or been stolen. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to her recovery by Mr. Johnson, 162 West Eighteenth street, New York.

BOSTON DOG SHOW FOR 1886.—Boston, Mass., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The New England Kennel Club claims April 6, 7, 8, 9, 1886, as date for their second annual bench show.—JEAN GROSVENOR, Secretary.

THE NEW JERSEY CLUB FIELD TRIALS.—The New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club will hold their first annual field trials on Fisher's Island, commencing Nov. 12. The trials are for members only.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.—The entries for the All-Aged Stake of the National Field Trials Club close on Nov. 1. The secretary is B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn.

BALTIMORE DOG SHOW.—It is rumored that the Baltimore Kennel Club will hold a dog show early next year.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. P. F., Oberlin, O.—My spaniel dog seems to be troubled with what I call rheumatism, he was first attacked last winter and was lame in hindquarters for several weeks. He is now having another attack. His hind legs give out as though he had hurt his spine, he will be taken all at once with pain and favor one hind leg, appetite poor as a general thing at present. Since his first attack he sits on one side, never square up and down. At times he seems not to be able to use his hindquarters. Ans. We should say that your dog suffers from muscular rheumatism or lumbago. This is caused by cold. The treatment to be followed consists in rubbing the parts with chloroform linament, perhaps blistering with a fly blister over the affected part. Keep the dog's bowels in good condition and let him sleep in a dry, warm kennel or room.

G. W., Trenton, N. J.—I have an English setter five years old. His hair comes out very badly, and has for a couple of years past. Have tried brushing, combing and washing with sulphur soap. He has been perfectly healthy; had distemper when young and since then hair commenced coming out. Ans. Your dog may have a disease of the hair follicles, but you will probably find, on careful examination, minute scales or dandruff covering the skin. This is scaly eczema, one form of mange, and is chronic. The best skin medicine is Fowler's solution of arsenic, and should be given in graded doses, commencing with three drops, running up to ten by an increase of a drop per diem. After three weeks stop the arsenic for a week and then commence again in same way. For a skin wash get four ounces each of rose and of camphor water, add two teaspoonsful of sulphur and mix all together and apply once daily.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association. Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE MASSACHUSETTS RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—The three closing days of last week were taken up at Walnut Hill with the matches of the fall meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. Three matches had been provided and for three days the shooting was almost incessant. C. W. Hinman was executive officer of the meeting, with C. E. Berry as statistical head. The programme provided:

200-yard match, Massachusetts decimal targets. Open to all comers; 200 yds. Position, standing. Rifle, any within the rules. Rounds, seven. Entries unlimited. Entry fee, fifty cents. Winners of prizes to be decided by the aggregate of the four best scores; highest possible, 280. The competitor making the highest aggregate score to have first choice, the other prize winners to choose in order of their respective scores. Scores of equal number of points will be considered a tie without regard to rank or value of shots. Ties to be decided by the next highest score made, outside of the four counting scores.

E. F. Richardson 257, C. D. Palmer 250, A. C. White 246, A. C. Adams 243, D. Newton 238, E. J. Cram 237, Geo. Fay 237, E. M. Rockwell 237, R. Reed 236, J. Francis 234, O. M. Jewell 234, J. B. Fellows 233, G. W. Foster 230, J. N. Frye 229, F. A. Whitney 228, B. M. Pitts 216, G. G. Franklin 214, H. K. Richardson 213, W. F. Thomas 212, W. Rust 209, W. Fisher 207, C. L. Holmes 206, E. B. Souther 205, F. W. Yates 205, J. L. Thomas 204, F. D. Bartlett 203, N. F. Tufts 203, A. Law 203, C. A. Joslin 201, L. O. Dennison 199, C. E. Mack 196, J. W. Vining 193, A. C. Simpson 192, H. Withington 191, A. Melvin 190, D. B. Ernst 190, J. P. Bates 188, A. C. Clark 185, G. Bassett 184, H. L. Whitney 179, C. H. Russell 177, A. W. Webb 173, T. Leighton 172, J. R. Munro 169, James Stewart 163, A. D. Alden 162, W. Ford 162, W. C. Johnston, Jr., 161, M. Winthrop 136, H. D. Wilbur 116.

Massachusetts decimal target, at rest, 200yds, rounds 7, position any or rest, any rifle under 10lbs, without telescopic sights, entries same as in Match 1, prizes to be won on the aggregate of each competitor's best four scores, ties will be decided as in Match 1. 75 per cent of total entry fees will be divided into 11 prizes:

J N Frye	69	69	69	70	277	J R Munro	68	68	64	64	264
J Francis	69	69	68	70	276	B G Warren	67	66	66	65	264
G W Whitcomb	69	60	69	69	276	J B Fellows	62	60	64	59	245
D L Chase	66	69	69	70	276	W Arthur	56	56	62	59	233
S Wilder	69	69	68	68	274	L O Dennison	52	59	54	40	205

600yd. Cartoon Match.—Open to all comers, 600yds, cartoons to count 6, any rifle within the rules, short and mid range sporting rifles allowed any rest, entries unlimited, entry fee 50 cents, four scores to count, ties to be decided by the rules of the M. R. A., Springfield military rifles, as issued by the State, allowed 7 points on each score. All competitors are subject to the rules of the M. R. A. Attention is specially requested to those relating to the weight and trigger-pull of rifles, the loading of guns at the firing point, and penalties for carlessness; no challenge of shots will be permitted except at the discretion of the executive officer; persons challenging will be required to deposit 50 cents, to be forfeited in case the challenge proves unwarranted; sighting shots are not allowed in any of these contests.

Possible 168 on 4 scores, 28 points allowance for military rifle.

S Wilder (long range rifle)	157	B G Warren (mid-range rifle	151
Corp F W Yates (mil)	126+28=154	N Washburn (long range rifle)	141
J N Frye (mid-range rifle)	152	G W Whitcomb (mid-range r)	145
W Ford (mil)	124+28=152	L Wahzer (mil)	105+28=133

EDWARDS.

ALBANY, Oct. 10.—For the past two days the riflemen have been pounding the iron at Rensselaerwyck from early morning until dark in attempting to make good scores. The principal match in the fall meetings and the one which attracts attention outside of the sporting riflemen is the Third Division match. There are about twenty organizations entitled to enter teams for the prize, but the skill of the Tenth Battalion riflemen is known all over the division, and only one of the organizations had the courage to enter the competition against them. The meeting in every way was successfully carried out, over 3,500 shots were fired, and owing to the excellent arrangements no accident happened. Appended are scores of the matches concluded yesterday:

Short-Range Match—200dys.

W E Fitch	33	33	35	101	C Hume	29	30	31—90
B R Spelman, Jr	33	33	34	100	S Schriber, Jr	29	30	31—90
J G Newbury	32	33	34	99	J Mackwirth	29	30	30—89
C H Gaus	32	32	33	97	S G Van Etten	26	30	30—86
L Gerger	31	31	34	96	G M Brink	27	28	29—84
B C Andrews	31	31	32	94	H Wagoner	27	28	29—84
A Donnor	30	31	31	94	A F Waldoillig	20	26	26—72
J B Schuyler	30	31	31	92				

Champion Military.

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Sergt C Hume, 14th Separate Co	22	25	47
Lt H Batchelder, 10th Battalion	25	22	47
Sergt W T Miles, 10th Battalion	22	24	46
Lt Chas A Gaus, 10th Battalion	24	22	46
Sergt B C Andrews, 10th Battalion	22	23	45
Col Wm E Fitch, 10th Battalion	24	21	45
Sergt B R Spelman, 10th Battalion	22	22	44
Lt J G Van Etten, 14th Separate Co	22	22	44
Sergt J I Miles, 10th Battalion	23	20	43
Sergt C R Johnston, 14th Separate Co	20	21	41
Lt G M Brink, 14th Separate Co	20	21	41

Third Division, N. G. S. N. Y. Match.

Tenth Battalion, Albany.

	200yds.	500yds.
Sergt B R Spelman	45554—23	55555—25—48
Lieut C H Gaus	44544—22	44545—22—43
Lieut H Batchelder	33544—19	55444—22—41
Sergt J I Miles	44444—20	42553—19—39
Sergt W T Miles	44444—20	24434—17—37
Sergt B C Andrews	44444—20	23452—16—36—244

Fourteenth Separate Company, Kingston.

	200yds.	500yds.
Lieut J G Van Etten	43554—21	55444—23—43
Sergt C Hume	44445—21	23544—18—39
Sergt C R Johnston	43434—17	42445—19—36
Lieut G M Brink	42443—17	32244—15—32
Corp C H Van Gaasbeek	44443—19	50035—13—32
Private F Quant	34434—18	20024— 8—26—208

Mid-Range Match—600yds.

J L Miller, r c	5555555555554555—74
L Gieger, r c	5555455555554555—73
C H Gaus, m b l	5544544455555565—70
W I Miles, s c	5555555345345605—68
P Smith, r c	5544535535345545—67
C E Wendell, mil	0423233424445542—47

MANCHESTER, Nov. 9.—The third and last day of the fall meeting of the Manchester Rifle Association was marked by the best of weather conditions and the largest attendance of the meeting took advantage of the favorable elements in an effort to make high scores. The forenoon was particularly one of interest, as some of the best shooting that has ever been seen in the State was developed. W. Dennison was the first to settle down to steady work, and the bulls-eyes rolled from his rifle with but few breaks. He raised himself card after card until half an hour before midday he had made a gain of 18 points and advanced from sixth place to the honorable leadership of the brilliant marksmen who constituted his competitors. Mr. Dennison is calm and deliberate in all his movements and is a model rifleman. His 88 card was the largest made during the three days' shooting. Another gentleman whose brilliant work won admiration was A. C. White, of Worcester, who made an unbroken string of 14 consecutive bullseyes.

The match conditions and winning scores stood; The first match—200yds off-hand, Massachusetts decimal target, open to all comers, position standing, rifle any within the rules, rounds 10, entries unlimited, entry fee 50 cents, winners of prizes to be decided by the

aggregate of three best scores counted as one continuous score, the competitor making the highest aggregate score to have first choice, the other prize winners to chose in order of their respective scores.

W Dennison	83 86 88—257	W Fisher	71 71 70—212
E F Richardson	87 82 85—254	C E Mack	72 69 68—208
C D Palmer	85 83 85—253	F J Drake	71 70 67—208
A C White	83 82 86—251	C A Joslin	62 71 70—203
O M Jewell	83 83 83—249	John Jay	68 66 66—200
A B Dodge	83 82 84—249	W Graham	66 66 65—197
G F Ellsworth	81 81 84—246	J Hodge	64 61 67—192
T C William	75 80 82—237	J B Anthony	58 64 59—181
L W Colby	71 78 78—233	John Mason	61 57 62—180
G A Leighton	72 74 75—221	S Jones	53 57 67—177
E I Partridge	72 76 73—221	W Morris	53 48 54—154
J Lawrence	72 73 74—219	L Dickerson	54 37 38—129
E Cole	72 76 69—217	D S Harriman	45 43 41—129

Second match at Creedmoor target. Open to all comers; 200yds; position, standing; rifle, any within the rules; rounds, five; entries, unlimited; entries, 25 cents; winners of prizes to be decided by the aggregate of the best four scores counted as one continuous score. Sixty-seven per cent. of the total entry fees will be divided into eleven prizes.

W Denning	23 22 23 24—92	E I Partridge	21 21 22 22—86
W Graham	23 22 23 23—91	A B Dodge	19 21 24 22—86
S N Johnson	22 22 23 23—90	R F Dillingham	22 20 21 21—84
Cole	22 22 23 23—90	W Morris	21 20 21 21—83
J Mason	22 22 21 22—87	J Hodge	21 20 22 20—83
J B Anthony	22 22 22 21—87		

CREEDMOOR, Oct. 10.—The tenth marksman's badge match of the season was shot to-day. The attendance was very large, but the scores averaged much lower than usual, owing to the attendance of a large number of new men, many of whom had never visited the range before. The winners were:

	200yds.	500yds.	Total.
J F Klein, 17th Separate Company	22	23	45
A F Schermerhorn, 12th Regt	20	24	44
H J Rice, 23d Regt	20	22	42
J R Byrd, 9th Regt	21	20	41
J H Swift, 9th Regt	21	20	41
A L Ely, 7th Regt	17	23	40
G W Lotz, 13th Regt	20	20	40
H D Hamilton, 23d Regt	16	23	39

The next matches will be shot on Saturday, Oct. 24, and on Election Day.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct 8.—The rifle team of the City Guard, Company F, First Regiment, won the Barbour medal at the rifle tournament of the First Regiment, at Franklin Range, to-day. It was a very agreeable surprise to the team and members of the company, for the team contained five new men who were substituted in place of some of the best shots in the company, who have recently been discharged as their term of service expired. Nevertheless the team did some excellent shooting and made the next to the highest score ever made by a First Regiment company team at a prize shoot. The highest, 535, was made by the City Guard team last year.

The Barbour medal was first competed for by teams from Companies A, D, E, F, H and K of the First regiment and a team from the field and staff, on Saturday, Sept 13, 1879, at the Franklin Range. It was then won by the City Guard team by a score of 441. The Light Guard stood second with a score of 431. In 1880, Company E, of New Britain won the medal and held it for two years, as there was no shoot in 1881, the regiment again took it in 1882 and in 1883 Company K took it from them. Last year the City Guard won the medal by a score of 535, and as above stated they hold it until next year, having won it to-day by a score of 523. The medal has been competed for six times and the City Guard team has been successful four times out of the six.

The following are the scores of the teams which shot yesterday: Company F.—200yds., 257; 500yds., 266; total 523. Company K.—200yds., 247; 500yds., 241; total, 488. Company H.—200yds., 253; 500yds., 216; total, 469. Company B.—200yds., 235; 500yds., 167; total, 405. Field, Staff and N. C. Staff.—200yds., 229; 500yds., 160; total, 389.

THOMASTON, Ct., Sept. 26.—Weekly shoot of the Empire Rifle Club for a badge, 200yds., offhand. Little wind, bright light and just the day for target practice.

Canfield	10 10 11 10 12 11 10 12 10 12—108
Lemmon	10 11 12 11 8 10 12 12 13 8—107
Dunbar	10 8 11 11 12 11 9 12 11 11—106
Thomas	12 10 11 10 9 9 11 12 7 12—103
North	10 8 8 9 8 10 10 9 8 11— 91

Oct. 12.—Only two were at the range; nearly all the remainder of the club were trying their skill with the birds or squirrels. Conditions, windy; very bright light:

Lemmon	11 10 12 10 10 11 12 9 10 12—107
North	10 10 10 8 10 9 9 10 6 10— 92

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 9.—Regular medal match, 200yds., offhand, Creedmoor target. Wind light at 8 o'clock; light, bright.

J R Brow	5552355454—46	E H Burns	5444544455—44
A F Ward	5434445554—43	J D Curtiss	3444345444—39
L Hazeltine	5445445444—43	W H Sprague	3445545444—41
J G Sonngren	3451544444—41		

A PROTEST DECIDED.—The directors of the National Rifle Association at their meeting on Tuesday last disallowed the protest against awarding the first prize of $100 to Corporal Yates of the regular army in the President's match shot at Creedmoor. It was alleged that he had shot the first stage of the match with a six-groove Springfield rifle instead of the three-groove.

THE TRAP.

OXFORD, Mass, October 9.—The tournament this week under the auspices of the Oxford Gun Club was very successful. The attendance was good. Among the visitors were, H. W. Webber, E. I. Smith, G. G. Tidsbury, C. B. Holden, W. L. Davis and L. R. Hudson, of Worcester. The only drawback was a very strong wind. The several events and winners were as follows:

First event, 5 clay birds, 9 entries: B. Franklin, first, W. Emerson, M. D. Whittier and R. Waters divide second, A. R. Bowdish, third.

Second event, 5 glass balls, 17 entries: W. W. Webber, Whittier and E. T. Smith divided first; Bowdish and W. R. Dion, second; G. G. Tidsbury and C. H. Parker, third.

Third event, 5 clay-pigeons, 16 entries: Webber and Emerson divide first; Smith and Franklin, second; Whittier, third; Waters and A. Ingraham divide fourth.

Fourth event, 5 glass balls, 16 entries.—Tidsbury first, Smith, Webber and C. B. Holden divide second, Waters third, Franklin and Whittier divide fourth.

Fifth event, 6 clay birds, 15 entries.—W. L. Davis first, G. Jones second, Tidsbury third, Webber fourth.

Sixth event, 7 glass balls, 15 entries.—Bowdish first, L. R. Hudson second, Emerson and Webber divide third, Whittier and Dion divide fourth.

Seventh event, 6 clay birds, 13 entries—Emerson, Smith and Davis divide first, Tidsbury second, Bowdish third, Waters fourth.

Eighth event—6 glass balls, 14 entries. Dean and Bowdish divide first. Hudson, Smith and Webber divide second, Whittier and Waters divide third, Davis fourth.

Ninth event—7 clay-pigeons, 8 entries. Webber first, Bowdish and Tidsbury divide second, Smith third, Whittier and Emerson divide fourth.

Tenth event, 7 glass balls, 9 entries: Dean and Tidsbury divide first; Davis, second; Hudson, third, Bowdish and Franklin divide fourth.

Eleventh event, 9 clay-birds, 12 entries: Tidsbury and Jones divide first; Smith and Franklin divide second; Davis and Emerson divide third; Dion and Bodish divide fourth.

Twelfth event, 9 glass balls, 13 entries: Davis, first; Jones and Smith divide second; Tidsbury, third, Holden fourth.

Thirteenth event, 7 clay-birds, 10 entries—Franklin and Jones divided first, Webber second, Smith and Dixon divided third.

Fourteenth event, 7 glass balls, 14 entries—Franklin and Smith divided first, Jones and Ingraham divided second, Holden third, Dean fourth.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

CHICAGO BICYCLE TOURNAMENT.—The Illinois Division of the League of American Wheelmen will hold a tournament at the Base Ball Park, Chicago, Oct. 16 and 17.

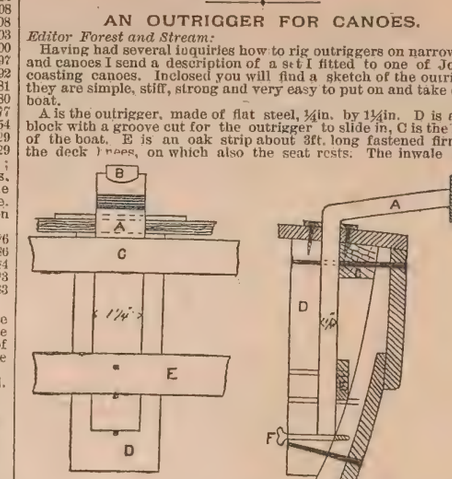
Canoeing.

AN OUTRIGGER FOR CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having had several inquiries how to rig outriggers on narrow boats and canoes I send a description of a set I fitted to one of Joyner's coasting canoes. Inclosed you will find a sketch of the outriggers; they are simple, stiff, strong and very easy to put on and take off the boat.

A is the outrigger, made of flat steel, ¼in. by 1¼in. D is an oak block with a groove cut for the outrigger to slide in, C is the inwale of the boat. E is an oak strip about 3ft. long fastened firmly to the deck beams, on which also the seat rests. The inwale has a



piece of sheet brass put underneath the outrigger block so it will not wear. On the deck is screwed a brass plate with a slide to stop up the hole when the rigger is not in use. A piece of gas pipe, B, about 1in. long, is brazed into a hole at the end of the outrigger for the row lock to work in, a ¼in. steel rod can be fastened to the deck 1ft. aft of the outrigger to form a brace. I would always advise the use of cast-steel in making outriggers, as it is very much stiffer than iron. F is a screw to hold up the outrigger, so it will not go down further than required; by having several holes for that screw the rigger can be raised or lowered at will.

In putting on the outrigger no part of it ought to be fastened to the skin of the boat, as the continual strain might cause a leak. Canoeing is almost unknown in our city, although we have the mighty Mississippi we might say almost at our door. Now I must give you a description of my canoe. She is built of white cedar ¼in. planking; ribs elm, 2in. apart; Spanish cedar deck, 3-16in. thick; deck beams and knees 6in. apart; the boat is 16×36, 15in. deep at bow, 18½in. at stern; steel centerboard 30in. long, drop rudder and two balance lug sails of 95½ sq. ft. The hull was built by F. Joyner, of Glens Falls, N. Y., Diamond model, with his smooth lap novelty joint. She is a fast and powerful boat, will come about with the mainsail alone; the centerboard is under the forward deck, the forward end being only 2ft. from the bow, the mainmast tube 20in. from bow. The cockpit is 8ft. long, with a hatch at after end; cockpit combing 1in. high.

I read with much pleasure every week the canoeing items in the FOREST AND STREAM and am glad to add my little mite to them.

BURLINGTON, Iowa. JOHN J. OBET.

A SHOOTING TRIP IN THE MUD TURTLE.

AS the shooting was good down the river, four of us, A., H. and myself, with our old dog Bob as No. 4, determined to start for a few days with the ducks. We all packed into our old canoe, the Mud Turtle, and it was a very tight fit; A. being a large man and fond of much baggage, while H. and I are not very moderate in our desires in that way either. The canoe was very low in the water, not a quarter of an inch to spare, and every little ripple that we saw caused us much anxiety, as we feared we should be swamped if a sea got up; but luckily there was hardly a breath of wind and the river was as smooth as a millpond.

Our destination was the R—— Islands, where we hoped to get some duck and woodcock shooting, but not much of the former, as it was very early in the season. When we arrived at the camp ground it was too late to try shooting, so we devoted what remained of daylight to making our camp comfortable, as we meant to stay there several days. We cut rushes for our beds, brought in a good supply of wood, and made things snug generally.

After supper we laid down at the fire to chat and enjoy ourselves, but soon a canoe with two men in it glided up to the landing place. We went down to see who the new comers were, and found that they were T. and C., from M., who we knew slightly. However, it wasn't long before we were chatting away like the oldest of friends. Such is the influence of outdoor life. They camped a few yards distant from us, and when we had helped them to the best of our ability to get things to rights we left them to get a meal in private. We had just laid down again at our fire, when we saw a tremendous blaze at their camp, and on running over found that their tent had caught fire from a spark, and was burning rapidly. T., who had been paralyzed by the extent of the calamity, when he heard us coming regained his presence of mind, and catching up the first vessel which came to hand, and which happened to be their teapot full of tea, threw it on the fire and succeeded in putting it out. They were very doleful at having their tent burnt, their tea gone, and everything in a mess, but when we told them that we had a good supply of provisions, and could no doubt give them something to eat, they cheered up wonderfully and came over to our camp. We sat until late in front of the fire spinning yarns. It was not a very wise thing to do, as we meant to shoot next day, but we became so interested in discussing our plans that we forgot how time flew. T. and C. told us that they were expecting two old shooting chums of ours down that night, or to speak more correctly, morning, and wondered why they didn't turn up.

At last, tired of waiting we turned in, agreeing that the first man to wake should arouse the rest. After sleeping a couple of hours I woke, and, on looking at my watch, found it was time to be stirring, so got up. Not so A. and H., who would not leave their warm blankets for the cold, foggy morning outside; so getting into my clothes, I took my gun, and calling the dog, walked over to the other camp. I saw a canoe hauled up on the shore, covered with a rubber sheet, which I pulled aside and discovered our friends sound asleep, they having arrived after we had turned in. They said they had not left M. till late in the evening, and, as they were very tired, fell asleep in the canoe after paddling ten or twelve miles. The canoe, left to itself, drifted down the river, with the bow pointing up stream. When they woke they thought they had only been asleep a few moments, and set to work again paddling up stream, the night being so dark that they could not discover their mistake. After going several miles J. thought something was wrong, and on going ashore discovered their error. Hence their late arrival. In spite of their hard night's work they were ready to come out shooting, T. making the fourth, C. being too lazy to come.

On arriving at the first marsh we divided, T. taking the right hand side, I taking the left, J. walking some distance behind me, and B. staying at the end to get any that might turn back. We put the three spaniels, one clumber and two cockers, into the reeds to put the birds up. We had only gone a few steps when a duck got up on T.'s side, who bagged him handsomely, his dog retrieving in fine style. We had hardly started again when another got up, which T. also knocked over. The next bird also rose on his side, but somehow he missed him clean with both barrels. G. also cut loose at it, but he also scored a miss.

As he passed me at very long range, I fired and dropped him. Old Bob now put one upon my side, and, letting him get well away, I fired and bagged him. T. now got another opportunity, which he improved on and bagged another. After this our luck seemed to desert us, and we worked for a couple of hours, not seeing a feather. At last Bob put up another for me, which was also brought to bag. In making a short cut between two points I got "bogged," and only with the greatest difficulty succeeded in extricating myself, my long wading boots hindering me greatly. J.'s luck now turned, he getting a couple of shots at ducks, both of which he knocked over.

The others were now getting tired, so went back to camp, leaving me alone. I was not satisfied yet, so went back to the first marsh we had tried, hoping to get a bird or two which had evaded us before. Old Bob got on a scent at once and tracked a woodduck on to the shore, from which he soon put it up. He also was brought to bag. The heat was now intense, so I went back to camp, A. and H. being glad to hear that we had had some sport, and sorry they had not come with us. Although the ducks are very scarce here at this time of the year, it is very good sport shooting them, as they get up from the reeds like snipe before the spaniels, giving very pretty shots. As we had not expected to find many ducks, we had only brought two or three rounds of heavy cartridges each, and these we had used, so we had to give up trying for ducks.

After breakfast C. took T.'s gun and went off by himself. Half an hour afterward we heard a shot fired as we thought by him. I must here explain that C. is not used to the woods or to a gun. An hour after hour passed and C. did not put in an appearance, we became very anxious, and pictured him weltering in his blood, having shot himself by accident, etc., etc. At last we could bear it no longer, and all went out to search the woods for him. We looked for an hour or more, and at last got tired and went back to camp to rest before setting out again. Who should we find on our return but C. sound asleep. We woke him up and made him tell us what had happened to him. It seems he had gone from the island we were on to another much larger one, and had lost himself on it, and had wandered about until, by a lucky chance he had got on to the trail that he had made going in, and following it back managed to find the camp

At noon J., B., T. and C. left, they having to attend a pigeon match down the river next morning, and we were left alone again. The weather now was very hot, and anything but lying in the shade and dozing was almost an impossibility. My appetite, however, never deserts me, so I made a savory mess of bacon, onions and potatoes. When I asked A. if he wanted some dinner he came over to see what was going; but when he saw the bacon he gave a piteous moan and rushed back to his seat, saying: "Well, I've a pretty good appetite generally, but I'll be shot if I can go fat pork when it's 110 in the shade." So, as I didn't like to see good food wasted, I ate his share.

In the morning I tried for woodcock and bagged a couple, the others being too done up with the heat to come. We turned in early and slept well. It was too hot next morning to go out shooting, so we did not get up till late.

At midday we started out on our long and hot paddle home. It was very rough on the main river and we found it very dangerous in our heavily laden canoe, so decided to land A. and the dog and they were to walk to T—— and catch the night boat for home, while H. and I took the canoe on, as she would be able to ride out the rough weather, now that she was lightened. We sailed all the rest of the way, so got on very fast, reaching home in good time. F. M.

OTTAWA, Canada.

SMALL YACHTS VS. CANOES.

WE have received the following letter from "Guenn" in answer to Mr. Clapham's challenge. The original challenge issued by "Guenn" was to be a very different boat, and it would be interesting to learn how big a boat Mr. Clapham proposes to substitute for "Deja's" 14x2 cutter canoe. The Guenn is 15ft. on deck, 31½in. beam, 14in. depth of hold and 6¾in. draft, with 140sq. ft. of sail and folding centerboard:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., boat and sharpie builder, seems to have a perpetual mortgage on your reading columns, to judge by the amount of free advertising he obtains for his specialty in the shape of letters to the editor. What relation my challenge to "Deja" as a canoeist, disputing the extravagant claims made for his paragon at the expense of all present canoes, bears to the superiority of the sharpie over everything that floats, as claimed by him, I fail to see.

But as I enjoy a good race beyond most things, I will accept his challenge, the race to come off from the Seawanhaka Y. C. house some day this month, the FOREST AND STREAM editor to judge and lay out a course; distance and time limit as before named, viz., about 5 miles either to leeward or triangular and return, and two hours to make the race in. The A. C. A. International cup fond to be the beneficiary from the pocket of the loser. The race to be singlehanded, no ballast to be shifted. FOREST AND STREAM has my address.

GUENN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When "Deja" first made his attack on the canoe in the FOREST AND STREAM he professed to voice the views of a thousand or more disgusted canoeists. Now that "Dot's" one or two thousand have come out in sufficient numbers to keep "Deja" in races for some time, we would like to hear from "Deja's" constituents. ROB ROY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Seneca" seems to think that the conclusions arrived at from my limited observation of the sailing qualities of the sneakbox are incorrect. Now, if "Seneca" is prepared to state that a canoe will not outpoint and outfoot the box to windward, and also beat her free, I shall be obliged to believe him, for I was never in a box in my life, and my canoeing experience does not extend over one-quarter the length of his; but I have seen three sneakboxes badly beaten by sailing canoes, and have never seen a canoe with the slightest pretension to speed beaten by a box. So my statement was not entirely baseless. "Seneca" says a box will carry twice the sail a canoe will. Unquestionably she will; but on the 31st of last July, upon Eel Bay, I saw the Nirvana, a 14ft.×27½in. canoe, with about 65ft. of sail, absolutely run away from the "Brooklyn yacht" with 115ft. So I should say that she needs considerably more than twice as much to keep up with the procession.

I have not written the above with the idea of convincing any one that the canoe is superior to the box, because I consider their qualities do not permit them to become rivals at all. They belong to utterly different spheres. I am much indebted to "Seneca" for his invitation, and, should the chance offer, shall certainly avail myself of it; but why does he talk of an introduction? It is less than a year since I had two or three letters from him direct, though since he left Washington I have never heard where he has taken up his abode. If it were not that he speaks of my nearness to him, I should suppose he did not recognize me under my present signature. I shall consider myself most highly favored by a chance to cruise with such an old hand, and shall gladly welcome any communication from him. KATRINA.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 9.

A PURITAN KEEL BOAT.

FIFTEEN years ago there was a fleet of small keel sailboats in Plymouth harbor, used largely by the lobstermen. I have no doubt the same boat is still in use there, but cannot say for certain, as it is several years since I last visited the rock on which the Pilgrims landed. These boats are from 15ft. to 20ft. long with a beam from 4 to 6ft. They draw about 1ft. of water forward and 2ft to 30in. aft. The keel proper is 3 or 4in. deep forward, running to a foot or more at the sternpost. The boats have an overhang of about 2ft. at the stern, a raking sternpost and plumb stern. The ballast is usually iron, placed as low as possible inside. The cockpit is about 8ft. long, elliptical in form, and has a high coaming all round it. Some of the boats are fitted with a hatch or movable deck, which is used in rough weather, over the forward part of the cockpit. This hatch fits down over the coaming and has considerable arch to it, and when in position only leaves about 4ft. of open cockpit for helmsman and crew or passengers. The mainmast, which is forward, is stepped very near the bow and carries a large sprit sail, or a regular fore-and-aft gaff sail peaked up very high. This sail has no boom, as the lower end of the leach runs aft of the mizzenmast, but has two sheets at the clew, one on either side of the mizzenmast. The mizzen is about one-third the size of the mainsail, and in heavy weather is not used. The mast steps through a fixed seat in the middle of the cockpit, running athwart ship. The sail is generally laced to the mast. The mast is lifted bodily out to lower sail, and stowed below. The mizzen has a boom. The entire rig looks very much like that of the modern canoe with lug sails, the placing and proportion of sails being exactly similar. A flush deck extends the entire length of the boat, being 8 or 10in. wide amidship outside of coaming, and has considerable cambre. The boat has a good sheer and high bow.

This is the boat I learned to sail in, and if "Deja" thinks I don't know anything about keel boats and sailing, I have only to refer him to Capt. Watson, of Plymouth, if he is still alive, who built the Grecian Bend, and of whom I chartered her for a season when at school. If the Captain don't report that "Knapp's boys" got the most work out of that boat in the shortest time during that summer, I am much mistaken. In 1871 four of us took a cruise from Plymouth in a similar boat—the Black Ball, belonging to Mr. Robbins—to Wellfleet and back, around the shore of Cape Cod Bay. We took our time going, five days, entering every harbor and inlet, and visiting all the points of interest on the north side of the Cape. Returning we made the run, following the shore all the way, in a day and a night.

The boat sails very close to the wind, as the mainsail can be sheeted in wonderfully flat; and before the wind there is not the pull on the rudder that there is with the catboat. The luck of the boom on the mainsail, however, necessitates close watching when running free to prevent a premature jibe.

The tide has a mean rise and fall of over ten feet at Plymouth. At low tide the harbor is a mixture of vast mud and sand flats with deep winding channels between. We fellows knew all the channels in Plymouth harbor proper, where we generally sailed, but over Duxbury way the location of channels was unknown to us. Eight of us sailed over to Duxbury one afternoon and were prevented from returning the same day by a gale of wind. Starting back at daylight next morning we intended to get home to breakfast and in time for school. The tide was just beginning to ebb, when in the very middle of the bay one of the four boats grounded, and in a few minutes the tide had left her hard and fast. Before the others could get to a channel a like fate befell them. In two hours we found ourselves on an island perhaps a mile long and more than half a mile wide, and worst of all, a deep channel between us and shore. We had brought with us only enough provisions for a supper, and that supper had been eaten the night before. We had no water fit to drink. At low water one of the fellows swam ashore and got a couple of bottles of fresh water for the rest. Between two and three in the afternoon we floated off, and got home an hour later, sadly demoralized.

Friend "Deja," what would you have done had you been of the party in your perfect ship? Now don't be too hard on us, for we were only school boys you know. And yet, though that is fifteen years ago, I don't believe I have yet learned enough to avoid such an accident in a shoal harbor which I am not familiar with, if I sail into it with a keel boat. Had "Seneca" been with us he undoubtedly would have attended school that day. Much as I enjoyed a holiday in those times, there was not a minute of our stay on that flat I did not wish myself comfortably seated at my desk in the school room, a good breakfast and dinner inside of me in place of those clams that I dug and ate, and which gave me a jolly colic. "Deja," picture to yourself a boy with a colic, from eating raw clams and preserved ginger (left over from supper) on a mud flat in the hot sun, with not a drop of good drinking water anywhere within reach, and without a place to lie down. You know what position a keel boat takes when left by a tide on a flat. I believe in a keel—in its place. DOT.

P. S.—Have you heard from that army of canoeists you alluded to as only awaiting a prophet to lead them to the perfect ship—ever ready to throw aside paddle and canoe sails—now that you have pointed your index finger to the path? FOREST AND STREAM, though eager to publish even a line from any of them, I notice has been silent as the Sphinx—except for your second little gasp when you discovered the exact spot you had planted your aristocratic heel upon. D.

THE TRAMP-GUENN MATCHES.—Three matches have lately been sailed between the Guenn, Brooklyn C. C, and Tramp, N. Y. C. C., the former sailed by Mr. C. V. R. Schuyler, Brooklyn C. C, while the Guenn's owner, Mr. Whitlock, sailed the Tramp. The first race was sailed over the course from the N. Y. C. C. house around Buoy 17, in a good S. E. breeze, Guenn carrying two-reefed mainsail and short mast, and Tramp a new storm trysail, a loose-footed standing lug of 46ft. only. Tramp won easily, Guenn not turning the buoy. A second race was sailed immediately after over the same course. A very severe squall struck the boats on their return, just after Guenn had shaken out a reef. Tramp carried her sail through it safely and won easily. The third race, sailed a week later, was from the old Seawanhaka Basin around Buoy 18 and Fort Lafayette. The wind was light and the water smooth, both carrying full sail. Tramp led over the whole course, winning by over one minute. These results must in a great measure be attributed to the fact that the Tramp was much better handled than her opponent.

OBITUARY.—All who have visited Camp Griedstone for the last two years will regret to hear of the death of Mrs E. J. Toker, who did so much to make Squaw Point the pleasant place that it has been for two seasons. Mr. and Mrs. Toker with their party were the first to welcome the coming canoeists, and the last to leave when camp was over; and their friends, who number the entire camp, were always welcome at the Peterboro tent. To those who have shared their hospitality the return next year will be in sad contrast to the past season's merry reunion, without the pleasant welcome of the "Chaperone." Though we canoeists knew her for but a short time each season, her kind heart and bright disposition won the regard of all, and we can heartly sympathize with those whose loss is still greater, as they knew still more the many beauties of her character.

AN INTERESTING SOUVENIR.—The Merrimack meet of 1885 has been immortalized (as was also its predecessor) by a book of sketches done in India ink, by Joseph Smith, and now going the rounds of the Vesper boys and their friends. The funny side of the camp is graphically illustrated, one page showing how a couple of the boys "tossed" a guest, who, the text informs us, was "not de-Neidé customary civilities of the camp" Numerous photographs, taken on the ground, accompany the pen and ink sketches, and the whole combine to form an interesting souvenir of the meet, which the artist-author sends out "with a dim notion that it may some time be returned" to him.

SHATTEMUC C. C.—The fall regatta of this club was held on Saturday, six races being sailed. The Class 2 paddling was won by W. M. Carpenter, Class 4 paddling by H. M. Carpenter, Tandem race by Messrs. Carpenter, Class A sailing by J. K. Hand, Class B sailing by T. J. Hand, and the upset race by J. K. Hand. The full account will appear next week.

HARTFORD C. C.—The account of this club's fall races on Saturday was received too late for this issue. There were ten races on the programme. The open sailing race without limit was won by John Bowles, canoe Gluck, Springfield C. C. The challenge cup race was postponed for lack of wind.

SPRINGFIELD C. C.—This club will hold their regatta on Oct. 17 at 2 P. M. There will be a tandem paddling, tandem sailing, single paddling, sailing with and without ballast, hand paddling and sailing without rudders. The races are open to all.

A TWO MONTHS' CRUISE ALONG THE SOUND.—Several young canoeists from Hartford spent the months of July and August cruising and camping along Long Island Sound, between New London and New Haven. A log of the cruise was kept by them.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

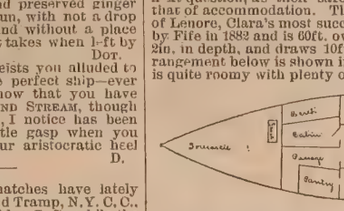
A CHALLENGE FROM GALATEA.

THAT the friends of the narrow cutters are by no means discouraged at the result of the late races, and that they are not yet ready to split their boats open and shove their narrow sides apart or to hip them, like the Sappho and the latest specimen of our local skill, the Speranza, is shown by the challenge just sent by Mr. J. Beavor-Webb on behalf of Galatea. It is generally known that this yacht was to come out here this fall and race after Genesta if the latter failed to win the Cup; but from first to last she has met with nothing but ill luck; her skipper, in spite of his reputation, has proved a complete failure, and the final loss of her mast put an end to all ideas of an Atlantic passage. Apart from her accidents, she has not been successful as a prize winner in her first season; but her designer, in whose hands the matter of challenging was left, has decided to bring her out here after a pretty thorough knowledge of the boats she will have to meet and the weather she is apt to sail in. Evidently he does not ascribe Genesta's defeat to her narrow beam, as the new boat is five feet longer, with the same beam as Genesta. In construction she is of steel throughout, which has hindered her thus far from the scaling of the bottom that always occurs in a first season; but by next year this will be remedied.

No doubt Mr. Webb's experience here will suggest many points in which Galatea may be made to do better than Genesta has this season; the courses, the climate, the prevailing winds, the entire conditions of racing are different from those that Genesta's crew had been accustomed to at home, and no doubt Galatea will be a more formidable adversary than Genesta. That any radical changes will be made in her as the result of Mr. Webb's observations here is not probable, though he has decided to try her with a laced mainsail and test it thoroughly with the loose-footed one. It is not surprising that a party of non-technical reporters should have circulated as a fact the yarn about a centerboard in Galatea, but it seems that some who should know better have most unsuspiciously swallowed entire the tub that amiable Captain Carter threw to the voracious and omnivorous whale that was constantly cruising about Genesta on the lookout for interviews and information. We can give them also another interesting piece of news which they can digest at their leisure, and the truth of which we can vouch for. Unlike Genesta, Marjorie, Tara, Marguerite and Irex, Galatea will have no outside ballast, but it will all be stowed inside the hull.

THE ACCOMMODATIONS OF A 20-TONNER.

CLARA, the latest addition to our cutter fleet, promises to give an account of herself, as far as speed is concerned, and will no doubt score a big record next season. If she and her class are fast, the next question, as their safety is now universally acknowledged, is that of accommodation. The following plan shows the arrangement of Lenore, Clara's most successful rival abroad. She was also built by Fife in 1882 and is 60ft. over all, 53ft. waterline, 9ft. 4in. beam, 6ft. 2in. in depth, and draws 10ft. with all lead ballast. Her general arrangement below is shown in the accompanying plan. The forecastle is quite roomy with plenty of head room, the forward cabin contains

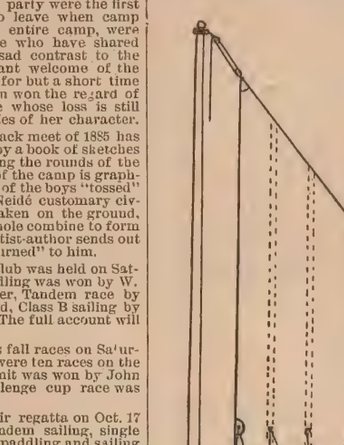


one berth and opposite to it is a passageway and the pantry. The saloon is 6ft. 8in. high, with two large sofas with sideboards and lockers at head and foot. The companion leads into a separate entryway, with w. c. and storeroom opening into it, while at its after end is a door to the main or ladies' cabin. This is a good sized room with four regular berths, sofas and washstand. The counter is used for sails. Though a fast racer Lenore is also a good cruising boat, having berths for five besides the crew without using the cabin as a sleeping room. The arrangement is excellent, securing an easy access to all parts.

A REEFING GEAR FOR JIBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While looking over the back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM I find a new arrangement for reefing jibs. I send a sketch of one which, where a man cannot go out on a bowsprit, I think this is the simplest and best methd of reefing. All there is to be done is to drop the jib



partly, take hold of line marked A, and pull inboard until jib fits snugly on jibboom, then make fast to a cleat on the end of jibboom. The whole thing consists of a rope running through screw eyes on jibboom and through the sail, crossing on both sides.

NEW YORK. ROBERT TATE.

REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS.

AT THE end of the season, when the time comes for laying up, there are always some changes, repairs, or other improvements that have suggested themselves after several months' sailing, and which must be done before spring. As the time is seemingly long in which to complete such work it is usually neglected at first until in midwinter something calls attention to it, by which time many things have been forgotten; and when the work if finally taken in hand it is usually well toward spring, builders are busy, and as a result fitting out is retarded and the work is improperly done. The proper time to begin all such work is when the yacht is first stripped. As sails are unbent and gear stored the owner should go over all parts, making a full list of everything to be done to hull, sails, rigging and entire outfit. If this is done at once all will be included, but if left until winter, when most of the stuff is stored out of sight, many little points will be overlooked. In case any extensive alterations are needed the first thing to do is to study carefully the existing boat and its faults, and then to plan carefully and intelligently how to improve it. Whether or no any changes are to be made, every owner should know his boat thoroughly, and now, when the weather is still fine, but no sailing can be done, is the time for such work. With the yacht hauled up high and dry and all ballast removed as it will be, every part is open to examination; and the yachtsman will find a large and interesting field for study inside and outside of his boat. Measurements of all parts should be taken, including sails and spars, as they are often useful for reference, and cannot be obtained when afloat. No better method of studying the yacht can be found than to take off her lines, which, with her sail plan, can be neatly plotted and preserved. There are many good sailors who do not know how this is done, but to them, and to all who contemplate any changes in their yachts, we can recommend "Small Yachts," published by the FOREST AND STREAM, as a reliable guide in this and similar work. By its aid the process of "taking off" the lines may be readily understood, while the instructions in the simple drawing necessary are equally clear.

When once the boat and its defects have been carefully studied the question is how to remedy them, and here again "Small Yachts" comes in with examples of all classes of boats and rigs, and its clear exposition of principles; a study of which in the long evenings of the fall and winter will not fail to set any yachtsman to thinking carefully and to obtain a better knowledge of his boat than he ever had before. When once the main alterations have been decided on, shortly after laying up, there is still plenty of time for a thorough maturing of plans; but remember that the sooner work is actually commenced the better. Builders are less busy in October, November and December than at any other period of the year, and not only can work be done to better advantage before the snows and extreme cold of winter, but better terms may usually be made during this dull season, both for repairs and new building.

When once the necessary work is decided on and general plans and specifications drawn up, then is the time to call in the builder to consult with him as to prices and the cheapest and best methods, after which the full plans and specifications may be prepared and work commenced at once, to be carried through promptly and regularly until it is fully completed in good season.

In the case of a large yacht or of extensive or costly alterations the services of an expert will be necessary, and if he be competent he can save the owner more than his fee; but in the majority of cases with the smaller yachts the owner, perhaps assisted by some friend in the club who has made a study of design and construction as an amateur, will be competent to do all the work and will find a pleasant diversion in the careful study of his beloved craft. In any case the main points are to study carefully the defects and their remedies well in advance, to plan thoroughly all alterations and to decide exactly what is to be done, before beginning the actual work on the boat. It is much easier and cheaper to erase pencil lines than to tear down or build up in wood and iron, and a little labor and thought over the drawing board may save many dollars when work is once begun. Decide on every detail, draw or describe definitely every part, begin the work in good season, placing it in good hands; and when it is completed it will be better, it will cost less and will be more satisfactory, not only to the owner, but to any honest builder whom he may employ than if done at the last moment in the usual haphazard way.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE Knickerbockers have been as unfortunate this year as they were last, in the matter of wind, as their race on Sept. 30 was sailed in such light weather that the first yacht home only arrived 11 seconds inside the time limit of 6 hours, as timed by the regatta committee. Others who took the times of start and finish on their own watches declare that the elapsed time exceeded the limit by 7 minutes and protested against the official time as incorrect, and it is not yet decided whether the race will stand or will be ordered resailed. This regatta is the great event about the west end of the Sound, and this year the club ventured on a larger scale than usual by hiring the iron steamer Cygnus, a larger and finer boat than they have ever before had, but the result justified them, as the trip was a success financially and also as far as the guests and friends of the club were concerned.

The yachts were divided into nine classes, including one for steam yachts, the sailing craft, keel and centerboard, ranging from 45ft. to 14ft. corrected length. All but the eighth class sailed a 20-mile course around the Gangway buoy, that only turned the Fort Schuyler buoy, 12 miles. The allowance was 2m. per foot sailing length (length and sail area).

The wind was very light from S. E. at 11:13, when the yachts were started, all carrying kites. There not being wind enough to maneuver in the strong tide, the start was a slow one, and it was 11:28 when the last of the 39 starters was clear of the line. After the start the breeze died out completely, leaving the yachts to drift slowly for several hours, until about 3 P. M. there came a light south wind, before which the yachts made the outer mark, turning as follows:

Lizzie R.	3 40 42	Narrioch	3 58 15
Adele	3 41 55	Undine	4 01 34
Rosetta A.	3 42 02	Hurry	4 01 36
Homer	3 46 55	Wacondah	4 01 45
Dandy	3 47 17	Torino	4 04 46
Annie E.	3 49 12	Flash	4 06 30
Surf	3 49 32	Black Hawk	4 06 45
Bon Ton	3 49 37	Peerless	4 08 10
Maggie	3 52 54	Culprit Fay	4 08 15
Sara	3 52 55	George Scott	4 09 18
Kitty B.	3 54 30	Gil Blas	4 10 46
Truant	3 55 15	Weary Wish	4 15 32
Swan	3 56 20	Whim	4 18 55
Lena	3 57 45		

Coming home the work was very slow in the light wind, but the cutter Surf managed to repeat her performance of last year, walking away in the light air, coming second to the fastest of the light-draft centerboards, the Lizzie R., and ahead of all the others, beating her own class badly. As stated above the actual time of the Lizzie R. was given by the committee as 5:59:49, but it is not yet settled whether this time is correct. If the race stands, Lizzie R wins a second leg for the A. W. Mott cup, Gracie having one leg. She also takes the silk pennant and the class prize, the winners in the other classes being Surf, Lena, Rosetta A, Dandy, Hornet, Bon Ton, Vaddie and Seiba. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Surf	11 23 50	5 48 40	6 25 10	6 12 37½
Annie E	11 22 16	5 42 39	6 20 14	6 20 14
Sara	11 22 53	6 14 10	6 51 17	6 30 27
Undine	11 23 30	6 25 40	7 02 10	6 42 30
Hurry	11 23 16	6 34 35	7 11 19	6 50 16½
Wacondah	11 20 43	6 30 02	7 05 19	6 51 27
CLASS NO. 2—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 31 FEET.				
Lena	11 23 30	6 28 40	7 05 10	7 05 10
CLASS NO. 3—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS, 25 FEET AND OVER.				
Lizzie R.	11 15 11	5 15 00	5 59 49	5 59 49
CLASS NO. 4—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS, 21 TO 25 FEET.				
Rosetta A.	11 15 54	5 31 31	6 15 27	6 15 27
Adele	11 16 15	5 32 49	6 16 34	6 16 34
CLASS 5—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS UNDER 21 FEET.				
Dandy	11 16 22	5 56 55	6 40 33	6 39 50½
Maggie	11 16 22	6 07 57	6 51 35	6 46 20
CLASS NO. 6—CAT-RIGGED YACHTS, 21 TO 25 FEET.				
Hornet	11 10 49	5 54 25	6 43 45	6 40 35
CLASS NO. 7—CAT-RIGGED YACHTS, 17 TO 21 FEET.				
Bon Ton	11 09 40	6 11 30	7 01 50	6 59 37½
Narrioch	11 10 07	6 23 20	7 13 15	7 11 22½
CLASS NO. 8—YACHTS UNDER 17 FEET.				
Vaddie	11 11 27	4 48 00	4 56 33	4 56 33
Sairey Gamp	11 11 25	4 47 00	5 35 35	5 34 53
Centennial	11 13 00	4 17 15	5 04 15	5 01 18
STEAM YACHTS.				
Seiba	11 20 56	2 44 00	2 23 04	2 23 04
Mystic	11 20 45	2 04 10	2 43 25	2 43 25

The other yachts were not timed at the finish.

WHOSE WATERLOO?

IN gratification of a desire evinced from many quarters, the undersigned once more takes up a theme to round off for a full due his labors in behalf of a wholesome class of vessels, hitherto abused and misrepresented by pens incompetent to argue for or against the issues of the time-worn contest between cutter and sloop.

From letters and utterances in certain quarters, a belief seems to be current that in the international races the battle has gone against the cutter with great odds in favor of a so-called sloop, and that in consequence the "cutter men" have not been heard in the land as loud as before. A more thorough misapprehension could not well exist. It is perhaps just as well that an extended and most enjoyable cruise in a smart little 7-tonner, in which, by the way, I helped to pull off a big win against a field of eleven sloops, has delayed the appearance of this review. The public has had time to cool down and more calmly consider the actual state of affairs, with vision no longer upset by the splurge of bunkum and the "high falutin" literature ground out by the cargo in the lay prints. Freed from the gushing rubbish of the daily press served up red hot to suit a flashy taste for literary intoxicants of a fiery order, the yachting public will now turn an ear to a statement of facts, and to inexorable logic, all the better prepared to abide by the verdict of an inquest upon history, in favor or against an orthodox faith.

Without any attempt in justification of what I may term "my side of the case," without anything at all in explanation of the international matches, without even a reconsideration, but through force of the commonest kind of logic, the very teachings of the races upon the face of matters, the portion of the public which is capable of an expert opinion has long ago come to very precise conclusions. These are identical with the summary here undertaken. Let me premise by assuring the faint-hearted and the doubting Thomases that the Genesta—Puritan matches from first to last have given rise to the utmost satisfaction, even to gratification among the sailor element in the yachting world, those laying claim to the cognomen "cutter men" in contradistinction to the mere civilian afloat in pursuit of an "excursion." For, tersely put, capable critics, seeking no balm to national vanity, but proselyting only for the sake of popularizing the best boat, are one and all in accord in the estimate they place upon the results of the two trials between Puritan and Genesta. They evince no hesitation in affirming and in proving that the America Cup remains in this country through luck, undeniable good fortune, plain and clear as day, and subject to neither question nor dispute.

Luck and nothing but the most palpable luck has saved us from national defeat. I put it just this way, since not for an instant can it be conceded that the sloop herself has been rescued from annihilation. The doom of the sloop had been once for all settled, when the Boston hybrid was nominated and Priscilla sent into hiding to be tinkered and shoved up one rank into the family of modern ideas by next season. No matter in what light we view the contests, it is impossible to draw the faintest consolation for the typical American sloop, as she has been known to us for half a century, and as she was championed up to the hour which heralded Puritan ahead in the trials of the home fleet preparatory to meeting the giant from far waters. The sloop, the good, old-time American sloop, in all her pristine glory of flat floor, light weight, inside ballast, and mast in the eyes, with the one hundred and one minor lubberly attributes, upon which the old school once set so much store, this contrivance, this mere toy and nursery imitation of what a yacht ought to be, she never figured in the international races at all. She was out of the hunt, shelved as a curio in remembrance of a past, fast dimming in the light of modern achievements in yacht arch tecture. With her, with the American sloop, the world has no longer any concern. She is a wilted flower, a relic of a barbarous yachting past, and never will she be resuscitated.

Neither the American landsman nor the American trap shared in the great battles of September. They were both, thank fortune, conspicuous by their absence. Neither have they figured in subsequent events, when Genesta, for lack of fit opponents, was cock of the walk from Maine to Key West, toyed with the crowd at her pleasure, landed our cherished and high-priced silver emblems of superiority at sea and set sail for home, to all intents and purposes an unconquered vessel, except where fickle Dame Fortune had frowned on the grand cutter and favored a go-between and cross-breed for the nonce to inflate a few giddy heads with false confidence in the future. In

one race only, in the triangular match outside for the Vice-Commodore's Cup, offered to single-stickers, did the bold and wholesome cutter catch the old style American sloop as an entry, and then she gave that sloop a drubbing which will never be forgotten, for the Genesta wiped out the sloop Gracie far more effectively than ever Puritan accomplished.

And what Genesta did with the big ones, Clara, famous little Clara, fresh from her splendid cross-seas record, demonstrated in her own lot of small sloops at and about 50ft. waterline length. Clara, the narrowest of the narrow, the most "cuttery" of the cutters afloat, after rather a poor get-away, ran and winded on Athlon, Daphne and beamy Isis hand over fist, and won as she liked from a field at least as good in their class as ever Puritan can claim to be among the monsters stepping one stick. And granting, for argument's sake, that Puritan did win a pair of days from Genesta, thereby "conclusively proving," etc., etc., then how in the name of sense can we undertake to overlook equally "conclusive proof" of a contrary sort; more "conclusive proof," inasmuch as Clara is of still narrower proportions than Genesta and beat a whole field of the choicest of competing types in place of a single vessel. Perhaps the patriot, the person of all others blind to sense, to logical deductions, thirsting for naught but a chance to air his provincialism in self-glorification, may find all the drink to quench the ardor of his feelings in the performance of the Puritan cross and deem it very convenient to evade such a knock-down blow as Clara's lunge against his self-deception. But the expert, the technical mind, bestowing no thought to the mere sideshow of bunting hung from the peak, and valuing truth for truth's sake and the enlightenment it affords, most decidedly declines to let his reason slip in behest to an uncurbed transport born of that narrow spleen which places a temporary political division in the world above and beyond accurate reasoning and common truth. What the "faiths" and "beliefs" instilled by Puritan's two hacks at Genesta may be, the logical mind goes slow and preserves its balance, when next day the very reverse is equally as clearly established. Swing himself into wild ecstasy as he likes over the meet between one so-called sloop and one cutter and Clara rises before him the next instant to cry a halt to passionate impulse and commands a fresh weighing of the evidence laid bare by other events of equal portent, fraught with an influence he dare not, in justice to himself, venture to cancel or overlook To him, what Puritan did Clara undid. To him, the respite granted the America Cup on this side of the Atlantic means next to nothing. And, being furthermore convinced, upon the unprejudiced testimony of his own eyes, that the Cup remains through no merit in Puritan not equally shared by Genesta, but through luck, barefaced luck which could not escape even an ordinary observer, the recent international races prove to the expert absolutely nothing with which he was not already perfectly conversant. Nor do they prove anything to me. They do not unfold any new lessons. I may quote the races, those of Genesta and Clara as well, in substantial support of the position I have all along taken and in full justification of the cutter's continued existence in American waters. But of that later on. Having made the broad assertion that Puritan won through patent fluke, the reader will call for the facts and ask me to maintain the stand I have taken.

That I will now do.

Through no evidence of my own, for some will insist that I am a partisan. But through direct evidence from a source notoriously prejudiced on record as an ingrained opponent to the cutter in any shape, as an enemy to all progress in American yachting, as a psalm singer to the old sloop trap, a servile upholder of all that is womanish, puny, sickly, in the methods of pursuing the sport. Through evidence from a source to which the Cross of St. George is a fiercer bait than a crimson rag to a bull. Through evidence from a source at all times grossly unfair to any and every departure from the antiquated trap; from a source which has a thousand times born witness to an utter inability to comprehend the cutter in any of her phases; from a source which has for years displayed a constitutional failing to misinterpret the truth concerning such vessels. From a source which nothing short of the heavens dropping could move. And if that source has now been moved, if that source openly declares the so-called victory of the so-called sloop Puritan to be a myth and repeatedly puts it in black and white, that but for Puritan's luck Genesta would have scored, then have not the heavens fallen indeed, and is not my evidence unimpeachable? Have I not established beyond cavil my claim that *luck* decided the contests and not merit?

The two abortive attempts to make races in fickle weather which petered out entirely before the two racers could accomplish the turn can be passed by as of little importance. On the whole these attempts lead to the belief that in very light airs Puritan was a trifle better to windward than the cutter. And this I am ready to acknowledge, though much of Puritan's apparent superiority was due to her being the most easterly vessel and first to catch the airs coming in from the sea in succession, thereby lifting away from Genesta in a fashion she could not have done in true winds, as subsequent competition proved beyond question. But how did Puritan work out on Genesta's weather in the first place, enabling her to reap the benefit mentioned? Simply because Genesta was kept a rap full trying to run the so called sloop's lee after crossing the starting line well blanketed by the Puritan to begin with. Owing to a failure to observe the preparatory signal, Genesta's poor start obliged her to resort to such tactics, and being unable to reach by the Bostonian the inevitable consequence was that the cutter soon found herself settled under the so called sloop's lee and the latter in her higher position got the advantage of each fresh air from the eastward, slowly and steadily lifting away from the Genesta through this good fortune, with which merit of design had nothing to do. I quote, in support of Genesta's bad start, from the *London Field*, Sept. 26:

"At the five-minute signal Genesta was a little too far from the line, under the lee of the Puritan. With the crowd around the committee boat, neither yacht appeared to have seen the fifteen-minute preparatory signal. On the starting signal she hove round clear of the line to reap the benefit of the two minutes allowance to cross, the outcome of which was that both the yachts crossed the line on starboard tack, Genesta 1m. 35s. behind and under the lee of Puritan."

The view I have given above of Genesta's loss at the very start is sufficiently corroborated by the foregoing quotation. As to the erroneous deductions from subsequent proceedings that Puritan was considerably the better of the pair to windward in light airs, let me again quote from the same paper, and ask whether any competent yachtsmen would venture to reach a positive decision from a drift under circumstances which resolved the whole of the business into wretched fluking without affording a fair show for accurate comparison. Says the *Field:*

"With her wind once clear, Genesta appeared to headreach and weather on Puritan."

This is exactly what I observed at the time. As long as the true wind lasted Genesta showed to better advantage than the so-called sloop. And now, what did the rest of the day have in store? The *Field* says:

"At one moment the wind would break them off two points, Genesta would appear to get a lead, and at another the wind would free them and Puritan would appear to be gaining. * * * From 4 to 6 the wind dropped off very fast and came in streaks, making the yachts break off three or four points one minute and luff up the same number another."

Remembering that the yachts were sailing in different water, what conclusions can such a fickle state of the weather justify? Certainly it is rash to deduce superiority for one or the other when the amount to which each competitor was benefited or interfered with by all the breaking off and hauling up is altogether beyond correct estimate? The first attempt summed up only went to prove that Genesta in light winds was at least as good as the Puritan, and that in the fluking in which the day wound up Puritan came out ahead. For my part, with all the experience I have had in observing and sailing innumerable matches, I should hesitate to pass any verdict at all and remain content to abide by the demonstrations of a more suitable day. Yet the patriots sought to convince themselves and the verdant public in general that Puritan had shown herself far and away the better of the two, and the *Herald* and other journals treated us to no end of twaddle about the "superiority of the centerboard over the keel" when not the ghost of superiority there was.

The second trial was equally abortive of final results. The start, Sept. 11, was made in a nice whole sail breeze and a suspicion of a sea. Genesta at once ourran and outwinded the Puritan in most unmistakable style. In fact, the cutter just romped away from the sloop and looked a winner with all ease, when the breeze fell paltry and we were served up with another lot of fluking, during which Puritan, in the rear, brought up the breeze with her, caught the cutter and then fluked out on her weather as in the day previous. I quote in support from the *Field*, Sept. 26: "Genesta went through the line with a clear wind 100ft. to leeward of Puritan and seven seconds astern."

It will be seen that again did the cutter cross to leeward and astern of the sloop, but she did not remain there very long, for, as the *Field* has it:

"Ere they had sailed half a mile it was plain that Genesta was headreaching the Puritan and on the whole weathering out on her, making a steady gain." Now mark, the *Field* says it was "plain" that Genesta was the better of the two and that her gain was "steady." At the end of an hour the superiority of the cutter was even more apparent. Says the *Field:*

"The cutter had eaten out and forereached so far that she was dead ahead of the sloop and still leaving her." Listen to that, "still leaving the sloop" after an hour from time of start. But this is not all. The *Field* continues:

"At the end of two hours Genesta had a lead of a mile and a half and was one point on the weather bow of the Puritan. Suddenly the wind shifted some three points easterly."

That is to say for the two hours the wind held true, the cutter was beating the so-called sloop hand over fist, footing better and holding a better wind. Surely that was test enough to satisfy a reasonable person. Then began a series of shifts and backing, the wind blowing with caprice, favoring first one vessel, then the other, and varying in strength, gradually dropping away to nothing, while the Puritan through fluke of the most evident sort, plumped out on the weather of a yacht which for two hours on a stretch had fairly and squarely beaten the so-called sloop about as she liked. But, Puritan happening to be ahead when the race was declared off, the newspapers next day, incapable of judging the sailing of the boats from a technical standpoint, gave way to pages of screaching and screaming, and the general public cleared out imbued with the nonsensical notion that once again the so-called sloop had "conclusively proven her superiority," etc., etc. All the old stock of fables and all the stuff and gabble about centerboards and beam were rehashed to the intense satisfaction of the ancient school of barnacles and to the hilarious amusement of the "cutter men" who had seen the races and could read between the lines and note a thing or two which escaped the hay makers "writing up" the matches for the landsmen readers of landsmen's publications.

We now pass on to the race sailed Sept. 14 over the inside course of the New York Y. C. During this race the Genesta was so outrageously bothered by the huge fleet of accompanying steamers that the prejudice abroad against such a confined "duck puddle" course was found to be only too well grounded. It is not likely that a foreign challenger will again consent to put himself at the mercy of the excursionists who through inexcusable ignorance or with deliberate intent bothered the life out of Genesta and contributed toward her defeat. I hope that Galatea will insist upon outside races, free from annoyance and in keeping with the size of the contestants. Though the New York Y. C. cannot be blamed for the action of steamboat captains, due diligence to keep the course clear was not exhibited by those in authority. But the committee with justice presumed upon the intelligence and fair play of the steamboat men. In this they were sadly disappointed, and the only way to assure Galatea a fair fight is to appoint all matches off shore, where they ought to be sailed. Says the *Field*, Sept. 26:

"Once clear of Sandy Hook, the steamers kept along on Genesta's lee bow and left a terrible wash behind, literally making the whole sea boil in the line from the point to the Lightship. This was very hard on the English cutter, as her lee decks were continually filled with water, and she of course yawed about badly. It proves conclusively that no satisfactory race for the America's Cup can take place over the New York Y. C. course so long as the steamers follow in such crowds, resembling a town afloat rather than a fleet of steamers out for the day. * * * Genesta was bothered by sailing vessels and yachts working down the shore. * * * The steamers rushed away after Puritan and churned up the water for Genesta. * * * Now began the steamboat bother, as all the fleet, intent on seeing Puritan round the lightship, began steaming away at their best pace, regardless of Genesta, one and all went steaming through her lee. The majority came much too close, and many, after passing her, steamed ahead of her and crossed her bows, and in consequence, for a time, she had their wash all along her deck, which made steering her, to say the least, difficult work. * * * The Genesta, as before, was treated to the wash of the returning steamers. * * * It was useless for Genesta to persevere, as the enthusiastic fleet of steamers cared for nothing but an opportunity to cheer the Puritan."

I have quoted enough to show that a close race would have been decided against the Genesta through the interference of the steamers. So notoriously did one captain behave that the name of his steamer called down upon him universal indignation in the press next day. Now to the race itself and the proof I have to offer that it was won through luck and nothing but luck. C. P. KUNHARDT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE RACES.

THE London *Field* reviews the late races in a very fair and sensible article, which we give below, omitting only the two deeds of gift, which we have published before. There is hardly a point in connection with the deed of gift, the challenge, the two boats and the conduct of both parties, that has not been made by the extremists on one side or the other the ground for complaint and condemnation; and most of the points made are fairly answered in the following article by a recognized authority. Most yachtsmen will agree with the *Field* in its recognition of Puritan's strength and seaworthiness, which some have questioned, and also with its conclusions in regard to the conditions of the matches. The two points that have been advanced in Genesta's favor—that she is not a fitting representative and that the allowance is against her—are also finally disposed of; while the rash conclusions of some, that English yachtsmen must at once build wide boats, is also answered. On the whole, the conclusions are the fairest that have yet appeared on the subject, and will do a good deal to clear away the rubbish with which it has been befogged by ignorant writers on both sides, and to prepare the way for an intelligent study of the races in all their bearings:

If the matches between the Genesta and the Puritan did not excite much interest or speculation on this side of the Atlantic before they were sailed, they have provoked enough criticism since, and of a very diversified character. One paper insinuates that the owners of the Genesta must have been somewhat of a simpleton to have gone to New York at all, to compete under such conditions as are imposed on the challenger for the Cup in the "deed of gift;" and, further, that he was "generous to a fault," or, in other words, simple, not to have accepted the offer of the committee to sail over the course after the Puritan had carried away Genesta's bowsprit. It is pointed out that Puritan evidently intended to have gone alone had she not been brought up with a round turn by the committee, and her owner is said to have first claimed the race because it was Genesta's bowsprit that hit Puritan. This reminds one of the Irishman who knocked a man down, and then upbraided him for running against his fist. Touching this incident, one correspondent from America writes: "So far as Genesta is concerned, they (the Americans) think it was foolish not to take the offer to sail over, although they admit the English would never have heard the last of it had Sir Richard Sutton done so."

Now, we are inclined to think that Sir Richard Sutton, instead of exhibiting any child-like simplicity in not sailing over, showed a good deal of shrewdness; for, as the writer we have quoted from admits, the English would never have heard the last of it. Beyond this, it is by no means certain that Genesta could have got round the course in the stipulated seven hours, and, if she had not, a more ludicrous situation could not be well imagined; and so, on the whole, we think that the people on this side of the Atlantic have every reason to be satisfied with the course adopted by the owner of Genesta.

Now as to the conditions. They may or may not be exactly as we should have drawn them, with the knowledge that we had to be the challenging parties; and, on the whole, they, as might be expected, put the challengers in a worse position than the challenged The conditions under which a challenge could be made were thus laid down in the original deed of gift.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It must be borne in mind that these conditions were made with a full knowledge that the Cup at some time or the other would be won and that American yacht owners would become placed in the position of the challengers; yet knowing this, they have, with the greatest propriety, stipulated that the challenging yacht must sail to New York on her own bottom. A more wholesome condition could not have been introduced, and the fireside stories that a yacht like Genesta is obliged to be exceptional in form and strength in order to cross the Western ocean, while the Yankee yacht need only be a mere skimming-dish, with timbers like a skiff and plank like veneer, are so much twaddle. Judging from the proportion of ballast which Puritan has to weight of hull, she is a heavier built vessel than Genesta, the difference in weight of material and equipment amounting to pretty nearly 20 per cent.

Then as to the form of Puritan. An opinion seems to prevail that she must be utterly unseaworthy, and quite unfit to cross the Atlantic; but the probability is that if she and Genesta started to race from New York to the Lizard, that Puritan would make the faster run, although she might not in going the outward passage. It must be recollected that Puritan has within a few inches as much underwater depth of body to the rabbet of keel as the famous America herself, is by no means the shallow craft that an American centerboarder usually is, and such draft as she has is nearly all body and not mere deadwood and lead keel; and it must be remembered that at the date when the America first visited us, she would have passed muster as quite a deep bodied craft. Here are some dimensions of yachts which existed at that period:

Name.	Rig.	L.W.L.	Beam.	Draught to Rabbet
Mosquito	Cutter	59	15.3	8.8
Pearl	Cutter	66	19.5	8.0
Dream	Cutter	63	18.8	7.8
Fair Rosamond	Schooner	76	21.0	7.5
Xarifa	Schooner	90	22.0	9.0
Erminia	Schooner	92	22.7	9.6
Novice	Schooner	66	16.0	6.9

It must be remembered that none of these vessels had lead or iron keels, or any lead ballast at all, yet they managed to keep the sea. Most of these yachts did the blue waters of the Mediterranean, including the little Novice when owned by the late Andrew Arcedeckne; but we must not forget the Christopher Columbus sloop, of about 25 tons, that crossed from New York to Cowes in 1857, and the Alice, about the same size, which came over about the year 1860; or the Vesta, centerboarder, drawing only 7ft. of water, which raced across before the westerly gales of December, 1866, from New York to the Needles, in 14 days 4 hours, the Henrietta doing the same distance in 13 days 22 hours. Recollecting all this, and a great deal more of the same kind, we are inclined to laugh when we see it gravely questioned if Puritan could keep the sea. Whether or not she could beat Genesta on the western passage would be very much a matter of chance, as it was when Cambria beat the Dauntless in 1870; but coming the other way the chances would be largely in favor of the Yankee.

Beyond the question of seaworthiness, a point has been raised as to the fairness of making a keel yacht compete with a centerboarder, as the latter can skim over the shallows of New York Bay. There need be no apprehension about this, as the deep channel is well buoyed, and it was a part of the conditions that, for the match sailed from Staten Island to Sandy Hook, the yachts were to keep on the channel side of the buoys. It is true, between the Hook and the Lightship, it is just possible that some advantage might be taken, as Columbia took in the Livonia races of 1871, by working over the flats near No. 5 and No. 8½ buoys, but it would not be great. The other two matches were to be sailed in deep water outside Sandy Hook. Under these conditions we see no objection to a centerboarder competing with a keel yacht, especially when the former is a kind of half-breed like the Puritan. Whether or not there is, on the whole, any advantage in a centerboard, is a moot point; but, looking at all the circumstances, most of us on this side the Atlantic would be dead against any such contrivance.

Exception has been taken to the conditions, because six months' notice is required from the challenger, in order that the club holding the Cup may, if necessary, have time to build a boat to meet the challenger. The object of this condition is objected to, and the fact that if the Puritan had not been built, Genesta would have won the America Cup, is pointed out as conclusive evidence that the condition must be all wrong. But a moment's reflection will convince any one that it is "all right," and without it any club holding the Cup would be placed at a great disadvantage. This is clearly shown by the easy manner Genesta defeated the Gracie and others; and, as before said, it must not be assumed that the New York Y. C. will always be the holder of the Cup.

We last week referred to the remarks which have been made as to whether Genesta has a right to be considered a fit exponent of the excellence of English cutters, and writers continue to comfort themselves that, although Puritan beat Genesta, she could not beat Irex. Into the relative merits of Puritan's and Genesta's performances we will not now enter, because we know little or nothing about what was really the test match—that sailed on the last day—except that Genesta ran the Puritan dead to leeward part of the course. But that proves nothing, as the Cambria could run the Sappho with the wind dead aft; but we all know the cause of the speed being pretty uniform between yachts, large and small, when running away from the wind. But whether Genesta did or did not show better speed than Puritan, there can be no doubt, judged by her last year's performance alone, that she is good enough to try the merits of the yachts of America, and this is proved by the easy victory she had with Puritan out of the way. Beyond this it is miserably poor satisfaction to comfort ourselves by belittling the prowess of our adversary.

One curious outcome of the fortuitous success of the Puritan is that a good many, both on this side of the Atlantic and on the other, have hastily concluded that the English type of yacht is all wrong and that we must at once break them up, alter our tonnage rule and build yachts like the Puritan. Another set of critics sees nothing in the defeat of Genesta but evidence that the English type of yacht is right and that Genesta actually won the race, because by the Y.R.A. tonnage rule one is eighty tons and the other 141 tons, equal to nine or ten minutes in a forty miles' course. We do not agree with the former nor yet with the latter, and, so far as the contention that our type of yacht is wrong is concerned, we feel sure that the American type will never, even in the Anglo-American type represented by the Puritan, be adopted in this country.

As to the Puritan being 141 tons and the Genesta only 80, there would be some reason in pointing to this difference if the Y. R. A. tonnage rule were a sort of natural and unerring law by which the merits of sailing could be measured; but the fact is the Y. R. A. could frame a tonnage rule to make Puritan a thousand tons and Genesta only forty if they like, and when we come to sum up the merits of the two, we must look at them through a medium very different from the Y. R. A. tonnage rule. If we say that the Y. R. A. tonnage rule must be right because it happens to penalize Puritan for having 7 per cent. the greater sail spread, the inevitable and logical conclusion would be that the British type of yacht is all wrong because Genesta has about 35 per cent, the greater underwater body, and yet for match sailing is rated by the Y. R. A. rule, and apparently with some reason, as an inferior boat. It should be noted, however, that, in the match sailed in a good breeze, Puritan took down her topsail, while Genesta did not, so the sail spread per ton of displacement would have been pretty nearly equal in the beat to windward. The conclusion to arrive at is, so far as particulars have yet come to hand, that the Y. R. A. rule absurdly overestimates the value of beam, and that a "compromise" between the sloop and the cutter must be very much more "cutter" than even Puritan is to compete with anything like success against British yachts in a whole sail.

Our special correspondent expresses an opinion that there is nothing afloat which can touch Puritan in a light breeze. This can be readily understood when we consider the small wetted surface she must have to sail spread, and the trouble which was taken to get that surface into the best possible condition of smoothness. He further makes it clear that the Genesta had the advantage to windward so long as there was enough wind to make them bend and a slight heave of sea; how it was that, under such conditions, Puritan managed to beat Genesta, we must wait our correspondent's further report.

In the last issue the *Field* also adds: "A good many of our yachting readers appear to have formed the opinion, because Puritan can beat Genesta in a light wind and on a reach in a strong wind, that we must imediatety alter our tonnage rule in order that beamy yachts may be built on this side of the Atlantic. The fact is, however, that the achievement of the Puritan tells us nothing beyond what we knew before, and has emphasized what we all know, that the Y. R. A. rule absurdly overestimates the value of beam for ordinary match sailing, especially as centerboards are vetoed We should be very sorry to say that a yacht like Puritan would be useless on this side of the Atlantic and that she could not go round the coast. Such like nonsense; but we think that with a fixed keel she would stand very little chance against our vessels if rated by the Y. R. A. tonnage rule, to allow a yacht like Genesta a quarter of an hour over a 50-mile course.

"So far as regards altering the rule, before that is done we should like to see if a yacht of 43¼ beams, 80ft. on the loadline, could not be built to beat those of about 51½ beams, on the same length. We think the experiment quite worth trying, although there would not be much chance of its succeeding in the small classes. Such yachts would have 2ft. more beam than Genesta (that is, 17ft.), and would have to allow her 1min. 9sec. over a 50-mile course. This penalty does not look more than she ought to be able to do; and adding 2ft. to such a craft as Genesta would make in many ways a very much improved vessel, and especially in a seaway, although occasionally there may be a particular kind of sea met with which the narrower boat would get through the faster. Examples of this have occurred over and over again in yachting experiences, and they have rather tended to mask the fact that for any given tonnage a yacht is not always what may be termed an efficient performer in a sea simply because she is narrow, but because she is long and deep. If, however, a yacht has a beam much in excess of two-tenths of her length on loadline, the beam will begin to tell against her in a head sea, but she will not necessarily be a bad sea boat."

THE SUPPLY OF TEAK.—This wood, so liberally used in the deck fittings of all English yachts, probably has no superior for the purpose, as it is strong, durable, takes a good polish, and is practically unaffected by the weather. Thus far it has been difficult and expensive to obtain here and is little known. This year the English supply has been smaller than usual, and will continue so for at least a year, according to the latest reports. The supplies to come from India and Burmah are not only smaller in quantity, but the wood is of poorer quality than usual, and the logs are smaller in size, averaging 37 to 38 cubic feet per log in place of 40 to 42ft., the regular average. We believe there are no dealers in New York who keep teak wood regularly in stock; if there are we shall be pleased to know of it, as some of our amateur builders would be glad to try it. That used on the cutters built here has been specially imported from England, or has been obtained in small quantities from spars fitted to ships in East Indian ports.

A FAST PASSENGER STEAMER.—The new sidewheel steamer Ireland, built by the Lairds, of Birkenhead, for the route between Holyhead and Dublin, has proved very successful, making an average of 20¼ knots on her trial trip between Holyhead and Kingstown. Her engines are 8ft. 6in. in diameter, with the same stroke, making 27 turns. With forced draft her indicated H. P. was 6,337, the speed being as stated; while on another trial with natural draft the engines indicated 5,111 H. P. and the average speed was 18.9 knots over the same course. Her draft is 13ft. 9in. It is evident that the Messrs. Laird have lost none of the skill for which they were famous when they built the Anglo-Rebel privateers and blockade runners of 1862-65.

TORONTO Y. C. HANDICAP RACES.—A sealed handicap race was sailed on Saturday last by the second and third class yachts of the Toronto Y. C., eight entering. The allowances were: Gypsy allows Mischief 5min., Guinivere 12, Bonita 15, Jamboree 15, Wah-wah 15, Daisy 25, Wild Mag 35. The course was from the front of the club house, through the western gap, thence south and around a spar buoy near the bell buoy, thence back through the western gap, through the bay, around a buoy in the eastern gap and back across the starting line, 10 miles. A one-gun start at 2:45 P. M. sent all away with a light south wind; but on the line Jamboree luffed, Gypsy, following close astern, striking her with her jibboom, but doing no serious damage. Gypsy soon led, with Mischief in full chase, but astern at first mark, while Bonita and Guinivere were trying for second place. Coming in the wind drew more aft, and spinnakers and balloon jibs were set. The times at the eastern buoy were: Gypsy, 4:14:20; Mischief, 4:16:50; Guinivere, 4:39:50; Bonita, 4:42:00; Jamboree, 5:24:00. On the last leg Gypsy still led, until near the finish she was becalmed, Mischief continuing on her way for a time, but finally she lost the wind too, but succeeded in crossing 28sec. within her allowance. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
Gypsy	2 45 00	4 32 20	1 48 20	1 48 20
Mischief	2 45 00	4 37 50	1 52 52	1 47 52
Guinivere	2 45 00	5 04 00	2 19 00	2 02 00
Bonita	2 45 00	5 17 50	2 32 50	2 17 50
Jamboree	2 45 00	5 43 40	2 58 04	2 43 40
Wild-Mag	2 45 00	5 48 30	3 03 30	2 28 30
Daisy	2 45 00	5 58 00	3 13 00	2 48 00
Wah Wah				

The handicaps were made by Messrs. C. J. Townsend, Fulford Arnoldi and W. Dickson. Gypsy and Jamboree have each protested against the other. The first prize was a set of signals presented by Vice-Commodore Cosgrave, the second was the entrance fee, and the third a money prize presented by the Commodore. This finishes the season, but the club will endeavor to keep up the interest through the winter by a series of meetings, at which instruction will be given in knotting, splicing and similar work.

NEW HAVEN Y. C. FALL REGATTA.—The New Haven Y. C. closed their season on Oct. 7 with their fall regatta, over the regular course, 10 miles to windward and back for Classes C and D and a short course inside for Class E. The race was sailed in a good lower sail breeze from S.W., the start being made at 11:33 A. M. with the following starters: Class C.—Wild Duck, Alexander Lutz; Rajah, Commodore J. G. Beecher; Happy Thought, G. M. Graves. Class D.—Endeavor, ex-Commodore H. D. Billard; Wanda, Messrs. Waterhouse & Dunham; Anita, George W. Adams; Vixen, Allen Seaman; Stranger, John N. McAuley. Class E.—Alice, E. W. Smith; Roamer, H. W. Avis. Starting with topsails and jibtopsails the freshening breeze soon brought in the kites. Endeavor steered direct for the mark, but the others sailed some distance to the leeward of it. A shift of wind helped the latter, and Wild Duck and Stranger both turned ahead of Endeavor. The full times were:

CLASS C.

	Start.	Actual.	Finish.	Corrected.
Wild Duck	11 43 30	2 50 10	3 15 40	3 15 40
Happy Thought	11 42 40	3 03 05	3 26 25	3 20 14
Rajah	11 41 41	3 15 15	3 33 33	3 28 58
CLASS D.				
Stranger	11 36 55	3 07 55	3 30 50	3 25 10
Vixen	11 33 25	3 16 37	3 43 12	3 36 12
Endeavor	11 33 10	3 11 50	3 38 40	3 38 37
Wanda	11 33 30	3 14 30	3 41 00	3 39 16
Anita	11 35 20	3 15 20	3 40 40	3 40 40
CLASS E.				
Alice	11 33 00	2 23 30	2 50 30	2 50 30
Roamer	11 35 40	3 22 00	3 46 20	3 43 20

Wild Duck wins class prize in Class C and Happy Thought the regatta committee's prize for best elapsed time outside of class prize winner. Stranger wins the class prize in Class D and Endeavor the Commodere's prize for elapsed time. Alice wins in Class E.

MICHIGAN Y. C. REGATTA.—The fall pennant regatta of the Michigan Y. C. was sailed on Oct. 8 in a fresh N. W. wind. The course for second class was from the anchorage around Westcott's lightship, around the ice breaker off Mewberry and McMillan's wharf, Grosse Pointe, down the Canadian channel past Belle Isle, around the Nile buoy, and back to anchorage. That for third class was around Westcott's lightship and back. The yachts were: Second class—Jennie June, Capt. June; Petrel, A. J. McLeod; Turk, Mr. Hopper; Cassie J., Andrew Kramer; Adele, Mr. Phillips; Madeline, Mr. Emmet. Third class—Nona, B. Wendell; Laylow, Mr. Schweckart; Satin. Only two yachts, Jennie June and Petrel, carried topsails and jibtopsails. These two led over the course, Jennie J. ahead until the last mark was passed, when Petrel overtook her, winning by 40sec. Adele was third and Madeline fourth. Nona won in the third class by 24min. and Flush won in the fourth class open boats.

A CHALLENGE FROM GALATEA.—Mr. J. Beavor Webb was called home by business and left quite hurriedly on the Elbe last week. Before sailing he sent to Secretary Minton, of the New York Y.C. a challenge on behalf of Galatea to sail a series of five matches for the Cup, as late in the season as possible, which challenge will be considered at the meeting of the club on Oct. 22. Mr. Webb also sent the following letter to Mr. Minton: "Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1885. My Dear Mr. Minton—I have received some letters to-day which render it necessary for me to return to England at once. I leave two photos —one of the Genesta and the other of the Galatea— for the New York Y.C., which I trust they will accept as a small souvenir of the very pleasant time I have spent in America; also of the great pleasure I have experienced in meeting American yachtsmen and their kindness to me, and trusting that if I do not live long enough to win back the America's Cup I may at any rate live long enough to find that English and American yachtsmen may each day become better friends, and in the interest of the sport sink all prejudice as to cutter, sloop or centerboard type, so that one day we may adopt a uniform type of yacht, be it what it may, and never forget the great zest given by the New York Y.C. to yachting by its open and sportsmanlike defence of —if I may so call it—that national institution, the America's Cup. I bid you au revoir, not goodbye, as I hope ere another year is over to meet you once more and, win or lose, return to England with an increased appreciation of the country and the sportsmanlike feeling shown by the members of your club to foreign yachtsmen. With earnest good wishes for the prosperity of American yachting I remain yours, very truly, J. BEAVOR WEBB." Mr. Webb takes with him an order for a design for a large steam yacht for an American gentleman.

YACHTS LAYING UP.—Clara has laid up for the winter at Salem, Madge is hauled out at Piepgrass & Pine's yard, in the Seawanhaka Basin are the schooners Nokomis and Sea Witch, the cutters Oriva, Mona and Estelle, formerly Wilful, the sloops Venture and Gael, while the Topsy and Cruiser are on the beach. At the old basin, now in charge of Captain Jake Schmidt, are the Isis and Espirito, with several other yachts. Lawleys have hauled out at South Boston the Nebula, Gevalia, Kelpie, Dorothy Q., Clio, steamer Princess, Fan, Magnet, Thialia. Smith has hauled out the Egeria, Nydia and Phantom. At Salem, Joshua Ward's yard, are the Tulip, Mist, Romance, Priscilla, Tioga, Ariel, Satan, Loon, Holby, Clytie, Nautilus, Medusa and Caroline. The Foam, schooner, is laid up at Mystic, the little sloop Atalanta is at Mattapoisett, the Bedouin, Ileen and Wenonah are at Newburgh, N. Y., Priscilla is at her builders' yard in Wilmington, Puritan is at Salem, Mass., with Fearless. Bonita, Whitecap, Winona, Halcyon, Rebecca, Latona. Madeline is at Greenport, Gracie at Glen Cove and Hildegard at Nyack. The steam yacht Tillie winters as usual at Piepgrass & Pine's, where the Orienta is being overhauled. Atalanta and Nourmahal are now at the Erie Basin. Nearly all of the Atlantic Y. C. yachts are laid up at the club basin, or at Mumm's next to it. Mumm is busy with the sharpie Vidette, putting two tons more lead on her keel, 6 tons altogether. He also has made some alterations in the Wivern, schooner, and has the Vixen, an Eastern built sloop, up for repairs. At the Chelsea Bridge, Boston, are laid up afloat the Marion Wentworth, Breeze, Sport, Actæa, Phantom, Mohican, Addie, Active, Recreation, Annie G., Josephine and pilot boat Fleur de Lis.

GENESTA HOMEWARD BOUND.—By this time Genesta is no doubt well on her homeward way, as she sailed from Staten Island on Thursday last. Mr. Francis P. Osborn, formerly owner of the schooner Nettie, made an offer of $20,000 to Mr. J. Beavor Webb, but the price asked was $30,000, which Mr. Osborn was not willing to pay. It had been intended to return with the racing mast, which is only 4ft. 6in. longer than the jury mast which brought her over, but some of the crew objected to the larger stick, and on Oct. 2 she was towed to Poillon's yard and docked alongside the bark N. Thayer. The bark's mainyard was well stayed with lifts from the topmast head and one to the dock on the port side, and a fall rigged and carried to the bark's capstan. Her mast was then hoisted out and the jurymast stepped. On Monday she towed down to her old anchorage, where the rigging was completed, her trysail bent and provisions and water taken on board. The lower streaks of planking in her bulwarks were also removed. Her navigator, Capt. Saunders, joined her and by Tuesday all was ready, but owing to the storm she did not start. On Thursday, when the N. E. storm was over, she started away from Tompkinsville at 3 P. M., receiving farewell salutes from the few yachts at the anchorage, as well as from the shore. Only 16 of her crew returned with her, as 3 of them, the steward, carpenter and a seaman declined to do so and remained ashore, the two former returning by the Germanic. Her spars and small boat will go back by steamer.

TORONTO SKIFF SAILING CLUB.—An open handicap race was sailed on Oct. 3 by the Toronto Skiff Sailing Club, starting at 3 P. M., there being 24 entries. The winners were Psyche, Zip and Vectus. Several of the boats were disabled by minor accidents.

THE POLYNIA FOR SALE.—The steam yacht Polynia, well known by her yellow stack and three masts to all who witnessed the late races, will be sold at auction at 85 Pearl street, New York, on Oct. 27, at 12 M., by order of her owner, Com. James Gordon Bennett. The Polynia was built by Ward & Stanton, of Newburg, in 1880 and is 154ft. 5in. over all, 18ft. 5in. beam and 11ft. draft.

LAPWING.—This cutter, designed by Mr. Dixon Kemp and built by Lawleys for Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes, lately made a good passage from Martha's Vineyard to Boston, her time to the lower light being 15h. 15m., partly under three-reefed mainsail and third jib. She will lay up at Lawley's for the winter, having been purchased by Mr. C. A. Welsh.

LADY BEATRICE.—Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith, Scotland, lately launched a steam yacht of 350 tons, built of iron, for Capt. Townley Parker. She is 145ft. long, 22ft. beam and 13ft. 6in. draft, with engines 18 and 36×24in.; 85lbs. working pressure. She will be lighted by electricity.

TRIPLE COMPOUND ENGINES.—The use of the triple expansion engine in steamships is constantly increasing abroad, the latest list of launches in British shipyards, as given in the *Shipping World*, showing nine steamers thus fitted out of a total of twenty-six launched.

NYSSA.—This Boston sloop, for some time owned by Mr. Wall of New York, has lately been enrolled in the Knickerbocker Y. C., having been purchased by Mr. Quinn, former owner of the Aria. This makes one more keel in the K. Y. C.

NIRVANA.—The yacht of this name lately purchased by Mr. T. H. Hall, of New York, is not the large schooner, formerly the sloop Julia, but a keel sloop, built by Lawley & Son, 41ft. 6in. on waterline, 15ft. 2in. beam and 7ft. 5in. draft.

DINNER TO MESSRS. BURGESS AND CROCKER.—On Oct. 8 the Merchants' Club of Boston entertained Mr. Edward Burgess and Captain Crocker with a dinner at the Parker House.

THE DAUNTLESS AGROUND.—On last Friday the schooner Dauntless ran ashore on the rocks off Fort Adams, Newport Harbor, but was towed off with little damage.

AMBASSADRESS.—Mr. Astor's huge schooner, that has been lying idle for several years, has just been sold by Manning's Agency to Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston.

CARMELITA.—Mr. Coleman's schooner arrived in New York last week from Montevideo. She will be sold here as her owner is now in Europe.

SPERANZA.—This schooner, built only last season, has been hauled out at Carll's, City Island, to be completely rebuilt.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

ACCOMAC.—"Uiesote" can be had from H. F. Taintor, 281 Pearl street, New York, who is the agent.

W. A. M., Pensacola, Fla.—Genesta was not built for the international race, but for the regular English races.

F. T. S., West Springfield, Pa.—Builders usually make the blocks themselves out of bone or ivory, or sometimes boxwood.

J. M. F., Philadelphia.—Go to Lewes, Delaware, and down to Watchapreague Inlet. There go to the fish houses or the life saving station and get a pilot to take you to Hog Island.

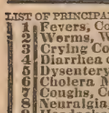
J. B. T., Eaton, N. Y.—We wish to sow some wild rice in the ponds in this vicinity. Will you please tell us when, how, and where to sow it? Ans. Sow in shallow water in the late fall and early spring.

G. E. B., San Francisco, Cal.—We can recommend no special make. Several varieties have been described and advertised in our columns during the past year, and the subject is fully treated in "Small Yachts."

C. H. Y., Boston, Mass.—The articles on canoe building were published throughout 1884. They have since been rewritten and published in book form in "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Price $1.50, at this office.

F. S. C., Logan, O.—I have just received what to me is a strange bird. It is in length 6in., breadth 9½in., tail 2¾in., eyes pink, bill light yellow, legs light yellow, entire bird light canary color. It was seen in company with wood pewee (*Contopus virens*). It is evidently a young bird and was fed by these flycatchers, or as they are often called, bee birds. Its bill is almost identical with that of the tyrant flycatcher (*Tyrannus carolinensis*). Ans. Probably an albino *Contopus virens*.

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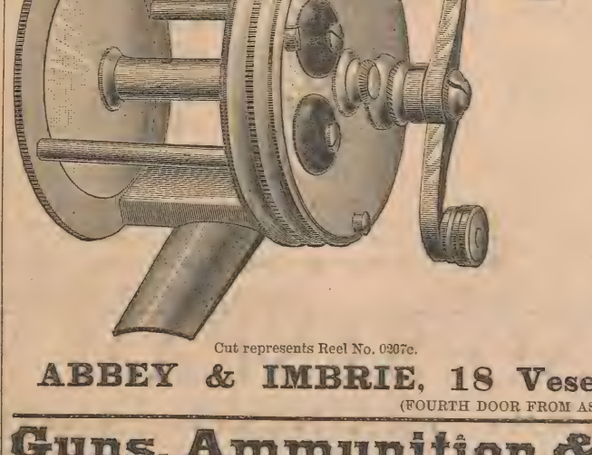
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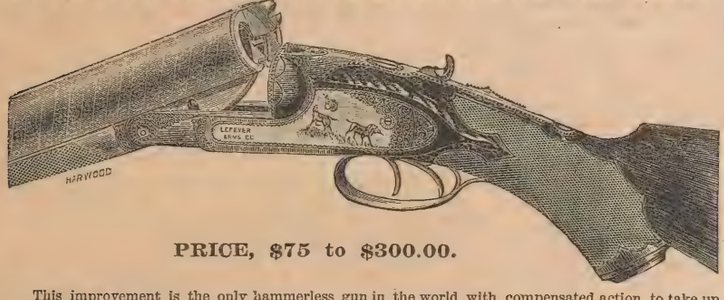
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THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of explaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoe are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

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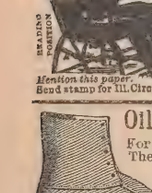
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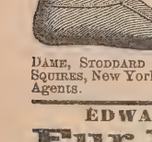


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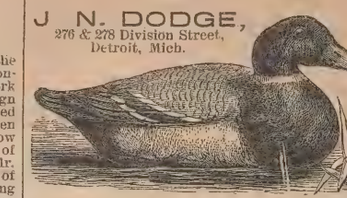
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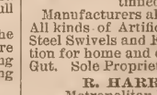
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM'S TRAJECTORY TEST.

THE field work of the trajectory trials having been completed, there only remains the measuring of the eighty or ninety targets, with their accompanying screens, before the figures will be ready for publishing. There will also be some weighing tests on the cartridges used, so that the data will be made entirely satisfactory as to weapons and charges. It is a matter in which the least haste makes the greatest speed, and it is with a special desire to avoid further explanation and make our report so thorough and simple that he who runs may read and understand it in every particular that full time has been taken, and no special effort made to rush into print. Mr. Sinclair is now busy working up the figures, applying the vernier measuring steel to every shot mark, and gradually getting the results of the long and expensive tests into shape for our readers.

SENATORIAL ANTLERS.

THE subservient Suffolk senator missed the antlers after all. His constituents did their best; they did nobly. That the last buck of Long Island routed out by their hounds did not fall to their guns was the shortcoming, not of the Suffolk hounders, but due entirely to the apathy of outsiders. After their repeated and ardent invitations given out to the universe to come down to Long Island and hound deer, the Suffolk county folks naturally expected that men and dogs would be on hand, supplementing the home contingent, and forming a buckshot-belching barrier by which no bewildered buck might bound. But for some inscrutable reason that part of the universe not bounded by the Atlantic Ocean and Long Island Sound, displayed a stupid indifference to this glorious dogging opportunity, and the Suffolk hunters were left to their task of extermination unaided.

They did their best. West Islip mustered forty hounders, and potted its share. Euphonious Ronkonkoma sent out its host, one hundred strong, and to every man a dog. They bagged three deer. They were about to divide these three deer among the hundred men, when some one suggested a better plan. The venison was shipped to Marion and the money proceeds were portioned out among the five score. There was not a large share for each one, but the paltry sum appeared tremendous, for it went to men who prefer ten cents made in this way to a dollar earned, and everybody went home happy. Sayville's contingent came to a less amicable settlement over its booty; the village scored nine deer. Smithtown claims to have secured a fair share; and the South Side Club corralled a number of deer in its large wire-fenced preserve.

But, after all the anticipation and effort, they did not kill the last deer. This is a disappointment all around. Especially poignant is the regret of the voters of Suffolk, and heavy is the heart of Senator Otis. It will be remembered that when the deer-hounding bill was before the Senate at Albany, last winter, Senator Otis, obedient to the behests of his enlightened Suffolk constituents, with great obstinacy stickled for an exception in favor of that county. This he secured. In return the grateful Islanders were planning to present to the Senator the antlers of the last buck of the Suffolk race. The trophy was to adorn his home—to be a perpetual reminder of this particular and most valuable public service at Albany; and to serve as a reassuring pledge between the Senator and the voters, and the Senator, reclining in his easy chair and gazing upon the antlers on the wall, could see in them the assured security of a seat in the Senate chamber to be occupied by himself in perpetuity, or so long, at least, as the sweet memory of the great deer drive of 1885 should linger in the Suffolk wilds. The public presentation of such a token of senatorial subserviency would have been an edifying spectacle in this age of the world. Let us hope that it is only postponed to another season.

DEER AND PANTHERS.

WE noted the other day the inadequacy of the bounty on panthers in this State. The reward is not sufficient to induce hunters to undertake the arduous pursuit of the beast. The panther is a constant factor in the destruction of Adirondack deer. For the sake of the deer supply the panthers should be systematically pursued and destroyed, and the bounty should be such as to encourage this.

In Vermont, a few years ago, a number of deer were put out in the mountains, and for their protection a law was passed which provided that none should be killed before November, 1880. This time has since been extended to 1890. The deer have increased and multiplied. The law has been well observed. We know of but one instance where it was violated. That was the case of the fox hunters who started a deer on Sutton Mountain, and after a long chase finally killed it. But with the new stock of deer has come a new stock of panthers, and the prospects are that the panthers will prove too much for the deer. The Vermont panther bounty is the same as that of New York, $20. This might easily be increased.

HOPE FOR FLORIDA.

THE season will soon be here when great numbers of Northern tourists will betake themselves to Florida, and a good proportion of these pleasure seekers will go armed with shotguns and rifles. The notion has been sedulously promulgated by the hotel and railroad people of that State that the peninsula is one vast preserve stocked with an inexhaustible supply of game. The average sportsman in Florida has rejoiced in the license to bang away at every animate creature, unhampered by game laws—for the State has no such statute. The result is that, notwithstanding the glowing reports in railroad circulars, in many sections of Florida game is extremely scarce. It has been cleared off from the face of the country by the continual shooting in season and out of season.

A game law was once in force, though only a for brief season. It was speedily repealed through the influence of the cattle herders in the southern and western portion of the State. These men raise cattle for the West Indies. The cattle are for the most part wretched creatures, unfit to eat until they have been transported by steamer to Havana and there fatted for the market. The Florida herders are themselves wretched creatures in their way. They are too shiftless to fatten beef for their own consumption, too lazy to cultivate the land and raise crops, and too miserly to buy canned goods—the staple food of many Floridians. They are content with hog-and-hominy and game. They capture game at all seasons and in any way they can get it. They are not squeamish; they can stomach anything in the way of deer meat—bucks half devoured by ticks and does heavy with fawn; it is all food to them, in spring, summer, autumn and winter. When the game law was on the books these people resented it. At their dictation it was rescinded. The whole State of Florida meekly yielded to their demand. Since then the game has been butchered by residents and strangers.

Now, however, there is some hope of a reformation. A game club of strong membership has been organized in Jacksonville. Suitable legislation will be secured. The change may not be wrought all of a sudden, but there is still sufficient ground for the hope that the Jacksonville sentiment may spread to other localities, and in course of time the heathenish practices now current in Flordia may be abandoned.

Meanwhile the Florida tourist, instead of making his way through the State in the role of a peripatetic game-slaughtering arsenal, might help on the cause by reforming his ways and setting an example for the residents.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

THE true way to civilize the Indians is to educate them. This is well understood by those who have made the Indian question a study, and is a truth now generally accepted by all. To be effective and to have lasting results this education must begin in early childhood and must continue until the habits of life are so far formed that the child will not revert to the customs of his race, but will continue in the path in which his steps have been directed by the teachings of the white man.

Indian children, when early removed from association with the dwellers in the camps, readily adapt themselves to their changed surroundings. They enjoy life as well as ever, keep themselves clean, wear the garb of civilization, and in general act after the manner of ordinary children. They are quick to learn, and take an interest in their work which is quite up to if not beyond that of the average white child. In fact, except for their color, no one would know that they belonged to a different race from ours.

Experience has shown that under favorable conditions the Indian is the equal of the average white man in many of the ordinary pursuits of life. One of the bravest, most intelligent and most learned officers of the army whom we have known, was an Indian, *pur sang*. And instances are not wanting in which Indians have attained a high measure of success in many walks of life.

It is quite certain that with a white man's training the Indian will make a good citizen. But in order that this may be brought about it is important that the child should be separated very early in life from its uncivilized surroundings and be brought up among the whites. Since this is the case and is generally acknowledged, it seems strange that so little is being done to fit the Indian children of to-day for future citizenship. There are two or three good schools, like the ones at Hampton and Carlisle, but, except at these, the work of educating the young is but imperfectly performed. At many of the agencies there are schools, but they are small, short of funds, and unable to carry on the work on the large scale which the urgency of the case demands. The education of these children should be carried on in such a way that a majority instead of only a very small fraction should receive the benefits of it. More money is needed for this purpose. Every agency should have a school large enough to accommodate all the children on the reservation. Other schools like those at Hampton and Carlisle should be established in the East. The children of the Indians should be educated in spite of themselves, if necessary. But those children are willing to receive the benefits of instruction, and not only they but their parents appreciate that on their education depends the future of the race.

We may neglect this now. We may save a few millions of dollars to the United States Treasury in the next few years by a parsimonious treatment of this question, but in the years to come it will cost us dear. On the one hand, if we take the course which is clearly the one pointed out by duty and wisdom, we will educate these children—all of them that we can get hold of—and twenty years hence we will have added two or three hundred thousand to the number of our best class of citizens. If we pursue the niggardly policy at present in practice we will still have then as now, two or three hundred thousand savage and semi-savage "wards," who will be a constant source of expense to the Government and of trouble and uneasiness to their neighbors.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A VULPICIDE.—The Prince of Wales has been hunting in Hungary with Count Karolyi, and between them they shot seven foxes. We should be much pleased to learn what the esteemed *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* thinks of that.

PRIVATE FISHCULTURE.

THE Ragged Lake Club, which is composed of gentlemen from Syracuse, N. Y., and which has its abode on the lake from which it takes its name, in Franklin county, N. Y., sixteen miles from Malone, have taken a step which should be followed by all persons and clubs having fishing privileges in the Adirondacks. They propose to build a little hatchery at small expense, and apply to the New York Fish Commission for eggs, and keep their lake stocked with a view to future sport. The cost will be small, but the results may be great. The example of Mr. A. R. Fuller, in stocking Meacham Lake at his own expense and reaping his reward in good fishing, after the waters in his neighborhood were exhausted, is deserving of imitation. The Ragged Lake Club, of which Mr. A. C. Belden is president, Hon. James Geddes vice-president, and Mr. Geo. Hier secretary, have begun something that will no doubt be followed by other clubs and individuals, and the day when a man thinks he has done a grand thing in slaying a large number of trout will be followed by an era when it will be considered grander to have planted thousands of fry. The fact that waters can be exhausted has been forced through many a skull that at first supposed there was no end to the number of fish. After planting will come care in capture, and the day of the trout hog will be past in waters under such intelligent supervision as will come from the practice of hatching and stocking waters by private individuals. The establishment of a State hatchery in the Adirondacks will favor this, for eggs can be readily procured there by persons interested in stocking waters, provided they put in a few inexpensive troughs.

BEHOLD HOW BLESSED A THING IS CHARITY.—A communication recently published in the FOREST AND STREAM concluded (in the manuscript) with these words, relating to a correspondent whom the author was at the time replying to: "In conclusion I would like to say something which concerns me personally. There are some things which I can never contemplate for an instant with other than feelings of fear; and one of them is that, possibly, by the requirements of old age, poverty and sin, all creeping on at one and the same time, I may be forced ever to remain in a country where writers like Mr. ——, of ——, are by law allowed such an unrestricted use of pen and ink." We wrote back to our correspondent that if he were ever fortunate enough to meet the gentleman he was so incensed against, he would probably set him down as just the sort of a fellow to go fishing with.

A BOYHOOD NOTION.—Our correspondent "Special" tells a very suggestive story of how in his boyhood days a companion forfeited the confidence and respect of his fellows because he was a game thief. They scorned a boy who could not be honest when alone in the woods. That is all well enough for boyhood, which, as we all know, has its peculiar fancies and superstitions; but such a notion is outgrown by the time man's estate is reached. No such foolishness is to be tolerated among persons of mature years. As a matter of fact, a man—no matter of what standing in the community—may go into the woods in the close season, kill deer and leave them to rot, jig trout, and commit all manner of offenses according to his fancy, and may then come home again and hold his head up, and go his way with the respect and trust of his associates.

ANOTHER PERIL OF ANGLING was illustrated the other day in the sad experience of a young Norwegian gentleman of Boston, a Mr. Frank Cardozo. Having returned from a fishing excursion, and being in all probability unacquainted with the Boston way of telling fish stories, Mr. Cardozo resented the elastic statements of a companion, Mr. Counaro, about the size of the fish that had been caught—or, probably lost—and was thereupon very properly rebuked by Mr. Counaro, who employed for emphasis an empty beer mug. The latest reports from the hospital are to the effect that Mr. Cardozo is in a fair way to recover, and he will doubtless leave his cot a more charitable and wiser angler, with sense enough to swallow the next fish story without question.

STATE AND COUNTY FAIR COMMITTEES may wisely take notice of the interest manifested in the dog exhibits where such shows have been a part of fair displays this year. At Philadelphia, notwithstanding the bad management, the dogs were the chief order of attraction; and the visitors to the Stafford, Conn., fair manifested a similar interest. It will not be very many years before the dog show will be a regular feature of the average fair. That will be a happy time for the dogs, but a day of doom for the curs, for when a community is educated to an appreciation of good canine stock it will cease to harbor the sheep-killing brutes that infest in hordes so many localities.

IN ADIRONDACK style it is not all of hounding to hound. Not by a long shot. To hound is only a part of it. The rest is to row up to the deer in the water and pour buckshot into it at four feet range, or to club it to death at arm's length. That is Adirondack style.

A "HEALTHY SPECIMEN" of an officer of the law is the deputy sheriff of Richardson county, Nebraska, who has put in his time this year shooting pinnated grouse out of season. Nothing less than a moral regeneration can save the callow broods in that county.

INDIANS AT WORK.

I.—IN THE FIELDS.

STANDING in front of the stockade one bright September morning I watched the Indians as they passed to and fro. One was bringing his horse to the blacksmith's shop to be shod, and another wanted a new bolt for his wagon. Several were driving their teams toward the mountains, and one wagon, loaded with wood, had just come down, and its driver had gone into the house to see if he could sell his load to the agent. The oats had all been cut and the yellow agency field was dotted with shocks which were ready to be hauled to the threshing machine. A cog had broken in some part of its gearing, and the agency blacksmith was hard at work mending it, while a dozen Indians and white men stood around and watched his every movement. Indians with their wagons arranged with great racks and with four very little ponies harnessed to them, stood about ready to begin to haul the oats as soon as the thresher should be ready to work.

Seated in rows against the wall of the stockade, enjoying the warm sun, sat a dozen old men who gossiped with one another without intermission. About the wagons a dozen boys, several of whom wore the garb of civilization, chased each other and scuffled together, after the fashion of boys, civilized or savage, the world over.

The scene was picturesque and peaceful. I saw a wide valley with bluffs rising in terraces one after another till the brown expanse met the sky, the bright green of the willows and cottonwoods that marked the course of the stream, to the west the mountains whose clear-cut outlines were sharply defined against the blue, the rough stockade near at hand, and further off up and down the creek the conical white lodges of the Piegans, and here and there a low cabin, built by the more advanced of them. The Indians passing to and fro, sometimes on foot or again on horseback, with their bright colored blankets, beaded belts and knife sheaths, gave life and color to the picture, which was one not soon to be forgotten.

The Piegans have shown under Major Allen's management a remarkable disposition to work. This no doubt arises in part from their natural intelligence and from the terrible suffering which they underwent during the famine winter, but it is in large measure due to the admirable way in which they are handled and to the encouragement which is given them by Major Allen. In the spring, when the work of getting in the crops was in progress, the men showed themselves very willing to work, and although, through ignorance, their efforts were at first somewhat clumsy and ill-directed, and they easily became discouraged, they soon learned to give efficient help. Now in the fall, when the crop was cut and the thrashing machine was in operation, almost all the work was done by the Indians. They loaded the teams, hauled the grain to the thrasher, helped to feed it, pitched away the straw, and measured and removed the grain. Only one white man was at work at the machine. That portion of the work about which the Indians appeared to use the least judgment was the hauling. They would pile on a wagon an enormous load of oats—far too much to be hauled out over the rough field—and then whip up the little runts of ponies, which would perhaps tug it along until the front wheels dropped down into one of the irrigating ditches by which the area is traversed, and there they would remain until the load was pitched off, or another pair or two of horses were attached to the wagon to pull it out.

It was interesting and encouraging to see the Indians at work, and to note the energy and earnestness with which they went at their tasks. Except at harvest time there is employment for very few, but some of them have garden patches of their own which they cultivate and on which they raised last summer excellent oats, and potatoes which would be sure to take a prize at any agricultural fair here in the East. They are very ignorant on farming matters, and their lack of experience causes them to act in an extremely improvident way. For example, as soon as their potatoes, or some of them, are large enough to eat, they proceed to dig them and carry them off to sell, although if left in the ground the tubers would perhaps continue to increase in size for a month longer. In this way they lose a portion of their crop. There are a hundred similar practical matters in which they need instruction and advice. Quite a number of theses Indians have, as has been stated, wagons, and when not otherwise occupied they drive up to the mountains, twenty miles distant, and haul down loads of wood, which they either sell or stack for their own use. Many of them have built comfortable log cabins which they inhabit in winter, but during the warm weather they prefer—and very naturally—to live in their lodges, which they can move about from place to place.

Except their ponies, with which, however, they are not very well provided, they have no domestic animals besides the dog.

II.—AT SCHOOL.

For a number of years the importance of educating the young Indians has been more and more appreciated. Those who are interested in the subject of Indian civilization have come to realize that in many cases it is quite hopeless to expect that the adult Indians will labor, or indeed contribute much of anything toward their own support. They see that it is only by wholly separating the Indian child from its natural surroundings—from its parents, its home and its blanketed playmates—and bringing it up as a white child—with instructors open or covert on every hand—can it be taught to carry itself as the white child does. The system has not been long enough in operation to have its success thoroughly demonstrated, but enough has been done to show that the Indian child has capabilities which are quite up to those of the average white child, and to promise great things for the Indian race when the practice of educating the children shall have become universal. Down in the Indian Territory, where this plan has been for some time in operation, it is not uncommon to find in white men's stores Indian clerks, whose services are quite as valuable as those of a white man would be. And it has been demonstrated there and elsewhere, that give to the Indian the same advantages that the white man has, and he will not fall far behind the latter in the struggle for existence.

At the Piegan agency there is a school where the Indian children receive instruction, though, owing to lack of funds and consequent want of proper accommodations, it is on a much smaller scale than we could wish were the case. Still the school had during the month of August an average attendance of seventy-four scholars. Of these, about one-fourth are in the boarding school. The rest are day scholars, that is the blanket children, who come from the lodges and camps in the neighborhood, more, perhaps, for the purpose of getting the bread that is issued to the school children at noon than with any idea of acquiring knowledge. The boarding school children are quite different from these. To see them, cleanly and neatly clad, sitting at their desks busy over their book, one might imagine that he had stepped into a New England district school house, except that in few school houses would one find so much earnest attention to duty, and so little disposition to turn away from the task in hand.

The school has only been in operation one year; that is, it was opened last October, and in this short time the children, who before knew nothing but the Piegan tongue, have learned to read very nicely and to write in English. The most remarkable and most interesting feature of the school was the very great interest which the boys and girls took in their work. They seemed to realize that the important business in hand was the accomplishment of their tasks. There was no whispering or attempt at skylarking among the boys, no giggling among the girls, all were interested and absorbed in what was before them. I could see that this earnestness was due in a great measure to the admirable methods of Miss Allen, their instructress, of whom they seemed very fond. It is their love for her which leads them to strive so earnestly to accomplish the tasks which she sets them. The older Indians, too, give the school every encouragement, and those whose children belong to it are very proud of their accomplishments, and use every means in their power to spur the children on to exertion, and to induce them to make the most of the advantages which they have. It is not long since old Running Crane, one of the chiefs of the tribe, made an address to the children, in which he said that they now had a great opportunity to learn things that their fathers never knew; that they ought to try to study very hard and learn quickly; that they must not play in school—the time to do that was when they were out of doors; but that while they were here they should give their attention wholly to their work. I heard a number of the children read, and, after the school was dismissed, which was done most decorously, I had an opportunity of examining their copy books, and of hearing something about them from Miss Allen. From what she told me and from what I saw I could not help thinking that the perceptions of these Indian children are quite as quick as those of the average white child of the same age. It would certainly surprise me to find a white child who after eleven months' instruction could read and write as well as these. Miss Allen related to me a number of touching instances of the desire to please her exhibited by the children, and indeed the influence which she had over them was very remarkable.

Later, in company with Mr. Bartlett, I went through the living portion of the boarding school. Like the school house it was built of logs, and was low, but warm and comfortable and exquisitely neat. It contains, however, only four or five rooms—a dormitory for girls, one for boys, a kitchen and a room for Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett. The latter informed me that, although it was at first difficult to teach the little girls how to cook, wash and so on, they very soon caught the idea, and when they had done so their work was admirable. Certainly their bread and the butter which they had churned was equal to anything I have ever tasted. A few cows are kept for the use of the school, and the butter which the young girls make finds a ready sale at fifty cents per pound, thus adding something to the scanty funds at the disposal of the school. More money is greatly needed, and above all, more room; for the school ought to be large enough to accommodate all the children of the Piegan tribe.

While the girls attend to the housework, a certain portion of the boys' time out of school is occupied in work in the garden. This is a marvel for this part of the country, and speaks volumes for the rich soil of Northern Montana as well as for the industry of the Indian boys who have cultivated it. For all the work, except the plowing, has been done by the schoolboys. It is several acres in extent, and all vegetables except corn, for which the climate is too cold, were growing in the greatest profusion and luxuriance. There were potatoes, turnips, beets, peas, lettuce, parsnips,

parsley, carrots and celery; enough probably to last the school through the year.

That same afternoon I went again to the school and heard the children sing. They did it wonderfully well, and there was to me something pathetic beyond the power of words to express in their singing of one or two patriotic songs. Why should they sing so enthusiastically for the Red, White and Blue, which has robbed them of their land and of their subsistence, and made them paupers, living on its charity and tenants on sufferance of so small a portion of the country that was once all their own. To think of what has been and what is seemed to me inexpressibly sad. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE OLD HEMLOCK BUCK.

I WAS preparing for my fall deer hunt to Michigan when a voice at the door announced the visit of a son of St. Crispin, who in a very quiet way expressed a desire to accompany me. That I was surprised at this request you may be well assured, as Van had cobbled boots and shoes for me many years, and in all these days I had never heard him mention dog, gun nor hunting. even. When the spring flight of pigeons came and every man or boy who could muster a gun was out, Van was pounding away at his last all the same. If he indulged in pigeon pot pie at such times it was purchased at the expense of his hard-earned shillings, or the gift of some neighbor.

It was agreed that Van should be companion on the trip, in case he took care not to fire off his gun at the first moving object in the brush and shoot a man in place of the expected wilder animal. There was no danger of this, he thought; unless he got lost he could always hunt in the opposite direction. The day of departure (10th of November) came and the son of Crispin put in his appearance, and not badly for a green one did he look either.

He stood five feet seven and a half inches in his boots, a hundred and fifty pounds in weight, and erect and very supple for one of his calling. His scull cap was of gray cloth with ear tabs tied over the crown, a brown home made wawmus covered a flannel shirt of like material, with a broad collar turned over all; pantaloons to suit, tied close to the ankles; over these a pair of heavy knit stockings, all held in place by a pair of India rubber shoes, to which a pair of canvas leggins were attached, buttoning up to the knees. A thirty-to-the-pound double-barrel rifle, with powder horn and bullet pouch that looked as though they had seen "continental days," together with sheath knife and hatchet the worse for wear, completed the outfit. We were rather taken aback by this unexpected and complete rig for the work intended, but Van moved around as though it was his every day costume.

Nov. 14 found us in camp on Goodwin Creek in Tuscola county, Michigan. This part of the country at that time was almost an undisturbed forest; for only a few clearings at intervals of miles dotted the newly blazed roads. The remainder of it was known only to the surveyor, lumberman, hunter and Indian. Tuscola and Sanilac counties abounded with game. Elk, bear and wolves were very abundant, while deer ranged the county in numbers equal to any other forest region. Goodwin Creek, a tributary of the Cass River, with its varied timber, undergrowth, rolling lands and impenetrable swamps of black ash and hemlock, made it the best of feeding and shelter grounds for forest animals; and in consequence it had long been a favorite hunting range for the few acquainted with its natural advantages.

The lowlands bordering on the creek for several miles varied in width from thirty to sixty rods, were covered in part with low growth of hazel, black alder and aspen, alternated here and there by small bits of water partially overgrown with flags, buttonball and rose bushes. The high banks on either side of the creek bottom rose abruptly to the height of forty or fifty feet and opened on to rolling lands covered with the heaviest of beech, oak, pine and hemlock timber. Such was the hunting ground of this little river. Even from the imperfect description given the hunter who believes in fair work with the deer can picture here a paradise.

The day of our arrival a heavy snow was falling. This cleared off at night, so the morning was bound to see everything in our favor. Early at the right time we were off up the creek. At its fork it was decided that Van should take the left branch while I was to hunt the right. If nothing prevented we were to meet before night at the lumber camp on the big dam of the right fork. We had separated at the forks; before following the creek half a mile I crossed the fresh tracks of two deer. Soon they were so near I could see the snow fall from the bushes as they passed along on a walk. Sure, I must have one of them soon. I will take my time and see how they work. If they continue to head up the creek I will make a turn to head them off. In a short time they struck into a dense thicket, from whence they diverged, left the bank of the stream and struck off into the heavy timber. While slowly following and pondering what line to take something strange caught my eye. "Gracious! What's this that's stepped in ahead of me? A man's foot, and no mistaking." Then stooping down to examine I recognized the imprint of a rubber shoe with a spread-eagle mark on the sole. "Van's track, sure. What's he doing on my side of the creek? He must be lost and in his bewilderment has stumbled on to my deer." I was suddenly startled from this reverie by the clear crack of a rifle not many rods away. Hurrying up, I soon ran afoul of the lost one, scurrying around with his knife out and punching two deer that lay kicking on the ground. "Hello! Van, what you doing here on my side, killing my deer?" "Oh, I'm the fellow that kills two deer at a shot!" was the only reply. Not another word was exchanged, so we helped clean the deer—a barren doe and picked-up fawn—and drag them home.

After refreshments Van unfolded himself. He said that "after leaving me at the forks he allowed I had got the best of the layout, so he concluded to go well round to my right, hunt beyond me in that direction, and I would never be the wiser for it at night." It was on the way round he came across my game, and followed for a short distance, when he spied them standing in a fallen treetop. He saw but the doe when he fired, and was much surprised to find the other deer kicking out its life by her side. The doe was shot through the shoulders, the fawn through the neck just back of the ear. They were standing ten feet apart.

At noon the sun came out bright enough to blind the wildest deer running, so we agreed to go to a hemlock swamp half a mile from camp and look up an old "Golden" that was well known to several hunters. He was invariably found in or about the swamp, had been fired at often, and though always wounded he got away. But what was most wonderful of all the many stories regarding this supposed mythical animal, it was gravely said that "he had a third horn growing out of the center of his forehead."



We had barely passed along twenty rods of the border of the swamp, than a deer showed a portion of his body in the dense underbrush not as many feet off. We could follow his route by the snow he shook from the brush in passing. As he was making directly to the far side on the west, we struck a fast run to head him off as he might emerge from the thicket. We soon struck a lumber road that skirted the swamp on that side, and had not proceeded far before we saw coming the largest deer on record. At first we thought it an elk, but before we had time to think he had passed behind a large fallen pine tree that led to the road we were following. Van was a few feet in front. As soon as he saw the deer occasionally showing its antlers above the log as it walked slowly along, he motioned his hand behind him, remarked in low voice, "I see the deer," and raised his gun to fire. Now is my time sure, thought I, he will miss, the deer will jump to the road and stop to look into the cause of the commotion, and so give me a clean open shot. Van fired, but the deer did not jump. He fell just where he stood in his tracks. A thirty-to-the-pound ball had severed the spine. It was a clean calculated shot. There was eighteen inches of snow on the log, the ball passed through it where it touched the moss. Had the aim been two inches higher my turn would have come next. As it was, I was my third deer out that day, and before 2 P. M. too. The deer was soon hung up and cleaned. We guessed the weight all the way up to 200 pounds, although he was thin even unto starvation. There was not a single ounce of tallow on him, not even about the kidneys. His paunch contained about half a bushel of hemlock twigs and leaves. He was a hoary, scragged, gray-haired old fellow with a spike horn eight inches long in addition to the regular antlers growing nearly from the center of the forehead. There was an old ball wound through the neck; another had glanced along the left shoulder, making a rough skin wound. He was the veritable "old hemlock buck." We had killed the mythical animal.

Although the buck was worthless as food, it was decided to take him home as a sight worth showing. So I went in search of a lumber team and Van went to try his hand on deer. It was long after dark before I had the big deer in camp. Van was there already, toasting his toes and frying venison. He merely remarked, as I hove in view, "Doctor, now as you've got your hand in at hauling, s'pose you follow that lumber road, from where you have brought this deer, about a mile further to the north and you'll find another hanging up in plain sight; and not to be mean, I will go along and help." "The other" was brought in that night, and well it was so, for before morning it commenced raining with a meaning and kept it up all the next day, and drizzled the day following, froze that night, and so went on day after day for nearly a week, when we so despaired of ever seeing another good hunting day that season, packed up game and traps and left for home. Van gave me the hemlock buck and barren doe. The first weighed 170 pounds dressed; the doe was fat as a squab pigeon, and was considered the best piece of venison I ever brought home. Van never took advantage of his position, though he often told of how he killed two deer at one shot, and I never denied it. My old friend died a few years after this. I have since heard that he was a noted deer hunter in the "parts he came from in Northern New York."

Judge Caton, in his book on "North American Cervidæ," states that a third antler has only been found in the elk, wapiti (*Cervus canadensis*). I send to the museum of FOREST AND STREAM the antlers of the "old hemlock buck," killed Nov. 15, 1856, near Poowin Creek, Tuscola county, Mich., to be identified as a deer's head with a third prong or antler.

CLEVELAND, Ohio. DR. E. STERLING.

DR. E. STERLING.

THE following notes from the Cleveland *Voice* give some welcome information about an individual whose signature is very well and pleasantly known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM:

"Elisha Sterling was born in Salisbury, Conn., Aug. 15, 1820. Nine months later the family moved to New Haven, where they resided till 1824, and then emigrated to Cleveland, by the way of the Erie Canal to Buffalo, thence by lake on the steamer Enterprise. The Doctor says they 'found the city a hamlet of five hundred quiet people.' Mr. Sterling, Sr., went to practicing law with the late George Willey's uncle. The only other practitioner at the bar at the time was Governor Wood. 'Lish' was foremost in all boyish athletics, and had more than his share of mishaps—breaking each leg, at different times, and being once pushed into the canal lock (where he was nearly drowned) by a youngster with whom he quarreled over a string of bullpouts. In such sports as swimming, climbing, foot-racing, wrestling, shooting, fishing and archery, he was proficient. At the proper age Elisha began the study of medicine, and in due time was graduated an M. D. He was then sent to Paris for a course of study. His favorite book had been, he tells us, the life of 'Blue Beard.' 'When it was first proposed to send me to the center of learning, over the sea, my first thought was to visit the abode of Gilles de Retz, on the banks of the Loire. A book found in the National Library, entitled "Voyage Pittoresque et Romanesque dans l'Ancient France," was just what I was after—an immense folio with text and illustrations of all the remarkable chateaus of France. Blue Beard's was among the number. The result of it was that with the first vacation of August, 1848, I could have been seen, staff in hand, on a grand chateau hunt. During this and succeeding vacations twenty-five hundred miles were traveled over.' An episode of his Paris life was an invitation from Ricard to accompany him upon a professional visit to President Louis Napoleon to operate for a stricture of the urethra—a disease the Emperor died of in exile, in 1873. In the fall of 1852 Dr. Sterling formally established himself in Cleveland as a physician and surgeon. The largest fees he ever received were: operating for the stone, $2,000; and $1,000 for plastic operation on the face. His smallest fee was half a penny, 'taken from Artemus Ward, for carrying him through a genuine case of Maumee fever and ague.' The Doctor made the first operation on the Western continent for excision of the hip-joint from gun shot wounds, Aug. 20, 1861. 'The Army Medical and Surgical Record' credits him with the priority. Dr. Blackman, of Cincinnati, claims the honor; but his date is given as ten days later. Dr. Sterling's patient survived eleven years, while Dr. Blackman's only lived four hours, as we are informed. Dr. Sterling has a letter from Dr. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, accrediting him with being the first to make plaster casts of fishes. His enthusiastic love for everything connected with pisciculture is well known. A pleasant evidence of it is the Castalia trout stream, which now furnishes unbounded pleasure to several fishing clubs. The Kirtland Society of Natural Science was the result of a suggestion by the Doctor. The first meeting for its organization was held in his office, Feb. 25, 1869, as the record book will show."

MY FIRST DEER.

THERE are some things one never forgets. The killing of his first deer marks an epoch in a man's life, and if you will listen I shall not be very tedious. I will tell you how I killed mine.

Late in the year 1853 I had reached the mature age of eleven. With a hereditary fondness for natural history and field sports I was eager to be the possessor of a gun. My gentle mother was a widow and I her eldest child. Though born and bred in the far South, where the use of arms is part of a youth's education, she had all a fond mother's anxiety for her children's safety, and whenever I asked for a gun I was told that I would probably kill myself instantly if such an instrument were put into my hands, and that I must wait until I had reached maturer years before my desire could be gratified. My mother was the owner of a very large and well equipped plantation situated in one of the riparian counties of Mississippi and but a few miles from the great river from which the State takes its name. It was her custom when in the United States—for though she lived in Louisiana she was much abroad—to pay a visit in the autumn of each year to this plantation, upon which her bachelor brother resided as her representative and where he maintained the most charming of bachelors' establishments, and I was usually taken along. At the rear of the place there was a horseshoe shaped lake (an old cut-off of the river), full of fish, that in the late autumn and winter months was the resort of myriads of water fowl. Not very far from the plantation mansion, or "great house," as the residence of the master was called, the neighboring gentlemen had built a double log cabin, in which there resided a curious character.

Dennis had served four terms of enlistment in the U. S. Army, and a former company officer who lived near us after leaving the service had taken the old fellow up and built him the cabin mentioned, fitted it up, and the veteran pensioner was passing his last days in great comfort. Like many of his countrymen, old Dennis (though the most faithful of soldiers, and the greatest possible stickler for discipline) had one weakness, viz.: a strong penchant for Kentucky whisky. He had three distinct stages of inebriation. In the first he was very military and conservative, and feared that the introduction of percussion-lock muskets into the service had sapped the warlike spirit of the nation. In his second he was apt to be didactic; and in the third he was rather fond of alluding to his own personal exploits while in the service. He had been First Sergeant in the Company of the Fourth U. S. Infantry while the regiment was in Mexico, and, judging from the conversation he had had with Gens. Taylor and Scott and other officers of high rank, which he used to repeat to two or three of us, the war would never have ended so triumphantly for the American arms but for Dennis's suggestions and advice. Among this old worthy's belongings was an ancient musket of the pattern of 1812, three-banded, with an enormous flintlock. In the veteran's third stage of maudlin inebriety he would point to the ancient weapon as it hung on hickory forks above his cabin door, and with apostrophic gesture tell us of the wonderful fatality that attended its use in the various skirmishes and battles "with thim Mixikins."

As a neighboring lad and I walked slowly homeward after listening to the old sergeant's marvels of slaughter, we used very soberly to wonder that any Mexicans were left after one of these Homeric encounters. As I listened to these stories and gazed at the wonderful instrument of death one day, a wild thought came into my mind. The tremendous possibilities it awakened startled me. I would buy that musket. As I said, the possibilities dazzled me. To own such a death-dealing instrument, one which had accomplished such results—why, it would be too much good fortune for one person to hope for in this world. But the idea grew. I would become the proprietor of the wondrous weapon if money could accomplish it. One day after the old soldier's potations had been of uncommon strength, I delicately broached the momentous question. He looked at me with a glance in which wonder and dignity were blended, and burst into copious tears; but I persevered. Finally he said that if I could produce the sum of two dollars and a half, why, as a great favor, the musket should be mine. Now, I had two gold dollars, and I knew that in any great emergency my uncle could be relied upon for the other half dollar. To make my story short, I got the needed fifty cents, and with my other dollars in my pocket and a beating heart in my breast, I went to old Dennis's cabin to conduct the operation and take possession of the property. He explained the mysteries of loading and priming, and putting in a new flint, he gave me the coveted weapon. I dared not take it home, and

what should I do with the thing now that I had it? Where could I put it? My colored factotum Sam (a typical negro boy of the old time whose mother was my faithful nurse, and a better one there never was) suggested that it be hidden in the hollow of a big sycamore tree, about half a mile from home, until the next Saturday. On Saturdays I had a holiday, and so was not obliged to study. My private tutor who was something of a musician was in the habit of visiting a near neighbor, to whose young daughters he was imparting the rudiments of a musical education, and so I usually had the day to myself.

The next holiday was a beautiful one, just such divine days as sometimes come in the late far South autumns. With a large vial filled with powder, abstracted stealthily from my uncle's abundant powder flask, and a lot of shot of various sizes, from No. 1 buck to No. 6, I proceeded to get out the hidden gun. It had suffered no damage in its concealment, and I loaded it as well as I could, remembering to follow the advice I had received from its late proprietor, using plentiful paper as wadding. Then Sam and I went down toward the lake I have mentioned to shoot at something. A large tree had been blown down by a summer storm, and had fallen with part of its top in the water. Behind this trunk I sat down, with the gun barrel resting across it, and was ready to destroy anything feathered or furred that came in range. We sat there, I should think, an hour. A flock of mallards fresh from northern prairies and lakes sailed slowly up and down, and finally dropped into the water about a hundred yards away, and began preening themselves after their long flight. I waited for them to swim in closer to shore and give them a shot, but they unaccountably, as it seemed, "declined to oblige." Finally, as I was getting tired of so long a stillness, and was thinking of leaving, I heard my boy Sam say, "Jes look dar, Marse Hugh!" I looked, and the sight nearly made me speechless.

Six deer were coming down out of the canebrake, and heading directly for the place we were concealed in. At the head of the column there marched a stately buck, with as fine a head of horns as one could wish to see. Behind him were two does and three younger deer. I hardly dared to breathe. On they came until they were within twenty yards of where we lay hidden. The buck, as became a monarch and gentleman, headed his seraglio and children to the water's edge, where he bent his stately head and took a long draught of the silvery water. A young doe behind him nibbled daintily—with the coquetry of a *grande dame*—at the sweet autumn grass that the water had kept green. The soft lustrous brown eyes of the wild things shone like those of a beautiful woman. I was face to face with God's loveliest children in their most charming mood. The buck looked on as a patriarch might watch the sports of giddy youth, while the younger deer bit at each other in simulated anger or dipped their tawny nostrils and dappled faces in the limpid water. All at once I saw a quick change in the leader. He suspected danger. The wind blew strongly from him to me, but with some instinctive warning he knew his followers were in the way of harm. He reared his branched head and gave a low tremulous whistle. In a second the beautiful creatures were alive with the instinct of self-preservation. But what was it? Who had seen the slayer man whom they had reason to fear since Nimrod the Mighty Hunter. In the intentness with which I watched them I forgot that I had a gun.

"Fo' mussy's sake, Marse Hugh, why don't yo' shoot?" I heard my African lieutenant whisper in a voice of agony. Tremulous I somehow pulled back the massive flint-bearing hammer until with a loud "tchick" it was at full cock. The buck detected a movement. He started to run, but in some invisible way gave orders that the others should go first. He would cover the retreat as became a hero and warrior patriarch, heading his own family. He stepped off about forty yards and stopped. I tried to sight him, but my eyes filled with water and the front sight looked as big as a barrel. In desperation I wildly pulled the trigger and the ponderous hammer came down. The gun had snapped. If that buck had only gone then. He started at the click of the falling hammer and ran about twenty yards, and then, as if in defiant bravado, deliberately walked back toward me, followed timidly by the others. They too, wanted to see what that gray looking thing behind the log was. In a second my nerve returned. I was as calm and steady as though I sat in my mother's big rocking chair. I pushed back the tumbler that covered the pan and again cocked the gun. Taking as good aim as I could I pulled the trigger the second time.

I have since then lain in front of forty heavy pieces of artillery in hot action and helped handle a battery of 13-inch mortars, but never did I hear such a roar! The musket recoiled terribly, for I must have had in it five drams of quick burning powder. The heavy cock caught me on the lip as the musket leaped backward and knocked out two of my teeth. It hit Sam, who was looking over my shoulder, directly on the nose, reducing that organ—too flat for beauty in its normal condition—to a degree of flatness that feature seldom attains, and he always averred that it kicked him four times after it got him on the ground, but of that I had my doubts. I wanted to cry but dared not, while Sam, whom no degree of pride restrained, bellowed like a yearling bull. After we washed our faces and repaired damages as well as we could it occurred to me to look for my deer. Poor fellow; there he was! The charge had gone high, but very close, and broken his back. He could stand upon his fore legs, but never more would he leap or run again. For a moment I would have given anything in the world to have had that deer unhurt and full of life as he had been so little a while ago. The wound was deeper than I thought, for in a moment more he rolled over, his lungs filled with blood and he fell limp and lifeless—dead. With his death came a revulsion of feeling. The hunting instinct at a hunting race blazed up. I forgot my bruised mouth and missing teeth. I had killed a deer!

Well, I went home, walking on air, and told my story. The deer was brought in and hung up on the lower limbs of a great oak. My uncle, who was delighted at the exploit, said that if I would get the Multiplication Table so I could say it backward by Christmas he would give me a gun suited to my age and strength. By the most terrible mental effort I have ever undergone I performed the feat, and Christmas saw me the proud owner of a beautiful English shotgun, which did me but little good, for in the following summer I had to go to France to be educated. Gentle, patient reader, I have had a fair share of the world's honors—rude as they are. I have rode out in front of a crack cavalry regiment as its commander when but little more than a boy, but never, never have I known that supreme ecstacy that comes from achievement to such a degree as I did when I showed my gentle mother and kind old uncle my first deer.

October 6. Mississippi Lowlands.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE CONICAL WORM SNAKE.

In my paper of March 5 on the "Ground or Worm Snakes," allusion was made to the little "conical worm snake" of India (*Gongylophis conicus*), at present an inmate of our London Zoological Gardens. I was then anticipating the brighter skies of summer to enable me to observe it while feeding, Tyrrell, our head keeper at the Reptilium, having reported to me its habit of constricting its prey. Now we have always associated the idea of constrictors—those which kill their prey by constricting or crushing it in their coils—with the larger serpents, boa, python, anaconda, and a few others, and not at all with the small burrowing snakes, many of which approach the lizard in structure. This conical worm snake, therefore, was a subject of great interest to me, more especially so because our principal European authorities make no mention of its habits, which indeed Dr. Günther, in his "Reptiles of British India," affirms to be but little known.

Feeding time—once a week at the Reptilium—commences with the sunset bell; consequently a bright, clear evening and the willingness of *Gongylophis* to partake of his supper without loss of a moment of the precious twilight were matters of anxious desire. Promptly came the obliging keeper to the worm snake's cage first; in it were also several other small snakes, including the pretty little *Heterodon nasicus* from Kansas, presented by Dr. Garman, of Cambridge, Mass. I may here repeat that this conical worm snake keeps itself continually hidden under the gravelly shingle that covers the floor of its cage. Just its nose and the top of its head, no bigger than one of the pebbles, which in color it resembles, may be discerned by a practiced eye, and there it remains motionless hour after hour. Unless from this habit of hiding itself, I don't know why it is called a "worm snake," as it is a true ophidian and in no way related to the others of that name, or at all resembling a worm.

But fast waning daylight makes us impatient, even in imagination, and we eagerly watch Tyrrell and the shingle as five little white mice are dropped into the cage. Instantly one was seized by a *Coronella cana* and coiled so swiftly that the eye could not follow the movements. This little coluber, then, is also a constrictor; and while noting with some relief that the poor little mouse was instantaneously killed, not a limb quivering to betray any suffering—hey, presto! the pebbles flew, and like a jack in the box springing to light, *Gongylophis* was on the surface with a mouse almost hidden in his coils also! Thus, motionless, the snake remained for nearly five minutes, when, without loosening its hold, it began to examine its victim. Finding the head and deliberately getting that between its jaws, it proceeded to swallow the mouse, which operation occupied only a few minutes. Sparing a glance for the *Coronella cana* I saw that while still tightly coiling the first mouse, it had caught and was eating a second. Presently, in process of deglutition the coils necessarily slackening, a viperine snake coolly secured the dead mouse and, undisturbed, devoured the same. Meanwhile *Gongylophis*, after partaking of his mouse, worked his way stealthily under the gravel, causing just so slight a commotion on the surface as to enable one to trace his route to a further corner, where his head reappeared and where he remained watching mouse the fourth. This little quadruped, however, espied those treacherous eyes, and giving a spring to the middle of the cage, ran up the stem of a shrub and settled himself among the branches, calmly surveying the scene below, and apparently having "quite a good time" in his security. Any of the snakes could have easily followed him had they been so minded, but in their pre-occupation mousey gained courage, and presently dropping down among them again, sat on its hind legs to wash its face and make itself generally comfortable. During these few minutes *Gongylophis* made a slow excursion round the cage, thus enabling us to see his entire length and coloring as he stole up to mouse the fifth, caught and constricted it for exactly four minutes. With the vanishing twilight this second mouse disappeared down his captor's throat, obscurity then terminating that evening's observations and leaving one of the five mice still at its toilet.

This Indian "worm snake" is a sad glutton, sometimes surfeiting himself disgracefully. On one occasion, when his sole companion was a green *Paperita* just arrived, the keeper, to tempt the new comer, put four mice into the cage, all of which were caught and swallowed by *Gongylophis* before his comrade could seize one. The consequences of this gluttony next day can be imagined; nor was the inconvenience confined to himself, because his loss of appetite for some succeeding days frustrated my next week's observations.

That he is a true constrictor, however, admits of no doubt; and we find a reason for this in the fact that in structure he is very similar to the boas, to which he is related. But while his relatives who climb trees possess a long, prehensile tail, his has diminished to an inch and a half, and is stout and of a conical shape. Living under ground a prehensile tail would be useless. It is from this peculiarly short, pointed tail that *Gongylophis* derives his specific name *conicus*, and not from the head, as I at first supposed, that being also of a conical form and the only part of the little "worm snake" that I had then seen. It is one of the family of sand snakes (*Erycidæ*), and so closely related to *Eryx* that Duméril calls it *Eryx conicus*, or *L'Eryx à queue conique*. Its average length is somewhat over two feet; in color it is chiefly brown, prettily marked with black down its back; the ventral scales are white. In some species rudimentary hind limbs are slightly distinguishable in the form of very faint prominences or stylets on each side, near the base of the tail. This is another feature which these very small ground snakes (*Eryx* and *Gongylophis*) possess in common with the gigantic constrictors, tree boas and the anaconda (a water snake), affording an interesting example of certain inherited distinctions which have been preserved alike in individuals which in other respects have widely diverged from the ancestral type.

Though so different from Mr. Horsford's worm or ground snake, which was the starting point of these investigations, *Gongylophis* has extended our acquaintance with the constricting snakes, which we find to include not a few of the smaller snakes. *Coronella cana*, the hoary snake, from South Africa, is a constrictor, coiling and retaining its prey until dead; so is the lacertine snake, *Cœlopeltis lacertina*, but this latter being the subject of recent investigations claims a few words to itself in due time. Several of the smaller snakes, which, in structure, are not true constrictors, nevertheless use the coils of their body to assist them in holding and managing unwieldy prey, though not to kill it. I have seen a *Heterodon* and an English ring snake do this in dealing with a bulky or troublesome frog, while the true burrowers, or the lizard snakes, depend solely on the grasp of their jaws, and swallow their food by a succession of quick snaps, as the limbed lizards do.

May we not hope to hear that further observations have been made this summer on the habits of the American worm snakes, and the result of those promised investigations of Mr. Horsford's little worm snake that "ran under ground" so nimbly?

Catherine C. Hopley.

HABITS OF CRAYFISH.

Of our fresh-water animals, none possess more interest to an observer than the common crayfishes. I say common because in most parts they are rare or not found at all. They dart about in our streams and pools and play around the water in a most interesting manner. I have sat on the shady banks of a pretty stream near Washington for hours and watched these little creatures as they busied themselves about their work, and my interest never flagged, for I was always learning something new about their habits. They are very pugnacious and will fight, kill and eat each other if they get the chance; but their chief food consists of succulent roots and waste matter in the stream.

When the eggs are laid the female catches them as they are deposited, on her swimmerets, beneath the tail, and to these hairy appendages the eggs stick by a gluey secretion. Upon these they are held by the female until they are hatched, and even then the newly-formed and imperfectly-developed young, by a strange instinct are led to remain attached to the female for a few days. It is interesting to watch the animal in this stage. The young gradually develop the power of swimming and begin to wander a short distance from their birthplace as their power increases. Whenever danger is apprehended the tiny things fly precipitately back to their mother. Gradually they venture further, until at last they leave their parent for good to seek their fortune in the small stream, and perhaps to be eaten by the very mother who so carefully protected them in their earlier days.

The old crayfish as they swim about present a peculiar appearance as, carrying their large claws clumsily in front of them, they slowly walk forward, or suddenly dart backward by quick flaps of the tail. How often have I stood on the banks of the stream and watched them go through their motions. Turn over a stone and when the mud clears you will see crouched away in the darkest corner one of these animals looking up at you with its stalked eyes. Place your hand suddenly in the water and he is gone like a flash, and you see him rapidly making his way down the stream. An easy method of catching these creatures is to place a little net just behind them, and then to frighten them. They will almost invariably dart backward into the net.

In distribution they are very curious, for in certain large areas in this country they are entirely absent, and in one stream they may be abundant, while in another adjacent to it not one can be found. There are many different kinds, all differing in some minor technical point. All east of the Rockies are of one genus, and west of those mountains the other genus, *Astacus*, is found. In New England there are none, except in a river in the north of Maine, where one kind is found. That such a large area should be uninhabited by these animals, while the much less favorable place, the Mammoth Cave, has a peculiar blind kind of its own, is certainly remarkable. On the banks of the Mississippi there is a burrowing species which does great damage by digging holes in the levees. In Virginia there are at least three kinds, the large edible river species, the burrowing kind and the brook species. The latter inhabits nearly every little stream flowing into the Potomac, and is almost invariably present in the springs at the head of the stream. Every Virginia planter protects these little creatures when found in the springs, "for they purify the water," he says, and with good reason.

There is one species which I have had especial opportunity for observing and which is, without doubt, the most interesting one of the whole group inhabiting the United States. This is the burrowing crayfish, technically called *Cambarus diogenes*. It was found in a meadow near Washington, living in abundance in burrows in the ground at a considerable distance from the stream. No one has published anything upon the subject, except the naturalist Girard many years ago, and my observations differ somewhat from his.

In this meadow, which in winter is covered with water, the holes are found in great numbers, and each is covered by a chimney or mound made of pellets of mud. At the end of a burrow, which varies from six inches to three feet, according to circumstances, is a bottle-shaped cavity in which the crayfish lives. The bottom of the hole contains about a pint of muddy water, from which the crayfish must get its oxygen for breathing. The hole is sometimes not over half an inch in diameter, and is often as wide as two inches, varying with the size of the inhabitant. At the bottom of each burrow one adult animal is always found and never more.

For reasons which I shall not attempt to explain here, I am led to believe that during the winter the burrowing crayfishes retire to the water in the stream, and in the spring, finding the water decreasing in volume, that ungovernable force, called instinct, leads them to burrow in the ground primarily to escape the drouth and also to raise their young. The burrow is dug perpendicularly until water is reached, and as long as water is left in the hole, the animal is satisfied. But soon the increased heat of the summer dries up the surface water, and the crayfish is obliged to burrow deeper. In doing so more mud has then to be excavated, and this is piled in the shape of a mound or chimney around the mouth of the hole. How the creature rolls up large pellets of mud to the surface is hard to understand. But that it does push them up the smooth and regular side of the burrow, is a fact clearly shown by the evidence at hand.

What the animal lives on deep down in its burrow is difficult to see. I have never seen it out in the daytime, and as there is nothing in the hole to eat it must go out by night. There are no side burrows and no tunnelings, and never have I found two burrows united. The male and female are separated by masses of earth, and to come into communication with each other they must meet outside the burrow. I found large numbers of females with the young clinging to their swimmerets, and these must all live in the almost dry narrow burrow. How do they get a sufficient amount of oxygen? It is an intensely interesting creature and one which will bear much study. At present nothing positive is known about it and the subject is open to any student of nature.

Ralph S. Tarr.

THE NIGHTHAWK.

WE do not agree with the opinion expressed by "Curtis" in his "Notes on the Nighthawk," FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 8, when he says "there was possibly never more of a misnomer in natural history than the name of this bird." We think that "hawk," with the limiting word "night," is a name that is quite as appropriate as hundreds of other popular names, and it is certainly much more suggestive than many vernaculars. Although the writer condemns nighthawk in his first paragraph, he goes right along using it throughout his article, occupying two-thirds of a column, nor does he suggest a substitute. It is just as well perhaps that he does not, for there is no doubt that nighthawk is the best English name we have for the bird, notwithstanding the fact that "Curtis" tells us that "its hairy head, large eyes, and rapidity of flight should have prevented its being classed with the birds of prey!"

Our ignorance may be inexcusable, but we were not aware that the nighthawk had ever been "classed with the birds of prey." As regards hairy head, large eyes and rapidity of flight we might say that the only hair on the head of the nighthawk is that constituting the rictal bristles, while many hawks have a comparatively large amount of hair among the feathers of the head; large eyes are to be found in the owls, which we believe are "classed with the birds of prey;" and rapidity of flight—need we remind "Curtis"?—is a feature for which the birds of prey are remarkable.

A little thought on the part of any one will convince him that there are characters in which the nighthawk resembles certain of the smaller rapacious birds, especially those of the family *Strigidæ*, and it will be very easy for him to account for the common name. The nighthawk is crepuscular or nocturnal in its habits, under ordinary circumstances; its mottled coloration, its barred tail and under parts, its flight, its "swoops," its long wings, its large head, and its acute vision are points on the strength of which the average person would feel justified in dubbing the possessor nighthawk.

We do not call attention to the above features to attempt to demonstrate that there is any affinity between the hawks and owls and the nighthawk, but simply to show that there is a strong superficial resemblance, which should not be overlooked when considering vernacular names. S.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM for July 30, 1885, Dr. E. Sterling writes he has never met with the night hawk's (*Caprimulgus virginianus*) eggs protected by stick, straw, or material of any kind whatever. I found a nest of two eggs this summer at side of small orange tree. The eggs were upon a bed of pine needles placed about the tree as mulch.

FRANK H. FULLER.

FRUITLAND, Fla.

DOG-WOLF HYBRIDS.—The Philadelphia *Press* has a note about the "Zoo's" dog-wolf hybrids recently noticed in these columns: "The three surviving members of the half-dog and half-wolf family, born at the Zoological Gardens three months ago, are showing their savage nature more every day. Yesterday afternoon keeper McCadden heard a noise in the pen in which they are kept, and in which was also a little red fox. Running to the cage he saw the three dog-wolves attacking the fox. The keeper made a rush for the cage, but before he could get in the red fox had been torn limb from limb by his vicious companions and was being eaten up. Head keeper Bryne said he had been expecting some trouble from that quarter for some time, and as the wolves grow older they exhibit a very bad disposition on account of being half-breeds.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOTIONS ABOUT SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have always been an advocate of the maxim "The best is the cheapest," but have not always been successful in finding out the best. In the autumn of 1883 I purchased a supply of powder, for which I paid $1.60 per pound; and at the same time my brother got a lot for the removing of which the storekeeper fined him the sum of 38 cents per pound. (That is the way I put it at the time.) One day he proposed that we try the relative strength of the two brands. We loaded a dozen shells from each lot with 3½ drams, 1⅛ ounces, and shot them all from the same gun at a target, distance from 25 to 45 yards, and we could tell no difference in the pattern or penetration, and the fouling of the gun was about the same. This may sound like a "barefoot-boy-with-a-pin-hook" story; but I don't care, it is correct.

I noted the strictures of one of your correspondents on hammerless gun. I admit that they have a sort of "remember-Tam-O'Shanter's-mare" look, and at first sight impress one about as favorably as an earless pig; but the man who thinks that they will decline in favor surely reckons without his host. I have many a time failed to get in my second barrel because the game jumped suddenly and I had no time to cock it; but in the hammerless both barrels are controlled by the same motion of the safety brake, and with me this advantage neutralizes any argument that can be brought against this form of gun. The exception taken by the same correspondent to the expression "hammers below line of sight when cocked" savors a little of captiousness. He might as well argue that we cannot compare the levels of lakes Maggiore and Geneva with a line drawn along the summits of the Alps; that the lakes would have to be side by side and under the Alps before the expression "below the level of their summits" would be legitimate.

I wonder why some manufacturer does not bring out a hammer gun with a safety brake. I believe it would "take."

I think "Ah-Pe" has fallen into the same error that he places at the door of a certain "gunmaker and author," that of discriminating unfairly in favor of the products of his own country. I think some of his statements are not quite justified by facts. He insinuates that any person who shoots an English or Belgian gun costing less than $50 does so at the risk of his life. Now in this country there are hundreds of such guns in use, costing all the way from $18 to $45, and I have heard of but one case of bursting of barrels, and that was the fault of the shooter. Moreover I can show two guns (side-snap and under-lever actions) that cost $22 and $24 respectively, that have seen six years' usage on our marshes and are not "shaken to pieces" by a jugful. In this vicinity guns that cost over $50 are like the proverbial angels' visits.

Again, he says that it is not worth while to go over the water for a gun, except you want "external show," and then you should patronize Purdey and some few other London makers. He also says every dollar you pay over $250 is for "external show." The gun that Purdey sends out here for $450 is plain, no engraving, and, according to "Ah-Pe," we pay him a clear profit of $200. I would rather take the profit and buy a good Birmingham gun with it. I may have a depraved taste, but I would take a Scott, Richards, Ellis or Greener hammerless before a Purdey, as the latter has gearing enough for a sawmill, and some of the forces used in operating it are a long distance from their points of application. I have nothing to say against American guns, but "Brummagem" is good enough for me. L. I. FLOWER.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

MOOSE AND DEER IN MAINE.

THE work of enforcing the Maine moose and deer protective laws is being pushed with the usual vigor. It is believed by those deeply interested that there has been less poaching the past open season than the previous year, or perhaps any season since the rigorous pursuit begun of those who shoot when the law says nay. But still everything is not yet exactly as it should be. Even gentlemen (?) sportsmen stoop to shooting deer out of season. In Richardson Pond, a few rods from Richardson Lake—one of the Androscoggin chain—could have been seen the bones, half denuded of the flesh, of two deer—were seen Sept. 25—the Maine open season begins Oct. 1. No use whatever had been made of these deer; every bone was intact. They had evidently been in the water a month or more. On this pond are the camps of two gentlemen—handsome summer cottages. These gentlemen have been in camp, with their families and friends, also a large force of guides, since early summer. They say that they have even taken their ladies out, behind the jacklight, and given them the sight of a deer; so plenty are the creatures. But they are silent upon the subject of shooting. Who killed the two deer left in the water? No outsider could have done it without the knowledge of the owners of those camps or their guides.

But there is trouble with the Indians. They have killed some deer in the northeastern part of the State, whether gentlemen have tolerated such a breach of sportsman-honesty in the western part of the State or not. A Calais paper says that Lewy Mitchell, a Passamaquoddy Indian, who can read and write, and is intelligent enough to understand the game laws, came to town the other day, on the warpath after Warden French, who had poisoned his hound found running deer near Clifford Lake. The Indian employed a lawyer, with the idea of recovering damages for the loss of his dog, which he claimed to be warranted under treaty right. But he found that there was "no property in dogs;" that the warden had done his duty; that a warrant could not be granted. The satisfaction took another turn. Warden French got a warrant for the arrest of the Indian for violation of the game laws. The case excited a great deal of interest, and able arguments were presented both for the Indian and for the prosecution. The result was the finding of the red man guilty, but the judge imposed the lightest fine under the law—$40. Against this ruling the Indian appealed, and the case will come before the April term of the Supreme Judicial Court at Calais.

Warden French has had further trouble at Clifford Lake. Indians appeared hunting deer with dogs. The warden came on the scene. The Indians took alarm and fled to the woods. Warden French found they had gone to Little Munquosh, where there were four other Indians in temporary camp. In the dead of night he started after them. He arrived at their camp at 2 A. M. Landing from his canoe before the Indians took alarm, he dropped into their midst, flashing his dark lantern. He ordered the Indians to lie down. Terror-stricken they obeyed. He then shot the poor dogs, two in number, who showed more courage than their guilty masters, attempting to bite the officer. He then entered his canoe and paddled away, telling the Indians he would attend to their case before the courts. It was a brave exploit.

The Calais *Times* finds that moose are returning to the borders of Dobsis Lake, one of their best natural breeding and feeding grounds. One weighing 900 pounds was killed there on Monday before the open season began on Thursday, with no attempt to bring it out till the proper time. Alas! for the pains those styling themselves gentlemen will take to evade a wholesome game law—a law which, under the unwilling obedience it has received, is restoring this lordly game to its natural haunts in the remote parts of the Pine Tree State. A sportsman who goes into the remote sections of Maine every fall and is not over-particular about the season remarked the other day: "Let them enforce the law the best they can. It is not half so hard to find a moose as it was two years ago. They are beginning to increase. It takes some courage to kill a moose nowadays, even just before the 1st of October!" And yet this man is not willing to obey a law he sees to be of so great value to other sportsmen. True friends of the Maine game laws who go there annually begin to feel toward those who kill out of season just as they would toward a thief who should steal game from them which they had lawfully killed in open season.

When we were boys we had our lines of mink and muskrat traps every fall. The ground was too great to be gone over each day by any one of us. We visited the traps by turns. There was true honor among the boys. Each was sure of what had fallen to his own traps. This went on for many years. At last one boy began to find too much in his traps. We stood it till we knew he was guilty of stealing, with only the silent trees and murmuring brooks as witnesses. Then we turned him out. We also failed to further set our traps while he remained in the neighborhood. We believed the skins would all fall to his clutches. All confidence in trapping was gone; a thief, against whom we had no means of defense save his own honor—this was void—was among us. We felt toward that boy just as we feel to-day toward the man who will go on to our hunting grounds—everybody's hunting grounds in open season—and kill a moose or deer contrary to law and sportsman's honesty, just because he can do so and evade the law, either through his position as a gentleman or an expert in keeping out of the way of detectives.

As showing that moose are increasing in Maine it may be mentioned that a train of cars killed one not long ago between Danforth and Forest. Also, a gentleman driving in Fredericton, met, below Nashwaak, a large bull moose which showed fight toward the horse, pawing and striking with his forward feet till frightened away by the gentleman himself. A moose also walked leisurely out into a cornfield in Kingfield one day last July. SPECIAL.

THE FOX AS A TREE CLIMBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am invited by your correspondent Mr. Conway to express an opinion as to whether the fox which treed twice the same day in front of Gen. Washington's hounds was a gray or a red. It was a gray beyond the peradventure of a doubt. The red fox goes to earth always.

I possess a knowledge of the accumulated experience of three generations upon this point, which I have heard often discussed by my father and his friends. For fifty years my father kept a pack and followed them with a zeal and skill perhaps never surpassed. I have myself given many days to the sports of the field and study of the habits of game. With the lights before me I am not prepared to believe that a red fox ever took to a tree in front of the hounds. I am not to be understood as calling in question any man's veracity; but if anybody believes that he has ever seen a red fox up a tree my opinion is that he is mistaken. On the other hand, the gray fox trees habitually when pressed by hounds, and doubtless often when pressed for food.

This arboreal habit of the gray fox is, so far as my knowledge extends, entirely exceptional among the wild *Canidæ*, and is a nut for the Darwinians. Know they anything of any tree-climbing *canis* toward whose arboreal habit this proclivity of the gray fox of to-day is a reversion; and why do not reds revert also, or any modern dog whatsoever?

There is a peculiar fact of geographical distribution to be noted concerning the territory occupied by the reds and grays. The seat of my maternal ancestors was Gunston Hall, within sight of the home of General Washington, at Mt. Vernon. My father's family owned, and some of them always occupied large estates near Fairfax Court House, and my own home was in Loudoun county. My own personal observation of the habits of the fox covers, therefore, the very ground over which General Washington rode to his hounds. In my early life a red fox was seldom seen in that part of Fairfax, the grays had almost exclusive possession. In comparatively recent years the reds became tolerably numerous about Fairfax Court House, but the grays are still most numerous in that section. Twenty miles north of Fairfax Court House, where my Loudoun home was, I have never to this day seen a gray fox, nor heard of one being seen within the last thirty years, though I have hunted over every acre, I believe, within a radius of ten miles hundreds of times, and have started and killed many scores of reds.

One more fact and I will have done. The red fox produces its young invariably in an earth den. Sometimes when a den is abandoned for cause the young are temporarily deposited in the root of a hollow tree, but rarely and under exceptional circumstances. The gray fox habitually produces its young in a hollow stump or log, or in the root of a hollow tree. M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN THE BAD LANDS OF DAKOTA.

NOVEMBER had come. The beautiful cool weather was just such as to entice one to enjoy outdoor exercise. The sky clear, the sun bright, the stars countless in their splendor. The first day's travel at an end, the sheet iron stove was in full blast; just within the tent two of the boys were cleaning the prairie chickens killed along the road on our way; and soon the potatoes and the chicken and the biscuit were all before us for our first supper in camp. Then we talked of the sport in store; there was to be no uncertainties as in the East. That we would get deer we were certain.

For three days we go north, into the Bad Lands; all the way the hunting is good for birds and deer. We know we are passing hundreds of them, but our hearts are set on a certain place and we keep on for that. Our path leads along the Missouri River all the way. We have no timber in this part of Dakota except a narrow strip on each side of the river, where you will find forests of from one to five thousand acres, very thick with willow and other brush. This makes a splendid cover for deer and other game. All the deer for hundreds of miles come to the timber in the fall, when prairie fires burn over all the country and drive all game to the timber. Hats are thrown into the air as the last camping ground is reached. It is a beautiful spot on the bank of the river. Two of the boys must go out and see what the signs are. In twenty minutes the sharp report of a rifle is heard; then another, and still another; and we know we are certain of meat for supper. The boys come in, and it is only one hour from the time they left. "Hitch up," is the command. This means deer. "Well, boys, what success?" "An antelope." We start with the wagon and reach the spot without any trouble, for both deer and antelope are almost always shot out in the coolies, or up on the prairie away from the timber, where they come out to feed in the evening or morning. Antelope never go into the timber at all. We reach the spot just at the edge of the timber, and are surprised to find no antelope, but instead two large blacktail deer. A deer steak, to men who are hungry, is just about as fine a dish as one can find.

The night is so beautiful that we all gather outside the tent around a bright campfire. One old fellow, who has hunted for years in the Northwest when a white man was not certain of living one hour, as the Indian were ever after him, spins his tales of adventure and tells of the countless thousands of bullalo he had seen swimming the river at this point, years before, when the steamboat was often stopped because the river was full of them. This seemed a little large, but all the old river men will tell of the same. The buffalo is no more.

The old man is heard calling the camp to breakfast when the clock points to 4. At daybreak we must be stationed along the timber to watch for the incoming deer, which is often a beautiful sight; and when the boys open fire excitement runs high. It is not long before the clear sharp report of Will's Marlin is heard from a treetop, where he has climbed, and a lone deer is seen coming our way with that long swinging bound which they take when not very much frightened and not certain if they should leave their fallen mate. When within seventy-five yards she rears high in air, makes a few bounds and falls in answer to the call of the rifle. Now we all look at the two deer, for Will had gotten a fine buck, and start for the high ground and the deep ravines. These coolies are very narraw, deep ravines with here and there a patch of an acre or two of brush. Deer often stop in these for the day; we soon jumped two and took them on the run. By the time we had the game in camp it was noon. Then we got ready for a drive. Three of us stationed ourselves on an old road which leads one mile from the prairie into the river. Two of us went out of the timber a few miles, and riding two Indian ponies worked down slowly. The chances were good of getting good shots at retreating deer. Two were shot during the afternoon by

the drivers, while only one was killed by those on the stand. This made seven for the day. The evening is the best time for deer hunting, but the boys were tired and we were out for sport and pleasure. We sat on the bank of the river and caught some large catfish, while a few practiced with the rifle on chickens, which were to be seen by the hundreds in the treetops.

Can you imagine anything more delightful than to spend a week in this way? If you want to go home and do not wish to drive you can signal a passing boat and in a few hours you are at home. We spent a week in this way—the most delightful in my life. We trapped foxes and wildcats and other game as pastime, and at the end of the week loaded up forty-two fine deer, and had we been hunting for profit we could have doubled this number. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

BISMARCK, Dakota.

GUN—CALL—GRAMPUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue for Oct. 1 is an addendum to "Woodcraft" which I think good and sound, though I say it as shouldn't say it. But there is a fearful balk or botch in the three sentences commencing at the eighty-third line. I don't think my MS. will show such clumsy work, and it could hardly be in the proof reading. Some clipping and bungling about the compositor business, I reckon. Anyhow, amend or burn it. If you haven't the MS. let the lines read about like this, commencing at the eighty-third line: "He would start out from camp at early dawn at a five mile gait, and tramp through the woods all day as if on a wager, while I crept about silently or kept quiet watch on the runways, scarcely traveling more than three miles in a day's hunt. He was constantly jumping deer at long range and taking chances on stern shots, by which it happened that he had a great many wounded deer to look after, while my shots were mostly at short range and the bullets tucked snugly in just abaft the foreleg. He made at least four shots to my one, etc."

And the pleasantest days have come, the best of all the year—to us of the Gulf coast—the saddest to you up there, perhaps. Mercury at 6 A. M. down to 64°. Insects—and the list of them is a long one—all gone, or nearly so. New shanty and council-log in running order. The best camp by odds I ever made, and the pleasantest. It is to be headquarters for the next six months, and one can afford to take pains with his home. The council-log is of Spanish cedar, and just trims with a crew of five. There is a little hatchet sticking in each end of the log, not for the benefit of tourists and canoeists, but I shall have a good many visitors at the camp-fire this coming winter, and it is likely some of them will be fishermen.

I have the turkey call in practice. You ought to hear me. The first time I tried it I stampeded an old gobbler who nearly broke his neck getting away. But I improve on it. I lie in camp nights practicing for hours; and you can't hire a young darky to go past the camp after sundown. It is also excellent for stampeding the half wild pigs that come about the camp at night to root and steal. And I think with a few weeks' practice I can attain to the inveiglement of a turkey, a half-grown one, say.

I send a sliver from the council log and trust you will not accuse me of putting on airs because I have a finer residence and surroundings than most woodsmen and outers. It is not that, but red cedar is fine fragrant wood, and it is likewise distasteful to most insects and reptiles. Sitting on such a log you are less likely to rise up and grab frantically at your trousers on the chance of crushing the industrious scorpion that is hidden therein. I did that a few Sundays agone. And this week I caught it on the port ear. It was about like a bee sting or hardly as severe. But I am a little shy of the deadly grampus.

My respects to "Meat-Hawk." Am not conversant with the Nirris and Abors. But if he will spend a few days in my camp I will convince him I am rather cleanly in personal habits and I can cook something which he can eat. Let him read "Woodcraft" more carefully. NESSMUK.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Oct. 8.

ON BUZZARD'S BAY.

MONDAY morning bright and early we went on board the Minnie, a cat-rigged craft, Capt. Albert Dunlap, with guns, fishing tackle and provisions for a week. The last four days had been cold and rainy, but now the sun was out as bright as a new silver dollar. When we left, as the clock was striking seven, there was very little wind and things looked as though we we were sure to have a fair day; but before we got to Black Rock, seven miles down the bay, it was blowing a gale, so good-bye to fishing. We ran around inside of Jacob's Neck, hove over the mud hook, got the oil stove going, had the coffee hot, fried salt pork in which to fry our quahogs, got out the hard bread; and some of your readers can guess how it tasted to a man who had not been on the water for a year.

After dinner the covers came off the guns, and getting into the skiff we pulled for a creek which makes into the island for about a mile. You can judge of our surprise when after tramping the shores and marshes for two hours we had only one yellowleg and two ringnecks. We found our old enemies the mosquitoes here, and I stand ready to match West Island against any place in New England for mosquitoes, both for size and ferocity. Tired out we went on board and had supper. Capt. Dunlap got in both barrels at a crane, but missed at forty yards, when I gave him an ounce and a quarter of No. 8 shot and brought him down.

Tuesday it rained all day, but we went off to a lone rock and caught some tautog and one scup; but as the wind was beginning to blow quite fresh again we ran in shore and anchored. Then I taught the captain to make an Irish stew.

Wednesday morning we went ashore and tramped around the island about five miles, but got never a feather. We left the island about 10 o'clock and ran to the south and west of Black Rock, where we caught fifty pounds of tautog, the largest being one of five pounds; and at 2 o'clock we started for a beat to windward of ten miles, arriving at the wharf at half-past 4 o'clock.

Take it all around we had a good time in spite of the very bad weather. I shall always remember that trip; there were no birds, no good weather, "no nothing" but mosquitoes, but the lively captain kept me from having the blues, as he always does for his passengers. Will some one tell us why we did not find more birds, or were we too late in the season? West Island has always been a good place for them.

OLD PARD.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Oct. 12.

MICHIGAN'S SHAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a trip up the line, over the Menominee mineral range. As the season for killing deer is now open, every train brings in from six to twenty hunters. I stopped at Crystal Falls for one week. The deer brought into the village averaged twenty-five saddles per day. Only the saddles are brought in, for the local buyers refuse to buy anything else; and outside hunters find it very inconvenient to ship whole carcasses in barrels, so they ship only saddles. Every express train carries boxes and barrels of venison marked "Cranberries, handle with care." So, notwithstanding we have a non-export law, the slaughter still goes on. Local buyers pay the small price of four and five cents per pound for saddles and hides. In summer the hide hunter kills only for hides. As the open season approaches the deer butchers can see visions of dollars ahead that he cannot get during the hide-gathering season.

I saw every day does brought in, their udders distended with milk; many of them in the velvet. One load of eight had been killed so long that the carcasses were rotten, and the buyers refused them. The deer butcher, one Clark, simply jerked off the hides and dumped the saddles into the river. Such is an every-day occurrence. This Clark was accompanied on this trip by a professional gentleman from Cleveland, O. My only regret is that any one of high social standing should stoop low enough to accompany such a brute in the woods.

The law is a dead letter without the game wardens to protect the game. The season of three months is too long. One month is enough and more at the present rate of killing. Escanaba and Marquette are at present the greatest shipping points. Fish cars are filled, hauled aboard of steamers, marked "Fish," and are made on every steamer. No one stops them nor tries. In lumber camps hunters supply deer at $1.50 to $2 per head, reserving hides.

The trout law is also openly held to be a dead letter. Not a week passes but that large shipments are made. In winter they are easily caught under the dams with nets. When frozen they are packed in pork barrels and shipped as pork.

One trader on Pike River, Wis., bought and shipped during the winter of 1883–84 eighty-five thousand pounds of venison. In September I saw fifteen pairs of saddles at a trader's, being packed to ship. This was during the close season in Wisconsin; so Michigan is not alone in the non-enforcement of her laws. Snow fell at Crystal Falls on the 2d, and now the deer are rutting and are easily killed in the night with a headlight, although the law prohibits it. Several men have been shot within the last year, two cases fatally, besides numerous horses and cattle. S. E. B.

MENOMINEE, Mich., Oct. 10, 1885.

BOB WHITE—QUAIL—PARTRIDGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wells" reappears once more and comes up—well, I was going to say "smiling," in his difference with "Coahoma"—but from the tenor of his article I hardly think that is the correct word. It grieves me to witness their heat. I would that they could reconcile their differences and dwell together in unity. "Wells" says Bob White, "Coahoma" says partridge. Which is it to be? There should be unanimity, for we have been told that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," wherefore have a care that you be not disconcerted in the tumble. "Wells" says the bird has been called partridge in the South for fifty years; and therefore he says it is "our bird." Will he permit me to add to his information on the subject by telling him that the bird has been called quail at the North for more than that length of time, wherefore residents of the North might call him "our bird" also; but they don't wish to monopolize a good thing. They will share with their Southern brethren, who may also call him quail. Supposing, as "Wells" says, that the people of New England do call the ruffed grouse "partridge," I know of no one who justifies it. No one who calls ruffed grouse "partridge" or "pheasant" complains of "Wells" when he calls quail "Bob White." He is on the wrong scent. He says "the partridge of Europe more nearly resembles Bob White than he does the ruffed grouse." Well, then, why does he not call it partridge instead of Bob White? He also says, "if we will use Bob White the error will be avoided." But there isn't any error. "Wells" has simply forgotten the facts, and I hope he will refresh his memory. He says, "there is no authority anywhere, except the lowest usage, for giving 'our bird' the name of quail." Um! Let me read that again. Well, after due consideration, I think if I had used such language I should say I was sorry and wouldn't do so any more. And I might say, as he has said of Bob White, "the quail is not Bob White, and all the scribblers on earth cannot make him so;" but I wouldn't for anything.

"Coahoma" says that Northern men brought the innovation (quail) down there and now some "dudey" sportsmen affect the name. Score one for the "dudeys;" I have hopes of them yet. I fully believe both "Coahoma" and "Wells" when they solemnly assert that they never, never will call the bird "quail," and I assure them that it will be entirely satisfactory to me. We agree to disagree, that is all. I claim, first, that the bird in question has been called quail as long as, and perhaps longer than, anything else in this country; second, that he has some points, at least in resemblance, to his European congener; third, there is nothing derogatory in the name quail; and fourth, that American quail is the most proper, the most dignified name. Scientific sportsmen use it, the FOREST AND STREAM and other sportsmen's journals use it, and American quail I doubt not it will be long after "Coahoma" and "Wells" have passed over to the majority with S.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is said by very high authority that the names partridge and quail are applied to more than twenty different species, and of more than one genus. Even in New England the application varies within short distances. At the South, however, "partridge" has been universally applied to the *Ortyx virginiana*, and to no other bird. No one ever heard the word "quail" applied at the South to Bob White until after the war. The average darky or poor white man would not know what you were talking about if you called Bob White a "quail." But in the discussion of this question by the several correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM it seems to be clear that there is an irreconcilable diversity of opinion as to what this favorite bird should be called. The judgment is governed entirely by early association and education and the locality where the several disputants were reared. In other words, the matter depends upon the question whether a man has been raised on "pork and beans" or "bacon and greens." If on the former, then he will "guess" that quail is the proper appellation; but if on the latter, he "reckons" that partridge is correct. One correspondent, under the *nom de plume* of "S.," with singular and unparalleled intolerance sneers at the idea that any other name than quail is proper; while "Wells," with far more wit and elegance, combats this view, and in my opinion, with a great show of reason, is steeled against the application of the word "quail" to his beloved Bob White.

Partridge is certainly more dignified and euphonious than quail. And how much more beautiful and musical is "welcome partridge," the name applied to one of the species, than it would be if the word quail be substituted for partridge. It is bad enough to use the monosyllable as a substantive in this connection, but when it is coined into a verb, as has been done by some of your correspondents, it becomes insufferable. When a man writes that he "went quailing" the expression not merely argues of ignorance, but is lowering to the dignity of Bob White. Indeed if the name of this gentle bird is to be changed I would suggest to "Wells" that he should not be curtailed of any part of the name suggested by his love call, but let him be called "Ah Bob White." The only possible danger which could arise from the adoption of this name would be the propensity of some wag to drop the surname, and call him "Ah Bob."

But to return to the main question. In order to ascertain the correct name we must, as in all similar cases, inquire of those who are acknowledged as authority on the subject. Beyond question the great weight of authority establishes that partridge is the proper term to apply to the *Ortyx virginiana*. Dr. Bachman calls the bird a partridge. Dr. Coues states that it is the "Virginia partridge," also called quail, Bob White. He styles the other varieties Florida partridge, California partridge, etc. But our highest authority is Audubon. That charming and accomplished naturalist calls it "the common American partridge," and says: "The common name given to this bird in the Eastern and Middle districts is that of quail, but in the Western and Southern States the more appropriate appellation of partridge is bestowed upon it." AH BOB.

NEBRASKA GAME NOTES.

QUAIL are more plentiful here this season than I have known them for a great many years. I found one nest, near the house, that contained twenty eggs, and every one of them was hatched by the old bird. Another old bird within twenty rods of the first was caught off a nest of twenty eggs. One bird nested in a pile of wood thirty steps from our door and hatched sixteen out of nineteen eggs. Several cats are about the house, too, but didn't find the nest.

Prairie chickens hatched well, but "sportsmen" from town have been shooting them ever since the last of July. The deputy sheriff of this county has several times been seen hunting them before they were one-half grown. One member of the Gun Club of Falls City (and perhaps more) shot chickens before the law was off. They will have to keep it up only a few more years, till prairie chickens will be gone from this part of the country.

Some wild geese and sandhill crane were seen going south last week. They do not come down this way as they did ten and fifteen years ago. At that time settlements were not so numerous on the Platte and there was not so much feed up there for them, then they came down the Missouri by hundreds.

I have not killed a goose since February, 1884, when I bagged three in one day with a .40-90 rifle, with bullets weighing 220 grains. I have been using 370-grain bullets and found the trajectory was so high that it was hard to hit a goose over 150 yards, guessed distance, on a sandbar. I then got a new pair of moulds and got game with the light bullets much oftener than with the heavy ones. I heard geese in the morning on the bar, and started with thirty shells in my belt, and I missed a few shots before I got my first goose of the day. Some of the shots were not more than 200 yards and the geese flew. I then fired for another gang which I saw, and at the third shot killed the one at which I aimed at 345 yards. The next one I aimed at was at 275 yards, at the second shot, and the last one was 300 yards, fourth shot. All the shots were off-hand. I shot some shots flying and several at longer distances, some as far as 600 yards, and shot twice at a duck, and came home without a loaded shell, but feeling well satisfied with my little hunt.

J. F. L.

SALEM, Neb.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

LAST Thursday a large flight of ruddy ducks, called stifftails by our local gunners here, reached the waters of the Delaware River; and many were killed quite near the city. Howell's Cove, below Gloucester, N. J., was full of them; and fatigued by their migration, were easily paddled on and shot over. It seems a pity that this pretty little duck should have been shot in such numbers before they had recovered from their fatiguing flight; as they were in wretched order, as are all the ducks which the late storm brought to us. A great many big yellowlegs were shot just before the gale on the New Jersey Atlantic salt meadows and our market is full of them. Some brant have reached Tuckerton Bay. Six were killed there by a local gunner last week, but they were mere frames with skin and feathers drawn over them. A few wild geese have also appeared, one or two also having been brought to bag in the same section in like terrible order.

The redheads which will reach the New Jersey bays will show themselves in Barnegat Bay first and appear in Tuckerton Bay a week later. Whistlers and bluebills are already very plentiful there. Rail shooting on the Delaware River is about over. A few very fat birds remain, too lazy to start south. The next cold snap will hurry them; besides, there is little left of the reed seed to supply their wants. "Quite some snipe," as a professional remarked to the writer, have dropped into the meadows round about Philadelphia within the last week. In fact, the late storm brought many migratory birds to us, and fairly good shooting may be expected for those who consider the quail season opens too soon by a fortnight, and who will remain here and devote the time to the migratory specimens that have lately come. The woods and thickets are yet in full leaf; the quail will be hard to find and very hard to kill when found in such cover. The birds are yet small, and two more weeks' grace given them will add much to their gameness on the wing and certainly better condition for the table. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.

WITH THE BEARS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent short sketch of bear hunting I promised to let your readers hear from the big hunt. The parties who were to meet me with hounds and guns for an all-day hunt after bruin, failed to keep their promise. I took my horse and rode up the river, having sent word to the darky who keeps my dogs to go ahead with them. On arriving at the place of rendezvous we found only two men and three dogs, and as the sun was peeping above the treetops, it was then time to go in with the dogs, for the bears generally leave the drives after early morning, and return to the "Big Swamp."

Off we go on foot straight for the bear grounds, two miles away. It is quite cool, and the air and bushes are heavy with dampness, and the clouds promise more still. I divest myself of my coat, and throwing my gun over one shoulder and my horn over the other, I start with them, knowing that although chilly now I shall be "hot in the collar" before bruin is intercepted. I have been all the morning debating in my mind the question whether to take my repeating .38-cal., or my 28-inch, 12-bore shotgun, finally deciding in favor of the shotgun on account of the thick undergrowth, and the utter unlikelihood of getting a shot at short range.

After going about half a mile the dogs begin sniffing the air and bushes, but we call them in and place them behind us. Soon after, the leader of the party, the Veteran, calls attention to an indentation in the hard, dry road, and remarks, "That looks like a bear track." Almost at the same instant old Bounce, our old "strike" dog, opens with a roar, followed by Crowder and Jump in full chorus. We at once recognize the bear bark of old Bounce, and knowing that bruin is out of his latitude we make for the low grounds or bay glade to cut him off. After a good long run we arrive at the glade, and all out of breath stop to listen. In the distance, a mile or more away, we hear the baying of the dogs, away to the right, but circling in our direction. About this time we are joined by a "fifteenth amendment" with his muzzleloader, and we string out about fifty yards apart, the dogs in the meanwhile coming rapidly in the direction of our stand, the tenor of Jump mingling with the deep bass of Bounce and Crowder. The Veteran strikes off for a point further up into the swamp, while I, out of breath, saunter slowly along, keeping abreast of the dogs as they veer a little in the direction of the big swamp. They are coming now full tilt, straight for us, and our hearts are thumping heavily from the excitement and long run. The dogs are not more than a hundred yards away when I see the darky cock his gun and begin creeping along in my direction, peering into the bushes at the same time, as though he hears something. My gun is also at full cock now, for I too hear the rustle and crack of bushes and twigs as some heavy body moves rapidly in my direction, whether cattle or bear I can't at the time tell, so dense is the undergrowth. I have but few seconds to wait, for with a rush out bounds the bear, and as he strikes the path I down him with my right, and as he rises I get in my left, and down he goes again, but is up and in the bushes once more, before I could say Jack Robinson. Immediately the dogs are at the spot, and putting them back they go only a short distance and begin baying. "He is down," cried the Veteran, and in he rushes with me close at his heels, but the dogs are again moving, and I am entangled in the bamboo briers so that I can move hand or foot only as I cut my way out; so I make my way back to the path, but just before I reach it a gun fires and the dogs hush, I know the meat is safe. One of the party crawls in under the briers and gives the bear his quietus by placing a load of buckshot in his brain. By this time quite a party have arrived, hearing the noise so plainly from the shore, and we have a full pack of dogs. We now go in and bring the bear out to the paths and look for my shots. They are found instantly. A ball and three buckshot in the left shoulder, penetrating the lungs, and twelve buckshot, my last load, in his flank. Still he dragged himself more than two hundred yards before giving in. He was a fine fellow, weighing a little over two hundred pounds, and very fat.

It being still very early, and a large force of fresh dogs and men having arrived, we proposed another drive, and the proposition meeting approval, we directed two of the party to take the dogs up the paths, while we would station ourselves about a mile above in another drive. Having reached our stands we waited patiently for more than an hour, but heard nothing of dogs or men. The wind having risen, we concluded the dogs had started and gone down wind, so we returned to where the bear was killed, and after getting there listened for the dogs. We soon heard Monroe's voice away to the east of us, in another drive, and pretty soon the report of a gun sounded in the direction of the dogs, followed by the toot of a horn. We immediately started in that direction, and after going about a mile met some of the boys bearing a fine deer swinging from a pole resting on the shoulders of two of the party. It seems that the dogs had started a large bear almost immediately after getting into the second drive, and he departed for parts unknown at a two-minute gait, getting away from the boys and going in a direction opposite our stands, the high winds preventing our hearing them. The boys, or a few of them, had gone in that direction and were trying to blow the dogs off. Monroe had quit, and on his return struck the trail of a deer and immediately began working it. He soon jumped, and the deer ran straight to Smith, the darky who keeps Monroe. Smith having a very good muzzleloader, cut short the chase by putting a ball through the deer's head. As the rain had now begun to fall and noon had nearly arrived, we concluded to give over for the day, thinking we had done well enough.

The boys went again yesterday, but I have heard nothing from them. We will join forces again next week, and if anything occurs worth relating will let you hear from me.

A. F. R.

ADIRONDACK DEER AND HOUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The law prohibiting the hounding of deer was the crowning act for the preservation of the deer in the Adirondacks. If the game law has been as strictly enforced in all parts of the wilderness as it has been in this section, at least 2,000 deer have been saved that would have been slaughtered had the law remained as last year. Now that there is no chance under the law for the slaughter of deer, sportsmen, hotel keepers, guides and all interested in the preservation of deer in the Beaver River country have taken measures to enforce the law in respect to deer. A competent man has been hired and deputized by the State game constable to give him authority, and has been on duty since the 10th of July. Several arrests have been made for killing deer before the first of August. So well has he succeeded that not the sound of a dog in pursuit of deer has been heard in all the Beaver River country. He has proved to be the right man in the right place, he is everywhere and turns up where least expected. He should be a candidate for State game constable the first opportunity. Mr. Moyer is a thorough woodsman and familiar with all parts of the ninth game district, and is much interested in the preservation of deer. He is paid by private contributions from persons interested in the preservation of deer. At the close of the season I will send you the names of the contributors with the amount contributed.

A few days since I chanced to meet a guide just in from the Fulton chain of lakes and made inquiries about how the law was being observed in that section. He reported that the law in respect to hounding deer has been violated all along that chain of lakes. "Where is the game constable?" I asked. "O, he is at home; he kinder seems to let um drive," he replied.

Delinquent game constables should be removed and their places taken by those more interested and who would attend strictly to the enforcement of the law; there are plenty such to be found.

What an agreeable contrast from last year at this time. Then, go where you would in this great sacred temple "not made with hands," you would hear the voice of the hound in swift pursuit of the frightened deer and hear the rapid reports of guns on every lake and stream in the hands of pretended sportsmen and pot-hunters engaged in the work of murder and extermination. Now silence reigns supreme, the deer wanders undisturbed in his native haunts and shows himself in gratitude along the silent stream and quiet lake and around the borders of the settlement, where a year ago he was a stranger unless forced there by the hound on his track, which ended in his destruction. So glorious is the contrast that it does not seem possible that the people of the State of New York will become so lost to all sense of humanity as to again sanction by law this brutal mode of hunting.

MUSSET.

NUMBER FOUR, Adirondacks, Oct. 17.

THE SPORTSMAN'S REVERIE.

O NATURE, Mother Nature, thou
Another bible art, and ever
Wilt teach as thou hast taught till now,
And bloom with God, to perish never.
Dear Mother Nature, at thy shrine
I lay this tribute, it is thine.

The huge log crackles in the grate,
And reverie steals gently o'er him,
As reminiscent thoughts create
Landscape and incident before him.
Backward his heart and glance are cast;
He lives again within the past.

It is the hush of the gray dawn—
He hears within its reedy cover
The mallard splashing; now 'tis gone.
From off the sand a strong-wing'd plover
Rises and circles high in air,
And wakes the plaintive echoes there.

'Tis sunset; low along the grass
He crouches, with his spaniel near him,
And marks the wildfowl as they pass.
The leader swings; they yet may clear him.
A right and left; they scatter high;
Two of their number fall and die.

He whips the pool with skillful wrist—
The pool that sleeps within the valley.
He strikes; with many a dash and twist,
The wily trout meets every sally.
The stubborn fight at last is o'er;
It glistens on the pebbled shore.

Reclined within the fragrant shade,
He lists to Bob White's liquid yodle,
Which sweet and mellow to the glade
Floats inward from the yellow stubble;
And all the border of the wold
Is dark beneath and tipped with gold.

The forest aisles he treads again—
The forest dim and old and solemn;
A Presence in the dale and glen
A spell diffuses to enthrall him—
A Presence never seen yet felt—
And meekly he in spirit knelt.

Within the hollow of his arm
Neglected lies his trusty rifle;
Subdued before this higher charm,
The hunter instinct does he stifle.
'Twere sacrilege indeed to wake
The frightened echoes from the brake.

Listen! The bay of the swift hound
Comes ringing down the deep recesses;
The spell is shattered at the sound.
In graceful speed the quarry presses;
A sharp report—before his eyes
In death the antlered monarch lies.

Sunset again; the lake a sheet
Of burnished, massy gold is shining,
And where the sky and water meet
The quivering sun is fast declining.
In hues which words and thoughts defy,
The painted clouds range up the sky.

Along the lake, along the shore,
The twilight falls, a blessing bringing;
Homeward with measured stroke of oar,
All dreamily he passes, singing;
In softer tones the well-loved strain
In echo voices comes again.

Unto a mighty silver shield
The placid lake its surface changes,
As the full moon o'er flood and field
Illumes the sky and lower ranges;
And angel eyes in heaven above
Kindle the stars to looks of love.

The last spark flickers in the grate,
The snow without is madly whirling;
He lights his pipe to recreate
The vision, through the smoke wreaths curling;
But visions do not come at call,
And he must bid good night to all.

THOMAS F. WATSON.

A PROPOSED BEAR CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a hunting trip through Oxford county, Me. We found the bears very numerous, the farmers are losing many valuable sheep, some have decided to sell their entire flock this fall on that account. While staying at my brother's (S. M. Locke, postmaster in the town of Roxbury) several sheep were killed, one came to the barn with its side torn open, severing three ribs, opening into the stomach, besides a savage blow on the shoulder and wounds upon the back and neck. Mr. L. has lost a large number of sheep, and had he not waged a vigorous war on the bears with trap, he would have been driven from the field. He has taken thirty bears, the last one in June, weighing 360 pounds; sheep bones were found in his stomach. In one month he took seven bears. The traps were set on one-half acre of land under oak trees. Mr. L. said the noise the bears made (three were in at two different times) "was hair-raising even to an old trapper." The amount of damage to the farming interests of Maine by bears, such as the killing of sheep, damaging fruit trees and discouraging the farmers from engaging in growing wool, is considerable. Why cannot those rifles, now useless since the buffalo is gone, be used to equal advantage in killing these pests? They will furnish tenfold more enjoyment for each individual than could be got out of the buffalo. But we must have good bear dogs to hunt them with, and as there are no dogs in Maine worth anything for the purpose, such dogs must be brought from the South, where they have been used successfully.

The sport will pay well, for, instead of 75 cents for skins, they would be worth from $10 to $20, and that, together with a $5 bounty, and meat and oil thrown in, is quite an item. And then there are no swamps of deadly malaria to destroy one's health, but the clear cold air of these fir and spruce-clad heights, with innumerable sparkling streams, and the soft carpet of downy snow, enabling the hunter to bring the dogs along the trail until the bear is started, thus dispensing with the "test dog," and almost doing away with the tracking dogs. Who will volunteer to form a club to purchase dogs and engage in the hunt? Several persons of the right stuff, say a half dozen or even less, would be able to combine and have some royal sport. I have written parties in the South to purchase dogs for such a purpose. Let me hear from those interested in the subject as early as possible, that we may have a hunt this fall and early winter. I take this opportunity to extend cordial thanks to the brother sportsmen who have so kindly responded to my call for information about the use of dogs in hunting bears. May I indulge the hope that we shall hear from them often and that others will contribute on this subject, so interesting to many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM?

BRUIN.

The early snow fall on the summit of Pine Creek Mountains has started the bears down to the lower levels. The miners will have bear steaks and bearskin caps or overcoats or the bears will have lodgings furnished for the winter in the tunnels and prospect holes. Bears have increased greatly in numbers in this State since the great wind storm of January, 1880, which threw down so much timber and rendered the woods almost impassable in some parts of the State and preventing the hunting of bears with dogs. In some parts of Southern Oregon "the woods are full of 'em." A gentleman who has lately been out to Coos county says there are more bears than hogs in that county.—*Oregonian.*

IT WOULD HAVE DELIGHTED THE SOUL OF AN ADIRONDACK CLUBBER.—Honesdale, Oct. 18. Since the hunting season opened in this State a number of deer have been killed in that part of Pike county woods through which the Honesdale Branch of the Erie Railway runs, between Hawley and Lackawaxen, in Pike County. S. D. Van Akin, telegraph operator at Lackawaxen, is a great deer hunter. A few days ago he went into the woods a mile west of the station to hunt for a large buck that had been seen in that vicinity. While he was driving the ridge with his dog an enormous five-prong buck came out of the woods on the other side of the valley, dashed across the Delaware and Hudson Canal, through a field, across the Lackawaxen River at a deep place called the Whirlpool, and, climbing the railroad bank, crossed the track and entered the woods where Van Akin was hunting. Before it came within his range the buck got wind of the hunter and his dog, and bounded back out of the woods to the railroad track. At that moment a coal train, on its way east, was approaching the spot, and the deer sprang out only a few feet ahead of the locomotive. The buck kept to the track and ran on toward Lackawaxen. The locomotive was immediately detached from the heavy train, and, putting it at the top of its speed, the engineer and fireman gave chase to the deer. In spite of the great speed the magnificent leaps of the buck kept him in the lead. The locomotive whistle was sounded and the exciting chase kept up for a mile, when the deer bounded into the village of Lackawaxen, and found itself in the midst of railroad tracks, canal boats, quarry-men and passing cars. The whistling of the locomotive had attracted the attention of the entire place, and when the deer came dashing furiously down the track, hotly pursued by the locomotive, scores of men, women, and children were out to see the sight. The buck left the track and sprang into the canal. Instantly he was surrounded by a yelling and excited mob. They pelted the poor animal with stones and pounded him with clubs from one side of the canal to the other until he was finally forced to give up, and he was finished by a big quarry-man with a club. Every resident of the village claimed a share of the venison, and the carcass of the buck was divided up so that every family had a piece. The magnificent head and antlers were secured by Capt. Buck, of the New York Hotel at Lackawaxen, who will have them mounted.

THE WORCESTER SIDE-HUNT was to have been held yesterday. The two sides were under the command of Captains A. H. Perry and J. A. Titus. The game score points were as follows: Fox, coon, wild goose, 100; owl, hawk, mink, 50; grouse, 40; woodcock, 30; quail, snipe, duck, plover, gray squirrel, 25; rabbit, 15. The supper will be served at the Bay State House next Friday evening.

GARDNER, Mass., Oct. 16.—On Friday the members of the Monomonack Sporting Club, of this town, start out for their annual hunt. The two sides are under command of Edric Coleman and Charles H. Newton. The judges are S. T. Chamberlain and H. L. Graham. The result of the hunt is to be a supper, to be paid for by the side having the least game.

DEER SLAUGHTER IN ONTARIO.—Ottawa, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest the articles in FOREST AND STREAM on hounding in the Adirondacks, and feel sure that all sportsmen must feel grateful to you for your successful efforts in putting it down. Day before yesterday I was more than ever impressed with the harm done by hounding. A friend and myself went for a day's shooting to a village about thirty miles from here. It is situated on a broad ridge of land that runs from the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa, and has always been a favorite resort for deer hunters. On our arrival we heard that the neighborhood contained several camps, and each party had their dogs, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree," with them. One man who lives in the village told me that the "woods were alive with dogs." The consequence is the deer are getting scarce, and probably—thanks to hounding—in another two years they will be gone altogether. There are game laws in Ontario, we are aware, but how are they enforced? The other day I was reading in one of our local papers—the *Free Press*—the following: "It is reported that 175 carcasses of deer are lying in the woods about the basin near Egansville, which have been killed by the Indians for their skins." Egansville is in Renfrew county, up the Ottawa River. Deer have quite disappeared from parts of this province where a few years ago they were plentiful; and now, too late, sportsmen grumble that the laws were not more strictly enforced—laws they themselves helped to break. Would that FOREST AND STREAM could do for us what it has done for the Adirondacks.—A. K. T.

IN CAHOOTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The phrase "in cahoots," has been for years a familiar one to me, although I do not remember having seen or heard it used in the Northern States. As has been remarked by one of your correspondents, its use has in my experience been coupled with some suspicion of rascality on the part of those to whom the expression was applied. Believing that both "Nessmuk" and his friend George Gause are creditable members of society, I should not have ventured to say they were "in cahoots," and when the first-named gentleman informed your readers that Mr. Gause and himself were "going to hunt cahoots," I took the word to be the local name of some sort of animals, not understanding its meaning when used in this form. I was not alone in my ignorance, and since "Nessmuk's" note of explanation in your last issue, I feel easier, from the fact that as I had never, when in Florida, encountered any creature commonly known as a "cahoot," I felt that I had missed my chance of hunting a new and presumably interesting species of game, and naturally thought that had I succeeded in killing a "cahoot," I might have experienced the same feelings of elation which were the lot of Gordon Cumming, when he had slain what he saw fit to call the "*Antilopus roualeyni.*" Poor antelope!—KELPIE (Central Lake, Mich., Oct. 6).

A DOUBLE ON COONS.—A few days ago while walking along the bed of a dry bayou in a cane brake, with a No. 12 Greener on my shoulder, at a sudden turn I came face to face with two majestic gentlemen, or perhaps gentleman and lady, of the raccoon family. They were ambling along gracefully side by side. When we came into view of each other the distance between us was about a dozen yards. Both parties came to a simultaneous halt. In a moment the gun was leveled with the mental exclamation (on my part), "Good for one with each barrel." I fired a load of No. 6 from the right barrel directly in the face of the right coon and a similar load from the left into the face of the left coon. But there was neither right nor left coon left. If anybody was left it was the shooter, for those two coons ambled off into the cane looking very much disgusted. I think they both had headache. My visions of a pair of broiled coons on toast quickly vanished into smoke. On Oct. 6 I heard a robin in the swamp in Tunica county, Miss., and on the 8th I saw a large number of them feeding on berries. This is about a month earlier than they usually arrive in this latitude. "Wells" has nobly come to my rescue in the partridge controversy, for which I desire to tender my thanks, and would like to inquire of "S." how he feels.—COAHOMA.

MASSACHUSETTS.—South Duxbury, Oct. 12.—Game along the south shore promises to be quite plenty. Quail have done well, and quite a lot of bevies have been seen. They are just beginning to get out of the brush and sun themselves. We have a good sprinkling of partridges this year, but the leaves have hung on late, and this makes it bad for the sportsman and good for the birds. Shore birds are not very plenty; saw a few flocks last week by the Sound every morning. Coot are flying, and "lots of 'em too."—SOUTH SHORE.

Boston, Oct. 15.—I have been after the ruffed grouse a few days, and found plenty of them. Am all loaded and packed for a three weeks' trip to Iowa. Start Saturday, 17th. Hope to strike chicken, duck, snipe and plover.—M.

ALAS, POOR YORICK!—Alas, poor Bill, I knew him well, and with all who knew him regret that he died thus ingloriously, and in his prime. A man of few words, and low, yet every word was truth. Whoever met him in the woods recognized in him one of nature's noblemen. Whoever struck his shanty always received a hearty welcome. But his place in the wild woods is vacant; his boats will rot where he has hidden them; his unerring rifle will be heard no more, and we shall visit the old places with regret that we see him not.—R. M. SHUTTS (Chateauguay Lake, N.Y.).

SQUIRREL MIGRATION.—Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 19.—Millions of squirrels are emigrating from the Mississippi side over to the Arkansas shore at a point commencing about five miles below Memphis and extending down for twenty miles. They are swimming the Mississippi River and evidently making for more elevated ground in Arkansas. Thousands are being killed by farmers, who use sticks instead of guns. A similar emigration of squirrels occurred in 1872.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—I have just returned from a trip to New Hampshire, where I found game scarce. Partridges are not so plenty as last year, but the gunners are about twice as thick. Flocks of birds are all broken up, and leaves hanging on late made it bad shooting. Foxes are plenty. Coons scarce. It will not pay the coon regiment of Manchester to visit Southern New Hampshire this year.—SOUTH SHORE.

ENOUGH TO BREAK UP ANY PARTY.—The Ottawa Valley trip is off. One of our party was accidentally shot in the head (not seriously), and that broke the trip up when we were about thirty miles from our destination.—X.

ILLINOIS RIVER DUCKING GROUNDS.—In your issue of Oct. 1 "C. S. C." wants to know the best place on the Illinois River for duck shooting. Go to Peoria, then down the river to Spring Lake and you will find blue-winged teal and woodducks till you can't rest, besides a lot of as whole-souled sportsmen as you ever met.—COMMON SENSE.

QUOGUE SHOOTING.—New York, Oct. 18.—I have just returned from a day's shooting at Quogue, L. I. On Oct. 17 I bagged 7 readhead, 9 broadbill, 11 coot, 3 devil divers and 21 boobies. Birds are becoming thicker and thicker now. They stool well and are very tame. There will be better shooting next week, I think.—J. W.

ILLINOIS.—Ellsworth, Ill., Oct. 10.—Saw a large flock of wild geese going south on the 6th inst. Many mallard ducks here just from the north. Thousands of prairie chickens have bunched in large coveys. Scarcely any Bob White; they perished last winter. Weather mild, clear and warm. —DANIEL ARROWSMITH.

FLIGHT OF WILD GEESE.—Springfield, Mass., Oct. 14.—Two flocks of wild geese of about twenty each passed down the river this morning, and although fired at several times from the Agawam side, flew away uninjured as far as known of.—W. A. N.

FLORIDA.—Kissimee City, Oct. 12.—Quail are plentiful here this fall, and good deer and turkey hunting to be had within ten miles. Ducks and snipe have been coming in for about two weeks, and the season is fairly started.—E. D. B.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 17.—There is a fairly good supply of birds, rather more than the average of grouse, and the boys are improving the delightful October weather and making some excellent bags.—E. S. K.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

AN ANGLER TO HIS ROD.

THOU art a thing of beauty;
Thou wilt ever be a joy,
And to love thee 's not a duty,
For thy sight can never cloy.

Talk of forms of sylph-like maidens,
Full of grace in every limb;
Not a shape in perfumed Aidenns
Is so willowy, lithe and slim.

And in every shining trimming,
In thy silk and silver rings,
Thou art full of beauty brimming;
All too fair for common things.

Then away with every scoffer,
Who in thee can find no pleasure.
Let him con his money coffer;
Never take a moment's leisure.

As for me, I can most duly
Worship at thy liquid shrine,
And to thee I can most truly
Drop a very taking line.

PERCYVAL.

THE ANGLING TOURNAMENT.

THE fourth annual fly-casting tournament was held at the Harlem Mere, Central Park, yesterday. From the tournament the ichthyophagous contingent repaired to the Buckingham Hotel for the annual dinner of the Fish Eating Club.

The day was extremely disagreeable, with a gusty east wind and a drizzling rain.

The FOREST AND STREAM went to press before the conclusion of the casting, and the record is therefore postponed until next week. The score up to 1 o'clock was as follows:

Single-handed Fly Casting: 1st, S. Polhamus, 74ft. 6in.; 2d, W. H. Goodwin, 76ft.; 3d, W. Blackford, 68ft.; 4th, Ira Wood, 71ft.

MAY FLIES.

DURING the summer months we often receive specimens of flies for identification, which are usually accompanied by the statement that the water "is covered with them." In most cases these are one or more of the many species popularly called "May flies," "shad flies," "eel flies," etc., and belong to the class *Neuroptera* or nerve-winged insects, and to the family *Ephemeridæ*, so called because of their short lives, often a few hours only. They may easily be recognized by their four lace-like wings which are always extended, their long, soft, slender bodies, and three hair-like appendages at the end of the abdomen. These insects often appear at night in such numbers as to obstruct the lamps of vessels, and to render the decks slippery when trodden on. Their brief mission in the air is to lay their eggs in the water and die. They are harmless and take no food.

The larva live for a year, or more, in the water, and furnish food for trout and other fishes. They are then long, flat objects with hair-like attennæ and with bushy gills along the abdomen which ends with the long anal hairs seen on the insect. The pupa have the rudiments of wings and rise to the surface when about to transform. At this time the trout devour them in great numbers and fly-fishing it usually poor for a few days. After taking a flight the insect casts another skin before it is perfect, and these cast skins often form winrows along the shores of lakes and rivers. Different species vary in size and color and are locally known by the several names mentioned. The usual one is May fly, but on the Hudson River the fishermen term them shad flies because it is during the season of that fish that they appear. On the Connecticut they are called eel flies.

It is this family which the makers of artificial flies try to imitate in the "green drake, gray drake," etc., and many of the nondescript flies made have "tails" similar to the May fly. The term "drake" seems to be a name used for the fly in England. The family does not seem to be confined to any particular class of fresh waters, as members are found in the rivers and bays along the coast where the water is not too salt, the Great Lakes, and from the cool mountain streams of the Adirondacks to the turbid flood of the St. Johns of Florida.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream* Last July, while fishing on Oneida Lake, my attention was called to the countless numbers, apparently dead, floating on the water. On inquiry I learned that they are annual visitors to these parts, their stay covering a period of about two weeks, when they disappear. From the residents in the vicinity all I can learn is that "they come and go," which is not at all satisfactory. I would like to learn whence they come and whither they go, and if their presence was not in some degree responsible for the poor success in fishing, as all other conditions were favorable. I inclose specimens and would like to know what they are. Another thing is curious. At certain seasons of the year the water of the lake appears to be thick with small seeds and has a dirty appearance. The fishermen call this "the cleaning process." What is it?—L. S.

[The flies were May flies, see article above. Our columns are open to a discussion of the "cleansing process" or "blooming," as it is termed in parts.]

BLACK BASS FLY-FISHING.

SINCE fly-fishing first became an art, the trout has been the angler's chief game. No amount of trouble has been spared in perfecting this art. Every conceivable experiment in the way of tackle and flies has been tried, columns innumerable have been written on the subject, and reams of correspondence published through the medium of the sporting papers ever since such an institution saw the light. Consequently it would seem as if little more remained to be discovered in this line, save what is entirely local in its character.

But the trout is doomed. How often has this been repeated and proved, and alas! how conscious we all are of the fact! Our only hope remains in fishculture, and this as yet is problematical. As it now is the angler has to go far and seek hard to find his prey, and each year the journey is longer and the seeking harder.

Anglers then, recognizing this fact, are turning their attentions to other quarters. As many of our experts say, "the black bass is the coming game fish." Nay! he is already come. The past thirty years has seen a wonderful extension of this species in the lakes and rivers of our Eastern States. Easily introduced, hardy, vigorous, game to the death, he is now everywhere to be found and furnishes excellent sport in many quarters, where before his advent little or none was known.

Now he stands on even terms with the trout, though scarce ten years ago he was looked on with contempt in comparison. Truly a complete revolution has worked in his case and much of it is due to the able and vigorous pen and inventive ingenuity of Dr. Henshall. His fame will be as much, if not more, of the future than the present. And this revolution has worked a wonderful development of tackle and experience in bass fishing. Now an angler can learn second hand in a few days, all that scarce a score of years ago it would have taken him as many years.

But—and I want this but put in capitals—has not this development taken place almost wholly in one line? Is it not almost wholly in the line of bait-fishing? Where is all our poesy of the gentle art going to? If we are going to get the cream of bass fishing (the coming fishing, mind you) and the true poetry of the art, have we got to sling minnows and chase frogs over the mud flats and hunt crickets through the grass? In other words, when our trout are gone, save in preserves, are we going to become bait-fishers and let fly-fishing, the highest and most charming branch of our art, sink into practical disuse? The facts would seem to indicate it. I will venture to state that of every thirty articles, published by anglers in this paper on bass fishing, twenty-nine of them are entirely on bait-fishing and contain no mention of taking bass with the fly, or of bass flies. Are we then going to give up fly-fishing? Most sincerely I hope not, and so will every fly-fisher, if he thinks of it. And I do not believe we will, for I think that it is merely because bass are so easily taken with bait that we have grown lazy and neglected to bring forward this branch of our art.

Is the bass in fact a "fly-fish," to coin a term, or is he not? Does he take the fly because he thinks it is an insect and is in the habit of feeding on such, or does he "go for it" as a bull rushes at a red rag, merely out of curiosity or caprice? And if the former, what flies is he in the habit of feeding on? Or if the latter, what outrageous combinations are best suited to stir his bile? If we are going to get high sport out of bass fly-fishing, brother anglers, these are questions we must experiment on and discuss.

From the partiality that bass have (especially the smaller size) for the red ibis and high colors in general, I am somewhat inclined to the latter opinion.

It has been quite often said that bass incline to green and yellow, because these are the colors of the grasshopper. This seems absurd. Are the bass in our lakes so much in the habit of feeding on grasshoppers that they carry a clearly defined image of them and their hues in their mind's eye? Is the hopper in the habit of seeking water? Quite the reverse, in fact. He is generally found taking care of his skin in a dry spot. The fish that gets intimately acquainted with the grasshopper is the trout, in some little meadow brook, where they are continually tumbling in, attempting to "jump the ditch." Yet every trout fisherman knows that flies tied with the colors of the grasshopper are not the most successful in such a locality. The reverse, in fact—small, dark flies. We shall have to study our bass patterns on some other theory than the "hopper" then.

Another thing seems absurd to me. When an angler casts for trout up to three pounds in weight he does not generally use a fly tied on a larger hook than a No. 6 Sproat. Now in our Eastern lakes we do not generally take larger bass than this on a fly. Is it not somewhat disproportionate and ridiculous then for the makers to tie, and anglers to use, huge bunches of gaudy feathers tied on Nos. 2 and 4 Sproat, the whole performance quite parallel to what is used to catch a 20-pound salmon?

I confess I have used these myself and had very little luck with them, while lately I have been using trout flies on hooks not larger than No. 5, catching and landing some large bass with quite as much and more certainty than with the others; and I have had much better luck with them too. And then the ease of casting a decent sized fly with a light rod and line! Nothing but a salmon tackle could get out these big affairs with any comfort. In my experience flies on No. 5 hook for stretcher and No. 7 for dropper are, under ordinary conditions, large enough, and yellow, green and red are the colors.

I had always thought that it would be useless to cast for bass, except in shallow water, reasoning, I suppose, from trout experience largely. But last spring Ira Wood had an article on bass fly-fishing which was excellent, as far as it

went (my thanks to him for the same), and in it he remarked that bass would take the fly at the edge of weeds, no matter how deep the water. That gave me some good sport last summer. He also remarked on the cat-like way they often follow and take the fly. I had noticed this myself and it set me to thinking, and that to trying and the trying gave success. Try this: When you see bass following your fly and darting from side to side as you often can in clear water, draw it slowly at first, then let it sink a moment and then give it a quick jerk, and just at this point the bass have a great way of taking it, whereas, if you draw it slowly and regularly in, they would simply follow without taking. You have often done the same thing with a kitten and a string. Now, these two ideas were worth a good deal to me; these are the kind anglers ought to "swop" and discuss. Of course, in different waters bass rise best to different flies just as trout do, but with trout we have a number of standard flies, with which we would attack any water with confidence. Have we such with bass, and if so, what are they? The capabilities of the bass for the fly have not yet been developed. I do not think any one would say we knew it all. As I have said before, the bait department has got the start. Take, for instance, the only book devoted exclusively to this fish, and tell me which is the most prominent.

Every man has one cast, to which he is apt to turn more than to another. His favorite, in short. On our Eastern lakes this is, with me, a grizzly king stretcher and red ibis dropper. The first takes the big ones, the latter the medium weights. For a night fly the yellow May has been more successful with me than the white miller. The biggest strike I ever had and the only time I ever saw a small-mouth bass break water violently like a trout was on this fly. We parted connections, alas, however, he taking my fly with him as a curiosity. For fear lest some of the big vs. small jump on me I will state that there are no big mouths in that lake. Yes, this is the point in which the small-mouth is decidedly inferior, to the fly-fisher, in comparison with other fish to which he is a peer, if not a superior.

Now the summer is over and our sport is nearly done. The time will soon be at hand when we get our angling by mending and making tackle and by exchanging experiences and discussing them. In bass fly-fishing we are all novices, and differ only in degree. We must be, seeing how young the art is. Therefore we would all like to learn, and to do so we must exchange ideas, and we would like to hear, all of us, from those in high places, having authority, what they have learned since last they wrote. At any rate, we won't learn by going to sleep and letting the frog-slingers get the best of us. PERCYVAL.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 17.

ON WINDHAM TROUT STREAMS.

I WAS in a small town in Windham county, Connecticut. A friend and myself decided to try if we could not find a few trout in some of the many clear streams. They tried to discourage us by telling us that although the brooks were just the thing for trout and that in former years they had caught a great many out of them, it was no use to try now as the fish were not there. This, however, had no effect on us, as we were both fond of the woods and were only too glad of an opportunity of spending a day in them. We decided first to fish the Mashamoquet, which flows into the Quinnebogue.

We began fishing just below a dam, on which there is a carriage repairing shop and a grist mill, neither of which were running this afternoon, so it was perfectly quiet. We began with flies, but not having a rise after half an hour's fishing we tried worms, and with the first cast landed two nice trout. We tried for quite a while longer in this pool, but not having any more success started down stream, wading down the middle and casting into every pool as we went. When the afternoon's fishing was over, having waded several miles, the only fish we had in our creels were the two we had landed below the dam. Being by this time pretty hungry we started for home.

The next day we struck into a stream just above a meadow which is flooded in winter and where the people cut ice. The stream flows through the center of this meadow for about a mile and a half, and then goes into the woods, getting shallower and wider. There being no pools, there is said to be no fish, but we fished the meadow through and the result was thirty-seven fair-sized trout.

The following day I tried a small brook, my friend taking the same route he had followed the day before. My stream joined the one he was fishing just above the meadow to its rise at a spring about a mile up. Coming down this stream I got thirty-eight fish, making, with the twenty-nine he got, a pretty good catch of fish for a place where "there aint no trout." On our way home we met an old man who, after seeing the luck we had had, advised us to try the stream known as the Lyon brook, saying it had been one of the best streams around here when he was younger.

The next day we started, going west on what was known in stage-coach days as the Providence and Hartford turnpike. Striking into the woods and following a wood path, we came to the remains of a sawmill, which had long since fallen into disuse because of its distance from the railroad. This was the brook we were to fish. After going for quite a while down stream along the bank lined with large pines, under which the brush seemed to have died, making the walking very comfortable, we congratulated ourselves that we were to have a very pleasant tramp after all, although we had not yet taken any fish, though we had seen a good many going over the shallows. But we were soon to find out our mistake, for the whole appearance of the woods changed, the pines were replaced by oaks and chestnuts, and the clear spaces between the trees were changed for thick underbrush. We had now to keep on the edge of the bank or in the stream, both being very undesirable, because the few pools there were lay in the middle of the stream, and consequently we were in full view of the fish. Hoping for a change we kept on in the stream, going in above our waists in some of the muddy places. I always wear cheap canvas shoes instead of rubber boots. The change came soon, but it was for the worse. Trunks of trees and great rocks began to obstruct our path in the stream, the drift of many spring freshets and winter storms, and these were interwoven with tough creepers.

We now debated whether we had not better turn and re trace our steps, but decided to keep on because having been on the stream for three hours we must at least have gone two miles, and must be near the end of our tramp. So keeping on for another hour, climbing over one trunk, under the next, and cutting our way through creepers, we came unexpectedly on a wood road that crossed the stream. Here we sat down to eat what little lunch we had with us. When half through our lunch we were delighted to see a man coming down the road. He seemed surprised to see us and said that people very rarely came down the stream owing to the hard traveling, and then only when they had to. He advised us to keep on, as the traveling was not so bad below there, and where we expected to come out was not more than a mile distant. The only fish he had seen taken lately had been shot as they went over the shallow places; and a great many had been killed in this way. After half an hour of the same kind of walking we heard he sound of the mill in the distance, and knew that our walk was nearly over. We soon came to the mill, and that finished our fishing. It was three miles home, making, with the three miles going, and the four hours on the stream, one of the hardest tramps I ever took, and we had not a fish to show for it. D.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.

THE "KINGFISHERS."—Menominee, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The charge that the "Kingfishers" had broken our game law I know to be false and without the slightest foundation. Having been a resident of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan for nineteen years, and spending a month or two every fall in the northern part hunting, I have come to know of the "Kingfishers" in the years gone by, and know them all to be true and ardent sportsmen, men whom no one can truthfully say ever infringed the laws of the State. Let any one go over the ground where they have camped and hunted and fished since the first of their camp-fires was kindled in old Michigan, and I defy any one to find a single person that has aught against them. I deeply regret that any one should accuse the "Kingfishers," and I thank you for your refutation of the slander.—S. E. B.

A BIG CAYUGA LAKE BASS.—Seneca Falls, N. Y., Oct. 13.—The largest small-mouthed black bass ever recorded in this section was captured yesterday off East Varick, in Cayuga Lake, near here, by Mr. Thomas Blodgett, of this place. The old "Triton" weighed 6½ pounds after being out of water ten hours. It was taken with a fly on an 8-ounce rod and fought for a full half hour before being landed. Mr. Blodgett took ten other bass at the same time, the total weight of the catch being 32 pounds. Tom is conceded to be the champion fly-caster of Seneca county, but the above average beats any of his former scores. Bass fishing on Cayuga Lake has been unusually good throughout the present season, owing doubtless to the fact that many nets have been confiscated and destroyed.—L. G. S.

THREE TO EACH ROD.—In connection with some good fishing, the following occurred at Big Island Pond, one of the Seven Ponds, Maine, Sept. 16, 1885. Mr. E. E. Allen, Boston, Mass., and C. C. Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., while fishing from the same boat, struck and played at the same time six trout, three to each rod. Five of them were safely netted and weighed in the aggregate three pounds and fourteen ounces. As to a choice of fly for these waters, it was noted that of fourteen fish taken one morning twelve were upon the "Parmachenee Belle" used as an upper dropper. Did its location have anything to do with the preference shown? This preference was marked at all times, but not always so strongly as upon the occasion mentioned. —M. N.

NEW MEXICO TROUT FISHING.—Mr. F. B. Thurber, of this city, contributes to the *American Grocer* a pleasantly written account of a trout fishing excursion to the Ruidosa, a mountain stream twenty-five mile from Fort Stanton. His companions were Colonel Meisner and Lieutenant Scott, of Fort Stanton. The party had a delightful time and caught a capital string of fish. They fished with the fly, but we regret to observe that Mr. Thurber speaks of his rod as a "pole."

A NIPPISING MASKINONGE.—A maskinonge has been taken in Lake Nippising, near North Bay, which measured 49 inches in length with a girth of 21 inches, and weighed 39 pounds. Nine revolver bullets were put into the monster before it was landed. It is to be sent to the Fishery Exhibit in London, Eng.—A. K. T. (Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 14).

SHOOTING TROUT WITH A SHOTGUN is one of the forms in which New England barbarism manifests itself. And yet they complain of the scarcity of fish.

Fisheculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SUCCESS OF SALMON IN THE HUDSON.

AS our readers are aware, Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, has been stocking the Hudson with salmon fry for the past two years. The fish have been hatched at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., by Fred Mather, and distributed by him in the small streams of Warren, Essex and Hamilton counties which flow into the Hudson. Among other streams stocked was Clendon Brook, Glens Falls, and our correspondent, Mr. A. N. Cheney, has at times reported their appearance there in private letters and was asked for specimens. Last Monday he sent six or eight fish, of six to eight inches, and the following letter to Mr. Blackford, State Commissioner:

GLENS FALLS, Oct. 9.—*Mr. E. G. Blackford*—Dear Sir: As requested in your letter of July 2, I send you to-day by National Express specimens of the young salmon from Clendon Brook. I was absent when your letter came and have been home very little since, which is the cause of the delay. I told Mr. Mather that I would certainly get them before winter. I engaged a man to take the fish, but he was not successful, owing to high water. Yesterday I went to the brook with a friend, Mr. W. D. Cleveland, of Houston, Tex., and in a short time caught the number I send. You will, perhaps, remember that Mr. Mather sent me 40,000 salmon fry on May 21, 1884, and 60,000 salmon fry and 150 yearlings April 29, 1885, from Cold Spring Harbor, and all were deposited in Clendon Brook, a tributary of the Hudson. The Clendon was once a famous trout stream, yielding trout of 4 pounds and upward, and still there are some few baskets of small fish taken from it. Yesterday the stream seemed fairly alive with salmon for a mile, and residents tell me that this is the case its entire length. As the trout were attending to their domestic duties up stream the brook was given over to the salmon. They were in the deep holes and at the foot of the riffs, but everywhere in numbers. There seemed to be two distinct sizes, one four to six inches long, the other two to three inches long. With the exception of a few chubs, silver chubs or fall fish, *S. bullaris*, I found no other fish than salmon in the stream. One bright-colored male salmon as I took him from the brook discharged milt from the pressure of my hand. This particular fish I caught in swift water where it ran over gravel. I hope Brother Mather will have an opportunity to interview these young things that were graduated from his University at Cold Spring Harbor before they are sent to Prof. Baird. It would have been an easy matter to catch a hundred yearlings during the time I was at the brook, and in their eagerness to take the lure they jumped clear above the water. After catching the first salmon Mr. Cleveland exclaimed: "If that beggar weighed thirty-two pounds" (he had in mind a salmon caught this summer by Mr. H. P. Wells) "and game in proportion, and I had fought and killed him, it would have taken just six months to recover from the excitement." The Clendon brook is posted its entire length and the people are interested in protecting the fry that have been deposited therein by the United States Fish Commission. I trust that you will receive the salmon in good order. I send but one of the smaller size, as the other and larger salmon gave no kind of show to take the hook.

A. N. CHENEY.

[We saw the fish at Fulton Market and they have gone to Washington.]

THE OYSTER PROBLEM ACTUALLY SOLVED.

A NEW SYSTEM OF OYSTER CULTURE.

DURING the five years that I have been engaged upon the study of the oyster problem, I have never lost sight of the practical aspect of it, and have worked from the beginning in the hope that I might reach some really valuable results. In the belief that what I now have to present is practical and founded upon an appreciation of the essential principles involved, I offer it to the consideration of oystermen, especially those who have had experience in the use of cultch for the purpose of collecting spat. The U. S. Fish Commission, under whose auspices I have been able to conduct my experiments, deserves the greatest credit for the interest which its chief, Professor Baird, has uniformly shown in this, one of the most important of all the problems brought before it for solution.

The developments made within the last six years show that the solution of the most important problems in oyster culture, by means of artificial methods, is possible. This may seem an extravagantly sanguine view to take of the matter, nevertheless it is true that it is actually possible to begin at once with the knowledge now in our possession, and not only be successful, but also be so to a degree which must completely revolutionize the business of the bed-culture of this mollusk in open waters.

The results of Brooks, Winslow, Rice, Mather, McDonald and myself in this country the public is already more or less familiar with. In Europe Mr. Bouchon-Brandely, Professors Hock, Horst and Möbius have been equally active. Over twenty forms of incubating apparatus have been used by the writer in his own experiments. In none of this apparatus—except in one form of it, I am obliged to admit—was it found that results of startling economic importance were obtained. While this is true, it is nevertheless a fact that observations were made and results obtained which indicate that there is a feasible method of spat culture of unlimited productiveness. All that is needed is to bring together the proper combination of conditions which it is now proposed to indicate on the basis of well-known facts which may be verified by any one who will take the trouble to do so. Unable or unwilling at first to abandon the cumbersome and expensive method of spat culture practiced in Europe, our results have hitherto been of little practical value. This resulted from a radical misapprehension of what were the essentials of a rational method. While the work has been immediately fruitless, mediately it has not been so, for the light gained as the result of all the work of others as well as my own, now enables me to state with certainty why we have failed. Failure is a harsh word, and it is an humiliating one as well; but it will soon be seen that we have been cultivating a lot of fallacies and erroneous conclusions which led to it. In a word, we have neglected to think about what we have observed, so as to elaborate a practical theory of spat culture.

The elementary principles of the new theory of oyster, or rather of spat culture, which I here propose are the following:

1. Oyster embryos, under ordinary conditions in open water, diffuse and affix themselves throughout the three dimensions of such a body of sea water. This is a well-known and readily verifiable fact.

2. The fry will adhere to smooth surfaces as well as to rough ones.

3. The surface upon which spatting occurs must be kept as free as possible from sediment and organic growths, in order that the tiny young mollusks may not be smothered and killed during the most critical period of their lives.

4. Artificial fertilization of the eggs or the oyster is feasible, and will become an important adjunct to successful spat culture.

5. Water charged with embryo oysters may be passed through a steam pump without injury to such embryos.

6. Oyster fry adheres to the under surface of shells or other collectors most abundantly because the lower side is cleanest and most favorable to the survival of the animals.

7. The spat of the oyster will grow and thrive with comparatively little light.

8. The specific gravity of the water may range from 1.003 to 1.0235.

9. The most favorable temperatures of the water for spatting seem to be from 68 degrees to about 78 or 80 degrees Fahr.

10. Spatting will occur just as freely in ponds or tanks as in the open water.

These are well ascertained elementary facts and upon them we must base our new method, which is essentially a system of spat culture, or method of rearing seed oysters for the purpose of cultivation on the open beds or any suitable bottom. We must, however, first of all throw aside as too expensive any and all systems in which tiles or slates are used, especially if these must be fastened together in nests and coated with lime and cement, as practiced in Europe. Oysters are too cheap in America to be produced by any of the old-fogy systems which are available there, as it will not pay to flake off the spat from the collectors under ordinary circumstances in cultivating the American oyster for market, because of its low price.

The thing to do is to arrange the collectors used in such a way as to expose an enormous area of surface to which the billions of fry floating about in the water may affix itself. According to the first principle stated above, we found that oyster fry would diffuse and affix itself to cultch throughout the three dimensions of a body of water. The collectors must therefore be so arranged as to occupy these three dimensions. It will be obvious to any one that such a method is applicable in a way which will come into competition with the older methods in vogue in Long Island Sound. To effect this it is proposed to provide a pond, natural or artificial, and connect it by way of a long zigzag canal with the open water. The area of the pond should about equal the area of the canal. Both the canal and pond should be of about the same depth, or say about 3½ feet at low water. No filters or any appliance of the kind is needed, except perhaps a screen at the mouth of the canal to keep out starfishes, crustacea and predaceous mollusks.

The canal is provided with ledges near the top to support the receptacles for the cultch. These are formed of vertical wooden strips six inches wide, six feet long, and secured to each other parallel and three feet apart by a crosspiece at the top and two horizontal side-pieces six inches wide, secured two feet six inches from the top of the vertical pieces. Coarse wire netting is then secured to the edges of the vertical strips below the two parallel cross-pieces. This netting will then form, with the wooden frame, a basket three feet wide, three feet deep and six inches thick. Such a basket will hold some-

what over three bushels of oyster shells as cultch. The two cross-pieces which project beyond the vertical pieces will support the receptacle with the shells which it contains. One of these is allowed to every running foot of canal, the receptacles being placed six inches apart. A pond forty feet square and accommodating a hundred bushels of spawning oysters, will supply enough fry for a canal 400 feet long and holding 1,200 bushels of shells as cultch in 400 receptacles. The latter will cost $70 per hundred, or $280 for 400 feet of trench. One bushel of oysters will yield about one billion of fry. The pond with its hundred bushels of spawning adults will, therefore, yield about 100 billions of fry. This vast multitude of oyster brood will be wafted back and forth through the collectors by the tides 360 times during the spatting season, which lasts for ninety days. That is, 100 billions of fry will be wafted through 1,200 bushels of shells 360 times during the season. These shells can be kept clean by vibrating the receptacles on the ledges which support them. It will thus be seen that on one-tenth of an of an acre I can place as much cultch as could ordinarily be placed on four acres. Or, by my method, on one acre I can put down as many shells as could be put on forty acres by those who simply sow the shells; that is to say, the business of getting "sets" for seed can be condensed so as to cover only one-fortieth of the ground now covered.

The plan as set forth above is not founded merely on a specious hypothesis, but is justified in detail by the facts observed by myself in the course of the experiments instituted by me during the period covered, as already stated and under the auspices of the U. S. Fish Commission. In nature the theory is also abundantly verified, as at Fortress Monroe, Wood's Holl, and Cohasset for example. The fullest justification of the conclusions above presented is also given by the more recent results at St. Jerome's Creek, as well as by the results of experiments instituted by Blackford and Mather. The details are, however, given at length in an illustrated article of mine, now ready for publication by the U. S. Fish Commission, and entitled: "An Exposition of the Principles of a Rational System of Oyster Culture, together with an account of a new and practical method of obtaining oyster spat on a scale of commercial importance."

Thousands of acres of the flat, marshy land skirting the Chesapeake may now be converted into establishments for the culture of oyster spat or seed oysters, to be afterward sown on the open beds and allowed to grow to a marketable size. The future of the oyster industry in the South is henceforth assured, all that has been needed is the adoption of a rational, economical method of spat culture, such as the one here proposed. This system of plant, if adopted, will pay for itself in fifteen months in its yield of seed oysters alone. This ought to be sufficiently encouraging to the most conservative oystermen, whom it is proposed to convince of the feasibility of the new system whether they now choose to believe it or not.

I may fitly close this brief notice of the new method by an extract from the concluding part of my forthcoming paper, already alluded to: "It has been found that even the sowing of shells is profitable, as has been conclusively demonstrated; and in one type of culture, namely, that which is practiced in deep water, it is probable that it is the only practicable method which will be devised for a long time to come. While that system is, to a great extent, wasteful and at times uncertain, for the present, at least, there seems to be no other which can be as economically and successfully operated over large navigable areas. Large areas operated by one individual or corporation cannot, however, always be controlled, or only exceptionally, under the existing laws of Maryland and Virginia. In those States, however, where it is possible to command the right to natural areas of water which are more or less nearly landlocked, the system of merely sowing shells would be positively wasteful and not in conformity with the results attainable under the guidance of the proper knowledge. It is found in the practice of shell sowing that extensive areas will sometimes fail to produce any spat. This is apparently due to the presence of currents, which have swept the swimming fry off of the beds, or to the presence of sediment, which has put an end to the first stages of the fixed career of the youngest spat. Even after the spat is caught great destruction may occur through the inroads of starfishes, or a too rapid multiplication of worm tubes, built by tubicolous annelids over the cultch and spat. The latter is sometimes smothered in vast numbers from the last-mentioned cause, as has been recently discovered by Mr. Rowe. Such casualties are rendered either impossible or readily observable during their early stages by the use of the method of inclosing the cultch in suspended receptacles, as suggested in this paper. The wire netting will effectually protect the young spat against the attacks of large starfishes, and no growth of barnacles, tunicates, worm tubes or sponges would be rapid enough during the spatting period, judging from an experience extending over several seasons, to seriously impair the usefulness of the cultch used in the suspended receptacles. * * *

"The maximum efficiency of the cultch is not realized in any of the old forms of collectors, for the reason that the cultch cannot be kept clean. Secondly, because both sides of the cultch cannot be exposed to the passing fry. Thirdly, because the fry cannot be compelled to pass over and among the cultch repeatedly. Fourthly, because the cultch is scattered over too great an area, and throughout only one dimension of a body of water, namely its horizontal extent, whereas it is possible, as I have shown above, to do far more; that is, to avail ourselves of the possibility of obtaining spat throughout the three dimensions of a body of water charged with embryo oysters in the veliger condition. There are good and sufficient reasons for my assertion that cultch has hitherto been wastefully and unscientifically applied. With this I must conclude this exposition of the principles of a rational theory of oyster culture, a subject which has received the attention of many investigators, none of whom have, however, struck at the root of the question and allowed themselves to be guided by obvious and readily verifiable facts. In the hope that I have made both the theory and practice of my new method clear to the reader, who, if he should happen to be an oysterman, will, I hope, at least give me the credit of being honest and sincere in my intentions, and whether he feels inclined to ridicule or to adopt my conclusions, I feel very certain that what I have formulated in the preceding pages will become the recognized doctrine and practice of the future."

John A. Ryder.

CARP FOR OHIO.—The annual distribution of German carp, under the supervision of the Illinois State Fish Commission, will commence about November 1 to 15. All who have ponds prepared for their culture and desire fish should make application at once. Each applicant will receive twenty carp. Applications should be in writing, stating location of pond, area and average depth of water and whether free from other fish or not, giving nearest express office and name of post-office. Applications should have the indorsement of a member of the general assembly. Applications will be filed, entered and numbered as received and fish shipped in same order. All applicants will be notified in advance of shipment. Application can be made to either of the commissioners: N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago; S. P. Bartlett, Secretary, Quincy; Maj. Geo. Breuning, Centralia.

LIVE SOLES IN NEW YORK.—Capt. Hamilton Perry, of the White Star steamer Britannic, arrived in New York on Monday last with nine live soles for Mr. E. G. Blackford, sent by Mr. Thomas J. Moore, of the Liverpool Museum. They were brought in the hanging globes known as "Mortimer's Ship Aquaria," and arrived in good order. The fish are of the size of a man's hand, and Mr. Blackford has offered them to Prof. S. F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, to be disposed of as he thinks proper.

MR. SILK AND NEW JERSEY BASS.—Mr. W. T. Silk, the pisciculturist, who came to this country from England about a month ago for the purpose of securing a large number of black bass for stocking purposes in Great Britain, is having a hard time of it. During a previous visit Mr. Silk and Fish Commissioner Blackford had a flare-up because the bass Mr. Silk had collected to take home were netted in Greenwood Lake. Prior to Mr. Silk's coming this year he arranged with certain Greenwood lake fishermen to catch for him about two thousand bass. Anticipating trouble if the fish were taken from the lake, the fishermen decided to catch the bass in Lake Wawayanda, a beautiful sheet of water on the crest of Bellevale Mountain, which is about eight miles to the westward of Greenwood Lake. Many fish were caught, ostensibly by hook and line. They were to be sent to New York on September 30, for Mr. Silk had arranged to return home by the White Star steamer Adriatic. The three tanks he brought over with him were put on board and filled with water for the reception of the fish. Just before the steamer was to sail Mr. Silk learned that the parties who had contracted to furnish the bass had become frightened and returned the fish to the lake. It has now leaked out that this was done because the fishermen found they were watched by persons in the employ of the New York State Fish Commission. Commissioner Blackford, it is said, has announced that no bass taken in New York State shall leave this city in Mr. Silk's charge, except those that it can be proved were taken in a legitmate way—that is, by hook and line. Mr. Silk is in great trouble, and his tanks, branded with the Marquis of Exeter's name and address, are now heaped up on the White Star dock. Mr. Silk says he has no desire to break the law, but that he feels that he should be permitted to carry to England such fish as are caught legally. Professor Baird of the United States Fish Commission, having heard of the trouble, sent Mr. Silk this week 250 small black bass from the United States Hatchery at Wytheville, Va. The fish arrived in good order, and are now on Long Island awaiting the departure of Mr. Silk for home. These fish are a present from the United States to the Marquis of Exeter.—*N. Y. Herald.* The cause of Mr. Silk's troubles was the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association. The secretary of this association some ten days ago received information that Mr. Silk was endeavoring to get hold of a lot of fish from Greenwood Lake, and remembering the dishonorable and unsportsmanlike manner in which Mr. Silk got his fish a year ago, steps were at once taken to prevent him from carrying out his project of netting Greenwood Lake. Through the efforts of the association it was learned that Mr. Silk had paid Warren Aldrich, who lives at the upper end of Greenwood Lake, one hundred dollars to get him a lot of bass. Mr. Aldrich evidently had an offer of better pay, for he notified the guides and natives about the lake that he would pay five cents each for black bass and that he would take ten thousand of them. Netting in Greenwood Lake is difficult in the New Jersey portion of the lake, and as Mr. Aldrich also lived by the New York part of the lake the secretary of the association communicated with Mr. Eugene Blackford, the N. Y. State Fish Commissioner. This gentleman promptly responded and sent Mr. J. H. Godwin, Jr., of Kingsbridge, one of the New York fish protectors, to the lake. Mr. Godwin worked in concert with the association and it was ascertained that Mr. Silk also expected to get a lot of bass from Wawayanda Lake and that arrangements to this effect were carried out. Some bass were caught in Greenwood Lake, but the business was detected in time to prevent their shipment, despite Mr. Silk's hurried orders to send them to New York. Mr. Silk worked very quietly, even going so far as not to sign his name to communications he sent to Mr. Aldrich, but he was not quiet enough about it and consequently his project failed. Had it not been for the Passaic County Fish and Game Protective Association, Greenwood Lake would have lost a large number of bass.—*Paterson (N. J.) Press, Oct. 12.*

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION met yesterday and appropriated $26,000 for the ensuing fiscal year. The president was directed to send to Oregon for some specimens of the valuable trout known as the *Salmo purpuratus* with which the different streams of New York State may be stocked. Mr. Blackford was authorized to communicate with the German Fisheries Commission with a view to effecting an exchange of eggs of the German brown trout for eggs of our rainbow trout. Commissioner Sherman reported that the Adirondack fishery is now completed and the employees are engaged in obtaining spawn for the purpose of stocking.

CARP FERTILITY.—The Newark *Call* reports: "A carp pond at Moorestown, belonging to Samuel K. Wilkins, treasurer of the American Carp Cultural Association, was drawn off on Monday and found to contain over a million small carp. They are the progeny of thirteen fish that are now three years old, and measure over two feet in length. The young fish (three weeks old) measure about an inch in length."

All lovers of nature will thank Mr. George A. Musgrave for his protest to a London paper against the wicked cruelty by which millions of bright plumaged birds are so ruthlessly sacrificed to fashionable whim and caprice. "In April," says Mr. Musgrave, "I went to an auction room, and, after looking at the bodies of hundreds of birds, ascertained that between December, 1884, and April, 1885, there had been sold 6,828 birds of paradise, 4,974 Impeyan pheasants, 770 so-called Argus, 404,464 West Indian and Brazilian birds, and 356,389 East Indian birds of various kinds. Leaving the city, I went to another district, and there saw the birds being mounted for the milliners, upholsterers, and dealers in fancy articles. Pursuing the birds still further, I traced the breast of a *Lophophorus impeyanus* to a servant's Sunday hat, and some hummingbirds and a kingfisher to a shop in a popular watering-place, where cabinet photograph frames were adorned with three birds and a dead kitten. At first I was inclined to believe that, in spite of the numbers of birds sold, the demand for them was confined to people whose taste was gratified by a vulgar display of what had the appearance of costliness." In this belief, however, he found himself mistaken. Just now there is, it seems, a craze for yellow, and Mr. Musgrave tells us how he heard of an order being given by a young English lady for a dress to be trimmed with canaries. We are human, but this young lady deserves to be pecked to death by sharp-beaked birds. "Fortunately, before the order was carried out, she, being capricious, changed her mind, so only eight little birds were sacrificed to the prevailing craze for yellow."

A familiar Parisian feature is likely soon to disappear—the toy cannon in the Palais Royal, fired daily by the sun at noon ever since 1788. The tiny piece is the delight of the French *bébés* and their nurses, while even many sober elders set their watches by the daily report.

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the Forest and Stream actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

2. In general excellence the reading columns of the Forest and Stream are of a higher grade than those of any similar publication in the world.

3. Taking into account the amount and the character of weekly reading given, the Forest and Stream is away ahead of any similar publication in the world.

4. If a sportsman wishes a sportsman's paper, he will be better suited by the Forest and Stream than by any similar publication in the world.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallet, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 12.—New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club. Field trials for members only at Fisher's Island. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for All-Aged Stakes close Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2794.**

ABOUT COCKER SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The more I read and hear about cocker spaniels the more I get "mixed" concerning them. I have talked with men who have judged them, men who have bred them, and have tried to understand the "Senex" papers on the subject, with the same result, am mixed, very mixed.

I have carefully studied the two standards, and it seems to me that the I. C. S. Association standard is a copy, almost word for word, of the A. C. S. standard. The only difference of any account that I can perceive is in the weight. I have bred cockers (and now own twelve) and expect to breed many more of them, and therefore I would like to have the matter straightened out as it were. So I have a suggestion to submit that may make "Senex" positively howl with rage and cry aloud for protection to the dear little cockers of his boyhood days. Before I make my suggestion I want to ask a conundrum, which I would be glad to have answered by a representative cocker man through your columns. We will suppose a cocker, weight say about 26½ pounds, wins several prizes, and finally wins in champion class a few times. After a while a competitor comes from the open class and "downs him" and with a likelihood of repeating the process show after show. By feeding the first mentioned dog up to say 28½ pounds, can he or she be entered in the field spaniel open class and commence to scale the ladder again? I cannot see what there is to prevent it. The dog is not a cocker because he is over 28 pounds, but he must be something. Because a poor little spaniel gets a little obese, as his friend man is apt to do, is it right that he should be completely wiped out of his status in dog society by a cast-iron rule that says to him, "If you dare to get over 28 pounds you are no longer a cocker but a wretched—nothing?" No such ridiculous rule applies to any other breed of dog, and why should the so-called cocker be treated any different? A pointer may be under the 50 pounds limit, but if he grows a little stouter he is still a pointer and can be shown in the class over 50 pounds I suppose, anyway he is still a pointer, isn't he? Weight does not make a breed; but this is actually what every dog show premium list practically says.

Savage reader, do you see my difficulty? If the dog I have mentioned is not a "cocker" what is he? Everybody I have talked with on the subject, and among them at least two who have judged "cockers" at representative dog shows, say that he would be a field spaniel! Very good. Now, if he is a field spaniel, now he is slightly over 28 pounds in weight, why the dickens should he be called a "cocker" when he was a little slighter, so to speak?

Having ranged on the subject somewhat, I now make my suggestion, which is—somebody hold "Senex"—to wipe the "cocker" completely out of existence and call them all field spaniels, divided in two or three classes by weight, on the same principle as the pointers are now judged. For my part I would say two classes only are desirable—over and under 28 pounds; but if "Senex" is to be considered by all means let there be three classes, say under 22 pounds, over 22 and under 30 pounds, and over 30 pounds. Everybody would then be happy, "Senex" could disband his pet I. C. S. Association and join hands with the other spaniel men, and the American Field Spaniel Club would be a booming success. Spaniel breeders would know what they would be driving at. The public would understand also and everything would be as lovely as "the flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra la."

I, therefore, as a spaniel breeder and exhibitor, call on the management of the kennel clubs in this country to expunge the word "cocker" from the premium lists of their future shows, and ask them to have two or three classes for field spaniels, arranged as they think best. I would be glad to have the American Spaniel Club (of which I am not yet a member) join with me in the matter. Cave Canem.

SPECIMEN BRICKS.

I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am a subscriber to your weekly publication, the Forest and Stream, and also to the *American Kennel Register*, I write to you for information on the following subjects: Please to state from whom I can obtain a handsome, well-bred setter dog, English, Irish, Gordon or native, or a grade from these strains, about three years old, that is a remarkably fine animal in scenting faculties and is particularly very excellent and staunch on woodcock and ruffed grouse, a reliable and good retriever of all game from land and water, a prompt backer, with a gentle and not vicious disposition, and steady and staunch also on quail and snipe. I would require him to drop to shot, and would prefer lemon and white with dark eyes and black nose, or as much white as possible mixed with any other color, but would not object to any color with the qualities written, but would not desire great speed; rather a brisk, active, untiring hunter. Mention price and whether guaranteed. I wish also to ascertain about cocker spaniels and the ones weighing twenty-five to thirty pounds, for hunting woodcock and ruffed grouse in thick covert. Can they be used with success when entirely well broken and reliable retrievers from land and water, equal to that obtained by the use of setters and pointers, or are they superior for such work? Mention from whom a pair, thoroughly broken, can be obtained, with the price and any details about their weights and other matters connected with them that may be of interest: also whether guaranteed. I would require dogs, not bitches,

that have been hunted several seasons—two or three. Pedigrees to be given. I will thank you for full particulars. I am gentlemen, your obedient servant, — — —

II.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can secure for you one year's subscription, paid in advance, and renewed year by year, if you will kindly publish the inclosed. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Hay, and have carefully examined his dogs. They are, without exception, the finest in all respects of any Dandie Dinmonts in the country. Mr. Hay would also like to correspond with the breeders of these dogs in this country, and will enter or pit his against all comers. Hoping to hear from you in time to see the notice in your next issue, I remain yours very respectfully —— ——.

[THE NOTICE.]

Mr. James Hay, of 402 Christopher street, Podunk, N. Y., is the owner of a fine Dandie Dinmont dog named Bob, and bred by Thomas Maxwell, of Dumfries, Scotland, one year old, and brought to this country in March, 1885. In color, pepper and salt, pure hair, arch back, good front and tail, weighs twenty-two pounds. Is the sire of ten pups, five by bitch Elsie, and five by Jessie, all three months old, and warranted pure. Bob's pedigree will be furnished on application to Mr. Hay. Six of the pups are for sale. Will send photographs if desired.

THE CALIFORNIA KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A very enthusiastic meeting of lovers of the dog was held here last evening for the purpose of forming a kennel club. Judge Ferral called the meeting to order and briefly stated the object of the proposed organization. It was then voted that the association be called the California Kennel, Bench Show and Field Trial Club. A resolution was adopted stating the object to be the improvement of the various breeds of dogs and the prosecution of dog thieves and poisoners by offering rewards for their arrest and conviction, and the holding of bench shows and field trials. The fee for membership was made fifty cents. The officers elected are as follows: President, Judge Robert Ferral; Vice-Presidents, O. A. Tolle and E. Leavesley; Secretary, W. G. Cue; Treasurer, James E. Watson; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. Reilly. A committee of seven was appointed and instructed to report at the next meeting the names of eleven gentlemen, representing the different breeds of dogs, for an executive committee. Judge Ferral, James E. Watson, Wm. McGregor, O. A. Tolle, J. B. Lewis and H. Fritch were appointed a committee on constitution and by-laws to report at the next meeting. The address of the secretary is 539 California street. Oc.

San Francisco, Oct. 1.

DANBURY DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fourth annual bench show of the Danbury Agricultural Society was held here last week. There were 105 entries in the catalogue, several of which were absent. I noticed some that were not down, and cannot give you just the number present. The fair is always one of the best in the country, and the number of visitors is simply immense. There was a crowd around the dogs at all times—in fact, they were one of the chief attractions of the fair. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

POINTERS —*Dogs:* 1st, D. Scott's Ned; 2d, A. A. Raymond's Duke Royal (A.K.R. 3472). *Bitches:* 1st, F. Remitti's Phyllis (Sensation's Son—Bell); 2d, A. A. Raymond's Lizzie Grace (A. K. R. 2,476). *Puppies:* 1st, F. Remitti's Wizz (Buff—Belle); 2d, A. A. Raymond's —— (Duke Royal—Lizzie Grace).

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Champion—*Dog:* Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Mack B. (Dick Laverack—Twilight); 2d, C. E. Colpaugh's Dan. Very high com., G. B. Fairchild's Spright (Dash—Gem) and A. Free's Dash (Dash—Nellie). *Bitches:* 1st, Blackstone Kennels' Grace B, (London—Dawn); 2d, withheld. Very high com., A. Free's Nellie (Sport—Nell). *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Diamond Kennels' Kenilworth (Dash—Dot), Lendine (Glen—Frisk) and Nellie (Dash—Dot).

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. S. Parrott's Gerald (Glencho—Zelda). *Bitches:* 1st, F. S. Parrott's Rose of Killarney (Killarney—Lill III.) *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, L. D. Judd's Helene. Very high com., I. C. Reynolds's unnamed.

LAVERACK SETTERS.—1st, withheld; 2d and very high com., C. C. Phillips's Mattie and Duke.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Diamond Kennels' Tiger (Don Pedro—Countess); 2d, P. R. Penney's Nero (Leo—Viola). *Bitches:* 1st, M. Meyer's Bessie (Ajax—Nellie). *Puppies:* 1st and very high com., Diamond Kennels' Yuno and Duke (Max—Judith); 2d, Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Jim. Very high com., T. B. Doolittle's Tony (Turk—Countess).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, G. W. Daton's Prince; 2d, J. McNiff's Nero.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Scott's Shep (Sweep—Pert). *Bitches:* Equal 1st, E. Field's Belle (Marcus—Juno) and Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Lothian Maid (Ernest—Tibbie); 2d, Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Tibbie (Tramp—Heather). Very high com., Scotch Collie Kennel Club's Midlothian Lassie (A.K.R. 2124). *Puppies:* Equal 1st and 2d, F. H. Warner's Don and Major of Fairview and June Fairview (Ned of Fairview—Cressie Fairview). Very high com., E. T. Hunt's Mac (Marcus—Juno) and D. J. Corwin's Flash (Gaffa II.—Flyaway II.).

SPANIELS.—Field.—1st, L. A. Horback's Bell. Cockers.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. McBurney's Sport (Jet—Daisy). *Bitches:* 1st, W. Scott's Darling (Dandy—Daisy). *Puppies:* 1st, W. Scott's Flirt (Bengal—Darling). King Charles.—*Bitches:* 1st, C. H. Crosby's Lady; 2d, W. Scott's Veny. *Puppies:* 1st, C. H. Crosby's Duke (Duke—Lady). Blenheims.—*Puppies:* 1st, C. H. Crosby's Ruby.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, George J. Gould's Duchess.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Remitti's Fly. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Hair's Poesy.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. C. Hopkins's Cute (Spot—Kate). Very high com., E. D. Treadwell's Trump and Ethel. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Scott's Gipsy; 2d, A. C. Hopkins's Nellie (—— —Nina). *Puppies:* 1st, E. D. Treadwell's Trump; 2d, A. C. Hopkins's Topsy (Clinch—Nellie).

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Gray's Dot (Ringwood—Maida). *Bitches:* 1st, G. Laick's Cricket (Bugle—Pittsburg).

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, C. Rau's Betsey.

BULL.—Scotch.—1st, J. Ellsworth's Schneider.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Burns's Ned; 2d, E. D. Treadwell's Pilot (Ned—Nell). Very high com., I. D. Knapp's Adam Forepaugh. *Bitches:* 1st, M. Burns's Fanny. *Puppies:* M. Burns's Laurie B. (Crib—Lassy).

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. S. C. Barnum's Puck; 2d, W. Scott's Ned. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Scott's Twilight. *Puppies:* 1st, Diamond Kennels' Susie (Sir Henry—Lady Macbeth).

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Sargent's Jack (—— —Nellie); 2d, Mrs. S. C. Barnum's Spy. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. Sargent's Gill (—— —Nellie). *Puppies:* 1st, T. D. Roberts's Dutchess (Totty—Gill).—Wire-Haired.—1st, A. and B. W. Bonney's Joco.

TOY TERRIERS.—Equal 1st, Miss Mamie E. Hopkins's Press and Dr. W. F. Lacey's Nannie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. Scott's Pedro. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. Bergman's Nellie; 2d, W. Scott's Snip.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, A. W. Skiff's Ned.

POODLES.—1st, C. Rau's Poodle.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Best kennel of setters, Blackstone Kennels, best setter with field trial record, Blackstone Kennels' Foreman, best English setter dog, Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet; best bitch, Blackstone Kennels' Grace B. Best Irish setter dog, F. S. Parrott's Gerald; best bitch, F. S. Parrott's Rose of Killarney. Best greyhound bitch, George J. Gould's Dutchess. Best mastiff, Diamond Kennels' Tiger. Best Newfoundland, George W. Daton's Prince. D.

Danbury, Conn., Oct. 10.

THE STAFFORD DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual dog show of the Stafford Kennel Club, held in conjunction with the Stafford Agricultural Society, was held here last week. There were 117 dogs on exhibition, which is ahead of last year. The show of native dogs was very fine. On the last day of the fair there were over twelve thousand people present, and the dense crowds around the dogs is conclusive evidence that they were one of the most attractive features of the fair. Dr. George Walton, of Boston, Mass., filled the office of judge acceptably to all. It is the intention of the club to give a show next year, and no effort will be spared to make it as good as the best. The superintendent, Mr. Bissett, took excellent care of the dogs and his management gave general satisfaction. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

POINTERS.—Under 50lbs.—1st, C. Eager's Don. Over 50lbs.—1st, George Buck's Tom.

SETTERS.—English.—1st, W. Purcell's Flora. Laverack.—1st, W. Larom's Teddy. Llewellin.—1st, H. M. Richards's Spot. Gordon.—1st, W. Peck's Nix. Irish.—1st, B. F. Root's Dan.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, B. F. Root's Pete.

BEAGLES.—1st, M. Purcell's Spot.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. A. Rindge's Bob. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Andrews's Nixie. *Puppies:* 1st, H. A. Rindge's pup.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, L. Converse's Major.

TERRIERS.—1st, L. Converse's Jack. Black and Tan.—1st, M. Conners's Fan. Bull-Terriers.—1st, R. S. Hicks's Max.

BULLDOGS.—1st, S. Hart's Sandy.

COCKER SPANIELS—1st, W. Smith's Fritz. *Puppies:* 1st, F. Sanger's May.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st, Chequasset Kennels' Hermit.

PUGS.—1st, Chequasset Kennels' ——. *Puppies:* 1st, Chequasset Kennels' ——.

DALMATIANS.—1st, V. E. Smith's Spot. S. S.

Stafford, Conn., Oct. 16.

BEAGLES AT PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding the disqualifying of my beagle Trailer (A.K.R. 2525) at the recent Philadelphia show, on the ground that he was over the limit in height, I am led to speak publicly, as I believe in the interest of beagle breeders and breeding.

The standard of the American-English Beagle Club, by which standard the beagles at the above show were judged, states that all beagles fifteen inches or under in height are eligible and all over fifteen inches ineligible.

My beagle Trailer was recently very carefully measured by one of the committee who made the above standard and he made him fourteen and three-quarter inches in height; he was also very carefully measured by Mr. O'Toole, Mr. E. Orgill's former kennel manager, at my request when I purchased him, he knowing that if there was any doubt about his being over fifteen inches I would not keep him, and he also made him fourteen and three-quarter inches, being the same measurement that I also made him. He was also set under a fifteen inch standard by other prominent and competent parties and considered under fifteen inches.

These measurements were all made with standards which the members of the committee who framed the standard tell me is the only proper way to measure a hound.

On the contrary Bannerman (whose owner entered him in a class for beagles over twelve inches and who was last spring very carefully measured by several competent parties at his request, all of whom made him over twelve inches) was transferred by the judges to the class for beagles under twelve inches. My only object in writing as above is merely to say that if breeders and exhibitors cannot with perfect safety show all beagles that are near the limit in size, or right up to the limit without running any risk whatever of being disqualified on the ground of height, then it is certainly time that the standard was raised sufficiently so that no legitimate sized (fifteen inch) beagles run any risk of being disqualified, which, certainly, is the greatest injustice which can be done an exhibitor, and by no means a small one after devoting weeks to preparing a dog for, and incurring the necessary expense of sending to a show.

Seriously speaking, it is better that ninety and nine guilty, over-sized hounds escape with prizes than that one innocent, legitimate-sized one and his owner suffer, and for that reason I emphatically assert that before disqualifying an entry for being under or over-sized a judge should exert the greatest carefulness and be absolutely positive he is committing no mistake whatever at the expense of the exhibitor. Having seen adverse statements in some of the reports of the above mentioned show regarding the care of dogs, I desire to add that my entries were promptly returned to me after the show, apparently in the best of health and in much better condition than I expected to find them, and not reduced at all in flesh, showing that they must have had as, one paper remarked, "plenty of good food and water." Herman F. Schellhass.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE COLLIE KENNEL PRIZE AT PHILADELPHIA.—At the recent Philadelphia dog show the special prize for the best kennel of five collies was awarded to the Sans Souci Kennels under the following circumstances: The regular classes were judged in the cattle shed between the two rows of benches. The Sans Souci Kennels entered five but had only four on exhibition at the time of judging both the regular classes and the special. Owing to the very bad arrangement for judging and the crowd of people in the shed, the judge, Mr. Apgar, suggested that the list of awards be examined, and if the case was clear, the trouble of taking the dogs off their benches in the crowd would be obviated. Both owners assented, and as the winnings showed that the Sans Souci Kennels were clearly ahead the prize was awarded to them. Shortly after the award Mr. Lindsay, the only other competitor, discovered that So So, one of the Sans Souci Kennels' entries, was absent. He at once applied to the steward, and finding that the entry was marked absent in the steward's book, he protested the award on the ground that a prize for five dogs could not be awarded to four. The club took nearly two weeks instead of five minutes to consider the matter, and have finally sustained the protest; and the prize will go to Mr. Lindsay's Kennels. It was the duty of the judge to have seen each dog entered; this would have effectually blocked the little game. Had the management been reasonably good and a proper place provided for the judging, this loophole for fraud to creep in would not have been open. More than all, it was the plain duty of the owner of the Sans Souci Kennels to have practiced common honesty in this case, and not to have taken by fraud a prize that belonged to another. The Sans Souci have scored an unenviable record, which future show managers will do well to keep track of.

DEATH OF CHAMPION PETREL.—The well-known English setter Petrel is dead. Although winning champion prizes both in England and this country, she is best known as the dam of champions, no less than three of her progeny having won the title Gladstone, Plantagenet and Petrel II., and all of them are by different sires. She was also the dam of many other prize winners, but her fame rests upon a more lasting foundation than this. She was not only the dam of good-looking, well-formed animals, but of first-class field performers as well. Those who have been so fortunate as to witness the work of Gladstone, Plantagenet, Prince, Warwick, Ollie, and many others of her progeny, will agree with us in bestowing upon her the well deserved title of the Queen of Setters.

ST. MAURICE.—Newark, N. J., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to protest against the sweeping assertion made in the critique of the Philadelphia bench show that St. Maurice is not a St. Bernard. He is as thorough bred a St. Bernard as ever crossed the Atlantic, as his pedigree will show. I know both sire and dam; both are prize winners in Switzerland and entered in the Swiss Stud Book. Only prize dogs and their get can be registered in Switzerland, and the latter only after they are twelve months old and after having been approved by the stud book committee. St. Maurice was the pick of the litter out of Mina (S. S. B. 11; breeder, the baroness of Grafenried) by Mr. Fahrni's Lebeau (S. S. B.5), and was selected on account of his markings and size; but because his color is of a very dark brindle and white, that does not make him a "Landseer" Newfoundland, just as little as the light tawny color will make a St. Bernard a Leonberg dog. Old Barry, for instance, as preserved at the Museum at Berne, had a coat of a mixture of light and dark brindle and white; and if a dog is to be ruled out on account of his not being of the usual red or red and white, we might as well discard Old Barry as being the most worthy representative of his noble breed. There are other points, equally as important as the color, if not more so, which distinguish the St. Bernard from the Newfoundland or Leonberg, for whereas the color differs in the various strains, all other points remain the same for the breed as a whole. St. Maurice was entered as "very dark brindle and white," but in the catalogue the words "very dark" were omitted. If the critic had seen the dog in the open air or taken the trouble to examine him more closely, he would have seen that the dog is not black and white. The standard of the English St. Bernard Club says, "no pure black and white," and so says the Swiss Kynological Society, of which I am a member. If St. Maurice were black and white, I would certainly never have attempted to exhibit him. As I do know the difference between a St. Bernard and a Newfoundland, even a black and white one, and as my reputation is brought into question, I cannot pass the assertion referred to unnoticed. The dogs were undoubtedly shown to great disadvantage in those dark cattle sheds, but Mr. Dudley, who saw the dog in the judging ring, certainly knew what he was doing when he awarded St. Maurice a c. in the open class and an hc. in the puppy class, the critic's statement to the contrary notwithstanding. I shall consider it a great favor if you will kindly publish this letter in your next issue.—K. E. Hopf. ["A man who will not stand up for his dog is just no man at all." Mr. Hopf vindicates himself in this respect, but has failed to convince us that the color of St. Maurice is orthodox, although he kindly brought the dog to our office on Tuesday for inspection. We must admit that a considerable portion of the dark color would pass for dark brindle, but it is a very, very dark brindle, and was not readily to be seen in the bad light at Philadelphia. There is, however, quite a patch of solid black on his shoulders, and when his owner will show that the Kynological Society does not disqualify a dog for this fault, we will humbly beg his and St. Maurice's pardon.

RED IRISH SETTER CLUB.—Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to announce that several of the Irish setter breeders are getting up a special cash prize for the best Irish setter in the all-aged setter stake of the Eastern Field Trials. It is not yet known how much it will amount to—probably $100, if not more. It is intended to organize an Irish setter club next spring—in fact, the knot of breeders who are interested in this special may be called a club, though not regularly organized yet; and this is their initiative step toward the improvement of the breed in field form. The competition will be warm, for I know of several good reds that will start if there is a special.—Luke W. White (Acting Secretary and Treasurer).

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—Boston, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of May 21, in the report of the Toronto dog show, I noticed that the toy spaniel class was divided for King Charles and Prince Charles spaniels. What is a Prince Charles spaniel? I have been breeding and dealing in all kinds of dogs for thirty-nine years, and I most willingly confess that I do not know what a Prince Charles spaniel is. I know you will put your readers on the right track.—Dr. G. Walton. [A King Charles spaniel is black and tan, a Blenheim spaniel is white and red, and a Prince Charles spaniel is white, black and tan. The build of each breed is the same; the only difference is in color and marking.]

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS.—The second annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club will be run at Rio Grande, N. J., commencing Nov. 17. The trials are for members only. The entries close Nov. 1. Mr. C. S. Westcott has been selected as judge.

THE WINSTED DOG SHOW.—The Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association will hold a dog show in connection with their first exhibition, at Winsted, Ct., on Dec. 15 to 18. The superintendent is Frank D. Hallett, Winsted, Ct.

THE PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.—The entries for the All-Aged Stake of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club will close on Nov. 15, $2.50 at time of nomination with $5 additional to start. The secretary is H. C. Brown, Sacramento, Cal.

POINTER LOST.—Strayed or stolen from 178 South Fifth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., a white pointer bitch with lemon ears. Any information regarding her will be thankfully received at the above address.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.

For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." We request that all Kennel Notes be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Rocky Glen. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle.)

Little Boy Blue. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R 1616) out of Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Chester. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Duke. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Roy. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Nettie. By E. W. Jester, for lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Chief. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Jest (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Mina. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Jest (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Mona. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Dashing Jest (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Luna. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) our of Dashing Jest (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle).

Glen Flirt. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Countess Flirt (Tempest—Flirt).

Glen Countess. By E. W. Jester, for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Countess Flirt (Tempest—Flirt).

Aunty Fuller. By E. W. Jester, for lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Countess Flirt (Tempest—Flirt).

Glen Lea. By E. W. Jester, for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1885, by Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616) out of Leah II. Royal Duke—Leah).

Glynn. By Wm. Nightengale, Brunswick, Ga., for black, white and an English setter dog, whelped March 31, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Belle Boyd (A.K.R. 1277).

Duke. By Philip E. Rogers, Hyde Park, N. Y., for white and black ticked English setter dog, whelped November, 1884, by Perfection A.K.R. 826) out of Beauty (A.K.R. 806).

Rattler. By Jos. E. Lord, Gildersleeve, Conn., for white and black beagle hound dog, whelped May 21, 1885, by Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of White Daisy (A.K.R. 1723).

Snow Flake. By Jos. E. Lord, Gildersleeve, Conn., for white beagle hound bitch, whelped May 21, 1885, by Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709) out of White Daisy (A.K.R. 1723).

Lenore. By W. S. Haines, Wilmington, Del., for chestnut, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 10, 1885, by Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine) out of Petrel III. (Carlowitz—Petrel).

Thaddeus, Jack, Jr., Ohele and Don. By Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., for red Irish setter dogs, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Jack (Elcho—Mag) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

Vera, Siada and Princess. By Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., or red Irish setter bitches, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Jack (Elcho—Mag) out of Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 2181).

Bizoresna. By Berkshire Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Nimrod (A.K.R. 631) out of Bizorah (A.K.R. 1238).

Donald III. By S. F. Chase, East Haverhill, Mass., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545) out of Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698).

Towler, Growler, Lu Lu and Sanco. By H. Jackson, Dover, N. H., for black, white and tan beagles, two dogs and two bitches, whelped July, 1885 (Spider—Flirt II.).

Forward, Foremost, Foreman's Lass, Folderol, Fortuna and Foam. By Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., for white, black and tan English setters, two dogs and four bitches, whelped Aug. 7, 1885, by their champion Foreman out of their Grace B. (London—Dawn).

Dashing Jennie Dale. By F. J. Frost, Toledo, O., for orange and white English setter bitch, whelped May 11, 1884, by Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear) out of Romp Dale (Grouse—Daisy Dale).

Mikado. By W. W. Tucker, New York, for St. Bernard dog, age, color and pedigree not given.

Benedict. By Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., for black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885, by Jalma (Jack—Moll) out of Fly (A.K.R. 553).

Le Blanc. By Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., for black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885, by Jalma (Jack—Moll) out of Fly (A.K.R. 553).

Felician. By Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., for black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885, by Jalma (Jack—Moll) out of Fly (A.K.R. 553).

Gabriel. By Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., for black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885, by Jalma (Jack—Moll) out of Fly (A.K.R. 553).

Basil. By Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., for black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885, by Jalma (Jack—Moll) out of Fly (A.K.R. 553).

Early Dawn. By John K. Yore, St. Louis, Mo., for sable collie, whelped April 16, 1885, by Rob Rob (A.K.R. 334) out of imported Fanny.

Montana. By Forest City Kennels, Cleveland, O., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July, 1884 (Sam Tilden—Floy).

Count Philip. By Forest City Kennels, Cleveland, O., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped June 11, 1883 (Count Noble—Floy).

Guy and Miss Munnie. By Forest City Kennels, Cleveland, O., for black, white and tan English setters, dog and bitch, whelped June 8, 1885 (Plantagenet—Floy).

Haines' Chief. By J. A. Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by Chief (A.K.R. 231) out of Lady Bess (A.K.R. 2178).

Herzog, Princess Olga and Princess Leonore. By Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for dachshunde, black and tan dog, red, and black and tan bitches, whelped June 8, 1885, by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora) out of his Juliette (Unser Fritz—Waldine).

Witch and Cesar. By Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for silver and tan and black and tan dachshund dogs, whelped Sept. 25, 1885, by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora) out of his Babette (Bock—Waldine).

Nip and Tug. By Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., for red and black and tan dachshund dogs, whelped July, 1885, by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora) out of Gretchen (Unser Fritz—Waldine).

Count Noble II. and Fleet Spier. By A. T. Plummer, New York, for orange belton and black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped July 29, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Norna) out of Ruby (Rake—Fanny).

Forest City Kennels. By Dalliba, Billings & Munhall, Cleveland, O., for their kennels of setters and pointers.

St. George's Kennels. By E. W. Jester, for his kennels at St. George's, Del.

BRED.

Ruth—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Ruth (Prince—Ruby) to his Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616), Sept. 23.

Little Nell—The Earl. F. F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Little Nell (Paddy— ———) to his The Earl (Marquis—Lady), Oct. 6.

Lorna Doon—Nemo. Dr. G. P. Davis's (New Haven, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Lorna Doone (A.K.R. 1965) to L. G. Chapman's Nemo (Red—Maud), Sept. 12.

Walkil Chloe—Obo II. A. Gordon's (Middletown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Walkil Chloe (Obo, Jr.—Chloe) to Obo II. (A.K.R. 432), Sept. 26.

Belle—Graphic. W. T. Mitchell's (Lynch's, Va.) pointer bitch Belle (Sensation—Lill) to James L. Anthony's Graphic (A.K.R. 2111), Oct. 8.

Lyda Belle—Nimrod. E. A. Starkey's (Brattleboro, Vt.) red Irish setter bitch Lyda Belle (A.K.R. 626) to Nimrod (A.K.R. 631), Sept. 7.

Mischief—Little Duke. Jos. N. Brady's (Pawtucket, R. I.) English beagle bitch Mischief (A.K.R. 2592) to A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994).

Belle of Bryn Mawr—Prince Napoleon. F. C. Sayles, Jr.'s (Pawtucket, R. I.) English setter bitch Belle of Bryn Mawr (A.K.R. 2651) to T. H. Adams's Prince Napoleon (A.K.R. 2671), Sept. 21.

Jeannie Nettles—Roy Boy. Jas. Lindsay's (Jersey City, N. J.) collie bitch Jeannie Nettles (A.K.R. 1224) to Associated Fanciers' Roy Boy (Roy—Lassie), Oct. 9.

Nellie—Rex. J. Van Horne's (Jersey City, N. J.) collie bitch Nellie (Ayreshire Laddie—Lassie) to J. Lindsay's Rex (A.K.R. 149), Oct. 4.

Juno II.—Rex. A. R. Kyle's (Stamford, Conn.) collie bitch Juno II. to Jas. Lindsay's Rex (A.K.R. 149), Sept. 8.

Fly—Sam. Acadia Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) Newfoundland bitch Fly (A.K.R. 553) to their champion Sam (A.K.R. 556), Oct. 1.

Black Pearl—Hornell Silk. Nickerson & Grosvenor's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Pearl (A.K.R. 647) to Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Silk (A.K.R. 1397), Aug. 20.

Little Nell—Dutch, Jr. T. R. Varick's (Manchester, N. H.) bull-terier bitch Little Nell to his Dutch, Jr. (Dutch—Nell), Sept. 19.

Nixie—Turk. G. A. Schafer's (Philadelphia, Pa.) Gordon setter bitch Nixie (Bob—Nell) to H. C. Glover's champion Turk (A.K.R. 717), Oct. 9.

Crawl—Waldmann II. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Crawl (Waldmann—Waldine) to his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora), Sept. 29.

Congo—Waldmann II, Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Congo (Scamp—Thora) to his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora), Oct. 13.

WHELPS.

Judy. W. F. Reynolds's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Judy (A.K.R. 2199), Oct. 4, five (two dogs), by his Garry (A.K.R. 2198).

Rose. Geo. Vaughan's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch Rose, Oct. 3, six (two dogs), by Frank F. Dole's The Earl (Marquis—Lady).

Brimstone. W. A. Coster's (Flatbush, L. I.) English setter bitch Brimstone (A.K.R. 29), June 28, eight (five dogs), by his Buckellew (A.K.R. 30).

Tuck. G. F. Jordan's (Philadelphia, Pa.) pointer bitch Tuck (Garnet—Doxey), Sept. 19, six (five dogs), by his Nip (Lake—Juno); all liver and white.

Carlotta. Arthur E. Rendle's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Carlotta (Black Charlie—Frolic), Oct. 17, eight (four dogs), by his champion Brahmin.

Prue. F. C. Moore's (Ashtabula, O.) English setter bitch Prue (Perfection—Beauty), Sept. 11, three dogs, by W. Fischer's Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid).

Babette. Wm. Loeffler's (Preston, Minn.) dachshund bitch Babette (Bock—Waldine), Sept. 25, two (one dog), by his Waldmann II. (Faust—Flora).

Erie. H. F. Rivers's (Bridgeport, Conn.) pointer bitch Erie (Rake II.—Browny), Oct. 5, fourteen, by F. R. Hitchcock's Tammany (Tory—Moonstone); nine liver and white and five lemon and white.

ERIE—TAMMANY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding the claim of Luke White and Geo. Macdougall that Bang Grace served my bitch Erie, I wish to affirm what I said of the matter in your issue of Aug. 20. I also wrote you later, although you did not publish it, that the color of the puppies would determine that Tammany was the sire. Erie whelped Oct. 5 nine liver and white and five lemon and white puppies, and I will let the readers of FOREST AND STREAM judge whether Bang Grace or Tammany is the sire. Both Erie and Bang Grace are lemon and white and Tammany is liver and white—H. F. RIVERS (Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 12).

SALES.

Glen Roy. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885 (Glen Rock—Dashing Belle), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.

Rock. Lemon and white beagle dog, 1yr. old, pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lead. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rye. Lemon and white beagle bitch, 1yr. old, pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lady. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bugle. Lemon and white beagle dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1884 (Lead—Fanny), by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fanny. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Little Lady. Black white and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Boler. Black and white foxhound dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lulu. Black and tan foxhound bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Shep. Tawny and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1885 (——— Friday), by E. W. Jester to Isaac Wilson, Angora, Pa.

Glen Countess. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1885 (Glen Rock—Countess Flirt), by E. W. Jester to W. H. Colcord, Chicago, Ill.

Scarlet III. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Jan. 12, 1884 (Young Royal—Scarlet II.), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Chas. A. Stevens, Hoboken, N. J.

Don. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (Jack—Meg Merrilies), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to Chas. A. S. Holland, same place.

Thaddeus. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (Jack—Meg Merrilies), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to Wm. H. H. Saunders, same place.

Jack, Jr. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (Jack—Meg Merrilies), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to John E. Palmer, same place.

Vera. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (Jack—Meg Merrilies), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to D. M. Holman, Boston, Mass.

Princess. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (Jack—Meg Merrilies), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to M. P. Dalton, Deering, Me.

Daisy Bravo. Lemon and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 560), by Geo. Norbury Appold, Baltimore, Md., to Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J.

Ruby Buckellew. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped June 23, 1885 (Buckellew—Brimstone), by W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., to T. W. Stoutenburg, St. Louis, Mo.

Buckshot. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped June 28, 1885 (Buckellew—Brimstone), by W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., to John W. Frye, South Oil City, Pa.

Buck's Lad. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped June 28, 1885 (Buckellew—Brimstone), by W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., to Wm. S. Smith, same place.

Blarney Stone. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped June 28, 1885 (Buckellew—Brimstone), by W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., to Thos. C. Abbott, Yardville, N. J.

Foremost. White, black and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 7, 1885 (Foreman—Grace B.), by Blackstone Kennels, South Attleboro, Mass., to Chas. Coupland, Seymour, Conn.

Black Prince (A.K.R. 62)—Marion (A.K.R. 2689) whelps. Black spaniel bitches, whelped July 21, 1885, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, one each to Albert E. Foster, Alex. Taylor, Jr., and Dr. J. W. Greene, same place; one to H. J. Bennet, Trenton, N. J., and one to L. A. Biddle, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sport—Suwanee whelps. Spaniel dogs, whelped July 15, 1885, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, one to Dr. Charles McBurney, same place, and one to H. J. Bennet, Trenton, N. J.

Snyder—Dixie whelps. Beagles, whelped July 29, 1885, by S. L. Farrar, Bath, Me., one dog each to James Purrington, S. H. Rogers, Chas. Boyd, and a bitch to J. H. Jordan, same place, and a dog to Wm. E. Walker, Taunton, Mass.

Marcus II. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped Nov. 4, 1884, by Rex (A.K.R. 149) out of Jersey Lily (A.K.R. 147), by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Gifford F. Parker, Newark, N. J.

Dot. Black, white and tan collie bitch, whelped Nov. 4, 1884, by Rex (A.K.R. 149) out of Jersey Lily (A.K.R. 149), by James Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Mitchell Harrison, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gem. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped July 12, 1884, by Brack (A.K.R. 3) out of Fairy (A.K.R. 1222), by James Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Mitchell Harrison, Philadelphia, Pa.

Portland. Black, tan and white collie dog, whelped Nov. 4, 1884, by Rex (A.K.R. 149) out of Jersey Lily (A.K.R. 147), by James Lindsay, Jersey City, N. S., to Allen Thorndike Rice, New York.

Basil. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885 (Jalma—Fly), by Acadia Kennels, Boston, Boston, Mass., to F. H. Scribner, New York.

Felician. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885 (Jalma—Fly), by Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., to J. C. Williams, West Dedham, Mass.

Le Blanc. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885 (Jalma—Fly), by Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., to P. J. Donahue, New York.

Benedict. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885 (Jalma—Fly), by Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass., to B. Maguire, same place.

Black Pearl. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1883 (A.K.R. 647), by Geo. W. Leavitt, Boston, Mass., to J. A. Nickerson and Dr. Provencar, same place.

Count Noble—Ruby whelp. Liver, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 29, 1885, by H. C. Hamilton, New York, to W. B. Dickerman, same place.

Blanche. Chestnut and tan dachshund bitch, whelped May 21, 1885 (Waldmann—Congo), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Fred Segmund, Washington, Mo.

Faust II. Red dachshund dog, whelped April 21, 1885 (Bergmann—Diana), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Dr. Chase, Viroqua, Wis.

Herod and Alice. Red dachshund dog and black and tan bitch, whelped July, 1885 (Waldmann II.—Gretchen), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to L. Harris, Rock Island, Ill.

Diana. Black and tan dachshund bitch (Waldmann II.—Babette), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to F. Howard, Irvington, N. Y.

Ruby Tyrant—Warren Lady whelps. White, black and tan fox-terriers, whelped July 23, 1885, by Wm. T. McAleer, Philadelphia, Pa.; a dog to H. Graham, Jr., Chester, Pa.; a dog to J. B. Downs, Dauphin, Pa., and a bitch to W. H. Herberton, Philadelphia, Pa.

Otto. Red dachshund dog, whelped April 13, 1885 (Waldmann—Crawl), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to L. A. Shaw, Newton Center, Mass.

Beatrice and Thora II. Black and tan and red dachshund bitches, whelped May 21, 1885 (Waldmann—Congo), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to L. A. Shaw, Newton Center, Mass.

Crook. Red dachshund dog, whelped April 21, 1885 (Bergmann—Diana), by Wm. Loeffler, Preston, Minn., to Fred Segmund, Washington, Mo.

PRESENTATIONS.

Glynn. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped March 31, 1885 (Count Noble—Belle Boyd), by A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga., to William Nightengale, same place.

IMPORTATIONS.

Flotsam and Jetsam. Black pointer bitches, whelped April 8, 1883 (Sambo—Diana), by Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., from Kendal, Eng., Oct. 10.

Ilse.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In to-day's issue of FOREST AND STREAM I find under the Kennel list of importations my St. Bernard bitch called Isle. This is a mistake, the name is Ilse. Please correct.—RICHARD H. DERBY.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

G. L. D., Middleburgh, N. Y.—A pointer 3½ years old, about a year ago showed sores between his toes, hard and occasionally discharging a whitish fluid. Lately on the elbow joints of his hind legs the skin has thickened; scabs appear, and a thickish dark matter discharges under pressure. On his front legs at the elbows the skin ridges and thickens and scabs and matter appear. The dog appears chilly and though he will hunt, soon tires. On the body the skin is all right, and even on the sores the hair don't fall out much. Ans. Your dog suffers from a skin disease called psoriasis. Have your druggist make you a five per cent. solution of salicylic acid in castor oil, and apply twice daily with a camel's hair brush. Remove the scabs as soon as they are softened. Keep the bowels open with castor oil or syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses.

D., Oneida, N. Y.—My spaniel, six months old, after apparently recovering from distemper, has been seized with pain in his head and eyes. His eyes have become inflamed and seem to spread apart; are very sensitive to light, lids swollen, no noticeable discharge. He rubs his head a great deal and keeps his eyes closed. Have been treating him for distemper under FOREST AND STREAM'S directions, but he does not seem to improve. Seems to suffer great pain in his head at times. Eats well at times, but nothing at others. Has a good deal of fever. Please advise me what to do for him. Ans. Keep your dog in a dry, warm room or kennel. Change the bedding twice weekly. Disinfect the kennel twice a week with chloride of lime solution or with weak solution of acid carbolic. While fever exists give three drops of tincture of aconite every two hours until it is under control. Keep the bowels easy with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses two or three times daily. If the eyelids are still inflamed and there is fear of light, drop into them three times daily a few drops of zinc sulphocarbolate solution of the strength of two grains to the ounce of distilled water. Feed on unstimulating diet, soups without fat, mush with a very little raw minced meat mixed with it, etc. As soon as the fever abates and convalescence is established, give drops of the tincture of the chloride of iron three times daily in a wine glass of sweetened water. Report results.

C. L. P., N. Y.—A terrier dog, 2½ years old, is attacked with some malady of which the following symptoms are most apparent: He crouches down on his forefeet, with his head resting on them and his hind parts elevated, which position seems to ease him; then he will curl up and after a few seconds he will straighten up and howl as if in great pain. I used the areca nut recipe (thinking he had worms), but it did not relieve him. I also treated him for cramps, but with no success. After suffering two or three days he will come around again all right until attacked again. Ans. Your dog has intestinal colic. There are many causes for the trouble. You do not speak of his passages. If he has diarrhœa it is probably due to some indigestible food taken in. He may have peritonitis, in which case there would be distension of the abdomen. It may be neuralgia from cold, etc. If he has diarrhœa, or you suspect that he has eaten some indigestible substances, you must purge him with a full dose of castor oil (dessert spoonful), and then give a powder containing ten grains of subnitrate of bismuth and one grain of opium. Give the powder daily until relief is obtained. If the dog does not improve write again, giving fuller particulars as to condition of bowels and stomach, and tell us whether the dog has fever.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 20.—First Georgia State Fair Tournament, under auspices of the National Gun Association. Judge M. R. Freeman, Manager, Macon, Ga. Beginning Oct. 20.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Oct. 8.—Brattleboro Rifle Club, Oak Grove Range, 200yds., off-hand, Massachusetts target:

French	12	12	11	11	11	11	10	12	11	10	—111
Taft	12	11	10	11	12	12	10	12	12	9	—111
Hobb	11	11	11	11	10	10	10	11	12	11	—108
Read	8	12	10	11	10	11	11	10	11	11	—105
Sargent	10	10	11	11	9	8	12	12	10	12	—105
Nichols	10	9	9	10	10	10	11	11	9	11	—100

GARDNER, Mass., Oct. 16.—At the last meet of the members of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack Range to-day, the inch-ring target was used, distance 200yds., shooting off-hand, with a possible 100. The results of two strings was as follows:

A Mathews	93	95—191	George Warfield	51	62—113
F E Nichol	86	98—184	C J Crabtree	50	61—111
H C Knowlton	78	81—159			
			At Rest.		
William Austin				82	96—178

STUDYING AMERICAN ARMS.—Lieutenant Colonel George Vincent Fosbery, of the British war office, is in America engaged in studying the American methods of manufacturing magazine guns and small arms. Colonel Fosbery if not here officially, but upon his own account. He has served with brilliancy in Afghan border wars under General Chamberlain and has won the Victoria cross. He is also the first outsider who saw the mitrailleuse that Louis Napoleon had so carefully, and to so little effect just before the Franco Prussian war. As a close observer he has been to many countries to secure facts about ordnance, magazine guns and small arms. In ordnance he thinks the United States cannot compare with England, for we have no large gun foundries, but in magazine guns we are superior. The Gatling with its automatic feed he places at the head of the list. The Gardner is also highly thought of. Pratt & Whitney's arms have long been favorably known in England. Save one, there is no shop in Great Britain, he says, capable of turning out such good work.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—The Boston press boys had a field day on the range at Walnut Hill in the 7th annual competition. The team match resulted for the fourth time in a victory for the *Herald*'s marksmen. The *Herald* won the medals the first three years after organization, the *Globe* in each of the succeeding three years, and now the *Herald* is again at the fore. The weather was decidedly inauspicious. A provoking east wind, variable and puffy, accompanied by intermittent showers and changing lights, rendered frequent changes in the wind gauges and the sights necessary. The scores stood:

Team Match.

Herald Team.

F. E. Rollins	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	5	—42
*F. C. Brownell	5	5	3	4	2	4	3	5	4	3—40
F. H. Buffum	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4—39
G. H. Morgan	3	4	5	3	4	4	3	3	4	4—38
One average score										39¾

*Three points allowed for Military rifle. 196¾

Transcript Team.		Globe Team.	
H. S. Fisher	42	J. P. Frost	40
J. D. Whitcomb	41	F. Merrill	39
L. M. Hammond	38	C. L. Holt	38
W. V. Alexander	35	R. Luce	34
One average score	39	One average score	37¾
	195		183¾

Advertiser Team.		Post Team.	
D. B. Farwell	40	H. A. Newman	43
A. Beach	39	S. Head, Jr	40
W. Johnson	39	J. R. Mann	38
F. W. Scott	38	E. H. Farnsworth	25
One average score	39	One average score	36¼
	195		182¼

500yd. Match.

J P Frost (Globe) mil	3	5	3555555+2—35
F A Buffum (Herald)	3	3	2 9—61
	3	4	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—32—67
	2	3	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—32—64
F W Scott (Advertiser) mil	2	7	5—25—52

Individual Match—Class A.

H A Newman (Post)	5	5	4 5 5 5—3 3 5 4 4 4 4 4—29—62
D B Farwell (Advertiser)	6	2	F W Scott (Advertiser)	5	9
S Merrill (Globe)	6	1	A Keach (Advertiser)	5	8
F E Rollins (Herald)	6	1	F A Morse (Journal)	5	7
S Head, Jr. (Post)	6	1	G H Morgan (Herald)	5	4
H S Fisher (Transcript)	6	1	E Stearns	5	0

Class B.

F C Brownell (Herald) "Mil."	4	5	4 4 4 4 5—31	5	4	4 5 5 4 4 5—31—62
F H Buffum (Herald)	6	0	J R Carmichael (Advertiser)	5	3
W H Hathaway (Herald)	5	7	W V Alexander (Transcript)	5	1
J D Whitcomb (Transcript)	5	6	R Luce (Globe)	5	1
H Kingman (Herald)	5	5	J R Mann (Post)	5	0

Class C.

W Johnson (Advertiser)	4	5	4 5 5 5—32	4	4	4 4 4 5—30—62
C L Holt (Globe)	5	1	W H Hills (Globe)	4	7
H P Colbert (Post)	4	9	W P Nickerson (Globe)	4	7
J H Parker (Globe)	4	8	E H Farnsworth (Post)	4	3
L Luce (Herald)	4	7			

A SEVERE REPRIMAND.—Lieut. W. H. Crossman, of Co. E, 7th regiment, was disqualified by the directors of the N. R. A. from shooting on the Creedmoor range, under charge of bribery to a scorer on the 8d inst., while engaged in regimental practice at the range. He has resigned from his regiment, but carries with him the confidence of his brother officers in the question of veracity between the shooter and the scorer.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Oct. 17.—The Brattleboro Rifle Club allows no sighting shots, each contestant must start his score with his first off-hand shot, this puts the boys on their nerve at the very first. Mr. Cobb has a firm hold on the medal, his score of 114 is the best yet made on the range in the first 10 shots of the day. The following is the score for 200yds., Massachusetts target, 10 shots each:

Record Match.

Cobb	12	12	11	10	11	12	11	12	12	11—114
Nichols	9	9	11	11	9	11	12	9	12	11—105
Hannon	11	11	12	10	8	11	11	10	10	10—105
Read	11	10	11	9	10	11	10	9	12	10—103
Sargent	9	10	10	11	8	11	8	10	9	11— 98
Knight	10	10	10	7	11	10	9	10	10	12— 98

Special Record Competition.

Nichols	11	12	10	10	11	11	12	12	12	—112
Cobb	12	11	12	10	11	11	12	10	10	11 —110
Knight	11	11	11	12	10	10	11	10	12	10—108
Sargent	11	10	11	10	12	11	11	8	11	10—105
Read	12	9	11	11	11	9	9	11	11	10—104

Next week the club will give a trial to the Farrow target, as described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 8.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—There was a smaller attendance of riflemen than usual at the meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association at Walnut Hill to-day. During the early part of the day there was a moderate wind, but a most perplexing mirage, which even at the 200yds. range proved most delusive. At 4 o'clock the mirage disappeared, the wind calmed and the conditions were almost perfect. J. N. Frye scored 100 out of a possible 100 in the rest match. This was the fourth time the feat has been performed in a match. The 10 shots were all inside of the 10 circle of 3½in. in diameter, not one touching the circle line. M. C. Daulton, Company M, Eighth Regiment, in a short space of time, recorded 4 scores of 22, 22, 22, 23, out of a possible 25, winning the silver badge in the Massachusetts militia match. The details of the day's work were as follows:

Creedmoor Match.

L Herbert (mil.)	4544443554—43	L Barton (mil.)	4355334344—38
H W Baldwin (mil.)	5433444454—40	C F Carter (mil)	4434553433—38
B G Ford (mil.)	4434443154—39	S Neal (mil.)	4434434444—37

Decimal Match—Off-hand.

B G Warren	8	10	9	9	5	6	9	7	10	7—80
J N Frye	8	9	6	9	5	10	9	7	8	5—76
A Rolfe	7	9	7	7	8	8	7	5	9	6—73
L Baldwin	8	5	7	8	8	5	7	8	8	9—73
G F Rowe	10	7	6	2	5	7	7	9	10	10—73
C Davis	9	5	7	5	10	9	3	8	6	8—70

Decimal Match—Rest.

J N Frye	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
S Wilder	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	9— 98
J Hurd	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	10— 97
R Bronson	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	8— 97
F Hill	9	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	9— 95
C Amsden	8	9	8	10	10	9	10	8	10	10— 92
N Adams	10	9	10	9	10	10	8	9	8	8— 91

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NORTHSIDE GUN CLUB.—Woodside, L. I., Oct. 7.—Match at 25yds. (Krumbeck 27yds.):

Krumbeck	0010011—3	Eberhardt	1010111—5
Winholz	1111111—7	Japken	1101101—5
Siems	1010010—3	Bohmke	0100001—2
Manning	1101001—4	Helmken	1100011—4
Dr Franz	1001100—3	Barlow	1101111—6
Kroger	0111111—6	Grau	1111101—6

Dr. Franz and Eberhardt divided first, Winholz second.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

"PROBABLY THE LAST APPEARANCE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Am I right in supposing a cutter to be a single-masted vessel with loose-footed mainsail, jib set flying and a running bowsprit? If so, why do you not give your readers a hint to that effect and stop some of the talk about cutter and sloop? As to the Puritan, in rig she is neither a sloop nor a cutter; and if being designed, built and sailed by Americans can make any vessel American, then surely the Puritan is American. As for her being a copy of this or that, she resembles nothing on earth, under the earth, in or on the waters, under or on the earth, except herself.

Does your correspondent "Loyalty" realize the fact that the Shadow draws nearly 6ft. of water without her board, and that although she has no outside lead, she has about five tons cast to fit as low as possible inside? No one ever said that the Shadow had a "cutter model," whatever that may be, and yet she is, to all intents and purposes, as much a cutter in shape as the Puritan. If every deep, narrow vessel with long overhangs is a cutter, then every cutter is a "barrel head," as half a barrel head with lead on the bottom and rigged as a toy yacht has probably been familiar to all boys living on salt water since the year one, and I should not be surprised if it was the real, if not nominal, father of the Thames rule; in which case said rule should be called "barrel head"—as good a name as any for it, probably, except block head.

In writing of the Buccaneer, Mr. Bayly forgets to say what her rig was, so perhaps she was a sloop, although classed as a cutter, in which case she might pass as the real original sheep in the wolf-fold or wolf in the sheepfold. Is the Boston keel sloop Hera a cutter? She is deep, not very wide, and has a heavy lead keel. Was the old sloop Nautilus a cutter? She had two head sails and was very deep and not very beamy. Was the old Provincetown packet, which carried a heavy iron keel before most of your readers, including myself, were thought of, a cutter? She was schooner rig, by the way. Is the Miranda a cutter or a schooner? She is almost, if not quite, cutter model.

Can you not give your readers a definition of cutter and sloop? I mean a clear, concise, every day working definition. It would save a great deal of "wind chewing," which would be a great blessing in New York Harbor in summer, as wind seems rather scarce there usually. Do you consider a vessel which, in order to make a passage across the Western ocean, has to come down to jury rig, a nice sort of craft to go to sea in? Why so much fuss about the Genesta and not a word for the little Clara, which came over with her working spars? Why is a jib set flying any more English than French or Dutch? Pardon such a number of questions, but I am a steady reader of FOREST AND STREAM, *Spirit of the Times* and New York *Herald*, the result of the last three months' reading being to greatly unsettle my mind, or what I am pleased to call my mind, and to give me serious doubts what kind of a craft I have been on board of all summer, to which doubt you are indebted for this long letter. I am afraid that most of my questions partake of the nature of the large and unfortunately increasing class of conundrums to which the only answer is "So is a hen." In the criticisms of the treatment received by the owners of the Puritan from the New York Y. C., I do not think enough stress has been laid on the truly hospitable behavior of Mr. Busk, of the Mischief, and it seems to me that he did so much that the queer actions, or rather lack of actions on the part of the other members of the club to which he belongs, should be passed over in silence even had they been much queerer than they were.

In your issue of Oct. 8 you claim that the Genesta is the superior of all American yachts except the Puritan, and equal to her. Now I hold the belief, and I am by no means alone in that belief, that the Priscilla would make a very close race with the Genesta, much closer than the Genesta can make with Puritan, in any kind of weather. In the last race, although the Puritan only beat the Genesta a little over one minute, yet she sailed fully one mile further, and practically beat the Genesta three times in one race; in fact the boat won in spite of about as bad management as I ever saw in a race. I think there can be but few people, who know one end of a boat from another, who saw the race and the attempted races, who can have much doubt that the Puritan is able to beat Genesta from ten to fifteen minutes over a fifty-mile course, in any kind of weather that the Genesta can carry her racing spars in. By the way, were the Cup races sailed to determine who was to hold the Cup, or were they merely to find out when a sloop is a cutter or a cutter a sloop? I have owned sloops such as "Loyalty" admires so much, and think there is more cutter than sloop about them. "Loyalty" makes the mistake, when he gets so excited about representative American sloops, of forgetting that the whole seaboard of the United States is not comprised in the shores of Long Island Sound and New York harbor. The Puritan may not be a representative New York sloop—no one ever claimed she was—yet she can be truly American for all that. Skimming dishes with their masts way up in their eyes have never been in favor on this side of Cape Cod, and I doubt very much if they ever will be; at any rate I hope not. If the Puritan is derived from the English, I am very much afraid that the Shadow is also, as is easily seen by comparing her with the cutter Buccaneer. I have always thought myself a sloop man, but if "Loyalty" knows what he is talking about, I find I have been laboring under a mistake, and that I am in fact the worst kind of a rabid cutter maniac; therefore I am much distressed, as I am a strong Anglophobiast, and if it were not for the hope that some of your correspondents may yet make out that cutters were first invented in this country and copied from us by the Britishers, I am afraid that I should seek consolation in suicide or a retreat in the wilds of Long Island, if you have waded through this rambling screed of mine as far as this, I think you have waded enough, and I will give you a rest, so to speak. H. B.

COHASSET, Oct. 12.

The above letter from an Eastern yachtsman reiterates the old question that has so often been discussed in our columns that it seems an unwarranted imposition on our readers to again inflict it on them, but as we have lately received some other inquiries of the same tenor as "H. B." we will herein endeavor to answer them finally and for all time before the cutter-sloop question passes into history. At the present day the two terms have lost the distinctive meaning that they once possessed, and the sooner they disappear from the yachtsman's vocabulary, or, if retained, the sooner that their meaning is definitely limited, the better it will be for all who talk or write about yachts. What is now wanted is a term that will express concisely and exactly a yacht with one mast, rigged with a boom and gaff mainsail and triangular headsails; some less awkward equivalent of the term "singlesticker," which expresses all that is really necessary, but is too lengthy and too cumbersome. We have already the words cat-boat, yawl and schooner, each of which defines a special rig, without regard to model: now a fourth is needed that will take the place of the words sloop and cutter. Here is a first rate chance for some ambitious yachtsman to distinguish himself and confer a substantial benefit on his fellows by coining a suitable substitute and letting these two words revert to their proper meaning. They both have been greatly abused of late years, knocked about like a pair of shuttlecocks, but the great changes that have been made in our yachts within a few years have destroyed their distinctive meanings and made it almost impossible to define them now.

To do so, we must go back to the time when the English cutter, both in rig and model, was practically unknown in American waters, about six or seven years ago. At that time, the word cutter, as applied by English yachtsmen, the only ones who habitually used it, was applied to the rig only. This rig had as its prominent features, one mast stepped well aft, and four principal sails, a mainsail with long head and low hoist, a foresail, staysail or forestaysail set on a stay from the stem head, a jib set flying or on its own luff from the bowsprit end, and a topsail. A marked feature of the rig was that the three lower sails presented a rather long and low area, while the topsail was very large in proportion to them, while a second feature was the divisibility of the sails and the facilities afforded for many and easy changes. Five or six sizes of jibs were used and four sizes of topsails, while the entire spar plan made for corresponding reductions, topsails being fitted to lower and the bowsprit to reef in. There were also some minor peculiarities, the mainsail was almost always loose on the foot, and the spars were thoroughly stayed with shifting backstays, while the jib was set up with a powerful chain purchase, and at times the mainsail was stowed and a trysail set. The salient and distinguishing features of the rig may then be briefly summed up as follows: one mast, four sails, low and broad mainsail, low and extended area of lower sail, large proportionate area of topsail, several sizes of jibs and topsails, and housing spars well stayed.

Now, looking at American single stickers, dubbed sloops, there was a marked difference. In the first place there were only three sails—mainsail, jib and topsail: the mainsail was very long in the hoist, with a short, high peaked gaff. The jib was of very great size and was set on a fixed stay at bowsprit end; it was reefed or "bobbed," as occasion compelled, but could not be taken in. The area of the two sails was lofty and narrow, and the topsail was of very small size compared with lower sails; while bowsprit and topmast, the latter a short, stumpy affair, were both fixtures. The mainsail was also laced to the boom, and even some cases have been known where the jib was laced to a boom also, while excepting the extra topsails, no variation of sail area was possible except by reefing, and the mast was as far forward as possible. Briefly, then, the sloop rig had three sails—high and narrow mainsail, very small topsail, very large jib and fixed spars. These were the meanings accorded to the words when applied, as they properly were, to the rig, by those who used them. Now, looking at the hulls that carried these rigs, we find that the English yacht, whether cutter or schooner rigged, had some marked peculiarities. Her proportion of beam to length varied from 1-3 to 1-7, approaching the latter of late in the small sizes; while the draft, all the boats having keels, was as much, and in many cases more than the beam. All of these boats had flush decks, metal keels of greater or less weight, a plumb stem, a long overhang or counter, and none were centerboard boats except a few isolated instances no more numerous than the old yachts once were here; while they were boats of heavy displacement. The models were approximately the same, whether cutter, yawl or schooner rigged, and many of the boats were of moderate beam. With the awakening of an interest in these boats among American yachtsmen they naturally looked at the fastest racing craft of the day, which were all very narrow, very deep, with heavy lead keels and cutter rigged; and these are the only boats they have ever shown any special interest in. They were cutters in one sense, and the term has been applied to them and to them only in the long controversy over English and American models and rigs; but at the same time there were hosts of other yachts, cruisers and ex-racers, all keel boats of moderate beam with outside ballast, such as Buccaneer, which were just as thoroughly English cutters, and which in numbers exceeded the "lead mine" pure and simple, to which the name was misapplied.

The American boat of the same period was of an average beam of one-third or over, a draft of less than one-third of the beam, with inside ballast of scrap iron or even partly of stone; all with centerboards, trunk cabins, short overhang aft and clipper stems, and all of light displacement. Some of these were schooner-rigged, but the principal ones and the fastest were sloop-rigged and entered into the controversy under the name of sloops. As most of the type were sloop-rigged, and as the keel sloops were small and few in number, the word answered well enough for the time, and the terms sloop and cutter came into general use with the two special meanings attached to them that we have indicated above.

It is true, as "H. B." states, that there was then the Shadow, deeper and far better than her class, and some others that gave promise of something better in time; but though the whole seaboard of the United States is not comprised in the shores of Long Island and New York harbor, it is equally true that New York harbor has been the headquarters of American yacht racing from its birth and the home of those yachts, especially in the larger sizes, which by their performances have won the title of representative American yachts. We do not wish to depreciate Boston yachts and yachting; in respect to honest boats and real amateur sailorizing they have been ahead of New York for a long time, but when it comes to fast sloops or schooners of large size, especially the former, Boston is out of the count.

Not to meddle with ancient history but only going back to the middle ages that preceded the modern renaissance that has made a Puritan not only a possibility, but has made American yachtsmen receive her with open arms as what they always believed in, we find the racing fleet of "repperysentative" yachts composed of Arrow, Vision, Gracie, Addie Voorhis, Windward, Meta, Whitewing, Fanny, Coming and their tribe. These boats were modeled and built on the Sound or about New York, they belonged to the New York Y. C., they raced over its course or at Newport for its prizes, and their fame is firmly connected with New York yachting. These were the boats that were put forward prominently at the opening of the controversy and they represented in their design and construction certain ideas which were then generally accepted by the body of American yachtsmen. Before attempting to class Puritan let us see what these ideas were, and how they compared with the similar features of English boats. First, their displacement was relatively small, much less than that of the English models, their ballast was of bulky material, stowed inside the hull at a greater or less height, while the cutter, as we will continue to call her, carried her ballast in the compact shape of lead, stowed as far as possible on the keel; the sloop had a centerboard and drew 5 or 6ft. of water, the cutter had a keel and a draft of 10 to 18ft.; the former had a beam of one-third her waterline, and even more, while the average large cutter had about one-fifth of her length.

The difference in rig we have already noticed, beside which there were some secondary but marked points of difference. The sloop had a long overhanging clipper stem, a short round to the fore foot, a keal nearly straight with greatest draft aft, a vertical sternpost, a shot stubby counter, a low waist, high ends, and a high cabin house. Contrasted with these the cutter had a plumb stem, a fore foot boldly cut away, a keel well rockered with its depth abaft the midships, a great rake of sternpost, a long, light counter, high freeboard, and flush decks. Some of these features, such as the shape of the stem, are merely superficial and have little effect on the performance of the boat, but at the same time they were distinctive and marked the difference between the two classes. At all times boats have been found on each side that embody some of the principles of the other: even now, since the alteration of the rule, clipper stems have become popular on the smaller yachts in England, and in this country we have at times had narrow yachts, yachts with iron keels (as the old Provincetown packets instanced by our correspondent), deep yachts like Shadow, and yachts with double headsails; but still these features were directly contrary not only to expressed theories but to our general practice.

Besides the many points of difference mentioned above there were other details of construction, the methods of framing and ballasting, the wide keel of the English yacht blending into the hull with no break at the rabbet line, and many points in the iron work, masthead fittings, lead of lines and make of sails.

We see, then, that by general usage and consent the term cutter, strictly pertaining to rig only, had in time come to signify a yacht of certain proportions and features, all pretty clearly marked, and of a certain definite rig; while the term sloop was applied in the same way to a yacht of different proportions, details and rig. At one time the nomenclature answered very fairly, but within five years past a great change has been wrought. The cutter of to-day is practically the same as that of 1880, only a little deeper and narrower; but what about the sloop? One by one the various points of the cutter, both rig and model, have been quietly incorporated in the so-called sloop until it is no wonder that even her oldest friends fail to recognize and sometimes refuse to own her. The rig, the single-handed rig with the low rig, long gaff, long housing topmast, backstays, and many minor details are too common on our boats to excite any notice. Lead ballast, as low as possible, is preferred by all, higher freeboard, plumb stem, counters, are found everywhere, and practice has fully proved their value.

But where did all these features come from? How many of the points of the American model and rig have survived? We still adhere to the beam, but not to the extent we once did. Depth has increased greatly. The high bilge is still found as a necessary adjunct to the beam, and the centerboard is still retained. Beyond this we follow in rig and other features, the cutter, until it is no wonder that a man stops bewildered and asks, "What is a cutter and what is a sloop?" It is true that on three points, and these the most important ones, we still differ radically from the English; on beam, displacement and centerboard; but at the same time the beam is less than of old, and may still further decrease in time, the entire theories of light displacement have been thrown overboard, and though using less than the cutters it is more than the old sloops; and it now looks as though even if we retain the board it will be with a substantial keel added, as in Puritan. On all other points save two minor ones, laced mainsail and housing bowsprit, we have generally accepted the English methods in our practice.

It is still a difficult task to class Puritan, but first let us make it plain what we have thus far claimed in regard to her; not that she is neccessarily a cutter, not that she is not a sloop, but that she is in no way a representative of the class of large American single-stick boats, or of our beliefs and practice until a very recent period, and that apart from the beam, board and moderate displacement, her details are those of the cutter rather than the sloop. The beam, while much less than the old boats, is in direct opposition to English ideas, the displacement is less than Genesta's on the same length, but at the same time it is much greater than formerly; the centerboard is retained, but to it is added a substantial keel 9in. deep and 22in. wide on top. True, she has a laced mainsail and fixed bowsprit, but the other features are entirely those of the cutter as far as is compatible with the two fixed conditions of a moderately wide and shallow centerboard yacht, by which her designer was actually limited.

To enumerate some of these features, her rig is in principle the cutter, mast well aft, low hoist, long gaff, long topmast, foresail on stay, jib set flying, with various sizes of jibs, backstays, boom outhaul, masthead fittings, round bowsprit, all, both in principle and detail, are English and distinctively non-American, except in so far as they can be called so from having been naturalized since Madge came here, or, as our correspondent states, made in America by Americans. In the hull the same resemblance is found; the plumb stem, the handsome rocker to the keel, the raking sternpost and counter, and the shape of her lead keel as well as the keel itself, all proclaim at once their origin, while the sheer is no more American than English. That she would be better with a sloop rig, that the stern hinders her speed, that her lead keel makes her logy, no one would now contend; her success has been a full justification of her designer's judgment in selecting these features and his skill in combining them, but let us at least be honest and acknowledge their origin, and also that they are contrary to the beliefs once boldly expressed by American yachtsmen.

"H. B." instances Shadow as similar to Puritan, and in some respects she may be; but again in many features—rig, general outline, lead keel and others she differs materially. If we have made our views clear we have answered incidentally several of his "conundrums;" but there are still two or three left, though we share his doubt as to what kind of a craft he sails aboard and heartily sympathize with his perplexity. We consider Genesta a fit vessel to go to sea in, and it does not follow, in these days of oversparring, that a vessel can carry safely in an ocean voyage in the fall such a rig as summer racing necessitates. Were Puritan with her on her present cruise she might be glad to reef that long boom with a handsaw before she sighted the Needles. Genesta had an extra word for her passage out because she was the first of her type that had crossed the Atlantic. After her followed Stranger, and the two, with the bustle of the races, rather overshadowed the feat of little Clara, which was much more worthy of comment than either of the others, and settles pretty conclusively the question of the sea-going powers of these boats. The jib set flying is in one sense as much Dutch or French as English, as they all use it; but yachting in Holland, or even in France, amounts to very little compared with England, and is only a copy and reflex of the latter. As our correspondent knows, the only real yachting nations are America and England (and Boston?).

We have endeavored, without classing Puritan, or complying exactly with his first request, to shed such light on the subject as would make it plain to all what the difference between the types really is or was. Our yachts have been, and are still, in a transition state, in which the terms cutter and sloop have lost their meaning; what the coming American yacht will be like, or by what name she will be called, we cannot say, but it is certain she will have little claim to the title of sloop. If the two words are retained, we should in the future define a sloop as a vessel with one mast stepped forward, one jib, a fixed bowsprit and stay; and a cutter as a vessel with one mast stepped well aft, two head sails, and a long topmast, leaving minor points unnoticed, as they are now common to both, and excluding any idea of model as in the case of yawl and schooner. The leading differences in model, large or small beam, heavy or light displacement and draft, and centerboard or keel, must be denoted by some new terms.

"H. B.'s" estimate of Priscilla is simply one man's opinion and differs from that of many others, even her own friends, and she herself has done little this year to justify it. We cannot agree with his conclusions in regard to the final race and much less as to the relative speed of Puritan and Genesta, but every man is entitled to his own opinions.

If "H. B." follows out his intention of seeking a quiet retreat in which to meditate for a time, we hope to have his address, in case there should be anything further to communicate.

ANOTHER ANSWER TO THE QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Bayly asks me through your columns what are the points which constitute the difference between cutter and sloop other than their rig, and as the gentleman knows what he is talking about, I will freely admit that strictly, or rather technically, speaking, there is none. A sloop may be wide or she may be narrow; she may or may not have a centerboard: Her draft of water can be one foot or twenty feet, and precisely the same may be said of the cutter. Even in rig the two approach so nearly that it would require a very long-headed sea lawyer to mark the dividing line. As a matter of fact, if I am not mistaken, cutters are in England sometimes called sloops.

There are two things which usually the cutter does and the sloop does not possess, namely, a loose-footed mainsail and a sliding bowsprit. This may be called the chief difference, though practically a trifling one, between the two, so far as mere technicality goes, but as Galatea is to have a laced mainsail (and a centerboard) we may expect that in the near future the two types will so closely fraternize that both will from sheer necessity sail under one name, as they now do in the New York Y. C. And, after all, why not? Our English relatives can teach us many things worth knowing. They are also willing to be taught by us.

In my previous letters on the sloop cutter question it has been my wish to emphasize more particularly the difference in shape of hull between the modern English racing cutter and the American sloop rather than to discuss the minor and more indistinctly defined matter of rig, and this distinctness as to form is fortunately very clearly dis-

played in Genesta and Puritan. The former is six times as long as she is wide, draws 15ft. of water, and would not be capable of standing erect on the water if her ballast were removed; while the latter has about four beams for length, draws 8½ft. including keel, and has sufficient initial stability to stand alone without ballast. In other words, the two are in form diametrical opposites. Both are very good in their way, but the narrow and deep boat is not suitable for our uses except as a mere racer, and even in this respect she has been recently and conclusively proven, in both light and strong breezes, to windward and free, inferior to the so-called "typical American sloop." The designer and the owner of Genesta appear to admit this as a fact. What more remains to be said on the well-worn subject? Suppose we now take a rest.

In alluding to old Buccaneer Mr. Bayly assists my argument. Her dimensions, as he gives them, approach very nearly those of our best sloops, and therefore I should call her a superior craft, both for all-round sailing and for racing, to the modern cutter.

ROSLYN, L. I., Oct. 9, 1885. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

WHOSE WATERLOO?

(Continued.)

ALTHOUGH all the daily newspapers and innumerable other publications furnished long-winded accounts of the international races, their efforts were directed more to ward the painting of dashing "pen pictures" than toward a technical comparison of the performance of the competitors. Accuracy was about the last thing upon which any stress was laid, nor was there sufficient time for the production of accurate reports upon such short notice, even had the daily papers equipped themselves with competent critics for the occasion. With the *N. Y. World* as the one exception, the comments of the other daily papers can be dismissed at once as utterly worthless and unreliable. The *World* has upon its staff an old sailor, who, if ridiculou ly at sea on all concerning the mechanics and principles of yacht construction, is at least seaman enough to note and appreciate the meaning of a shift of wind of four points. This same old sailorman has all along evinced the orthodox prejudices against cutters common among people having no experience with the British vessel. His partiality for the sloop serves to make quotations from his report all the more pointed. These I will supplement from the *Spirit of the Times*, another journal of strong prejudices and lacking totally in familiarity with the truth concerning cutters. Surely I could not handicap my task more heavily at the outset.

In the match, Sept. 14, over the N. Y. Y. C. course, my observations were as follows: Genesta made her usual wretched start, permitting Puritan to cross the line higher up and blanket the cutter under her lee, as they stood across to the Long Island shore on the first board of the race. Of course the cutter had to be kept away to get out of the scalding, and the so-called sloop appeared to the common public and newspaper men to be holding a better wind. Her apparent success was, however, a matter of skillful maneuvering at the start, and not due to the vessel herself. I quote in support from the report in the *Spirit of the Times:*

"Starting on Genesta's weather bow, the Puritan forced the British boat to keep off in the first reach across in order to get out from under the white sloop's lee, so that when both tacked again between Clifton and Stapleton landings the Puritan's increased lead was due to the British boat's enforced running off rather than to any superiority in the white boat's sailing."

My next point is this: The wind hauled to the westward, and when both yachts came up to their course Puritan benefited immensely by the shift, and her additional lead, supposed by the average spectator to be due to faster footing, was in reality due to a caprice in the weather. Again from the *Spirit of the Times:*

"When the wind hauled three points to the westward and became due west. Both yachts came up to their required courses and headed down through the Narrows, so that all the distance between them represented Puritan's lead."

Going down the Staten Island shore, Puritan got a streak of wind which suddenly lifted her clean away from the cutter. She carried a big bone in her teeth and heeled down to her bearings, while Genesta lay bolt upright almost becalmed. This gave the Puritan a lead of 5min. when abreast of Fort Wadsworth in the Narrows. That she could possibly have gained this much in two short miles stands to reason without argument. For had Puritan accomplished such a thing upon her merits as a boat, she would have shown herself capable of footing two miles to the cutter's one, and in the light of all the racing, such an assertion would not be sane. That it was luck and nothing but luck which gave Puritan her lead through the Narrows, can be settled by once more citing my witness, who writes in the same paper:

"Here is the whole thing in a nut shell. That the Yankee boat, passing Fort Wadworth on the way out and when the race had just begun, was five minutes ahead of the British boat, both having started at the same time, and that this lead was due to the accident of circumstances rather than to superior sailing * * * What then becomes of the great Yankee triumph?"

Could I ask for more positive indorsement of my own observations than the above supplies? But, as if all this were not enough, my witness, with an amount of candor and honesty greatly to his credit, continues amplifying his own statement in the following strain:

"They both reached in toward the Long Island shore on starboard tack, with wind southwest by west. The deep cutter tacked first, and thirty seconds later the Yankee sloop went about, retaining her position on the cutter's weather bow and blanketing her. This was not a pleasant position, and Capt. Carter let the cutter go off a couple of points and reach through the white sloop's lee. Of course when over on the other shore, she was much further to leeward than at the start. Had the wind remained steady on the next tack the Genesta might have had a chance to eat up across the white sloop's wake to her weather quarter, but the shift of wind put her directly astern of the Boston boat and, as stated, she passed through the Narrows five minutes astern of her."

And further, listen to this, which is very true and a reflex of my own opinion exactly:

Now, reverse their positions. Suppose that the cutter had gone over the line on the sloop's weather beam or bow; is there not a strong probability that their positions in the Narrows would also have been reversed, and that the Yankee sloop would have been five minutes behind instead of five minutes ahead?"

Here I have explained by the testimony of a third party the beginning of this race and shown that fluke had accomplished for Puritan what she could not dream of accomplishing upon her own merit. From the Narrows down to the Spit my observations would describe the whole stretch as a gigantic lot of fluking of the most outrageous sort, in which both yachts had their share and to decide which not even a Philadelphia lawyer could undertake. Hence no opportunity was afforded for passing judgment upon either yacht. They sailed different water; they had different airs from all round the compass. This is my statement. Now for disinterested corroboration. The journal already quoted has the following:

"All the way across the lower bay the wind had been fluky. * * * After a season of calm the wind came in south-southwest, putting the Puritan dead to windward for the whole distance which separated the boats. This was her luck. * * * The Genesta got a little streak of luck. * * * At No. 8½ the interval of time was but three minutes, showing a gain for the Genesta of ten seconds from buoy No. 10, both yachts being nearly close-hauled. The distance was but short, but this is important, as it will be shown later that close-hauled, or nearly so, Genesta is a trifle the best."

While the quotation bears me out in throwing out the work from the Narrows down to the Southwest Spit as too fluky to permit deductions worthy of confidence, my witness even goes further than I do and reasons that on a close-haul in light winds Genesta is actually the better boat of the two. So far then, the race has shown none of that superiority assumed by an ignorant public in behalf of the so-called sloop Puritan, and my estimate that her lead was solely a matter of fluke is set up beyond challenge. Now let us accompany the racers from the Spit to buoy No. 5, off Sandy Hook. This was a broad reach with wind abaft the beam and booms well off. Although I did not time the buoys, approximate time was taken by the judges. This gave Puritan a gain of 1min. 30sec. in two miles, quite material, did not other brushes of the same kind during the races fail to establish any such superiority on the part of the so-called sloop as this 1min. 30sec. would indicate. This is equivalent to 45sec. per mile, and would mean that in a twenty-mile reach Puritan could outrun Genesta by 15min., a proposition too nonsencical to entertain. My own observation at the time was that Puritan's gain was wholly due to striking into a freshening breeze as the Hook was opened. No special comments were made by my witness upon this reach, and as it was but two miles long we may let it go as of no importance.

"From starting line to the Narrows the position of the two boats was due to accident," so sums up my witness, "and from the Narrows to buoy No. 10 the weather was too fluky, each yacht getting her share of luck, the Genesta getting the best of it. But now outside the Hook, here was plain sailing, and a breeze that tipped the waves with ridges of white and heeled the yachts until the water foamed and hissed along their lee planksheers. * * * It was just the weather in which we have all along believed the Puritan would run away from Genesta with ease. * * * A scupper breeze and smooth water."

Such were the conditions under which the first real racing of the day took place. My observation was that on the whole run out to the lightship, the yachts being one point free or thereabouts, both yachts held their own, the difference being too small for estimate and of no consideration in its practical aspect. In other words the cutter showed herself quite as speedy as the so-called sloop in the latter's special wind, weather and water. Now what has my witness to say?

"Mile after mile of the seven to the lightship was covered, and the keenest observer could detect no change in the relative positions of the boats. * * * The figures at the lightship tell the story, and this time tell it truly, for there was no variation of wind and each had it alike, and the lightship figures are: Puritan 2:14:54, Genesta 2:19:16, difference 4.22; difference at Sandy Hook buoy No. 5, 4.35; Genesta's gain 13sec. Bear in mind that the cutter's gain, under precisely similar circumstances, from buoy No 10 to 8½ was 3sec., and it may be said with pretty certain exactness that at reaching the Genesta is the best."

Now then, how much had the Puritan, "conclusively proven," the superiority of her type in the first half of the race from start to turn? Remember I have not asked any one to accept my own observations, but have sustained them by quotations from a third party, known to be inimical, and implacably so, to the interests of the cutter. Yet the average spectator upon the steamboats at the turn was convinced in his own conceit that Puritan led round through merit of type, a conclusion utterly at variance with the truth and not tenable for a moment by persons viewing the match without the petty national prejudice to be expected from a ward politician or a blatherskite on the stump.

The run home will next receive attention. With the wind abaft the beam, both yachts practically held their own again and I could detect no difference in their sailing. The times taken at the Hook show a gain for the Puritan of 18s., or to all intents and purposes a balance against the 13s. gained by the Genesta on the run out. Total difference in favor of Puritan on the seven miles out and seven miles in just 5s. Surely no person in his senses would pretend that 5s. in fourteen miles is to be regarded as "conclusively proving" the superiority of one vessel over another, or as proving anything at all, considering the multitude of causes outside the mere fashioning of the hull which contribute to the success or failure of a racing vessel. But even this difference of 5s. in favor of Puritan I can wipe out and much more by simply referring to the quotations from the London *Field* printed in my letter last week. They will show that the wash from the steamboats was lavished upon Genesta in a reckless way and that several minutes loss are to be attributed to their shameful behavior. But for their interference, the gain at the Hook upon the return would unquestionably have been heavily in favor of Genesta. As it was it requires no further attention. Even my witness is moved to remark that "we fail to find much encouragement in this."

From the Hook in to the Spit the wind began to flatten as the ebb tide increased in strength. The advantage was all with the leading boat in consequence. Puritan got round the Spit at 3:33, after standacross shoal ground where Genesta could not follow, and the cutter got round at 3:42, nine minutes later. This represents a loss of five minutes from Hook to Spit, a distance of two miles, and, of course, no one pretends Puritan outsailed the cutter to that extent, or to any extent in view of what had already been seen during the day. Booms were then way off for the finish, the leading boat just fetching across the line as the wind fell to almost a dead calm. The cutter got nipped by the ebb and barely drifted up to the end of the business, outlucked by some sixteen minutes but not by any means beaten on her merits. Says my witness: "The leading yacht, by taking up a piece of her centerboard, was able to hold her port reach well on, with the strong ebb on her lee bow horsing her to windward, * * The cutter could not hold her port reach so long, and when she went in toward the Hook she had the ebb out of the Shrewsbury River on her weather bow.* * The wind, paltry for the whole run up, almost entirely petered out at the close, and therefore the figures at the finish are illusory. By them the victory of Puritan is 16m. 19s., but it must be remembered that with a strong ebb tide and scarce a breath of wind, she was all this time in running an extremely short distance. We should say, from observation, that when the Puritan crossed the line the Genesta was 'not over a mile astern of her.'"

I may also add that the steamers interfered to such an extent that Genesta gave up all attempts at racing long before the finish was made. The imperative necessity for an outside course, free from shoals and irregular tides for a fair trial is plain, and I hope Galatea will resist an effort to handicap her as Genesta was in these respects.

This winds up the first match. I have shown that wherever a true wind was found, Genesta got the better of Puritan much oftener than the latter outtopped the cutter. I have shown that Puritan's victory was the result of very common vulgar fluking. I have shown that the bowl about the "superiority of the Puritan type" is absolute bosh, which even a simpleton should hesitate to advance and, which from a sane person is downright disreputable. I have shown this by the testimony of a third party. I claim no superiority for the cutter, nor have I ever done so in all my writings, so far as competition under "normal conditions" is concerned. But I have claimed that the cutter, so far from being a tub in comparison with our sloops, was entitled to equal rank as a fast sailer. The first race sustains me in my position.

In mild weather, smooth water and winds from a calm up to working topsail breeze, Genesta was found a full match for the Puritan.

The second race was set for Sept. 16, over a course twenty miles eastward from the Scotland lightship and return. A run down wind and a beat back—at least, so it was intended; but a shift in the wind shortly after turning made it a long and short leg work home instead. As there was a nice topsail breeze blowing, freshening into lower sail strength for a short while with a slight sea running in obedience to a wind blowing off a shore close aboard, the verdant public has been led to believe by equally verdant newspaper reporters that the match was sailed in a "howling gale," in "Genesta weather," in a "hurricane and Channel sea." I confess nothing caused me so much amusement as this exhibition of a landsman's fright the first time he looks upon the sea stirred up by a moderate summer's breeze from its usual lethargy. And the same feeling of hilarity seems to have seized our cousins abroad who have had a great deal of sport out of the lubberly versions of the seasick haymakers representing the press for the occasion. The London *Field* cracks its little joke over the "O pilot, 'tis a fearful night" kind of individual who manipulated the ocean cables and sent a thrill of horror through the tight little island with the dreadful news that the race had come off in "a howling gale." Visions of housed topmasts, close-reefed bowsprits, trysails and spitfires rose before the public and anxiously they scanned the bulletins for additional particulars, only to break out in loud guffaws at the announcement that through this howling gale, this terrible ordeal which was supposed to have brought out the hard-weather qualities of Genesta for all they were worth, the cutter sported sticks up and topsail all through! And even the Puritan found no need of a reef in her mainsail. The wind blew scarce 20 miles an hour average and during a light squall of ten minutes duration, the velocity increased to about 30. At no time was the sea high or troublesome and at worst it could be characterized as a short jump of which an "eighty" in a race would scarce take notice. The run out was sailed in practically smooth water, and two-thirds of the beat home was also in water so smooth that the yachts hardly lifted or felt to its influence. For less than one-sixth of the course they experienced a slight jump. But the press tug, a wretched sea boat at all times, being driven at 10-knot speed head on to the sea, dove like a porpoise as a matter of course, and occasionally sent the drift over her pilot house, giving the lanky spindleshanks in store clothes representing the press their first taste of salt water. Now beer and salt water don't mix. With heads more or less befuddled, and insides promptly emptied in deference to Old Nep., it was perhaps natural that to the average reportorial mind the sea assumed portentous dimensions and to that effect they accordingly delivered themselves to the great amusement of nautical men and yachting experts in general. Neither sea nor wind were really worth mentioning. My wonder is what the public and the newspapers would have to say could they witness a Channel match in really coarse weather which would bring Genesta two ensigns down and No. 4 jib half way out on a reefed bowsprit. It would be a sight and an experience, the existence of which they not even dream of now.

The New York *World* hits it about right in the following: "There was a fair sailing breeze for the run out, and a lower sail breeze for the beat back." Surely this is no "Genesta weather," and far less is it a regular "Channel gale and steep sea." The London *Field*, Oct. 3, says: "There was a nice big topsail breeze blowing, which strengthened as the day drew on, so much so that upon turning the stakeboat for the beat home Genesta had enough wind for her jibheader." The *Spirit of the Times* says: "The weather was gloriously fine and the sea smooth." And yet there are patriots by the thousand firmly convinced that our so-called sloop has actually met the cutter in the "howling gale" for which it is supposed the cutter men had all along been praying. Such bosh as has been written anent this race and the fierce weather the landsmen believe they have seen is enough to make a stoic split his sides with laughter. If the day is to be characterized at all, it came much nearer being "our weather and our smooth water" than it did to a Channel blow and sea. It was more favorable to the sloop, and never once put Genesta to her hardweather metal. Says the *Field*: "After rounding the cutter was going along dry and comfortable while the sloop was throwing clouds of spray over her."

A foolish and disingenuous attempt has been made in the *Herald* to decry the cutter as a good sea boat. My observations were quite to the contrary. At all times the Genesta was a drier and more comfortable vessel than the Puritan, who made the water fly across her decks at a frightful rate, soaking everything fore and aft. The report in the *Field* confirms what I have said on this head and what is well enough known to all who have sailed in cutters that such boats are infinitely drier and better behaved in a sea than a sloop of any type can ever be. It has been stated in the prints that Genesta carried the water up to her hatches. How this is to be reconciled with my own observation to the contrary, with the report in the *Field* and with the evident impossibility of the feat, especially as the cutter's angle of heel was estimated by the *World* at only thirty degrees, the patriot may attempt to solve at his own sweet will. To me a statement which carries absurdity on its face calls for no further refutation. As for the Puritan, she made a wretched display and could not compare with the cutter. The London *Field* says:

"Puritan, literally buried in spray, showed a good piece of her bottom to windward—so much so that it appeared as though a little more and she would reach the vanishing point of her own stability."

Yet this was in nothing more than a topsail breeze for the Genesta!

And again: "The Puritan drove the spray in showers from her lee bow and smothered her deck fore and aft with weather drift."

A nice kind of vessel to prefer for cruising "in comfort" to the easy-going Genesta, with her dry decks! And a pretty mess the so-called sloop would have made of it had she dared face Genesta again in the Brenton's Reef match.

Of the race itself, little need be said. Down wind I saw nothing to choose between the two. Cavillers pretend Puritan's canvas was not handled to advantage, because she did not shift over spinnaker with Genesta. My view of it was this. The cutter having run away to the southward, had to haul up a bit for the outer mark and jibed in consequence. Puritan having steered a straighter course had no need to jibe. At all events it is a question whether the delay incident to the operation would not have been an offset to the gain from shifting, and on this I am content to believe that between Capt. Joe Ellsworth, Skipper Crocker and the gentlemen aboard the Puritan, there was better seamanship on tap than all the landsmen scribblers for the press combined could muster in a life time. It is enough that knowing heads aboard Puritan saw no sufficient cause to jibe over. On the run out Genesta had the best of it by about 2min. But in deference to the opposition I will concede the 2min. to superior seamanship aboard the cutter. The fact then remains that both were alike for 20 miles square down wind, and all I have ever claimed for the cutter was that she could be made to equal the sloop in speed. This part of the race demonstrated the correctness of my position. Had there been a sea on, the cutter would have had much the best of it, for the sloop could not have held as steady a course. After the round both settled down to the windward work, Puritan smothered to such a degree that topmast was housed, while Genesta readily carried small topsail, though the sail did not sit well enough to do her any good. It was a drag instead of a benefit. How did the two compare now at the new work? My own observation was that Genesta was fast eating out to windward and making far better weather of it than the sloop. The cutter had the race in hand according to my judgment, that is bar accident and fluke. She pointed and fetched higher than the sloop which was sagging away under the lee bow of the Genesta. Here is what my witnesses have to say:

The *Spirit of the Times:* "They headed in about north-northwest, the Genesta a couple of points abaft the sloop's weather beam * * The Puritan had taken position under the cutter's lee bow. * * * The Yankee sloop went off further and further on the cutter's lee bow."

Certainly that shows well for the Genesta's high pointing.

The *Field* says: "With sheets aboard, Genesta held her starboard tack; Puritan following in her wake, was first luffed out on her weather quarter, but finding that the pinching game did not do in the little lop there was on, she tried the ramping game, but all to no purpose, as she certainly fell both astern and to leeward of the cutter. * * * Puritan was sagging to leeward a good deal."

Is there much comfort in this quotation for those who thought they detected "vast superiority" in the type of the Puritan, and how much "superior" to the keel did the centerboard show itself in the game of hanging on?

The *World*, Sept. 17, says: "The cutter evidently was holding to windward better."

Wherein then did the centerboard show any superiority, when all reports agree with my personal observation that the cutter was much the better of the pair?

Things went along in this style until a short squall overtook the racers and the wind veered from W.N.W. to N.N.W. and plumped the so-called sloop high out to windward at a bound, wiping out all the water Genesta had gained by her high pointing and permitting the Puritan to come down for the finish on a long leg with sheets lifted, while poor Genesta had to pinch to achieve the same end! Here was luck, wholesale luck, Puritan luck, the luck which turned inevitable defeat into an accidental victory. This luck robbed the Genesta of the second race and turned the giddy heads of the patriots to whom a big shift of four points was a trifle not worth wasting time over, and the mere official record at the finish everything that was needed to "prove conclusively" the "vast superiority" of the "typical sloop" over such an incontinental piece of humbug as the British cutter, which of course, in the light of the official result must be "all wrong" and totally unable to cope with the great genius which in six short months produced such a wonderful marvel as the hybrid Puritan! and so forth, *ad nauseam.*

And yet to think, that overlooking the four points shift, there was but a slight margin of 1m. 38s. in favor of the so-called sloop, a difference that can be accounted for through a hundred minor reasons apart altogether from differences in type. I saw nothing in this race which could, on a pinch, be received as "evident superiority" on the part of the sloop. On the contrary, all I saw in regard to speed and behavior was in favor of the Genesta. In speed and closewindedness the difference was but trifling, but in behavior and dryness the cutter was decidedly the more preferable of the two. Let me again call upon my witnesses in regard to the shift which transferred the victory to the wrong boat.

The *World* says: "The sloop, however, was favored on the return by a shift of some three or four points in the wind, and probably had the breeze remained steady and the return course been a beat to windward, the result might have been different. When they first tacked to the northward the Puritan was down on the cutter's lee bow. In the squall which came on soon after the wind hauled from northwest by west to north-northwest, and as the yachts broke off the Puritan was placed more and more ahead, and, of course, when they tacked for the final reach she was all her distance ahead to windward. This enabled her to come for the mark with sheets a trifle eased, while the cutter was obliged to pinch all the way in. It is certain that had the shift of three or four points in the wind favored the cutter instead of the sloop it would have been much more than an equivalent for the 1m. and 38s. by which the sloop won the race."

This is an honest and fair way of acknowledging the truth, plain to all who cared to see it, that Genesta had the race in hand and would have won but for a ground fluke in Puritan's favor.

The *World* repeats its evidence in behalf of my view, winding up as follows: "The shift of wind during the first stretch to the northward had been in the Puritan's favor. Had the return been dead to windward the result might have been different."

The *Spirit of the Times* says: "The cutter is really a very remarkable boat. * * * There was a shift of wind during the second reach, when the sloop was down on the cutter's lee beam, and both were headed off. This, of course, brought the sloop some ahead, and when they tacked for the final reach to the finish line she was all the distance separating her from the cutter to windward of her. It is safe, therefore, to say, in view of the very narrow margin of time between them at the finish, that had the shift of wind been in favor of the cutter instead of the sloop, the cutter would have won. That the cup, therefore, is retained is by luck rather than by superiority of sailing is evident so far as the work in from the outer mark is concerned. * * * The net result, therefore, is that, so far as can be judged by this race, these two boats are very nearly equal in speed."

All of which coincides to a dot with my observations and fully establishes what I set out to prove by evidence from a source hitherto strongly inimical to cutters and all covering them. Both races were won by Puritan on fluke and not upon merit. In neither race did either boat demonstrate the slightest advantage in regard to their type. Both performed exactly alike to all intents and purposes.

The claim that the so-called "American model" possesses any innate advantage over the so called "cutter model" turns out to be mythical, without a shadow of a basis upon which the claim can rest.

On the other hand, the stand I have taken ever since I touched pen to paper on this subject, that the cutter was not one whit inferior in her type to the type of the sloop, has received through these races the fullest and most unequivocal answer in the affirmative.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Would you allow an interested reader of Mr. Kunhardt's discussion of the Puritan-Genesta race, begun in your issue of to-day, to point out a slight mistake which Mr. Kunhardt seems to have made?

Commenting on the race around the triangle in which the Genesta sailed against the Gracie and other American sloops and schooners, he says: "The Genesta wiped out the sloop Gracie far more effectively than ever Puritan accomplished."

Supposing this to mean that the Genesta beat the Gracie by more time than the Puritan had ever done, or at least by more over this course, and feeling surprised at the statement, I consulted the record, which is as follows:

Over the triangular course, trial race of Aug. 22, entries Priscilla, Puritan, Bedouin and Gracie:

	H.	M.	S.
Puritan's time, corrected	6	37	25
Gracie's time, corrected	7	02	59
Puritan wins by		25	34
Over triangular course, Sept. 18, entries Genesta, Gracie and others:			
Genesta's time, corrected	4	29	40
Gracie's time, corrected	4	51	32
Genesta wins by		21	52

So that over triangular course the Puritan beats the Gracie 4min. and 42sec. more than Genesta does, although the weather when the Genesta sailed was decidedly better for fast sailing than in the other race, as time of Gracie in both races shows. The triangle over which the Genesta sailed was a few miles—I believe five—shorter than that over which the Puritan and Gracie sailed in the first race.

But the Puritan beat the Gracie worse even than this. Over the forty-mile outside course, trial race of Aug. 20, with fair sailing breeze of 12 miles an hour—

Puritan's corrected time was	4	57	05
Gracie's corrected time was	5	32	58
Puritan won by		35	53

Or, Puritan has beaten Gracie 15 min. 1 sec. more than the Genesta beat her in the race Mr. Kunhardt is discussing, but this was over a different course and with different conditions of wind. Still it deserves to be reckoned against Mr. Kunhardt's broad statement. It may be mentioned here that in this race the Puritan beat the cutter Bedouin in absolute time over this course 27min. 10sec., and in corrected time 17min. 32sec.

In the Goelet Cup race of Aug. 3, brisk wind, course about 45 miles, Gracie was so badly beaten she withdrew.

In one of the highest scientific authorities of America, the weekly journal *Science*, of Boston, Mr. Kunhardt can find it stated that "Puritan never put her bowsprit under and beat the cutter (Bedouin) *one* hour in the twenty-mile thrash to windward." The italics are *Science's;* the race the Goelet Cup race.

It seems to me these facts have a large bearing on the relative ability of the Puritan and the Genesta. READER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.

FAST RUNS UNDER SAIL.—The Queen Mab, 10 tons, made a run on Sept. 19, from Dover to Brightlingsea, the distance sailed being nearly 70 miles, in 8½ hours, or at a rate of 8¼ miles per hour. According to the *Field* Genesta made a run of 20 miles last year in 1h. 44min. 36sec., at the rate of 11.46 knots per hour, while Miranda once made the same run in 2sec. less. The latter schooner is also credited with an average of 11.9 knots on a run to Boulogne and back with wind a little forward going out, and aft coming home, the latter half of the trip being made at the rate of 12.3 knots. Livonia once made the trip home from Boulogne to Dover at a speed of 13.8 knots, and this summer Irex is credited with a rate of 12.1 knots over a 50 mile course.

THE AMERICAN STEAM YACHT CLUB RACE.—Mr. Herreshoff has sent the following letter to Commodore De Cordova in regard to the disputed Cup: Bristol, R. I., Oct. 14, 1885. Alfred De Cordova, Esq., Commodore of the American Y. C. Dear Sir: In accordance with our conversation at your office, I hereby protest against the decision of the illegally constituted Regatta Committee, who met Sept. 17. I claim the Commodore's and Isherwood Cups, which were fairly won by the Stiletto on July 16. I hereby request that you call a special meeting of the club at an early date to investigate and decide the just awarding of the cups mentioned. Respectfully, J. B. HERRESHOFF. A meeting will be held on Oct. 27 to consider the matter and in the meantime the cups will not be presented.

THE VOYAGE OF THE CARMELITA.—The schooner Carmelita is now laid up in the Seawanhaka Basin waiting the return of Mr. Coleman from Europe, when she will probably start again for San Francisco. Capt. Snow was taken sick in Rio Janeiro and a new captain was shipped, who took her as far as Cape Horn, and then returned to Montevideo. She laid there some time until ordered to New York. On the trip up she put into a number of ports, arriving here on Oct. 6. She is reported to be a very fine sea boat, and made the entire voyage without damage to spars or gear.

A GOOD RECORD.—The open sloop Atalanta has made an excellent record this season, winning 11 first prizes and one second prize out of 13 starts. She has also won the Beverly Y. C. first class championship pennant, the Buzzard's Bay pennant and the Hull Y. C. championship pennant in her class. Her dimensions are, length, 30ft., on waterline 26ft. 6½in., beam 11ft. 11in., Draft 3ft. 6in. boom 36ft. 6in., gaff 21ft., hoist 21ft., bowsprit to end of mainboom, 57ft. 6in. Area of mainsail 795ft., area of jib, 250ft.

THE LAUNCH OF THE WHIM.—The schooner yacht Whim, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, was launched from Poillon's yard on Wednesday last, and is now fitting out for a trip to Florida. She is a curious craft, built with the idea of obtaining good accommodations with very little draft. Her length is 55ft., beam 10ft., depth of hold 5ft. and draft 2ft. 8in. She has over 6ft. of headroom with a high cabin house, and is fitted up very comfortably inside. As soon as she is completed she will start for Florida.

YACHTING NOTES.—Genesta's sails and stores were shipped on the Ludgate Hill last week ... Maggie is laid up at Piepgrass' Yard. Æolus, sloop, laid up this week in the Seawanhaka Basin ... Muriel and Mona are still in commission off the Basin ... Wanda has laid up at Sixth street, Brooklyn.

GENESTA.—The City of Rome reports that on the night of Oct. 13 a small vessel with one mast was passed, which it is supposed was Genesta. The City of Rome was then about 1,100 miles east of Sandy Hook.

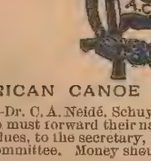
"GENESTA" is pronounced with a soft G.

Canoeing.

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AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

A RACE BETWEEN A CANOE AND A SHARPIE.

AS "Guenn" agreed to Mr. Clapham's acceptance of his challenge the race was sailed last week, starting from the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Basin. The course laid out was from the basin out around buoy 18, and back, twice around, making 10 miles, the time limit being 4 hours. Mr. Clapham sailed down in the sharpie Plover, having his small sharpie in tow. The latter is a new model, a cross between a sharpie and skipjack, with a bottom a little like a sneakbox. She was 15ft. long and 6ft. beam, drawing nearly 8in., thus being wider than the ordinary sharpie. Her floor was convex, like a sneakbox, but to a less degree, and her sides were each of one board, flaring outward. She carried a catrig of over 200 sq. ft. She was in every way a larger and more powerful boat than the Guenn, and the latter was also fitted with only a cruising sail in place of her racing rig. Both started well, Guenn going over first and holding a lead for a short time, but the S. W. wind, dead aft, was very light, and the high sail of the sharpie soon took her ahead. She rounded the buoy nearly a minute ahead and started on the wind for home, both going down on starboard tack to midchannel, with the last of the ebb, and then going inshore on port tack in the flood. The wind had freshened at the buoy and sent them along, Guenn doing very well, but she had not breeze enough for her reduced rig. At the end of the first round she was so far astern that she gave up, and the race was called. It was no test, as a canoe has no business with a large sail boat; and all that it proves is the fallacy of a length rule, under which they would be rated alike.

MOHICAN C. C. RACES.

THREE races were set for Oc. 15 as follows: 1, Championship, twice over a course of 1½ miles. 2, 75ft. limited sail. 3, Oliver cup race, 60ft. limit of sail; 2 and 3 once over the course. Thetis, P. M. Wackerhagen; Annie O., H. L. Thomas; Snake, R. W. Gibson, and Marion B., R. S. Oliver, presented themselves as competitors and it was decided to sail No. 3 first, a fresh N.W. blowing. Messrs. Palmer, just returned from Europe, and Fernow acted as starters and timekeepers. The Annie O. crossed the line at 2:43½, closely followed by the Snake, 2:44, Marion B. 2:44¼, and Thetis 2:44½. The Annie O. kept the lead throughout, also once or twice she came near sailing with keel to the wind, and recrossed the line as winner of the cup at 3:02, the Snake following at 3:02¼, Thetis at 3:03, and Marion B. at 3:04. The Snake broke her tiller at the start, and after this race decided not to compete, and as the air was rather too chilly, the others were induced to postpone the races to some more favorable afternoon. FERNOW.

SHATTEMUC C. C. FALL REGATTA.

THE fall regatta of the Shattemuc C. C., of Sing Sing, N. Y., was held on Saturday afternoon, Oct 10, and was witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen friends of the members. The races were called at 3:45 P. M. The following was the programme with the results:

First event, Class 2, Paddling, with the following entries: Dawn, W. M. Carpenter; Cricket, J. K. Hand; Regina, G. F. Secor. Cricket won, with Regina second.

Second event, Class 4, Paddling: Entries were: Gypsie, H. M. Carpenter; Katydid, T. J. Hand, Jr.; Dingbat, W. S. Phraner; Winnakee, G. O. Totten. Won by Gypsie, Winnakee second. This was a very closely contested race.

Third event, Tandem Race. This race brought out the following crews: W. S. Phraner and G. O. Totten in the Dingbat, Messrs. Hand in the Katydid, J. H. Carpenter and G. F. Secor in the Winnakee, and Messrs. Carpenter in the Gypsie. The Winnakee won, with Katydid second. Gypsie fouled Dingbat as they approached the finishing line.

Fourth event, Class A, Sailing, over a triangular course; the entries were: Regina, G. F. Secor; Midget, J. K. Hand; Dawn, W. M. Carpenter. Won by Midget, Regina came in second, Dawn did not finish.

Fifth event, class B, Sailing, over same course as Class A. The following were the entries: Dingbat, W. S. Phraner; Gypsie, H. M. Carpenter; Katydid, T. J. Hand, Jr.; Winnakee, G. O. Totten and Tuneta, J. H. Carpenter. The wind was very light; the first side of the course was close-hauled. Gypsie led from the start to first turn, with Katydid, Tuneta, Winnakee and Dinghat following in order named. Tuneta was doing the best windward work, and was thus gaining on the leaders. Katydid worked to windward of Gypsie and took the lead, and turned the mark first. Tuneta was very close behind, and being nearest to buoy tried to get around first, but there not being enough room between her and Katydid, fouled the buoy and gave up and returned home. Gypsie, after making two furtile attempts to get around the buoy, at last succeeded, and on the second side of the course gained some of the distance she had lost, and turned the second mark only a short distance behind Katydid and gained still more on the run home, coming in about a length behind Katydid, the winner. Winnakee came in third. She was unable to beat to windward on account of her rig, which was improvised on the moment.

The concluding event was an upset race between the Cricket, T. J. Hand, Jr., and the Midget. Cricket did not finish, the crew being unable to regain his boat for some time. After the races the prizes were awarded to the winners by the commodore. GYPSIE.

HARTFORD C. C. REGATTA.

ONE of the most prosperous of the Eastern clubs is the Hartford C. C., whose new quarters were illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM last spring. Located on the Connecticut River at Hartford, with a handsome and convenient house, the club offers specially good facilities to canoeists, and its growth of late has been very encouraging, the active members now numbering fourteen and the associate twenty, or a total or thirty-four, most of them enthusiastic canoeists. This year the club has cruised extensively on the Connecticut River, and a number of its members have also made long cruises on Long Island Sound. The annual fall regatta, held on Oct. 10, brought out good entries in almost all of the ten events on the excellently arranged programme, and was an entire success. The first event, a boys' sailing race, the first prize being a fishing rod, second prize "Canoe Handling." The distance was half a mile, sailed in a light N. W. wind. The entries were:

A. W. Gilbert	Oahu	13min.
H. L. Williams	Phyllis	15½min.
C. H. Saunders	Petrel	—
George Forest	Quonehticut	—
E. Talcott	Hartford	Upset.

Oahu won, with Phyllis second.

The second event was an open paddling race half-mile; prizes double paddle and toolholder. Won by Venture:

L. O. Jones	Venture	L. Ingraham	Joker
W. F. Girard, Jr.	Phyllis	E. B. Gaylord	Kismet

The Petrel won the third race, a boy's paddling race, 220 yards, the prizes being a flag and camp knife.

C. H. Saunders	Petrel	A. W. Gilbert	Joker
H. L. Williams	Phyllis	E. Talcott	Hartford

No. 4 was a novice's sailing race for members only, distance 1 mile. The prizes were a flag and a Chester anchor. Only two canoes entered, the Leilah leading over most of the course, but being beaten at the last by the Quonehticut.

C. R. Forest	Quonehticut	19 min.
W. G. Abbott	Leilah	not taken

The standidg paddling race, 100 yards, was open to single and tandem canoes, the prize being a single blade paddle.

W. F. Girard, Jr.	Kismet	L. Ingraham	Joker
A. W. Dodd	Vision	John Bowles	Gluck
W. B. Davidson		L. O. Jones	Venture

Eight canoes entered for the sailing race, 1 mile, with no limits, the prizes being a flag and a copy of "Practical Boat Sailing."

John Bowles	Gluck	21m. 46s.
L. O. Jones	Venture	22m. 26s.
A. W. Dodd	Vision	28m. 48s.
A. W. Gilbert	Oahu	34m. 19s.
W. F. Girard, Jr.	Phyllis	35m. 26s.
E. Hart Fenn	Rambler	38m. 50s.
L. R. Ingraham	Rambler 2	47m.
C. R. Forest	Quonehticut	did not finish

Mr. Bowles is a member of the Springfield C. C. The hand paddling race, 100yds., prize a camp axe, was quite exciting and was a new feature in the programme. Venture won with Gluck second;

L. O. Jones	Venture	1m. 20s.
John Bowles	Gluck	
G. H. Saunders	Petrel	
E. B. Gaylord	Kismet	Did not finish.
L. R. Ingraham	Joker	Did not finish.
A. W. Gilbert	Oahu	Did not finish.
W. F. Girard, Jr.	Phyllis	Did not finish.

The tandem paddling race for one-half mile was well paddled, the Vision finally winning. Phyllis, Messrs. W. F. Girard, Jr., and H. T. Stancliffe, Jr., did not finish. The prize was a pair of Poncho blankets.

W. B. Davidson and A. W. Dodd	Vision
John Bowles and Emil Knappe	Gluck
C. H. Saunders and A. W. Gilbert	Petrel
E. Talcott and Geo. Forest	Hartford

The paddling race for all canoes, prizes double paddle and hunting knife, came next, with three entries:

W. F. Girard	Quonehticut	S. W. Burchmore — Kismet
L. O. Jones	Venture	

The wind was so light that the final race for the Commodore's Cup was postponed until Wednesday. The races were managed by Messrs. L. O. Jones, E. Hart Fenn and C. R. Forest, Regatta Committee; Dr. C. B. Parmele, starter; Mr. C. H. Lawrence, judge, and Rev. Francis Goodwin time keeper.

At half-past 4, Oct. 14, the race for the Commodore's cup was called, when four contestants appeared ready to cross the line: The Vision, sailed by W. B. Davidson; Phyllis, by W. F. Girard, Jr.; Rambler, by E. Hart Fenn; Quonehticut, by Geo. Forest, a lad of sixteen years, son of her owner. The wind now dropped to a gentle breeze, until were entertained of being able to finish. The Phyllis was given a time allowance of 20sec. and the Quonehticut 43sec. The Phyllis led strongly on the beat to windward, and it was supposed by all that she had the cup, as she was the first to round the buoy, a mile from the club float, but the Vision gradually crawled up on her on the run home and she crossed the line after a close and exciting contest, and the Phyllis lost the cup (deducting her time allowance) by just 20½ sec. The wind continued to decrease, so the remaining boats made very poor time:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vision	4 37 00½	5 00 12	0 23 11½	0 23 11½
Phyllis	4 36 31½	5 00 23½	0 23 52	0 23 32
Rambler	4 37 00	5 23 08¾	0 46 08¾	0 46 08¾
Quonehticut	4 37 17	5 42 07	1 04 50	1 04 07

CRUISE IN A CANVAS TANDEM.

BEING a constant reader of the canoe columns in the FOREST AND STREAM I could not fail to notice a short account of the cruise made by my friend and myself during the month of August, and I thought perhaps the log of the cruise would be interesting to some readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

We started from Washington, N. J. on the morning of Aug. 4 in our tandem canoe Mischief, with a shelter tent, cots, provisions, and all other articles needed by a camping party that we could stow away under the deck and along the gunwales, leaving just enough room to sit in comfortably. After bidding good-by to the numerous friends who had assembled to see us off, we made the first mile in good style until we came to plane No. 7 West, where we had to make a portage, as there was nobody at the plane who could take us over in the car, but we had no more trouble of that kind until we came to plane No. 10 and had to hunt up the plane tender, who at first said he had orders not to let any more boats over on account of a bad break in the canal near Hackettstown, but after we had stated the circumstances to him and showed our permit, he carried us over all right, and everything went smoothly until we arrived at Phillipsburg, where we gave up our permit and were carried down to the Delaware River on the plane car at the terminus of the Morris Canal.

The river was very high, on account of the heavy rains the day before so that we had no difficulty in running the rift just below Easton, soon after which we went into camp on the Pennsylvania shore in a very pleasant spot near a good spring of fresh water, which is something not always to be found, at least we have had that experience heretofore. After putting up our tent and getting everything ready for the night, we cooked a good hot supper of ham and coffee which soon disappeared under the influence of a good healthy appetite. We turned in about 9 P. M. and slept the sleep of the weary until 5 A. M. the next morning.

Aug. 5.—After eating a good hearty breakfast and packing our dunnage in the canoe we started on down stream stopping now and then to visit some small town or to take a look at some rift before we ventured to run it, as the river is very much broken by rapids or rifts, as the old raftsmen call them. The worst one passed was called Old Sow, near Riegelsville, N. J., where the river makes a very sharp turn. After taking the proper course for our propeller the most of the time we arrived at Frenchtown about 4 P. M., where we soon attracted quite a crowd who did not make any odds of asking pointed questions, but we answered them all to the best of our ability.

After leaving Frenchtown we soon found a good camping spot on an island where we soon had our tent up and were preparing our supper when we happened to notice some young ladies on the other side of the river, watching us very curiously, and when they saw that we observed them they commenced waving their handkerchiefs at us and we returned the salute by waving our tablecloth and giving them a very cordial invitation to come over and eat supper with us, but they declined with thanks, much to our sorrow.

Aug. 6.—This morning dawned bright and warm, and as the sun got higher in the heaven it commenced to tell on our arms and faces, making them quite sore before night. About 10 o'clock we arrived at Point Pleasant, Pa., opposite Bull's Island, N. J., where the Trenton Feeder has its head, and between there and Lambertville, N. J., we passed several small rifts, but none so bad as the Well's Falls or New Hope Falls, as they are called sometimes, these are considered to be the worst rifts on the river by old raftsmen, and we were advised to carry around them, but we found out the channel and ran them with no more inconvenience than a slight wetting, which did not bother us a great deal. About 4 o'clock P. M. we ran another bad rift called Dunkerman's Falls, about six miles above Trenton, and in another hour's time we had arrived in sight of the State buildings, and went into camp quite near the road.

Aug. 7.—We were awakened this morning by the produce wagons going to Trenton, and after eating a camper's breakfast we started for the city also, where we soon arrived after running Trenton Falls, left our boat in the care of a boatman and made the tour of the capital of our little State; then called upon some friends and passed a very pleasant day, starting down the river again about 5 o'clock and going into camp at Morris Island, about two miles from Trenton, which is a very pretty spot.

Aug. 8.—We started this morning on the slack of ebb tide, and when we got to Bordentown the wind came up from the east, so we got out our sprit sail and made first-rate time till we got as far as Bristol, Pa., when the tide commenced to run in so strong against us that we stopped and got our dinners and took a good rest before we put off again, which we did about 2 o'clock. As the wind was stronger than ever, it did not take long to leave Bristol in the distance, and after passing some very fine residences on the banks of the river we arrived at Philadelphia and put up near the Chestnut street wharf, then proceeded to find a hotel.

Aug. 9.—After spending the first part of the day looking around the city and taking in the sights, we again took to the canoe and put her bow up the river. With a good sailing breeze we arrived opposite Florence Heights and began to look for a camping spot, but could not find any to suit us, until it began to threaten rain; then we soon found a place near the Penn House, where we procured some very good milk.

Aug. 10.—On getting out of bed this morning we stepped ankle-deep in water, for when we had landed the night before it was low tide, and we did not get far enough from the water's edge. Some of our stuff got wet, so we laid over until 10 o'clock to get dried out. Made Bordentown at noon, and after stopping at the collector's office of the Delaware and Raritan Canal to procure our permit, we paddled on through the canal to Trenton, but did not stop until we found a bridge tender who would take care of our canoe while we went back to the city.

Aug. 11.—Last night we spent at a hotel on Broad street, Trenton, and this morning we met a young man at the table who offered to show us through the State House, and we were not slow in accepting the invitation. Started in our canoe again this afternoon on the canal, where we passed numbers of steam barges, sloops and schooners, besides many canal boats, all going either to or from New York. We came across one bridge tender who refused to open the bridge for us, but on showing our permit he soon came to terms, and we passed on till near sundown, and went into camp at Rocky Hill.

Aug. 12.—Although it was a pretty rough place we slept well and felt ready for the day's paddling ahead of us. This morning we started about seven o'clock and soon passed a number of boats, most of them being schooners. After paddling a couple of hours we came to the small city of Millstone, where we stopped for a few minutes, drawing quite a number of young men, who informed us that a couple of canoeists had just passed. Leaving the town behind we soon had the pleasure of meeting a canoeist and his son from Paterson, and after passing an hour or two very agreeably with them we passed on, as we wished to reach Perth Amboy by night. We soon arrived at New Brunswick where we entered the Raritan River at nearly low tide; after a hard paddle we reached what we thought a good camping spot near Perth Amboy just as the tide began to flow.

Aug. 13.—By the time daylight had put in its appearance we were satisfied that the mosquitoes were more at home here than we were, so left the place as soon as possible. We soon passed through Raritan Bay with a strong breeze which filled our sail and laid our boat well on her side, taking us up the Sound with flying colors, entering Elizabethport about 12 M., where we stopped for dinner, after which we soon entered Newark Bay, hoping to pass through it with the good breeze, but we were disappointed, for as we passed under the railroad bridge it began to blow a small gale and threatened rain.

We had gone hardly a mile when we were struck by a squall which nearly swamped us, but we got before the wind and ran up on the meadows, not stopping for anything, but jumping out over the deck and hauling the canoe clear up out of the reach of the waves, which were very rough. After spending a couple of hours very comfortably sitting on our boat in a heavy thunder shower, we concluded to try the waves again, as the wind had gone down a little, and it had stopped raining. At first the boat pounded considerably, but after we had passed the lighthouse the wind was more in our favor, and we arrived in Newark all safe, but very wet. We put our boat in a boathouse and started off to find our friends, for we intended to spend a few days in the city.

Aug. 20.—After spending a very pleasant week in Newark we started for home on Thursday morning. Entering the Morris Canal through the Deep Lock (near Center street) we passed under the market at Broad street and stopped at the High street plane and had our permit sealed and dated, then bidding good bye to some friends who had come to see us off, we soon left Newark behind and after an hour and a half of paddling we pass through one side of Bloomfield. Stopping a few minutes to fill our water vessel, we resume our paddling and soon reach Paterson, where we replenished our larder and took dinner just outside of the city. After stopping at Little Falls and viewing the falls and scenery, we got under way again. Reaching Boonton quite late in the afternoon, we found a very nice spot to pitch our tent near the town, and after supper we walked over to see the place, which did not take very long. We were soon tired of it and went back to camp.

Aug. 21.—We awoke early in the morning to find the air cold and damp, with indications of rain. After eating breakfast and packing away our dunnage we proceeded toward home and had no adventure of note until we crossed the plane east of Stanhope, and broke our rudder, which we had to repair when we reached Stanhope. After an hour's delay we were again on our way, not stopping (except for planes and locks) until we reached Hackettstown, near where we stop for the night. As it looked very much like rain we got out our rubber blankets, thinking we would surely need them before long,

but we were very agreeably disappointed as it did not rain where we were but passed to the north of us. Early the next morning we had our last meal in the woods, and it was eaten rather sorrowfully, for we both would have liked to prolong what had been a very pleasant trip. The country we passed through this morning was quite familiar to us and soon we began to see familiar faces at every lock and plane we passed, and had to answer innumerable questions, but cutting them as short as we could, we kept on until we reached Washington, the end of our trip of over 284 miles by actual measurement. Here ended our outing of 1885, and if nothing interferes we expect to make a more extended tour in 1886. THE CREW OF THE MISCHIEF.

A GOOD IDEA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to offer for consideration by the A. C. A. and its committees the following proposition:

Whereas, One of the chief impediments to general competition in the regattas by the majority of members has been the probability (almost certainty) that the prizes would be secured by members already known as experienced and skillful sailors or paddlers. Experiment (in 1883) has proved that the attempt to provide separate subdivisions in each race for these, complicated the programme beyond practical use. Yet the regatta aims and should aim to stimulate competition among this majority of members, especially to promote perfection of rig and equipment, and of skill among cruisers and general canoeists. Further, the regatta committee and its staff is charged with duties so onerous that they should be lightened rather than increased. Therefore, I propose to relieve the general races of the few insatiable experts by reviving the old distinction of "seniors" and promoting them into it. At the same time the regatta committee can be eased of further labors by allowing seniors to make up matches upon their own arrangements. Of course, it is not advisable to entirely separate the crack canoeists, so they should surrender not the right to race, but only the right to take the prizes.

I can hardly suppose that seniors will be reluctant to pass prizes in the general races; but in order to make it clear that it is a promotion and not a disqualification only, I suggest the giving of a pennant to sailors and flag to paddlers upon their attaining the distinction of winning four first prizes in either one (not both) of the methods of propelling a canoe.

On the other hand, it should be distinctly understood that members not so graduated are in no wise slighted. They should not be called juniors, and perhaps a better word than seniors can be found for the graduates to prevent any such inference. Champions will not do, because only one or two among them can be fairly entitled to that.

The adoption of this system can hardly fail to increase the interest among less fortunate racers to a very great extent. I hope it may in any case be tried. But the first need is discussion, and little time remains before the committees meet.

Now, my dear reader and comrade in canoeing, please take time by the forelock and hold him until you commit your ideas to paper for the printer. In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. The following is a draft of the necessary rules:

A. C. A. RACES.

1. Members who have won four first prizes in A. C. A. sailing (paddling) races shall be passed into a separate class, and shall be awarded in token thereof a white pennant (flag) with a blue star.

2. They will not be eligible for prizes in any regular programme sailing (paddling) race or for record, but will arrange matches by challenges with one another, and will select their judges and timekeepers for such events, who shall report them to the regatta committee, and arrange them with due regard to the committee's authority, and the regular sailing courses shall only be used at such times as the committee or their judges permit, so as not to interfere with the regatta staff, but rather to relieve them of excessive duty.

3. The members of the special class shall be known as seniors.

4. Seniors shall be entitled to enter and sail (paddle) in all races as heretofore, and their records shall be registered and announced, but the prizes shall be awarded in all regular programme races as if no seniors had competed.

5. Seniors shall be eligible to receive special prizes unless distinctly barred by the conditions of any such event.

6. Seniors may arrange for flags as prizes in their matches, and such prizes shall be presented to the winners at the regular presentation.

7. Any member not being a senior may, of course, challenge and race in such matches, and seniors shall have no privileges or rights over other members except to carry the pennant. R. W. GIBSON.

MOHICAN C. C., Albany, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1885.

WHY I DO NOT RACE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I suppose I am the "friend of the humble, but convenient sneakbox" alluded to in your editorial of the last issue, who "fled ingloriously from the field with the assertion that, though his boat was the fastest, he was not a racing man," after the sneakbox canoe controversy of last year. Now sir, let me remind you that the controversy of last year arose from the query in your columns of a gentleman who wanted to know the best craft for cruising on open waters. You told him he wanted a canoe; I told him he wanted a sneakbox. Then a whole lot of us had a friendly squabble over it which ended by some canoe man challenging me to race—as if a race could determine which was the better for cruising purposes. When a man writes to FOREST AND STREAM to know what boat he shall buy for a racer, I won't put my oar in at all, for I never was in a race in my life, and have no sympathy with racers or racing machines; but when a cruiser asks for information my heart goes out to him at once with sympathy, for I am a cruiser myself, and if my thirteen years' experience of single-hand cruising in canoes, yawl-rigged sailboats and sneakboxes has taught me something that I can in turn impart to a brother cruiser, it affords me the greatest satisfaction to do so.

When a racing canoeist asserts that the canoe will outsail the sneakbox in the average weather encountered on open waters, he states what I know to be untrue. I have cruised in sailing canoes of the best model of the Nautilus, Shadow, Pearl and Sunbeam build, and also in sneakboxes. I am never in a hurry when cruising, but I have noted that my sneakbox has left the miles behind as rapidly as the fastest canoe I ever sailed, and in rough weather much more rapidly and far more comfortably. Yet I will not pit my sneakbox or Barnegat cruiser against a canoe in a race, and I will tell you why.

When I owned my first canoe (a Rob Roy) in 1872, there were very few canoeists in this country, and we followed the lead of McGregor, the father of canoeing, and were cruisers. We corresponded with one another, exchanged hints on outfits, etc., and initiated all our friends whom we knew to be lovers of grand old Nature into the quiet, gentle pastime of canoeing. Like McGregor, too, we were solitary cruisers. Sociable, company-loving fellows we were ordinarily, but there were times when, to appreciate and fully commune with Nature, and worship her in the solemn quiet of the woods and stream, we felt that to be accompanied by a chattering companion would be sacrilege. Therefore we loved the little canoe, which only permitted a solitary occupant. But some of the friends whom we initiated into canoeing also initiated some of their friends, and some of these last novitiates couldn't see "any fun" in poking around all alone in a boat. They didn't love the woods, and the rocks, and the marshes, and the streams for themselves, they only looked upon them as of a certain utility for picnicking, or for killing game. When they went cruising alone they were "lonesome," and therefore their cruises were short. They were nice fellows, all of them, but they didn't have it in them, that "it" which drives a man who is a true lover of Nature, a man who is neither a hermit nor a misanthrope, back once in a while into a state of semi-savagery to worship alone at the altar of great Nature, alone with his fellows the beasts, and the birds, and all wild things. Well, we couldn't put that "it" into these fellows, so we watched them with some dismay as they built tandem canoes that would carry two, and went off chattering and shouting together on what we called "picnicking" excursions. Then they tired of this and looked around for other uses for their canoes, and they took up racing. We watched them with increased dismay as they put on their craft such things as rudders and deck tillers, foot steering gears, innumerable ropes for downhauls, topping lifts, reefing lines, forestays and backstays, with decks covered with cleats and blocks. When they also introduced tabernacles, double centerboards and lead-weighted keels we said, "Well, such things as these can never be called canoes, after all. Why should we grieve? Our little simple craft will still and always be *the* canoes, and these racing machines will have to take another name." But we were mistaken. The men who couldn't see "any fun" in poking around all alone in a boat were numerically in the ascendant. They called their machines "canoes," and canoes they still remain. We old fellows (old in canoeing, I mean) know that for racing these machines are well enough, and that for sailing or paddling about a harbor of an afternoon they will do; but we also know that for cruising on small streams they are too heavy and cumbersome, and for cruising on open waters they are too dangerous and uncomfortable. What we do not like is the application of the term "canoe" to these craft. We have seen "canoeing" degenerate from a romantic, quiet, cruising pastime to a hurly-burly, helter-skelter racing sport; and naturally we are sore over it. We confess it; we are, if you like, "sore-heads," just as the devoted musician might be if his beloved Cremona were used by a multitude of sports as a base ball bat, and if these sports, who couldn't see "any fun" in music, should therefore call themselves violinists. I am one of these sore-heads, and that is why I will not race.

I object to your calling the man who enters for the International Challenge Cup a canoeist, and placing me alongside of him as the canoeist's critic, and therefore, presumably, not a canoeist. I am canoeist's critic, and therefore, presumably, not a canoeist. I am still and always a canoeist, and shall never criticise true canoeing. You will hardly class McGregor as an anti-canoeist, yet when McGregor cruised in the open waters of the Channel and the French coast he did so in a flush-decked yawl 21x7x3. Did you ever hear of the father of canoeing taking part in a race?

N. H. Bishop is the "father" of the A. C. A., and a solitary canoe cruiser like McGregor. Yet when he cruises on open waters he uses a sneakbox, as he did on his memorable voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi and through the Gulf of Mexico.

"Nessmuk" has probably done more canoe cruising than any man in the country. Yet he uses the simplest form of canoe, simpler than those of McGregor and Bishop, because it has no deck. Do you think if "Nessmuk" were to cruise through the great lakes or the Gulf of Mexico that he would do it in one of the machines nowadays styled canoes, with lead keel, tabernacle and complicated gear? In my opinion he would use either a Barnegat cruiser or a sharpie.

I give these three instances because they are canoeists known by repute to every man who handles a canoe; but if you will con over in your mind the men who cruise in canoes for the love of nature, and hence go alone, who are not "hotel cruisers," but men who stay out when they go out, rain or shine, you will find that these men do not enter races for cups; that they adhere to the same simplicity in a canoe that McGregor's Rob Roy had and still has, and that when they cruise on open waters they do it in some other kind of craft.

I still own, after a trial of all kinds of canoes, my ideal of the perfect cruising canoe, the Rob Roy Gypsy; but when I cruise on the open I find the Barnegat cruiser the "some other kind of craft" that suits me best. SENECA.

AN EXPERIENCE IN A SQUALL.—A correspondent of Dr. Neidé's sends the following account of a novice's experience in a squall which may serve as a caution to others who are just learning to use centerboards. We have seen several similar cases where the boards have been badly damaged and even the keel and garboards injured by beaching the boat with board down: "I have had a delightful time with my boat and tested her so thoroughly, disproved so many derogatory estimations of her that I can fully understand your meaning to the remark that you 'fairly loved your boat.' I did not sail from New Orleans but have used my craft all along the eastern shore. That she has been admired, praised and her value guessed at, you may well be assured. I shall never forget the scene the evening I first launched her on the bay. The entire number of guests at the hotel, with the denizens living 'along shore,' lined the wharf, and my start off was in a moderate gale and a heavy sea. To me at the time it was an exciting moment, but I came through creditably. I must explain to you why it was I did not house my centerboard. In the morning I was sitting patiently eying a cork in the trustfulness that something would pull it down or eat the rod up, when a sailor friend addressed me, 'I say, Mr. K., what is all this nonsense I hear you have been telling these people you could go to windward?' The crowd standing on the wharf laughed in great glee at this mode of attack, and I, quite nettled, bet $50 I could point within two points of where his cat rig, an 18-footer, pointed. So with considerable chaff we finally arranged that we would try it, and I immediately invited the heaviest man in the hotel to sail with me. He weighs at least 210 pounds and 6½ft. high. About a half an hour before time I hoisted sail and got ready in spite of the heavy squall coming up and white caps rolling in with a big surf. My heavy weight not with me but coming in on the steamer just landing. The squall struck me like a blizzard, and without a reef in either sail you can imagine how I climbed over and went through the water. It was coaming down and 195 pounds to windward. Heavy weight and the lawyer stood on the wharf and watched me, and the brilliant idea seized me as I grit my teeth if I can only make a successful jibe I will convince that duffer my boat can do something. I took my chance between two puffs, jammed hard down and the tiller split the yoke, or rather tore away one side of the notch. It was all hands lively then, and as far aft as possible; the jigger flew around, sheet rope eased off, and then the mainsail quivered, hesitated, and got over on the other side about as quick as anything I ever saw. The jibe was done, and in grand style, and I was calculating how long she could stand the terrible pressure on the bow, when a flaw, and then whizz, and the tornado had me. The lower jaw on the mainsail gave way, and like a seagull wounded and folding its wings the boom started a curl on the top of the mast. The shore was a quarter of a mile distant, and no mistake. Hard-a-lee with one leg as a backwater, and antics of a tight rope walker, till within water shallow enough to go overboard and unship foremast. As I walked ashore through surf Heavy Weight came down to me and we jerked the boat up out of serious danger, but alas the centerboard had been forgotten. I have had the most amusing adventures. One was while my sails were up drying, three female pirates in bathing costume untied the boat from the stake and proceeded to cruise over sandbars, stakes, etc., and answered the troubled skipper ashore with, 'Go way you horrid thing,' and 'We will never speak to you again.'"

SPRINGFIELD C. C. RACES.—The report of the Springfield C. C. regatta was received too late for insertion this week.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

KELPIE.—The season for deer in Lower Peninsula of Michigan begins Oct. 1.

E. D. B., Kissimmee City, Fla.—Is the sheldrake a North American bird? I do not see it in Coues, hence this question. Ans. Yes; the name is given to several birds of the genus *Mergus*—round-billed fish-ducks—but is most commonly applied to the red-breasted merganser (*M. serrator*).

JAY BEBE, Toledo, O.—Is there any reliable test by which the male ruffed grouse can be distinguished from the female? To say that the plumage of the female is the same as the male, "only a little duller," as do some of the books, amounts to less than nothing, where birds of widely different localities are compared. Ans. We know of no certain method by which the sex of ruffed grouse can be determined except by dissection.

L. J., Tunkhannock.—Does the black bass spawn twice a year or not? I caught four last week, Oct. 11, that had eggs in them nearly ready to spawn. It is evident that some of the bass spawn in the spring and some in the fall, or else twice a year. Ans. The black bass spawns in May and June, possibly a few late ones in July. The eggs you saw in October were probably developed for next spring's spawning. This fish is not active in the winter in Pennsylvania, and to judge of the ripeness of eggs is often a difficult matter to one not a practical fish-culturist. We know nothing of any black bass spawning in October or later.

FORESTS AND CLIMATE.

THE third number of Petermann's "Mittheilungen" for this year contains an article by A. Woeikof on the influence of forest on climate. The commencement of a scientific investigation of this subject was made when the Bavarian forest meteorological stations were established, and when Prussia, Alsace-Lorraine, France, Switzerland, and Italy followed the example. As a general rule it may be laid down that in the warm seasons as between forests and places close at hand which are treeless (1) the temperature of the earth and air are lowerd in the former, (2) their variations are less, (3) the relative humidity is greater. After examining observations as to evaporations, Herr Woeikof states that the influence of forests in diminishing evaporation from water and the soil is so great that it cannot be accounted for alone by the lower temperature of the hot months, the greater humidity, or even by the shade. An important influence, which has hitherto been but little appreciated, is the protection from the wind afforded by the trees, and this the writer regards as more important than all the others together in reducing the degree of evaporation. With regard to the influence of forests on rain and snow-fall, there is yet only a single series of observations supplying comparative statistics, and extending over a sufficiently long period. These were taken in the neighborhood of Nancy, and they show an important influence of forests in increasing the rain-fall. It might appear that the effects of forest on rain in the climate of central Europe in winter would be small, for the difference between the temperature and humidity of the forest and the open is very little, and the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere is small. But the observations show that it is more at this time of the year that forests get much more rain. This the writer attributes to the clouds being lower, the resistance which the forest offers to the movement of the air and to the moist west wind. Forests retain rain by the undergrowths of grass, moss, etc., much better than open ground, and let water off superficially only after a heavy rain-fall; the remainder filters upward slowly, and much of it is used for the evaporation of trees. Although forests, especially thick, luxuriant forests, cannot exist without certain supplies of moisture, yet it is the same to them when the supplies come, for they retain what they get, and use it over a long period. One example of this is the Lenkoran forest, on the west coast of the Caspian, where the vegetation is more luxuriant than in any other part of Europe, yet very little rain falls in summer, but the rain-fall in autumn and winter is great. The water is stored up by the forest, and is used in evaporation during the heat of summer. Humidity of the atmosphere, however, is not inconsistent with a high temperature, as the Red Sea shows; but in the forests the humidity is due to the evaporation of the leaves—in other words, to a process by which heat is converted into work, and hence the coolness.

Herr Woeikof then endeavors to ascertain the influence of forests on the climatic condition of their neighborhood of the western parts of the Old World, between the 38th and 52d degrees north latitude, the place selected being in all cases in the open. Thus for the 52d degree eight stations are taken between Valencia in Ireland on the west and the Kirghiz steppes on the east; for the 50th, Guernsey on the west, Semipalatinsk on the east, and 13 stations, and so on for each two degrees of latitude, to 38 degrees. The general result of the observations in 50 stations in six different degrees of latitude, is that in western Europe and Asia large forests have a great influence on the temperature of places near them, and that by their influence the normal increase of temperature as we travel eastward from the Atlantic ocean to the interior of the continent is not merely interrupted, but they give places far removed from the coast a cooler summer than those actually on the sea. A striking example of this is Bosnia. An examination of the statistics show (1) that in Bosnia the summer is 2.5 degrees to 4.5 degrees cooler than in Herzegovina; (2) even on the island of Lissa, in the full influence of the Adriatic Sea, the summer temperature is more than a degree higher than that of Bosnia, which is separated by lofty mountain ranges from the sea. Bosnia owes this comparatively cool summer to its great forests, while Herzegovina is almost disafforested. To sum up: Forests exercise an influence on climate which does not cease on their borders, but extends over a larger or smaller adjacent region according to the size, kind and position of forest. Hence man by afforestation and disafforestation can modify the climate around him; but it is an extreme position to hold that by afforestation the waste places of the earth can be made fertile. There are places incapable of being afforested, which would not give the necessary nourishment to trees.—*Nature.*

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Hooking and lying are the fishermen's crying sins.—*St. Paul Herald.*

The father of lies—A fishing expedition.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Amateur Fisherman to Owner of Pond—"You said there were plenty of fish here." O. of P.—"There are millions of 'em." A. F.—"Then I must say they are very stupid." O. of P.—"Stupid?" A. F.—Yes, they don't seem to catch on."—*Boston Courier.*

Professor Brugsch has just returned to Berlin from Persia, where he spent some time collecting notes and material for a work on that country. The Persians are very fond of wild beasts for pets. One day the Professor met on the sidewalk a man leading a full-grown lion by a rope; and such sights he says are not uncommon.

George Washington went fishing at least once. And on that occasion he caught a trout four inches long. While down at the corner grocery in the evening, after returning from his angling tour, he was asked how much the trout weighed, when he uttered those memorable words, viz: "I cannot tell a lie. It weighed seventeen and a half pounds."—*Norristown Herald.*

The Berlin Aquarium has at last accomplished the difficult feat of showing a school of live herring in its sea-water basin. These fish are so delicate that when caught in their native element even a moment's exposure to the air will kill them. They had therefore to be caught under water and to be carefully transported from the seaboard. Ten out of the nineteen which were taken in the Baltic, near the Island of Rügen, reached Berlin alive.

A remarkable circumstance is reported from Whitstable, England, by a local naturalist. Recently two or three oysters were put away in an earthen pan, and during the night a couple of young mice found out the dainty dish and inserted their hungry mouths within the open shells of one of the bivalves. In the morning they were found fast held by the closed shell of the oyster, and of course quite dead. The oyster continued its firm hold on the intruders, and the trio having been handed to Mr. Sibert Saunders, a member of the East Kent Natural History Society, were at once immersed in spirit, and will in due course be placed in the local museum.

The eels of the ponds in the woods of Vincennes, France, leave them every spring in large numbers, making their way to the Seine or the Marne, several kilometres distant. They take advantage of rainy weather, when the herbage is wet, and their instinct guides them directly to their destination. New species have been repeatedly introduced into the lakes, but in vain; all seem to have this disposition to leave. Some have thought that the water of these ponds, having been collected by hydraulic engines, has undergone some change which drives the eels away. But the phenomenon of such migrations by eels and some other fishes is not uncommon. Thus in the marshes of Picardy eels are often found on the grass, going from one pond to another.

A sudden and melancholy ending (the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says) has befallen the lion Sultan, who so imprudently broke away from his cage and took to inhaling the sea breezes on the beach of St. Brévin l'Océan. His keeper spent three days scouring the country in search of him, but without any result. Sultan, however, unfortunately for himself, was observed roaming about the beach by three bathers who happened to have guns in their possession, having come out on a shooting excursion, preparatory to which they were enjoying a swim. Alarmed at the extraordinary apparition of the wanderer, they ran for their guns and discharged a volley of slugs and shot at the unlucky beast. Sultan succumbed to his wounds in a short time, and was borne away from St. Brévin in a cart, amid the wonder of the inhabitants.

The following curious freak of some water rats was observed by a Plymouth gentleman a few days ago in the Exeter canal. On the side which he was walking a dead dog was lying in the water. A rat emerged from a hole on the opposite side of the canal, and, taking to the water, appeared soon to be sniffing something. The rat at last reached the dog, and after smelling about it a short time, appearing quite satisfied with its examination, swam back again to its hole. Our correspondent then moved the dog with his stick a short distance from where the rat examined it. Presently, the rat again emerged from its hole, followed by several other rats. They all took to water, led by the pioneer, and swam across to where the dog first lay. The leader again indulged in sniffing around in an excited state. He swam round about the spot for some little time evidently hunting for the dog. At last the poor rat seemed completely

puzzled as to what had become of his and his friends' dinner? He appeared to give up his search, and gave one long ann piercing scream, which quite startled the observer: and in ae instant the other rats set upon the leader and killed him. Th poor thing seemed aware of what was awaiting him. He had apparently told them a lie, had led them out on a false errand, and for this it was death by Rat Law.—*Western Morning News.*

An experiment of much interest is now being made by the maritime province of Canada in the introduction of live lobsters to the English market. The steamer Clifton, from Miramichi to England, recently took out a tank containing 500 live lobsters, and if they reached England in good condition a large buisness is expected. There is already considerable trade with Great Britain in preserved lobsters. Although the fishery was almost unknown in Canada ten years ago, it is now third in point of importance. It is carried on in over 600 factories, which send annually to British, United States, and other markets between 16,000,000 and 17,000,000 cans, representing a value of between two and-a-half and three million dollars.

A Russian paper gives an account of the circumstances which have led to a most unique lawsuit. A rich lady at her death placed her pet dog Gypsy in the hands of a friend, with the request to provide for her with the annual interest on 1,000 rubles, set aside for that purpose in her testament. The other day Gypsy died, and the lady who had charge of her took it for granted that the money was now her own. Another lady, however, appeared on the scene, who owned a son of Gypsy, and who claimed that her dog was heir to the income of the 1,000 rubles, since nothing was said in the testament regarding the disposal of this money after the death of Gypsy. The result of the trial will be awaited with interest.

An Opportunity to Study Sharks.—The *Ceylon Observer* of the 13th of June gives the following narrative of the only survivor of the steamer Speke Hall, which recently foundered: "When I came to the surface after being washed off the bridge, I and Quatermaster Usher were clinging to the same lifebuoy, and I saw the funnel of the Speke Hall just going under water. Boats and everything had been smashed to pieces and washed away; and, indeed, if the boats had been available, they would not have lived in such water. Catching a spar, I abandoned the life-buoy to Usher. It was dark at the time, and I could not see him, and I saw nothing more of him or any one else. At daylight I managed to secure another spar. I lashed the two spars together with my belt, crosswise, so that I was able to sit on the centre. I could not have held on much longer to the single spar, because every now and then the spar would fall above me, and my head would go under water. When daylight set in the sea and the wind had gone down, it came on to rain. I had a sou'wester on, luckily, and I held it up till I caught about a cupful of water. I believe that saved my life; for I had swallowed a good deal of salt water, and my mouth was parched. I saw nothing that day except pieces of wreck floating about. On the morning of the second day I saw the smoke of a steamer a long distance off. She passed on without seeing me. I saw one or two others during the day, but they were too far off. About the middle of the second day a shark came rushing along at a great speed. It was not a very large one—about nine feet long. I was sitting on the cross-piece with my feet underneath. The shark rushed over one piece of wood, and I fancy he got the other arm of the raft in his teeth, because he stopped suddenly. I had a piece of stick about three feet long which I picked up, thinking it might be useful for hoisting my cap on as a signal. I poked him with this stick and he cleared off at once, and I never saw anything more of him. That night a steamer passed quite close to me. I could see all her lights, but, the night being dark, she did not observe me. I hailed her, but she was too far off to hear me. I dozed off once or twice, but whenever I dozed, I fell into the water. I didn't feel much inconvenience from the sun. My hat saved me. On the morning of the third day I saw a steamer and a sail. I took my coat off and hoisted it on a stick, and tried to attract her attention. She altered her course, and came staight toward me, and I fancied she had seen me; but presently she altered her course, and steered away from me. I had almost given up hope then. Later in the day another and much larger shark visited me, but did not come within circle of the raft. He was a tremendous fellow, twenty feet long at least, and I gave myself up for lost when I saw him. Nothing more occurred till the evening. The sun began to get low, and I could not see anything all around the horizon, and I made up my mind for another night. I must have gone off into a longer doze than usual, for I fell off the raft on my face, and when I got up again the French steamer Periho seemed close on me, as if it had sprung out of the water. I had nothing to signal with but my hat. I held it up as high as I could, and one of the soldiers on board saw me. A boat was lowered and an officer and four men came over to me, and took me on board, where they treated me very kindly."

Lieutenant Allen's Journey on Alaskan Rivers.—Chicago, October 15.—General Nelson A. Miles, who is in the city, received a telegram yesterday from Lieutenant Henry T. Allen, of the Second Cavalry, stating that he had arrived safely at San Francisco after his Alaska explorations, having completed a journey through the regions of the far north which in the opinion of General Miles excelled all explorations on the American continent since Lewis and Clarke, and the world's record since Livingston. Lieutenant Allen left Sitka last February and journeyed to the mouth of the Copper River, which he followed until he reached the great Alaskan range of mountains. These he crossed on snow-shoes to the head of the Tennah River—in itself a marvelous accomplishment. For 700 or 800 miles he followed the Tennah until it emptied into the Takon, the great river of the North, and that to its mouth, a distance of 400 or 500 miles more. Upon the completion of his great journey, Lieutenant Allen repaired to Fort Michel, on the Behrings Strait and returned on the steamer Corwin. The exploration of the Tennah and Takon Rivers has been the ambition of explorers since long before Alaska came into the possession of the United States, but the Russians failed each time it was attempted. Since then, several explorations by American officers have ended in failure, until among the army officers of the Pacific Coast the feat came to be considered well nigh impossible. Lieutenant Allen's companions were a sergeant and an officer of the Signal Corps, together with the Indians whom he persuaded to join him.

Jacob Beller of Hamtramck, away back wherein the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, became the possessor of the original bear which prowled over the present site of Detroit when forest trees grew in the streets and Indian canoes were the only aquatic vehicles which disturbed the waters of the river. The animal, at the time it came into Mr. Beller's possession, had reached the prime of life but has nevertheless furnished lessons in natural history to every generation of Detroit small boys. As time passed on, the bear began to feel the irritability of age and within the past year has manifested so much petulance that a duly appointed committee finally examined it and agreed in the verdict that the animal was no longer in its right mind by reason of its weight of years. Mr. Beller was advised to kill his venerable pet as a precautionary measure against it killing some one else. An old Rocky Mountain hunter—Mr. Charles L. Schmitt—was employed to do the slaughtering. He recognized, with the prescience born of long experience, the difficulties he would have to encounter. Age had hardened the skin and flesh of the bear until they were as impregnable to ordinary weapons as though hewn out of solid boiler iron. Mr. Schmitt, however, owns an ancient blunderbuss he claims to have found in the fastnesses of the Rockies, clutched in the skeleton hands of what was evidently the last of some pre-historic race of giants. This weapon he charged with dynamite, gunpowder and one dozen bullets nearly the size of grape shot. On Friday afternoon he entered the inclosure which imprisoned the old bruin, placed the muzzle of the weapon close to the bear's eye and pulled the trigger. The experiment was in every sense a great success. When the din and smoke of the explosion cleared away and the little crowd of spectators recovered consciousness, the old bear was seen stretched out before them. The balls, a post mortem showed, penetrated far enough into the skull to cause death. The carcass was immediately purchased by Mr. F. X. Kolb of Michigan Grand avenue, who, as s oon as he can get the machinery necessary to cut it into steaks and roasts in working order, will serve it out to the patrons of his establishment.—*Detroit Times.*

"Tis sweet to sit on the verdant bank,
Between two mossy boulders,
And to feel a bite at the end of your line,
And another between the shoulders.—*Ex*

Tuesday last two Indiana mine sports, Joe and Pete, borrowed a gun from a friend and started off in search of a deer. They hadn't gone far before one was sighted. A cartridge was produced which they tried to force into the muzzle of the gun, but the dodgasted thing wouldn't go down. Joe, who is a Cornishman and had seen the militia in the old country tearing off the end of the old-fashioned paper cartridge with their teeth, tried the method on the one he held in his hand. He chewed, and chewed, but to no purpose, and in the struggle finally broke one of his teeth off short. Then Pete, who is from Canada and don't know any more about a gun than a horse knows about his grandmother, tried his hand at it. He got a club and tried to drive it in, but after pounding until he had battered the cartridge out of all shape gave the job up in disgust. In the meantime the deer had got tired of waiting and left. The two finally concluded that the fellow who gave them the cartridges made a mistake, they were too big for the gun. So they returned to the location to get cartridges that would fit. The trees out that way are said to be laughing yet—the gun was a breechloader.—*Norway Current.*

An American Makes Trouble.—Glasgow, Scotland.—While England is having its unsavory social scandals, and Ireland its perennial land agitation, Scotland is being wrought up by a matter of equal importance and magnitude. An American is the disturbing element, and if all reports are true the average Irish landlord could not be more aggressive. This gentleman is lessee of one of the largest deer forests in Scotland. It is situated at Kintail, Ross-shire, and comprises about 220,000 acres, the rental of which is about $100,000 a year. The man arrogates to himself the privilege evicting the tenants from the few farms in the huge tract, so that it may all be devoted to the sport for which he pays so well. Naturally this action is provocative of intense indignation. The quantity of land converted into deer forests since 1860 is about two million acres. The ordinary farm rental of the moor is one shilling per acre, while if cleared for deer it is nearly or quite twice that sum. To show the difference an illustration may be used. The Duke of Sutherland is the largest landed proprietor in the highlands, owning and renting 1,326,453 acres. The income yielded him by these estates is about $325,000, or one shilling per acre over all. The American tenant already alluded to pay $100,000 for 220,000 acres. Notice the difference, and do not wonder that the people strongly object to the present system of converting the land into forests for preservation of deer and game. It was alleged that the obnoxious Brooks has deprived people of their lands to such an extent that they found it to their interest to leave, until even the lands previously cleared for large sheep farms are now run upon by deer. The commission, after hearing the complaints in full have arrived at the decision that from the forests gain has accrued to the proprietors and their dependents, and no injury has resulted to farming and to farmers, but that there is a limit beyond which the extension of the forest system should not be permitted to go. They recommend that further appropriation of land to such purposes be prohibited below a prescribed contour line of elevation. The result is that the reformers are not satisfied, and everywhere is heard the peculiar howl for disafforestment. Meanwhile the "ould Yank at Kintail" is determined on having the eviction go on. —*Hartford Times.*



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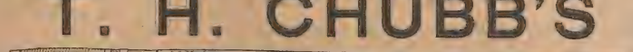
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III. The Windward.
IV. A Newport Catboat—Portable Catboat.
V. An Eastern Catboat.
VI. Keel Catboat Caprice.
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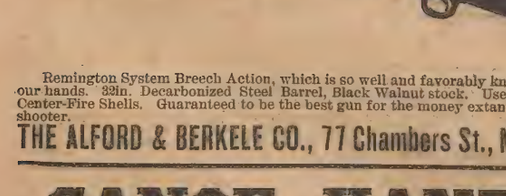
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CANOE

THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of examining to a novice an art in itself far from easy,

AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

In addition to the numerous diagrams in the body of the work, twenty-four large plates are printed on bond paper, containing the working drawings of canoes for paddling, sailing, cruising

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THE INDIANS AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

IT is reported that the President has determined to recommend a change in the method of purchasing supplies for the Indians, and that he will advise that in future this duty shall be entrusted to the army.

It is to be hoped that this report is true. The manner in which their provisions have been supplied to the Indians has long been known to be disgraceful, and the record of the Government in this respect is a sorry one. Although the misdeeds of contractors and Indian agents have often been exposed, the old-time methods still prevail in very many cases. Out in the Western country it has passed into a proverb that the easiest, surest and quickest way to make money is to get an Indian contract. Does such a contract call for provisions? The persons furnishing them send on rusty pork, damaged flour, and spoiled bacon. For clothing? The cloth is rotten and the workmanship of the poorest kind. For beef? The contractor gathers all the lean Texans, all the big-jawed and otherwise sick steers that he can find and delivers them. Too often all this material is accepted by the complaisant inspector and paid for at prices which would furnish good articles of each kind.

Sometimes, it is true, the Indians became restive under this system, and then the army was called upon and the chase of the hostiles began. Meantime the contractors and their employes had had time to get out of the country, and, regarding the war as none of their business, they pocketed their profits and made arrangements to get another contract.

The story is familiar enough, and it is quite time that the system under which such a state of things was possible should be changed. Among the people of the West, with the exception of those who expect to, or are now making money out of the Indians, the sentiment has long been unanimous that the charge of these tribes should be turned over to the army. We have urged this, and no longer than two weeks ago spoke of it as something which ought to be done. We are glad to think that the administration takes so wise a view of this subject as reported.

There are many reasons why such a change should be made. Obviously the army is most nearly interested in the proper guardianship of the Indians. Most of the Indian wars have been brought about by ill-treatment of some kind, and the Indians would not be ill-treated if in the hands of the army. Fighting Indians is not particularly pleasant work, and there is no glory to be got by chasing a few bucks over the prairie or through the mountains for a week or a month. For this, if for no other reason, the army would treat the Indians well and so avoid such expensive wars as of past years. It is evident, too, that the Government can furnish supplies more cheaply when the purchasing power is lodged in one bureau instead of being in two.

The most important reason, however, for making such a change as the one recommended lies in the fact that the Indians will in this way be better supplied. It is no secret that in the past there has been a vast amount of corruption in the Indian Department, which a change to the army would entirely do away with. Notwithstanding the occasional lapses of which we hear among army men, it is still the fact that the officers of the army are as a rule gentlemen of high standing, and are thus far better able to withstand the temptations which are likely to assail those who have to deal with the Indians than is the average civilian, who may have received his appointment as a reward for political work done for his candidate at the polls, nor would the conduct of officers in charge of Indians be at all influenced by those political considerations which oftentimes have so great weight with the civilian. There will be no cases where an army officer to make a good record with his department will try to manage his agency so economically as to starve the people who have been placed in his charge.

The present movement is a long step in the right direction, and, if carried into effect, will do much to better the condition of the Indians.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S TRAJECTORY TESTS.

WHILE our expert is busy computing the figures necessary to reach conclusions on our trajectory tests, we can only ask our readers to be patient, assuring them that the returns will be made at the earliest possible moment. To those of our readers who have written that they would defer making contemplated purchases of rifles until after the report of tests, we would say go on and make your purchase; any of the standard and well-established makes of American breechloaders are good enough for any hunter. He must, of course, exercise discretion in his selection. He must not expect a squirrel rifle to knock over a bear; but a rifle from any of the well-known armories, used as the experience of its makers shows it should be used, and where the buyer knows how to load and aim a rifle, there need be no grumbling at the piece. The fixed error of the weapon is so much less than the average probable personal error of the shooter that, until the latter is corrected, there ought to be less complaint at the former.

Of course each make of rifle has its advantages and also its disadvantages, and there is need of great care in picking out a weapon; but when the fault-finding period comes, let the shooter acknowledge that he does not know how to shoot the rifle as well as the rifle knows how to shoot.

A NEW RACING CLASS OF CANOEISTS.

NO similar body of sportsmen here or abroad have taken the high standard regarding racing that has characterized the American Canoe Association. It has from the first encouraged racing as the principal factor in the improvement of boats and rigs and the encouragement of skill in handling; and also as the most interesting feature to outsiders at the meets, and the one most likely to promote interest in the sport. At the same time it has so hedged in the races with such restrictions as prohibit any professionalism, but encourage all present to enter races. Racing for anything but honor and the satisfaction of making a creditable performance, is strictly discountenanced, and the prizes given are of little intrinsic value.

Last week we published a suggestion by Mr. R. W. Gibson, last year chairman of the regatta committee, looking to a still further extension of the same idea. His plan is to establish a class open only to men who have won a certain number of paddling or sailing races, these men to be entitled to carry a distinguishing flag. No member will be allowed to take a prize in a regular Association race, though he may enter and be accorded first place if successful. By this plan the few expert sailors who would take most of the prizes are by degrees removed and the prizes are open to the majority, while the presence of the veterans in the races, working only for the honor of first place, will be an additional incentive to the regular contestants who will not care to be beaten badly, even though they win a prize. The extra class itself offers the highest incentive to the amateur sailor, as the simple flag he will be entitled to fly is in itself a warrant of his skill as a sailor or paddler, and will be valued more than any cup or other trophy. It really increases the number of prizes without the usual objection, that when too numerous the value is lessened. Admission to the class itself would be one of the highest prizes to be raced for; the field of entries in the general races would be a large one, and the mere honor of beating it should content a man, even though no prize went with it, as his reputation would be known to all canoeists; while among the juniors to take first prize would be something, but the honor of beating the seniors would be still greater. No extra labor would accrue to the regatta committee who already have enough to do. A number of extra races would soon be arranged among the first class men only, which would add still further to the attractions of the meet. On the whole, the scheme is an excellent one and we hope to see it accepted by the Association this fall

THE TIME LIMIT IN RACES.

A CASE has lately occurred in one of our local yacht clubs in which, according to the testimony of a number, a race was not sailed within the time limit set forth by the club rules, but was nevertheless decided to have been within the time by the judges' watch. Club members on shore, others on the various boats, and the reporters on the club steamer, all timed the start and the finish and made the time of the first yacht considerably over the time allowed. In spite of this the judges at once announced that the race had been made and declared their time correct. As the matter was widely discussed within a few days after the race, the feeling was general that the official time was not correct and that the officials had, to avoid the trouble and expense of a resail, stretched the limit, a state of affairs that has created a great deal of dissatisfaction among many of the club members. The matter was considered at a club meeting, the regatta committee declined to question in any way the return of the judges, and though one of the latter declined to act, the other two stood by their first decision, and in spite of much opposition the sail was declared a bona fide race and the prizes awarded. As no outside boats were entered it is simply a family quarrel which the club may be left to settle among themselves, but it will interest all yachtsmen who may be inclined at any time to enter the regattas of this club to watch the outcome of the dispute. If a time limit means anything at all it must be observed; if the club can have one race only, or if it is to be decided, race or no race, at the will of a few officials, the sooner the limit is wiped off the books the better for the reputation of the club. Members who enter a race under certain definite stipulations may well object if these are thrown overboard at the will of a few, and contrary to the laws and customs of the club. If for any reason the time limit was exceeded, but it was impracticable or undesirable to order a resail, the matter might, if none of the contestants objected, be referred to a general meeting of the club, as to whether the race should stand, but every man who starts in a race has a right to demand that all the conditions shall be complied with, and any trifling with this right must bring discredit on the club countenancing it.

A CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY.—The account of elk and deer killing in Wyoming, published elsewhere, is not a record of exhilarating sport. It is a cold blooded story of cold-blooded butchery for winter meat. We give it as a contribution to the history of the extinction of American big game. The meat hunt of the Colorado party has its parallel in a thousand other holocausts of the same character. There is one thing for which the writer of the account deserves credit; he does not attempt to magnify the butchery into sport, he is honest enough to call it by its right name. We print it, not for the pleasure of the reader, simply as an illustration of how and why the game of the West is fading from sight.

PASSADUMKEAG PEDAGOGY.—They are slowly learning some things up in the Maine woods. One lesson is that if deer are killed out of season the privilege must be paid for. Another is that it does not pay to net trout on their spawning beds. Instruction to this effect, in the shape of a fine and costs, has just been given to a Clear Stream poacher by a Passadumkeag justice of the peace, whose pedagogical methods are worthy of all praise.

MORE STARVING INDIANS.

WORD comes to us from the Northwest that the Chippewa Indians about Leech Lake are starving.

To news such as this we ought by this time to be accustomed, and no doubt most people who read the paragraph will dismiss it without a second thought. Others will congratulate themselves on the prospect that the Indian question is in rapid process of solution. Certainly, if the United States Government can kill off by starvation a few thousand Indians every year, a simple and inexpensive method of dealing with the race has been discovered. To those who consider that the Indians have some rights, the present case appears a peculiarly aggravated one. Certain improvements connected with the storage of water are being carried on near the head of the Mississippi River, and these have resulted in the backing up of the water over a large area of country, and the overflow of the wild rice and cranberry fields, from which these Chippewas gather their annual crop of winter food. A white man who had a farm in a river bottom would think he was rather hardly treated if in the course of some public improvement a big dam was erected below him, and his land overflowed so that he could take no crop off it. No doubt he would think that he had a claim for damages against some one. But if he and his family starved during the next winter, it would not help them much if his claim were allowed in the following spring. So it is with these miserable Indians. An effort will, no doubt, be made to secure help for them when Congress assembles; but between now and December there will be many deaths in the Leech Lake country; deaths from starvation; deaths for which we must all of us feel some measure of responsibility.

Just as, two years ago, the Piegans and the Assiniboines starved in Montana, so the Chippewas will this winter starve in Minnesota. These tragedies have been so often enacted before us that we have grown hardened. Our hearts, which would readily enough respond to a call for help from a white settlement in distress, feel no throb of pity for agonies suffered by the red men. They are "only Indians," we say.

To send supplies to a distant Indian reservation takes weeks always; more often it takes months. If help is denied to these Chippewas until the assemblage of Congress, the United States Government will have slaughtered them just as surely as if it had sent troops there and shot them down, men, women and children. Only if food is withheld the order of the killing will be reversed. It will be children, women and men.

In years gone by it would have been vain to hope that any steps would be taken to save these people from death by hunger until authorized by Congress. But the Indian question seems to be comprehended by the present administration better than by those which preceded it. We are thus encouraged to hope that help may at once be sent to these Chippewas. If there is no contingent fund which may be drawn on to furnish them food for the winter, it is surely possible to purchase the supplies now, and trust to Congress to appropriate the fund to pay for them soon after it comes together. The President and the Secretary of the Interior, if they consider the question, cannot fail to see the necessity of prompt action, and they may feel sure that any measures taken for the relief of these Indians will receive the unqualified approval and support of the whole people of the country.

Let them remember that in this case the delay even of a few days may mean suffering and death.

GRIZZLY BEAR AND BUFFALO.

IT is hard to crush out popular delusions. In another column a correspondent quotes "old Californians" and Western hunters as making the statement that the grizzly bear is never found east of the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, and the buffalo never west of it. We have never before heard the buffalo part of this saying, and it is remarkable that any one who has had even a slight experience in the West, should make a statement which is disproved by the universal testimony of Western men.

Old Californians and Western hunters are much like other men in other parts of the country. Some are intelligent and observant, and some the reverse. We have had hunters tell us that a two year old mountain ram was an ibex, an entirely different species from the bighorn (*Ovis montana*), and to this belief they would cling until it was demonstrated to them in the clearest manner that the "ibex" was merely a young mountain sheep.

The range of the buffalo formerly extended far to the westward of the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, and their remains may be found to day scattered over the great central plateau of this region. There seems to be little doubt that in ancient times their wanderings reached the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, and extended beyond the Blue Mountains of Oregon. This was in the old days when there were buffalo.

The error with regard to the range of the grizzly bear is much more widespread than the one about the buffalo. In fact, it is about as general as the belief that the "blacktail" of the plains and central mountains—the true mule deer—is the real blacktail deer. These two are fairly entitled to be called *pseudodoxia epidemica* of the West. We have frequently defined the bears of temperate North America, but this seems to be one of the things which must be done over and over again.

In North America there are three species of bears—namely, the polar bear (*Ursus maritimus*), the black bear (*U. americanus*), and the grizzly bear (*U. horribilis*). The first of these is never found within the borders of the United States. The second is characterized by short claws upon his front feet, not much if any longer than those on the hind toes. In color he varies from glossy jet black through dark and light brown to pale yellow. He is found throughout North America at large. In shape he may be short or long, stout and roly-poly, or slim and slab-sided. The third species, the grizzly, has long claws upon his front feet, much longer and stouter than those behind. He is larger than the black and occupies the western half of the continent. He may be of almost any color of the rainbow, and for each color there is a local name. In California, and in the mouths of well-informed people generally, he is a grizzly wherever he is found, but in Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming and parts of Montana he is a "cinnamon," a "range bear," a "gray bear" a "silver tip" or a "bald face," according to the ignorance of the man who sees him or his hide. He is, however, just as truly a grizzly as his California brother, and he can be distinguished always by his long fore-claws. Color is absolutely valueless as a specific character in the grizzly and black bears.

A WORD ABOUT EDUCATION.—Occasionally we receive a letter like this: "Having been reared in the backwoods, and consequently not having many literary advantages, I cannot make much pretentions to style of writing. But if you can have patience to reduce my manuscript to a form suitable for publication, I should be glad to contribute freely to your excellent journal." No reader of the FOREST AND STREAM can have failed to observe that many most valuable communications to its columns have come from men who have not had "literary advantages," but have had peculiar opportunities to learn the lore of the woods and the ways of nature. We always welcome such communications—written because their authors have something to say. We never judge a correspondent by his handwriting, spelling, nor grammar, but only by the interest of what he has to tell us.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE BULL FIGHT.

OUT from the city whose humane decrees
Forbid the sport, the crowds in happy mood
Stream toward the bull pen raised at Huizachal.
A pleasant ride, and not too long, for those
Who drew the lines that shut the bull fight out,
Wisely conceding to the popular heart
A ready way to gratify its loves,
Kept their hard limits just outside the gates
Of the old amphitheatre whose sands
Had reeked for years with bloody sacrifice.

It may be that Italian skies are blue
With tints as deep as ocean's soundless flood;
And Colorado lifts its pine-clad hills
In endless swells of heaven-reaching peaks,
Through air that thrills like pleasure's first full draught.
But oh! the ridged Sierra's mounting waves,
Rising enormous, cloudy range on range,
Whose notched and wrinkled mountains seem as smooth
As crumpled velvet through the softening haze;
The wide green plain hedged off with stiff maguey;
The half mirage that hides the shallow lakes,
Yet points to where they lie; the clumps of trees,
Waving strange foliage in the gentle wind;
The arching line of the long aqueduct!
Southward, above the giant cedars' fringe,
Gleams the white castle of Chapultepec;
Beyond again the brooding city lies,
Its thousand towers half seen through hovering smoke;
And farther still, floating in misty blue,
Glitter the twin volcanoes' silver domes.

Favored of God, the vale of Mexico
Has been the prize each new invader grasped,
From the poor Austrian whom France betrayed,
Back to remotest history's faintest tale
And eldest dream of legendary time.

Toltec and Aztec glide from cloud land back.
Again stern Cortez cleaves his fiery way.
Wrong and rebellion follow. Then at length
The Great Republic sends its fearless sons
To sweep in conquest from the distant gulf
And crush together all the wrangling bands.
Where is the peace that should have come with Christ?
Who tells the triumph of good will to men?

The Indian's savage war god drank for years
The blood of murdered victims; after him,
On the same marsh where his clay temple stood,
Rose the cathedral built by Christian hands,
And prayers went up, and holy words were read,
But the unpitying Spaniard's cruel greed
Kept up the barbarous idol's hecatombs.

'Tis Sunday now, and somewhere in the North,
Where curving earth catches no tropic ray,
Good men are telling to their listening flocks
The praise of meek, sincere self-sacrifice,
And great rewards in happier worlds to come.
Here on the glistening fortress' lofty walls
The black-mouthed cannon yawn in grim array.
Hark! The apostle of a different creed
Thunders his gospel from another mount,
And from that iron throat and tongue of flame
Come arguments that leave no room for doubt,
But, falling in destruction's graceful curve,
Compel consent. Almost with one swift glance
You see where Churubusco's ramparts tried
To hold the impatient Northmen back in vain,
Where eager stormers climbed Molino's walls
And the forlorn hope rushed on Chapultepec.

Not far from sight the now unbroken street
Still bears the name of Alvarado's leap,
And a time-shattered tree recalls the night
When the foiled conquerors in wild dismay
Fell back before the Indians' fierce despair.

Following the clew of labyrinthine thought
Through paths that endlessly go branching on,
I find myself, like Theseus, face to face
With the horned monster. Opens wide in front
The portal of the ring, and, stepping fast,
Already pricked by the sharp barbed rosette
Upon his shoulder, eager for the fight,
The tyrant of the hills comes proudly on.

Some say that in our modern sapless days
The spirit of sham mines even our brutal sports;
That bruising fighters now have lost the thirst
For victor glory, and the quarrel lies
Only as to who shall rob the public most.
This may be true in our commercial States,
Where smartness is the idol of the mob
Even more than bodily strength, but here at least
No mild domestic animal was loosed
For lazy picadors to prod with poles.
Fierce and untameable as grizzly bears
The destined victims faced their clustering foes,
And every man that fought the savage beasts
Played for his life with smiling cheerfulness.

A lean gray horse guarded with leathern shields
Carried the picador, whose buttoned spear,
Firm in the neck or shoulder of the bull,
Parried and lifted off his first attacks.
Pain adds to anger and soon boring in,
Careless of the sharp lance that bars the way,
The frothing creature rips the leather off,
And gores the breast of the poor patient horse.
Then gushing blood flows down the trembling legs,
But the insatiate bull keeps lunging on,
Lifting and lifting till the struggling limbs
Hang limp, and with a mighty surging push
Backward upon his rider falls the horse,
While still the furious bull goes charging on.
In rush the fighters with their purple cloaks,
And the bewildered savage leaves his prey,
To lose his strength in profitless careers,
Chasing his lithe tormentors all in vain.
If he but levelled his now dripping horns
And blindly dashed amid the scattering crowd
Revenge were his, but ever when he comes
Where flashed the red that caught his blood-shot eye
He heaves his head into the empty air,
Or finds but yielding cloth; and, tossing high
His horns and shoulders raised in angry prance,
Stops in his course to seek another foe.
Wearied with fruitless efforts then the bull
Turns slowly round, and scanning the great crowd
Piled in the sunshine, where serapes gay
And glittering bullion flash, and where the shouts
Rise with the clangor of the hoarse-voiced sea,
He clears the palings with a mighty bound,
Yet hangs half caught on the strong, tense-stretched rope
Till freed and driven harmless back again.
Now to refresh the victim's waning powers,
They bring the banderillas, whose sharp goads
Spur all the fury of the flagging brute.
As when a shrunken river, straining slow,
Dwindling in its long course beneath the sun
That dries its level channels, meets a stream
Filled high from deep, cool ponds and icy brooks
That drain the heart of forest-guarded slopes,
Swelled with the tribute waters moves along,
Sparkling and foaming with the joyous pride
Of freshened power, so his courage rose.
Many the feats of daring and of skill
Done by the wielders of those gaudy darts,
Which now hang trailing plumes and streamers down
Along dun flanks spotted with dust and blood,
Till at the last the people are content
And call the espada for the final act.

Careful he stands spreading his scarlet flag
On the stretched point of his red-hilted sword,
And swerving always from the lumbering charge
Till chance be given for the fatal blow.
Even then for once he fails—the ill-aimed blade
Slips on the shoulder, glancing on the bone,
Comes bent and bloody from the ragged wound
That serves but to enrage; and now at length
With better nerve he points the mortal steel
Right where the crested withers leave the neck,
And leaning forward drives the weapon in
Up to the quivering hilt. The startled bull
Gives back surprised a moment. Then he starts,
Reeling and staggering, with protruding tongue
And staring eyes, like a great ship misstayed
In heavy seas; rolling at last convulsed,
Till stiffened by the poniard's mercy stroke.

Then come the mules to drag away the slain,
And the loud band begins a triumph peal,
While the round walls, doubling the joyful sound,
Toss back with wanton grace the gay accord.
Somehow, I know not why, when in my ears
Vibrate the strains of stirring harmony,
I lose the music, and on fancy's wings
I roam through realms brighter than earth e'er knew,
Or joy in memories of the happy past.

So now, the bugles strike their swelling notes,
And at the sound, as by enchanter's charm,
From my rapt senses fades the busy scene.

Gone is the bull ring. Gone the shouting crowd.
Through cedar shades that wrap the castled steep,
Over the hot turmoil where purple cloaks
And whirling dust and flying fighters mask
The rush and terror of the fierce advance,
Float forms that claim no blood from old Castile
Nor boast descent from Aztec emperors.
And clear amid the blare of rhythmic brass
Soft voices whisper low and precious words
That echoed once in my far northern home.

H. G. DULOG.

BLEATING FOR DEER.

I HAVE killed two deer to date. Deer are very plentiful, but it requires some knowledge of the Indian mode of hunting before one can be successful in shooting them. I had a number of unsuccessful long-range shots at them before we went to Kash-an Bay. There we took on board a Haidah Indian as hunter and guide. The first time he went out I accompanied him to get his style. He halts at the edges of the clear spots, which are quite frequent in the timber. These places have no undergrowth, though there may be trees and there are usually pools of water scattered about, and the grass is green and plentiful. There he conceals himself and uses the deer-call, which is two bits of wood, slightly concave on their approximate faces, and in the space thus made there is secured a thin ribbon of the inner bark of the cedar tree. If you have ever made music with a blade of grass between the two thumbs brought together you will have a clear idea of a deer-call, held horizontally.

Well, this day he took me a fearful tramp up and over mountains, where he said the largest deer were to be found at this season. Finally we halted at the edge of a space nearly at the summit of one of the mountains, and we had not been there long when a deer, in response to the call, came rushing out of the underbrush at the side into the midst of the opening. The Indian got in the first shot and missed, but as we were well concealed and did not move, the deer stood his ground, only moving around partially, startled by the noise. I then put in my shot, but he bounded away as if a pack of hounds were after him. The Indian was so disgusted at his bad luck that he said the deer was not hit, and he sat still blowing his call. His gun is a miserable affair, but mine I knew was good and would shoot straight if held straight, and I did not believe it possible that I would miss such a deliberate shot. After sitting still a few moments I concluded to go and see if there were traces of blood about. Sure enough drops of blood were very evident, and we followed up the trail without much difficulty and found the deer lying dead about 300 yards away, shot through the lungs. It was a magnificent doe, fat, and weighing about 150 pounds. As the Indian had to pack it down to the beach, this was the end of our hunting that day. I was sure I never could get one out of the timber without cutting it up and bringing it out by piecemeal.

On Saturday we went out again, another officer and myself, with the Siwash Indian. We saw a number of deer, and we all got a shot around and missed. The Siwash got a second chance and killed. The day was misty and raining, and we jumped most of the deer from their forms. We saw five in all. The first got away without being fired at. A short distance off a second got up and my mess mate fired a point blank shot at it standing, and scored a clean miss. As I ran around to get a shot at the same one two came into a clearing. They did not seem to be in a hurry. They were not running, but walking, and I was not more than seventy-five yards away. I shot and knew at the time that I had not good aim, but I was flurried with running and with fear that they would get away before I could shoot. It is needless to say that I missed. About 10:30 the Siwash got his second shot and killed a doe, and we returned to the ship at 1:30. Two days after I went out again with another mess mate without the Indian. We were paddling along in a canoe when we saw a deer on the beach. They come down to the beach at low tide to get salt. We pulled in for him, but he ran off the beach before we were near enough to shoot. Deer in this country are so little hunted that they are not very timid. They don't fear danger from the water and are not usually frightened at the sight of a canoe, if it is to the leeward of them. This fellow walked the whole length of the beach parallel to the water and stopped occasionally to look around. As soon as he disappeared in the timber I landed above him and ran back from the water several hundred yards until I found a clearing. Here I concealed myself and began calling. It was not long before I heard a rushing through the bushes, and then everything was still. To save my eyes I could not see the deer. I knew he was close by, but I continued calling and searched the bushes on all sides. Presently I again heard a rustling, and turning my eyes to the left I saw him in the bushes about thirty yards off, standing stock still shaking the deer flies from his head. He had circled half way round me; I had expected him from the other side. It did not take long to draw the bead, and I knew I had him by the way he bounded off, wobbling from side to side. I went to the spot and took up the trail of blood and followed it a few hundred yards to where the deer was lying down, shot through the back part of the abdomen. It was a spiked horn buck, in velvet, in good condition, and he won me the reward offered for the first deer killed by one of our mess and brought aboard ship. This reward—of five dollars—was posted on our way round from New York by one of the officers who had made a cruise in Alaska and who does not have much faith in the hunting skill of the average naval officer. I had not claimed the reward on the other deer I killed because there were two shots fired at it and I did not wish that there should be any doubt in his mind when paying it, and I knew it to be only a question of time.

Our experience has corrected a great many wrong impressions about this country, which we got second-handed. First the impenetrable character of the country and the Indian mode of hunting. We were told that it was impossible to get back far from the waterways and that the Indians stationed themselves at the end of a deer trail where it comes down to the water and waits there until the deer comes if it takes a week. They tell a story of an Englishman who came up here to hunt. He hired an Indian to go with him. He was stationed on a trail and told to keep quiet. He soon got cold and wanted to build a fire, but the Indian said, "No, scare deer." Then he wanted to smoke. Siwash said, "No, scare deer." After a while he asked when the deer was coming. Indian said, "Maybe to-day, maybe to-morrow; no come to-morrow, come next week."

Now, this officer on our ship had faith that no white man would have patience to hunt in this fashion, and he was right; but he has lost his five dollars.

The Indian hunts with a deer-call.

There is another story which I have heard as frequently repeated, this is, that Alaskan trout will not rise to an artificial fly. Only in the last batch of FOREST AND STREAMS which you sent me did I read an article about trout fishing near Fort Wrangel, signed "Reel-Plate," in which he reiterates the old navy tradition. Now I have fished with nothing but artificial flies since I have been here, and my score to date—from June 3 to July 9—is 134. In this time I have been out but eight times, and it is remarked by every fisher on board that I have more rises than the bait-fishers. I give you my score for one day, and it was not my best either in point of numbers; but it was the only time that I weighed them: Total, 19, weighing 11 pounds. Of these eight weighed 7 pounds, one weighed 1 pound 10 ounces and another 1 pound 8½ ounces. I know no more exhilarating sport than fighting a two-pound trout on the end of your line and playing him skillfully until he is exhausted. You are obliged to do this because you cannot land him with your light rod until he is played out. I have had them sulk on the bottom so that all the strain I could put on my rod without breaking it would not move them, until I would think my hooks were foul on the bottom. Then to see them dart off, carrying out nearly all the line on the reel, shooting the rapids, leaping high out of the water in their struggles to escape, is exhilarating enough. When you have landed one of these fellows you feel very proud.

I am well pleased with the performance of my rifle. It is a .45-caliber and shoots 70 grains of powder and 405 grains of bullet. I have enough confidence in it to face even a grizzly bear. I have had very little use for a shotgun, as it is not the season for ducks and geese; but I hope to put in some good work with it later in the season. I have had some grouse shooting, and in every instance have used my rifle. The caliber is too large for these, especially if one wants the bird for the table afterward. I will add that all of my birds have been in good condition for the table after shooting. There are several kinds of grouse found here, but I have killed only the spruce or Canada and the sooty grouse. The latter is as large as a year-old hen, or what we call a spring pullet. It is good sport shooting these with a rifle. They sit in the tall spruce trees and make a booming noise which can be heard at a long distance. But it is not so easy to see the bird as it is to follow up their call. I have walked around a spot where I knew there was a grouse for a half an hour, and the bird was booming all the time, before I could locate it. They are gifted with ventriloquism, it is said. They sit on the larger limbs close to the body of the tree, and are very difficult to discover. I hope to go on a bear hunt as soon as we return to Kash-an village, and I may get a chance at a mountain goat when we get to working along the mainland. They are never found on the islands off the mainland.

Another tradition about this country is that, although it rains or is cloudy three hundred days out of the year, yet clothes dry quickly under an awning and things never mildew. I cannot say how true this is, but in our experience there has been plenty of sunshine and there has been no need of awnings to dry clothes. It has been so dry that forest fires have been common; but then the oldest inhabitant comes along and tells us that we are having an exceptional season.

TOM.

Natural History.

RANGE OF THE GRIZZLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not seen Mr. Roosevelt's article, "Still-Hunting the Grizzly," and don't wish to enter into the discussion of the petty points raised by some of your correspondents; but I would like to ask one question of your bear editor while the subject is up. Is the true grizzly of the Sierras and mountains further west ever found east of the main divide of the Rockies, or even as far east as Idaho? Old California hunters whom I have met this summer declare not. With them it is a saying that the buffalo is never found west of the divide and the grizzly never on the eastern side. I have not been hunting myself, but an extended trip through Western and Central Montana has thrown me in contact with some of the oldest and best hunters in the Territory. I have seen bear skins by the bale at Fort Benton, and have heard the matter discussed scores of times by men who have traded for years with the Indians and "breeds," but have as yet discovered no trace of the true grizzly in Montana.

The silver-tip, brown or cinnamon, and the smaller black bear are all here, the first named being the most common, and from what I can learn probably the animal that fell to Mr. Roosevelt's gun on his still-hunt. They grow to a great size as compared with the black bear of our northern woods, sometimes, when in good condition, running up to 1,200 pounds, and are often savage and dangerous to attack, even when they have a chance to run, but if we can accept the current stories of the live grizzly's disposition, their comparative ferocity would be about as between a bob cat and a tiger.

Mr. R.'s article has called forth some criticism from old-timers, but nothing in comparison with the remarks indulged in when Wm. A. Baillie-Grohman and his mountain goat are led into the ring.

The goat is plentiful in the Bitter Root Mountains, owing to the fact that his pelt is too coarse for the furrier and his hide is not considered valuable by consumers of deer and antelope skins. In other words, he has no market value as yet and so holds his own in plain sight of the thickly settled valley extending from Missoula to the headwaters of the Bitter Root. At all times keeping near the snow line, his capture in summer entails a hard climb, but later in the year the hunt is attended with no particlar hardships or uncertainty as to result.

The confessions of a buffalo butcher in your issue of July 16 show up the hide hunter in one of his mildest forms. Up to within three or four years ago the true professional worked differently. A couple in partnership would hire five or six laborers to skin, go on to the range in summer, make a permanent camp, put up hay for their horses and await the coming bands. Hundreds of carcasses piled in a small area show where they succeeded in getting a band to stand. Riding around them continuously kept them "milling" in a densely packed mass, while the slaughter went on until all were down or a break was made. When this occurred, a chase of a few miles enabled them to round up again and thus whole bands were wiped out. The suddenness of their extinction is something surprising, even when we take their treatment into consideration. In 1883 one firm of post traders on the Missouri handled over 6,000 hides, the next year not one.

The fertile, thickly grassed plains of Central Montana were undoubtedly their favorite feeding ranges, for you find their remains here, scattered almost as thickly as in Wyoming you meet with the bones of starved beef steers.

T. M. W.

UBET, Mont., Oct. 28.

[The old-timer who says that the grizzly is never found east of the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, and that the buffalo is never found west of it, is neither more nor less than a particularly ignorant man. There is little use in talking with such an one.

ABOUT SPONGES.

WHAT we are familiar with as the sponge of ordinary use is, of course, only the skeleton of the animal. This skeleton, as any one may see from an examination, is made up of a great number of fibres interlaced and interwoven together, but leaving very many holes and canals between their bundles. Some of these holes are quite large, but the great majority of them are exceedingly minute. It is these smaller holes which retain the water when a dry sponge has been dipped into it. We shall see presently that in the living sponge the smaller and larger apertures have precisely opposite functions.

Now, when the living sponge is taken out of the water, its skeleton is covered all over, inside and outside, with a soft jelly-like matter, much like white of egg to look at. This constitutes what may be called the sponge flesh. A bit of it placed under the microscope is seen to be made up of distinct cells, and further examination will show that while the flesh appears to cover the skeleton in a single layer it really consists of three layers. These we will call the inner, middle and outer layers. Each layer is made up of cells of its own kind, and each has a distinct function to perform in the life of the animal. The work of the inner layer is to secrete the skeleton. The work of the outer layer is to procure food for the animal. The middle layer is concerned in the reproduction of the species.

Let us now consider a little more in detail what the function of each of these layers is and how it is performed; we shall then have a good idea, not only of how the sponge is made, but also of how it lives. Beginning with the outer layer, let us see how it accomplishes what is mainly its part, the procurement of food. The aid of the microscope is required to determine this. For it is only by the use of this instrument that it can be seen that many of the cells of the outer layer are provided with short vibrating hairs or cilia, which project out into the canals by which the sponge-mass is everywhere pierced. Now these hairs are constantly lashing to and fro, and as they move in one direction (say forward) more rapidly than in the opposite direction (backward) it is readily seen that the effect of their motion is to cause currents of water to flow through the canals. We have now only to observe that these ciliated cells line only the smaller of the pores of the sponge-mass to understand why it is that in the living sponge currents of water are all the while passing out of the large openings and into the small ones. No mechanism is required to cause the water to flow out of the sponge-mass; the cilia which line the small pores causing the inward current, the outward current takes care of itself.

It used to be a great puzzle to naturalists to tell what caused the currents of water to flow in and out of a sponge. The discovery of the ciliated cells solved the riddle.

A living sponge, then, has all the while currents of water flowing through and through it. It is in this way that the sponge gets its food, for the currents are laden with small food particles, and as these flow along past the cells of the outer layer the latter appropriate them to themselves as food. Think of each cell as a minute lump of jelly, and the food particle as being received into it (probably by the action of the cilium) in the same way as a marble may be thrust into a ball of clay, and you have an idea of the way in which the sponge cells take in their food. The food having thus been received into the substance of the cells, it undergoes digestion and assimilation—that is to say, it is built up into the living tissue of the cells. Should any part of a food particle be composed of indigestible matter it is discharged from the cell into the passing current, and so finds its way to the outside of the sponge. A due portion of the food matter taken up by the outer layer of cells finds its way (probably by a process of absorption) to the cells of the middle and inner layers. A part of that which reaches the inner layer goes to build up the tissue of its cells, while another part furnishes the material out of which the skeleton is made.

This brings us to a consideration of the work of the inner layer of cells. Their office, as stated above, is to manufacture the skeleton. The skeleton of the ordinary sponges is composed of a material closely allied to horn in its chemical composition. Now, these cells have the power of transforming the food matter of the sponge into this horny material. This is done by a process of vital chemistry called secretion. It is in the same way, of course, that coral is made by the coral polyp.

It remains to consider the function of the middle layer of cells, viz., the reproduction of the species. At the proper season of the year (toward the approach of winter in the fresh-water sponge) both the male and female elements—sperm-cells and ova—are developed in this layer. The ova undergo fertilization and partial development before leaving the sponge. When first set free the young sponge is a small ciliated organism capable of swimming about freely in the water. Thus for a time it enjoys an independent and locomotive existence, and it is in this way that sponges are distributed over wide areas. After a time they attach themselves at the bottom of the sea and are henceforth fixed animals. I have never seen any explanation of the different forms sponges assume in their growth. Some are decidedly plant-like in appearance, consisting of a central stem or axis from which branches are given off in symmetrical arrangement. Others acquire the form of a hollow cylinder, and still others are cup-shaped; the latter are often called basket sponges. Many grow according to no definite pattern; in other words, are amorphous.

Not all sponges secrete the kind of skeleton which forms the sponge of common use. There are, in fact, three classes of sponges, the classification being based on the nature of their skeletons. First, there are the horny sponges, being those of common use; second, the calcareous sponges or those whose skeletons are composed of lime, and third, the siliceous sponges, or those having skeletons of a flinty nature. Sometimes there are two kinds of material in the skeleton of the same sponge. In some of the coarser horny skeletons of common use, grains and lumps of limy matter are often present. A very beautiful example of the siliceous sponges is the Venus flower basket, which has been described as resembling a goblet of spun glass. They are found near the East India Islands, and are said to live anchored in the mud at the depth of about ten fathoms. Most of the sponges of commerce are obtained from the Mediterranean Sea. Many are also imported from the West India Islands, but are of inferior quality, being coarser. Soft, brittle sponges of no commercial value abound everywhere on the sea-shore attached to stones, shells, etc., between and below tide marks I have seen large quantities of them taken up by a dredge at a distance of a mile or so from shore. When taken out of the water they have a peculiarly disagreeable ordor. All sponges are marine except one, the spongilla. This occurs in nearly all parts of the world, in streams and ponds, attached to stones, sticks, etc. Sometimes it grows in sewer

pipes, and there is one instance, at least (in Baltimore a few years ago), in which it grew in this situation in sufficient quantities to make necessary its removal.

Those who gather sponges go out in small boats provided with a water glass and grappling hooks. The water glass is simply a hollow tube having a plate of window glass set in one end. Its use is to enable the men to see clearly objects at the bottom of the sea. By simply placing the closed end a little below the surface of the water and looking through the other end, the disturbing effects of the waves are avoided. The grappling hooks, or grapnels, consist simply of long poles, in the ends of which long hooks are fixed. They are used to tear the sponges loose from the bottom and bring them to the surface. After a sufficient quantity has been collected they are thrown into an inclosed space of shallow water near the shore and left to die. After having lain a few days the men go in and tread upon them with bare feet until the dead flesh has been squeezed out. They are then taken up, thoroughly bleached by acid, and sent away to market.

For a long time sponges were thought to be plants. It will, therefore, be interesting to consider for a moment the characters by the discovery of which they were relegated to a place among the animals. In the first place, it may be remarked that whatever resemblance they may bear to plants are only superficial. Some of the branched forms are plant-like in shape, and all, in being attached permanently in one place, are like the great majority of plants and unlike the great majority of animals. However, there are some plants which have the power of locomotion, and there are many species of animals besides the sponges that are fixed; and so there is nothing anomalous in the sponge-animal in possessing these two characters. It is when we consider the more fundamental characters of the nature of their food and the chemical composition of their body substance, that we discover their affinities to be with animals. Sponges require organic matter for their food. Plants, as is well known, live upon inorganic substances, such as water, carbonic acid and ammonia. In the matter of chemical composition sponges contain the most characteristic element of animal tissues, viz., nitrogen; and they lack the most characteristic vegetable compound, viz., cellulose. -S.

Manatee in New York.—A live manatee was on exhibition for two or three days last week at Mr. Blackford's place in Fulton Market. It was brought from the Amazon River by the captain of the ship Lisboneuse, and reached here Oct. 24. When it arrived it was in good condition and seemed to greatly relish its diet of lettuce and celery, but owing to its unexpected arrival no provision was made for heating the water in its tank, and it died on Monday last, Oct. 26. Its carcass was sent to Mr. Burt G. Wilder, the anatomist, for dissection. It is a great pity that, owing to the lack of facilities of those having the animal in charge, the temperature of the water was allowed to fall so low. Sunday night was quite cold and the mercury fell to about 32°. The manatee was not protected in any way and could not survive the chill.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE OF THE WHITE GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been "in at the death" of three mountain goats, I will furnish, if you are not weary of the subject, the tale thereof. These were killed Aug. 22. 1883, on the borders of Lake Chelan, Washington Territory. Lake Chelan is an expansion of Stahaken River, and is a fissure lake, that is it occupies a rift in the lava and granite, which extends from the summit to base of the Cascade Mountains, and for nearly seventy miles transversely through them. It is walled in many places by almost perpendicular cliffs of basalt and granite 2,500 to 3,000 feet high. Here and there the wall is broken into precipitous slopes, scantily timbered and tufted with grass and chapparal. The foot of the lake is 250 feet above the Columbia and about two miles distant from the river. The altitude of the Columbia at the mouth of Chelan River is 524 feet, so the lake is 774 feet above the sea. A large clay deposit now twenty to twenty-five feet in height at the foot of the lake shows incontestably that the water has stood at a much higher level, this, too, since the occupation of the Indians, as rock paintings at the head of the lake now far above water line attest. The convulsions of nature which tore away so much of the barrier and loosed the pent up waters must have been tremendous.

The mountains which border it are snow-capped. Good harbors, where even a small boat or canoe can find refuge during the storms which often sweep over the lake, are infrequent. Grander scenery cannot be found on this continent. Cascades leap from untold heights. Cañons reverberate with the roar of their mountain torrents, while the narrow valleys are filled with the music of babbling brooks, the hum of insect life and the rush of the startled grouse. The timber frequently shows signs of bear. Poplar and fir are lacerated for seven to eight feet from the ground by the claws of some monster. On seeing them the Indians would shake their heads and say, "Hy-a's maserche Itsook." At an altitude of 6,850 feet, near the head of the lake, hoary marmots ("sewelel" of Columbia River Indians) and white weasels were abundant. The former is a very interestsng animal. Its clear whistle re-echoing among the rocks at that altitude seems uncanny, as if the dwarfs of the mountain were calling. Black-tailed deer frequented the lake and lakelets on the mountain's side. Grouse—blue, ruffed and Canada—were plenty. Fine trout are found everywhere in the lake, but best at mouths of streams.

While sailing up the lake we saw seven goats in one bunch and several others singly or in pairs. One was shot at on the very border of the lake. Three were killed a few hundred yards up the mountain, not more than 500 (1,500 feet), so their range was from 800 to 2,300 feet above tide water, and very far below snow or timber line. I send you a bit of the skin of one of our quarry. The horns of the male, which I now have, measure just seven inches. None of our goats were as large as those reported by Mr. Baillie-Grohman.

The Rocky Mountain sheep, according to the Indians, is not found here, but large flocks exist further north, near the boundary. I have a horn from Lake Osooyoos. The sheep was killed about twelve miles west of that. Our specimens of goats did not have their winter coats, so there is a lack of wool. We found the meat excellent, better than full-grown venison. T. E. W.

HUNTING FOR MEAT.

On Oct. 23, 1883, myself and my son, a boy of 12, left our home in Colorado for a four weeks' hunt in Wyoming, to secure our winter's meat for my family. Our outfit consisted of a team, saddle horse, 9x10 wall tent, supply of warm bedding, emigrant stove made of sheet-iron and supply of provisions, such as flour, lard, potatoes, sugar, coffee, molasses, etc., with few cooking utensils, tin plates and cups, stowed in a large mess-box.

Our road to Laramie Plains passed through the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains. At Dale Creek Ranch we saw a large mountain lion that the ranchman had shot the previous night through a window while the beast was trying to purloin a pair of antelope saddles hanging at the end of the log house. Crossing Laramie Plains, between Laramie City and Laramie River, we became lost in a snowstorm, and after driving some time after dark we came to an old sheep corrall, in which was a large stack of hay. Here we camped for the night, giving our horses a good supply of hay from the stack, but we could find no water, so we had to make what is called in the West a dry camp. The following day was cold and windy, but we succeeded in finding water, and having come upon our road again reached the river at sundown, where we made camp on a nice grassy bottom, with but little snow on the ground. A cowboy came to our camp just at dark, riding one horse and leading another, and desired to camp with us for the night, as it was too late for him to make the next ranch. We gladly offered him hospitality, and the evening was passed very pleasantly in conversation around our camp-fire.

When about 175 miles from home we came to a large cattle ranch, known as the "49 Ranch," and owned by the Scotch Company, of Edinburgh, Scotland. Here we fell in company with three Scotchmen who were going on a hunt to Bates's Hole, some fifty miles west of the "49 Ranch." There was no road from here to the Hole except the "round-up" road, which we followed until after crossing the Little Medicine River a few miles, at which point we left the road and followed a dim trail made by hunting parties. All along the road from the "49 Ranch" antelope had been continually in sight in large bands, like flocks of sheep, but most of them kept at a good distance from our wagons and out of range of our rifles. After two days' drive from "49 Ranch" we went into camp in a deep valley on Bates Creek. Here we found the snow all gone and fine grass and water for our horses. If one horse is picketed out with a long lariat rope and an iron picket pin, the other horses will remain near by. Wood was also abundant, and we were soon settled in a comfortable hunter's camp. On the night of our arrival here we found another party preparing to start for home with their loads of game, of which they had a fine lot of both elk and deer. The deer of this section are of the blacktail and mule-deer species, somewhat larger than the deer of the Eastern States, while the elk is almost as large as a cow, weighing when dressed from 300 to 500 pounds. They roam over the hills and plains in countless herds, it being no uncommon thing to find a band of from 500 to 1,000 elk quietly feeding like so many cattle.

The next day after going into camp on Bates Creek the three Scotchmen and myself struck out over the hills for a day's hunt, and left my son, Elzy, in camp to look after the horses and secure a good supply of camp wood and get everything in good fix about camp. Shortly after leaving camp we divided our party. Billy and I struck off to the left, while Mack and Jack kept to the right up over a high pine ridge. Billy and I kept on over the hills until we came down on the creek bottom again, where we found a lot of elk skins hanging up high in some cottonwood trees, evidently left there a year or so before by hunters who had not been able to pack them out and had hung them up for safe-keeping until their return. Then we bore off to our right and came out on a mountain side covered with snow, and, being tired from our long tramp over the hills, we here sat down to rest and take a view of the beautiful picture spread out before us of hills, valleys, pine ridges and huge rocks of immense proportions and all forms. After ten or fifteen minutes we suddenly discovered some three hundred elk feeding among the rocks in the glade, a quarter of a mile below us. As we were sitting within full view of them, a little skulking was necessary for us to get back over the ridge out of their sight, and just as we had accomplished this we discovered another band of about the same size coming out of the pines upon the opposite ridge, followed by Mack and Jack. They, being inexperienced hunters, did not follow the elk with as much caution as they should, but came dashing down the mountain side in full view of the game, and soon had the entire band, which now numbered about six hundred, on a trot down the glade, and at the same time began to fire at them at long range. Billy and I, seeing that the elk were making down the glade and would be likely to cross over the lower end of the ridge we were on, hurried off a run as fast as we could toward the lower end of the ridge, which we reached after a hard run of about one and a half miles, and were just in time to meet the elk as they were about to pass over the point. I was some distance ahead and to the left of Billy, and as the elk saw me those in front stopped, while those behind came crowding up so as to make a "pack" of the herd. I instantly drew sig.t on a fine heifer and fired. The herd turned and ran. The one I had fired at made a few jumps and fell, and another one soon went down, and I found on examination that my ball had passed through the shoulders of the first one and into the body of another one standing directly in range. In the meantime Billy and I had fired several shots at the herd as they ran, and Billy succeeded in bringing a fine one down with a broken back. We now made all haste to dress our dead elk, which done, we filled them full of clean snow. We then hastened on after the herd, which had turned to our left and crossed over another ridge and across a large flat before going down into the Hole. Mack and Jack had intercepted them on this flat and killed one fine heifer, which we soon helped them dress, and we then all followed the trail to the edge of the Hole, where we discovered the band of elk feeding on a bench or flat about one mile distant.

It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but Billy and I at once decided to give them another chase before dark, so we struck off to the right to try and get in ahead of them, while Mack and Jack remained on a high ridge near by to see the fun of the chase and then to return to camp, as it was now some distance off. After a hard trip of slipping and sliding, we reached the bottom of the ridge and placing another ridge between us and the elk, we hastened on as fast as we could for some distance and then crawled to the top of the ridge to reconnoiter a little, but found that the game was still some distance ahead of us. We crawled back again and hurried on, when we again approached the top of the divide. After looking for some time as we lay flat on the top of the ridge, we discovered a large bull elk and a bunch of heifers a short distance to our right, quietly looking at us and trying to make out what sort of animals we were. I whispered to Billy to lie still and I would slip back and try and get in ahead of them and at the same time he should follow up the band but keep out of their sight as much as possible. I soon succeeded in getting in advance of the band by taking a circuitous route; and placing myself behind a large rock I waited for their approach. As soon as they came within seventy-five yards I opened fire on them and did not cease firing until I had exhausted all the cartridges in my magazine. One large bull elk I had fired three shots at, for I desired very much to secure his head as a prize, his antlers being very fine and large. By this time they came in range of Billy's gun, and he opened fire on them, but being at long range he only succeeded in killing one. On going out from behind my rock I found that I had killed three fine ones, two heifers and one spike buck; and that the big bull I had fired the three shots at was badly wounded through the back and was slowly going down the gulch toward the creek in company with a fine heifer that had one hind leg broken up close to the hip. I fired one shot at the bull but missed him, being down hill. I then discovered that I had but one shot remaining in my gun and my belt was empty. I called to Billy to "Shoot the two elk going down the gulch," but he replied that "he had no cartridges." So I gave him my gun with the one remaining shot in it, and told him to follow the bull down to the creek bottom and kill him and I would try and catch the wounded heifer. I soon succeeded in overtaking her and with one vigorous shove pushed her into a washout about eight feet wide and some four feet deep, thinking this would impede her progress so I could kill her with my hatchet, but she could make about as good speed here as before, so I sprang in on her back and had my first ride on the back of a wild elk. I now drew my hatchet from my belt, and getting a good hold in the long hair on her neck I reached forward and struck her several hard blows between the ears and eyes, which soon brought her down. I then whipped out my hunting knife and cut her throat. At this instant I heard Billy fire, and knowing that my elk was secure I hurried on down the gulch to see if he had killed the bull. I met Billy coming back and said "he had shot the big elk but did not know whether he had killed him or not. We hurried down to the creek and in a short time found him lying in the middle of the creek, stone dead, and in water about twelve inches deep. We now had a big job of dressing on our hands, having six dead elk in a radius of less than half a mile. When we had finished dressing the last elk it was almost dark; this being our first day in the hills we had some misgivings about reaching camp that night. We were tired, hungry, and for my part, wet feet and no coat.

We started for camp; and night coming on, we took our course by the stars. The mountains and gulches all looked alike in the darkness, and finally Billy gave out and lay down, and begged of me to go on and find camp and leave him there until morning. This I refused to do; and at last succeeded in getting him started when I offered to carry his gun. We felt somewhat "shaky" as we passed through one creek bottom thickly timbered with cottonwood and underbrush, for we were out of ammunition and had nothing to defend ourselves with except my hatchet in case of an encounter with a silvertip, for these bears are quite numerous here on Bates Creek. But fortune favored us in that respect, for after climbing to the top of another high ridge we discovered our camp-fire burning brightly away down on the creek bottom about a mile off, and could faintly hear the report of a signal gun that the boys at camp were firing for us. In due time, almost played out, we reached camp. We soon had a pot of steaming coffee and a panful of fat elk stake frying over a hot fire, as we had taken the precaution to bring in a tenderloin for our supper.

The three days following were spent in packing our game to camp. Then we turned our attention to the blacktailed deer. Elzy and I struck out one morning for a place in the Hole seven miles below our camp, where a hunter had informed me deer were to be found among the pine gulches. Reaching the edge of the Hole we picketed our horses on a nice grassy slope there being no snow here, and then clambered down the steep sides of a chalk bluff. Reaching the bottom, we were slowly walking down a narrow cañon, when glancing up another cañon to our left, we discovered a bunch of deer looking at us. I raised my gun and fired, but too quick, and missed my mark, and the deer went bounding off up the mountain side. We both fired again, and this time with better results, for two deer fell dead. We dressed them quickly and hung them up as high as we could on a dead cedar tree, out of reach of the bears, for this was a wild gorge and bears were said to be plenty here. They had the night before devoured two deer which had been killed by a hunter who camped near us. Elzy was now in high glee, for this was his first deer; and he was eager to be off on the chase again. We now started on a circuitous route for our horses, thinking to take our game to camp with us that night, but after climbing to the top of another chalk bluff we suddenly came upon a band of ten or twelve deer. Elzy had dropped behind and sat down on a large rock to rest. I at once opened fire on them and emptied my repeater as they went over the ridge some one hundred yards distant. Going up, I found that I had three dead deer and one large four-point buck had his back broken; him I soon despatched. It was some time after dark when we reached camp, but Elzy's horse being a good leader we came in without much trouble; a horse that is good to follow a trail is a fine thing to have in these hills after dark.

On reaching camp we found that we had new neighbors. Two brothers of the name of Gregg, of my acquaintance, had got on our trail and followed us in to the hunting grounds, so on the following day they went with us on a deer hunt. We all rode our horses to the Hole and picketed them on the same grassy slope as before, and then took an elk trail down on to a bench in the Hole. I soon spied a band of deer feeding on a slope of the hill some distance below us. I told the boys to remain where they were, and I would get around below them and drive them back, but the boys, in their eagerness to secure a shot, had ventured too near the edge of the bluff, and had startled the deer, for I saw them go bounding around a point below me. I ran as fast as I could around the next chalk ridge, and came out on the point overlooking the glade into which I had seen the deer go. Crawling out cautiously I saw the deer, six in number, standing some distance below me looking back at the boys, who were now coming down the glade. I raised my gun and fired and wounded one. They sprang forward

a few paces and again stopped, not knowing whence the shot came, but thinking it was from the boys below. This time too fine deer stopped side by side, and taking very deliberate aim I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing both deer fall dead on the spot, which is something that seldom happens, as a deer is very hard to kill instantly. I have known them to run more than 100 yards after being shot through the heart. I fired several more shots in rapid succession as the deer bounded away, and succeeded in killing one more and breaking the leg of the fourth one, which was soon overtaken and shot by Chas. Gregg. The Gregg boys killed three more before night, and it was again long after dark when we reached camp. The next day we succeeded in reaching the top of the ridge above the Hole with a four-horse team, and Charles Gregg killed another fine buck, making fourteen in all. Then we packed out to our wagon, and reached our camp late that night with a load of deer.

The next day was stormy and we lay in camp. The following day as I was unloading an elk pack from my pony I saw a large blacktail buck going over the hill about half a mile above our camp. I called Elzy to take my pony while I hurried off down the creek, intending to head him off. This I succeeded in doing, and killed him after firing three or four shots at long range. He was a very fine, fat fellow. The next day we went on an elk hunt for the Gregg boys, as we had all the game we could haul. Some five miles from camp we came in sight of a herd of three or four hundred elk. I and Elzy went to the left of the herd, while the Gregg boys passed around to the right. The elk getting the wind of us, passed over a ridge and came into range of the guns of the others, when they opened fire on them and after a hot chase they found that they had five fine elk dead on the mountain side, where, by "snaking" them a short distance with a horse, we could drive to them with a wagon. This made it much easier to get them to camp than to pack them in on our horses.

Having now two full loads of game, we at once made arrangements to pack up our wagons and start for home, as we were very anxious to get over the plains before the bad storms set in, which so often happen here at this season of the year. On our journey down we shot a number of antelope, and Elzy had some fine sport shooting sage hens with a small squirrel rifle. After nine days' hard traveling we reached home. A. A. K.

Berthoud, Larimer County, Col.

TEXAS ATTRACTIONS.

I SEE in the columns of your paper many communications from the Southern States and the Pacific coast, each setting forth the advantages of some particular locality as a winter resort for Northern sportsmen. I do not know that this part of the republic possesses any marked advantages over all the balance of the globe, but if any of our Northern brethren are casting about with the view of selecting a place where they can find reasonably good shooting and fishing during the winter months they will certainly not be disappointed by a trip to the Gulf coast of Texas. Almost any spot on the coast, away from the vicinity of the cities and large towns, will furnish all the amusement the most ardent "outer" could desire. The great drawback, however, is the inaccessibility of most of the favored locations. I have shot and fished over many a mile of the coast; and, in my opinion, Indianola, on Matagarda Bay, offers the best inducements to a sportsman, as the place to establish his headquarters. From there short excursions can be made in different directions accordingly as one may be seeking waterfowl, bay birds, deer, turkey, alligators (on sunny days), or quail (partridge, Bob White, etc.—take your choice). The waters of the bay teem with several varieties of excellent fish, including redfish, weakfish (called trout here), pompano, etc. I have eaten the bivalve from Maine to California, but nowhere found them superior to Matagarda oysters.

Market hunters and skin butchers are warned not to come here. You are not wanted to begin with, and it would not pay if you were. It is not a question of game but of markets. There is no market nearer than Houston or Galveston, and all kinds of game can be bought in those markets for less than the freight charges from this place. Two hunters came here last winter and in less than a week killed over 1,200 ducks, geese, and other water fowl, which they shipped in a refrigerator car. One of the men told me subsequently that they lost sixty dollars on the venture, notwithstanding their ducks arriving in good condition, and struck the market at the best possible time—a week before Christmas. I will take pleasure in furnishing more extended information to any one who will drop me a line and express a desire for it. Dago.

Victoria, Tex., Oct. 20.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 1 "N." wants to know whether the use of wire cartridges will injure his gun. "C. A. R." in reply, Oct. 8, says they will, and "Accomac," in same issue, rather indorses that opinion of "N.'s" gunsmith. To me, this is very amusing. I have used the wire cartridge ever since I have done any shooting, and used them extensively, too, when in pursuit of the larger game especially, if extremely wild and difficult of approach, when long shots were a necessity. Most of the time I used a muzzleloading double gun of 11-bore, but I have shot the cartridges from my breechloader cylinder barrels. I never observed the least injury or any undue wear on the gun; the notion that injury would result is all bosh. How a charge of shot, packed in soft bonedust and inclosed in a soft copper wire case, could injure a gun barrel is a question that would puzzle "N.'s" gunsmith or anybody else to solve.

I will admit that it will not do to use a wire cartridge, a thread-wound cartridge, or, in fact, any prepared shot cartridge in a "full choke" gun, for the shooting, instead of being improved thereby, will be actually ruined, both in force and pattern; and the reason of this is obvious, for the shot cartridge, the instant it is put in motion by the powder, is "jumped up," as it were, to the full size of the barrel at the chamber; upon reaching the "choke," where the barrel is smallest, it must of necessity, if I may use the term, be jumped back again, or elongated and reduced in diameter sufficiently to pass the "choke." This undue force at the muzzle is apt nearly every time to tear the cartridge asunder and utterly destroy its efficiency.

In a cylinder-bored gun the wire cartridge performs admirably. It is more certain and effective in its delivery than any other shot cartridge I know of, and I have tried most of them; one can make long-range shots where a loose charge would be fruitlessly thrown away. Backwoods.

West Virginia.

MINNESOTA GAME NOTES.

A STRANGER, leaving the train at Swanville and driving to this village (two miles) might easily imagine that two immense armies confronted each other and a lively skirmish was going on. Crack! bang! sound rifle and gun from every stream, lake, slough, valley and hillside. Every man carries a gun of some description, and every dog with life enough to bark or "tree" anything is in active demand. Notwithstanding the wholesale slaughter of the past two years, ruffed grouse are even unusually plenty. Yesterday L. La Rue, with a singlebarreled muzzleloading gun, bagged twenty-five, Henry Aleshire fifteen, and from ten to twenty in an afternoon are only considered fair sport.

Rice Lake and Big Swan are teeming with ducks, principally mallards. The wild rice crop is the largest we have had for many years, and birds are found in prime condition.

Lumbermen and others who have been back into the woods report having seen many deer and lots of "sign."

Some ten or twelve bears have been killed in this county within the past month, and almost every day brings the report of one having been seen here or there. Last week I was in high glee, a report having been brought in that a young man named Ireland, while out after the cows, had been attacked by a bear and sustained a fracture of one arm and other injuries. Of course I was sorry for the young man, but then I'd been waiting twenty years for an authentic instance of a black bear wantonly "pitching into" a man, and of course felt elated that the hour had arrived when my doubts would be removed and the ferocity of the beast fully established. I waited in suspense for the messenger to arrive—he was said to be on the way—who would summon me to afford surgical relief to the sufferer. No messenger arrived until the day following, and then the terrible catastrophe was narrowed down to the fact that Ireland's dog had had a fight with some animal, name and antecedents unknown.

Small fur-bearing animals are plenty, and I notice that the sagacious muskrats are building four-story houses; so of course we are in for an open winter and floods of water.

The weather is simply delightful, and I wish all Eastern readers of the grand old Forest and Stream could have a week's shooting in Minnesota. J. Frank Locke.

Pillsbury, Minn., Oct. 14.

SIDE-HUNTS.

THE annual side-hunt of the Lowell (Mass.) Rod and Gun Club was participated in by twenty-seven members. The game was counted as follows: Deer 500, eagle 200, coon 150, fox 150, mink 150, duck 100, snipe 25, hawk 25, bluejay 5, ringneck 10, rabbit 50, red squirrel 5, porcupine 50, muskrat 10, partridge 100, woodcock 100, quail 100, plover 100, yellowleg 100, wild pigeon 50, crow 25, owl 25, sandpiper 5, hare 50, gray squirrel 50, woodchuck 25, weasel 10, fresh water fish or eels, per pound, 25. The agreement was that the hunt should begin at 12 o'clock Wednesday night and continue until 12 o'clock Friday night, all the fish and game to be counted that should be delivered at 7:30 Saturday night, when the count began. The hunters were not restricted as to territory, and some of them went up into New Hampshire as usual, and others down into Maine, while the hunting places in the woods around Lowell were thoroughly scoured. The contest was won by the Wheeler team, score 31,383 points, the Frost team securing 22,903 points. The latter lost a great many points by the failure of five members to deliver their game before 7:30. The person into whose charge it was given misunderstood his instructions. However, the loss by this mistake was not enough to overbalance the score of the Wheeler side, if it had been counted. The game captured was as follows: Fox, 1; coons, 6; gray squirrels, 191; red squirrels, 180; rabbits, 36; hare, 1; woodchuck, 1; hedgehogs, 3; muskrats, 110; woodcock, 14; quail, 47; plover, 3; yellowlegs, 2; ducks, 151; snipe, 3; crows, 38; hawks, 7; bluejays, 87; sandpipers, 11; ringnecks, 1; fish, 219 pounds. The fishermen who were notably successful were Frank H. Harris and J. F. Hayes, who secured a 25-pound string of pickerel, some of them weighing 2½ pounds each; Peter Corcoran, who also caught a fine string of pickerel, and George A. Marden, who brought in a string of twelve bass which weighed 26 pounds, the largest turning the scale at 4¼ pounds. His pickerel, perch and other fish brought the score up to almost 1,400.

Wheeler's side.—Morrison and Sawtelle—31 red squirrels, 73 grays, 3 partridges, 7 bluejays, Score 4,140. A. Crowell—1 crow, 4 bluejays, 9 red squirrels, 4 grays, 3 partridges, 590. Geo. A. Marden (fish)—12 black bass (weight 26 pounds) 9 pickerel, and perch, etc., total score 55¾ pounds, 1,393. Charles Runels—1 hawk, 24 crows, 8 red squirrels, 11 grays, 1 partridge, 8 bluejays, 1,355. H. E. Hartford—1 partridge, 1 hawk, 4 bluejays, 6 reds, 1 gray, 1 plover, 325. Peter Corcoran—28 pounds fish, 1 gray squirrel, 5 rabbits, 950. F. E. Putnam—3 red squirrels, 2 partridges, 215. W. H. Hope—11 gray squirrels, 1 red, 5 rabbits, 1 partridge, 7 bluejays, 940. S. C. Smith—5 gray squirrels, 1 red, 255. Partridge and Young—4 partridges, 2 red squirrels, 3 grays, 1 rabbit, 1 bluejay, 615. F. S. Berry—2 hawks, 1 woodcock, 2 quail, 1 bluejay, 8 red squirrels, 295. Henry Boynton—4 partridges, 8 quail, 1 hawk, 2 bluejays, 1,235. Sargent and Gay—7 partridges, 7 grays, 1 black duck, 1 muskrat, 1,160. L. A. Derby, S. H. Jones, Charles Wheeler, J. A. Faulkner, W. H. Burton, J. G. Favor, W. H. Bagshaw, N. Brown, George Moore—8 partridges, 11 gray squirrels, 7 reds, 26 quail, 1 snipe, 2 woodcock, 1 sandpiper, 2 rabbits, 136 ducks, 17,916.

Frost's Side.—Hartford and Derby—82¾ pounds of fish, 2 ducks, 3 partridges, 4 bluejays, 3 crows, 26 red squirrels, 10 grays, 3,258. Hayes and Harris—31 pounds of fish, 24 red squirrels, 3 grays, 10 rabbits, 6 partridges, 2 ducks, 1 woodcock, 11 bluejays, 1 crow, 1 woodchuck, 2,550. F. H. Parker—22 pounds fish, 4 red squirrels, 11 grays, 2 partridges, 1 crow, 1,346. C. F. Foss—4 red squirrels, 5 grays, 4 bluejays, 6 woodcock, 5 partridges, 1 rabbit, 1 crow, 1,465. E. Whitman—4 red squirrels, 10 grays, 5.0. J. H. Joyce—16 red squirrels, 10 grays, 5 bluejays, 2 snipe, 1 plover, 1 partridge, 855. Richardson and Smith—5 red squirrels, 10 bluejays, 4 partridges, 1 hare, 1 hedgehog, 575. G. C. Bates—1 muskrat, 12 bluejays, 29 red squirrels, 8 grays, 1 yellowleg, 1 rabbit, 1 sandpiper, 10 partridges, 6 crows, 2 hedgehogs, 1 fox, 2,170. Downs and Varnum—4 sandpipers, 1 bluejay, 1 red squirrel, 1 gray, 7 partridges, 1 duck, 1 yellowleg, 6 quail, 1,580. A. J. Derby—5 partridges, 6 quail, 1 gray squirrel, 2 reds, 1 rabbit, 1 bluejay, 1,215. Frost and Morrill—4 rabbits, 21 partridges, 5 ducks, 1 ringneck, 5 sandpipers, 1 bluejay, 2,840. S. Farrington—15 red squirrels, 4 grays, 1 rabbit, 1 partridge, 1 crow, 4 bluejays, 479. M. J. Brown—1 red squirrel, 1 bluejay, 3 rabbits, 2 partridges, 1 hawk, 335. Stiles and Owen—7 red squirrels, 7 grays, 3 rabbits, 3 bluejays, 1 hawk, 9 partridges, 1,425. E. B. Conant—4 woodcock, 400. Stevens and Runels—6 coons, 900.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 22.—The following are the results of the annual hunt yesterday by the members of the Sportsmen's Club of this city:

Capt. A. H. Perry.—W. S. Perry, 5 partridges, 1 woodcock; E. S. Knowles and G. J. Rugg, 2 partridges, 1 woodcock; A. H. Perry, 1 partridge, 5 woodcock; W. L. Shepard, 2 quail, 1 woodcock; R. L. Golbert, 8 partridges; M. A. Linfield, 7 partridges: W. H. Cole, 2 partridges; J. F. Davenport, 5 partridges; B. Mann, 9 partridges, 1 rabbit; A. B. F. Kinney, 1 fox, 4 partridges, 1 woodcock; D. S. Jackson, 9 partridges, 1 woodcock, 3 rabbits, 1 gray squirrel; M. D. Gilman, 2 partridges, 1 gray squirrel; R. J. Healey, 5 partridges, 2 woodcock; V. Sheldon, 12 partridges, 2 woodcock; A. O. Benoit, 4 woodcock, 2 partridges; F. A. Knowlton, 2 partridges; E. E. Frost, H. B. Verry and W. G. Strong, 7 partridges, 2 woodcock; E. W. Sweet, claim by telegraph, 8 partridges; W. L. Davis, claim by telegraph, score of 680.

Capt. J. A. Titus.—L. J. White, 2 quail; Alzirus Brown, 4 partridges, 1 gray squirrel; E. T. Smith, H. M. Quimby and C. B. Holden; 8 partridges, 2 woodcock, 1 rabbit; L. E. Divoli and W. Thayer, 4 partridges, 2 woodcock; J. A. Titus, 3 partridges, 1 quail, 1 woodcock.

The total amount of game brought in was 101 partridges, 20 woodcock, 5 quail, 5 rabbits, 3 gray squirrels, 1 fox, 1 owl.

ANOTHER DAY WITH THE SQUIRRELS.

ON the morning of Sept. 4 three boys of the old school (one of them being past seventy years of age) might have been seen starting out on a squirrel hunt. Two of them carried rifles, while the eldest one was armed with a stout cane. Uncle John was so highly elated over our success with the ducks the day before that he concluded to take another holiday and let the "crops" take care of themselves. During the tramp to the "oak lot," as Uncle John called it, the conversation turned upon sharpshooting with rifles, upon ancient and modern arms, etc. He said that in his younger days he had practiced off-hand with his rifle at a burning candle (the purpose being to enable him to shoot at the eyes of wild animals at night in "fire hunting") and had snuffed the candle three times out of five at thirty yards with the old muzzleloading rifle and globe bullet. Also he informed us that he had "driven the nail, shot after shot, when in practice, while barking off squirrels was an every-day affair." "Yes," he said, "old men are always telling what they did when they were young, but I believe that I could shoot now if my eyes were all right so that the sights on the rifle would look plain to me, but it is of no use, my rifle shooting days are over." I mentally made a note of his remarks, for knowing that the Lyman sight is just the thing for "old eyes," I determined to get the old man at it in competition with Jack before night.

We turned into a pasture where there were a few oak trees growing alongside of the wall, and upon nearing one Jack signaled us to stop. He raised his repeater, and as he did so I saw a large gray squirrel crouched upon a limb about fifteen feet from the ground. The bullet struck the limb, but struck it too low, and although it knocked the squirrel off on to the ground, he quickly ran up the tree again and mysteriously disappeared. We looked the tree all over as well as we could from the ground, but could see nothing of him. "Gone into a hole," suggested Uncle John; "climb the tree and punch it." Jack was soon up the tree and found the hollow where the squirrel had hidden. "Give me one of those long sprouts from that apple tree," said he, and as soon as he ran that into the hole the squirrel started for the ground. Uncle John shied his cane at him and shouted to me to "take after him" and drive him up the next tree, which was some forty yards further down the wall. I started after him as fast as I could run; but being rather corpulent I presume that I did not make a very graceful appearance. "Whoop-la, whoop-pee!" yelled Jack, "go it, Maud S.; bet you a dollar that you don't tree him." About twenty-five yards down the hill another stone wall with a rail for a top rider ran at almost right angles, and for some unaccountable reason the squirrel turned and ran along the top of those rails. This maneuver was too much for Uncle John to witness and stand around with his hands in his pockets, for promptly catching up my muzzleloader, and taking aim at him on the run he fired and the squirrel came to the ground shot through the hips and scrambled into the wall, but we soon had him out and in the game pocket. The old man was excited over his shot and said that my sights were the best for quick shooting that he ever saw. John said he wanted Uncle John and I to run a race of 100 yards, and he would "bet five dollars on Uncle John." The old gentleman declined with thanks, however. "Jack," I said, "I propose that after lunch you and Uncle John shoot twenty paces at acorns stuck upon the end of a stick and the acorn to be fairly struck or not to count. Uncle John may use my gun and we will again test the old muzzleloader against the modern breechloading repeater for accuracy. If you win I will pay for that box of cigars at Smith's, and if he wins you may have the same privilege." "All right," said he, "it's a bargain, ten shots each and use a rest over the lower fence rail."

As the day was warm we did not get out of the shade much, but kept in the woods. Jack killed two gray squirrels, while I succeeded in getting one and clipping off the head of a ruffed grouse. Uncle J. used my rifle on several red squirrels and chipmunks, and the execution that he performed upon them clearly foretold the result of the acorn match. We were passing through an orchard when Jack discovered two hedgehogs up in a sweet apple tree. He went to work on them with stones, but they seemed to enjoy the sport as much as he did, and the stones bounded from them like a rubber ball, but after a while a stone struck one of them in the head and down he tumbled, while Uncle J. finished him with his cane. "Now," said Uncle J., "let's see you shoot the other one. Do not hit his head and you will have a target the rest of the day." Crack went Jack's rifle; *ker-klut-uk* went the lever—bang goes the gun again, and five bullets were used before he was dislodged from the tree, and again Uncle John's cane was used to finish him with. They are the most disgusting animal to look at that I ever saw.

After a lunch which we enjoyed with keen appetite we found a suitable place for a rest, and the shooting at the acorns began. Uncle J. hit eight of them fairly, one cut off the stick below the acorn, and one missed it. Jack hit five fairly, cut the stick three times, and missed twice, the bullets making a good line but going over. Thus ended the shooting, part of one of the most successful as well as one of the most enjoyable outings that I ever enjoyed in my life.

I have not written letters the past few weeks for the purpose of a free ad. in the FOREST AND STREAM, for I have had more work than I can do already, and write over a *nom de plume*, and always have. My experience has been that a muzzleloader will shoot closer at short range than a breechloader, consequently it makes a better squirrel rifle. There is plenty of time to load. Regarding the Lyman rear sight, I have no pecuniary interest in the manufacture or sale of them, in any form whatever, neither have I ever had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lyman, but what I have written has been for the benefit of the reader, as my own shooting has been very much improved by using it, especially in the woods or in bad light.

Why can we not have more mechanical notes regarding the making and repairing of rifles and guns in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. I think that the exchange of ideas upon the subject would be a benefit to gunsmiths as well as amateurs, for the days of "trade secrets" have passed. I for one would be willing to contribute toward it, and although I do not pretend to know it all have tried to learn all that I could about it during the past twenty years, and having one of the best rifle makers in the United States for a teacher years ago, perhaps I might suggest something that would be of interest to some that are anxious for information upon the subject. IRON RAMROD.

LOST IN THE MAINE WOODS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This morning I met a friend whose face always brings to my mind the good and hard times I had in the Maine woods. The first thing he said was, "Fred, there is a fine story about you in the FOREST AND STREAM." I hunted my paper over until I struck "Camps in the Wilderness," by "Kohog," and it was with pleasure I read the names of places I have not seen for years. The guide's story about the young chap from Massachusetts is good, but it would have made a more interesting story if he had staid somewhere near the fact. The guide was about fifteen years old, and the "pard" he speaks of was a peddler who had strayed away up there, seeking whom he might devour. It is also true, alas, I did think I could make lots of money up there trapping, but instead of being there only a week, as the story states, I had been there ever since September. We did not start late the following day, but early one cold morning after Mrs. Flint had kindly put up some lunch for us, and he forgets to say how he forgot his gun, leaving it standing in the snow against a stump. That day about sunset we struck solid ice, a little below where you start in for Upper Metallic's Pond. We made camp and ate almost all our lunch. Although we had a roaring fire, the water in a tin pail froze, though standing but a few feet from the fire. Early next morning we broke camp, and after eating the rest of our lunch, we hauled our boat on the ice, intending to shove it along till we came to open water, but we had not gone far when I broke through the ice. Then we pulled for shore again, to our old camp, and built a big fire, at which I was drying myself while the peddler was cruising around to get the lay of the land. I remember we were all very hungry by this time. I was just thinking and toasting my shins when I heard the peddler sing out, "Walter, bring the rifle and ammunition!" W. B. grabbed my rifle and powder and ball and ran off, and pretty soon I heard my rifle crack four times in quick succession. I soon heard them coming back, and when W. B. came in sight I saw to my joy that he carried three plump partridges. We fried two right off in my frying-pan. By this time it was nearly noon. We held a council of war, and neither the peddler nor W.B. knew how to get back to Spoff. Flint's camp; but finding we were but a short distance from Metallic's Pond, I knew we were all right; for I knew there was a spotted line from there to Lincoln Pond, where I knew there was a boat hidden, and a camp, with possibly some grub in it, and another spotted line from there clear through to Sunday Pond Camp. That cheered them up amazingly. We reached Lincoln Pond late that afternoon, as hungry as wolves, and tired to boot. Having left my pack behind, to be able to show them where the boat was, I now started back, while they worked the boat over the ice to the open water. Well, after a while we got over to the camp, and all we found was a bottle of tar oil and a box of candles.

Did W. B. tell your correspondent how we all, himself included, tried to eat some of these candles? Woke up cold and hungry next morning, cooked our remaining partridge—hardly a fair mouthful apiece—and shoved off. It was cold enough that morning, for the wind blew the water on our hands and it froze on my mittens. We struck the shore at last and started up hill, keeping our eyes open for blazes on the trees. We began to suffer in earnest by this time, for we were half frozen and faint with hunger and Walter was crying like a good one, while the peddler was washing the boy's hands with brandy and I begging him not to carry on so, telling him we would soon be all right. I acknowledge leaning against a tree once and saying something about sitting down, and remember hearing the peddler say something about switches, but they were not needed, nor were their feet either, as W. B. states with zeal worthy of a better cause and twisting up of facts truly diabolical. Then the idea of carrying my baggage. I remember distinctly how heavy my eleven or twelve-pound rifle got about this time, so I left it standing by a tree. When we got to the river we found a little raft. It was not big enough to take us all over at once. I crossed first, and ran to camp, telling Spoff. to go down and help them over, which he did by felling a tree across the river, on which they crossed, and by the time the peddler and W. B. got to camp there was a square meal on the table for them, and no cold nor warm venison about it, nor a bit of venison about the house in fact. Having on only a pair of moccasins I froze my feet badly, my left foot being nearly black. I thawed them out in a tub of ice water. A day or two later Nahum Bennett came up from the settlement through the woods to find us, the report having got out that we had started days before, and our non-appearance naturally made them think we were lost in the woods; and old Nahum Bennett, dear old soul, was the first to volunteer to find us. John Danforth came up from the settlements, and on the way to his camp called on us, and I followed his tracks through the woods for 16 miles (I was told it was) arriving at an old lumber camp about sunset, where I camped that night, making the settlement early next morning.

Quite a little difference in the two stories.

I have been in the West for nearly three years and a half, have only been home some months, roughed it in the Rockies and on the plains. I don't believe W. B., "Kohog's" guide, knows what a tenderfoot is.

THE YOUNG CHAP FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

GAME ABOUT SENECA FALLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Winter ducks have made their appearance here and a fair number have been brought to bag by our local sportsmen. Cayuga Bridge, at this end of the lake, has for many years been a noted ducking ground and a favorite resort for wildfowl during spring and fall flights. Its former glory has, however, largely departed during the last decade, as the incessant fusillade kept up on the ducks from their arrival to departure, and perhaps other causes have driven them to wilder and more remote feeding grounds. Still through all manner of both fair and unsportsmanlike devices, a large number are killed every season. If more interest were manifested by lovers of sport in this section, hunting and fishing could be much improved.

Two flourishing sportsman's clubs formerly existed here and were prominent at all meets of the State Association, numbering in their delegations some of the best shots in the United States. The olden, spirit, however, seems to have died out and the ranks are disbanded. The Phœnix Club, like its ancient prototype, went out without a flicker, and as yet no signs of a revivification. The Seneca Gun Club expired of inanition about a year since. The members of the two defunct organizations, to a certain extent, keep up the old traditions of "flood and field" within the cozy precincts of Lawrence's "Cottage," where many of the trophies and specimens of the old clubs adorn the walls. Mr. Lawrence is an expert taxidermist as well as an enthusiastic naturalist, and his place of business is a veritable museum of quaint artillery, curiosities and specimens of natural history, forming a very unique and interesting amateur collection.

At this time coon hunting is the prevailing rage, as the "ringtails" are unusually numerous and fat this fall, and scarcely a week passes that two or more parties do not devote a night to the fascinating pursuit of Davy Crockett's friend. Lawrence usually heads the hunters, being equipped with a number of well-trained hounds and all the requisite paraphernalia for such expeditions. A dozen sportsmen with as many hounds, axes, torches, etc., *ad libitum*, are a familiar sight here, on an early moonlight evening, and enough to "make Rome howl"—as well as the men who own the cornfields and forests where the coons "do most congregate." The largest number brought in so far, as the result of a single night's foray, was eight—headed by a noble patriarch of 20 pounds, and tapering down to a plump 8 pound "kitten." Last night three were brought in, weighing respectively 19, 16 and 15 pounds. A large and ambitious party of hunters are preparing for the warpath to-night, and sally forth determined to "clear out all the coons left in the county. The invariable wind up of these expeditions is a coon barbecue at the "Cottage," prepared by a sable son of the sunny South in true Virginian style, to which appetizing "layout" a free invitation is extended to all.

A few quail are shot here every fall, but the demoralizing effects of an occasional cold winter keeps the number down of this beautiful game bird. Rabbits are abundant and promise good sport for the approaching season. The heavy timber in this part of the State (one of the earliest settled portions) is largely cut off and cleared, so that there is little suitable cover for ruffed grouse. Nuts of all kinds are abundant this season, but squirrels are very scarce. The longtails were quite plenty in 1884, but the severity of the weather and heavy snows of last winter seem to have killed them off or caused their migration. L. G. S.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 24.

HE PAID HIS FINE.—Game Warden Allen of this city was at the Maine Central depot one evening last week on the arrival of the train from up-river, when he noticed the hides and antlers of a moose and caribou in the baggage car en route to Boston. From their dry appearance he was convinced the animals to which they belonged were killed prior to Oct. 1, the beginning of the open season, and accordingly he took possession. Going through the train he found a gentleman who was apparently returning from a hunting expedition, and questioning him was told that the property seized belonged to him, but the sportsman asserted that he had killed no game during close time. Examining his diary he stated to the officer that the moose in question was killed Sunday, Oct. 4. He was then informed that Sunday was close time the year around, and the gentleman, who is a prominent resident of New York city, finding he was caught, paid the fine for the moose, amounting to $100. Mr. Allen said he was convinced that the caribou was killed in close time, and that he should keep the hide and have the gentleman indicted so that he might be held to answer to the charge whenever he came to Maine. Upon hearing this the New Yorker inquired the name of the Fish and Game Commissioner and left on the train. Several days later Commissioner Stillwell received a letter from the gentleman, acknowledging that both animals were killed in close time and inclosing thirty dollars to pay the fine on the caribou, he having already paid that on the moose. He requested Mr. Stillwell to inform Mr. Allen that the fines were paid and ask him not to institue proceedings against him.—*Bangor Industrial Journal, Oct.* 23. And here is another: Bangor, Oct. 24.—Game Officer French visited Dobsis' club house with a search warrant and found part of the hide of a moose killed in close time. He arrested G. F. L. Ball, the club's keeper, who has settled the case for $100 and costs. Officer French has warrants for two members of the club and two guides who assisted them in violating the law.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Oct. 25.—Quail are very scarce in our markets, and but few sportsmen have gone out, although the close season ended Oct. 15. This is a silent confession on the part of both amateur and professional gunners that the opening is two weeks too early. I doubt if you can find a single sportsman who would not say that Nov. 1 is the proper date for the beginning. Birds, I am told, are more plentiful this year than last; and yet none that I can find are on the game stands. The truth is while the leaves are yet so thick on the trees and the weather so pleasant the quail do not come out to feed. "They do not have to," and will remain indoors until a little sharp weather drives them out to hunt a breakfast. Ducks still arrive in our rivers, the number of stiff-tails that have come this year is beyond anything for years. Twenty-five to thirty per boat are the average returns each day below Chester. Woodcock seem to be very scarce this autumn. Stop summer shooting and we would have more of them.—HOMO.

NEW JERSEY.—The open season for quail and grouse in New Jersey opens usually on Nov. 1. But Nov. 1 this year being Sunday, the shooting will not begin until Monday, Nov. 2.

SNARERS IN CONNECTICUT.—Norwich, Conn., Oct. 24.—Your note of the grouse snarers at Stafford some weeks ago attracted my attention. It has been my custom to go up there for a few days' shooting for several seasons past. I have seen the remains of old snares but never found any set until this season. I was hunting over a long ridge, thickly covered with white birch and sloping off to a brook in the valley. I had started a grouse down the slope and across the brook. I was following, and reaching the brook found a grouse strung up by the neck in a snare, I bagged the bird and kicked up the snare. A short distance on I found another snare. Then I returned to the brook and began a careful search and in less than an eighth of a mile along that brook I found seven or eight snares, one more grouse, and the feathers and head of one that been eaten probably by a fox. I bagged two good birds and kicked the snares to pieces. If I had not been looking for the snares I might have hunted the whole slope without finding one-half of them, for they were so built as to escape notice unless one was looking for them. Reports from all quarters about here say there is a good supply of birds. I have not heard of any large bags, but most all manage to get some. A party of six have just come in with 38 gray squirrels, 8 grouse, 8 quail and 2 woodcock.—J. R. T.

THE LINE OF COOT SHOOTERS.—New York, Oct. 20.—If any of your acquaintances want to shoot ducks "in line," tell them to write to Geo. M. Averill, The Ark, Branford, Conn. The cost of the trip to Branford is ridiculously small, as the men with whom you come in contact are all honest and not anxious to get wealthy. A line is formed almost every day now, and gunners kill from ten to fifty ducks each daily. The ducks which are killed are principally surf ducks, white-winged scoters, black scoters and south southerlies. Occasionally scaups, dusky ducks, sheldrakes, ruddy ducks, etc., are killed, and a stray eider or goose will often make the stem of your boat attractive. The surf ducks and scoters, which go by the name of "coots," and the south southerlies are delicious eating if they are skinned before being cooked and have a layer of strips of salt pork pinned in the breast with wooden toothpicks. Plenty of gravy and apple sauce are called for. As far as excitement goes, our country can furnish nothing in the sporting line to exceed coot shooting. —MARK WEST.

ONTARIO VENISON.—Niagara Falls, Ont., Oct. 21.—Yesterday morning ten or twelve deer were sent from Haliburton, Ont., to Black Creek, Ont., consigned to J. H. Allen and Charles Jenks. Special Constable J. R. Dowd, of Welland, followed, and about 9 o'clock caught Jenks, who was about starting off with a rowboat load of venison, and confiscated the lot, and placed Jenks and Allen under arrest. The venison was sold for what it would bring, and the men will be tried under the act prohibiting deer from being shipped out of the country.

ONE WAY OUT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As one way out of the difficulty I propose that we defer to the feelings of all the many men of many minds who read the FOREST AND STREAM, and call the bird by the alphabetically-compounded appellation, Colonbobwhitepartridgequail. It is awkward to pronounce, but there is this advantage, if we can once fasten the name no bird can ever get away with it, and we can then kill at every shot.—ORIOLE.

CONNECTICUT GROUSE SNARERS.—Hartford, Conn., Oct. 23.—The Litchfield County Market, 561 Main street, had 300 partridges on sale this morning. This is the season for these fine birds. But the thousands of snares in Connecticut and Western Massachusetts are evidently thinning them out. This market has probably sold over a thousand partridges this season.

CLEVELAND FIRE-HUNTING DUCKS.—Cleveland, Oct. 23. —Some people here are getting ducks without going far or using guns. During heavy winds here a few ducks are blown with the gale, and at night fly into the electric light masts and guys and are killed. I suppose they are attracted by the bright light.—W. R. W.

GAME IN WATER.—London, Eng.—In my letter about preserving game, which appeared in your paper of Sept. 10, there is a rather important misprint, caused, perhaps, by the indistinctness of my handwriting. I stated that the venison would remain fresh in hot weather for "several days"—not "several months."—J. J. M.

A LOAD OF WILDFOWL.—Casselton, Dak., Oct. 19.—I send you photo of game killed on a two-days' hunt by three sportsmen of this place; total number, 108 geese and brant and five cranes. That's the kind of hunting we have in Dakota.—H. P. UFFORD.

GUNS AT AUCTION.—There will be a great sale of guns, new and second-hand, in this city next Friday and Saturday. See the notice of same in advertising columns.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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OLD MAJOR R. bragged very much about his shooting, but no one ever saw him kill a bird on the wing, although he would occasionally go out by himself when the snow was on the ground and bring in a very good bag of Bob Whites. He always said he shot them a-flying, and never missed a shot. But the general impression among the rest of us was that the Major hoofed them, as we termed it, *i. e.*, shot them on the ground. At last we got the Major to take a hunt with us. One Christmas morning found Dr. S., the Major and myself with dogs and guns on the way to Wheat's Valley. The birds were plentiful, and during the day the Doctor and I bagged forty odd, but the Major made never a shot during the whole day. "Well, Major," exclaimed the Doctor, "why did you not shoot at some of the birds to-day? You had a number of fine chances." "Well, you see, Doc., at this time of the season I always pick out the cocks when I shoot and leave the hens for breeding purposes. You may not believe it, Doc., but every blasted bird I have got sight on to-day was a hen, and I could not shoot a hen quail so late in the season when quail are so scarce."

CATAMOUNT OF THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

EDUCATION FOR THE INDIANS.—Washington, Oct. 16—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I was exceedingly glad to read your article in the last FOREST AND STREAM on "Teachers for the Indians." Having seen a good deal of the Indians and studied their condition at their own homes, so to speak, I indorse every word you say.—JEROME BURNETT.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE ANGLING TOURNAMENT.

THE morning of Wednesday, Oct. 21, opened with a drizzling rain that gave no promise of change for the better. At Harlem Mere a dozen enthusiastic anglers had gathered at nine o'clock, and from the door of the wall tent watched other enthusiasts testing rods and getting their arms limbered up for the contests. The rows of benches were empty, and two policemen, detailed for the day's service at the tourney, looked wearied and bored. Half an hour later the party had increased to twenty, and doubts were raised whether the contests would take place that day or be postponed. At ten there were many fresh arrivals, among them President Endicott and Secretary Mather, and to all propositions of postponement these gentlemen said "no," giving as reasons the facts that there was no assurance of better weather next day, and the presence of gentlemen from Baltimore and other cities who had come to cast and who might not return. A brisk wind was blowing from the east, and casting could only be done from the north or south. After much delay it was decided to stretch the measuring line to the north, and it was brought forth, stretched and the position of the floats verified or corrected, the line having been soaked for twenty-four hours previous. The platform was six feet square and one foot above the water. The line was stretched from one corner of the platform and had the usual buoys at every five feet. The judges' boat was on the beach, and the secretary began taking entries for the amateur class in single-handed fly-casting. No doubt the weather kept many who would have cast away, for the report was current in the city that there would be a postponement. There were eight prizes in the class and but four entries were made.

Of the judges appointed for this class, as published in FOREST AND STREAM and in the score book, two were present, Hon. James Geddes and Mr. Fred Mather. The latter declined to serve because a pupil of his, Wallace Blackford, had entered for the contest, and the president appointed Mr. Henry P. Wells and Dr. George Trowbridge, with Mr. Geddes as referee. The contestants drew for the order of casting, and cast in the order named: Samuel Polhamus, of Central Valley, N. Y., who has cast here in former years, and who is known as a very graceful caster, who keeps his line well clear of the water behind; Mr. Ira Wood, the best known of all and an "old timer," whose right to cast was questioned because of prize winnings in State sportsmen's associations or other tournaments, but who was eligible under the ruling that the National Rod and Reel Association had no records of, and recognized no other contests but its own; Master Wallace Blackford, the fifteen-year-old son of the Fish Commissioner, who last year cast in public for the first time and attracted much attention from his youth and skill; Mr. Wm. H. Goodwin, his first appearance. The drizzle increased and the wind became more fitful, being at the right of and a trifle to the rear of the men.

SINGLE HANDED FLY-CASTING—AMATEUR.

Open to amateurs, under rule 2, who have never won a first prize. Rods not to exceed 11ft. 6in. in length.

Scale of points: Distance, actual cast; accuracy and delicacy, 25 each (if a contestant cast 60ft. and is awarded 20 for delicacy and 15 for accuracy, his score will be 95). Delicacy should be judged by the lightness with which the flies light upon the water, and accuracy shall be determined by the judges The casts shall be made for delicacy and accuracy at the same time.

Name of Contestant	Length of Rod.	Wt. of Rod, oz.	Distance, ft. and inches	Delicacy.	Accuracy	Total.
Saml. Polhamus	11.6	9	74.6	20	20	114.6
W. H. Goodwin	11.5	8½	76.0	15	22	113 0
Wallace Blackford	11.6	9½	68 0	22	18	108.0
Ira Wood	11.6	9½	71.0	20	15	106.0

The wind beat down the lines in retrieving and twice tied Blackford's line in a bunch, Mr. Goodwin was scarcely less fortunate. The distances cast were shorter than in any previous amateur contest of this kind.

The salmon casting class was also lacking in entries, there being but three in a contest where five prizes had been offered. The entries were: Ira Wood, a winner in the amateur salmon class of 1883 (there were two classes that year) with a record of 98 feet; Reuben C. Leonard, winner of the expert salmon contest of 1883, with a record of 124 feet, and Ed. Eggert, who won in the single-handed amateur fly-casting last year, but who had never made a record in salmon casting. The drizzle had increased to a pouring rain when the class was called and nobody expected that such good throwing would be done in the beating down of the rain drops. As it was, Leonard exceeded his cast as winner in 1883 by one foot and beat all records in this country except that of Hawes, of 131 feet in 1884.

SALMON CASTING.

Judges: J. S. Van Cleef, John A. Roosevelt. W. C. Harris, Referee. Open to all. Rods not to exceed 18ft. Scale of points as in single-handed fly-casting.

Name of Contestant.	Length of Rod.	Wt. of Rod oz.	Distance in ft. and in.	Delicacy.	Accuracy.	Total.
R. C. Leonard	18	37	125.	18	12	155
Ira Wood	18	33	100.	18	12	130
Ed. Eggert	18	27	109.	10	8	127

It will be seen that Mr. Eggert's weak points were in delicacy and accuracy, but he cast a long line very cleanly. Mr. Wood also cast in a style that might be envied by many old salmon fishers, while Reuben Leonard's cast is perfection itself. He is as clean and beautiful a fly-caster as we have ever seen, his back cast is a marvel of beauty, the line straightening out behind at an angle above his head, and the powerful "swish" of the rod keeping exact time in both the forward and back motions. The only one who approaches him is his cousin, Hiram W. Hawes, who has exceeded him in distance but not in clean delivery. In this contest none of the casters got out more line than they could handle, and the consequence was that there were few accidents and less calls for "time." We thought that Mr. Wood cast exceedingly well in his trial for delicacy and accuracy, and admired the manner in which he laid his flies along the water.

The "Heavy Bass" class was called and the rain poured without intermission. It was proposed to have the trials take place on land in the same vacant lot where they were held last year, when some one suggested the Polo grounds opposite. Fortunately the secretary, Mr. Bell, was present and gave permission. This gave the audience not only cover but raised seats also, and only the contestants and judges were drenched. The lane system of previous years, which combined accuracy with distance, was abolished, and there was therefore a wide latitude allowed to the heavy 2½ ounce sinker to range in. This style of casting is identical with the "Nottingham" of English anglers. The weight or bait is reeled up to within two feet, more or less, of the tip of the eight or nine-foot rod, and is cast from a free-running reel controlled by the thumb. In this contest the records of this or any other country were beaten by the wonderful casting of Mr. W. H. Wood, who caught the big tarpum (Floridian tarpon) last spring.

The entries were: Ed. Eggert, his first appearance in this role; Mr. John A. Roosevelt, the winner of the three previous years, and Mr. W. H. Wood, first appearance in public; they cast in the order named. The following is the score:

HEAVY BASS CASTING.

Judges: C. G. Levison, W. S. Sheafer. W. C. Harris, Referee.

Name of contestant.	First Cast.	Second Cast.	Third Cast.	Fourth Cast.	Fifth Cast.	Average.
W. H. Wood	231	236	235	250	250	240 2-5
J. A. Roosevelt	204	202	186	187	190	193 4 5
Ed. Eggert	50	138	148	133	60	105 4-5

The minnow casting for black bass was called on the same ground as the last class, as it had been decided to have it cast on land instead of in the water, as was done last year. There were five entries in this contest and we know that four of them never cast a minnow for black bass in actual fishing and are in doubt about the fifth. It is a style of fishing not in use in the East and is an advance on bait-fishing with helgramites or dobsous. There were five entries: Mr. G. Poey, who, by the way, was accompanied by his 12-year old daughter who had her rod and would have cast had not the weather prevented; and four others, three of them new to this class, at least in public, while Messrs. Levison and Eggert cast in this class last year.

MINNOW CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

Judges: W. C. Harris, H. P. Wells. Francis Endicott, Referee.

Name of Contestant.	Distance in feet & inches.	Delicacy.	Accuracy	Total.
A. F. Dresel	127	20	23	170
Dr. Geo. Trowbridge	123	20	20	163
G. Poey	112	20	25	157
C. G. Levison	116.8	20	15	151.8
Ed. Eggert	81	15	10	106

Prof. Mayer won last year with the following score: 97 feet, 25d., 15a.=137; therefore Mr. Dresel beat the record 30 feet, or 33 points. In fact the whole class, except Eggert, beat the record.

The expert class in single-handed fly-casting was called and ten entries were made. It was already 4 P. M. and dusk, rainy, and with every prospect of the last men finishing in absolute darkness. The first man, David Guthrie, was called to the score and cast. He was followed by Samuel Polhamus, and then Ed. Eggert stepped on the platform, when the judges, Fred Mather, Hon. James Geddes and J. S. Van Cleef, came on shore and reported that they could not do justice to themselves nor the contestants because of the darkness and the roughness of the water, and that it was impossible to see where the flies fell. The contestants were called together and they decided to have it out next day, rain or shine. After a meeting for election of officers all dispersed.

On the morrow the fair day brought out many spectators, and Messrs. E. R. Wilbur, C. G. Levison and Thos. B. Mills, all amateur photographers with improved apparatus to catch the fleeting fly. Mr. Polhamus was absent and two new entries were taken. The contestants were as follows: C. G. Levison, cast in former amateur contests and entitled to still, a very graceful caster. Martin Culhane, having a record in previous expert classes, but barred from the amateurs by reason of business. Geo. Landman, cast for David Guthrie, foreman in Malleson's rod factory. Ed. Eggert, winner of amateur contest last year with a record of 75 feet. Thomas Prichard, son of Harry, of 91 feet fame (1882) a weak, delicate boy of apparently 21 years and about 100 pounds weight but with a wonderful private record. Reuben C. Leonard, with a record as winner in 1882 of amateur class (87 feet) and other records. W. E. Hendrix, winner of amateur class, 1883, with 78 feet, and also records in other contests. W. H. Goodwin, first appeared in amateur class this year. Thos. B. Mills, a well-known winner of minor prizes, but never a first.

Eggert and Prichard cast with what is known here as the "rolling cast," the "water cast," "hoop-snake" cast, and in England as the "switch cast," used by Harry Prichard in his famous 91-foot cast in the tournament of 1882. The others retrieved their lines in the old style.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING—EXPERT.

Judges: Dr. R. H. Kealhofer, T. B. Stewart, J. L. Vallotton, Referee. Open to all. Rods not to exceed 11 feet 6 inches in length. Distance only to count.

Name of Contestant.	Length of Rod.	Weight of Rod.	Distance Cast.
R. C. Leonard	11	9	92
Thomas Prichard	11.6	9	90
Thos. B. Mills	11.6	10¾	85
Geo Landman	11.6	10	83
Martin Culhane	11.6	9½	83
W. E. Hendrix	10.6	7¾	81
C. G. Levison	11.6	10¾	80
Ed. Eggert	11.6	10	78
W. H. Goodwin	11.6	9	65

In this contest the record was not only beaten one foot by Mr. Leonard, but it was conclusively shown that the height of a man and his muscle had little to do with the distance he could cast, and little Tom Prichard was the best evidence of this. We append the former records as published in the score book:

LIGHT ROD CONTESTS, 1882.

Class A, Rods to be 5¼ ounces or less—H. W. Hawes, rod 4½ ounces; distance 82 feet.

Class B, Rods not to exceed 4½ ounces—H. W. Hawes, rod 4½ ounces, distance 78 feet.

B. F. NICHOLS CONTEST, 1882.

All contestants to use the same rod, 10 feet, 6½ ounces—H. W. Hawes, distance 71 feet.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING, AMATEUR.

Class A, 1882—H. W. Hawes, rod 11 6 feet, 9⅛ ounces, 81 feet (R. C. Leonard cast 85 feet, but failed on delicacy and accuracy).

Class A, 1883—H. C. Thorne, rod 11.6 feet, 8½ ounces, 80 feet.

Class B, 1882—R. C. Leonard, rod 11.6 feet, 10 ounces, 85 feet.

Class B, 1883—W. E. Hendrix, rod 11.6 feet, 10 ounces, 78 feet.

Class C, 1883—Thomas Prichard, rod 10 feet, 4¼ ounces, 80 feet 3 inches.

Class A, 1884—C. A. Rauch, rod 11.6 feet, 10 ounces, 80 feet.

Class B, 1884—Ed. Eggert, rod 11 feet, 7½ ounces, 75 feet.

SINGLE-HANDED FLY-CASTING, EXPERT.

Class C, 1882—Harry Prichard, rod 10.4½ feet, 8 ounces, 91 feet.

Class D, 1883—H. W. Hawes, rod 10.3 feet, 4⅞ ounces, 85 feet.

Class E, 1883—R. C. Leonard, rod 11.6 feet, 12 ounces, 87 feet.

Class D, 1884—H. W. Hawes, rod 10 feet 3 inches, 5 ounces (R. C. Leonard cast 78 feet with 5-ounce rod, but failed on delicacy and accuracy).

Class E, 1884—R. C. Leonard, 83 feet.

SALMON CASTING.

1882, open to all—H. W. Hawes, rod 20 feet, cast 116 feet.

1883, amateur—Ira Wood, rod 18.3 feet, cast 98 feet.

1883, expert—R. C. Leonard, rod 18 feet, 2 pounds 12 ounces, cast 124 feet.

1884, open to all—H. W. Hawes, rod 18 feet, 34 ounces, cast 131 feet.

MINNOW CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.

1884, open to all—Prof. A. M. Mayer, rod 8 feet 9¼ inches, 8½ ounces, 97 feet.

STRIPED BASS CASTING (LIGHT).

1882—J. E. Williamson, 2 casts, score 33 3-5.
1883—H. W. Hawes, 4 casts, score 100 4-5.
1884—H. W. Hawes, 5 casts, score 129 6-10.

STRIPED BASS CASTING (HEAVY).

1882—J. A. Roosevelt, 4 casts, score 127 1-5.
1883—J. A. Roosevelt, 5 casts, score 157 2-5.
1884—J. A. Roosevelt, 5 casts, score 204 feet 3 inches.

AUTUMN FISHING IN BARNEGAT BAY.

WHEN our two families planned to spend part of last month (October) by Barnegat Bay we had small hope of much fishing. Weakfish would be gone, and they are all that most persons expect to catch in the bay. Still, we hoped for a few sea bass and blackfish, and perhaps some striped bass. We also had some vague hopes of squidding some bluefish on the beach.

Our particular place of abode was Seaside Park. The Pennsylvania Railroad from Whiting's and Toms River to Long Branch here crosses the bay on a trestle bridge about a mile and a quarter long. A draw is made over the channel near the mainland side. Around the piling of this drawbridge we made our first regular trial of fishing. Our train went back in two hours, and we returned in it with about twenty-four fish, weighing in bulk twelve pounds. We called that very good luck. There was nothing very scientific about it; still, it required some knowledge to find the best places, and some skill to affix properly the crab bait, and constant vigilance to strike just as the bite was felt. Then the reeling up of the fish from the deep water was a pleasant operation, the fisherman meanwhile speculating as to the weight and kind. If the fish pulled with quick, strong jerks it would probably be a blackfish; if it ran here and there without much wriggle it would probably prove a sea bass; if it manifested a strong desire to seek the bottom, first in one direction, then in another, it probably was a porgy; if it struck off toward Barnegat Light or Bay Head, and showed no disposition to stop it might be a striped bass. Finally, when it pulled up like a young calf and wrapped the line around a pile, tied it up and broke it off, we never knew what it was but supposed it was a sheepshead.

And so we filled our creel nearly every day; sometimes it took us two hours, sometimes half a day. Sooner or later our luck always came, yet we caught no more than our families could eat. Our bait was pretty uniformly hard crabs. Mussels were not found anywhere near Seaside Park. Clams could not be found. A few minnows were used, and the sea bass and striped bass took them; but our main dependence lay in crabs. And just here let me put in a word of advice to any one intending to do fall fishing. Get a live-box for crabs, and stock it well when crabs are plenty, for on cool mornings they are always scarce, and may disappear entirely at any time. Several times we were told that the fishing was over now, for we could find no more crabs for bait; but we did, though with trouble sometimes. For a hook let me commend the Chestertown. It is the best thing known to keep a soft bait near to the point, and to hook the fish that bites.

We probably should have done better with striped bass, but the water was so constantly rough that we could not conveniently explore the best grounds in our small boat. The thing which promised best in appearance and turned out least in fact was squidding for bluefish from the beach. The fish came on shore only a few times, and then stayed but a little while. To a novice the throwing of the squid was a tiresome operation, and was very hard on the fingers. When one stopped to rest or to change location, then the fish began to bite. Even when they were evidently within range of our lines they preferred menhaden and weakfish to pewter squids. Once the great fish, six to eight pounders, fairly wallowed in the undertow, but none would hook themselves, though we wore away our finger ends with the sandy line. If we had had a spear or gig, or even a garden rake or a pitchfork, we could have dragged them out, they came so far up on the sand. The writer then and there resolved to cast the squid no more. Before he goes again he will learn to make long casts, and will either throw a weightier spoon or a genuine bait of fish. To play a six-pound bluefish through the surf and then land him amid the breakers would be about as fine sport as often falls to the angler's lot in our latitude.

PENN.

TAUTOG.

ABOUT the middle of September, 1884, I found myself at Brewerton, N. Y., on my way home from two weeks' voyaging on Lake Ontario, having passed several pleasant days among the Thousand Islands, where the crowds became larger and more dense, owing to the intensely hot weather—for autumn drew near only in the almanac—each day adding to the torrid condition of the atmosphere.

Brewerton nestles at the foot of Oneida Lake, a sheet of water covering an area of one hundred square miles, lying in Onondaga county mainly, and possessed of an enviable reputation for game fish, especially *Tautoga nigra*,* pike, pickerel and black bass. The lake is thirty miles long, about seven miles wide, and 369 feet above tide water. It derives its name from a confederation of Indians the etymology of whose title is "Tribe of the Granite Rock," and whose token was a stone set in a forked stick. Their origin is traced to the Mohawks, but they early became a portion of the Iriquois branch of the Six Nations. Their home was the fertile and extensive strip of country lying between Deep Spring, not far from "Salt Pint"—now known as Syracuse, twelve miles distant—and Utica. The lake was, of course, included in their possession, and from time immemorial has been haunted by that remnant of the tribe which remained in New York after the treaty of peace with the French in 1700. Throughout the Revolution they continued faithful to the colonists, as did also the Tuscaroras, although Thyendanega destroyed their homes and church and exiled them for a time. A treaty made at Fort Stanwix in October, 1784, confirmed their title, and in 1812 they once more evinced the gratitude and patriotism which animated them by espousing the cause of the States. There are, I believe, upward of 200 still residing on the reservations set apart for them when New York acquired their lands by purchase in 1785–8. These reservations cannot be sold and only partially leased.

The morning dawned with indications of atmospheric change. A few clouds hung motionless in the far southwest as I stepped out of my room ond surveyed the horizon, but not a breath of wind was stirring, and after breakfast we proceeded leisurely to the boathouse to get everything ready in time for the steamer, which was to give us a tow up the lake, if necessary.

At half-past eight, when I shipped the sculling oar and with a slow, steady motion sent the boat up stream to the marshes, where we "dropped a line" in hopes of getting a bite before nine o'clock, the hour aa which the little steamer would "catch our slack."

Just as the steamer poked her inquisitive bows around the island above us, the bunting at our masthead shook itself in the rising mist and waved itself suddenly out. A puff from the southward swept over the rustling sedge and brought with it a ripple and sparkle from the lake which filled our grateful hearts with exultation. Before the lines were stowed and trolling-spoons made fast to larger and longer lines, the breeze freshened so that we made sail at once and slipped away with alacrity. Once in the open lake a magnificent panorama spread itself before us. Away in the misty distance waved the tall green foliage of Frenchman's Island, still untouched by any visible tint of autumn, but nodding to us and flashing in the oblique rays of the sun as the waves tossed their white foam as far as the eye could discern their motion. To the northward a column of dense blue smoke streamed upward, and, bending sharply before the wind, spread itself over the low, leafless woods in that quarter until it blended with the sky and clouds indistinguishably. So busy was I observing all this that a fish took my hook without my knowledge, and before the eighty feet of line could be overhauled he was dead. It was a small pike, but the first fish for all that.

In a few minutes I had another, a large fine fellow this time, and he objected to the proceeding with such effect that we were compelled to heave to and drift back until I could bring him alongside. Lifting him in and dislodging the hook, which he had greedily swallowed, I felt a touch of his sharp teeth which drew blood on one of my knuckles. "First blood for you," said John, "but the first pickerel for me;" and stopping the slow, steady, alternate hauling and slacking of his line he began to lay it on the deck just aft of the mast in long, irregular coils which gleamed as they whipped clear of the water and shed the silver drops also. "That is not tautog though," he added as the fish leaped out of water ten feet from the boat and dove viciously. I suggested that we had been sailing too fast for them, but he preferred the exhilarating motion to the short tacks necessary for the larger game, and it was finally agreed that we would bear away toward Constantia, rounding the islands in time to make the South Bay House for dinner.

This new course gave us the wind abaft the quarter and the little boat cut the seething waves like a knife under jib and mainsail for a long straight mile. We did not time her and can only guess at the number of minutes required for the run. It was not many, however, as we caught only one fish, John's first pike, and had on new bait before I put the boat about and stood over toward the cat-tails north of Frenchman's Island. I was doubtful about there being water enough there, but John said it could not be less than three feet deep, so we stood on, and as we neared the long white beach several ladies and gentlemen walked briskly to the bluff from the hotel on the island, evidently expecting to see us ground in the channel, but the wind showed me where to steer by reason of being light, the island being to windward and only the deepest water rolled. We went through with a rush, and standing along the western shore, filled away for the bay, about two miles distant, which we made quickly, each taking a good-sized fish while yet some way out. We found other guests there, ten or twelve of them, sportsmen like ourselves, evidently from Syracuse and bent upon having a good time without getting intoxicated.

To fish for tautog successfully is not a difficult art. It is practiced in two ways, from an anchorage with hook and line on rods, or with long trolls, keeping the boat in motion most of the time, but stopping at short intervals to allow the hook to fall upon the bottom. This last was our plan, and to keep the boat in easy motion, heaving to on one tack and then on the other, necessitated the keeping of one hand upon the tiller all the while, with an eye to windward for the purpose of avoiding other boats. There were quite a number in our vicinity fishing like ourselves. The exception was a steam launch owned by the game constable, who saluted us as he passed. He was going swiftly through the water, apparently in pursuit of larger fish. Later in the day he passed within a quarter of a mile of us, having no less than eight or ten seines bunched up on the top of his awning. There are hordes of pot-fishermen infesting this beautiful sheet of water who repeatedly take the risk of losing their nets for the gain realized by their unlawful capture of fish. It is not unusual for the constable to be in serious danger, and many narrow escapes are rehearsed by the local boatman, who justly regard the game constable as one of their best friends. The nets are too expensive to be lost without a struggle, they often cost $100, and the venture is considerable to the average man. Were it not for these scamps two hours' fishing would give a sportsman all he could carry home any day. Although the wind was too high for a first-class catch we took a handsome string, and finally tiring of the sport, began to make sail for a run up the lake toward Oneida.

There is another island almost due south of Frenchman's, quite near the latter, somewhat smaller but possessing finer shores and magnificent timber. People are forbidden to go ashore there, and the almost primitive beauty of its contour is so effectually transfixed in my memory that I look back longingly to it even yet. If Cowper had been exiled to this island he would never have sung as he did of solitude; and even Byron might there have realized his dream of the ideal, the graceful curve "of stirring branches," the "popular solitude of bees and birds," the free spaces reaching skyward, limitless as air, that set a saddened spirit communing with the stars. These are a sportsman's fancies, and they lead us out of finite soundings in a moment. Like Theodidactus, in his asbestos boat, we can cruise on the sun with heliacal freedom, or swim the ether without any regard for the rules of philosophy.*

We hove to and set our canvas, but no sooner done than my line straightened out astonishingly, and seizing it I could feel the peculiar quiver which accompanies the hooking of large bass. Keeping the boat in the wind, I played the fish till he gave up. He was a fine fellow, three pounds at least, and was the only bass we captured that day.

John captured his fifth tautog a few minutes later, and remarking that we had fish enough for all of his neighbors, he coiled his line, changed the water in our bait pail to rinse it, allowing the little bait remaining to go adrift, and then settled himself to enjoy the long sail we had promised ourselves.

The rowboats were coming and going in the bay with their long trolling lines stretching far behind them. We were just rounding the point when a rowboat with two men on board drew near us, and suddenly the fellow in the stern sheets jumped to his feet and sang out, "I've got him now!" He was so much under the influence of "fever" that he did not play his catch at all, but hauled in, hand over hand, so rapidly that the line went scooting off one way then the other, and once I thought I caught a glimpse of a large black fin, while John coolly remarked: "It's an old blackfish, I guess." Knowing that to be another name for tautog and being aware that they sometimes attain the size of a small whale, to which species one class of them belong, I ranged alongside in order to get a good view of the fish. John asked the fellow if he had a landing net, but the latter was too far gone to hear and we could only enjoy the fun by keeping still and watching the line as it zipped about, while the boat careened and dove until everything in her threatened to go overboard in spite of the rower, who feathered and shifted his weight with admirable dexterity. All at once with the rapidity of lightning, the straining line showed more and more of its rigid length and John called: "Look out, now, he's going to give you the dirty shake!" In a second the breach occurred. The water recoiled, flashed and broke as something black leaped two or three feet into the air and fell flat upon the surface, while the man at the opposite end of the line tumbled backward into the bottom of his boat, showing his boots above the gunwale an instant with a groan. "He is hurt!" said I. John laid his hand cautiously on the mast and deliberately getting on his feet, looked at the floating object with a curious grin. In a moment we ran near enough to see that it was a strip of board, and the hook, as it dropped, had caught in a small knot-hole so near the middle that an eager pull to fasten the hook had done it and set the thing on edge defiantly.

The tears rolled down John's cheeks as I trimmed down, and several minutes passed before either of us could articulate a word. John got his breath first and whispered "tautog."

EGO.

* *Tautoga nigra* is a salt-water fish. We are at a loss to know what fish they miscall "tautog" in Brewerton.

* Kirchner's "Extatic Journey to Heaven." There are many poetical fancies in this work. The planet Venus is described as an island of transcendent beauty, peopled with angels.

THE TIM POND COUNTRY.

IT was my eighth annual trip to Tim Pond, Maine. I left Boston the 5th of August. The Farmington & Megantic Railroad has given a new impetus to Kingfield. Smith has very much enlarged and improved his house. We found the trouting at Tim Pond just about as it was in 1878, better than in 1881. The very large number of sportsmen that visit this most famous pond do not deplete the fish as did the natives when they were accustomed to take them by the basketful from their spawning beds before the protection by law. Never did I see finer fly-fishing in August than I enjoyed here last month. We went from Tim Pond to the Seven Ponds on horseback. The fly-fishing on L Pond was fairly good. On Big Island Pond trout did not rise well to the fly, but could be caught of large size in its deep water with bait. At Rock and No'west ponds fly-fishing was excellent for the season. These ponds have not deep water. Taken the season round Tim Pond is the "daisy" of all in this region—or the region of the Rangeleys which have been damaged for years to come by high dams and broken ones—though this may protect the trout for future generations.

Detectives under Com. Stilwell have been at work about the Rangeley and Seven Pond waters to mete out justice to the law-breakers. You may have heard that a man by the name of Soule, after his pocket had become minus forty dollars for shooting a deer, used his shotgun as the detectives appeared in his vicinity a second time. Recently another of the tribe of Soule, doing his nefarious work of poaching on the shores of Big Island Pond, I am informed has enriched the State Treasury. These "guides" or keepers of outpost cabins in lone shadowy places are learning to have fear and respect for the majesty of the game laws. May their vile work and the big slaughters end soon.

Aug. 22 we returned to Mount Vernon to spend a week with the black bass. I had grand outdoor sport, but the weather and the moon were against me. I landed a moderate number of fair size, but my hopes were not fully realized. The great chain of ponds through Monmouth, Winthrop, Maranacook, Readfield, Mount Vernon and Belgrade are well stocked with this gamy fish, and in these clear waters their meat is most excellent for the epicure. I spent my time on Long Pond. Mr. Stilwell thinks Cahbosecontee was stocked first and has some monster black bass. There is good fishing for white perch in this chain of ponds.

During the past year your correspondents have taught me much about snelling hooks, and I have spent time in experiments and practice in the art. The result is, in all my deep water bait trouting and all my black bass fighting I did not lose a hook from fault of "tying." I do not care a fig for the loss of fifty hooks, but I care much for the loss of the "big fish." I took Dobson with me, but I am not sure the bass had ever been introduced to one before. I am sure the native sportsmen had never seen one till those I took. Give us more light about these fish that are locked up in ice four, five or six months a year. Much has been written of black bass in the Middle and Southern States. We need more light about their ways in the colder climate.

Aug. 31 I unstrung my rods, cleaned and dried my tackle and put it in the attic till another year. Sept. 1 I returned to business, a happier, heartier, healthier man. J. W. T.

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINNER.

ABOUT seventy staid and solid-looking gentlemen sat down to dinner at the Buckingham Hotel on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 21. To a stranger's eye there was no indication that in the long array of claw-hammer coats and expansive shirt-fronts of the well-groomed diners that any among them had spent the day in the rain and slush at the fly-casting tournament, and only a few hours before had been drenched to the skin. They had met to again sample the uncatable, and in many cases unspeakable, monsters of the deeps and shallows, and while on their invitations they made a jest of indigestion, it was evident that all hastily read the bill of fare with anxiety; for up to the moment of taking their allotted seats no one but the committee had the slightest idea of its contents. The President, Mr. John Foord, with his gavel of walrus bone, sat at the head of the table, while the committee, consisting of Messrs. E. G. Blackford, Francis Endicott, Fred Mather, C. R. Miller and James De Mott, were scattered about. Among the guests we noticed Judge Reeder, of Harrisburg, Pa.; J. S. Van Cleef, Cornelius Van Brunt, Adolph L. Sanger, President of the Board of Aldermen; Dr. E. C. Spitzka, A. De Cordova, Nathaniel Hunting, proprietor of the Murray Hill Hotel; Gordon L. Ford, Gilbert E. Jones, Henry L. Dyer, Amos Robbins, R. B. Roosevelt, Howard Carroll, F. B. Thurber, A. E. Whyland, Louis Liebman, Jules Turcas, G. Wetherbee, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, and B. F. Nichols.

The tables were decorated with pyramids of horsefoot crabs, lobsters and crayfish, twined with smilax. The following is the menu:

Blue Points.
Vin de Graves.
Extract of Razor Clams.
Bisque of Starfish.
Royal Sherry.
Radishes. Celery. Olives.
Squid, fried (Chondopterygien).
Winkles, Burgundy fashion.
Sea Spider Crab à l'infernal.
Crayfish du Potomac.
Liebfrauenmilch.
Cucumbers. Hollandaise Potatoes.
Skate, Cream Sauce (Acandopterygien).
Crevalle à la Marseillaise.
Sea Robins, Baked à l'Amphitrite.
Salmon (Royal Fish), Parisian Style.
Buisson of Lobster, Tartare Sauce.
Pontet Canet.
Filet of Beef.
Mushrooms and Tomatoes Farcies. French Peas.
Stewed Terrapin, Buckingham Style.
Ichthyophagous Punch.
Broiled Teal Duck.
Lobster Salad. Crab Salad. Lettuce Salad.
G. H. Mumm's Cordon Rouge.
Neapolitan Ice Cream. Fruit Jelly. Assorted Cakes.
Fancy Pyramide. Fruit. Cheese.
Café. Liqueurs.

The novelties were the starfish, winkles, sea-spiders, and crevalles. The latter is an ordinary looking fish and attracted no attention. The spider crabs were devilled and served in the back shell and were quite good, although their repulsive appearance when alive will long forbid their coming into common use. The winkles were, as they always are, tough and unpalatable and were, if not the *pièce de résistance*, the joke of the evening. The bisque of starfish was quite good, and if this enemy of the oyster can be made popular as food it will be a good thing for the oystermen.

Letters of regret were read from Henry Ward Beecher, Charles A. Dana, Amos Cummings, Dr. W. A. Hammond and M. P. Handy. In evident agony the president announced that as a gastronomic delicacy the winkle was a failure, and called on Mr. Roosevelt to explain how he came to recommend it to the club. The latter gentleman, fully conscious of his guilt, wandered off into a description of the beautiful manner in which the winkle lays its eggs, and enhanced on the merit of the winkle for fish bait because it was too tough to be nibbled off, and acknowledged that he had tried to eat it in former years but had skipped it tonight, and tried to throw the responsibility of the winkle on Mr. Blackford. Howard Carroll, Judge Reeder and others argued about the relations of the winkle to nightmare, and Amos Robbins and Fred Mather opened bags of "chestnuts" and put the party to sleep before Dr. Spitzka could speak on the forms of insanity caused by eating the roystering winkle.

THE ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting held by the National Rod and Reel Association after the tournament the following officers were elected for 1886: President, Hon. Henry P. McGown; Secretary, Mr. Fred Mather, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; Treasurer, Mr. James L. Vallotton. Before the election Mr. Mather positively declined to accept the secretaryship longer, on account of the press of work; but the members refused to listen to him, and it is very doubtful if it will be possible for him to serve. The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the President.

TWO BASS AT ONCE.—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 19.—In your issue of Oct. 15 I see your notice of Mr. Leopold's and Mr. Frank Sherman's double catches. July 12, at Detroit Lake, Minnesota, on a light bass rod and an 0206 Abbey & Imbrie reel, I took two small-mouth black bass, one on a minnow and one on a crawfish. Length of each 17½ inches, and weight twelve hours after taken from the water, 3 pounds each.—F. M. O.

THREE TO EACH ROD.—"M. W." asks if the location of the "Parmachenee Belle" had anything to do with the trout showing a preference. I found this fly the most taking in June below the Upper Dam no matter where it was placed on the cast, above or below. Had Messrs. Allen and Maxson used four of the above flies they might have beaten the record.—WILD.

SEBAGO LANDLOCKED SALMON.—Salmon are just beginning to run up the brooks in the waters of Sebago Lake. I saw three handsome fellows on the 19th inst. in a weir in Rogers Brook, North Bridgton, Me. They are being secured to procure their eggs for artificial propagation under the auspices of our Fish Commissioners. This is a new enterprise. The Fish Club of Bridgton Center are building a hatching house, and Mr. John Mead, the fish painter, and Mr. Frank Gibbs, of Bridgton, are securing the salmon at Rogers and Bear brooks. Last year the salmon began to run up those brooks on Oct 25, this year they seem to start earlier. Our Commissioners think by hatching fifty or one hundred thousand every year they can very much increase the supply of these beautiful fish in these waters. In Crooked River, which runs into Sebago Lake, there are now running up a large school of landlocked salmon. By protecting these fish in their spawning season and turning in yearly a large amount of fry, there is no doubt that they will increase continually and give fine sport to anglers who may visit these beautiful waters.—I. G. R. (Bethel, Me.).

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SEBAGO SALMON PLANTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following special was published in the Boston *Herald* of Saturday evening, and I have added some facts to it which I trust will be of interest. The people of Maine are slowly waking up to the value of fish propagation. But still much has to be done by private enterprise, as in the case below. The State allows only about $7,000, I believe, for the entire work of the fish and game commission.

BRIDGTON, Me., Oct. 24, 1885.—There is a live movement in the direction of fisheulture on some of the tributaries of Long Lake, one of the Sebago chain. For some time this matter has been of interest to fishermen in these parts; and lately Mr. Frank Gibbs, of Bridgton, has begun the work in earnest. His first move was to get a permit from the Maine Fish Commission to take salmon for breeding purposes. Having obtained this he next put in weirs in Rodger's Brook, the stream where the monster land-locked salmon were found, of which the *Herald* has had previous account. By these weirs the salmon, as they pass up the stream to breed, would be detained, but still allowed plenty of room and water. The same is to be done in Bear Brook, at the head of the lake, in Harrison. The weirs were put into Rodger's Brook about a week ago, but although there were an abundance of large fish lying on the sandbar just off the mouth of the river, still the weir was empty for several days. Within the last four days the fish have begun to come up the stream, and to-day there are at least a dozen in the weir. These are all fish of a good size, and one of them weighs at least 12 pounds; it is 23 inches in length. As it is quite early for salmon to enter these streams, those most interested are sanguine of all the fish they can for before the run is over. The poaching and wholesale slaughter of these fish in spawning time, that has been carried on in former years, is effectually squelched. Just off the bank of the stream opposite the weir is a white tent, and a more substantial building is going up near it. The principal occupant of this establishment is Mr. Rich, a son of J. G. Rich, the veteran trapper and guide of the Rangeley region in years gone by. Mr. R. says he has "come there to stay," and that there "will be no fish for poachers on that stream this season at least."

In the above mentioned streams may be seen every fall one of the peculiar features of the breeding of salmon. Rodger's Brook is a little stream carrying only a few inches in depth of water and so small that a man can jump across it at almost any point. And yet at the breeding season the monster salmon work their way up this little stream, often with back fin and caudal out of water and belly dragging upon the pebbly bottom. The writer saw one of these in November, 1883, which was twenty-four inches long and must have weighed eight pounds. A few days after a monster salmon was found near the waters of the same brook stranded and dead. It measured 38in. in length, 9in. in depth, and weighed 25lbs. It was a male fish and the hooked under jaw was so prominent that it was hung over a stick by that means and brought to the village. It is an established fact that the salmon accept of this little stream for a breeding-place in lieu of a larger one, running up into it, as the season comes on, the same as the sea salmon accept of the large rivers.

In these brooks the salmon have for years been the prey of the most detestable poaching, until this was broken up by the efforts of the Maine Fish Commissioners. The salmon have been watched and even thrown out of the brooks with pitchforks and left to rot or carted off and salted down. In such streams so large fish are utterly powerless and suffer severely from minks and owls, as well as poachers. The fish seen by the writer in 1883 had the back fin stripped, evidently by teeth or claws, and the upper half of the caudal fin was gone, doubtless bitten off. Yet this fish, a female, was alive; had evidently spawned, and was on her way back to the lake below. A few days previous, a bird dog, in quest of partridges, killed a large salmon in the same brook.

Last year some public-spirited gentleman, one of them the correspondent who wrote the above for the *Herald*, took some large salmon, which had evidently bred, placed them in a tank of water and carried them back to the lake. They obtained permission of Fish and Game Warden Mead, of Bridgton, to do this, being fully convinced that the fish would never get back alive, running the gauntlet of so many dangers. It is gratifying to learn that so good a movement is on foot for the preservation and breeding of these noble fish. It will be remembered that the Sebago waters have contained landlocked salmon for time immemorial, and that these there reach a size almost equal to the true *Salmo salar*. Indeed it has been suggested that the Sebago Lake was once an arm of the sea. As it is today, it is a small lake, within easy distance by rail from Portland, and the home of the most noble landlocked salmon in the world. Its shores are chiefly wooded and designed some day to be dotted with summer cottages.

A hatching house is in progress of completion in the basement of the Littlefield mill at Bridgton Center. As soon as a sufficient number of ripe fish are on hand, Commissioner Stanley is to be here to assist in the taking of the eggs. The fish, after the eggs are taken, will be returned to the lake, and the eggs will be taken to the hatching house. The commissioners will also furnish 80,000 eggs of sea salmon to this hatchery to be cared for at the expense of the commission. After the young fish are through with the hatching process and able to take care of themselves, they are nearly all to be returned to these waters. It is confidently expected that this movement will work a great change for the better, as far as the salmon fishing in these waters is concerned. The commissioners of Maine and other States agree that by the natural process of hatching, not over five per cent. of the eggs of salmon come to perfection. They are the prey of other fish and of accident to such an extent that the few that come to maturity are a small exception. On the other hand the commissioners claim that by the artificial process as high as 90 per cent. of the eggs have been made to develop into perfect fish. If this is so, and it is stated on the highest authority, the public can hardly put too high an estimate on a work such as that which the parties mentioned have undertaken. A hundred thousand young salmon placed each year in the streams that flow into the streams of Long Lake would, without doubt, work a revolution in the fishing in the Sebago waters, and that is just what he gentlemen interested are determined to do. SPECIAL.

CONNECTICUT FISH COMMISSION.—The Commission has, during the past seven months, hatched and planted 5,733,000 young shad, and has distributed 450,000. To 150 applicants 45,000 young trout have been distributed. The Commission has hatched 100,000 salmon eggs that were furnished to the State by Prof. S. F. Baird, and placed the young fry in the Farmington River. It has, in addition, hatched 30,000 Michigan trout eggs presented by Prof. Baird, and placed them in streams in Hartford county. The number of shad hatched were distributed as follows: In the Connecticut River, 2,254,000; in the Housatonic, 1,969,800; in the Thames, 882,030, and in the Quinnipiac, 627,200.

SOLES FOR AMERICA.—Five hundred soles are expected to arrive next Monday as a present to the U. S. Fish Commission from the National Fisheulture Association of England. Prof. Baird telegraphs to Mr. Blackford that the fish will be sent to Wood's Holl in charge of Mr. Mather. If they arrive in good order they will be kept at Wood's Holl and fed until large enough to spawn.

CARP FOR DISTRIBUTION.—Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, New York, has just received 5,000 young carp for distribution in New York and neighboring States from the U. S. Fish Commission. The fish are from three to four inches long, and will be distributed in lots of twenty to applicants.

THE WASHINGTON TERRITORY COMMISSION.—We have just received word that this Commission, which was supposed to have been abolished, is still in existence. The Commissioner is Mr. Albert T. Stream of North Cove, Pacific county.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallet, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 12.—New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club. Field trials for members only at Fisher's Island. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for All-Aged Stakes close Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17, 18 and 19.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club at Rio Grande, N. J., for members only. Entries close Nov. 1.

November.—Fourth Annual Trials of the Robins Island Club, Robins Island, L. I., for members only. Wm. H. Force, Secretary.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2794.**

THE COLLIE FRAUD AT PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last week's issue you gave a correct account of the collie kennel prize controversy, and in the article state that "it was the duty of the judge to have seen every dog entered, and this would have effectually blocked the little game," which is all true; but, as you also state, "both owners assented," and it being a matter that only directly concerned them, and not supposing that a member of the club, and an M.D. would stoop to win a dog prize by intentional deception, it seemed unnecessary to take the animals down again into the passage-way between the benches, which was the only place I had to judge them. I called from the catalogue the entries of both contestants, to the steward, who had the book showing which dogs had been before me in the regular classes, and he informed me the awards of any that each had received. It was his duty to have notified me then that No. 85, So So, was not checked as present. Probably he did not notice it, and like myself, thought the Sans Souci Kennel was represented by an honorable gentleman, and so was not so careful as he otherwise would have been.

With my experience and acquaintance with such collie exhibitors as Messrs. Dennis, Faxon, Burgess, Lindsay and others, whose dogs have been before me, I was not on the lookout for any fraud between those I supposed were gentlemen. I know neither of those I have just mentioned, under the same circumstance, would have allowed me to look up the entries before saying they could not compete for that special, while this *sans souci* gentleman not only deceived me at the show, but deliberately wrote to me a week after that "So So was not absent, but sick," as extracts from correspondence with Dr. Hext M. Perry will show. Oct. 12 he wrote:

I inclose slip cut from *Sporting Life* of this date. Will you please read and give me your opinion of same? I wish your special opinion as to following: "Mr. Perry said there was no necessity to show the dogs, as he had won so many more prizes." I hope you will give me your strongest denial of the assertion. I ask it for my personal satisfaction and in case of necessity to show to any friends that may wish to see it.

This was the first intimation I received that No. 85 (So So) was not in her place, and possibly I might not have seen her. I at once replied:

This is certainly incorrect, as it was I who suggested that it was unnecessary to take the dogs from the benches again, as the awards in the regular classes would decide the special, and you and Mr. Lindsay being present and making no objection, the judge's book was referred to and showed that your kennel, consisting of Ben Nevis, Mavis, Wanda, Daisy and So So, had won two firsts, one second and one third, while Mr. Lindsay's kennel, consisting of Rex, Craft, Joe Nettles, Jeannie Nettles, Gem and Portland, had won one second, one third and a commendation; and of course, not being informed that any of the animals entered for the special were absent, your kennel won. I am surprised that I was not told at the time that So So was absent.

I wrote the last paragraph with some reluctance, believing there must be some mistake, and that So So was there as represented, but desired to draw out some explanation from Dr. Perry. This reply came promptly, dated Oct. 13, as follows:

Yours in reply to mine of yesterday's date is to hand.

I beg leave to state that So So was not absent but sick, and I think I am going to lose her. She was too sick to stand up and every movement gave pain. My man was nursing and doctoring her all day, and she remained at the show till Friday, Oct. 9, 9 P. M., with the others of her kennel. The veterinary examined her and gave me a certificate, etc., to remove her, but on account of the muss made by my enemies I would not remove her even at the risk of death in not doing so.

After reading the foregoing, I naturally supposed Dr. Perry would be able to submit any proof necessary to enable the committee to confirm the award to the Sans Souci Kennels. On the 15th inst., however, I received a letter from the secretary of the club asking for my recollections regarding the judging for the Kennel Special, and he "hoped I might be able to throw some light on the subject in question, as to the entry of No. 85." I replied, giving him what information I possessed concerning it, and added: "If Sans Souci Kennels had but four dogs there when I judged, of course Lindsay, with his kennel, should have won; and if there has been any misrepresentation, my decision should be reversed, and it will please me to have it done."

I heard nothing more of the affair till Oct. 22, when I received the following letter:

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB, Oct. 21, 1885.

Mr. A. S. Apgar, New York:

DEAR SIR—Your kind letter was duly received by me. I am sorry, indeed, that any question should have arisen about the judging in your classes, and we wanted all the evidence we could get before taking any decided steps: and now, at this late day, Dr. Perry comes forward and says No. 85, So So, was not at the show at all when the judging was being done: that the judge (yourself) did not see her.

We look upon it that Dr. Perry deceived you, leading you to believe his bitch was present, by not saying differently when you called the numbers over in making the kennel award.

Our committee met last evening, and from Perry's acknowledgment of only having four dogs in the show we decided to give the kennel prize to Mr. Lindsay's kennel, as it could not be won by less than five dogs.

Our club feel deeply chagrined to think one of our members would attempt to practice such business both upon you and upon an exhibitor.

I was sorry not to have met you when you were here, and that we should have had so unpleasant weather.

I trust our action in regard to this Kennel prize may have your approval. Very respectfully, E. COMFORT, Sec'y.

Further comment seems unnecessary, except to state that the action of the committee does meet with my unqualified approbation. A. S. APGAR.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In commenting upon the collie kennel protest at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's late show, in the course of your remarks you say: "The club took nearly two weeks instead of five minutes to consider the matter," thus implying that the delay of action in the matter could have been avoided. Mr. Lindsay's protest was sustained as soon as a special meeting to consider the subject could be called instead of having the matter lie over until next stated meeting of the club during first week of November. Never was it intended by the committee that aught but justice should be given. Your comments, whether intentionally or not, convey the idea that the committee's action was purposely delayed. A MEMBER.

[Nobody but a highly organized idiot, in good and regular standing, would have drawn any such inference from the comments in question.]

THE BLACK AND TAN COLLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About a month ago I wrote a letter advocating the division of collies into two classes, making a separate one for the black and tan. You kindly gave my article place in your columns. At the same time I wrote a letter to the *A. K. R.* In the October number I find the following: "B. A. R. O. If the black and tan collies are good enough they can win. The trouble is there are very few good ones, and that being the case we cannot advocate a distinction by color which would place them on a par with better dogs. * * * All collies are judged by the same standard," etc.

The editor of the *A. K. R.* says truly there are very few good black and tans. But why is this so? Simply because they have been bred indiscriminately with dogs of all colors, and so have in such cases lost those distinctions, which are not only their chief beauty, but which are sufficiently marked to distinguish them from other colors of collies.

Now, what do we breed for, that is supposing we breed intelligently? The main point, I take it, is to keep the strain pure. For this reason we register our dogs, stud visits and produce, simply that we may know that a dog called a collie is a collie. Next we should breed for beauty. And the only way to do this is to perpetuate prominently beautiful features. There is one beauty mark about a black and tan collie which will not be found on any other dog (unless the strain has been crossed with the black and tan). He has a tan chest. Beginning at each shoulder is a frill (formed by the hair on the chest and body growing in opposite directions, thus forming a curl at the line of meeting), this frill on each side extends down in a slant, meeting at the center of the chest, just low enough down so that when the dog lowers his head the point of the frill or curled line is just below his chin, and in that position looks very pretty as a frame to the face. And the collie often holds his head so when sitting.

Now I claim that when a strain of black and tan collies has been kept pure every pup will be black and tan and will have this and other beauty marks (spots over the eye, tan stockings, etc.) peculiar to the black and tan.

If I can show that something is gained by keeping this collie away from other colors, and it cannot be shown that anything is gained by mixing, is not my position well taken that it would be well to breed separately? For practical purposes is the collie less useful because he is black and tan? Certainly not. Then why not perpetuate him? If the *A. K. R.* editor is correct, as he undoubtedly is, that good black and tan collies are scarce, does not that prove that we are gradually wiping out a beautiful animal? And how can it be better helped than by making a separate class of him? As long as the tawny dog takes the prizes he is bound to be the stud dog; and owners will send their females to the champion regardless of the color of their own females. But make a separate class, and give us a few black and tan champion stud dogs, and we will remove the temptation to breed across in color. In nature generally do we not expect the young to resemble the mother? But if a black and tan bitch has a tawny father how can we expect a litter all one color? And does it look like natural or intelligent breeding to see sisters and brothers all different? In *A. K. R.* for October we see in the "Produce Register": "Collies. Beauty III.—Ben Nevis.—Mr. W. S. Powers's Beauty III. (A.K.R. 2598) whelped eight, two sable dogs, two black and tan dogs, one white and black dog, one sable bitch, one white and black bitch, one white with black and sable markings." With any other dog but the unfortunate collie such a result would be laughed at. This is a good instance of what I asserted above. Mr. Powers sent Beauty III., a black and tan, to Ben Nevis, a sable dog, because of the stud dog's reputation; and of course under the present rules such breeding is right enough, only it is one more blow at black and tan stock. And it does not seem to me to be beneficial breeding, because the progeny is not as good as either parent, for this reason: Ben Nevis bred to a sable bitch would probably throw sable puppies, and Beauty III. (if true black and tan bred) would throw black and tan to a black and tan dog. In other words, you could guess the progeny by the parents. But who would try to guess at the progeny of any of these puppies? But again I say under the present rules Mr. Powers was right to use the best known stud dog he could find.

Now let me show you how the black and tan can be bred. Some years ago Mr. C. F. Thompson of Wadley's Falls,

imported a pair of black and tan collies, Lord Lorne and Nancy. Nancy unfortunately died about a month ago. These dogs were bred together again and again, and every pup was black and tan. The last litter was 6 males and 4 females, all black and tan. These 4 females were named Lui, Spunk, Gipsey and Lady Lola (A.K.R. 2714). Spunk he kept himself and bred to Lord Lorne, her father. She threw 10—6 males and 4 females—all black and tan. Lui was bred to his Gaffa III., result, 10—8 males and 2 females, all black and tan; Gipsey to a dog owned by purchaser, result, 9 black and tans, 7 males, 2 females; Lady Lola I bought and bred to Los (Tam O'Shanter stock) result, 8, 7 males, 1 female, 7 black and tan, 1 black and tan with white ring around neck. To recapitulate on the last breeding, Nancy to Lord Lorne, 10 black and tan, 4 bitches; the 4 bitches to black and tan dogs, threw 37 pups, 36 black and tan, and of the 37, 28 were males.

This then is what I mean by intelligent breeding. When I bought Lady Lola I saw her three sisters. I arranged to get their records when bred. I have just received it. Therefore I attribute the white-ringed pup in my litter to the sire, and therefore Los is for sale or to give away if need be. Why? Because I will not use him again with Lady Lola, nor would I with my sable bitches, therefore he is of no use to me. Now I want to replace him. If there were some champion black and tans in the stud I could easily send my bitch to be served and afterward use her get with her, but as the black and tan is run down in this country I can only experiment.

And so I claim that the division into a separate class would do much to improve the black and tan, and the others too, as it would help to make breeding true to color all round more possible. I hope some other breeders will express themselves in this matter, so that I may not be entirely alone.

B. A. R. OTTOLENGUI.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRAUDULENT PEDIGREES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct 1 Mr. Dilley's article on the pedigree of the pointer bitch Fancy, and his remarks regarding my action in the matter, I will say that Fancy was shipped to me the fore part of July last, represented as by Croxteth, ex Royal Fan. I was well acquainted with Croxteth, but knew nothing of Royal Fan; so wrote to Mr. Godeffroy asking him for pedigree. On receipt of his reply referring me to Mr. W. A. Coster and Mr. Dilley I wrote to both of these gentlemen; and now, in order to show those interested how near Mr. Dilley came to the truth when he stated that he replied to my letter, informing me of the bitch's false pedigree, I ask you to publish his reply, also Mr. Godeffroy's, and the reply to my letter written to Mr. Coster, which constitutes the entire correspondence.

Mr. Dilley pronounces my understanding badly off and my memory treacherous. I think if you read these letters carefully you will agree with me that my understanding was good and my memory far ahead of Mr. Dilley's. After hearing that Mr. Dilley had written the purchaser of the bitch that I had sold her knowing her pedigree to be false—as he had replied to my inquiry telling me so—I wrote to Mr. Dilley, telling him the contents of his reply to my inquiry and asking him in a very friendly way to apologize for his statement. And now see, rather than be fair and honest in the matter, he answers me with this postal card; and I again ask those interested if it seems at all reasonable that after Mr. Dilley had replied to my inquiry on the 27th about the bitch, asking me to forward full particulars, etc., that he should without waiting for my reply sit down again the very next day—the 28th—and write me again, and this time tell me that the bitch's pedigree was false? Fancy's pedigree may be false, but when Mr. Dilley states that he wrote me informing me of it, I can only say that I did not receive the letter. C. E. LEWIS.

Collingwood, Ont., Oct. 9.

[So far as we can judge from reading the letters referred to by Mr. Lewis, the only mistake in the whole business arose from a misunderstanding as to the identity of the bitch Fancy. Mr. Lewis took it for granted that she was by Croxteth and out of Royal Fan and wrote to Messrs. Dilley, Godeffroy and Coster for the pedigree of her dam with no explanation as to the claim that Fancy was so bred. All of the gentlemen appear to have written Mr. Lewis without any reference to this claim. Mr. Dilley says that he wrote to Mr. Lewis the next day and told him that Fancy was not bred as was claimed, unless she was Cora C. Mr. Lewis says he did not receive this postal; this appears to be all of the misunderstanding between these gentlemen. Had Mr. Lewis exercised the ordinary care common in all business transactions, he would not have been deceived in the purchase of Fancy. There is no excuse for Mr. Miller in selling Fancy with a pedigree that has been plainly proven to be false. Moral—Buy a dog as you would a house and lot and save the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM the unpleasant duty of exposing fraudulent dog sales.]

BEAGLE RECORDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a matter of importance to owners and breeders of beagles, also to the members of our Beagle Club, I wish to ask for their opinions, through your paper, in regard to the keeping of a perfect record of their hounds both as regards pedigree and winnings at bench shows, as it is the only way in which the breed can be kept pure and purchasers protected from dog dealers, who only love any breed for the clear money they can make out of them. I think too much care cannot be taken by owners in entering their beagles properly at all our shows, as a mistake in doing so may become a serious matter should dogs so entered win a prize, as it then becomes a matter of public record. I am of the opinion that winnings and the show at which they were awarded should be entered in the catalogue of all shows at which a beagle is exhibited for competition, as then it cannot become a matter of doubt whether the dog did or not win, as the following case will show: Mr. Dan O'Shea entered at Philadelphia, in September, 1885, a beagle called Kino, white, black and tan, age two years, imported. Now, in the first place, the dog was much older, and in the second, he never was imported. I ask Mr. O'Shea for the proofs, for I learn from good authority the dog was purchased in Michigan. Again, in October, 1885, Mr. O'Shea entered a beagle dog, Rattler, in the champion class at Philadelphia and stated that he was the winner of twenty first and second prizes. Now, as he owned several Rattlers, I want to know where this dog won all his prizes. He also entered a bitch called Mischief, age two years, at the same show and states that she is the winner of first and second prizes. I ask where, as he owns three by that name, and it is not the one entered at Philadelphia in May, 1885, which took first, as the sire and dam are both different, also their ages. Now, I claim if beagle owners, breeders and exhibitors are working to make the beagle a success, they cannot be (in connection with a perfect record) too careful about having one name for almost all their dogs. If an owner must do so, let him add Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and so on to their names. But don't put No. 2 up in the class if No. 1 dies. The proper way is to have No. 2 remain so, as that will not confuse those who own stock out of or by such a number. I am not making this a personal matter, only I have an interest in having beagle matters straight, if possible.

I must not let this opportunity pass without thanking you again for the interest you have at all times taken in the beagle and the club. It is largely through your help we are advancing the breed. I am much pleased with your report on the beagles and the judging at the show held at Philadelphia this month. It is complete and full, good and correct. Let the good work continue. A MEMBER OF THE BEAGLE CLUB.

THE ROBINS ISLAND FIELD TRIALS.

THE fourth annual field trials of the Robins Island Club, to be run on Robins Island, Nov. 4, promise to be the most interesting yet held. So far as I can learn the dogs entered are well up in their work, and the winner will have no easy task. Birds are very plenty and well grown, and the grounds are all that any one could wish. The gentlemen selected as judges are Col. L. C. Bruce, C. T. Lewis, Esq. and Dr. S. W. Bridges. The stakes are open to members only. Following is a list of the entries:

ALL-AGED STAKE.

Berkley (N. D. Putnam), red Irish setter (Chief—Gussie).
Bessie (W. H. Force), liver and white pointer bitch (Sensation—Minecla).
Ruby (H. D. Polhemus), liver and white pointer bitch.
Dare (H. D. Polhemus), red Irish setter.
Don (W. B. Dickerman), liver and white pointer dog.
Moke (W. B. Dickerman), black, white and tan English setter dog (champion St. Elmo—Prairie Rose).
Brighton (S. B. Duryea), Gordon setter dog (Gypsum—Wrag).
Fred (A. T. Plummer), Gordon setter dog.
Doctor (W. H. Force), black English setter dog (Sid—Fan).
St. Ives (L. Waterbury), liver and white English setter dog (champion St. Elmo—Maida).
Force (L. Waterbury), lemon and white pointer dog (Vandevort's Don—Force's Bessie).
Pride (Chauncey Marshall) orange and white English setter.
St. Elmo V. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan English setter dog (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise).
St. Elmo VI. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan English setter dog (St. Elmo IV.—Lucy).
Canto (L. H. Bullard) breed and pedigree not given.
Gipsey Queen (L. H. Bullard), blue belton English setter bitch.
Max (L. H. Bullard), breed and pedigree not given.
Beau Suffolk (A. S. Swan), liver and white pointer dog (Tam O'Shanter—Fannie).
Count Jack (Jas. N. Jarvie), black and tan setter dog (Chancellor—Fan).
Blade o' Grass (L. H. Bullard), orange and white English setter dog (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise).
Prince Hal (John B. McCue), orange and white English setter dog (Champion St. Elmo—Maida).
Dan T. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan English setter dog (Jesse Gladstone—Chatelaine).

BRACE STAKE.

Blade o' Grass and Max, L. H. Bullard.
Pride and Berkley, Chauncey Marshall.
Don and Moke, W. B. Dickerman.
Fred and Romeo, A. T. Plummer.
St. Ives and Doctor, L. Waterbury.
Force and Bessie, Wm. H. Force.
Count Jack and Prince Hal, Jas. N. Jarvie.
Dave and Ruby, H. D. Polhemus.
Faerie and St. Elmo VI., Dr. S. Fleet Speir.
St. Elmo V. and Dan T., Dr. S. Fleet Speir.

DERBY.

Gipsey Queen (L. H. Bullard), blue belton English setter bitch.
Count Paradox (Geo. R. Sheldon), English setter dog.
Force (L. Waterbury), lemon and white pointer dog (Don—Bessie).
St. Elmo VI. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan English setter dog (St. Elmo IV.—Lucy). ROBIN.

THE WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you the list of entries for both stakes to the trials of the Western Field Trials Association, to be held at Abilene, Kansas, the week beginning Monday, Nov. 9. The number of entries exceeds our expectations, and as the birds are plentiful, hotel and livery accommodations ample, we are looking forward to a very successful and pleasant meeting. The first annual meeting of the association will be held the evening of the first day of the trials.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

Bridgeport (E. E. Pray, Denver, Col.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 3yrs. (Dashing Monarch—Vannette).
Joe (H. P. Dillon, Topeka, Kan.), red Irish setter dog, 3yrs. (Irish Ranger—Lady Trumbull).
Patsy (R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City, Mo.), red Irish setter dog, 2¾yrs. (Lord Dufferin—Queen Bess).
Cato (R. C. Van Horn, Kansas City, Mo.), red Irish setter dog, 1¾yrs. (Keno—Maude).
Richmond (John E. Gill, Franklin, Pa.), lemon and white pointer dog, 26mos. (Vandervort's Don—Beulah).
American Dan (T. W. House, Houston, Tex.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 5yrs. (Lincoln—Daisy Dean).
Trinket's Bang (Wm. Titterington, Wyanet, Ill.), white and liver pointer dog, 32mos. (Croxteth—Trinket).
Queen Bess (B. F. Price, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 2yrs. (Gladstone—Donna J).
Prairie Storm (W. W. Judy, St. Louis, Mo.), English setter dog, 6yrs. (Charm—Prairie Belle).
Dash Dale (W. B. Lee, Kansas City, Mo.), black and white English setter dog, 6yrs. (Dash B.—Daisy Dale).
Tom (J. W. Blythe, Burlington, Ia.), pointer dog (Meteor—Accident).
Vanity (J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo.), liver and white pointer bitch, 3yrs. (Bang—Pride).
Count Rapier (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), black and white English setter dog, 4yrs. (Druid—Magnolia).
Lillian (P. H and D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 26mos. (Gladstone—Sue).

DERBY.

Floss (E. E. Pray, Denver, Col.), white and orange English setter bitch, 10mos. (Prince—Alice Dale).
Queenie (E. E. Pray, Denver, Col.), white and orange English setter bitch, 10mos. (Waters's Grouse—Daisy Dale).
White Cloud (Alonzo Campbell, Clay Center, Kan.), white, black and tan English setter dog, 15mos. (Druid—Princess Draco).
Rod (David Castleman, St. Louis, Mo.), white and liver ticked pointer dog, 18mos. (Meteor—Dell).
Krupp (G. C. Castleman, St. Louis, Mo.), white and liver ticked pointer dog, 18mos. (Meteor—Dell).
Don Burglar D. (George H. Laughton, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 10mos. (Burglar—Queen Dido).
Blitz Burglar, D. (George H. Laughton, Chicago, Ill.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 10mos. (Burglar—Queen Dido).
Drake M. (A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white pointer dog, 12mos. (Meteor—Maggie V.).
Bang B. (A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white ticked pointer dog, 14mos. (Beaufort—Gertrude).
Belle B. (A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white ticked pointer bitch, 14mos. (Beaufort—Gertrude).
Bow B. (A. A. Whipple, Kansas City, Mo.), lemon and white pointer dog, 14mos. (Beaufort—Gertrude).
Natalie (Joseph Hayward, Jr., St. Joseph, Mo.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, 15mos. (Gladstone—Donna J.).
Shot M. (R. M. Snyder, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white pointer dog, 12mos. (Meteor—Maggie V.).
Malite (J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo.), liver and white pointer bitch, 17mos. (Meteor—Dell).
Meteorite (J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo.), liver and white pointer bitch, 18mos. (Meteor—Vanity).
Don (W. H. Blodgett, St. Louis, Mo.), liver and white pointer dog, 12mos. (Meteor—Phœbe).
Nortier (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 16mos. (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).
Bob Bowles (W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 16mos. (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).
Dick (D. Underwood, Kansas City, Mo.), liver and white pointer dog, 18mos. (Meteor— ——).
Tom (J. W. Blythe, Burlington, Ia.), pointer dog (Meteor—Accident). A. A. WHIPPLE, Secretary.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 23.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club will be held at Rio Grande, N. J., Nov. 17, 18, and 19, and will comprise: The All-Aged Stake, open to all setters and pointers owned by members of the P. K. C. The Derby, open to all setter and pointer puppies, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1884, owned by members of the P. K. C. There will be two prizes in each stake, and the committee will add a third prize if number of entries warrant it. Entries will close Nov. 1 and should be made with Secretary of F. T. Committee. Entrance fee $5 each. Members desiring to visit the trials will please communicate with the secretary, in order that accommodations may be secured. Trials will be run under the new rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club. Judge of the trials will be Mr. C. S. Westcott, of Philadelphia. The following entries have already been made. A number more will be sent in before the closing date:

ALL-AGED STAKE.

Bruce (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter dog (Elcho—Noreen).
Leigh Doane (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Rose).
Jessie (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Noreen).
Little Nell (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Rose).
Leigh Doane II. (W. H. Child), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Leigh Doane).
Victoria (Chas. T. Thompson), red Irish setter bitch (Berkley—Nora).
Cassino Gladstone (E. Comfort), blue belton English setter bitch (Gladstone—Countess Druid).
Leda (B. Ridgeway), lemon and white English setter bitch (Prince—Dashing Belle).
Prince Castle (B. Ridgeway), blue belton English setter dog (Prince—Dashing Belle).
Grouse (Mr. Richardson), lemon and white English setter dog (Grouse—Leda).
Mr. L. Shuster, Jr., has entered three dogs, names not ascertained.

DERBY.

Leigh Doane II. (W. H. Child), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Leigh Doane).
Victoria (C. T. Thompson), red Irish setter bitch (Berkley—Nora).
Rowdy (E. W. Clark, Jr.), black and white English setter dog (Dashing Monarch— ——).

Several other entries have been made, names not ascertained.

From all reports there are plenty of birds on the grounds at Rio Grande, and as there is no shooting allowed on the 3,000 acres which the owners have kindly offered to the club for their trials, it is expected that enough coveys will be found to finish the races within the time specified.

The nearest hotels to the shooting grounds are those across the sound on Holly Beach, Sea Island City, and at Cape May. The club house at Rio Grande being limited in its accommodations to a few, members, handlers, judges and correspondents only can "camp" there.

The affair will not be gilt-edged but lots of provender will be provided, and it is hoped that all may have good appetites to enjoy it, and that plenty of birds will be found. MARK.

Philadelphia, Oct. 25.

THE FUTURE OF DOG SHOWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The abandonment of the Pittsburg and York, Pa., shows, in consequence of a lack of entries, the falling off both in numbers and quality of the entries at Philadelphia, the failure of the Chicago show to pay their premiums, and the almost invariable pecuniary loss that dog shows have suffered this season; are all indications that demand serious attention.

A Western editor has discovered that the falling off in entries at Pittsburg was due to the selection of Messrs. Mason and Watson as judges.

In view of the violent personal animosity of the man in question to these gentlemen, this discovery simply raises a smile. Not to waste serious attention on it, it suffices to state that these gentlemen judged at New Haven, where they had 296 entries in their classes, 163 of which were from outside the State of Connecticut. This is 55 per cent. At Philadelphia Mr. Mortimer, who is entirely acceptable to the editor mentioned, had 110 entries, only 39 of which were from outside of Pennsylvania. This is only 35 per cent. Comment is unnecessary, except to say that it is the outside exhibitor that scrutinizes the list of judges.

The significant fact for consideration is that dog shows, as a rule, have ceased to pay their way. Boston seems to have been the only one this season that made any money. Cincinnati showed a balance of $70, but their facilities for reducing expenses, and increasing receipts from "miscellaneous sources" were unique, the attendance at the show was a failure.

Now it cannot be expected that members of show clubs will go on paying money out of pocket for the pleasure of neglecting their private business and working like beavers for a fortnight or more. They don't expect to make money out of shows, but they have a right to expect that their time and trouble is all they shall be called on to sacrifice.

"Porcupine" has discovered that hereafter the local exhibitors must be relied on to furnish the bulk of the entries. I don't see how this is to help the case if the present relation of revenue and expenditures is to be maintained.

It has been the uniform result of the inquiries that I have made, that the attendance at shows has been disappointing. The problem is, how to increase attendance, or how to reduce expenses. The former seems an unsolvable conundrum, the latter may receive several answers—the premium list may be reduced in amount, etc. It has always seemed to me that exhibitors took a wrong view of the case, when they expect to make a profit by showing, even to get square is more than they have a right to expect. To nobody are dog shows an absolute necessity but to breeders and exhibitors. Without the opportunities thus afforded of seeing other dogs, comparing notes, etc., what a tremendous task it would be to breed dogs of type! So as the breeder and exhibitor is the one chiefly benefitted, on him should fall the burden of supporting the show. This may seem harsh doctrine, and it may be all wrong, but it is worth while taking it into consideration. Or is it possible that dog shows as such have lost their attractiveness to the public? That skating rinks, base ball, etc., have displaced them in popular favor?

There is no use in going on in the miserable mimicry of the wearied ostrich that has prevailed so long. Lauding shows like New Orleans, St. Louis, Milwaukee or Dayton, does not change facts, precious few are deceived, and they are soon undeceived. In this connection the comments of FOREST AND STREAM on the Philadelphia show are in good tone, noting plainly the shortcomings of the show, and also the hard work of the managers to make it a success.

With all respect to the memory of our late good friend

Charlie Lincoln, I cannot but think that a good deal of the trouble we have is a legacy from him. We all remember his jolly slip and go easy ways, postponing all disagreeable matters, smoothing down ruffled tempers, yet doing nothing to cure the evils complained of. Now that we have no such smoothing iron, shirt bosoms have got in a fearfully rumpled state. Then it must be confessed that there was a strong dash of humbug in Charlie's methods, puffing in the daily papers some beast as "the beautiful ——;" dogs entered as valued at $500 appearing in the catalogues as valued at $5,000, etc., all added a false glamor to shows, which soon wore off, and left an aching void.

I had a curious illustration of this. One of our officers was very indignant at "Porcupine" for saying that there was a feeling that the Philadelphia show would operate to the disadvantage of ours. "Why," said I, "did he not say that the feeling was not justified by the facts of the case?" "Well, he ought not to have said it," was all the answer I could get. Since then, I have mentally cursed dog show managers as well as intending exhibitors. The way the latter can devil the committee about classifications to suit their dogs, beats all the efforts of a dozen sparrows after a robin. Monks wants the bullfoundland class divided between blue and green dogs, Tom Collins wants the rackabone class divided between hexagonal and octagonal dogs, and so on *ad infinitum*. What "true cockers" would demand as a just recognition of their merits, would beat a whole guessing school. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Oct. 23, 1885.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your statement regarding the black, white and tan toy spaniels, I will say that I have carefully looked over the works of Stonehenge, Vero Shaw and Idstone, and I can find no mention of the Prince Charles spaniel. In speaking of the King Charles of fifty years ago, Stonehenge says they were usually of a black, tan and white color. Vero Shaw says the King Charles should be either black and tan or black, tan and white. Idstone, in speaking of the King Charles of thirty years ago, mentions a superb black, white and tan bitch.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to ask you how and where the black, white and tan came by the name of Prince Charles spaniels. DR. G. WALTON.

BOSTON, Mass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In last week's issue I notice a letter from Dr. G. Walton, of Boston, asking what is a Prince Charles spaniel, and your reply thereto.

With all due respect to FOREST AND STREAM as a reliable authority on dog matters, I, and probably Mr. Walton and others, would be glad of a little more light on this subject. For myself I confess I doubt the correctness of your answer to Mr. Walton's question. I may be wrong, and if so am willing to learn, but so far I have never heard of Prince Charles spaniels and have never seen them mentioned in any kennel works as far as I can remember. HEMLOCK.

MATTAPAN, Mass.

[While of course we take great pleasure in giving information to our readers, we do not altogether like to be obliged to repeat the same thing over twice. Dr. Walton's experience in breeding spaniels may be great, but a little familiarity with the literature of a breed is important if one is going to write about it for the printer. There is progress in dog matters as in other things, and it is not possible to learn everything about our pets from the pages of "Stonehenge," Vero Shaw and "Idstone." The name Prince Charles was given to the tri-color King Charles spaniels by the English Toy Spaniel Club and has been adopted by the principal shows throughout England.]

BEAGLES AT PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article under the above heading which appeared in your last issue contains a few remarks concerning my dog Bannerman which are misleading and therefore demand this reply. I always claimed Bannerman to be under 12 inches in height, and do so yet, Mr. Schellhass to the contrary notwithstanding. If properly measured Bannerman will always be found nearer 11 than 12 inches. I deny the assertion of Mr. Schellhass, that all the parties who measured Bannerman last spring made him over 12 inches. There was quite a diversity of opinions on that occasion. The measuring then was very improperly done, viz., with sticks.

At the late Philadelphia show Bannerman was again measured at my request by the judge, Mr. Stovell, and he, as well as all present, pronounced him almost an inch short of 12 inches. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs. Pottinger Dorsey, Dan O'Shea, W. H. Ashburner, W. L. Crittenden, L. D. Sloan and others, all of whom I think will willingly testify to my assertion.

Now in regard to what Mr. Schellhass says concerning my entering Bannerman in a class over 12 inches, I will say that owing to the absence of a champion class for beagles under 12 inches (and Bannerman having won three firsts, therefore eligible to the champion class) I supposed that I had a perfect right to enter in the only champion class which was provided for beagles. I did not take into consideration the probability of my dog being ruled out for being under size. It was a great mistake on the part of the Philadelphia Kennel Club to insert the clause "over 12 inches" in connection with their champion class. Before dismissing this subject let me say that I did not enter Bannerman in a class over 12 inches, thinking that he belonged there, as Mr. Schellhass wishes to convey, but for the reasons given above.

In conclusion I will say that I was one of those present when Mr. Schellhass's dog Trailer was measured, and the fact that the dog was oversized was apparent to every one present. Mr. W. L. Crittenden, who led the dog into the ring, also acknowledged the fact. This I only mention in justice to the judge A. C. KRUEGER.

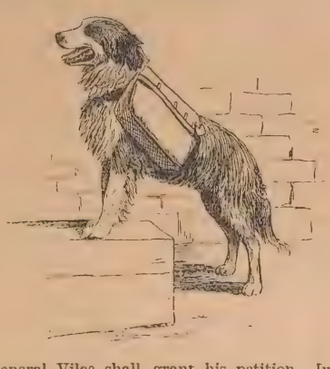
WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 26, 1885.

THE ST. BERNARD BERYL.—In our comments on the St. Bernards at Philadelphia we stated that "Beryl was out of coat." Her owner writes us that this was indeed the case, as she was dead. In examining the dogs we found a bitch in Beryl's stall, and our notes read as follows: "Faulty in head, ears and tail, a bit light in bone, out of coat." As Beryl was criticised in our report of the New York show last year we made no comment except that she was out of coat. We did not find Bertha, No. 35, in her stall, and have no notes against her number and conclude that this bitch was in the wrong stall and had probably been removed from her puppies by her keeper. As both belong to the same kennel, this can easily be determined by the owner. We only wonder that many mistakes of the kind did not occur, as many of the dogs were in wrong stalls. We found Dashing Monarch in the stall belonging to Rockingham, with a crowd around admiring the celebrated champion. Had we not known the dogs our report might have been a little mixed.

LADY MAUD.—Ellicott City, Md., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you grant me space in your columns simply to convey to Mr. John W. Munson a small piece of intelligence. The pointer bitch Lady Maud, very high com. and reserve at the late Philadelphia show and also noticed in your report of the same, is one of the "pair of weeds" that Mr. Munson pronounced last year as "the worst he ever saw." She is also 4½ years old. I have no comments to make.—T. B. DORSEY.

DORSEY.

DORSEY is the suggestive name of a California mail-carrier. Dorsey is probably the only postal employe in California who has not trembled for fear of losing office on the ground of offensive partisanship. But Dorsey has not even voted. He is a dog. His official wages are small, and through the proper authorities he has made application to have them increased. At present he gets two beefsteaks a week. He wants his salary raised to seven steaks a week and mileage. His constituents have signed a petition to that effect, and the dog looks anxiously forward to the day when Post-



master-General Vilas shall grant his petition. In the cut given above, which is taken from a photograph of the carrier in costume, Dorsey is shown smiling broadly over the prospect of increased wages. The drawing is by the artist of the New York *World*. It is from a photograph sent to Mrs. Rusa Bodenstein, of No. 204 East Fifty-first street, by her son, who is a mine owner at Bismarck, along the line of route over which Dorsey travels. The miners who live in the dog's district feel so kindly toward the novel carrier that no cabin is considered complete without a picture of their pet hung in the most conspicuous place. Once a month or so, whenever a traveling photographer strikes the town, Dorsey has to submit to be photographed. He has grown to like the process now and seems to understand what it is all about. Whenever one of these traveling artists appears the dog is the first to scent him out and to pilot him to the country store that serves as post-office. Here he waits to have his mail bag strapped on, and, when all is properly adjusted, he poses in full uniform as patiently as a society actress the day before her debut.

Before Dorsey was appointed regular mail carrier between Calico and Bismarck, in San Bernardino county, his reputation was not the best. He was said to be lazy, and would rather loaf away the summer days in a shady spot than work for a living. He is a black and white collie with sharp nose, bright, quick eyes and the usual shaggy coat. The way he came to be installed as a Government employe was this: The postmaster at Calico had a brother in the mines at Bismarck to whom he wanted to send word one day. The place was three miles up the mountain, along a bare, stony road, burning with heat. It was a hot, toilsome tramp and no one in the village offered to go. So the postmaster thought he would send Dorsey just to see how it would work. The letter was written and tied around the dog's neck, his head was pointed up the Bismarck road, and he was told to "git out fur Bismarck." He started, ran a few rods and stopped. But a shower of stones started him again, and that was the last seen of him in Calico that day.

The next day he returned from Bismarck with an answering letter tied around his neck. He had been well treated at the mining camp, was fed well and petted on his return, and seemed very proud of his achievement. After this other letters were sent in the same way, and by-and-by the miners asked that all their mail be sent up by the dog route. There were more than he could carry, so a little mail bag with brass trimmings and the usual Government lock was purchased and fitted to Dorsey's back. The bag is fastened by two straps, one around his chest and the other around his forelegs. When the bag was first strapped on his back a grand ceremony was held by the miners and the postmaster, and Dorsey was formally and officially installed as carrier with a salary of two beefsteaks a week and promise of increased pay if he behaved himself. Now residents of San Bernardino county have grown to look upon the dog as a regular institution quite in the ordinary run of affairs.

Dorsey knows when the stage that brings the mail is due, and on those occasions he sticks closely to the post-office. When the letters and papers have been sorted out the postmaster says, "Dorsey, the mail is ready," and the dog stands soberly to have the bag strapped on. Then, with a sharp bark of farewell, he trots over the hills on a little trail he has worn himself. If he meets a stranger he makes a wide detour to avoid him, and when other dogs try to be friendly and get up a little fight with soft gloves, so to speak, gravely declines and goes on his way. He will not run any risk of losing the mail. Arriving at Bismarck he stops at six or seven of the principal houses in town and standing at the front door barks until some one comes out, examines the bag and takes what belongs to him. Then Dorsey trots on to the next house and so on throughout his route. Only a few known friends are permitted by him to open the bag. Then at night the miners give him a big supper and the next day he starts back for his office at Calico with letters bound for the post-office.

Post-office Inspector T. F. Tracy, sent out by the Government to inspect California mail facilities, reports the Dorsey dog route the most faithful and prompt in the State.

A newspaper suggests the formation of a corps of messenger dogs, to take the place of or supplement the commissionaires and the telegraph boys of the London streets. The dogs should be uniformed to the extent of a distinguishing badge around their neck—and would be divided up into districts, each stationed at a certain street corner, from which he knew his way well to the nearest postal telegraph office. When a man wanted to have a telegram sent or a letter mailed, he would whistle to the dog, slip the money and the message into a bag at the dog's throat and send him off, then he would be expected to make a bee-line for the accustomed office, whence he would be again sent to his street corner (with an answer, if necessary), to wait for another customer. If the scheme should be thought worth the trying, there is no reason why it should not be successfully carried out. Every one can recall instances, which he has seen or heard of, of dogs which had been taught to call regularly for the family mail or the newspaper, and take it to their master, and in some parts of rural England the intelligent beasts have been pressed into Government service and cover a regular postal route every day. What, then, is there to prevent them being regularly organized into corps and taught to do the small offices which would be required of them as messenger dogs? No one who thinks of all the dogs he has known, and remembers the famous dogs of history, will doubt their intelligence and fidelity. And, in some particulars, the dog would certainly be an improvement on the messenger boy. Dogs do not play marbles, nor will they go many blocks out of their way to follow a circus. No one ever saw a dozen hounds sitting on their haunches watching a man peddling patent match safes, and they are proof against the seductive influence of a fire alarm. The messenger youth, on the other hand, is a frail thing, easy of temptation and subject to mortal weakness. Whatever other results that would follow the mobilization of this novel army, the public would at least gain in rapidity of service, while the Government (or the company which managed the dogs) would be free from all apprehensions of a strike among its employes.

CONCERNING KICKERS.—Mr. W. Wade writes to the *Stock-Keeper* in reference to an article about "American Kickers," written to the *Scottish Fancier* by "Corsincon:" Now, my excellent friend "Corsincon," you have accurately described an animal that is often to be found at our shows; but, good conscience! you have got the name all wrong. Fact is I think you come nearer the description of the genuine article of American "kicker" than almost anybody I know. The "kicker" is just what the name describes; he kicks, and, if he is worthy of the name, somebody knows that he has done so with a forty-mule power. About as fair an illustration of what we "kick" for is the matter of "Daniel at Bristol show"; only the American kicker generally takes much stronger ground, and uses much stronger language than Mr. Sheffield did. An exhibitor, Mr. Gregg, once paid three dollars for the entry of a mastiff puppy. When the judging came on, he was rather astonished by having a whole litter of four, that had paid five dollars entry as a litter, brought out against him; and when one of this litter won, he kicked most emphatically, and was no ways sparing of free expression of his opinion of the honesty of the transaction; and, of course, he won first honors in the wordy war that followed. When Mr. Mason's pointer, Beaufort, was beaten under a judge who owned a winning dog a day before the show, did not own her when judging, and did own her a week after, he "kicked," the result being an angry war, now famous as the "pointer protest," in which Mr. Mason achieved the greatest victory I ever knew won in the press, for he converted several who had been hostile to him to friends. Why, confound it, "Corsincon," when Mr. Hammond, of the FOREST AND STREAM, introduced me to you, before he gave my name, did not he class me as a "kicker", one of those who "kicks" when his dog wins as readily as when beaten? Not that I propose to set myself up as a guide for you or anybody, but surely you will not take me for one of the beautiful animals you describe as "kickers." The correct name of the beast you mean is "sorehead," a fellow who measures the correctness of the judges' decisions by the place his dog gets; like that Irish terrier exhibitor, who swore high and low at you for not putting his dog first, when such judges as Jas. Watson and R. H. Barlow said his dog might be a terrier, and might have come from Ireland, but could not see the Irish terrier in him. No sir, the American "kicker" is a most worthy specimen. If his dog is put back when he ought to have won, the genuine kicker says so, and give his reason for it; but, be he right or wrong, he does not indulge in the little shines you depict. For myself I glory in belonging to the noble army of kickers, exemplified by Messrs. Mason, Watson, Gregg, Greene, etc.—men who are not afraid to speak their minds over their own signatures; just like you, "Corsincon." By the way, "Corsincon," in all your American experience you never had an odder one than that solemn procession at Cincinnati, when the setter Dido was taken out of her stall. It was a very solemn and affecting scene. Then why don't you give us your ideas of American dogs? Our foxhounds, for instance, what a new breed they were to you? and don't you forget to laugh at our stories of hounds running fifty miles or more on a chase. You didn't more than half believe me when I assured you that it was quite possible, for when hounds get after a deer there is no knowing where they will go, how long they will be away, or whether they will ever get back. You see, fox hunts are a very different story here from with you. I would like to see a party of horsemen following the hounds through one of our laurel thickets and over our hills and dales. All that the biped participants in a fox hunt get is sitting on their horses and hearing the dogs give tongue, seeing them perhaps once in a run, so tongue is more important in a hound than speed. I ask you to give us your ideas of American dogs and doggy things. Don't fail to dwell on the inspiring sight of an exhibitor squatting down, with one hand under a setter's nose, the other holding out the tip of its tail, slueing the critter round to catch the judge's eye. It always looks to me like "one dog, one fool, and a judge." Now give us your impressions. We want to know just how we strike a habitué of your English shows, where we are deficient and where we are strong.

A FAITHFUL MASTIFF.—A correspondent sends us this story of a mastiff's characteristic performance of duty: "About fifty years ago, in South Wales, one of the workmen on a farm coveted some of the apples in the best orchard. He knew that his master had a mastiff in it at night, but he had been used to the dog since he was a pup, so he was not afraid of it. He made a hole in the wall on the top of which grew a white thorn hedge, that a bird could not go through, and in the night crept through. The dog came to meet him. The man picked the choice apples and in high glee prepared to leave, but no, the dog would not let him go. The man could not believe himself at first, but after many trials he gave up the idea of taking the apples, and emptied them out of his bag. Then he tried to go, but the dog thought that everything was not right, and refused again. He tried for hours to no purpose, and yet the dog treated him kindly except when he wanted to leave. At last the man took his knife and cut the faithful animal's throat, killing him on the spot. The next day £100 reward was offered for information who killed the dog. The man fled to America and told the whole story when safe from justice."

SPANIELS AT PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "A man who will not stand up for his dog is just no man at all" (FOREST AND STREAM Oct. 22). Well, I am going to stand up for my dog now, but do not think I am a disappointed exhibitor, for I am not. We won the kennel prize at Philadelphia and can do so again any time we try for it. In your report of the Philadelphia show, Oct. 15, you say: "Brahmin had no difficulty in beating Hornell Silk in the champion cocker class. He [Brahmin] is a niceish little dog, and but for a *little legginess, lightness of bone and heaviness of brow* would take a lot of beating" (italics mine). If you had added that he was cat-sided, straight behind and has a field spaniel head, you would have hit the mark exactly; and as Silk is only faulty in coat and head I claim that the judge had no right to place Brahmin first. I raised Brahmin from a puppy until he weighed thirty pounds, then I sold him.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Coinciding with Mr. Schellhass's experience with the Philadelphia Kennel Club's management, I wish to say that a dog I entered, and sent there by express, arrived home promptly and in excellent condition, and equally to the point, a premium won arrived almost as soon as the dog.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Oct. 24).

PEDIGREE OF LOUISE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any of your readers give the pedigree of the beagle bitch Louise. She was bred by Mr. Colin Cameron, I believe. I would like her pedigree as far as known.—H. F. S.

THE WINSTED DOG SHOW.—Mr. James Watson, of Philadelphia, will judge all classes at the dog show to be held at Winsted, Conn., Dec. 15 to 18.

BAVARIA has 203,200 dogs, the tax on which amounts to $250,000; and everybody is happy.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.

For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." We request that all Kennel Notes be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Midnight. By E. Holley, Jr., Rhinebeck, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch whelped June 6, 1885, by Jet (Wildair—Bird) out of Honest Bert (Chance—Fly).

Muggs. By E Holley, Jr., Rhinebeck, N. Y., for liver, white and ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 2, 1885, by Colonel Stubbs (A.K.R. 302) out of Fly (Baby—Fido).

Cricket. By E. Holley, Jr., Rhinebeck, N. Y., for liver, white and ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 2, 1885, by Colonel Stubbs (A.K.R. 302) out of Fly (Baby—Fido).

Gracie Stubbs. By E. Holley, Jr., Rhinebeck, N. Y., for liver, white and ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 2, 1883, by Colonel Stubbs (A.K.R. 302) out of Fly (Baby—Fido).

Puritan and I. C. Dudley. By Elm Grove Kennels, South Norwalk, Conn., for lemon and white pointer dogs, whelped July 1, 1885, by Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472) out of Gala Day (A.K.R. 2634).

Countess Ruby. By Watson B. Dickerman, New York, for liver, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 29, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Windem—Norna) out of Ruby (Rake—Fanny).

Cully. By Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 12, 1884, by Rex (Diamond—Quand) out of Edith (Brush II.—Olivia).

Queena. By B. A. R. Ottolengui Brooklyn, N. Y., for sable collie bitch, whelped July, 1885, by imported Fritz out of champion June.

Los. By B. A. R. Ottolengui, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black and tan collie dog, whelped January, 1884, by Leland's Ned (Ned B.—Gypsie II.) out of Jessie (Gaffa—Gypsie II.).

Huntress. By Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped Oct. 11, 1885, by Jimmie (A.K.R. 1589) out of Lil (Sensation—Polly).

Berkshire Kennels. By Willis D. Smith and F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., for their kennel of red Irish setters.

Ohcle.—Editor Forest and Stream: The name claimed by me last week for red Irish setter is Ohcle, the reverse of Echo, instead of Ohele, as you have it. Please correct.—Harry A. Fletcher.

NAMES CHANGED.

Nellie B. to Emma C. Gordon setter bitch, whelped Aug. 22, 1884 (Dinks—Flirt), owned by Wallace Straiton, New York.

Benedict to Mack. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped June 7, 1885 (Jalma—Fly), owned by Acadia Kennels, Boston, Mass.

BRED.

Golden Floss—Prince Albert. E. Holley, Jr.'s (Rhinebeck, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Golden Floss (Colonel Stubbs—Pet) to Dr. W. H. Hart's Prince Albert (Chance—Fly), Oct. 7.

Pet Berwyn—Plantagenet. Geo. Gosling's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Pet Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—May Druid) to Blackstone Kennels' champion Plantagenet, Aug. 6.

Queen Vic—Flash. Geo. D. McDougall's (Bridgeport, Conn.) Gordon setter bitch Queen Vic to Blackstone Kennels' Flash (Crown—Cute), Aug. 14.

Frolic—Plantagenet. Blackstone Kennels' (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Frolic (Foreman—Jessie) to their Plantagenet, Aug. 27.

Belle of Bridgeport—Foreman. John White's (Bridgeport, Conn.) English setter bitch Belle of Bridgeport to Blackstone Kennels' champion Foreman, Sept. 1.

Bess—Elcho, Jr. T. Leonard's (Pawtucket, R. I.) red Irish setter bitch Bess (Glencho—Syren II.) to Dr. Wm. Jarvis's Elcho, Jr. (A.K.R. 508), Oct. 3.

Countess B.—Foreman. Benj. Thorpe's (Woodbury, N. J.) English setter bitch Countess B. (Dashiug Lion—Victoria) to Blackstone Kennels' Foreman, Oct. 9.

Midlothian Lassie—King Macbeth. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Midlothian Lassie (A.K.R. 2124) to their King Macbeth (A.K.R. 2535), Aug. 20.

Lothian Maid—Montrose. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lothian Maid (A.K.R. 2123) to their Montrose (A.K.R. 891), Sept. 1.

Highland Mary—Montrose. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Highland Mary (A.K.R. 1572) to their Montrose (A.K.R. 891), Sept. 22.

Tibbie—Montrose. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Tibbie to their Montrose (A.K.R. 891), Sept. 9

Hazel—Mixture. Dr. C. B. Hammond's (Nashua, N. H.) fox-terrier bitch Hazel (A.K.R. 1987) to J. E. Thayer's Mixture (A.K.R. 2697).

Nellie—Rococo. J. Oscar Jones's (New Haven, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Nellie (Doc—Flirt) to J. J. Phelps's Rococo (A.K.R. 2182), Oct. 11.

WHELPS.

Jessie. W. Tallman's (South Attleboro, Mass.) English setter bitch Jessie (Blue Dan—Flake), July 25, six (four dogs), by Blackstone Kennels' champion Plantagenet (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).

Lady Clyde. Scotch Collie Kennel Club's (Stepney, Conn.) collie bitch Lady Clyde (A.K.R. 883), Aug. 20, eight (four dogs), by their Montrose (A.K.R. 891).

SALES.

Brunswick. Orange tawny, white markings; St. Bernard dog, whelped July 30, 1885 (Hermit—Daphne II.) by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Montrose (A.K.R. 891)—Lady Clyde whelps. Collies, whelped Aug. 20, 1885, by the Scotch Collie Kennels, Stepney, Conn., a dog each to E. B. Harris and Wm. Deubel, Danbury, Conn., and Fred S. Curtis, Brookfield, Conn., and a bitch each to P. H. House, New Milford, Conn., Mrs. C. R. Brothwell, Bridgeport, Conn., A. Beebe, Danbury, Conn., and Chas. W. Beardsley, Milford, Conn.

King Macbeth (A.K.R. 2535)—Waverly (A.K.R. 895) whelps. Collie dogs, whelped June 2, 1885, by the Scotch Collie Kennel Club, Stepney, Conn., a black and tan each to Frank Mallett, Trumbull, Conn., S. W. Frost, Danbury, Conn., C. C. Paine, East Bethel, Vt., and a fawn to Wm. Shepard, Newton, Conn.

Hazel Bird. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to A. McDonald, Rockland, Me.

Vanguard. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658). by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J.

Genesta. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to Alfred Sidman, Jersey City, N. J.

Valley Belle. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 11, 1885 (Roderigo—Merry Belle), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.

Rocky Glen. Blue belton English setter dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1885 (Glen Rock—Dashing Belle), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Miss Mary Bullard, Dedham, Mass.

Pudge. Pug dog, whelped Sept. 6, 1885 (Tuck—Toodles), by H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Thos. W. Buttle, same place.

Marlborough. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 20, 1885 (Hermit—Daphne II.), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Miss Ida F. Warren, Leicester, Mass.

Judge—Pink whelp. Beagle dog, whelped June 30, 1885, by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to G. B. Painter, Cambridge, Mass.

King—Dime Jr. whelp. Beagle dog, whelped July 4, 1885, by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to R. Turner, Gloucester, Mass.

IMPORTATIONS.

Hero. Orange, with white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1885 (Beppo—Dido), from England, by Henry Müller, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y.

DEATHS.

Treasure II. Pug dog (A.K.R. 2148), owned by the Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., Oct. 11.

Petrel. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped 1873, by Prince (Dash II.—Moll III) out of Lill II. (Dash II.—Lill I.), owned by E. I. Martin, Wilmington, Del.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

C. B. S., Elmira, N. Y.—My spaniel has had what I suppose to be mange. He is cured, but the hair is off his back in places. Ans. Give three drops of Fowler's solution three times daily. Increase by one drop daily to ten drops, and then decrease in the same manner. Wash parts daily with sulphur soap.

A. F. H., Leadville, Col.—Dog taken a few few months ago with distemper; had one bad fit. Of this I succeeded in curing him, but he now has what seems to be the direct result of the distemper, a peculiar twitching and jerking of the body and legs; also of the tongue, like "St. Vitus Dance." Ans.—Have some pills made, each to contain of the citrate of iron and strychnine two grains, and of the valerianate of zinc one-half a grain. Conceal a pill in a morsel of raw meat and let the dog have one three times daily. Do not feed on meat as a rule, and see that the bowels are in order.

C. M. R., Buffalo.—A large St. Bernard dog seems to be afflicted with some kind of lameness. Whenever he gets up from the ground he tries to scratch himself with one of his hind legs and always with the same one. He makes the same motion that a dog makes when you pat him on the back. Will you be so kind as to inform me in your next issue what the matter is and the remedy? Ans.—We cannot tell from your description what, if anything, is the matter with your dog.

J. C., Atlantic City, N. J.—Two Irish setter pups, nine months old, are very thin; have no appetite. One has sores on the ear and rump, the hair is now growing out again over the bare places. They have had the diarrhœa for six weeks, and passages are bloody once in a while. I have meat and burnt flour, but they will not eat. They do not have any fever nor do I hear them cry with pain. Ans. Your pups suffer from dysentery. Begin treatment with a full dose of castor oil, then give a powder containing one grain of opium and ten grains of the subnitrate of bismuth. Feed boiled milk and very little meat. Report result.

W. L., Norwich, Conn.—I have a red Irish setter whose coat is rough and who sheds his hair all the time. He has been fed on scraps from the table and milk, has been very loose until lately. I dropped his milk and his bowels are more healthy, both in consistence and color, but look much like weed seeds or small particles collected together. He has much trouble in retaining or digesting his food, sometimes vomiting his breakfast at night in nearly the condition he swallows it. He is thin in flesh, nose moist and cool most of the time. Ans. Your dog has indigestion. You must be careful of his diet. Give mostly fluid food, plenty of milk with a tablespoonful of lime water to the pint, give soups without fat, in which you may crumble bits of toast. Give a little scraped raw meat mixed with the white of an egg once each day. Give plenty of outdoor exercise, and keep the bowels regular with syrup of buckthorn, teaspoonful doses.

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the Forest and Stream actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

2. In general excellence the reading columns of the Forest and Stream are of a higher grade than those of any similar publication in the world.

3. Taking into account the amount and the character of weekly reading given, the Forest and Stream is away ahead of any similar publication in the world.

4. If a sportsman wishes a sportsman's paper, he will be better suited by the Forest and Stream than by any similar publication in the world.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Edinburgh, Oct. 20.—The action of Mr. Ross Winans, the Baltimore millionare, who owns an extensive deer park in northern Scotland, in closing a roadway on his property at Guisachan, so angered the people in that vicinity that they mobbed and stoned him on Sunday last. Mr. Winans has offered a reward of £500 for the capture of the culprits.

Tuxado Park.—There was filed Oct. 28 in the County Clerk's office the certificate of incorporation of the Tuxado Park Association. The objects of the association are stated to be the introduction and cultivation of game in the lakes and streams within the boundaries of the lands owned by the association situated in Ramapo and Monroe, this State. The incorporators are Geo. D. Finlay, Wm. Kent, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Gouverneur Tillotson and Peter Lorillard.

Day by day, to deck your toilets, birds of paradise are slain,
Humming-birds are shot by thousands, striving to escape in vain;
Argus pheasants, rare kingfishers, birds of every clime and hue,
Are destroyed in ruthless number, thanks—and thanks alone to you.

* * * * * * *

End it, lovely woman, end it, and for your fair sex's fame
Let the craze for silly fashions no more stifle pity's claim.
—*London Truth.*

On the banks o' Deer Crick—there's the place for me!
Worter slidin' past you jes' as clear as it can be—
See yer shadder in it, and the shadder of the sky,
And the shadder of the buzzard as he goes a-lazin' by;
Shadder of the pizin-vines, and shadder of the trees,
And I purt' nigh said the shadder of the sunshine and the breeze!
Well, I never seed the ocean, ner I never seed the sea,
But on the banks o' Deer Crick is grand enough fer me!
—*J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.*

The Nation's Forest Area.—The letter of Special Timber Agent Haley to Commissioner Sparks, of the General Land Office, complaining that millions of feet of lumber have been cut from the public domain without warrant of law, directs attention to the whole question of the preservation of the nation's forests. The task of preserving the Adirondack forests, entrusted to Messrs. Basselin, Cox and Knevals as State Forestry Commissioners, has been the subject of discussion in every part of the Union, but the devastation of timber in the remote States and Territories has to a great extent escaped the surveillance of the public eye. The last census gives the total forest area of the United States, not including Alaska, as 440,990,000 acres, but statisticians say that the lumber is swept from more than 50,000,000 acres annually, and the exhaustion of the supply cannot be distant if the drain is not checked. Forests fires consume more than 10,000,000 acres of forest annually, and the depredations of timber thieves result in perhaps greater waste. It is time for the enactment of laws for the protection of the forests in every part of the Union, and a half of the fine imposed for each violation should go as a reward for evidence to convict.—*Ex.*

A letter was yesterday received at Castle Garden, written in German and dated at Mentor, Wis., October 7, 1885. It stated that the writer early in May last left his home in Bremen and went to live at Mentor. The writer's dog Fritz was left at Bremen in charge of his brother Albert Otto. On Oct. 6, while the writer was out in the field, to his great surprise his dog Fritz came limping toward him. "He knew me," added the writer, "and whined piteously. His feet were much worn by travel and every step left a mark of blood upon the ground. I want to know if he passed through Castle Garden, as I am entirely at a loss to find out how he came to me, a distance of over 5,000 miles." The letter was signed "Charles Otto." The story of the dog's travels was told by a quartermaster on the steamship Leerdam, who heard it through a boarding house keeper. He said that Fritz never left the wharf at Bremen after his master sailed, but waited until another vessel came in and went on board. She was an American bark, and after unloading sailed away with Fritz as passenger. The bark landed in New York about a month ago, and Fritz it is claimed was found by a boarding-house keeper, who took him to a Castle Garden employe, who from the name on his collar found that he belonged to Otto. A search of the books told where he had gone to, and attaching a card to the dog's neck directing him to his master he was sent West in charge of an immigrant. The immigrant it is presumed, fancied the dog, and resolved to keep him for his own. He therefore took off the collar. Fritz by some instinct must have traced his master and surprised him as the letter says. Fritz is described as a large St. Bernard, with an intelligent face and splendid coat of hair.—*The Morning Journal.*

Basset or Beagle Wanted.—I wish to obtain a basset or beagle dog puppy—the former preferred—from 8 to 12 months old, house broken; must not be more than 12 or 13 inches high and fairly good-looking. Address, with lowest price and particulars, Ivan, this office.—*[Advt.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 24.—Score of yesterday made at 200yds., off hand, Creedmoor target, strong 11 o'clock wind:

Dowler	4554444444—42	Lonugren	5544054444—39
Sprague	4454444334—38	Moore	4444435444—40
Brown	4444445445—42	Jones	4455444444—42
Hazeltine	4344444445—40	Burns	4444544454—42
Ward	4445543444—41		

Mr. Lonugren missed the target by his gun holding fire, with no rule to govern that special point; should he be allowed another shot? Our rules governing an accidental shot is, if the shooter has his gun to his shoulder the shot must be scored, but if the gun is not to his shoulder he is allowed another shot.—R. H. B.

CREEDMOOR, Oct. 24.—The eleventh marksman's badge match for 1885 was shot to-day at Creedmoor. The weather was fine and the attendance large. Good scores were made at both ranges, the following being the highest:

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Total.
G W Lotz, 12th Regiment	21	24	45
W H Greenland, 23d Regiment	21	23	44
J McNevin, 18th Regiment	21	23	44
*McC Bull, 12th Regiment	22	22	44
*J Klein, 17th Separate Company	21	22	43
*E F Young, 7th Regiment	19	23	42
W P Pickett, 22d Regiment	21	22	43
*D E Watson, 71st Regiment	20	21	41
L J Elliott, 23d Regiment	19	20	39
J M Schuyler, 7th Regiment	20	19	39
H C Smith, 22d Regiment	17	21	38
E H Eagle, 12th Regiment	19	19	38

*Winners of former matches.

Arnaud Koecnlen, President of the Society les Carabiniers, Lillois, France, was present to inspect the range.

BOSTON, Oct. 24.—The Saturday shoot of the Massachusetts Rifl Association took place at Walnut Hill to-day. The weatner conditfon were not good. A tricky fishtail wind prevailed and proved too much for the skill of those who were after clean scores:

Decimal Match

B G Warren, C	10	7	8	10	9	7	10	6	8	10—84
C E Berry, A	6	10	8	9	6	8	9	7	10	5 78
H D dman, A	7	9	8	6	9	9	6	9	8	4—72
W H Oler, A	10	6	9	6	8	7	5	4	9	8—72
G B Yenetchi, A	6	4	8	7	3	7	4	3	6	4—52

Creedmoor Practice Match.

L Herbert, mil	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—43
H H Wright, mil	4	4	4	3	5	5	4	4	4	5—42
C B Edwards, mil	4	5	5	3	4	4	4	4	4	4—41
H A Lewis, mil	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4—40
M G Witham	4	4	2	3	4	4	4	4	5	4—38

Rest Match.

S Wilder	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	8—98
B B Edwards	10	9	8	10	8	9	9	10	9	10—92
G B Yenetchi	9	10	10	10	9	5	8	9	7	9—86
C W Hodgden	10	8	7	9	9	8	7	5	3	5—71

WALTHAM, Mass., Oct. 24.—In the match to-day at Waltham, between the Hillsides and the Press Rifle Association, some of the latter's best shots were unable to be present. Hence they were obliged to shoot with but seven men.

Hillside Rifle Club.		Press Rifle Association.	
Emerson	4545455444—44	Newman	4144544445—42
Dennison	4445544544—43	Fisher	4454445444—43
Stone	5455534455—43	Scott	4445534444—41
Edes*	3444543544—43	Johnson	4434543443—40
Paine	4534454445—42	Collins	4444443444—39
Whiting	4844434444—37	Hathaway	4333434355—37
Bassett	3344044444—36	Morse	0443444343—33—274
Logan	4440434444—34	Two average scores of 39 1-7	78 2-7
Munroe	3533243433—33—355		
			352 2-7

*Two points added for military rifle.

THOMASTON, Conn., Oct. 26.—Scores of Empire Rifle Club for Oct. 17:

Gilbert	12	10	10	10	12	10	12	11	11	10—108
Thomas	11	11	11	11	7	11	12	12	7	10—108
Lemmon	11	8	10	10	11	10	8	10	10	12—100
North	9	9	8	9	10	5	11	10	9	10— 90
Williams	11	8	11	10,	8	7	8	10	9	8— 90

Scores Oct. 24.—Strong wind, bright light. The range, looking to the south, is a very bad one to get good scores on at this time of the year, for the sun shines directly in our faces:

Thomas	9	11	11	10	11	11	11	8	11	11—104
Lemmon	10	9	10	10	10	11	12	11	9	10—102
North	10	10	10	12	7	10	11	9	10	10— 99
Gilbert	10	10	8	11	10	9	11	6	11	10— 96
Williams	9	8	10	9	10	7	8	9	11	12— 93

QUEER PRIZES.—London *Truth* pokes fun at the utilitarian notions of the prize committees on the English ranges in the following paragraph: "I referred a week ago to the absurd character of some of the prizes offered for competition at volunteer shooting matches. Matters seem to be getting worse instead of better in this direction. Among the prizes set before the Second Oxford R. V. the other day were bottles of whiskey and gin, gallons of beer, a clothes brush, a pair of braces and a fork, spade and shovel. The Third Norfolk, however, have even a more ridiculous record, for the winner of a recent competition found himself to be the proud possessor of a pig's head!"

THE TRAP.

YONKERS, Oct. 22.—Match shot on the grounds of the Yonkers Gun Club between teams of the Yonkers Gun Club and Washington Heights Gun Club; 10 live pigeons, 25yds., 30yds. boundary, both barrels, H. & T. traps:

Yonkers Gun Club.		Washington Heights Gun Club.	
G W Langran	1111111101—9	Glasser	1001101111—7
O Austin	1110110111—8	J Terwilliger	1101111111—9
R Ellin	1011101111—8	P Hunt	1111001111—8
E L Thomas	1010111111—8	Harrison	0111111111—9
L Ducro	1111111111—10	Dunseith	1111110111—9
P H Wing	1111001011—7	Male	1111111111—10
J H Feidler	1101111110—8	Mannix	1011111110—8
L J Schlesinger	1111111111—10	C Terwilliger	0000110110—4
W Rowland	1111011111—9	W Snooks	1100111010—6
P Paulson	0100101101—5	E Bos	0101101110—6
H B Waring	1111011011—8	Brennan	1111110110—8
A Kolb	1111111011—9—99	Fountain	1111111111—10—94

ASBURY PARK, Oct. 23.—Monthly shoot Neptune Gun Club for the Wiseman Cup, 10 clay-pigeons, 21yds.:

W Kelsey	0000111011—5	A Newman	1101011111—8
W Redden	1100011111—7	R Sutts	0001111110—6
S Rogers	1111011110—8	G Taylor	0101101010—5
M Boyce	1110100111—7	W Applegate	1011001111—7
B Heyman	0000111101—5	R B Cusack	1000111010—5
D Robbins	0110101110—6		

In the shoot-off Newman won the trophy. The first sweepstakes was won by Dr. Robbins and W. Kelsey second money. The match between Pettingill, Worthington and Cusack was won by the latter.

MALDEN GUN CLUB, OCT. 24.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds of the Malden Gun Club, at Wellington, this afternoon. Following are the winners in the several sweeps: 1. Five blackbirds—Wardwell and Snow divided first. 2. Five blackbirds—Snow and Brown divided first. 3. Five clay-pigeons—Snow and Braley divided first. 4. Five birds—Pond and Swift divided first. 5. Five blackbirds—Brown and Adams divided first. 6. Three pairs blackbirds—Snow and Swift divided first. 7. Ten clay birds, medal match—Wilson and Wardwell divided first. 8. Five birds—Wardwell first. 9. Five birds—Snow and Wardwell divided first. 10. Five birds—Pond first. 11. Three pairs blackbirds—Pond and Swift divided first. 12. Five birds—Wardwell and Stanton divided first.

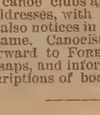
National Gun Association Tournaments.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—Matt R. Freeman, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. Ethridge, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. Stark, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc, of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé. Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

A WESTERN BRANCH OF THE A. C. A.

THE following letter has been sent by Com. Rathbun for publication, and the circular appended has been sent to all Western members of the Association. It was resolved at the annual meeting to take steps toward the formation of a Western branch, provided the Western members of the Association desired it. So few were present at Ballast Island that it was felt that they did not properly represent the Western canoeists, and before recognizing the organization there formed the officers of the A. C. A. desire the opinion of all interested as to what is best for the advancement of Western canoeing. The means were provided at the annual meeting for the organization of a Western branch on equal terms with the Eastern branch as the present organization would then become, and if the Western canoeists will act promptly in the matter the scheme can be perfected at the meeting on Nov. 7, at Oswego.

DESERONTO, Ont., Oct. 19. *To the Western members of the American Canoe Association.*—Gentlemen: The following circular letter has been sent to the address of all the Western members of the A. C. A. as contained in the Association Book for 1885. A number of these letters have been returned by the post office authorities on account of the address being insufficient. As the executive committee, at their meeting on Nov. 7, desire to have a full expression of opinion before taking any decided steps in relation to the proposed division of the Association, I would urgently request any Western member who has not received or answered the circular to write me fully his opinion and answers to the questions given as early as convenient. I will only add that as a large number of the Western members were among the pioneers in the Association, contributing very largely in the past to its success, while they now derive but little benefit from its membership, special attention will be given to the consideration of their views, and it is hoped that with a full reply to these circulars the executive committee will be enabled to move in the matter so that the Association will be most benefited thereby. It is proposed to make the Western State lines of New York and Pennsylvania the dividing line between the Eastern and Western divisions. Yours respectfully, F. S. RATHBUN, Commodore A. C. A.

[COPY OF CIRCULAR.]

DESERONTO, Ont., Sept. 7, 1885.—Dear Sir: It has long been apparent to all who have watched the rapid spread of canoeing from the vicinity of New York, first to the north and east, and then to the west, that it would be impossible to cover so great an extent of territory by one meet at any point, however central. The advantages of unity are well shown by the rapid growth of canoeing under the influence of the Association, as, after ten years of hard work on the part of a number of individuals, it hardly obtained a foothold in this country, while five years under the care of the Association has put it in the foremost rank of outdoor sports. There is no doubt that some organization is necessary in the West, and we have had this matter brought to our notice by several members of the A. C. A. taking part in a meet held at Ballast Island in July last. We would respectfully ask you to fill up the replies to the questions asked on the inclosed sheet, so as to enable the executive committee at their approaching meeting to carefully consider all the points in connection therewith and to decide what steps, if any, are necessary to be taken. It is the earnest desire of the executive committee to meet the wishes of the Western members of the Association as far as possible, and we might add that the executive committee have been empowered to make such changes in the constitution and by-laws whereby a Western division of the Association may be formed, such division to hold its meets and elect its own officers (who will be members of the executive committee of the Association) and to have administration of its proportion of the funds of the Association, etc. It is hoped that a prompt and full reply will be given.—F. S. RATHBUN, Commodore A. C. A.

The reply requested is as follows: Give name, residence and association number; state if you are in favor of a western division of the American Canoe Association being formed; as it will be necessary if such change is made to elect officers over said division, will you kindly name the parties you would wish elected to the following positions, these officers to hold position until replaced by those elected at the annual meet of said division: Vice Commodore, Rear Commodore, Division Secretary-Treasurer. Please fill up the answers to the above questions and return at early convenience to F. S. RATHBUN, Deseronto, Can.

RACERS AND CRUISERS.

"SENECA" has mistaken our allusion, which did not refer to him but to another friend of the sneakbox, who after intimating a desire to race with a canoe, promptly declined the two acceptances of his challenge made by canoeists. The main question in dispute then was as to the ability of the canoe and sneakbox in rough water, which it was proposed to test by a race between them. The question can only be settled by a race, and we hope next season to see it decided. Of course a race of a few miles will not settle the question of cruising qualities, but if sailed in a breeze and under fair conditions, it will be a sufficient index of their respective merits.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read "Seneca's" letter telling why he does not race, and while I do not propose to attempt the defense of the racers, who are quite able to take care of themselves, I beg permission to say a few words as to the value of canoes for other purposes which "Seneca" does not seem to appreciate. He admits that the craft which he says "can never be called canoes" are good enough "for sailing or paddling about a harbor of an afternoon." I wonder if it has occurred to him that there are a great many canoeists whose only chance for recreation, with the exception of ten days or two weeks vacation once a year, is just doing that same sailing or paddling around a harbor? That there are, is a fact, and I have no hesitation in saying that out of the number there is not one who would not be most happy to go to the woods and inland waters, and do all the beautiful things which he so nicely describes as being the only true canoeing. But if they are not fortunate enough to be able to do these things, are they therefore any the less canoeists? I think not. They have the true spirit, being simply denied the means of gratifying it. Their boats are made generally by the same builders, and are identically the same as used by the most persevering cruisers, with solitary exceptions. "Seneca" himself says, "I have cruised in sailing canoes of the best model of Nautilus, Shadow, Pearl and Sunbeam build, etc." Now, if that is true, he has been cruising in the best racing boats, which he afterward attempts to depreciate. But I started to give my reasons for liking a canoe for use around home. Previous to becoming a canoeist I owned and sailed several catboats and combined sailing and rowboats, and I am satisfied after three seasons' experience with a canoe that there is much more pleasure to be obtained from the latter for the following among other reasons:

Having the canoe housed when not in use is an immense advantage. It is protected from extremes of weather, either of heat or storms. Its bottom does not become foul and grass-grown, and it is always dry and ready for use.

It is an advantage when becalmed to have a boat which you can paddle pleasantly home instead of having to anchor and wait for a wind.

It enables one to be entirely independent. There are very few, if any, small boats which one can handle in a stiff breeze without assistance to ballast them. The canoe is much more under the control of the skillful sailor than a larger boat can possibly be, and with a boat of any where near its own size can always give a good account of itself.

Rowing will bear no comparison to paddling as a means of enjoyment. This needs no comment.

There are lots of nice fellows who own small boats who are as yet quite ignorant of the capabilities of canoes and who regard them as toy boats, fit only for little boys. The very best way to convince such of their error is to beat them in a fair sailing race, and in that way, at any rate, racing is useful. I hope no one will be discouraged, by reading "Seneca," from getting a canoe for "sailing and paddling around a harbor;" for I think it will well repay him to get one for that express purpose, in the amount of health and enjoyment he will derive from it. SURGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After "Seneca's" interesting letter, in a late number of the FOREST AND STREAM, in which he contrasts the uses of the canoe and sneakbox in a manner that has met the approval of many canoeists, I am sorry to see that he still holds the same views in regard to the American Canoe Association that he expressed some time since in your columns, that it is merely a gathering of "sporting men" bent on racing. As a cruiser he will himself easily comprehend how difficult it is to transfer to paper the many delightful features of cruising and camp life; how in most cases such a narrative runs into mere statistics of distances, etc., and what an inadequate idea they give of the many pleasures of an outdoor life in a canoe.

This, we take it, is why it is that the racing is the most prominent feature, both in accounts of the meets and in general discussion. The real charm, the glorious outdoor life, the fresh air, the green grass, the blue skies and the bright St. Lawrence, the hearty greeting of old friends met but once a year, the quiet evenings on the river or the long hours about the camp-fire, when song and laughter gradually give way to quiet converse in small groups, finally dying out to silence as the subtle influences of the midsummer night and the solitude of the wood or hilltop exert their influence over all; these things cannot be written down as a race can, but they are felt and enjoyed by every one who visits the camp. And yet a cruising canoeist who has never visited an A. C. A. meet, who mingles little with the members of the Association, who evidently comprehends little of its real character, disposes of us all by classing us as racing sharps, or, at best, "hotel cruisers."

The evolution of canoe racing, as pictured by "Seneca," will amuse a number of the older canoeists and racing men. I cannot claim quite so long a record as "Seneca," but I know quite well when and how racing here originated, I have seen all the racing canoes and known intimately their owners, and although they were nice fellows, they are by no means the class he pictures. I was first attracted to canoeing by the features "Seneca" champions so well, and I think I can lay claim to the "it" that even such a cruiser as he, though he feels it, cannot describe definitely; but I never fully realized what canoeing was until I heard at Lake George, in 1881, a racing man and cruiser, Ex-Commodore Longworth, speak in its praise. He described, as he could do, this same feature of canoeing in a manner that astonished and delighted even the old cruisers who listened to him, and taught them that even they knew little of the wonderful world only to be entered alone and armed with a double blade. Unfortunately the impromptu speech was never written down. "Seneca" was not there to hear it, and I doubt whether even he still realizes all the possibilities contained in such cruising.

Racing, properly regulated, as it is in the A. C. A., is the life and backbone of canoeing. I have watched and taken part in the growth of the sport from the ante-racing period when it was in the hands of a few cruising canoeists, down to this day, when it numbers thousands of adherents, and I can say that the growth and extension of canoeing, the improvements in boats and rigs, the possibility of obtaining all the small articles required even in cruising, the establishment of a literature devoted solely to the sport, and its general and favorable recognition as one of the best of outdoor sports, is coincident with the growth of racing. Who are the men who enter the races? Gibson, Weller, Vaux, Oliver, Rathbun, Van Deusen, Whitlock, West, Bailey, Munroe, each and every one a cruiser, while nearly all of them have added something of value to the canoe or its rig. Who are the men who make the improvements in canoes? From Baden-Powell, who wrote one of the first and most valuable books on cruising, and who made from the Rob Roy a really serviceable sailing craft, down to the novice who now and then hits a new idea, they are racing men. "Seneca" gives three instances of cruising canoeists, all well known. Macgregor has the credit of designing a perfect boat of its kind, of course, and of introducing canoeing, but what have the other two cruisers done? Bishop left the canoe as he found it, a very incomplete and imperfect craft, judged by the boats of to-day. "Nessmuk" is contented to cruise in the most primitive form of canoe, and has never made the least improvement in it.

Not one in twenty of the canoeists of America have the time for such cruises as "Seneca" and "Nessmuk" have done, and if they are limited to this form of canoeing only, they must cease to be canoeists. The average canoeist in New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Pittsburg, San Francisco, or other cities, must keep his canoe among wharves and docks and his time is limited to a few hours on Saturday afternoon, and perhaps to Sunday, with an evening at times during the week. How is he to enjoy sailing cruising in an outing of two or three hours? He may run off, as so many do, on Saturday afternoon for a ten or twenty mile trip, but near at hand is no suitable cruising ground. He can and does find a stretch for racing, and here he and his fellows meet once a week to try new gear and boats in a pleasant and healthful competition.

My first and most enjoyable cruising was done in a simple Rob Roy and to day I wish no better sport than to borrow the 50-lb Lark for a couple of days' outing, but I recognize fully that such a canoe is not fitted for my locality. Must I then take a sneakbox? I have no sympathy with the tandem canoeist or the "hotel cruiser." I sleep under canvas at all the meets and camps, and I am well contented to cruise my solitary way, as I have often done, but I know that there are many times when a few spare hours of an afternoon are very pleasantly filled by a race, I enjoy to the full the excitement and exhilaration of a hard fought battle, whether lost or won, and I like of an evening, when dozing over the fire, to look up at my walls and ceiling where flags and pennants bring back pleasant recollections of some rough battles, when I can hear again the heavy breath of some valorous competitor, pushing hard for a lead, or perhaps can see his silhouette in front as he crosses the line ahead. In my ten years' canoeing I have raced as far as my limited time allowed, but I have never won in the aggregate ten dollars' worth of prizes, though taking first or second place a fair number of times.

"Seneca" mentions the lead keel as a reproach to the Association. Can he mention any canoe on its list so fitted, or that could race under its rules? As to the tabernacle, it is only a wonder that so few cruisers have adopted it, as it is simple, cheap and easily constructed and allows the mast to be dropped to an inclined position when paddling. In my present location it is an absolute necessity, and if "Seneca" houses his cruiser above any of the bridges on the —— River, he would find it of good service too, unless the said bridges have changed since my time. The Lassie, the latest and fastest canoe in the New York C. C. fleet, has double centerboards; can "Seneca" say or prove that she is not, in model, weight and accommodation, a first-class cruising canoe? He objects to rudder, sails and other "complications" on a canoe, yet claims that his boat, which has these things, is a better sailing craft than the canoe. If they are so undesirable, why does he countenance such features?

I am willing to admit the excellence of his cruisers, but am not yet convinced of the truth of his assertion regarding Nautilus, Pearl and Sunbeam canoes. I contend that the general features of a canoe, narrow beam, both ends sharp, flat floor, good sheer and freeboard, partly decked, are found in the best surfboats, whaleboats and open water craft, and that for any purpose, from the lightest river cruising to coast and harbor sailing, this general type is better than anything of the square-sterned rowboat or catboat type. The Barnegat cruiser may be a better boat for rough water than an ordinary 15×30 canoe. I cannot say until the matter has been tried, but certainly the canoe is an excellent boat, and if used solely for such work might be enlarged as a "canoe yawl" like Cassy or Water Rat, according to local considerations.

It is a pity that "Seneca" declines to race, as he is so near New York that a match might easily be made, and would be very instructive. There are canoeists and canoeists, and before any one attempts to "read out of meeting" the great majority of those who consider themselves entitled to the name, he should make himself thoroughly familiar with their alleged offenses. JERSEY BLUE.

WHO IS "DEJA?"—A correspondent in Canada writes: "Who is 'Deja?' Is he really a correspondent or only a fellow called S— who is hoaxing the canoeists? I am inclined to the latter notion." Mr. Rushton writes us as follows: "Are you having fun with the boys, or is 'Deja' a live man. I have been much interested in the articles and have only been prevented by the feeling that maybe it was all a sell, from taking a hand in. The steel ribs and ⅛in. siding are what made me suspicious, for I certainly never heard of such a combination. Why don't you canoeists race with the sneakbox? Are you afraid to? I do not think that she can beat a good canoe, but she is a mighty safe, comfortable craft, as I found by using one on Cranberry Lake this August. Why not give her a chance, she will not hurt canoeing, will she? There are men who, like myself, cannot swim, and yet want to and will go on the water, perhaps to take their wives, and do not dare to trust a canoe, and a sneakbox is perfectly safe."

THE CONSTRUCTION OF "DEJA'S" BOAT.

WE had decided to publish nothing further relating to the controversy between "Deja" and the canoeists, but in answer to the request in the following letter and others of a similar tenor we publish a communication just received from "Deja," giving a description of his boat. If he was familiar with the rules and practical working of the A. C. A. he would know that keels are not prohibited, but that a limit has been fixed out of justice to those who cruise rather than race. While the keel is limited to 3in. the rule is capable of evasion, as the English rule was evaded in the No. 8 Nautilus, with 16in. draft, while the rule limited the keel to 2in. Such a boat, more shapely in appearance than "Deja's," could be built and raced under our rules, but no one cares to do it, though she would be very fast and able. The A. C. A. races are but a small part of the yearly meet and the inability to enter three or four each year need keep no man, especially a non-racer, out of the Association. If he comes to Grindstone with a first-class rig of any kind, whether outside the rules or not, he will find plenty who will race him every day. All A. C. A. men will heartily agree with "Deja's" remarks about racing for money. The Association has from the first set itself resolutely against racing for money prizes, and the leading racers can boast as clean a record in that respect as "Deja" himself. The American Canoe Association stands to-day on a fairer and higher plane as far as money racing and amateurs are concerned, than any similar body that we know of. Their definition of an amateur is more liberal, and their rules against racing for money are more strict than any other similar association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to ask a favor of "Deja." Will he please explain fully the method of construction he hints at? It will no doubt interest many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Although, as "Deja" says, an amateur cannot hope to equal the work done by professional boat builders, yet there are those who take a delight in work of this kind, and to whom it is more in the nature of recreation than work. For the benefit of this class I hope "Deja" will give some instructions. Extreme lightness is an excellent quality in many small boats, and if ⅛in. siding is sufficient, it is folly to use ¼in. in boats which must frequently be carried around dams, etc. I have used this season for fishing and pleasure rowing a rowboat 12x34, weighing 60lbs. It is built of ⅛in. cedar, and I have been out in it 68 times, and rowed a total distance of 207 miles, an average of little more than 3 miles for each time out. Have landed on a lee shore where there was nothing but stones with the wind blowing a half gale, and yet the hull scarcely shows a scratch. I believe the boat would have stood the usage it got if the siding had been only 1/16in. in thickness. I hope "Deja" may not feel as though he had been "sat down upon" by any considerable portion of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and that we may hear more from him in the near future. F. A. LEOPOLD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think you sit down on me a little too severely; however, that is a natural consequence of having espoused the cause of the minority. The A. C. A., for reasons best known to itself, having resolved to keep keels out of its squadron, need not be surprised to find a new association coming to the front by and by.

In all my active participation, as sportsman, whether rowing canoeing or yachting received my attention, I have not lost or won a single cent. If any gentleman can exhibit a cleaner record than that he has the floor. For over twenty years as boy and man, I have sought to uphold a high standard in all national sports. I have never lost an opportunity, either in public or private, to deprecate the absurd habit of betting. It would be preferable to stop racing entirely if we cannot restrain the growing tendencies in this direction. It is a poor way to lose money. It is a despicable way to gain, because there is no limit to the tricks and meanness practiced by its votaries. Thrown its pursuit base ball and the turf have fallen into disrepute, and yachting, with its kindred amusements, is rapidly becoming a national disgrace.

"Didst ever see," asks Byron, in Beppo, my graceful little cutter? "For fear" you have "not, I'll describe it you exactly." She is 18ft. 1in. over all and 3ft. extreme beam. She has a deep rocker keel and flying light, that is, with nothing except her sailing gear on board, draws 19in. Her weight under like conditions, aside from ballast, is 207 pounds. The ballast is a "sliver of lead" bolted to the keel with quarter-inch copper bolts, three of them, and weighs, copper and all, 100 pounds. It "fills" the deepest part of the keel directly under the cockpit and the greatest beam—aft of the middle part of the boat about one-third—or two-thirds the length of the boat aft of the stem, the idea being to concentrate the weight as near the center of effort as possible. With two men weighing 140 pounds each she draws 21in. of water, and three men of average avoirdupois will set her down to 23in., beyond which she does not go easily. The keel, stem and sternpost are in one piece, having been "worked out" of a chestnut plank. The keel is 1ft. in average depth, 2in. wide on top and ¼in. thick on the bottom. The stem and sternposts are each 3in. wide and ¼in. thick inside. The stem is dressed off outside nearly one-half, and the steel shoe is drawn still finer from the steering hole to the waterline.

After this much of the work was ready a moulded form, representing the body of the boat, was screwed to the top of the keel with fifteen small copper screws, the exact size and length of which I have forgotten. The form is made of wood pulp and is seamless. It lines the boat and prevents any water coming in, so that the only way leaks are found is by the swelling of the wood outside. The lining is 16in. deep amidships and 19in at the ends. Including the "finish" put upon it the average thickness is about ⅛in. On the keel it is 3-16in. and along the underside there is a descending shoulder each side of the top of the keel, so that the latter sets tightly up in a groove thus purposely made for it. The greatest length of this lining is 12ft. The balance of the inside space is occupied by pressed tin air chambers, extending from the waterline to the deck. The ribs were next set up. They are of band steel, thirteen on each side, and rake aft instead of standing vertical. The degree of rake can be best understood by the average reader when informed that the widest rib extends from the mast section line on the deck to the extreme point of the stern at the deck, and the after air-chamber is held firmly in its place by rivets passing through the tin and steel. The forward air-chamber is secured to the ribbons on which the decks rest, as well as to the stern. Another steel ribbon stiffens the structure at the waterline and "catches" the garboard streak on the rudder well at the beginning of the overhang, where most semi-elliptical, overhanging sterns are weakest. This feature renders her as solid as such a structure can be made without adding greatly to weight.

What I have styled the main section is in reality the midship section, although it is placed aft of the latter point for reasons already mentioned. This shape of the body is also most conducive to speed—a long, fine entrance and a clean, concave run are indispensable requirements which cannot be united with suitable stability in any other form so acceptable to the water, which, at rest, is more easily parted by a gradually widening wedge than in the old form of "codfish head" and no tail at all. The strakes are white cedar an inch wide and one-eighth of an inch thick, except the first, or garboard strake, which covers in the joints where the lining, ribs and keel come together, and for the purpose of securing the greatest strength commensurate with the least weight as well as to establish the closest structural affinity attainable, the first strake is half an inch thick and two inches wide, the rabbet on the keel being an inch below the line laid off for jointing. The strakes extend full length and are riveted through the ribs and pulp with copper wire one sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The result is a stiff, light, stanch and buoyant little vessel capable of going almost anywhere, on or off soundings, and as seaworthy as it is possible to make a boat of her inches. The strakes are not lapped but reamed, and caulked with little "slivers" of cotton, each seam carefully flushed with gum shellac and sandpapered till the whole is as tight as a bottle and as smooth as polished steel. The slight tumble home of her sides has two advantages—dryer decks and increased strength. The outside depth is 2ft. 6in., length on loadline 11ft., rudder 6in. wide, beam on waterline 3ft. The decks are laid on steel beams spaced five inches apart. The steps are white pine half an inch wide and one eighth of an inch thick. Her spars were worked out of pine saplings and the sails are of Osnaburg. The spread for light weather is about 75yds., of which 34 is in the mainsail, 20 in the foresail and 15 in the largest jib.

One of the advantages of a double skin is that it prevents oxidization of the steel and copper used in construction, and one of its disadvantages is that it renders a boat too heavy for racing. Mine was built solely for cruising. I would lengthen the same lines to 17ft., without increasing the beam, or do as they have on the Clyde, where racing is the main feature, built from 19 to 20ft. on 5ft. beam, or about 3ft. extreme depth.

We extract from another of "Deja's" letters an account of the manner in which his boat stood for once only the test that as it are subjected to many times in a season. It speaks for itself as to one essential quality of the canoe, portability:

"It was the first, and shall be the last, time that my had been subjected to the humiliation of riding on a railway at to see what and traveling bags, and I was anxious to get her of let her lie while the effect had been. We shd her in from the pier when all was ready overhauling the rigging and my fishing tackle, which seemed to I discovered a slight leak around the stem handling incident to a have been strained a little by some of, some one of whom, no close acquaintance with baggage smashers, indestructible, weighdoubt, imagined her a representative of so called canoes. But in this nothing, go anywhere floating man canoeists have ruled her out and they were mistaken, for the last

denounced her as a yacht, because she requires water in order to float and wind whenever she sails.

"I find no fault with that, however, although she was designed as a sailing canoe, being too short, as I supposed, to be designated by the more dignified title.

"The stern was lifted out on the little wooden pier, and twenty minutes sufficed to find and caulk the leak. A thread of candle wicking was run into the seam with my penknife, and out of the storage locker came the means of paying off the seam. It was a half-pint can containing gum shellac dissolved in alcohol.

"The landing here is not a good one, although there is considerable gravel, for it is interspersed with sharp shells and rubble, to strike which might wrench the boat or break her keel, so both of us moved aft, I sitting well up on the deck of the overhang, and as we drew swiftly in let go the jib, which John clewed down with the downhaul, and finally dipped the peak. The peak halliard had not straightened out before we were grating the pebbles, and as the head settled into them we stopped, having grounded on an even keel with the rudder free in eighteen inches of water and the forefoot near enough to a large stone for us to step out with dry boots. That, of course, cannot always be done, but I have found that a landing can usually be effected, even on worse shores, by a little care, and even if the boat careens one good spring with the boathook secures a dry footing.

"While we were yet near the islands a couple of sailing canoes started across the bay, evidently to test each other's speed, and filling away after them we overhauled and passed them inside of half a mile. The wind seemed to be too heavy for them, as neither canoe—one a Racine Shadow and the other a Stella Maris—would stand up long. Sometimes they got knock-down puffs that looked like capsizing, and when they righted their decks were dripping, and generally a little bailing had to be done. We took water on board once only, which might have been avoided if I had huffed up sharp, but holding my course steadily the top of one large wave moistened things generally and made some of the fish think they were free again."

A "B" LINE FROM HUMBOLDT.

THE steamer City of Chester, plying regularly every Wednesday morning to the port of Eureka, on Humboldt Bay, found me, in company with a friend sometimes known as "Osculum," both armed with cameras and numerous "lightning" plates, among her passengers. The voyage up is not stalingly full of incident, and a cold, raw fog and keen N.W. wind did not add to the holiday aspect of the occasion nor was the regular blowing of the steamer's fog whistle conducive to good temper. By great good luck, though, we ran into clear weather in the course of the afternoon. As the weather cleared I could see blackfish spouting all about, while a small school of right whale porpoises, like animated rubber balls, bounded alongside.

After a night differing from other nights on shipboard only in the fact that the deck house, in which was our stateroom, had a rather greater capacity for squeaking and groaning than usual, we found ourselves off Humboldt Bar (200 miles from San Francisco), watching, with some interest, the movements of a large tug inside the unbroken wall of foam before us. This was our pilot, and guided by her movements and following close in her wake the Chester plunged through the surf. I should have enjoyed this more if the officers hadn't seen fit to order us all into staterooms and saloons; an order which I bitterly resented, though it is frequently necessary to save careless or inexperienced passengers from injury from breaking seas.

As there wasn't time to convince the Captain that I was entitled to a deck passage on this occasion, Osculum and I did the best we could with a stateroom window. How it was on the other side of the ship I don't know (I heard they shipped one sea over the quarter), but from our outlook nothing was to be seen but white water, and I am convinced that when the Bar really gets up for business there is nothing for anybody to do but to wait till it gets through, and those who are out stay out and those who are in stay in.

As we ran in we saw what seemed a schooner at anchor, but presently perceived that she was hard and fast. Some months ago, it seems, she was being towed in, and, running ahead on a big sea, carried the towline foul of the tug's screw. To save herself the tug cut her adrift and let her go ashore, and there she remains; while the tug people and the owners fight it out in the courts. If they don't have very bad weather the chances are about even that the current buries her, or takes a shot, digs a new channel and floats her. At present one can walk around her at low water.

Being utter strangers in Eureka, we took the advice of a parson aboard and put up at the Bay Hotel. We were, of course, taken for drummers, partly because of our camera cases and considerably because in this part of the world scarcely any one travels by sea for pleasure.

Sallying forth to see the town, we fell upon a gentleman who drew so enticing a picture of the doings of the wood choppers and bull punchers "up in the redwoods" that Osculum was fain to go there. As for me I said nothing until we were tossing back to the hotel, when I proposed to him that as I had come over 200 miles to be able to answer in some sort an inquiry about the place, we had better divide our forces, and while he investigated the habits of the stalwart logger I would gently glide (as being more in accord with my greater age and higher forehead) over the rippling waters of the bay and we should thus be able, by dividing our labors, to double the amount of our information.

A fog threatened next morning to interfere with my plans, but by 9 A. M. it had cleared away, so seizing the "sample case" I sallied forth in search of the picturesque, spending the time until luncheon snapping away in all directions, hoping that some one of the shots might be a good one. "Boats to let" next caught my eye, and approaching the establishment to which the sign pertained, I caught sight of a little catboat which had attracted my attention as we came into port. I soon finished the lunch business, left my traps at the hotel, and shortly found myself the proprietor of the Bonita for the afternoon.

Being an utter stranger I didn't ask any questions, but just sailed out to find out for myself how things were. It was the top of high water, which necessitated caution, as getting aground might mean staying there until all hours, and I had no fancy for that. There was a breeze that just heeled her down to her planksheer occasionally, everything about the boat was in good order (a mighty rare thing in these small seaports, I've found), and I just let her slide. I sailed in every direction the land would let me, and it seemed as if I had a fair wind no matter where I went. They must have laid out the land with reference to the wind; it's the best arranged sheet of water I ever saw. The view of Eureka from the bay is charming, the houses clumped together among a fair showing of trees and backed up by a range of mountains, clothed with towering redwood, pine, etc., while above all floated the grandest arrangement of white clouds you ever saw, with torrents of smoke pouring from forest fires, mingling with and tinging them a glorious copper tone. How I wished for a picture of it all, but my "change box" was empty and there was no chance of loading it until nightfall. Besides, I was rather nervous about trying to manage a camera and a catboat at the same time on a strange sheet of water. I blessed Osculum for leaving me in the lurch, and took as good a picture of it to "hang on memory's wall" as persistent gazing would give me. Then I went over and took a look at Arcata (six miles) and thought it looked better, if anything, than Eureka, and then I went somewhere else and then I went nowhere. In fact, I just dawdled all over that bay, coming about when the fancy took me, going now here in particular and having a glorious time, sometimes warned by dragging water that I'd better get out of that, and anon looking to windward to see if that little puff meant mischief or was only in fun. Taking it by and large, I don't believe there's a jollier sheet of water in the world for small boats, and I was told the woods about sheltered plenty of game, the water was full of fish, and in the season ducks were numerous.

Osculum came along in a wheelbarrow boat towing a barge about 6 o'clock, so I put up the Bonita and hurried to unload at him, giving it to him for going off and missing such a glorious sail; but he seemed to have been having a pretty good sort of a time himself. We took a stroll after dinner (supper they call it here) but O. was pretty well fagged, so we made it a short one, and after loading plate holders for the morrow, he turned in.

As the steamer sailed the next morning at 11 and O. was lazy and wouldn't get up until 9 we had to hurry to do all we intended, O. to take the lumberman's gorgeous mansion and a view of the town from its cupola (if he could get in) and I to get a picture of the Bonita. I received a warm welcome from Billy Brown, the boatman (I had hired the boat of his wife the day before) and he laid himself out, while I waited for the last vestiges of the morning fog to clear away (no honor to "the gentleman who had come clear from San Francisco to have a sail on Humboldt Bay." He deplored the lack of "skit-taste among the young people of Eureka, declaring that a could n's just as good for "them folks" as a "natty werry," and I really see sympathize with him when he mentioned his prices; it cost no cheaper to hire a boat of him than stay ashore and the Billy Brown-father. By the time we had grouped the boats and came along and "ily, and got a couple of shots at them, Osculum and a promise of out for the hotel, after an affectionate farewell had been fortunate part to send some pictures of the Bonita if I certain.

The sea on the bar was "snap shot" business I find is so mighty un- we were not therefore lookso heavy as the day we came in and forward deck, an order I was up, though we were ordered off the foremast with a hand on a topsful to disobey, hiding behind the aloft in short order if any green wsheet or something, ready to go but it does sometimes. Once a drug came aboard. It didn't come, 't wouldn't be locked up, and when they got over the bar and had time to look for him they found him jammed under one of the seats by the rail, and if he hadn't caught there he would have gone overboard. Another time a sea caught a third officer and slammed him against something so hard that it literally knocked the top of his head off. The bar is all right, but it won't stand any foolishness and is not adapted for canoeing; the bay is.

I tried to get a shot at the lighthouse as we passed out, but I guess it was too far off; at any rate I didn't get it, nor anything else but a spoiled plate. Too much spray in the air, maybe. The lighthouse steamer Manzanita, which left San Francisco an hour or so before us, we found outside as we crossed out. She was too far out for us to see what she was doing; and a small steamer was off Eel River Bar trying to get in, but gave it up as we passed, and, blowing a long toot of resignation, sailed for Humboldt, twenty miles away.

The voyage down was devoid of special interest, except that it was mortal cold that afternoon and got warmer at night. There were not many passengers. People go to Humboldt, but don't care to leave it, apparently. Don't blame them; wouldn't mind living there myself. The Captain told us a rather curious incident in reference to the survey of the channel between Cape Mendocino and the outlying rocks. The recital was suggested by my asking if it were not thereabouts that the steamer Northerner, with so many lives, was lost, and where First Officer French distinguished himself by gallant devotion and lost his life. It was somewhere about '62, I think.

So many disasters had occurred in making the passage (en route to Oregon) that a careful survey of the channel was determined on. A tug was employed for some six months, I think, dragging and sounding, and they were on their last day's work. The bearings had all been noted and everything plotted ready for publication. Pretty much every one was below at dinner, and the tug slowly steaming along through the channel with a drag out for a final trial, when the lookout reported the drag foul. Examination revealed a rock with six feet of water on it, and so pointed that even in the roughest weather the sea never broke there, and for six months they had been waltzing all around it. It was like Cupple's "Sunken Rock," and in another day they would have been piloting all the steamers on the route on to it. As it was, the channel was declared too dangerous to be navigated, and a whistling buoy well off shore warns vessels to go outside the outer rocks. B.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A SENIOR CLASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Gibson's suggestion to form a senior class of sailors and paddlers in the A. C. A., embodied in the letter published in your issue of Oct. 22, is a capital one. The idea—making the races of interest to the many—has been never lost sight of by the officers of the Association, as modifications in rules each year will attest. The Record was suggested as a means of keeping up the interest to win as good a place as possible in every race, and to increase the number of contestants in all races. The one-man-in-one-canoe rule is in the interest of the many, by making it impossible for a man to win more than a very limited number of first prizes at any one meet. Mr. Gibson's letter sugges s rules which will prevent the winning of the races by the same men for several years, and the consequent retiring of many others from races in which their presence is desirable.

Mr. Gibson asks us to commit our ideas to paper. I can only lay claim to one idea in this matter, and perhaps that is but half a one. Mr. Gibson suggests four races won to class a man a senior. The amendments or new rules he would have acted on at once, so as to be in force at the next meet, presumably to help clear the field of men tolerably sure of winning. If my remembrance of the various races held by the A. C. A. since its birth is correct, there will be but two seniors in the A. C. A. next August, one paddler and one sailor. At the last two meets there have been some five or six men who have had about equal chances. The six Class B races sailed in two years have all been won by different men. Therefore I ask, would it not be better to make the total number three instead of four? If any racer is inclined to think that this is a little game on my part to get into the senior haven, I may add that the number would still have to be reduced one to admit me, as I have but two firsts to show. The senior rule would hold for the paddling races and the sailing races only I presume. The sailing paddling race, upset, hurry-scurry, and like events being open to all on even terms, with prizes to the winner, be he senior or not. Is this the intention? If not, I think it should be.

C. B. Vaux.

SPRINGFIELD. C. C. REGATTA.

THE Springfield C. C. held a very successful regatta on Oct. 17 on the Connecticut River. A little after noon the tug Owl came up from Hartford with Com. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Parmele, A. W. Dodd and C. H. Forrest. At 2 P. M. the first race, open paddling was called, with five starters: Nereid, G. D. Pratt; Peconsic, John Bowles; Varuna, F. D. Foot; Vision, C. McKnight; Gracie, E. C. Knappe. Nereid led over the course, with Peconsic second. Mr. Pratt wins the club paddling badge for the second time.

The next race was a two-mile sailing race, seven entries: Venture, L. Q. Jones; Ibis, E. H. Barney; Sylph, Emil Knappe; Vision, A. W. Dodd; Gluck, John Bowles; Girofla, F. A. Nickerson; Girofle, C. H. McKnight. It was a beat down the river, Venture leading at the buoy and coming in ahead at the finish. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.
Venture	2 19 15	2 53 10	33 46
Ibis	2 18 44	2 56 36	37 52
Sylph	2 19 13	2 58 48	39 35
Vision	2 18 57	2 58 21	39 24
Gluck	2 19 35	3 00 25	40 50
Girofla	2 19 00	3 01 17	42 17
Girofle	2 19 05	3 04 58	44 53

All but Girofle, which capsized just before the start, went in for the no ballast race that followed. Ibis led at the start, but Venture soon passed her and again won. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.
Venture	3 15 50	3 32 28	16 48
Gluck	3 16 13	3 34 13	18 00
Sylph	3 16 31	3 34 40	18 09
Vision	3 15 34	3 34 00	18 26
Girofla	3 15 13	3 34 34	19 21
Ibis	3 15 04	3 34 25	19 21

The entries in the novices' race were: Varuna, F. D. Foot; Joie, C. W. Bliss, and Oahu, C. R. Forrest, of Hartford. Varuna was disabled by an accident to her rudder, and Oahu won in a very light breeze.

The tandem race brought out Pratt and Knappe, Jones and Dodd, and Bowles and McKnight. It was very close until near the turn, when Pratt and Knappe took the lead, but soon lost it, Bowles and McKnight finally winning. Com. Jones won the hand-paddling race, and McKnight won the standing race.

A CANOE AGAINST SAILING BOATS.—A race for a cup was sailed on the 13th inst. by the small boats of the Staten Island Athletic Club, consisting of the following: Oriole, G. H. Frieze; Josie, Lewis Morris; Social, F. L. Lippitt; Surge, H. O. Bailey. The Oriole and Social are each 14ft. long, and also 5ft. beam, the former centerboard, the latter keel. The Josie is 16ft. long and about 4ft. beam, with fixed iron centerboard. The Surge is a canoe built by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of West New Brighton, for the owner, and is of Sandy Hook model. The first three mentioned boats are all rigged with jib and mainsail, in addition to which the Social and Oriole carried spinnakers. The course was from the mouth of the Staten Island Kills round Robbin's Reef lighthouse, thence to and around a stakeboat anchored off Bayonne, and finish at the starting point. There was a good sailing breeze from the south'ard with smooth water except near Bayonne, where it was lumpy. The time of each boat was taken at the start and finish. The Social and Oriole started well to windward and turned the lighthouse first, followed by the Josie and Surge close together. The Surge soon after passed the Josie and maintained a slight lead down the wind to near the stakeboat, where, owing to some difficulty in recognizing it, the Josie sailed a more direct course and again took the lead. The Oriole and Social were greatly assisted on this part of the course by their spinnakers which were worked by the "crew," each boat except the Surge carrying captain and assistant, but all four turned the stakeboat within half a minute of each other. From this point to the finish was a beat to windward, and the Surge soon took the lead and kept increasing it, finishing 1min. ahead of the Josie, which was second, and winning the cup. There was no time allowance.

THE GUENN-SHARPIE RACE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I request that you correct your statement made in canoeing column of Oct. 22, that the race was called between the canoe Guenn and the sharpie. Finding the wind so light that my boat could not stem the tide at the finish of first round, I called to my opponent, then well on his second round, owned his boat the victor and the stakes lost. This statement is but just to a courteous and most gentlemanly competitor, whose handling of his boat was admirable and whom I hope to meet again and turn the tables on some time, sure in any event of a capital day's racing and a pleasant companion.—Guenn (Oct. 22, 1885). [Rev. Dr. Neide writes us that Mr. Whitlock has notified him that the sum of twenty-five dollars toward an international cup is at his disposal.]

THE BARNEGAT CRUISER.—Mr. Bishop has finished his tests of the new sneakbox to which he has given the above name, and the American Single-Handed Cruising Club has contracted with John D. Gifford, of Tom's River, for fifty 13 and 14ft. boats for its friends and members.

TWO AMATEUR CANOE BUILDERS.—We have received from Mr. T. X. Satterthwaite, of Muskegon, Mich., a photograph of two canoes built in the evenings of last winter by himself and friend from the directions in "Canoe and Boatbuilding for Amateurs." The lines are those of the Laloo, taken from the same work, and both canoes are fitted with balance lugs and full Nautilus reefing gear, as described therein. The photograph shows two very handsome boats, the planking being better than most professional work. The boats are built of Michigan white pine, copper-fastened. They cruised this summer on the Muskegon River. Both the builders were amateurs, entirely unacquainted with boatbuilding, and aided only by the book mentioned.

"SENECA'S" CRUISER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I didn't intend "Katrina" to understand that I wanted an "introduction" from him. He well knows that he doesn't need any. I meant, and said, I think, that I would be glad to give canoeists of "Katrina's" stamp, who brought me a card from Forest and Stream, a trial of my Barnegat cruiser. If "Katrina" will stop off at Rahway, N. J., on his next trip to New York, and go to the *Advocate* office, just across from the railroad station, I will show him the cruiser in a five minutes' walk from there, introduction or no introduction.—H. H. Soule ("Seneca").

A NEW CANOE CLUB IN CINCINNATI.—The Cincinnati C. C., only a few years ago one of the most prominent in the country, has entirely disappeared from the meets and from canoeing circles, and canoeing has been at a low ebb in Cincinnati for some time, a circumstance much to be regretted, as it was once the home of some of our best sailors. On Oct. 22 a new club was formed by some members of the Cin. Boat Club who are also canoeists. The organization is not yet complete, but there is good material for a club, and we may hope next year to see some more big lateens at the meet.

CANOEING AT KINGSTON.—The Royal Military College Boat Club has amalgamated with the canoe club, under the name of R. M. C. Canoe and Boat Club. The officers, elected last month, are: Commodore, Major Fairclough; Vice-Commodore, Sergt. Morrow; Rear Commodore, Corp. Henneker. The club now has nine canoes. The burgee is triangular, a red cross on white ground with crown in upper white square. A canoe race was sailed on Oct. 14, Sergt. Morrow winning.

A CURIOUS LITTLE CRAFT.—A boat that would delight the heart of "Deja" was lately launched at Sunderland, England, by Messrs. Dennes & Co. She is a little cutter 13ft. over all, 3ft. 2in. beam 3ft. 6in. draft, uncapsizable and unsinkable, with a closed well aft. She has sleeping room for one, oil stove and wash basin. On launching she was at once tested in some heavy squalls, and proved very able and weatherly. Her name is the Titwillow.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Oakland C. C. are now in new quarters, and some new boats are expected next spring. The Mousquito fleet is still active.

HOWARD C. C.—This club held their fall regatta on Oct. 24 on the Charles River. A. G. Webster won the sailing race.

Yachting.

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WHOSE WATERLOO?

(Concluded.)

WITH the above the evidence in support of my case is by no means exhausted. I hold and have always held:

That in regard to speed, type does not enter the problem at all.

That within the limits yet experimented upon, we may look for like speed under normal conditions of wind and water, through the entire range of type from one extreme to the other.

That no one type can be singled out as innately the fastest.

That, as between representations of the various types, success will crown the most perfect fashioning in itself, be the dimensions whatever they may.

The corollary to the foregoing definitions being, that no virtue whatever inheres to beam itself as a contributor to speed and that an addition to beam in no wise carries with it an increased opportunity for the production of speed.

Furthermore that no comparative value can be assigned to much or little beam, the value of beam depending altogether upon the individual shape of hull with which it is associated. What might be a beneficial or judicious amount of beam in one shape would be murdering the chances for speed in another. Hence inferences regarding speed built simply upon a consideration of beam in its single capacity, regardless of the shape, volume, etc., of the hull are so much idle tattle. No wonder then, that at this late day no two persons will agree upon just what is "the best proportion of beam to length." No such proportion exists. It will vary for each and every fashioning of hull. In consistency and harmony with the design as a whole, it may be imperative in one shape to reduce beam until the boat is pinched into the proverbial "plank on edge." And for the same reason it may be imperative in another shape to expand beam to the maximum until the boat assumes the likeness of a pancake.

But, in neither extreme, nor in any intermediate compromise, do the possibilities for speed under normal conditions depend upon the proportion which the beam bears to the length. Speed will be attained in strict conformity to the judgment shown in apportioning the various elements *to the particular beam selected*, and in all cases, of course, with the pertection displayed in *fairness of body*.

The correctness of these deductions is amply sustained by experience in yacht racing. It is only upon unreserved admission of these deductions that we can reconcile the otherwise inexplicable and impossible fact that the highest rate of speed has been shown by every type of yacht, from the wedgelike six-beam cutter Clara to the flattest and broadest of sloops and representatives of various intermediate proportions.

In illustration: A Puritan of more perfect form upon her own beam than a Genesta upon her own smaller beam will possess greater possibilities for speed. And the contrary just as well. A Genesta of more perfect form upon her small beam than a Puritan upon her larger beam will have within her design the more favorable chances.

So far, then, as a contest between a cutter and a sloop is concerned, the result will *not* be in accordance with their beam. Nor does their type enter into the problem at all. The result will hinge solely upon the relative perfection of form upon the beam chosen.

A well-shaped Puritan will beat a Genesta of less likely form. A well-shaped Genesta will beat a Puritan of less likely form. That is all there is to the contest between cutter and sloop on the score of speed in smooth water and good sailing breeze. Experience has, however, well established one fact in addition. The narrow boat can be driven through lumpy water to better advantage than the broad boat, since the clumsier hips and flatter floor of the latter meet with more violent opposition from the sea, from the effects of which a lean, wall-sided and heavier hull suffers less check to uninterrupted onward motion. In light and fickle winds accompanied by more or less swell, the greater angle of heel and greater weight of the narrow boat seem also to invest her with greater possibilities for speed than can be got from broader, lighter, stiffer forms. This has, however, not been so firmly established as yet, but that difference of opinion may rightfully exist.

All this upon the supposition that in point of mechanical features, all types are assumed on an equality.

Turning to the volume "Small Yachts," written last winter, I find the following from my pen, which covers the ground as above: "In view of the varied results of races during the past few years, it is more than ever convincing that far too much stress is laid upon mere type by itself when the question of speed is agitated, and that the clue to success should be sought in the most favorable selection of bulk and general symmetry of hull, let the cardinal dimensions be what they may. We have all seen square races won by cut and cut cutters, by half breeds with and without keel, and with a little of both, by orthodox light drafts of a past epoch, and by all kinds of go-betweens. Extensive and close observation will in the long run justify the view that all types within certain not well defined limits can be made to reach equally high rates of speed, though some will excel under certain conditions and others again under an opposite state of affairs. But it will ever be a losing game to pit against perfection of one type anything of another possessed of less correctness of form."

This declaration receives further strength from extraneous sources; for look at the recent international races as one may, in the language of the *Spirit of the Times*, "the net result is that both yachts are about equal in speed." The stability of my position is likewise insured by the performance of the six-beam Clara in the third or triangular match outside the Hook, when the Vice-Commodore's Cup was the bone of contention

The smaller class of singlestickers were represented by the thoroughbred Clara as one extreme, the Isis as a cutter of four beams, the Daphne as a modern compromise of the Puritan stripe with three beams to loadline, a little keel and outside lead with a centerboard dropping through and more than usual depth, and also the Athlon, a good and true sloop, though not as flat and sloal as the

trap of yore. Here we had first-rate examples of type from one extreme almost to the other, yet the position of the yachts at the finish had no connection with their individual proportions of beam to length. They arrived decidedly mixed as to beam. Clara, the narrowest of the lot, won, not *because* she was narrow, but because she had the *most perfect shape* on her beam. The rest were distanced, not *because* they rejoiced in *greater* beam, but because they were of *less perfect* fashioning upon whatever beam they happened to possess. *Beam, type*, were wholly foreign to the issue. *Perfection of model*, that is the best selection of displacement, the best entrance, the best clearance, the best ratio between resistance and sail area, the best balance of weight and turning centers, the best windward qualities, the "sweetest" lines, etc., etc., all or some of them were brought to a better average on Clara's beam than the same elements were made to effect in the other yachts of her class on the particular beams they happened to possess. Clara won in consequence, neither beam nor type having anything to do for or against her victory, as the course did not average enough rough water to bring out the special adaptability of small beam for such work. And, looking upon Puritan's victory as a victory really won upon merit instead of through luck, the same reasoning will apply. Her victory over Genesta was not due to the type she happened to represent, but because a more perfect vessel on her dimensions than Genesta is upon hers.

I have gone to some length in this matter, as the public in general has been led completely astray by the nonsensical rubbish in the daily papers. The lay critic could discover nothing in Puritan's victory but a vast fund of "conclusive proof" that the Puritan type was "all right" and the Genesta type "all wrong." Even admitting Puritan's victory to have been genuine, there was absolutely nothing shown in the international races upon which the Puritan type could be bolstered up into a golden calf to which we all should bow in servile imitation henceforth. Nor did the races supply any good reason why our English cousins should drop their favorite style of vessel and give up safe, able, speedy craft of the highest all-round performance, for the less reliable sloop and leaky centerboard contrivance, with her scanty accommodations below and her spray-soaking proclivities which render her almost unfit for family cruising, unless drifting in sheltered waters be the height of ambition to which a cruiser should aspire.

Type did not enter into the Puritan-Genesta races at all. There never was enough wind or sea to bring out their relative staying qualities. At most, the conclusion can be that Puritan was slightly more perfect on her dimensions than her foreign opponent. And that is no guarantee whatever that upon next meeting the representative of the cutter family may not turn the tables on our sloop, there being, according to the stand I have taken and explained above, *no innate sources of superiority in type* as speed under normal conditions is concerned, and so far as speed under trying conditions is concerned, the *innate superiority rests with the cutter* beyond any dispute.

The next international competition will be decided upon like grounds. If the Galatea is a vessel of more perfect mould on her dimensions than the sloop she will meet is on hers, then the America Cup may be expected to take wings for a long flight from our shores. If the reverse should be the case—if the sloop is ahead of Galatea in symmetry and the average of her components of performance, then the bold Briton will have to try again. If Galatea catches us in a cringle blow and chalkpit sea, then, unless Galatea is below the rest of her family, the cutter will make sport of any sloop we can ever produce.

In concluding this review one more influence which operated materially in favor of the Puritan ought not to be overlooked. Throughout the races the policy pursued by Puritan's pilot, Capt. Joe Ellsworth, was more commendable than the tactics aboard the cutter. Eddies and airs were worked to the Puritan's great advantage, while Genesta was rammed through everything, thick and thin, without displaying the same *finesse* in her handling.

Hasty and unwarrantable assumptions as to the bearing of these races upon modeling in the future are the natural accompaniment to the shiftless and superficial character of the newspaper reports of the matches themselves. The astute editorials forecasting an immense "revolution" in naval architecture were not the least funny among the many ludicrous fulminations of the landsmen contingent engaged in "flowery portraying" of the all-absorbing events. While the newsboys were crying the "Puritan's great victory" in the streets and gaping crowds hung round the bulletins to read dispatches composed by the office boy or janitor within the mysterious precints of the newspaper cellar, ye dashing editor up in the tenth story was making the ink fly with his sweeping prophecies. The bold, bad Britons were to stumble over themselves in their hurry to break up all their vessels and "adopt the American model" as depicted in the "wonderful" Puritan. The honest keel vessel was to be no more, either for sport or for trade, but flat-bottoms, centerboards and the what-nots of a country without a flag upon the high sea, were to dispel the darkness abroad and shed luminous intelligence upon the benighted Britisher, and teach Britannia, who rules the waves to our utter exclusion, how to go down to the sea in ships.

Like a thousand similar newspaper "revolutions," this last one failed to go off and the obstreperous John Bull has since signified his very clear purpose to stick to his honest vessel and try for the Cup again with the same kind of instrument as the Genesta, only a little more so.

There is no question but that Puritan can make a passage at sea in perfect safety, barring the loss of her long horn, and with some degree of comfort. That is all insured by her size alone, if by nothing else. There is also no doubt but that she can win occasional matches abroad in weather and water to her liking; but the Puritan and vessels of her type would for all that fail wretchedly in answering the purposes of the foreign yachtsmen. She cannot compare for reliability in all-round work with a yacht like the Genesta. She would fail to score in reefing breezes and she could not be counted upon to make forced passages around the British coast in all weathers. Of this the Englishman is perfectly well aware and the news of Puritan's performance is not likely to turn his head, as may be gathered from the correspondence which has appeared in the European press, and of which the following is a fair sample, taken from the London *Field*, Sept. 26:

"SIR—A letter appears in this week's issue of the *Field* which calls for a reply, displaying, as it does, a lamentable ignorance as to the merits of American sloops and English cutters, and 'C. J. W.,' in condemning the latter and praising the former, displays neither reason nor justice.

"Now, as to the points of the two types, I consider them to be as follows: Regarding the sloop, even including the 'half way between' Puritan, they in the hull are too shallow to go to windward in a jump of a sea, and, through the same cause, they are decidedly deficient in head room. They are too wide, in that a heavy sea causes a most unpleasant, uneasy motion, whether they take it end on or on the beam, preventing the sails from sleeping, and, to put it mildly, disturbing the crockery; while every roll, if on a wind, is a shove to leeward.

"As regards the sparring, the position of the mast is too far forward, in a rough sea, for comfort, speed, or even safety, increasing the pitching motion as it does. The great proportional length and weight of mast multiplies the above defects; and this, in addition to the comparative insignificance of the mainmast, precludes the possibility of snugging the vessel comfortably down and leaves her in a gale with a thundering big tree swaggering out of her.

"The mainsail is too large to handle easily, and compels the necessity of reefing when the cutter need only stow her topsail.

"Now, having so far judged the sloop—which after all is only a fine-weather, smooth-water boat—let us glance at the cutter. I cannot admit our large cutters are deficient in accommodation through want of beam. An old saying speaks of matters of equal merit as being as "broad as long." Length is as good as breadth, and, in a vessel, better. The cutter's merits are in exact contradiction to the demerits of the sloop. Her hull formation is adapted for bad weather and broken water, &c., and it is absurd to speak of her uncomfortable motion, for nothing is designed at present so easy, gradual and comparatively free from rolling, pitching and scending. As to her spar and sail plan, is any one bold enough to say it is not the best for speed, weatherliness or comfort in a single masted vessel as yet designed?

"Now, as to the late racing in America, Genesta is the natural outcome of a system of measurement, admittedly having its faults but still a measurement that has produced the most able and weatherly of vessels, while Puritan is the outcome of a different system, fostering a different type. It is hard to bring those two types together, but it might have been more reasonable if they had been measured by a rule midway between the Y. R. A. and American.

"To conclude, would Puritan have won from Genesta if the vessels were raced under the conditions of measurement, wind and water under which the latter was built to compete? Would Puritan make a passage in comfort and safety in what we consider bad weather?

"In a matter of speed alone would Puritan have sailed even knot for knot with Genesta in weather such as was experienced by Genesta's sisters at the late Dartmouth regatta?

"I have resided in the United States and know their sloops and schooners, and I know equally well the English cutter, and, in my opinion, the only answer to the foregoing questions is a very big 'No!'

"JAMES J. HOUMAN."

The London *Field* also coincides with the limitations I have above set to the utility of a Puritan in British waters in the following taken from an editorial in the *Field*; "So far as the contention that the English type of yacht is wrong is concerned, we feel sure that the American type will never, even in the Anglo-American type represented by the Puritan, be adopted in English waters.... The conclusion to arrive at is that a compromise between the sloop and the cutter must be very much more cutter than even Puritan is to compete with anything like success against British yachts in a whole sail breeze."

Surely the above settles the "revolution" in British yacht building, which has been impending only in the minds of persons not familiar with the conditions of yachting abroad. Past history furnishes another striking illustration of how easily the average critic slips off his base in the hour of exuberant spirits. The America in her day "created" a furore in yachting circles to which the recent international races compare only as a small side show. Now while the America hastened the universal introduction of long, fine bows and flat sails, both these attributes were not new, for they had been anticipated in British yachts like the Mosquito several years before the advent of the schooner from these waters, and they were, moreover, subjects of universal discussion at the time, the leading lights abroad having given in their adhesion to the innovations before the America was ever thought of. To what extent did the British throw their own experience to the dogs and at a bound reconstruct their fleets by a fresh lot of Americas? Just one single, solitary schooner yacht was built after the America's lines, and that was the iron-hulled Vestal. She performed fairly well, but was not raced with much earnest. The British set about remodelling their modern fleet by the regular process of evolution, leading up to the Cambrias and Lyonnias, with which we are well acquainted. They did not discover any cause for a "revolution" in the America and she never set the fashion to the lights who came to the fore after that schooner's achievements had become a matter of history. It is nonsense, then, to suppose that an event of comparatively minor importance can draw in its wake a more violent upsetting of prevailing preferences and experience abroad. On the contrary, the British public are aware that while short twelve years ago their yachts were still manifestly inferior to our own in speed, they have, by following out their own line of experimentation, so far progressed as to send across a Genesta, and prove her practically as good as anything we can produce. They have the satisfaction of knowing that but for our borrowing from them the cutter's rig and the cutter's equipment, our orthodox sloops would have been easily beaten. Is it likely that with the indorsement of their ideas and practices in the Puritan, and with full knowledge that even the Puritan would fail to meet their wants, they will discard principles which have been well tried abroad and to which even we are giving our approval? There need be no fear that the sturdy British yachtsman will ever discard his bold, able and ever reliable little seagoing vessel for a makeshift, a half-hearted cross between sloop and cutter like the Puritan. If he did, very little further experience would convince him of his error and he would turn to his old love with all the better appreciation of her grand qualities and incomparable all-round excellence.

So far as British yachtbuilding of the future is concerned, the Puritan-Genesta races will be devoid of the slightest influence. A change in the Y. R. A. tonnage rule, which now handicaps beam so heavily, may possibly induce a trifling addition to beam for the sake of greater deck room and accommodations, but such additions will be purely nominal in extent and still leave the type unmodified. The London *Field* echos the experience with beam about the British coast and my own as well when it says:

"So far as regards altering the rule, before that is done we should like to see if a yacht of 45½ beams, 80ft. on the loadline, could not be built to live in close about 5½ beams, on the same length. We think the experiment quite worth trying, though there is not much chance of its succeeding in the small classes. Such yachts would have 2ft. more beam than Genesta (that is, 17ft.), and would have to allow her 1min. 6sec. over a 50-mile course. This penalty does not look more than she ought to be able to do; and adding 2ft. to such a craft as Genesta would make her in many ways a very much improved vessel, and especially in a seaway, although occasionally there may be a particular kind of sea met with which the narrower boat would get through the faster. Examples of this have occurred over and over again in yachting experiences, and they have rather tended to mask the fact that for any given tonnage a yacht is not always what may be termed sufficient performer in a sea simply because she is narrow, but because she is long and deep. If, however, a yacht has a beam much in excess of two-tenths of her length on loadline, the beam will begin to tell against her in a head sea, but she will not necessarily be a bad sea boat."

That is to say, the *Field* does not think that experience warrants greater beam in small cutters. Probably because such yachts need a maximum displacement to go through the exceedingly severe racing and the bad weather they often have to face owing to their small size. But in larger vessels, as the Genesta, an addition of 2ft, might be an improvement except in the worst of weathers. Allowing the *Field's* assumption to be correctly taken, the Genesta would even then remain a 5 beam cutter, or a very narrow boat according to our American notions. This, however, would be brought about by a change in the measurement rule without reference to the Puritan's success at all. To such changes, I and all other "cutter men" certainly make no objection. We are quite willing to abide by the outcome of experience in respect to cutters of moderate beam, narrow beam, very narrow beam, or no beam at all, just so the world shall not be cheated out of the sturdy cutter type through fallacious deductions circulated by inexperienced persons who force their "beliefs," "views," etc., upon the public at a rate inverse to their right to give an opinion of any kind.

Turning now to the probable influence of the international races upon yacht building in America, I am forced to conclude that their effect will be the very reverse of what has been predicted. Being more volatile in character than John Bull, Jonathan will rush headlong into copying without turning things over in his mind. Very well. Let him copy. Inasmuch as Puritan is a half-way step between sloop and cutter in her rig, equipment, stowage of ballast and appearance, Jonathan will simply be discarding his last century trap and taking his first lesson in cutter principles. This will be satisfactory to himself, for he will get a better style of boat than he had before. It is also satisfactory to "cutter men," because having "been there themselves," they think they know where Jonathan is sure to bring up. The next Puritan may have all her lead outside. This involves a keel of such depth that the centerboard will be discarded. Jonathan will follow her up in all the rest of his vessels, and presto, change! before he is aware of it he is backing the cutter of moderate beam against all creation. The rest will take care of itself. With all the weight hung low, Jonathan will wish to beat all comers in all weather, and he will whittle off just a little bit of that lumpy beam and fill in the amount about the floor to drive his vessel through a head sea; and so it may come true some fine day that Jonathan is the man who has got "cutter on the brain," and old-fashioned John Bull insists at least upon enough beam to squeeze his fat anatomy down the companionhatches.

Thus it is that no matter what interpretation be put upon the Puritan-Genesta affair, the "cutter men" are in high glee, for more "cuttery" our fleet is destined to become. The "cutter man" no longer lacks confidence in his favorite type for speed. Genesta, Clara and even Puritan are living witnesses in behalf of the soundness of cutter principles. Formerly he may have built with an idea that he was sacrificing speed in return for the comforts, dryness, ease, accommodations below, cool cabins and all-round reliability, in all of which he knows the cutter to excel. Now he will build in full knowledge that there is nothing inherent in his favorite type not compatible with the highest rate of speed, and that there is nothing inherent in the sloop which entitles her to claim greater possibilities in that respect.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

GENESTA AND GRACIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue "Reader" furnishes his own answer. My statement concerning Genesta and Gracie as compared to Puritan and Gracie was based upon the triangular races the two pairs sailed, as no comparison can be instituted between a race to windward and one over a different course. Puritan and Gracie sailed 40 miles triangular course. Puritan beat Gracie 25m. 8s. Genesta and Gracie sailed triangular course, 32 miles. Genesta beat Gracie 31m. 32s. Add one-quarter for difference in distance, and Genesta beats Gracie 27m. 20s., making my statement correct. The time in Puritan-Gracie race represents also much less distance, as it was sailed in lighter wind. I am ready to grant, however, that the comparison is of no great value in any case, as accurate deductions cannot be reached in the premises.

As for the item in *Science*, mentioned by "Reader," it is on a par with the rest of the slipshod observations in other publications. For one thing dipping bowsprits is no criterion whatever of seagoing qualities, least of all of ability. Puritan's bowsprit has a steeve or rise upward, Genesta's is bubbled down, and every one concedes that cutters oscillate through greater arcs than vessels of flatter floor. It is a perfectly harmless peculiarity scarcely noticed by those on board. I have sailed in a 50-mile gale in a cutter which dipped her bowsprit at every dive, yet she shipped next to no water nor threw any spray in comparison to what a sloop would do under the circumstances, even without dipping bowsprit at all.

The beating which Puritan gave Bedouin was due *wholly* on account of Puritan's bigger size, for Puritan beat the sloop Gracie *much worse* in the first trial race referred to. Hence any reasoning which attempts to lay Bedouin's defeat at the doors of her model is rubbish which ought never to find its way into a publication of high standing. If the cutter model was at fault in that race, then the sloop model of the Gracie was even much more faulty. Gauged through the Gracie, Genesta, a cutter herself, could beat Bedouin in the stiff breeze at sea of the first trial match just about as badly. The value of size in rough weather has heretofore been underrated and this is what the Puritan-Bedouin race really disclosed. Inasmuch as the cutter Bedouin beat the sloop Gracie of same length no less than 29m. 55s. in twenty miles to windward, the race very clearly established the vast superiority of the cutter in coarse weather, just the contrary what "Reader's" quotation from the *Science* would imply. This point has been so firmly established upon hundreds of occasions, here and abroad, that it would in any event require much more than one race the other way to set up the contrary.

The Puritan races are not the only contests between different types which have taken place. They are only one lot out of hundreds of similar competitions. To look to the Puritan races alone, and disregard all other lessons is an absurdity quite the fashion for the present. The English have for years and years experimented with beam from the broadest down to the narrowest, with innumerable yachts differing inch by inch. The general result is heavily in favor of narrower vessels than our sloop for reliability, ability and speed in heavy weather, nor has anything transpired since the appearance of the Puritan to shake confidence in previous observations. Those qualified to judge do not hesitate to go on record strongly in favor of Genesta and her kind against boats of Puritan's build, and much more so against the typical American sloop which is notoriously worthless in a sea, so far as "going" and "dryness" are concerned. No yachtsman familiar with Gracie, Fanny, Mischief and their class will pretend that they can be "driven" under reefs in an ugly sea. But it is equally familiar to all who have experience in cutters that that is their strong point. Under short sail they do relatively much better than the sloop, and the cutter can thrash a good passage and claw out to windward long after the sloop has to give up through sheer inability to accomplish anything to her good. In large yachts this is not of such great importance, as they are in heavy weather less often than small vessels, and mere size is an antidote to shortcomings in model. Hence "cutter principles" have all the more direct application to yachts of small tonnage, if such yachts are to be put to hard service and not rest forever content with small work in sheltered waters. The future is certain to see the ten and twenty ton yacht knock about our coast just as much as is the custom abroad, and to that end she must and will approach the British cutter in her conception. I am only one out of thousands who would rather cruise to the West Indies, to Bermuda or to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in a 50ft. yacht than in a huge ark aboard which I could only be a passenger or figure almost as a nonentity in her handling.

C. P. K.

COMMENDATORY reviews of Mr. Kunhardt's "Small Yachts" are the rule. *The Nation* says: "This book fills a blank in American yacht literature, and will be found a valuable addition to the libraries of our American yachtsmen. The subject-matter, although covered in a measure by such works as Dixon Kemp's 'Yacht Designing' and his 'Yacht and Boat Sailing,' is presented in more attractive form, is much condensed, and is procurable at less than half the cost of those volumes. It is practical throughout—practical in the treatment of what is popularly called theoretical; and the chapters on Resistance, Displacement, Stability, Beam and its Relations, make plain the course of the amateur designer when he launches his ship on the drawing-board with his tools and the assistance of the chapter following on Computations, which is also presented in the simplest possible form. The yachtsman who understands the principles of design and their results, derives much more satisfaction from one of the manliest of sports than the man who is willing to sail a passenger in his own ship, and is content to pay for all professional services; and hence we can recommend the book, notwithstanding its title, 'Small Yachts,' to all yachtsmen, without reference to the size of their vessels, existing or in prospect. Under the head of General Information the reader will find such subjects as Yachts' Papers, International Rules of the Road, Cautionary Signals of the U. S. Signal Service, together with many useful tables, such as weights of materials, gear, wind pressure, etc., etc. A large portion of the book is devoted to the lines of many existing small yachts, with sail plans, plans of accommodation, specifications of construction, and general description, which will be found of much interest; and the classification by type, with remarks on the features of each, has a wholesome tendency in the direction of an uncapsizable boat (unlike the yacht Torpedo, which recently capsized and drowned three of her crew). This classification is as follows: Centerboard catboats, keel catboats, light draft centerboard sloops, light draft keel yachts, deep draft keel yachts, compromise keel and centerboard, beamy cutters, cutters of moderate beam, cutters of small beam, and yachts of special class, embracing sharpies, buckeyes, canoes, etc.

THE PROPER MODEL FOR FISHING VESSELS.—Captain Collins has for some time been urging a change of the model of American fishing vessels. The most important feature is indicated in his note in the Cape Ann *Advertiser* of May 19, 1882, as follows: "All evidence goes to prove that in the open ocean, especially where strong winds and rough seas are to be encountered, deep bodied vessels are much more rapid than shallow ones. Nor does this depend so much on the vessel carrying a great amount of sail as it does on her ability to keep on her course and make headway under short canvas when one of less depth, though of broader beam, must heave to and drift to leeward." These statements have been verified in a very interesting way the past summer by the Gloucester vessels sent to Iceland on halibut voyages, where they came in contact with English smacks. Captain George W. Pendleton, master of schooner Alice M. Williams, which is one of the best Gloucester vessels, reported that on the day he sailed from Iceland he encountered a gale and was obliged to heave to under double-reefed foresail when some 40 miles off land. Soon after he heaved to he was passed by an English smack, carrying a single-reefed mainsail and whole foresails. He thought the English vessel was making 11 knots an hour. Everything was dry and comfortable, the men appearing on deck without oiled clothes. On other occasions he was obliged to reef down snugly while the English smacks went along comfortably under all plain sail. The Alice M. Williams was deep in water, as she had a full cargo of fish on board, and yet was compelled to lay to while another vessel no larger was moving comfortably under crowded canvas.—*Report of Commissioner of Fisheries (Sept. 25, 1884).*

NEW YORK Y. C.—A meeting was held at the club house on Thursday last, being a continuation of the adjourned meeting of July 23. On its adjournment the fifth general meeting was at once called to order by Rear Commodore F. C. Lawrence. Resolutions of respect to the late ex Commodore W. H. Thomas were passed, and also a resolution offered by Mr. A. P. Stokes, schooner Clytie, thanking the owners of the Gracie and Bedouin for their action in entering their yachts in the trial races, as requested by the committee. Ex-Commodore Smith moved that a committee of seven be appointed by the chair to select a suitable piece of silverware to be presented to the owners of the Puritan as a recognition of their action in the defense of the America Cup. Mr. Phillip Schuyler also moved that the thanks of the club be presented to them. Both resolutions were carried. Mr. Webb's letter of Oct. 6 in regard to a continuance of Galatea's challenge was read. The secretary was instructed to inform him that the club would consider when received, any formal challenge in the name of a yacht club, as stipulated in the deed of gift. Vice-Commodore Douglass offered his resignation, owing to a proposed absence abroad, but it was laid on the table. After some miscellaneous business the following new members were elected: Sir Richard Sutton (honorary member), William L. Stow, John W. Emerson, Gilbert Schroeder, Benjamin J. Swan, Charles T. Minton, Edward C. Post, J. Moss White, L. D. Shephard, Fred. Gallatin, Arthur Ryerson, Thornton N. Motley, John W. Handren, Charles L. Wright, Geo. H. Draper, T. Harrison Garrett, John R. Andrews, William C. Eustis, T. Henry French, W. H. Higbee and G. E. Stevens.

OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE EAST RIVER.—The following notice has been issued by the coast survey office: Lieut. John M. Hawley, U.S.N., assistant U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, commanding the schooner Eagre, has developed the following additional dangers not heretofore shown on the charts of this office: 1. A small rocky shoal lies about midway between the southwestern end of Blackwell's Island and black buoy No. 30. The rock has but 2½ft. of water over it, and is located on the following bearings, taken from Coast and Geodetic Survey Chart No. 369, 3: Smallpox Hospital, Blackwell's Island, N.E., 485 yards; Canoe Rock (center of rock), S.W.¼W., 270 yards; Forty-fifth street, New York, N.W.¾W., 470 yards. This rock, being part of the line of detached ledges forming Blackwell's Island reef, is not in the track of vessels following the usual channels. 2. A ridge lies to the eastward of Blackwell's Island reef, nearly in mid-channel, and has a least depth of 18ft. over it. It extends about 40 yards in a north and south direction, and is located in the following bearings: Smallpox hospital, Blackwell's Island, N.N.E.½E., 830 yards; Long Island railroad sign, Hunter's Point, S. by E.¾E., 405 yards; Canoe Rock (center of rock), N.W.¾N., 240 yards. To avoid this ridge vessels passing to the eastward of Canoe Rock should hug the Long Island shore.

A HINT ABOUT CHAIN.—A short time since a yacht went ashore in a blow, parting her chain, a new and apparently good one. An examination of the broken link showed, however, that the cause of its breaking was that being very wide, it had turned half round and kinked so that the adjoining links pulled on it sideways, a direction in which it could stand little strain. Chain which is tested and found defective in England is not allowed to be sold under heavy penalties, but it is returned after testing to the owner. What becomes of it? There is no law against exporting it or selling it in this country. Does any of it come here?

YACHTING NOTES.—Sir. Richard Sutton's schooner Elmina, 350 tons, has lately replaced her old masts with new ones and is now fitting out for a cruise to Suakim. ..The Amy, 842 tons, Mr. N. B. Stewart's new steam yacht, is also fitting out for a cruise to Madeira and the West Indies. She has proved herself remarkably fast this season ....The 30ft. length class boat Curtsy, Major Forster, has made a good record this season, racing 30 times and winning 23 firsts, one second, and also leading in three other races in which she was disqualified as being over length ..The sloop Genia has been sold to Dr. Mandeville, of Newark, N. J.....Intrepid, schooner, is laid up at Sixth street and Nixzie L., foot, at Seventh street, South Brooklyn. ...In Manning's Basin is the sloop Winona, lately returned from a long cruise on the Lakes....Enterprise and Crocodile were lately laid up in the Atlantic Basin ...Mr. Fairman Rogers's steam yacht Magnolia has lately been completely overhauled by Herreshoff and will leave shortly on another cruise to Florida,...Oneagh, schooner, is reported as sold to an American, Mr. Harvey Spencer .. Dauntless, schooner, has been at Poillon's for a general overhauling preparatory to a winter cruise....The Boston Y. C. has purchased the land and shop formerly belonging to Pierce, at City Point ..Smith has hauled up at his yard in South Boston Volante, Nautilus, schooner; Alcyone Cygnet, Juno and Esther....Gitana, schooner, is hauled up at Mystic wharf, where she will be lengthened forward....Corsair, steam yacht, is laid up in the Erie Basin, where she will be completely refitted below. Atalanta is also in the Erie Basin ....Sagitta, sloop, which was ashore off Fire Island last month, is now hauled up at Islip for a general overhauling . Montauk will lay up this year at New London....At Seventh street, South Brooklyn, are the steam yachts Day Dream and Norma....Bertie, sloop, is laid up in Mumm's Basin....New Haven—Ariadne will lay up at Huntington, L. I., Wild Duck at Portchester, Rival at Westport, Thistle at Greenport. Trio at Middletown, Viking at Groton, Viola at Stony Creek, Flora at Brantford, Sophia and Nereid at Norwich, most of the others of the fleet will winter at New Haven....Rajah, Stranger, Endeavor, Roamer and a few others are still in commission.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—A meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was held on Oct. 23 to present the prizes won in the late fall regatta. Much dissatisfaction has been felt in regard to the timing of the race, which was to be sailed within six hours. The time announced by the judges was a few seconds under the limit, but as timed by a number of responsible parties, both on the boats and at the clubhouse, it was 6h. and 7min. Since the race the matter has been much talked of, as there seemed to be no doubt but that the official time was incorrect, and by the club rules there had been no race. Commodore Hobby presided at the meeting. Objection was made to the awarding of the prizes and evidence was offered to prove that the time was incorrect. The Regatta Committee declined to question the time given by the judges; one of the latter, Mr. W. J. Parker, declined to give any decision, and the remaining two, Messrs Jackson and Deane, declared that the race must stand, so the prizes were finally presented. One of the winners—Mr. Smith, of the Rosetta A. —said, on receiving his prize: "Gentlemen, I accept this prize, but with no pleasure whatever, as I believe there was no race." The prizes were awarded to Surf in the first class, Lena second, Lizzie R. third, Rosetta A. fourth, Maggie fifth, Hornet sixth, Bon Ton seventh, Vaddie eighth. The steam launch prize was won by Mystic. Lizzie R. won the pennant for best elapsed time, and also the Mott Cup, having won it three times. Dandy was ruled out for using oars. The club are still divided over the question of the time, and, though the race has been sanctioned by the committee, the matter is not yet finally disposed of.

NO WIDE YACHTS WANTED.—The glowing pictures which some enthusiasts on this side of the pond have painted of John Bull throwing aside his timehonored rules and building Puritans does not appear to be quite in accordance with facts. The performance of the wide boat has waked up many of the chronic objecters to the rule, but without much encouragement as yet. We lately quoted an article from the London *Field* disposing of some fables of British origin about Puritan's ability, but stating at the same time that such boats would not suit their wants. In a later article on the subject of the Y. R. A. rules the same paper speaks as follows: "We last week expressed an opinion that there appear to be at present any urgent necessity for altering the Y. R. A. tonnage rule, although we should like to see it somewhat easier on beam when the proportion is four to one, and a little harder when the proportion is over five and one-half to one. What should be done with such vessels as Puritan, three and one-half to one, is a matter of small consequence, as no one desires to build such yachts on this side of the Atlantic." Undoubtedly the result of the races will hasten the death of the present rule; but there is not the least indication that British yachtsmen will go back to the wide form of yacht or will add very materially to the beam even of the extreme racers.

A NEW METHOD OF PROPULSION.—The long narrow boat that has been on the ways at Poillons' for some time is now nearly ready for launching and will soon make a trial of her peculiar machinery. The motive power is gas, generated by a small machine on board, and ignited in a cylinder to which compressed air is also admitted. This cylinder is placed on the keelson, well aft, and communicates with four oblong openings near the keel, two facing aft and two forward, the connections being such that any opening may be put in communication with the cylinder at will. To move ahead the two forward ones are closed and the after ones are opened, air and gas are admitted to the cylinder and ignited, an explosion follows, and the liberated gases act with great force by way of the openings on the water, driving the boat ahead. This impact is in practice almost continuous, and the power exerted is very great. To reverse, the two after openings are closed and the forward ones opened, thus driving the vessel astern. To turn, one on each side is opened, swinging the vessel around. There are no rapidly moving parts, the mechanism is simple, and it is claimed that a very large percentage of the fuel consumed is realized in the final effect.

A PROPHESY COME TRUE.—In a review of the America Cup races, the Berlin *Wassersport* has the following: "It cannot be denied that the highest hopes and expectations, even the firm conviction had seized the English, that their chosen craft would achieve a victory. Against this, however, stands out in astonishing contrast, that out of the enemy's camp itself, one voice was raised which foretold the Genesta's probable defeat and maintained that the English had allowed their chance to slip by. This voice emanated from a person who had fought for the advantages and good points of the cutter with a zeal almost frantic, and who claimed that in their day, Florinda or Majorie would have had a sure thing. The result of the recent races has been of a kind that we are obliged to concede sound judgment to this critic, Mr. C. P. Kunhardt, formerly of FOREST AND STREAM. For, the very condition which he insisted the English yacht should possess, that the representative selected should be speedy in the lightest of winds to insure success against the sloop, was the very condition the Genesta did not fulfil. But this warning voice went unheeded in the fire of enthusiasm which had seized the English."

A PICTURE OF THE GREAT RACE —Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have just issued a large and handsome chromo of the finish of the final race between Puritan and Genesta. It is a reproduction of an oil painting by Mr. Wm. F. Halsalls, the marine artist, who has produced a very spirited picture of the two yachts. The sails of both are very well rendered, the drawing being correct and the coloring really giving an idea of life and motion; but the hull of the Puritan is incorrectly drawn, the sheer of the hull and the rise of the bowsprit are both exaggerated to a degree that gives a wrong notion of the boat. Another noticeable error is the coloring of Genesta's burgee, which is given as blue and red, instead of the black and red which have become so well known. The state of the water at the time is very accurately depicted, and in all respects, but the very important one noted, the picture is an admirable one.

THE BROKERS' YACHTS.—When Mr. W. R. Travers was at Newport last summer, a great many fine yachts lay in the harbor. "Wh-who-who-whose yacht is th-th-tha that?" he asked, pointing to one of them. "That belongs to Mr. Jones, the well-known broker." Mr. Travers raised his dexter finger slowly and brought into line another yacht. "Wh-wh-wh-whose yacht is that?" he asked with some difficulty. "Oh, that's Mr. Smith's the broker," "Wh-wh-whose is that?" pointing out still another. "That belongs to Mr. White, another broker." "W-w-well, wh-wh-where's the customers' yachts?" inquired the great Wall street joker.—*Chicago Mail.*

A RACING CUTTER FOR SALE.—The most promising class now existing in our yacht fleet is that of 50 feet or thereabouts on waterline, including Isis, Athlon, Oriva, Daphne, Vixen, Gaviota, and lastly Clara. The latter promises to set a pace next year that some of the big ones may find it hard to follow. Her class competitor and ablest rival on the other side, the 20 tonner Lenore, is now offered for sale and can be had at a reasonable figure. Here is a chance for some racing man who wishes to be near the top of the class next season. Further particulars can be had at this office.

RIVERSIDE Y. C.—A race will be sailed on Nov. 15 between Cheemaun, formerly well-known about New York, and the Arthur B., also a New York boat, both now being under the Riverside Y. C. flag, of Jacksonville, Fla. The Cheemaun is a jib and mainsail boat 25ft. 10in. long, owned by W. Fred Porter, and the Arthur B. is 20ft., owned by Vice-Commodore W. L. Davids. She sailed as a cat in the last race, but will be sloop rigged this time. On Oct. 17 a very high tide wrecked the club house and did some damage to the yachts hauled to clean for the fall and winter season.

AMERICAN Y. C.—A special meeting of the American Y. C. was held on Tuesday last at the club house, Commodore De Cordova in the chair. The report of the Regatta Committee was read and accepted, the dispute between Atalanta and Stiletto being decided in favor of the former. The prizes won in the regatta were on exhibition, and the proposed designs for an international challenge cup for steam yachts were discussed. The owners of Stiletto proposed a race for a $500 cup with Atalanta, from Fort Adams to Sands Point, the cup to be paid for by the owners of each boat and to remain a challenge cup. The proposal was not accepted.

MIZZEN STAYSAILS ON YAWLS.—A correspondent in San Francisco writes that the mizzen staysail has been tried on yawls there, but with poor results. One on the Enid elicited the comment from an observer, "That staysail is drawing like a team of horses, but I'm not prepared to say which way." One was tried on the little Sweetheart, but her owner describes its principal duties as "keeping the wind out of the mainsail, making back wind for the mizzen, and making it impossible to see anything to leeward. With these trifling exceptions it was a marked success."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RACERS.—Chas. Miller & Son, No. 60 Nassau street, New York, have now ready a number of good photos of Puritan and Genesta, ranging in size from 5x8in. to 14x17in., and in price from 40 cents to $2.50.

THE SALE OF THE POLYNIA.—The steam yacht Polynia was sold on Tuesday for $10,100, the purchaser being Mr. W. H. Starbuck. She will probably be lengthened this winter.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

TIM JONES.—We do not know the bore.

J. R., Toledo, O.—It is impossible to decide from the picture.

J. L. M., New York.—Write to P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.

C. B. D., Fall River, Mass.—It is not too late to register the dogs now.

R. H. C., Providence.—We expect to publish the lines of the Puritan shortly.

S. E., New Orleans.—See answer to another correspondent in this column.

G. F.—It is not against the law to hound deer in West Virginia and Maryland.

W. S. D., Baltimore, Md.—Write to Wm. Graham, Newtownbreda, Belfast, Ireland.

B. W. S., Jackson, Mich.—The Gordon setter attains full growth and feather when about two years old.

BEAGLE, Dover, N. H.—The Essex County Hunt is in New Jersey. C. A. Heckscher, Master, Orange, N. J.

INQUIRER, Providence, R. I.—Dutch, Jr., is owned by Mr. R. H. Dudgeon, 24 Columbia street, New York.

H. A. S.—The season ends Dec. 1. There is good duck shooting in the vicinity. Ask at the gun stores when you get there.

R. H.—The address of *Hunt's Magazine* is 119 Church street, Edgeware Road, N. W., London, England. We know of no other paper.

T. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Baronet and Belle both ran in the All-Aged stake of the Eastern field trials of 1881 on Robins Island, each winning one heat.

N. W., New York.—We know of no one who could train your poodle. Read "Training vs. Breaking," and train him yourself by the directions there given.

L. B. R., Maryland.—Try Monroe's "Florida Annual." The quail shooting is good in winter. The different railroads have different rates for dogs. You can learn them only by application to each road.

AN OLD READER, Des Moines, Ia.—The double nose must come through the dam. Many of the double-nosed pointers are good in the field, but no better than those without it. Most judges dislike to award a prize to such.

W. H. C., Sardis, Miss.—We are unable to determine the species of your snake from the fragment sent. It may be *Farancia obscura*, or possibly a piece of *Opheo. saurus ventralis*. But why in the world did you not send on the whole animal?

J. O. F., Hornellsville, N. Y.—A short time ago I had a snake here 15in. long, dark slate color or a blueish black, with an orange band or collar and orange belly. What was it, and was it venomous? Ans.—Probably the ring-necked snake (*Diadoptus punctatus*). It is not venomous.

H. G. M.—1. Get Munroe's map of Florida when it is published. 2. Florida books are Henshall's "Camping and Cruising in Florida," price $1.50; "The Florida Annual," price 50 cents. 3. The "broken-bone" fever is not likely to trouble you in cold weather. It is disagreeable but not dangerous.

L. E. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. Why are light color dogs preferred by most sportsmen—setters and pointers? 2 Is jet black with white breast objectionable in a pup whose sire is a red irish and dam blue belton? Ans.—1. Dogs of a light color can be more readily seen when working in cover, and for this reason many sportsmen prefer them. 2. The color is legitimate.

TRAP.—Will you kindly explain in your next what is meant by class shooting so as to settle and put an end to a long controversy? Ans. Yes, for the nineteenth time. Class shooting is a form of shooting in which the contestants are divided into classes according to the scores made and the prizes are divided among these classes. If six men tie on 9, five men on 8, four men on 7, etc., the six form one class, the five another and the four another. Then if 9 was the highest score made the first prize would be divided among the six men who tied on 9, or else they would shoot off for it, and it would be given to the winner of the ties. The second prize would go in the same way to those who tied on 8, the third to the ties on 7, etc.

PERCYVAL.—Will you give proper dressing for bass flies: 1. Rube Wood, 2. Gov. Alvord. 3. Whitney. 4. Cheney. 5. Also tell name of fly I found last summer, very good bass fly: Body mouse color or slate, wound with gray hackle, tail gray mallard, wings gray mallard and I think woodduck, a gray feather with two black and one white bar at the end. Is it a Wappinger? Ans. 1. R. Wood—White chenille body, brown mallard tail and brown hackle, gray mallard wing. 2. Gov. Alvord—Peacock harl body, red hackle, red tail, wings brown and drab. 3. We do not know this fly. 4. Cheney—Body of red and yellow-jointed, yellow part ribbed with silver tinsel, yellow hackle, green and woodduck tail, wing of woodduck's breast, with white stripe bordered with black. 5. It is very like the Wappinger.

W., Cleveland, O.—To brown gun barrels prepare a bath as follows: 1oz. muriate tincture of steel, 1oz. spirits of wine, ¼oz. muriate of mercury, ¼oz. strong nitric acid, ½oz bluestone, 1 quart of water. These are to be well mixed, and allowed to stand a month to amalgamate. After the oil or grease has been removed from the barrels by lime, the mixture is laid on lightly with a sponge every two hours. It should be scratched off with a steel-wire brush night and morning until the barrels are dark enough; and then the acid is destroyed by pouring on the barrels boiling water, and continuing to rub them till nearly cool. To stain twist barrels black and white, it is usual, after rubbing and coating with the browning mixture as above, to put them into an iron or block tin trough, with a small quantity of logwood and sulphate of copper and sufficient water to cover the barrels. The barrels are then boiled in the water for twenty minutes or half an hour. The barrels are then taken out and allowed to cool. When cold, they are scratched off with a steel scratch-brush, and scalded by pouring a kettleful of hot water over them. They must then be rubbed down until nearly cool. The same method of troughing is required to brown them a dark brown; but when they are taken from the trough they are coated with the browning mixture as at first, and scratched off, and recoated three or four times. They are then finished off by pouring boiling water upon them and rubbing with soft cloth until nearly cool. The process of browning takes from four to eight days, according to the temperature of the browning-room. If the barrels are wanted quickly, they may be scratched off as often as three times in twelve hours.

THE WRONGS OF THE METIS.

THE hanging of Riel will not exculpate Sir John Macdonald, although it may satisfy some of his followers. The blood of Riel will not wash out the stains caused by the blood of priests and settlers and volunteers shed because Sir John McDonald chose to misgovern the Northwest. No attempt was made in the House of Commons to reply to the charges made by Mr. Blake or to weaken the value of the evidence he adduced. The attempt now made but serves to show how well-founded and how crushing those charges were. So early as 1878 the half-breeds felt that it was necessary that the claims which they had made some time before should be settled; that they should be secured in the possession of their properties, and that their titles should be made good.

What objections there could be to half-breeds, whose ancestors had lived so many generations in the Northwest, settled on any lands they preferred, when people were invited to come from all parts of the world and take lands without price, no one can tell even now.

The Northwest Council strongly urged the Dominion government to give the lands to the half-breeds, and thus attach them to the cause of stable, regular government.

Mr. Dennis, their deputy head in the Department of the Interior, advised that they should get what they claimed, and argued that "by this means we should have the whole of this element in sympathy with the government."

Arbishop Taché, to whom it appears this suggestion was submitted, strongly advised the government to settle the half-breeds firmly on the lands, and suggested the power to alienate the lands assigned to them should be withheld for a time.

Bishop McLean, of the Church of England, gave similar advice.

But nothing was done.

The Metis petitioned again and again, as Father Andre stated at the trial. Priests and others wrote to the government, urging, imploring that the people, who became more uneasy every day, should be set at rest by having their reasonable claims satisfied.

The only answer they could get was that their petitions would receive consideration some time.

Bishop Grandin, who we are now told had other business also in Ottawa, pressed the claims of the people on the attention of the government and did all in his power to induce a speedy settlement.

He failed.

The Metis subscribed the cost of the mission, a heavy amount for them to raise.

The delegates were assisted, we are told, by Bishop Grandin.

They failed.

They took back only promises that the matter would be attended to—promises which proved futile.

The Metis, uneasy and troubled, fearing, all the more because of the delay which seemed so unaccountable, that they would lose their properties, awaited anxiously the fulfilment of the promises. They were not fulfilled.

Years rolled on. Surveyors were sent into the district to prepare the way for settlement of whites, and these surveyors, in utter disregard of the rights and wishes of the Metis, ran their lines so as to cut up the farms, and in some cases put a man's dwelling on one lot and his barn on another. It is contended now that Sir John Macdonald should not be held responsible for what his surveyors said or did. He should have remembered how much his surveyors did to cause the Red River rebellion. He might have rendered harmless what is now said to have been the mere vaporings of those surveyors if he had kept his promise and given the Metis proper legal titles to their lands.

What the surveyors said and did seemed to the Metis to be the explanation of Sir John Macdonald's conduct in treating their petitions and remonstrances as he did. He did not give them legal titles, they thought, because he wished to give their lands to others.

And he did give their lands to others, so confirming their worst fears, so convincing them that all his promises made in reply to their petitions and applications were false.

They were threatened with eviction in many quarters. The legal title to the lands held by the settlers of St. Louis de Langevin was unquestionably given to the Prince Albert Colonization Company.

Among the few hundred who actually rebelled were those settlers.

What fair-minded man will say that Sir John Macdonald is not responsible for the mad acts of these people, ignorant as children of the ways of the world, whom he drove to despair?

As their last resort they sent delegates to Riel in Montana, asking him to come to their help. He had succeeded in obtaining for the Metis on the Red River the recognition of their rights to the lands they held and they imagined that he could do as much for them.

Riel came. Meetings were held at which the wrongs of the Metis were stated. Appeals for redress were renewed. All professed a desire to employ peaceable means. These appeals were treated as all previous appeals had been. Then came rumors of disaffection, and rebellion began to be talked of as possible, if not among the Metis, at all events among the whites. All this would have satisfied prudent men, respo nsible for the peace and good government of the country, that it had become absolutely necessary to do something to prevent serious trouble.

Sir John McDonald did nothing to prevent trouble. He rather sought and courted it. The grant of the lands of St. Louis de Langevin to his friends, Mr. John White and Mr. Jameson and their associates, the Metis natually regarded as his answer to all their applications, and his defiance. But while defying the Metis and provoking them by wrongs so great, he did nothing to show them that he was as powerful as he was unjust. He allowed Reil to remain among these wronged and excited people and to do as he pleased without the slightest check. His idea of the extent of the danger and trouble his injustice, his insolence and his disregard of the wishes, the feelings and the rights of the people had caused, was shown by his ordering the small force under Crozier to that Hudson Bay Company's post. To send so small a force was but to provoke the injured to rebellion. Major Crozier unfortunately shared Sir John McDonald's contempt for the half-breeds. It is now asserted that the order in Council appointing a commission for the settlement of the half-breed claims was passed in January, 1885, and that the Lieutenant Governor was informed thereof. Why was that order held back until the Metis had actually taken up arms? Why were not proper means taken to let the Metis know even then that the commission was appointed or was to be appointed.—*Toronto Globe, Oct. 24.*

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1885.—Interest was aroused in science circles at Cornell University to-day by the intelligence that a very rare specimen of the manatee or sea cow, shipped from South America recently, had arrived here this morning and would be exposed to view as well as lectured upon by Dr. Wilder at 11 o'clock. At that hour the lecture room was crowded with professors, students and visitors. Dr. Wilder said that the manatee is one of the cases in which evolution has produced just the opposite of its usual effect. The manatee is an animal belonging to a family that had evidently seen better days. He continued: "I predict that not many years hence there will be found more and more conclusive evidences that the forms from which the manatee and its relatives have been descended had arms and legs and a very much smaller tail. The hind legs have been lost in the process of evolution, the front legs have been degraded into fins, and the tail has become one for swimming instead of one flapping from side to side." The manatee will be carefully dissected, with a view to demonstrating the bearing of its whole structure upon the question of retrograde metamorphosis.

It is to be devoutly wished that we shall not read this year of such revolting cruelties as took place last year in connection with what are called deer hunts. It is atrocious that in a country like England, where cock fighting, bull fighting and the prize ring are by act of Parliament declared illegal, a noble animal like the stag can be doggedly run down by savage dogs and scarcely less savage mobs until his heart is broken and he falls down dead. Why is not one crime as heavily punished as the other? A costermonger who kicks his donkey is heavily punished, but a lord can cause a deer to be literally run to death and no one can interfere.—*Paris Register.*

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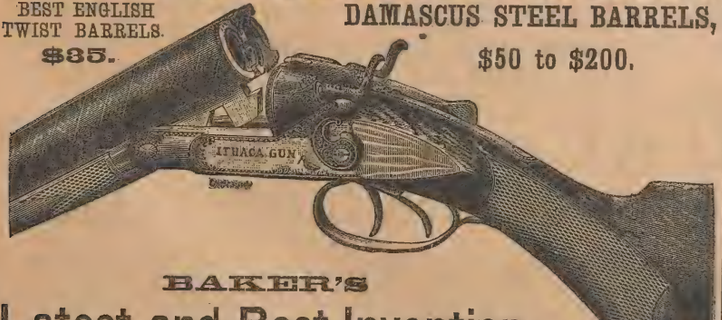
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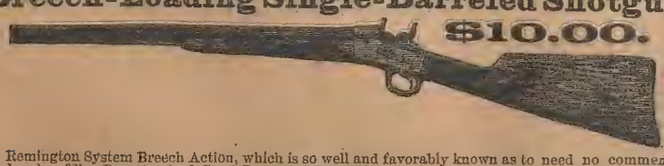
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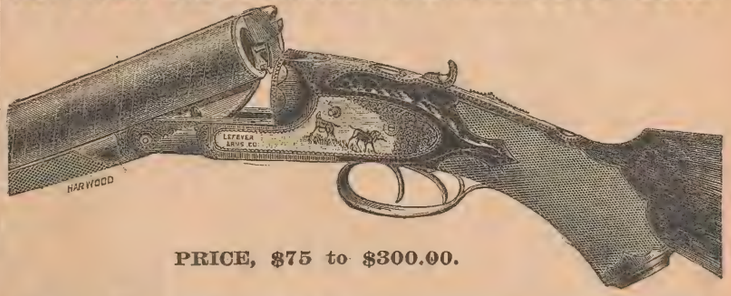
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Trade-Secret

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Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table, We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

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This, as we have said before, is complimentary all around. A third element of the paper's popularity is this: It has some hundreds of correspondents and contributors, who write for it because they have something to say. You have heard the story of the German professor who was assigned to prepare a thesis on the elephant. Now, he had never seen an elephant, so he evolved one out of his inner consciousness. Though we never read his essay, we have not the slightest doubt it was a very dry one. But if the German professor had ever come across

A Real Live Elephant

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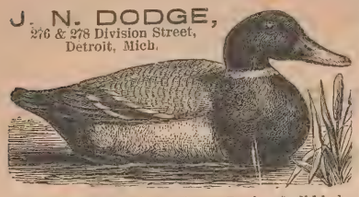
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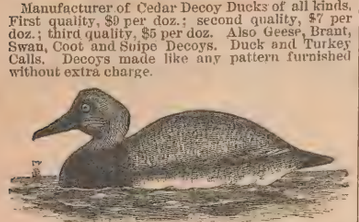
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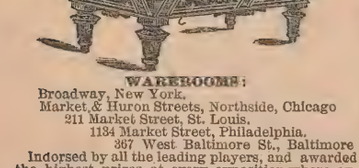
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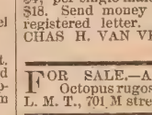
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AFFAIRS IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

COLONEL D. W. WEAR, the Superintendent of the National Park, has made his first annual report to the Secretary of the Interior. He assumed the charge of affairs July 1, and, as might have been expected from what we know of his predecessor, found things in a wretched state. There was no discipline among the assistants, game was being destroyed in considerable quantities and without interference on the part of the employes. He states that now the Park is full of game, and mentions elk and bison as abounding. Under the direction of Lieut. Kingman, the engineer in charge, sixteen miles of splendid road have been constructed between the Mammoth Hot Springs and the Geyser Basins. Bridges have been built and roads repaired Attention is called to the extremely unsatisfactory hotel accommodations in the Park and to the high prices charged for them, and it is suggested that some officer be appointed to see "that there is something like the equivalent given their patrons." The Superintendent requests that the force be enlarged from ten to fifteen, and that they be paid $1,000 per year and $100 per year for their horses and equipments. Reference is made to the inadequacy of the present laws, and it is suggested that instead of depending on the Territorial laws of Wyoming, Congress establish a court within the Park with power to remand for trial to the nearest court having criminal jurisdiction. He states that travel in the Park this year has been greater than ever before, recommends the surveying of the lines of the Park, and asks for an appropriation of $150,000.

On the whole, the document appears to be a fair and intelligent setting forth of the condition of things in the Park. It contains, however, at least one erroneous statement. This has to do with the abundance of game there. There are a few antelope in the Park, and if carefully protected these will, in the course of a few years, become numerous. Elk and deer are quite abundant. It is a great mistake, however, to assert that bison, or buffalo, exist there in great numbers. We made careful inquiry of a number of well-informed persons whom we saw during a visit to the Park last summer, as to the probable number of buffalo to be found within its limits, and were assured that the number was small—under 200.

There are said to be four small bands of buffalo in the Park. One of these lives on the head of Slough Creek, and between that and Hell Roaring; another on the level prairie near the falls; the third near the head of Yellowstone Lake, and the fourth in Heart Lake Basin. There are also a very few over near Henry's Lake—outside of the Park. It is estimated that the four bands within the Park contain from forty to sixty each—perhaps in all two hundred individuals. Another estimate placed the number at something less than two hundred. Mr. Wakeman thinks that one hundred would be a liberal estimate of the number in the Park. In May last he saw eighty one in Hayden Valley, of which about fifteen were calves.

It is evident that the number is small, and that no precautions must be neglected to protect them from slaughter. They are the few remaining survivors of the grand race which once covered almost the whole country, and we cannot afford to have them swept out of existence. We heard of the killing of one individual this summer, by a young man who ought to have known better; but as he was fined $50 for the act he will probably care less for buffalo meat in the future.

Sharp measures have been employed against the game butchers this season, and before long we shall have more to say on this point. At present it is enough to mention that one notorious meat hunter was convicted of killing two elk and eight beaver within the Park, was found guilty, fined $100 and costs, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the common jail for six months.

The work done in the Park by Lieut. Kingman is excellent, and the roads reflect credit on him and his force. The hotel accommodations in the Park are extremely bad, the food and service being execrable, and there is great need of improvement in this respect. A new and wealthy company are said, however, to have obtained leases for hotels, and as the persons interested are men of large wealth and business capacity, they will undoubtedly see the importance of treating the public decently. The ridiculous and now moribund National Park Improvement Company have never pretended to do this.

It is of the utmost importance that the force at the command of the Superintendent should be increased. We have urged this again and again, and the need for more men grows constantly more pressing. But it is the merest waste of money, besides bringing the force into disrepute with natives and visitors to send out political appointees from the East. They are utterly unfit to perform the duties required of them, of which they know nothing when they seek the place.

We saw several of these young men this summer. They spent their time loafing about the hotel, and in the evening got drunk at the bar, and made themselves extremely offensive to ladies and others who were staying there. It is really disgraceful that such men should occupy positions of authority.

We understand that since we left the Park two or three men have been appointed assistant superintendents who are old Western men, among them Jack Baronet, who is an old timer in the country. Such men can and will do the work required of them.

Colonel Wear's request for an appropriation of $150,000 ought by all means to be acceded to by Congress. It is little enough when we consider the size of the region and its importance. As to running the lines of the Park again, that may well enough be postponed until we see whether Congress will, at its next session, have the wisdom to enlarge the Park so as to take in Jackson's Lake and the Tetons on the south, and the country lying west of Cedar Mountain on the eastern side.

We hope that this may be done.

AN INTERNATIONAL CUP FOR CANOES.

AMERICAN canoeists have always realized that while they have now made the sport peculiarly their own and advanced it to an extent unheard of elsewhere, it is of English origin, and that they owe directly to such men as MacGregor, Baden-Powell and Tredwen the creation and introduction of the modern canoe. All that pertains to English canoeing has been a subject of interest to our canoeists, and they have always had the greatest desire to have the fathers of the sport at one of their meets, and to try conclusions with the best English canoes. As there was a probability of at least one canoeist from England visiting us next year, the New York Canoe Club, the oldest in the United States, has taken the matter in hand and has made arrangements to offer a challenge cup, to be raced for under the conditions given elsewhere. The defense of the cup will not be restricted to members of the New York Canoe Club, but canoeists will be invited to enter a series of trial races, one finally being selected to meet a representative chosen by the British canoeists.

For some years the canoes of the two nations have been growing more and more different, ours being relatively smaller, lighter, and with less sail and ballast. The evidence thus far in the trials between the two types tends to show that the smaller one, while more convenient and portable, is no less speedy than its heavier and more complicated rival; but the question can only be fairly settled by a series of races between the best men and boats of each country. It is expected that a party of English canoeists will be organized to visit the meet in 1886 and to take part in the races there, and that either before or after the meet the races will be held in New York for the challenge cup.

SEVEN DOLLARS AND AN EAR.

THEY are wrestling with a great problem down on Long Island. The disputation has waxed hot for a month, but its settlement is seemingly as far off as ever. It is all about an ear. When the Island turned out *en masse* to exterminate the deer, in the first week of October, there were mustered on the average fifty hunters to one deer. There was no occasion for dispute, when fifty men came home without the game, for there was plenty of disappointment and chagrin to go around, giving each one his share and some left over. But when the fifty men killed the single deer, the real fun began. There was just enough venison for a most tremendous wrangle over the infinitesimal fragment due each hunter and his dog. The only expeditious way out of the bickering was to sell the meat and divide up the coin. This was done in a number of instances where the claimants were all of the same party and each had an undisputed right to his share of the booty. But a more intricate complication arose when one deer was started by a party of hounders and driven to another party who had no dogs. One of this party shot it. When the hounders came up they laid claim to the meat. This was resented. Then hounders and still-hunters wrangled, and the hounds lifted up their voices in unison. Finally a compromise was effected. The man who had delivered the fatal shot was awarded the promise of seven dollars and an ear of the deer in consideration of his relinquishing in full all claims to the rest of the carcass.

Seven dollars and an ear ought to be reward glorious enough to satisfy the most ardent and avaricious sportsman; but this was only the promise of the reward, not the actual tangible ear itself. As the event proved the promise was illusory. The ear, we are informed, has not been delivered. The wronged man did exactly what any sensible person would do in similar circumstances; he wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM. Below are the two plaints:

Editor Forest and Stream: In yesterday's issue of the FOREST AND STREAM we found your answer upon "Who Takes the Deer," which leaves this question still a problem. As we are much interested in the solving of it we take the liberty to ask you whether there is no way to get a positive answer by interference of your so esteemed sporting paper. By answering this in the following number you will greatly oblige G. J. T.

SAYVILLE, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM did not mention any more about the question "Who owns the deer?" The interested parties being very anxious to have a positive answer, without resorting to court or lawyers, would be most pleased if your paper—exclusively dedicated to all sporting matters—would aid them in solving this problem, by putting the question in your columns for an answer, or in any other way as seems the best to you. Respectfully yours, G. J. KLAASSEN.

The problem is too much for us. If the man got his ear, we confess we do not see what there is to quarrel over or to go to law about. If he did not get the ear he has a clear case, provided he can prove the contract.

AND YET ANOTHER.—A Michigan hunter the other day saw a moving object in a cranberry swamp and shot it. He took it for granted that it was a bear; but the victim was found to be a woman. The shot was fatal. There is no special moral to be drawn from this. Men and women have been taken for bears and deer and woodchucks, and they probably always will be just as long as idiots who shoot at everything that moves are allowed to go armed into the woods.

A HINT OF THE WIDE RANGE of this journal is given in to-day's issue by two communications on the same subject, one coming from England and the other from California.

THE YACHTING SEASON OF 1885.

THE safe arrival of Genesta at Portsmouth on Oct. 28, after a quick and successful passage, marks the ending of a most exciting year in American yachting, as well as the conclusion of the best effort that England has yet made for the capture of the America's Cup. At 9 A. M. on Oct. 28 Genesta sailed into Portsmouth with three winning flags flying, indicative of the three cups she won here, having made the passage in 19 days 19 hours, remarkably good time for a yacht of her size. The voyage was a stormy one, plenty of bad weather and head winds; but in spite of all she made some excellent runs. On the first day she covered only 99 miles, but later on her runs were 212, 238 and 240 miles. Her time has been surpassed, in 1869. Sappho ran from Sandy Hook lightship to Queenstown in 12d. 9h. 36m.; in 1866 Henrietta went to Cowes in 13d. 21h. 55m., with Vesta and Fleetwing a few hours later; in 1868 Sappho made the run in 14 days to Cowes, and again, 1872, in 18 days. Dauntless in 1869 went to Queenstown in 12d. 17h. 6m., and in 1873 Faustine made the same run in 18 days. America's time to Havre was 21 days, and in 1851 Silvie made the same port in 16d. 12h. In 1863 the schooner Gipsey went from New York to Queenstown in 19 days, and in 1866 the Alice went from Boston to Cowes in the same time. Compared with these, nearly all of them much larger vessels, Genesta's performance is very good as regards time, while of her behavior Captain Saunders, her navigator, speaks in the highest terms, praising especially her dryness. For a time on Oct. 14 she was hove to, following which were head winds and bad weather, but no accident occurred except that the mate injured his ankle in lowering the trysail. Before this Genesta is safely at Wivenhoe, and with her laying up ends a season that has been a most exciting one to American yachtsmen.

Not the least important fact of the year's yachting is the first passage across the Atlantic of a modern lead mine, and the entire disappearance of the ill-omened auguries and general doubt with which the performance has been awaited on this side. First came Genesta, with 70 tons on her keel and no beam in particular, making a safe and speedy passage, and settling the question of her seagoing qualities. Following her came Stranger, a smaller yacht, and then little Clara, only 20 tons and of 9 ft. beam, but carrying her racing spars boldly across the Atlantic. In beam, displacement, ballast, rig and speed she is in the top list of extreme cutters, her powers as a racer are generally acknowledged, and now she has fully proved what this type of boat can do as an ocean cruiser. The safe and speedy voyages of these three settle forever the doubts and assertions that have been current as to the buoyancy and seagoing powers of the narrow, heavily ballasted type of British cutter, and prove they are no less suited to off-shore cruising than to the modern regatta course.

In most departments of yachting the year has been a notable one; in steam the Herreshoffs have brought out their usual annual surprise, this year in the shape of a marvelously fast launch of the torpedo type, undoubtedly the fastest steam vessel yet built in America. This year has seen the first really successful races of steam yachts yet run in American waters, and an increased interest in this phase of yachting. No marked improvement in engines or appurtenances is to be recorded, but the sport is now under the protection of an active and enterprising club, and the general standard of excellence among steam yachts, once low enough, is gradually improving.

This year has also witnessed a revival in the grand old sport of schooner racing, and there has really been quite a rivalry among half a dozen yachts, most Eastern. Fortuna, Gitana, America and Mohican have made matters lively in Boston waters, the former being the first on the list of American schooners in 1885. About New York but little has been done. Montauk and Grayling have been the leading, almost the only boats, and the honors for the year go to the latter. Again the old America has sent up her racing flag, but those who still admire the old craft can only regret it, as she has added no new laurels.

The story of the sloop racing would be a short one were it not for the international contest for the America's Cup. Again a British yacht has challenged, we have built two yachts to meet her, one of which has not been successful, while the other has added another to the long list of American names that adorn the old trophy. The subject is too extensive a one for a hurried review and deserves time and space in the near future.

Leaving these races out of the count, the sloops have made but a poor showing. The early races found but three sloops in the larger classes, the trial races only one, and the final outside race only Gracie came to give battle to the visiting challenger, the rest kept bravely out of the way.

The chief interest among the cutters centers in the two new arrivals, Stranger and Clara, the former as yet having given no earnest of a successful career here, while Clara has started in bravely by outsailing her class and nearly saving time on Gracie in the only race open to her this season since her arrival.

In the smaller classes the sport has been fairly good, the most encouraging feature being the rapidly increasing interest that men are taking in yachting, and the higher standards and more liberal views prevailing among yachtsmen generally. Racing has been no more lively, in fact some of the classes have not filled as in former years, but there are more yachts, especially of smaller tonnage, built each year; more amateur sailors enlisted, and a general desire is manifested for improved boats and for a better knowledge of principles. On the whole the year has been a most instructive and encouraging one for American yachtsmen, one that has added its full share in the development and extension of the sport.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD.

SO it has been called, this northern land of lakes and forests and broad prairies. And the appellation is not altogether fanciful. Visit Minneapolis and inspect its flouring mills, inquire as to their number and the capacity of each, and you will find that the annual product of flour from this source is enough to supply the world with bread—for a while at least. These mills can turn out thirty thousand barrels of flour per day, when running on full time, and at this rate their product for a year would supply one-quarter of the population of the United States with the bread which they annually consume. It may be taken for granted that these mills have not been established here without some good reason. The great water power of the Falls of St. Anthony is usually alleged as the cause of the growth of this tremendous industry, but that alone would not be enough to have brought it into existence and to have raised it to its present proportions. The true cause is that the whole vast country from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, all through Minnesota, Dakota and Montana, is a wheat-producing country, all of the product of which is tributary to the city where these mills are located

We have all heard of the Red River wheat fields, and their enormous fertility and productiveness, but all do not know that far beyond the Red River, and reaching nearly to the Rocky Mountains, there is land which without irrigation now produces excellent wheat, and which in the near future is destined to become even more productive than it is at present. It is stated that the climate of the western country is constantly being modified by the changes wrought by human agency. And this statement is true. The annual precipitation is far greater now in regions recently occupied than it was when the settlers first came into the country. Thus people say, roughly, that "the railroad brings rain," and in a sense they are right. The railroad brings settlers, who cultivate the soil and plant trees. The crops which they grow and the trees which they plant serve as so many pumps, which, by means of their millions on millions of tiny roots suck up from the subsoil the water which lies hidden there, out of reach, and then, by means of their leaves set free this water in the atmosphere, where it is again condensed and falls upon the earth in the form of rain or dew. These influences, constantly at work, cannot fail to exercise a most important influence on the climate of any region. The water which exists within any given area—to say nothing of what is brought by aerial currents from the ocean or from great lakes—is used over and over again, and the result is twice as much rain, a climate which once was dry now moist and damp, great increase in the growth of all vegetation, and an ability to raise crops in localities where formerly the seed would scarcely germinate, or if it did sprout, the plant withered early in the summer.

All this corresponds with experience. There was a time—and it is within the memory of people who are yet young—when it was thought impossible to grow crops as far West as Wood River, in eastern Central Nebraska. To-day that is the greatest corn country in all that corn-producing State, and the farming belt is creeping steadily toward the mountains. Each year the homesteaders push a little further westward, and break up the prairie where the year before the range cattle browsed undisturbed save at the season of the round-ups, and to-day the traveler can see on the border line between Nebraska and Wyoming sod corn growing on the hillsides where a few years ago the oldest settlers would have told him nothing would grow but the grass of the prairie.

Such changes baffle the predictions of the most experienced Western men. We see regions, once mere deserts, change by rapid steps into districts as desirable for farming as our most fertile States, and time has in a hundred instances given the lie to people who used to say that such and such a county would never be settled up. All this gives rich promise for the future of that portion of the West which has in the past been noted for its aridity, for it has been most clearly established that water is the only requisite to make fruitful any soil on the plains or in the mountains. On the lower lands, where the nights are not too cold and the summers are long, any crops may be grown which can be produced in Iowa or Illinois. Higher up in the mountains, wheat, oats, barley and root crops yield an abundant harvest to the farmer.

This is a long digression, but it seemed necessary to show what is to be the future of the country once spoken of as the "Great American Desert."

This is preëminently the land for the poor man, but only for the poor man who is willing to work hard. He can raise enough to support his family, and if he has a few cows their increase will in the course of a few years make him well-to do. I spent a night a short time since in the cabin of a settler, who with his wife and four children had located about forty miles from the railroad. He had ten cows, a team of horses and a mowing machine. From the cows his wife made enough butter to pay the living expenses of the family. He puts up hay for the stock in summer and then hires himself out to neighbors at good wages. His calves and colts were in fine condition, and everything pointed to a most comfortable future for this sturdy, energetic settler.

Who can tell how many families there may not be scattered over the broad West, who from similar small beginnings have attained by industry and thrift a competence, or even wealth.

The great wheat lands of the Red River valley are presumably all settled up by this time. It is here that those enormous farms are located which extend further than the eye can reach, and upon which in harvest time an army of laborers are employed. One of the largest of these belongs to a firm of which Mr. Oliver Dalrymple is the chief. They own about 75,000 acres or 117 square miles.

Not the least remarkable feature of this vast wheat country is the rapidity with which it has been developed. The transformation from wilderness to grain fields has all been wrought within a brief period of ten years. There is but one agent to accomplish such a work—the railroad. It will be readily understood that until the building of the Northern Pacific Railway all this country was inaccessible, and that the settler or farmer, if he located in this region, could not get his products to a market. There were, to be sure, a few cattle raised in Western Montana fifteen years ago, and these were for the most part driven to the ranges to the southeast and then sold, but of purely agricultural products no more were raised than could be consumed by the settlers. The completion of the great northern highway from ocean to ocean, speedily changed all this, and settlers have swarmed in at a rate which seems almost incredible to those who have not visited the region since the railroad was in operation. The Northern Pacific Company have pursued a wise and liberal policy in selling their lands and have thus attracted settlers in great numbers. The consequence is that they have this year between 70,000 and 80,000 beeves to transport, besides an amount of wheat which it will severely tax the road to handle. The yield of wheat—in Dakota especially—is said to be much larger than last year, and extra preparations must be made to care for it. Besides this, it is reported that vast quantities of wheat are to be shipped east from Washington Territory over this road instead of going by sea from Portland. The Northern Pacific has made low rates from points in Washington eastward, so low, in fact, as to assure the farmers of that country better prices for their wheat than they would be likely to receive by shipping it west. Besides this transportation from points directly on the line of the Northern Pacific, that road has made arrangements for practically draining the whole Territory. A St. Paul paper referring to this says:

> It is now proposed that barges be built on the Snake River to carry the wheat delivered at points on that stream, to Ainsworth, whence it will be taken by rail to Duluth at the same rate charged from Cheney and other points in Washington Territory this side of there. Heretofore all this wheat has gone West, a great deal of it being shipped direct to Europe from the Pacific slope. For several years past, however, this has not proved a paying business, and just at present grain shippers are not only willing but anxious to ship East. The Portland *Oregonian* of recent date discusses this question at considerable length. Regarding the shipping of wheat direct to Europe, it says:
>
> "At particular times there have been good profits, and at other times prodigious losses. The conditions of the trade here make it a very hazardous business. Distance from the market is so great as to defeat all calculation as to what prices may be by the time cargoes arrive. To ship wheat from Pacific ports to Europe is little else than a gambling enterprise, and during some years past the 'luck' has run constantly against the shipper. His grain has arrived at its destination to meet a steadily falling market, upon which prices for some time past have been lower than at any former time for a century. It is no secret that during the last two or three years shippers of grain and flour have been 'hurt' severely."

As has been said, the Red River wheat lands are for the most part occupied, but all over the plains from the Missouri River westward there is railroad and government land in abundance which only awaits the settler's plow to become as productive as that which is now being successfully farmed. All through Western Minnesota and Dakota the railroad passes through what seems almost like a continuous farm. The broad fields of yellow wheat, a part of it now fallen before the reaper, stretch away as far as the eye can reach. Now and then an extensive field is reached in which thrifty oats nod their tasseled heads in the passing breeze, and near each dwelling the darker green of the potatoes, dotted with purple and white blossoms, bear witness to the varied capabilities of the soil. In one or two places patches of sod corn were growing, and very good corn it was, too, notwithstanding the general opinion that the climate is too cold and the summers too short for corn.

Everywhere the bottoms and bluffs are now clothed with a vegetation more luxuriant than that of bygone years. In Western Dakota wheat now grows without irrigation on hills that ten years since supported only the scantiest growth of herbage. The bad lands of the Little Missouri, too, have lost their character. Formerly they were literally bad lands—*mauvaises terres*—on which nothing grew save an occasional greasewood bush, or here and there a mat of cactus. Now the term has lost its applicability. A short growth of nutritious verdure clothes their slopes, and seen in the slanting rays of the western sun, they are no longer gray, harsh and forbidding, but look like the terraced bluffs of fertile Iowa, softly green, like crumpled velvet.

AUGUST 1, 1885.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

LAMINGTON RIVER.

I HAVE since camped by far nobler streams and seen the rush and felt the stroke of more splendid fish, but no days have ever so filled the longings of my soul as those spent on the Lamington River. Of course it was because I was a child; but childhood is an important part of life, and if the soul is indestructible, so perhaps are its impressions. And if it carries to the great hereafter any of the scenes of this life, will not the pictures of childhood be at least as bright as any?

The Lamington was one of the branches of the Raritan River, in New Jersey, and was called a "river" by all the country folks; though it was, in fact, but a creek, and when I last saw it had dwindled away until it was little more than a respectable brook. For five miles or more above the old village of Lamington I knew every hole and pond and ripple it contained; there I spent the greater part of my school vacations, and, rain or shine, every day was most piously devoted to its worship. Its banks were lined with beech and hickory along the low grounds, mingled with oak and birch, and sassafras, persimmon, ash and gum trees where it grew higher, and hemlock and spruce, with wintergreen springing through the pine needles beneath, where it rolled still higher. Here and there it opened into meadows, and wound through tangles of grapevine and jungles of blackberry and thimbleberry to lose itself again in deep, dark woods of hickory and oak.

Even now no part of my life seems better spent than the long summer days, when I sat by its shady depths with rod and line, and heard the mellow call of Bob White from the neighboring field, while the whistle of the upland plover, so far-reaching yet so sweet, fell from the distant sky as he passed over to the rolling uplands beyond. The chipmunk that played along the old stone fence, the little red squirrel that sat chattering or flirting his tail on the hemlock bough overhanging the water, and the gray squirrel that made the leaves crash beneath his spring in the woods behind, all seemed then a part of the brook itself. So did the meadow-lark, whose golden breast with center of jet shone from the mullen top in the meadow, the robin whose piping came on every wind, the highholder showering golden light on his way to the wild cherry trees, the kingfisher that sprang his rattle on the dead limb above the stream, and the heron that lit sometimes in the shadows, staring for a moment in solemn surprise, craning his neck this way and that, and walking thoughtfully about for a moment before concluding that he was safer further up stream. So, too, did the woodpecker, whose scarlet head and black and white coat were often mirrored in the water where my cork was floating as he hammered at the high dead limb above; and so, too, as much as all of these, did that mysterious sound that from the hemlock and laurel-clad hill beyond, on the dense, swampy jungle that I never dared penetrate, always filled with awe my childish heart—the drumming of the ruffed grouse. I was not yet old enough to be trusted with a gun, but I used to sit there almost wild with thoughts of the days that were to come, little valuing in comparison the days then passing.

With the exception of that faint discontent, those were to me days of almost perfect bliss. Often the cork and quill dived far under before it had fairly settled upon the water; and big chubs came flapping out almost as fast as the baited hook could be recast. Sunfish scattered light from all their brilliant scales as they thrashed about in air; and many a solemn catfish came struggling up to pierce, perhaps, with its sharp spines, my too eager fingers. Many an eel, too, wriggled off the hook as he came to the surface and got a glimpse of the upper world; or, if he staid on, tangled the line into a Gordian knot. And when was there such excitement as when the big eel slipped from the hook upon the wet grass upon the bank? What vain stamping and grabbing of grass instead of the eel as the squirming slipperiness eluded my most desperate efforts! Seldom has sorrow been more deep than when the slimy prize slid with a saddening plump into the water.

Who could forget such nights as those on which I went bobbing for eels, when the circling lamps of the fireflies glimmered around me and the stars twinkled in the glassy water, while from the darkening dome above came the cry of the nighthawk, and from the big tree the hoot of the owl, and over the water the whistle of the woodcock's wing as he passed from shore to shore through the gloom? What a thrill the jerk upon the bob, or the grating of the end of the pole upon the bottom of the brook then caused, and what delight was mine when the writhing eel with teeth entangled in the linen thread was lifted over the side of the boat and fell struggling upon the bottom among a score of squirming companions. Through the falling shades of night came the musky smell of the muskrat, and perhaps I could see the rippling wake behind him as he clove the dark water. There was companionship, too, in the night heron, whose long, white plumes I could perhaps dimly see as he descended upon the shore beside me; in the mellow voice of the whippoorwill that came from the bushes or grove beyond him, and in the deep bass of the bullfrogs that sounded from the pond above. Little did it matter then that the old country-made scow pitched and rolled and leaked or that the mosquitoes bit through my summer pants.

The mill pond contained treasures in those days. The fact that it all belonged to my uncle was one entirely too big for my childish mind to grasp. The long, trim form of the pickerel lying in the sunny openings left among the lily-pads or the wake left by his swift rush as in later days he came to the glitter of the revolving spoon hook, and the tug upon the line as he found himself deceived by its bright promises, were nothing compared with the day when, after days and nights of patient toil, the net was completed and we started out to drag the mill pond. Though its floats were clumsy blocks, its sinkers old iron nuts from the blacksmith's shop; though its meshes were uneven and its "bag" wholly imaginary, yet never in life shall I complete any work upon which I shall look with such pride as I did upon that net. Never again shall expectation so consume my soul as when my cousin and I first swept the pond with it, and finally got its ends upon the shore and carefully drew it in, with alternate chills and hot flashes gambolling along our spines, until the supreme moment arrived when we could feel the fish strike against the net and see the commotion in the water as the net grew smaller and smaller. So intense was the strain upon our nerves that when at last the "bag" was drawn ashore the sight of its glistening and flopping contents was more like relief from some dreadful suspense than the culmination of fulfilled hope. No string of trout hanging in the light of the camp-fire by the rushing mountain stream has ever since looked so grand as the half-bushel of suckers and chubs, with a few sunfish larger than were ever caught upon the hook, two or three eels larger than the bob ever lifted, a catfish or two, together with a pickerel that we felt sure weighed ten pounds, and such a snapping turtle as we felt certain had never before been seen.

Wondrous, too, in its resources was the mill race in those days. Even the smell of the water that ran away from the dark, dripping wheel awoke tender sensations, and as I dangled the line through the openings in the sawmill floor into the foaming saw-dusty water beneath, the fish that came out seemed better and bigger than those caught elsewhere. When the mill ran long enough to stop the flow over the dam and lower the pool below it, I waded around there with spear in hand and unrolled pants, and caught many a sucker lying in the shade of the big stones. That was even better than watching for them by torchlight on the first warm nights of spring in the brook at home, to catch them with spear or stick as they struggled over the rippling shallows. And then, too, when the water was high and a broad sheet thundered on the apron of the dam, the pool below it had other attractions, and such catfish and such eels as it contained could be caught nowhere else.

When last I revisited this old stream, after long years of absence, I found it sadly changed. The leaves of the spreading beech were pictured as of yore in its glassy waters, and the grass that overhung its banks was as long and green as ever. The vine that overwhelmed the sycamore by its side was still full of fox grapes and bubbling joy of the bobolink as he hovered over the nest in the meadow was as clear and sweet as before. But the bright fish that shone in its waters and the life that enlivened its banks and groves, all that made it the first thing to which I ran in the morning and the last by which I lingered at night—all these were sadly changed. Beneath the bridge where I so often lay and watched the sunfish, shiners, red fins and silver fins darting from a hundred directions at the crumbs I dropped, I saw but a few timorous minnows scatter at my approach, while from the old brier-grown fence by the orchard near by came the chirp of the English sparrow instead of the flute-like call of Bob White. Where the big bullfrogs once shone in green and gold upon the sunny slopes of mud only a lonely snipe teetered his way along, and swallows and butterflies gathered mud, while the smooth surface of the pond beside was unbroken by the rippling circle of a rising fish. The black turtles that basked on the old log seemed fewer and smaller, and the rustling of the harmless water snakes as they slid from the mass of brush or driftwood into the water was quite an event. Even the little crawfish leaving a muddy trail along the bottom as they shot backward under some stone, the little eels, pollywogs and hair worms that wiggled about in the warm shallows of the little inlets and tributary spring-runs, even the skaters that played over the surface and the little black water beetles that circled in the eddies, all these seemed to be disappearing. T. S. VAN DYKE.

SAN DIEGO, Cal.

UNCLE KELLUP.

THE kindest-hearted, quietest-mannered, nicest old fellow you ever met, with all the instincts of a gentleman and a sportsman. But when I say sportsman, let it not suggest the wealthy gentleman of leisure, who on the first day on which the "law is off" may start promptly for the woods with his retinue of dogs and followers, and a thorough equipment of all the modern implements of slaughter.

No, a stern fate long ago decreed that Uncle Kellup should every morning plod his way down town and up a rickety flight of stairs to a musty office, where he takes his position on a high stool and resolves himself into a calculating machine; repeating the same performance year in and out every day of his life, excepting Sundays and legal holidays.

For years and years he has looked forward to the time when he should be able to take a long vacation and set out for that hunter's paradise over the road he had so often trod in his imagination; but somehow he never seems to catch up with the mortgage on the little house, and the only son, who should have been a prop to the old man in his age, went to the bad and died with a long list of creditors. So Uncle Kellup plods quietly along and always will.

But if you would see him at his best, you should come with me some evening after supper to the cottage. Let us peep through the keyhole. The tea kettle is humming contentedly, the clock ticking monotonously, old Dodger is stretched at full length before the fire, and there, drawn up to the table at one side, is Aunt Susan, with her knitting, while opposite is Uncle Kellup, comfortably arrayed in a pair of very large slippers, while he polishes his glasses preparatory to a perusal of the last number of FOREST AND STREAM before him on the table. Then he gathers up his paper and looks down at Dodger for a moment over his spectacles while his features are widening into an expectant smile.

And such a smile. You could see to read by it.

At first, as he reads, a shade of dejection settles on his countenance, and you know he is envying some fortunate fellow the glorious time he is having with choice companions where is abundant game and glowing scenery. But soon his features relax again; he chuckles quietly or nods in approbation, and at length breaks out in a hearty laugh, while Aunt Susan looks on with an indulgent smile and Dodger wakes up with a sharp bark and his features all wrinkled into an inquiry as to what the matter is anyhow.

So then Uncle Kellup must needs get down the old muzzle-loader, and although Susan reminds him it was thoroughly cleaned night before last, he takes it all apart, wipes away a speck of dust, puts it together again, fondles it lovingly awhile, and then takes a good, long, careful aim at a fly on the ceiling.

"Aha," says he, "my fine fellow, if you were only a quail or partridge now. Hey, Dodger?"

And then he gives Susan a sly wink as he shoulders the gun, and makes a great stamping noise of preparation as he moves toward the door, as if to start right off for the woods. But the old dog has been fooled too many times before, so now he only wags a little and stretches and yawns and throws up his muzzle and yowls once or twice just to humor the old man.

So, now, if we take advantage of the commotion to enter, Uncle Kellup will greet us cordially, and soon will be in the midst of that yarn about the woodchuck, or skunk, or whatever it was, and when we catch a quizzical glance from Aunt Susan behind her knitting, we all slap our thighs and shake our heads and roar so heartily you would never suspect we had heard that story forty or fifty times before.

Every Sunday morning he goes to church, but in the afternoon, especially in the autumn, when the foliage is turning, you will see him and Dodger trudging along some country path, through the gap in the wall and across the lots, till they come to an obscure bramble pasture near the woods. And here they dispose themselves comfortably on a mossy knoll and doze away the afternoon, listening to the note of the bluejay in the woods, or an occasional crow passing high over head, while in the intervals the old man indulges in a confidential little chat with Dodger, reminding him of what a fat, lazy rascal he is getting, and showing up his many misdemeanors and shortcomings, and finally smoothing it all over by remarking, "But there's no telling what you might have been, Dodger, if you'd only been trained."

Then a gray squirrel comes whisking toward them along the Virginia fence, and when he pauses, quite close, Uncle Kellup is all excitement, shaking his stick at the dog and admonishing him to "lie down, sir," although the animal had not the remotest intention of doing anything else. Then the squirrel, satisfied with his investigations, goes scampering back the way he came, with his handsome tail flaunting after him, while Uncle Kellup draws a bead on him with his cane and remarks to Dodger how nicely he would have popped him if he'd only had the gun. But he wouldn't. He wouldn't hurt a hair of its pretty little head for the half of Solomon's kingdom.

Then he suddenly realizes that the afternoon is gone, the bars are down, the cows all home and milked, and he and Dodger go trudging down the path with visions of cold supper, a mild reproof from Susan, and blue Monday in the distance. JEFFERSON SCRIBB.

DIFFERENT SORTS OF OUTERS.

ONE must be in the fashion or be a nobody. It appears of late that voluntary testimony is the rule, and if it please the honorable court I will step into the witness box and be sworn in the case of The People vs. "The Kingfisher Club," et al.

It must be half a dozen or so of years since I first met the gentlemen composing the Kingfisher Club, and they have since at various times "done" the Intermediate Chain of lakes pretty thoroughly, and have camped at different points along our valley. My extensive acquaintance throughout this region renders it extremely improbable that any members of this club could have been guilty of any serious infraction of the law or order, without its coming in one or another way to my knowledge.

As a brother angler and an old sportsman, heartily in sympathy with the laws for the better conservation of such game as remains in our once notable hunting grounds, I take pleasure in stating that in all the talk I have heard about this club, no whisper of any illicit practices, of whatever nature, has ever reached my ears. These gentlemen, so far as I have ever learned, have uniformly met their obligations, and have left behind them a most credible record, and I cannot believe that, had they been otherwise disposed, they would have made an exception of the Intermediate region.

This testimony is not only voluntary, but a little more than that—in a sense—as I am inclined to think that Old Hickory has what the Scotsman called "a scunner agin" me, since I took occasion, a few years ago in your columns, to correct him in a loose statement in natural history, which he had imbibed while drinking in the waters of our springs and the yarns of some of our smooth-spoken inhabitants, at the same time. He took up the cudgels rather savagely in behalf of his instructors, and I have not seen him since. I bear him no ill will, remembering that he is just a little—a very little—"short in the temper," and prone at times to use hard words—possibly regretted afterward. That he can use them, any one one within hearing of his progress through the swamps of Cedar River could testify, and this brings me to another part of my subject.

There are Cincinnatians, and Cincinnatians. I have met a good many of them, and of several classes. Of these this paper treats of three only, the sportsman, the "dude," and the "dead-beat." I use the term "dead-beat," because, although inelegant, it expresses concisely the idea I desire to convey.

But about Cedar River. That is where I met the dude. He was fishing for trout. So was I. He was pottering around the lower bridge, and I took the brush for it and tramped up stream. Just how many I caught doesn't much matter at present, but the great fact which remains indelibly imprinted upon my memory is that at a certain point, I was standing with my back to the stream, the normal temperature of which is in midsummer considerably (as I think) below the zero of Fahrenheit, and stepping backward, I slipped, and a branch caught me just above the ankles. Over I went instanter, and morial man hath seen no prettier dive. Viewed as an acrobatic performance it was a distinguished success, and would have brought down the house. The top of my old hat struck squarely upon the surface of the icy stream, and the tenant of the tile aforesaid incontinently disappeared beneath the aqueous.

It was damp and chilly, and I emerged as hastily as my dignity would permit; walked up into an open space in the forest, "shucked" myself, and dried off in the broiling sun.

Then I fished down stream to the bridge, when I again encountered the dude. He met me with a stare of horror, which was soon explained by his trembling utterances. "W-h-y," said he, "I f-e-l-l i-n-t-o t-h-e w-a-t-a-h." "Ah?" said I. "Y-e-s, I fell into the w-a-t-a-h c-l-e-a-n u-p t-o m-m-m-y w-w-a-i-s-t." "Did you? I beat you. I fell in all over." "W-h-y, arn't you a-f-r-a-i-d you'll catch c-o-o-o-o-l-d?" "No, I guess not." "I am afraid that I s-h-a-l-l catch c-o-o-o-l d, I t-a-l-k s-o-o-o q-u-e-e-e-ah."

Class III.—(dead-beats).

The following is a copy of a postal card received by me in the summer of 1882 (I inclose the original, somewhat the worse for wear but still legible):

CINCINNATI, Aug. 21, 1882.—Mr. ——: A party of us will leave Cincinnati on Aug. 31, and will arrive at Russell's (if we make connection with the boat at Traverse City) Friday evening, Sept. 1. Can you meet us with a wagon? If we do not make connections will arrive Saturday next, Sept. 2. Meet us at Russell's and oblige E. H. H.

Any person desirous of learning the full name of this man can obtain it by sending a stamped and addressed envelope to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

My reason for publishing his card is that he, as various others had done, wrote me in order to facilitate his movements during his summer vacation. It was a matter in which I had no personal interest, but as I had before done in many similar cases, I requested an honest and trustworthy teamster of my acquaintance to be at the landing specified at

the appointed time. He, accordingly, put in two days as requested, but Mr. E. H. H. and party were not to the fore.

A few days after I happened to learn that they were camped on Lewis's Island; and about that time I chanced to meet one of them, and sent by him a note to Mr. E H H. stating the facts, and adding that I presumed—which I certainly did—that he would pay the teamster for services rendered. This was the last I saw or learned of that party, except that I heard, and did not doubt, that they had victimized another teamster near Bellaire.

Now, had I written and sent to Mr. E. H. H. a request that he should on a given day have in waiting a hack at the Burnett House or a dray at Pier No 7, what would his feelings naturally have been had I failed to put in an appearance, or to fee the drayman, or to compensate Mr. E. H. H. for the ducats he would have appropriated to such use? What sort of a party is it whose leaders can unblushingly commit such acts?

A genuine sportsman should be a man of honor—*is* a man of honor; and to such an one, be he peasant or be he prince, I am ready to extend the right hand of fellowship. Not to every man whose cast of flies shall fall upon the wave "like thistle down," whose shot is death, can I apply the name of "sportsman." And to the blackguard, who, with gun or rod, goes through the world like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus, with his flail, "beating" every unsu-picious victim within his reach, I say, in the words of the shipwrecked Hibernian, "The back o' me hand and the sowl o' me fut t' ye." KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Oct. 22.

IN THE FORESTS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

AFTER our log canoe was made and launched into the still water on the head of the Little Southwest Miramichi, a few miles west of the blazed line which marks the division between the counties of Victoria and Northumberland, we retired to our little cotton tent for the night. This still water of the Little Southwest is bounded on either side by barrens, which, however, are not extensive and soon meet the base of the high, hard wood covered ridges, with which this country abounds. For four miles there is no visible motion of the water, which is dark and deep, and here is a favorite haunt of the black duck, the most wary of birds. Beaver too were at work, as was shown by the freshly gnawed wood which we saw on the banks of the stream; indeed one of our party who had walked down from our little tent to the water caught a full view of one beaver swimming about in the afternoon.

After our night's rest we packed up our blankets, cooking utensils and food which we placed in the canoe, which two two men were detailed to paddle to the foot of the still water, the rest of us following the shores, over hummocks and among hardhack bushes concealing many a hole which the industrious otter had dug for getting readily out of or into the water. Signs of otter were numerous and many were fresh. At the distance of three miles we came to a narrow place in the still water, where the scrubby spruces which stood scattering over the barren grew close down to the water's edge. The brook here was shoal, and there was a rocky bottom formed by a ledge which crossed the barren for a long distance, its top being only a few feet above it—a singular formation looking like an entrenchment, extending from one side of the barren to the other, and through which the still water in the course of time had worked its silent way. At this place, called the "Jaws," we met the canoe. We saw here a pile of bones whitening in the sun and rain. They were those of the *loup cervier*, or Canadian lynx. One of our party, a hunter of great experience, had taken advantage of the known dread of this cunning animal to show himself in a barren or open piece of land, and having set his traps here had caught twenty-six of the animals two winters before, and it was the bones of these which we saw.

A walk of a mile brought us to the foot of the still water, where the stream ran among granite boulders and over little rapids, and where our canoe would be of but little service to us; we took our things out of it, therefore, and carried them up to an old hunting camp which we temporarily repaired for our night's lodging, part of us sleeping outside under the tent. I here noticed in one of the wooden sable traps the bones of an owl's head. The bird had evidently been robbing the trap when fate overtook him. The little Abenaki Indian, one of our party, called the owl "koo koo kus" in his language; a word more expressive than our name for this bird. The Canada jay or moose bird is greatly hated by the hunters, as he also will follow their lines of deadfalls for miles and steal the bait out of them, rarely losing his life in the attempt. This bird at the time when trout are spawning will follow the shores of the streams hunting for and devouring the ova.

We were now nearly in the center of the great New Brunswick forest, on this elevated land firs grew so thickly that they incommoded our traveling and we concluded that some of our party should take their axes and cut a trail through the woods to the foot of the rapid waters on the stream, a distance of about six miles, while the two canoe men poled and dragged the empty craft down the rocky stream to that point where it would again be of use to us. We did not get more than three or four miles before night overtook us, when we pitched our tent on the bank of the stream in a thick growth of large mixed woods. The soil in this part of New Brunswick is of no value, indeed, although there is a large forest growth, the whole surface of the country, when the moss is removed, is nothing but a mass of angular stones, generally of small size. So that this country can never be of any value for agricultural purposes and is only fit for the production of timber and as a cover for game of various kinds. The next evening brought our party to the foot of the rapid water where, after rippling over a gravelly bed for a few yards, it was lost in another large still water, or, as it is appropriately called by the New Brunswick lumbermen, dead water, a very appropriate name. The canoemen had brought the canoe down and had hauled it up on the little beach, and I had gone off to look out a good camping ground.

On my return to the party a strange scene met my view An English gentleman, who was accompanying us as a friend, was just taking the hunter's rifle out of the canoe, and drawing off the cover hastily, evidently there was something up. The Abenaki boy, Frank, was standing motionless on the shore gazing steadily into the trees on the other side of the brook, where there was a high bank. As I drew near he looked at me, and pointing with his finger at the thicket on the opposite side of the stream, said in a whisper, "Moose, moose." Directing my eyes to the place where his finger pointed I saw, sure enough, a great head with majestic horns looking out of a spot among the thick foliage of the dark spruces, a vignette, as it were, bough-surrounded. A moment more and the Englishman was at hand with the rifle. He raised it slowly, taking deliberate aim at the noble forehead which could not have been more than 150 feet from him, he fired. As the smoke slowly passed away I looked into the darkness of the woods and saw again that grim head motionless as before. I rubbed my eyes, as I said to myself this can be no moose's head, it must be the gnarled and tangled boughs of cedar. The breechloader was charged again in a moment, again raised, aim taken, and fired. There was a crashing of branches, and as the smoke again rolled away a blank dark space was left in the spot where the head had been. The Englishman and the Indian boy rushed over the stream on the trail in the woods. Half an hour brought them back with the usual story of having seen drops of blood in the track, but I believe that the animal went off unhurt. Had it been killed it would have necessitated our curing the meat by smoking, as we had no salt, and this process would have been long and tedious, and thus I was well satisfied at the result. EDWARD JACK.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HABITS OF CRAYFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the communication in your columns by Mr Tarr, entitled "Habits of the Crayfish." What he says of the burrowing crayfish (*Cambaro diogenes*) was of special interest. I have seen the chimneys of these solitary creatures, and it has often been a matter of wonder to me how they managed to pile up their frail structures to such an altitude, and whether in doing so they serve a useful end or merely gratify an æsthetic taste.

In the North Mississippi prairies we have another species of crayfish, or as they are locally called crawfish, which burrow in the ground; but apart from this are very different from the *C. diogenes*. Underlying the soil of the prairies is a stratum of soft limestone at varying depths. The crayfish burrow down to this rock and here excavate a cistern which contains many gallons of water, accumulated by seeping through the porous soil and retained by the impervious rock. Thence they sally forth after a spring shower and cut down and carry into their burrows any "tender green herb," not excepting the growing corn or cotton. So thoroughly do they perform their work, that the ground, in localities where the crayfish are thick, is kept perfectly bare of vegetation. As may be supposed they are very hurtful to the crops, in many places preventing the farmer's getting a "stand" and at other times delaying the planting until May.

We have a few of the chimney-building crayfish, but they are said to do no damage to the crops, and are found always near the branches and ditches or in the "swags," while the destructive variety are often found in the highest land on a plantation, the chief requisite for their favorable existence being a considerable depth of soil above the bed rock.

After May 1 the crayfish retire to their burrows, rarely venturing forth, unless there chances to come an unusually wet season. They subsist upon the vegetation laid away in the spring. I have never seen any account of this species of crayfish and am ignorant of its technical name. I suppose, however, that it has been studied and classified, and I should be glad to learn more about its habits, and especially glad to receive information of some cheap and effective method of destroying it, as I have some fifty acres of otherwise very fine land which is rendered practically useless by the presence of the crustacean. WILL.

ABERDEEN, Miss.

THE BIRDS GONE.

IT is now some time since the summer residents left these parts. A first migration took place on Aug. 25. We had a cold rain on that day, and the next morning the thermometer registered 50°, with a cool north wind that continued blowing for a good part of two days. At this time many robins, catbirds, thrushes, and orioles disappeared. I was more surprised at the robins and catbirds going than I was at the thrushes and orioles leaving. It could not have been the want of food that sent the robins off, for the cherry trees that they had fed upon so much during the summer were still loaded, and for more that two weeks after their flight the ground was covered with fruit. We have thought that this early migration accounts for the return of the same birds for several years in succession. Those that take their flight in August escape the robin slaughter that commences here ostensibly in October; but I am afraid it sometimes begins before that, and it does not end until the last redbreast leaves these parts.

But by the 30th of August there were very few robins present, and the number of catbirds was still smaller. Nor did they seem to me like birds that had been reared in the vicinity. They were wilder, and did not appear to know where the cherry trees were nor the elderberry covert.

One of the last birds to leave was the warbling vireo (*Vireosylvia gilva*). I heard him sing frequently up to the 30th of August, after the other birds had gone, and when the mercury stood below 65°. On the 30th of August I left home for ten days. When I returned I found neither robins nor catbirds, and all the summer residents except the phœbe birds had taken their departure. We had a cold storm the first week in September, and this seemed to complete the migration in this place.

During the latter part of July several little families of nuthatches (*Sitta carolinensis*) were around. They left my feeding places early in May, and I did not notice them until the time I have mentioned. It was easy to see that many of the birds were young ones and had not acquired the facility of running up and down and around the trees that their parents had. And I also observed that one or two of the birds—the old ones, I supposed—would almost invariably fly to the pear tree where they had fed last winter and examine it most carefully, scolding meantime while they peered into the knotholes. However, some of them have already commenced to peck out the fat that I provided during the first week in October. One of them spent the greater part of the morning of the 17th in transferring it to several locust trees just across the way.

What applies to the nuthatches in respect to their summer visits, applies with equal force to the chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*), only I did not notice them around until the first week in August, when almost every day a troop would come and saucily lisp a single note as they fed around or near the old places.

The downy woodpecker (*Picus pubescens*) never seemed to leave me at all even for the months of June and July My own opinion is that he raised one brood in the dead limbs of an old chestnut that stands in the field opposite. Where the other nest was I have no idea. It could not have been very far away, though, for young and old were around all the summer. All these residents, I flatter myself, are preparing to make their home for the winter in the vicinity of this house.

I observed that while the nuthatches and chickadees sang through the winter and spring, they were as a general thing almost silent when the summer songsters arrived. The first date that I have of the nuthatch singing is Jan. 3, 1885; the chickadee was some weeks later. They were usually heard on fine, pleasant mornings when the thermometer stood among the twenties, or higher. A. H. G.

SCARBOROUGH, N. Y.

SKELETONS OF DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very desirable that the Department of Comparative Anatomy of this Museum should have, for study and exhibition, a good series of skeletons and crania of thoroughbred dogs to illustrate the great variety of size and form which exists among the various breeds. Considerable progress has been made in this direction, but owing to the great difficulty of obtaining good examples of certain important races, many desirable forms are still lacking. Foremost among these are the greyhound, mastiff and St. Bernard, as exhibiting either the extreme of size or lightness of structure. The bloodhound, staghound, sheep dog and thoroughbred foxhound are also very desirable. Should any reader of FOREST AND STREAM be so unfortunate as to have one of the above mentioned dogs die, it would be a decided favor if he would kindly take the trouble to pack in a box or barrel and forward to the museum. Some object to having any disposition other than burial made of their favorites, but there are also many who would be perfectly willing to have a valuable dog placed after death where its value and good qualities would be perpetuated. FREDERIC A. LUCAS.

Asst. Dept. of Comp. Anatomy, U. S. National Museum.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 28.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NOTES OF THE WILDFOWL.

A FEW ducks have visited the Schuylkill in this vicinity during the past month. They were terribly persecuted during their stay here, and did not tarry long. Oct. 18 a flock of twenty-five or thirty took up their quarters along the shores of Barbadoes Island, and although it was Sunday a large number of boats and shooters (I will not say sportsmen) were after them all day, and before night the most of them were driven westward beyond Catfish Dam, four miles from here. I was out on the river in the afternoon, and accidentally chased two ducks within easy range of three young men in a boat. One of them raised a double muzzle-loader and snapped twice but it did not go. They then called to me: "Have you any caps?" I answered, "No; I use a breechloader, but not on Sundays." They then explained that they had killed a duck in the forenoon, had exhausted their supply of percussion caps, had sent a boy to a drug store for more, but the druggist had sold out and the gun stores were not open. Here was an illustration of human thirst for gore. These young men were rowing a 300-pound boat around all afternoon after the ducks, snapping the hammers of their gun at every opportunity, hoping that it might go off and kill something. Such perseverance was deserving of a better cause.

In another boat a young man was practicing with a revolver. He would get in one shot on the water at about twenty yards, and then give them two more on the wing. The bullets did not hit the wings in any instance, but the spectators on shore were in great danger.

On the following day I went out and killed two ducks, presumably the only ones remaining within two miles of the borough. On my return to the boat house I met a man who informed me that one of my ducks was a "crow duck," and said that if I would throw it away he would give me four good ones, and further informed me that he was a great duck hunter, and had killed sixteen the day before. I thanked him and told him that I would risk the crow, and had enough for dinner. Such men make me tired, and there are many hereabouts. There are sportsmen here, however, and the fact that several copies of FOREST AND STREAM reach here once a week is evidence of the fact.

I find that a light boat with bow-facing oars is an excellent combination to use in the pursuit of ducks, and I probably have killed more than my share, considering the large number of shooters and the small number of ducks killed. The cartridges used are brass, and were loaded more than three years ago. Not one has missed fire up to date.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 31 E. A. LEOPOLD.

Great preparations are being made at the Havre de Grace and Gunpowder River ducking grounds for the opening of the season the beginning of November. Many blackheads and redheads have taken possession of the flats at the mouth of the Susquehanna River, although canvasbacks have not yet arrived in quantity. Since the storm on Thursday and the clearing up cool weather of the ending of the past week, more of the latter variety have come on and may be every day expected in increased numbers.

The flight of ruddy ducks or "stiffies" to our Delaware river and bay is something enormous, and we hear from all quarters that this stupid little duck is unusually plentiful everywhere this autumn. In our Philadelphia market many are being palmed off on the unsuspecting for teal. Of course they are picked when thus sold, and in general appearance (save the head) in this condition very much resemble the latter variety. HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31.

Wild geese, crane and brant made their appearance here in considerable numbers about Oct. 10. Mallard ducks appeared about the 20th. As soon as it gets a little colder in the north all will be here in large numbers. They are in-

creasing daily now, and we will soon have splendid shooting. Quil are exceedingly plenty. Open season Nov. 1, when the slaughter will commence. E. R. W.

LARNED, Pawnee County, Kan.

A month ago sandhill cranes and brant were flying south over us, and teal ducks, the only kind I have seen, were plentiful in the river and ponds. It is said that wildfowl will be plentiful here in November. RAMBLER.

JOHNSON COUNTY, Kan., Oct. 26.

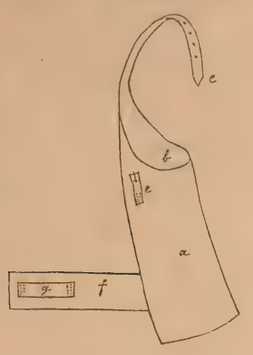
Ducks are beginning to make their appearance, also a few geese. The first brant was bagged in the bay Oct. 19. Two of our sportsmen bagged 125 ducks in an evening and morning's shooting, Oct. 22 and 23. Fine shooting is expected next month. B. C. H.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Oct. 25.

GUN SLINGS FOR THE SADDLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The arrangement for carrying a gun upon horseback, described by "W. E. B." in your issue of Oct. 1, is doubtless very convenient, especially on open prairies, but is only suitable for saddles made after the Mexican fashion, with a high knob on the pommel. I would, therefore, like to bring to the notice of your readers a method of carrying a gun with great comfort and security upon ordinary English saddles, which I am informed are now in general use in the Eastern States of America. The following outline drawing will, it is hoped, make the description clear: *a* is a leather



bucket wide enough at the mouth, *b*, to allow the stock of a gun to pass easily in and out, and deep enough to almost cover the locks. The upper and back part is prolonged into a strap, *c*, which passes through the D on the right side of the pommel of the saddle, and is fastened to the buckle, *e*, outside the upper and rear part of the bucket. At the back of the latter, and near its lower end, is sewn a band of stiff leather, *f*, two inches broad, upon which is a loop, *g*, for one of the saddle girths to be passed through. The band must be of such a length that the bucket will lie at the edge of the saddle flap a little in front of the rider's thigh.

The slope must be regulated by shortening or lengthening the strap *c*, so that when the stock of the gun is in the bucket with locks to the front, the barrel will pass close under the rider's right armpit. A piece of felt or thick blanket stitched on to the part of the bucket which rests against the horse's shoulder, will increase the comfort of the animal.

A bag of cartridges or something equally heavy should be hung to the D on the left side of the pommel, otherwise the weight of the gun in a long and fast journey may twist the saddle round sufficiently to gall the near side of the horse's withers. The advantages of this system are: 1. That the weight of the rider's arm when hanging in its natural position holds the gun perfectly steady at even a hard gallop. 2 That in riding through forests there is no danger of striking the barrel against the trunks of trees. 3. That when the gun is wanted it has simply to be lifted out of the bucket. With a quiet horse it may safely be left standing there when the rider dismounts.

I first read of this system in Galton's "Art of Travel," and practiced it for three years when holding a government appointment in India, where I had to march for seven months annually across the great plains of the Punjab. The only disadvantage connected with it is that, if the horse falls when at a fast pace, there is a chance of the rider being thrown forward in such a way as to break the stock; but this can be avoided by holding the gun in one hand when galloping over dangerous ground.

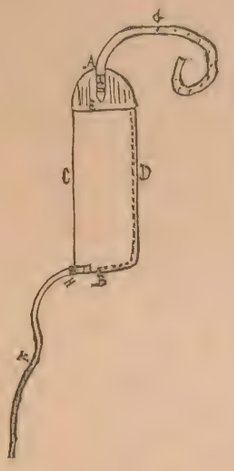
The British mounted infantry carry their rifles in a bucket fastened to the cantle of the saddle behind the rider's right thigh, the sling of the rifle passing over the man's left shoulder, so as to hold the barrel across his back with the muzzle inclining to the left. This arrangement keeps the rifle fairly steady at a gallop, and the rider, if thrown, carries his weapon with him; but he may possibly, in the act of falling, receive a severe blow from the barrel on the back of his head. J. J. M.

LONDON, Eng., Oct. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The gun sling described in the communication in your issue of October 1 is well known here in California, in so far as its general features are concerned, and has among other points in its favor the great merit of simplicity. It seems, however, to fail in the following important respects for general use: 1. It is adapted only for a Mexican saddle, or some variety similarly constructed, with a high pommel 2. From the position of the gun when in the sling, in the event of a heavy stumble of the horse it is likely to strike the animal about the head or forelegs, and lead to complications. 3. The weight of the gun is not well placed, bearing, as it does, altogether on the horse's withers. 4. "One hand is used to steady it"—the gun—"when loping." 5. It is inconvenient, in that it requires the barrels of the gun to be tied with saddle strings (which are also peculiar to Mexican saddles) whenever one is obliged to walk and lead his horse, which on hunting trips in anything but a flat country will average at least a third of the way. In leading up or down an overgrown trail the gun is liable to catch in the chaparal, and having necessarily no play in the saddle strings, cannot ordinarily swing free when caught; this must inevitably result in delay, inconvenience and possible injury to the gun.

I have for a number of years used a gun sling for the saddle, which while open to some trifling objection, at the same time combines more of convenience and safety than any of a number which I have tried, including that described by your correspondent. It can be adjusted to any saddle, and is equally useful for gun or rifle. Its pattern is of the simplest. Independent of its fastenings it is nothing but a long leather pocket intended to receive the stock of the gun. The accompanying rough sketch and dimensions will serve to explain its shape and construction:



The pocket is made of one piece of thick leather doubled and stitched in the manner indicated in the sketch. The top strap G should be 1¼ inches in width and 3 feet in length, the lower corner strap F should be ½ inch in width and 3 feet 6 inches in length. The following are the dimensions of the pocket: A to B 2 feet, A to E 6 inches, C to D 7 inches—E is the mouth of the pocket. These measurements are taken from a sling which is by me as I write, and while they can doubtless be in some slight degree modified, it would not be advisable to change them to any great extent. The sling is in position on the right of the saddle, in front of the rider's knee, with the pocket at a slight angle, so that the top inclines to the rear. It is fastened by the strap G which is wound about the pommel if the saddle be Mexican or Californian, or passed through A D, which can readily be attached to the pommel of either an American or English saddle and buckled in place. The strap F is passed to the rear under the girth, and forward again to the corner buckle H, where it is fastened. The straps must of course be adjusted to fit the horse and the rider, and this can easily be done in a few moments. The gun is inserted in the pocket, hammers upward, and when so placed with the straps adjusted to give the proper angle to the sling, the barrels rest lightly on the rider's thigh, extending to the rear under his forearm. There is no perceptible jar from the gun either on a trot or gallop; both hands are free; the weight of the gun is so distributed that it is burdensome neither to the horse nor rider. In the event of a stumble there is no danger of the gun or horse being injured, and in leading through the narrowest and most overgrown trail the gun is safe, and if brought in contact with overhanging branches avoids them at once through the play of the straps.

G. E. O.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.

GAME IN PIKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My forecast in FOREST AND STREAM last year in regard to hunting at and near Milford, Pike county, Pennsylvania, were correct. I said that the denseness of the woods would save pheasants—ruffed grouse—"for seed" and that they should be plentiful this year. So many were saved over that broods were everywhere until woodcock shooting began in July. Then the market hunters scattered the broods, getting "chicken partridges" for the local gourmands and hotels. In this way hundreds of "peepers" were brought to bag and the survivors took to the scrub oaks and swamps. In one sense this was a gain to sportsmen, as ridge hunting does not pay the market hunter as well as swale hunting. Too much ground has to be covered and the "pot" sportsman (!) does not keep the staunch trailing dog needed for such work; or if he has a good animal it is soon spoiled by being taught to tree squirrels and ruffed grouse.

I have just returned from "Little Pike," and can advise those who love to hunt the booming wing monarch of the forest to take a trip there. Better take a good dog used to the work, a cautious, steady trailer if possible, one that will "freeze" at the first whiff of a bird, wait for you to get up and tread as on eggs until he has the quarry cornered and ready for powder burning. Flocks will not be found for the reasons given. But it will be a bad day for pheasants when within easy reach of his quarters the gunner does not put up a dozen birds, and he may see scores. The woods are now, thanks to frosts and heavy rains, well cleared of leaves. Never were there so many thorn, frost, wintergreen and bear berries on the ridges and in the swales, and the birds are in the primest condition. There has so far been one flight of woodcock—a small one—but others must come within the next ten days. The best grounds near Milford for both woodcock and ruffed grouse are Dewitt's Islands on the Delaware, midway between Milford and Port Jervis, the Dunwick Meadows and Yellow Pine Swamp, the Orry Cabin Brook, Pinney's Woods, the Sanvantine Swale, Craft's Brook, the Walker Ponds, Butternut Orchard, Shutts's Farm and Swamp, Goble's, Greening's, and the farms on the Shohola, the Upper Raymondskill and Big and Little Log Tavern Ponds, the De Rialp Swale and the Brink Ponds and the Upper Dingman Creek and Silou Lake.

There are a few deer left, but there are more bear than deer signs. Deer hunting will be a failure this year. Bear hunting will begin when the swamps are frozen.

If the visitor be a keen sportsman not needing a guide beyond a country boy and desirous of a comfortable *pied à terre*, he could not do better than go to Gilbert D. Aselimus's farm on the Sawkill Lake, and land right in the center of a hunting country. If he need a guide to add to his bag and cheer him, he can go to George M. Quick's snug log cabin hunting box on the Shockapee farm, a mile from Milford, and get French cookery, good sleeping quarters, and the use of the best ruffed grouse dog in Northeastern Pennsylvania. Quick is a good sport, belongs to a family of hunters, and can get up a deer hunt on short notice. His terms are very reasonable.

Let me add that it is a good year for cider in Pike county, and that the air of this favored locality has the same tonic effect as ever, also that—*mirabile dictu*—several owners of swamps have stopped summer woodcock shooting. On one thus preserved I shot nine woodcock before the first flight arrived.

Milford is reached by Erie Railroad to Port Jervis and stage. Some "go in" via Erie Railroad and Lackawaxen, Footer's Glen or Hawley, or Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad and Stroudsburg. AMATEUR.

THE BOSTON GAME MARKET.

NO better illustration of the value of stringent game laws well enforced need be asked for than comes from carefully watching the Boston market, especially in the season. Later, when the weather becomes sufficiently cool, heavy shipments of game come here from the West, but up to Nov. 1 it is pretty safe to conclude that the game found in this market is of New England production or from the near Provinces. Well, careful watching and acquaintance with the market police has brought to light the receipt of but one or two deer thus far, although it has been open season in Maine and New Hampshire one month. One deer came through by express—boxed and marked "lambs"—some two weeks ago, but it smelled so badly that a member of the market police ordered it to "the dump." The receiver saved the hide only, and the express company, which brought it out of Maine, will be watched. It can handle but two more deer this season. The Maine game law says: "Three deer, two caribou and one moose" a year, and this the Supreme Court of that State holds as applying to transportation companies as well as individuals. In New Hampshire it is absolute non-transportation from the State.

Upon partridges the effect of the Maine and New Hampshire laws is most salutary. The effect of the new non-exportation law of the latter State is signally noticeable here this season. The game receivers are cursing the law. They declare it has ruined their business. Last year at this time the market was crowded with ruffed grouse. The marketmen said they were killed in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, but unfortunately for Maine then, she has nearly 150 miles of border on the Granite State. The New Hampshire law, which forbids the taking of game out of the State, has been added to that of Maine within a year, and Boston market has no partridges. The marketmen will tell you that the fact is owing to a scarcity of grouse this year, but how does it happen that Vermont has them more plentiful than ever before? At least such is the statement of the receivers, but the New Hampshire border has doubtless something to do with the situation.

It is worthy of note that a majority of the few partridges received here this season have been snared instead of shot. The game dealers encourage this. They say in their circulars: "Send us snared birds, they sell better than birds torn by shot." It means extermination of the ruffed grouse and they know it; it is against the lay and they know it. But what are the compunctions of the shrewd game dealers worth when there is a dollar to be made? SPECIAL.

A WOODCOCK PLAYING LEAPFROG.

A THOUGHTFUL sportman seldom goes out for a day's pleasure in the haunts of that charming game bird, the woodcock, that the bird does not treat him to the sight of some action so full of witchery and abandonment as to remind him of the caprices of his first love, perhaps.

On a certain memorable picnic Tom ———'s first love did play at leapfrog when he was bending over the campfire, which he was trying to blow into a blaze, though she was as decorous as the circumstances would permit of, and sailed over his bent form side-saddle fashion, landing with much gravity, but with disastrous effect, upon the carefully-arranged fireplace. From that day nothing has occurred to remind him of that scene, he says, until yesterday, when he saw a woodcock play four leaps of this game in a cedar thicket, during a hunt which he trusts he may always remember for the pleasure it gave him. Tom and his friend George H——— had made a fair bag, had eaten their dinner and had chased a woodcock up and down a bit of cover until they were tired, when she went over a swale into the cedars. Here they planned out a campaign, which, from the shape and surroundings of the thicket seemed as complete as the Little Corporal's at Waterloo. Tom's friend was to make the attack with the dog, after Tom had placed himself in front. The positions were secured. Each called to announce the fact and for warning lest either should be tempted to shoot in the line of the other, and the dog was sent in. But the thicket was so dense that he sought and found an easier way of entry. This brought him between Tom and the bird. The latter seemed to "sense the situation" She gave a hop over the dog's back; and by the flicker of her wings through the branches Tom saw her alight between him and the dog. There they were in line—Tom's friend, the dog, Mlle. Woodcock, Tom himself, and thickets beyond. She gave them no chance to change their positions, but with another hop and a daring display of her feathers sailed close over Tom's head and lightly touched the ground near to a scrub oak supported by blackberry briers and sweet fern. Tom caught this motion in the corner of his eye as he turned around, for when he was so near to facing her as to have his gun up, she had disappeared behind the little oak, much as a girl's handkerchief goes with a flirt into her pocket. "Here she is," called Tom, and he pointed out to George, who had come up, her place of hiding. They knew to a certainty within six feet of where she was. A delighted look rested on Tom's face; a confident smile was on that of his friend. Even the dog knew the bird was for the bag. Then, in less time than it can be told, came the fourth leap. With a shake of her feathers, another flicker of her wings—graceful, full of abandon—she rose over a low cedar. "Now's the time." What a moment. George in readiness for a second shot, Tom shooting, the dog in a quiver and the woodcock sinking beyond the cedar. Both fired. It was too much for the dog. He lost his self-control and barked.

"Did I hit her?" asked Tom and George together.

Well, there are some things that it is too much to expect of a woodcock. After she has played a game of leapfrog for your entertainment, it would be incarnate selfishness to expect her to reply to such a question, and Tom and George left it there. J. D. P.

TO LAKE MEGANTIC.

I LEFT Boston on the evening of Nov. 13 by the Montreal & Boston Air Line, taking a repeating rifle, shotgun, amateur photograph outfit, tent, blankets, etc. After eight hours of sleep, at Newport, Vt., a change was made to the Passumpsic Railway for Sherbrooke, Quebec, which was reached after a run of an hour and a half. Here I was obliged to wait seven hours to connect with the International Railway for Lake Megantic. At Sherbrooke I met with an old friend from Megantic whom I prevailed upon to accompany me in my peregrinations. We took the train at 3 P. M. and after a five hours' ride landed at the lake.

In Sherbrooke occasional patches of snow could be seen, but as we advanced eastward the snow was in greater abundance, and at the lake the ground was covered two or three inches deep. Reaching the village of Agnes on the Chaudiere River which empties the lake, we spent the night there.

Lake Megantic is beautifully situated in the center of a mountainous district, the Megantic Mountains looming up upon its eastern shore, the Little Megantic a short distance from its northern boundary, while the Boundary Mountains encircle in the distance its southern and western shores. The lake is twelve miles in length, crescent-shaped and runs due north and south. It lies on the western slope of the watershed between Canada and the United States, about eight miles from the boundary. Its altitude is over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, its exact height being 1,200 feet above the city of Montreal. The water in the lake is well stocked with lake trout, or lunge, as they are called there, speckled trout, bass, herring or bellfish and whitefish. Dan Ball, the celebrated Spider Lake guide and trapper, caught a lake trout near the head of the lake last spring weighing 21 pounds. In 1882 my wife caught with a fly at Lake Megantic a speckled trout weighing 3 pounds 13 ounces. This was just at the outlet, and upon another occasion she caught, off Rocky Point, with an artificial minnow (derby trout killer) in two hours, thirteen lake trout, aggregating 54 pounds, the largest one weighing 6½ pounds. Fine sport can be had at the outlet (Chaudiere River) during the month of June fly-fishing, where an occasional land-locked salmon can be hooked.

The steamer Lena (Capt. Jones) was ready to start at 3 P. M., and the captain, wishing to spend the following day with his family at Sandy Bay, placed me at the wheel in command, a circumstance I think he afterward regretted, as I succeeded in running the steamer aground just before reaching the head of the lake, and breaking off one of the blades of the propeller. This accident delayed us some time, so that it was quite late when we landed at Flint's Mills, and made our way to the Three Lakes House, kept by Mr. Wm. Latty. Rush Lake, a very frequent resort for deer during the warm September evenings, is only a mile distant by way of the Lower Spider River. We remained here over night, but before retiring crossed over to Spider Lake (a short carry of half a mile) to the house of our old friend and guide Dan Ball, who, we learned, was out trapping somewhere in the vicinity of the Upper Spider River, but he had left word for our guidance. The next morning we placed our duffle on our hand sled, and having secured the services of a French Canadian we crossed over to Spider Lake, the Geneva of Canada. The lake is about forty feet higher than Lake Megantic, into which it empties after passing through Rush Lake. It is nearly four miles long, its breadth varying from half a mile in some places to three miles. It is in shape like a spider with outspred legs, each leg being represented by a bay. On account of its many bays it is said to have more miles of shore than its neighbor, Lake Megantic, which has fully thirty miles. The proper name of the lake, and as such it is marked on many maps, is Macauamac, an Indian name signifying father, or head of waters, it being the first body of water in this chain on the Canadian boundary. The lake and river is only four miles distant from the head waters (across the boundary) of the Dead River region, which is now becoming a great resort for sportsmen.

We found the lake icebound, the ice having taken a week previous, and it was now, we ascertained, about two inches thick in close proximity to the shore. It was a beautiful cold, clear morning, the ice as smooth as a mirror, and the tramp across it to my summer house, about three miles distant, was a most enjoyable one. We remained in our comfortable quarters till morning, and at half-past seven we selected from our baggage only what we could not get along without, and shouldering our packs started for the upper Spider River, which empties into the lake half a mile further up. We had expected to meet our guide at Young's Camp, an old lumber shanty two miles up the river, but we were disappointed upon reaching it, as the camp had a deserted appearance. Ball's next camp was seven or eight miles further on, in the direction of Moose River, but being in the best of spirits we shouldered our packs, and with a light step struck out for the tramp, having previously stuck a note up on the camp door stating the direction we had taken in case we missed our way. Neither my friend or I had been in that locality before. There was about two inches of snow on the ground, so we could track our guide tolerably well, besides the trail was blazed through part of the way. As long as the tracks were visible we had no fear; but as we advanced the snow disappeared, and to add to our troubles the trail began to divide. At each division we barked a tree and wrote the direction upon it we had taken, keeping always to the right. In this manner we kept on, shooting an occasional partridge, and now and then coming on to a fresh deer or moose track. At noon we made a short halt, built a fire, boiled some tea and fried a couple of partridges, then proceeded on our way. We kept on following the spots on the trees till we thought we must have walked fifteen miles, and still no sign of our guide or his camp. We fired on occasional shot in the hope of hearing an answer, but in this we were disappointed.

The shades of evening began to gather, and we were still in blissful ignorance of our whereabouts. Finally at quarter to five, to cap the climax, rain began to fall and the trail came to an abrupt end. We had no other alternative but to camp for the night. Fortunately we had taken an axe with us, but as we had expected to reach Ball's Camp, had left the tent behind us. While Jack was looking up a suitable spot for a camp I ran up a neighboring hill and climbed a tree to see if I could ascertain where we were. Although nearly dark I could discern about a mile distant a track of burnt land familiar to me. I knew then we could not be over six miles from Young's Camp, which forcibly reminded me how long the miles are when you are traveling in the woods with a pack. I descended and returned to Jack, who had in the meantime cut some poles for a "lean-to." We tied a rubber blanket to them for a roof, laid some balsam boughs against the side to break the rain, and having built a fire in front proceeded to cook our supper. After supper we cut more boughs and made a comfortable bed and prepared to turn in. In the meantime the weather had turned colder, the rain changed to sleet and finally snow. This was what we had been ardently wishing for, as it would enable us to stalk the deer noiselessly and track them. After replenishing the fire with hard wood we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and were soon asleep.

We awoke at daybreak to find the ground covered with two inches of snow. We decided after breakfast if we could pick up the trail again to push on and find Ball. We discovered that our trail had ended in a concession line running between two townships, and after following it up a few rods we found a fresh blaze branching off. We got our packs on and followed it up. We had gone about a mile when we were surprised to meet a man, who turned out to be a companion of our guide. From him we learned we were a mile distant from Ball's camp, and that our guide had started for Young's camp early that morning by another route for the purpose of meeting me, and his confrère was destined for the same place. We had no other alternative but to right about face and accompany him, and we quietly retraced our steps all the day long, diversifying the tramp by shooting some of the grouse, which were very plentiful. We reached Young's camp, from which we had started the day before, at four o'clock, our guide having arrived an hour before us. We were all thoroughly tired, and after discussing the probabilities of a snowfall to facilitate still-hunting, and laying our plans for the morrow, we turned in. What was our delight next morning to find four inches of snow on the ground and snow still falling. Eager for the sport, we took a hasty breakfast; and, rifles in hand, started out in quest of deer tracks. As deer were so plentiful I knew we would not have to go far, and before a quarter of a mile was covered we came upon a fresh track. Jack decided to follow it up and the guide and I went along further. In less than half an hour we came upon a track that approached the trail and doubled back. It was a large track, and in the hopes that it might be a buck I started after it. The direction led me directly eastward up a steep mountain toward the boundary line. I followed along cautiously, but from the uniform steps and great distance apart of the tracks I soon determined that it was a "traveling buck," and I knew I could walk along at my leisure until the tracks would run into those of more deer. I traveled on rather briskly for about two hours, and as I was continually going up hill, concluded I had gone about as many miles, when I saw the track was intersected by that of two more deer, which I took to be a doe and fawn. I now thought it time to commence stalking, and proceeded very cautiously, peeping in all directions. The tracks ran toward every point of the compass after intersecting, which served to give me a lead occasionally. In this manner I crept along till I reached the summit of the mountain and the international boundary. As the snow was still falling I could notice the tracks growing fresher and fresher, and occasionally would come upon a spot where the buck had stopped and pawed the ground and browsed by the way. I had hardly begun the descent of the mountain when I came to the top of a steep incline, and from my position could see quite a distance around me. There was an open hard-wood glade at the bottom of the slope, and standing there, not eighty yards from me, was the deer, a fine buck, with a fawn and doe close by its side. The buck was looking up at me when I sighted him, and for a moment I stood spellbound, admiring the pretty group. It never entered my mind to fire until I was awakened from my reverie by the buck giving an impatient stamp with one of his forward feet. I immediately raised my rifle and fired, aiming down upon the back of the buck, between the fore shoulders. The smoke hardly cleared away in time to let me see that buck disappear upon the bound. Laying the blame upon the rifle (as is always the case when game is missed) I began to descend carefully to get a shot at the doe which had quietly stepped one side behind a treetop and I knew would not move far away from the buck; the fawn had disappeared. I had not descended half way down before I found that I had wounded the buck and turned my attention in his direction, very foolishly letting the doe escape, for had I let the buck alone there I could have shot both. I came to the spot where the buck stood when I fired and saw the snow stained crimson. I followed the red stains over 200 yards and came upon the buck lying down. He raised his head at my approach, and fearing that he might jump up and run again I gave him another shot in the neck. This settled him. The report had also started the doe, which bounded out of sight before I could get a shot at her. I found that the ball had struck him just back of the left shoulder blade on top, had gone through the lungs, pierced the diaphragm and traversed clear through the liver and paunch, making its exit low down in the flank. Notwithstanding this dreadful wound from .45-70-350 cartridge, the deer had bounded out of sight as if unharmed and ran nearly 300 yards. I removed the sling from my rifle and fastening it around the base of his antlers started to tow him around the mountain side down to the trail. I was so elated at my success that I felt as though I could have towed a moose, but my ardor cooled before I reached the trail. As I found I was three miles from camp and it was 3 P. M. I decided to leave the deer till morning for the guide; and cutting off one of the forefeet as a trophy, I started for the camp, which I reached just at dark.

Next morning Jack and the guide started out again, but I was satisfied with deer stalking, so took a frying-pan, piece of bread, lump of butter, some tea, salt and pepper, and started to make my breakfast off the deer. I took my shotgun along with me for partridge, which I had passed by the dozen the day before, while following the deer. Arriving at the spot I had left him the night before I dragged him under the shelter of a friendly hemlock, built a fire, boiled some tea, and skinning down a fore shoulder cut out some steaks and fried them in butter. I drew the deer up to the fire for a seat; and sitting on three-quarters of a deer ate the fourth. Cutting off as much as I could carry I wended my way campward, shooting partridges on the way, which was good sport, as I could find them easily by their tracks on the snow. The rest of the party came in about 4 o'clock, with no deer but a goodly lot of partridges. The snow having frozen and not being deep enough to muffle the footsteps, it was impossible to get near the deer on account of the noise made in traveling. The next day we spent shooting grouse, with splendid luck; and the next morning started down the river with our plunder for my summer house. I found here an old cast away trunk into which I packed the saddle and hindquarter of the deer, the antlers, and forty partridges to take home with me, and after spending another day in taking some winter scenes of surrounding places, I started for Boston, which I reached on the morning of Nov. 27, well pleased with my trip, feeling like a new man and having a splendid appetite (besides some nice accompaniments) for Thanksgiving dinner. H. B.

BOSTON, MASS.

PANTHERS AND DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in last week's issue that you have taken up the right trail—at least to suit my views; and I would not be found alone in this respect if the veteran hunters and trappers could be induced to tell their views. It has been a mystery to us why you have not struck the trail of the panther and of the wolf as well in your efforts to protect deer in the Adirondacks. Perhaps you thought them so few that they were not worth the powder; but in sections where there is very little noise there are plenty of these cowards left to destroy the deer, which also seek the most secluded sections of the wilderness and there meet their fate by their natural enemies, the panther and wolf. Here is an instance, for illustration: We were in a new hunting shanty built two weeks previously in a section of country well stocked with deer at the time, not far from Plumadore Pond, in Franklin county, N. Y., about six miles north of the old Hatch place and about eight miles as the bee flies from the old Danforth place in Duane. We arrived two hours before dark, and one of us must prepare wood and get things fixed for night. There was about two inches of fresh snow that had fallen that day, and we were anxious to get meat and to satisfy ourselves as to future prospects. I cut wood and fixed up for the night, while John Danforth, my companion, was away at once. On his return after dark I asked him whether he had had any shots. Wiping off the snow and removing the cartridge from his rifle and laying it on wedges driven in the shanty logs and brushing the snow and water from his clothes in utter silence and commenced to warm and dry his hands by the camp-fire burning briskly, he broke out: "As far as I went the show is mighty poor for deer. Didn't see a track of a single deer. But I heard ravens and went to where they were at work and found one, or what was left—the head and neck, and the bones; that's all. Killed by a cat. Been killed four or five days. Guess they have killed and driven the deer all out of these parts. Maybe we can get a snap at some of 'em. Wish we had brought over the pup. He is the boy to make 'em climb. They have spoiled our trip this time. If we only had the pup we could get even with them, for their scalps bring $35—State $20, county $10, and town $5; and we are pretty sure to hit a trail of the sneaking cowards on this snow to-morrow. They will hunt to-night, as they lay still in a stormy time you know. They are at it by this time. I would like to get a snap at another one up on the Pimele. You remember that scrape? Of course you do; and if we find a trail bound that way, unless he skulks into the broken down ledge, we'll find him on the hogsback up top, maybe, lying for a deer in the same old place. I'd give my rifle, almost, for another chance like that. How are the partridges; done yet?"

The partridges had been killed clean, by shooting off their heads; skinned, split open on the breast and the breast bone taken out, and stretched out before the wood fire, each on a crotch (with the butt end stuck in the ground), peppered, salted and basted with pork gravy, and by this time were done brown. This is the sweetest and quickest way to cook them.

After the meal Bill filled his old brier pipe, threw himself back on the new bed of hemlock boughs and exclaimed: "This is comfort. No chores to do, and everything serene. Good tracking snow; but where is the game to be found? I believe the cats have finished the deer; but there may be a few left down Beaver Meadow Brook. The panthers kill a deer every time they get hungry, and often when they are not hungry, just for the devilment of it. They cut into the belly and haul out the vitals and heart, sometimes only eating the heart, and then cover the carcass all up with anything they can get, as leaves, moss and sticks. Now what do they do that for? They never come back to eat anything after it gets cold, but keep sneaking about for more. Did you ever see where the panthers have ever made more than four jumps where they have caught deer?" "No, I never did." "What do you think they cover them up for?" "I don't know, Bill. I know they prefer warm meat. I have tried to trap them often at a deer of their killing, but I never caught one at it but once. That was when the trap was set for a fisher, on an old root, twelve feet away from the carcass, and he simply walked up the old moss-covered log to look things over, I suppose, and tried to steal the No. 6 Newhouse spiked trap with one of his fore paws, and it proved smartest in the end. He might not have been the one that killed the deer; so it is very safe to say they never go back to feed on a cold carcass." "No," was the reply, "and I think the full-grown ones average nearly a deer a day the whole year round."

That night Bill went to sleep muttering away to Jack, his dog. He used to talk to this dog when alone as though it were a person, and when jeered about it he would reply, "Jack understands every word I say jus' as well as you do;" and so I have thought sometimes. A dog's days end some time. Bill visited this same section one year later with the pup, and stopped at Bason Spring on the Plumadore trail to get a drink; some villain had left a dose of strychnine there. Jack picked it up and died in Bill's arms before he reached assistance. Last week's issue of your paper notified me of Danforth's own death by the same old method that has sent many others to untimely graves—carrying the hammers of guns on the caps. At least nine-tenths of the fatal accidents by shooting are traced to this cause. All who use guns with hammers should see that they cannot be pushed off at half cock, and should be sure to carry them there; then, if accidentally the hammers are raised, they will catch somewhere and will not fall on the cap unless the trigger is pressed back. I knew Wm. Danforth from boyhood. He became a keen hunter and trapper, and a splendid off-hand rifle shot before the war, in which he served and was wounded. None understood better the tricks and ways of the panther, wolf, bear and deer. He was a man of few words, except in camp or when talking about war or about sporting matters.

He met his death by the same means as Avery, of Canton, and young Bigford, of Thomasville, and several others in this vicinity. J.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by various papers that "the woods are full of panthers." I spent two weeks at the head of Cranberry Lake in August, where I saw various parties from other sections of the northwest part of the woods, but heard no

"panther stories." In my opinion very few of these animals exist in the northwestern part of the Adirondack woods at least. A panther travels a great many miles and does a lot of mischief, but a hunter hates him as 'tis said another does "holy water," and would hunt him to death even if there was no bounty at all. Too high a bounty tempts trappers to try to get paid for other game. Many an old skull has been brought out of the woods so much decayed that no one could tell what it was, yet the trapper was ready to swear to its being a wolf or cat. Let the State give a bounty of ten dollars for every hound caught in pursuit of deer, and ten more for their master on second offense, and deer will thrive in spite of panthers. I did not hear of any hounding at the lake, though my guide said he could get one that way if I wanted. So I take it that they do violate the law now and then. R.

CANTON, N. Y., Oct. 29.

SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS.

A YEAR ago the plains south of the Arkansas River were almost a wilderness. Now they are presenting almost the appearance of an old farming country. Nearly all the public lands have been taken up and hundreds of farm houses dot the prairies, while teams hauling lumber, others breaking sod, well borers at work and surveyors finding corners, can be seen daily. Thousands of settlers have located there in the past six months. Other thousands will come in the springtime. It is wonderful, this immigration. "What part of the States are you from?" is the first salutation one meets here.

Game of various kinds, though gradually diminishing, is still to be found in fair numbers. In Stanton county, where I have land, many antelope are yet found. I spent over a month there this fall, in company with an old deer hunter, and though we tried faithfully, we failed to secure a single antelope. The reason was that our guns would not reach them at four and five hundred yards, the usual shooting range here. Our guns are all right in the woods, but here they were inadequate. We learned some points about the game, however, that will doubtless be of benefit to us next time. We discovered that they have regular crossings from one swale to another, and that each herd has its favorite feeding grounds, to which it usually returns the next day, after being driven away. In this they closely resemble deer. But, unlike the deer, the antelope appears to depend more upon its eyesight than powers of scent for safety. Its powers of vision are much keener than those of the deer.

There is other game on these prairies besides antelope. Signs of buffalo were discovered that had evidently been made last spring. But we saw none of the animals. Jack rabbits are sparingly scattered about. They make excellent stews. Prairie dog towns are often seen. These little animals make as good a fry or broil as the fox squirrel.

A few droves of wild horses may still be found along the western border, south of the Arkansas. Numbers of them were captured this summer and fall and sold at different towns along the Santa Fe. Prices ranged from $25 to $35 each. Gray wolves have disappeared from the prairies out here, but the coyotes still carry on their cowardly depredations. Skunks, swifts and badgers abound, having the prairies honeycombed with their dens. A mountain lion is said to be making his headquarters on the Cimarron, having strayed away from his mountain fastnesses. Occasionally a steer or colt falls a victim to his hunger, but as yet no accounts of his attacking human beings have been circulated.

RAMBLER.

JOHNSON COUNTY, Kansas.

DUCK SLAUGHTER AT ENGLISH LAKE.

THE old hunters at English Lake, Ind., were men who for twenty years, every fall from the first of September to the freeze up, were sure to get from half a dozen to a dozen ducks a day, sometimes more. These were shot on the river and in the bayous. In those days a man was considered no sportsman who would wade out in the marsh for ducks. Such a thing as shooting on roosting grounds after dark was unheard of. This was in the old days.

Three years ago there was plenty of shooting on these grounds.

Then a shooting club of Chicago, in order to show their friends, and all whom it might concern, what great duck shots they were, and in order to accomplish what they considered a good bag, surrounded and entered the marsh on every Sunday from the first to the last of the shooting season.

All the ducks were routed, so that by the middle of the season few ducks stayed in the marshes during the day, but they still came here in the evening to roost. But this privilege was not left them, for last fall the marshes were filled with shooters until 8 and 9 o'clock at night. Not one in five of the ducks killed were retrieved.

The manners and management of this club have been the most unsportsmanlike of any known to me. Of the finest shooting grounds in the State they have made a waste in so short a time. Last Sunday (Oct. 4) at about 4 o'clock, a skirmish line of these Chicago shooters, five or six boats abreast, was formed at the head of the lake to destroy as they came down the few coots that had been overlooked. So long as they could average five ducks a day each they had not cared for the coots. Dozens of coots were killed and left to lie on the water where they fell, destroyed for no other reason than that each sportsman might show the others how good a shot he was. After dark the men living about gathered up what birds they wanted and cooked and ate them.

We could not help thinking, would it not have been better for the game and the poor men who went out in the night to gather this game unseen, had they taken repeating rifles, formed a skirmish line, under the law of self-protection, and told these first day shooters to stop killing these coots from pure wantonness, or their boats would be filled so full of bullet holes that their owners woulk sink in the Kankakee mud too deep for their friends to find them.

Not content with destroying all the game in that section they put up signs, warning off trespassers from all the ground they own and all they expect to own.

When any State is invaded by such a party of men, the Legislature ought to appoint a man to protect them from each other. DAN JOHNSTON.

MISSOURI GAME.—Glassville, Mo., Oct. 20.—Weather cold and wet, with heavy frosts. Ducks in considerable numbers are passing south. Some are being killed here, mostly teal. The close season on quail expired Oct. 15, but, though abundant, few have been bagged. Am going out on Grand River soon for a duck and goose hunt, and will report.—C.

THE CHOICE OF GUNS.—VIII.

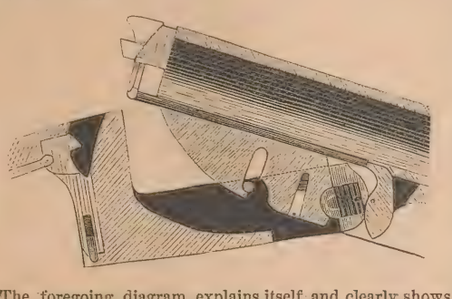
BY some means I fell into an error in describing the Lefever gun—a gun which I constantly use, and with which I am certainly familiar. The description of this gun was hurriedly written, and in the pressure of professional engagements I mailed the article without having time to read the portion of it descriptive of the Lefever. I avail myself of the first opportunity to correct the error.

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 1 (Article VI.) the following language is used:

"The hinge-joint [of the Lefever] consists of a ball and socket—the strongest joint known to mechanics. The ball screws into the head of the frame so as to make a perfect compensator, and, as with the bolt, all wear can be taken up by simply turning a screw. The socket is in the lug (the gun has only one lug), and the pressure of the ball into this socket keeps the gun tight. This lug is split, and the lateral wear of the lug may be taken up by turning in a long, tapering screw with which the lug is provided. The fore-end is also made compensating, and if wear occurs there, the turning in of a screw takes it up. The gun has the Nichols hinge-check—the best made—and when it is thrown open an extension or shoulder on the rear of the lug engages with the check and prevents strain."

The error consists in the description of the lug and of the arrangement of the hinge-check, and is due to the looseness of the language used. The gun has, strictly speaking, but one lug. In the forward end of the lug is the socket, into which the ball (screwed into the head of the frame) fits. The lug is partially severed (leaving, however, enough metal connecting the forward and rear sections to insure indestructibility) to receive the hinge-check. The forward section of the lug, which goes through the frame, is split and is provided with a long, tapering screw to take up the lateral wear. The forward end of the rear section of the lug is provided with a hook (or shoulder) which engages with the check and prevents all strain in opening the gun.

In order to avoid all unnecessary expense to FOREST AND STREAM in the presentation of these articles I have endeavored to make myself clear without the use of diagrams—a thing, by the way, difficult to accomplish in describing mechanical contrivances. But to clear up the confusion which the article referred to produces I, for this once, depart from my rule and give below a diagram of the Lefever lug and adjoining parts:



The foregoing diagram explains itself and clearly shows the construction of the lug and its workings.

With the correction of this error I bring these articles to a close. In the course of them some slight typographical mistakes have occurred, marring the graminar but not interfering with the sense of the articles. With these I shall not blame the printer, as it is very likely they were due to the illegibility of my chirography.

In concluding these articles I desire to express my thanks to those who have, by private letter and by their communications to this paper, commented so kindly and so courteously on what I have written.

In the future I shall, when the duties of a busy life permit, give to the readers of this paper some of my notions about shells, powder, shot and wads, loading and cleaning guns, prevention of rust and pits, field shooting, etc.

AH-PE.

SHOOTING IN CUBA.

SINCE last writing you we have made some progress toward regulating the shooting seasons by law here in the Siempre Fiel.

The Spanish law closing the shooting during the seven months between March 1 and Oct. 1 in the public domain, has been extended to Cuba. The law does not affect the right of a landowner to unrestricted shooting over his own grounds at all seasons or his transferring that right to others, except to stipulate that such transfer shall be in writing over his personal signature. This nearly nullifies the protection intended to the game; but any game law here is an advance in that direction. Field sports of various kinds are also gaining in public favor, as the physical necessities of this island are crowding people into forced activity which will gradually acclimate itself. It is but a brief space since baseball as a healthful pastime was scouted as only fitted to other climates; but its tolerance in public opinion has been so growing during the last three or four years that now comparatively few of our youths consider themselves quite happy without being a member of a "basse-ball club." This is a hopeful circumstance that will surely produce good fruit.

A number of well-bred red Irish and Gordon setters and a larger number of English and American pointers have come into the island, and more recently several well-known medical, legal and commercial gentlemen met at the residence of Dr. Wilson, in El Paseo del Prado, and organized the first shooting club, under the designation of Field Sport Club.

This club has rented grounds about a half-hour's rail and ditto of saddle horse from Habana and placed them in charge of its own gamekeeper and police to protect and foster game therein. There are already within these grounds plenty of snipe and some quail, also three large lagoons which are favorite resorts of woodducks during the winter months. The club is now seeking to secure a large tract of quail grounds to place under contract for a term of years.

The quail are this fall abundant and promise us a good season's shooting. This kind of field sport is also growing into favor more generally here, and this puny land, that has never yet traveled on its muscle, may yet develop in that direction from hard necessity, because of fortune having withdrawn from it her hitherto bounteous favors. Now intelligence and muscle must develop to take their place in the public and private weal.

A great industrial revolution has taken place here; a great social revolution is sure to follow upon its heels; is in fact already far advanced, and these new developments of which I have spoken are signs of the new growths which are springing out of the new conditions. To me, and I have been familiar with this society during the last twenty years, it is very interesting to observe the various changes that are going on about me; but this subject is not apropos to your columns.

The tide of American travel which sets toward Cuba every winter will be facilitated the coming season by a new steamer to connect this city with Tampa, Florida, after Dec. 1, by tri-weekly trips, and some of these visitors may find congenial spirits in the Field Sport Club, one of whose members is an American citizen.

I see in your columns that "Nessmuk" is paddling his light canoe along the Florida shore. If the northern blasts should still reach him there and drive his canoe so far out of its course that he should find himself on this side of the narrow strait which separates us, he will still find he has not outtraveled his spicy articles so frequently published in FOREST AND STREAM. NEMO.

HABANA, Oct. 25.

BEARS AND BEAR DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience has taught me that hunting bears with dogs in this country is a success. I have two good half-hound dogs now, a cross between Russian terrier and foxhound. They never fail to tree or stop until I come up. "Bruin" is mistaken when he says there is no recognized breed that will follow successfully large game. We have dogs here that will follow a bear for days before they will give up the chase, and after treed will stay at the tree until starved out, which generally takes about four days and nights. No particular number of dogs is used; some use eight or ten, others use less. I like three, but have now only two; and have good success; but in case one gets crippled of course you would still be fixed to continue the fight, therefore three are a good pack. I would not give a snap for more than three; it costs too much to feed a large pack, and I don't see of what use more than three would be except to make a noise, though I must admit that Mr. Bear doesn't like that.

I have not found that white dogs will tree a bear any quicker than black ones. "Bruin" says he proposes to cross the foxhound with bull-terrier. My experience teaches me that it will be a failure. Bull is the poorest blood that I know of to hunt the bear with. He never will make a long chase; it is not his nature. Put him in your front yard and he is all right—he will nab the first tramp that comes along; but he will forget to let go of a bear even if he should come up with one, unless he should breed to the nature of the hound.

If you want a good bear dog, cross either with the Russian terrier, mastiff or Scotch terrier. The bull's grit does not run in that line. The biggest coward I ever saw about a bear was a big bulldog. Four men could not hold him if he smelled a bear—home he would go. Long hot chases won't do for him. I train dogs by putting pup, one only at a time, with well-trained dogs, and I do not allow them to run anything but bear, panther and the like. Should they start in I just get between them and the game, which will prove probably to be a deer, as they are plentiful here, and give him such a whipping as he will remember. The next time he will look out, and will be more inclined to stay with the pack. A good start dog is worth from one to two hundred dollars and hard to get at that. They don't half of them prove good. The bears in this country are of brown or black, and cinnamon or grizzly. The largest of the brown and black will weigh 500 pounds when fat; the grizzly more.

HUMBOLDT.

PETROLIA, Cal.

A SUNDAY DUCKING.—The Portland, Me., *Press* records: "Sunday last a well-known Commercial street merchant, who is also a keen sportsman, went to ride to Cape Elizabeth, taking with him his little son. Arriving at the Ocean House he heard that some very fine teal were disporting themselves on a pond in that vicinity. Our friend is a great deer stalker and he thought he would stalk the teal. He got possession of an old leaky boat, and, with his boy for oarsman, he started for the birds. A couple of lucky shots brought down three of the birds, and another shot killed one teal and wounded the other. The boy attempted to capture the wounded fowl by striking it over the head with the paddle. The effort was successful, but the same blow that ended the bird's life knocked a hole in the boat and she sank rapidly. Father and son managed to save their game and get to shoal water but were drenched to the skin in so doing and had to ride to town in wet garments in the face of the damp afternoon wind. Yesterday father and son were sitting with feet in hot mustard water to their knees, swallowing hot drops, Loring's specific, and quinine, while the family physician carefully felt their pulses, and the head of the family is not certain but that it would have been cheaper to have kept the Sabbath and bought the birds."

NEW ENGLAND.—Hartford, Oct. 31.—Owing to the destructive snare, small bags of grouse are made in this section. Thousands of snared grouse are marketed in this city, and after being kept a few days are shipped to New York, contrary to law. Quail wintered well, but owing to some cause very few birds are found, and they are too small for shooting. Woodcock are coming slowly. I had some fine shooting on woodcock in Vermont this season, killing the first woodcock in Caledonia county. The people there did not know what these birds were. I bagged seven one morning over my trick pointer Fritz. I notice in a recent issue of your paper you speak as if no birds were shipped from Maine. I will venture to say that there are as many grouse shipped to Boston as before the non-export law went into effect. The mode of shipping is this: A layer of poultry is placed on the bottom of the box or barrel and filled with grouse to very near the top and poultry on top; thus you see the whole package has the appearance of poultry. Many towns away from the railroad have one or two stores who buy grouse, and they are shipped in this manner.—FLICK FLICK.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 22.—Water shooting has been unusually poor down here. But now the ducks are arriving in great quantities. The varieties are mallards, canvasbacks, spritgal, bluewing and greenwing teal, etc. There also have been numerous flocks of brant and geese passing over the city. Yesterday Galveston Bay, over near Pelican Island, was teeming with ducks, and in a day or so there will be good shooting on the island. Many of the snipe and plover have left for more southern regions.—REDBREAST.

THE TUXEDO CLUB.—Of this new club Mr. John G. Heckscher told a *Sun* reporter: "Some time ago Mr. Lorillard conceived the idea of forming a club for sportsmen on his beautiful estate in Orange county. He owns there a tract of 5,000 acres of lakes and mountain land. He calls it Tuxedo Park, and it is situated one mile from Lorillard station on the Erie Railroad, among the mountains of Orange and Rockland counties. He spoke to a number of friends who jumped at the idea of having a club where they could enjoy good shooting and fishing so accessible to the city. The upshot has been that the club was at once organized. The President is Mr. Pierre Lorillard; Vice-President, Mr. Allen T. Rice; Treasurer, Mr. Herbert C. Pell, and the Secretary, Mr. W. Kent. The club will consist of 200 non-resident members, in addition to such members as may own houses in Tuxedo Park. It is organized to furnish facilities for fishing, shooting, boating, skating, tobogganing and ice boating, and to serve as a general resort both summer and winter for the use of members and their families. It will be kept open throughout the year. The park proposes to build a club house, with sleeping accommodations for about 100 members. The park will lease the shooting and fishing of the estate to the club for a period of twenty-one years, stock the lakes, streams and preserves, and give them to the control of the club during said term for the sum of $100 initiation fee for each member and his annual dues of $100; also supply game keepers and fish wardens, keep grounds in order, and pay for the period of five years any shortage there may be in running expenses to the extent of $20,000 per annum. Mr. Lorillard guarantees the project, and the plan will be a grand success. Already a great many applications for membership have been made."

THE RED FOX AS A TREE CLIMBER.—One of your correspondents seems to think that the red fox never does climb a tree. I do not speak from heresay, but from my own experience, where holes are plenty and where bluffs along the river course afford ample opportunity for reynard to dodge into a hole. In my boyhood in this neighborhood the most successful fox hunter would bag as many as three reds a day, never shot them, but their packs of thirty or forty hounds would turn up reynard's toes in a race of from twelve to sixteen miles run. One instance I distinctly remember. A red fox, started three miles from town, made a course for the river, and in half a mile from the town, being hard pressed, took to an open field. In the center of a ten acre lot was a black walnut tree thirty or forty feet high, and perpendicular as a tree ever grew, and twenty feet to a limb. The red fox concluded it was safest for him to climb up this very particular tree. He did so, and there remained until we all surrounded the tree. Hunters and dogs gave him as another chance for his life a half hour start, but the hounds were too fast for him; they overtook him in less than thirty minutes. Many other instances of climbing by the red fox I could cite, and would be verified by numberless ones in this vicinity.—AH LOOK.

THE RIFLE OF THE FUTURE.—I would like to offer a comment or two upon the "Addendum to 'Woodcraft'," in your paper of Oct. 1. I have used double rifles similar to those advocated by "Nessmuk," for several seasons, and were I to select a gun to-day, I would ask no better for all-around work. One may use a light or heavy bullet, and vary the charge of powder to suit himself. The point made concerning the advantage of the lock underneath, had never occurred to me, though it seems well taken. I have used single rifles with such locks, but never liked the look of them, and always preferred side locks. If this is to be the rifle of the future, for hunting, I give it as my opinion that it will be made so as to load at the muzzle for accuracy, at the breech for convenience. I agree with "Nessmuk" that rapidity of loading is of much less importance than many suppose, but the sportsman of the future will insist upon his privilege of looking through the barrel of his gun at short notice. With a combination rifle and shotgun of this sort, and with an auxiliary barrel to be used in the smooth-bore if desired, it would seem that one might safely "take to the timber."—KELPIE.

THE POLYONOMOUS GAME BIRD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have always called a quail quail, and my worst enemy wouldn't call me "dudey." I do not object to the term partridge for those who like it. Either sounds to me better than Bob White. There is a good deal in being used to things. A man may talk about his fishpole or his musket, where I would say rod or gun, and he may after all be one with whom I would be willing to camp out; and that is saying a great deal. I cannot believe that Northern sportsmen will ever call their quail partridge, for the most of them would think that a ruffed grouse was meant. Neither do I think that our Southern friends will call their partridge quail, in our time at least. I see no occasion for heat in this discussion. I had no difficulty in fraternizing with the partridge men when I was among them. "Let us have peace."—KELPIE.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Salem, Mass., Nov. 2.—The quail, though reported plenty before the season opened, have not been found so numerous since, though some good bags have been made. Reading parties have done well, so have some from Salem, including, among others, the old veteran Ben Grover, who at 75 years of age recently remarked to me about his setter: "Oh, he is a good dog or will be, but he is young yet, only eighteen months old." Love of sports afield keeps this old fellow young. I'd like to see some of the shooting he has had in years gone by. He shoots and tramps well now, and I doubt not these brief lines will catch the eye of some one else who remembers him too. Partridges are rather plenty, but very shy. Woodcock have been rather scarce. Snipe have been not over plenty.—X. Y. Z.

MISTAKEN FOR A BEAR.—Frankfort, Mich, Oct. 26.—Last Friday Sherwood Hall, of Grand Rapids, and a hunter named Crouse were hunting ducks on Platte Lake. Crouse went on shore, Hall remaining in the boat to look for deer or bear near a salt lick. Seeing what he supposed to be a bear he fired and then ran up to it, when he found that he had shot a woman who was in the marsh gathering cranberries. Crouse called Hall and they carried her to Griff's, the nearest house. The accident happened at 5 P. M., and the lady died the next morning at 4.

TORONTO, Oct. 28.—Duck shooting about the islands poor, local sportsmen returning from the Flats with good scores. Some good woodcock shooting has been done, birds lying well to dogs. Plover almost gone.—DREAD SHOT.

A VERY ANCIENT DEVICE.—The South Bend. (Ind.) *Tribune* says: Sportsmen will be interested in a novel boat which Mr. Lew Casaday, of this city, has invented and had patented. It is designed for duck shooting, and a test made with it one day this week by Mr. Casaday proves its efficiency. He shot and secured forty-seven ducks, and thinks he killed about a hundred in all. To make an invisible boat Mr. Casaday takes a common boat and cuts from the bow back say one-third of the entire boat's length down to the water line. This is made water-tight, and at its opposite end from the bow a mirror (in this case 28 inches high and 48 inches long) is placed so that the glass reflects the water in front and the decoys. Behind the mirror the hunter sits and paddles his boat toward the ducks and makes his observations through a small spot in the mirror from which the amalgam has been removed. As the boat moves up to the ducks they can see their own reflections in the mirror, and in some instances swim toward the boat. When the hunter is near enough to shoot he drops the mirror forward by loosening a string and gets two effective shots—one at the ducks on the water and one as they rise. Mr. Casaday's patent includes the use of mirrors and also a boat whose sides are entirely covered with mirrors.

CLINTON, Mass., Oct. 29.—The two sides of the Clinton Sportsmen's Club have been out for their annual hunt. Elwood's side reported 11,695 points, Bower's 5,565, and they paid for the supper for the 70 hunters and guests. The game secured was rated as follows: Coons and foxes 100 points each, wild geese 75, minks 50, white rabbits 35, gray rabbits, wild ducks, gray squirrels, woodcock, partridges, 25 each; muskrats, crows, wild pigeons, hawks, owls, 15 each; woodchucks 10, red squirrels, bluejays, 5 each. Many went in pairs or quartetts. The best individual scores were: C. H. Laselle 1,995 points, G. W. Goss 1,025, G. M. Livermoor 840, F. E. Carr 540, D. H. Hayter 510, Dr. W. P. Bower 405, while Hartshorn and Truell aggregated 3,335 points.

CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS.—In your issue of Oct. 15 Mr. Waldurf says "the bullet passed into the chamber, but the end of the shell caught on the upper side of the chamber and would not enter," etc., etc. He acknowledges that the shell was improperly loaded; this of course was where the fault lay. I have an opinion that the immediate cause of the accident was the clogging by dirt or otherwise of the automatic safety device in the rear of the trigger, which allowed the hand to unfasten the trigger while in the act of closing the breech, such an accidental movement might easily be made while the attention was directed away from the gun.—W. S.

PENNSYLVANIA QUAIL.—The few sportsmen of this city who have taken advantage of the early quail shooting date of Pennsylvania have returned with bad showings, and report the foliage yet too dense and the birds not inclined to feed in the open places, but tell us the coveys are more plentiful everywhere than last year, basing their judgment from sayings of the country people. We will hear of good shooting by the middle of November, as compared with last season.—HOMO.

Sea and River Fishing.

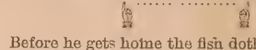
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THE TALE OF A FISH.

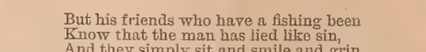
When a man doth wish to angle,
A hook like this he loves to dangle:

J

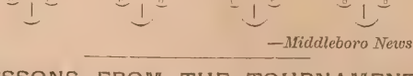
He has a line so good and strong,
And catches a fish about so long:



Before he gets home the fish doth grow (?)
And he tells his friends that it stretched out so:



But his friends who have a fishing been
Know that the man has lied like sin,
And they simply sit and smile and grin.



—*Middleboro News.*

LESSONS FROM THE TOURNAMENT.

WE present on another page some sketches of the contestants in the late fly-casting tournament, which cannot fail to be instructive to those who did not witness the contests, and especially to novices in the art, for whom alone these lessons are valuable. The illustrations are all taken from the expert class in single-handed fly-casting by means of instantaneous photographs by one of the FOREST AND STREAM staff. They show what it is well to avoid as well as to copy, and range from bad style to the more correct form. The camera often catches what the eye does not, and therefore these pictures, chosen from a great number, show faults that many an angler would not detect unless they were repeated, and, in consequence, emphasized. The contestants themselves are usually unaware of any peculiar action, fault of position, or error in the handling of the rod, because they do not see the movement of either rod or line when behind them.

No. 1.—This position was the worst that the camera seized upon. The man is balancing himself with both left hand and right foot against the strain that he is putting upon his rod in order to get out line in this contest, where distance alone counts. He is taken at the moment of pause between the recovery and the cast. The rod is carried too far back and his line is in the water behind him, a common fault with this man, who is not an angler but a workman in a rod factory, perhaps a rod tester, who has been trained to cast as a matter of business. He has never before cast in a tournament, and under the rule of the first one would have been entitled to enter the amateur class, but from which he has wisely been barred by the revised rules. He made a record of a wonderful cast of over eighty feet, as did every man in this class who is barred from the amateur class by reason of business. His style is exceedingly bad and is shown that it may be avoided.

No. 2.—This man's position is not as bad as that of No. 1, still he shows by the uplifting of the left arm and the consequent contraction of the muscles that he is under a muscular strain and that his training has been deficient in some points. His line often dragged in the water behind, yet he cast beyond the 80-foot buoy, the longest and not the average cast being recorded. Never in his life did he cast a fly for a trout and, as his tastes do not run that way, he probably never will. As a professional caster we would call his attention to the fact that his grip on the rod is too high, whereby he loses just so much on the length of his rod, and this may have cost him several feet on his score. He can get out a length of line that an amateur might envy, but his style of doing it is not to be imitated, while his "delicacy" is not to be taken into account. He is a good workman in the factory, a good judge of a rod, and a good caster for distance. He has been trained as an athlete to do certain work and he does it, but there are as many trout now in the streams as if he had never lived.

No. 3.—In this case the position of the man is better than that of the two foregoing, showing more ease and grace. The rod is too far back and catching the water behind was one of the greatest faults of the contestant, and this is not caused by the angle of the rod alone when at its stopping point, but rather by the motion of the wrist and forearm. The person illustrated has fished for trout one or two seasons, but is not much of an angler, having trained in casting to win prizes for the house he works for. This is a perfectly legitimate thing in the expert class, which is gotten up merely to see what can be done by trained experts, and in which, if "the longest pole" does not "knock the persimmons," the longest line scoops in the prize. Although we have shown him with his line cutting the water behind him, and thereby retarding his cast, he scored above the eighty feet, which we still regard as a wonderful cast, although it has been exceeded by twelve feet this year.

No. 4.—This contestant threw his rod slightly far back but compensated for it in a measure by keeping his line well up. In our opinion he raised his hand too high, yet his results were good without sacrifice of either style or grace, or of danger of his line fouling the water behind. This last point is one of the greatest drags in casting for distance, or, in fact, for any sort of fly-casting that the amateur has to encounter. It checks the line at the time when the rod starts from the recovery to send the flies forward and does not lose its grip on the water until both arm and rod have about spent their force, hence the cast is often many feet short of what it would be if the line had been kept in the air. With grass instead of water behind him his flies would have either caught or been torn off many times.

No. 5.—This is the most correct and easy position that we noticed. The man is an angler as well as a fly-caster, and he can cast both with delicacy and accuracy and also far off. As a rule we think his rod did not go as far back as when our artist caught him, and his line seldom touched the water behind. His style is much like that of Reuben Leonard, a picture of whom was spoiled by accident, and his flies were straightened in the air behind on the recovery in very graceful style. The back cast is the most essential thing in casting and marks the correct and graceful angler more than any other point. This grace was more noticeable in the amateur class than in the expert, and we have selected from the latter class more to show what to avoid than what to follow. The recovery of No. 5. was the best of those caught by the photographer, as No. 1 was the worst.

No. 6 shows the switch cast, in which the rod goes far behind while the line does not. The motion is a quick one, no time being allowed when the rod is recovered. It is a style new to this country and was first introduced to the public in 1881, at Coney Island, during a tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, by Harry Prichard, whose cast of 91 feet in the tournament of 1882, with this cast, remained unparalleled until beaten one foot this year by Reuben Leonard with a retrieved line. The cast is one that can only be acquired by long practice and is extremely difficult. It is very useful on occasions when trees in the rear forbid the retrieving of the line, and is one that should be studied by all anglers for emergencies. It is not a handsome cast, as it consists of a series of violent slashings, and at times of some commotion in the water at the foot of the angler, when the line fails to respond to his efforts.

It has been the aim of the Rod and Reel Association to encourage the amateur class, and to this end they have made rigid rules concerning admission into this contest. The expert class is of the "go-as-you-please" order, and is interesting mainly as showing what can be done with a single-handed, 11½-foot rod. To the objection raised by some that men who are not anglers but are trained for this class form a large proportion of the contestants in it, the committee very truly say that it bears the same relation to angling that target-shooting does to deer shooting, and that as men win prizes at the target who never saw a deer, so men who never killed a trout may show what can be done with a rod, and that the practice tends to develop the instruments used and to afford lessons for amateurs. We believe that every angler finds occasion for a long cast at some time when he cannot move near to a rising fish, and that in the long run the one who can by an effort cast seventy feet has an advantage over those who cannot get out over fifty, to say nothing of the pride that one feels in the possession of the skill necessary to do it. We all know that most of our trout are taken inside of forty feet, a distance at which a skillful angler can drop his flies delicately and accurately under ordinary conditions of wind; yet we would not be content with that distance as the limit of reach. The tournaments have done much good in stimulating practice with the rod, and to-day there are many anglers who have taken observations at these contests who have by practice improved their casting in distance, delicacy and accuracy.

THE SLEEP OF FISHES.—An experiment has recently been tried at the Inventions Exhibition Aquarium by Mr. W. August Carter with a view of discovering how far fish are prone to sleep. After a close examination he found that among fresh-water fishes the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow and catfish sleep periodically in common with terrestrial animals. The same instincts were found to actuate marine fish, of which the following were observed to be equally influenced by somnolence, viz.: the wrasse, conger eel, dory, dogfish, wrasse bass and all species of flat fish. Mr. Carter states that, so far as he can discover, the goldfish, pike and angler fish never sleep, but rest periodically. Desire for sleep among fish varies according to meteorological conditions. Fish do not necessarily select nighttime for repose.



FLY-CASTING AT CENTRAL PARK.

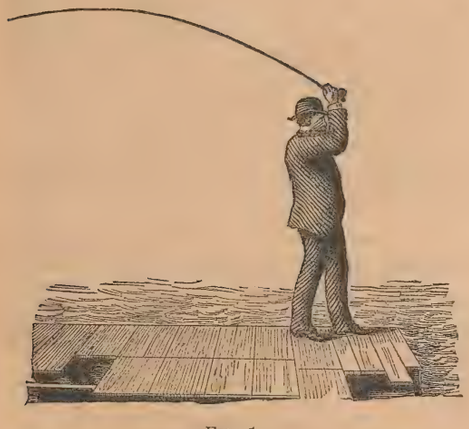


Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.

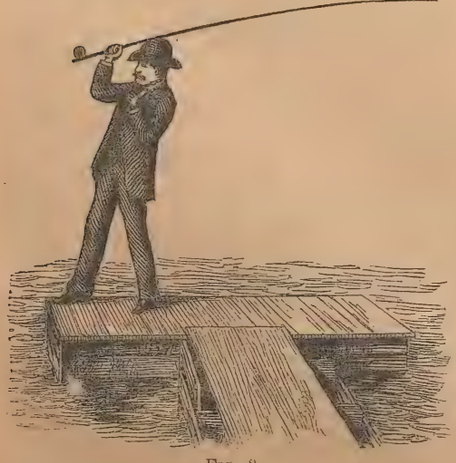


Fig. 2.

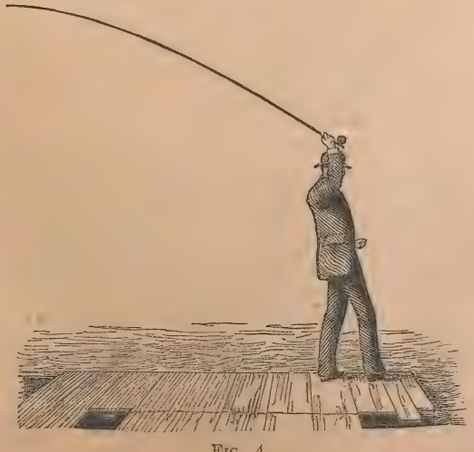


Fig. 4.

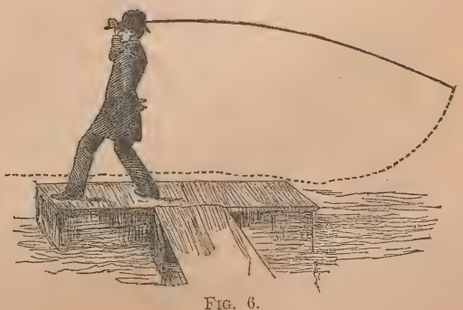


Fig. 6.

FISHING ABOUT MT. WHITNEY.

IN the southeast corner of California Mt. Whitney looms into the sky. It is the climax and the crown of the Sierras, that in this neighborhood tower in lofty and majestic altitudes, reaching, in Whitney, the highest elevation in the United States. From Yosemite southward for over 100 miles the Sierras lift to an average altitude of 12,000 feet; a noble line of luminous mountains, presenting an universal scene of splendor, here and there glorified by glistening peaks that, wrapped in eternal ice, pierce the lofty heavens.

As seen from the great Owens Lake Valley, which lies just to the east of the Sierras, these mountains present a panorama of scenery unequalled elsewhere on the continent, in their might and mass and grandeur.

The depth of awful cañons, the face of mighty cliffs, the uplift of rugged and unapproachable heights are carved against that western horizon.

Here, though but a parcel of the region we have spoken of, is a world of beauty and interest, full of attractions for the tourist and the sportsman, more particularly the fisherman, though he who aspires to larger game may pursue his desire to the full. The indolent tourist to whom the elegance of the palace car is wearisome has no part in this vigorous place, where lofty summits are to be scaled, deep precipices overlooked and the fierce wilderness penetrated. Here each hour calls for exertion and vigor. Yet to him who dares it and overcomes, as he sits down at last on some lofty seat, soaring in the sky and overlooking the world, what splendid exhilaration of the mind and of all the senses fill up his experience as the mountain winds cool the brow and he bares his head in very presence of the sun.

Looking toward the east, Mt. Whitney peers into the dim reaches of the mighty desert region that culminates in the Great American Desert of the geographers. His eastern face is sheer and swift, lifting in an almost perpendicular wall from the mass of the general range. From the east he is unapproachable. Not so on the west, for here the mountains spread into vast spaces, and as they spread become creations of beauty and interest.

At Whitney's western base are spread out an exquisite area of meadows known as the Monache Meadows—highland valleys set amid the snowy summits, green with grasses and musical with streams. Through them the Kern River slowly creeps, for these valleys, though upon the very apex of the mountains, are as level as a floor.

It is impossible to describe the majestic and lovely frame in which these meadows are set. About them in graceful attitudes and eloquent with power rise into the deep blue heavens the hoary peaks massed and piled in the sky and suggestive of imperishable strength, and there as we look they lead forth in splendid procession into the dim distance, peak rising on peak, gorge linked to gorge, until the distant heavens are crowded with august shapes. But the scene is not all grandeur, for in many a delicious nook grace and beauty find a hiding place, where the deep cool woods lift their shining leaves, delicate flowers paint the earth with exquisite colors, clear waters dash and sing, and the silent pools all day long reflect the bending sky and duplicate the delicate buds that bloom along their rim.

This is the fisherman's paradise, for stream and pool on every hand are filled with all varieties of mountain trout, from the swift brook dweller darting like lightning from riffle to riffle to his lazier brother of the pool and lake.

In the number of streams and lakes within a defined territory, in the numbers of fish inhabiting the waters and in the matter of ease with which they are taken, it is, without doubt, the finest fishing field in America to-day, and so remarkable in every respect that it will well repay even the sportsman of the East to spend a summer here. The brook trout inhabiting the icy streams that rush down the swift mountain slopes do not, as a rule, exceed ten inches in length, but the lake and river trout grow to be of great size and weight in individual instances, though an average string of lake trout would run from one to three pounds each. It needs no especial skill to here land the shining beauties. Protected as this high region is from intrusion except during the summer months, the fish are as yet unsuspecting of man's intent, and though vigorous and active and on the alert, as is their nature, they are not wild. A quiet fisherman without toil can here hook, in the course of a few hours on any day more than he wishes to carry to his camp.

There is found here a peculiar variety of trout, found, as we are advised, at no other point in the world, and they have as yet received neither scientific place nor name. They are called the "golden trout," and have their home in the headwaters of Whitney Creek, a cold, wild stream that heads in the ice fields of Mt. Whitney, and dashes and roars and foams over and across the swift slopes, to be lost at last in Kern River. These beautiful fish are seldom more than eight inches in length, and are of a bright golden color, as purely golden as if they were incased in gold foil. They are exceedingly active, swift and hardy, with a flesh white, hard and juicy and of most exquisite flavor. They are more sought for than the other varieties here on account of their delicate flesh.

They are by a most curious and beautifully ordered provision of nature protected in their original species. As we have said, their home is in the headwaters of Whitney Creek. Just below their home are high, precipitous walls, over which the creek leaps with the might and roar of the fall. These falls form an impassable barrier between the fish above and below—at least prevent the fish below from ascending and mingling with those above. Now and then a golden trout escaping down and over the wall has mingled with the species below, and frequently there is hooked a fish in whom is mixed the qualities and colors of the speckled and golden trout.

For some years past during each summer a number of those who live in the valleys to the east, more especially those in the Owen's Lake valley, have spent a few weeks in this section, and it has a great local fame which is enlarging its circle each year, and we doubt not that from its presence at the base of the highest mountain in the United States it will ere long command as much attention and attract to it as great a number of those to whom mountains are an attraction and the pursuits of the rod and line a delight as Yosemite and the already famed resorts of California.

Until within the year just past the remoteness and inaccessibility of this portion of the State prevented much notice being taken of it, although it had been rumored abroad that there were here great natural wonders and many attractions for the tourist. A two days' and nights' weary ride across a fearful and desolate waste by way of the Mojave Desert closed the gate between the world and these wonders.

This has all passed away, for the Carson and Colorado Railroad, which connects by way of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad with the Central Pacific Railroad at Reno, Nev., extends to Owens Lake, in the Owens Lake Valley, abreast of Mt. Whitney, and just under its shadow. Leaving the Central Pacific Railroad at Reno in the morning, one by way of the Virginia and Truckee and Carson and Colorado Railroads, can on the morning succeeding be landed at the historic village of Lone Pine, which is distant but fifty miles from the summit of Mt. Whitney and is the point where outfits and guides are to be obtained for a trip into the region we have described. Here at fair rates are to be obtained mules, attendants and guides, and all necessary provisions and necessaries for a camp in the mountains. Starting in the early morning, an advance is leisurely made into the mountains a distance of some twenty-five miles. Though this distance is made while the afternoon is still young, it has been the custom for years to here make camp, for wood and water and grass are abundant and the ground just adapted to a pleasant camp.

The wear of the first day's ride usually enables the rider to give his ready assent to an early camp, and when one dismounts and from his high platform looks off across the vast sweep of the mighty eastern deserts below him and the awful ranges of bare and burning desert mountains and turns to the west to catch the rosy light from off the summits of the Sierras, in whose presence he is, and hears the dash of the mountain stream, he leans upon the mountain slope filled with wonder and delight as he is informed by his guide that what he now sees is not even a suggestion of the splendors to be disclosed on the morrow. A second day by steady climb ever upward, upward as if you were to reach the very door of heaven, until in the early afternoon you scale the summit and dive into the wonderful region about Whitney's base, choosing where you may establish your camp, from which day after day, without tire or weariness, you go forth to adventure and sport. Each day is so full of delight, the senses ravished with scenes of such glorious and indescribable grandeur and beauty, the frame nourished by the sweetness of the high, pure airs and the mind freed from care left to drift with the influences of the place, that we scarce take note of time until the waning summer warns us that we must away.

It is impossible to more than hint at and suggest the realities of so great a region, and here is just the quarrel with our powers, for if we could but sketch it as it exists, its mountain slopes and heights and cañons and woods would be crowded with astonished yet delighted thousands, crowding all the avenues of this wild and grand pleasure ground of the West.

We have traveled through all the Pacific States and visited the many noted and really wonderful sceneries to be found there, and we can truly say that at no point have we found one that in itself combines so much of all the elements of interest as found here around the base and foot of Mt. Whitney. GEO. T. MILLS.

CARSON CITY, Nevada.

BLACK BASS FLY-FISHING.

I WAS much interested and pleased with an article by "Percyval," under the above heading, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 22, and I quite agree with him that it would be well to exchange ideas on the subject. I, for one, would be glad to hear what some of the more skilled and experienced anglers have to say in regard to fly-fishing for bass.

For some time past I have given considerable attention to the manufacture of my own bass flies, and have experimented with them every season for the past ten years on the Bay of Quinte, Ontario. The waters of this beautiful bay are admirably adapted to the propagation of this noble fish, with which it is abundantly supplied, thanks to the vigilant and energetic inspector, Mr. Charles Wilkins. I have angled in the Bay of Quinte every year, say, since 1875, for two or three weeks at a time, and during that period have used bait on three or four occasions only, for the reason that I do not care for bait-fishing when I can get fly-shing, and I have met with such success with the fly that this alone was sufficient to induce me to continue with what I knew from experience to be the most satisfactory method of angling for black bass. At any rate, I would prefer to catch six bass with a fly to two dozen with bait, and what true angler would not? I use my own made flies on all occasions, and may say that I have fished with gentlemen who were acknowledged to be good fishermen, and who used the best bass flies they could obtain, and I do not know of many instances when they were more successful than I was. This may sound like "blowing your own horn," but I assure you I am not saying it with that intention. I wish merely to establish the fact that there seems to be no settled or fixed rule for fly-fishing for bass, so far as the particular color and style of fly is concerned. This may be said, at all events, as regards the Bay of Quinte and Sharbot Lake, where I fished last season.

I make my flies somewhat roughly and according to no pattern. The most killing bass flies that I use are composed of green bodies with yellow wings; red bodies, gold tinsel and brown wings; yellow bodies with black wings; red bodies, silver thread and scarlet and dark brown wings. These flies are tied on No. 6 sproat hooks for casting and on No. 4 hooks for trolling; in the latter case I use also peacock hackle. I have known fishermen laugh when they first saw my flies, and heard them remark, "You surely do not expect to catch anything with those flies. Here, try some of mine; these are from New York," etc., etc. I have replied, "No, thank you; not at present. Until I see that yours take better than mine I prefer to stick to my own." And I have generally managed to make quite as good a haul as my skilled friend with his celebrated New York, Boston or Chicago flies, neatly tied and certainly far better made flies than mine.

Persons desirous of having really good bass fishing would do well to pay a visit to the Bay of Quinte, at almost any time from the end of May to the end of September. They will find good hotel accommodations at Belleville (quarter of a mile from the bay) and can hire capital boats and men at a reasonable figure to take them to the favorite spots for fishing—in fact, the fishing is good almost anywhere in the bay. I have several times secured three bass at a cast. I should think the bass average about one pound in weight. They are frequently caught from three to four pounds, and I believe much larger; but I have not myself caught any that exceeded four pounds.

I hope to see several articles on this subject from more experienced and skilled anglers. WALTER G.

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 27.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 26.—Fishing has been very good here for some time, as proved by the numerous strings of sheepshead, redfish, trout, etc., which have been brought in. —REDBREAST.

RHODE ISLAND WATERS.—With a friend I left the largest city in the smallest State on a late train for bass. We had been told by another friend who lives within five miles of the pond that one of our fish commissioners had lately taken from this same pond twelve or fifteen bass, weighing about thirty-five pounds. We had unbounded confidence in our friend's veracity at that time, and should have to this day probably had we reached the depot thirty seconds later than we did. But we happened to catch the train, and our confidence in our friend is shaken badly. We set out for the waters before the sun had thought of showing himself. We were not well acquainted with the best places in the pond for bass, and so rowed around trying a number of likely looking spots, but not a bass could be got to notice our baits. After catching less than a bushel of sunfish about as large as a FOREST AND STREAM folded in the center, we decided to try trolling. The sun had risen and everything indicated a pleasant day, when suddenly a heavy, wet-looking cloud formed a little way before the sun, and shortly hid the latter from view. Since that day, whenever either of us see the sun rise clear in the morning and then go under a cloud we always take an umbrella, waterproof coat, and, if convenient, a pump. I doubt if ever since rain was first discovered did more fall in one day than then. Imagine a figure in the stern of the boat, with no protection from the rain other than light summer clothing and an old straw hat, and the drops falling from his nose, ears, whiskers, and in fact everywhere, while from under his shaggy eyebrows two bright eyes beaming with fun and good nature; and two other men, one rowing and the other shivering, and you have the picture as it looked to me that day. It was a cold rain. We threw rather than packed our traps in the wagon and started for the train, caught it and went flying home. How the drummers looked at us and smiled a pitying sort of a smile as we drew ourselves in the car. But they didn't know what a good time we had been having, for they don't sit in a swinging chair all day; and add, subtract and multiply and divide, and write, "My Dear Sir," and "Yours truly" from morning till night.—DRUGS.

MENHADEN.—Roslyn, L. I., Oct. 30.—For several days past Roslyn Harbor has been almost literally packed with menhaden. The fish lie quite near the water's surface, with the upper point of the caudal fin visible above the water. They appear to be logy, or as if chilled, and will scarcely move out of the way of a boat rowing among them. During a twenty years' residence in this place I have never seen such great numbers of these fish in the harbor.—THOS. CLAPHAM.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE SOLES DIED.—In our last issue we announced that five hundred live soles were expected to arrive from England this week, as a present from the National Fisheulture Association of England, to the U. S. Fish Commission. The Cunard steamer Gallia came to the wharf on Tuesday morning, and we boarded her at once and found Mr. William Little, the agent of the Association, who told us that on the first night out of Queenstown, very rough weather killed all the fish but eighteen, which died within a day or two after. We found the casks on a hurricane deck, near the bridge. They all lay upon the bilge and had square openings at top, with a curb dropping a few inches to prevent splashing. In the bottom of some of the casks was a perforated wooden platform for the fish to lie upon, and in others a perforated iron pipe to which an air pump could be attached. There was no sand for the fish to bury in, and this we think caused the bruised condition of the dead fish shown us. Under proper condition, tanks hung on gimbals and small suspended ones, with plenty of sand to bed in, these fish can be brought over safely. It has already been done in small glass globes, as reported in our columns, by Capt. Mortimer and others, and can be done again. The sole is a fish that may be acclimated on the sandy portions of our coast and is superior to any of our flat fishes.

RUSSIA AWAKES.—The Imperial Russian Society of Acclimatisation, Moscow, has recently elected our correspondent Mr. Hugo Mulertt, of Cincinnati, to be a corresponding member of the Society. This is, as far as we know, the first American fisheulturist who has been thus honored.

THE NEVADA COMMISSION.—Mr. W. M. Cary, of Carson City, Nev., has recently been appointed Commissioner of Fisheries in place of Hon. H. G. Parker.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallet, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 9.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Fisher's Island Club, for members only. Max Wenzel, Secretary, Hoboken, N. J.

Nov. 9.—First Annual Trials of the Western Field Trials Association, at Abilene, Kan. Entries close Oct. 15. A. A. Whipple, Secretary, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 12.—New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club. Field trials for members only at Fisher's Island. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for All-Aged Stakes close Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17, 18 and 19.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club at Rio Grande, N. J., for members only. Entries close Nov. 1.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2794.**

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following entries have come in since last report:

ALL-AGED.

KNOB (G. Schniber), lemon and white English setter dog (Grouse—Flora).

WRAGG (George Emlen), Gordon setter dog (Toledo Grouse—Maud).

CREOLE (Maj. Wibirt), red Irish bitch (Grafton—Megg).

A pointer bitch, name not yet procured (C. H. Clark, Jr.).

An Irish setter bitch, name not yet procured (I. H. Roberts).

DERBY STAKES.

BUCKINGHAM (George De Haven), lemon belton English setter dog (Dude—Dudene).

FAIRY GLEN (E. W. Jester), blue belton English setter bitch (Glen Rock—Blue Belle).

Mr. E. W. Clark, Jr., has withdrawn Rowdy, as he finds that he will be unable to get him from North Carolina in time.

L. Shuster, Jr., has declined to enter his dogs.

As the accommodations at Rio Grande, N. J., where the field trials will be held Nov. 17, 18 and 19, are limited, especially as to sleeping capacity, it is necessary that those wishing to witness them should notify the chairman of the committee at once. The trials, of course, are open to members' dogs only, and the entries are about evenly divided between the English and red setters. A right sociable time is expected and no growling will be tolerated.

The weather as I close is right "gamy," the best we have had yet for shooting, and the season opens Monday. HOMO.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

FOLLOWING is a partial list of the entries in the All-Aged Setter and Pointer Stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club, to be run at High Point, N. C., commencing Nov. 16. We hope to be able to give the remainder next week:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

PLANTAGENET (C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), orange and white dog, 5yrs. (Dashing Monarch—Petrel).

NELLIE II. (C. Fred Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan bitch, 4yrs. (Count Noble—Rosalind).

GUS BONDHU (Adams & Tucker, Boston, Mass.), black and white dog, 4yrs. (Dashing Bondhu—Novel).

BRANDON (J. O'H. Denney, Pittsburgh, Pa.), lemon and white dog, 4yrs. (Royal Rock—Nellie).

REX (T. H. Gibbs, Columbia, S.C.), black, white and tan dog, 5yrs. (Reed's Druid—Bessie Lee).

BELLE OF PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.), black, white and tan bitch, 2yrs. (Dashing Rover—Ranee).

BLUE LILLY (Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.) black and white bitch, 2½yrs. (Blue Drake—Gipsey Queen).

PENDENNIS (Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J.), black and white dog, 1¾yrs. (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

PRINCESS HELEN (J. Otto Donner, New York), orange and white bitch, 3½yrs. (Thunder—Bessie).

CLIFFORD (J. Otto Donner, New York), black, white and tan dog, 2½yrs. (Emperor Fred—Fairy Belle).

ST. ELMO IV. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.), black, white and tan dog (St. Elmo—Clio).

WINDEMERE (Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.), lemon and white dog (Druid—Countess Louise).

DASHING NOBLE (John Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Dashing Novice).

COUNTESS (John Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black and white bitch (Leicester—Pocahontas).

QUEEN ALICE (Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan bitch, 6yrs. (Druid—Cubas).

IRISH SETTERS.

BLARNEY (E. W. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.), dog, 2½yrs. (Bruce—Lurray).

POINTERS.

FLOTSAM (Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black bitch, 2½yrs. (Sambo—Diana).

JETSAM (Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black bitch, 2½yrs. (Sambo—Diana).

LUCIA (D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York), liver and white bitch, 4yrs. (Croxteth—Belle).

FLASH R. (D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York), liver and white bitch, 2½yrs. (Ranger—White Lilly).

SCOUT (D. G. Elliot, New Brighton, S. I.), liver and white dog, 4yrs. (Croxteth—Belle).

SNIPE (S. L. Pettit, New York), liver and white dog, 3½yrs. (Croxteth—Gyp).

DONALD II. (J. H. Phelan, Jersey City, N. J.), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Donald—Devonshire Lass).

GRAPHIC (James L. Anthony, New York), liver and white dog, 4½yrs. (Sancho—Juno).

HALF AND HALF (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, 20mos. (Priam—Malt).

DUKE OF BERGEN (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white dog, 22mos. (Bang Bang—Fan Fan).

TAMMANY (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white dog, 2½yrs. (Tory—Moonstone).

POCAHONTAS (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), lemon and white bitch, 2½yrs. (Tramp—Grace).

SPOT (Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.), liver and white dog, 3½yrs. (Top—Fannie).

NED (Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.), lemon and white dog, 3½yrs. (St. Valentine—Beulah).

MAINSPRING (J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white dog, 4yrs. (Mike—Romp).

BEAUFORT (Charles H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I.), liver and white dog, 6yrs. (Bow—Beulah).

BRADFORD (Charles H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I.), liver and white dog, 6yrs. (Bow—Beulah).

BRAHMIN VS. SILK.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Mr. J. Otis Fellows says he must stand up for his dog. I must, therefore, be allowed to do the same by mine when he is attacked. I don't mind a bit his decrying my champion Brahmin among his friends. That's all right and natural, I suppose; but when it comes to printing his views in such a representative paper as yours, I must object most vigorously. He says, "Do not consider me a disappointed exhibitor, for I am not." Of course he's not disappointed. Exhibitors are never disappointed when their dogs don't win. Oh, no! He says he won the kennel prize at Philadelphia and can do so again any time he likes to try. He forgets to mention that he won it on a walk-over, no other exhibitor having the requisite number of dogs entered to enable them to compete; so that the victory was rather a barren one and not much to brag about. Talking of walk-overs, would Mr. Fellows be so good as to inform me how many walk-overs his champion Silk has had when he won in the champion classes? Am I right when I say I believe that they were all walk-overs?—that is, no competition in any one of them. If this is so, Silk's champion prizes are about on a par with the Philadelphia kennel prize he seems so proud of. If Silk won a champion prize when he had a competitor against him I most humbly beg his owner's pardon, but I fear I am right in my surmise. At the Philadelphia spring show this year Helen beat Silk for the champion prize, and my Brahmin did the same at the autumn show; so that apparently Silk has been beaten whenever he met a competitor for championship honors.

Mr. Fellows says among other things that Brahmin is cat-sided. That must be a terrible thing! Will somebody please tell me what it means. Pardon my ignorance. He says his Silk is only faulty in coat and head. That is too bad, because a dog's coat and head are about the most noticeable parts of his anatomy. This reminds me of Katisha's remark in the 'Mikado" that she knew she wasn't beautiful, she knew her face was plain, but she had a left shoulder blade that was a miracle of loveliness. Probably Silk's left shoulder blade is also very lovely to behold if it were possible to see it through his very curly coat. Mr. Fellows's last remark is as follows: "I raised Brahmin from a puppy until he weighed thirty pounds and then I sold him." To sell him (was it as a field spaniel or as a cocker? as friend "Senex" would ask) was the greatest mistake of his life. If he had kept him he would have had a world beater, and saved postage and paper writing to your paper running him down! I bought Brahmin at the last New York bench show because he seemed a very good dog, having won first in the open class and also beaten Mr. Fellows's champion Silk for the special prize for the best cocker dog in the show and under Mr. Hugh Dalziel's judgment too.

The owner, Mr. J. Luckwell, of Woodstock, Ont., with whom I corresponded, informed me that Brahmin used to be owned by Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, who could give me all information regarding him. I wrote to Mr. Moore, who referred me to Mr. E. S. Wanmaker, of North Carolina, who had his kennel books. Mr. W. wrote me that Brahmin was bred by Mark Gretton, Hull, Eng.; imported by Mr. A. H. Moore; born April 15, 1881; was by Easten's Bob out of Clew, etc., etc. If Mr. Fellows raised him from a puppy it is news to me, and I would be glad to have further information on the subject. It seems Brahmin had a lot of masters before he came to me—to stay. Mr. Fellows says he owned him, Mr. Luckwell certainly did, Mr. Schenk, of Burlington, Ia., says he did, I hear Mr. J. F. Kirk also owned him, and Mr. Luckwell tells me Mr. Moore was the original owner. If there are any more I would be glad to know, so that I can tell them that he is in good hands and well cared for. Mr. Fellows must be mistaken about the weight, or Brahmin must have got a great deal slighter. Otherwise all the gentlemen who have won prizes with him in the class under 28 pounds must be—well, no gentlemen. Brahmin has averaged about 26 pounds all last summer and I had actually to fatten him up a little for the Philadelphia show.

But enough of this. If Mr. Fellows thinks he has a better dog than mine let them meet at the next W. K. C. bench show (it matters not to me who the judge is), and let each man put up (or the other thing) fifty dollars a piece, and if Silk wins, Mr. Fellows can "take the pot" and I will be the "disappointed exhibitor." I herewith inclose my check for $25 deposit, and have to ask Mr. Fellows to cover the same within two weeks or forever hold his peace. ARTHUR E. RENDLE.

[We have returned Mr. Rendle's check, as it is against the rules of the FOREST AND STREAM to serve as stakeholder.]

BEAGLES AT PHILADELPHIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to Mr. Krueger's denying "the assertion of Mr. Schellhass that all the parties who measured Bannerman last spring made him over 12 inches," I beg to say I have never made any such assertion, as it would have been ridiculous on the face, as of course I could have no means of knowing how many may have measured him. Quoting from memory at the time, I find I was mistaken in saying all of the referred to parties made him over 12 inches, etc., as will be seen from the following extract from a newspaper report of last spring's Philadelphia show, namely: "As Mr. Krueger requested a remeasurement of Bannerman we were at some pains to measure him. Of a half-dozen that measured him, two made him just 12 inches and the other four made him over 12 inches. The height of a beagle depends a great deal on how it is measured, and it often happens that the same person will make the same dog of different heights at different times. Mr. Krueger was no doubt conscientious in his measurement that made Bannerman less than 12 inches," etc. As it is very evident from Mr. Krueger's writings that he desires Bannerman to be an "under 12-inch hound," and as I certainly have no desire to prejudice any one against Mr. Krueger or his hound, I wish to follow my above quotation—for the benefit of those who have not read former communications on the subject—that Mr. Krueger is equally positive that his hound is under 12 inches, and that he has had others measure him who make him the same.

Mr. Krueger fails to see that this very fact goes to prove the truth of my assertion that there appears to be an unavoidable variety in measurements, and therefore there should be a sufficient leeway in height so that no legitimate sized hounds run any risk of being done the greatest possible injustice—barred out. Mr. Krueger's statement that he claims Bannerman under 12 inches "Mr. Schellhass to the contrary notwithstanding," is misleading and moreover uncalled for, as he has never known me to make any such claim, as I have never done so. If he is under 12 inches, then well and good, as I suppose his owner is then better satisfied. I certainly prefer to have him so classed as if I ever bred beagles to show, there would be one less hound for me to compete against. I only want to breed what I consider capable working stock, about as close to the limit of size as possible, nothing anywhere near as low as 12 inches. I am thoroughly in accord with the sentiments of one of the committee, who framed the A. E. Beagle Club standard, expressed in a letter written me in which he says, "After trying beagles of all sizes I am free to say that hounds over 12 inches are the most useful sort and for hunting I would prefer a dog a shade over 15 inches to one under 12, even if the larger dog were ruled out of competition at bench shows." In regard to Mr. Krueger's referring to several gentlemen to support his assertion that the judge made Bannerman under 12 inches, I know of no reason for doubting Mr. Krueger's word for the same. Moreover the records of the show are evidence of the same.

In regard to Mr. Krueger's bringing me to task for merely referring to the fact of his having entered Bannerman in the class for "champion beagles over 12 inches," and his claim that I endeavored to convey the impression that by so doing he considered Bannerman over 12 inches, I have only to say that Mr. Krueger must know I have written nothing to convey any such impression. It is self-evident that by entering Bannerman in the said class, only one of two constructions can be possible, either he must have considered Bannerman over 12 inches, or he willfully entered him in a class in which he knew he was not eligible; therefore he must excuse me for mentally placing the former construction on his act—certainly the most charitable one. I fail to see how there not being a champion class to fit any certain dog warrants an owner in entering said dog in any champion class he sees fit to.

As the standard of the American English Beagle Club gives no minimum limit of size, I think Mr. Krueger's suggestion good to have the clause "over 12 inches" struck from the champion class when judged by said standard, as, until they become far more numerous, the number of beagles under 12 inches does not warrant a separate champion class for them, there being, if I mistake not, at present only one beagle in this country eligible in such a class—namely, Mr. Krueger's Bannerman.

Mr. Krueger states that when Bannerman was measured as stated, he was improperly measured with sticks. I am informed that that was the way my beagle Trailer was measured when judged at the recent Philadelphia show, namely, with a lead pencil against the side of his stall.

Writing my former letter very hastily, I omitted to state that when my Trailer won first prize at Meriden, Conn., when 18 months old, he was not 15 inches high, and when 22 months old and judged at the New Haven show by Mr. John Davidson, than whom, every one tells me, there is not a more practical pointer, setter or hound man in the United States, he was not over 15 inches in height. Mr. Krueger remarks that it was "apparent" that my Trailer was over 15 inches. Granting for the sake of argument that my hound was a half inch, or even an inch over limit in size, Mr. Krueger well knows that neither he nor any other person has a sufficiently critical eye to be able to state as a fact that the hound was oversized. Although measured by several persons on several occasions, Trailer, when measured with standards, which the members of the committee who framed the standard tell me is the only proper and fair way, has been made by all under 15 inches, and the only times when made over 15 inches were when measured with what Mr. Krueger states he considers to be improper measurement, and by Mr. Krueger who regarded it as "apparent," and by those who "judged he was over 15 inches by looking at him"—rather indefinite convictions.

My remarks regarding Bannerman were mere statements of facts which would add proof to my subject, but judging from the tone of Mr. Krueger's letter he has misconstrued my former one, and preferring his hound to be under 12 inches, regarded my remarks as an attack on his Bannerman, which my letter certainly was neither in spirit nor reality.

Mr. Krueger's letter goes to prove my assertion regarding the variety in measurements. I cast no reflections on the beagle judge at Philadelphia, Mr. Stovell. As the clock now marks but twelve minutes before our open season of 1885 for rabbits, I will prepare to go out on the morrow at early dawn on a trail where I'm afraid I will have to show a little more animosity before I follow it to a finish. And as I fuss around the room to get all of my duds ready to take the early morning train down on the Island to a spot where I know the 'woods are full" of the little cotton tails, Music and Trailer lie on the middle of the floor fast asleep, and while snoring away dream no doubt of the many trails they will puzzle out, and how on the morrow they will make the crisp morning air resound with their joyous and melodious notes. May Mr. Krueger have as good a time with his Bannerman and other hounds as I hope to have with my Trailer and my others.

Trailer dreams. His legs frantically beat the air, his jaws quiver and snap and he presents a truly dangerous appearance as he dreams. I know that he is annihilating all who have "judged from looking at him" that he is over 15 inches. He raises his head up. He is now awake, and as his large eyes look up to me so softly and pleadingly, I know he mutely says to me, "I'll forgive them this time, Herm, but let them look out for me in the future."

The clock strikes 12! The happy day is here after months of waiting, to gladden the hearts of thousands of sportsmen.

Music! Trailer! wake up! Your Christmas of 1885 has come.

With true love for the little hounds and fraternal feeling toward all of their owners and admirers I say good night, to dream of rabbit trails and beagle hounds.

HERMAN F. SCHELLHASS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 1.

A DOG DICKER.—I will relate my experience with Hextamer M. Perry of the Sans Souci Kennels. In the *American Kennel Register* of August, 1884, I entered a litter of collies, by Eclipse, out of my imported Nesta, and a few days later I received a letter from "Courteously Yours" asking whether love or money would buy one. I called upon him and said $50 would buy one, but the price was too high for him. During the State Fair show of the following month I met Perry and he asked after the puppies. In the course of the conversation I said I must try and get some farm to board them at, whereupon he urged me to send them to his farm in the South; it would cost me nothing, etc., etc. Feeling a delicacy over accepting such a favor from a stranger, I let the matter drop, but it was revived by him several times after I had consented to let him act as veterinary at the National Breeders' show. A tacit understanding was arrived at that if he took the puppies he was to get some return, and matters were brought to a focus by his sending me an urgent note to have the puppies sent on at once. They were telegraphed for and arrived safely at West Philadelphia, whereupon I received a request to register the only dog and one of the bitches as sold to the Sans Souci Kennels. I wrote declining to do so, but saying that if he desired he might have half an interest in the litter and Nesta, and that I would take her to England with me and have her bred again to Eclipse. This I offered for $100, a very low sum, considering the price of Nesta was $150. This is part of his reply: "As to your proposition of yesterday I am unable to accept it. I will do this, however. I have a heavy gold Railroad, Quick-Time watch, which stands me (with a chain) $600. I will give you this watch for a half interest in Nesta and the five pups and $25 * * * The watch, I think, will net you $100 or more; as a personal time piece it is worth $150 to $165." I wrote accepting the offer, as I had every confidence in his integrity, and I received the watch on a Thursday evening and called to say I had it. It did not look very wonderful, but I presumed its goodness was inside the case. The next day, by daylight I saw it was much worn, and having missed Perry, owing to delay in packing my effects, I took the watch down town and had it valued, the answer being $35. I had to leave for New York on the three o'clock train, and after working all night there left early next morning by the Alaska for Liverpool. As the puppies were to have been shipped on Friday to the South, nothing could be done till my return. When at Liverpool I called at the address of the maker of the watch and found that the present occupant of the building had been there for over 25 years, hence the watch must have been something like 30 years old. On my return I had the watch valued at Bailey, Banks & Biddle, and I was told I would be foolish to allow more than $40 in trade for it. So that on that estimate (as I was presumed to allow $25 cash) I was getting $15 exchange for a bitch worth $150, five puppies, and going to the expense of about $60 for the second service by Eclipse. The day after my arrival I called on Perry and repudiated such a trade. But he insisted on its holding good, and sent me back the watch, which I later on sent him back for good. So much for the $165 watch. At the first interview after my return, he said he still had all five puppies on his hands; that they had all been sick, etc. I made him an offer a few days after to divide the puppies, he to have two. This brought from him the admission that one had been sold for $25, but as it was sick when sent away he expected it would die and he would have to return the money. I offered, then, to divide the four, giving him second and third choice, but he said he intended keeping them. Subsequently he wrote acknowledging that he had deceived me, and that before my return from England he had also given the dog away. I then said I would toss for first choice and let him name a give-or-take price for the third. This he also declined partly on the plea that tossing for first choice was gambling. I then placed the matter before the Philadelphia K. C., of which I heard he was a member. On the night of the club meeting I received the first letter for two months from him. He had been South; had seen the puppies six weeks before; had ordered one killed and would give me my choice of the other two provided I paid expenses of both to Philadelphia. Of this I took no notice. On May 18 he wrote the killed puppy had not been killed, and would accept my offer made five months before as to the division of the three puppies. This I accepted. Being notified of their arrival I went over to settle the business only to find that there were but two, one of the best having died most mysteriously. Mr. Perry was not on hand but he left word he would give or take $10 for first choice of the two and I gave the money. As to the puppies disposed of, the one sold was not sold for $25, but for $15 and two puppies out of the first litter. He could not even tell me the truth about that one. The dog Comet, which he gave away, he got out stud cards for within a week of the matter being closed and he always declined to tell me to whom he had given the puppy. Others can draw their own conclusions as to the "give away." With all these facts before them, the members of the Philadelphia Kennel Club decided that Hextamer M. Perry was a proper and fit person to be on the club roll. Now Mr. Comfort, the secretary, says the club feels chagrined, but the members have only themselves to blame for what FOREST AND STREAM

styles the "Collie Fraud of Philadelphia." I see in the paper for this week that Mr. Comfort says that on Oct. 20 Perry acknowledged that his fifth entry, So So, was not on hand during the judging. Permit me to say that an influential member of the club told me this week that Perry up to the very last moment maintained she was present and this is borne out by his letter to Mr. Apgar of Oct. 13. As to So So being too sick to stand up, and only kept at the show at the risk of death, as stated by Perry to Mr. Apgar, I can testify that the animal benched as So So was as well as any one could be. I, like others, failed to get the benched So So to answer to her name, which all four of the others did readily. To paraphrase Mr. Mason on "Wildfowler," "I know Perry." —*Jas. Watson in Sporting Life.*

ANOTHER CANINE MAIL CARRIER.—The West Shore Railroad train which leaves Weehawken shortly after 6 o'clock every morning is known as the Montreal express. The same train leaves Albany a few minutes after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and it is designated the New England express. A United States mail car is attached both ways. The chief clerk on duty this week is W. Wirt Bailey, an old soldier whose face is scarred, the result of wounds received at Gettysburg. On the express' down trip yesterday afternoon a number of passengers, together with a member of the *Freeman's* staff, noticed that as the cars whirred past Lewisburg, a little bit of a hamlet situated about one mile south of Highland, a mail pouch was thrown from the postal car, and immediately picked up by a big black Newfoundland dog, which could be seen trotting off with the pouch as sedately as a deacon toward the post-office. When the train reached Marlborough, postal clerk Bailey was asked: "Does that dog meet you every trip you make past Lewisburg?" "Yes, sir. It has never missed a run, rain or shine. By George, sir, that dog knows twice as much as some men. He's the mail carrier. All the clerks and railroad men know him well."—*Kingston Freeman.*

WE SHOULD SAY SO.—A daily paper reports that the members of the Palmer's Island Shooting Club, of Currituck, N. C., are waiting with considerable anxiety the result of a scientific cross of animals recently suggested by Mr. John G. Heckscher of this city, for the purpose of creating a new breed of duck retrievers. The dam of the litter is a remarkable animal belonging to Lieut. William H. Emory, U. S. N., which he secured in the Arctic regions and brought home with him on the Bear. The animal has the tail and hind legs of an otter, the head of a bear, and body of a dog. It is supposed by the Lieutenant to be a cross between these animals. The sire of the new breed is Mr. Heckscher's dog, which is a half Newfoundland and half English setter. It is thought the new breed will be a wonderful accession to the race of sporting dogs of this country.

WESTERN PENNSLYVANIA POULTRY SOCIETY.—Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 29, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Society held Monday, Oct 26, it was resolved to hold a bench show of dogs March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—C. B. ELBEN, Secretary.

WESTERN CONNECTICUT SHOW.—Winsted, Conn., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was premature in announcing that Jas. Watson would judge all classes. J. M. Tracy, of Greenwich, Conn., will judge pointers and setters, and Mr. Watson all other classes.—F. D. HALLETT, Supt.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for, 'Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rum. By Dr. F. B. Greenough, Boston, Mass., for Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped June, 1885, by Rags (Foam—Ruth) out of his Ripple (A.K.R. 68).

Countess Ruby. By Watson B. Dickerman, New York, for liver, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 29, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Ruby (Rake—Fanny).

Bang Up. By G. W. LaRue, for liver and white pointer, whelped June 29, 1885, by Donald II. out of Lady Bang.

Dash. By Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., for orange and white pointer dog, whelped June 25, 1885, by Jimmie (A.K.R 1589) out of Daisy Murdock (A.K.R. 1782)

Prince Dave. By H. E. Hamilton, Hackensack, N. J., for black white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 29, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Ruby (imported Rake—Fanny).

Fly, Fawn, Floss, Flora, Juno and Kate. By John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Texas, fo red Irish setter bitches, whelped Sept. 10, 1885, by champion Glencho (champion Elcho—Noreen) out of Flame (Von—Floss).

Doc and Clint. By John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., for red Irish setter dogs, whelped Sept. 10, 1885, by champion Glencho (champion Elcho—Noreen) out of Flame (Von—Floss).

Bizreena By Berkshire Kennels, Boston, Mass., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped July, 1884, by Nimrod (A.K.R. 631) out of Bizorah (A.K.R. 1338

Rex. By Mrs. A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 12, 1885, by Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean) out of Belle Stubbs (Colonel Stubbs—Fanny Fern).

Nita. By Miss C. Lounsbury, New Haven, Conn., for solid liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 12, 1885, by Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean) out of Belle Stubbs (Colonel Stubbs—Fanny Fern).

Black Bess. By F. G Stewart, Hoosic Falls, N. Y., for black greyhound bitch, whelped May 30, 1885, by Cashier out of Princess Dagmar.

Berkshire Kennels. By Maurice and John Callahan, of Pittsfield, Mass.

NAMES CHANGED.

Bizoreene to Bizorah II. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July, 1884 (Nimrod—Bizorah), owned by F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass.

BRED

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lola—Jesse Gladstone H. E Hamilton's (New York) English setter bitch Lola (Rake—Fanny) to his Jesse Gladstone (Gladstone—Swazie), Oct 15.

Victress—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Victress (Victor—Lucy) to his champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Oct. 27.

Lill—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville. Pa.) beagle bitch Lill (Warrior—Rosey) to his champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Aug. 22.

Zora—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Zora (Ringwood—Maid) to his champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Oct. 16.

Arly Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Arly (Blue Cap—Lill) to his champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Aug. 18.

Lilly—Bannerman. Geo. Hoover's (Canal Fulton, O.) beagle bitch Lilly (Blue Cap—Lill) to A. C. Krueger's champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Sept. 18.

Mottle—Bannerman. Wm. L. Mann's (Elizabeth, N. J.) beagle bitch Mottle (Ringwood—Maida) to A. C. Krueger's champion Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709), Sept. 3.

Elly—Strephon. George A. Smith's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Elly (A.K.R. 2119) to J. Van Schaick's Strephon (A.K.R. 2370), Sept. 12.

Juno II.—Boss. Winchell & Wilson's (Fair Haven, Vt.) mastiff bitch Juno II. (A.K.R. 2626) to J. L. Winchell's Boss (A.K.R. 2218), Oct. 7.

Lilly—Boss. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s mastiff bitch Lilly to J. L. Winchell's Boss (A.K.R. 2218), Oct 8.

Surrey Nan—Flippant. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Nan (A.K.R. 1902) to their Flippant (A.K.R. 528), Sept 16.

Edgewood Jessie—Rokeby. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) collie bitch Edgewood Jessie (A.K.R. 1418) to F. O. Phebus's Rokeby (A.K.R. 1022), Sept. 25.

Tra-la-la—Bradford Ruby. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Tra-la-la (A.K.R. 2041) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby, Sept. 16.

Zoo—Dash III. W. H. Beede's (Lynn, Mass.) English setter bitch Zoo (A.K.R. 1830) to Dash III., Oct. 12.

Nellie Pride—Frank H. Louis E. Haag's (Indianapolis, Ind.) collie bitch Nellie Pride (Peerless—Pride) to W. Wilkinson's Frank H., Oct. 7.

Beauty—Bobbie. A. F. Mullin's collie bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 531) to W. Atlee Burpee & Co.'s Bobbie (A.K.R. 2205). Oct. 1.

Zozo—Beau. Wm. Whiting's Zozo (A.K.R. 2380) to W. H. Beede's Beau (E.K.C.S.B. 9,275), Oct 27.

Dora Donald II. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Dora (Bang Bang—Rose, A.K.R. 214) to their Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545), Oct 13.

Lady Belle—Donald II. Wm. Eaton's (New York) pointer bitch Lady Belle (A.K.R. 1788) to Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545), Oct. 16.

Moonstone—Bang Bang. Westminster Kennel Club's (New York) pointer bitch Moonstone to their Barg Bang, Aug. 23.

Lassie—Castor. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Lassie to their Castor, Oct. 12.

Lady Dufferin—Castor. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Lady Dufferin to their Castor (Bang Bang—Polly), Oct. 8.

Luckystone—Sensation. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Luckystone (Tory—Moonstone) to their Sensation, Oct. 4.

Lotta—Bang Bang. Frank Forester Kennels' pointer bitch Lotta to Westminster K. C.'s Bang Bang, Sept. 30.

Peggy—Bang Bang. J. F. Lawrance's pointer bitch Peggy to Westminster K. C.'s Bang Bang, Oct. 9.

Sylph G.—Sensation. J. B. S. Holmes's pointer bitch Sylph G. to Westminster K. C.'s Sensation, Oct. 17.

Gill—Pilot C. M. Pettingill's (Cummington, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Gill (Colonel Stubbs—Diamond) to Ideal Kennels' Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean), Oct. 16.

May Stubbs—Pilot. Ideal Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch May Stubbs (Colonel Stubbs—Beauty) to their Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean), Oct. 9.

Fly—Rags. The Berkshire Kennels' bull-terrier bitch Fly to E. L. Bailey's Rags (A.K.R. 2587).

Theon—Hermit. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Theon (A.K.R. 94) to their Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Sept. 12.

Dido II.—Hermit. Wm. Shepard's (Montgomery, N. Y.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Dido II. to Chequasset Kennels' Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Oct. 10

Tantrums—Young Toby. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) English pug bitch Tantrums (A.K.R. 220) to their Young Toby, Oct. 1.

Victory—Young Toby. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) English pug bitch Victory (A.K.R. 1265) to their Young Toby, Oct. 17.

Lady Flossie—Young Toby Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) English pug bitch Lady Flossie (A.K.R. 1446) to their Young Toby, Oct. 25.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Smut II T. M. Aldrich's (Manton, R. I.) English setter bitch Smut II. (Trim—Smut), Oct. 12, five (four dogs), by E. W. Clark, Jr.'s Blarney (Truce—Luray); all black.

Bessie B. J. E. Dougherty's (Liberty, Ind.) collie bitch Bessie B. (A.K.R. 1914), Sept 23, three (two dogs), by J. A. Long's Rob Roy (A.K.R. 314); black, tan and white.

Meg Merrilies. J. G Harrison's (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 1483), Sept. 11, nine (five dogs), by Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 1565).

Beauty III. J. M. Cain's collie bitch Beauty III. (A.K.R. 2203), Sept 1, seven (two dogs), by W. Atlee Burpee & Co.'s Bobbie (A.K.R. 2205).

Surrey Patch. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Patch (A.K.R. 1766), Oct. 26, three bitches, by their Flippant (A.K.R. 528); two since dead.

Fleur de Lis. M. Burhaus's (Barrytown, N. Y.) basset hound bitch Fleur de Lis (A.K.R. 2387), Sept. 10, one dog, by L. Timpson's Nemours (A.K.R. 570).

Scooty Ideal Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Scooty (Snipe—Flora), Sept 3, four (two dogs), by their Earl (Obo, Jr.—Black Gairy); one black, two liver.

Ollie Obo Ideal Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Ollie Obo (A.K.R. 2182), Oct. 23, nine (four dogs), by their Dandy Zulu (A.K.R. 342); three black, six liver.

Moonstone. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Moonstone, Oct. 26, six, by their Bang Bang.

Polly. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Polly, Sept. 3, nine, by their Bang Bang.

Bellona. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Bellona, Oct 13 five, by their Bang Bang.

Jill. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Jill, Oct. 17, eight, by their Bang Bang.

Spinaway. Westminster K. C.'s (New York) pointer bitch Spinaway, Aug. 23, three, by their Bang Bang.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Domil Dhu. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 23, 1885 (champion Obo II.—Miss Nance). by S. R. Hemingway, New Haven, Conn., to A. C. Brown, same place.

Pup. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped June 20, 1885, by Donald II (A.K.R. 2545) out of Lady Bang (A.K.R 698), by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to F. Thompson, New York.

Fritz (A.K.R. 2681—Bird (A.K.R 1658) whelp Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped July 17, 1885, by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to F. D Sandborn, Port Huron, Mich.

Bessie. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to J. M. Odivine, Richmond, Me.

Rob Roy Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to P. B. Kendig, Waterloo, N. Y.

Dux Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 263) out of Bird (A.K.R. 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to P. B. Kendig, Waterloo, N. Y.

Dude. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Fritz (A.K.R. 268) out of Bird (A.K.R 1658), by Maple Kennels, Patterson, N. Y., to Jas Lawrence, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Lady Belle. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped June 23, 1885, by Bang Bang out of Polly (A.K.R. 212), by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Wm Eaton, New York.

Donald II. Lady Bang whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to W. A. Thorn, Methuen, Mass.

Bang Up. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by Donald II (A.K.R. 2545) out of Lady Bang, by Geo. W. LaRue, New York, to J. B. Reddie, same place.

Bannerman—Queen whelps. Beagles, whelped July 5, 1885, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., a dog and bitch to Grand River Kennels, Galt, Ont.; a bitch to W. A. Dent, Newman, Ga.; a dog to Jas. Gibson, Pittsburgh, Pa., and a dog to Prof. W. W. Legare, Marion, Ala.

Trailer—Roxy whelps. Beagle dogs, whelped July 14, 1885, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., one to W. A. Dent, Newman, Ga., and one to P. Carmen, Wrightsville, Pa.

Zora. White, black and tan beagle bitch, age not given (Ringwood—Maid), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Wm. L. Mann, Elizabeth, N. J.

Maud. White, black and tan beagle bitch, age not given (Ringwood—Jenny), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Wm. L. Mann, Elizabeth, N. J

Rattler III. White, black and tan beagle dog, age not given (champion Rattler—champion Music), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to W. Stewart Diffenderffer, Baltimore, Md.

Myrtle. White, black and tan imported beagle bitch, whelped April 6, 1882, bred by J. Crane, Southover House, England, imported May 25, 1881, by L. D. Sloan, Philadelphia, Pa., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Gun (A.K.R 1538)—Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) whelp. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 15, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., to J. F. Shepley, St. Louis, Mo.

Glencove. Red Irish setter dog (A.K.R. 2434), by Pequot Kennels, New London, Conn., to Mrs. Perkins, same place.

Nellie. Bull-terrier bitch (A.K.R. 2194), by E. S. Porter, New Haven, Conn., to Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass.

Boy. Gordon setter dog (A.K.R. 2576), by Jas. B. Blossom, Morrisania, N. Y., to E. T. Sprague, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391)—Meg Merrilies (A.K.R. 148) whelp. Sable collie, whelped September, 1885, by J. G. Harrison, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. A. Smith, same place.

Lona. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch (Alp II.—Alma), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Geo. W. Schenk, Burlington, Ia.

Trial. Pug bitch (Treasure—Victory), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. Quigley, Harrisburg, Pa.

Trix. Pug bitch (Young Toby—Tantrums), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. S. Quigley, Harrisburg, Pa.

Daisy. Pug bitch, whelped July 24, 1885 (Treasure—Peggie), by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to L. J. Maitz, Milliville, Ind.

Puss B. Pug bitch, whelped July 24, 1885 (Treasure—Peggie), by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to Thos. C. Beer, Bucyrus, O.

Othello. Black cocker spaniel dog (A.K.R. 1982), by W. H. Tuck, Wilkesbarre, Pa., to Andrew Dore, same place.

Bruce II. (A.K.R. 605)—Mistletoe (A.K.R. 1224) whelp. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Aug. 2, 1885, by J. W. Houston, Stuart, Neb., to C. H. Sanford, O'Neil, Neb

Shaughraun. Irish terrier (A.K.R. 2109), by L. Timpson, New York to Louis A. Shaw, Newton Centre, Mass.

Lance. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, age not given (Alp II.—Brenner), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to C. J. Carver, South Boston, Mass.

Julien I. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 1600), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., and resold to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Light. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch (Hermit—Sombre), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Lars. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog (Hermit—Brunhild), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Loyal. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog (Hermit—Sombre), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Early—Scooty whelps. Solid liver cocker spaniels, whelped Sept. 3, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., a dog to Geo. H. Throbald, Richmond, Me., and a bitch to Oak Hill Kennels, Bellows Falls, Vt.

Pilot—Belle Stubbs whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped July 12, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., one solid liver bitch to Miss C. Lounsbury, same place; one solid liver dog to F. F. Andrews, Rochester, New York, and one liver and white dog to Mrs. A. J. Crovatt, Brunswick, Ga.

Jenny—Waverly Gypwhelp. Solid liver cocker spaniel dog whelped Sept. 26, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to J. E. Dunham, Haydenville, Mass.

Kona—Floss whelp. Liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped May 10, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Fred N. Beals, Phillips, Me.

Scooty. Liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 7, 1879 (Snipe—Flora), by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to J. L. Raub, New London, Conn.

Topsy. Black, white and tan foxhound bitch, whelped June 15, 1885 (Watchman—Sarlight), by F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., to A. C. Steck, Ottumwa, Ia.

Black Bess. Black greyhound bitch, whelped May 30, 1885 (Cashier—Princess Dagmar), by J. W. Trafton, Boston, Mass., to F. G. Stewart, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Leigh. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped June 25, 1885 (Alp II., A.K.R. 705—Brenner, A.K.R. 706), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Henry Muller, Staten Island, N. Y.

Terror. English pug dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1885 (Santa Claus—Juno, A.K.R. 406), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.

Count Noble—Ruby whelps. Black, white and tan setters, one dog and one bitch, whelped July 29, 1885 (Count Noble—Ruby), by H. E. Hamilton, Hackensack, N. J., to E. F. Thomas, Hoboken, N. J.

Drive. Black and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by Geo. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to E. Vollmer, Trenton, N. J.

Leah. Black and white English setter bitch (A.K.R. 1284), whelped May 20, 1879, by Geo. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to Chas. E. Wallin, Wilmington, N. C.

Countess Victoria Lemon belton English setter bitch (A.K.R. 2653), whelped Nov. 24, 1884, by Geo. F. Clark, St. George's, Del., to Chas. E. Wallin, Wilmington, N. C.

Lanza. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 5, 1885 (Hermit, A.K.R. 23—ombre, 798), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to E. L. Smith, Portland, Me.

Brunswick. Rough-coated St. Bernard dog, by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to H. B. Sherman, Indianapolis, Ind.

Laurian. Smooth coated St. Bernard dog, whelped April 13, 1885 (Alp II., A.K.R. 705—Alma, A.K.R. 27), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to E. L. Smith, Portland, Me.

Topaz. English pug dog, whelped Apr 1, 1885 (Doctor—Dolly, A.K.R. 170), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to A. S. Quigley, Harrisburg, Pa.

Trust. English pug bitch, whelped April 5, 1885 (Young Toby, A.K.R 473 Tantrums, A.K.R 220), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to E. L. McKee, Indianapolis, Ind.

IMPORTATIONS.

Nero and Favorite W. J. Ebrich, New York, has imported the dark red, white markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog Nero, bred by Schumaker, Berne, Switzerland, whelped November, 1883 (Apollo—Diana). Also Favorite, white and fawn, whelped July, 1883, bred by Eschaggeny, Thun, Switzerland.

DEATHS.

Lord Wallace. Black, tan and white collie dog (A.K.R. 2605), owned by W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 12, from distemper.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

NEARLY three months ago, in August last, the FOREST AND STREAM announced that it would take upon itself the labor and expense of a trial of the trajectories of hunting rifles. The question was one of much importance to every man who uses the rifle in the field, and the discussions from time to time in our columns showed that it was a live topic. There was a large degree of uncertainty as to what was the actual trajectory line of various makes of open sight rifle. Many claims had been put forward for this or that rifle, some private experiments had been made, many of them of a most interesting character, and their results had been duly set forth in our pages. Some more general tests had been made and reports covering them given to the public, but there still remained a gap to be filled by just such a set of thorough trials as those conducted by and under the auspices of the FOREST AND STREAM were intended to be.

The general plan was a very simple one. It was first to call in a competent surveyor and have a range laid out, then to place the actual manipulation of the trials in the hands of an expert who should make a report of the actual figures obtained by him. In this way we hoped to put the result obtained beyond all question of doubt or uncertainty. The details of the trial were many and required much time and labor.

We invited suggestions as to the carrying out of the tests, and the vast correspondence which at once sprung up showed how much interest was felt in the work. Some of these letters, as far as space permitted, were spread before our readers, but many more were not put in type. Some of the hints given were valuable, others were evidently given under a misapprehension as to what a trajectory test really was and what it was that we were striving to discover.

The task which we have undertaken grew with each successive day. "A dozen rifles, perhaps, and a couple of days' time on the range," was the first off hand estimate made. Instead there have been over thirty rifles, the very pick of nearly a dozen armories and as fine a showing of the perfection to which American small arm manufacture has grown as were ever gathered together at one time. As the work grew, so did the disposition to meet the demands put upon us. We recognized that there were among our readers users of every make of rifle now on the market. One subscriber in the Western plains has a heavy express rifle, using a charge of powder running up to a hundred grains or more. He is particularly concerned to know just how far the bullet goes above the line of fire in traversing a certain range. Then the army of men who use the smaller caliber weapons;

of squirrel hunters who would like to know just what their favorite rifle is capable of doing. The test grew in this way to be a tournament, and from a few hours' work on the range, which it was at first anticipated would complete the outdoor part of the trial, a full fortnight of hard work from daylight to dark was taken up. We have no regrets now that the problem grew to such wholesale dimensions. We would rather congratulate the riflemen of America and of the world that they have such a choice of desirable weapons.

Of course, a test of this sort is not alone of rifles; it is rather of ammunition. The first question put, and especially from the rifle makers, was, "What ammunition do you propose to use?" This was very readily answered. As we wished to take the ordinary commercial rifle from the arm-maker's on the one hand, it was only natural that we should take the factory ammunition to use in such rifle. We know that there is a feeling against factory ammunition, and that the term is used as synonymous with unreliability. This should not be so, and in great measure it is a fiction—a convenient one, perhaps, to account for bad scores, but one which we believe exists rather in the imagination than in fact. We did not intend the trial to cover the lines of fire of certain arms loaded in a special manner; rather the demand was for a stock rifle such as the average purchaser gets in response to an order sent to the factory, and with this to use the cartridge advertised for it, recommended by the seller and maker of the rifle and procurable by that same average purchaser through an order on any one of the cartridge companies. Such a test would interest the multitude of marksmen; any other would be perhaps a more or less valuable contribution to the science of rifle-shooting, but rather theoretical than practical.

To test the matter thoroughly it was but fair that the figures of the trajectory heights should be given in connection with the figures of weight, etc., discovered by a dissection of the cartridge. This has been done, and to guard against drawing a general conclusion from too limited a premise, the average of three cartridges will be shown, just as on the screens the average of five shots was secured.

How to secure the rifles for the test was a question carefully considered. One plan was to have them sent on trial as to a prospective purchaser, and in this way secure a weapon fair to the maker and on the other hand prevent the placing upon trial of a special arm, perhaps carefully selected from a large number or made up for the purposes of the test. This might have been a satisfactory method so far as results were concerned of getting together the collection of arms used, but would have been very complicated. There is no reason to believe that the rifle makers have any fear of fair competition, and the alacrity with which they came forward and proffered arms for the trial showed that they had no apprehensions as to the result of such an impartial trial as the FOREST AND STREAM proposed to carry out. It was finally concluded to invite the makers to send arms, and on Sept. 17 the following note was sent:

"In making the trajectory tests of hunting rifles, which have been announced in our columns, we wish to include the ——— rifle. The main test will be over the 200yds range from a fixed rest through accurately placed screens. We should particularly like to have from the rifles in stock at your works the rifle you would most strongly recommend for all-round hunting purposes. All express and other charges to be paid by us, etc."

This invitation to participate was sent to the principal rifle companies making the following arms: Remington, and Remington-Hepburn, Whitney, Marlin and Ballard, Bullard, Colt, Winchester, Maynard, Wesson, Stevens, and Bay State. The responses came in promptly, and showed on the part of the makers a hearty concurrence in the views and endeavors of this journal. The Whitney Arms Company said: "We will be glad to loan you a rifle for the purpose mentioned. We take it that you want a magazine rifle and we propose to send you to-morrow from our regular stock one of our .40-60 Kennedys, which takes the regular center-fire W. cartridge. All things being equal we have no fears but that the Kennedy will rank with the best." The Winchester Repeating Arms Company said: "We have no choice in the matter of guns which we should like to have tested. Please examine our catalogue sent with this, choose such as you would like to try, and we will send them to you at once."

Lamberson, Furman & Co., agents for E. Remington & Sons, answered, "We will refer your favor to the factory and endeavor to meet your views in the matter."

The Colt Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., of Hartford, replied: "Would say that our .44 and .38-caliber sporting rifles use the same cartridge as the Winchester, Kennedy and other rifles of similar caliber, therefore the trajectory of these rifles would be substantially the same. For our .32-caliber rifle we have a special ammunition made by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., which we believe makes its shooting qualities superior to any in the market using so light a charge. We would be pleased to enter one of these for the purpose indicated in your letter."

The Bullard Repeating Arms Co. said: "We should be pleased to avail ourselves of your offer to include our rifle in your trajectory test which you are about to make. We are willing for our rifles to be thoroughly tested and do not hesitate to send a full line."

The Marlin Fire Arms Co. responding said: "We should like to have you inform us whether you also want us to furnish the ammunition for testing the rifles or whether you intend to procure it yourselves and if so whose make it is to be. In addition to the Marlin we should like to submit a few Ballard rifles, which, as you probably know, are also very extensively used for hunting."

J. Stevens & Co. at first found it impossible to send rifles for the test, but later, after arrangements had been made to secure this rifle elsewhere, a full line of Stevens rifles were sent and were tested.

The Bay State Rifle Company wrote: "We use regular factory ammunition for our rifles, and do not think they are what you require for trajectory tests." No further concern was taken with these arms.

Mr. F. Wesson was away from home at the time of the letter writing, and in order that the rifle might not be omitted entirely from the tests, one was procured from the extensive stock of Henry C. Squires, 178 Broadway, through the courtesy of that dealer, and placed in the trial.

The Massachusetts Arms Company put in one of the Maynard rifles, saying in their note accompanying the package: "Our experience is that the flattest trajectory rifles are not the closest shooters, but that a good deal of accuracy is sacrificed for flat trajectory."

From Thos. Bland & Sons, of 106 Strand, London, makers of the well-known Bland rifle, came a note saying: "We are indebted to Major W. H. Merrill for information that the proprietors of FOREST AND STREAM intend instituting a trial of rifles. We wish to enter the list and have given Major Merrill to understand our wishes. Major Merrill will make all arrangements for our entry." In accordance with this a double-barreled express rifle, the same used in the trials of the London *Field* and which provoked so much discussion in Great Britain, was placed at the disposal of our experts.

In addition a Sharps hunting rifle, carrying the Government 405-grain bullet cartridge, was placed in the test, and for comparison a State Model Remington of .50-caliber and a regulation three-groove Springfield rifle using the 500-grain bullet was placed on the trial rack. This completed the list of breechloaders, somewhat extended beyond our original plan of a test confined to hunting rifles, but not to any great extent. There were a pair of muzzleloaders, one the property of Major Merrill, tested at 100 yards only, while the other was brought and tried by G. T. Romer, of Peekskill, the shooting associate of Major Merrill in many of his trajectory and other rifle tests. This rifle was tried only at 200 yards. Each of the two last named weapons were of the heavy, magnifying-sight order, and with heavy charges maintained a high degree of accuracy. The full list of rifles in the test was as follows:

1.	MARLIN	.45
2.	MARLIN	.40-70
3.	MARLIN	.38-55
4.	MARLIN	.32-40
5.	BALLARD	.40-85
6.	BALLARD	.40-70
7.	REMINGTON	.40-65
8.	REMINGTON	.38-50
9.	REMINGTON	.32-40
10.	REMINGTON	.32 R. F.
11.	REMINGTON	.50 N. Y. State Model.
12.	WINCHESTER	.50 Express.
13.	WINCHESTER	.45-75
14.	WINCHESTER	.40-60
15.	WINCHESTER	.22 Long.
16.	BULLARD	.50 Express
17.	BULLARD	.45
18.	BULLARD	.40-70
19.	BULLARD	.38
20.	BULLARD	.32
21.	WHITNEY	.50 Express
22.	WHITNEY	.40-60
23.	STEVENS	.38 C. F.
24.	STEVENS	.32 R. F.
25.	STEVENS	Hunter's Pet, C. F.
26.	STEVENS	.22
27.	MAYNARD	.40-70
28.	WESSON	.44
29.	COLT	.32
30.	SPRINGFIELD	.45 Govt.
31.	SHARPS	.45 Govt.
32.	BLAND	.45 Express
33.	MERRILL	Muzzleloader
34.	ROMER	Muzzleloader

Except in the case of the muzzleloaders and the Maynard, the ammunition was procured entirely apart from the rifle maker. In not a few cases, boxes of cartridges were shipped with the rifles, but in each instance this ammunition was laid aside, and at the tests only such was used as had been purchased over the counters of one or another of the gun shops of this city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BRIDGEPORT, Oct. 28.—The Empire Rifle Club, of Thomaston, Ct., were the guests of the Bridgeport Club and engaged in a friendly contest with the rifle at their range. After the shoot, the score of which is given below, the visitors were given the finest style of shore dinner, and carried away pleasant memories of Readmore Range:

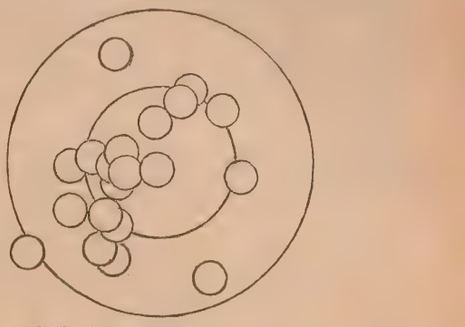
Bridgeports.

D E Marsh	10	12	12	8	12	11	11	9	10	10	10	11	11	11	8—156
W H Beardsley	8	7	11	9	8	11	9	10	10	11	11	7	10	11	11—144
F A Rice	10	6	9	9	11	9	9	7	11	12	8	11	12	10	8—142
E Nothnagle	6	10	11	10	11	10	8	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	5—139
G E Betts	7	8	10	12	9	7	9	8	8	11	9	9	10	7	11—135
R S Bassett	7	11	10	9	10	11	9	7	8	9	9	6	10	9	9—134
P M Beers	5	8	11	11	10	8	12	10	6	7	12	10	12	7	5—133
G E Botsford	7	8	6	11	8	3	10	8	8	10	11	7	10	9	7—118—1101

Empire Club, of Thomaston.

G C Canfield	11	10	10	11	7	10	10	10	12	12	11	10	12	8	10—154
G G Gilbert	11	9	10	10	9	10	11	10	10	11	9	9	10	10	10—149
E Thomas	9	8	8	8	12	11	10	11	12	9	11	9	10	8	11—147
G A Lemmon	10	11	7	10	12	8	12	7	11	11	11	11	8	9	9—147
W H Dunbar	8	8	11	10	12	9	7	10	9	10	11	10	10	7	11—143
F A Perkins	12	0	11	9	8	11	12	10	10	6	11	9	9	0	10—143
G P North	10	10	8	6	9	10	10	8	9	10	7	10	10	6	10—133
C F Williams	4	11	7	10	8	6	3	9	11	8	5	10	8	10	6—121—1137

A FAIR TARGET.—South Haven, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I herewith send you a copy of 20 successive shots at 50yds. with rest, done with a 26in. .22-cal. center-fire Maynard rifle, without wiping or cleaning, using 10grs. of Hazard FFG powder and a 45gr. naked bullet, such as are now made by the U. M. C. Co. for this special rifle. The shooting was done at the center of a white target 5in. square, with globe sights and a pair of eyes fifty years old, in a



gale of wind, and did not occupy more than 10 or 12 minutes time. It will be observed that 14 out of the 20 shots hit an inch ring and all struck the size of a silver dollar. The string of the 20 shots is 10¼in., not a very wonderful performance to be sure, compared to strings that have heretofore been made with both the breech and muzzle-loaders at the same distance, but is just a sample of what can be daily done with small calibers and naked bullets and that too without the exacting nuisance of wiping after each shot.—H. M. AVERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 27.—The annual target shoot of the Worcester Light Infantry, Co. C, 2d Regiment, M. V. M., was to-day; 25 members tried their skill as marksmen. The shooting was off-hand, distance 200yds. Among the scores were the following:

A C White	44454—21	F W Hopkins	33434—17
R A Moran	54444—21	R W Mathews	32432—14
H A Marvin	43344—20	Lieut J E Lancarte	04323—12
Capt E A Harris	43444—19		

The first prize was awarded to Private White, his score showing improvement.

Oct. 28.—A team consisting of members of the Worcester City Guards, Co. A, Second Regiment, went to Springfield to-day for a friendly shoot. At the recent State Militiamen's Match they were tied with the Peabody Guards, of Springfield, Co. G, Second Regiment. The result of the shoot was an engraving presented by J. D. Gill, of Springfield, and was received by Worcester. The scores were:

Co. A, of Worcester.		Co. G, of Springfield.	
Lieut Early	5448454—28	Lieut Leonard	3304404—18
Sergt Cleveland	2443243—22	Sergt Adams	4444444—28
Corp Tisdell	0353444—23	Corp Stearn	5344434—26
Pvt Jefferson	434 343—25	Pvt Hooker	2433242—22
Pvt Johnson	0255434—23	Pvt Cavanaugh	4232432—17
Sergt Bradley	4044444—24	Pvt Perkins	5434332—23
Pvt Bellons	3244425—24	Pvt Bumstead	3453444—27
	169		161

GARDNER, Mass., Oct. 28.—At the last regular meet of members of the Gardner Rifle Club more than the usual number were present. The meet was at Hackmatack range. The inch ring target was used, with a possible score of 120 in 10 shots. The results of the two strings were as follows:

G F Ellsworth	101	100—201	George Warfield	77	53—130
A Mathews	83	93—178	H Vincent	47	50— 97
G H Heywood	85	84—169	C J Crabtree	42	35— 77
W C Loveland	88	67—155	C N Edgell	51	.— ..
L S Walker	78	76—154	W Austin (at rest)	100	.— ..
James Newton	80	71—151			

THE NEW BRITISH ARMY RIFLE.—"The results of the labors of the committee appointed to provide a new and improved rifle for the army, which have just been published," says the *London Post*, "show that the future weapon of the British army will, as regards most considerations, be far in advance of the service arm of any other nation. In the new weapon the Martini breech action has been retained, the alterations being in the barrel and the weight of the projectile, the combination being called the Martini-Enfield. Taking the Martini-Henry as a standard of comparison, the diameter of the bore has been reduced from .45in. to .40in., the weight of the new bullet being 384 grains, as compared with the 480 grain bullet of the old rifle. The powder charge, however, of 85 grains, remains the same, with the important result that the muzzle velocity of the bullet is increased from 1,315ft. per second to 1,570ft., thus lowering the trajectory to such an extent that while the Martini-Henry bullet in traveling 500yds. rises more than 84ft. above the line of sight, the improved projectile would scarcely go over the head of an infantry man if fired from the ground level. This is a most important consideration, as it minimizes any errors in elevations which might arise either from excitement or miscalculation. The system of grooving adopted is the ratchet, the number of grooves being nine, as against the seven of the Martini-Henry, although the latter is the largest number employed in any military rifle in the world, while the twist of the bullet has been increased from one turn in 22in. to one turn in 15in., the latter being again in excess of anything which has yet been used for service purposes. In addition to the important reduction in the height of the trajectory, the higher velocity of the bullet and the improved rifling have shown remarkably good target results, the mean deviation of the new bullet being only .3ft. and .95ft. at 500 and 1,000yds. respectively, as against .55ft. and 1.85ft. from the Martini-Henry. Another very important feature is that the recoil of the new weapon is considerably less than that of the present service arm, which has caused so much adverse comment. Experiments are also being made to provide the new weapon with an attachable magazine, so that the soldier will be able to deliver a rapid fire of several shots without reloading, in cases of emergency."

BOSTON, Oct. 31.—The prospect of a cold windy day occasioned a poor attendance at Walnut Hill to-day. The weather was unfavorable and few scores were finished. Following are the best of the finished scores:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

R Reed, A	10	10	9	10	8	5	8	8	9	10—87
B G Warren, C	5	10	10	6	6	8	8	10	9	5—77
J R Missam, A	9	8	4	8	8	5	9	6	9	4—70
J Lennons, C	7	8	7	8	4	7	8	4	8	4—70
W H Oler, A	10	8	8	5	7	6	3	9	6	5—67

Rest Match.

D L Chase, F	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	9—98
J D Cambridge, A	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	9	9—95
C W Hodgdon, A	9	9	10	9	8	8	10	7	7	10—87

Creedmore Practice.

E Burleigh	4554444545—44	H H Lewis (mil.)	4445334535—40
F Carter	4554544454—44	J A Hackett	5453425535—39
Payson	4344453554—41		

THOMASTON, Conn., Oct. 31.—Badge shoot of the Empire Rifle Club, cold, raw weather with strong wind:

E Thomas	10	12	12	11	9	11	11	11	10	10—107
G A Lemmon	9	11	11	10	8	11	10	10	8	11— 99
F A Perkins	11	10	10	10	11	11	10	9	7	10— 99
C F Williams	11	9	8	12	10	10	11	10	9	7— 97

ZETTLER—DORRLER.—A match, 100 shots, 12-ring target, possible 120, will be shot by C. G. Zettler, champion of the Zettler Rifle Club, and M. Dorrler, champion of the Bullshead Rifle Club, Nov. 8, 8 P. M., Zettler's gallery.

VALUELESS SCORES.—To be of interest scores should be accompanied by details of distance, bullseye, etc. Without such data scores are utterly valueless except as a record for the single club shooting them.

RICHMOND, Ind.—Our club are all off deer hunting in Northern Michigan, so there are no scores to report from here this week.—J.

NEW HAMBURG, Oct. 27.—The season's shooting for the Hamburg Gun Club closed yesterday. Up to Oct. 6 twenty-one matches were shot for the first prize, silver cup. Out of these S. G. Holley secured ten, and won; Thos. Puddicombe five, A. F. Spring four and F. Bourne two. The three matches for second were between Puddicombe, Spring and Bourne. The first was won by Puddicombe and Bourne dropped out. Second match:

Puddicombe.....1011111100—6 Spring.....1101111111—9

Last and deciding match, Oct. 26:

Puddicombe.....1111111101—9 Spring.....1110111001—7

Puddicombe takes second. Our average for the season is 64.20 per cent., shooting swiftest notch Ligowsky C. P., 18yds. Certainly the boys have found the trap of much benefit so far in their autumn shooting for game.—SANCHO.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

THE GREAT T— T—.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The art of wing-shooting with a rifle is an accomplishment that very few of the devotees of the gun ever suceeed in mastering. I call it a science, for science it certainly is, requiring an eye of exceeding sharpness of vision, a mind quick to calculate distance, speed of object shot at, reflection of light, direction of wind, and muscles trained to answer the slightest demands of the brains.

These are some of the requisites that go to make up the successful wing-shot with a rifle. In the highest degree do we find these requirements developed in Mr. T— ——, of this city, better known on the frontier as T— T—.

Your correspondent found him one day last week while taking his usual practice, and while being unaware of our identity he gave one of the most wonderful exhibitions of skill with a rifle that it has ever been our lot to witnesss. And here let me state I have seen all the champion shots and professional marksmen of the age shoot. Among the many feats performed by Mr ——, the following are the most notable: An attendant throws two balls in the air. At once cocking his rifle he broke both within a yard of each other before they had reached their full height. He next pitched up a glass ball himself; picking his rifle off the ground he broke the ball before it reached the sod. He then shot at bead pencils, dimes, nickels, marbles, etc., hitting them with the greatest ease. In fact, the most difficult shot seemed easy to accomplish to him. All of the above shots were performed while standing on the ground.

T— T— next tried shooting from the back of a horse running at full speed. This he does using neither saddle, bridle, strap nor pad. In this manner he broke double and single balls without a miss, using a heavy Blank's repeating rifle. He also broke a ball while in the air, after missing it on purpose three times, breaking it with the fourth shot. His next feat was to break a ball thrown directly at him as he came down the range at full gallop. This he does in grand style. Leaving his horse to the ever-ready attendant, he performed many of the fancy stage shots, such as knocking the ashes from a cigar, shooting an apple from the head of a friend, and hitting a quarter held between the thumb and forefinger. These he does with the aid of a small glass, with the rifle held in one hand, upside down and over the shoulder. He also broke several glass balls in the air, using a Somebodyelse's .45-caliber double-action revolver. With this same weapon he did some fine target work at 30 yards. Laying aside the revolver he took up his shotgun, breaking balls right and left with such ease and precision as can only be acquired by long practice. Your correspondent was assured by several sportsmen who are intimate with Mr. —— and have hunted with him on the plains that T— T—, as he is familiarly called in the West, is one of the best field shots to be found anywhere and a sportsman in the full sense of the word.

On being introduced to your correspondent he begged of him not to report what he had seen him do, as he did not want to figure before the public as a great shot, or attain the notoriety attached to a public character. Mr. —— assured me that he knew that several of his old pards in the West could beat him shooting and not half try. On learning that I was somewhat of a shooter Mr. —— invited me to visit him at his home on the south side. Proceeding to his tepee we were confronted on all sides by guns, rifles, revolvers, long bows, arrows, hunting scenes, deer and elk horns and buffalo heads, trophies of T——'s prowess as a hunter. Indian moccasins, robes, saddles, etc., mementoes of his wild life on the plains. It is here, seated on a wolf robe, and reading the latest number of the FOREST AND STREAM, that T—— is at rest, surrounded by four or five splendid looking hunting dogs, prominent among which may be mentioned Dash and Dart, two imported Scotch staghounds.

The following sketch of the life of this remarkable man may not be out of place. T——was born on the south bank of the Mahoning River, in Youngstown, O. At an early age he became accustomed to hunting, fishing and boating; he soon became an expert in the use of all weapons pertaining to the chase. At home in the saddle, equal to hunting in the surrounding forest, or fishing in the river, he soon became inured to the hardships and dangers incident to such pursuits. Having inherited from his forefathers the true Irish love for a roving military life, he early turned to the great West as a place where his adventurous spirit could find plenty of scope. On reaching an age when most boys would be thinking of book or ball, T—— with a single companion started for the wilds of Arizona. In this then unexplored and uncivilized region he had a varied and romantic experience, hunting, scouting, mining and herding amid the hostile Indians and wild beasts of the mountains. While engaged against the hostile Utes of Southern Colorado he received a wound which necessitated the best of treatment or it would have resulted in his death. For this reason we find him East until he again gets in shape to return to his wild Western home. T—— stands six feet tall, straight as an arrow, well proportioned and exceedingly muscular, with a clear complexion, bright, laughing blue eyes, curly brown hair, falling in ringlets to his shoulders. Socially he is a success, combining as he does the education and manners of a gentleman with the more rugged virtues of the Western hunter and frontiersman. In fact he is a typical Westerner, one we often read about but seldom see in real life. T——'s friends here and in the West are legion. BLUE ROCK.

NEW ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP.—The champion individual badge shoot of the New England Trap Shooters' Association drew together Oct. 28 on the grounds of the Boston Gun Club, at Wellington, a fine selection of the trap shooters of the New England States. Worcester, Fall River, Providence, Exeter and Brockton were represented, and many members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Malden Gun Club and Boston Gun Club were present to compete for the generous prizes offered. It will be noticed that C. C. Gray carried off the elegant badge presented by the National Target Company, of Knoxville, against the best shots of the New England States. The other events are recorded below:

First event, 5 single clay pigeons, 18yds.—W. L. Davis and C. H. Gerrish divided first, E. W. Buffington and E. W. Tinker divided second, C. C. Gray third.

Second event, 5 pair double clay-pigeons, 16yds.—H. W. Weller and W. T. Perry divided first, W. L. Davis and Buffington divided second, Tinker and A. H. Wright divided third, E. S. Aldoes fourth.

Third event, 7 single clay-pigeons—Buffington and Wright divided first, Weller second, C. Ellsworth third, C. M. Stark fourth.

Fourth event, 7 blackbirds—Weller and Stark divided first, Davis second, Wright third, Tinker fourth.

Fifth event, 5 blackbirds—Stark and Poud divided first, D. Kirkwood second, Davis third.

Sixth event, 3 pair blackbirds—Lawson first, Stark second, Tinker third, Gerrish fourth.

Seventh event, individual Contest, at 9 singles and 3 pair double Knoxville blackbirds for the elegant gold badge presented to the N. E. T. S. A. by the National Flying Target Co., of Knoxville, Tenn.—C. C. Gray carried off the trophy. This match was divided into two different sweeps, the winners of which were as follows: At singles Stark and Gray divided first, Webber and Edwards divided second, Gerrish and Wellington divided third, Tinker and Williams divided fourth; at doubles: Buffington first, Edwards second, Lawson third, Webber and Williams fourth.

Eighth event, 7 clay-pigeons—Davis first, Gilman, Buffington and Farrar divided second, Pond third, Perry fourth.

Ninth event, 7 clays—Lawson first, Webber and Buffington divided second, Stark third, Stanton fourth.

Tenth event, 7 clays—Davis and Stark divided first, Lawson second, Webber third, Perry fourth.

Eleventh event, 5 clays—Davis and Lawson divide first, Gray second, Buffington third.

Twelfth event, 7 clays—Stark and Kirkwood divided first, Lawson and Swift divided second.

Thirteenth event, 7 clays—Lawson first, Swift and Stark divided second, Holden third.

Fourteenth event, 5 clays—Lawson and Stark divided first, Swift second.

Fifteenth event, miss and out—Stark first, Lawson second.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.—A number of the members believing that Friday as a business day is not best suited for their practice at trap shooting at Wellington, Mass., the Boston Gun Club shooting days will be arranged as follows: Nov 11 and 25, Dec. 9 and 23, 1885; in 1886, Jan. 6 and 20, Feb. 3 and 17 and March 3 and 17, upon which dates will also be shot tournaments at clay pigeons, etc. The 7-shot scores shot in practice and at the tournaments will all be eligible and count for the prize lists, of which liberal ones are provided for members and visitors. The three best scores of seven birds each on any six of the above ten days making the number of scores to count for prizes 18; no limit to the number of scores shot. One trap at all these shoots will be kept for practice and minor sweeps. The programme on above dates will be as follows: First event, 5 birds, clay pigeon, 30 cents entrance; second, 2 pairs, clay pigeons, 50 cents entrance; third, 7 birds, clay pigeons, $1 entrance; fourth, 3 pairs Knoxville blackbirds, $1 entrance; fifth, 7 birds, clay pigeons, $1 entrance; seventh, 5 straightaways, blackbirds, $1 entrance; eighth, 5 pairs clay pigeons, $1 entrance; ninth, 2 men team match, 7 single clay pigeons per man, per team $2 entrance; tenth, 7 singles, clay pigeons, $1 entrance; eleventh, 2 pairs clay pigeons, $1 entrance; twelfth, 5 blackbirds, 50 cents entrance. The sixth event is left open for possible challenge matches. Visitors Boston way may enjoy a good time with a capital set of shooters by taking a run to the ground on dates given.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22.—The Forester Gun Club's last pigeon shoot of the season which took place at Agricultural Park Sunday, attracted a large number of spectators and passed off, as usual, very pleasantly and satisfactorily. Seventeen members faced the trap for the medal shoot, and, although none of them succeeded in making a clean score, the average shooting was good, especially when it is considered that very little practice has been indulged in recently. John Gerber made the best score, securing all of his birds except the tenth. His response, when presented with the medal, will long be remembered as a masterpiece of oratory. During the medal shoot a stray wild goose flew over the field, at a height of about 60yds. A score of voices shouted, "See that goose!" and W. E. Gerber, slipping a shell into his gun, fired at the bird, bringing it down in fine style, and receiving applause for the best shot of the day. Following is the score of the medal contest:

W Gerber, 31yds.	1001111111100— 8	G Watson, 26yds.	10101101110— 8
J W Tedd, 26yds.	1110011011111—10	J E Kane, 31yds.	1111110111011—10
H Gerber, 26yds.	1111110010101— 9	Rinstaller, 31yds.	0011101101011— 7
G Schroth, 31yds.	1111101101111—10	F Tebbets, 31yds.	1101011111111—10
W Verity, 31yds.	0101111111011— 9	E Stevens, 31yds.	1011110111111—10
M Coffey, 31yds.	1011111001111— 9	O Miller, 31yds.	0101110101001— 7
J Gerber, 26yds.	1111111111011—11	J Zuver, 31yds.	1111111101101—10
H Eckhardt, 26yds.	0100101111011— 7	H Hurd, 31yds.	0111010011111— 8
WHamilton, 31yds.	1101111111011—10		

BRANTFORD, Ont., Oct. 28.—A meeting was held at the Kerby House this evening for the purpose of forming a gun club in this city. The object of the club being for mutual improvement in the art of shooting, and in assisting to enforce the laws for the protection of game in this province. A good representation of leading citizens were present. The following are the names of the officers elected: Dr. William T. Harris, President; Mr. John Bishop, Vice-President; Mr. J. T. Slater, Treasurer; Mr. Herbert Yates, Secretary. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the club, and report at a meeting to be held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4.

CONNECTICUT.—The State shoot was held at Bridgeport, Oct. 28. Best score for prizes made by T. Beers, of New Haven, 23 out of 25 clays. Last shoot of the series will take place in New Haven, Nov. 25.

MALDEN, MASS., GUN CLUB.—The club held its regular weekly shoot at Wellington on Oct. 31. There was a fair attendance. Following is the result of the several sweeps: 1st event, 5 blackbirds, Shumway first. 2d event, 5 blackbirds, Crosby and Wilson divided first. 3d event, 5 clay-pigeons, Lawson first. 4th event, 3 pairs clay-pigeons, Snow and Wardwell divided first. 5th event, 5 blackbirds, Shumway first. 6th event, 5 birds, Wardwell first. 7th event, 10 clay-pigeons, medal match, Schaefer first, Stanton and Wilson divided second, Wardwell third; Dick Schaefer won the first medal with 10, Wilson the second with 9, and Wardwell the third with 8. 8th event, 5 blackbirds, Stanton, Sanborn and Adams divided first. 9th event, 5 blackbirds, Pillsbury, Lawson and Crosby divided first. 10th event, 5 birds. Lawson first. 11th event, 5 birds, Lawson first. 12th event, 5 blackbirds, Lawson first. 13th event, 5 birds, Snow, Schaefer and Lawson divided first. 14th event, 5 blackbirds, Wardwell and Stanton divided first. 15th event, 5 birds. Lawson first.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

GALATEA.

It is probable that next season we shall see a series of races similar to those lately sailed here, and for the same prize, the challenging vessel at least being a new one, the Galatea, though whether or no Puritan will be selected to meet her remains to be seen. As the matter now stands, Mr. Webb, in a letter to the New York Y. C. previous to his starting for England, requested that the challenge of Galatea, accepted this season, be permitted to stand over until next year. The club in reply have notified him that they will consider any challenge received from a recognized yacht club, which puts the matter back where it originally was, and leaves it to Mr. Webb and Lieut. Henn to renew the first challenge.

The performance of the yacht this season has been most disappointing, and certainly not such as to justify her selection to try again for the Cup, but if any one should know her well it is her designer, in whose hands the matter of challenging was left, and he evidently has full confidence in her ability under proper conditions. Since the days of her launch she has been unfortunate, sticking on the ways, aground on her first passage, doing well by streaks in the races, but failing to win prizes, her skipper, in spite of his old reputation, failing entirely, and finally the loss of her mast. Altogether the sum of her misfortunes is a large one, but taken one by one they argue little against the boat and by no means prove that with some minor alterations, a smaller rig than the first, and with a good man at the stick, she may not next year prove first-class. She has the advantage of an owner who is a most enthusiastic yachtsman, a practical sailor, and who for years commanded in person his own yacht the Gertrude, and next season she will have what she has missed this year, the thorough supervision and care of her designer. His duties with Genesta have for the time prevented Mr. Webb from sailing in Galatea or giving any serious attention to her defects and their remedies which he of all others should be most competent to deal with, but by next season she will doubtless be out in new shape under his direction and with a better show of success.

While a more extreme boat than Genesta, the difference is not radically great, and after the success of the latter and Tara it is not too much to expect that Galatea may prove to be a worthy member of the trio. The main point of difference is in the distribution of the ballast, which in Galatea is spread fore and aft to an unusual extent, being run into her keel, a semi-circular trough of steel. Unlike the other two, her plating is also of steel, but the speed of other steel yachts proves that this alone does not account for her poor performance, though it may have hindered her some last season in consequence of scaling. A late number of *Land and Water* sums up her season's record as follows:

"A very disappointing vessel hitherto is the Galatea; in fact, her career has been another instance of great expectations unfulfilled. It is no secret that her designer anticipated her to be a better vessel on every point of sailing than the Genesta, but she has not yet proved so, although it was thought, when they were put through the mill together on the Clyde, just before the Genesta left for America, that the new vessel would be the better as soon as everything had got settled into its place. The method adopted of putting in her ballast was, however, by no means a happy one, and in spite of what any of the painfully scientific gentlemen may say or theorize, it is wrong as can be to go right to the end with fixed dead weight. Galatea has a trough full, which, according to accounts, might have been got lower down than it is. There is some deterrent influence at work which pulls the vessel back; in fact, when being hard driven, she puts one in mind of the sailor's featherless poll parrot, who was always brandishing his naked wings and threatening to fly—in short, Galatea seems trying to get off, but cannot. She is a fine, bold looking cutter, and if good looks went for anything would sail fast, while it is not the want of her steel plating being fair that stops the vessel; in fact the work is equal to that of the Vandura and Wendur, which is, indeed, saying a great deal. The vessel was given a fair chance to win prizes, but made a sorry show; in fact the only occasions in fourteen races that a really meritorious display of speed can be pointed to were in the sweepstakes up the Swin, and on the first day of the Royal Clyde regatta. Her winning total amounted to an insignificant second prize of £20, gained in Belfast Lough, when Irex beat her upward of seven minutes. She sailed her maiden race in the match from Southend to Harwich, and led the fleet home, but did not save her time for a prize; and her other unsuccessful essays in the South were at Harwich regatta, the match up the Swin to Southend, the Royal Thames and New Thames matches, from the Lower Hope round the Mouse and back; the Nore to Dover race and one engagement to Dover. Galatea was docked while on the Thames and again on reaching the Clyde, and sailed but two matches in Scotch waters—those of the Royal Clyde Club. She backed out of the Ailsa Craig match on that blowy morning when Wendur and Marjorie went out through Fairlie Sound, but sailed round the Belfast Lough course in a smart breeze and got a second prize on the first day of the Royal Ulster regatta. The breeze proved too heavy for her to carry her swaggering spars on the next day, as she got dismasted, and afterward, at Greenock, had a new stick of 3ft. less altitude stepped. She resumed racing inside the Wight in the Royal London match, and, in fair sailing weather, was beaten twenty-two minutes by Irex and about one and a half minutes by Lorna. In a subsequent trial at Southampton and in two at the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta she was simply nowhere at the end of either day, and her racing career came to a remarkably summary close. Galatea afterward put the long boom ashore and went about under a trysail, looking in that guise highly suggestive of a sparrow bereft of its tail. She is a vessel of very large displacement—perhaps beyond the bounds of expedience—and, according to *Lloyd's Yacht Register*, her depth is 13.33 feet, against 11.75 of Genesta, while Galatea has a fraction the lesser beam. Her principal dimensions are: Length on load water line, 86.72ft.; breadth, extreme, 14.99ft.; tonnage, Y. R. A. measurement, 89.65 tons. She is steel through and through, and was built by John Reid & Co., of Port Glasgow, from a design by Mr. J. B. Webb, for Lieut. Henn, Royal Navy."

This record does not promise much for a yacht that is to take part in a great race, but there are still many points that may be remedied between now and next season, a new sail plan, perhaps a change in the ballast, a good skipper, and such other changes as her work this year have suggested, may show Galatea to be equal to her fellows in the early races of the year. If she is not as good as the best, and a little better, there is no chance for her doing what Genesta has not done.

WHAT NEXT?

From the time when some wicked cutter men, probably bribed by British gold, first introduced that evil institution, the lead mine with double-head rig, to the waters of Staten Island, although the pernicious principles that they advocated have been widely spread; there has been one spot where the sloop man was safe from any encroaching improvement, where the American eagle could flap his wings over a fleet of centerboard boats, stubby of tail and shoal of draft, and boasting but one jib. Other places might admit cutters, might try lead keels or add a staysail, but Bay Ridge was still true to its ancient principles, born of the neighboring flats of Gowanus. No lead keels were wanted there, in fact the attempt to use one, and its failure through bad engineering, served for some time as a most effective argument against them, the dropping of a shoe of a few hundred pounds because of the use of iron bolts, being magnified into the loss of a heavy lead keel because such things could not be properly secured.

Into this last refuge of the faithful, various foreign innovations have at times insinuated themselves. Yachts have changed their rigs until even a double jib is no longer specially noticeable, and even a real cutter last year was enrolled in the club. This season the fell work has still gone on from bad to worse, one or two old boats ventured to try outside ballast, a new yacht, the Daphne, was built with a lead keel and, sad to say, has turned out very fast; but the last cruel blow has lately fallen when the Crocodile, the best of a type that was considered perfect, a boat that was fast in her class and all that a boat should be, was hauled up to have two tons of her inside ballast transferred to her keel.

If this is so what may we expect next? Now that lead keels have been fairly adopted we may look for no less radical a change than the enactment of fair and enlightened rules of measurement, under which the boats of other clubs can enter. "'Tis the first step that costs," and that step has now been taken. Lead keels and staysails are at last recognized. A new rule of measurement must in time follow, and then farewell to the last of the "protection" which has kept alive for so long the orthodox American sloop. Have conservative owners of antediluvian tendencies no rights which others must be compelled to respect? Is there no club left where they may find defense from the unwished for improvements of foreign designers? Must they wake up, put on lead keels and sailor rigs and yacht in real earnest, or fall out of the race? Until lately they have had one haven of safety where the hated cutter could only enter by sawing off her stern and stowing her keel inside; and now this last refuge is thrown open to the enemy. Where will they go next?

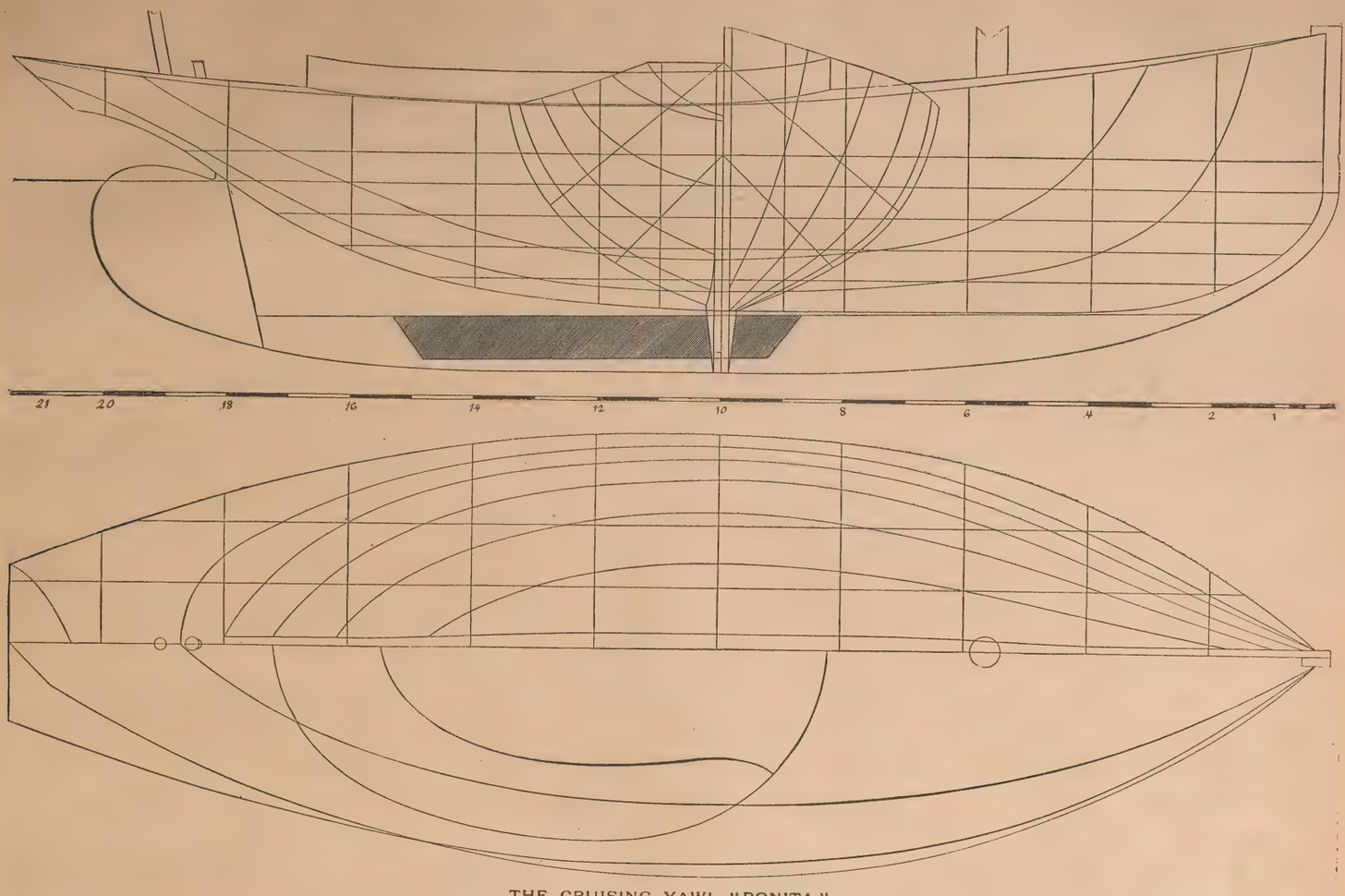
THE COST OF MODERN YACHTS.

The question of the relative excellence and cost of the various methods of building is one that directly concerns all yachtsmen, and it is of special interest here, as the present tendency is toward English practice, which differs in a marked degree from our own. Anything worse than the method of building once too common here, and even now often met with, it is hard to conceive of. Heavy and bulky material, a lack of all proportion, and the absence of proper fastening were the main characteristics of this style, which is gradually giving place to something better. Yacht building in England, on the contrary, had gone through a process of evolution similar to that which many trades, notably engine and carriage building, have experienced here, methods of construction and materials at hand were carefully studied, every part was reduced to the least consistent with ample strength, and all superfluous weight was eliminated, and special attention was paid to the proper joining of all parts. This system, thoroughly carried out, has made the English racing yacht as strong and light as an American carriage is noted for being, but the objection has been made that the cost of such work is too great. Skill, both in design and in handiwork, has been substituted for rougher labor and haphazard construction, and of course skilled labor is more expensive to a certain degree. The amount of material used is less, if anything, but it is of a more expensive class and better quality, mahogany instead of yellow pine, copper in place of iron.

The question to be determined is whether the increased cost of English yachts is due merely to the employment of a truly proper grade of material and workmanship, such as is essential in a well constructed yacht, or whether it is due to a super-refinement of construction that can be dispensed with; whether, in fact, the undoubted advantages of the system cannot be obtained without too great an expense. In America for instance, the cost of yachts built as in England, with double skin, teak and copper, has been so great as to limit them to a few, but there is no doubt but that a thorough study of English methods with our native woods, would give a far lighter and stronger boat than the usual style of shipbuilding in miniature.

The question of cost has lately been discussed in the London *Field*, a correspondent asserting that a modern 5-tonner, say 33ft. 6in. on water line, would cost considerably over £500 or $2,500. This assertion has brought out the interesting letter given below, in which are all the details of cost. For $2 000, the sum mentioned, a centerboard sloop of about 28ft. waterline and 12ft. beam, with a cabin house, giving more room in one way than the 5-tonner, would be turned out here in the ordinary style, but it would mean plank keel, cedar or yellow pine planking fastened with galvanized nails, oak sawed timbers, light sails and gear, and iron ballast of pigs, or a part cast to fit; and any comparison of size and cost with the following example, must take these items into consideration.

SIR—On reading Mr. S. Kelly's letter on the cost of 5-tonners, I cannot resist giving my actual experience of hard facts on the subject, because I should be sorry to let such an impression as he strives to put forth go on a circular tour, such as it will in the columns of the *Field*, without giving it a flat contradiction. I happen to have seen the Freda, 5 tons, and remember she is planked with mahogany; also sheathed inside over timbers with same, and was coppered and very elaborately fitted up inside, all of which is quite unnecessary and absolutely obstructive to speed, besides costing a lot of money. My 5 Circe was built in winter of '80-1. Her principal dimensions are: W. L., 30ft. 9in.; beam, 6ft. 1¼in.; draft, 5ft. 9in.; freeboard, 2ft.; over all, 37ft. 6in. Material: English elm keel, 5ft. wide, 6in. thick; timbers, oak and alternate American elm steamed; keelson, greenheart, 5ft. by 4in.; galvanized angle-iron floors; stem and stern-post and deadwoods all of oak; beams larch, stronger than pitchpine; knees, galvanized iron; American elm planking; pine topsides; sheerstrake, bulwark and coveriug board, and all fittings, mahogany; rail, American elm; mast, Oregon pine; spars, white pine; wire rigging, Newall's imperial steel; blocks, galvanized iron strops; Ratsey's sails. She had mahogany fittings, pantry, seats, etc., in cabin. The actual cost was: Builder, for hull, spars, ironwork and fitting lead keel, including cabin fittings, £180; lead, £80; sails, £70; blocks, £11 12s.; wire rigging and rope, £10; rigger, £5; anchor and chain, tested, £3 12s. 6d.; paint, £8; upholstery, £7 10s.; general outfit, £10; painting, £15; total, £400 14s. 6d. With the exception of the wire rigging and rope, and the painting and general outfit items, I have taken the above from the actual bills in my possession. Lead now is only £10 a ton; this reduces that item £20. I myself got all these contracted for by tradesmen in the port of Barrow, except the sails. The boat is well built; in fact, all the main timbers are fitted like cabinet work, and she can be classed at Lloyd's. The blocks are as good as can be turned out anywhere. She is perfectly tight, and does not work in the least when hard pressed. She is in appearance, either in or out of the water, one of the prettiest vessels anywhere, and as fast and fine a sea-boat as anything of her length afloat. I consider a racing boat will cost less than a cruising one: for the former, in the small classes, should have no cabin fittings whatever beyond a port and starboard plank to sit on, open rail for sails, and movable box that will go out through the skylight when racing, to hold compass, lamps, candlesticks, crockery, etc. As the cost of these small boats is an important matter to junior yachtsmen, the matter is interesting, and it would be more so if Mr. Kelly will give particulars as to the cost of the 5-tonner, which was many hundreds over £500. One paid hand is not sufficient between ports unless there are some good amateurs on board as well. Two professionals are little enough crew between ports by themselves; but a boy will do for second hand in a cruiser.



THE CRUISING YAWL "BONITA."

THE CRUISING YAWL BONITA.

THE little yacht whose lines and sail plan we publish this week will be familiar to many yachtsman, as she hails from New London and has been frequently seen there during the past summer. She was designed by her owner, Lieut. C. D. Parkhurst, U. S. A., who has used her steadily for cruising and harbor sailing about New London and the Sound. She is a veritable single-hander, as her owner uses her alone in all weather, the division of sail making the labor light. While the design shows many points capable of improvement, it has the essential features of a good cruising craft, safety and accommodation, the arrangement described below making the boat a refuge in bad weather and at night, while she has the large cockpit needed for sailing parties.

The Bonita is a keel boat, 21ft. 6in. in length over all, 18ft. waterline and 7ft. beam, with 3ft. draft of water; carvel built, of cedar with oak timbers and heavy oak keel and keelson. Her outside keel is 11in. deep, and has 560 pounds of lead cast therein.

She is fitted with open cockpit 9ft. long and 5ft. wide at the widest part, with seats and room enough for a party of six or eight for a day's sail. There is a storm cloth provided for closing up all the front part of cockpit—leaving simply standing room for her helmsman—in case of heavy or rainy weather, or for use when cruising for sleeping purposes. She has also an awning 12ft.x7ft. for use when lying at anchor in harbor, when fishing, etc., or for use at night to sleep under. She also has a deck tent that rises 4½ft. above her deck, giving 7ft. standing room from floor of cockpit for use in cruising for turning her cockpit into a good roomy cabin. This tent is made to pitch over a jointed frame for each end, with ridge and eave rods, and is very rigid and steady even in the hardest winds. The roof being a hip roof gives standing room at the eaves as well as the center.

To pitch the tent the main boom is unshackled from its goose neck after furling the sail, and the whole affair is thus swung up out of the way by the halliards. The frames then are set up, the foot of each frame fastening to small brass screw-eyes in the deck. The tent being stretched over, guys are taken to the main and mizzen masts, holding all firm and solid. The doors are on the side, opposite to each other, and can be rolled up and fastened, giving plenty of ventilation when needed. The walls can also be rolled up and fastened, leaving the top for a canopy during the day.

The floor of the cockpit is fitted with a grating and this latter can be raised and laid upon movable rods fitting with sockets under the edges of the seats so as to make a platform level with the seats and the whole width of the cockpit. Here a long wide bed can be made, and from one to three can sleep as comfortably as at home or in camp on land, though rather close stowing for three. Under the deck two can also sleep on a pinch, and one has done so frequently. From floor to deck is nearly high enough for one to sit upright, and there is plenty of room for either sleeping or stowing duffle. Up in the peak is a locker for spars, sails, etc., and under this is a large air tank. The whole of her overhang is filled with an air tank made to fit, and behind her staving she is filled with air tanks also, and every other space otherwise not used is fitted with the same.

Her ballast is lead, weighing exactly 2,045 pounds, cast part in the keel, and part in blocks to fit under her floor and close to her skin, so as to place the weight as low down as possible. With this ballast it is hard work to get her rail awash, and every inch she goes down under press of her sail makes it so much the harder to get her down the next inch. She has never taken in water over her lee washboard, and very seldom has had her rail awash for any length of time, even though she has been out in heavy winds and seas. Her deck is as dry as a bone also; she, in fact, hardly keeps her deck tight from any wetting she gives it by shipping water.

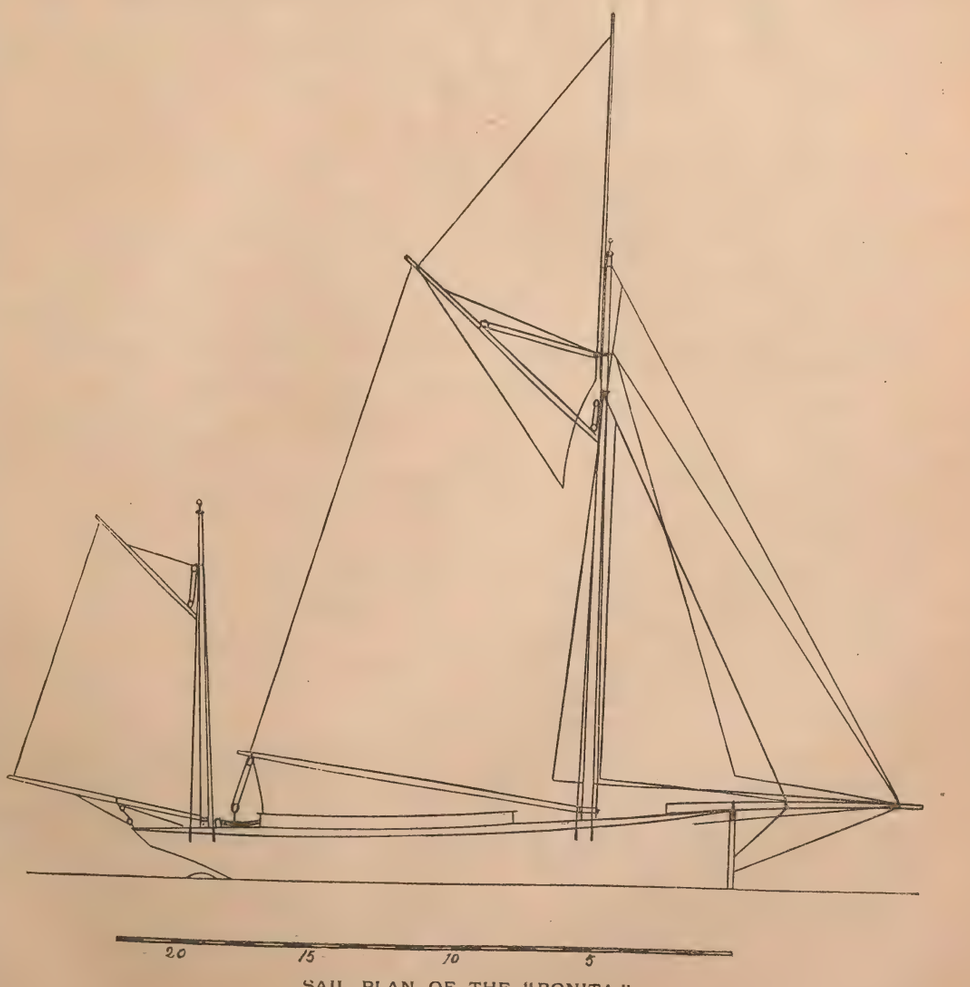
The lead in her keel is securely fastened by Muntz metal bolts, coming up through heavy oak keelson with nuts run down close. She has extra floors of heavy natural grown oak to support her keel, so that she can carry much more ballast outside—or inside for that matter—without straining or starting her gunboard streaks.

Her bowsprit, masts and spars are all of spruce. The bowsprit is shipped over the stem and does not reef. It has heavy bobstay and shrouds of galvanized iron wire rope, setting up with turnbuckle for bobstay and lanyards for shrouds.

Her forestay comes down to clamp out on her bowsprit 2ft. from her stem to give larger foresail than stay coming to stem would give, and her outer stays come to iron band near bowsprit end, all being of galvanized iron wire rope, as are also the shrouds to main and mizzen mast. Forestay sets up with lanyard, outer stay with turnbuckle. The sail plan shows the exact sizes of the sails, including balloon jib, which sets with snap hooks on outer stay and fills up all space forward. It can also be used as a spinnaker, the same halliards being used to hoist it and a boom, not shown, used to boom it out.

The topsail is set on a club that hoists from deck with double halliards. When not in use it stows alongside the main shrouds by lashing thereto, being too long to lash to main boom or stow on deck.

The mainsail is fitted with double reef points, the mizzen and



SAIL PLAN OF THE "BONITA."

forestaysail with single, but ordinarily the forestaysail is not reefed; it is lowered instead, and the jib used alone for head sail. The fore staysail is fitted to boom and works itself, so that in sailing by the wind the jib sheet is the only rope that has to be tended.

All sheets lead aft and belay close to the hand of the helmsman, and one man can handle her all alone with justice to both himself and the boat, even in heavy weather. She will steer herself and allow the crew to go forward and set topsail in light winds. As the topsail clews up it can be taken in by clewing when one is alone, should it come on to blow too heavy to carry it.

As with all yawls, sail can be reduced in a hurry. She has been tried under all combination of her sails and she trims and works well under all, and is by no means slow either under headsails and mizzen.

The woodwork on the Bonita was executed by Messrs. Rogers & Comstock, the well known boat builders of New London, Conn., and the iron work by Mr. Higgins, and is a first-class job. Her rigging was fitted by Capt. Burdick, of the yacht Surprise, and her sails made by sailmaker Storry, whose work is to be seen on many New York yachts. She is fitted with two anchors and a folding kedge, and has all the outfit necessary for cruising by day or night. She also carries a light canvas canoe as a quarter boat without any trouble.

THE RIG OF SMALL CRUISERS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Quincy, Ill., who contemplates a cruise to Florida in a yacht 25ft. over all, and 7ft. 4in. beam, drawing about 3ft., with an iron centerboard, asks some questions as to the best rig. If, as we suppose, he is going alone, or must be able at times to work the boat himself, the yawl rig will be the easiest and best. We give an example of a similar boat this week, but would advise a single jib, as better in this case than double head rig, as in the yawl the jib will be the small. The question was well summed up in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 1. The general proportions of the rig of the Bonita will suit our correspondent's boat, but we cannot give full dimensions without more details. He also asks as to iron fastenings for salt water, as copper is difficult to obtain. The latter would be much preferable and may be had in New York of any size, but iron, if galvanized and properly puttied over, will last for an indefinite time. The difference in first cost is not worth considering if the boat is really a good one and copper can be obtained as cheaply as in the larger cities. We clip from the *Field* the following suggestions on singlehanded sailing which will be of value to our correspondent and to others of our readers:

Whether an 8 tonner can be sailed by the owner and one man without too hard work depends, of course, mainly upon the boat, the owner and the man. The boat must be handy, steer easily, carry a steady weather helm, not break off in the hardest puffs, come about easily under head sails only, also under head sails and a half-set mainsail or storm trysail, be seaworthy, well found, and with halliards, sheets, and all leads running fair and clear, and conveniently rove; and she should also turn to windward under foresail and mainsail, and lie to with safety in any weather. The owner must of course be perfectly at home at the helm, and be able to handle both head sheets without assistance in going about. But I think that is not all. In fairness to the man he ought to be able not only to shift a small jib or topsail for a larger (which is easy enough), but to strike a big topsail (mine had an 18ft. yard), or shift the largest jib for a smaller in a good stiff breeze while turning to windward, and with no assistance, except "a hand to the sheet," which the helmsman can lend, while halliard and tack are being got up and down. He should also be exceptionally expert in heaving the lead. Of course the man ought to be everything that is admirable; but the qualities I value most highly are cheerfulness and willingness. I have had many a pleasant cruise with a lad, whose want of ability as a yachtsman was more than compensated for by his cheerfulness, that "instinct" common to youths brought up at sea (at least on board fore-and-afters), and his other good qualities. Last but not least, owner and man should each be able to round the vessel to and pick the other up without a shadow of a chance of missing the mark at the first offer.—HANDY BILLY.

A TEST FOR ROPE.—the following test for manilla rope is given in the *Field*, and we reproduce it, as it may be of sufficient interest to our yachtsmen to induce some of them to try it. Good cordage is about as important as any part of a yacht's equipment, and it is economy in all cases to use only the best, and the following test may be of use in determining the material: "Some four or five years since," the *Times* says, "a new fibre known as sisal hemp was introduced into the market, being so named from the place where it is produced, which is Sisal, Yucatan, in the Gulf of Mexico. This fibre has an excellent appearance, closely resembling that of Manilla hemp, but it possesses only half the strength and one-third the durability of the latter. Hence it is unsuited for the manufacture of rope for shipping, or, in fact, for any purpose where a sound and reliable rope is required, especially where sudden and excessive strains have to be met. The price of Sisal hemp, moreover, is only about half that of Manilla, and hence an inducement is offered to unprincipled rope manufacturers to mix the two kinds of fibre and supply it as a pure Manilla hemp rope. It is well known that advantage is but too frequently taken of this inducement, the manufacturer well knowing that there is little or no chance of the purchaser ever detecting the fraud." We do not think this "fraud" is much practiced by rope makers, and a statement that hawsers are not tested for the Admiralty is not correct. The test for pure Manilla or Sisal is said to be as follows: "Three pieces of 3in. rope were procured, one made from pure Manilla hemp, one from pure Sisal and one from an equal mixture of Manilla and Sisal, the fibres having been carefully intermixed before the yarns were spun. Each of the ropes was untwisted and from a strand of each was taken a piece of the yarn about 6in. in length. Each piece of yarn was untwisted and separated into loose fibres, which were separately rolled between the palms of the hands, producing three balls of fibre, each about the size of a large walnut. These balls were then placed on an iron fire shovel and each lighted and thoroughly burned out. There were then three piles of ashes of perfectly dissimilar appearance. The Manilla hemp produced an ash having a dull grayish-black appearance; the Sisal hemp left an ash of a whitish gray color, while the combined Manilla and Sisal fibre gave a grizzly white and black ash, reminding one of nothing so much as a man's beard when turning from black to gray. The presence of the two fibres was distinctly apparent by the different colors of the ashes."

A REPLY TO "H. B.'S" LETTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I read a communication from one who signs himself "H. B.," in which he informs us that the Puritan is like nothing under the earth, on the earth, in the water or on the water. Then verily she must be or the air, and what name shall we give this conglomeration? Webster is not equal to the emergency. "H. B." tells us in one breath that the Puritan resembles nothing; in the next breath that she resembles the Shadow. Any one who has seen the two yachts' models knows the error of this statement. "H. B." asks for a clear, concise definition of sloop and cutter. The same definition that held good on the advent of the Saxon (or Kitten) in Eastern waters does not answer at this writing, according to his opinion. There was no difficulty then in drawing the line between cutter and sloop. He knows how the Saxon was hooted at whenever she entered in a regatta. Not he or any other sloop advocate dreamed that the rig of the Saxon would ever be used to keep the Cup in this country, and if any one had told them so he would have been annihilated. All this controversy seems to have been brought about in order to let the Puritan advocates down easy. As to whether the races were for the Cup or to determine the difference between cutter and sloop, I say that they were for the Cup, and that at all hazards, as shown in the races. Perhaps it would have been as satisfactory to "H. B." if he had confined himself to the class of yachts I admire so much instead of a compromise. There is a difference between an American original and an American copy. In regard to the skimming dishes that have been and now are this side of Cape Cod, he evidently has forgotten the Comino, Wayward, Undine, Madcap, Siren, Whitecap, Lillie, Magic, the last if I am correctly informed, a veritable skimming dish and one that has made it about as warm for the Shadow as any other boat ever did.—LOYALTY.

A SHOAL DRAFT STEAM YACHT.—Cruising about Florida is every year becoming more popular and to it we owe in a great measure the development of the shoal draft type at this time when the tendency is toward deeper boats. To this is in a great measure due to development of the sharpie and also such yachts as the new schooner Wihn. A new steam yacht of the same class is now building at Greenpoint, by Mr. S. H. Pine, for Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who will use her in the South. She will be 110ft. long, 20ft. beam, and 4ft. 6in. draft. Her engine and boiler will be as light as possible and she will have two screws, each 3 bladed and 4ft. diameter. The hull will be of wood, oak keels, hackmatack frame and yellow pine planking, all fastened with yellow metal, copper and locust treenails. She will be rigged as a schooner with pole masts.

A DINNER TO CAPTAIN ELLSWORTH.—The fellow townsmen of Captain Joe Ellsworth have rejoiced much of late over his successful work on the Puritan, and on Wednesday of last week nearly two hundred of them met at Schuyler Hall, in Bergen Point, to do him honor. A number of New York yachtsmen were present, as well as many yachtsmen from Bayonne and Bergen Point. Mr. Meigs, of Bayonne, presided and introduced Captain Ellsworth. Mr. Hardenburgh presented a handsomely engrossed and framed series of resolutions, passed by the citizens of Bayonne, and also a diamond stud. A dinner was then served, after which speeches were made by many of the yachtsmen present.

THAT FINAL RACE AGAIN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading carefully Mr. Kunhardt's account of how a "fluke" won the second Cup race for the Puritan, I am still unable to see it, and write for further information if you are not weary of the subject, as I believe your readers are not. Many like myself, while in no sense yachtsmen, still have sailed catboats and small sloops sufficiently to take a great interest in all that relates to these races, and though they are ready to be convinced that the so-called skimming dish is by no means an ideal boat, nevertheless believe the race should be decided strictly on its merits as actually sailed. Now, it seems to me the situation on the beat home was this: The Genesta on the short starboard tack to the southwest, started with a lead of two minutes down the course before the Puritan turned the mark—say a quarter to a third of a mile. According to Genesta advocates, on this tack she not only held all she had, but increased her lead, and at the same time went to windward of the Puritan, so that when both boats came about almost simultaneously at 1:22, Genesta was half a mile to windward, and led on the course N. N. W. by a quarter of a mile. Very soon after this occurred the squall, wind rising from twenty to thirty-five miles an hour, accompanied with a shift of three or four points to the north, now blowing almost into the eyes of the yachts, which accordingly fell off to about north by east, and ran this course until 2:16 P. M., when it was discovered that the Puritan, from being a quarter of a mile astern at 1:22, had drawn ahead all the way from a half mile to a mile, and thereafter, when again on the starboard tack, was able to come down on the Genesta with a free sheet and so win the race. I cannot see how all this bears out the assertion that the Puritan won by a fluke. The first surprising thing is that the Puritan beats back in three minutes thirty seconds less time than the Genesta is able to, and yet the Puritan sails in distance one mile and a half further; or in other words, the Genesta, to have sailed the same distance as the Puritan, would have required, at the speed of both boats, at least twelve minutes more than the Puritan actually did it in, and that, too, allowing the very high speed of a mile in six minutes, unquestionably too high a speed for their windward work. Now, I cannot see how this result in figures can be gainsaid; and if it cannot be, then is it not preposterous to say that the Puritan won by a fluke? To me the fluke appears to be based on a confusion of the position of the yachts at 2:16, when the Genesta came about for home, with that which they occupied the better part of an hour previous, when the squall and shift of wind occurred. It is said that at 2:16 the Puritan was about a mile ahead on the port tack. When the yachts came about for home, by the shift of wind occurring some forty minutes previous this mile was converted into windward advantage, Puritan came along with a full on, pinched Genesta, and won—a palpable fluke! But the question is not answered. How came the Puritan to be that mile ahead? And this is the critical question, is it not, on which the whole race depends? If that mile, or a considerable part of it, was due to honest sailing, then all the Puritan gained after it was won not by fluke, but by the speed which had gained for her the advantage which she afterward used. How was it? Thus: In one hour and ten minutes the Puritan had wiped out the quarter mile lead of the Genesta, gone about a mile to the fore during the heaviest weather of the day and during the stiffest windward sailing. Was this remarkable performance due to a shift of the wind of three or four points? How did the Puritan perform? I quote the *World*, including the remark to Puritan's disadvantage already quoted by Mr. Kunhardt, with the immediately following lines omitted by him: "The white sloop, however, constantly outreached her and drew ahead, her lee bow being at 1:45 full a quarter of a mile away. The cutter evidently was holding to windward better. At 1:50 they got a pretty sharp squall from the north northwest, but the British boat carried her topsail in grand style. It did her more harm than good, however, as it kept shaking, and the Yankee sloop, with topmast snugly housed, made much better weather of it, and drew more and more ahead. The squall passed, but left behind it a strong breeze and fine weather. The sun soon got up, the water flying clear over the top of the Luckenbach's pilot house, and this was cutter weather and no mistake. It did not seem to trouble the sloop, however, and the more the sea got up the more she beat the cutter. She not only outreached her, but she held a better wind, and was gradually eating up into the British boat's course." Thus the *World*, one of the journals which inclines to the opinion that the Puritan won by a fluke. What was the situation when the wind shifted? If the view of the race taken by Genesta's friends is correct the cutter then had the sloop down to leeward about half a mile (for be it remembered that all the distance on the southwest tack, due to the two minutes lead round the stake, and all her gain on the tack, became wind and advantage as soon as the yachts stood on the port tack, and cutter men are sure Puritan had not decreased the lead), and a quarter of a mile astern, unless Puritan reached on the Genesta, which cutter men say she could not. Now then, Puritan down to leeward and astern, wind hauls up sharp on port bow, practically into the very eyes of the yachts. Boats shift their course to about north by east, and Puritan is still down on Genesta's lee. Unfortunately, also, if the changed angle of the course has helped Puritan any, it is away from the finish, and she has got to make it all up again when she comes about. Does not this correctly describe the situation as it then was, from the cutter point of view? And are there in the elements of a fluke big enough to give Puritan her lead at the end of this tack, all the way from half a mile to a mile; enable her to beat the twenty miles back in three and a half minutes less than Genesta, covering in so doing a distance which Genesta would take nine to twelve minutes more than herself to do? It is the discussion of these questions on which this much disputed race depends.—READER. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Kunhardt was more than half right after all in his ultraisms, and in his repeated warnings that we did not possess a ship able to hold the Cup. It was perhaps due to his badgering and seemingly unpatriotic sentiments, that the Puritan was built and that the Cup remains. What constitutes a cutter or sloop is now of little moment, since the happy medium has been reached in this new type. That the better parts of the extreme wide and narrow boat could be embodied with success in a half-breed was a pet theory of mine now made manifest in the Puritan. The performance of the compromise under the circumstances is almost miraculous. The short time allowed for her construction, the little opportunities afforded for practical tests, where the slightest mistake might cause defeat, makes her to-day the boat of all boats. That she could beat the Genesta just as she pleased was manifest from first to last. The Galatea's challenge is an earnest that we must look sharp if we hope to retain the Cup. Would it not be well to build another Puritan more powerful. One not only able to defend the Cup, but go over to England and bring back what the Genesta has taken away.—R. G. WILKINS (Camden, N. J.).

AMERICAN Y. C. RACES.—A race was sailed on Oct. 10 on the Merrimac River, off Newburyport, by the boats of this club. Banneret won the first prize, making a record for her of 10 firsts and 2 seconds for 12 starts, including the championship of the Hull Y. C. in the second class keels. Course for first and second classes, 10 miles; third and fourth, 8 miles. The summary of the race is as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Torment, G. W. McKay	2 16 14	1 51 14
Vici, Perkins & Bowen	2 21 42	1 53 52
Gracie G	2 25 18	2 01 28
Naiad	Withdrew	

SECOND CLASS.

Banneret, J. F. Brown	2 19 41	1 51 24
J. S. Poyen, Jr., D. B. Pierce	2 21 21	1 55 01
Ione, J. S. Poyen	Withdrew	

THIRD CLASS.

White Cloud, N. Rodigrass	1 56 56	1 25 36
Jumbo, Charles Cobb	2 02 49	1 28 25
Maud	2 25 31	1 53 39
Puritan	Withdrew	

FOURTH CLASS.

Pert, J. Goodwin	2 03 03	1 28 15
Ivory Soap, S. Goodwin	2 04 25	1 29 37
Amelia	2 08 05	1 33 09
Dot	2 11 20	1 36 16
Lillian	2 16 35	1 41 55
Mascot	2 39 37	1 59 05
Yankee Maid	Withdrew	

THE SPEED OF SMALL YACHTS.—The 10-tonner Manola, 38ft. 4in. waterline, lately made a good run from Cherbourg to Kingstown. Over 223 knots of the distance the average speed was 7¼ knots, a maximum of 8⅝ knots being maintained at times. The sea and weather were bad during most of the run, part of it being made under trysail. Only three persons, two of them amateurs, were on board. The Satellite, an old-time yawl of 70 tons, also reports an average of 8.4 and 9 knots, on two runs of 22 and 17 hours each.

A DINNER TO PURITAN'S OWNERS.—On Oct. 28 a dinner was given at the Parker House, Boston, in honor of Mr. Edward Burgess and the owners of the Puritan, Mr. John J. Jeffries presiding. At the head of the table were the Gordet Cups, won by Fortuna and Puritan, and on the wall was Mr. Halsall's picture of Puritan. A number of informal speeches were made and the occasion was a very pleasant one.

ANOTHER BUBBLE BURST.—The steam catamaran Henry W. Longfellow, built by Commodore Voorhis, of Nyack, and that was expected to revolutionize river navigation, has gone the way of many similar craft and is now offered for sale. The Nereid, a similar venture in the sailing line, now ornaments the old basin at Staten Island, an utter wreck.

YACHTING NOTES.—Little is doing now at Piepgrass's yard. Side by side are the cutters Mona and Muriel, and directly astern of them are Maggie and Madge. All are secured, moved up on land and in shape for the winter. Two steam launches, Parol and Trifle, are also laid up near them. The steam yacht Tillie is laid up in the basin and next to her is the Orienta. The latter is having a general overhauling, new spars, topsides caulked and painted, and repairs to engines. Her two Herreshoff boilers will be removed, and a new one of the same make substituted.... At Driscoll's yard a new centerboard sloop is now in frame, building on speculation. She is about 50ft. over all, with moderate beam, a good overhang, and considerable depth and rise of floor. The frame is of oak, the keel being a substantial piece 13in. deep, with heels of frames well boxed in, while 6in. of it is outside. The frame is of sawn hackmatack. The boat promises to make a roomy and able cruiser.... Elsena, steam yacht, is laid up at Twenty-third street, Brooklyn.... A painting of the yacht was lately presented to the New York Y. C. Radha, steam yacht, lies at the foot of Gouverneur street, E. R., overhauling for a southern cruise. Polynia, steam yacht, will be tried by her new owner, Mr. W. H. Starbuck, and afterward will go to Philadelphia for repairs and alterations. Vedette, steam yacht, is in Munim's basin, Utowana is at Edgartown, Nooya is at Twenty-fourth street, E. R. She will have a larger boiler and wheel this winter.

THE CHALLENGE TO THE ATALANTA.—The full text of the challenge sent by Mr. J. B. Herreshoff, in behalf of the Stiletto, to Mr. Jay Gould, is as follows. As it has been accepted by Mr. Gould it is probable that the race will take place next year: BRISTOL, R. I., Oct. 28, 1885. *Jay Gould, Esq.*—Dear Sir: I hereby confirm my verbal challenge of last evening, to race your 85ft. yacht Atalanta with the Stiletto, for a $500 champion cup, under the same conditions named in my former challenge. The course to be from Fort Adams wharf, at Newport, leaving Fisher's Island on starboard hand, to the buoy off Sand's Point, at the head of Long Island Sound, distance being about 150 miles. The race to take place early next season. I think this will give you as clear a course as you desire, it being on the ocean and Sound. I will hold this challenge open for thirty days. Respectfully, JOHN B. HERRESHOFF.

TYPE AND SPEED.—The views expressed in Mr. Kunhardt's letter concerning the equal possibilities for speed in all types, seems to be gaining ground in the yachting world. We find in *Le Yacht* of Oct. 10 the following among its correspondence: "Florinda against Julanar, Arrow against Formosa, Puritan against Genesta, constitute proof that the question of speed can be solved in a variety of forms, when we find the Bentalls, Cossops, Webbs and Burgesses succeeding in solving the problem by different methods; they have recently shown that in vessels constructed upon the principles of naval architecture one can in some way or other invert the influence of chief factors, replacing beam with depth and arriving at like results. . . Well applied mechanical laws permit the production of boats of various forms, but of like power and also like speed."

THE DRAWBACK ON IMPORTED COAL.—A section of the Custom Laws of the United States reads as follows: "A drawback of 75 cents per ton shall be allowed on all bituminous coal imported into the United States, which is afterward used for fuel on board of vessels propelled by steam engaged in the coasting trade of the United States or in the trade with foreign countries." A late decision of the Treasury Department is to the effect that the above clause does not apply to steam pleasure craft, as they are not engaged in domestic or foreign trade.

YACHTS PHOTOS.—We have lately received a number of handsome photographs of yachts taken by Mr. N. L. Stebbins, of Boston, the views being selected from a large number taken at all the leading races of the season in New York and Eastern waters, including the Cup races, which Mr. Stebbins followed in his own tug. Within the past year he has taken some 600 pictures of large and small yachts and of other vessels, a full list of which is now ready.

BUFFALO Y. C. RACES.—The Buffalo Y. C. sailed a race on Oct 10 in a fresh S. W. wind and a heavy sea, four boats starting, the schooners Alarm and Edgar B. Jewett, and the sloops Ripple and Turk. Three prizes were offered, a barometer, yacht ensign, and foghorn. Alarm led at the start but finally the eyebolt of her foresail broke, losing topmast and bowsprit and springing both masts at the deck. Ripple won, with Edgar B. Jewett ten seconds later.

THE ARRIVAL OF GENESTA.—On Oct. 28, at 9 A. M., Genesta sailed into Portsmouth harbor, after a good passage, made in the excellent time of 19 days 19 hours. The news of her safe arrival will be welcome to many here who have watched the brave fight she made in our waters this season.

BRUNHILDE.—Mr. Phelps's schooner Brunhilde arrived at Malta on Oct. 20. She is bound for the Suez Canal.

Canoeing.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

NEXT Saturday the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association will be held at Oswego, the point determined on by Com. Rathbun. Besides the selection of a meeting place and other routine business of the Association there is little to be done his year, as the rules and laws previously enacted are working well and no change has been found necessary. There is one matter, however, or the greatest importance, that will come before the Committee—the extension of the Association in the West. This matter has engaged the attention of the leading men in the A. C. A. for some time, as the membership and active interest in Association matters has thus far been mainly in the East and Canada. Several schemes have been suggested for the organization of a Western branch of the A. C. A., and the time has now arrived for putting one of them into practice. The details of the plan have been well discussed and are now determined on, and all that is needed is the hearty coöperation of Western canoeists, without which the Association can do nothing. Circulars have been sent out to all whose addresses were known, and on the number of replies received will depend the success of the new measure. Next to this the most important change is the establishment of a senior class, on Mr. Gibson's plan, which will probably be carried out. We shall give a full report of the meeting next week.

RACING AND CRUISING CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am afraid that "Seneca" has put his foot in it, and that the thousand or so canoeists who, according to him, are not canoeists, will be buzzing about his ears for making fun of their pet hobby. Although I am one of the aforesaid "thousand or so," and have expended a vast amount of time and patience, to say nothing of the cuts, bruises and punctures I have inflicted on my suffering digits in monkeying and tinkering at my craft to bring it to that state of perfection which is the goal of every canoeist's ambition, I must say that I agree with "Seneca." The canoe has been overdone. Instead of the plain, serviceable craft in which McGregor, Bishop, Aldrich and the founders of the N. Y. C. C. were wont to take their cruises in, we have a craft, the principal component of which is varnish and nickel plate, held in position by a bewildering conglomeration of lines and battens and blocks and cleats, and good intentions to put on some more as soon as we can find room for them. I know how it is myself, because I have one of the things that "Seneca" says is not a canoe, and I am pretty well inclined to believe him.

A few years ago we were satisfied to sit in the bottom of our canoes and jog along comfortably with cute little sails, if the wind was fair, and we didn't care so much whether we went to leeward or not; if it was a head wind we paddled, and our boats being lighter than they are now, we didn't mind it. But now it is all changed. We have to sit up on a hurricane deck when we want to sail, and "hike over" to windward at every little puff; our boats are loaded down with metal rudders, tillers and centerboards till they are rendered heavy and useless for inland cruising in swift water; they are too long and heavy to be handled quickly with the paddle, and a rudder is useless in rapids; and what kind of fun is there in one man making carries with a canoe weighing one hundred pounds or over? for there are more Class B canoes that weigh over one hundred pounds than there are those that weigh less than ninety. For cruising on large rivers and canals they are all right; but where there are no carries why not have a larger and a more comfortable boat? The most delightful cruises are those made on small streams, where there are many riffles, and oftimes a carry around a mill dam, or other obstruction, and after lugging a big Class B over such places all day it is somewhat exasperating to have the handle of the centreboard kneading your backbone all night.

But the question is can this state of affairs be remedied? Can the A. C. A. so limit the spread of sail in the races as to abolish the deck seat and tiller and render reefing unnecessary? The size of canoe limited and the spread of sail also limited, canoeists will cease to evolute the canoe into a single-breasted biker, and pay more attention to long cruises, where the canoe is in its proper sphere. As it is, the majority of them spend the greater part of their time in trying to balance staggering loads of canvas, and in making things look pretty for the meet. With the abolition of large sail areas there are many that would attend the meet and enter the races that now stay away because they do not care to bring up the rear of the procession with such an enormous gap between it and the head; a set of racing sails

are useless for any other purpose, and those who love canoeing for its own sake, when they have a few minutes or hours to spare for a sail on lake or river, do not care to carry a great cloud of canvas for the sake of practicing in anticipation of entering the races at the meet, and it is only constant practice with such large areas that give the necessary confidence and skill to the present leaders of the fleet.

It requires as good seamanship to sail with a small area as with a large one, and if all boats are limited in sail area it will require the best qualities of boat and man to be brought out to win a race, just as much as at present. SPIKE.

ON A BARNEGAT CRUISER.

ON BOARD THE BARNEGAT CRUISER,
Cheesequake Creek, Oct. 31, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just dropped in here from Prince's Bay for a harbor to-night (Saturday). Had to pull the Barnegat cruiser up against the tide, almost missed the breakwater at the creek's mouth in the darkness, but managed by luck to get inside, and rowed up past the two bridges, past Charley Applegate's inn, and am anchored opposite the high bank a few rods above the latter. You have cruised around here yourself and know where I am. It's blowing cold outside; but I've got the tent up over the cockpit, the oil stove is booming inside, and while I'm waiting for my supper to get well settled I'll refer to the last FOREST AND STREAM, which I've brought along, and write you a few lines about canoes and Barnegat cruisers.

I know that, as "Surge" says, there are a great many canoeists whose only canoeing consists of "sailing or paddling about a harbor of an afternoon." My own business has been such that that sort of canoeing was the only kind available for me for months at a time; and it was during these periods that I used what he calls "the best racing canoe," and when I got a chance for a week's outing I cruised in them, too. I found the Pearl, Nautilus and Sunbeam hard to paddle, but they sailed very nicely indeed, provided I carried so small an area that it wasn't necessary for me to be constantly "trimming ship" in order to keep from capsizing. Of course I found them rather cramped for sleeping in and living aboard, but such disadvantages I could endure for an occasional short cruise. Another reason why I have used sailing canoes instead of a sneakbox when not cruising a great deal is because I admire the beauty of a well-finished canoe and have always had a weakness for the aesthetic in boats. But for practical cruising purposes only, beauty and all that aside, I cannot commend the sailing canoe. Then I fasten to the homely sneakbox for good and all.

"Surge" prefers a canoe because it can be housed and is therefore always dry. Well, my Barnegat cruiser has lain at her moorings for the past week in all the severe rain storms of that period, yet to-day when I took off her hatches for a three days' cruise, there were my blankets and grub and everything perfectly dry, not a drop of water, even in the little bilge well. I leave all my outfit locked in her through the whole cruising season, and am not bothered to pack and unpack her at every cruise.

I can get home as easily as "Surge" can in his canoe when becalmed. It is actually less exertion to row my cruiser than to paddle a loaded Sunbeam canoe. I am also as independent as "Surge" in his canoe. I never use any ballast in the cruiser except my outfit, and I can handle my boat under sail alone easier because I have so much more room.

For steady work I prefer rowing to paddling. I was even guilty of putting bow facing oars on a Nautilus canoe eight years ago. "Jersey Blue" misjudges my feelings toward the A. C. A. in his interesting letter. I do not believe all of those who attend meets are either racing sharps or "hotel cruisers," for I know many of those he mentions in his letter who are neither, but from what I have read of the meets I have been led to believe that the real cruising canoeists present were a minority. How many of those present at the last meet would anchor in old Cheesequake such a cold, windy night as this is, and enjoy it in complete solitude? "Jersey Blue" would, "Dot" would, "O. K. Chobee" would, and "Katrina," and Gibson and Oliver probably; but aren't there three who wouldn't for every one who would?

The "improvements" in canoes that "Jersey Blue" lays such stress upon are all improvements for racing purposes. The reason why McGregor, Bishop and "Nessmuk" have "left canoes as they found them," in their primitive construction, is because these men are cruisers and not racers; and they know that the more you "improve" a canoe in the way "Jersey Blue" mentions, the more you ruin the craft for cruising purposes. Simplicity is not a necessary factor of racing, perhaps, but it is the *sine qua non* of cruising. The canoe is too small a craft for complications of gear, and it is a great point in favor of the Barnegat cruiser that it admits of using abundant cleats, and tholepins, and tabernacles, and centerboards and tillers without detracting from its utility as a cruising craft. The reason is that it is so much more roomy than a canoe.

I have never attended an Association meet, and if I have said harsh things about it that it does not deserve, I am truly sorry. Very like we are on both sides writing mistaken ideas through inexperience. If I had attended meets instead of using up my vacations in cruising I might believe in racing, and if "Jersey Blue" and the rest of you had owned a Barnegat cruiser and lived aboard of her for a fortnight or so, you might perhaps find her better than a canoe for open water cruising.

Well, I am almost falling asleep over this letter, and will close. The wind is so high that I am afraid of dragging my anchor if I leave up the tent, so guess I will take it down, pull the hatches over the cockpit instead, and turn in. Good night. SENECA.

AN INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

A MEETING of the New York C. C. was held at the residence of the Commodore on Oct. 28, at which, after some general business was transacted, the proposal to offer an international challenge cup, to be competed for by members of foreign canoe clubs, was laid before the club by Com. Monroe. It was at once resolved to offer such a cup, and on motion Messrs. C. J. Stevens and Chesebrough were appointed a committee to act with the Commodore in selecting designs and raising funds for the purpose. An amount sufficient to cover the cost of the cup was at once subscribed by those present, and a draft of the proposed conditions of the races was presented for approval. The following letter has been sent to the secretary of the Royal C. C.:

To the Secretary of the Royal C. C., England:

SIR—The New York C. C., at a meeting held Oct. 28, voted to offer an international challenge cup to be sailed for by canoes, as it seems probable that some of the Royal C. C. members will visit America next year. The conditions under which the races will be sailed are appended, subject to modification if it seems desirable to members of the Royal C. C.

CONDITIONS.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules, which are identical with those of the A. C. A. and the R. C. C.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to any authorized representative of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors. Only two canoes to sail in any race—one from the challenging club and one from the club holding the cup.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, and therefore three races may be sailed—the same canoes competing in each.
5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.
6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on New York Bay under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.
7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours.
8. The races must be sailed during the fourth month after date of receiving a challenge.
9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races, these are practically identical with all canoeing and yachting rules.
10. The cup must in all cases be held by the club and not by its representative. Should the club holding the cup dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

C. BOWYER VAUX, Secretary N. Y. C. C.

THE NEW RACING CLASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mr. Vaux's inquiries relative to my suggestion of a senior class, I should like to say that I had not examined the records at all to see who would be included. Perhaps I ought to have done so, but have not had leisure. If, however, only two men would be affected by a four-race rule, by all means make it three races to promote, or even two. I supposed that some five or six men would be affected now, and two or three more next year; certainly taking fewer out will do little good.

I would not have the seniors take any prizes of the regular programme. The combined sailing-paddling is, I think, just the race we want the entries stimulated for. Let the seniors enter by all means, but for the pleasure only.

Still, the committee, if they consider the matter worth taking up, will give attention to these matters, and will weigh Mr. Vaux's good ideas as carefully as the original proposition. R. W. GIBSON.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The sixth race for the club sailing trophy was held on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 31, over the regular 3-mile course, viz., around a stakeboat off Fort Lee and return. Wind, strong and puffy from the north, ebb tide. The air and water were both too cold to offer much inducement to canoe racing and the Nettie, Edwin Fowler, and the Inertia, E. W. Brown, were the only starters. Nettie carried a reefed mainsail and small dandy, and Inertia had her 35ft. dandy forward and small dandy aft. The beat across the river was very close, Inertia forging ahead during the squalls, and Nettie pulling up between them. Inertia was first to jibe around the stake and catching a good breeze while Nettie was still under the lee of Fort Lee, obtained a lead of 100yds. which she easily maintained to the finish. The canoes each carried 50 pounds of ballast, and they behaved admirably in the rough water, the Sunbeam being considerably drier than the Shadow. The Coquago, Com. Greenleaf, and the Rahda, Mr. P. W. Foster, were on hand to render assistance in case of a capsize. Most of the K. C. C. canoes are still in active commission and a large fleet may be seen off the club house any pleasant Saturday afternoon.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. C. B.—The grounds are among the most famous in the country, but are now pretty well taken up by clubs. The most direct route is to Detroit.

J. S., Brooklyn.—Will you please answer the following question? Who handled Baronet in the Eastern Field Trials on Robins Island, 1881? Ans.—Baronet was handled by A. J. Titus, we believe.

L. S., West Rutland, Vt.—You may not hunt deer in Vermont. The few deer there are those which were imported, and their progeny. They are protected by law. For panthers try the mountains nearest Rutland.

G. A. M., Paterson.—What are the dimensions of a trout and bass reel plate (or cross bars) as adopted by the Rod and Reel Association? Ans. Length, 2½in.; width, ½in.; diameter of circle, ¾in.; thickness at the ends, 2-100in.

X. Y. Z., Denver, Col.—B asks for the stud services of a dog, which A assents to, provided he receives two pups. The bitch has seven pups—two dogs and five bitches. Is A entitled to first and second choice or first choice of dogs and first choice of bitches; or no choice at all, but must take what B gives him. Is there an unwritten rule which gives the owner of the dog, "first pick of the litter," in the absence of any agreement. If there is such a rule, if there is an agreement changing to two or more pups, does it still follow that the owner can first choose all of his? Ans. The unwritten rule is that the owner of the dog shall have his pick of as many pups as he is to receive. In this case the owner of dog may insist on first and second choice, but it would be rather hard for him to do so; and the graceful thing would be to take first and third choices.

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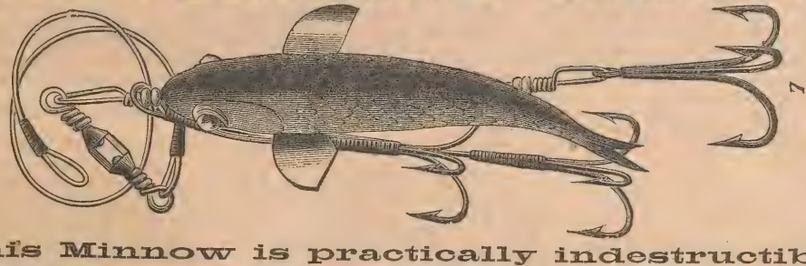
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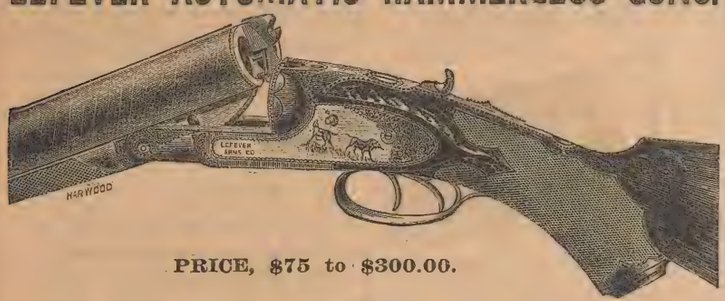
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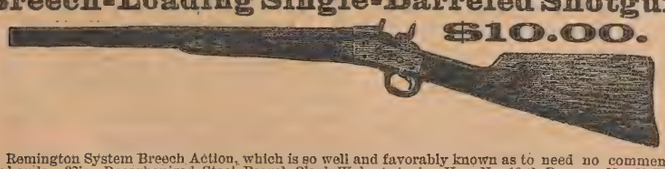
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With the approach of a new year it is not necessary to announce any change in our manner of conducting this journal. Just what the FOREST AND STREAM has been in 1885 we hope to make it in 1886. It will be run on the same old principles, tested by experience and approved by prosperity. It will be just as entertaining, just as instructive, just as frank and outspoken, and just as helpful.

We are sometimes asked to explain the reason of the FOREST AND STREAM'S constantly widening influence and prosperity. Well, there is no

Trade-Secret

about it, and we do not mind telling you. It is this: We have not expended our energies in preposterous spread-eagle proclamations of tremendous attractions in the dim and distant future, but have pinned our faith to present performance, each week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. This in the kind of journalism that is bound to succeed. Nothing very occult about it, you see.

Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table, We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

In other words, the reason why the "Forest and Stream" is liked by sportsmen is that the "Forest and Stream" is the kind of paper that sportsmen like.

This, as we have said before, is complimentary all around. A third element of the paper's popularity is this: It has some hundreds of correspondents and contributors, who write for it because they have something to say. You have heard the story of the German professor who was assigned to prepare a thesis on the elephant. Now, he had never seen an elephant, so he evolved one out of his inner consciousness. Though we never read his essay, we have not the slightest doubt it was a very dry one. But if the German professor had ever come across

A Real Live Elephant

in an African jungle, he could have written a thesis on the beast that would have had some animation in it. That is just the secret of the interest of the FOREST AND STREAM'S contributions. They come from men who have seen or done or heard something to write about. Nothing dry in their notes and sketches and letters. They put it on paper just as entertainingly as they would talk when gathered in camp after the hunt, or sitting about the fire and comparing notes of the day's shoot. These stories and sketches come to us from sportsmen who represent every phase of life—all the professions and trades and occupations, from which busy men now and then turn aside for a bit of fun by the stream or in the stubble.

Of course the great bulk of matter appearing in this paper has related to the game and fish of our own country, for that, after all, is what FOREST AND STREAM readers are most interested in. And what a variety there has been! Squirrel shooting in the woods back of the barn, antelope on the distant plains, quail in the wheat stubble, and "chickens" on the prairie; ruffed grouse on the wing and "partridge" on a limb; elk on the "hogbacks," moose in the timber, deer in the brush, caribou on the barrens and coon in the hollow. All sorts of game by all sorts of methods, and in all sorts of places, and by all sorts of people.

Give Cuvier a Bone.

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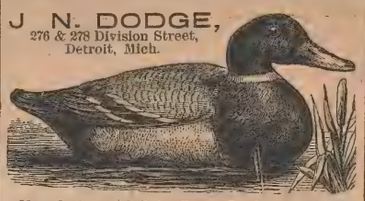
on which one sat cross-legged and wished himself in a lovely garden a thousand miles away. With the FOREST AND STREAM in hand you do not need to be a magician to transport yourself in a second to the hemlock browse and the trout pools, the quail cover or the "chicken grounds." Perhaps, after all, we should have named this first, when we began to tell you the secret of FOREST AND STREAM'S success as a sportsman's paper.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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ANOTHER SYNDICATE.

THE failure of the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company is ancient history. No doubt from its composition it would ultimately have fallen to pieces of its own weight, but we had the pleasure a couple of years ago of giving it a few blows which helped to shatter the structure. It was a grand scheme—that of capturing the whole Park and all its privileges for a period of ten years—really grand. But in its execution it was a failure.

Another syndicate has now been granted by the Interior Department very liberal rights within the Park. This company have been given a lease authorizing the erection of six hotels, the establishment of telephone and stage lines, and the placing of a steamer on the Yellowstone Lake. These are large privileges, but the names of those who are interested in this project give promise that the work which they have undertaken to perform will be well carried out. The names of the gentlemen forming this syndicate are given as M. D. Carington of Toledo, C. B. Wright, Frederic Billings and J. C. Bullitt of Philadelphia, John Perry and Charles Gibson of St. Louis. Messrs. Wright, Billings and Bullitt are, we believe, in the direction of the Northern Pacific Railway, and the two former have at various times been president of that road. The other gentlemen are said to be prominent capitalists in their respective localities.

The lease authorizes the erection of hotels at the Yellowstone Lake, the Lower Falls, the Mammoth Hot Springs, the Norris and Upper Geyser Basins, and at a point on the Grand Cañon. It is stated that plans have been prepared for the erection of the hotels and that work will be begun as soon as the weather will permit.

The unsatisfactory hotel accommodations in the National Park during the past summer caused somewhat serious discomfort to many of the people who visited this region. Since the Park has become so popular and the number of people who go through it has so greatly increased, the need of a good hotel has been greatly felt. Many of those who make the trip are entirely unaccustomed to anything approaching rough living. They come out from the East with the idea that the hotels of the Park are like those to which they have been accustomed, and they expect every accommodation and comfort that would be found in an ordinary and well-kept hotel. In this they have been disappointed. At the National Park Improvement Company's hotel the service last summer was as bad as bad could be, and to get anything fit to eat was a matter of the utmost difficulty.

We may feel sure that the proposed new hotels will be very differently managed. Aside from the business advantage of having them properly kept, it will be greatly to the interest of the Northern Pacific Railway to have them models of their kind, and some of the members of this new syndicate being interested in the railroad, it seems reasonable to believe that the two corporations will work harmoniously together, each doing all that it can for the interest of the other.

The persons interested in this new project are energetic, reputable and successful men, who may be trusted to carry out in the best manner possible whatever they undertake. In this respect they are very different from some of those irresponsible speculators who were prominent in the defunct National Park Improvement Company.

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.

AN important game law case was decided in the First District Court for Bristol county, Mass., last week. Suit was brought against a game dealer for having in his possession a number of quail prior to Oct. 15, the beginning of the Massachusetts open season. It was shown that the quail had been killed in Connecticut and shipped from that State into Massachusetts. The Court held that this did not constitute a valid defense, the wording of the statute being very explicit on this point:

> Whoever takes or kills * * * a quail between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October, or, within the respective times aforesaid, sells, buys, has in possession, or offers for sale any of said birds, whether taken or killed in this Commonwealth, or elsewhere, shall be punished by fine of twenty dollars for every such offense, except that any person may buy, sell, or have in possession quail and pinnated grouse in January, February, March and April, if not taken or killed contrary to the provisions of this chapter.

That is good law. In this case the birds came from another State, but for every one bird brought from Connecticut the Massachusetts dealers have ten taken in their own State. Under the Massachusetts law the market dealers' scandalous evasion upon plea of imported goods cannot hold. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association deserve commendation for bringing this case to such a termination.

By the way, the quail exported from Connecticut must have been illegally taken out of that State, for the Connecticut statute expressly forbids shipment of game. The willingness of the game dealer, Cheever, to deal in contraband goods is only a fresh illustration of the dou't-give-a-continental-about-the-game-law spirit of most game dealers, and shows how hollow are their pretensions when they pose as friends of game protection.

A TROPHY FROM THE YELLOWSTONE.

WE have now at this office an old-fashioned Sharps rifle which has a little history—a history with a moral attached. It will be remembered that last summer George Reeder and John Ferguson were arrested in the National Park and brought before Justice Metcalf, where they were charged with killing two elk and eight beaver. For one reason or another the trial of the two men was postponed from time to time, but at length it came off, and resulted in the conviction of both of them. Reeder was an old market-hunter; and for several years it has been an open secret that he has been supplying the hotels with game illegally taken. As the senior and leader in the offenses of which he was convicted, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the common jail and to pay a fine of $100 and costs. His partner in the affair, a much younger man, was sentenced to pay $75 and costs; both to stand committed till the fines were paid. Their horses, guns and pelts were confiscated according to law and were sold last Monday at the Interior Department at Washington. Two or three years ago we had seen in George Reeder's possession a capital heavy Sharps rifle. It was not so heavy as an old-fashioned buffalo gun, but in all essentials seemed to us what a hunting gun ought to be. Thinking it likely that this was one of the guns to be sold, we sent on to an agent in Washington and had him bid in this gun to the FOREST AND STREAM. It has just been forwarded to us. It is worth all that we paid for it, though it was not purchased as a speculation. We secured the weapon simply because it is in the fitness of things that a rifle confiscated because of illegal use in the National Park should find its way to a journal that has done so much to protect and preserve the Park and its game.

It is a serviceable arm, and ought to have been put to a better use than killing game in the National Park. It is a Sharps .44.70, thirty-inch barrel, weight twelve pounds.

BACK TO GRINDSTONE.

TO a large number of our readers the news will be welcome that they will meet again, for the third time, at the old camp on the St. Lawrence. The question was considered at the meeting of the Executive Committee on Saturday last, and after some debate, it was decided to hold the 1886 meet on the old site. Objections have been made by some who wish to visit a new place each year, and by others who desire a location that would be more favorable to certain sections, as the Eastern States, and these objections have been carefully considered, the Commiltee desiring to comply with the will of the majority. The fact that the Commodore, on whom much of the work must fall, was a resident of the locality, had its influence, and also the question of expense, as a camp at Grindstone this coming year will be much less expensive than any new location. Had the other site proposed been selected, in Lake Champlain, it would not have been possible for Commodore Rathbun to be present in advance and to superintend its preparation, while at Grindstone he can do the work with comparative ease.

The main feature of next season's meet will be the presence of a party of English canoeists, and it is the duty of all our canoeists, East or West, to do all they can to make a good showing on that occasion. Some who desired a new location may be inclined to stay away; but it should be a matter of national pride with all to make the meet as large and important as possible.

The finest canoes and the best sailors will be gathered there, and no better opportunity could be afforded to novices who wish to study canoeing and to those at a distance who have never visited a meet, to become acquainted with the A. C. A. and its members.

The East will be well represented; now what is needed is a good showing from the Western canoeists. It is hoped that this year will see the fulfillment of the plan just prepared by the Association for its extension in the West, and that it will be marked by the hearty coöperation of Western canoeists with their fellows in the East in welcoming and entertaining their visitors.

TEACHERS OF MORALITY, who themselves, when out of the confines of their own circle, violate law and bribe others to join in the immoral business, ought to be brought up with a short turn. It is a pretty story that is told by our correspondent "Special," in his account of some professional men in Maine. It is a pleasure to add the other side, for many hundreds of professional men go to Maine every year who are law-abiding in the woods as well as out, and whose morality is not of that tenuous sort that fades away the second they leave home. There is some reason to hope that in course of time, all men, of whatever station in life, shall recognize their obligations to be good citizens wherever they may chance to be. The progress in this respect is at least encouraging; and there is no reason to despair of a final change in public sentiment, so universal and decided that game laws shall have obedience, not unwilling but hearty and sincere.

DOG SKELETONS.—We printed last week a note from Mr. Frederick A. Lucas, of the National Museum, requesting assistance in the museum work of completing a series of crania and skeletons of typical dogs. When a good dog dies send him to Washington. This will aid science; and it will be a much more sensible and fitting course to pursue than to inter the carcass with funeral rites and, as was done not long ago in the case of a famous dog—with indecent and blasphemous reading of the burial service.

THE "SIGNS" point to a favorable season for wildfowl this year. In another column will be found some notes of the coast shooting grounds most readily accessible. We hope before very long to give an unusually detailed and reliable description of the Atlantic seacoast shooting and yachting resorts.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY is one of the most pleasant and satisfactory pastimes to follow in conjunction with pleasure excursions and camping expeditions. The art of taking pictures is by no means difficult; and the prints serve as most admirable souvenirs of the scenes and incidents they recall.

STEAM YACHT RACING.

THE report of the Regatta Committee of the American Y. C., which we publish this week, will furnish an interesting study to all interested in steam yachts.

The regatta of last July was the most extensive affair of the kind ever attempted here or abroad, and its success reflects great credit on the club and its officers. Owing to the number of entries and prizes and the computations involved, it is but lately that the report was completed, and it was only made public at the last meeting of the American Y. C.

It now gives in a compact form the most valuable details of the leading American steam yachts, and affords a basis for comparison of the boats and also for the perfection of a system of time allowance for steam yachts. This subject is a stumbling block in the way of regatta committees and only last year brought to grief the first steam regatta in America; but this season the club have been more fortunate. The subject has been studied carefully by a number of experts and no less than four systems were tried in the regatta. The general principle governing all of them is that certain theoretic speeds are to be expected from certain elements of size or power, and the actual peformance of each yacht is compared with its theoretic work, and rated as it exceeds or falls short of the latter. The table computed by Mr. F. S. Kinney, a gentleman who has devoted much time to the study of steam propulsion, is based on an average of the speed of existing yachts of various sizes, the result being an estimate of the speed of fairly good boats of different lengths, from 50 to 300 feet. The actual speed of each yacht entered was compared with the estimated speed for its length, its rating depending on the difference, plus or minus, between the two. Of the ten yachts competing for the cup given by Mr Kinney, only one made the course in less than the estimated time, the others being from a few minutes to several hours behind. In the systems of Messrs. Emery and Isherwood the theoretic speeds are computed from the waterline length, and the actual and theoretic performance are compared in each case, as under the Kinney system. In the Lundborg system, as well as the one tried last year, not only length but the propelling power is considered in the computation, but while the formulas are complicated the results are of little value, as it is impossible to estimate even approximately the value of each factor in them.

The regatta of 1885 was a success in every way, both as to the actual racing and also as a pleasant cruise for the club, and the results are very encouraging for so young an organization. There can never be the same interest in a steam yacht race as in one between sailing craft, the sight being less imposing and the handling of the boats being unseen, but racing must have its place in the development of this, as in all other sports, and the manner in which this feature is now being conducted in America augurs well for its success. The matter is comparatively a new one, the subject of rating is a difficult one, and it has received little attention here or even abroad, but the earnest manner in which it is now being pushed by the American Y. C. must bring good results in the near future.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

RESOURCES OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE Dakota of to-day is the Iowa of ten years ago. The Dakota of five years hence will be the Iowa of to-day. So rapid is progress and development in the West. Ten years ago it would not have been thought possible that a decade could have made such a change in the Territory. From a sparsely settled prairie the region has become one great farm.

The wheat product of the Territory is always greater than the requirements of the settlers, and always—even in the worst seasons—the farmers have a considerable surplus. The wide belt of country which is tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad, pours a very large proportion of its product in to Minneapolis, and this city proves itself able to take care of it all.

Perhaps a few figures may convey a more exact idea of the milling capacity of this thriving town than can be given by any general statement. For the year which ended Sept 1, 1885, the total flour product of Minneapolis was 5,450,163 barrels, as against 4,797,340 for the previous year, an increase of 652,823. There were shipped from Minneapolis 5 298,541 barrels, as against 4,814,424 for the previous year. The exports were 1,989,552, an increase of 257,552 barrels over the year ending Sept. 1, 1884.

These figures demonstrate that Minneapolis is the largest primary wheat market in the world, her receipts during the year exceeding those of Chicago by 11,000,000 bushels. The total number of bushels received during the past year was 32,112,840, against 23,514,576 the year previous. Shipments were 5,584,320, against 3,132,749 in 1883-4.

These statistics give some idea of the producing power of the Northwest during the year past. Let us look at some figures for one week in October last, taken from the *Northwestern Miller*. It says:

> Once more the mills have forged ahead of all previous records. Last week [ending Oct. 17] they touched an output very little below 30,00 barrels daily. This was accomplished, too, with one mill of medium size wholly idle. The flour production of the week was 177,800 barrels, averaging 29,631 barrels daily, against 151,108 barrels the preceding week, and 146,000 barrels for the corresponding time in 1884. This is an actual gain over the heaviest work done last year of 25,000 barrels for six days, and is to a large extent attributable to the rapidity with which new wheat may be ground. As more of the new crop is used, the capacity of the mills seems greater. The new wheat is generally going into larger exclusive use, and as the millers become acquainted with it, they are more favorably impressed with it. For the current week two mills, with a combined capacity of 1,300 barrels, have been cut off, one from damage by fire and the other for repairs. An even twenty are left in operation. They are uniformly doing heavy work, but it is more than likely that the output will fall off somewhat. The millers have begun to talk about shutting down, and say that will be the only course left for them to take, especially if freights are advanced at the close of navigation as is usual. They claim they are not more than clearing themselves and that flour must either go up or wheat go down before there can be an incentive to keep the mills in operation. The receipts the past week were wheat, 1,606,640 bushels. Shipments: Flour, 107,453 barrels; wheat, 108,640 bushels; mill stuff, 6,089 tons. Wheat in store in public elevators: Minneapolis, 3,398,028 bushels; Duluth, 1,306,825; St. Paul, 763,000.

So much for the wheat products of the country which is tributary to the Northern Pacific Railroad.

But it is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone," and although it is the grain of this wonderful country that has attracted the most attention, and proved the greatest source of wealth to its settlers, the cattle country which lies west of it is not less important from an economic point of view. All through Dakota, as all through Iowa, a great deal of stock is raised, but it is all farm stock, and—near the line of the railroad at least—range cattle have no place, except on the extreme western border of the Territory. These farms, however, produce and fatten in the aggregate a vast number of cattle, but their numbers are small as compared with the great herds which inhabit the country which was but a few years ago the buffalo range. The buffalo has gone and the Indian has been forced on to his reservation, and now the plains are free to the cattle and the cowboys who ride the range. It is all in the way of improvement and progress, and it puts money in men's pockets and benefits the country, but is it not, too, just a little bit sad to see such changes as this take place? To see nature wholly thrust aside and industry taking her place.

The stock country of the Northern Pacific Railroad commences at the Little Missouri River, and extends westward into the mountains. Over the most of this region up to the present time it has not been found that crops could be grown with certainty without irrigation. Therefore, while the valleys of all the streams are cultivated, the uplands are for the most part left free to the cattle.

It is but little more than ten years since I traversed the region lying between the Missouri and the Little Missouri. It was then as dry a country as one would wish to see, and the general opinion of those who passed through it at that time was that it would never be available for crops, but might support a few cattle Now one sees wheat fields on all the bluffs, irrigation is not thought of, and the cattle have been pushed on to the westward. Where in 1874 we saw deer, elk and antelope in considerable numbers, are now thriving towns. This apparent climatic change warrants the belief that a few more years may see wheat grown without irrigation on the uplands west of the Little Missouri River. Now, however, the cattle feed all over the hills. Grand cattle they are, too. Most of them are descendants of the stock driven across the plains many years ago to Oregon and Washington and Western Montana, and since then still further improved and graded up by the frequent introduction of thoroughbred bulls. Occasionally one sees a few head of Texan cattle; not the old-fashioned broad-horned steer, with a greybound body and long, slim legs, but the modern improved Texan, who still has about him enough of the characteristics of his Spanish ancestor to be recognized at once by a practiced eye. These have been brought in from the south to fatten on these northern pastures, where the grass is so much more nutritious than it is on their native plains that it is said that there is a difference of 400 pounds between a four-year-old steer reared in Texas and the same animal driven when a yearling to Montana or Wyoming. On the whole, the cattle seen in Montana are very fine—better, it seemed to me, in the northern portion of the Territory than in the south. The rapidity of the growth of this business has been something phenomenal, and since it has become fashionable for wealthy young Americans and Englishmen to start ranches, there has been a fear that cattle raising might be overdone. This does not seem probable. It is true that two or three years ago there was such a rush to buy ranches and stock to put on them that the prices of cattle rose to ridiculously high figures; but that time has passed. Cattle have gone down to reasonable figures, and, while the fabulous profits of ten years ago will never be made again, the business, if conducted on business principles, is a safe and paying one. People must have beef to eat.

Montana up to within a comparatively short time has been rather behindhand in the matter of large herds. It is one of the oldest cattle-growing Territories, herds having been started in the western part of the Territory early in the sixties; but it is only within the last six or eight years that the Territory has come prominently to the front as a grazing region. Now, however, it has as large herds as can be found anywhere in the West, and what is more, a number of the largest companies in the southern country are moving their bands up north into Montana. The fact is, that the mildness of the climate, due to the frequent Chinook breezes, gives this Territory a great advantage over others which have a colder climate. The snow—on the prairies, at least—does not fall to any great depth, and is almost sure either to be blown off by a cold wind, or, what more frequently occurs, to be melted by a Chinook. The cattle are thus always able to find food, and so the winter loss is very small. It might be thought, because Montana is so much further north than Colorado, that the winters would be much more severe, and so the danger to stock greater, than in that State; but this does not appear to be the case. Besides the modifying influence of the warm winter winds from the Pacific coast, the fact that the plains of Montana are for the most part much lower than those of Colorado and Wyoming, tends to make the winters mild and easily endurable. No better proof is needed of the fact that Montana is a great cattle country than the rapidity with which the good ranch locations have been taken up. Sheep are said to do well here, though of course in sheep, as in all other occupations where the profits are great, the risks are also great as compared with cattle.

It goes without saying that in a country where cattle will do well horses will do much better, and I have been somewhat surprised to learn that horse raising has been somewhat neglected in this Territory. There are, of course, horse ranches; but from what I could learn they are not as numerous as I should have supposed they would be. It costs no more to raise a horse than it does a steer, and the horse, if he be the right kind of an animal, is usually worth more than the steer at four years old. Moreover, there is vastly less risk about horses than there is about cattle. A horse will dig through the snow and keep fat where a steer would starve to death, and under ordinary circumstances, without shelter or feeding, will do much better through the winter and come out in better shape in spring than the latter. No doubt more and more people will take hold of this industry as time passes. It is one that seems likely to pay well.

All this is of the prairie. The changes wrought in the mountain country by the last few years are not less remarkable. We hear every now and then of new discoveries of gold and silver in Montana and Idaho. Rich strikes are reported and claims of untold value staked out. There is a wild rush to the new camps. People utterly ignorant of mining pour into them. Then comes the reaction. Those who imagined that a fortune was to be had for the mere trouble of shoveling dirt out of a hole, find that there is another side to mining, and become discouraged. There is an exodus of these simpletons, and the mines are reported by them as being valueless. The excitement dies away and is forgotten. But some of the old hands, the men who are competent to judge of the ground, are likely to "stay with" their claims. They develop them, find new leads, and before long the camp is founded on a solid basis. Mills go up and the mines are worked.

Through just this process of development many of the mining camps of the West have passed. The excitement of the Cœur d'Alene district was an example of this kind. Most of those who went there in the first excitement, reached the mines in the dead of winter, when the snow lay four feet deep on the ground. They were utterly unprovided for this state of things, and it was but a short time before they began to leave in crowds. People laughed at the fools who had gone there, and it was said that the excitement had been got up for speculative purposes. Now, however, the mines of the Cœur d'Alene are known to have proved extremely rich, and I was shown this summer a lot of the most beautiful gold quartz specimens that I have ever seen. It is thought by many old miners that the camp will soon equal Butte in importance.

All through these mountains new mines are being constantly discovered, and I believe that the mineral wealth of the Territory has as yet been scarcely touched.

Over the main range, and beyond the mining district just referred to, lies another rich belt of country, rich certainly in timber and in its agricultural possibilities, and probably rich also in mines. The grain of Oregon and Washington, and the splendid horses and cattle which they produce, are known all over America; while the forests which clothe the mountains of the Pacific slope send their products as far as distant Australia. Even the waters furnish a crop which is well worth the gathering, as the statistics of the salmon-canning industry show.

While presenting so many attractions to the settler, the region is a delightful one to the tourist and pleasure seeker. From the lovely lakes and oak openings of Minnesota one crosses the broad plains to reach the gateway of the Yellowstone Park. Satiated with the marvels of this wonderful region, he proceeds westward through the picturesque scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and again crossing and recrossing the Missouri, passes over the range down Clarke's Fork, past peaceful Pend d'Oreille, mountain-girt, over the plains of Washington Territory, by Snake River and down the Columbia to Portland. Here he may pause again and rest for awhile in view of the majestic snow-clad peaks which tower from ten to fourteen thousand feet above him. Thence he may go to Puget Sound, famed for its loveliness, and from there may continue his journeyings in any direction with the sure prospect of finding fresh scenes to delight him. Alaska is within easy reach, and he will be wise who devotes a few weeks to the stupendous scenery of the Inlet region of British Columbia.

FRIENDS OF ADIRONDACK DEER PROTECTION will be glad to learn that Gen. Curtis is to go back to the New York Senate this year. It was through the determined efforts of Gen. Curtis that the non-hounding bill was pushed through and made a law; and so long as he remains in the Senate proper game protection will have a staunch supporter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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EAST OF THE CASCADES.

THE section of British Columbia from which these notes are forwarded, though by no means such a hunter's paradise as some other portions of the Province, will be found to yield fair and varied sport to the painstaking hunter who is willing to undergo the necessary hard work to bring his efforts to a successful conclusion. A few years ago the foothills in this vicinity were covered with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass, but as bands of cattle multiplied, summering and wintering on the same range, the country began to assume a bare appearance. Wormwood and other plants succeeded the bunch grass, however, and these, with the quantity of grass yet remaining, made fair pasturage. A few miles back in the hills, where cattle are driven for the summer of late years, the feed is still excellent.

The small stream from which the local village receives its name is a feeder of the Bonaparte River, which, in its turn, flows into the Thompson, the chief affluent of the golden Frazer. Both Cache Creek and the Bonaparte flow through bottoms thickly covered with cottonwood, birch and willow, which affords good cover for rabbits and ruffed grouse. Wing-shooting in these bottoms is almost impossible, however, owing to the denseness of the brush, and the hunter will usually find his best companion a dog that will flush the birds and then bark at them as they tree. Not very sportsmanlike, perhaps, but usually giving fair returns, the writer's first half day's bag this season being six and a half brace and the next five and a half.

For some distance up the hills that skirt the Cache Creek and Bonaparte valleys there is no timber except in the gulches which carry their quota of water down to the main stream, but a half hour's ride will suffice to bring one to scattering pines. These gradually become denser as the mountains are ascended until, interspersed with fir, they afford abundant shelter for game. Here begins the blue grouse shooting, which is generally excellent and will fully compensate the sportsman for the fatigue of the trip, the writer having on one occasion bagged fifteen of these noble birds in a cross-country walk of a few miles. At the commencement of the season good sport may be had with prairie chickens by going back a few miles in the hills where the grass is more plentiful and gives greater shelter to the young broods. A friend mentioned the other day that, when hunting cattle on Hat Creek and other tributaries of the Bonaparte, he and his party came across hundreds of chickens. Later in the fall they begin to frequent the stubble of the grain fields, and fair shooting may then be had without leaving the lowlands. The lakes in the neighborhood, of which there are numbers, are in spring and autumn alive with ducks of various kinds, and in some of them wild geese are also plentiful.

From the end of September, when the deer begin to come down from their summer ranges, to the beginning of the close season, deer are abundant, and though a kill may not be made every day by still-hunting, a satisfactory result surely awaits patience and perseverance. By camping out for a few weeks in September and October, when the deer are fat, and before the keen frosts commence, a surprising quantity may be obtained, as many as sixty-five having fallen to the lot of one hunter last season. Large game is steadily increasing in number, for, as the Indians become more and more habituated to the white man's ways, they depend to a greater degree upon agricultural and other labor, and proportionately less upon their guns and traps, with the natural result of making game not only more plentiful, but much more accessible. By traveling back some distance into the mountains bear may be met with, the Indians bringing in a few skins every season. Grizzly bears are reported to have been seen, but this may be doubted.

In nearly all the waters fishing is excellent, the fly being readily taken, though sometimes a grasshopper kills when nothing else will. In Cache Creek and the Bonaparte the trout are small, a one-pounder in the latter stream being an exceptional fish. The take is usually large, however, strings of seventy-five to a hundred and twenty having been the rule with the writer when fishing in July and August of last year. Reliable persons speak of some of the mountain lakes as being unsurpassed for heavy catches of trout. The friend referred to above stated that he and a brother fisherman took 210 trout from Hat Creek one evening, while other members of the party were preparing supper. To use his own expression, "the fish would jump at the raw hook." The Thomson River, a beautiful clear stream, distant five or six miles by good wagon road from Cache Creek, will give the angler splendid sport, the trout being large and gamest of the game.

By way of practically illustrating the nature and quality of the deer hunting, a sketch, which may prove of interest, is given of a day's work on the Cache Creek hills. It is not intended to convey the idea that similar results are to be expected every day, but it certainly falls far short of what may be and often has been done on the same ground. It is to be remembered, too, that the hunt was made on foot out and back again, necessitating a large expenditure of time and labor before reaching and after leaving the real hunting ground. The trip could as well have been made on horseback, for there is scarcely a spot that may not be easily and safely reached on horseback in this part of the country.

With about three inches of snow on the ground, the writer started from the settlement, intending to hunt through the timbered and grassy country on top of the mountains north of Cache Creek. After leaving the open hills and while climbing a steep and rocky sidehill just before reaching the first thickly-timbered bench, a big old blue grouse presented too tempting a mark to be resisted, and he was accordingly scalped at forty yards. The echoes of the report had not died away before three deer went bounding down the mountain, no doubt startled by the unlucky shot. There was no fair chance to shoot as they rattled through the timber, and by the time they showed on the bare ground they were safely out of range; so, after watching them till hidden from view in a deep gulch, the upward journey was resumed with fervent vows never again to shoot at a grouse in a deer country.

Turning easterly on reaching the bench, the traveling was superb, the snow being soft and noiseless and not a twig to snap under the foot. The first sign of the proximity of deer was given by a faithful old retriever, who had been permitted to share the hunt. Throwing up his head he snuffed eagerly, and pleaded by look and act for leave to go. The closest inspection failed to reveal any reason for his excitement, but the next few steps proved that Spring's nose was not at fault, for up jumped a fine buck and disappeared in the timber before a shot could be got. As the country was familiar, an attempt was made to head him by striking over the point of a little ridge overlooking an open stretch which he would be likely to cross. Calculation was at fault, however, for nothing more was seen of him. Numerous fresh tracks, all making for the ridges above, led to a turn straight up the hill. Five or ten minutes' travel showed a couple of medium-sized deer on the slope ahead taking their way leisurely along the hillside. Too late to get a crack at the leader as he crossed a little opening on the trot, the bullet was donated to his chum, who dropped in his tracks only to struggle to his feet again and make off in the wake of the first. A drop or two of blood, a scrap of hair, and nothing more. The pair crossed the top of the ridge, bounded into the hollow beyond, where they were joined by five or six others that had been quietly feeding, and then off to the next ridge, where their white flags waved an aggravating good-bye as the whole band entered a stretch of country too rough for further pursuit.

Turning westward then along the highest slope of the mountain, through scattering firs and grassy hollows, a few hundred yards brought into view a bit of ground that seemed expressly made for deer. Standing on a little elbow of rock, beyond which the landscape widened so that the eye had an onward sweep for five or six hundred yards, the writer gazed and gazed again till all but certain that not a deer was within the range of vision. Suddenly, as if by magic, a magnificent doe, that had been standing perfectly motionless, strikes the eye, and once her shape is caught seems as plain as if against the sky. Rifle to the shoulder, a quick but sure sight, the pressure of the finger, and with the report she is tearing down the grassy slope, a broken foreleg swinging as she goes. Through a clump of small firs, round a little knoll, and the eye loses her; but where she first stood or near it fidgets a young buck evidently preparing for a start. The swiftest of glances along the barrel, another crack of the Winchester and his hindquarters lie helpless as he struggles frantically to raise himself by means of his forelegs. A steady shot from the knee reaches his brain and ends his misery.

Meantime a third deer has been slipping off through the trees until, satisfied that he is safe, he gives a broadside chance at three hundred yards (the others were just a hundred and twenty) of which advantage is duly taken, but his day has not yet come, and he bounds off unhurt. Then to the trail of the wounded doe, whose every blood stained jump is plainly discernible. A dozen yards from where she was last seen she lies dead, shot through the heart, a perfect beauty, the sight of whose noble figure lying stretched upon the stained snow chases away every feeling of weariness. To the honor of Spring be it said that through the whole of the exciting scene he had remained faithfully by his master's side. The two deer were dragged to the foot of the timber, and home was reached by the middle of the afternoon. Five days later, curiosity led the writer to see if the coyotes had found the deer's entrails, and within twenty yards of the spot where the doe fell, he shot a solitary deer which was doubtless the last of the trio. R. M. C.

CACHE CREEK, B. C.

IN LONESOME CANYON.*

FROM the window where I write, the eye overlooking the deep broad valley beneath with its serpentine river, the broad stretches and undulating mesas intermediate, rests upon the ragged and irregular masses which are the foothills of the Mogollon Mountains. The plains are studded with dwarf growth, sage brush, greasewood, yew, mesquite and countless varieties of the cactus, some of them wonderful in their brilliant, wax-like forms of beauty.

Higher up, as the ground is more broken and torn and scarred by intermittent and headlong torrents, the vegetable growth changes to a hardier nature. Stunted pines and firs dot the olive green of the manzanita with darker shades, while at intervals the somber verdure of the cottonwoods marks the depressions of the plateau like the buttons which sink in the velvet of your easy chair. But at the point where the foothills rise, brilliant croppings of rocks, fantastic in form and gorgeous in color, are crowned by the redder stems of the Norway pines or the silver bark of the aspen, pillars which support a luxuriant coronal of foliage. Through the sharp and hidden clefts of these mountain skirmishers in the plains are entrancing vistas of grassy hollows high up in the mountain's secret places, bordered by the pines, whose tops still murmur with the music that pleased the ears of old Theocritus.

Through one of the deepest of these cañons tumbles a mountain stream with a roar wonderful in this land of silence. The waters are enlivened by numbers of beautiful mountain trout, some like our own, but of a darker, tawnier hue and fiercer nature, as befits their abode. You will comprehend the attractions of such a place to a sportsman, especially as the angling is supplemented by fine hunting; for in the neighborhood deer, antelope and bear abound, and on the grassy uplands are bands of turkeys that in weight and style discount their puny market brethren.

Follow up this stream (Oak Creek is its name, so singularly inappropriate that it jars to write it), and after threading a labyrinth with perpendicular walls to the height of several hundred feet, you suddenly find yourself at the entrance of a vast amphitheatre. On all sides the mountains rise to the clouds, their terraced sides forming seats for Titanic spectators, and the small green inclosure a stage from which it would seem that even the victor could not escape. This retreat is known only to a few white men. It has been named the Indian Ranch; and it has a ghastly history, like its old Roman prototype. Several years ago, after the Apaches were supposed to have been conquered and caged, all through this region murders and outrages were frequent. The miscreants could not be detected. Prospectors failed to return from their trips. Miners were slain; women outraged; settlers cut off. None escaped to reveal the perpetrators. The troops failed to arrest the march of terror; and many persons attributed to renegade whites these nameless crimes. At last, through the instrumentality of a squaw, a government scout with a band of men followed an unknown trail to this rock-bound Indian Ranch. Seven bucks and three squaws, including the one who betrayed them, were surrounded and put to death. These few Indians, emerging from this impenetrable retreat, were the agents who had wrought all the mischief in their nocturnal excursions.

With what I know of this region, and having plenty of food well hidden, I would as lief the whole army hunted me, and I would snap my fingers in derision. The whole place has a suggestion of gloom and bloodshed. Two miles down the stream the bottom land widens out broad enough for a garden, and here is a cabin once occupied by a man named Wilson. After the Indians had been driven from the neighborhood, Wilson supported himself by the product of this miniature farm and by the game killed in hunting. He was a man of middle age, hospitable but reticent. As he never told the reason of his self-exile, you are at liberty to call to the aid of imagination the accessories of a love affair or the insinuating mystery of a crime. But having known him I could believe no ill of him, and my task of tracing his last acts is as simple as it is to follow a blazed trail. I spent two months of mid-winter in the mountains above his home, and we occasionally met, with rifle on shoulders, and exchanged our small talk in regard to the abundance or scarcity of deer, the "bar" sign and kindred matters relating to woodcraft. He was a keen hunter and a good shot and his remarks overflowed with valuable hints to a younger man. The last time he left me, it was after a night spent by the camp-fire in one of the picturesque mountain parks, and in parting, I wished him good luck, and on his part he left behind a pleasant impression. One night about ten days ago, a messenger appeared at the mines in great haste, saying that Wilson's body had been found by a cowboy, lying in a cañon of Oak Creek, and the justice of the peace desired us to go with him to view it. We were soon mounted and on the way, picking up here and there a stray ranchman until the jury was sufficient. A ride of fifty miles brought us to the entrance of the gorge, where we dismounted, the better to follow our guide. The familiar features of the place once delightful, now filled me with dread which culminated in horror when we paused before the sad remnant of what was once a man. From the evidences about, the whole tragedy was an open book to these frontiersmen. Wilson, some seven days before, accompanied by two burros and his dog, had started for a neighboring ranch to secure his supply of potatoes. While on the steep trail which leads into the recesses of what I called the ampitheatre he discovered a bear, and from the tracks it must have been a large one. Wilson was a brave man and prepared himself for a struggle. He left his coat and spurs with the burros, and with his dog followed the bear; came upon it suddenly at a sharp turn of the rocks, and as his rifle showed us, two shots had been fired. Unless the bear's heart or brain was pierced the man's situation was extremely perilous. He had attempted to throw himself into a tree, but the bear had caught him by the heel, tearing off the sole of his boot and throwing him upon the ground. Now a fight, with his knife as a weapon, began, and the prints upon the ground told us that it was a desperate one. The bear escaped with two balls and that hunting knife in his body, and left poor Wilson lying face downward in a shallow pool, his skull crushed and his ribs broken. Seven days, watched by his hunting dog, he lay there before discovery; and now, horrible to write, comes a blow to the euphemistic exaltation of the canine race—the dog had eaten and lived upon the flesh of his slain master. Worse yet, the dog is still lying under my window while he waits my verdict as to palliating circumstances. A rifle ball will probably be his fate.

"What is your verdict, gentlemen?" said the coroner.

"Too much b'ar," said the gentleman at my right, and we all indorsed it, slightly qualifying the words. We dug a grave near by and wrapped the dead man in his blanket.

The solemnity of that saddened group of men could not be heightened by priestly words. "He wasn't afraid of nuthin'," muttered the friend at my right; and we all regarded it as a competent ritual. There, in the heart of the Mogollons, Wilson lived; there he died, and there we buried him in Lonesome Cañon.

This is the end of my story. At least it has the merit of truth. Many bear stories seem to us aprocryphal, but this entirely lacks humor; it is an unvarnished relation of simple facts and a tragic termination. F. E. M.

*Extracts from a private letter from Jerome, A. T., to a New York gentleman.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The camera is fast becoming a necessary part of the outfit of the sportsman and tourist. I remember but one article on the subject in your journal, and that was by one of the editorial staff. I was tempted to take up the art of photography by the hope of securing some views of camps in the West. I was a greenhorn in every sense of the word. My notions of what was necessary and of the process were of the most vague description. I had no guide but the pamphlets issued by those who have the outfits for sale, and of course the main object of these is to sell. If my experience will help any one in the craft I will be glad of it. Let no one think that amateur photography is an inexpensive amusement, for it is not; very few amusements are. But one can get as much enjoyment for the money expended as in any other way I know of, and it is an enjoyment that is lasting, for the results can always be seen. When the hunter or the fisherman can combine the art with his other pursuits, he will have great pleasure in looking over his pictures and showing them to his friends; and descriptions of jaunts after game or into the country are much more interesting when so illustrated. When at home during the long winter evening hours, or on dull, stormy days, the sportsman photographer can get out his views of the pleasant spots "to memory dear," and live over again each happy hour spent in the wild wood, by the dashing stream, or in the rocky fastness of some mountain valley. Certainly then, though the amusement is expensive, the price paid for the whistle is not too much.

Can everybody make photographs? I am almost tempted to reply yes; but perhaps I should say that if a person is possessed of patience in a moderate degree, and any tact for "doing things" at all, he can make photograhs. How long will it take to make good pictures? That also depends. You may make a good negative the first trial, though the chances are that you will not. But by paying attention to points wherein you fail, you ought to get one or two good negatives from your first dozen plates; and as you progress you will improve.

For an outfit, my advice would be get a 5x8 camera, because you can use a smaller plate if desired, and with a 5x8 you can cover a large field, or by tipping up take a fair-sized full-length portrait. There are several good makers of boxes, but it pays to get a fair quality at the start, say one costing $12 to $20. This is exclusive of the lense, but should include the tripod (which should be telescopic, for obvious reasons) and one plate holder.

There are lenses and lenses; and no doubt it would be nearly impossible to get any one lense to do everything properly. As in other matters, a thing which performs one service well, will fail in some other. Combination tools

may work and they may not. If you want a lense to make interiors and exteriors of buildings, photograph groups, or animals and general landscape not too far distant, I would cordially recommend the Morrison wide angle lense, price $25, but this lense is not warranted to do instantaneous work, and it will not do it, except under certain conditions. It will do good work on the water, and can be worked with a very quick shutter, for pictures can be taken very quickly on the water. For long distances the Morrison wide angle lense has too short a focus, and will not give the best satisfaction. Still it is a good lense. It is claimed that the wide angle "Sutter" lense has that fault rectified, and that it will give clearness in the distance. However, let me impress this one thing upon the mind of the purchaser, get a good lense; for you will not regret it, and with it, if you fail in procuring good pictures, you cannot blame your instrument. Don't pay less than $25; and as much more as you care to. A wise plan would be to try several lenses before purchasing and then to take the one that gives the best satisfaction all round.

Always keep a record of your exposures; this is recommended in the book of instructions issued by some of the firms dealing in these goods. If you fail on one plate and have a record you will soon know why. Develop your own plates, for by so doing you learn how to get the correct exposure. If you do not develop your plate, but have it done by some one in the business, your experience counts for naught, and you will probably continue to spoil plate after plate; and if you get a fair picture it will only be by chance. After securing a good negative there is no trouble in making a good photograph, for the printing and toning of the paper positive can be done by sight, and is not "guess work," as is the exposure of the negative; for one really has to guess at the strength of the light from the appearance on the ground glass, and then guess again in regard to proper development. Of course in time the guess work becomes judgment. Therefore, one can suit their convenience about making their own prints from the negatives. It is the same in regard to making the silver or sensitized paper. But I do not think it will pay any amateur to make their own paper, unless using quite large quantities.

One beginning to take pictures should read books on the subject, so as to become acquainted with the theory and terms; and then get some friend who is posted (or gain access to some photographer's gallery) to give a few lessons and points. Following this course, one may rest assured he will soon take fair pictures. Though there are many now taking up the art, there would be more did every one know the fascination and the enjoyment of the pastime. I send you two views, taken, developed, printed and mounted by the writer, for you to pass judgment on. And if they do not prove that one who knows nothing of the business and teaches himself can take fair views, I hope you will so express yourself; but if they do prove that it can be done, they will be vouchers for my sentiments on this subject.

PRAIRIE DOG.

[A $3 single lens will not give straight, sharp architectural lines. A $60 double lens will. Both will take instantaneous pictures. The lens has nothing to do with the quickness of the picture, but it depends entirely on the strength of the light and the sensitiveness of the plate.]

Natural History.

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LIFE AS A PROTECTOR TO THE EARTH.

ON our seashores the heavy ocean surf beats in with awful violence, dashing against the rocks and beaches with a force that wears away the hardest stone, and gradually, bit by bit, rends pebbles from the solid granite cliffs and grinds them into grains of sand. The power of these waves and the work which they can accomplish can be judged only by those who have repeatedly watched the surf roll in, seen it move large boulders and heard the rumbling on pebbly beaches as scores of rocks are grinding each other into sandy bits. The eroding force of such billows is tremendous, and the hardest rocks decay before their power. Examples of wearing into these cliff can be seen on any rock-bound shore where chasms and caverns show the past works of these mighty forces. How fast their work of grinding away is now proceeding may be seen on any beach, where bricks and glass can be found worn smooth and rounded and where few or no pebbles are found with angular edges, although such broken rocks are continually carried into the sea.

But our rocky shores are covered, below highwater mark, by a coat which deadens the force of the beating wave and takes it upon itself. This coat is formed by the seaweeds, which cover the tough old granite with their soft, flexible structure. These easily destructible plants are capable of withstanding the beating of the surf, and, in fact, they owe their very existence to the rushing waves which will so easily destroy the much tougher rocks. If it were not for this protection the rocks would rapidly crumble away; the sea would encroach upon the land with greater rapidity, and it would be difficult to estimate what the result would be.

On land, lichens are serving a similar purpose. They take a hold on the barest cliffs and send their roots into the seams in the rocks. At first they crumble the rocks, but this soon ceases, for an earth has been formed and other plants grow, until gradually the rock is hidden beneath a soil which serves to protect it from further erosion by rain and frost. That soil is a protection is shown by the fact that rocks lately uncovered show glacial scratches made ages ago, while uncovered rocks have since that time become rough and have lost all trace of former ice action.

If we take two rivers, tributaries of a larger one, one draining a forest covered valley, the other a valley from which trees have been cut down, it will be seen after a rain that the former is clear and limpid, while the other is filled with clayey mud. The rain in the former pattered down first upon the trees, then upon the leaves, from which it was easily shed, but in the latter case the bare earth was struck, or only grassy sod was there to protect the earth, and the mud was washed off. The effect of rain on the soil can be seen in a freshly plowed field, and if there were no sod the soil would soon be washed away, and the barren rocks alone be left. It is estimated that since the fall of the Roman Empire one-third of the tillable land has become bare rock, simply through lack of care in protecting the soil from the rain. If proper precautions are not taken much damage may result from this cause in our agricultural districts where the soil is not deep.

In rivers where willows line the banks or extend into the stream, during a flood the water will be made to run slowly by contact with the trees, and the mud will be deposited. This is soon chained down by the ever-growing rootlets, and after a few years the edge of the river will be transformed into dry land. Much land might be reclaimed in this way.

The growth of willows on a river's edge is of the utmost importance to man, and where they have been cleared away the river has in many cases widened. In this way the Ohio has, since the white man first came, widened itself perceptibly. Man must be on the lookout for such things if he intends to hold that which is his on this earth.

The final case of life protection against extensive changes in the earth's surface, which I shall mention, is that of grass and trees growing in the sand of certain regions. Those who have visited the shores of France have seen huge sand-hills which have been piled up within the memory of man, and have heard wonderful stories of how hills travel across the country before the wind, carrying destruction with them. On a smaller scale sand-blowing is illustrated on our coast at many points, notably Nantucket and Cape Cod. I have in mind a case in Massachusetts where a valuable farm was destroyed by the blowing in of sand from the sea, the cause of its blowing in being that a forest of trees behind the farm was cut down, and then certain eddies of wind favored the formation of sand dunes. In France the government has taken the matter in hand, and is planting vegetation to prevent the encroachment of the sand.

RALPH S. TARR.

NOTES ON THE VIRGINIA BLACKSNAKE.

I KNOW of no truer friend to the Virginian than the blacksnake, and yet his worst enemy is the Virginian, especially the negro.

Very few of our countrymen know what a friend they have in the black serpent, so common here with us. They destroy every copperhead, moccasin and rattlesnake that crosses their path, and when either one of the above mentioned venomous snakes meets the blacksnake it meets its death. One day in April, a year or two ago, I tied a string around one of my hound's neck, and tried to slip off from my pack for a squirrel hunt, as the hound I had was a splendid tree dog. But on this occasion he treed a squirrel so near the house that my other hounds heard him, and in a few minutes all my pack were at my heels. I had not gone more than a mile from my house before the hounds bounced a large red fox, and he made off immediately toward the Peaks of Otter. He crossed Sharp's Mountain in a few minutes, and in less than half an hour from the time I left home he was climbing the Peaks with my pack close in his rear. In the mean time I had stationed myself in one of the passes of Sharp's Mountain, hoping to get a shot at old reynard and stop my hounds, as the day was very warm; and besides I wished the old fellow's scalp to help pay for several lambs he had stolen from me.

After waiting for an hour or more without hearing the dogs, I concluded I would take a still-hunt for squirrels. I had walked about a hundred yards from the pass when I heard a noise near some rocks to my right, and thinking it was a squirrel playing in the leaves I very cautiously made for the rocks where the noise was and jumped over. Instead of a squirrel I saw a large blacksnake trying to get at something under a rock near by. In order to see what he was after I moved very cautiously to the left and got a good view of the rock. It was shaped like an egg, and near the ground was a small hole or indentation in the rock, and coiled up in this hole was one of the largest copperhead moccasins I ever saw. The blacksnake was doing all he could to get his enemy out of his retreat to kill him, but knowing the deadly bite of his opponent he was afraid to tackle him in such a retreat. The blacksnake would crawl from one side of the rock to the other in order to divert the attention of the copperhead; but its watchful eye saw every movement. I suppose things went on in this way for fifteen or twenty minutes, the blacksnake trying every scheme he knew to get the moccasin out of his fortification.

The battle had become very exciting to me by this time, and I wondered what plan the blacksnake would adopt to dislodge his enemy. At last I saw the blacksnake move on the upper side of the rock and stretch himself at full length and give his tail that peculiar shake upon the dry leaves which sounds so much like the deadly warning of the rattlesnake. This noise diverted the moccasin's attention; he immediately turned his head in the direction of the noise. That movement was the cause of his death, for in an instant the blacksnake, like a flash, had sprung upon his neck, coiled himself about his body, and they were now rolling and tumbling down the mountain. The battle was of short duration. The blacksnake just gave himself a stretch, just as a person does when they wake up from a sleep, and that was the last of the moccasin. The blacksnake soon uncoiled himself from his dead enemy and moved off about his business. I went to the dead snake, and I think every joint of his frame must have been broken, for there was not a sign of life in him; even the tail did not move.

After examining the copperhead carefully, I thought I would see if the blacksnake had received any wounds in the conflict. He had moved some ten or fifteen rods from the battlefield, where he lay stretched out, watching me. When I went up to him he showed the white feather and put off down the mountain in double quick time, but I pushed him so close that he took to a bush for refuge. I hauled him down, and examined him carefully, but found no wound upon him, not even a scratch.

As snake stories are generally below par with most people, I will mention only one more instance of the blacksnake killing a copperhead, although I could cite a dozen different battles between blacksnakes, moccasins and rattlesnakes which I have witnessed. The above mentioned instance was in the year 1881 I think. With a Presbyterian elder I was going to church one Sunday morning when a noise on the roadside attracted our attention. Upon examining the spot from whence the noise proceeded we saw two young snakes in deadly conflict. One was a copperhead, and the other was a blacksnake. Both were young, not more than a foot long The blacksnake came off victorious and when we left the young rascal was trying to swallow his enemy. This battle was witnessed by the elder before mentioned, and the gentleman is living now, and will vouch for the above should any one doubt it.

The blacksnake is one of the best rat catchers we have, and one will soon drive all the rats out of a barn or house. In fact they are worth a dozen cats, for whenever one of them puts his head into a rat hole the inmates leave immediately. A gentleman here in our county keeps more than a dozen in his mill, and he says he rarely sees a rat or mouse.

It is true that the blacksnake does sometimes destroy young birds, but very rarely is this the case, and when he does, it is extreme hunger that causes him to do it. In all my experience of the blacksnake, only one instance can I mention where he attacked young birds, and that was several years ago. An old robin had made her nest in an apple tree near my house, and had hatched out four young birds, which were doing well. One day about a week after hatching I heard the parent birds making an unusual noise, and went to see what was their trouble. I found that a large blacksnake was near the nest and was trying very hard to get its head into it, but the old birds fought it so hard it did not succeed. I got me a good switch and gave Mr. Snake a genteel whipping, and he left in a hurry, but never returned any more for to dine on young robins.

There is no harm in a blacksnake. His bite is not poisonous; in fact, I never saw one bite, although I have tormented one for hours to see if it would bite a young hare, but never got one to bite yet. I have a friend who lives near me who often puts a blacksnake in his bosom for amusement, and often keeps them there for hours at a time, and says he never had one to harm him. The worst enemy the blacksnake has here in Virginia is the negro, and I would wager almost any amount that if one of the colored brothers was to see a blacksnake and rattlesnake in a battle, he would invariably kill the blacksnake first, and if either got away, they had rather it were the rattlesnake. The stories they tell of the blacksnake are equal to the "Arabian Nights." I think that the Legislature of Virginia should protect the blacksnake by all means, as the serpent is entirely harmless.

Sportsmen, protect the blacksnake, for by so doing you will protect a friend who will invariably destroy every venomous reptile he meets with; and if you are pestered with rats and mice, get a blacksnake and put him in your barn and he will drive them out faster than a dozen cats. But if you have a negro for a servant, do not tell him you have put a blacksnake in your barn, for you would never get that darky in the barn again if you did.

CATAMOUNT.

LIBERTY, Va., Nov. 3.

BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY MORRIS GIBBS, M.D.

54. *Dendroeca pinus* (Wils.) Baird—Pine-creeping warbler. An abundant resident for five months of the year in many portions of the State, but not considered as a common species in other quarters. Quite a regular migrant and much inclined to follow a belt of pine land, or if a pinery is not near, heavy tamaracks or hemlocks are selected. This bird is particularly partial to pine lands, and collectors living in other sections can scarcely comprehend how numerous the birds are in the heavy pineries in Central and Northern Michigan. The pine warbler is one of our earliest arrivals, often being heard by April 20, and undoubtedly in many instances arriving earlier, as they do not sing on their arrival probably, and are therefore not identified in the tops of tall trees. It is also one of our last warblers to depart. It was observed in some numbers in Lake county, about 44° north latitude, from Oct. 12 to 15, 1883, while we were deer hunting. The weather was quite cold; snow fell, and water about our improvised home froze to a thickness of one-half inch. The birds appeared cheerful, and flitted about in the tops of the lofty pines often uttering their sparrow-like songs.

Usually the birds are found in numbers from May 1 to 20 in the southern parts of the State, while in the autumn they are not so abundant and are seen in late September a few days. The birds breed abundantly from 43° north and I cannot doubt but that they remain during summer as far south as 42°, but have yet to meet them, as I have not visited a large pinery so far south. I have found a few old nests which were considered as belonging to this species, but new nests have not been taken. The birds as a rule, I think, build well up in trees. Although so often observed in the tops of the tallest pines, and apparently very shy, nevertheless they do occasionally descend to the ground, and during migrations are not rarely found in fields or at the edges of small thickets. I have several times had the pleasure of observing specimens which were migrating through some half-cleared pasture lots. They were often on the ground feeding, and were quite unsuspicious and leisurely in their movements, and in their actions much resembled the yellow redpoll, flying from stump to stump and passing along rail fences in the same easy manner as that common field species.

This species has come under my observation in eight different counties and I consider it a well distributed warbler in all pine-growing sections. I found it plentiful in Mackinaw county, the extreme northern point of the Lower Peninsula, but could not record it in the Northern Peninsula, neither has it appeared in any of the lists of that region. Its song is a peculiar sparrow-like chatter, which is quite familiar to most collectors, but so unlike the notes of the warbler that new collectors are often deceived when it is heard issuing from the tops of the pines. The notes are odd and can not be described on paper. The warbler is very active in its movements and is seldom quiet for an instant. It is a persistent insect hunter and undoubtedly beneficial.

55. *Dendroeca palmarum* (Gmel.) Baird—Redpoll warbler. I am not positive that the bird which I refer to is rightly named above. The changes incidental to each new catalogue issued are many, and not always acceptable; but as such variations are constantly appearing we must apply them as best we can, even at the expense, perhaps, of describing a bird which we have not named correctly. These remarks are made because of the two names to the above-named warbler, where one name only was previously used. In older works we have "Yellow Redpoll Warbler *D. palmarum* (Gm.) Brd.;" next we get a list in which we have "113. *D. palmarum* (Gm.) Brd. Redpoll Warbler," and after it "113*a*. *D. palmarum hypochrysea* Ridg. Yellow Redpoll Warbler," evidently a variety. Without proper means of identification how is one to tell whether a specimen in hand is the original species or the new variety. As looking at it in this light, shall we call our bird the species of the old specific name, the new English name, or the new variety with the old and proper English name with the addition to the old specific name? When either the scientific or the common name is alone changed we can still claim our acquaintance with a species; but when both are changed or one made a variety and embellished with a trinomial we are at a loss, and I am in the dark from the last Smithsonian catalogue whether I have 113 or 113*a*. Let us hope that in the proposed list revised by the American Ornithologists' Union, which will appear when the committe agree on the nomenclature of our birds, that we shall have a standard

which will at least stand for a quarter-century and be regarded by author of new works as correct, and not to be disagreed with by each new writer.

We have a yellow redpoll warbler anyway, and it arrives from April 20 to May 4, and remains until June 1 before passing entirely out of the State. It never remains within our boundries during nesting season to my knowledge, nor could I find it in early June in our Upper Peninsula. The birds appear again from the north in September, and remain as late as Oct. 15 very frequently. A few notes of captures may be of interest: 1875, May 15, Kalamazoo county; 1876, April 25 and May 13, Kalamazoo county; 1879, April 27, Kalamazoo county, and May 3, Kent county; 1880, April 27, Kalamazoo county; 1881, May 1, Montcalm county; 1882, May 9 and 14, Mountcalm county; 1883, May 8, Newaygo county; 1883, Oct. 13, Lake county. The redpoll offers striking peculiarities in its habits, which distinguish it readily from all the other members of the genus. It is essentially a bird preferring clearings, pasture lots and open groves, and in this respect differs widely from the others of the *Dendræcæ*. It is more often found associating with the yellowrump and prairie warblers than any of the genus, but is more frequently seen in company with the sparrows in half cleared tracts. It also has an almost constant habit of jerking its tail, by which it is readily identified during our walks in the fields. It is often seen following hedge rows or rail fences during its periods of migration and much resembles the *Seiuri* in many of its movements. It usually keeps near or on the ground, but is occasionally shot while feeding well up in the trees. I have often seen it on the ground feeding among the dead leaves, and on one occasion it was observed in the road feeding in the dust, a decidedly odd situation for a graceful warbler. It is an active bird and very industrious in its search for insects, which it often catches on the wing, in which performance it is quite adept. After seizing the insect it suddenly pauses in its flight, and if near the earth suddenly drops, or if in a bush comes to a sudden halt near a limb. In this respect it even resembles a pewee in its sudden check after a capture and return to its perch.

The song of this pleasing bird I have never heard. During its migration only a few faint *cheeps* being uttered, which, even when connected by repetition, can hardly be termed a song, so faint and irregular are they.

CRAYFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two or three weeks ago I had presented to me by Mr. S. L. M. Barlow about two dozen crayfish from Illinois, and turned them into my trout stream. I have never seen any of these fish before on Long Island. Are they likely to thrive? Are any of the Long Island streams inhabited by crayfish, or are these the first introduced? THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Oct. 30.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Crayfish, or as they are called here, fresh-water crabs, were, and I believe are now to be found in many of our streams here in Northwestern Vermont, as well as in the eastern townships, Canada. STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt.

[Crayfish are cultivated by the Germans for the table. Some are brought to New York market from Wisconsin and other places. Their burrowing habits make them dreaded by owners of dams, and our fishculturists regard them as great pests. We fear that Mr. Clapham may have cause to regret the introduction of these crustaceans.]

ALBINO ANTELOPE.—The Siamese have their white elephants, but it has remained for Wyoming to produce a pure white antelope, and then it required a long chase on the part of the hunters to capture the rare and beautiful animal. It was first discovered about six weeks ago, and ever since that time the hunters have been after it with all energy. On Saturday last T. D. Abbott and Charles Rathbun went out on the chase, and found it near Wall Rock Cañon, where, after some trouble, they succeeded in capturing it. Mr. Rathbun has returned to this city, and Mr. Abbott will come in with the pelt to-day or to-morrow. The hunters say that this is the first white antelope ever seen or heard of, and that it was a beautiful specimen, only about one year old. It is a pity it could not have been captured alive.—*Laramie (Wyo.) Boomerang.*

DOMESTICATING WILDFOWL.—Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., Nov. 2.—I have received several more woodducks this fall, but no new species. Some of my old birds are now in new plumage and some have not yet moulted. One pintail drake has moulted but is not yet in full plumage; the same can be said of the widgeon and mallards. The mandarins, now two and a half years old, never looked so well. I have not yet been able to get any blue-winged teal nor a mate for the little green-winged teal whose drake died a year ago. So far there has been no loss of birds by death, and a wider range next year may result in breeding some.—FRED MATHER.

DESTRUCTIVE ELECTRIC LIGHT TOWERS.—During a rainy night in October I picked up under one tower one hundred and five birds, killed under this tower alone, and there are several in the city. This was only one night, but every night more or less birds were killed during migration. Those killed on this particular night were chiefly insectivorous birds, as Maryland yellowthroats (*Geothlypis trichas*), house wrens (*Troglodytes ædon*), indigo bunting (*Passerina cyanea*). Migratory birds have about all passed over at this date, Nov. 4, 1885.—G. NOBLE (Savannah, Ga.).

GROUSE AND SNAKE.—Bodines, Pa., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: A rather singular coincidence was observed near here lately. Two friends of mine, while walking in the woods, noticed a ruffed grouse acting in a very strange manner, and upon approaching her found a small green snake some fifteen inches in length wound tightly about its neck. As they drew near the snake unwound and hid in the leaves, while the pheasant, quickly recovering, took refuge in flight.—H. C. GREEN.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN DURING OCTOBER, 1885.—Purchased—Two seals (*Phoca vitulina*); two brown pelicans (*Pelecanus fuscus*), male and female; two European quail (*Coturnix communis*), male and female; and six summer ducks (*Aix sponsa*) three males and three females. Presented—One brown capucin (*Cebus fatuellus*), one coati (*Nasua nasica*), one Leach's petrel (*Cymochorea leucorrhoa*), one cow bird (*Molothrus pecoris*), one tooth-billed pigeon (*Didunculus strigirostris*), four alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*) and eight banded rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*).

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ANTELOPE IN KANSAS DRAWS.

IN August, visiting a friend on his ranch in Lane county, Kansas, 80 miles west of here, I found myself in the home of the antelope. That whole region lies in what was originally called the Great American Desert, viz., a vast timberless prairie, closely sodded with buffalo grass, the sweetest morsel to the antelope. Part of the country is rolling and a part gently undulating, with much which is apparently flat; but if you closely notice it you will discover a very gentle slope in what appears most flat. These flats, as they are called, are the parts most frequented by antelope. They reach from three to ten miles without a break. From the boundaries of the flats, draws (ravines they would be called in the East) begin almost imperceptible at first, very gradually increasing until in the first mile you will have a draw fifty feet deep and half a mile wide. The antelope may be found at times near the beginning of these draws, and may then be approached near enough for a shot, though the depression is so slight that the most careful and patient crawling are required. In fact, frequently you cannot crawl, but must lie flat on your breast and pull yourself along with your hands by holding to the grass. The game can often see you, but by great care and remaining motionless when they look toward you, and putting forward only when they are grazing or looking away from your direction, being also careful of the wind and the color of your clothes and content to advance six inches at a time, you may get near enough for a shot. We tried this several times, and in each case succeeded in approaching close enough. You travel on horseback and ride till you discover the game, usually at a distance of a mile or mile and a half.

I was accompanied by a friend familiar with the country. As we came near the summit of a swell we saw two antelope grazing near the head of a draw, about three-quarters of a mile away. We showed only our heads and they didn't perceive us. We rode into a near draw, picketed our horses about a half mile from them, and then approached them, advancing up the draw until within five hundred yards. Here the draw made a turn to the south, and as the wind came from the north we could follow it no longer, for the wind blew directly toward them at the turn of the draw. So we were obliged to move directly over the intervening swell instead of continuing in the draw, which would have been much the safest approach. As we reached the summit we saw the doe. The buck was the one we desired the most; but we dare not wait nor move further for fear of discovery. Now the important but difficult question of distance must be determined, there being no objects to aid you; and being compelled to fire lying down, the intervening ground being also invisible, makes it a much more difficult problem than one who has never hunted on the plains would imagine. I wanted to raise the sights of my rifle one notch; but my friend advised not, saying it was not over one hundred yards. I deferred to his judgment, but the sequel proved him mistaken. After a very careful aim I fired, the ball just barely passing under the body, thus proving that a raise of one notch would have been just my sight. I fired again as she ran, without result. Then the buck made his appearance, running across our front. We paid him our compliments three times, but failed to stop him. On stepping off the distance of the first shot we found it to be a strong one hundred and thirty yards. Of course we were not as well pleased as if we had killed, but felt highly elated at having been able to approach near enough for a shot which before this I had doubted my ability to do.

A few days after this, with the same friend, I rode out again and discovered two more antelope (doubtless the same seen there before). They were lying down 150 yards beyond the head of the same draw. The day was very hot, the sun was shining bright. We picketed our horses in the same place as before and advanced up the draw again. This time the wind was favorable, but when we came to where the draw turned south, we were in plain view of the antelope. No other way of approach being possible, we began to crawl up the draw, beyond the head of which and near the highest point of the swell the two lay, a fine buck and doe, about 350 yards distant. A portion of the way we had some weeds for concealment, but half the way we were in plain sight, and had to be very careful not to move when they looked down the draw, as they did frequently. But we pulled ourselves forward whenever they turned their attention in another direction. They were very watchful and our progress was correspoddingly slow. When we finally got within 150 yards, we were able to crawl without discovery for 50 yards close under the slope. Then we had to snake it along again till as near as possible. We judged them to be not over 100 yards. Wiping the perspiration from our faces and waiting a few moments to rest and steady our nerves, having become much fatigued with our exertion, an hour and a half having elapsed since we began operations, we now prepared to fire. Just as we were about steady, both the antelope rose up, having finished their mid-day rest. They were not alarmed, but we had not a moment to lose, for they would speedily move off. Taking careful aim at the buck, I fired a left rear quartering shot and heard the bullet thud very distinctly. The buck gave no evidence of being hit, not wincing a particle, but moving off with the doe in a gentle leisurely trot. From what we hear, and our experience corrobarated it so far, this is characteristic of the antelope. They differ in this respect from any other animal we ever hunted. They give absolutely no evidence of being hit, but move off as if unharmed. Before we could fire again, they disappeared over the swell in a gentle trot. W followed at a walk, and on reaching the spot where they had stood, saw the buck lying flat and motionless not 50 yards from the spot we fired upon him. The doe stood about 200 yards away looking at him. W fired at her but missed; on walking up to the buck, we found him dead, the ball had struck him in the center of the left ham, ranging forward and upward, and passing out on the opposite side, a few inches below the back. He proved to be a very large, fat animal, with an unusually large pair of horns. We dressed the carcass, and after much trouble got it upon one of our Texan horses and started for the ranch, three miles distant, in one of the hardest thunder and rainstorms I remember to have seen. Of course we got thoroughly soaked, but what did that matter? I had killed my first antelope and was correspondingly happy.

A few days after this I rode out alone in an opposite direction from camp. After riding five miles I saw a band of eight of them about a mile and a half away. Looking through the field glasses—something that one should always carry—I found them to be a buck and seven does. They were grazing toward a draw. I turned back, rode into the same draw about a mile below where I judged they would approach it, picketed my horse, and walked nearly a mile. Now came the difficult part—to see them without being seen. After much careful peeking I discovered them near the edge of the draw, or rather one of them, lying down about 500 yards away. I moved on until, as I thought, about right, and then began to crawl up to the break of the draw on one side. I could see nothing yet, so crawled about twenty yards further, and then gently rising to a sitting posture, I saw a doe lying to the right, 150 yards away. But I could see no others. Looking directly ahead, what was my astonishment to see two does standing up not over 125 yards from me, and at their feet I could see a splendid pair of horns which I knew belonged to the head of a fine buck; but I could not see his head, and dared not rise high enough to do so.

I wanted those horns badly, but just at present I was in a predicament. I dare not move a finger while the two does were standing in open view and so near. I judged they would soon lie down, as all the rest seemed to have done. After waiting ten minutes, which seemed an hour in my uncomfortable position (for like a pointer I stiffened when the scent or rather sight struck me), finally one lay down. Oh, if the other would only lie down now and relieve me from my cramped position, I would then get those horns. At last, down she went. I took a long breath and stretched my cramped legs. After a good rest I began to pull along toward those horns, at the same time keeping a sharp watch on the doe lying to my right, and whose ears I could see while hugging the ground closely. At last those coveted horns were in view as far down as the head; but I dare not raise my head high enough to see more, for the buck was facing me, and I knew the two does at least were by his side. Which way they were lying I could not tell. On I pull again a few feet further, intending to fire at the head as soon as I could see it. But now to my chagrin I see that I can go no further toward the buck, for the doe to my right can plainly see me and will be sure to notice me if I move forward. I lie still and think the matter over. Can I back out and approach from another quarter? Too much risk of discovery I decide. But how can I give up so handsome a pair of horns—almost mine? A bird in hand is worth two on the plains. So I decide to make sure of the doe, and trust to a running shot for those beautiful horns, more beautiful now than ever, as my chances of possessing them grew less, for I could hardly hope to hit him on the run. At last, raising my sight one notch, I fired a quartering shot at the doe and heard it strike. But not stopping to see what took place further, pumping in another shell I fired at the buck, now trotting across my front at the head of six does close behind him, and carrying away with him those horns that ought to have been mine. At the first shot I missed, and fired again, three times scoring a goose egg. Then I watched them, feeling sure the wounded doe must soon halt. I noticed one doe a few feet behind the rest. By the time they had gone 600 yards she reeled and fell. Walking up I found her dead; dressed her and then went after my horse, hoping to load the carcass upon him, but doubting my ability to do so, for those Texans are opposed to carrying anything if they can help it.

I was not disappointed. He had no inclination to carry it. I hitched the picket rope about its neck, mounted and pulled it along the grass by the horn of the saddle, which, by the way, is the only manner a Texas horse will pull anything; he has no use for a collar, and the less work of any kind he is given the more docile he is. These ponies are just mean enough to leave you on the plains, ten or twenty miles from any place, if they can get rid of you, by fair means or foul. They look handsome when roaming the plains, but beauty is often deceptive, even in a horse.

I got along finely for half a mile, when I found that the hair and hide was fast disappearing from the side in contact with the grass, so I turned the animal over on the other side and moved on half a mile further, when the same result happened. I was still four miles from camp. I unfastened the picket rope, rode to the ranch and returned with a wagon. Now came the difficult task of finding the antelope on that vast plain, with not a shrub nor landmark of any kind for miles. Before starting for camp I had taken bearings with my compass from an old deserted house several miles away from the spot I left the antelope. Guided by this, after a short search I found her and took her to camp. We had several other hunts, one with greyhounds, of which I may tell you later. E. R. WOODROW.

LARNED, KANSAS.

SOUTHERN DUCKING GROUNDS.

FROM several authentic sources it is learned that the prospect for good goose and duck shooting this winter, in the waters of Virginia and North Carolina, is very fair. Already a large number of birds have put in an appearance although the weather has been warm. Many of the birds are young ones, which is considered by the coast gunners as a very good sign. Last year there was little or no shooting for brant along our coast. The Hog Islanders who used to supply our markets with these delicious birds made but two small shipments. This year, however, they say it will pay to follow the birds up, and all hands are busy now painting and rigging up their stools. Below are reports from two of the most important fowling grounds on the Atlantic seaboard:

THE VIRGINIA BROADWATERS.

Geese, brant and black ducks are now quite plentiful in the broadwaters between Accomac county and Hog Island. Off Brant Hill there is an abundance of feed, and the brant are bedding there in great numbers. In Burton's Bay, to the north, a number of young brant have been seen. There are blinds at the mouth of Trout Channel, and already some fair bags have been made. At present the best black duck shooting can be had in Cherry Creek and in the creeks running through Matulican marshes. On these marshes there are also great numbers of curlew and sand snipe. A new gunning club, with Mr. Ben West of New York city, at its head, has located, and built a club house on the marshes south of Burton's Bay. The club has a limited number of members—all old-time sportsmen.

Owing to the filling up of the ponds on Paramore's Beach the black duck shooting on the island is a thing of the past. The salt pond, however, at the north end of the island, has increased in size, and during the northeast storms is a great resort for geese. A party of Northern gunners have taken possession of Revel Island, which lies to the southward of Paramore's Island, and they have been building bush blinds in all the available sinks in the upper broadwater.

The inhabitants of Hog Island and Cobb's Island are pre-

paring for a big gunning season. They say that a very large percentage of the fowl in the bays this year are young birds. Last season there was but little brant shooting in this section, but there is promise that the resident gunners will make up for lost time this winter.

THE CURRITUCK MARSHES.

During the very hard northeast storm in the latter part of October which occurred along the North Carolina coast, the local gunners who frequent the marshes whenever they get a chance have been guilty of more or less poaching on the ducking shores owned and leased by the different shooting clubs. They are at present threatening the frontier owned by the Palmer's Island club, and occasioning no end of trouble to Mr. William S. Foster, the superintendent, and the under keepers. It has therefore been found necessary to erect look-out houses on the marshes, from which the keepers can have a good view of the outside shores. One house has been erected on the outer point of Horseshoe Island. Everything is being done to keep the law-breakers at bay, but they are very obstinate in their attacks, and in some instances have resorted to night shooting.

From the present outlook the shooting at Currituck will be remarkably good this season. There is an abundance of good food. On Oct. 25 there was a good show of ducks in the marshes, and on the 28th ult. the geese began to circle into the Sound. The weather has been warm, and on the main land there has been a great deal of sickness. There has been no frost as yet, the thermometer ranging from 65° to 85°. The Palmer's Island members are making many improvements. They have been erecting a large kennel house for their retrievers and hunting dogs. The mails run via Snowden's Station as last year, no change having been made in the time.

CALIFORNIA GAME NOTES.

ALTHOUGH our shooting season opened on the 1st of October, it has not thus far been a satisfactory one. Contrary to the rule, we have not as yet been favored with a rainstorm—except in the mountains—and all efforts to find quail in abundance in their usual haunts have been unsuccessful. The foothills are scorched and dry, and the watercourses few and far between. Hence the birds appear to have sought the impenetrable chapparal and greasewood thickets further up the mountains, where neither man nor dog can follow them. It will take a few good showers of rain and a snapping frost or two to drive them out and down upon the lower hills, where they will be within reach of the sportsman, and where dogs will have a chance to do satisfactory work. However, as we have a good, long open season—from Oct. 1 to March 1—we can afford to wait a few weeks yet, even till December.

If anybody thinks that the valley quail of California affords poor sport for others than the pot-hunters, he is mistaken. That they can be shot in vast numbers by the "ground-sluicing" process is true, as I suppose it is of every other kind of quail; but our valley bird really lies well to the dog when found where the brush or timber is not too dense. The coveys are apt to flush wild at first, but at the first shot they scatter well and hide very close. I have known persons to follow them for hours and not get a shot, simply by neglecting to blaze away at the first rise. They do say that down in the southern part of the State these birds do not lie well, but in the central and northern counties they do. Just now everybody that enjoys sport with gun and dog is wishing (if not praying) for rain and a cold snap. But, aside from the necessities of the sportsman, more delightful weather than we are now enjoying could not be asked for Lovely as is the California springtime, the autumn is to me even more charming, especially the October and November months. Here in Sacramento—and throughout the great valley of the Sacramento—the temperature now runs about from 40° in the early morning to 70° in the afternoon. The air is soft and hazy, and we have not had a really strong blow since June. It is just the kind of weather that makes a fellow feel as if he wanted to be abroad in the woods and fields, of course with gun and dog. When thus accompanied I have often noticed that one's enthusiasm over the beauties of nature lasts much longer than under other conditions, even if it be no more intense at the outset.

Those who prefer wildfowl to quail shooting are also resting on their arms, waiting for the great influx of ducks from the north. A great many ducks are bred annually in the tule region along the Sacramento, and the advance guard of the northern army comes along soon after September 1; but the height of the ducking season does not begin until well along in November. This year the sloughs and small lakes are all dry as yet, and the ducks have mostly gone to the bays and larger lakes. A few canvasbacks have been shot recently within a couple of miles of this city, and mallards, teal, sprig, redhead and other common varieties have been in market for some time. Geese are quite plentiful already, and very soon the poultry stands will be filled with all kinds of wild game. The deerslayers fairly steeped themselves in gore the past summer. The number of deer that were slaughtered since July, within a radius of 75 or 100 miles of Sacramento, would foot up into the thousands. The woods are full of white men and Indians who kill the deer for their hides (contrary to law, of course), and they are helped out by crowds of graceless scamps from the cities and towns, who go "camping" every summer. These chaps come home and get the newspapers to puff them for having killed from 10 to 30 deer each during a month's raid in the hills. Of course they sell the hides, like the other fellows, and throw away the carcasses. It is simply shameful the way our deer are being destroyed, and I only hope that some of these guerrillas may live long enough to realize what brutal proclivities mastered them in their younger days.

Owing to the lateness of the season the Pacific Coast Field Trial Club has not yet been able to determine upon what grounds the trial shall be run in December. The probability is, however, that the dogs will be turned loose in Marin county, where a member of the Executive Committee claims to have found some good ground and plenty of birds. The Derby will be light this year, as several owners of young dogs declined to risk $2.50 and make their nominations as early as May 1. As it was, there were seventeen entries; but distemper, poison and doses of lead have made sad inroads upon the puppy ranks. The all-age entries will close Nov. 15, and it is expected that they will foot up from twenty to thirty. The club find it difficult to secure good judges, but will endeavor to have the best the State affords. Interest in dogs is steadily on the increase, and in a few years California will be able to boast of a large number of blue bloods. There are a great many here already, all of the most noted Eastern sires being represented.

Excellent snipe shooting is reported from the marsh lands about the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. In fact, a San Francisco paper stated last week that the local market was glutted with English snipe. I like snipe shooting perhaps better than any other, and must try and pay my respects to the long-billed fellows down that way at the earliest opportunity. CARL.

SACRAMENTO, Oct. 27.

GAME IN THE PINE TREE STATE.

THE superintendent of the Maine Central Railroad has issued an order to his station agents which will interest sportsmen who go to the Pine Tree State to hunt moose, caribou or deer this fall. In substance the order says that, although under the statute a railroad or an express company could legally transport each season one moose, two caribou and three deer, yet, with all the number of trains, stations and agents connected with that line, it would be impossible for agents to know when the limit had been reached, and the superintendent therefore orders that none whatever of such game be transported. This is regarded as a strong move in the right direction by those favorable to game protection, and, since the Maine Central and its branches cover nearly all the avenues of transportation from the State, except by water, it now looks as though but few moose or deer could be got to market from Maine this season. Some of the other transportation companies are likely to adopt the same rule of action.

The Maine commissioners are working with their usual energy to bring those vacationists who have been down to Maine and shot moose, deer or caribou in close time this year, to justice. They have able detectives at work and disclosures, unpleasant to those who have been wonderful hunters on the sly, are expected. Mr. Stillwell declares that what surprises him beyond measure is how that even clergymen from other States can come down into Maine in close season, bribe guides to aid them, and then deliberately break the law of the land, only to gratify a passion for killing. Such wickedness is invariably followed by lying. Guides are corrupted into swearing falsely, by money, and both clergymen and lawyers are instigators of such crime, to save themselves from paying the fines that law fixes upon their overt act. As for schoolmasters, several of them are indicted for killing moose or deer in Maine out of season, and they dare not visit that State, for fear of arrest. Truly they must regard the fun as dearly bought.

These clergymen preach obedience to law and order at home; these lawyers would not be guilty of openly breaking the statutes of their own State, and then subornating witnesses to swear falsely about it; but each goes into Maine intending to take game unlawfully. But what is the result when they get found out? In nine cases out of ten they prove to be cowards—"squeal," as the speculators say—when they get nipped. They write to the Maine Game Commissioners asking for clemency. The letters are generally addressed to Mr. Stillwell, because his name appears first. That gentleman has such letters in his possession by almost a score. The letter frequently confesses the crime; generally promises never to do so again; winds up with asking permission to come into the State again. Mr. Stillwell's answer is always the same: "I am not a judge. I did not make the law, but I have sworn to enforce it, and while the oath of office is on me I shall do it!" He also closes with assuring the applicants that if they touch Maine soil again they will be arrested.

Such devotion to a cause where the pay is very small and the curses are many, is saving the moose and deer to Maine, and they are increasing wonderfully. Would the same earnestness and force were behind the game and fish protective laws of every State in the Union! Hounding deer is effectually wiped out in Maine, as it is to be hoped it may be by your aid, good FOREST AND STREAM, in the Adirondacks. A gentleman, for many years a resident in Maine and who is to this day in the habit of traveling over the sparsely settled portions of the State extensively, remarked the other day that "he never saw anything like it. Ten or fifteen years ago there were no deer. Now they are getting to be very common. They come out into the fields to feed. Their tracks are as common as sheep tracks. Only keep down crust-hunting and keep out hounds, and Maine will yet be as noted for her deer as for her lakes and woods."

It is with pleasure that I hear that the Province of New Brunswick has made a non-exportation game bird law, although I am not yet able to state the form of it or give FOREST AND STREAM a copy. SPECIAL.

A TEXAS QUAIL SHOOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the latter part of October, and at the end of a mild Texas norther, a party consisting of Wellmer, Purnell and Hanna resolved to go upon a general hunt, and having loaded down two buckboards with all the paraphernalia of a hunter's outfit, left town, looking like two Yankee tin peddlers going West to have the country grow up with them. After traveling twenty-five miles northeast of Austin, we arrived at our camping grounds on the head of Willow Creek, where ducks, snipe and quail were said to be abundant. Arriving a little before dusk, we set to work hunting quail for supper and succeeded in bagging a few. We selected our camping grounds a hundred yards from the tank or pond, under some hackberry trees, which made a delightful place to camp, and, with plenty of wood, we soon had a rousing fire and a fine supper, and after telling a few stereotyped camp stories, retired for the night. All was lovely, calm and serene on this balmy autumnal night, until all at once night was made hideous by the howling of legions of wolves within a short distance from camp. That, with innumerable hoot owls in the trees close by, was something that did not detract from the monotony of camp life.

Next morning we were up bright and early, and heard the first piping notes of Bob White coming from every quarter, and we anticipated fine sport for the day. At daylight we took our stands at the pond, and a little before sunrise Purnell succeeded in bringing down a couple of canvasbacks out of a large flock that came sailing over, going south. That ended duck shooting for the day. We repaired to camp and after breakfast started out for quail. The surrounding country consisted mainly of cactus, chapparal, quail and rattlesnakes. One of our party killed a large rattle, which he nearly stepped on; it had ten rattles and a button, which would indicate the gentleman was ten years old. The prickly pear was so dense that we could not work a dog, and so we had to rely on still-hunting and trust to the hawks to scare the quail up. Talk about hawks, they were there by the thousands, and could be seen in every direction as far as the eye could reach. Some of them would hover over a covey of quail, and would not leave at our approach; so we succeeded in killing them. We disposed of some forty hawks during our four days' outing. As to quail, we had as fine sport as any sportsman could wish, and would have returned with about sixty birds if the weather had not turned out so warm. An idea of the number of quail in that vicinity may be drawn from the fact that during the year 1877 one party of pot-hunters trapped over eleven thousand there. But thanks to our Legislature, it undertook the framing of adequate game laws for the protection of this noble bird, and quail are to-day more plentiful than at any time since the war.

Our trip home was devoid of any startling incident, save that every team we met took fright at us, and several of them came near running away. I presume we were taken for the advance of a circus. BOB.

AUSTIN, Texas, October, 1885.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 30.—My score of birds for this season is four woodcock, one partridge and one black duck, and as I am no game butcher and do not hunt for count I took as much enjoyment as on some former trips when I made much larger bags. The first flight of woodcock arrived here from the 12th to the 16th of October, and seemed to be coming and going a few at a time for a week or ten days. Quail are not very plenty. Partridge in some places are more plenty. The section where I have hunted has been good cover for them for years, but this year the flocks have been broken and thinned out by market hunters so they are hard to find. One market hunter has made a specialty of hunting ducks for the market, starting out before daylight and visiting all the ponds for miles around and doing nothing else during the fall migrations, shooting some and frightening away the rest. Such a man is a nuisance in any neighborhood, much more so in a State like this where game is so scarce. Maine, New Hampshire and Connecticut have made laws that forbid the shipping of game out of their States, which will save a good deal of their game but will have a tendency to a greater slaughter in Massachusetts, Boston being the chief market in New England. It will also have a tendency to make land owners post their land to preserve the game. Most of the woodcock shot in this State are flight birds; very few breed here compared to former numbers. The largest woodcock I have ever shot and weighed tipped the scales at 11 ounces.—G. L. B.

VERMONT DEER AND PANTHERS.—Highgate, Vt., Oct. 31.—Signs of deer are to be found on nearly all of our mountains in the northern portion of the State, though no panther; but we have a worse evil, the sly cruster, who runs down his venison and keeps his own secrets hid from his neighbors, excepting in the extreme northeastern part of the State, where this work is done more openly. I believe that your correspondent, Ned Norton, could throw some valuable light on this subject. Our people are over-zealous to help exterminate but lax to assist in the work of protection.—STANSTEAD. In the *Evangelist* Rev. S. W. Powell writes from Wilmington, Vt.: "Ray Pond, about three miles above the village, was stocked with black bass about nine years ago, and there are said to be seven and eight-pound fish there now. A few begin to get out into the stream. Sawdust has banished the trout. Once in a while deer stray as far south as this from the wild region up north, in which some ten years since a number were turned loose, and have been protected since by stringent legislation. The low bounty for killing the panther—only $20—does not tempt hunters to undertake the serious labor and peril. One that weighed 180 pounds was killed a year or two ago, I was told, and shown at Brattleboro. How many deer, not to speak of domestic animals, would it take to maintain such a monster for a year?"

GAME NEAR NEW YORK.—One of the best hunting grounds near by is reached by the D. L. & W. R. R., which takes you direct to Oakland Station (or Cresco) Monroe county, Pa., some forty miles northwest of the Water Gap. Here pheasants are numerous, and woodcock, rabbits and a few quail may be found. The country is rather high and rough for quail, however. I spent four days at Cresco last week, and found out for myself what old hunters have been telling [illegible] several years. There is game at Cresco and plenty [illegible] woods abound with partridges. In a two days' [illegible] parties must have started fifty birds, but owing to the [illegible] underbrush very few could be seen. We secured [illegible] dozen jump birds and several woodcock. Seven miles northeast from Cresco are the Goose Ponds, near which deer may be found. Two were started about four miles from Cresco last Tuesday, and any hunter who travels the country from Goose Ponds to the Bushkill will be rewarded with venison. Five miles west of Cresco are the Beech woods, which afford a roost for thousands of wild pigeons. Altogether Cresco is a good place to locate for a few days. Hunters who go out there need not buy any game at Washington Market on their return. If they are fairly good shots they can get enough in the woods to fill a good-sized game bag.—T. V. W.

TO THE SUNK LANDS.—The Memphis *Appeal*, Nov. 3, reports: The little pleasure steamer C. O., about which the *Appeal* had an extended notice some time ago, arrived yesterday afternoon, and is lying at the upper wharf awaiting the arrival of four of the participants in the cruise expected by rail from Louisville this afternoon. The C. O. is owned by Judge Longworth, the distinguished Cincinnatian, and in command of Geo. B. Ellworth. Judge Longworth is accompanied by a party of his friends, among them Col. A. Wilson and Dr. Henshall, both well known to piscatorial fame. The latter gentleman is keeping the boat's log, which will be an interesting page in marine literature hereafter. The C. O. leaves this afternoon for the mouth of St. Francis River, and will ascend that stream *Deo volente* and a sufficiency of water, to the happy hunting grounds of the Sunk Lands up about the headwaters. It is a happy party, equipped to unlimited expense and good judgment, and it is hoped they will realize all the sport dreamed of when the excursion was planned.

WHO TAKES THE DEER?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to "G. F. K.," Sayville, L. I., in FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 15, page 228, "Who Takes the Deer?" here is my experience: Ten years ago this season we were in the Adirondacks (Essex county), and I asked the same question of one of the old settlers and hunters, and the answer was: The dog takes the hide; and I think that was all, although I was told it might sometimes be considered policy to give the owner of the dog a quarter of the carcass as a preventive of his accidentally mistaking you sometime on purpose for game and serving you as you did the deer.—DRAWER 1606.

IN CAHOOTS.—Denver, Col., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "In cahoot" or "in cahoots" has been a familiar phrase to me ever since I can remember such things (was brought up in Ohio). But never, until since various correspondents have been discussing it and wondering over it through FOREST AND STREAM, did I understand or suspect that it meant anything rascally or disreputable. It simply means a partnership, and is generally applied to a petty partnership, such as two or more boys trapping quail or fishing together with an agreement to share and share alike in the results. Sometimes it is applied to more important partnerships, of temporary duration, especially by persons who have fallen into the habit of using the words. I have often heard it spoken "in cahootnership." It is simply an American provincialism, fully as expressive as many others and quite as sensible. It is possible that a band of chicken thieves might agree to go "in cahoots," or, if more "tony," they would refer to their organization as a copartnership.—W. N. B.

SOUTHWESTERN KANSAS.—Gardner City, Kans., Oct. 30.—A couple of friends returned yesterday from a week's tour through the southwestern counties. They report having seen abundance of game. On one occasion, upon reaching a plateau, quite a panorama was disclosed. Scattered in the foreground were at least a hundred antelope; skulking about were coyotes; while further away was a drove of fourteen genuine live buffaloes, and gangs of wild horses. They saw also numbers of curlew, plover and mallard ducks. I was premature in announcing the extinction of gray wolves in this locality. I learn that a grand wolf drive has been organized, to take place shortly at a point on the railroad fifty miles west of here, the grays having played havoc among stock south of the Arkansas. A prominent stock man has sent out word for all of Southwestern Kansas to come and partake of his hospitality during the big hunt. I hope to attend, and if so will send an account of it.—RAMBLER.

POSSESSION IN CLOSE SEASON.—Boston, Mass., Nov. 3.—In the First District Court for Bristol county, at Attleboro, Mass., George W. Cheevers, a provision dealer of Attleboro, was fined $40 and costs on Wednesday on two counts, charging him with selling and having in possession quail before the 15th of October. The evidence showed that the quail were killed Oct. 10 in Connecticut, where the season opens Oct. 1, but the court held that under the statute passed in 1881 this did not constitute a valid defense. As the first case under this statute the case is one of interest to dealers and sportsmen. Simeon Bowen, Esq., of Attleboro, appeared for the defendant and J. R. Reed, Esq., counsel for the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, for the government.—HENRY J. THAYER, Sec. Mass. Fish and Game Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Nov. 7.—The opening of the ducking season at the Havre de Grace and Gunpowder river grounds gave good shooting on Nov. 1. As is always the case when shooting is allowed in these waters for the first of the season, the fowl were not at all wild and stooled beautifully, having arrived and taken possession of the flats during the last two weeks of October, and were not molested. Many redheads were boated and blackheads were numerous. Canvasbacks are scarce, the weather thus far having been too mild to bring them. Sportsmen who have returned this week from quail shooting trips complain of the warm weather and the heavy growth of weeds and other thick cover they everywhere encountered, but report the number of coveys as compared with last year have increased.—HOMO.

COLORADO GAME.—Denver, Colo., Oct. 30.—A fair supply of game is now coming into this market, consisting mainly of deer, antelope, bear and ducks. A few grouse and quail—the latter from the Missouri Valley. For some reason there are hardly any geese or brant in this region this fall. A hunter killed three black bears in the edge of the mountains about fifteen miles from this city, the other day. They were all young ones and in excellent condition. After killing them the hunter prudently went after reinforcements, as he expected an old one was hunting in the same neighborhood. But the carcasses were found undisturbed and no other bear was seen. Duck shooters bring in large bags from the neighboring ponds and lakes.—W. N. B.

GUNPOWDER BRIDGE AGAIN.—A South Baltimore would-be gunner who went out to shoot ducks from the Gunpowder Bridge yesterday morning, came back with a cold and wet clothing, but no ducks. He said the next time he went duck shooting he would go where ducks were tender. He stated to a number of friends that he fired about twenty rounds at as many ducks flying over him, and he knew that there was no fault in his aim, as he heard the shot strike the ducks, but not a duck would fall. His wife, he said, advised him to go to market when he wanted wild ducks again, and he believed the "old woman" had more sense about capturing ducks than he had.—*Baltimore Times.*

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 6.—Woodcock have been quite plenty. The first day I was out I shot 16, the second day 6, and the fourth day 21. Rabbits are so plenty that they are a nuisance. Gray squirrels are very numerous about seven miles from here. I have been out only twice and shot 23 grays and one fox; was at Stroudsburgh, Monroe county, last week, and bagged 14 quail. A party is in the woods for deer, and they have sent in word that they have shot two.—W. B. L.

THIS TIME IT WAS FOR A DEER.—A report from Eau Claire, Wis., Nov. 5, says: James Dana, brother of the editor of the New York *Sun*, was out hunting with E. Van Trott near Thorpe, this county, to-day, and, mistaking Trott for a deer, shot him in the back. The victim of the accident will probably recover. Mr. Dana is prostrated with grief at the occurrence.

MENOMONEE, Wis., Nov. 3.—A number of residents on the Red Cedar, Eau Claire and Chippewa rivers are using measures to enforce the game law. A few days ago four noted hunters from St. Paul were arrested and fined in Barron county for hunting down deer with dogs, a statute being in force prohibiting hunting deer with dogs.—WING SHOT.

NATIONAL PARK PRIZES.—The Interior Department sold at auction last Monday, in Washington, two rifles and several bear skins and beaver pelts which had been confiscated by the Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park from persons unlawfully hunting in the reservation.

RED FOXES IN TREES.—Highgate, Vt.—I have known several instances here where hounds have driven red foxes up leaning trees, and it is quite a common thing to run them into hollow trees, where there is an opening at the base of the tree; in the latter case our hunters smoke them down.—STANSTEAD.

MICHIGAN.—Cedar Springs, Nov. 3.—Weather here cold, with some snow. Ruffed grouse more plenty than for several years; one man bagged eleven in one day last week. No squirrels except the small red ones. Quail almost extinct; the past two winters have been too cold for them.—W. H. W.

VERMONT.—East Berkshire, Nov. 3.—Game is not very plenty this fall. Scarcely any ducks in the river, while there used to be plenty of them. Very few gray squirrels but one may find some ruffed grouse. I have a beagle and shall try the rabbits this winter.—H. B. L.

VERONA, N. J., Nov. 3.—The Verona Valley Gun Club has been organized here. Its purpose is to look out for the game and fish interests of this vicinity. The officers are: Oscar W. Jaeger, President; Otto Erickson, Treasurer, and M. W. Thurston, Secretary.

WATERBURY, Conn., Nov. 5.—N. Wallace, of this city, with a friend, bagged thirty-seven partridges and eight woodcock during the three days' shoot at Norfolk last week. The birds were shown at the Scovill House.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Nov. 7.—No killing frosts with us as yet, consequently the leaves and green weeds effectually prevent any good shooting; and in addition we have had rain most every day this month.—W. A. S.

A WATER SHOT.—Sing Sing, N. Y., Nov. 5.—On Nov. 2 James Smith, in Sing Sing Bay, shot with a No. 8 bore gun, in one shot, eight canvasback ducks and two widgeons.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

172.

THE following incident is quite likely fresh in the memories of some of your Rutland, Vt., readers. A few years ago one of our Highgate fishermen speared in the river here a very large maskinonge; in its stomach was found a nearly full grown muskrat and a piece of basswood edging which was some eight inches in length by two inches wide. Shortly after the capture of this fish one of our sportsmen, while visiting a friend in Rutland, met a number of congenial friends of the rod and gun one evening in the office of Dr. ——. Story and jest were soon passing and after a number of long yarns had been spun our friend related truthfully the facts about the capture of this big maskinonge. After he had finished silence reigned until one old sport turned to his left hand neighbor and said in an undertone, "I say, do you know why that fish swallowed that piece of edging?" "No, I don't know; what did he swallow it for?" "Why, to stretch that muskrat skin on." Our friend left, and on his return home said that those Rutland fellows couldn't be made to believe that there was in the world any game larger than a hedgehog, or a fish larger than a quarter pound trout.

STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt.

173.

Not a bad answer was made by a sportsman returning from the marshes, when asked if he had shot anything, "No," he said, "but I have given the birds a good serenading." J.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TOURNAMENT.

BY one of those accidents which are said to happen in the best regulated families, two of the figures in our illustrations of the fly-casters last week became mixed. If those interested will transpose Figs. 1 and 3 and read the description in that light, it will be as we intended. The figures were sufficiently well drawn to enable those who are familiar with the men to recognize them, and the positions are just as the camera seized them. It is evident from a study of the figures that most of the men threw the rod further back than they are aware of, and too far to be as effective as it might be.

We have received several comments on the tournament, chiefly suggestions as to rules and the time for holding the next one. We do not think it worth while to publish them because by the time for holding the next meeting to decide on the date of the tournament of 1886 they will be forgotten. The proper time to make suggestions is just before the committee revise the rules, although those concerning the date might be in order at all times. There are several members who are in favor of a spring meeting, and urge the fact that the weather is more certain. There will, no doubt, be a business meeting before long, when this question can be brought up.

There have now been four tournaments held by the Association, they having adopted the "FOREST AND STREAM Tournament" of 1882 as one of theirs, and interest in the contests is increasing, the work of organizing a tournament goes on with less friction, there are fewer protests made, and the records in the classes, except the amateur single-handed fly-casting, have been broken nearly every year. If this latter feature continues we may predict that in a few years the enormous distance of one hundred feet may be reached by a fly in the hands of some of our experts. No one who has not measured his casts beside a buoy line realizes what it is to cast eighty feet. Many who imagine that they are casting that distance when fishing or practicing would find that the rigid buoy line told that they lacked many feet of it. Sixty feet is a long cast and all beyond it must be worked for by patient practice and perhaps with the assistance of a tutor or coach. Nothing is more common than to hear of some man who "can cast a hundred feet," and wonderful stories are told of the castings of unknown men, but these do not show themselves at the contests. It seems as if the limit had been reached and that a single-handed eleven and a half foot rod could not be made to do more than has been done in casting ninety-two feet, but a few years ago we thought the same when eighty feet was covered.

As a rule the casting of the amateurs affords the best study of grace in the position of the men, and of style in the handling of the rod and delivery of the flies, and is therefore the best school for the student who wishes to learn the art and make application of it in angling; and we know that several old anglers have taken mental notes thereon and received much benefit from their observations.

We have been presented with photographs of the recent tournament near London, taken by Mr. Thomas B. Mills, who cast there and whose name often appears in the Central Park contests. These pictures show a platform elevated about three feet and set in the side of the bank along which the casting is done. The measuring line is marked in yards and is stretched on the bank along the edge of the water, where it is supported by stakes. The casting is done on a running stream, and the arrangement does not appear to be as perfect as ours for convenience of casting or of recording the results.

ODD ANGLING EXPERIENCES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having had many interesting accounts of "remarkable shots," why should not the Waltonians have a chance to tell of some of their remarkable catches? While casting for trout on Upper Chateauguay Lake last year, in a listless manner, I had a strike that at once aroused me to the business in hand. The line went whizzing off the reel at such a rate that I saw at once a sudden check would be fatal to all hope of final success, if not disastrous to the rod. Meanwhile my boatman trimmed the boat for a big fight, cautioning me to be more careful this time, as I had previously lost the largest trout I was ever hooked to from hasty reeling. But I kept steadily at work, the supple rod curving gracefully under the constant strain, thus proving that it was not bogus, but made of the true material. But—not to make the story longer than the fight—I finally worked my game up to the boat's side, so that by a careful sweep of the landing net my boatman deposited him in the boat; and two more surprised men are not often seen, for instead of a four or five pound trout, as we fully anticipated, we saw one of less than eight ounces! On examination we discovered that he had gone for the fly with his mouth, but had struck it with his tail, and fastened the barb in the firm muscles near the caudal fin, so that I had not only the weight of the fish to reel in, but the active resistance of his entire locomotive powers—much the same as pulling a cat over the fence by his tail. J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

A TRAMP FOR TROUT.

THE angler must sometimes play soldier and sleep on his arms, ready for the attack at the first gray of dawn.

Leaving the train at a little cross-roads station at midnight, shouldering our knapsacks and baskets and taking rods in hand, we started on our midnight tramp through the mountains. Keeping on the railroad, we walked about a mile, until we came to the tunnel through the mountains. As we ascended the hill, in order to get over the tunnel, we aroused a nest of ugly-looking tramps, who were waiting to jump some freight train at the mouth of the tunnel While we were walking over the tunnel the freight train entered it, and we could hear it rumbling far beneath us.

Crossing beneath the railroad, down past the old mill, across the river bridge, we were again on the mountain. By this time the moon had gone down and left us in utter darkness. As I had been over this portion of the road before I knew its ins and outs. The road zigzags up the mountain side to the top, and then winds over a flat country and down into the hollow again. After a walk of forty minutes I thought that we must be in the neighborhood of an old lumber road, and made a plunge into what seemed to be an opening in the woods, but which proved to be only a watershed from the road. On the next attempt we succeeded in finding the road, and in a few minutes the welcome sound of running water was heard, and we knew that we had reached our destination, the site of an old sawmill which had been abandoned years before. An old oversnot wheel, a few standing timbers and the ruins of an old race, with a portion of the old tram road, were all that remained, but the ground was well strewn with old slabs, edgings and other off-falls from the mill. Finding a log, we gathered up some sticks and soon had a fire burning. Then procuring two broad slabs, we placed one on top of the log on either side of the fire and were soon asleep. I had been sleeping for perhaps half an hour when I was awakened by one of those forest pests, a hoot-owl. I lay down once more and managed to get a few minutes' more sleep, and then woke to find the gray morning appearing. I at once called W., and we went down to the creek and soon had our eyes opened with a dash of cold mountain water.

We had improvised two pails out of tomato cans, and W. had brought some coffee, cream and sugar. He soon had a cup of coffee fit for a king, and we were ready for the fun. Jointing our rods we went to the river. The first cast I made was near the mouth of the old flume behind a moss-covered rock, and I was rewarded by a handsome trout. A few yards above, at an old fallen tree, a beauty rose to my fly two or three times, but I failed to secure it. W. followed and the trout rose to his bait, but he also failed to hook it. Up the stream we went, both taking a number of fish. At a point where the water had been damned up by driftwood we came to a large pool, just the place where you will always find the largest fish. Near the center of the pool protruded a large rock, and over this I made a cast. A fine fish took my fly and immediately went to the bottom, where he lay. I thought that he had missed it, and that the whirl of the eddy had taken it down, but a gentle pull showed that there was something on the other end of the line, and after a few dashes I landed the fish, at the imminent risk of breaking the tip of my light rod. W., at a point just below this place, had turned and was fishing down the run.

I went on until I reached the falls, the last of a series, in all of which the stream makes a descent of 150 feet. At the head of this stream there is a large spring in which there is said to be a number of very large trout, which refuse all kinds of flies or bait. I have had a great desire to go there and give them a trial, but it is a very difficult place to get at. At the falls is the largest pool on the creek; and behind a large rock, on which the falls break, an old patriarch made his appearance, but would not deign to take any of the dainties that I cast to him. Retracing my steps I overtook W. who had been quite successful, as his creel showed.

We went on fishing down stream, each alternately going

ahead. Coming to a strip of shallow water W. ignored it, and although it did not look very promising I found it to be one of the best places on the run, and here I secured twenty-three fish, all nice sized trout. From a pool beside a big rock W. landed three beauties in about two minutes; and just below this I caught the two largest caught that day, and they were fine ones too.

At the mouth of the run, where it empties into the river, we found a party fishing for bass, but they had not been very successful as the stream was muddy from a recent rain. At a pool at the mouth of this run a gentleman a few days before had taken a brook trout weighing about three pounds, a size which is very rarely attained in this section of the country. We made a few casts in the river and took a bass or two; then found a riffle and waded the river. It had been threatening rain for some time and now a furious thunderstorm broke over us; but notwithstanding this we sat down on a rock and cleaned our fish, of which we had about 150. We then made our way by a new road over the mountain and finally reached the station, two footsore, weary fishermen after a tramp of twelve miles through the mountains. Our shoes, which had been whole and in good condition when we started, were now torn and worn so that they would scarcely stay upon our feet. But, for all this, we felt amply repaid, as we had had a glorious day's sport; and after all we appreciated the fish the more because of the work and skill required to take them.

At the station we met a gentleman who often fishes this run and he said we had the best string of fish he had ever seen taken there in a single day by two rods. YOUGH.

CONNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA TROUTING.—Scranton, Pa., Nov. 6.—The season throughout the Lackawanna Valley has been most inviting this year. Rod and gun have been favorite means for recreation among the professional gentlemen of the city, and many of them have been most successful. The trout fishing was all that could have been asked for. I have brought home many fine strings. When the season first opened, Dr. H. and Rev. S. and myself one fine morning gathered together a good supply of tackle and went out into the mountains about sixteen miles to a stream that was said to contain no trout, for no one seemed to ever have any luck. We came to the remains of an old dam, and at the foot, or rather where the water flowed over, there was a large deep hole. I baited a hook with a very tempting worm and quietly dropped it into the water, and in less than one-half a minute I had a trout that weighed one and a half pounds. We caught five pounds of trout in that one place, and when we went home that night we had twenty-five pounds. Black bass fishing has been the best in five years. Jones Lake has been the favorite fishing ground, and so has Lillie Lake.—W. B. L.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CARP IN OHIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that the numerous correspondents of your paper make very little reference to the raising of German carp by the farmers of this country, and yet here in Northern Ohio every farmer who can possibly make an artificial pond either by damming or draining, is certain to do so, and nine ponds out of ten will be stocked with carp; the tenth, perhaps, with black bass.

A short time since I had occasion to visit a farm in Geauga county, whose owner is a large and successful raiser of carp. His mode of operation was as follows. He had dammed up a spring near the house and made a pond covering perhaps an acre. From the Fish Commission at Washington he obtained fifty small carp which were duly placed in the pond. These were doing finely when their natural enemies the sunfish got into their pond in some unexplained manner. The farmer was certain that sunfish originate in the soil of ponds, but of this I am not assured. At any rate they were there and a war of extermination began. The only remedy was to drain off the pond and begin again. When the water was all drawn off, lime was thickly sprinkled over the bottom. This proved eminently successful, the sunfish leaping out on to the bank rather than die in the lime.

When the pond had filled again the residue of carp, only thirteen in number, were replaced. These were then two years old, the largest weighing a little over six pounds. He now has a pond brimming over with magnificent carp all of the first spawning. His pond has already more than paid for itself in the number of fish sold to other farmers.

The largest now measures thirty-four inches in length and are so tame that one can sit in the stern of his boat and by dipping a piece of bread in the water attract shoals of fish. They are caught in this way. They are unsurpassed as food and will, I think, in this part of the country, soon crowd out black bass in artificial ponds. WATT.

CLEVELAND, O.

OYSTER AND MUSSEL CULTURE IN ENGLAND.—Charles W. Harding, Esq., of King's Lynn, Norfolk, has devoted much time and attention to the culture of both oysters and mussels in England and is an acknowledged authority on the subject. He controls eleven miles of mussel fishery on the coast of Norfolk, and has hatched the European oyster, which is said to be bi-sexual, in an aquarium. He writes us that after the young oyster has left its parent, or parents, it is black, and that the lowest temperature they could be hatched at was 68 degrees, Fahr., while at 74 degrees, "overwhelming quantities came off." He further says: "My waistcoat pocket is 72 degrees Fahr., and I hatched thousands in a small bottle containing a stopper, but had no means of keeping them alive afterward. All oysters in England are hatched in less specific gravity than 1.025, but the full strength of the water is 1.027 in the English seas, but they grow better in water that is less salt when they are a few months old." Mr. Harding has recently patented a contrivance for improving and fattening most molluscs, especially oysters and mussels, and also to protect them from heavy seas. Several of his apparatuses were erected last summer for the Duke of Sutherland on his mussel fishery in Loch Fleet, and the manager reports that the mussels grow much faster under this system and thinks they will be sizeable for bait in a little under three years, while heretofore they required from five to seven years.

THE POPE AND THE LARKS.—Pope Leo has taken up his favorite Autumn amusement, lark-catching in the Vatican Gardens. According to the description given by the correspondent of the *Independance Belge*, this sport seems strangely cruel. Numbers of fine singing larks, it is said, are blinded with a red-hot needle, and concealed in cages in a fine laurel grove, where flocks of larks fly across from seaward during their autumn migration. The blind songsters decoy their fellows by their loud strains, and nets are then deftly dropped over the unlucky birds attracted. The Pope himself often extricates the birds, and kills them in the approved fashion by crushing their heads between thumb and finger.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallet, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 12.—New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club. Field trials for members only at Fisher's Island. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

Nov. 16, 1885.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, High Point, N. C. Entries for All-Aged Stakes close Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, L. I.

Nov. 17, 18 and 19.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club at Rio Grande, N. J., for members only. Entries close Nov. 1.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2908.**

THE ROBINS ISLAND CLUB.

FOURTH ANNUAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE field trials of this club began Wednesday morning and terminated at noon on Thursday. The weather during the running of the dogs was all that could have been desired, except for two hours Wednesday morning, when the wind blew hard from the northwest, making hunting the west side of the island cold and unpleasant. Tuesday afternoon quite a number of members and invited guests wended their way to the great quail preserve of the country. Desiring this year to avoid the trouble of hunting birds which, having been hunted for the best part of a month, were wild and wary, the time appointed was made as near the expiration of the close season as was practicable. Despite this change the shooting of Monday and Tuesday had aroused the birds to the coming danger, so that few of them were close-lying, but in nearly every instance got up wild. In the party which arrived at Cutchogue by the evening train were the following well-known gentlemen: Hon. Calvin E. Pratt, C. F. Lewis, Col. L. C. Bruce, Gouverneur M. Smith, M.D., A. B. Converse, W. H. Force, A. S. Swan, S. Fleet Speir, M.D., Chauncey Marshall, W. H. Hester, A. T. Plummer, L. H. Bullard, W. L. Pomeroy, J. B. McCue, J. N. Jarvie, S. B. Duryea; and others whose names I cannot recall. The ride from the station was a cold and dreary one, the sail across the bay adding by the piercing air still another chill. When the club house was reached a grand fire of white oak logs blazed right merrily upon the hearth stones of the sitting room, making the room most comfortable. Wraps were removed and the genial glow of the hot coals under the andirons soon put all in good fellowship, while frank and hearty conversation filled the echoes of the club's reception place.

Immediately after adjournment from dinner to the sitting room, an open meeting of the club was held, President Speir in the chair. The Doctor announced the unavoidable absence of Dr. Bridges, who had consented to act as judge. Upon motion, Mr. Pratt was named as judge to fill the vacancy. Messrs. C. E. Pratt, C. F. Lewis and Leslie C. Bruce judged the competing dogs throughout the trials. The rules of the club allow the members to change the name of entry, substituting another dog at any time before the order of running is drawn; hence our list of Oct. 29 is somewhat incomplete. The competing animals were:

ALL-AGED STAKES.—SETTERS.

ST. ELMO VI. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan setter (St. Elmo IV.—Lucy).

GOUT (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), Irish setter (Massey's Duke—Hudson's bitch).

BLADE OF GRASS (L. H. Bullard), orange and white setter (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise).

PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND (C. Marshall), orange and white setter (pedigree unknown).

PRINCE HAL (J. B. McCue), orange and white setter (St. Elmo—Maida).

FRED (J. B. McCue), black and tan setter.

ST. IVES (L. Waterbury), lemon and white setter (St. Elmo—Maida).

BRIGHTON (S. B. Duryea), black and tan setter (Gypsum—Wrag).

COUNT JACK (Jas. N. Jarvie), black and tan setter (Chancellor—Fan).

DAVE (H. E. Polhemus) liver setter (pedigree unknown).

ST. ELMO V. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan setter (St. Elmo IV.—Countess Louise).

DAN T. (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan setter (Jesse Gladstone—Chatelaine).

DOCTOR (W. H. Force), black setter (Sid—Fan).

ROMEO (Dr. S. Fleet Speir), Gordon setter.

POINTERS.

BESSIE (W. H. Force) lemon and white (Sensation—Minerola).

BEAU SUFFOLK (A. S. Swan) lemon and white (Tam O'Shanter—Fannie).

In accordance with the rules of the club Romeo was now selected to run the bye with Prince Hal, so that the order of running need not be changed after a start was once had. The drawing resulted as below:

St. Elmo VI. against Bessie.
Gout against Beau Suffolk.
Blade of Grass against Pride of Robins Island.
Prince Hal against Romeo.
Fred against St. Ives.
Brighton against Count Jack.
Dave against St. Elmo V.
Dan T. against Doctor.

The prizes for the All-Aged Stakes were three in number, each handsome pieces of silversmith's art, first a solid silver cup, second a handsome silver dog collar of quaint design, third was a dog whistle.

The entries for the Brace Stakes were:

BESSIE AND FORCE (L. Waterbury) pointers.
DOCTOR AND ST. IVES (W. H. Force) setters.
PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND AND PRINCE HAL (Chauncey Marshall) setters.
GENERAL ARTHUR AND ST. ELMO VI. (S. Fleet Speir) setters.

As the trials of the club are run by a scale of points it is hardly necessary to state that each dog makes his record as he runs, and that two are worked at a time in order to get through the work quickly. The order of running was as given in list of entries. For the Derby originally quite a list of names had been sent in, but disease and ailment incident to puppyhood had so reduced the list that only six qualified, and of these, two showed so little knowledge of field work that they were withdrawd almost as soon as put down. They were drawn to run in order as here given:

DERBY OR PUPPY STAKES.

GYPSEY QUEEN (L. H. Bullard), blue belton.

COUNT PARADOX (Geo. B. Sheldon), Irish and English setter.

FORCE (L. Waterbury), lemon and white pointer (Vandevort's Don—Bessie).

ST. ELMO VI. (S. Fleet Speir), black, white and tan setter (St. Elmo IV.—Lucy).

LADY FLOSS (H. J. Cullen), black and tan setter (Pilot—Fan).

FRED (H. C. Cullen).

This ended the serious business of the night, and until a late hour the club house rang with song and jest, the Irish anthem of Mary Kelly's Beau bringing down the house. It was long past midnight ere the "downy couch" was sought, for some men, like dogs, when keyed up for play or work seem never to flag or grow weary. Scarce had tired heads impressed the pillows with their shape, when loud rang through the halls the rising bell. With many a sigh and long drawn yawn the late ones of the night turned to the early birds of the morning. Sharp 7 was the breakfast time, and the striking clock had hardly chimed the hour when once more rang out the clangor of the bell. The table was surrounded with a jolly lot of sportsmen who, with many a jest and jibe, chaffed each other regarding the—to be—victorious canines. At 8 the first brace was called by the judges and the fourth annual trials of the club inaugurated.

ST. ELMO VI. AND BESSIE

were cast off to the west of club house and worked southwest over the uneven pasture where in 1878 Mr. C. H. Raymond's Lemonade did such great work. At about half the hour Bessie pointed, and was neatly backed by St. Elmo. Both dogs roaded on, when quite a number of birds flushed wild some distance ahead of the dogs, and flew to the eastward. The dogs were hunted in the same direction. St. Elmo soon located them, and was backed by Bessie at command. The work of St. Elmo was of good character, indeed, unusually so considering his age, just eleven months. He soon scored a couple of points. Birds flushed to order, marked down and followed. St. Elmo found them in short order. Excited by the whirr of the rising birds the pup forgot himself for a second, but the second thought checked him at the very verge of a break. Another point was made by St. Elmo which Bessie disregarded; she roaded up and passing the pup ended the heat by a lovely flush. Dogs taken up after a forty minute run, and the next brace ordered down.

GOUT AND BEAU SUFFOLK.

This heat was soon decided, for both dogs ran wild, showing but little training and not much of natural ability. After a succession of flushes occasioned by too much speed for nose possessed, the brace was ordered up at 10:10. Of the two the pointer Beau was the better, hunting with fair speed and good style, but with little hunting "gumption." Gout is a big, stocky dog, red in color, and as a horseman would say with white points. Flushing or rather running pell mell over a big bevy of birds, sending them in every direction, was the direct reason for the destruction of all hope of winning the fond owner may have indulged in.

BLADE OF GRASS AND PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND

were cast off at 10:15, and hunted toward the east bluff of the island. Finding birds here Pride worked well and handsomely, scoring point after point, Blade in the meantime acting in disorderly fashion. Pride followed southwest to where the birds were marked down. He soon found them and pointed them in staunch fashion when located. Blade, called up for a back, was out of reach and hearing. Birds were flushed by Judge Pratt, who shot and killed, Judge Bruce following suit. Blade now appearing, he was ordered to retrieve, which he made a mess of. Pride brought in the other bird, but in a faulty manner. Dogs taken up at 10:30.

At this point St. Elmo VI. was taken in hand to show his quality as a retriever. Told to fetch, he found the dead quail in short order, but only retrieved in fair style. Bessie was then tried. She found the quail, but acted badly, chewing the bird till the bones cracked. Time, 10:40.

PRINCE HAL AND ROMEO

were cast off on the north side of island in the open. Romeo stopped for a moment, Hal backing, though somewhat unsteadily. Recovering himself Romeo roaded along some distance and then circled off. A turn was made to the belt of timber on the north side, and we were hardly in the wood when Judge Pratt flushed a bevy. These were followed to the open. At the timber's edge Hal flushed a bird badly; he seemed lacking in ambition, as if overworked. Having slight chance of capturing even the whistle he was taken up at 11:10, and the fifth brace turned down without loss of time.

ST. IVES AND FRED

were hunted in open pastures to west of club house, along these in southerly direction, then a sharp turn to left and through the thin belt of wood clear across the island to its eastern edge. No birds were found in this tramp, but a fair knowledge was obtained of the hunting quality of the dogs in both open and cover. St. Ives was so far ahead in all this that there was no comparison. Turning from the east to the south, both dogs stopped to wing, a big bevy flushing a long way off. These birds were followed, and but short time had elapsed before St. Ives found and located them. Fred came loping along, saw Ives, failed to back, roaded up, passed the Saint and took the scent ahead of the pointing dog. Birds flushed to order. St. Ives steady as a clock, Fred only so at command of handler. Hunting still toward south, many birds got up wild, now and again flying from the limbs of the scrub oaks, going so near hats and heads as to occasion involuntary "ducking" of the heads of those under these branches. Moving still toward the south along east side, Fred flushed two singles. St. Ives finally gained a good point, his handler flushed to order, the dog steady to wing. Moving along Fred flushed a large bevy. St. Ives "got on," pointing a close-lying bird in good form. When flushed to order there proved to be two. Judges Pratt and Bruce each credited with a kill. Dogs ordered to retrieve, did so, but in awfully bungling style. St. Ives, whom the writer has seen do most excellent work, was all "out at elbows," so crude and raw was his performance. Dogs taken up at 12:20 P. M. and the sixth brace turned down.

BRIGHTON AND COUNT JACK.

Both Gordons, the first a compact, pony-built animal, though of large size; the last a rangy, loosely-made animal, with more than a fair share of legs. Of fair speed and style, Brighton showed by far the better dog. Fifteen minutes' hunting and no birds found, then a halt was called for lunch in picnic style, as the paragraphers have it, "under the shadows of the umbrageous oaks." To say it was enjoyed is to say but little, for men and dogs were worked fast and hard. At the close of the feast the judges, in accordance with the powers given them, ordered up the Gordons as not having merit enough to win. Still the writer is of the opinion that it would have been better to have given the dogs an opportunity on birds, certainly the owners would have been better pleased. Granted they could not have won against speedier animals, they yet might have shown capital quality in the way of nose and breaking had birds been found, the exceeding merit in the latter points overcoming the demerits gained in the former-named deficiencies. At a quarter past 1 a fresh start was made and the seventh brace cast off. This start was at the edge of the woods, which cross the island from west to east on the south side and growing a hundred or so yards from the water's edge. The dogs were

DAVE AND ST. ELMO V.

Both these were rattlers in quartering and pace. Dave going

like a locomotive on a tear, while St. Elmo V., quite as speedy, went with smoother action. South Point being soon reached Dave scored a nice point, but the quail got up wild and sought safer quarters. St. Elmo running down wind stopped short on a lot of birds which got up scared, St. Elmo dropping to wing. Dave a moment after got a point in good style, well backed by the Saint. The birds flushed themselves. Dave lost his patience and made a masterly dash after them, putting to flight a bird or two that had remained. Another lot of quail was found by the Saint. Dave, rank and excited, chased again and was thrown out by rank disobedience, he paying no attention to the commands of his handler. Taken up at ten minutes before three and the last brace cast off a moment afterward.

DAN T. AND DOCTOR.

This heat was the feature of the stake. Seldom if ever at a field trial is seen a heat run out in such good form in all respects. From start to finish it was exceptionally fine. The dogs were started near the south point and hunted through the clusters of bayberries and bunches of blackberry canes without finding a feather. Leaving the high ground, a descent was made to the foot of the bluff, where sand and sedge makes the point extending for half a mile into the bay. Turning the point to the left, the dogs hunted north. Not a dozen rods were covered before the Doctor pointed in grand fashion. Dan T. proved a little fresh, roading in alongside of the black dog and taking scent himself. Birds were flushed to order, and Judge Bruce and Dr. Speir each killed a bird as they rose. Ordered to retrieve, Doctor found and brought his bird to the handler in rare good style, delivering to hand while on his haunches, with head well up. Dan T. also retrieved his bird, when ordered, in nearly as taking a manner. The only respect in which Doctor excelled Dan T. was in the matter of obedience, the black dog appearing to know better and to be more familiar with the ways of his handler than Dan T. with his. Dogs taken up at 2 P. M. The judges here stopped for a consultation, which resulted in ordering up Doctor, Pride of Robins Island, St. Elmo V. and St. Ives to compete for the different prizes to be awarded.

DOCTOR AND PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND.

At 2:50 P. M. these two dogs were cast off directly on south point and hunted north in the open. Scarce had they started when a number of birds were flushed by the spectators. Quail were scarce flushed when Pride pointed, Doctor backing. This proved a false stop. Pride stopped again soon, and was again nicely backed. Bird flushed to order Off still to the north when the Doctor located a bird, Pride backed handsomely. After a moment's pause Doctor roaded on, stopping after a few yards had been gone over. Birds got up wild after point was established. Rattled by the shooting Doctor was a little unsteady while Pride lost his head and indulged in quite a chase. Pride brought in dead bird in good fashion. Down to the south beach and into the wire grass. Hardly in when Pride stopped, the Doctor backing elegantly. Pride roaded on after his stop. Doctor wheeled to right into scrub oak, hunted through the timber, came out again to the beach and picked up the birds a hundred yards ahead of Pride, the latter stopped his roading and backed the physician. A hundred birds flushed wild before the point. One killed out of a dozen shots. Both dogs dropped to wing. These birds flew to the top of the high bluff where the bayberry bushes at its edge made capital cover, followed by dogs and men. The top was but reached when both dogs pointed. Here followed a scene beyond comparison exciting. Judges Pratt and Bruce each had guns, ditto handlers, ditto many of the on-looking club members. Birds were flushed to order, as they rose were fired at and missed. At the reports up got bird after bird in regular succession, until the air seemed alive with fluttering pinions. Dogs dropped to wing and behaved better than the men. Dog trials were forgotten, and each man that had a gun went to shooting. The firing was "at will" and sounded like the practice firing of a regimental company. After guns were emptied a "brace up" followed, and the business of the day resumed. Ordered to retrieve not a bird was found, though Superintendent Lecompte did bring in a wing feather or two. Brace taken up and

ST. IVES AND ST. ELMO VI.

cast off at 3:40. In but few moments Saint stopped indecisively, puppy fashion. One or two quail got up under Judge Bruce's feet, who fairly executed a *pas seul* to wing. These birds followed, found by the Elmo pup, who had but stopped when the game flushed wild some yards ahead of him. A bad quarter of an hour followed. The birds had been so rattled they lay like stones, and only got up when about to be trodden on. Reaching southwest point St. Ives false pointed on top of bluff, the puppy dropping to a back. On the west bank both dogs stopped, but a hundred yards apart. Each handler claimed a point. Ordered to flush, Dr. Speir stepped to side of Elmo, who roaded on a dozen yards and again stopped; St. Ives on his original point. Speir flushed the bird. St. Ives evidently was working on back track, as no bird could be found in his front. At the flushing of Elmo's bird a big bevy rose but a short distance ahead. Another quarter of an hour followed, in which a half dozen bevies got up, but all wild and out of distance. Along the west shore to gravel pit. Here St. Ives got in some good work, stopping and roading for a hundred yards, followed in good fashion by the puppy. Birds were flushed to order, Judge Bruce getting in a good double. Dogs ordered to retrieve. St. Ives failed altogether, and the puppy brought in his bird cleverly. Another move ahead, each dog scoring a false point. Judges stopped for argument, and dogs ordered up. Time 5 P. M. As it was now nearly dark it was decided not to commence the Brace Stakes until Thursday morning. At the setting of the sun was seen a cloud effect of surprising beauty. This sunset was alone worth the trip to Robins Island to see. Words even the most effulgent would fail to describe the beauty of the various tints and shadows. Following is the

ALL-AGED STAKES SUMMARY.

Name of Dog.	Merits.									Demerits.				Total.
	Pointing.	Pace.	Backing.	Style.	Staunchness.	Ranging.	Quartering.	Obedience and disposition.	Retrieving.	False pointing and flushing.	Breaking in.	Break'g shot.	Breaking shot and Chasing.	
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	1–9	3	5	10	
Doctor	27	16	7	5	6	6	5	4	7	..	..	..	..	83
St. Elmo VI	28	15	5	5	5	5	5	4	6	..	..	..	..	80
Pride of Robins Island	30	16	6	5	6	5	5	3	6	..	..	..	7	75
Bessie	20	18	6	5	4	6	5	3	5	..	..	..	..	72
St. Ives	27	15	6	5	5	5	5	3	5	3, 3	..	..	..	70
St. Elmo V	24	15	6	5	5	5	5	3	4	2	..	..	..	70
Dan T	21	15	5	5	5	6	4	2	6	..	..	..	..	69
Fred	20	15	6	4	4	4	4	3	5	..	..	..	..	65
Blade of Grass	0	15	0	5	0	5	5	2	8	..	..	..	..	40
Beau Suffolk	0	15	0	4	0	4	0	2	0	..	..	..	..	25
Gout	0	10	0	2	0	4	0	0	0	..	..	..	..	16

Prince Hal, Count Jack, Brighton and Dave, no record taken.

Thursday afternoon opened bright and mild. Topcoats were discarded, and before the work was done many wished for summer suits. A move was made from the club house at 8:50, and at 9 o'clock the first of the braces,

FORCE AND BESSIE,

were started in the big field east of buildings. Force showed much more style and speed than Bessie, she appearing a little off. Through this big pasture lot to east bluff, then a sharp turnabout and the little fringe of woods hunted west, then another turn to open field of center of island. Here Force located birds in a little patch of corn, Bessie backing in unsteady fashion. Birds flushed themselves, marked down and followed. At northeast beach Bessie made a half-hearted point, which was backed nicely by Force. Quail got up wild. As the character of the work was of inferior order, dogs were taken up at 9:50 and the second of the braces,

DOCTOR AND ST. IVES,

sent to the front. The flushed birds were followed. A moment or so after starting, Doctor false pointed, this backed in good fashion by St. Ives. Started on Doctor went not over a hundred yards when he stopped again. St. Ives coming up failed to back but ranged up alongside of Doctor and took scent himself. Ordered to flush no bird was found. On again for not over a dozen rods when both stopped stiff, roaded on a yard or so, then each dog circled off in a wide reach. In this run several birds were either flushed or got up wild, the writer knows not which. At last Doctor got on scent and stopped short and sharp, St. Ives unsteady at back, and moved up past the Doctor, deliberately flushing what proved a big bevy. The Doctor was steady to wing. St. Ives a rusher. Ordered on, Doctor again pointed; this time St. Ives obeyed his handler and backed at a "down charge" position. Birds flushed by Judge Pratt, Doctor steady to wing and to gun, St. Ives broke shot and indulged in quite a chase after the flying birds. Dogs taken up at 10:20 and the third of the braces immediately started.

GENERAL ARTHUR AND ST. ELMO VI.

Cast of toward south point. Hunting to southwest Saint pointed; Arthur coming round patch of high bayberry bushes pointed also. Dr. Speir put up bird, both dogs staunch on point and to wing. Judge Pratt flushed a bevy, Dr. Speir shot and killed. St. Elmo ordered to retrieve, did so in good style. The bird, a crippled one, was delivered to handler still alive. More birds were then located, each dog getting several points and mutually backing each the other. Arthur retrieved in even better fashion than Elmo VI., as befitted his greater age and experience. Taken up at 10:45, the last of the braces,

PRIDE OF ROBINS ISLAND AND PRINCE HAL,

were put down at ten minutes before 11. Worked toward south point, which location never failed of birds. The dogs soon found game and both pointed. Marshall put up birds to order and a general fusillade followed, but without result. The dogs were all off, Prince Hal entirely so. The character of the work was such that dogs were ordered up at 11:15. After the capital work of the preceding heat they had not a show to win. Had Pride been running with a better mate the contest might have been prolonged, but the result would not have been changed. So ended the contest for the Brace Stakes of 1885.

BRACE STAKES—SUMMARY.

Name of Dog.	Pointing.	Pace.	Backing.	Style.	Staunchness.	Ranging.	Quartering.	Obedience, disposition.	Retrieving.	Total.
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	..
General Arthur / St. Elmo VI.	30	16	6	6	5	5	4	4	9	85
Pride of Robins Island / Prince Hal	25	15	7	5	5	4	3	3	..	67
Doctor / St. Ives	25	16	4	5	5	5	4	3	..	67
Force / Bessie	20	16	0	4	2	4	4	2	..	52

At conclusion of running in brace stakes no rest was allowed by the judges, but the first of the puppies in order of drawing were instantly called up and cast off at south side at 11:30.

ST. ELMO VI. AND LADY FLOSS.

Hardly had a moment elapsed ere the Saint located and stopped. Floss, new to her handler and apparently to her work, paid no attention to backing or to the scent. Starting to flush, no bird was found from edge of bluff down to wire grass of the beach. Here Saint made a point; bird got up wild, followed by three others. Moving on, Elmo got a point in undecided manner; bird put up. Lady Floss to all appearances entirely ignorant of field work and its requirements. Dogs taken up and

PARADOX AND FORCE

cast off a few moments before 12. Force behaved nicely, but Paradox too young to understand what was required of him. He minded well, but was puppyish in the extreme. Force had so easy a thing that the judges ordered the puppy withdrawn and Gypsy Queen to be put down in his place. Dogs ordered on afresh at quarter past 12. The south side followed and around the southwest point, and then the west side hunted to north. Queen wild as an untamed colt and scored to her credit two or three grand flushes, in one of them the bird getting up within a foot of her nose. Force, his conduct influenced by such example, also flushed a bird. At edge of wood at top of hill overlooking "Devil's half-acre," a tremendous bevy of birds flushed themselves and flew to the thick cover of the low-lying branches of the scrub oak. These were followed. Force here did some capital work, pointing and roading until he located them to his satisfaction, when he stopped staunchly. Queen, who had been acting as "Surveyor-General" of the Robins Island Department, caught sight of Force and swooped down upon him as a hawk to a crippled bird. Rushing past his point, she went for the birds, and they went also in all directions, a half hundred at least. Although the dogs were hunted a quarter of an hour longer, this practically decided the heat.

DERBY, 1885—SUMMARY.

Name of Dog.	Pointing.	Pace.	Backing.	Style.	Staunchness.	Ranging.	Quartering.	Obedience, disposition.	Retrieving.	Total.
	35	20	7	6	6	6	6	4	10	
St. Elmo VI	25	16	0	6	5	5	4	4	4	69
Force	20	15	0	5	5	4	4	3	8	64

Lady Floss, Gypsey Queen, Paradex and Count Fred no record taken.

So ended the fourth annual trials of the Robins Island, a success in every possible way. As for the number of birds, well, one can say that nowhere can such bevies be found. The only thing that approaches it is the quail in the foothills of California, and there only in numbers, not in the gameness of the bird. PECONIC.

ABOUT THOSE WHO KICK.—Hartford, Nov 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your very interesting correspondent, Mr. W. Wade, writes at different times the following: "I never 'kicked' at a judge's ruling yet; and I think it a poor business." Again he says: "For myself, I glory in belonging to the noble army of 'kickers'." If Mr. Wade would kindly explain why he has met with a change of heart he would confer a favor on—A. E. COLLINS.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE following additional entries for the All-Aged setter and pointer stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club have been received. Mr. Coster, the Secretary, is at High Point. He has received notice of registered letters at Flatbush which probably contain other entries that we shall not be able to publish until next week:

SETTERS.

BUCKELLEW (W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.), orange and white English setter dog, 6yrs. (Druid—Ruby).

ELCHO, JR. (Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.), red Irish setter dog, 4½yrs. (Elcho—Noreen).

SLOCUM (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), Gordon setter dog (Thayer's Turk—Beauty).

GATH'S MARK (Dr. J. N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog, 17mos. (Gath—Gem).

GLADSTONE'S BOY (Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue).

SPORTSMAN (J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue).

ROSE OF KILLARNEY (L. W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.), red Irish bitch, 2yrs. 3mos. (Killarney—Lill II.).

POINTERS.

RUE (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.), lemon and white bitch, 6yrs. (Snapshot—Ruby).

BLOOM (James L. Anthony, New York), white and liver ticked bitch, 4yrs. (Leach's Bang—Whipple's Lady).

BANG BANG (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.), white and lemon dog, 4yrs. (Bang—Princess Kate).

MADSTONE (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.), liver and white bitch, 2yrs. (Tory—Moorstone).

JILT (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.), liver and white bitch, 2½yrs. (Croxteth—Lady Gwendoline).

NEWS FROM HIGH POINT.

LEAVING New York on Thursday, Oct. 29, at 3:40 P. M., I expected to reach High Point the next morning at 10:06, but the severe storm had changed the babbling brooks into roaring torrents and two bridges on the Virginia Midland road were damaged, necessitating tedious waits, and I did not arrive here until after 2 o'clock Sunday morning, over forty hours late. This was exasperating, as I had intended to make good use of the lost time in getting in condition for the trials among the quail. Mr. Jas. Carswell, of the U. S. Fish Commission, was on board the train with a consignment of German carp for Wytheville, Va. There were sixteen large ones for breeding and one thousand small ones for distribution in the vicinity. He had also fifty blue carp, fifty tench and one hundred and fifty goldfish. At Lynchburg, where he changed cars, he had lost four of the large fish and one of the small ones. This was doing very well considering the delay and many transfers. He will return with some two-year old Penobscot salmon, rainbow trout, grayling and salmon trout and one thousand rainbow trout of last spring's hatching.

On Monday after my arrival here I looked up old friends and spent a few hours very pleasantly. In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Coster and a friend residing here, we took a short turn among the quail. As this was not a public trial I do not feel called upon to record the score; suffice it to say that the dogs performed very well, finding seven large bevies of well-grown birds—highly-educated birds, too, for although we held dead on them they knew just the instant to dodge, and many of them escaped. A dozen of them, however, dodged the wrong way and will never more play their tricks upon the too-confiding sportsman. On Tuesday afternoon we tried a different locality and found about the same number of birds, but Mr. Coster had Buckellew along, and, like Col. Scott's coon, they knew thas it was of no use, and we brought home about thirty. This was an afternoon of rare sport. The weather was simply all that we could ask, the dogs did capital work, and the guns did just enough execution to make it interesting. It is not all of shooting to shoot, and all of us can bear witness that an occasional miss—not too many—greatly enhances the sport.

Wednesday was very nearly a repetition of the previous day, except that the wind was high; but perhaps this was all for the best, as we had a good excuse for the misses.

On Thursday—oh, that Thursday! I wish that you would record it in big red letters—on Thursday I circumvented and laid low a proud young gobbler. My pen utterly refuses to record the description of a tithe of the joy and satisfaction that filled my heart as I stood alone in the silent forest gazing upon the noble form and beautiful plumage of my long-sought quarry. More than thirty years have passed since last I bagged one of these royal birds. Last year while here I persistently haunted their range, but only succeeded in getting two or three shots at long range and one or two feathers. The boys chaffed me unmercifully and talked turkey to me until I was tired; but now the whole aspect of affairs is changed. Securely fortified with the bright memory of that successful chase, I can complacently smile at their feeble attempts at wit.

Quail shooting around High Point is capital, birds are very plenty, and for the most part well grown. There have been several hard frosts and the weeds are cut down so that the dogs can be seen fairly well. There has been an abundance of rain and the ground is soft and the flinty stones give under the dog's feet instead of standing on edge firmly imbedded in the hard baked clay, as was the case last year. The most serious drawback to the enjoyment of sport about here is the unwillingness of many of the land owners to shooting over their grounds. I have had no trouble on this score, but on the contrary have uniformly met with a cordial welcome. Many of the handlers complain that they have considerable difficulty in obtaining sufficient ground to work their dogs over. This state of affairs should not continue, for the trials bring a large amount of money to the place, which is largely distributed among the land owners in payment for their produce, and they should certainly be willing to make some return by according full privilege to those who promote and support the trials. There is a decided feeling among members of the club that unless there is a change for the better in this respect some other locality will be selected.

Some of the handlers are located near here, and all of them report their dogs in much better condition and doing better work than last year. I have seen many of the dogs, and instead of wearing the tired out, used up appearance of last year, they are all in splendid form. Tallman is at Thomasville, eight miles from here, with the setters Foreman, Plantagenet, Nellie II. and Elcho, Jr., and the pointers Beaufort and Bradford. He reports them all as doing well, and speaks very highly of Beaufort and Plantagenet. Luke White is at the same place with the pointers Bang Bang, Bang Grace, Madstone, Duke of Bergen and Pocahontas and the Irish setter Rose of Killarney. Bang Bang, he says, is doing much better work than he did last year; he also says that Bang Grace and Madstone are doing finely. Pocahontas is in season and probably will not run. John White is also at Thomasville with the pointers Tammany and Vision. He reports both as greatly improved. Vision will only run in the Members' Stake. W. T. Mitchell is located here with the pointers Graphic, Bloom, Sport and Ned and the setters Pendenis and Blue Lily, for the All-Aged Stakes, and three Derby entries. He says that all are doing well, and speaks highly of the natural abilities of Graphic, Bloom and Pendenis. The latter is entered in both the All-Aged and Derby. Hart Haight is at Salisbury, about thirty miles from here, with the pointers Donald II., Flash R. and Lucia. He will also have in a few days Dr. Speir's setters St. Elmo IV. and Windermere. He also has one or two starters in the Derby. He also had Scout, a notice of whose death may be found in another column. This morning I received a telegram from Mr. Gregory request-

ing me to come to Salisbury. I arrived there about 1 o'clock, but found Scout dead. As he died very suddenly there was a suspicion that he had been poisoned, but an examination failed to reveal the slightest trace of poison. His lungs were very badly congested and this caused his death. He ran the day before when it was very hot and on the way home there was a shower, which wet him thoroughly, causing him to take a severe cold. Haight was feeling very badly over his loss, as the dog was going better than ever and he fully expected to get him to the front. I saw the other dogs at exercise and all of them went in capital form and have greatly improved since last year. Picket, a Derby entry, will make it hot for some of them if he goes as he did then. T. M. Aldrich is at Progress with the pointer Rue and the setters Slocum and Blarney, he also reports his dogs doing well. Capt. McMurdo is at Kittrell's with his string; and John Lewis is near Raleigh. Chas. Tucker is coming with twelve that he reports as fit to win in any company. B. Waters also has a string of winners. Short and the others I have heard nothing from.

I have not been able to learn much regarding the Members' Stake. Among the probable starters are C. Fred Crawford's Foreman, F. R. Hitchcock's Vision, W. A. Coster's Buckellew and Brimstone, J. O. Donner's Lady Sufferin, Geo. T. Leach's Corinne, D. T. Gregory, Jr., 2d's Lucia, Bayard Thayer's Rue and Slocum, and possibly two or three others.

A few of the members of the club are here and are having fine times. We expect fresh arrivals every day now, and are looking for a very large attendance at the trials. SHADOW.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 9.

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 10.—The weather is superb.

NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Herewith find entries to the All-Aged Stake of National Field Trial Club:

SETTERS.

CLIFFORD (Ramapo Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Emperor Fred—Fairy Belle).

BOB GATES (B. M. Stephenson), black, white and tan dog (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie).

LEE B. (Dr. A. F. McKenny), black and blue ticked dog (Count Rapier—Kate B).

GATH'S MARK (Dr. J. N. Maclin), black, white and tan dog (Gath—Gem).

COUNT RAPIER (W. B. Gates), black and white dog (Druid—Magnolia).

RODERIGO (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Peep O'Day).

REBEL WIND'EM (Memphis & Avent Kennels), black and white dog (Count Wind'em—Novel).

TASSO (Jerry Cockrell), black, white and tan dog (Startle—Nelly C.).

GLADSTONE'S BOY (Dr. Geo. G. Ware), black, white and tan) dog (Gladstone—Sue).

SPORTSMAN (J. W. Murnan), black, white and tan dog (Gladstone—Sue).

GUS BONDHU (Luther Adams & A. W. Tucker), black, white and tan dog (Dashing Bonchu—Novel).

BADEN BADEN (W. E. Venable), liver, white and tan dog Lincoln—Blaze).

AMERICAN DAN (T. W. House), black, white and tan dog (Lincoln—Daisy Dean).

COUNT NUTT (Ed. von Donhoff), red dog (Rob—Babe).

DORA (J. H. O'Reilly), red bitch (Box—Rowena).

PRINCESS HELEN (Ramapo Kennels), orange and white bitch (Thunder—Donner's Bessie).

FLOUNCE (Murnan & Ware), orange and white bitch (Druid—Ruby).

JUNO A. (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black and white bitch (Druid—Ruby).

RESS (Memphis and Avent Kennels), black bitch (pedigree not given).

BESSIE A. (Memphis and Avent Kennels), lemon and white bitch (Dashing Lion—Armida).

QUEEN BESS (B. F. Price), black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Donna J.).

BELLE OF PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter), black, white and tan bitch (Dashing Rover—Ranee).

LILLIAN (F. H. and D. Bryson), black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone—Sue).

LADY C. (B. M. Stephenson), black, white and tan bitch (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie).

POINTERS.

TRINKET'S BANG (Wm. Titterington), white and liver spots dog (Croxteth—Trinket).

RICHMOND (J. E. Gill), lemon and white dog (Vandevort's Don—Beulah).

DUKE OF BERGEN (F. R. Hitchcock), liver and white dog (Bang Bang—Fan Fan).

GRAPHIC (J. L. Anthony) liver and white dog (Bonus Sancho—Fursdon Juno).

MAINSPRING (J. T. Perkins), liver and white dog (Mike—Romp).

KESWICK II. (Dr. J. N. Carson), liver ticked bitch (pedigree not given).

B. M. STEPHENSON, Secretary.

LA GRANGE, Tenn., Nov. 5.

A FACTORY IN NEW YORK.—The Spratt Company (limited), of London, so well known as the manufacturers of the celebrated dog biscuit, have opened a factory here in East Fifty-sixth street. The demand for these biscuits from England, the continent and America, appears to have been too much for the resources even of the Spratts enormous factory in London. The Fifty-sixth street factory is very large, and though at first it will be devoted entirely to the manufacture of dog food, it is intended eventually to make all the medicines, biscuits for pet dogs, and so on here. It is understood that on the opening of the factory a public reception will be given, so that all will have an opportunity to inspect it. The factory here is under the management of Mr. G. G. Cleather, but Messrs. F. O. de Luze & Co. will still continue to sell the Spratts biscuits.

THE COCKER SPANIEL FLY.—Savannah, Ga., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* In your paper Oct. 29, I see Mr. E. Holley, Jr., claims names of dog and bitch cocker spaniels by Col. Stubbs out of Fly. I am owner of Fly, liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 2, 1878. I have owned her since October, 1882; she was never bred to Col. Stubbs. I bred her to Romp (Col. Stubbs—Busy B). I have only raised three bitches from her; one I have and two others are owned in this city. Inclosed find pedigree from McKoon, of whom I bought her.—G. NOBLE. [Mr. Noble's Fly is given on the slip he sends as by Snipe out of Princess. The Fly mentioned by Mr. Holley is given as by Fido out of Baby. They appear to be two different dogs.

STRAYED OR STOLEN from Ittner's Villa, Tremont, N. Y., black spaniel Lady Bub (A.K.R. 998), answers to name of Jessie. Small white spot on chest, tail docked long, clean cut head, pleading eyes, timid nature. Gone three weeks. Finder will confer a favor by addressing as above, or D. C. Frank, 873 Broadway, New York.

PEDIGREE WANTED.—Can any one give me information as to breeding of Irish setter Shot, owned by the late Henry W. Halleck and imported by Mr. James Gordon Bennett?—A. W. P. (Huntington).

DEATH OF SCOUT.—Mr. D. G. Elliot, of New Brighton, Staten Island, has had the misfortune to lose by death his pointer dog Scout. He died on Saturday last at Salisbury, N. C., from congestion of the lungs. Scout ran in the Eastern Field Trials two years ago, but was unplaced, last year he came out in grand form, and after showing excellent work was beaten for first place and divided second with Mainspring. He was doing capital work this year and all who saw him run confidently expected to see him a winner. M. Elliot will have the sympathy of every lover of a good dog.

JOHN E. OWENS, the comedian, paid special attention to his stock when able to give active supervision to his farm, and he has a fine herd of thoroughbred Jersey cows on his farm in Baltimore county, Maryland. Another of his fancies was for fine dogs, especially setters and pointers. He was fond of shooting, and often had his friends visit him to join him in partridge hunting. The last time Mr. Owens returned from Europe he brought with him two Irish setters, which he named Ben and Aleck. The dogs are known throughout the neighborhood for their sagacity and beauty.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—A run over a small portion of the Rio Grande grounds, yesterday, where the field trials of the club are to be held, found enough birds to insure the running out of the heats. It has been determined to run the Puppy Stakes first and give the youngsters all the advantage possible, for the coveys would become too scattered if the All-Aged Stakes were run in advance. The one Gordon entry in All-Aged Stakes attracts considerable attention, for it is said the dog is a good one.—HOMO.

SOMERVILLE, TENN.—The county fair here had an exhibit of dogs. The setter and pointer puppies were judged by Mr. P. H. Bryson. There were fifteen entries: 1st, B. M. Stephenson's Rubicon (Ben Hill—Zoe); 2d, J. Hobson's Dell Rivers (Gladstone's Boy—Flirt C.). Very high com., B. M. Stephenson's Susan and Katrina (Ben Hill—Zoe); Hobson and Rivers's Belle of Lucerne (Gladstone's Boy—Flirt C.); also, C A. Stainback's unnamed, unpedigreed dog and bitch.

NOTA BENE.—The December number of the A. K. R. will close the volume for 1885. It is highly important to all concerned that the show and field trial records of all registered dogs, together with any corrections, should be brought up to date. Send in early. The Register numbers now reach up to 2908.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Rock, Robert LeD. and Maud X. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for liver and white English setters, whelped May 15, 1883, by Lexington Nixey (A.K.R. 177) out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110).

Duke Gasceon. By Frank Plume, Thomaston, Conn., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1885, by True (Sprague's Morn—White's Grace) out of Zoe (A.K.R. 1444).

Frost's Bang. By W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., for lemon and white setter dog, age not given, by Rebel Wind'em out of Frost.

Cora Frost. By W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., for lemon and white setter bitch, age not given, by Doctor Duer out of Kate.

Col. Spottswood Pagan. By W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Pa., for black and white setter dog, age not given, by Doctor Duer out of Queen Frost.

Bang Up. By James B. Reddie, New York, for liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545) out of Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698).

Sir Roger. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped Oct. 7, by Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny) out of Beauty (Major—Daisy).

Our Joan. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Oct. 7, by Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny) out of Beauty (Major—Daisy).

Nannon. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Oct. 7, by Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny) out of Beauty (Major—Daisy).

Daisy D. By Mrs. C. C. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., for solid liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1885, by Earl (Obo, Jr.—Black Garry) out of Scooty (Snipe—Flora).

Harry Malcolm. By Chas. S. Fitch, Fort Washington, New York, for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 23, 1885, by Malcolm (Duke of Gordon—Dream) out of Dream IV. (champion Grouse—Dream II.).

Rubiette. By Geo. C. Tate, Jr., Malden, Mass., for dark red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 2, 1881, by Rocket (Elcho—Eileen) out of Lady Elcho (Elcho—Rose).

Nannie. By Geo. C. Tate, Jr., Malden, Mass., for black and white English setter bitch, whelped March 28, 1884, by Lelaps (Leicester—Delano's Doll) out of Hadie (Sumner's Frank—Dobson's Jessie).

Joe. By H. A. Hoffman, Red Hook, N. Y., for liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped June 2, by Colonel Stubbs (Captain—Flirt) out of American Daisy (Chance—Fly).

Reserve Kennels. By Dalliba, Billings & Munhall, Cleveland, O., for private kennels of setters and pointers, in place of Forest City Kennels, the old style.

Clan Alpine Kennels, By J. D. Shotwell, Rahway, N. J.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nannie—Laelo. Geo. C. Tate, Jr.'s (Malden, Mass.) English setter bitch Nannie (Lelaps—Hadie) to Dr. C. E. Wing's Laelo (Lelaps—Wing's Rose), Oct. 5.

Tra-la-la—Bradford Ruby Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) pug bitch Tra-la-la (Young Toby—Tantrums) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), Sept. 16.

Beauty—Bradford Ruby. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (A.K.R. 1360) to their Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), Aug. 14.

Daisy—Bradford Ruby. John Obrien's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), Aug. 2.

Daisy II.—Bradford Ruby. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy II. (A.K.R. 1361) to their Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), July 1.

Musette—Bradford Ruby. Jesse Welch's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Musette (Young Toby—Titania) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), June 28.

Floy—Change. Reserve Kennels' (Cleveland, O.) English setter bitch Floy (Rob Roy—Blanche) to S. H. Surwell's Change (Dashing Dan—Daisey Starlight).

Topsy—Bradford Ruby. W. D. Holsapple's (Hudson, N. Y.) pug bitch Topsy (Punch—Judy) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), Oct. 25.

Fairy—Treasure. Kenucky Pug Keunels' (Newport, Ky.) pug bitch Fairy (Napoleon—Beauty) to their Treasure (Friiz—Bango), Nov. 3.

Sin—Kingan. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sin (Hindoo—Princess Bow) to their Kingan.

Ruby Croxteth—King Bow. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Ruby Croxteth (Croxteth—Lass) to their King Bow.

Rose Pope—King Bow. L. Melchor's (Battle Creek, Mich.) pointer bitch Rose Pope (Joe Pope—Nellie Pope) to Detroit Kennel Club's King Bow.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dora Gordon, Chas. S. Fitch's (Fort Washington, New York) Gordon setter bitch Dora Gordon (Dash—champion Mona), Nov. 9, ten (four dogs). by R. M. Johnson's Phil.

Daisy II, City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy II. (Major—Beauty), Aug. 30, six (three dogs), by their Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Musette—Bradford Ruby. Jesse Welch's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Musette (Young Toby—Titania), Aug. 30, one dog, by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Bess. Fred E. Parker's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Bess (Napoleon—Beauty), Aug. 18, five (three dogs), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Lassie. F. W. Rothera's (Simcoe, Ont.) collie bitch champion Lassie (A.K.R. 445), Nov. 3, six (one dog), by his champion Lorne (A.K.R. 446).

Patti. Thomas W. Mills's (Montreal, Can.) imported brindle bull bitch Patti (Toreador—Betsy), Oct. 30, eight (six dogs), by his Guillermo (A.K.R. 671); all brindle.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks**

Maggie Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Dec. 31, 1884 (Marc Antony—Flora), by Josh M. Gross, Harrisburg, Pa., to C. H. Laing, White Cloud, Mich.

Harry Malcolm. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 23, 1885 (Malcolm—Dream IV.), by H. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md., to Chas. S Fitch, Fort Washington, New York.

Earl—Scooty whelp. Solid liver cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Mrs. C. C. Dewey, same place.

Earl. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1884 (Obo, Jr.—Black Garrie), by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to A. McDonald, Rockland, Me.

Fairy. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped March 4, 1885 (Napoleon, A.K.R. 2037—Beauty, A.K.R. 1360), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Chas. A. Leonhard, Newport, Ky.

Fuss. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885 (Bradford Ruby—Flossy, A.K.R. 2250), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Barnard B. Savage, Orange, Conn.

Duke Gasceon. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1885 (True-Zoe, A.K.R. 1444), by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to Frank Plume, same place.

True—Zoe (A.K.R 1444) *whelp.* White, black and tan pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1885, by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to John Barclay, same place.

True—Zoe (A.K.R. 1444) *whelp.* White and black pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1885, by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to Edgar Bennett, same place.

True—Zoe (A.K.R. 1444) *whelp.* Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped June 22, 1885, by E. M. Crouch, Thomaston, Conn., to B. Butler, Plymouth, Conn.

Mo. Stone fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped July 18, 1885 (Bradford Ruby—Flossy, A.K.R. 2250), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to B. D. Hubbard, same place.

Max. Stone fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped July 18, 1885 (Bradford Ruby—Flossy, A.K.R. 2250), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Chauncy Ives, New York.

Toodles II. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1885 (Tuck—Toodles), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to M. B. Breck, same place.

Frolic. Fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped July 1, 1885 (Don—Nellie), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield. Mass., to Robt. J. McKay, East Liberty, Pa.

Nellie. White Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Sept. 2, 1879 (Don—Spunkie), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to H. R. Surles, Worcester, Mass.

Ringwood—Collette whelps. White, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped April 28, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., one to W. T. Percival, Stanton, Mich., and one to L. W. Laing, White Cloud, Mich.

Judge—Lucy whelps. White, black and tan beagles, whelped Jan. 28, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., one dog to Hon. Amory R. Starr, Marshall, Tex., and one dog to Henry L. Curtis, Peace Dale, R. I.

Trailer—Roxy whelps. White, black and tan beagle dogs, whelped July 14, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Banshee. Brindle and gray deerhound bitch (A.K.R. 1238), by F. A. Cannon, New Haven, Conn., to W. M. Rankin, same place.

Hec. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age not given (Flute—Collette), by C. S. Krebs, Tamaqua, Pa., to P. M. Roedel, White Cloud, Mich.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

G. E. H., Newport, R. I.—Give your dog a pill of the citrate of iron and strychnia, two grains, three times daily, concealed in a morsel of raw meat. Persevere in this and we think you will see a marked improvement.

D. R., Troy, N. Y.—A spaniel, after recovering from distemper, has a dry, parched nose, is quite weak, and a little staggery in hind parts, is nearly blind. When looking into his eye in a strong sunlight the pupil can be faintly seen, but the cornea appears to be cloudy and not transparent. He eats well and is quite playful. What can be done for him? Ans. Have some pills of the citrate of iron and strychnia made, each to contain two grains. Give one pill three times daily bidden in a bit of meat. Drop a few drops of solution of zinc sulphocarbolate, strength two grains to the ounce, into the eyes twice daily. Report results.

B. H. S., Wellesley, Mass.—Will your kennel editor give me directions for knowing and treatment of distemper? Up to what age are dogs liable to have it? Ans. The premonitory symptoms of distemper are loss of appetite, dullness, often cough, chills, fever, often vomiting. After a few days' profuse semi-purulent discharges from the eyes and nose, the fever increases, the cough becomes more loose, often diarrhœa comes on. The height of the disease is reached in a week, as a rule. The dog becomes very much emaciated. The dog may recover from this stage, or the inflammation may go down into the lungs, giving pleuro-pneumonia, which is very fatal. The disease is more common to the first six months of puppyhood. In treating, the dog should be quarantined; should have dry, well-ventilated quarters. While fever exists, tincture of aconite should be given with spirits of nitrous ether, two drops of the former and fifteen drops of the latter in a tablespoonful of water every two hours. At the start ten grains of quinine can be given in one dose. Add chlorate of potash to the drinking water, a teaspoonful to the pint. Give fluid diet—milk, with lime water, tablespoonful to pint; beef soups without fat, a little scraped raw beef mixed with the white of a raw egg. Feed four or five times daily, by force if necessary. If great weakness shows itself, give brandy or whisky, a teaspoonful every hour.

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the FOREST AND STREAM actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

2. In general excellence the reading columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are of a higher grade than those of any similar publication in the world.

3. Taking into account the amount and the character of weekly reading given, the FOREST AND STREAM is away ahead of any similar publication in the world.

4. If a sportsman wishes a sportsman's paper, he will be better suited by the FOREST AND STREAM than by any similar publication in the world.

The other day a dog which was following a carriage turned aside and ran into a yard on Park street. He might have expected to pick up a fall and winter stock of bones, but in this way he was disappointed. He was about turning away when a dog owned in the house flew out and rushed upon him in the most reckless manner, and in the course of ten seconds there was a bite-as-bite-can contest of the fiercest description. A woman considerably past the prime of life came out of the house as the dogs rolled around, picked up a club lying on the grass near by, and seemed about to enter the struggle. She raised the club two or three times, but let it fall as often, and finally stood an interested spectator of the fight. Among the dozen pedestrians halting at the gate was a man, who called out: "Say, stop 'em! Stop 'em!" The woman raised her club, but hesitated to strike. "Why don't you stop 'em?" shouted the man. "I'm waiting," she replied. "For what? Don't you see they'll kill each other?" "I'm waiting to see how it comes out. If my dog can lick him, it's all right. If he gets the bulge on Rover, I'll even up the chances with this club." Rover got a neck hold, and shook the stranger until his yells were heard blocks away, and, when he was finally permitted to sneak off, the woman flung down her club and mounted the steps with the remark: "Nobody nor nothing has been killed as I know of, and every one of you could see that it was a square fight, and victory for the best dog. Please don't rub the paint off that gate."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The latest Nevada romance is that three hogs at Hawthorne devoured eight boxes of giant powder. The owner of the stuff, in his anger, hurled a rock at one of the animals, which caused her to explode with great force and to scatter fragments of flesh all over the surrounding country.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page 293.*)

THE arrangements for testing the weapons were of the simplest sort, yet such at the same time as to secure absolute certainty in all the results obtained. The question of a rest was the first one to be settled. We know that much has been said *pro* and *con* on the matter of rests for rifle shooting and no end of theoretical talk and some experiments have been put forth to show that a fixed rest is not a proper one for the purpose of testing a rifle. There is much talk of buckling barrels and springing metal, yet in a test for trajectories it would be manifestly impossible to use other than such a rest as would enable us to say with perfect certainty that the barrel muzzle at each shot was at a fixed and known distance above a base line. This a rigid rest enabled us to determine and for this reason a fixed rest was decided upon. The government rest at the Sandy Hook Ordnance Proving Ground was placed at our disposal, and this was taken to the range at Creedmoor. Originally constructed for use in testing the Springfield army rifle, there were certain changes, made necessary before the rest could be used for the long

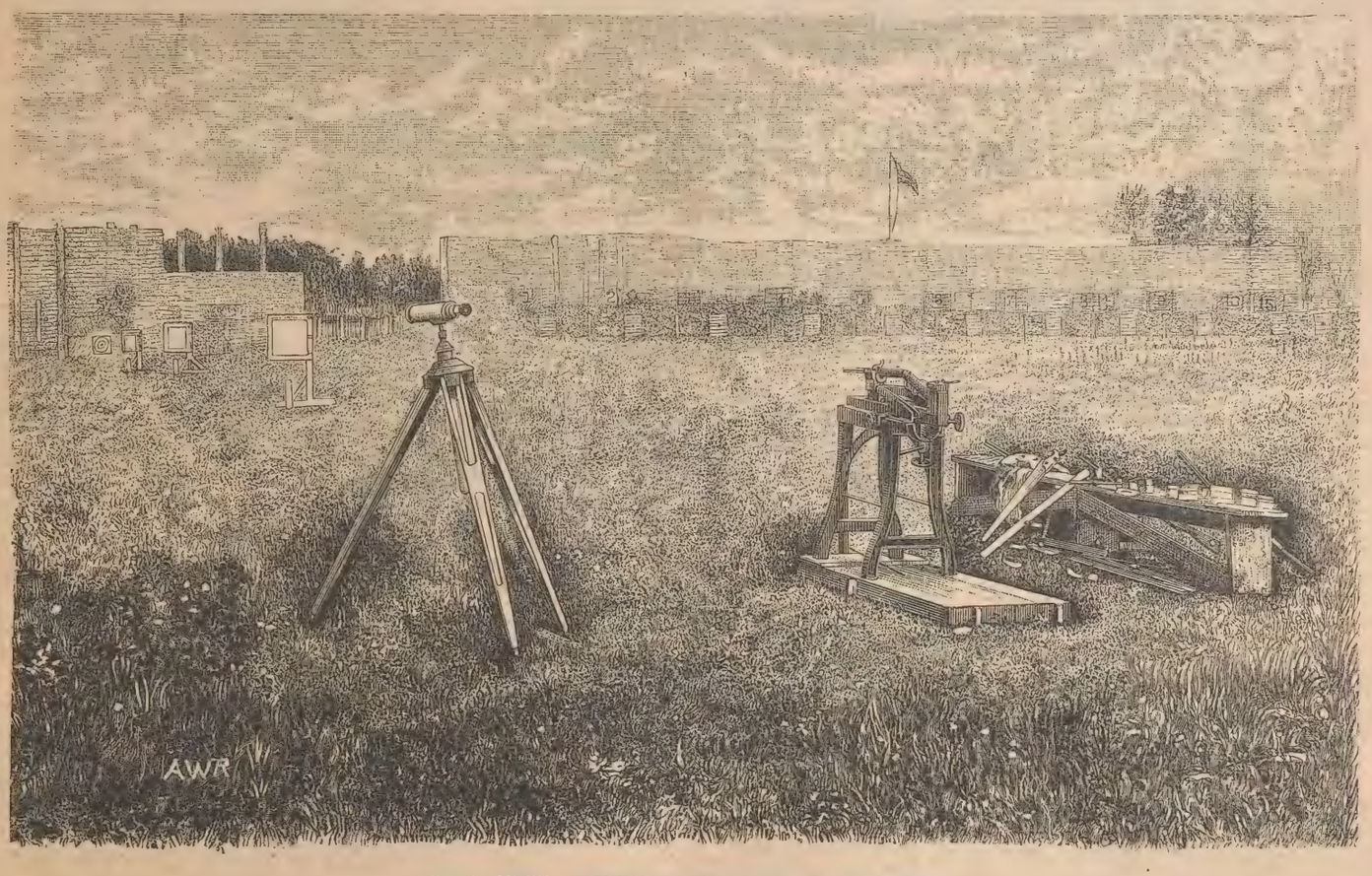


Fig. 1.—VIEW SHOWING GUN REST AND SCREENS.

under-lever action rifles such as the Winchester, Whitney, etc. To enable these breech actions to be worked without removing the piece from the clamp, a slot was cut in the base which was made to lift up from the rear, working from the front end, and at each dropping into place going back exactly to the same position, against stationary lugs. The rifle was held in place by the hinged clamp which passed over the barrel, having a high hollow center, permiting a free line of sight. The butt-plate rested back against the upright at the rear, being protected from abrasion by a leather lining. When placed in, the side plate came up with a hinge motion, while a screw at the top held it in place. Nothing could be simpler, and every bearing point was protected with narrow strips of rubber packing to prevent any cutting or bruising of the wood or iron work of the rifles. Once in the rest and set level across the barrel, and this fact tested with a spirit level, the adjustment of the sight upon the target became a comparatively easy matter. The lateral adjustment was secured by the screws seen at either side near the rear end. This gave a motion of the entire upper part of the rest holding the rifle, the rear end describing a curve about a fixed joint or stout pin directly below the front end. Of course with each screw brought home the rifle frame was held as in a vise, and by turning upon one side as the other side was loosened, the front sight described a line across the target face. Elevation was attended to by a screw with its accompanying jamming nut seen at the rear of the rest. There was a constant bearing upon the end of this screw bolt and with it there wa

comparatively little difficulty in getting the finest sort of a sight and shifting ever so slightly as the peculiarities of the rifle seemed to require. The entire iron rest weighing nearly 200 pounds and bringing the rifle muzzle between three and four feet above the platform, enabled us to make ready shifts from one rifle to another and put each rifle at the moment of pulling the trigger on exactly the same equality. To insure steadiness the rest was placed upon a broad heavy plank foundation, the planks shown being three inches in thickness and some five feet long. Screws through the rest feet made its firm hold to the platform a matter of quick and ready adjustment.

Having fixed our rifle in position for the first shot, attention may be directed to the screens. In the general view of the range laid out for the tests, they will be seen at equal distances down the range. At the two hundred yards trial they were placed at fifty yards, one hundred yards and one hundred and fifty yards respectively from the muzzle of the rifle, while at the one hundred yards test the distances were twenty-five yards, fifty yards and seventy-five yards. The screens were of the lightest form of tracing paper of the grade known as "Alba" in our shops. This is not the ordinary tissue paper, but is, instead, an oiled tracing paper such as is generally used in architects' and engineers' offices in making copies of drawings. We have heard of wrapping paper being used for such tests, and again of ordinary tissue paper. The former would, of course, offer a great obstruction to the flight of the bullet, particularly if the screen was not carefully placed at right angles with the line of flight, while the very light paper disks may not always be stretched on the frames with that drum-head tightness necessary if exactness is aimed at. The frames used were of pine five-eighth inch thick with a three-inch width at the inner and upper streaks, two inches down the outer edge and one inch across the bottom. When halved at the corners this made a very stiff frame. They were squared carefully by the carpenter when made, and enabled the paper when pasted on to draw firm and tight. The opening was twenty inches in width and twenty-four inches in height. To hold the frames in place uprights were provided; these were of three by four inch joist firmly planted upon a cross base having two arms each four feet long with foot braces to keep the upright plumb. The arrangement gave a very firm support to the screens. These last were held in place against the uprights by iron clamps indicated on the drawing. The thumb screw in the clamp permitted the ready attachment of a screen and its movement at will up or down, while a single turn of the screws fixed it at any desired height. The target used was the paper one of the Massachusetts decimal pattern. It was really, it will be seen, a matter of the slightest consequence what pattern of target was used, but these being accurately printed and being readily obtained afforded a means of keeping a permanent record of each shot fired in the tests.

On reaching the range the first thing sought was a clear space where the two-hundred-yard range might be located General Wingate and General Robbins had both been mos kind in proffering the facilities of the range, and in order to interfere as little as possible with the regular matches and troop practice, the old Running Deer screen was chosen to shoot against. In many respects this was advantageous, as it gave a wooden back; while the smaller screen at either wing, not very clearly shown in the drawing, enabled the marker to stand safely within a few feet of the target during the delivery of the shots.

The first step was to have an accurate range as to distance, and then to have a base line fixed from which we might in all confidence measure perpendicularly the shot holes as made. The task of doing the surveying necessary to determine these very essential points was intrusted to Charles H. Haswell, whose ability and standing as an engineer and professional man are known throughout the world. When he had finished his labor there were seven stakes standing in line, each was firmly driven into the ground, and into the top of each was a screw having a flat top. The first stake stood against the broad target fence, the next twenty-five yards up the line, the next at fifty yards, the next again at seventy-five yards, the next at one hundred yards, further away was one at one hundred and fifty yards, while the last one was at two hundred yards. They were in exact line, and the broad-headed screw in the top of each were brought exactly to the same level and that within the thousandth of an inch.

It will be seen at once that we had now all the preliminaries for an accurate test, since it was comparatively easy to take the measurements at the target, at the several screens, and at the rifle muzzle from the basic line provided. The rifle was first placed carefully in rest, and when securely clamped down a few shots were fired until the bullets were found to gather themselves in or near the bullseye. It mattered not to any great extent how the sights were used, or whether the sighting was on the bullseye. All we cared to know was that the rifle was holding well, and that we could rely on getting the next few shots on the target paper. Then a cleaning rod was passed through the barrel and it was ready for the deciding shots. All this time, of course, there had been no screens in the way. These were now put up. From the top of the stake in front of the rifle rest, which in this cut is the 100-yards stake, the distance was taken with the Brown & Sharpe standard steel micrometer scale to the center of the rifle barrel. This was fixed by a fine pin put in the center of a small wooden plug accurately fitting the bore. On each screen a fine ink line, put in with a drawing pen from a T-square placed across the screen, had been placed as a line of measurement. This line was brought to the same distance from the stake below it as the rifle barrel was above the stake below it. The line on the screen was tested with a spirit level, and with the screen placed exactly at right angles with the line of bullet flight there was no danger of the glancing of the bullet, which, as every

rifleman knows, may take place from the slightest obstacle. Each screen was placed thus while the target, having had such a fine India ink line drawn across its center, was pinned to the plank backing with this line exactly at muzzle distance above the base line stake below.

When everything was in readiness and the signal given that the range was clear the first shot was fired, not sighted at the target direct, but upon the slight black patch which had been placed on the screen nearest the rifle as a precautionary measure. The shot hole through each screen was numbered, and the same shot given the same number on the target. This was done before another shot was fired, and with abundant assistance did not consume a moment's time. When the next shot was fired it too was numbered consecutively, so that when through the five shots allotted each rifle there were corresponding numbers on each of the three screens and on the target as well. While the firing was going on observations were made as to the state of the atmospheric conditions. Readings were had from the barometer, from the wet and dry thermometer and from the anemometer. The accuracy of these observations is fully shown to the matic that the instruments used were selected from the extensive stock of Gall & Lembke, of 21 West Union Square, this city.

Before taking the rifle from its rest or disturbing the screens and target, the measurements were renewed and verified at each point along the line—at the rifle muzzle—from the screw head to the hair line drawn across each screen—and to the similar line on the target. These having been taken and duly entered, the clamps were loosened and the screens set free, the thumb screws which held the target were drawn and a few turns of the screw at the top of the rest permitted the rifle to be lifted out. It will be noted that the essential parts of each screen were the fine line and the numbered bullet holes, and this permitted the cutting out of the thin paper sheets and their careful preservation in a portfolio for future measurement. Supposing a shot to have hit exactly upon the center-line of the bullseye, then the distances of the shot-hole above the line on the several screens would have been the trajectory height at those distances, respectively, but the great majority of the bullets struck above or below this center line, and this necessitated additional calculation, simple, yet not to be slurred over. In all there were over fifteen hundred of those measurements to be taken and tabulated on screen and target.

In the case of the tip-up barrel rifles, such as the Wesson and Stevens, and in the muzzleloaders, there was an additional bother in the necessity of taking the muzzle height at each placing of the rifle in the rest. The screens remained untouched, and with the small black aiming patch on the first screen nearest the rifle, there was no difficulty in getting on the target. Yet in making the office calculations afterward, each shot in each screen is considered with reference to the muzzle height when that particular shot was fired.

NOTE.—Our attention is called to the fact that the Marlin .40 70 should have read .40-60, as that is the nomenclature adopted by the makers. As we have before stated, we used the ammunition recommended by the maker, and what that ammunition really is our examination will show. While the Marlin .40-60 may be the designation given in the catalogue, how near the charge came to being 60 grains our weighing expert will report in due time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RANGE AND GALLERY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 25.—The fall meeting of the California Rifle Association opened at Shell Mound this morning. The day was beautiful—none better could have been selected. The attendance was large. There were advertised five matches, but owing to the high tide which covered the beach and rendered impracticable the skirmishers' match, there were only four that came off. The first was the Siebe team match, open to teams of six representatives from any company of the National Guard or Police department who have never made more than 70 per cent. in any California Rifle Association matches, for a trophy presented by Captain Ludwig Siebe. The conditions of the contest were 7 rounds at 200yds. with Springfield rifles. There were 2 entries—the Police team and a team from E Company, Second Artillery, N. G. C. The trophy was won by the former. The scores were as follows:

Police Team.		Company E. Second Artillery.	
T Flanders	4553335—28	Sergt Kelly	4445543—29
J.Kelly	4451254—28	C Bateman	4444454—29
J A Stanley	4451254—28	Lieut J H Flynn	4343444—26
G O Comstock	3343434—24	J Howard	4343244—24
Wm Ringle	4332444—24	Corp J McClosky	4332354—24
E R Alford	2433323—20—152	Sergt Clark	4223224—19—151

In the platoon match, or volley shooting, there were also two entries, viz., a team from the Police Department and another from the Nationals, Companies C and G, First Infantry, N. G. C. The conditions of the match were that each team should consist of eighteen men and that each should be allowed to fire but one volley, and at the command of an officer in charge, at the 200-yard target, each straggling shot to forfeit a hit. Score to be counted: First, greatest number of hits, and, secondly, the value of each according to the C. R. A. rules. The match was won by the policemen. Captain Douglass gave them the word, while Captain Klein did the same for the Nationals. The scores of each team, and the name of the winning one, were:

Police Team—Hook, A. T. Fields, C. C. Wells, N. T. Fields, Sergeant Fleming, Sergeant Gans, Comstock, McCarty, Geary, Whitman, Harris, Cayat, Boughton, Stanley, Sergeant Flanders, Kelly, Sergeant Nash. Every man hit the target, there being 5 center shots, 6 threes and 6 twos, a total of 54 points.

Nationals, Companies C and G, First Infantry, N. G. C.—The target was hit 13 times. Ten centers were made, 1 three and 2 twos, a total of 47.

The match for the champion medal of the Association, held by Special Officer P. D. Linville, was won by T. E. Carson, of C Company, First Infantry, N. G. C. The match was open to all members of the Association, the National Guard of California, Army and Navy or Police departments. Entries unlimited. Rounds ten, with any military rifle under the rule, 200yds. Five cash prizes, namely, $10, $8, $6, $4, $2, in addition to the medal, which is the first prize, to become the property of the marksman winning it three times at regular meetings of the C. R. A. The prize-winners were:

T E Carson	5545455555—47	Charles Nash	4544555554—46
P D Linville	5455555554—47	S E Beaver	5455554454—45
A Johnson	4454455545—46	J A C MacDonald	4454455455—45

An extra prize of $10 for the most bullseyes made during the day in the match was won by Linville.

Beginners' Match.—C. Meyer won the Donahue Beginners' Trophy, the competition for which was open to all competitors who have no record exceeding 70 per cent. at the meetings of the C. R. A., 200yds., 5 shots, with any military rifle under the rules. First prize presented by Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Donahue, Fifth Infantry, N. G. C. Other prizes, 25, 15, 10 and 5 per cent. respectively, of net receipts. Entries unlimited. The prizes were won by:

C Meyer	44455—22	Kehrlein	34544—21
J A Hanly	44545—22	H Pendleton	54354—21
Kelly	45444—21		

The following made 70 per cent.: T. Flanders 20, F. M. Zeizing 20, Ratcman 19, Lieut. J. A. Flynn 18, Clark 18, J. McClosky 18.

The meeting concludes on next Sunday, when there will be shot the Dimond Team Match, Dunphy Team Match, and Centennial Team Match and pool shooting.

Nov. 2.—The second day was not nearly so well attended as was the first. The first contest was for the Dimond team trophy, open to teams of six from any military company, field and staff, board of officers, police department or rifle club, with Springfield rifles at 200 and 500yds., seven rounds each, trophy to become the property of the team winning it three times. November 16, 1884, the Police Team won the trophy by a score of 365. The National's Shooting Club won it from the police on the 14th of last June by a score of 360. To-day there were but two competitors for the trophy—the Police Team and the Nationals. Following is the score:

Police Team.			National's Team.		
	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
Sgt C Nash	31	33—64	F Cummings	30	33—63
D Geary	30	32—62	Capt J E Klein	32	30—62
A T Fields	28	32—60	C L Lods	29	31—60
N T Fields	30	30—60	A Johnson	28	29—57
H Hook	29	30—59	G S Simpson	30	27—57
A Bixby	30	29—59	T E Carson	29	26—55
		364			354

The second match was the Dunphy trophy match, open to teams of 6 from any military company, field or staff, board of officers, police department or rifle club, with any military rifle under the rules, at 200 and 500yds., 7 rounds, to become the property of the team winning it three times. Nov. 16, 1884, the trophy was won for the first time by the Police team by a score of 370 points. The next time it was won on June 14, 1885, when the Police team No. 1 won it by a score of 372. To-day there were only two competitors, the Police team and the Nationals, the former again won by a score of 361. Appended is the individual score:

Police Team.			National Team.		
	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
C C Wells	30	33—63	T E Carson	31	34—64
D Geary	32	31—63	Capt J E Klein	28	33—61
J P McCarty	33	30—63	F Cummings	30	31—61
H Hook	31	31—62	G S Simpson	27	29—56
Lieut S Flemming	28	32—60	A Johnson	30	33—53
W Boughton	31	19—50	C L Lods	23	25—48
		361			348

The match for the Centennial Trophy closed the regular programme. The trophy, which is a beautiful silver one, was presented by this city to the Association in 1876, to become the property of the regiment or battalion winning it five times at regular meetings of the Association, commencing in 1882 For the six years commencing in 1876 it was won by the First Infantry. They returned it to be shot for as stated above. The conditions under which the trophy may be shot for are: Open to all teams of ten representatives from any regiment or battalion, N. G. C., 200 and 500 yards; seven rounds at each, with Springfield rifles. On Oct. 23, 1882, the First Infantry won the trophy by a score of 860 (10 shots). The same regiment won the trophy on Oct. 23, 1883, by a score of 587. On Nov. 16, 1884, the same regiment won it, with 597 points. Once more the regiment won the trophy yesterday, by a score of 587. There really was no competitor, but the Second Artillery managed to get together a team of members and ex-members which shot for the sake of shooting. Following is the score of the winning team, the grand total figuring up 587:

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
A Johnson	32	34—66	T E Carson	28	31—59
F Cummings	33	32—65	G S Simpson	24	33—58
Julius Klein	29	33—62	P M Diers	29	25—54
Capt J E Klein	30	30—62	P E Robertson	26	26—52
A P Raye	30	30—60	A J Ruddock	27	22—49

The third match, and the one in which all interest was centered, was the contest for the California Powder Works medal, open to all members of the association, National Guard of California, army and navy; distance 200 and 500yds., 7 shots at each distance with any military rifle under the rules; all competitors for this trophy to use powder manufactured by the California Powder Works. The medal is destined to become the property of the marksman winning it three times at regular meetings of the association. It was first won on Oct. 23, 1883, by Private G. C. Thaxter, of the Carson City Guard of Nevada, by a score of 64. On May 11, 1884, Officer P. D. Linville won it with a score of 65. On Nov. 23 of the same Sergt. C. Nash carried it off with the splendid score of 68. On June 14 last Lieut. S. I. Kellogg, Jr., won it by a score of 64. To-day there were a large number of competitors. F. Cummings, of Company C, First Infantry, N. G. C., won the medal, as will be seen by the appended four highest scores:

	200yds.	500yds.		200yds.	500yds.
F Cummings	31	34—65	G L Gano	30	34—64
A C Bixby	33	32—65	Chas Nash	31	33—64

In the match for the Directors' Medal the following scores were made at 200yds.:

Sert C Nash	4454445—30	Major E G Sprowl	4335545—29
Capt H T Sime	4444445—29	Major A F Klose	4444444—28
Lieut G H Strong	3444554—29	Lieut R P Hammond	3353234—24

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 5.—At a recent meet at Hackmatack Range of the Gardner Rifle Club, there was a team match with the Leominster Rifle Club. The American decimal target was used, and three strings were shot with the following result:

Gardner.				Leominster.			
G F Ellsworth	85	88	92—265	B M Pitts	77	75	75—227
C A Hinds	74	83	84—241	G W Foster	78	74	74—226
I N Dodge	73	85	81—239	H A Rugg	68	75	75—218
A Mathews	75	76	85—236	J W Elwell	80	68	68—216
G C Goodale	62	85	85—232	E M Rockwell	70	68	69—207
H C Knowlton	70	79	78—227	J Simonds	63	62	62—187
W C Loveland	77	74	75—226	F A Whitney	68	59	59—186
F E Nichols	86	70	60—226	C C Foster	53	66	66—185
F H Knowlton	75	62	62—199	H S Lawrence	53	55	55—163
G Warfield	58	58	59—175	C A Joslin	39	59	60—158
			1,973				1,016

The members of the Gardner Rifle Club have shot twice for the three gold medal prizes offered by the *Turf, Field and Farm*. The Massachusetts target is used, distance 200yds., shooting off-hand, with a possible 130. The results of two shoots is as follows:

I N Dodge	110	109	H C Knowlton	102	...
A Mathews	108	107	W C Loveland	101	102
G C Goodale	108	99	F H Knowlton	94	...
G F Ellsworth	105	106	C D Bent	94	...
Chester Hinds	102	102	F E Nichols	92	...

BRIDGEPORT RIFLE CLUB.—Nov. 5, 200yds. off-hand:

D E Marsh	11 11 10 12 9 10 11 11 12 10 10 9 11 12 10—159
George Quitmeyre	11 11 10 10 11 11 8 9 11 11 11 12 10 11 11—158
W H Beardsley	11 9 11 12 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 12—153
E Nothnagle	10 7 11 10 9 11 12 10 12 10 11 12 8 9 11—153
S H Hubbard	12 11 9 7 11 11 10 10 9 11 10 12 11 9 8—151
R S Bassett	12 6 12 9 6 9 8 9 11 10 10 12 9 11 8—142—916

New York Club.

T P White	11 11 8 11 10 12 11 9 10 9 9 9 11 10 11—152
J Duane	10 10 11 9 10 8 11 11 10 11 9 10 11 9 9—149
C E Taynton	11 11 11 8 9 9 10 8 12 11 10 9 9 11 10—149
M Herrington	9 9 12 11 7 11 11 9 9 12 12 9 9 9—148
F H Holton	10 8 9 10 12 10 7 10 11 9 12 8 9 11 10—146
J S Case	10 8 11 7 8 11 9 12 9 10 11 9 10 7 11—143—887

The New Yorks shot at Creedmoor on Tuesday, Nov. 3; the weather was cold and blustering. The Bridgeports shot on their range at Readmoor on Thursday, Nov. 5. The weather was mild, with a fresh wind blowing down the range, and a bad light. It will be seen by the scores that the Bridgeports won by 29 points. It was agreed that the scores should be held back until Saturday morning, and then sent by mail. The target used was the Massachusetts.—R. S. BASSETT, Secretary B. R. C.

CREEDMOOR, Nov. 7.—The annual competition for the championship of the State took place to-day. The weather was cloudy, with rain at intervals, and the wind, though not strong, was tricky at times. The match was one of the most closely contested and interesting ever shot on the range, each competitor taking the same number of entries, and the final bullseye, made by Sergt. Dolan when it was almost dark, decided the winner. Klein's score of 49 is is the best ever made at these ranges with the .50 cal. Remington in any match of the Association. The highest scores were as follows:

	200yds.	500yds.	
T J Dolan, 12th Regt	22 23—45	25 24—49—94	
J F Klein, 17th Sep. Co	24 22—46	25 23—48—94	
J S Shepherd, 23d Regt	23 24—47	24 22—46—93	

COL. BLUNT.—Col. Stanhope E. Blunt has been honored by Gen. Sheridan with the appointment as aide-de camp on the personal staff at the Headquarters of the Army. Col. Blunt has been serving for more than a year as inspector of rifle practice at Headquarters, the duties of which position he will continue to discharge in addition to those of aide-de camp. He is the author of the "Manual of Rifle Firing" adopted last year for the use of the Regular Army.

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BOSTON, Nov. 5.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was small. The weather conditions were not very good, and a "7 o'clock" wind of varying strength, and a very bright light, made the judgment of elevations difficult. Toward night the conditions improved. The decimal match C, rest match F and the time match B will close Thanksgiving day. Following are the best scores:

S. Wilder.		N. Washburn.	
800yds.	4555555555555555—73	800yds.	4555545555555555—73
900yds.	4454555555555554—71	900yds.	5554555545554541—71
1000yds.	5330553334555555—61—205	1,000yds.	3452553304535434—55—199

Decimal Off-Hand Match, 200yds.

C E Perry, A	6	10	8	10	5	4	9	10	10	6—78
J R Missam, A	9	8	10	6	3	9	7	8	8	9—77
J N Frye, C	8	6	5	10	8	10	9	7	8	6—77
J Francis (mil.), A	7	6	9	9	6	8	5	9	6	10—75
N F Tufts, C	6	10	7	7	7	5	10	5	9	7—73
J P Bates, C	4	6	5	9	8	6	9	6	6	6—65
C H Dulog (mil.), A	7	8	9	9	6	6	4	7	5	2—63
Pillsbury (mil.) A	3	5	4	10	9	4	2	7	5	10—59

Rest Match, 200yds.

J Francis	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	10—98
S Wilder	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10—98
John Almost	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	9—97
N F Tufts	10	8	8	7	7	9	10	10	9	9—87

Nov. 7.—The weather was very poor for shooting at Walnut Hill today and but few riflemen were present. A dense fog prevented shooting until the middle of the day, when for about three hours it lifted so that the target could be seen. At 3 o'clock it again closed in and put a stop to all practice. The Arlington Heights Club sent a team to shoot the proposed team match, but as they did not arrive until after 3 o'clock, they were unable to shoot and the match is postponed indefinitely. The range will be open Thanksgiving Day, and the current matches will close with that day's shooting. Following are the best of the finished scores made to-day:

Decimal Match.

C E Berry	8	9	10	8	9	7	7	10	6	8—82
J N Frye	9	8	10	5	10	4	10	9	8	7—80
E B Souther	5	10	9	9	5	9	9	10	5	8—79
N F Tufts	5	8	10	9	6	5	10	3	4	9—72
John Quincy	10	8	9	8	7	6	4	3	9	4—68

Rest Match.

J Francis	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	10—97
B G Warren	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	9—97
S W Wilder	10	10	10	9	8	10	9	10	10	10—96

Creedmoor Practice.

C E Berry	5	3	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	4—45
Eli Perkins	5	4	5	4	4	4	4	5	3	5—44
F Carter, mil	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4—43
W H Oler	4	4	4	5	4	4	3	5	4	5—42
R Dadman	4	5	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	5—42

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 29.—The St. Louis Long-Range Rifle Association contested for the St. John challenge medal this afternoon at Jefferson Barracks, the shoot resulting in a victory for J. J. Laughlin, who scored 66 out of a possible 75 at 500yds., and 65 at 200yds. The scores in full are:

	500yds.	200yds
Capt W P Schaaf	3445544543444433—57	4453444434444433—57—112
J J Laughlin	5545335354454555—66	5444443545454455—65—131
Lieut F W Sibley	4540534234343333—53	4434435344444333—53—106
Lieut T W Jones	3355543204444240—48	5445434534534545—65—113
M W Russell	3254534443334244—54	4444444443534544—65—119
Capt R H Montgomery	5534454443545434—62	3245455444434434—54—116
E H Gorse	3003525034440492—38	2222223435334434—47— 85
C B Smith	3340434454334344—49	4444454454354363—61—110

THOMASTON, Conn., Oct. 31.—Empire Rifle Club weekly badge shoot. Very bright light, strong four o'clock wind:

E Thomas	10	12	12	12	8	11	11	11	10	10—107
G A Lemmon	9	11	11	10	8	11	10	10	8	11— 99
Fred A Perkins	11	10	10	10	11	11	10	9	7	10— 99
C F Williams	11	9	8	12	10	10	11	10	9	7— 97

On Oct. 28, by invitation, the Empires visited the Bridgeport Rifle Club, Readmoor Range, near Stratford. Other clubs had been invited, but as none but the Empire's put in an appearance a match was shot with the following result. Conditions, 200yds. off-hand, Massachusetts ring target, 15 shots per man: Empire team—G. C. Canfield 154, G. C. Gilbert 149, E. Thomas 147, G. A. Lemmon 147, W. H. Dunbar 143, F. A. Perkins 143, G. P. North 133, C. F. Williams 121, total 1,137. Bridgeport team—Marsh 156, Beardsley 144, Rice 142, Nothnagle 139, Betts 135, Bassett 134, Beers 133, Botsford 118, total 1,101. After the match a shore dinner was partaken of at the Ross House, followed by short speeches from several members of both clubs.—32 CAL.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

RYAN VS. TOWNSEND.—A pigeon match that has occasioned considerable excitement among the Jersey trap shooters for the past few weeks between John Ryan, of Montclair, and Chas. Townsend, of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, both veterans of the trigger, came off on the 7th inst. on the grounds of the Englewood Gun Club, Jerry Maher was chosen judge for Townsend, and that don't know anything much about pigeons and traps, the venerable Miles Johnson for Ryan, John Richards, referee, Geo. B. Eaton, official scorer. It was a trap and handle match, Al Heritage ("Old South Paw") furnishing the birds for Ryan to bag if he could, and Miles Johnson the same for Townsend, and they were a daisy lot, only one incomer and no grass pickers, but all decidedly abrupt in their exit. Some of the shots of each man were loudly applauded, but Ryan was unfortunate in having four of his birds fall dead just out of bounds to Townsend's two, which might have made the match a tie. Ryan shot Miles's Scott gun, 11½lbs., Townsend a Parker, 9lbs. Both were strong shooters, as only one bird was missed outright, and that was the incomer for Townsend. Charley with his close choke is not good on incomers. Ryan's last bird was gathered neatly by Johnson, but as from all appearances the bird had been out of bounds it was decided a lost bird. The match was 40 birds each, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, one barrel, trap and handle, otherwise old Rhode Island rules to govern. Among the 300 spectators were a good delegation from the J. C. H. G. C., and the friends of Ryan were on hand and at first quite confident and yet believe that another contest would reverse things. The following is the score:

Ryan	1111100111110010100110111000111011110110—26
Townsend	0111111011011101100111111000011101101111—28

Another match was made immediately after the above between Miles Johnes and J. Henry Outwater, a member of the Jersey City H. C. C., to be shot at Erb's grounds, Bloomfield road, N. J., on the 23d inst., at 1 P. M., 25 birds each, 25yds rise, one barrel. $100 a side. It will bring out many of the old sports, as everybody knows old Miles, the pigeon-shooter and handler for the two hundred years before Jack Taylor died and since, and the Jersey Boys are ready with their money on John Henry. It will be worth seeing.—JACOBSTAFF.

TIES.—Hartford, Conn. The following scores were made at the last Hammerless Gun Club shoot, E. C. Howe at 21yds., the rest at 18yds., clay-pigeons:

M White, 18yds.	0011110100011001—8
J Melrose, 18yds.	0110011110100100—8
J Howe, 18yds.	1011100100011101—8
J Cook, 18yds	1101100100011001—8
E C Howe, 21yds.	0101100100111110—8

Ties at 21yds. (E. C. Howe 24yds.): M. White 101, J. Melrose 110, J. Howe 110, J. Cook 101, E. C. Howe 00—. J. Howe finally won.

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SACRAMENTO, Oct. 25.—The Pacific Sportsmen's Club held its closing medal shoot of the season at Agricultural Park this morning, and had a good time. The following scores were made in the main match:

Parrott, 26yds	111111001111—10	Chapman, 21yds	001011110111—8
C Flohr, 26yds	010110110111— 8	Stair, 21yds	111111101100—8
Graves, 21yds	001111100000— 5	Pedlar, 21yds	111011101011—9
Bronner, 21yds	111111011010—10	R Flohr, 21yds	101110011111—9
Kunz, 21yds	111001100110—7		

In the shoot-off, at double birds, between Parrott and Bronner, the former killed 5 and the latter 2. R. Flohr, of the ties on 9, won the silver medal.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 7.—The Malden Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot at Wellington to-day, and although the weather was unfavorable for good shooting, there was more than an average attendance. Following is a result of the several sweeps: 1. 5 blackbirds—Shumway first. 2. 10 clay-pigeons—Shumway first. 3. 5 blackbirds—Sanborn first. 4. 3 pairs blackbirds—Lawson first. 5. 5 clay-pigeons—Shumway, Lawson and Sanborn divided first. 6. 5 blackbirds, straightaway—Adams and Sanborn divided first. 7. 5 blackbirds—Schaefer first. 8. 10 clay-pigeons, medal match—Lawson and Schaefer divided first, Sanborn second, Wardwell and Stanton divided third. Lawson won the first medal with 9, Sanborn the second with 8, and Wardwell the third with 7 out of 10 birds. 9. 5 blackbirds—Shumway and Schaefer divided first. 10. 3 pairs clay-pigeons—Shumway first. 11. 5 clay-pigeons—Swift first. 12. 5 blackbirds—Wardwell first.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A SHORT CRUISE IN THE BONITA.

THIS season the four "boys" were again scattered, and our hopes of last year to again meet for another frolic were doomed to disappointment. The Horse Marine had amused himself and had put in many a monotonous winter day in having a boat built for sailing and cruising purposes, hoping and intending to unite with the other boys in many a sail and perhaps in a cruise during the summer months, and the Lawyer and Engineer had viewed the work and pronounced it good; but just the last thing the Engineer was called away to South America and the Wanderer was laid up with malaria, as well as tied up with other engagements, so when the time came only the Lawyer and the Horse Marine could muster on deck.

The boat in which we were to sail and cruise was finished early in the spring, and given her trial trip and many other trips before the time for the cruise came around. She is an 18-foot, yawl-rigged boat, that is, 18ft. waterline and 22ft. over all on deck, with 7ft. beam and 3ft. dratt, including her keel of 1iin. With 600 pounds of lead in her keel and about 1,500 pounds of lead low down inside, she is as stiff as a church, as had been proved in many a dusting in and out of New London harbor; so the unknown quantities were reduced to the minimum before we sailed, having nothing in the way of anxiety over an untried boat to interfere with our pleasure.

Those who have been there will know with what pleasure we got our outfit ready, loaded and stowed the same, and saw that everything needful for comfort and pleasure was on board. We proposed to be not only safe but comfortable as well, and independent of shore for either food, drink or a place to sleep; and so we had provided everything needful and seen it all snugly stowed, and it was with only anticipation of pleasure, mingled with regret at the absence of the other boys, that we finally set sail.

The last of the land breeze one fine day sent us bowling along for Fisher's Island Sound. With topsail set and everything drawing, our canvas canoe trailing behind soon began to dance and cut around as do all light tenders when towing rapidly, and the foam from our bow went dancing merrily astern. It was a beautiful day, and one when it is simply a delight to live, and we could not fail to enjoy our present situation and our fine prospects. The sky was blue, the sun was warm, the wind was kind and the sea leaping and dancing in the sunlight, and our good boat was leaping and dancing too, kissed by the eager breeze and booming along further and further toward our destination.

In Fisher's Island Sound our wind hauled to the southwest, our true sea breeze, and nothing could have been better had it been made to order. As our course was eastward to Narragansett Bay, this gave us a fine wind just abaft the beam and down came our foresail and jib and up went our balloon jib in a twinkling. And how the sails did draw! And how we did boom along! What enjoyment to loll around and smoke and take comfort and "take it all in." Steering was really a sinecure, for the boat about steered herself, and after the sails were once trimmed neither tack nor sheet were disturbed for hours, leaving nothing to do but boom along, and for us to gaze our fill at the beauties of the deep, and breathe our fill of the delightful air.

Nor were we alone upon the waters. Here, there, and everywhere were the white and gleaming sails of yachts, fishermen and coasters, each on its course for its destined haven, some close by and with which the courtesies of yachting etiquette were exchanged, others far, far away upon the horizon's rim, their topsails only showing, but each and all lending vitality to the charming picture that surrounded us on every hand.

How different the aspect of the same place under different circumstances! One day last spring the Lawyer and the Horse Marine were in this same Fisher's Island Sound, in the same boat, but with rather more than the steady breeze that was now lifting us onward. Then we had all the wind we wanted, and rather more too, and after banging into a head wind and a short nasty sea for a while we were glad to go about and fill away for home, and had our hands full even then to steer and sail our boat, with jib down and peak dropped at that. Now we were riding almost on even keel, even though we had a good topsail breeze, our only motion being the gentle roll and easy dip as we slid along over the quartering sea, while pipe, song and story made the time pass as pleasantly to us as we were speedily gaining on our destination.

Soon we were by Watch Hill, and out from under the shelter of Fisher's Island, feeling the full force of ocean's breath. How steady it was, and, though fresher than when in the Sound, not too strong for all the sail we could pile upon our little ship. And it was all on too; our balloon jib was as big as the space for it would allow, set on the outer stay from topmast head to bowsprit end; our topsail had a 13ft. yard, carrying its peak away aloft of the truck, and except we had had a topsail for the mizzen, or a mizzen staysail, no more canvas could have been carried.

As before said there was meat and drink on board, in plenty too; and when lunch time came—time called by the erratic chronometer of our appetite—how we did eat and how good it was. Crackers and cheese and beer may not be very much in themselves, but when seasoned with salt air, pleasant surroundings and ravenous hunger then they become fit for the gods; not that our lunch was restricted to three simple viands from any necessity, but because they were handy, and on our first day out we cared not to bother with a more elaborate menu.

Lunch over, a try for bluefish was next in order, and the Lawyer tried his skill with his line trailing far astern. It is not often one gets so big a catch, but our only one was a whole smack full of fish, said smack crossing our lines and hooking herself as we swept by each other in passing. We did not bring our catch on board, as neither line nor hooks were up to the strain, so the Lawyer had to haul in and repair damages, leaving his hooks and squid to ornament the smacks keel.

We found out later that the rough water around Point Judith is all that its reputation calls for; but on this particular day we weathered the Point with no more sea than we had had all day, the long easy rollers of the ground swell, roughened by the summer breeze, and with wind astern we rapidly left the point behind us.

Our canoe, though a very light one, had still bothered us somewhat during the day, and as a matter of course had held us back. With wind and sea both dead astern it bothered us more, and a happy thought struck the Horse Marine, who felt like kicking himself when it was successfully put into execution at not having thought of it before. Though our canoe was one of the folding kind, we did not want the trouble of packing and unpacking it, so had concluded to tow it. Now, however, at the Horse Marine's suggestion, it was hauled up alongside, hoisted up and stem and stern were lashed to main and mizzen rigging in lieu of davits, and there we were, an 18ft. boat with a 12ft. quarter boat, and everything snug as could be. How it looked we did not know, neither did we care; we had solved that problem to our own satisfaction, and were rid of the nuisance of the tow. Nor was it any trouble but once; sometimes we hoisted it up and lashed it before getting under way, and sometimes after being under way for a while, and that was when we came near losing it. We were beating down through Bristol Channel with a fresh breeze, with the canoe in tow and towing all right, and through oversight had not hauled it up. As we filled away on our course after



weathering the shoal south of Hog Island we shot ahead so fast with the strong free wind that before the Horse Marine could cast off the painter and haul it alongside the canoe was pulled under, filled, and partially capsized, nearly losing the oars which were on board. Perhaps it wasn't a job then to haul her up! It took all the beef we both had to get her alongside and keep her there, keeping on our course the meanwhile, and then to hoist her up, tipping out the water as we did so. After that she was hoisted up and lashed before we made sail to avoid any further chance of such trouble.

Without our 12ft. quarter boat we boomed along much faster, and the shadow of night, with the falling of the sea breeze, closed in around us between Point Judith and Beaver Tail light. A head tide was also met, and so we rolled around for a while, making no headway. Our side lights were up, however, and though in the track of the New York steamers we had no fear. And soon, too, we had the land breeze, which, though a head wind, was better than none, and so it was down with balloon jib and up with our double head sails, and, close-hauled, we began a tedious beat against wind and tide.

Ahead of us gleamed the lights on Whale Rock, at Dutch Island, and Beaver Tail, and the twin lights on the Bartlett Reef lightship swayed and rolled on our starboard bow as we made our leg toward the West channel, while close aboard on our port bow were the lights of Narragansett Pier. Our long beat was greatly enlivened, too, by a most brilliant display of fireworks from the latter place. Red fire, candles, firepots, rockets and bombs all played their part, and long after we had passed the place were the rockets to be seen rising in the distance.

Though the day had been pleasant and full of variety, still nature must be restored by sleep on occasions, and one hand on deck being all the boat needed, the Lawyer turned in, he having found his neck in danger of dislocation from the many and severe jerks it had sustained in trying to keep awake, and the Horse Marine, with pipe in mouth, coiled himself up alongside the tiller, with night glass close at hand, and his weather eye open, to take his trick at the wheel. And we sailed, and we sailed, and we sailed; it seemed as though we never would pass the Beavertail. Now on one tack, now on the other. We gained slowly and surely of course, but night sailing, particularly by the wind, is so deceptive that we were by the light before we really thought we had reached it.

Once by the light and into the channel of the eastern passage, we caught a slant of wind from the eastward that freshened quickly, and with lee rail awash we went booming along, and the Horse Marine was no longer coiled up alongside the tiller, but standing up and holding her to it, hoping that the topsail halliard would not part or the wind get any fresher for awhile, as it was just a good topsail breeze, and he wanted to get on and not have to call all hands to shorten sail. But it soon came too strong, and in heavy squalls, so there was nothing to do but call the Lawyer and strike the topsail.

With topsail struck we made better weather and fully as much speed, as we could hold our course no matter how hard the puffs came, instead of shaking the puff out of the topsail by luffing, as had been the case before. It was yet early in the evening, and, though our intention had been to run into Newport harbor for the night, we concluded to hold on for our final destination, Mount Hope Bay.

Could we have held our wind, a couple of hours more would have found us at anchor at the Narrows; but though we went booming rapidly along, leaving a silver wake of foam and phosphorescence behind us until past Rose Island Light and up to Gould Island, the wind gradually left us, and by the time we were near Sand Point Light on Prudence Island we were becalmed, and stayed becalmed until late the next morning.

In the mean time the Horse Marine took his watch below, leaving the Lawyer to the solitude of the night and to keep a lookout for the incoming New York steamer to Fall River, concluding not to anchor, as we were still slowly making up with the tide, and so gradually gaining ground. Besides, it was not good anchorage ground, and an anchor watch would have been needed even had we anchored; so it was just as well to keep our anchor on board and gain all we could.

All things have an end and so did the sleep of the Horse Marine at early daylight, and soon it was all hands on deck, as with topsail set we caught the first breath of the morning breeze, a wind from the southwest that sent us hurrying through Bristol Channel and running up Mount Hope Bay. It was a breeze and no mistake. It freshened every moment, so that we finally gave up the idea of cooking on our oil stove, concluding to breakfast after coming to anchor at the Narrows.

Our colors had been run down at sunset, and now they were bent on again to let the Wanderer know who we were, and not take us for pirates, for we expected to find said Wanderer at the Narrows and give him a call. Soon we had the Narrows ahead, and the glass brought to bear on the shore, and sure enough there he was with glass to his eyes trying to make us out.

Although he never had seen the boat he still knew the rig, and said afterward he was only bothered by that quarter boat, for he could not make out how we could have got that up on davits on our boat. But we soon drew near enough for a clear view with naked eye, and then off he came in his skiff to meet us and find us a safe anchorage.

Soon our anchor was down, and our craft riding and pitching with head to wind in the fast freshening breeze, while we were off for shore in our canoe. It was quite rough, as an ugly sea gets up in Mount Hope Bay with even a little wind, and it was now blowing quite half a gale. But our litte canoe rode it like a cork, short and ugly as the sea was, and we were welcomed on shore and soon were seated to a hot breakfast.

Besides the Wanderer, we found some of his family at the Narrows, and after our all night sail and drift we found it very pleasant to be so warmly welcomed and so hospitably treated. Nothing would do but that we stay to make a visit, and right glad we were to loaf around and lie in hammocks, and smoke and read and talk away the time.

In the afternoon we went on board, and under reefed canvas took the Wanderer for a sail around the Bay. By this time it was a regular blow, with the Bay white with foam, but our little craft behaved herself nicely and was as dry as a chip and fairly flew through the water, even though we had a heavy sharpie in tow, our canoe having been left on shore.

Returning from our sail we put up the boat in the cove above the Narrows for a safe and quiet harbor for the night. And here let me caution strangers about coming into the said Narrows, if they want to keep from going aground.

A broad bar makes out from the Narrows and the deep water is close in shore and close to the western side of the entrance to the Narrows. Many a man who has been in and out frequently gets hung up on the bar from a falling tide from keeping too far out, and when we went in it looked as though we must ground from being so near shore. But we ran in without a scrape and found plenty of water, land-locked on all sides, for our night's anchorage.

Here at the Narrows we stayed for three days. The Lawyer fished, while the Horse Marine lay and groaned under the agony of sickness resulting from too many good things to eat; besides, we had no wind, and so perforce were laid up anyway, the blow of the day of our arrival having apparently blown all the wind away for a while.

But finally a breeze came and we were up and away for Providence. A dead beat down the Bristol Channel and a free run to Providence were our experience, and that it blew some may be inferred when I say we made about fifteen miles in less than two hours. Everything in the catboat line was under reefed canvas, while we had only our topsail struck and stood up under the puffs and gusts as stiff as you please. It was a lively run, particularly through the squalls by Field's Point, a very squally place at best, and we were not sorry to finally tie up to some piles in Providence Harbor and again take a rest.

But we were destined to work first before we could rest. First our anchor dragged, for we anchored first on coming into harbor, and a lively time we had to make our anchorage ground again among the passing steamers and vessels, with only mizzen and jib, for we had the mainsail stowed before we dragged, and did not want to again uncover and set it. Then our anchor began to drag again in the beastly slimy mud of the harbor's bottom, when we began to put up our deck tent and so expose some surface of canvas to the heavy wind blowing, and so we had to get out a warp and warp up to some spiles and tie up. By this time a heavy thunder shower was at hand, and we had to work lively to get everything snug and our tent deck secure before it burst upon us.

And how it did rain! It came down in sheets, but we were snug and dry before this in our cosy tent, and busy with our grub, and so concluded we were pretty well off, and let it rain and be blessed, while we cooked our dinner and took comfort in knowing that the rain could not reach us.

And then after dinner we loafed and smoked and looked out upon the face of the deep, and verily it looked something like the deluge. Nothing to be seen but water, the air was thick with rain, and there appeared as much water over us as under us, but we were in out of the wet anyway, and could take it easy and rather enjoy the war of the elements, as with pipe and yarn we sped the hours. And when bed time came why to bed we went. We had the whole cockpit to sleep in, so arranged as to give a long wide bed for us under the tent, and it was not long before we were both in the land of dreams, with mind free from all anxiety as to wind or weather as we lay snugly moored out of all harm's way.

As this was the Lawyer's home, as well as the residence of the Horse Marine's parents, of course we could do no less than make them a visit, so the next day, after breakfast on board, we landed and made our way, through the still heavy rain, homeward. It rained all day and we were made so comfortable at home that we left our boat to her own devices for that day and night, and passed it with the Lawyer's family.

The next day dawned clear and bright, however, with a fresh N. E. wind, just what we wanted for our run out, and we were speedily under way again, dusting down the harbor under all lower sail, while accompanying catboats had single reefs turned in. It came up breezy and strong, but we bowled along rapidly and easily, and made the run to Bristol Harbor, our destination, in short order.

Rounding into the harbor we met the wind ahead, and a regular white squall came booming down on us. But by sailing her close, just on the edge of a shake, we wallowed through as dry as a bone, without taking in any reefs, and were soon tied up to a vacant mooring near the Herreshoffs' establishment, and after making all snug, ashore we went in our canoe to greet our friends and look around a bit.

Through the courtesy of one of the attachés of the establishment we were shown all over the Herreshoffs', and looked our fill at the Stiletto, both inside and out, through the shops where other boats were in process of construction, and over the dock where others were lying up, passing a most agreeable and instructive afternoon; and our evening was also delightfully passed with our friends under their own vine and fig tree.

In the morning we filled away to Wickford, having at the start a heavy blow from the northward, to change and change during the day until the wind had boxed the compass completely. Now it was a single reef breeze and we reefed, now it was a cat's paw and we shook the reefs out, and with the baffling wind and heavy tide flow it seemed as though we never would get there.

But get there we finally did, just in time to do up the boat, don our store togs and catch the last train for New London, where we finally, just at the last, concluded to go to attend a German to be given that night. What was our disgust, however, to learn on our arrival that the German had been put off. So we had our journey for nothing, except the pleasure of being at the Horse Marine's home for the evening.

Going back by the morning train we found no wind, and so put in our time in visits to friends who were here spending the summer, and late in the afternoon, as the wind came up, we filled away for Dutch Island Harbor, making so quick a run, however, when we once got started, that we concluded to try it on and make around Point Judith, and again try an all-night sail for home. We had a fair wind down till we passed Dutch Island, and then it hauled to the southward and began to pipe up fresh, so down came our topsail and we began to beat down, hoping to get by the Point in good season and then have a beam wind westward on our course. But the tide was against us, too, and soon the wind was howling and shrieking through our rigging and we were banging our bowsprit under at every dip we made, and after almost making it we finally concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, so we wore around and made for the shelter of Dutch Island.

With wind and tide how we did go! We fairly leaped along from wave to wave, and in just three-quarters of an hour were safely anchored and snugged down in the harbor.

Coming into the harbor one of three things happened which so frequently bring about disaster, but luckily did not in our case. We were sailing free and saw a big catboat beating out of the harbor, which catboat, of course, had the right of way; but instead of keeping her course the catboat dodged about, now bearing off as though to clear us, and again luffing up on to her course again, leaving us uncertain what to do; and when we finally bore off to get out of her way, she bore off too to keep out of ours, hailing us at the same time with no

very polite inquiry as to why we did not give her her right. It was quite as close a shave as one would want as we luffed to let her pass across our bows, and would have been entirely obviated had the catboat kept on her course; for then our bearing away would have placed us where we belonged, away on her lee, and she could have kept on clear of everything. By her bearing off she went through our lee, and we had to luff up sharp to let her do it, and a little less room would have brought us in collision.

The morning dawned cold and raw, with ragged gray sky and the wind N. E., just the breeze we wanted for our run westward, and the only question was how much we were going to have of it. But we finally concluded to try it, and were soon dancing merrily along, holding a good wind until away around the point, and well started for Watch Hill, and then the wind left us and we lay and rolled and tossed and whistled for a breeze until the sea breeze caught us and we filled away again. With the sea breeze the clouds rolled away and the sun came out bright and warm; the wind came strong but steady, so up went topsail and balloon jib, and we thought ourselves lucky in again finding so good a breeze to waft us home. So far our living had been mostly on shore, and we had therefore not run short of meat and drink, and as the time flew by we found it convenient and expedient to strengthen the inner man quite frequently with the good things we had both to eat and drink. Our powers of absorption were equal to the occasion, but as we grew stronger than beer was drunk, our ideas were still unbefogged, and we could still lay our course. The shades of evening saw us running up New London harbor with the wind now about gone, and our main dependence, the tide; but we finally made our moorings, and were again safe and sound at home.

And here at home were we becalmed for several days. It had been our intention to make a run to the west, and perhaps be present at the Cup races, but the light winds, or no wind at all, forced the idea to be abandoned; and we could only possess our souls in as much patience as possible until a wind did come. But beyond a sail to Norwich and back again we were finally obliged to give up all idea of further sailing. The Lawyer's time was running short, preventing his staying much longer away from home, and on our return from Norwich he reluctantly had to pack his traps and leave, thus ending all sailing or cruising for the season, as the Horse Marine also left soon after to be away for some time.

And now a word as to our cruise, should any one read this and feel inclined to follow in our footsteps. It is simply don't go unless you have a good boat, and are ready to face heavy and squally weather. Don't go Providence unless you are willing to put your boat in the foulest water to be found in any harbor—water that will foul any paint in a very few days, and with a bottom so soft and slimy that nothing but the heaviest of anchors will hold you.

The waters of Narragansett Bay are beautiful to look upon. The shores are lined with pleasant places to stop, and everything is fair and fine except the wind. That is not to be depended upon; even with a staunch boat it is disagreeable to be sailing in a flawy wind, and I have found that I had rather be outside than within the bay.

I think it may be said our boat was a great success. Her rig was handy—she about steered herself—she was stiff and able, and yet not jerky or too quick in her motions for safety and comfort, and she rode lightly and easily on her low and heavy ballast. We could and did carry sail in all winds we met, never reefing but twice, and then more for comfort than because of absolute necessity. And for a first cruise, so was our trip itself a success. We went where we had intended to go, had all we wanted and more too for comfort, health and safety aboard our little craft, and met with no serious mishap on the whole cruise. We learned a good deal and laid up stores of experience for future cruises and put in a pleasant ten days, free from all care or worry, our only drawback being the flawy winds before mentioned and the unavoidable absence of the Engineer and Wanderer. But another year may see us all together again and our staunch little boat pointing her nose for some distant port, bound out again for a summer's cruise.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

"WHOSE WATERLOO?"

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Kunhardt's remarks about landsmen and reporters do not apply to me, although that does not make them seem in any better taste in my estimation. Seven-eighths of Mr. Kunhardt's article require no answer, as indiscriminate abuse of all who differ with him in opinion is not argument. I shall not take up your time with my own or any one else's opinions; I will only state such facts as I happen to be in possession of, and let Mr. Kunhardt draw any inference from them that he may see fit, as even he cannot prove black to be white, unless he starts with false premises. I am delighted to be able to agree with him that the sailor element in the yachting world was pleased with the Puritan-Genesta matches, but I think it will be a surprise to many of them to hear that they are all known as "cutter men." Pleasant surprise of course.

As to the first race, a good start is not a matter of luck, it is purely management. If by making a better start than your opponent you force him under your lee and get the favorable flaws before he does, there is no luck about it, but although I watched closely and am not blinded by prejudice, I failed to see a single puff which the Genesta did not get as well as the Puritan, although the Puritan of course got them first. The day was very streaky, but as fair for one boat as the other. This talk about flukes and luck is only baby talk. The steamers bothered one boat as much as the other. If the Puritan did sail into such shoal water that the Genesta could not follow it shows one advantage of the centerboard for our waters. How much should the Puritan, a new boat with a dozen captains and a comparatively green crew, beat a cutter like the Genesta to satisfy Mr. K? Allowing 30 minutes for flukes, five minutes for light air at finish and two minutes for the shoal spot, which I think is allowing enough for any one, there is still plenty of time left to make a handsome victory for the Puritan.

In all the articles contributed by Mr. K, most of which I have read, I fail to remember an instance where, according to him, a cutter has been fairly defeated by a sloop. Cutters win on their merits, sloops by "vulgar fluking," whatever that may be, such bigotry as he shows does the cutter cause, which he has so much at heart and has worked so hard for, more harm than good. It is bad policy to belittle an opponent, especially when he is liable to get the best of you.

At the start in the second race the Puritan broke out her balloon-jibtopsail before she broke out her spinnaker, which was error number one for her captains. About four miles from the start the Puritan led the Genesta, although the latter got off about her time a mile ahead. (I quote from memory, being too lazy to look up figures.) Genesta jibed over, Puritan, although only her spinnaker was drawing and Capt. Crocker had hard work to keep the boom on the port side, even with the boom tackle hauled out, failed to follow suit—error No. 2. Error because the wind was on her port quarter. Genesta, with everything drawing, then went by the Puritan like a scalded cat. Just before reaching the stakeboat, Genesta handed her large gaff topsail and sent up her sprit topsail. Puritan imitated her as to her club topsail, and found out that one of her too numerous captains had seen fit to haul down her working topsail, which was hoisted and brailed alongside the topmast all ready to sheet home—error No. 3. Puritan with no topsail set handed her spinnaker nearly ten minutes before she need—error No. 4. Puritan rounded stakeboat with topmast aloft and nothing set on it, and sailed that way some time while her captains held a palaver about it—error No. 5. Some time after hauling her wind the Puritan obtained the lead again. At the time of the shift of wind made so much of by Mr. K. both yachts were on the port tack with the Puritan ahead, and although at first the change was favorable to the Puritan yet as she was unwilling to come about until the Genesta did, and they both held the port tack until the Lightship bore so that they could run for it with started sheets, it is evident that every second the Puritan remained on the port tack after she could fetch the lightship it was against her. After the Genesta came about the Puritan stood on for a good half mile further, being unable to get about owing to the large number of little bowlines on her forestaysail and jib, which had to be shifted over—error No. 6. Puritan nearly half mile astern of Genesta, although well to windward of her wake, had to pass her again, which she did handsomely for the third time in the same race (her captains having finally got up a bit of her board), coming in a winner by more than a minute in spite of six gross errors of judgment, any one of which, except perhaps the first and fifth, would be enough to lose her a closely contested match. The only mistake made by Genesta during the race was in carrying her jibheader to windward, and I am not sure that she did not gain enough by it between puffs to more than make up for what she may have lost by its lighting.

I have given a plain, unvarnished statement of the principal occurrences of the two races in as few words as I can, and I shall not attempt to draw any inference. I have stated the facts, and every one can draw his own inference and be happy, even if his happiness is dependant upon self-deception. The Puritan has never since her launch been heeled over within a row of apple trees of the vanishing point of her stability; she was no wetter than the Genesta (neither was very dry), and during the squall in the second race Capt. Crocker did not favor her a hair more than Capt. Carter favored the Genesta, but kept her romping right along. The yacht of Puritan's size that can be forced to windward in a good breeze and a short, sloppy sea without spitting is yet to be built. Mr. Kunhardt misleads his readers when he tries to make them believe that the island of Great Britain is the center of an everlasting and resistless cyclone, got up especially for the joy and delight of the "true yachtsman," who paces the deck of his little cutter smoking his briarwood and defying the raging elements. Pacing the quarterdeck of a little cutter in a gale must be very much like trying to keep your balance on top of a spar buoy under the same circumstances—easier said than done. Yachting is sailing for pleasure, and there is no pleasure in sailing in a gale of wind, as every one knows who has ever been there.

CAPE COD

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 29th inst. Mr. Kunhardt, replying to my letter of the preceding issue, says that I ("Reader") furnish my own answer to the slight criticism I made on his comparison of the Genesta with the Puritan, although the Gracie. But the only answer I furnished was an intentional statement which should make the case most favorable for him. The error in the original assertion remains. Mr. Kunhardt's present interpretation of his language, which I took exception to, is not permissible—can not be got out of what he said. He declared that in the triangular race the Genesta beat the Gracie worse than the Puritan had ever been able to do, which can only mean that in all the races in which the Puritan and the Gracie took part the Puritan never beat the latter as badly as did Genesta. I took exception to this, and showed that over the same course the Puritan had beaten the Gracie five minutes and better, more than Genesta had done; that in another race, to windward and return, she had beaten Gracie fifteen minutes more; and in a third, the Goelet Cup race, had beaten her so bad that the Gracie withdrew. These facts being so, the point of my criticism will best be shown by quoting the exact statement of Mr. Kunhardt, as follows: "In one race only, in the triangular match outside for the Vice-Commodore's Cup, offered to single stickers, did the bold and wholesome cutter catch the old-style American sloop as an entry, and then she gave that sloop a drubbing which will never be forgotten, for the Genesta wiped out the sloop Gracie far more effectively than ever Puritan accomplished," which I submit is incorrect, and very much so.

It would be of no consequence, except that in the article in question Mr. Kunhardt appeared to try to show by the Genesta-Gracie race the superiority of the Genesta to all American sloops and crosses, including the Puritan, in the matter of speed. This appeared to be the meaning of that first article. In the later articles Mr. Kunhardt has taken a more modest tone. Is it not true, in fact, that the Genesta-Gracie race proved nothing at all? because the disparity in size made Gracie's defeat certain. If any importance is attached to that race, then we must go further and arrive at the curious result that if Genesta's defeat of Gracie by 21min. 56sec. proves the cutter superior to the sloop, much more does Puritan's defeat of Bedouin by 38min. (or by one hour in the Goelet cup race) demonstrate the superiority of the Puritan type to all cutters, and still more does Puritan's defeat of Bedouin by 43min. prove the same thing; the fact being that none of the races prove anything.

As to *Science*, Mr. Kunhardt clearly is not acquainted with that journal and has not seen the article I quoted. The journal is one of the leading, if not the leading journal of science in America, maintained by the highest order of ability this side of the Atlantic can produce. As for the article, it is not an "item," but a column description of the Puritan, with midship section, etc. It is not in any sense a discussion of the sloop-cutter question, but simply a statement of facts concerning the trial of the Puritan and the races she had sailed up to the time of writing—long before the Cup races took place. The one hour's defeat of the Bedouin is simply one of the facts.

Mr. Kunhardt (issue of Oct. 29) speaks of the advantage of "size," not clearly stating whether he uses the term loosely, as meaning length, or strictly in its common acceptation of bigness. I assume the latter, simply because it leads up to my question. If size, *per se*, is an element of ability and speed, then should we not expect that the Genesta should be decidedly the faster vessel, as she is very nearly 43 per cent. larger than the Puritan, her displacement being 145 tons, the Puritan's 105 tons? Is it unreasonable to suppose that she ought to be faster on those lines? Other things being equal, and is it unfair to assume that Genesta cannot be called speedy in comparison with the Puritan until she has met and vanquished a Puritan of 145 tons displacement? Finally, viewing the Puritan-Genesta races as a whole, is there sufficient ground for supposing that Genesta could sail at all with such a Puritan? I await your replies with interest. If the last question can be answered in the affirmative the cutter seems to me unquestionably the superior craft. But at present I cannot see why a true displacement is not the fairest basis of comparison between any two boats in the matter of tests of speed. The arrangement of the three dimensions to produce a given capacity are largely optional, and if one hull of a certain size (true displacement) with the sail power it will carry is driven through the water at a higher speed than another hull of equal size with the sail power it can carry, why is not the test as fair a one as can be devised, and its results for speed, as valuable?

READER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For plain quibbling, Mr. Clapham bears away the palm. It is disingenuous to pretend now that there is no difference between cutter and sloop, and to believe that "cutters are in England sometimes called sloops." Puritan is cutter rigged; nothing can rule that fact out. It is not honest and straightforward to call her a sloop, for she is not one. Her victory is none the less splendid, none the less creditable to her designer and owners; but it is a victory for England, not for the United States, in so far as the rig and ballast plan at least are concerned. Magna est veritas et prevalebit.

BLUE ENSIGN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am surprised that there should be so much discussion on the sloop—cutter question. It is easily settled, and is a technical point of rig only, without regard to broad or narrow beam, deep or shallow draft, loose foot or raked foot, wide head or narrow head. And a cutter may be described as one-masted fore and aft rigged vessel with a running bowsprit. The double head sail follows as a matter of course, so does the position of the mast. As for the mainsail, that is not especially characteristic of a cutter, for sloops have used loose-footed mainsails in some parts of the world from times immemorial.

XIX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just received my FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 29, and note with a sign of regret the conclusion of Mr. Kunhardt's serial story, in which I had become deeply interested, and hoped to see continued until the arrival of the Galatea next season, when her victory (for, of course, that she must win is a foregone conclusion) would convince the few doubting readers who still survived. I have been a careful reader of Mr. Kunhardt's articles in the FOREST AND STREAM for the past two years, previous to which I was a strong sloop advocate. Gradually, however, have I been convinced of the error of my ways, passing by easy gradations through the various intermediate stages, from the narrow-minded idolatory of the broad beamed sloops to the fervent worship of the ultra-Kunhardtic cutter. My conversion took place about six months ago, at a time when I was "long" of "skimming-dishes," being then the unfortunate owner of two centerboard death-traps, one of which I succeeded in unloading on a benighted heathen at a sacrifice; the other is still in the market (charge regular advertising rates for last line).

A friend and fellow-yachtsman (an Anglophobiast) has just called. He says there is a rumor afloat (but I won't believe it—it is an invention of the enemy) "that Mr. Kunhardt has purchased the identical death-trap that I unloaded last spring, and contemplates a trip to Florida in her, via the inside route."

YANKEE DOODLE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

NOT AN AMERICAN IDEA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the London *Field*, Oct. 24, appears a letter from New York signed "M.," and published as an American view of the Genesta's performance. It is evident that "M." echoes only the notions of a small class. He expresses surprise at what he conceives to be Genesta's poor qualities in a sea during the Brenton's Reef race. As the cutter of 80ft. loadline beat the Dauntless of 116ft. by some eleven hours, there are a few Americans left with discernment enough to concede superior efficiency in a sea to the Genesta. "M." writes purely "out of hand," for there was no opportunity of comparing Genesta's performance to that of a sloop, the Puritan and Priscilla both having shown the white feather. Had one of these sloops been alongside Genesta at the time, some comparison could have been drawn, and it is the belief of those best informed in America that Genesta would have made a perfect show of our sloops in the sea. Of course the cutter was wet and had a rough experience. So would a thousand-ton steamship in a young hurricane. But the sloops would in the light of all experience have fared much worse, and been left astern in company with the Dauntless.

As for buying a schooner to reach and run with Genesta, there are some Americans with sense enough to conclude from the way Genesta beat Dauntless, Fortuna and Grayling, and from the way that Puritan and Priscilla beat all the best schooners in America, that "M." is decidedly out of the way in his assumption. Just what kind of authority "M." really is can be seen from his notion that to meet Clara we would have been obliged to build "a really smart" sloop of 55ft., when in face of this Gracie and Genesta both made their time off Clara with ease in the triangular match outside Sandy Hook for the Vice-Commodore's Cup. And then again, what are Athlon and Daphne? Certainly the latest and best we have shown ourselves able to produce. Yet Clara thrashed them with consummate ease. "M." rehashes the stale, stupid stuff about centerboards being used in coasters and 40ft. smacks, "hence" the seaworthiness of centerboard yachts. This is the usual drivel which has been so often disposed of in your columns, that some Americans feel ashamed that any one pretending to speak for them should revamp the nonsense. No one ever pretended that centerboards could not *live* at sea, but that for turning to windward in rough water the shoal centerboard model is not as efficient as the deep-keel cutter. The recent international races proved nothing to the contrary. Finally, the statements of "M." concerning outside ballast and deep boats being customary or even familiar in American practice is a perversion of fact. Only through the "cutter agitation" of recent years have such innovations been introduced, and that in direct copy of English practice. If "M." keeps on he will soon be claiming the out and out cutter an American idea, because in recent years we have built such vessels from English lines and specifications in answer to the demand for more serviceable boats than such over-rigged, fair-weather machines as Penguin, Fanita, Athlon and their class have shown themselves to be time and again when put to the test. As for schooners, they are out of date in England and will in America go out of date as well, the modern steam cruiser displacing them, while the single-masted yachts will monopolize the racing. "M." is not a spokesman for Americans, but a representative of the decaying regime of smooth-water excursionists. Let the London *Field* make a note of this distinction and not parade the gammon of a landsman like "M." as the true feeling among the progressive and intelligent class of American yachtsmen. Am I wrong in presuming "M." to be the highly esteemed secretary of the N. Y. Y. C., whose genial personality is only exceeded by his lack of accurate yachting knowledge, and which has recently so often graced the *Herald's* editorial columns with the stock-in trade rubbish about the "centerboard's superiority"?

VINDEX.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—The yachts at Port Morris are nearly all hauled out. The club rehaid their ways, running them further out, so as to enable the large keel sloops to haul into the cradle. It is customary for the members to assemble every week and assist each other in the work of berthing the fleet for winter. After hauling up the cradle by clapping on to the fall of a large purchase, the yachts were slid off on improvised skids and stored in tiers about the club house. The smaller craft were hove out on a set of rollers with a crab. Many improvements and alterations are to be undertaken this winter. Cabin houses will be fitted to some of the open catboats and the centerboard is to give way to the keel in several yachts. Mr. Mathews's Culprit Fay is one of the large sloops which is to be changed to a keel boat. A nice little cruiser on the yawl Windward's lines is now planked and decked in Coughtry's shop. She is 18ft. waterline, 6ft. beam, with head room below. Eight persons collected recently in her cabin without crowding. This boat is a notably nice job throughout and should she prove a fair sailer is likely to be the forerunner of others of the same kind. The owner, Mr. C. Coughtry, is building her himself. The cutter Surf has left her moorings to lay up in Manning's basin. The keel sloop Nyssa, Mr. Quinn, is still in commission and off for occasional cruising. Capt. Munson, the efficient shipkeeper of the club, has had general charge of berthing the yachts and has been busy lifting their moorings. This was accomplished by slinging weights to the after end of a large scow and then making fast to the moorings by the forward end at low water. With the rise of the tide the moorings come up, the scow being kept in trim by the weights aft. The destructive gale of October, which drove the Nyssa high and dry on the rocks, afforded a chance for the display of considerable ingenuity and dexterity in getting her afloat. This was successfully brought about by Mr. John Coughtry, to whose judgment it is largely due that the Nyssa came off with her paint scarcely scratched. The Knickerbocker Y. C. has also rebuilt the staging leading to the boat landing. As a Corinthian club in the practical meaning of that term the Knickerbockers take first rank. The membership contains many experts, and among the younger element the making of fine sailormen and enthusiastic supporters of yachting life in its most deserving aspects.

AMERICAN Y. C.

THE Regatta Committee's annual report, presented at a late meeting of the American Y. C., gives the following data of the July regatta:

The course for all classes was from off Larchmont to lighthouse off Stratford, passing it to the southward, thence to the light vessel off Bartlett's Reef, passing it to southward, thence to buoy on Sarah's Ledge, passing it to southward and eastward, terminating off Pequot House pier, New London. Length of course, 80 knots. On the day of the race it was high water at Sand's Point, opposite Larchmont, at 1:22 P. M. The course to Bartlett's Reef Lightship is E. ⅝ N. This course from the starting point off Larchmont passes about half mile south of Stratford Shoal Lighthouse. During the race the wind was variable. Calm to light breeze. Nine cups were offered, of which number six were competed for; one was presented by F. S. Kinney, Esq., for the winner under his time allowance, another by Commodore A. de Cordova for the shortest time over the course without reference to allowance of time, and two cups were received from Rear Commodore W. E. Connor. At 8:35 A. M. the smaller yachts were started from the flagship Promise, at 10:40 all the other competing yachts from the committee's steamer, Cygnus, excepting the Atalanta and No. 246, which were started from the flagship of the Larchmont Y. C. by Commodore Augustin Monroe, of that club, at 11:20 A. M. All yachts started within the ten minutes allowed after the respective signals, excepting the Marion, which was handicapped 1hr. 35m., and the Aida, 1min. 40sec.

The table given shows the results under the respective time allowances, as adopted for this year's regatta and, for comparison, also contains the time allowance under Haswell's formula, which was used last year. A supplementary table of dimensions, etc., is appended; with the other tables, contains all the data required under the different formulæ.

Subsequently to the regatta of the 16th and within ten days thereafter four protests were made, resulting under one of the protests in ruling out the Stiletto for not having run the course. The sworn testimony given by the following parties in this case is herewith presented.

Evidence against Stiletto—Charles Atwell, pilot of steamer Sunshine; Charles F. Ferguson, master of sloop yacht Ferguson; William C. Ferguson, mate of sloop yacht Ferguson; Dudley C. Perkins, master of sloop yacht Sylph; Charles L. Ockford, one of the proprietors of Osprey Beach; Capt. H. H. Bosworth, of New London; William Oliver, clerk at Osprey Beach; James Darrow, master of steamer Gypsy; L. W. Rowland, master of tug T. A. Scott, Jr.; Capt. Samuel Coit, of New London; Henry Pasco, wreck agent; T. A. Scott, owner of tug Scott. Evidence in favor of Stiletto—Darwin Almy, acting captain of steam yacht Stiletto; A. Stanton Chesebro, nephew of J. B. Herreshoff; Benjamin H. Wood, deck-hand on Stiletto; Joseph P. Harris, for twenty years a cook or steward on fishing boats.

Your committee award the prizes for the regatta as follows: Commodore's cup, Atalanta; Kinney cup, No. 246; cup under Emery time allowance for second class, Rival; cup under Emery time allowance for third class, Viola; cup under Isherwood time allowance, No. 246; cup under Lundborg time allowance, Utowana.

There was but one entry in the first class under the Emery time allowance, and therefore no race, as the rules require two or more yachts to compete. The run this year was not as fast as last, owing to more of a head tide; as, for instance, the time of the Atalanta in the previous regatta to Pequot House dock was 4h. 42m. 52s., while this year it took her 10m. 53s. longer to cover the same distance.

The record for fastest time over the course is as follows: 1884, Larchmont to Pequot House, 4h. 42m. 57s.; 1884, Larchmont to Fort Trumbull, 4h. 48m. 45s.; 1885, Larchmont to Pequot House, 4h. 53m. 50s.

Small Boat Race, Deering Harbor, July 17, 1885—Arrangements were made for three races, one each for gigs, cutters and dingys. The contesting boats were the usual working ones of the yachts and manned by the regular crews. Eight gold badges were provided for the winners. In addition, Mr. A. E. Bateman of the Skylark, presented a challenge cup for the cutter race, to become the property of the owner of the yacht if his cutter crew succeeds in winning it for three successive seasons. By special invitation, Capt. C. A. Abbey, of the U. S. revenue cutter Grant, sent a crew to compete for the badges in the gig race. Length of course, one mile. Cutters—Rival first, Utowana second, Promise third, Lagonda fourth. Gigs—Utowana first, Tillie second, Atalanta third, U. S. cutter Grant fourth. Dingys—Sentinel first, Promise second, Utowana third. Award—Two badges to Rival cutter men, five badges to Utowana gig men, one badge to Sentinel dingy man, challenge cup to J. A. Baker, owner of Rival.

The iron steamboat Cygnus, chartered by your committee, went to Larchmont, and after starting the yachts at 10:30, proceeded to New London, passing nearly all the competing yachts, thus affording the members, guests and press a most satisfactory view over an 80 knot course of the best steam yacht race ever recorded.

The thanks of the club are due to the officers and members of the Larchmont Y. C. for aid rendered the regatta committee and for courtesies extended. Your committee call attention to the fact that in this, the second regatta of the club, sixty per cent. more yachts started than in the first, and at the rendezvous at Deering Harbor there was the largest number of steam yachts ever congregated in one place. In conclusion, your committee announce that the total expense of the regatta has been met by private subscription, excepting a charge against the club for cups, and respectfully presents its report.

GEO W. HALL,
THOMAS MANNING,
J. P. LOCKWOOD.

SUMMARY OF AMERICAN Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 16, 1885.

Distinguishing Numbers.	Name of Yacht.	Length on Water-line.	Cube Root of Length on Waterline.	Boiler Pressure.	Time. Starting	Time. Finish.	Time. Actual runni'g	"Kinney" Time Allowance. Time allowed for 80 knots.	"Kinney" Time Allowance. Difference between time allowed and running time + or —	"Kinney" Time Allowance. Time behind leading yacht.	"Emery" Time Allowance. Time allowed for 80 knots.	"Emery" Time Allowance. Difference between time allowed and running time + or —	"Emery" Time Allowance. Time behind leading yacht.	"Isherwood" Time Allowance. Time of runni'g	"Isherwood" Time Allowance. Speed in knots per hour.	"Isherwood" Time Allowance. Relative merit.	"Lundborg" Time Allowance. Speed in knots per hour per formula.	"Lundborg" Time Allowance. Time allowed for 80 knots.	"Lundborg" Time Allowance. Difference between time allowed and running time + or —	"Haswell" Time Allowance. Competitive capacity.	"Haswell" Time Allowance. Actual runni'g time.	"Haswell" Time Allowance. Corrected time.
		FT. IN.		Lbs	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H M S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	HOURS,	KNOTS.		KNOTS.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.		H. M. S.	H. M. S.
13..	Atalanta..	228.9	6.1157	110	11 33 39	4 27 29	4 53 50	4 42 02	—(0 11 48)	0 23 13	1st Class. No	H. M. S. race in this class.	2d Class.	4.8972	16 3358	2 6711	16.80	4 44 11	—(0 09 38)	1.504	4 53 50	4 53 50
10..	Rival.....	87.8	4.4422	90	10 43 04	5 20 02	6 26 58	6 16 48	—(0 20 10)	0 31 25	6 40 42	+(0 03 14)	Winner	6.6161	12 0917	2.7240	12.70	6 17 57	—(0 19 01)	1.104	6 26 58	4 50 31
8..	Utowana..	122.0	4.9596	100	10 44 00	5 29 40	6 45 40	5 41 14	—(1 04 36)	1 16 01	5 58 27	—(0 47 13)	0 50 27	6.7610	11.8825	2.3857	11.53	6 56 18	+(0 10 38)	1.353	6 45 40	6 12 53
1..	Lagonda..	118.0	4.9048	125	10 43 21	4 55 52	6 12 31	5 45 00	—(0 27 31)	0 38 56	6 02 25	—(0 10 06)	0 18 20	6.2086	12.8853	2.6271	12.80	6 15 00	+(0 02 29)	1.177	6 12 31	4 57 54
2..	Radha....	135.0	5.1299	100	10 42 35	4 29 06	5 46 31	5 30 04	—(0 16 27)	0 27 52	5 46 34	+(0 00 03)	0 03 11	5.7753	13.8521	2.7003	14.57	5 29 26	—(0 17 04)	1.397	5 46 31	5 24 01
3..	Promise ..	87.0	4.4310	90	10 46 46	Not tim'd	.....	6 16 58	.....	.....	6 41 51	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	12.60	6 21 54	Not timed.	1.183	.....	.....
6..	Norma....	131.0	5.0787	116	10 43 04	Not tim'd	.....	5 33 17	.....	.....	5 50 02	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	15.43	5 11 05	Not timed.	.....	.....	.....
7..	Sophia....	100 1	4.6428	120	10 45 05	5 27 10	6 42 05	6 03 06	—(0 38 59)	0 50 24	6 22 51	—(0 19 14)	0 22 28	6.7014	11.9387	2.5714	.....	.....	.....	1.435	6 42 05	6 27 57
9..	Lurline....	88 3	4.4221	80	10 43 37	6 25 21	7 41 44	6 16 42	—(1 25 02)	1 36 27	6 39 18	—(1 02 26)	1 05 40	7.5955	10.3956	2.3349	11.96	6 41 20	—(1 00 24)	.....	.....	.....
11..	Skylark ..	90.0	4.4814	100	10 41 11	5 58 53	7 17 42	6 16 26	—(1 01 16)	1 12 41	6 36 42	—(0 41 00)	0 44 14	7.2050	10.9664	2.4471	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
												3d Class.										
17..	Viola	52.9	3 7502	125	8 41 00	5 30 37	8 49 37	.....	.....	.....	7 54 41	—(0 54 50)	Winner	8.8269	9.0632	2.4167	.....	.....	.....	1.380	8 49 37	8 23 13
14..	Marion ..	67.0	4.0615	100	8 45 00	8 25 00	11 40 00	7 01 03	—(4 38 57)	4 40 22	7 17 08	—(4 22 52)	3 28 02	11.6666	6.8572	1.6838	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
15..	"246"	146 0	5.2656	170	11 35 09	4 41 01	5 05 52	5 17 17	+(0 11 25)	Winner	.....	.....	.....	5.0977	15.6033	2.9303	16.91	4 43 51	—(0 22 00)	1.442	5 05 52	5 43 14
4..	Stiletto ...	91.3	4.5020	150	10 47 12	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	20.48	3 54 22	.....	1.653	.....	.....
5..	Lucile.....	63.9	3.9947	150	8 37 00	3 26 10	6 49 10	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6 8194	11.7312	2.9366	14.64	5 27 52	—(1 21 18)	1.310	6 49 10	6 05 39
12..	Aida.....	90.0	4.4814	180	10 50 00	5 15 11	6 25 11	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	6.4197	12.4616	2.7807	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

ELEMENTS OF STEAM YACHTS COMPETING IN A. Y. C. REGATTA.

Name of Yacht.	Hulls. Length	Length on water line.	Beam moulded.	Hold.	Mean load draft.	Tonnage. Gross.	Tonnage. Net.	Engines. Number and diameter of cylinders.		L'gth of str'ke	L'gth of cut-off steam	Mean pressure red. to largest cyl'der.	Mean pitch of propeller.	Boiler. Pressure of steam	Square feet of grate.	Combustion
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.					in.	str'ke	lbs.	ft. in.	lbs.		
Atalanta.....	248.03	228.09	26.03	15.03	10.09	568.47	284 24	1–20	1–60	30	26	36.04	16.	110	146.	Blast.
Rival	98.	87.09	17.06	7.06	5.	45.51	28.56	1–12	1–20	16	½	38.08	9.	90	13.75	Jet.
Utowana	138.	122.	20.06	10.06	7	141.56	71.21	1–15	1–28	18	½	38.08	11.	100	42.	Blast.
Lagonda.....	130.	118.	19.	10.	6.09	140.	80.53	1–14	1–24	16	½	41.88	8.06	125	44.	Nat'ral
Radha.....	156.	135.	20.04	12.	8.06	149.04	97.46	1–20	2–36	24	7–12	27.	11.	100	48.	Blast.
Promise.....	98.06	87.	16.10	9.	7	42.96	27.16	1–14	1–22	14	56	39.06	8.	90	16.25	Jet.
Norma.	145.	131.	17.06	12.	9.06	88.41	.....	1–18	1–34	22	56	43.01	12.06	116	.....	.....
Sophia.....	108.06	100.01	17.	12.	6.06	65.35	35.27	1–14	1–26	16	56	.....	.....	120	30.	Blast.
Lurline.....	96.10	88.03	16.	6.	4.06	49.77	.....	1–12	1–18	16	56	41.	9.05	80	.....	.....
Skylark.....	100	90.	16.04	10.	7	39.47	.....	1–12	1–20	12	56	.....	.....	100	.....	.....
Viola	65.	52.09	12.06	6.09	4.11	21.38	11.72	1–10	1–20	12	58	.....	.....	125	20.29	Nat'ral
Marion.....	.....	67.	12.	6.	5.	.....	.....							100	.....	.....
"246"	166.	146.	23.	12.	8.03	227.64	.....	1–17, 1–28, 1–40		22	34	41.33	11.06	170	70.	Blast.
Stiletto	94.	91.03	10.03	8.	4	45.56	.....	1–12	1–21	12	78	64.02	6.06	150	36.	Blast.
Lucile.....	65.	63.09	7.07	5.	2.09	26 26	.....	1–8	1–10½	12	12	53.05	5.04	150	12 05	Blast.
Aida.....	95.	90.	12.06	6.03	4.06	37.65	.....	1–8	1–14	14	78	.....	.....	180	.....	Blast.

SYSTEMS OF TIME ALLOWANCE USED BY THE AMERICAN Y. C.

The qualifications for yachts to enter for the Kinney cup were, to have the necessary accommodations and outfits for cruising; also must carry masts, sails and usual equipment of boats and use steam only from tubular boilers.

TIME ALLOWANCE FOR STEAM YACHTS, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO SPEEDS ACTUALLY ATTAINED. SUGGESTED BY F. S. KINNEY, ESQ

Lgth. on W. L.	Increase	Knots per Hour.	Time for 80 Knots.	Lgth. on W. L.	Increase.	Knots per Hour.	Time for 80 Knots.
Feet.			H. M. S.	Feet.			H. M. S.
50	....	10.	8.00.00	180	.2753	15.9487	5.00.58
60	.875	10.875	7.31.18	190	.2557	16.2044	4.56.10
70	.750	11.625	6.52.52	200	.2361	16.4405	4.51.54
80	.625	12.250	6.31.48	210	.2165	16.6570	4.48.07
90	.500	12.750	6.16.26	220	.1969	16.8539	4.44 46
100	.4375	13.1875	6.03.58	230	.1873	17.0412	4.41.38
110	.4125	13.6000	5.52.55	240	.1677	17.2089	4.38.53
120	.3929	13 9929	5.43 01	250	.1481	17.3570	4.36.32
130	.3733	14 3662	5.34.05	260	.1400	17.4970	4.34.59
140	.3537	14.7199	5 26.02	270	.1380	17.6350	4.32 10
150	.3341	15.0640	5.18.14	280	.1360	17.7710	4 20 04
160	.3145	15 3785	5.12.07	290	.1340	17 9050	4.28 05
170	.2949	15.6734	5 06.14	300	.1250	18.0300	4.26.13

Time allowance is to be estimated by calculating the mean between two nearest figures given in table. Ties to be decided in favor of smaller boat.

The yachts racing under time allowance proposed by C. E. Emery, Ph. D., were divided into three classes, and only such yachts were eligible as were fitted with boilers allowed by Government inspection to carry a working pressure not to exceed one hundred and twenty-five pounds per square inch. This time allowance is based on the rule that the speed of a yachts in knots per hour should equal two and seven-tenths times the cube root of the length of the yacht, in feet, on the waterline.

Under the time allowance proposed by Chief-Engineer B. F. Isherwood, U. S. N., all yachts were eligible with any type of boiler, and not limited as to pressure of steam, and all yachts raced in one class. The rule being "The speed in knots per hour divided by the cube root of the length on the waterline of the yachts respectively, the quotients represent relatively the merits of the different yachts.

The race under the formula devised by Capt. C. G. Lundborg was open to all yachts irrespective of size or type of boiler. One class.

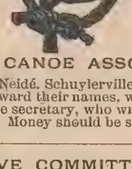
Formula of yachts of ordinary type $F = \frac{s(AP^2+A'P'^2+A''P'')}{(p\,L\,(0.5448\,B+1.7308\,D)} \cdot \frac{3}{\sqrt{\frac{GC}{T^2\delta}}}$ =V., The Lundborg formula is based upon the results obtained from experiments with models according to Froude's system, F in the formula being the actual resistance per square foot of the immersed surface. (A table calculated from the mathematical deductions derived from experiments gives the value of F for speeds of every quarter knot from 8 to 22 knots.) $AA'A'$ represent the area of the different cylinders of the engine; $PP'P'$ the mean pressure of steam during the stroke in those cylinders; s the length of stroke in feet; p the mean pitch of the propeller; L, the length of the vessel on the waterline when in racing trim; B the greatest breadth on the waterline (or below in case the vessel is wider below the load waterline); D the mean draft of water when in racing trim. The rule for determination and governing of time allowance of steam yachts in a competitive trial, submitted by Mr. Chas. H. Haswell, and adopted for the regatta held last year is $\sqrt[3]{\frac{GC}{T^2\delta}}$ =V., or, in other words, the velocity of a vessel is assumed as the cube root of the quotient of the product of the area of her grate surface and the constant due to the character of combustion, divided by the cube root of the square of her gross tonnage. The constants being for natural draft, 1; jet, 1.25; blast and exhaust, 1.6.

Canoeing.

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CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

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AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé. Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

WITH its members scattered over a wide territory and meeting but once a year, only a part of them being present then, it is a rather difficult matter for an association to make laws that shall be fair to all alike, and to satisfy all sections, especially as some make no effort to express their views or to be represented at the meetings. This difficulty has been felt by the American Canoe Association, and every effort has been made to give a full representation to all localities on the board of officers. The nominating committee at the meet is composed of representatives of all sections, and the ticket is made up by them. This year a special effort was made to secure the presence of some Western men at the meeting, and the selection of a Western man among the officers, but none were present or showed any desire for a representation. In view of the main question of the year—the extension of the Western membership of the A. C. A.—it was desired to select a Western member as Commodore or Vice-Commodore; but the lack of coöperation on the part of the Western canoeists made this impossible. The officers for the first year included one each from New York, Cincinnati and Jersey City, representing the clubs actively interested in the formation of the Association. In 1881 they were chosen from Cincinnati, Canada and New York; in 1882, Canada, Cincinnati and New York; in 1883, the first year that the East showed any decided interest in the Association, the officers were from Springfield, Mass.; New York, and Peterboro, Canada. In 1884 they were from Albany, Deseronto, Can., and Rochester; and in 1885 they are: Commodore, P. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Can.; Vice-Commodore, E. J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rear Commodore, Dr. G. H. Parmele, Hartford, Conn. The Secretary and Treasurer has been chosen in different years from Lake George, Boston, and of late years from "all over" in the person of Dr. Neidé, who represents no section. Similarly the Executive Committee represents this year Peterboro, Brockville and Albany, the members being Messrs. G. H. Rogers, B. W. Richards and W. B. Wackerhagen; while the Regatta Committee, Messrs. McMurrich, of Oswego; Fairlough, of Kingston, Can., and R. W. Bailey, of Pittsburgh, is similarly distributed. While New York and Canada appear each year, the former represents three large clubs and the latter a considerable part of the membership of the Association.

It will be seen from the above summary that the government has not been sectional, but fairly distributed, the absence of the West in the last three years being due to the non-appearance of Western men at the meets and a lack of interest on their part in the affairs of the Association. This state of affairs has been the subject of careful discussion among the leading men of the A. C. A. for some time, as it has always been the object to make the organization a national affair, and not to limit it to the Atlantic coast. Realizing that all could not visit a meet at one point however central, an effort has been made to increase the Western membership and to establish a second annual meet at some central point in the West, to be held by the A. C. A on the same terms as its Eastern meet, and several schemes to effect this end have been proposed in the FOREST AND STREAM. Last season a portion of the Western canoeists made a start of their own in the same direction, but independent of the A. C. A., and a meet was held at Ballast Island, in Lake Erie, under the organization of the Cleveland C. C., at which a Western American Canoe Association was formed. Officers were elected and the following resolution was passed and forwarded to the A. C. A. then in camp at Grindstone Island:

"WESTERN A. C. A., Camp Gardner, Ballast Island, Lake Erie, July 24, 1885.—The following was duly adopted at a meeting held this day:

"*Whereas*, The Western A. C. A. has been duly organized on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1885, at Ballast Island, Lake Erie; and,

"*Whereas*, The said association is desirous of encouraging canoeing in this country, and organizing rules, regulations, etc., that may govern the canoers throughout North America; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That a representative be elected from this Association with instructions to present the action taken at this meeting to the A. C. A. at its meeting at Grindstone Island, and that the said representative express to the said A. C. A. our willingness to reorganize the said A. C. A. on a basis which will place this Association on an equal footing with such an organization as may be formed by Eastern and Canadian canoers. (Signed) W. H. ECKMAN, Sec'y W. A. C. A."

The terms on which the new organization would consent to union with the A. C. A., as expressed by the secretary of the former, were that the A. C. A. as originally established, should disband entirely, in which case the W. A. C. A. would be willing to unite with the former members of the A. C. A. in the organization of a new body.

The proposition was considered by the Executive Committee at the meet, and when it was found that the meeting at Ballast Island only numbered about thirty, some five of them being A. C. A. men, they decided that it was not advisable to accept them as representing the one hundred A. C. A. men in the West, as well as other Western canoeists, unless their action was in some way indorsed by the others. Several protests were received from members in the West against any division of the Association. Recognizing the importance of some action in regard to the meet, the Executive Committee presented a draft of a new constitution, providing for the establishment of a Western Division, which could go into effect at any time. Lately the circular printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 29 was sent out, in order to ascertain the sentiments of Western canoeists.

The date fixed for the annual meeting was Nov. 7, the place being Oswego, N. Y., as convenient to all of the committee. On Friday last most of the members arrived and took up their quarters at the Doolittle House, the others coming in on Saturday morning. All of the officers were present, but Mr. Wackerhagen, of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Bailey, of the Regatta Committee, were absent. Messrs. Oliver and Gibson, of Albany, Andrews, of Rochester, Edwards, of Peterboro, Earle, of Syracuse, Wilson, of Watertown, Rushton, of Canton, Ruggles, of Charlotte, W. P. Stephens, of the FOREST AND STREAM, and C. B. Vaux, of the *American Canoeist*, both of New York, were also present, with some members of the Oswego C. C. and Col. Cotton, a new member from Kingston.

At 10:30 A. M. the Secretary called the roll, after which the minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted. The report of the Secretary-Treasurer was then read and accepted. Objection was made to the Delanys' bills for last summer as excessive, and the matter was left to the Secretary to settle. The following list of applicants for membership were then read, and all of them were elected. J. O. Shiras, Cin., O.; J. E. Bowles, Springfield, Mass.; A. S. and E. A. Pennington, Paterson, N. J.; W. A. Stephens, Rondout; Zollman Nickerson, Rondout; E. W. Master, Albany; F. R. Kimball, Boston; Myron L. Smith, Albany; Frank Brewster, Cleveland, O.; F. D. Shiras, Dubuque, Iowa; Geo. W. Andrews, Painesville, Ohio; R. Griff Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; C. W. Cotton, Kingston, Ont.; C. H. Low, Brockville, Ont.; J. T. Mott, Oswego. The resignations of the following gentlemen were also read and accepted: E. A. Bradford, Rev. Dr. Buel, G. T. Carter, Chas. Decker, R. M. Fitzsimmons, G. H. Kemater, T. Southworth. A letter from Mr. E. B. Tredwen, Royal C. C., was also read, requesting the proposal of his name as an active member, but it was resolved to elect him an honorary member of the Association. A letter of resignation from Mr. Bishop was also read and laid on the table. On motion of Vice-Com. Wilkin the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That it is with feelings of deep regret the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. have learned of the decease of Mrs. E. J. Toker, whose presence at the annual camps of 1884-85 has so largely contributed to the enjoyment of the same; and,

Resolved, That an entry of the above resolution be made in the minutes of the meeting; and that the Secretary be instructed to forward a copy of the same to Mr. Toker as an expresssion of the sympathy of the Committee, at this time of his bereavement.

A motion was also made to place on the roll of honorary members the names of Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Rushton, Mrs. Sussmilch and the Misses Hall, which was carried. A motion was also made and carried to revise the roll of honorary members and to drop some of the names. A letter from Mr. Wm. Whitlock, inclosing one from Mr. E. B. Tredwen, R. C. C., asking for information in regard to the meet of 1886, was then read and referred to the chairman of the regatta committee for reply. On motion of Vice-Com. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. Rogers, the following resolution was passed:

In view of the approaching visit of the English canoeists, be it

Resolved, That a trophy be offered for competition at the next A. C. A. meet under A. C. A. rules, open to all A. C. A. men and members of any recognized foreign canoe club, the trophy to be the property of the winner, and

Resolved, That the said trophy be purchased from voluntary subscriptions not exceeding one dollar each, and

Resolved, That the purchase and all the arrangements connected with the above competition be in the hands of a committee of three, and

Resolved. That the said committee be as follows: Messrs. Wm. Whitlock, W. B. Wackerhagen and Rear-Com. Parmele.

A motion was made by Dr. Neidé to adopt Mr. Gibson's suggestion of a motto for the Association, "*Entente Cordiale*," passed. On motion of the vice-commodore, the date for the next meet was fixed as Aug. 15 to 29, 1886. A motion was made by Mr. Richards and carried that the secretary be instructed to send letters of invitation to foreign canoeists, and that copies be sent to the London *Field*, *Le Yacht* and other foreign papers.

The next question taken up was that of a camp site next year. While most of the committee favored Grindstone Island, there has been some feeling developed in favor of a new place, and the subject was thoroughly discussed, the desire being to comply with the wishes of the majority. Gen. Oliver mentioned Lake Champlain, the choice of the Mohican C. C., and exhibited maps of the proposed locality. It was considered desirable, if possible, to select a site that would be convenient for Eastern canoeists, but the discussion brought out the fact that the expenses would be much less at Grindstone than in any new place, and considering the finances of the Association, it was decided to return there in 1886. As the Commodore, on whom much of the work of the meet devolves, is a resident of the vicinity, it was considered best on his account to try Eel Bay again. Dr. Neidé made a motion that the meet of 1886 be held at Grindstone Island, which was carried, only Rear Com. Parmele voting in the negative, and the vote was afterward made unanimous. The date was also changed to Aug. 13 to 27. The meeting adjourned at 2:30 to meet again at 9:30 P. M.

After dinner the entire party were taken for a trip on Lake Ontario on a steam yacht, returning at dark. At 6 P. M. all crossed the river to a large malt house, in the clean dry basement of which two tables were spread. Near by were the four furnaces of the malt kilns, each a glowing mass of coal. Attendants were ready with a barrel of oysters and huge gridirons, and soon the appetizing odors began to rise, as one gridiron after another was pushed into the furnaces and withdrawn with its steaming load. At the risk of burnt fingers and scorched mouths the warfare was carried on for some time, until even the hungriest were satisfied, after which followed songs and stories for a couple of hours.

The Committee left the table early and resumed their sitting at the hotel. The new constitution was taken up in detail and carefully considered, many minor changes being made, but the general plan being adhered to, after which it was finally adopted. The Regatta Committee made a short report, recommending an extension of the limit of depth of keel, but as it was not apparent that any member desired a greater depth or that there was any general sentiment in favor of it, the matter was dropped. The Committee also advised that as the matter of a senior class had been brought up at too late a date for a thorough discussion it will be left to another year. Commodore Rathbun and Vice-Commodore Wilkin were appointed a committee to confer with the Western canoeists in regard to the extension of the Association under the new constitution. The full text of the latter is as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This Association shall be called the American Canoe

Association, and be comprised in such geographical divisions as may be deemed advisable by the Executive Committee.

ART. 2. Its object shall be to unite all amateur canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health or explorations, by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing, and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books.

ART. 3. Any gentleman over the age of 18 years may become a member of this Association whose application for membership has been approved, but canoe owners in good standing only are active members, and are entitled to vote at any general meeting of the Association and at the meetings of their respective Divisions.

ART. 4. Honorary members may be elected by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee. Not more than two shall be elected at any meeting. Practical canoeists only are eligible. The honorary membership list shall be revised every two years by the Executive Committee.

ART. 5. The officers of this Association shall be a Commodore and a Secretary-Treasurer, and for each division a Vice-Commodore, a Rear-Commodore, and a Purser.

The Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer shall be elected by the Executive Committee at their annual meeting. In the event of one or more of the Division officers being chosen to fill these positions, the vacancies so caused shall be filled by the members of the Executive Committee from the same Division to which the officers vacating the position belonged.

The Vice and Rear-Commodores and Pursers shall be elected by the members at the annual meetings of the respective Divisions.

All officers shall be elected by ballot and shall hold office until their successors are elected.

ART. 6. There shall be annually elected in each Division, at the meet thereof, one active member for every thirty (30) members in good standing present. The members so elected, together with the officers of the Association and of its several Divisions shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Association. They shall have the general government of the Association, and power to fill vacancies until the next annual meeting of the Divisions. They shall hold the annual meeting before Nov. 15, at such place and time as shall be specified by the Commodore.

ART. 7. It shall be the duty of the Commodore to preside at the meetings of the Association and Executive Committee, and to visit, if practicable, each of the Division meets during the year, to assume command of the same during said visit, and to see that all rules and regulations are properly enforced, to pass on qualification of names submitted for membership by the Secretary.

ART. 8. The Vice-Commodores shall organize and in the absence of the Commodore preside over the annual meetings of their respective Divisions, and perform all duties pertaining to the Commodore in his absence, and within thirty (30) days after their election appoint a Regatta Committee of three active members (3) for their Divisions. In the absence of the Vice-Commodores the Rear-Commodores will act in their stead.

ART. 9. It shall be duty of the Secretary-Treasurer to keep a record of the proceedings of the Association and of the Executive Committee; to keep a correct roll of members; to pass on the qualification of names submitted for membership two weeks after the same have been published in either of the official organs of the American Canoe Association; to notify each member of his election; to print each year the "Association Book" and a list of the cruises made by members; to receive all moneys due the Association; to pay all bills approved by the Commodore, and to make an annual report of finances; and to pay to the Pursers of each Division one dollar ($1) per annum for each member duly elected and assigned to his Division.

Pursers shall receive and expend for their Division meets and other necessary expenses, subject to the approval of the Vice-Commodores of their Divisions, the money received from the Secretary-Treasurer. They shall also forward to him at least two weeks before the annual meeting of the Executive Committee in each year a record of the canoes in their Division and a list of the cruises made by the Division members, and shall make an annual report to the Executive Committee.

ART. 10. A quorum for the transaction of business at the annual meets of the Divisions shall consist of twenty (20) members.

ART. 11. This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the Executive Committee, provided the amendment be recommended by at least two-thirds of said committee.

BY-LAWS.

ART. 1. Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary-Treasurer and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of $3, one dollar as entrance fee, and two dollars as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of the non-election of the applicant. The dues of members elected after Sept. 1 of any year shall be credited from the following January. Each subsequent annual payment shall be $2, and shall be payable before April 1. If not paid within two months thereafter, the Secretary shall notify the members in arrears, and if, at the end of one month more, the dues are still unpaid, the membership shall be forfeited and the member's name stricken from the roll, except in the case of absence from the country, or other sufficient reason.

ART. 2. No assessment shall be levied for any purpose whatever.

ART. 3. Meetings for business, camping and racing shall be held in each Division annually, the date and places to be fixed by the Executive Committee of the Association.

ART. 4. The Association signal shall be a pointed burgee, the breadth being two-thirds the length, the size for canoes being 12in.x 18in., the field red with a longitudinal white stripe one-fifth the width, bearing the letters A. C. A. in red.

ART. 5. The officers' flags shall be swallow-tailed pennants 12in.x 18in. That of the Commodore shall be of blue, on which shall be displayed in white a pair of crossed paddles, with the letters A. C. A. in the upper three corners and a star in the lower one; that of the Vice-Commodore to be of red with the same device in white; that of the Rear-Commodore to be of white with the same device in red; that of the Secretary-Treasurer to be of white with the letters A. C. A. supported by a quill in blue; that of the Purser's to be of white with the same device in red.

ART. 6. Each canoe many carry a distinguishing signal, rectangular in shape, 12x18in. The Association signal shall be carried at the peak of the mainsail, the officer's or private signal immediately below it; national and club signals at discretion. (See note).

ART. 7. The Secretary shall publish, after each annual meeting of the Executive Committee, "The Association Book," containing the Constitution, By-Laws and Sailing Regulations, lists of officers, members, their canoes and cruises, and shall send a copy to each member.

ART. 8. When the same name has been given to two or more canoes, the one first entered on the list of the Association shall be regarded as the original owner. The others shall be designated by bracketed numbers, [1], [2], etc., in the order of entry. Cases of doubt as to priority of entry shall be decided by the Secretary.

ART. 9. It shall be the duty of the Regatta Committee of each Division to prepare and publish not later than June 1 an order of races for the annual regatta of their respective Divisions; to superintend the laying out and buoying of courses; to provide the prizes; to appoint judges, starters and timekeepers, and to decide all protests. They shall post the course and conditions of each race in some prominent place, at least one hour before the race is called; shall furnish to the Purser of their Division a record of the same, and shall have entire control of the races of their respective Divisions.

ART. 10. The uniform of the officers of the A. C. A. shall be of blue with the letters A. C. A. embroidered in gold on the collar. The Commodore shall wear three rows of gold lace on each sleeve, the Vice-Commodore two, the Rear-Commodore one.

ART. 11. Each member will send to the Purser of his Division a list of such cruises as he may have made upon completion of the cruises, noting especially the condition of such water as he may have cruised on, rapids, dams, shoals, good and bad camp grounds, and all items of value to other canoeists.

ART. 12. Any member who is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, or of racing for money, shall be liable and may be expelled by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee at any of its meetings, but fourteen days' notice shall have been given to the person it is proposed to expel. Any canoeist who shall after this date, Nov. 7, 1885, race for money, shall be considered a professional, and shall be ineligible for membership in the A. C. A.

ART. 13. No changes shall be made in the classification, measurements or sailing regulations unless sanctioned by the Executive Committee.

ART. 14. The By-Laws may be amended by the vote of a majority of the Executive Committee of the Association, except Art. 2, which can only be altered by a unanimous vote of all the Divisions of the Association.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

Note to Art. 4. This arrangement is adopted to secure uniformity, at least in regard to Association signal. Lugs and gaff-rigged sails are the only ones which have an available masthead, but every rig has a peak to the mainsail, and this was selected as the most conspicuous practicable point.

By this constitution all is prepared for the formation of a Western Division, all that is needed being the co-operation of the Western men, either in recommending for Division officers those elected at Ballast Island, or naming others if they are not satisfactory, the contrary to which is evidently the case. The matter may now be easily arranged in a way that would be satisfactory to all.

The visitors spent Sunday in Oswego, under the guidance of the members of the Oswego yacht and canoe clubs, most of them leaving by the night train. Throughout their stay the gentlemen of Oswego spared no pains to make their visit a most pleasant one, and the fame of Oswego hospitality will spread wherever canoemen meet.

CUSTOMS REGULATIONS AND VISITING CANOES.

THE committee on a challenge cup lately appointed by the New York C. C., Com. Munroe, Mr. C. J. Stevens and Mr. Chesebrough, have received the following reply to a letter of inquiry as to the entry of visiting canoes not to be retained in the United States. Canoes can be shipped to New York, where they will be cared for by the committee of the N. Y. C. C., and forwarded to the meet if desired. Favorable arrangements for transportation will also be made for any canoeists who may visit New York and wish to attend the A. C. A. meet also:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 6, 1885.

Mr. Chas. J. Stevens, 7 Bowling Green, New York:

SIR—In reply to your letter of the 31st ultimo, inquiring as to whether duties will be assessed upon three noted English racing canoes which it is proposed to bring over to this country next summer for racing purposes, in connection with American canoe clubs, and offering to give proper bonds for their return, I have to state that as it is understood that the canoes in question are similar in many respects to small yachts, and that they belong to the Royal C. C. of Great Britain, and will be brought over exclusively for racing purposes, they will be exempt from duty, in accordance with Department's decision of Aug. 18, 1881 (S. 4,060), not being considered an importation within the meaning of the tariff laws.

Very respectfully, C. S. FAIRCHILD, Assistant Secretary.

THE DOCKRATS' CLAM BAKE.

THE gentle, modest, unassuming Dockrats have, during the season now so nearly ended, disported themselves quietly, passively, enjoyably. No records of extended cruises are to be found on the pages of their log-book, but day after day, the season through, "blow high, blow low," they have launched their little craft and extracted pleasure from the quiet paddle, the lazy drift, the exhilarating sail, or the fierce tussle against a head wind and a strong tide. Home waters, however, have not wholly confined their powers. Individual "rats" had found their way to Grindstone. Others sing the praises of Northern Champlain, while still others remember kindly Long Island's eastern shores. So the summer season passed, but too quickly to the water-loving, sailing loving "rats." The days began to shorten, and to each and all it looked as if their long-enjoyed sport would have an abrupt ending. Then a reprieve, "and suddenly the clouds break and the yellow sun comes out like a bridegroom rejoicing, and warms up again the dull earth and the hearts of man; and the blue vapor is seen again in the heart of the shadowy woods," and the sky and river seem as if they never could be so blue, and a thin haze hangs in the air, and the nights are cool with frosty stars, and the days humid and hazy, and, in short, Indian summer had come and the "rats" took a new lease of life and each succeeding day found them drinking to the full of the enjoyment and pleasure offered them by smiling nature. Ah! why could not such perfect days last longer? The big "rats", the medium "rats", the little "rats", all seemed full of an irrepressible something. The Commodore smiled, the Captain sang, the Purser whistled, the Squaw danced, the Vice was given to poetry—sometimes original, sometimes otherwise, always startling. And this it was that led to the crowning event of the Dockrats' home life. He did not dream the effect such a simple thing would have, as he muttered to himself: "The soul of music slumbers in the shell." In the stillness, however, his brother "rats" distinctly heard the words. Surprise held them mute until the "practical" man quietly whispered—clams! It broke the spell, and as a result Wednesday, Oct. 28, A.D. 1885, stands forth in the Dockrat annals as a red-letter day of a very vermillion hue.

At high noon on that day "rats" young and old could be seen wending their several ways to the "retreat," and at 1 P. M. eleven craft with sixteen chuckling "rats" were ready for the start. Once ready, soon off, and away they went bound for well-remembered Plum Point; but alas, "the best laid plans o' rats and men gang aft aglee," and so it was in this case. A strong flood tide and a southeast wind proved too plainly, after a short effort, that the old camp ground could not be reached within a reasonable time, so under orders they headed in a go-as-you-please manner for Dennings's Point, a lovely camp spot, about two miles from their "retreat," on the opposite side of the river. The Purser led off under sail, hoping by making a run across the river to be able to work down along the flats. Like all wise men he soon saw the error of his ways, took in his canvas, felt very flat, and had a long, stubborn paddle as a reward for wisdom. The Commodore followed his lead, and with his large boat carrying mainsail, jib and dandy, played the trick the Purser failed to do. The others, trusting to an "ash breeze," were soon straggling all over the bay. The Squaw in the Wenonah, with his usual contempt for hard paddling, made fast to a passing tow, and was serenely carried to within a short distance of the proposed landing. The Captain, in his large boat Mabel, was the first to run on the sandy beach; then followed Day Dream, the Purser, the Vice, Fred, the captain's son, in the Pixie, the Squaw and others, and last the Commodore, but not least, as he carried the essentials of such occasions, viz., the grub.

The various craft were quickly hauled upon the beach, the lockers gave forth their contents, the Vice as chef fondly laid the hard-shells in appropriate concentric circles on the sand, busy hands gathered drift, and soon two blazing fires gave hopes that the "rats" would shortly be able to see for themselves that which "slumbers in the shell." They had not long to wait. Oh! Van, what music was in thy voice when you announced "Gentlemen, we are ready now." Seon seated round the many improvised tables the colony of assembled "rats" attended strictly to the business in hand. The sun, partly obscured by gathering clouds, just overcomes the nipping of the fresh breeze, now and then shines full upon the feasters. The strike of steel upon the shells is accompanied by the rustling of ripening and falling leaves overhead, and the tinkle and play of the small surflets at their feet. Laughter and jest, story and song; thus passes the time, and a wish is often expressed that the absent ones were there, and the names of Domine, Parson, Doctor and the Kyd are repeatedly heard. Like everything else, a good time has its end. The last leathery bivalve is consumed, the cry of some insatiable for more is treated with scorn. The gathering clouds and fast approaching twilight call for prompt action. The Commodore orders a departure. Soon everything is packed. The craft are launched. The breeze offers a free run home. Lamps lit, sails hoisted, and they are away. Van, the Vice-Commodore, takes the lead, followed by the Captain, Purser, Commodore and—"Hallo! there goes the Captain's halliards," and his mainsail flies around on his bow; a quick luff and around he comes serenely. "All right," he says, and away the others go. The wind freshens. Van gets a long lead. The Commodore is overhauling the Purser in fine style when a stiff flaw catches the latter and away he goes after the leader. Then the Commodore comes on again, all the others bunched close behind, and so on to the end, Van in front by a distance, the balance bunched more or less together. The little craft are soon housed and everything made snug and shipshape. Poetical fancies still linger in the soul of the Vice, for he is heard to say:

> "Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
> Where all the ruddy family around
> Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
> Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale."

And then one of those quiet "rats" next door breaks in on the silence. "Well, we just had a right jolly good old time," and the practical man responds, "You can just bet we did;" and then all of the gentle, modest, unassuming "Dockrats" lifted up their voices in the general chorus, "Right you are!" C. SHELL.

P. S.—(To the Editor)—You may do well to take no heed of the rumor that there have been some Indian shell mounds discovered on the banks of the Hudson not far from West Point. It is simply a malicious story circulated for the purpose of injuring indirectly the reputations of certain of my friends. C. S.

MOHICAN C, C.—The monthly meeting was held at the rooms of the Secretary. The only important business transacted was a motion by Com. Oliver, unanimously adopted, to the effect that the Mohican C. C. favor "Bow and Arrows," on or near South Hero Island, Lake Champlain, as the place for the meet of the A. C. A. in 1886. After adjournment and during a movement upon a small battery of refreshments Mr. Gibson's proposition, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM lately, was discussed, the general principle finding favor among the Mohicans present in large numbers. Com. Oliver has disposed of all his canoes—Marion B. to Mr. H. R. Pierson; Marion to Mr. Guy E. Baker and Puck to his son. He is now deliberating on the lines of his next venture.—FERNOW.

THE SNAKE FOR SALE.—Mr. Gibson has lately been at work on a design for a new canoe which he proposes to build this winter, and his old craft, the famous Snake, is offered for sale. Since the meet she has been newly decked and refitted and is now in perfect condition. She is advertised in another column.

CANOE COMPLICATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think your correspondent "Spike" voices the complaint of a large number when he objects to the amount of brasswork and nickel plate on the modern canoe, and I am sorry for him and them, but they have only themselves to blame. His proposed reforms would not help the matter, and his suggestions only go to show that he has not attended the A. C. A. meets, and does not understand the questions at issue. The picture he draws of canoes greatly over-canvassed monopolizing all the prizes, while others, the honest cruisers, have no chance, are all very pretty, but did "Spike" ever see such a thing at any Association meet? Last year there were five sailing races into which a Class B canoe could enter; one unlimited, one with a limit of sail area, one with a limit of ballast, one sailing and paddling, and one novices. The first allowed as much sail as the canoeist desired, in the second the sail was limited to 75ft., surely little enough, the third, with limited ballast, was consequently limited in sail; the sailing and paddling had no limit, but a heavy load of ballast would handicap a man of itself; the novices race was unlimited. In these races the odds were in favor of the snugly rigged canoe, and most of the winners were conspicuous for small sail areas. The men who stay away from the meets waiting for a limit to be set on all sail are just the ones who, when present, back out because Mr. A. or ex-Com. B. are entered, who are scared off by a name. The man to win the best prizes at the meet next year must be a good all around canoeist in a Class A or Class B boat, well equipped, and he must go into every race open to him with a determination to do his best and trust to the chances, sure of the sport of a good race, even though not successful. Such a man will not stay ashore because some one else has a bigger sail, or because he is afraid that "So and So" may beat him. All the rules of the Association favor smaller boats and rigs, and the cruising man, and the tendency to-day is toward lighter canoes and smaller sails. Already several of the leading sailors have agreed among themselves to limit their total sail area, main and mizzen, to 85ft. for racing.

If only this reason keeps "Spike" away let him come next year and enter the limited sail race and beat some one in that, then he can think of the unlimited. It seems to me that he contradicts himself when he says "It is only constant practice with such large areas that gives the necessary confidence and skill to the present leaders of the fleet"; and then continues: "It requires as good seamanship to sail with a small area as with a large one."

There is some justice in his complaint that the canoe is overdone, but who has overdone it? Not the leaders, not the racers, but "Spike" himself in his own case. As a matter of fact, which are weighted down with nickel plate and useless gimcracks, as so many are, belong to the novices who are not content to adopt a thing on its merits or to consider whether they need it or no, but rush into useless extravagance over nickeled drop rudders, clutch tillers, carved deck seats, etc., simply because others use them. I would like to show "Spike" three canoes that have all won prizes in club and A. C. A. races—one a double board canoe, with balance lugs and reefing gear—and let him point out the unnecessary complication. Each is fitted up plainly and strongly for its work, the owner has simply used his judgment as to what was needed, instead of doing what "Spike" has done—putting on a whole builder's catalogue of stuff, for no good reason. A canoe may have many fittings and attachments, but all so arranged as to be readily worked by one man, and when so fitted she is a most complete boat. Simplicity generally means inefficiency; we do want to sail and not to crab to leeward, and to do it our boats must be properly rigged, beginning with little in the case of the novice, and adding with experience. The modern complete canoe, ordered carte blanche from the builder by a novice, is indeed a complicated affair, but that does not prove that its various parts are not good in their place. We do not want to go back to the days of MacGregor or Bishop—we would not be satisfied with their boats; but we need not abuse the boats we have, for they are better than their predecessors.

Again, "Spike" complains that his Class B boat is useless in rapids. The fault is not the boat's, but his in choosing her. A good Class B canoe should be capable of river cruising and a fairly good boat for it; but she is intended for another purpose, sailing and paddling on wider waters, and of course cannot do both equally well. If "Spike" is to do most of his work on small, narrow streams, with carries, let him choose a smaller and more suitable boat. If only a small part of his cruising is of this description, let him get a well-built 15×30 canoe (Class B), she need not weigh over 80 pounds, without board, and she will do for this work at times and for heavier work and racing as well. Because many canoes are too heavy, it is no argument against the class. No sneakbox would help him on his carries, nor sail area rule would make his boat better in rapids. What is needed is to select a boat for the waters he will generally cruise in, with reference also to occasional work of another kind if it is contemplated, then to build a strong, light hull, which can be done, and to fit it up sensibly and properly, avoiding useless gimcracks. With such a canoe he can do a variety of racing and cruising that would not be possible with a little navy of sneakboxes, catboats, dugouts and rowing boats at his command, he will have a boat capable of entering the Association races and making a good record, and then of cruising from Grindstone Island to New York city, by way of the St. Lawrence, in better fashion than in any boat or sneakbox. The old hands, those who write as well as race, do not advise or countenance such rigs as "Spike" complains of; they do not find that their boats are too unwieldy or too complicated. The complaint arises mainly from the newer canoeists, who must have novelty at any cost, and after wasting a deal of money only find that they are disappointed in their canoe. Let them begin differently with a plain, light hull, two good sails of moderate area and simply rigged, for instance, a Mohican mainsail with triangular mizzen, or two moderate balance lugs; a strong foot gear, a plain oak rudder with wooden deck tiller, and a few brass cleats on deck. When they can handle such a boat they will be competent to judge of the value of extra fittings. They can begin with a good reefing gear, rigging it themselves, then going into deck seats, patent tillers, drop rudders and other like fittings if they find them necessary. By this course a man will save at least 25 per cent. on his first outlay, he will have a boat well within his power to manaage successfully, and he will not be ready to give up canoeing in disgust after one season.

BRASS CLEAT.

"SENECA'S" SNEAKBOX.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I was very much interested in an article entitled "A Day in the Sneak," by "Seneca." I wish he'd write us of some of the other days of that fortnight's cruise. In his article he speaks of the sneak as a 14x4. Now, I want "Seneca" to give me some points. The only place I have to keep a boat is at the head of a creek some eight miles from my house, which creek I reach by horse and buggy. The boat that I have now is something like the famed western boats, you can run it over a good dew. Does the sneakbox draw much water? That she is safe I can see. Would a 14x4 be large enough for my chum and me to cruise and sleep in? Could a 14x4 be run by oars in the small creeks and still be large enough to cruise with two persons, dogs and guns? If the 14x4 is too small for two to go in comfortably would a 16ft. boat be too big to row easily? About how much stuff would be required to make such a boat as "Seneca" speaks of? That is how much wood of each sort and how much rivets and such? I have sail, mast, etc., that I can use, already. If "Seneca" can oblige me to that degree I am sure from the way he writes that he's justlike man to know such things, I shall be greatly indebted.—ELK. [We shall shortly publish the lines of "Seneca's" boat, with sail plan.]

A NEW CANOE CLUB.—Cincinnati, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The organization of the Miami C. C., of Cincinnati, was completed yesterday by the adoption of a constitution and election of officers. The officers elected were: Hon. S. N. Maxwell, Commodore; Dr. A. E. Heighway, Jr., Vice-Commodore; Dr. H. S. Groesbeck, Secretary and Treasurer. Members of the executive committee, J. O. Shiras and Thomas McConn. Eight charter members were enrolled. By spring it is expected the membership will reach twenty-five. The club will probably apply for admission to both the A. C. A. and the W. A. C. A. Some of the club are already members of both associations, and several additional ones will apply. It is hoped that the future meets of both associations will in no way interfere with each other, and that both may be under one management.—MIAMI.

THE LONG LAKE BOAT.—Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can some of your readers tell me where I can obtain working plans and models or patterns for a boat known as the "Long Lake skiff?" The boats are used in the Adirondack lakes, are very easy rowing, buoyant and light, weighing from 40 to 60 pounds with oars and thwarts. Information on this subject will be thankfully received by—SYNTAX. [Perhaps some of our readers who spend the summer in the Adirondacks can furnish us with the lines of these boats. They are built by the guides themselves, but are very strong, light and of fine model.]

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MR. FRANK WHITE, the representative of Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Bros.' New York establishment, sailed for Europe Oct. 24. Mr. White while absent will combine business with pleasure by making an extended inquiry into the status of all European outdoor sports.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. C. F., Philadelphia.—We expect to publish the lines shortly.

H. F. S., Brooklyn.—Sailing for ducks is permitted on Long Island Sound, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBER, Canada, is advised that we do not print anonymous communications.

C. N. W., Middletown:—Any one of the three guns named is a first-class arm, and you may select the one you fancy most.

MAX.—You can procure the powder from any of the New York houses. See their addresses in our advertising columns.

G. B.—We do not answer questions to decide bets. The question you ask was replied to (to another correspondent) in our last issue.

W. H.W., Cedar Springs, Mich.—An owl brought into town to-day weighed 3lbs. 12oz., spread of wings. 5ft.; snow white with small dark brown spots all over the body and wings; legs and claws covered with coarse white hair. What was it? Ans. The bird was a snowy or Arctic owl (*Nyctea nivea*), a species which is not very uncommon in winter.

K. Q.—1. For Elcho record write to Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H. 2. The next litter might be affected.

J. S. M., South Coventry, Conn.—The only firm we know of is Parell & Douglas, Waukeegan, Wis. They make a small hand propeller.

SPORTSMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.—Can a person non-resident of New Jersey gun in any part of that State without a license, without being liable to fine? Ans. No.

W. B. P., West Winsted, Conn.—What is pedigree of bitch Kate II.? Ans. You do not mention whether the bitch is a rough-coated St. Bernard, a Great Dane, or a Prince Charles spaniel.

G. C. P., Philadelphia.—I have a number of shells that have been loaded for about three years. Will you be kind enough to inform me whether you think they are good for anything? Ans. Why certainly.

E. A. M.—What can I do to break an Irish setter, one year old, of rolling in filth? He has no fleas, and is all right every way that I can see. Ans. It is natural for a dog to do this. You cannot cure him of the habit.

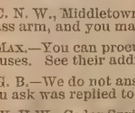
C. S. D.—I have often wondered why, in folding the paper for mailing, you always fold the side with date and volume on the inside. At the end of each year I get the volume bound, but during the year I lay them away, one on the other. If they were folded just opposite from the way they come I could lift up the right corner and very easily find the date wanted. As it is each paper has to be pulled out, opened and looked at. Ans. Keep your current numbers in a file binder; and have the good of them as you go along.

C. L. H.—A setter dog, although a good worker and well broken, will on all possible occasions chase and kill hens. What is the best means of curing him of this habit, and yet not hurt his hunting qualities? Ans. Tie a dead hen (killed by him) to his neck, and make him wear it until he is disgusted.

A. C. McK., Montreal.—I notice in your last number that large numbers of red and gray squirrels were killed in hunting matches, etc. Would you please let me know through the correspondence column of your next number what these squirrels are killed for? Are the skins preserved, or what is the use of the squirrels? Ans. The squirrels are killed primarily for count.

A. M. H., North Springfield, Mo.—A friend of mine has a fine Llewellin setter with pedigree, etc., but which has never been registered. Will you be so kind as to state the steps necessary to be taken in order to have the registering properly done? Ans. Send to the *American Kennel Register*, P. O. Box 2832, N. Y., a stamped and addressed envelope for registration blank according to directions accompanying it and return it to the *Register*.

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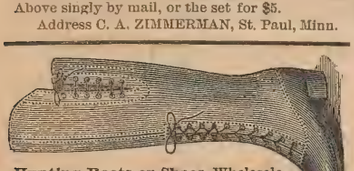
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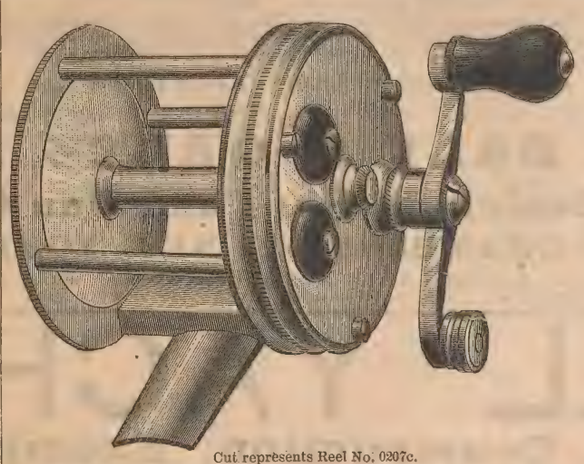
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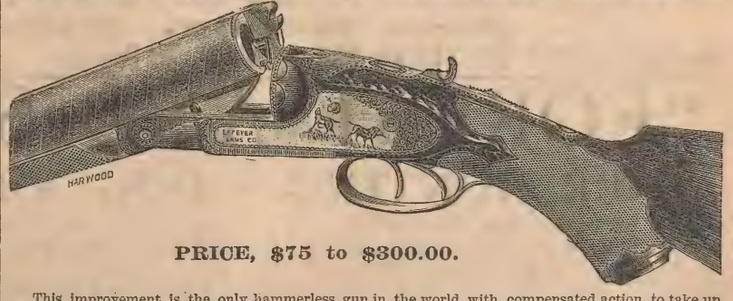
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IX. Catboat Dodge—Sail Plan.
X. Open Boat Cruiser.
XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
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A FAMILIAR TALK.

With the approach of a new year it is not necessary to announce any change in our manner of conducting this journal. Just what the FOREST AND STREAM has been in 1885 we hope to make it in 1886. It will be run on the same old principles, tested by experience and approved by prosperity. It will be just as entertaining, just as instructive, just as frank and outspoken, and just as helpful.

We are sometimes asked to explain the reason of the FOREST AND STREAM'S constantly widening influence and prosperity. Well, there is no

Trade-Secret

about it, and we do not mind telling you. It is this: We have not expended our energies in preposterous spread-eagle proclamations of tremendous attractions in the dim and distant future, but have pinned our faith to present performance, each week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. This in the kind of journalism that is bound to succeed. Nothing very occult about it, you see.

Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table. We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

In other words, the reason why the "Forest and Stream" is liked by sportsmen is that the "Forest and Stream" is the kind of paper that sportsmen like.

This, as we have said before, is complimentary all around. A third element of the paper's popularity is this: It has some hundreds of correspondents and contributors, who write for it because they have something to say. You have heard the story of the German professor who was assigned to prepare a thesis on the elephant. Now, he had never seen an elephant, so he evolved one out of his inner consciousness. Though we never read his essay, we have not the slightest doubt it was a very dry one. But if the German professor had ever come across

A Real Live Elephant

in an African jungle, he could have written a thesis on the beast that would have had some animation in it. That is just the secret of the interest of the FOREST AND STREAM'S contributions. They come from men who have seen or done or heard something to write about. Nothing dry in their notes and sketches and letters. They put it on paper just as entertainingly as they would talk when gathered in camp after the hunt, or sitting about the fire and comparing notes of the day's shoot. These stories and sketches come to us from sportsmen who represent every phase of life—all the professions and trades and occupations, from which busy men now and then turn aside for a bit of fun by the stream or in the stubble.

Of course the great bulk of matter appearing in this paper has related to the game and fish of our own country, for that, after all, is what FOREST AND STREAM readers are most interested in. And what a variety there has been! Squirrel shooting in the woods back of the barn, antelope on the distant plains, quail in the wheat stubble, and "chickens" on the prairie; ruffed grouse on the wing and "partridge" on a limb; elk on the "hogbacks," moose in the timber, deer in the brush, caribou on the barrens and coon in the hollow. All sorts of game by all sorts of methods, and in all sorts of places, and by all sorts of people.

Give Cuvier a Bone.

and the great naturalist could construct from it (or he pretended he could) the whole of the animal, living or fossil, to which it must have belonged. Give a man (say 500 years hence) the file of the FOREST AND STREAM for 1885, and he will not need to be a naturalist to reconstruct from its pages the animals and birds and fishes of this country (and he'll find in it a vast deal of curious and instructive information about the "true sportsman," too).

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The Magician's Carpet,

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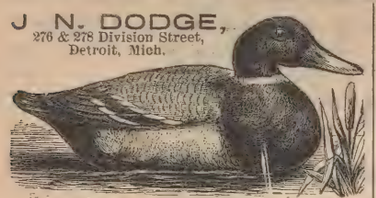
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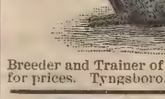
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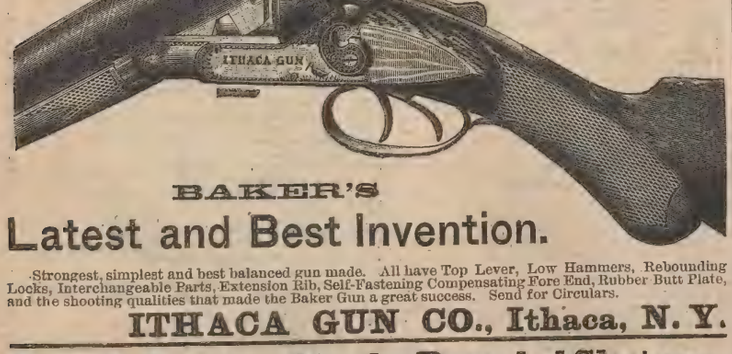
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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TEACH THEM ON THE RESERVATION.

SOME of the good people of the East appear to think that they have found a remedy for all the troubles of the Indian. They imagine that they have discovered a process for transforming him by a stroke of the pen into a good citizen and a self-supporting agriculturist. These excellent people recommend that the tribal relations of the Indians be broken up and that a portion of their lands be allotted to each family, and made inalienable for a term of years. Just how this change of the government of the tribes is going to transform the lazy and generally worthless Indian of to-day into the horny-handed and prosperous farmer of, say, ten years hence is not explained to the satisfaction of any one who is familiar with Indian character.

Curiously enough, the recommendation of the good people of the East is echoed by a very large proportion of the people of the West. These people of the West we should be sorry to call bad, but it is very certain that their motives are entirely different from those which actuate their Eastern allies. The latter know the Indian only in type, and are struggling according to their lights in favor of a sentiment. They imagine that the Indian can be legislated into fitness for citizenship; that an act of Congress can protect him from all the evils that threaten him.

The Western people who are working with them are striving after the valuable lands now held by the Indians. One set of men desire solely to benefit the Indians. The other have little regard for them, but are keenly anxious to benefit themselves. And yet, with these wholly opposite motives, the same course is urged by both.

To break up the present tribal relationship, to make the Indian a citizen, allot to each family his plot of ground and tell him to support himself, would mean nothing less than annihilation to the wild Indian tribes of the West.

The Indian is not fit for citizenship, nor is he fit to take his quarter section and farm it. He does not know, in the first place, how to perform the simplest work, still less does he know how to undertake all the various labors of the farmer. We wonder how many of the Eastern people who desire to see the Indian lands allotted in severalty have any idea of the amount and variety of work which must be done by the settler who takes up a homestead of wild land in the West. It is simply beyond the comprehension of any one who has not himself been through it. Indefatigable industry, unfailing ingenuity, indomitable pluck, these are some of the qualities required in the settler, the man who without capital and with only a few horses or cattle and a small outfit of implements, undertakes to make for himself a home in the Far West. It can be done by him who has the requisite qualifications; but no sluggard, no man unaccustomed to work can do it.

Has the Indian these qualifications? At present he has none of them. He is not used to work; let the squaws dig in the fields. He knows nothing of tools or machinery; to him these things are "medicine." If he can be induced to work, he wants to see some result of his toil at once; and after laboring in a desultory fashion for a little while he becomes discouraged and thinks that it is of no use. If his farm were given him outright he would sell it the next day, if possible, for a little sugar, coffee, tobacco and red cloth. It is proposed that his land shall be inalienable for a period of years, so he could not sell that; but he would sell his crops, if he raised any, and his tools, whenever he happened to want anything. His cows he would kill for beef as often as he was hungry. There would remain his farm and his horses. The first he could not sell, the latter he would not. His land could be made inalienable, his personal property could not. But of what use would the land be to him without the means of cultivating it?

It is vain to hope to elevate the Indian by any such project as this one, which has several times recently been recommended by conventions of well-meaning friends of the Indians. No mere series of resolutions or act of legislature will at once make any radical change in his nature. The civilizing of these people must of necessity be a gradual process, and to be successful it must be carried on intelligently, and by those who know something of their nature and their needs.

What the Indian requires is education, and by education we mean more than mere book learning. The education of the plow and the reaper, of the hammer and the forge, of the axe and the sawmill, are worth to him far more at the present moment than to know how to read and to write. These last are important, but only to the children. They must be brought up in the white man's way, and before they have strength to labor must be taught self-control, concentration and a knowledge of their own powers. And by as much as they are thoroughly taught these things, by so much will the task of teaching them to earn their bread be made more easy.

Teach the adult Indian, then, to labor with his hands. Make him understand that the white man has to work in order to get food for his family, wagons to cart his wood in, horses to draw his load, money to buy sugar, coffee, tobacco and red cloth, and that to have all these good things the Indian must work too. Show him his boys and girls in the schoolroom, and let him see that they are learning to read and write like white people, and that they have discarded their blankets and wear the white man's clothes. He will grumble, will say that once his people owned all the country, and that to work is fit only for a squaw; but little by little he will come to see that he must work, and—he will take hold. At first he will learn slowly, will for a long time need help and encouragement, will have to be shown over and over again how to do the same thing; but in the end he will conquer and will become a successful worker, as so many of his civilized brothers have done before him. To be successful his education must be conducted under the present system, or under something nearly like it. With good agents and a very considerable increase in the force of industrial teachers the Indians can be taught more effectively and more inexpensively on the agency than elsewhere. Let him remain in his present condition of tutelage until he is able to take care of himself, and then it will be time enough to talk of breaking up the tribal relations.

A REPORT is in circulation that twenty bison were killed recently by a party of Englishmen in the Yellowstone National Park. We are unable to trace this statement to any authentic source, and on its face it bears the stamp of unprobability. If it is true, a great outrage has been committed, for which the perpetrators should be made to suffer the most severe penalties. If it is true it only emphasizes the great need of a larger force of assistant superintendents in the Park, and of assistant superintendents who have some idea of their duties. The number of bison existing in North America at the present time is probably not over seven hundred, all told, and may be much smaller. At all events there are so few of them left that no means should be left untried to protect and cherish those that still survive.

THE FISH COMMISSION.

FOR some weeks there have been vague rumors in the air that Congress was about to appoint a committee at its next meeting to investigate the management of the United States Fish Commission, and that the First Auditor of the Treasury had some grave complaints to make against Prof. Baird. These rumors came in the newspapers in the form of hints without specifications, and were therefore not in a shape to comment upon. It now appears that the First Auditor does not approve of the scientific investigations, nor of fishculture in general. He has declined to audit a bill for plumbing at Wood's Holl, on the ground that it was not necessary for fishculture, and has imputed unlawful expenditure to Prof. Baird in erecting a "residence building" at that place.

The facts seem to be that in order to facilitate the work at Wood's Holl a building was necessary for the workers, especially as there was no hotel near, and that Congress authorized the erection of a suitable structure. So far the First Auditor's criticisms were upon the wisdom of Congress and not upon the head of the Fish Commission. But the plumbing bill caught his eye. Was it necessary to have lead pipes, brass cocks and wash basins? Might not fish be hatched without the two former, and by men with dirty hands? It certainly seems so to the gentleman who, dressed in a little brief authority, felt it necessary that he should do something to spread his name broadcast through the land as a strict economist and a guard upon the Treasury, and whose sleepless eye unceasingly searched for unauthorized lead pipe.

There is not the least doubt that Prof. Baird would be glad to have his methods and expenditures investigated by a committee of men who knew something of the value of scientific work or of practical fishculture, on which all civilized governments expend more or less money. The First Auditor exposes his ignorance of fishculture by speaking of it as producing a "few pails full of minnows." A perusal of the reports of the United States Commission and those of the different State Commissions, or the volumes of FOREST AND STREAM, would theoretically qualify him to judge how many "minnows" those pails held, what becomes of them, and how the people in the vicinity of their place of deposit regard them. He would then be more capable of expressing an opinion concerning work which is appreciated by intelligent people at home and abroad.

It may not be known to the First Auditor that a large part of the very valuable work done every summer at Wood's Holl is volunteer labor by students in the different colleges, who do it for love of it, and without a roof over their heads and a wash basin they would not find it possible to live on the rocks of Buzzard's Bay.

It is quite possible that the employees of the Commission might hatch some fish at Wood's Holl without wash bowls, yet it is not probable that any reasonable being would ask them to do so, but it is not possible to keep many forms of marine animals alive without running water, and it is only when they are living that their habits can be observed. This, however, is a matter that the First Auditor does not seem able to comprehend, or else he is trying to build up a personal reputation by slurring scientific work and questioning the wisdom of Congress in making appropriations.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE ARROW.

THE challenge which we print this week on behalf of the famous old Arrow should give a new impetus to the international competition which has been by far the main feature in the year's yachting. Abroad the season has been anything but brilliant, and at home it has been even worse in the regular races, the only enlivening feature of the year being the contests for the America Cup, which have stirred up designers, builders and yachtsmen here, and have created almost as much excitement abroad. It is too early yet to conjecture the condition of yacht racing in 1886, but leaving out the Cup races, we would have little grounds on which to prophesy a brilliant season here or abroad, judging from this year or the previous one. On both sides entries have been few among the leading races, and the large fleets of long ago seem to have left the field to a chosen and select few—Irex, Marjorie, Genesta, Wendur, Lorna; and here Bedouin, Gracie, Mischief, Grayling, Montauk and Fortuna. Abroad the nearly created B and C classes promise a revival of sport; but here there is no similar influence at work.

The international races, however, put a different aspect on the matter; here they have revived a general interest in yachting, and Puritan's success has resulted in an increased enthusiasm on all hands. Abroad they are little likely to rest for fifteen years before another trial. A defeat like this

season's, even though by a small margin, must be wiped out, if possible; and we may confidently expect to see Irex, Galatea or Marjorie over here next season. It is too late now to say that English yachtsmen do not care for the Cup, that more sport and better prizes can be had at home, and that they cannot lose a season's racing for a few races here. The late contests have shown that they will be accorded fair play, and also that they will meet with antagonists fully worthy of their steel. The supremacy still rests on the western shore of the Atlantic, and their reputation as a yachting nation depends on a continual effort to retake the emblem lost in 1851. On the other hand, we are confronted with three direct challenges from the British yacht fleet, two from our own cups, taken from us with hardly an effort even to defend them, and whose continued stay on the other side must aggravate the reproach that rests on our fleet as a body for its absence from the open races this fall. The third challenge comes direct from a boat that differs greatly from the prevailing type of British yachts, while at the same time as different from our favorite type. The owner of the Arrow throws down the glove in earnest; let us see who will be first to take it up and bring a real Queen's Cup to America. Neither side can afford to rest on its laurels; each has much to gain before it can claim complete supremacy. It looks now as though next season would witness some hot battles afloat on both sides of the water; and the results of which, whatever they may be, cannot fail to advance the growth of yachting.

SAIL AREA AND CANOE RACING.

THE natural tendency of competitive sailing, unless restricted by some rules or limits, is to encourage an abnormal sail spread that can only be handled, and then not always safely, by experts. The greatest evils that might result from this, in canoeing, are that the large rigs, with their sails, spars and ballast, are unhandy to transport; and as the tendency is to sacrifice cruising qualities to mere speed, the cruisers and their boats are virtually barred from racing in favor of a few expert gymnasts in racing machines. The former evil has been felt in previous years, where a load of one or two hundred pounds of shot and heavy centerboards, with spars sixteen feet long, had to be transported for a long distance; but practically the other evil, the presence of racing men and boats at the meet, has really amounted to little. It has, however, been magnified by the weak-kneed sailors and paddlers into a good and sufficient reason for holding back from the races. Each year new men, with no reputation or special practice, have come in and taken fair prizes, as witness Mr. Gibson in 1883, and Messrs. Stanton and Nimick in 1885, all of whom came in as novices and yet did work that entitled them to have their names added to the list of invincibles next year, against whom no ordinary man should enter.

That there is really little foundation for this complaint is shown by the fact that the novice and junior races, held since the second meet, often fail to fill well. Each year the restrictions on the development of racing machines have increased, one of the most important being the adoption of the average system last year, with the "one man, one canoe" rule, until the racing machine has been entirely eliminated.

The best evidence of the healthy tendencies of the present canoeing is found in the late agreement which the two leading racing men have entered into, to voluntarily limit their sail area to eighty-five square feet, not including spinnakers, which latter neither of them now use. Their example must be followed by most of the other racers, in which case the last grounds for such complaints as sometimes appear in our columns, as well as the excuse so often given for not racing must disappear together.

Further than this, these two canoeists have also repudiated the general abuse of fittings and gear that so many suffer from and both of their boats are rigged and fitted solely for use. If beginners and novices would copy such examples as these, we should hear no more about the many shortcomings of the canoe, except from those whose sole ground for criticism is an utter ignorance of the subject.

THE PROPAGATION OF SHAD.—To all who are interested in fishculture we cannot too highly recommend a perusal of Col. McDonald's remarks on the culture of shad, in another column. If there are still any who have doubts about the benefits of shad culture, we advise them to read it. Col. McDonald is too well known as a practical man in fishculture to need any introduction here. The statistics which the Colonel brings are better than pages of theory, and carry conviction with them. In the front rank of the world's fishculturists, he has not been content with hatching fish and planting them, but has spent much time in observing the habits of fish, even to tracing the effect of ocean temperatures and currents upon their migration. The present paper is a sequel to the valuable ones read by him before the Fishcultural Association on the movements of shad at sea, which attracted great attention both at home and abroad.

POINTERS AND SETTERS.—November is the month of field trials. The list this year is larger than ever before. This is an excellent indication that the bench show is not likely to outweigh the field trial in its influence upon the sporting dogs of the day. One notable characteristic of this year's trials is the large number of pointers run and the interest taken in their performances.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

WESTERN GAME AND HUNTING.

IN the old days, say ten or fifteen years ago, large game could be found pretty much everywhere in the Rocky Mountains. Of course, the hunter to be successful had to know something about the habits of the animals he was in search of, was obliged to look for them intelligently, and sometimes to undergo some risk from hostile Indians, but, if he were persevering, he was almost sure to meet with fair success. Now, hunting is quite a different matter. After they fairly got among them, the skin-hunters killed off the buffalo in a very short time, and in most regions they have also destroyed the elk and the mule deer.

Up to the time when the Northern Pacific Railroad crossed the Little Missouri, the valley of that stream was a great country for game. It was one of the best antelope countries that I have ever been in; the breaks along the river were the favorite resort of the mule deer; elk were plenty, and there were sheep in the Bad Lands and buffalo on the prairie. Up to this time it had been a favorite hunting ground for the Sioux, one of whose reservations is on the Missouri River not far away, as well as for the Berthold Indians, and a man who was going to spend any time there had need to keep his eyes well open, and his horses close to camp at all times. So the game was preserved. As soon as the railroad came, a concerted attack was made on all the large game. Now there was a market for meat and hides. As a result of this attack the larger game animals are now pretty nearly all gone. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's charming book, entitled, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," tells the story of the game that is at present to be found on this stream, and those who were familiar with the region before the railroad made it accessible, will be surprised at the almost entire absence of the larger *feræ natura*. A few deer and still fewer antelope seem to be all that there is left in the country. Birds—sharptail grouse and waterfowl—still abound, and will continue to be plenty as long as the farmers and small settlers keep out of the country, but the big game has disappeared, never to return.

The same story can be told of many a region in the West, and year by year the question as to where we can go for big game becomes more and more difficult to answer.

I look forward to a time in the not very distant future when those of us who wish to hunt will have to do it without our rifles. If the good intentions of the Government with regard to the Yellowstone Park are carried out, we shall be able to go there and start out on our hunting expeditions. We will look as carefully as on former days for our game, and will climb and creep as laboriously as when we were bent on slaughter. Then, when we have found our game, and have approached as near to it as possible, we will lie and watch it until our curiosity is satisfied, and then, showing ourselves and clapping our hands or throwing rocks at it, will see the graceful creatures trot or gallop briskly off, just as they used to do in the olden days when we carried our true rifles. But in these coming days there will be left, after the band has passed out of sight, no brown carcase lying on the hillside, half hidden by the gray sage brush; no more will we have the labor of butchering, the fight with the pony to make him carry the dripping load, and the long walk to camp, leading the well-packed beast. No; we will watch the game out of sight, sigh regretfully, and tell each other how in old times we could have killed that elk, or deer, or sheep, or buffalo; just where we would have hit him, and what similar shots we had made in those happier days before the game had all disappeared from the free hunting grounds.

It is not yet quite so bad as that, however. There are still a number of places now easily accessible by means of the railroad, where there is still some game. No buffalo are left. But there are still a few regions where elk, deer and antelope are fairly plenty, and somewhere there are a few mountain sheep. I confess, however, that when my friends ask me where they can go to get good hunting, I am somewhat at a loss to direct them. The Bighorn and Powder River Mountains used to be a great game country, but since so many cattle have been brought into them, the wild creatures that once fed there have to a great extent been killed or driven off from the valleys and the more open country. The cattle have had almost as much to do with this disappearance as has man. The little parks and the hillsides, where the grass grows sweet and tender, have been invaded by the herds, and the game has been crowded out. You may ride along carefully through what appears a fine hunting country, seeing neither game nor cattle, though the sign of the latter will be abundant, and as you pass near some ravine, green with the trembling foliage of the aspen, you will hear a sudden rush and snapping of sticks that will start your blood to moving more rapidly and make you fancy for a moment that a band of elk is afoot. Then from out the brush will dash half a dozen cows, steers and calves with heads and tails in the air, and you feel in your disappointment like taking a shot or two at them. So it is in the cattle country. The domestic animals have usurped not only the feeding grounds of the game, but their resting and hiding places as well. The spots to which cattle resort are truly remarkable to one who knows only the apparently dull and placid animal of the Eastern farmyard. Often a little bunch of range cattle will be found in places where, were the country not occupied by man, one would look only for mountain sheep. In fact the cattle adapt themselves to their surroundings and live much as the buffalo used to, and in a mountain country they show some disposition to assume the habits of the mountain buffalo.

A country which is now said to contain a good deal of game is the Crazy Woman's Mountains. These lie north of the railroad, and may easily be reached from either Livingston or Bozeman. The latter, as being the larger town of the two, is perhaps the better to fit out from. I have been informed within a few months that deer, elk, and bear of two species are abundant in these mountains. The country is beautiful and admirably adapted for camping.

Another locality from which good hunting grounds are said to be easily accessible is Ft. Logan. This town is on the site of old Camp Baker. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, and from personal experience I can say that years ago it was a grand hunting ground. Splendid fishing may be had near to it in Deep Creek or Smith's River, both for trout and grayling. I should not like to say how large the latter grow for fear you might accuse me of exaggerating, but I can say that I have seldom seen trout anywhere as large as some of the grayling I have taken near this spot. A daily stage leaves Townsend for Ft. Logan, which is only twenty miles from the road.

No doubt there are still many places between the Powder River Range on the east and the Bighorn River on the west, where plenty of game may be found. It is a wide stretch of country, much of it mountain and timber-covered. Probably through these mountains and in this timber the elk and deer still hold their own, if the skin-hunters have not penetrated there. From Miles City or Billing's, stages run into the hills, but a hunting party would have to fit out at one of these points and go with their own wagon and saddle horses into the mountains.

West of the range, in Idaho and eastern Washington, there is said to be some game, but the country is for the most part heavily timbered and not so easy to hunt in as where it is more open. The Sawtooth Range is reported to still contain some few white goats and mountain sheep as well as blacktail deer, and perhaps elk.

I have spoken hitherto principally of large game, because most of my hunting is done with a rifle. With the shotgun one can of course have plenty of sport, and it is delightful to watch a good dog work, but after all when I can get a chance to hunt big game I let the scatter-gun rest in its case. The country west of St. Paul still presents every attraction in the way of game birds. In Minnesota there are three species of grouse, the pinnated, sharptailed and ruffed, and we are all familiar with the accounts of the multitudes of ducks and geese that in spring and autumn stop to feed on its wild rice ponds, its wheat fields and lakelets. Further west, in Dakota, grouse and waterfowl are very abundant, and when you reach the sage plains you find the largest of all American grouse. Sage chickens, as they are commonly but incorrectly called, are easily killed early in the season, for they make a tremendously large mark, and are usually very tame, but they must be well hit, for they will carry away a great deal of lead. Later in the season, when the weather has become cold, the birds collect in great packs, and are then wild and very difficult of approach. On reaching the mountains we find ourselves in the home of the dusky grouse. This species, variously called dusky, mountain, blue or pine grouse, is exceeded in size only by the sage grouse, and attains a weight often of four pounds. To my mind it is, except the wild turkey, the noblest game bird of America. In many of its habits it resembles the ruffed grouse, but it is not so exclusively an inhabitant of the timber as is that species, the young broods often frequenting open valleys, parks and prairies during the late summer. The flesh of the blue grouse is delicious in quality and flavor, and the bird is quick on the wing, and in its flight and methods—in fact in almost all respects except size and plumage—resembles the ruffed grouse. In thick timber or underbrush it is quite as difficult to kill as that species. In the country frequented by the blue grouse the ruffed is also usually found, though the latter appears to be much more local in its habits than that species, and will thus perhaps be confined to one or a number of limited areas, while its larger relative is more or less abundant everywhere throughout the region. The dusky, ruffed and sharptail grouse are splendid birds, and wherever they are found in any abundance, furnish excellent sport.

The best time to visit the Western country is in August and September. The crops are then falling before the reaper, the cattle are fat, and one has at this time a good opportunity to form some idea of the agricultural wealth of the region. These two months are also the best in which to visit the National Park, though perhaps August is the better of the two for this trip. In September it is often very cold in the Park, and occasionally there are one or two snowstorms during that month, but the snow does not remain long on the ground. In August the days are very warm and delightful, and yet the nights so cool that one requires two or three blankets over him; the roads are then good and hard, and the flies are no longer very troublesome. The weather is usually fine and little interference with travel is had from storms.

No one should ever cross the Missouri River at this time of the year without making a visit to the Park.

I have no intention of attempting a description of the wonders of this region. Excellent accounts of it have been published and are accessible to every one who desires to inform himself on the subject. It is universally acknowledged that nowhere in the world is there such a combination of

natural wonders and beautiful scenery as here. And it is now so easily accessible that the trouble of reaching it is not worth considering. In fact it presents no more difficulties than did a journey through the White Mountains a few years ago. The railroad from Livingston transports the traveler to within six miles of the hotel, and the remainder of the trip must be made by stage or in the saddle. But the roads are quite good and the journey to the Geyser Basins, the Lake and the Falls is an easy one. People are much too apt to try to "do" the Park in a hurry, and so rush along, day after day, only half seeing things and becoming so exhausted by the rapidity of their progress that they lose all appreciation of the beauties and wonders of the Park. The trip ought to be made deliberately, and it will be all the more enjoyable if one has time to take his own outfit and travel on horseback, not only over the beaten routes of travel, but through the byways of the Park as well. If this plan be followed the traveler will see a vast deal that is at present out of the reach of the ordinary tourist, and will bring back from his trip many delightful memories of these out-of-the-way spots. Such a trip the sportsman should take, and then after he has spent a few weeks in the Park—where besides the beautiful scenery he will have phenomenal fishing—he can devote a portion of September and October to hunting in the mountains.

There should be no difficulty in procuring good guides at any of the places that I have mentioned. This is one of the most important matters in connection with a hunting trip, and almost the whole pleasure of the excursion depends on your men. Of course people who are used to traveling in the West can start out without guides, and by means of maps and such directions as they can obtain from the residents of the place of departure, can find their way about through the mountains comfortably enough; but those who are new to the mountains should provide themselves with good men who have hunted through the country to which they are bound. The first men who are likely to offer their services will be the long haired braggarts, of which a few still survive in the West. I am not fond of these, and if a man insists on airing his wonderful shots and his success in hunting before me I usually set him down as a liar. I like best the quiet men, who tell you what they have to say in a few words, and are quite willing that you should do the talking. I have usually found that such men come out strong when the time arrives for acting.

Starting out on such a trip as I speak of in the early days of September, one can scarcely fail to find pleasure in the mountains. A shotgun and some fishing tackle should be taken along to insure variety and abundance of the food supply, for there may be several days together when it will be impossible to kill big game, but birds are almost always plenty, and most streams, except those tributary to the North Platte and Powder Rivers, abound with fish. It is not a bad idea to take along a few traps, for many of the streams have still a few beaver in them, and half a dozen beaver pelts of your own trapping make a very nice addition to the list of the trophies you will bring back.

In old times one could have good success by taking wagons and camping at the foot of the outlying spurs of the mountains, or by following the valleys up until the streams became too narrow for wagon travel. Then camping, they could hunt within ten or fifteen miles of the camp and usually be successful. Now, however, the game has been so much harrassed that it has in a great measure retreated into the wildest, roughest country, and it is much better to provide oneself with pack animals so that you can get far back into the mountains, and out of the range of the cattle and the men who hunt for the market. If the point of departure is not too far from the country where game is to be looked for, the start may be made with a pack train. But it must be remembered that with packs one must travel light, and so, if a long journey is to be made before the game country is reached, it is better to start with wagons, driving the extra animals for packing and carrying their rigging in the wagons. When the country becomes so rough that these last must be left, they can be cached in the brush or given in charge of a neighboring ranchman, and the remainder of the trip can be made with the packs alone.

I advise people who are traveling with a pack train always to carry tents. When the poles are jointed there is no difficulty about transporting them on mule back, and there are likely to be rainy and snowy days when the tents will add greatly to one's comfort. Plenty of bedding and plenty of provisions are two essentials to comfort in the mountains. In September, or indeed in any month when you get up into the high mountains, it is likely to be very cold at night, and nothing is so wretched as to shiver half awake during the two or three hours before daylight. A liberal allowance in the commissary department is very important. There may be delays, a mule may fall down in a stream and wet its load, or a dozen other things may occur to make you run short of provisions if you have calculated too closely, and it is extremely annoying to be forced to cut short a trip on account of some mishap of this kind. A little extra "grub" does not cost much, and by carrying it you may often save yourself some anxiety and perhaps some little suffering.

Those who propose such a trip as I have outlined, if unacquainted with the mountains, should always take advice from some old hand who knows what is required for such a trip. Then, if they have good men, good animals and a proper equipment, they may start out with the sure hope of having a most delightful trip.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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A CHATEAUGAY EXPERIENCE.

THE regular session of Directors was over. The confidential chat and unofficial conference, which generally follow official work, were also nearly ended, when my friend looked over to me and said, "B., will you take two weeks with me for lake fishing, to start at a moment's notice, presumably ten days from now?"

Before replying two things flashed through my mind, that I could take the time as well as not and that I knew less than nothing about fishing. These two considerations, by no means a close match, fixed my answer, and choosing the classic reply of Dido to Æneas, I responded, "I'm your hairpin."

I was as yet decidedly uncertain as to the length and breadth of that which I had committed myself to, save that there was one constitutent part of water, and that I was to show a certain readiness. If the rest of the combination was as well ordered, however, I had great confidence in the satisfying success of the combination. I delayed my departure from the bank to determine this, and settling into two arm chairs, the unfolding of the programme revealed to me a mixture which I epitomize as follows:

THE ADIRONDACKS—In their bosom; a lake (frozen over at present); on the lake, a comfortable home belonging to my friend; otherwise, nearly absolute solitude.

HOUSE—Comfortably furnished, but larder unstocked. All supplies to be taken with us, and which could be arranged to mix with the other ingredients, and as completely as our own sweet will suggested.

GUIDES—Ready, and instructed to telegraph immediately, when the ice had left the lake.

SPORT—Positively, salmon trout fishing in its prime; possibly, if warm weather should come early, some fly-fishing before we left for home.

Men have had visions of beauty and delight, rapturous enough, but fanciful and unreal. Here I had a picture, a representation of fact and possibility, equally entrancing and doubly satisfactory.

I comprehended with increasing clearness that the other ingredients than water were all right, and that I had made no mistake in my committal. Whether my friend had, in making his proposal to one who could not tell a grizzly king from a minnow gang, or a scarlet ibis from a spoon, was his business, not mine.

"Presumably ten days from now" gave ample time for preparation, but under my friend's direction and advice I set about getting together that which I lacked and knew nothing about, viz., the fishing gear. Although rods and the whole business connected with the sport were a part of the furniture of "the house," still I desired a "kit" which I could later set before my own eyes and live over again with the same delight the experiences to which I now looked forward. For the rest of personal outfit I was amply supplied. Hunting had stocked my gun-room closets, and rubber coats and blankets, sou'wester, jerseys, boots, heavy and warm woolens, etc., etc., were waiting to be thrown into the trunk, as many a time before. The only other "note of preparation" to be sounded was that of "supplies and sundries," and this we decided to leave until the expected telegram really came to hand.

While this ten days had yet a week to run, my friend came to my house one evening anything but a typical fisherman. "Spike-tailed coat" and white necktie are the antipodes of rubber boots and flannel shirt, and I found in them nothing suggestive of "roughing it" in the wilderness. An unusual light in his eye and a wealth of pleasure which beamed in every feature seemed to prove that here at home amid fair women and brave men, real enjoyment for him was to be found, and I was not surprised to note that he evidently was seeking me out thus to express himself. His mood was contagious, and as I advanced to meet him, expecting him to utter some fulsome line of some flattering song in praise of beauty and chivalry, he glowed as he said, "The telegram came to-night. The ice went out this morning. We start at 8 o'clock to-morrow night!"

* * * * *

The Montreal express drew out of the station the next evening with the sleeper attached as usual. My friend and myself were the sole occupants of this car. This fact, together with another, that we were free to do for the next two weeks absolutely as whim or fancy should suggest, gave us a sense of proprietorship or ownership in regard to this car and train which was exceedingly comfortable.

It is true we permitted the conductor to "punch with care" our tickets, but we patronized him and made very light of such little "runs" as his—we sat in several seats at the same time (so far as possible), we smoked when and where we pleased, we swelled, the feeling grew that we were accustomed to take exactly these trips, every season and every day—we—but enough.

It was the exhilaration which comes of a light-heartedness that follows, rest from responsibility, relief from strain and change from daily routine. As the car began to move, so all these were being left behind, and that pleasurable expansion which gave evidence of still youthful elasticity of spirit began immediately to show itself as described above.

God pity the poor soul whose temper of spirit is lost and who cannot know again the boyish delights which are sworn foes to dignity and stiffness.

We breakfasted in the morning in the restaurant connected with the railroad station, and a comforable breakfast, too, all but the coffee. "Better coffee and less calf-ee" was our verdict as the white-headed old chief bottle-washer continually called out: "Plentee of time, plentee of time; take your time, gentlemen, no hurry, plentee of time."

At half-past six o'clock we were drawing out of St. Albans on the "Chicago express"—so the time table stated it—the morning of a delightful day. This remarkable "express" established its claim to this title by running at a most moderate speed, stopping at every hamlet of log houses—or sawmill—and finally winding up (so far as the detailed statement of the time table showed) at Ogdensburg! I wonder the railroad officials did not call it "The great through China limited accommodation"! It brought us, however, to our journey's end, so far as railways were concerned; and without delay or accident, for which we were grateful.

Up to this point I had been co-equal with my friend. Was I not as much at home in traveling as he? Were not "the cars" as tediously familiar for me as for him?

But here—as we left the great "express" at Chateaugay station, I watched our luggage with all "supplies" being piled in its own solitary heap on the platform, and as the train rolled away toward Ogdensburg via Chicago—I took up my proper instrument—my violin secundas—and no more ventured on equality, much less leadership, with the true "head and front" of this expedition.

You observe that all I have had to say to you thus far is in a sense preliminary and anticipatory, and perhaps you think it—as it may be—too long drawn out.

But who does not know that delight and enjoyment of preparation, which constitutes a famous chapter in every sportsman's experience? The whole pleasure is not concentrated in the shot that kills. The entire satisfaction is not in the strike that captures and finally lands the fish. But every fresh trip, to be complete and perfect, must furnish a series of three lively chapters—of anticipation, of active experience, and (longest of all) retrospection or "living it over again."

Here we are then, dear FOREST AND STREAM, disembarked at Chateaugay; not yet arrived at our destination, but on the borders of the kingdom, with civilization marks growing less and less broad, and nature's wildness and wonderful ways showing less and less scars from its hand.

The discovery some years since of valuable beds of iron ore in the hills to the south of our lake has established a road from this station, duly planked, which makes our ride of ten miles to the mouth of Lower Lake Chateaugay one of comfort and enjoyment. Stowed away on our load of luggage, stores and traps, which were now piled in McGaully's wagon, and driven by this prince of U. S. mail agents himself, we refilled our pipes, clutched tight Uncle Sam's mail-bag, heard the crack of the whip and the welcome shout "Git up!" and were off, leaving iron rails behind us.

Away to the south, a blue line of hills formed the horizon, with bold and rugged outline. To the north, hills again constituted the barrier to further sight; but further away, and between which and ourselves lay the winding silver-thread of the river St. Lawrence.

The sun was bright, with here and there clouds throwing their dark shadows on hilltop and valley, and the scene was replete with beauty and freshness. No green showed on the budding trees as yet, and the birds were not in full chorus as at home, not having trooped thus far north so early, but they were on the wing—coming.

As we drew nearer to the southerly hills the smoke of immense charcoal kilns filled the valley before us, and I learned that these were at "the Forge," and that there we should "take the steamer." This did not sound like the wilderness I had looked forward to, and my barometer of anticipation marked a change in a slight fall. But arrived here, it proved but a small hamlet, composed of the forge itself, the log houses of its workers, the company's store, and a few places of more modern air.

Adding to our stores a crate of Bermuda onions, we unloaded from wagon to steamer—The Adirondacks. This steamer was all right, small, perhaps fifty feet long, comfortable and jolly, and would prove a valuable link between us and civilization in the following days, and assure to us our daily mail. So my barometer now marked another change—a decided rise.

It was cooler up here among these grand old hills. The wind frolicking about the margin of the lower lake, would dart out across the water in visible puffs, like swallows chasing and swooping in happy flight. I pulled on my dog-skin jacket and refilled my pipe as the little steamer swung off from the rude pier and pointed her sharp little nose out into the lake, and settled into the bow with my friend as "courier de place," to point out features of especial interest.

This Lower Lake Chateaugay must formerly have been of charming beauty, captivating in its seclusion and quiet placidity. To-day, with almost every tree cut from the surrounding hills and bordered by uneven country bristling with stumps, it is not attractive. It suggests a chained convict with shaved head, all beauty, grace and virtue long since departed. No wonder all birds and game and even fish have fled its confines before the blight of these first attacks of civilization.

Sailing through this lake and entering the "Narrows" we now had some two miles of changing view. The river which connects the upper and lower lakes winds and twists its tortuous course, and brings us near to wooded hills and primitive forests. With every turn the assurance grows that beyond really lies the picture which has hung before us since we started. At length, when it appears that we have entered a veritable *cul de sac*, and that further progress is absolutely shut out by the sides of the rugged hill which lies directly before us, we make a sharp turn to the left, and presently swinging around Bluff Point, we have fairly entered upon the ruffled bosom of Upper Lake Chateaugay. Oh! for a poet's pen, for an artist's pencil, to depict the beauties of this glorious spot.

The long and ever rising hills of the Ellenburgh chain—around a spur of which we have wound our way into the lake—shuts it in to the north. On the east higher and grander mountains which culminate in Mount Lyon and Mount Averill, nearly 5,000 feet high, stand eternal and ever faithful guards. To the south and west the Lookout Range complete the girdle, and here, nestled in safe seclusion, lies this queen of Adirondack waters. She is a fitful beauty, however, and her aspect changes with every changing mood. Restful and peaceful she reflects from her quiet bosom all the loveliness of her charming borders, and the added glory of a perfect sky. Or, responding to the spirit of the other elements, she lashes herself into a foam of mimic fury, as the clouds lower and blasts of angry wind sweep down from the snow-clad summits above her. She is delightful in her changes, and wonderful in the quickness with which she exhibits them. Except a few houses scattered around the margin (and one scar near the head of the lake where the ruthless axe began its devastation, inflicting the wound which may soon heal, as its further use has been interdicted by a better sense), here it is as always. A road winds its hidden and unsuspected way up into the eastern hills toward Dannemora, but aside from that the only highways open are the broad bosom of the lake itself and the trails which lead away still further into this glorious wilderness.

But about midway up the lake, on the western shore, my attention is caught by the sight of an appropriate house, just at the water's edge, in the clearing of which floats the old flag from its lofty staff. Blue smoke curls from its chimneys—another signal of hospitable welcome. Our steamer's prow is turned toward this inviting spot, and standing across Smooth-rock Bay and by Poplar Point, we approached near enough to observe the figures of one guide sitting on the steps of the house, while the other stands, waiting our arrival, by the side of the boats drawn up on the sandy beach. It jars on my ears as the vicious little steamer, with a long-drawn screech, signals our people that this, her first

appearance this season, is for them. The echoes come answering back from every sentinel hilltop; and in fancy I see the startled deer throw up their heads in quick alarm; I see the waterfowl dive with lightning flash or take to wing to reach the hidden recesses of some protecting swamp; I see even the sluggish bear raise himself upon his haunches to peer through some opening in the woods over the waters of the lake, in anxious doubt as to the meaning of this unearthly cry—and I curse the steamer's whistle.

We have arrived, however, and attention is restricted for the moment to our disembarking. As the dock has not as yet been floated into its place from its winter anchorage, Stephen puts off in his boat to take us ashore. The traps and supplies proving a boatload, Tyler shoves off to us also, and we enter his boat after instructing Captain Sheppard to call each day to deliver and take our letters and bring us fresh milk, etc.

So here we are! Landing at the pier, we walk up the green slope to the house and enter from its broad piazza immediately into the main room of the house. Large, comfortable, and with a roaring wood fire blazing away in the capacious fire-place. We began to unpack our traps and settle at once. Guns and rifles (more for play than use) are put together and in their appropriate place. Trunks opened, rooms selected and appropriated, rod cases and tackle laid in place for rigging somewhat later, and we feel that we are "at home" and order dinner. While dinner is preparing, let us look off on to the lake and within at our household. The lake lies before us, with the eastern hills beyond rearing their white heads cloud high. A delightful scene. Half way across the lake—some two miles wide—lies Mead Island, a rugged rock, with few trees and shrubs, and just large enough to accommodate the lodge of some wealthy capitalist, who has proved the value of money in securing this wild and isolated spot for such time at recreation as he may find. We cannot see the entire five miles of the length of the lake, as Bowditch's and Pine points shut out the upper end; but it is a glorious lookout and captivating to the last degree.

Stephen, the chief guide, with a quiet mien but a twinkle in his eye, has endeavored to provide a "salmon" for our dinner, but our advent was so prompt he had failed. No fault of his, however. He is not a man of failures, and his sturdy muscles and well balanced judgment laugh at a suspicion of baldness and gray hairs which will not be denied.

Tyler, the second guide, and who is to be my faithful Achates, is a younger man, of sturdy frame and well-knit muscles which show power and capacity for endurance. His restless and keen eye betokens quick observation and trained faculties, and his general appearance proclaims the ready and trusty guide. He and I passed many hours together subsequently, and he proved himself worthy of all confidence and friendship.

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Life on this lake possesses its own charm. Here I desire to hang up one or two pen-pictures of life as we enjoyed it, before which I must say that Dick Shutts, who occupies Indian Point, a little further up the lake, is also known to fame as a character and attraction and a most worthy host for all true sportsmen. He knows the country thoroughly, and whether it be to still-hunt or night-hunt—whether it be four bears in a day or eight holes through a deer's hide to a single rifle shot—Dick is the man, and let sportsmen make a note of it.

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Tyler is rowing me up the eastern shore. Our gear is well ordered, and the spoons play well as we troll, gliding along not too fast nor yet too slowly. No strike as yet this morning. Water too smooth, though the wind now begins to ruffle the surface of the water with some promise. Away beyond the head of the lake, sweeping down the gorge in Lookout Range, black clouds have gathered, the advance of a mightier and darker host, which hangs about and beyond the high hills. Over us the bright sun tempers the chilly air, and bathes the lake and lower borders in rich and glorious light. The contrast is most wonderful, and my interest is absorbed until it occurs to me to call Tyler's attention to it. "Sharp squall coming and snow" is his only response, and I draw on my rubber coat and lay my rubber blanket at hand.

Other boats have put in at Thomas's or turned back to Ralph's. I wonder where Stephen and my friend are, and then decide to leave our lines out and keep at work independent of what more timid souls may do. It grows blacker, and quickly with swift approach, the blinding snow and sleet has filled the upper end of the lake. A sudden roar of suppressed fury fills the air, while shrieks and moans come down the wind, which has now excited Chateaugay herself, until she tosses and dashes her waters into a sea of whitecaps. A sharp blast, charged with needle-pointed sleet and hail which sting and burn like nettles, demonstrates the fact that the squall has arrived.

The wind blows as though old Boreas's cheeks would burst, and a nasty sea for a small boat is the result. Blinded by the sleet, chilled by the cold blast, and noticing the tremendous effort required to simply keep our boat head on, I reel in the lines and direct Tyler if possible to make Thomas's point and we will land. The suddenness with the fury of the squall is the wonder. Like a Titan, laboring and pulling at his oars, Tyler proves the value of stout arms and good ash, and presently we land. My friend comes running over the point at the same moment, having heard from another boat that we were "down the shore somewhere." They had been toward the head of the lake and when the squall struck them they drove before it until they landed on the other side of the same point bow-on. In twenty minutes the squall was a thing of the past—the sun was out in full glory, all nature smiled—the waters had smoothed their "wrinkled front" and a veritable steam, like thanksgiving incense from an altar, slowly wreathed its ascending way heavenward.

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Toward evening, just above Dick's and off Rocky Brook, Tyler, of course, regulating our speed, and the two trusty bamboos well hung. At noon of this day, just before the two boats in company pulled in shore for dinner, my friend landed a four and a half pounder, which brought his number even with mine, and exceeded me in gross weight. So, now, they were down the lake and we were up. To insure success Tyler had changed one of our drags, substituting a minnow gang for a spoon. Not a strike as yet! The sun sank lower. A fair wind gave ruffled surface to the lake. The warmer weather of these days made evening's approach delightful. The hour was heavenly. Swallows darting here and there, skimmed the surface of the water on equal wing, or chased each other in happy flight up into the blue overhead. The mud hen's cry was wafted to us from the swamps of South Inlet, while the indescribable plum-pudden of the solitary stake-driver answered back from the far-away Owlcout. The occasional flight of a pair of wild ducks seemed to indicate that almost everything was moving but the salmon. No strike as yet. I had filled my pipe anew, and after talks with Tyler respecting a tramp of six miles over to Ragged Lake, had resigned myself to lazy enjoyment of the scene, lying well back in my comfortably rigged seat. Tyler's even stroke was taking us across the mouth of Rocky Brook, and as his restless eye swept the shores of the lake and the water itself, he hummed the refrain of some Canadian boat song with constant repetition.

Buzz, zip-p, whirr! shrieked my reel No. 2. Like a lightning flash from a clear sky, it was startling in its unexpected run. I darted for my rod, while Tyler's warning came equally quick, "Have a care; that's a big fish!" The line sped away as though on a race, as the supple rod bent beneath the pull of the strain which was all I dared put upon it. Tyler dropped his oars and reeled in the other line with nervous energy. Should the lines tangle, it might mean the loss of the largest salmon struck this season. "Be careful; don't hurry him. Let him fight," tempered my own effort, as with a swirl and churn he darted away toward the deeper water. Then following in toward the boat I reeled to keep the prescribed curve on the rod. A sudden slackening of the line gave me fear he had shaken himself free. But the reel presently caught him, when the shriek came again, and the rod shook, as with savage speed he turned and darted away in his fight for life. The steady strain had its effect, however, and he again turned to follow the boat.

The other crew were not in sight and we hoped to capture this fellow before they should round the point.

My wrist tired somewhat in this continual getting the line, and now I had to give way again as the fish went steadily and slowly down in a veritable sulk, boring deep down as only the larger fish do.

But he began to tire also, and the steady, heavy strain drew him nearer the boat than he had ventured before. A whirl and a turn and a splash gave me new fright; but the hook held, and he began to yield again. In came more and more line, the strain was lighter, the line was quite short now, and I could stop his brief rushes with ease. Once or twice I had him near the boat, but he would sheer away at sight of me, as though he dreaded the net and knew that Tyler was ready to play his part with it.

I led him toward the bow, and saying to Tyler, "Be ready," I gave him the butt. A swift dip and recover, and the beauty was in the boat and the fight was over.

And he was a beauty! The scales marked nine pounds as he came from the lake, and we had to double him up as we packed him in the clean straw of our box.

I took off my hat and wiped my brow, for it had been a long and earnest fight.

Warm day had succeeded warm day until we determined to try the fly. One beautiful morning found both boats gliding toward the South Inlet, with trolling rods in place, whose quivering tips told of the free play of perfect spoons forty or fifty yards astern.

In each boat, however, lay the fly-rod, which was to fill this morning's delight, with carfully-selected leaders and the long-discussed choice of flies duly bent in place. We drew up the lake side by side, skirting the line of shore, save when we crossed the mouth of some deeper bay than we cared to wind around. All along the lake little fish continually broke with their little splash and ripple, while a gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the water in a most promising way.

Though we were early, that prince of fishermen, Dr. Bethune—who had been at the lake now for a few days—was earlier, and as we reeled in the trolling lines while crossing Lookout Bay we saw his erect figure and watched the play of his rod as it took on the poetry of motion under the inspiration of his trained hand and wrist.

My constant practice from the wharf in casting had enabled me to strike with some accuracy a desired spot, but with no success in gentleness and delicacy; my flies descended upon the water more like a charge of cavalry than the gentle fall of a lost fly, and I was conscious that Tyler had his thoughts.

My friend struck beauty after beauty, and, lost in admiration at his skill and success, I hooked on to stump and brush without effort, and even caught Tyler's hat, as the swish of the line brought the hook dangerously near his eyes.

Greater care and effort, and an eye single now to catching one single trout, if it might be, improved my casts and gave Tyler great relief. As my leader touched the water a sudden swirl and rush proclaimed its seductiveness, but my "twitch" was absurd, and I heard the voice, "You must strike quicker, Mr. B., if you want a fish; watch the fly and strike on the instant; don't twitch it back." Another careful cast; a rush, a strike; and what power had seized my rig? A rush down, a fluke here away, a wild and angry struggle, and with rod bending in graceful sweep from butt to tip I reeled in slowly with steady strain. As another rush and dive made the reel sing again, my faithful monitor cautioned me to be careful of the rod as I checked him. More line came in this time, and the steady strain was telling. He came nearer the boat, and his graceful form was easily seen as he followed reluctantly the persistent pull of the rod. One or two more darts and dives and he gave up and consented to be led nearer the fatal net. At last, while Tyler waited, I gave him the butt, the net dipped, and I had landed my first speckled trout—a pound's weight. All the morning we fished, casting until my wrist cried for mercy and my arm ached as seldom before.

A splendid string for my friend—a few for me—completed the morning's fly-fishing, and the wind rising to quite a blow, we reeled in our fly lines, laid aside the light rods, and setting again the trolling gear, we rowed down the lake for dinner.

* * * * * * *

I might extend the list of pictures—a tramp to Ragged Lake over six miles of trail, a visit to the Big Pine, other delightful experiences on the water and the story of "In Camp"—but your space is too valuable. Already I have trespassed, and tired you too, perhaps, but if this may inspire some plodder to improve the opportunity—if one ever presents itself to him—to drop for a while monotonous and routine work, and to study nature and delight in her gifts away in the wild corners of the backwoods, this trespass and weariness may be pardoned. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Scranton, Pa., Nov. 13.—As I was going to the Water Gap last week a gentleman from Mt. Bethel got on the train at Oakland Station with a string of 23 pheasants, the result of two days' sport. He reported them very plenty.—W. B. L.

CAMPING IN FLORIDA.

WHEN, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 8, I offered to answer inquiries regarding camping and sporting facilities, I did not realize what an amount of business I was getting myself into. I have kept the faith so far; but, like the cows that were always tumbling down the settler's dug-out chimney, it is getting monotonous. To write half the day and then sit up till 3 o'clock the next morning answering the same questions over and over by the light of the camp-fire, all the time conscious that I brought it on myself, is something that has a touch of grim humor about it which may tickle the other fellow hugely, but doesn't induce any great amount of hilarity on this side of the shanty.

Taking yesterday's mail, for example, and the questions, repeated almost verbatim in letter after letter, run about like the following:

First—"Where is Tarpon Springs, and how do you get there? I cannot find the place on any map, and a friend writes me that the steamer—when you are lucky enough to catch one—leaves you on a pile-head two miles out to sea, to be taken off by a barge—if the wind be fair and the bargeman sober."

Second—"What of the boating, shooting and fishing in your location? And is it true that the river is so crooked that a snake will tie himself in a knot trying to swim down it, with the coon oyster bars so plenty and prominent as to make it difficult getting up and down the river, even at high tide?"

Third—"What can good board be had for by the week or month, or, if I camp, what are the facilities for camping out? And would you advise bringing a tent? Can good boats be hired at the Springs, or had I better bring a sneak-box? And what sort of boat do you consider best for cruising on the Gulf coast, inside the keys mainly?"

Fourth—"I am an invalid, but not very green when it comes to an outing. Can still take care of myself and am a fair cook. My doctor advises a winter in Florida. With your experience and from your standpoint, briefly tell me just the sort of life you would advise me to lead there, the objects desired being health, as much sport with rod and gun as will suffice to give exercise and keep off ennui, and as close economy as is consistent with generous but plain living." (That inquirer talks business-like).

Fifth—"I am an ardent lover of fishing and hunting, and propose to spend a part of the coming winter in Florida. I am rather disposed to try your locality, but am told that many left there last winter to seek other places where the fishing and hunting was better. Is that so? Tell me just how it is, etc."

The above comprises the list of questions I am called on to answer, sometimes a dozen times a day. And most of them are already answered, either in FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 8, or in the little book "Woodcraft," if people would read carefully and remember. However, I will answer briefly, and I trust, succinctly:

First—Tarpon Springs is on the Gulf coast, in latitude 28° 10' north. The town is built on high, dry, oak and pine land, on a large bayou of the Anclote River, three miles (by the channel) from the mouth of the river. It is exceptionally healthy. It is easily reached either from Tampa or Cedar Keys by the steamer Governor Safford, which makes regular trips between the two places. The new steamer Mary Disston was only put on the route this week. She is light draft, and was built expressly to run inside and transfer passengers and freight from the Safford. Passengers are now landed on the wharf within two minutes' walk of three good hotels without the least bother or delay. You will hardly find Tarpon Springs on any map. The maps are older than the town, which had its birth two years ago last March. Considering its age, and that it is a semi-tropical town, it makes a very respectable showing.

Second—Boating and canoeing, by sail, oar or paddle, I consider of the best. There is unlimited inside cruising for hundreds of miles for light-draft boats; and those who like salt spray and a breezy thrash to windward can get there in an hour from the Springs. The channel is crooked, but is well marked and buoyed, and boys of a dozen years often beat out of the river in an hour with a head wind. The coon are there, but a little knowledge of the river enables one to avoid them at low tide, while at high tide a boat glides over them. Shooting for shore birds on the flats, inside or outside the keys, is fine, the birds being numerous and in great variety. Duck shooting on the river fair to middling. You can always kill as many as you can use. Quail plenty, but the winter boarders keep them thinned out near the hotels. Fishing good, both salt and fresh-water fish being abundant. Fair deer and turkey hunting may be had by going from five to ten miles.

Third—Good board can be had at the Tarpon House at $40 to $50 per month; Tropical House, $30 to $40; Fernald House, $1 per day, two in one room $6 per week. The facilities for camping out are as good as I have ever seen. If you prefer a tent, bring one. They are all engaged here. I prefer a board shanty with lean-to roof, (see "Woodcraft"). Good skiffs are kept for hire at $1 per day, $3 per week. I consider the Barnegat sneakbox the very best boat built for this coast. And if I had one I wouldn't mind making it my home for the winter, keeping the little Rushton in tow for exploring out-of-the-way rivers, lakes, bayous, etc.

Fourth—For an invalid suffering from difficulties of the respiratory organs, I know of no land offering better promise of a cure than this same Gulf coast. That is why I am here. And I advise just the sort of life I am living: loafing, puttering around camp, keeping up pleasant fires in front of the open shanty, especially in damp weather; hunting, fishing, canoeing, tramping about the woods, and always contriving to put in a full day on something that interests and amuses. You can build a board camp for less than $10, and it will be worth something when you are done with it; and you can live in camp like a pugnacious rooster for $2 per week with help from the rod and gun.

Fifth—An "ardent lover of fishing and hunting" might not find this country up to his notions of sport. These ardent lovers have thinned out the game in Florida to some extent, and it is not so promising in the way of promiscuous slaughter as when Hallock wrote in the "Gazetteer." There is game enough for those who know where and how to find and kill it. Yesterday morning a cracker cart passed within two yards of my back-logs with venison to sell. And while I have been writing this morning another comes along the same path with deer and wild turkey for sale.

"Killed 'em up the river about three mile," he says. "Why don't you come out and hunt with us as you 'lowed?" he adds. "We can give you a shot any day."

I have not been "out" because it does not need. I can buy a piece of juicy venison almost every day from a cracker. I had venison on a forked stick for breakfast and dinner yesterday, broiled to a turn, with a splendid bit of sirloin

roast for supper, which "Tarpon" and I demolished between us. There is no need that I go tiring myself tramping through hamaks about the headwaters of the Anclote or the Cootie, though I have invitations to live with and hunt with my cracker acquaintances that would fill out the winter. When the weather gets a little cooler I shall make some hunting visits; also carry out the programme of "hunting cahoots with Geo. Gause." When we succeed in shooting a cahoot will mount the skin and forward it to the office of FOREST AND STREAM for the inspection of the supernally witty naturalists who have taken such lively and intelligent interest in the cahoot question. NESSMUK.

Several correspondents ask "What has become of the cruise of the sharpie?" It was partly written out two months ago. But there were some points connected with summer cruising among the shoals and keys of the Gulf coast that it struck me had never been just rightly elucidated by any previous writer, and I thought best to hold my luff until I had fairly weathered the heat and the black mosquito of the keys, by all odds the worst of his kind. The weather has grown fine and cool. But a trip to the keys last Sunday proved that the black mosquito still lived. He is like the poor. N——K.

AMONG THE GULF KEYS.

WE have just returned from a successful whaling voyage. Three days ago "Nessmuk" and myself started out with the Honest John for a trial trip. We were afloat early and worked our way to the mouth of the river, where we stopped for a chat with friends. Meanwhile along comes the crack boat of the river. Now is our chance for a race; as we are confident of winning we give the crack a good start and then after him. The crack starts out close-hauled for the keys, and Honest John with flat sheets prepared to follow. By the way, Honest John is not a cutter. We soon pick up the little fellow and lap on to his weather quarter. He tries to outpoint, but it can't be done, and nicely blanketing him we pass on.

We reach the keys at 11 A. M., "Nessmuk" starts a fire for dinner, I start for beach birds. As I walk along the beach a porpoise, also after his dinner, runs himself hard and fast on the sand. The whaling instinct, so long dormant, is roused and with my pocket knife for a lance I go for the prize, and I soon have the porpoise. Dragging him into deep water I tow him back to the landing.

Did you ever try porpoise steak? It is good, all the same. Dinner cooked and eaten, we take an early start to explore the key. Palmetto, pine, niangrove and bayonet; beach birds, coons and fiddlers; miles of white beach, acres of blue water, millions of little white caps, a bright sun, a crisp salt breeze and all outdoors to enjoy it in. What a sight. Two old graybeards running around in the surf barefoot, lying on the sand, picking up shells, chasing soldier crabs. Who wouldn't when he could? At night each rolls himself in his blanket and lies down under the stars.

Twelve o'clock comes and with it a norther. Whew! how it does blow. "Nessmuk" doubles up like a grub, while I start for shelter. Only a few steps away is a thicket of mangroves. In a trice the remains of our fire are carried into the dense part of it. Then the camp ax comes into play. Bushes are cut, a wind break made, a tarpaulin stretched for the threatened rain, and in a short half hour we are comfortable again.

In the morning the wind had dropped somewhat, but was still quite heavy. The tryworks were now organized and our whale is stripped of his jacket. The fact is we want some oil for our guns, etc.; besides we want the fun of playing at whaling. "Nessmuk" goes to sleep while I mince blubber, tend fire, manufacture impromptu boilers, strainers, etc.; and imagine I am doing a huge business—with one porpoise and a three-pint kettle. By working patiently and carefully, we manage to get a quart of fine oil, and we vote whaling a good business.

On one of the keys we find a well made by the sponge fishermen. On another are the ruins of a house, and an old clearing said to have been made by some men who did not care to fight in the Confederate army, and so came here and fought mosquitoes. There are legends concerning buried treasure here. We did not find any. Some of the old Spanish purchase money is said to have been hidden here. If so it was hidden effectually.

But the chief charm of the keys are the grand stretches of white beach on the gulf side. They are white and even, from twelve to twenty yards in width, and backed by a fringe of cabbage palms. Back of these is usually a shell ridge, then a grassy savanna, ending in a dense growth of mangroves on the shore side. Bird life is well represented here—curlew, snipe, heron, plover, pelicans, cormorant, now and then an ibis, the roseate spoonbill or pink curlew, as it is called here. Of mammals the coon is the sole representative, so far as I have seen. On some of the keys further south there are deer and sometimes bear. Fish can be caught easily and in almost any quantity. There are redfish or channel bass, grouper, drum, sheepshead, snapper, sea trout, cavalle, etc.

Taking them all round, the keys are a pleasant place for a day or a week's outing. We found them so at all events. When we finally swung the Honest John's bowsprit toward the river mouth, it was with a feeling that our time had been well spent. The norther had blown itself out, and we found boats out in force for an afternoon's sail, and although, as I remarked before, Honest John is not a cutter, we had no trouble to keep up with the procession. We sped along, over the bar, into the river, past the little town, past the mills, and as we rounded up to the wharf at home, the stars were twinkling cheerily and our eyes were winking wearily.

TARPON.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Nov. 2.

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the FOREST AND STREAM actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

2. In general excellence the reading columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are of a higher grade than those of any similar publication in the world.

3. Taking into account the amount and the character of weekly reading given, the FOREST AND STREAM is away ahead of any similar publication in the world.

4. If a sportsman wishes a sportsman's paper, he will be better suited by the FOREST AND STREAM than by any similar publication in the world.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE WHITE GOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Did I say the horse was sixteen feet high?" "Yes, you did." "Then, by heavens, I will stick to it." Such appears to be the manner in which Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman acts in reference to his recent articles on the white goat.

After my first letter appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM reviewing his which appeared in the *Century* of last year, others appeared from gentlemen, whose knowledge on these matters deserved the highest consideration, corroborating in the most substantial manner my statements and views on the subject, and Mr. G. bowed in all humility to their dictum, at the same time stating that he did not consider mine worth noticing—not in so many words, but practically to the same effect. Later Messrs. Fannin and Griffin undertook to give similar testimony, the result of their experiences. Mr. G. has sought to demolish us with one fell swoop in one letter to your paper, after the plan of the Roman emperor who wished that all his subjects had but one head so that they might all be decapitated with one blow.

What has been written by me was done with the best possible intention of correcting, so far as I knew, errors of a grave description relating to matters of natural history; and if in so doing the sensitive nerves of Mr. G. were wounded, who was to blame? On this issue I am willing to discuss the subject and on no other. When Mr. G. shirks the point and becomes obscured in a Puget Sound smoke of his own raising, he must take the consequences.

It is to be very much regretted that a person who has crossed the Atlantic thirteen times and visited the Puget Sound country five times should not be able to give information of an interesting and valuable character, instead of that which is faulty and worthless. The book which would contain all that Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman does not know about the white goat would be an exceedingly large volume.

J. C. HUGHES.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., Nov. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From that portion of British Columbia which is the border land between civilization and the domain of the savage—where the yet untamed Siwash stalks forth, blanket-clad, in quest of his daily ration of roots and grasshoppers, Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman pokes his head out of his fur sack and once more shouts "Antelope Goat!" I can imagine him—on the banks of the tranquil Kootenay, beneath the lee of some granite boulder, ensconced in his fur bag, and, like the Esquimaux, "dreaming the happy hours away" until rudely awakened by the uncultivated growl from the fog-shrouded shores of Burrard Inlet. With what a burst of descriptive eloquence he commences his letter in your issue of Oct. 15! But before he reaches the sixth line of the first paragraph he begins to blunder. It will be news to the people of Burrard Inlet that the Cascade Mountains form the background of their harbor. But Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman's knowledge of the geography of British Columbia and his acquaintance with the habits and distribution of the white goat seem about equal to each other. Only one thing is proved by this last letter of his, and that one thing is, that Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman was a very angry man when he wrote it.

And no doubt it was a piece of great presumption on my part to question the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Baillie-Grohman. The poor, bald fact of my twenty odd years' experience of the habits of the white goat, in widely separated districts—during which time I have probably killed more of them than Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman ever saw—cannot, of course, weigh for a moment against his boast that he has crossed the ocean thirteen times to try to kill something. As Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman would say, the true *"raison d'etre"* of his "hereditary scorn" is divulged in this. And, indeed, when one comes to consider it calmly, it is quite too utterly absurd, you know, that one who lives in such an out-of-the-world corner as this, one who actually has to work for a livelihood, should poke his head out of his "Siwash-built" cabin, to question the opinions of Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman. The trouble with Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman's account of the white goat is just this: Shooting a few goats in a locality where they are rare and difficult of access, he builds on his limited experience a theory as to the habits of the animal, which a wider acquaintance therewith would have corrected. Had he returned and related his exploits, and been content with that, no one would have objected to a little of that long-bow practice common with young hunters, but when he sets up for an authority, lays down the law as to the only proper or possible method of hunting the animal, and chalks out the limit of its southern range, he goes a little too far. Doubtless he would have defined its distribution northward also, had not that wonderful Puget Sound smoke choked him off.

When his statements are questioned by an officer of the U. S. Army, he graciously bows submission; but when an obscure hunter ventures to hint that there may yet be a few things which he does not know about goats, his fur sack gets too warm for him, and he pokes out his head and shows his teeth.

Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman persists in saying that only three museums in the world possess specimens of the white goat, although this statement has been shown to be erroneous by so high an authority as the Natural History editor of the FOREST AND STREAM.

The skin of the white goat is practically of no commercial value here. An Indian—or a white man for that matter—might hawk a dozen of them around for a week, and not succeed in disposing of them for one dollar apiece, Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman's assertion that they find a ready market in Victoria, to the contrary notwithstanding. In fact I am at a loss to know to what use they could be put. A few are purchased for mats, but no matter how well they are tanned the hair comes out and they become a nuisance and are kicked out of doors. So small is the demand for them that an Indian very rarely shoots a goat with a view of disposing of the skin to the whites; on the contrary, as soon as the skin is removed from the animal it is cut full of slits from three to ten inches long. All but two of thirty or forty skins which I saw last spring in the Moodyocks ranche were mutilated in this way—why, I have not been able to ascertain.

A Hudson's Bay musket, on this coast at least, is not a rifle; and Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman's announcement that he has seen Sharps and Winchesters badly beaten by these old flint-locks must be a crushing blow to the promoter of the FOREST AND STREAM trajectory test; they must "fees tired" when they realize that they have been spending time and money on arms that must now take a back seat in the presence of the iron tubes and "flash pans" of a bygone age. Verily, the world is moving—backward, and Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman is the Atlas who packs it on his shoulders!

What I stated in that paragraph of my former letter in which I discussed the relation of the white goat to the antelope—a paragraph from which Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman quotes only a few carefully selected words—was that there was nothing of the latter animal in the appearance or actions of the white goat as I have seen it. I did not discuss the "affinities" of the "skull and other bones"—such matters I leave to naturalists.

Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman's hint about our disinterested invitation to Eastern sportsmen is not, in one sense, far from the mark. We do expect that the Province, at least, will derive benefit from their visits; and, personally, we do not anticipate—for those of them whom we have met were gentlemen—that any one of them will, in a state of absent-mindedness, bid farewell to our camp-fire, leaving us poorer than he found us. If Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman wishes me to notice him further he must in discussing the habits, etc., of the white goat, confine himself to his own experiences, and he must also keep his temper or abstain from using language more befitting a "poker sharp" than a sportsman. Whether or not my domicile is of the primitive style of architecture which he mentions, is a matter of no interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Log cabin or stately mansion play but a very small part indeed in moulding the characters of those who dwell within them, and it no more follows that he of the former may not be a gentleman than that a gilded fraud could not graduate from the latter.

HASTINGS, B. C., Oct. 30, 1885. R. GRIFFIN.

HABITS OF THE GILA MONSTER.

THE following letter, received by Dr. H. C. Yarrow, Curator of Reptilia in the National Museum, is interesting. So little is known about *Heloderma suspectum* that any facts about it are eagerly read:

DEAR SIR—In conversation with Dr. Stephen Bowen a few evenings since the subject of the Gila monster (*Heloderma suspectum*) was brought up, and the Doctor stated that you claimed that the reptile was not poisonous. I have a fine specimen of the *Heloderma suspectum*, which I have been investigating for the last four months with a view of learning its habits the more correctly; but have not attempted to demonstrate its venomous qualities, and have thought that you might probably be interested in the results that I have reached. I have been told that the animal is very poisonous; in fact if half what has been told me is true there cannot be any doubt but the Gila monster is very poisonous.

The information that I have obtained respecting this point, together with some correspondence with persons who live in Arizona, I will forward to you in a short time. The animal I have was sent me four months ago from Arizona—near Phœnix. For more than a month I was unable to find anything in the shape of food that it would eat, when one portion concluded to try a fresh chicken's egg. Breaking the shell, so that the white of the egg ran out, and placing the egg near its nose, I had the satisfaction, [illegible] of seeing it lap up the contents of the egg-shell somewhat as a kitten does milk. Since this time I have given it an egg per day, and it is doing finely on this diet.

The animal has some very interesting habits; its mode of drinking water is peculiar. Putting its head under the water up to its eyes it then laps out its tongue for a few moments taking in water until its mouth seems full to distention. Then it raises it head and body almost straight up, and, by a movement similar to that of a snake swallowing a toad, it contracts the anal portion of the abdomen first, then the entire muscles of the abdomen contract and seem to crawl forward until the water passes into its stomach. After going through this interesting process three or four times it starts off, stopping frequently as though listening for the approach of some enemy. I have discovered that it is very susceptible to sound, especially the voice. I may pound on the box in which it is confined without disturbing it, but if I speak sharply it will rise up, listen for a moment, and then hurry away to some other portion of the box.

As to what is called its breath I am not satisfied whether the belief that the natives have of it being venomous is true or not. If I place a clean window pane in front of its mouth and then touch its tail to make it blow and continue the experiment a few moments I observe that it deposits a sort of light colored mildew dust on the glass. I first discovered this peculiar feature by placing it in a shallow box with a clean glass over the top for the purpose of exhibiting it at our county fair; but so heavy was this mould-like dust deposited on the glass that shortly I was unable to see it through the glass, and I had to resort to a deep box without a glass. This dust is not a mist.

The animal is very lively, and I know that it recognizes me, as I can do almost anything with it alone, but when any one comes up it immediately begins to show signs of fear and tries to get back into its box.

I am unable to discover any fangs and believe it has none. When approached by any object resembling a skunk or squirrel in shape and size, by fastening it on the end of a stick and pushing it up to the monster, it attempts to defend itself by biting at the object, but does so by a lateral motion of the head and body, but never—although placed right in front—does it attempt to jump or strike forward, but will immediately turn sidewise and then strike the object as a wild boar does when attacked. It always blows in connection with its strike.

I would forward the reptile to you if you desire to make further investigations, but I presume you have done so to your perfect satisfaction.

The correspondence with the parties written to in Arizona will be forwarded as soon as I get it in shape, together with the affidavits. Yours very truly, DR. S. P. GUIBERSON.

SANTA PAULA, Ventura County, Cal., Aug. 25, 1885.

COLLECTING BIRD SPECIMENS.—Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some of your readers may remember that a few months ago I made a rather earnest protest, to put it mildly, against the wholesale collecting of birds for scientific purposes, especially as concerned a report by Mr. Wm. Brewster of the collecting of specimens of Swainson's warbler. I thought then that I was quite justified in denouncing it as wanton butchery; but in a recent private letter Mr. Brewster makes an explanation which convinces me that I was quite wrong. And now, as an act of justice to him and his co-laborer Mr. Wayne, I wish to acknowledge

that I wrote in a heat of temper that was caused greatly by my ignorance of the variety of the bird, and of the little that was known of him. I am no ornithologist, as the editor of FOREST AND STREAM can testify from my frequent inquiries about birds that are well enough known to even novices in the science, and I did not know but Swainson's warblers were as common as orioles were before birds in hats came in fashion. And so it seemed to me there had been an unwarrantable slaughter of them. As to the necessity of killing nesting birds, opinions may honestly differ; and I have really no right to sit in judgment, for I once shot half a dozen robins (the only ones I ever shot) in May for a friend who was in the last stages of consumption, and whose failing and capricious appetite nothing but robins would satisfy. Poor fellow, a fortnight later robins were hopping over his grave. I never could be quite sure whether my act would be forgiven when all our acts must finally be accounted for, nor whether I could quite forgive myself for it. I will finish eating my bit of humble pie with the confession that I am now glad Mr. Wayne was not wasted by malaria nor bitten by moccasins—"considerin'."—V.

CRAYFISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.—I notice that Mr. Clapham has put out some crayfish in his stream, and that he asks if they are likely to thrive. Undoubtedly they will, as all nuisances do. In Western New York they were the worst enemies I had to contend with in my trout ponds. They burrowed around the flumes and kept the pond leaking, and also caught young trout. The best thing I found to protect dams against their tunnels was spent tan-bark, in which they would not dig. I have often rejoiced that they were not natives of Long Island, and hope that they will not get over to the State hatchery while it is under my charge. We are some twelve or fifteen miles east of Mr. Clapham, but if they increase with him there are a dozen ways in which they may spread to other waters. I have spent so much labor in repairing their damages that I dread them. Of what possible use they are I do not know. As bait there are other things as good, while their slow growth and mischievous habits overbalance any benefit to be derived from their use as food. There are several species, but all of them burrow. The one that troubled my ponds did not build chimneys of mud around its hole, as do the Western kinds, but was often found under stones in the streams and burrowed through dams. I understand that the crayfish has often done great damage to the levees along the Mississippi River, causing thousands of dollars worth of damage.—FRED MATHER.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SOME OLD-TIME RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The choice and quality of guns, which seems to be so freely discussed in your columns, amounts only to a matter of opinion. But the proposed trajectory test, perhaps, may prove some facts heretofore unlearned. In this day and age of improvements there are scores of gunmakers who can and do make guns perfect enough to satisfy any reasonable man who knows how to use a gun. I remember many old hunters who had their favorite guns, and however old and dilapidated they were, there were always some hidden virtues about them that nobody else knew of.

My earliest experience in woods lore was in camping out with an old big-footed Dutchman, before I was ten years old. He was an inveterate coon hunter, and also hunted and killed several deer every season with an old flintlock musket, and, for lack of moulds, used hammered balls; never knew him to load with buckshot. Now, that old German verily believed that he had the best gun that could be made, simply because he had never used any other. That gun had no sights except a small iron block near the muzzle which once held the bayonet. I was amused even then when the old man informed me that in shooting twenty-five or thirty rods he believed that it carried a few inches to the right—or left. I have forgotten which. My sincere respect to his memory.

As soon as I was old enough (by almost superhuman efforts) to shoulder and carry a gun I succeeded in purchasing a Lancaster rifle, a flint lock of course, the possession of which made me feel immensely rich beyond computation. Subsequently I had it altered to pill-percussion, and I felt positively certain that I had one of the best rifles out, from the fact that there were no better made at that early day. The caliber of the Lancaster rifle ranged from forty to seventy round balls to the pound, and the barrels thirty-six to forty-four inches in length, most of them with curl maple stocks and usually silver mounted. I speak more particularly of the Lancaster because it once had a greater and wider spread notoriety than any other make.

In process of time I began to use rifles of other make, notably Buchannon & Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., who manufactured rifles through one decade. Their guns were made somewhat after the Lancaster pattern, but varied more in the size of bore, say from sixty to two hundred, and the average length of barrels was even greater than the Lancaster, which I think was decidedly unnecessary. But their rifles were handsomely stocked, fine sighted, had good locks and were close shooters—stocks heavily silver mounted as usual. At the same time (fifty years ago) Haberstro, of Buffalo, N. Y., was making rifles. Bore about sixty round balls, barrels twenty-six to thirty inches, which were then considered very short guns. They were rather plain stocked but proved to be very effective hunting rifles.

It was about this time that the pill-percussion priming came into use, which was thought to be a great invention, and it certainly was a long stride in the line of improvements. There were two grades, one of which was precisely the size and color of red mustard seed, and the other, coarser kernel, nearly the size and color of black onion seed. The invention of caps was but a little improvement on the pellets, and in some respects not any. The pellets were sure fire, and a little cold tallow applied made the priming as sure waterproof as the best caps. There was no cone to get clogged with dirt, burned powder and broken pieces of caps, etc. There were also at that time several one-horse gun shops (so-called) which were scattered through the western part of New York, where the best target rifles were made, and for a few years long-range target practice was made a specialty by a numerous class of sportsmen. Those target rifles were 28 to 32-inch barrels, weight 11 to 14 pounds, bore 60 to 80 round, though conical bullets were commonly used. From 300 to 450 yards was then considered long range.

I once had a target rifle made to order, 28-inch barrel, weight 10 pound, caliber something over 100, or what would be in modern breechloaders .38 or .40, and I used conical bullets. That gun averaged better scores up to 300 yards than any other in that whole region. The barrel was no better than hundreds of others. But the grand secret was, first, in the hair trigger that threw off by a light pressure of the finger without creep or crawl; second, in the nicely and correctly adjusted globe and peep sights, a requisite which I consider essentially as important as anything pertaining to a gun, whether open sights or otherwise.

I never presumed to claim any superior skill in target practice. My best hold was using the hunting rifle and off-hand shooting.

I am not so well posted on breechloaders as I have been on muzzleloaders, but I have used several breechloaders of different make and could pick up a good hunting rifle among the Marlins, Maynards, or the Bullards or Remingtons. I am rather in favor of the magazine repeating rifle for hunting large game. ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW, TENN.

SHOOTING RESORTS NEAR NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from my first trial of partridge shooting, and being delighted with its result I write you for the benefit of the many who desire to give it a trial, but knowing the difficulty attached to obtaining a good bag, desist because they do not know where to go, or whom to get for a guide.

I spent five days with "Uncle John" Waldorf, at Woodbourne Hotel, Woodburne, Sullivan county, N. Y., which is about four miles from Fallsburg station on the N. Y., O. & W. R. R. "Uncle John" met me at the depot with a conveyance, as I had notified him previously. During the three days' shooting I bagged twenty-one partridges, and could have had as many partridges as I wished; they are plentiful, but I do not think they should be shot until the ground is frozen.

Ely Garrett was my guide, and with him and his dogs any ordinary shot can at any time be sure of a good bag. On the fourth day I told Ely that I wanted a fish; he objected, as the weather was cold and luck would be poor. I insisted, however, and after a drive of five miles we obtained a boat on Brown's Pond. The wind blew, our teeth chattered, but within fifteen minutes my float was gone and in five minutes more I had landed a splendid pickerel weighing 2¼ pounds. We remained fishing for two hours, and caught ten pickerel weighing 14¼ pounds and nine perch weighing 6¼ pounds. We were stiff from the cold by that time, and were about to start for home when four ducks sailed up the pond, and we went after them; we shot three of them, and they were the finest teal I ever tasted. The partridges were fat and juicy.

Any amateur would have good sport with Ely Garrett, as he is careful to advise what and how to do, and can regulate the day's work so as to please either the rapid or the slow-moving hunter, and will, in proper seasons, guarantee good shooting or fishing. I have always obtained good sport when he told me it could be had by visiting him. At this season good fox hunting can be had every day; and then there are winter fishing for pickerel and trout fishing in the spring. SHORT TRIPS.

DAYS WITH THE WILDFOWL.

LEAVING Phiadelphia at 12:05 P. M. on Wednesday last with a friend we arrived at Perryville at 2 P. M., where we were met by two others, making the proper number for shooting from a double sinkbox, as it is necessary for comfort to change off every hour and a half or two hours. We landed on the Havre de Grace side, where we were met by Captain Burroughs and crew of the J. L. Williams, who soon took us with our traps aboard. In a short time we started under double reef, down toward the battery, intending to take position inside the line on the west shore, as on Monday, the first day of the open season, the best boats had been made there, but we saw so few ducks on the way down that we concluded to go on to Spesutia Island. We saw many ducking crafts lying along shore, ready to cross the line early the next morning. There seemed to be a double purpose in the run for positions on the west shore, first to secure the best chances for ducks, and second to find cover from the wind, which was holding very steadily and strong and looked "like it was goin' to stay," as our colored steward said. We hove to under shelter of Spesutia Island, just below Locust Point, where we lay quite comfortably during the night. We turned in in a comfortable cabin about 10 P. M. with many forebodings of the weather for the morrow as at that time there was no let up to the blow.

During the night one or another of the party could be heard quietly slipping out to take an observation of the weather. Whether this had anything to do with it or not, by 5 o'clock A. M.—the time for crossing the line—the blow was over, and we had just what we wanted—cloudy weather and wind enough to keep the decoys in motion. We ran well over to the eastern shore and put out some two miles above Turkey Point light. The men worked with a will, the box was put overboard, decoys set, shooters put in and our scow run to her anchorage, about a mile away; but before the anchor dropped several ducks had fallen to our amateurs, who, as it proved, worked like old stagers all day, doing some very good execution. The wind held steady, at no time getting too rough for the shooting. The flight to our box was not heavy, but very steady all day, and very fairly taken care of, resulting in a boat of eighty-three ducks, mostly redheads. No canvasbacks darted to our box during the day, and we had concluded that none were on yet, but during the afternoon many thousands came up off of the bay, very few alighting on the flats. A little cold weather will surely bring first-class canvasback shooting.

On Monday, the first day's shooting, the high boat was reported at 316, many others running 150 to 200. It was estimated that four to five thousand ducks had been boated; the second day from three to four thousand, and on Friday boats of from 50 to 125 were made. This is the finest shooting made there for some years, and I think is mainly attributable to the spring shooting having been an entire failure, because of the ice remaining up to the close season (April 1). This was followed by the heaviest growth of wild celery known for some time. I have heard it said that a first-class day among the ducks was like drawing a prize in a lottery; if this is so, there were certainly three prizes drawn this week. Three of my friends are going to Virginia on Monday next for quail shooting; if anything of interest occurs will drop you a line. D. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7.

ONTARIO GAME.

DUCKS have been very plentiful this year, but the shooting has been poor, owing to the constant harassing of the birds, which have been shot at every day, Sundays included, and at night on their feeding grounds. The principal marshes are in the county of Prince Edward, and as the County Judge of that county, R. P. Gellett, Esq., is an old and ardent sportsman and an occasional contributor to your columns, I trust that he will endeavor to put the law in motion against the numerous and persistent violations of its provisions. If this is not done, duck shooting in this part of the country will soon be numbered with the sports that were. Some two years ago an effort was made to preserve the Prince Edward marshes, which can be done at a small expense under the laws of the Province of Ontario by all the owners of the land bordering on the marsh consenting to the formation of a preserve and petitioning the government to that effect, when a charter is issued. The sportsmen of this city proposed to pay the expense of procuring the charter, some $50, and to appoint a watcher or gamekeeper, on condition of being allowed membership in the incorporation, leaving the control, however, in the hands of the farmers; but the latter, after signing the petition, listened to evil counsel and abandoned the project. They now wish to form the preserve on the terms which were rejected, but it is too late.

Partridge (ruffed grouse) have been more plentiful in this district than for many years past, and several large bags have been made. Woodcock were also numerous during the season, but they have migrated. Snipe were very scarce in their usual haunts owing to the heavy rainfall during August and September.

Deer hunters in the northern townships have had excellent sport, but it is getting to be dangerous to go into the woods in pursuit of this noble game, some four or five persons having been shot by over-anxious hunters in mistake for deer in the forests of central Ontario since the opening of the season.

A strong effort will be made at the next session of the Legislature of Ontario to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the spring shooting of ducks. That the effort may prove successful is the earnest wish of R. S. B.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 10.

FORTY YEARS AT BARNEGAT.

IN your issue of Oct. 29, "John" thinks that "Uncle John" is a wonderful old man, to be able at the age of seventy to shoot so well, and so he is; but I can tell him of two old gunners who can shoot as well now as ever, and their ages, taken together, are over one hundred and fifty years. Forty years ago "Uncle Josie" Field, James Cooper, and John Bergan, talking over the gunning of that spring and the number of ducks killed on the Shrewsbury River, spoke of the number of ducks and geese said to be on Barnegat Bay, and how they would like a trip in the fall. It was ever a topic which they loved to discuss. The long looked-for morning at length arrived, clear and cold for the season, and about 3 A. M. the start was made from Red Bank. Sunrise saw the sportsmen well on their way, through Long Branch, then only a hamlet, through what is now Asbury Park, Ocean Beach and Sea Girt, then only a wild country of catbriers, pines and cedars, the roads the worst possible, being of a white, loose sand six inches deep. There were no bridges to speak of in those days, and so they had to ford some rivers and drive around others too deep to ford. Finally they arrived at Point Pleasant, about noon. Here Charley Stout, with his six feet of good nature and two hundred pounds of duck shooting qualities, met them to show the way to "Maxon's," seven miles down the beach, where Jim Loveland, one of the best duck shots of his day, and who always helped "Uncle Josie" to kill his game, and Charlie Lawrence, who knew every marsh, every spear of sedge and every muskrat hole in the upper bay, and who was the champion of Bergen, would meet them. Then there was Charlie Stout, whom every duck shooter who goes to Barnegat knows, and to his credit, too, for he is a famous hunter. He always took Cooper to the best point and loved to see the old man shoot. Here at Maxon's they would sit and talk duck till the canvasbacks, mallards and broadbills would stop to listen as the "quack! quack!" would float up through the chimney, then quack back their defiance as they winged their way to the tempting feeding grounds—the finest duck ground in America.

Early in the morning would find each party ready for the game, and almost always they brought in good bags. Thus for thirty years they went spring and fall, until the railroads made the trip shorter and the increase of shooting drove the ducks down the bay to the inlet, or even south of it. Then they began to go separately, and finally Uncle Josie gave it up on the plea of want of time, and though now ninety-four, he is as well and hale as at sixty.

This year Cooper, who is now eighty-one years old, went to Barnegat on the N. J. S. R. R., where Captain Mathews, who owns one of the best points and the best sailboat on the bay, met him to take him down to the shooting grounds. Cooper uses a 10 bore, shoots 4 drams powder and 1⅛ ounces shot, and says that he can kill better than by using more of a charge. He can kill as well now as at forty, and feels as much like it as ever; in fact, his trip this year makes him feel more like thirty than over eighty. On Oct. 28 he had nineteen single wing-shoots, and killed fifteen of them, using second barrel only four times. He is yet, as he always has been, considered one of the best every-day shots who comes to the bay.

Dr. Warner, of patent medicine fame, also employs Captain Mathews; and when Mathews told the Doctor of the old gunner who had shot over every inch of the bay and related that he was this year eighty-one, "Captain," said the Doctor, "give the old gentleman my stateroom and let him use my new box. I hope he will kill the first duck from it." And he did. Mathews and Cooper raised their guns together, but the old man was too quick and brought down the game before his younger gunner could pull trigger.

Bergan also went to Barnegat the same day. He had only fair shooting, as the weather was too warm and the wind did not blow enough to move the stools; the ducks that did come he cut down as well as ever, and secured fifteen or eighteen.

For two such old men to go off alone shooting (which means that one must be out at daylight), and kill ducks as they did, is rather more of a feat for old men than John's "Uncle John" killing a squirrel at thirty paces or hitting an acorn at twenty, resting the rifle on a fence.

If the readers of FOREST AND STREAM could hear these two old men talk duck they would go crazy, or else move at

once for some good duck ground. Cooper and Bergan have killed every kind of waterfowl from the little dipper to the beautiful swan, and they love now to sit and talk over their many trips; for after forty or fifty years of duck shooting they can tell some yarns that would make even the Ancient Mariner open his eyes. They can tell of whole flocks of broadbills being cut down, or of one single one killed at a distance that your readers would not believe if I should tell it; and how once a black duck came sailing over, only to fall plump in a muskrat hole and to be lost. And so year after year they go, only once now, in the fall, to take one more trip, which is all the pleasure they care for. They talk of the trip for eleven months of the year. Some fall will find their places filled by younger gunners, who will hear of the wonderful old men who could stand all day and shoot as well as the best young men. WAD.

RED BANK, N. J.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is now time that the effects of the non-bounding law in New York began to show themselves, and I think that many would be interested to read reports from various sections of the Adirondacks. For myself I would be especially glad to hear from the Saranac and St. Regis localities and also from the Raquette River country. Such questions as the following may bring out answers, in which all those who have the welfare of the North Woods at heart, would be greatly interested: Has hounding been generally practiced since the passage of the law in the above mentioned localities? If so have the wardens or their deputies been conversant with the fact? Have any complaints been made and any indictments been found against any sportsmen for the violation of the non-hounding law? If so have the persons indicted been acquitted or convicted? What is the sentiment of those sportsmen who frequent these places as regards the advantages and disadvantages of the law as it now stands? What is the feeling among the guides regarding it? By guides I do not mean one or two, but the general sentiment among the guides as a class through these sections. We have read in your paper articles from the extreme western part of the Adirondacks and a few short notes from Mr. A. R. Fuller, of Meacham, but nothing definite has yet met my eye concerning the large tract of country embraced in the sections above mentioned. As a very large number of people—sportsmen, invalids, tourists, and others—annually visit this section, it seems to me that some account of the working of the law, whether for good or bad, ought to be given to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

AMPERSAND.

REYNARD'S WILES.—Fair Haven, Vt., Nov. 13.—Reading an account of foxes climbing trees in FOREST AND STREAM, reminds me of a little incident that happened here some years since. A friend of mine who is quite a fox hunter started out one cool, clear morning in mid-winter with two hounds. They had no been out very long before they started a fox from his lodge under a shelving rock. The hounds gave him a warm run for three or four hours up and down the ridge. A little after noon they came near a sawmill and here the scent was lost. My friend hearing the hounds continually in one spot, crossed over to them and found a medium-sized pine tree partly blown over and no sign of the fox beyond the foot of the tree. After looking the tree over for some time he spied the fox up in the very top of it, taking his midday nap in the bright sun. He brought it to the ground with a charge of buckshot. On another occasion two hounds had been running a large fox one morning on a range of hills. About noon the fox suddenly took a turn straight down the hill to the road (the hounds about thirty rods behind) until very near the bottom, when he wheeled and took a line straight north, going within six feet of a large stone, some three feet high and about four feet square on top. After he had gone some four or six rods he suddenly wheeled and came back in his tracks to the large stone, jumped on top of it and down close to in on the other side. When the hounds came by Mr. Fox jumped back into his old tracks and back up over the hill. It was some moments before the hounds saw through the trick which had been so cleverly played on them.—NED.

VELVET SCOTERS IN MICHIGAN.—Three weeks ago a flock of wild ducks, seven in number and of a variety never seen in the vicinity before, fluttered down upon Pine Lake. They seemed confused and bewildered, but were keen and wary enough to laugh to scorn the wiles of the local sportsmen. They resolutely refused to leave the pond, evidently enchanted by the picturesque scenic effects produced by the wrecks of picnic straw hats, which still float on the water out there, and on Friday three of them fell victims to the combined skill of A. H. Whitehead and S. L. Smith, of this city. A careful examination of them revealed the fact that they are of the variety known as "velvet scoters," a salt water bird that very rarely frequents inland lakes. They are of a uniform dark brown color, large size, and with soft velvety feathers. But one bird of the kind has ever been shot in the State before, and this flock was probably blown in by some heavy gale while on their way to salt water. One of the three killed was presented to C. J. Davis and will be "taxidermed" by that gentleman in the highest style of the art and added to his collection.—*Lansing, Mich., Republican, Nov.* 11.

HE HAS ALREADY DONE IT.—Mr. Coster, while shooting with me last year, said Mr. Hammond (referring, I believe to your kennel editor) is nearly crazy to kill a big gobbler. If such is the case and Mr. Hammond should ever happen out this way, I will undertake to have him kill a patriarchial turkey; one that has to run cross-legged to keep from stepping on his beard. I will not promise to go with him, however, but will put him in charge of one of my negro hunting servants who is an excellent turkey hunter. Turkey hunting requires patience and a greater fondness for the use of one's legs than I possess.—STARR. [In last week's issue we gave Mr. Hammond's report of a Tennessee turkey gobbler he had brought down.]

A SAVAGE MOOSE.—Jerry McGowen, of Portage Lake; Charles McConkey and George Sutherland were in the woods not long ago, and while tramping they suddenly heard a noise as if some large animal was breaking his way through the brush. Looking to see the cause they were intensely surprised. They saw a large bull moose making tracks for them. They had barely time to climb trees to save themselves from being trampled under foot by the vicious beast, and the old forest king kept them treed for about three hours. —*Aroostook Herald.*

CONNECTICUT.—Hartford.—Very poor shooting in this State. Quite often one of those "phenomenal shots" reports big bags, but as good shots as we have do not report more than three to six birds a day, and these men are workers. The largest score that I have any knowledge of is from a market-shooter—eleven grouse and two woodcock for one day. This ought to satisfy even a market-shooter. Quail shooting is far from good; the young birds are not more than half-grown. The market-hunters are doing more than their share of killing the game birds. Over 1,500 grouse, quail and woodcock were shipped from one country town on the N. Y. & N. E. R. R. last season. It is not strange that game is scarce in that section this year. Connecticut can boast of as many market-hunters who shoot out of season as any State in the Union, in proportion to the population. The law is not off on woodcock until Oct. 1, but the birds are killed from July 1, and when a person goes out in October the bag of woodcock is not filled to any extent noticeable. If it was not for the flight birds the sportsman would seldom ever see a woodcock.—FLICK FLICK.

WHO TAKES THE DEER?—Millville, N. J., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your inquiry: We have killed a great many deer this fall. They are very plentiful. We hunt with hounds, as the underbrush prevents still-hunting. If one party's dogs trail and start the deer and run it out of their drive, and another party kill it, they claim the skin and horns and half of the meat. This rule has been the custom for years in Cumberland county; and I never have heard of one party quarreling with another when a deer has been killed in this way. Quail and rabbits here are more plentiful than for three years past.—J. E. W.

HAVRE DE GRACE DUCK SHOOTING fell off during the past week, no doubt owing to the saluting the fowl have been getting since the season opened. The ducks are now beginning to get very wild and do not decoy well at all. Canvasbacks are scarce, but they are a hard-weather duck and are not looked for until the temperature is lower. Point shooting has been good during the past week, and the stormy days we have had made the flights good in some localities. —HOMO (Nov. 14).

DUCKING PROPERTY FOR SALE.—The attention of those interested in fowl shooting is called to the advertisement of an interest in the Monkey Island Club of Currituck Sound, offered for sale in another column. Duck shooting is proverbially uncertain, but if one can hit the right weather there is no place where he can have more sport than in old Currituck.

SNOW GEESE have arrived on Delaware Bay. Their location is a safe one and they occupy the same feeding grounds. —HOMO (Nov. 14).

HORACE SMITH.

THE readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will be pained to learn of the death of Horace Smith, at Philadelphia, last Thursday, Nov. 12. 'Squire Smith, as he was familiarly and affectionately called by his friends, was one of the oldest and best known sportsmen in the country.

He was born at Trenton, N. J., in 1805. In early manhood, when a justice of the peace of his native town, where he legitimately earned the title by which he was ever after known, Mr. Smith suffered from a pulmonary complaint which the physicians pronounced incurable, unless by a bare chance relief could be found in an out-door life. In late years the 'Squire was fond of telling how faithfully he followed the injunctions of the physicians to live as much as possible in the open air. With dog and gun he made long tramps for game, undergoing an amount of fatigue, from which stronger men might well have shrunk. To these shooting excursions the 'Squire always attributed his health and life.

Among his early shooting companions were William Henry Herbert ("Frank Forester"), Henry Toler and W. Rolfe. He lived to see a new generation of sportsmen, and to witness a wonderful change in the hunting grounds of East and West. In late years he did an extensive business as an agent for the sale of sporting dogs, a large number of which were exported by him to Havana. He was a correspondent of the old *Spirit of the Times*, and when the FOREST AND STREAM was established he served it for a time in the capacity of kennel editor.

Never in robust health, the 'Squire was always cheery and light-hearted. His companionship was valued by a host of friends. His name was a synonym for integrity and fair dealing.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

174.

"That reminds me." Item No. 173 in Camp-fire Flickerings column of FOREST AND STREAM, dated Nov. 12, recalls a very similar witty repartee made by an old friend of mine.

Several years since (I think it was '58) a party of Boston gentlemen were enjoying their autumn vacation at "The Old Shanty," Scarborough, Me. On the day of the reception of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who sailed from Portland (in four or five English war ships), Cale Loring, the host, and all his guests, excepting Billy C——y, went into Portland to witness the show attending his R. H.'s departure from his "lost colonies," and Billy was left in charge of the shanty. He was not a gunner, but was a devoted follower of Izaak Walton, and for years had taken his outings and rest in a fortnight's fishing, each spring and fall, at Scarborough, and from young flood to low ebb of tide, would patiently haul in smelts, flounders, tomcods, eels or sculpins, with the patience and perfect enjoyment of the true fisherman.

The rest of the party left for Portland in the morning, and Billy, anchoring his punt in his favorite place, caught fish to his heart's content until the receding tide withdrew his finny prey. Then, laying aside his rod and line, he seized a "Scarboro" clam hoe and unearthed a bushel or so of "the best clams in the world," came back to the shanty, cooked and ate a hearty dinner, and lay off on the front piazza to smoke and pity the rest of the crowd in town. As he was finishing his first pipe a flock of blue-winged teal, fresh from the north, pitched into a pond-hole across the river. Now, Billy was no gunner, but was a good cook, and the party, when leaving, had charged him to have something for them to eat when they got back. So thinking to surprise them, he took one of Cale's guns and plenty of ammunition, paddled across the river and "went for" the teal. Walked up and blazed away at them; they had never heard a gun before but jumped up and flew to the next pond-hole, a few hundred yards away. He loaded up, followed them and blazed away again. (In parenthesis I must explain that although an expert fisherman, he had not "shot a gun" since his Fourth-of-Julyhood. He grew interested in the chase, and followed the teal from one pond-hole to another, loading and firing, but without injuring a bird. At last he became convinced that he was not a gunner, and turned back for the shanty.

Cale and the whole party had meanwhile arrived at the shanty, and when he looked up from the opposite river bank he saw them all seated on the piazza waiting for him. The party had said, "Cale, we won't say anything, but you must open up on Billy when he gets across" "All right," says Cale, "I'll ask him what he has been fishing above high water mark for." As Billy landed and came up to the party there was a dead silence until Billy handed Cale a gun and said, "Caleb, there's a nice flock of teal over in that pond hole there, go over and get some for supper. I have tamed them so that they are not afraid of a gun." The laugh was turned at once and Billy came out with flying colors. "All right," says Cale, "how many are there of them?" "Twenty," replied Billy; "I have been counting them all the afternoon, so as not to miss any." Cale said no more and took his third gun, crossed the river, crawled through the thatch with two guns in one hand, one in the other, shot the six barrels into the flock and in about twenty minutes was back with nineteen teal, and apologized for losing the other one, saying "he was not very fat."

I have put "that reminds me" at the top of this letter, because those who never saw Cale shoot could not be convinced of its truth by a thousand affidavits, but those who knew him and his marvellous skill with the gun would not doubt the truth of it, and I am not the only living witness left, although most have gone over to the majority. MAC.

WOODFORD'S, ME., Nov. 13, 1885.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE LAKES OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

SITUATED within the bow of the Red River of the north, and bounded on the east by the heavily timbered portion of the State, and on the west by prairie extending to the Rocky Mountains, and dotted with lakes varying in size from the tiniest pond to the more pretentious inland sea miles in circumference. The country contiguous to Detroit, Minn., presents more attractions to the outer than any other with which I am acquainted. Detroit Lake itself presents many facilities for pleasure. The Northern Pacific Railroad will set the tourist down at the club house of the St. Louis and Detroit Lake Boating Club, a couple of miles east of town, or first-class accommodations can be found at several of the hotels in town, where one is still only half a mile from the lake. At the foot of Lake avenue, south of town, is a boat house well supplied with everything necessary, where a boat can be hired for any length of time one may require, from one hour to the full season, and if you wish to extend your rambles, ample facilities for doing so are at hand.

The first fishing I did here was in Detroit Lake. With two young friends I procured a boat at the foot of Lake avenue. The day was windy and the waves were running too high for fishing except along a narrow strip next the western shore, where the woods furnished a protection from the wind. Our success was all we could ask, and considering the state of the weather, better than we had reason to expect. The afternoon was delightfully spent and we came to shore with twenty-seven fish, one of which was a black bass weighing 4½ pounds and one a pickerel of 3½ pounds. The rest were bass, wall-eyed pike and perch. On other days I have fished in this lake and others in the vicinity, when the fish were so plentiful that one could procure more than he knew what to do with. I have seen men fish for half a day at a time and save everything they caught, only to let them die and be wasted. But I am happy to say that this is the exception and not the rule. There is no excuse for keeping undersized fish here, for there are enough large ones to satisfy any angler, unless number be the only object.

When one tires of this lake and its scenes, there are many others which can be reached. One Monday morning my friend B. and myself left Detroit for a trip down the Pelican River to the lakes beyond. We crossed Detroit Lake to the outlet on the south side and went down the stream, passing through several small ponds, until six miles from Detroit Lake the stream enters Pelican Lake at the eastern end. This lake is about ten miles long from east to west, and from one to three miles wide from north to south. The river leaves it again at the end of a bay at its southeast point. We had loitered along during the day examining points of interest and exploring each nook and crook of pond and river, and stopping to fish at favorable places, so that night overtook us soon after we entered Pelican Lake. We went into camp an hour before sunset, and cutting spruce boughs and some forks and poles, soon had a comfortable shelter over us and a fragrant bed under us. We spread our blankets, and, after eating a supper of fish rolled in flour and fried, bread and tea, we lay down and slept the sound sleep which a day in the open air gives. The next day was spent in exploring the bays and inlets of this lake; and we camped the next night at its western end, near where the outlet of Cormorant Lake empties into Pelican. The next morning we ascended into Cormorant Lake and spent two days upon its shores and waters.

This is a beautiful sheet of water, about nine miles long and from two to five miles wide, with a very irregular outline, its contour abounding in bays and points and secluded nooks. One might spend much more time here than we did and still not see all its beauties. Friday morning we turned the bow of our boat down the stream into Pelican Lake

again. Business engagements prevented our extending the trip further, but we had enjoyed ourselves so well so far that we decided to seize the first opportunity to go further down the river—perhaps as far as its confluence with the Red.

We had been favored with pleasant weather most of the time. The fishing was all that could be desired; besides, there was the added excitement of a chase after a loon and seeing how long it would stay under water and how far it would swim before coming to the surface again; or we would cover our boat with green boughs until it looked like a miniature island and see how near we could drift to a solitary pelican or gull as he floated on the waves, or the long-legged herons standing motionless in the shallows waiting for the luckless frog or minnow that might venture near.

Game is fairly plentiful, and in the open season yields plenty of sport to the hunter. I often saw deer during the summer, and ducks and geese are plentiful in the early fall and late spring, and ducks sometimes remain all summer.

LEW WILLOW.

A SALMON EXPERIENCE.

I CAME home one day and the first thing Jim, my chum, said to me was, "The salmon are taking the fly, and you and I want to get a salmon rig at once, and try them." We had only two nine-foot splice trout rods. They did look a little light to tackle full grown salmon with, but we were bound to try nevertheless, even if we lost our whole rigs. We had no flies and could find none in the city. Nothing daunted, we got some hen feathers and an old feather duster and tied two flies. Such looking things you never saw. They looked so bad we nearly gave the trip up, but finally determined to give them a trial now that we had got so far. Bright and early Monday morning we were on the river bank. At the second or third cast Jim struck a salmon, but the fish got away. I went up above here about a hundred yards and began to send that hen feather fly through the air. I hooked a fish; and now comes one part of my story that seems almost impossible. In striking him I pulled the rod too hard and snapped it where the splice was, so the top splice only hung by the string it was spliced with. Away he went at a 2:10 clip. Out of water he came, three feet in the air. Down he went. As quickly as I could, I jumped into a boat. My chum handled the paddle. We followed the salmon down stream, until he came to a halt behind a large rock in dead water; and funny as it seems he lay there, line loose, until my chum unfastened my rod and mended it over as best he could. I then put the strain on the fish again, and the way he came out of that hole and struck for deep water I can assure you was highly exciting. First one place, then another. Out of the water again and again. For an hour and more the fight for life was kept up. But at last I got him back into dead water, when after a few more gamy struggles he came to gaff; and my chum landed the largest fish I ever caught with a nine ounce rod. He weighed nine pounds and ten ounces.

A number of salmon were caught that day with salmon rods and reels, but I shall always feel proud of taking such a fish with such a fly and such a rod. My chum and I walked into town that morning feeling about as large as any of our best citizens. Rod and salmon were carried in hand for display.

INDIAN ROCK.

CALAIS, Maine.

HOW TO CATCH CARP.

WE take the following letter, written by Mr. Robert A. Martin, of Petersburg, Va., to Mr. C. W. Smiley, from the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission:

"The way to catch carp with a hook and line is just this: Let a person having a pond in which they are kept feed them with bread at a particular place, and when the fish have learned to come for such bread, let him get some good strong genuine Limerick hooks (not the American imitation of them), and tie them on strong oiled silk lines, on which lines there are corks, and bait with bread (bakers' bread, or any kind of bread that after pressing in the hand he can make stay on the hook), and throw out some two or three lines tied to good strong poles, one line on each pole, and very quickly he will have about the number of bites that he throws out baited lines. After hooking all the fish, he might hand all the poles except one to some person to hold, until he had worried down one carp; and after getting that one out, he might then work one by one on the remainder.

"Three carp weighing from three to five pounds each ought to be enough for one day's sport and eating. They are very sharp and shy after one has been caught and played long enough to scare the others, and will stop biting for some hours afterward. It takes a very good line and the best sort of a hook to hold them, and of course a good pole is also necessary. The genuine Limerick hook is, I think, hand-made. But little, if any, sinker is required, as the weight of the hook will sink the bait.

"After being fed with bread (especially bakers', or what is called light bread, which will float on the water), it is best to fish shallow, say about one foot or one and a half feet. If they have been scared, then it will be necessary to fish deeper, say in two and a half or three feet. They bite best, of course, in the spring and fall months. They are the gamiest and best-winded fish I ever saw; and the only trouble is, that after catching some two or three the remainder will be scared off. This, however, could be partially overcome in a good-sized pond by the owner having some three or four places where he baited them, so that after they were scared at one place he could go to others, provided he was fishing both for sport and profit (in the latter case, catching them to sell).

"As a pan fish they do not compare with our millpond chub or speckled perch, but they are good pullers. They bite quickly like a chub, and not like round fish (a sort of mullet or sucker. The bread or bait of course should cover well the barb of the hook. For carp weighing from one to two pounds smaller hooks of the kind named would be better. I wonder that more of our country people do not make ponds and raise the German carp. Properly cooked they are very fair eating; but to one who loves a good, square, long-winded, honest pull by a fish, I do not know anything to equal them. If they are once hooked, one is sure to get them, provided he knows how to handle a fish and has good tackle."

AMERICAN CASTING REELS.—The extraordinary casting done from the reel at the late tournament has excited so much surprise in England that the *Fishing Gazette* says: "There must be something very good in this American multiplying reel to permit such casts being made from it, and with a view to making its merits known we shall offer a five-guinea prize for the best cast made with it at our tournament next year." We have seen the best reels in use in England for casting, but never saw one that compared with those of our best makers'. Here is a chance for American manufacturers to compete for the trade of England in multiplying reels. We think that our best reels are more expensive than English anglers have been used to buying.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE CULTURE OF SHAD.

AT a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Washington in the National Museum the members listened to a talk by Col. Marshall McDonald, of the Fish Commission, upon the necessity of the work of fish propagation, in order to maintain the shad fisheries. He undertook to demonstrate that the shad fishing had to depend more upon artificial than natural production for its maintenance. This he thought was shown by a comparison of the statistics of the shad fishery for the years 1880 and 1885, and a consideration of the attending conditions. The figures for 1880 are taken from the census reports; those for 1885 were gathered by experts, in some instances by the same persons who made the census reports. On the Hudson the figures were obtained by Mr. E. G. Blackford. In the Delaware and Chesapeake waters the figures are based on careful estimates made by experts who traversed the whole field. He had, in order to present the matter fairly, brought together, in an aggregate, the catch of all the rivers of the Atlantic slope, as the catch in any one river fluctuates under local conditions. It was not true that shad spawned in certain rivers necessarily returned to the river where they were spawned. They remained in the hydrographical area in which they were spawnd, but might seek any fresh water within that area. It was only by taking the statistics of the rivers of the entire area that it could be determined whether there had been an actual increase or decrease. Col. McDonald placed upon the blackboard the following table, giving "Comparative statistics of the shad fisheries of the Atlantic rivers:"

	No. of Shad Taken.		Per ct. of Inc.	Per ct. of Dec.
	1880.	1885.		
Connecticut	368,608	190,000	..	29
Hudson	781,628	1,174,000	33	..
Delaware River and Bay	935,300	1,148,490	36	..
Chesapeake and Tributaries	2,048,600	1,632,800	..	21
Aggregate	3,870,136	4,145,290	7 p. ct. increase.	

The table gives catch from Cape Henry to Cape Cod. Increase of 1885 over 1880, in quantity, 965,229 lbs., in value $67,580.

While the commercial value of the increase, $67,586, was not large compared with the whole, that sum was ten times as great as the yearly sum spent by the Fish Commission upon the work of shad propagation.

It was a physiological necessity, he said, that shad should enter fresh water to spawn. Shad eggs might be impregnated in salt water, but would not develop up to the point of hatching. The shad must reach fresh water in numbers sufficient to supply by propagation the annual loss. Originally shad had free access to the water of the country. Then man began to reduce the spawning area; dams were extended down the river; so the productive capacity of the river by means of natural propagation was not one-half as great as it had been. Then factories have been erected on the rivers, the spawning beds have been destroyed by sediment or deleterious matter, and the water rendered unsuitable for propagation. Last of all, man had come with improved appliances, and pushed his fisheries out of fresh water into the salt water. So now sixty-three per cent of the shad caught are caught in salt water. Counting, then, the catch in the rivers, after the shad reached fresh water, it was doubtful whether one per cent.—certainly not five per cent.—survived to reproduce the species. Upon that small percentage they depended to keep up the supply of shad in the rivers. Under such conditions the spawning area, being limited, and the shad excluded from fresh water, without artificial propagation, they would not only not be able to keep up the supply, but the shad would soon be exterminated or there would be such a reduction as to render the fisheries unprofitable. They were fast approaching such a crisis in 1879, when the Fish Commission began the work of shad propagation. The work of artificial propagation had not only held the balance even, but resulted in a positive increase.

Col. McDonald deprecated the methods employed in shad fishing, especially in the use of pound nets. In the Connecticut river, where pound nets are used, a large part of the catch is taken in salt water. In the Hudson, as the laws of New York do not permit fishing with pound nets, the river is not obstructed to the same extent as the Connecticut is. In the Delaware, where an increase was shown, there were no pound nets In the case of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, showing a decrease of 21 per cent, 713,000 of the shad caught this year, or more than one half of the whole catch, were caught in the salt water of the bay. The pound nets began at the capes and extended to the mouth of the Potomac. Prior to 1871 the shad were taken entirely in fresh water, but now over one-half were caught in salt water. After entering the Potomac nearly one-half of the catch in that river is made in water where the fish cannot spawn. In the Rappahannock one-half the catch is on the oyster grounds, or in brackish water. In the York river the catch is practically below Gloucester point. In the James river there are no pound nets and in that river we find an increase in the catch. While the fisheries in the Chesapeake bay and its tributaries, as a whole, have fallen off 21 per cent, the increase in the catch in certain rivers is much greater. The catch in the Susquehanna in 1880 was 614,000, against 212,000 in 1885; and in the Potomac, 552,857 in 1880 against 157,697 in 1885. The reason of this, Col. McDonald thought, is obvious. In 1871 there were no pound nets in Chesapeake bay, and no shad were taken until they entered fresh water. Gilling was not prosecuted so low down the river as now. In 1880 he found in Chesapeake bay 180 pound nets set in the track followed by the shad along the western shore, and through these the shad had to run a gauntlet up to the mouths of the rivers. Now there were 1,000 pound nets occupying the western shores of the bay, and excluding the fish from fresh water. The effect of the salt water catch is to diminish natural reproduction and to invoke artificial propagation as a necessary aid to the fisheries. If all shad were excluded from our rivers for three or four years, without artificial propagation, the species would be exterminated. Taking all the facts into consideration, and the inadequacy of natural reproduction to supply the annual loss, we must credit artificial reproduction with having maintained the fisheries where they were, but more than with an increase which would pay ten times the cost of the work of shad propagation.

The paper was discussed by several members of the society. Mr. Smiley suggested that if brought up an interesitng point in political economy, and that was whether it was advisable for any state to stock its own rivers since the fish did not necessarily return to the river where it was spawned. He thought the facts shown presented a strong argument for having the whole work of shad propagations done by the national government.

Col. McDonald said that the results of the work should be determined in aggregate. While the Hudson and the Delaware enjoyed the increase this year, it did not follow that it would be the same next year. It was remarkable that when there is a large catch in the Delaware there is a diminished catch in the Chesapeake, and vice versa. When the spring is cold the shad avoid the long rivers coming from the mountains and seek the warmer waters of the small rivers draining tidal areas. He thought it was more profitable and economical to have the work of propagation done by the United States. It would suit the people as a whole, much better if the work were all done under the directions of the general government.

Mr. Goode, the president of the society, remarked that this paper was without exception the most important paper on the fish question ever presented before the society. Hitherto the fish question has been largely theoretical, and the papers have been largely prophetic. There were no periods of statistical records. At last they were getting where it was possible to make comparative statements of facts and could see where they stood. The facts presented were not only important to their economic aspect, but from various scientific points of view. They were getting a knowledge of what was passing beneath the sea. America was taking the lead in all these matters pertaining to fisheries, and the world was looking with amazement upon what we are accomplishing. The whole matter was coming to be better understood. The broad policy upon which Prof. Baird established the Fish Commission fifteen years ago that in order to undersaand the practical bearings of the fish question it was necessary first to understand all the conditions of marine life. It was the legitimate fruit of such a policy, that at last fishculture and the knowledge of marine life should be something more than theory.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 5.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 17, 18 and 19.—Second Annual Field Trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club at Rio Grande, N. J., for members only. Entries close Nov. 1.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2908.**

THE PHILADELPHIA TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

RIO GRANDE, N. J., Nov. 16.—The second annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club began here this morning.

The weather is clear and everything favorable for good running. The drawing for the Derby Stake resulted as follows:

FAIRY GLEN (E. Jester), blue belton setter bitch (Glen Rock—Blue Belle),

against

BUCKINGHAM (G. DeHavens), lemon belton English setter dog (Dude—Dudeen).

VICTORIA (C. J. Thompson), red Irish setter bitch (Berkley—Nora),

against

LEIGH DOONE II. (W. H. Child), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Leigh Doone).

Shot and Jessamine withdrawn.

The All-Aged Stake drawing resulted as follows:

LEIGH DOONE (W. H. Child), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Rose),

against

CASSINO GLADSTONE (E. Comfort), blue belton English setter bitch (Gladstone—Countess Druid).

KNOB (G. Schrieber), orange and white English setter dog (Grouse—Flora),

against

BRUCE (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter dog (Elcho—Noreen).

GROUSE (M. Richardson), orange and white setter dog (Grouse—Leda),

against

JESSIE (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Rose).

CREOLE (Major Wibert) red Irish setter bitch (Grafton—Meg),

against

LEIGH DOONE II. (see above).

LEDA (Col. Ridgeway), orange and white setter bitch (Calabar—Nell),

against

WRAGG (G. Emlen), Gordon setter (Grouse—Maud).

LITTLE NELL (I. H. Roberts), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Rose),

against

PRINCE CASTLE, blue belton English setter (Prince—Dashing Belle).

VICTORIA (C. T. Thompson), red Irish setter bitch (Berkley—Nora), a bye.

Nov. 17.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* In the first heat Fairy Glen beat Buckingham.

PLINLIMMON PUPS.—Steamship Roman, on her last trip, brought two rough-coated St. Bernard pups for the Chequasset Kennels, well worth seeing. They are brother and sister, a little more than four months old, and promise to make huge animals at maturity. Duke, the dog pup, is almost a facsimile of his grandsire, Rector, in markings, but his head encourages us to hope that it may be of a finer type when fully developed. Lady Hanley is rich orange, slightly brindled, with white blaze, incomplete collar, white chest, feet and tip. Their bone is extraordinary, and we hope they will do credit to their parentage. Plinlimmon, their sire, is thus far without a rival in sire and proportion; and Lady Burghley, their dam, a daughter of Rector, stands thirty-two inches at the shoulder and is one of the largest bitches living, of most amiable temper and gentle as a lamb.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE seventh annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club commenced at High Point, N. C., on Thursday, the 12th inst., with the Members' Stake. There were ten starters—five less than last year. Six of the ten ran last year, including the winner, he being the runner up this year. Mr. J. O. Donner, the President of the club, and Mr. Charles Heath, of Newark, N. J., acted as judges and gave entire satisfaction to all by the intelligent manner in which they performed their duties. The weather conditions were favorable and some very excellent work was done. The birds were not found quite so plentiful as last year, but there were no long intervals between the finds, and the probabilities are that birds enough will be found to run out the other stakes expeditiously. One serious drawback to success in this stake is that many of the dogs entered have not been handled by their owners to any extent, and consequently are seriously handicapped. We would like to see this stake contested by dogs that have been trained, or at least sufficiently handled by their owners. When this is done by the members who own good dogs the stake will take its proper place as the most important event of the meeting. The dogs were drawn and run as follows for the

MEMBERS' STAKE.

DASHING NOBLE (J. R. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa.), black, white and tan English setter dog 2yrs. (Count Noble—Dashing Novice),

against

BELLE OF PIEDMONT (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.), black white and tan English setter bitch, 2yrs. (Dashing Rover—Ranée).

BUCKELLEW (W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.), orange and white English setter dog, 7yrs. (Druid—Ruby),

against

CORINNE (Geo. T. Leach, New York), red Irish setter bitch, (Peter—Countess).

VISION (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white pointer bitch, 4½yrs. (Croxteth—Vinnie),

against

FOREMAN (C. Fred. Crawford, Pawtucket, R. I.), black, white and tan English setter dog, 5yrs. (Dashing Monarch—Fairy III.).

LUCIA (D. S. Gregory, Jr. 2d, New York), liver and white pointer bitch, 4yrs. (Croxteth—Belle),

against

BRIMSTONE (W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.), white and lemon English setter bitch, 3yrs. (Gladstone—Swaze).

BROCK (Geo. T. Leach, New York), red Irish setter dog, (Bosco—My Duchess),

against

FLASH R. (D. S. Gregory, Jr. 2d, New York), liver and white pointer bitch, 2¾ yrs. Ranger—White Lilly).

The description of the running is simply a record of the work of the dogs as seen by us, except that when they were too far apart for us to see the judges very kindly gave us the desired information.

First Series.

DASHING NOBLE AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT.

The first brace were cast off in the woods, just east of the town, at 8:50. Dashing Noble is a fairly well-formed dog of medium size, with a fair turn of speed. He was not accustomed to his handler, and did not appear to be doing nearly so well as he might. Belle has improved since last year, and ran a very good race. She was superior in style and speed to her opponent, and had the best of it in other respects. After a turn in the woods without result, we beat up along a branch when Dash challenged, but went on and soon after he half pointed where birds had probably been, as Belle challenged when she came up, but nothing could be made of it. We then went to a small piece of stubble, where Belle took the lead and made a stylish point to a bevy which was some distance from here. Dash, brought up to back, did not see her, but went about half way between her and the birds and caught the scent and also pointed very nicely. The birds were flushed to order, but were not shot at, both dogs dropping to order. This was a very pretty beginning and gave promise of a good heat. The birds flew over the spectators and settled along a fence in some sedge and brush, where Belle found first and made a gamy point to three or four that Mr. Dexter to order flushed. Some of them went over Dash, and, as he was going in the same direction, he quickened his pace a trifle, but upon the whole he behaved very well. Belle then got in a nice point, which Dash did not honor. Mr. Dexter to order put up a bird, but Belle still held her point, and two more were flushed in front of her. We then worked back, and Dash made a nice point, which Belle honored at sight. Mr. Henricks put up the bird and missed it. Belle soon had another one fast. Dash refused to back, and went ahead, but failed to smell them. Two birds were flushed to her point, Col. Leach killing one very neatly. Belle, sent to retrieve, swung back and pinned another one, which Mr. Dexter to order put up but failed to stop. Dash retrieved the killed bird in good style. They were then ordered up and Belle was declared the winner of the heat. Down thirty-three minutes.

BUCKELLEW AND CORINNE.

Both of these dogs are well-known to our readers, having run in previous stakes. Buckellew has had but little work, and was not up to his usual good form, although he ran a good race. Corinne went better than we remember to have seen her, and gave Old Reliable about all he wanted. They were cast off at 9:36 in a cornfield, which was drawn blank. We then beat across a knoll of sedge and through woods, when Buck, in a thicket, pointed a single, which Mr. Coster flushed as he went to him. We then beat over considerable ground without result until we came to a fence, when a large bevy flushed and settled in an alder thicket a short distance up the fence, where Mr. Coster again flushed them. They settled in some sedge grass on top of a knoll among some scattered pines. Working toward them Buck pointed a lark and was nicely backed by Corinne. Buck then went on and scored a flush on a single that he should have pointed, and dropped to wing. Corinne then made a nice crouching point to a single, that Col. Leach, to order, flushed and missed. Both dogs were steady while several birds got up all around us. Corinne soon got in another nice point to a single, Buck backing to order. Col. Leach was successful this time, and grassed his bird in fine style, Corinne retrieving well. We then worked over considerable ground without result, except that Buck came very near scoring a false point, but he went on, we thought, in time to escape the penalty. We then crossed to the lower end of Mr. Snow's farm, where birds were reported plenty; but we beat out many likely-looking places where in former years we have found numerous bevies, but found nothing until finally Corinne nailed a bevy in some sedge, and Buck backed her nicely. Col. Leach to order put up the birds, which settled in the thicket where London made his sensational pose three to four years ago. Buck probably had that picture in remembrance, for he twisted into a capital point as soon as he entered the thicket. Corinne, called up to back, struck the scent of another before she saw him, and also pointed. Mr. Coster to order put up the bird in front of Buck, when the one in front of Corinne went also. Buck then sat down to a single, that Mr. Coster flushed and missed. Corinne appeared to be backing, but when ordered on she refused to stir, and after considerable kicking among the leaves a bird was flushed in front of her. We then worked down a branch, when Buck half pointed, went on, and after considerable roading and some excellent work, he located five or six birds and pointed them nicely. Corinne picked up the trail of a single, and roaded it out and pointed at about the same time. Both handlers flushed; Mr. Coster killed his bird but Col. Leach did not get on. Buck retrieved well and then swung out up the hill and pinned a single, which flushed itself a few seconds after. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Buckellew. Down two hours and seven minutes.

VISION AND FOREMAN.

These dogs are also well known. Vision was not at her best, and did not let out at all. Foreman had not been handled by his owner, and was not under good command, although he was all right when on game. They were cast off near where the last brace was taken up, and considerable ground worked over without result, except that Vision scored a false point, which Foreman backed in good style. Birds had evidently been there as both roaded some distance. They were then taken up and we went to the Model Farm, where Foreman worked out a large cornfield in fine style, ranging fast and wide. Vision went into some tall weeds and found a bevy, which she pointed for a long time, and until Foreman was brought up to back, which he did in fine style. Mr. Hitchcock then put up the birds and scored a miss with both barrels. The birds settled on some rough ground where Vision made an excusable flush, and Foreman got in a good point and was nicely backed by Vision. Mr. Crawford, to order, put up the bird, which was shot at by Mr. Hitchcock and missed. Vision then put up one that she should have pointed, as she had the wind. Foreman then flushed one, and soon after pointed a single that got up a moment later. Mr. Crawford cut loose at it, but it went on, and a moment later Mr. Hitchcock let go at one flushed by the judges, with the same result. We then crossed to some woods where Foreman made a stylish point to a single and Vision backed him nicely. Mr. Crawford, to order, put up the bird and the heat was ended with Foreman the winner. Down fifty-two minutes. Just after the heat was decided Vision pointed at a small brush heap and both handlers claimed that they had crippled a bird and that she had found it, and commenced kicking over the brush heap to find it, but a cloud of yellow jackets put a stop to further search and it remained unsettled as to whether there was a bird there or Vision had played a joke on them. We then went to lunch which was spread for us in the large barn at the Model Farm. After a very pleasant hour we again took the field.

LUCIA AND BRIMSTONE.

These dogs both ran here last year. Lucia had not recovered from a recent abscess and was hardly fit to run, although she showed good speed and style and did some good work. Brimstone was in better form than last year and had the legs of her competitor. They were put down in a stubble field near the house and beat it out in fine style. When near the far corner, a bevy flushed wild in the edge of the woods and settled in an old field, thickly grown up to briers and weeds. The dogs were taken round to get the wind, Brimstone getting it first and making a stylish point. Lucia was brought round to back, but did not see her and catching the scent also pointed and then took a step or two and located them nicely. Brim drew on a few steps and then made a cast and came round and caught sight of Lu and backed her nicely. Mr. Gregory, to order put up the bevy and missed one, but caught on to the next one and Lu retrieved it very well. We then swung round into a valley, where Brim made a nice point to a single and was handsomely backed by Lu. Mr. Coster flushed the bird to order and grassed it neatly and Brim was ordered to retrieve, but Lu was too quick for her and took it from under her nose and brought it in. We then turned back among some briers, where Lu half pointed, but roaded on and scored a flush; this was partly down wind, but not entirely excusable. We then crossed a ditch and worked up a ravine, where Mr. Boggs and his horse had a heap of fun with a colony of yellow jackets, and for a few minutes there was quite a lively time; no damage was done, however, and, after a vote of thanks for the entertainment, we moved on up to some woods where a woodcock that we had previously flushed had settled. The bird was again flushed and marked down in a thicket, and Mr. Coster went for it. Bets of two to one were freely offered both on the bird and gun, but the woodcock flew so far after being fired at that the challenge for shot marks could not be decided. Meantime Brim pointed a single that was flushed by some boys, but the judges decided that the point could not count until the woodcock came back. We then went back to the stubble field near the house, where a bevy had run in, and Brim dropped to them nicely and Lu backed her in good style. Mr. Coster to order put up the birds, and, as his practice at the woodcock had got him in trim, he brought one of them to grief and Brim retrieved it nicely. Lu started for it, but dropped to order. We then followed them into the briers, where Lu made a point, and a few seconds later Brim also pointed; but the birds were running and Lu roaded too fast and flushed two, and a little later she put up another one, and lost the race. They were ordered up at half-past 3 and the heat was awarded to Brimstone. Down one hour and twenty-six minutes.

BROCK AND FLASH R.

These dogs are also well known. Brock holds his own, and as usual when he runs, some of the knowing ones get badly left. Flash started off in excellent form and apparently had an easy win, but she was not much acquainted with her handler, and after a while she let up in speed, and did not do nearly so well. They were put down in a cornfield east of the house and worked over a large area where in former years we have found birds in abundance, but we failed to find any, although bevies had been found there frequently. Finally we went across the brook to a large field of tall weeds and Flash made a nice point, and drew on a few steps and located a bevy in fine style. They were flushed to order and settled in a dense thicket, where both dogs got a point almost simultaneously. Brock was a little ahead, and some thought that Flash was backing, but she could not see him, and we had no doubt that the points were independent. Col. Leach flushed the bird to order and scored a kill. One or two more then got up, both dogs remaining steady. Brock, ordered to retrieve, pinned another one, that Col. Leach put up and missed. Brock then half pointed and commenced roading, but a hare jumped up ahead of him, and he was called off. We then went into a cornfield, and Flash half pointed just as a bird rose. She then located another one, that Mr. Gregory flushed to order and missed. We then took a long turn without a find, but as we were working back along the edge of some woods a large bevy flushed close by Col. Leach, who was so surprised that Brock had failed to find them that he did not shoot. We left our horses and followed them into a dense pine thicket, where one got up near Flash, and she stopped to wing, and then drew toward another one, that flushed wild before she could locate it. Brock meantime got a point, but the bird went with the others, and Mr. Gregory scored two misses. A little further on Brock pointed and Flash backed to order, but soon drew alongside and also pointed, but nothing was found. These birds were wild and cunning and would not lie for the dogs to get near them. Flash then flushed one, and pointed and drew a short distance, evidently from caution. We then came out in a cornfield, when Brock got in a good point, which Flash backed an instant, and then drew up beside him, but nothing was found, although a hare was started near them. We then returned to the large field of woods, and as a single got up near Col. Leach he cut loose and grassed it in good style and Brock retrieved it. Brock then challenged, but before he had time to locate the birds a bevy was flushed by the horses. Then several scattered birds got up, and Mr. Gregory scored a miss at one of them. Col. Leach soon after did the same on a single that got up near him. When at the edge of a thicket Flash made a stylish point to a single, which was flushed to order. Brock, meantime, had established a point, which went at the same time. The dogs were then worked across the brook, and Flash half pointed, and drew on and the bird flushed, and she was a trifle unsteady. Brock then made a good point, which Flash backed indifferently to order. Col. Leach put up the bird, but failed to stop it. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Brock. Down one hour and three-quarters. This ended the first series at night on Thursday, with the following result:

First Series.

Belle of Piedmont beat Dashing Noble.
Buckellew beat Corinne.
Foreman beat Vision.
Brimstone beat Lucia.
Brock beat Flash R.

Second Series.

BELLE OF PIEDMONT AND BUCKELLEW.

On Friday morning we left the hotel at 8:25 and drove about two and one-half miles northeast of the town. There had been a slight sprinkle of rain, and more was threatened, but the weather was favorable for the dogs, and excellent work was shown. They were put down in an old field on Mr. Holden's farm, where in former years birds have been found in abundance. Belle started off at a clipping gait and was soon out of sight; she was soon brought back, but appeared to want to hunt on her own account, and was not under good control. Buck meanwhile went a short distance and made a point, and as his handler came up, drew on a few steps and located a bevy in good style. Mr. Coster, to order, put them up, and killed a brace at one shot, and Buck retrieved them nicely. Belle had now put in an appearance, and the dogs were worked toward the birds, which had settled in open woods. Buck struck them first and whirled on point, and a second or two later Belle also located one in fine style. Mr. Dexter, to order, flushed the bird in front of Belle, and scored a miss. Mr. Coster then put up the one in front of Buck, but did not shoot. Buck soon had another one fast, which was flushed to order. Belle then got in a stylish point to a bird on bare ground, which Mr. Dexter flushed to order. Up to this point both dogs had been perfectly steady and their work was of the best, but as this bird rose Belle was a trifle unsteady, but dropped to order. Buck then made an excusable flush. Belle made a wide cast and was lost, but soon found on point to a single, which Mr. Dexter flushed to order. We then turned back to join Buck, and Belle made a good point to a single, which Mr. Dexter put up, but as the dogs were not under judgment this did not count. Buck meantime also got in a point that did not count, making them even in this respect. We then worked over considerable ground to a piece of stubble, where Buck made a capital point, which Belle instantly honored. Buck drew on a few steps as his handler came up, and located them in fine style. The bevy was flushed to order by Mr. Coster, and missed. Both dogs were steady to shot and wing. This was a capital piece of work. The birds settled along a branch thickly grown up to alders, Buck caught the scent first and pointed a few seconds, and Belle backed him, and he soon roaded on a short distance and half pointed, and as his handler came up, two birds flushed ahead of him. Belle then pointed but went on in season to escape penalty for a false point. Both dogs then pointed very nicely some little distance apart. Mr. Coster to order put up the bird in front of Buck and several more flushed, among them the one that Belle was pointing. This was very well done; both then pointed the same bird, which was flushed to order. Buck then made a nice point to a single, which Mr. Coster to order put up and missed. Belle then pointed and as her handler came up, she drew on a short distance and located her bird in good style. Mr. Dexter to order put up the bird and grassed it neatly. Meantime Buck and his handler almost identically followed suit. Both dogs retrieved their birds in capital form. The judges then ordered the dogs up and compared notes, but could not find enough difference to render a decision While they were consulting Belle made a false point, and was nicely backed by Buck, but as they were not under judgment no account could be taken of it. We then turned back across the hill, and along some woods to a cornfield where the spectators flushed a bevy, and the dogs were worked to where they settled. As Buck jumped a fence a bird got up near him and he stopped to wing, and then pointed and roaded a short distance and lost it. Belle then came up and roaded and pointed but the birds had gone. We then crossed the road to an old field, where Belle made a good point where some larks had been, and Buck sat down knowing that he had a good thing of it. Belle held her point too long and staunchly for her own good, as nothing was found, and the judges ordered them up and the heat was awarded to Buckellew. Down one hour and a quarter. This was a rattling good heat, and the quality of the work was of a very high order.

FOREMAN AND BRIMSTONE.

This brace were put down in an old field a few minutes past 11, and worked along the edge of some sprouts. Foreman swung into the brush and was lost, but soon found on point to a woodcock, which flushed as we came up and settled a short distance away. Mr. Heath borrowed a gun and went for it, with a look of determination in his eye that boded ill for the bird. All of us stood anxiously awaiting the result of the heat, each one conning over a neat little speech of thanks for the gift of the toothsome bird, when with a soul-stirring whistle he sprung into full view. Just as Mr. Heath pulled trigger it flashed upon his mind that the trials were on quail, and that woodcock did not count, so he just saluted the bird with both barrels and let it go unharmed. We then went to a field of sedge, where Foreman dropped on point to a lark, but soon went on and swung down into a hollow, where he made a capital point to a bevy, that flushed as Brim worked too close to them from the opposite direction. Following them up Brim pointed a single, which flushed as Mr. Coster came up. Brim at once whirled and pinned another that flushed a second after, and was neatly stopped by Mr. Coster. Brim, sent to retrieve, worked a long time and finally found the bird, which was only winged. She tried her best to catch it but did not succeed, and Mr. Coster took a hand, and after some very pretty work, including an exceedingly neat somersault, he made a successful grab and secured the meat. This fracas rattled Brim, and when ordered on she started off with one ear cocked, evidently bent on having some fun. Working over a knoll we turned down a ravine, with Foreman in some pines, where he made a point to a bevy that was somewhat scattered. As the judges went toward him one portion flushed. Foreman roaded out the others and again pointed. Meantime Brim had swung round there, and, catching sight of Foreman, started for him and ran up a single and turned for it, when another one got up, but was at once out of her sight in the thick pines. She then turned for Foreman, went on ahead and flushed the birds, and kept on in their direction and did not come back for some time. We then beat down to a brook and turned up the valley to some pine woods, where Foreman swung in and was lost. He had been going at a much better pace, but was not under good control, although he was perfectly steady when on game. After some search he was found at the upper edge staunchly pointing a large bevy, and judges were signaled, but they ordered the dog brought round to them and Mr. Crawford put up the birds and went down to the valley. Meantime Brim had found and pointed a bevy which was flushed and marked down on top of a knoll. We then swung round to get the wind, but went the wrong side of a fence and birds flushed near each dog, but they were excusable as they did not have the wind. We then crossed to the upper edge of the pines, where the bevy flushed by Foreman had settled. He appeared to have marked them down, and was soon on a point. Brim

refused to back but went ahead and stole the point and then moved on and scored a flush and was unsteady to wing. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Foreman. Down one hour and a quarter. It was now nearly half past twelve and we went to lunch, which was spread by the side of the brook near Mr. Holden's house. Shortly after our arrival it commenced raining heavily and we adjourned to the barn. This heat finished the second series, Brock having a bye. Following is the result:

Second Series.

Buckellew beat Belle of Piedmont.
Foreman beat Brimstone.
Brock a bye.

Third Series.

BUCKELLEW AND BROCK.

After lunch it stopped raining and we made a start, but after a half hour's work the rain drove us back and we started for home, but it again cleared up and it was decided to resume work, and the dogs were cast off in an orchard where birds were reported to be, but we worked over considerable good-looking ground without result except that Buck made a point and was backed by Brock. Nothing was found, however. Working down to a branch Brock scored a flush on a bevy that settled in the woods. As we came up one got up near Buck, and a second later he pointed some little distance ahead. Col. Leach flushed the bird to order and scored a miss. A little further on both pointed, but Brock moved on and made a bad flush. We then went to a stubble field, where Brock made a point to a bevy and was backed by Buck. Col. Leach flushed the birds to order and let go both barrels and got one, which Brook retrieved in good form. Following them up Buck found first and pointed a single, and Brock backed him. Mr. Coster flushed to order and scored a miss. Brock then scored a flush, and a little later he pointed a single that flushed as his handler came up, and then several more got up wild. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Buckellew. Down altogether fifty minutes. This finished the third series, Foreman having a bye. Following is the result:

Third Series.

Buckellew beat Brock.
Foreman a bye.

Final Tie.

BUCKELLEW AND FOREMAN.

This was the final heat, as there was no second prize this year. Buckellew's chances looked very fair for a win, for he was under good control and has lots of hunting sense; while Foreman, while performing excellently when on game, was not used to his handler and hunted pretty much his own way; but during the heat Mr. Crawford had him well in hand and he did his work in a masterly manner. Buckellew had had hard work during the day, and as he had had no previous work of any account he was in no condition to compete with a flyer. They were put down a few minutes past four in the woods near where the last brace had finished. Foreman soon had a high-headed point to a single that flushed itself a moment later. He then made a capital point and Buck backed him nicely; the birds flushed as the judges came up. He then swung out by a fence and pinned a brace that Mr. Crawford to order flushed. They were then worked through a strip of corn, and as Foreman was passing a small patch of brush he whirled on a nice point to a brace that were flushed to order, and very cleverly missed by both handlers. All of his work through the heat was of a very brilliant character, and at a quarter past four they were ordered up and Foreman was declared the winner of the heat and race. Following is a complete summary:

First Series.

Belle of Piedmont beat Dashing Noble.
Buckellow beat Corrine.
Foreman beat Vision.
Brimstone beat Lucia.
Crock beat Flash R.

Second Series.

Buckellew beat Belle of Piedmont.
Foreman beat Brimstone.
Brock a bye.

Third Series.

Buckellew beat Brock.
Foreman a bye.

Final Tie.

Foreman beat Buckellew and won the cup.

THE ALL-AGED SETTER STAKE.

The drawing for the All-Aged Setter Stake was made at 10 o'clock P. M., Nov. 15. Twenty of the twenty-three nominations completed their entry and were drawn to run as follows:

Brandon against Gladstone's Boy.
Countess against Blarney.
Sportsman against St. Elmo IV.
Clifford against Belle of Piedmont.
Nelly II. against Gus Bondhu.
Windemere against Dashing Noble.
Princess Helen against Slocum.
Pendenis against Elcho, Jr.
Plantagenet against Rose of Killarney.
Gath's Mark against Queen Alice.

None of the judges selected could be present, as they were detained by important business, and Messrs. B. F. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., F. R. Hitchcock, of New York, and W. A. Coster, of Flatbush, L. I., were selected to fill the position.

[*Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.*]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 16.—The All-Aged Setter Stake commenced to-day. There was fair attendance. Weather delightful. Six heats were decided. Brandon beat Gladstone's Boy. Blarney beat Countess. Sportsman beat St. Elmo IV. None of these heats were brilliant. Belle of Piedmont ran well and beat Clifford. Nellie II. beat Gus Bondhu. This was a good heat. Dashing Noble beat Windemere, who did some good work but was not steady. Princess Helen and Slocum ran a short time and will finish in the morning. Birds are only fairly plenty.

[*Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.*]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 17, 8 P. M.—The weather to-day has been perfect, although a little too warm for the dogs. The first series of heats was finished and two heats of the second series, six in all. Princess Helen beat Slocum, and Pendennis beat Elcho, Jr. Both heats were good. Plantagenet just managed to beat Rose of Killarney in a very poor heat. Gath's Mark beat Queen Alice in a good heat. This finished the first series.

In the second series Brandon beat Blarney in a very tiresome beat of an hour and twenty minutes. This was more than an hour too much. We then had something to compensate for this in witnessing the very brilliant heat between Belle of Piedmont and Sportsman. The work was of the highest order and the honors were nearly even, but Belle fixally won. This was the best heat so far and will long be remembered by those who saw it. Birds were fairly plenty, but not so numerous as in previous year. Some hunters found a quail's nest yesterday with twelve fresh eggs and one to-day with fifteen.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at the Hoffman House, New York city, Dec. 16, at 4 P. M.—G. E. OSBOT, Sec.

FISHER'S ISLAND CLUB TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE second annual field trials of the Fisher's Island Club were run on the club's grounds Nov. 9. The entries and drawings were as follows:

Doc B. (Robt. Betty), orange and white setter dog (Jersey Duke—Topsy),

against

FRANK (Ph. Phœnix), liver pointer dog (Duke—Swan).

NED (Ph. Phœnix), orange belton setter dog (Jove—Rodman's Fanny),

against

JERSEY BEAUTY (Max Wenzel), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Doe).

LADY ESSEX (W. H. Schieffelin), black, white and tan setter bitch (Ted Llewellin—Juno),

against

YOUBE (Max Wenzel), red Irish setter bitch (Elcho—Rose).

CHIEF (Max Wenzel), red Irish setter dog (Berkley—Duck),

against

MEG (C. J. Stewart), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Beesy).

COUNT RANGER (Henry Pape), blue belton setter dog (Count Noble—Gertrude),

against

DORA (Max Wenzel), red Irish setter bitch (Chief—Doe).

ROCK (W. H. Schieffelin), black and white setter dog (Nostrand's Duke—Biddy),

against

FRANCISCO (H. Reiche), black and tan setter dog.

SAILOR (C. J. Stewart), black, white and tan setter (Jock II.—Gipsey), a bye.

Messrs. C. P. Lewis and Wm. Leavitt acted as judges. The heats opened in rainy weather with a high wind, which made good work very difficult. The running was as follows:

DOC B. AND FRANK.

Doc B., a large, handsome orange and white setter dog, handled by J. T. Miller, and Frank, a fine, large, all liver colored pointer dog, were cast off by their handlers east of the ice house pond. Doc B., the fastez dog of the two, soon struck scent and shortly after established a fine point. The pointer, handled by J. M. Lawrence, failed to back, though he stopped alongside the setter a moment. He then pushed ahead, unsteadying the setter, and flushed the birds, which were not shot at. Both dogs dropped to wing. Going on up the hills Frank made a stylish point, but the birds got up wild and flew across the lake. Along the east side of the lake both dogs made game, and roaded some running birds very cleverly. Frank scored another fine point, and Doc B., coming down the steep hillside, backed him in a very strained attitude from the top of a rock; a very handsome picture. The pointer moving on flushed his bird. Both dogs were steady to wing. Circling around the north end of the lake, no more birds being found, the first brace was ordered up, as the rule demanding that each brace must be on game for an hour had been complied with.

During this heat a number of a species of hare or rabbit were found inhabiting the dense brier thickets of the rocky hillside. These hares are different from the European hare which the club had imported, as they are never found in the open fields like the imported hare, but have about the same tendency to stay in the brush that our American wild rabbit or hare displays; but the very great difference in size makes the Fisher's Island hare-rabbit very much superior to this last, for they will reach a weight of eight or nine pounds. They are bred by Mr. Wenzel, the secretary of the club, and all the young stock is turned out to grow up wild. Four different sizes were seen, all the breeding of this season.

JERSEY BEAUTY AND NED.

The next brace, Jersey Beauty and Ned, were called. Beauty handled by J. Miller, and Ned by Lawrence, were cast off over the brickyard flat, Beauty, the red Irish setter bitch, going at a tremendous pace, with beautiful style, while Ned, the orange belton setter, seemed to be off in nose, although good work by him had been seen before the trials. Beauty covered the entire flat in her quartering, and when going across the wind she stopped short, and, throwing her nose high up and going up wind on a half point fifty to sixty yards, made a beautiful point, head high up and stern straight as an arrow. The wind was blowing almost a gale and this work was duly appreciated by all.

Three or four meadowlarks rose in front of the little red bitch, and to the right and left of her, but she stood like a veteran, staunchly. The handler, going up to her, found a fine bevy about twenty yards ahead of her and flushed them. They were not shot at, but marked at the bank of the lake. Going to leeward of them, the dogs were worked toward the bank, and again Beauty scored a beautiful point. The bird was flushed by Miller but not shot at. Going on, the bitch pointed again. Ned, called on to back, failed to do so, and was charged by Lawrence behind her. The bird was flushed and killed by Miller, and fell twenty yards out into the lake, in full sight of the bitch, who broke shot, plunged in and fetched the bird, with great satisfaction to herself; but Miller looked savagely at her and seemed disposed to use the blacksnake. They were then sent on, when shortly she again pointed, a long distance from the bird, which was down near the water's edge, while the dogs were on top of the bank. Ned in the meantime took a refreshing bath within ten yards of the bird, which flushed at the dog's shaking himself, and was not shot at. Beauty steady to wing. Time being up, the dogs were ordered up. Beauty was reserved for a back.

CHIEF AND MEG.

Chief and Meg, both red Irish, were the next brace. Chief, handled by his owner, is sufficiently well known as a chronic field trial dog. Meg, his daughter, handled by Lawrence, is a handsome small red bitch, with nice style, and is quite fast, but out of condition for running, as she is nursing puppies.

Both dogs, being swung back over the flat, were quartering the brush and sedge grass of the bay, but no game was found. Turning toward the hill, Meg began a fine piece of roading up and down hill for a long distance. Chief, sent up over the hill by his handler, turned scarcely in time to back Meg, who had nailed her bevy on top of the hill. Both dogs being out of sight of their handlers. Lawrence flushed the bevy but did not shoot. Both dogs were steady to wing. The thicket near the old wind mill was now entered and Chief came to a point, Meg backing. The birds were flushed by the handlers and missed by both in regular field trial style. Both dogs dropped to shot. The low brush proved blank and on reaching the road all hands were invited to lunch. After half an hour had been well spent at this work the two red setters were again put down. A bevy of quail were flushed by one of the judges but were not followed. Chief quartering the open, again pointed. A meadow lark was flushed, killed by the handler, Chief dropping to shot and retrieving the bird tenderly. Thrown out for Meg, she also retrieved well. Time up.

LADY ESSEX AND YOUBE.

Lady Essex, a blue belton bitch, was handled by Lawrence, and Yoube by her owner. The English setter was much the faster of the two, and promised to make a good one. Her age is but fourteen months.

The west plain of the brickyard woods was drawn blank, and the two bitches were ordered down into the wilderness, the stronghold of the club for birds. Lady going at top speed near the edge of it found a bevy, and made a stylish and short point. Yoube, called up by her handler, backed in good style. On the birds being flushed the handlers both fired and one bird was killed and retrieved by Yoube. It was thrown out for Lady, but she failed to obey. The opposite bank was reached after some hard and tedious work, and Yoube pointed on the hillside in a green brier thicket. The birds were flushed, three being killed by her handler and Mr. Leavitt, the judge. Both dogs dropped to shot. The dogs were ordered up.

COUNT RANGER AND DORA.

Count Ranger, a white, black and ticked Llewellin setter, handled by his owner, and Dora, a red Irish setter bitch, handled by Miller, were ordered into the wilderness. This was poor judgment, as it is almost impossible to penetrate certain portions of it, extending for half a mile from east to west. The bank was followed for some time, the red setter roading through the marshy thicket, but the birds evidently had run in, as was subsequently proved. Count Ranger and his handler were separated from the party and were lost for a long time; they crossed, however, to the other side, while the party returned to the nearest edge.

The white setter was at last seen climbing the hill in the distance in search of his master and after a while, Mr. Pape looking for his dog, who in the meantime had come across a fine bevy on top of the hill and had a fine point, in full sight, though half a mile away from the judges and spectators. At last the handler reached the top, saw his dog, and in graceful hurry flushed the bird, missing with both barrels. As the birds were in the thicket again the dogs were ordered up for the day.

The next morning, Tuesday, Nov. 10, they were again cast off on the Fox farm at the west end of the island. One or two brier patches were drawn blank, but in the next, both dogs were roading a bevy, which rose wild at the opposite edge. They were followed into more and worse briers, and the English setter began to flinch them. The previous day's work, as well as his long journey from Kansas, where he had been hunted hard, were telling on him. The red bitch had worked through the thicket, and established a point at the foot of the hill. Count, called up, refused to back, passed her and flushed the bird. Both dogs steady to wing; up hill again, the plucky red setter followed the birds into the worst briers, now pointing and again roading, a very creditable piece of work indeed, and thankless, as the judge could not see her half the time. Her handler kept up as well as he could, having been ordered to kill, which he finally succeeded in doing. The Llewellin setter was bleeding and was withdrawn by his handler. The bird thrown for Dora she retrieved in good style.

ROCK AND SAILOR.

Rock and Sailor, both handled by Lawrence, were now cast off, and both soon began roading. A bird was put up between the three, Lawrence claiming the credit. The two dogs could not establish a point, but did good work on the running birds, Rock finally pointing, and a dead bird was found by his handler. Sailor, the faster dog of the brace, was a trifle wild, and neither of them could be induced to retrieve, and the judges ordered them up, Rock to run with Francisco, the black and tan setter, who, however, was not in condition to compete and was, therefore, withdrawn by Mr. Reiche.

Second Series.

The judges, according to the rules of the club, selected the four dogs showing the highest scores.

CHIEF AND DOC B.

Chief was put down with Doc B. to decide for first place. Chief, handled by his owner, and Doc B. by Miller, were cast off south of the triangular road, and both went at it with a will. As the wind was blowing quite strong, the handlers felt a little shaky as to results, for, under the circumstances, it was very easy for the dogs to flush birds. However, during this entire heat neither of the dogs made one single mistake. A brier piece was gone through, and Chief and Doc B. both roaded toward the middle of it, where Chief, getting body scent, tossed up his head, and, going directly up wind toward the outer edge, drawing beautifully all the while, stopping once or twice, he finally came to a halt, and with head up and tail straight in line with his back, fore foot up, pointed. He was instantly backed by Doc B. who swung in to his left behind Chief. It was the event of the meeting. Doc B. was roading in grand style previous to his back, and it was indeed only a matter of a few moments which of the dogs would get his point first. A large bevy was put up, and three birds were killed by the handler of Chief and the judge; both dogs dropping to shot instantly. Chief, ordered to retrieve, did so, and Doc B., sent for the remaining bird, brought it, both dogs sitting up and delivering the birds into the hands of their handlers. This work all through was simply perfection itself. The birds were followed and soon found, Doc B. being the first to point. Chief was called up and backed in crouching position. The score was filled for both dogs and they were ordered up.

YOUBE AND MEG.

The brace next highest in scale, Yoube, handled by her owner, and Meg, handled by Lawrence, were put into the brier thicket where the winning brace had finished their work, and notwithstanding that both bitches had puppies six and seven weeks old at home, they plunged into those green briers with the courage of bulldogs.

The Irish blood was up and there were birds ahead, but they were running and flushed wild and could not be reached by the gun. To the foot of the ridge both dogs went and Yoube pointed, and a wounded bird was picked up by her handler, which she was ordered to retrieve, doing so at command, having been taught to retrieve when five years old. Meg kept roading back into the briers and the handler asked for mercy on the dogs and the judges ordered them into the open. Soon birds were found in an old pond hole and were flushed by Yoube, Lawrence killing one bird, which Meg retrieved in good style. They were ordered up.

DOC B. AND MEG.

Doc B. and Meg were swung south to decide the second prize winner. A bird was found, flushed and killed by Lawrence, his dog breaking shot (the gravest offense possible in the eye of one of the judges), which lost her all chances for second place, and Doc B.'s previous score and superior work secured him second place without any further work. The score made by the winners is as follows: Chief 87, Doc B. 83, Meg 81, Yoube 79.

CHIEF, therefore, was awarded first prize, the President's silver cup, gold lined.

DOC. B., second prize, silver cup.

MEG, third prize, a silver drinking flask.

YOUBE, fourth prize, a cash premium.

BEAGLE PEDIGREE.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 7, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to inquiry of "H. F. S." for pedigree of beagle Louise I offer some heresay evidence for what it may be worth. Some three years ago, in a correspondence with Mr. Colin Cameron, he wrote me, among other things, that Lee was the grandsire of his very promising young dog Racket. This, if correct, completes the pedigree of Louise. "H. F. S.'s" Trailer has occupied considerable of your space lately, and I should like to ask the owner why he advertises Trailer as Rowett stram, there being not a drop of Rowett blood on the dam's side, and further, why he claims that John Knight's Pet and Beauty, sire and dam respectively of Satterthwaite's Fly, were imported. This claim was presumably unknown to Mr. Satterthwaite when he registered Fly, and it is news to those who knew these dogs in John Knight's kennel.—F. W. WHEATON.

WESTERN FIELD TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE first annual meeting of the Western Field Trials Association commenced at Abilene, Kan., Monday morning, Nov. 9, at 10 o'clock, and terminated on Friday afternoon at 5 P. M. This, though not the shortest time that trials with even more dogs have been run, surely was the most satisfactory one all the way through. All dogs were given ample time to display their good or bad qualities, each heat lasting from one to four hours. None of the handlers nor owners complained of their dogs not getting time enough. A precedent was established by the judges right at the start that no p judgment would be taken.

The grounds selected were new to everybody except the local sportsmen, and they had not tried them this season. Most of the trial has been run in the corn or heavy cover, and yet there were plenty of open places found to try a dog's speed. The weather during the week was warm and very pleasant for the men, but did not give the dogs a fair show. The large number of flushes will convince any sportsman that something was wrong, and it was the dry ground and grass. A time a little later in the season would be much better for the dogs, and yet not so pleasant for judges and spectators.

On the evening before the start it was found necessary to get substitutes for two judges, Messrs. Bergundthal and Col. Hughes. After consulting all parties interested it was agreed that J. W. Munson of St. Louis and W. B. Stafford of Trenton, Tenn., should act. They each had dogs entered in the Free-For-All, but Munson's bitch Vanity coming in heat could not run and Stafford withdrew his dog. These gentlemen performed their duties to the satisfaction of all during the whole of the prolonged Free-For-All race. When that was concluded Messrs. Munson and Stafford were relieved, as Mr. Stafford had to handle two dogs and Mr. Munson owned one puppy that was to run in the Derby. Messrs. E. E. Pray, of Denver, and R. C. Van Horn, of Kansas City, were selected, Mr. Pray having a bitch withdrawn that he had some interest in. Mr. E. C. Sterling put in the time continually, and to his long experience and the excellence of all the judges we are indebted for the prompt manner in which all fine points were settled. We don't know of any one more capable of acting the presiding judge than Mr. Sterling.

FREE-FOR-ALL STAKE.

In the Free-For-All there were ten starters, and a good lot of dogs they proved to be. They came from North, South and West, some of them having met previously on the field. Following is the order in which they were drawn to run:

Trinket's Bang against Joe.
Count Rapier against Patsey.
American Dan against Cato.
Richmond against Queen Bess.
Lillian against Bridgeport.

A number of these dogs have run in former field trials, East and West, and their performances in previous years have been fully given in FOREST AND STREAM.

Trinket's Bang is a pointer (Croxteth—Trinket), Joe a red Irish setter (Irish Ranger—Lady Trumble, Count Rapier a Llewellyn setter (Druid—Magnolia), Patsey, Irish setter (Lord Dufferin—Queen Bess), Cato a red Irish setter (Keno—Maud), Richmond, lemon and white pointer (Vandevort's Don—Beulah), Queen Bess (Gladstone—Donna J.), Bridgeport (Dashing Monarch—Vannette), Lillian (Gladstone—Sue). The first place was won by the pointer, Trinket's Bang, large liver and white dog. He is not an extremely handsome dog, and might not win at a bench show; but the longer he runs at a field trial the better he seems to be. He did his finest work at the very close of his last heat. He is very fast and staunch, and very stylish on points and backing. Trinket's Bang ran last year at Grand Junction, and was there beaten by Lillian, but your able correspondent and many of the spectators claimed that Bang won the heat that the judges gave to Lillian. He is owned by William Titterington, of Wyanet, Illinois. The second place was divided between Lillian and Patsey. Lillian was not equal to the red dog, Patsey, as she was sick, and Mr. Van Horn very cleverly proposed to divide second with her. The third prize was divided between five dogs, but no record was given them, as time did not permit the heats to be run off. Those getting a share were Cato, Count Rapier, Queen Bess, Richmond and Bridgeport. The first prize Derby was won by J. W. Munson's pointer bitch Malite, and the second prize by A. A. Whipple's Belle. Third prize, divided between the setters Blitz B. and White Cloud. This brings the pointer dog to the front with as much prominence as the setter has been heretofore in the Southern or National field trials.

The field was reached at about 9:30, a full complement of the members of the association being in attendance, as well as a large crowd of local lovers of the sport.

TRINKET'S BANG AND JOE.

The first brace included the pointer dog, Trinket's Bang, handled by Nesbitt, and the red setter dog Joe (Irish Ranger—Lady Trumbull), handled by Allen. The run commenced at 9:40, in open grass field, Bang to the right, Joe going slow. One-quarter mile drawn, no birds. In the corn the pointer led, Joe keeping close to Allen. They brought up to a point, but moved on through the corn, Joe drew but did not stop.

One half mile through the corn and no game, when the dogs were ordered up to charge. They were then sent on in a pasture field, Joe to the left Bang to the right. A half mile made and no birds, both dogs making game on grass, but nothing found. By this time the hunt had wound around from the cornfield and pasture alongside the river bank. Point for Joe, back for Bang, both having made game. Birds flushed, both dogs steady. Joe made a point, but no birds found; search for covey in brush. Bang pointed and moved on and bird flushed. Joe backed and was pointing when bird flushed in thick cover. The dogs called and ordered on up the river bank. Both dogs and handlers came to covey, when they flushed birds, which scattered in the corn. Nesbit claimed a point for Bang. Birds flushed, shot at and missed, Bang steady to shot. Joe not near enough to back. Trainer Allen flushed a bird and Joe started to wing. Nesbit next flushed a bird, Bang making a point and Joe ordered to back, which he did. Bang got another point and another flush; was sent to find dead bird. Joe found bird and retrieved in good style. Bird thrown out for Bang, who with some difficulty, found and retrieved it. Dogs cast off; flush for Bang in the corn. Dogs taken up while going to new ground. Heat given to Bang.

COUNT RAPIER AND PATSEY.

Count Rapier was handled by H. B. Short, who found that the cover and ground here were not such as he has been used to in the South. Patsey was handled by A. J. Gleason, of Alma, Kansas.

When the dogs were ordered on Patsey came to a staunch point before he had gone ten steps. Gleason was ordered to flush and kill the bird. He ordered the dog to flush, shot and missed. Both dogs were steady to shot. Dogs were ordered on, when a large covey flushed and settled in heavy cover. Some of the birds went down in a hog lot, and dogs were sent in but could not do anything for want of cover. Judge Stafford flushed a bird and a black, ugly pig another, when it was suggested to try for a new covey. Coming back into grass, where a single bird had been marked down, Patsey made a flush, though it was scarcely chargeable to him on account of cover and dry grass. A change was then made, and the dogs were taken up to the garden of a farmer. Patsey ran up to the fence and got a fine point, Count R. backing. Gleason was ordered to kill the bird, which he did. Patsey made another point without moving, as the grass was full of birds. Both dogs were then called back that the birds might be flushed, which was done.

They were then ordered on, and Patsey again pointed. Bird was ordered killed, and Gleason told Patsey to flush and he killed. Patsey retrieved in good style. Soon after Patsey made a point, but no birds were found. Moving to the front yard, Count R. made a point and Patsey at once backed. Short was ordered to flush and shoot, and the bird was flushed and Short missed. Moving into some corn, Count R. made a point, and the bird flushed to his left. Patsey pointed a rabbit and Count R. soon did the same. Dogs were ordered up, and put down again on a covey that had been marked down. Soon both dogs pointed out of sight of each other. The birds flushed and settled a short distance away in the grass. Dogs sent on, and Patsey got two points to Count R.'s one. Then Patsey, going a short distance, pointed, and Gleason ordered to flush for Short to shoot. Short shot and bird fell in the river where the bank was forty feet high and could not be retrieved. Judges now stopped for consultation and declared the heat ended and Patsey the winner. Both dogs did fine work and their heat was the feature of the day. Both were fast and stylish. Time down, one hour and forty-five minutes.

AMERICAN DAN AND CATO.

Third and last brace for the day were put down after lunch. American Dan, handled by Short, was turned loose against Cato, a young Irish setter. The latter had a sore foot and was expected to flinch. Both dogs moved off at a rattling gait through a millet field, but no birds were found. Next the borders of a cornfield were tried. Dan went into corn and was soon lost to trainer and spectators. After ten minutes spent by Short whistling for him, judges and spectators went through the corn and after flushing a large bevy of chickens found him. A hedge was now tried and birds found running. Both dogs roaded but the birds flushed before a point could be established. Some time was spent trying for birds without success, when the trainers called for time to get water for dogs. When sent on birds were found along a hedge, but they flushed before the dogs got a point. They flew into sunflowers higher than the head of a mounted man, in which Dan got a point and Short wounded. Dan tried for some time to retrieve, and failing, was called off, and Cato found the bird afterward. Swinging round to a hedge, Gleason flushed a bird, and one hundred yards further on Short flushed one. Going on further a covey was flushed ahead of Dan. We then crossed over to a hedge where birds were found and partly flushed. Both dogs roaded, and Cato crossing the hedge got a fine point, standing for about ten minutes while Short was getting Dan up to back, which he did after being spoken to by Short. Bird was flushed but not shot at. We next tried the cornfield, and Dan made a point. The bird was flushed, dog remaining steady. The handlers flushed a covey near a hedge, and they settled in corn. The dogs were sent in and Cato got two points and Dan one. They were then taken up to go to better ground. After getting water they were put into a cornfield and here Dan pointed, and birds flushed before Short got up. Dan promptly dropped to wing. Cato next made a fine point, and flushed bird to order. It flew toward the judges so that Gleason could not shoot. Sent on here Dan got a whipping by Short for disobedience. Soon after Cato made a fine point. Gleason was ordered to shoot, the bird was flushed and Gleason missed. Cato now made another point, but failed to locate the bird after roading through corn where there was no cover. Going into grass Cato flushed, and further on Dan flushed a bird which Short killed and Dan retrieved fairly.

We now crossed a field, and went into corn, and a bevy was flushed. They were followed and Cato made a point, and Gleason was ordered to kill, which he did in good style. Gleason was then ordered to keep Cato in until Dan should point and he have a chance to back. Soon a point was made and Cato being turned loose backed in very good style. Cato is somewhat unsteady in backing, because Dan in pointing usually drops flat on the ground. It being now past sundown dogs were ordered up and the heat decided in favor of Cato. The time, three hours and twenty minutes, was necessarily long, as birds were in such bad cover. This ended the first day of the trial.

RICHMOND AND QUEEN BESS.

At 8 o'clock Tuesday morning the marshalls, judges, handlers and their dogs started for the grounds. The experience of the previous day had caused new grounds to be chosen, and the trial was had on lands four miles north of the city, where, if birds were no more plentiful than on the day previous, there was better chance to find them after they had been flushed, and the spectators could see to better advantage the working of the dogs. The morning was fine, and when the first brace of dogs were put down the grass was wet and in fine condition. The first brace were cast off at 9:10 A. M. They were the lemon and white pointer dog Richmond, handled by Short, and the black, white and tan bitch Queen Bess, handled by Nesbitt.

The dogs were started in a meadow to show their speed, quartering and style of ranging. They both went at such a gait that one unaccustomed to fast dogs would say they would run over all the birds and get no points, Richmond going the fastest of the two. Dogs sent up the slough, but no birds found, for they were in the corn at that time of the day. Crossing the road, the brush along the creek was tried, but no birds were found. Both dogs worked finely in speed and style, and general work. The judges then made for a cornfield, where they would have found the birds sooner in the first place. Here the fun commenced. In about twenty minutes three coveys were raised and made for grass at edge of cover. Bess here made the first point. The bird running in plain sight was tempting to her and she was unsteady. A little further on Bess got another point and Nesbitt flushed, shot and missed. Bess moved up and stopped at command, showing she was under control. Passing then into a ravine both dogs got a flush. Crossing the hedge to a ravine, Bess made a flush and a little further on Short flushed one and killed, which Richmond retrieved, Bess unsteady. Bess then made two flushes and Richmond one. Across the creek dogs sent on and Richmond made a fine point; no bird found. Twenty minutes time spent hunting up a draw, and no birds found. But just here the rules were suspended and Mr. Sterling, one of the judges, flushed and shot a jack-snipe that had been marked down.

Another field was tried with better success, for birds were soon found along the bank at edge of corn. The dogs dropped in high grass. Bess made a point, which proved to be on a rabbit. Next Richmond made a fine point; Short flushed and killed, but bird not retrieved. Birds were flushed and marked by Marshall. Dogs taken to where they dropped, and here Bess got a point. Nesbitt ordered to flush and kill, and Bess retrieved handsomely. A large hawk came too near Short's double barrel, and he brought it to the ground. A covey was flushed by the wagons and dropped under the bank. Down in the ravine Short claimed a point for Richmond, but it was not allowed, as the judges did not see it. Moving up the bank both dogs roaded, pointed and roaded a running covey. Moving on, Richmond got a point; bird flushed, Richmond steady to wing. Going across the cornfield both dogs got points, and Short killed a bird. Dogs ordered up; the heat was awarded to Richmond. This was very close in points of merit, and had the Queen been steady to her points and wing she would not have been beaten. This, we are informed, is the fault of her owner and not of her trainer, the owner allowing her to run in at shot. Heat ended at 11:30. Down two hours and twenty minutes.

LILLIAN AND BRIDGEPORT.

Lillian was handled by Short, and Bridgeport by Mr. Pray from Denver. Both dogs started off at a good rate of speed, but Lillian was much the faster, well earning the title of whirlwind. Going down the edge of corn Port got a flush to start on. Going to the creek dogs were given water, and Lill in getting out into grass on opposite side flushed a large covey by jumping right into them. Moving on birds were soon found. Port got a fine point, Mr. Pray shot and killed a bird with each barrel. Port sent on to retrieve found it and brought in very clever shape. It was Lill's turn next, she got a point and bird flew. Port came to a halt, but moved on. Lill stopped. Short claimed a point but no bird found. Lill then made a handsome point and Short flushed and killed. Lill retrieved finely. Lill sent on flushed in high grass. Next a false point for Lill. Then came Port's time to show his nose and a fine point was made in the open. Lill called up to back did not do so at once, but kept moving until she was spoken to by Short. Bird flushed, shot at by Pray with both barrels. Port was a little unsteady and was trying to locate what he supposed to be two dead birds. He stopped instantly at command. Sent on, a point was made by Lill. Short flushed, shot and missed. Port also made a fine point; bird ran and was flushed. Into cover they were sent; there Lill made a fine point, Short killing the bird, which was retrieved by Port. A little further on Port pointed and Lill was brought up to back, which she did well. Judges here called a halt for lunch. After thirty minutes same dogs were put down and sent up a clear open swale to see them range. Both fast, but Lill getting away ahead. After trying a hedge, birds were found by one of the wagons in the open grass stubble. Dogs taken there. Lill made a very bad flush, running right into the birds up wind on open meadow. Going to the ground Lill made a grand point and Port called up made a back equally as fine. Short flushed, shot and missed, both dogs steady to wing and shot. Moved up bank, and Lill roaded and bird flew. Lill now made a fine point in grass, and bird was flushed by Short. Next a flush for Port, quickly followed by Lill in the same manner.

Moving on to grass, Port made a grand point. Lill, called up to back, did it in grand style. It was worth going across the continent to see these two dogs on a point. Bird ordered flushed, but being across the slough and down a bank, could not be flushed by Mr. Pray, so Port was ordered on to do it, which he did and was steady to wing. Port pointed again and a rabbit ran. The heat was here ended, and a fine one it was, for never in Kansas were seen two finer specimens of the Llewelleyn setter down together. The dogs were nearly equal in all but pace, Lill here having the advantage, but she did not know how and where to find birds as well as Port. Obedience and disposition were equal. The judges had to split hairs to decide the matter, giving the heat to Lillian.

Second Series.

PATSEY AND TRINKET'S BANG.

The first brace of the second series were Patsey, the Kansas City favorite Irish setter, handled by Gleason, and Bang, the Illinois pointer, handled by Nesbitt. They were put down at 2:35 P. M. on an open mowed ground to try pace ranging and quartering; Bang going rapidly, while Patsey was falling short of his usual speed. On top of the ridge three jack rabbits were started and Nesbitt shot one. In the corn Bang made a flush and Patsey a false point. Going on again into grass, Patsey makes a point, and Bang, called to back, does it in fine shape; but, unfortunately for Patsey, it is a false point. Again the grass was tried and both dogs roaded, and Patsey got a point. Bang had a false point scored to him. Patsey got a fine point on a covey. Birds rose in a thicket where Gleason could not shoot. Patsey immediately got a point and birds got up ahead. Put into the corn, Patsey pointed and roaded, and birds flushed. Gleason killed and Patsey retrieved in good shape. We credit Bang with a point at the same time. Patsey at once got another point and so did Bang. Nesbitt killed bird to Bang; and as the birds were running both dogs got a point at edge of corn.

Dogs were then taken to grass. Here another false point was scored for Patsey. Gleason flushed a bird. Bang got next point, Patsey being called up to back, which he did. Patsey then got a point, and Bang backed. Put into another cornfield, Patsey got another point and Bang two, after long roading. Coming to grass, both dogs pointed and were ordered up. The judges consulted and then put dogs down in grass. Gleason flushed a bird and Patsey two. Moving on. Bang and Patsey both got a point; Bang's was false, and Patsey moved up and flushed his bird, when Gleason came up and he got no credit for the point. Dogs ordered up; heat ended, and Bang declared the winner at 4:49. Patsey did not do as well as in the first heat, and Bang improved very perceptibly. Patsey's defeat is attributed more to his trainer and handler than to himself; at least that is the impression made on the minds of his admirers.

CATO AND RICHMOND.

Cato, red Irish, handled by Gleason, and Richmond, handled by Short. The dogs were sent away for speed on open, and Richmond, being the fastest pointer in this part of the country, it was a wonder to see little Cato, with a lame foot, keep up to him. Going into cover at last, birds were found. They were feeding, and there being no cover, they flushed wild and some went into grass. Here Richmond got a point and Short shot and wounded the bird, which fell in high grass, and as the hour was late the judges could not wait for the dog to retrieve it, Richmond was called off and Gleason called Cato with whistle, but he would not come. Gleason claimed a point and the dog was found pointing the crippled bird. Richmond got a point and Cato backed. Short flushed and killed and Richmond retrieved from hedge. Cato got one point and then pointed a rabbit. Going into the corn more birds were flushed and marked down. They were hard to find, and after that Richmond got another point. Darkness coming on and there being no need of further trial to decide the matter, Richmond won the heat.

Third Series.

TRINKET'S BANG AND LILLIAN.

Wednesday morning was cloudy, and fine for the dogs, as the scent was good. The dogs were ordered down at 9:40. Bang started off and found a covey in five minutes. Both dogs showed speed, but Bang was the faster of the two. A nice wind was blowing from the south. The birds from Bang's point were marked in a slough. The dogs being taken there, Lill went in and flushed the covey out, again a single, and afterward she got a point. Short shot the bird. As it was difficult to retrieve the judges said this was not necessary. Dogs next worked in thick willow and sumac, and the whistle was in constant use. Lill showed herself to be under the best control. Nesbitt had trouble to bring Bang to heel. Bang then ran near to a bird in the hedge, and it was flushed by the judges. Next tried a slough to the southwest. After half a mile no birds were found. Dogs sent off in grass.

Bang was very rank, but showed much the best pace and ranging. Bang roaded in fine style down the draw, but failed to locate and was ordered on by Nesbitt. Lill in the meantime having gone into the corn, found nothing. Dogs next sent up through the corn, where there was no possible chance of finding birds. Lill lagged in crossing the open prairie, and examination revealed the fact that her breast was enlarged, as though she was nursing, and that would of course make her feverish and out of condition. She was in much the same condition when she ran with Bridgeport yesterday, but getting worse did not sustain her reputation, for she had divided two third prizes last year in the National Field Trials. Bridgeport could easily have beaten her to-day. The spectators flushed a covey that settled in the grass directly in front of the judges, and with the dogs to wind they were sent on, and Lill found. Short shot and killed. Bang broke shot. He was not penalized, as Short shot without being ordered to do so by the judges.

The grass was very heavy and the birds hard to find. Handlers were here talked to by Judge Sterling. Moving on, a bird flushed. Bang dropped to wing. Dogs worked close

and handlers crowded on to them, not giving them time. Lill got a false point and Bang a flush. Next Lill got a fine point. Short flushed and killed bird, retrieved by Lill but rather slowly. Bang next made a point and an owl sprung from out the brush. Leaving the draw to try the hedge where birds had been marked, Short keeping Lill close in. In the corn Bang got the wind and made the finest draw of the whole trial, and then pointed. Lill got a point about the same time. Bang another point. Short kept Lill in and flushed a single bird. Dogs were then ordered up and the heat given to Bang. Time 10:45. Down one hour and thirty-five minutes. Bang's last point was enough to win anywhere, head high in air, mouth a little open, and body fixed like a marble statue, showing that though setters are more handsome they have not all the style to themselves.

Fourth Series.

BANG AND RICHMOND.

The final heat was now run between Bang and Richmond to decide which was entitled to first. Short objects to going into corn on account of sand burrs. Nesbitt does not complain and says his dogs can run on this ground. The brace was called at 11:30; Richmond handled by Short and Bang by Nesbitt. Both go off in fine style, but Bang has the best of it, Richmond appearing to have tender feet. But he soon warmed up and gained on Bang. They were next taken up a grass draw adjoining a wheat field. Bang here got a point and Richmond backed. Ordered to flush, Nesbitt shot and missed and Bang moved up and won a demerit for breaking shot. Nesbitt made a mistake in shooting at the bird when there was no occasion for it. Several ladies were present at this time and seemed to enjoy the sport.

The dogs both made a point along the hedge. Here a jack-rabbit with his tilting movements called Richmond's attention from the birds. Bang got a point. Nesbitt flushed and the dog was unsteady to wing. Bang soon got another point in the grass. Then by way of a diversion to show his speed, Bang chased a rabbit across a wheat field and would not stop at whistle. Nesbitt administered the proper discipline. Dogs ordered up to wait for a horse. Bang's chase does not necessarily penalize him for chasing, as nothing outside of quail counts. But he would be lowered for disobedience in not stopping at command and whistle.

Dogs ordered on, hunt a hedge to the grass and stubble. No birds found for some time. Both dogs draw in the brush but do not locate birds. Dogs ordered up at 12:15. Down 45 minutes. The final heat given to Bang, who thus wins the prize of $250 for the best dog in the all-aged class. This is a great victory for the pointer men, as the setters have heretofore captured nearly all the prizes in preceding trials in the United States. But of late pointers have come to the front in England, and now this victory adds to their popularity here. Bang is a large liver and white pointer and comes from one of the oldest and best strains of pointers in England, a line which includes a long list of winners both in the field and at bench shows. He is owned by William Titterington, of Wyanet, Ill.

After due consultation it was agreed by all interested to settle the second and third money by dividing as follows: Lillian and Patsey, second money, equally; Richmond, Bridgeport, Count Rapier, Queen Bess and Cato, third money.

THE DERBY STAKE

had twenty entries. Fourteen filled for the race, there being nine pointers and five setters. The judges were Messrs. Sterling, Pray and Van Horn.

First Series.

NORTIER AND CORNER STONE.

The first brace called was Nortier, a Llewellyn setter, handled by Short, his trainer, and Corner Stone, a pointer handled by Gleason, his trainer. They were cast off at 1:30 in corn, adjoining brush, and worked west, going into a draw. Nortier found and Corner Stone came to a point at the same time. Going ahead carefully Corner Stone found again in fine style and made a staunch point. Again going in high grass Corner Stone got a flush and about the same time Nortier made a point. Birds flushed and went to hedge, where Nortier stood and Corner Stone backed in fine style, but bird could not be flushed. The dogs were taken up for a breathing spell; the grass is very dry and weather warm. There has been no rain here for some time and the ground is dry, so dogs must not be charged with the flushes they make as a rule, though it looks like fearful work when it is read by those who did not witness the hunt. It is generally impossible for a dog to scent birds when they alight in high grass and have not moved.

Dogs sent on, several birds were flushed in edge of corn by handlers; but Nortier soon got a point, and the bird was flushed and killed by Short. Nortier retrieved, but retrieving don't count in the puppy class. Corner Stone now came to a fine point, with Nortier backing. The bird was flushed by Corner Stone at Gleason's order. Corner Stone soon had another point in the thick brush. Dogs called up and taken one-half mile to new ground. A light shower at 2:45 made the scenting better. Birds were flushed by Short and marked in corn and grass on hill. Dogs sent on to find. Nortier soon found and pointed. Corner Stone also pointed in excellent style. Nortier got another point, Corner Stone backing. Both go down at wing. Corner Stone roaded and got a point and stood it finely. Dogs taken up at 3:05 P. M. and the heat given to Nortier. It was a very handsome race for young dogs, and beat some of the older dogs run in the Free-For-All. It is supposed that Corner Stone lost this heat because he was slow and would not hunt out at Gleason's urging on the last birds. The ground was a smooth meadow and the pointer thought "No birds here," and thus lost the race by sulking.

METEORITE AND ROD.

The pointer Meteorite was handled by Short, and the pointer Rod was handled by Stafford. This brace are fine specimens of the pointer breed, and their handlers were old timers. The dogs were cast off in the grass where the other brace had been taken up. The pup going at a rattling pace through the corn, Stafford used whistle and voice very often. Soon Rod finds and points steady, Meteorite backing. Stafford flushes and kills, but the bird is not retrieved by the dog. Rod points and the judges go to see. Meteorite rushes in and flushes. Bird shot at by Stafford and missed. Both dogs drop to shot. Rod next flushed a bird at edge of grass. Both go fast but Rod far ahead. Meteorite roaded in swale. Pointed and flushed to Short. Both dogs hunting close, failed to find the birds, and they were flushed by judges. The dogs did poor work in not finding. Rod got the whip from Stafford. Dogs up at 4 P. M. and the heat given to Rod.

DICK AND BURGLAR

were next put down. Underwood's pointer Dick was handled by his trainer, Gleason, and the setter Burglar handled by Harnes, his trainer. At 4 P. M., both started slow and without much style, but soon Dick commenced improving and got much faster. Some grass was drawn blank, and after a little while Burglar flushed near the creek. Going on Dick pointed in the draw, Burglar pointed nicely. Bird flushed by Gleason and not shot at. Very soon Dick got another fine point and Burglar a back. The bird being on the creek bank, Gleason flushed the bird, shot and missed. Both dogs went down to shot. Burglar now found he had to do something, and he made a point which Dick backed. Bird was flushed and shot by Harnes. Dogs ordered up on account of darkness. After the judges met at the hotel they gave the heat to Dick.

With the third day's work everybody seemed satisfied. Birds were plenty and the ground all that could be desired. We heard it intimated that Abilene will be the point selected for the trials next year. We most heartily hope so.

On Thursday judges and handlers got a very late start, owing to the unfavorable weather. The snow ceasing to fall, teams were hastily procured and all started off in good spirits. The marshals of the day, selected from our local club, were Messrs C. Stevens and T. Mosher. They led the party to the grounds, which were selected on Mud Creek, five miles north of the city.

BELLE AND MALITE.

Belle handled by Gleason and Malite by Short, both liver and white pointers, were cast off at 10 o'clock in a grass draw, adjoining corn and grass. A bevy of birds was flushed by the spectators along the sides of the road and marked down along a hedge and in the corn. The dogs were sent on where birds were seen to alight. Belle found and stood staunch, Malite backing. The bird was flushed but judges did not see it, so gave the pup no credit for the point. Several birds being marked down in grass, dogs went on and Belle got a point handsomely backed by Malite. Gleason failed to raise any, although one of the judges—Mr. Pray—saw two birds run to the hedge.

Next came Malite's turn, for she got a point in road by the hedge. Bird flushed and missed to Short's gun. Judges ordered dogs into grass field next creek. Both dogs coming up carefully roaded to edge of bank and Belle was entitled to another point. Both dogs, or pups, as they are classed, were showing good pace, Belle getting the best of it, however. After a few moments' more trial the dogs were ordered up for a time, then again sent on up the creek. After going some distance Belle made a point. Then one was scored for Malite. But soon she flushed a covey, the birds going to corn. Here Malite got a point and Belle was a little unsteady and broke and flushed. But she seemingly redeemed herself and almost immediately got two points. Malite got two also and Short flushed and killed. Dogs steady to shot. Here the heat was declared ended and given to Malite. This heat must have bothered the judges, as many of the spectators thought sure that Belle would win the race.

BANG B. AND KRUPP.

Bang B., handled by Gleason, and Krupp, handled by Stafford, were put down at 11:25. They were another handsome liver and white pair of pointers. They got away at a rattling gait, Bang B. having the best of the race. Bang soon made a fine point in standing corn. The judges, being rather chilly and hungry, thought best to try their hand at lunch at 11:30. While at lunch a farmer comes up and protests against the judges and crowd going over his wheat, but that was soon settled amicably and pleasantly. The pups were again cast off at 12:10. Some birds were flushed after considerable time being spent, and the dogs were called up and the heat given to Krupp.

WHITE CLOUD AND NATALIE.

White Cloud, a large black, white and tan setter pup, handled by his owner, Mr. Campbell, of Clay Center, was put down against Mr. Nesbitt's bitch Natalie, handled by her owner. They were started at 1 P. M. Natalie going to a brook flushed and chased. White Cloud thinking to beat that record stood beautifully, and was steady to shot. White Cloud not satisfied with this roaded beautifully along in brush and stood a covey, which Campbell flushed, shot at and missed. White Cloud steady to shot. Natalie now was very wild and rank in her going, but she found a covey and made a nice point. Birds flushed and settled in standing corn. Both dogs here did some roading, but judges ordered dogs to another place on account of cover being too thick to see the dogs. They were soon cast away on the creek. White Cloud here got in another exhibition of his nose qualifications by pointing a bird. Natalie coming up backed in good style. Dogs ordered up at 1:20; heat given to White Cloud, it being evident that the little ten-months old pup, not weighing over twenty-five pounds, was no match for her competitor.

BOW AND BLITZ.

Bow, large lemon and white pointer, handled by Gleason, and Blitz, large black and white setter, handled by his trainer, Harnes, were put into the chase at 1:30 P. M. The start was made by hunting along the creek. Bow made a false point, and after several attempts by Gleason to get Bow to hunt he was withdrawn from the contest by Mr. Whipple, his owner, who was present. The actions of Bow were unaccountable, as he has heretofore shown good work in the field and has proved himself a superior dog on hot days. But being chained up in a barn for a week he got sick or out of condition. The heat was given to Blitz.

This ended the first part of the Derby race, the winners so far being Nortier, Rod, Dick, Malite, Krupp and Blitz.

Second Series.

NORTIER AND ROD

were put down at 2:10. Nortier handled by Short and Rod handled by Stafford. The pointer showed best pace and style. Though Nortier got the first point, he could not locate the bird. Rod, going up to the hedge, got a point, and shortly afterward Nortier made a flush. Rod now got another point. Nesbitt flushed and shot, and Rod went down at once to shot. Judges here ordered the dogs up and gave the heat to Rod.

DICK AND MALITE.

Dick, handled by Gleason, and Malite by Short, both liver and white pointers and litter sister and brother, were cast off at 3 P. M.. Malite seemed a little nervous and made away in good style for the grass. Malite found scent in the corn and stopped, but no birds were found. Dick got a flush on a single bird. Malite made a point, but did not locate her birds. She then made two more false points. Dick in the meantime was going slowly and was evidently greatly troubled by sand burrs. Judges gave the handlers a chance to get out burrs from the dogs' feet. The work was now in heavy grass and Malite soon got a false point. Here a farmer, Mr. Cooley, objected to shooting, but when it was explained to him that we were only trying the dogs, the farmer said all right go ahead. Malite, after having pointed a lark, got a point on a quail. The bird was flushed and killed by Short and retrieved in style by Malite. Dogs up and heat given to Malite.

KRUPP AND WHITE CLOUD.

Krupp, handled by Stafford, and White Cloud by Campbell, were put down at 3:07 P. M. Dogs sent over wheat field for a race, and in range Krupp showed to the best advantage. Both dogs got a point and Stofford flushed and killed. Krupp next got a flush and White Cloud a point, which Krupp backed, both dropping to wing. Soon White Cloud pointed, but no bird was found. Immediately afterward he got a point and dropped to wing, and soon another and then a third fine one. The bird was flushed by Campbell.

A point by Krupp followed, and White Cloud pointed the same bird. Krupp at once got a point, and White Cloud was unsteady in backing. Dogs were up at 5:45, as it was too dark to see, the heat being unfinished. The work performed by White Cloud was truly wonderful. He is very fast, stops to point with the greatest suddeness possible, and seemed to have all the good qualities of Druid and Princess Draco combined, as he was the last and only puppy in the litter.

At the Henry House that night the performance of White Cloud was discussed. Mr. Munson asked Campbell if he would sell, he said "Yess, for $500." And Mr. Pray said, "He is mine," and paid the money. Mr. Pray being a judge he was relieved, and Mr. Nesbit chosen in his place.

Friday morning opened up fine and frosty, but the sun came out warm and the day was fine for field sport except that the ground and grass were too dry for the scent to lie well and the dogs could not do good work in the high grass. The procession did not move from the city until a late hour, and the judges and handlers were not on the ground until 10 o'clock.

WHITE CLOUD AND KRUPP.

First in order was the completion of the unfinished heat between White Cloud and Krupp. Judges and handlers with dogs to heel started up the edge of the corn, and at once a covey of quail were flushed and partially marked down; but were not followed, as there were too many cattle there. When the hedge was searched the dogs were sent away, both going fast, but White Cloud leading all the while. The corn was tried, and none being found, the scattered birds flushed at the beginning of the day were looked for. Meantime judges and reporters were going it on foot. Going through high grass Krupp got a point and a rabbitt was seen to go away. The side of the creek bank was next tried, and Krupp, coming along the edge of the grass, got a point, as Stafford claimed, but he afterward moved on. Dogs going on, White Cloud had the fortune to come upon a covey first and got a fine point, and the dogs were ordered up and White Cloud awarded the heat.

ROD AND BLITZ B.

Rod, the winner of two previous heats, and Blitz B., the dog who had the bye, were next put down. Rod was handled by Stafford, and Blitz by Hairns. They were put down to work on same covey on which the other heat closed as the birds had been marked down along the bank of the creek. A running bird being seen near the creek bank, the dogs were put on the trail, but first Stafford had to give Rod a whipping to take some of the foolishness out of him. Both dogs went away well, and the setter gets a point and Rod standing in a few feet off refuses to back, and he moved up and the bird flushed. Rod was unsteady because the bird was standing in plain view of the dogs. The bank was tried still further but no birds found. And Rod preferring corn ran into it and stopped, but going on roaded a little and missed the birds as the reporters coming behind flushed them about ten steps from where the dog stood.

Meantime dogs, handlers and judges had gone in the corn out of sight. Away at the further side of the field, 100 yards ahead of the judges, Rod got a point, but the judges could not see him and he got no credit. The handlers were now told to return to the grass, where the birds had been located. Just at the edge Rod ran into a bird and it flushed. The dogs were now taken to windward and started on. Both dogs roaded and flushed together, but the setter was penalized for it. Rod getting down to business, soon found a bird, and it was flushed by Stafford. Next, Blitz began to redeem himself by getting a point. The bird was flushed.

Rod now merited a penalty by flushing, and then both dogs trailed and pointed for some distance, and then the birds were not located. They seemed to keep running all the time. The dogs got up to the edge of grass and Harnes flushed a bird, though Blitz was charged with it. Rod now drew and pointed along the edge of creek bank, but no bird could be flushed. The judges here called a halt, and after some consultation gave the heat to Blitz. Now Blitz did some fair work, but he won more through the poor work of Rod than through any fine work of his, as was proven by the heats he ran during the remainder of the day. This was the last brace of the third series.

Fourth Series.

WHITE CLOUD AND MALITE.

White Cloud, the phenomenon setter, and Malite, the gamy pointer, were called and put down, White Cloud being handled by Campbell, his former owner and trainer, and Malite by the Southern giant Short. They were started in a grass patch along the creek. No birds being found they were ordered to cross the creek and try that side. Both dogs were now going at a fine pace, White Cloud ahead. Going into a little draw Malite came suddenly upon a point, and bending in a circle and crouching on the steep hillside stood motionless, while White Cloud, coming up, would not back. Short flushed the bird and shot, but in the air.

White Cloud moved up and was unsteady, but the bitch was so near the ground he may not have seen her fairly. Next, after some fine ranging in grass, Malite came to a handsome point, but her handler could not find anything but a gopher hole. Again we went on and White Cloud kept getting faster. After going over a slight ridge into tall grass, and when White Cloud could not be seen, Campbell whistled and called his dog, when a bird was flushed by him and he was then apparently pointing. Cambell remarked that he called him when he was pointing, but did not see him until it was too late. The judges here called the dogs up and the heat was won by Malite.

MALITE AND BLITZ.

We then had the setter Blitz called up to settle who should be entitled to first prize. Being started off Malite gets a point in twenty paces, as her handler knew just where the birds had been located by another dog. The bird was flushed and shot, and retrieved by Malite, and was only winged and had to be killed by Short after he took it from the dog. In the meantime Blitz B. had gone and flushed a bird, though Harnes had been told to hold him back. Going up to a hedge Blitz made a point, and Harnes claimed it. Harnes ordered to flush, and going up said they were running on opposite side of hedge. Judge ordered it shot on the ground, and while Harnes was getting in a shell the bird disappeared, and Harnes trying, could not get through the hedge and so Blitz got no credit for the point. After going a little further Malite got a point and Short flushed and shot the bird. It was retrieved, and the dogs were called in and the judges had no hesitancy in giving the heat and race to Malite. First money $150.

Judges here announce lunch, and while a rest is had from tramping, we ponder over the fact that the pointer dogs are now to the front in both stakes. Lunch being over, the need of more birds is discussed, and they take to wagons and change ground to put down the dogs that are to compete for second money.

WHITE CLOUD AND BELLE.

The first brace being White Cloud, handled by Campbell and Belle by Gleason, were sent off down a swale at 1:30 P. M. Some distance was traveled before birds were found. And then the dogs both got into a covey at about the same time, and the birds flew. The dogs roaded for some distance, and White Cloud got a point, and then made a flush down wind. The handlers were directed to the spot where the birds were marked, and soon a flush is made in the light grass. White Cloud here made what proved to be a false point, and Belle was ordered up to back, but Campbell going up to his dog, Belle could not have a chance to back.

After repeated trials in attempting to get up the remainder of the covey it was decided to seek for a new one. They were soon flushed in some high weeds and marked down, and the dogs sent to where they went down. Belle now got a point and then moved up and flushed the bird. A large portion of the covey had been marked in corn, and the dogs were sent in there, but could not find them, for there was so little cover in the corn that the birds would run across the field and leave no scent for the dogs to follow. Going into grass Belle got a point, and White Cloud did not get up to back until the bird flushed. Again going into some thistles Belle made another point, and the bird flushed by Gleason. This ended the race, and Belle won at 3 P. M.

BELLE AND DICK.

Judges here called a halt and looked at the rules to see what to do about the next brace being run together by one handler, and they decided they must so run. Belle and Dick were sent off, both handled by Gleason. They are a fine brace of young pointers. Gleason was instructed not to call points but to let the judges decide on their merits. A covey was soon flushed in very high grass, and going up the dogs were found stand-

ing as though they had been pointing. Birds were marked near the spectators, in very high, thick grass. Dick ran in and flushed, and soon a flush was made by Belle, but Gleason spoke to them and made them more careful, and got a point and back, and then a flush or two. The grass was so thick that a man on horseback could not see a dog ten feet away. A cornfield was next tried and a covey found, and here the judges were saved further trouble by Mr. Underwood withdrawing his dog Dick, and the heat went to Belle.

BELLE AND BLITZ B.

The next and last heat was between Belle and Blitz. Going down wind a large covey was flushed by Belle, and, alighting across the slough in corn, were not followed. A little further on Blitz made a false point. They next tried a wheat stubble with much better success, and a point was made by both dogs and claimed. They roaded on, and soon Belle came to a point, and a bird jumped up and got down again within ten feet of the dog, which was very trying to a puppy. She charged to order. Judges went up and flushed the birds and they scattered in good shape. The dogs were swung around and brought up again, and Belle at once established a point.

While Blitz was getting around for a back she moved and the birds flew. Sent on again Blitz got a fine point, Belle backing nicely, but the birds could not be started; they were running, and being only about two-thirds grown they would not fly more than twenty steps. Blitz now made a flush, and then a false point, and then a point. Belle did the same. They were some distance apart. Both birds were flushed. The dogs ordered up, and the flag went up for Belle, who wins the second money, $100.

Belle is a very nervous bitch of the finest type. Her sire is Beaufort, second sire champion Bow, her dam Gertrude, and Gertrude out of Snapshot. Mr. Whipple has worked hard for the success of the meeting, and is deserving of having won a place with his bitch Belle. This puts the pointer one notch higher.

The third money was divided by the owner or handler of Blitz and White Cloud without running off the heat, much to the satisfaction of the judges, as they were getting very tired and it was nearly sundown and time to start for the city. This day's proceedings ends the first annual meeting of the Western Field Trials Association. Many representative sportsmen from different parts of the United States have been here and we trust they may all come again next year and have with them many other friends and many new dogs. The good people of Abilene have done nobly in the way of making their stay pleasant. Some of the gentlemen will remain over to-day and go out and have a few private tests with their dogs.

NEW JERSEY CLUB TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE annual field trials of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club were held at Fisher's Island, Nov. 12, 1885, Mr. Justus von Lengerke, judge. The prizes were awarded as follows:

First—The club's cup, valued at $50, to Chief, red Irish setter dog, owned by Max Wenzel.

Second—The president's silver cup, donated by Chas. Heath, Esq., to Jimmie, liver colored pointer dog, owned by Chas. J. Peshall.

Third—The vice-president's cup, donated by Chas. J. Peshall, Esq., to Jersey Beauty, red Irish setter bitch, owned by Max Wenzel.

The work was tedious and slow. The birds kept in the thickets and were scarcely accessible, although three large bevies were found in one heat in the open. The handler of the pointer winning second place was involuntarily a source of great mirth by his frequent pleas and excuses to sit down while handling his dog. "Jimmie, poor Jimmie, old man, you are tired, are you?" The participants are looking for better success in attendance for the next field trials, and the winners will donate cups of equal quality to the winners of the trials in 1886. M.

CONCERNING "KICKING."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "I never kicked at a judge's rulings yet, and I think it a poor business." If his rulings are his honest opinion, their honesty is entitled to respect; if he is utterly incapable the club that selected him should be kicked. If a judge renders a corrupt or predetermined opinion I cannot sufficiently express my scorn and contempt of him; his rulings sink into insignificance. If a club, or anybody connected with dog shows, does a wrong, I propose to "kick" and keep on "kicking." A "change of heart" in me or in anybody else is of too trivial interest to the doggy world to waste ink on; but in the defense of "the sacred right of kicking" I would spill an ocean of ink.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Nov. 13).

WINSTED DOG SHOW.—In addition to the classes already announced; and at the request of breeders, the managers have made classes for deerhounds, dog or bitches, and Italian greyhounds. Mr. J. M. Tracy, who is to judge pointers and setters, states that he will adhere to the "Stonehenge" standard, as all of his observations of attempts to judge by "rule of thumb" have been unfavorable.

KENNEL NOTES have been deferred until next week.

FOXHOUND IMPORTATION.—At this port a day or two since a pair of English foxhounds arrived, consigned to Mr. Walter L. C. Biddle, of Radnor, Pa., for the use of the Gulf Mills Hunt, of Montgomery county, Pa. These fine animals are the gift of the Duke of Beaufort, and came from his kennel at Badminton, England. We fear these English foxhounds, like all others imported to this country by our Pennsylvania hunt clubs, will prove inferior to our own dogs for American fox hunting, as it differs so entirely from that practiced on the other side of the water. Our dogs may not have the speed but they have the nose to follow all day through swamps, over rocks and all kinds of country which the English dogs have proved they do not possess at least in America.—HOMO.

NOTA BENE.—The December number of the A. K. R. will close the volume for 1885. It is highly important to all concerned that the show and field trial records of all registered dogs, together with any corrections, should be brought up to date. Send in early. The Register numbers now reach up to 2908.

SALE OF GRAPHIC.—The celebrated pointer Graphic has been sold by Mr. James L. Anthony, of New York, to Mr. Charles Heath, of Newark, N. J., for $2,000 and service to three bitches. Mr. Heath will carry out all the engagements that Mr. Anthony has made regarding the dog.

BEAGLE MEASUREMENTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As my letter regarding beagle measurements has not called forth any replies, I would respectfully like to ask some such practical beagle men as Mr. Pottinger Dorsey to express their views on the subject.—HERM. F. SCHELLHASS.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. E., Gloversville, N. Y.—My hound bitch pup, four months old, has been sick for a week past. She is growing very thin and lean, but she is always feverish, and when lying under a warm stove will shiver. Her eyes are sunk in deeply, and as for appetite, she has none to talk of. I have given her physics, such as gunpowder and castor oil. She gets up a little, but shivers and goes back and lies under the stove. I give her some soup and warm milk. Can you give me any theory concerning her troubles and what I shall do for her relief? Ans. Your bitch has many symptoms of worms and the indigestion is dependent on this. Give strict diet for twenty hours of milk only, then give one dose of areca root, followed by purge in four hours. Then commence giving beef soups without fat, flour porridge and a little raw meat scraped and mixed with the white of an egg. Give lime water with the milk and a pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine, two grains, three times daily.

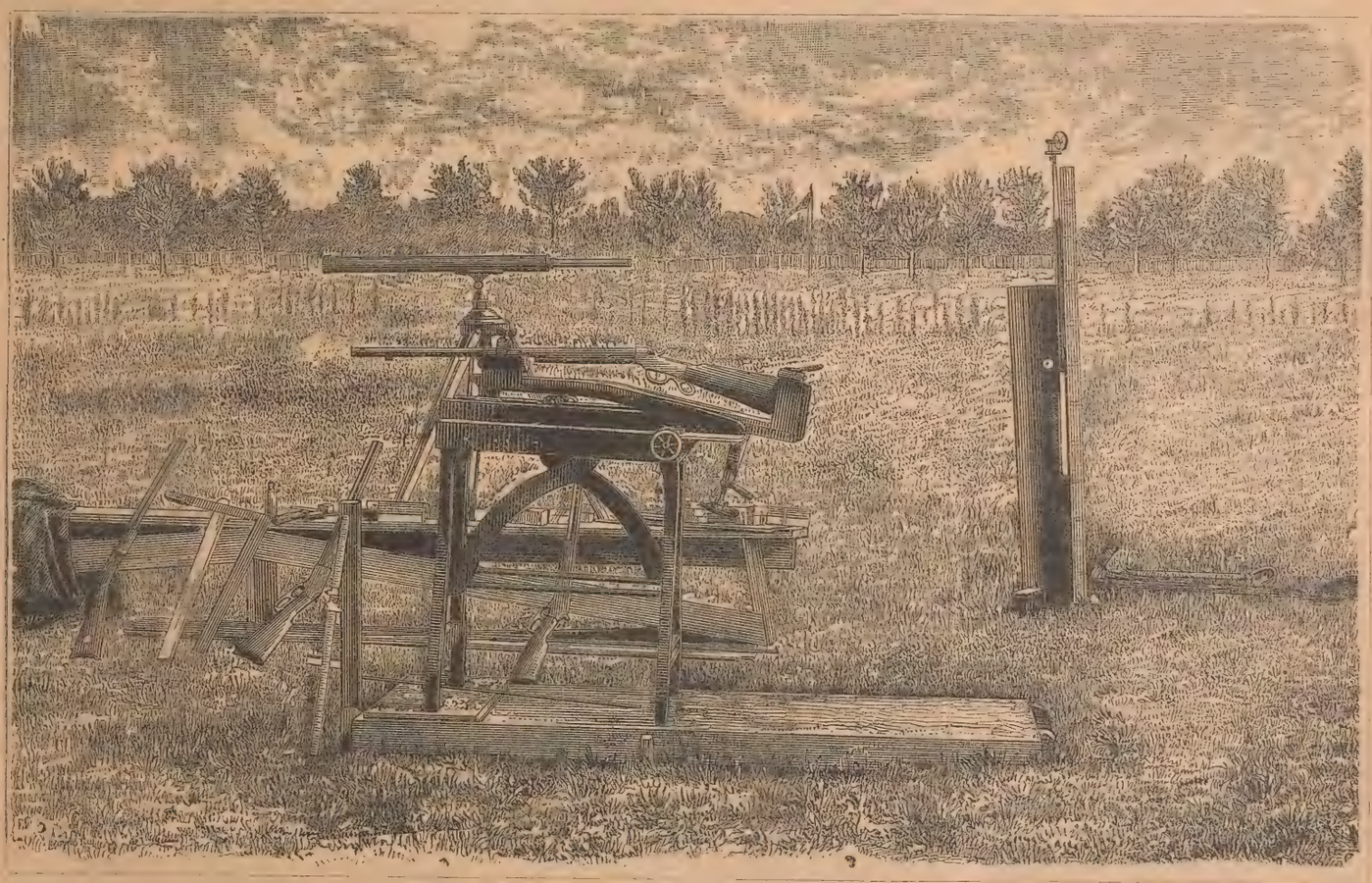


Fig. 2.—THE GUN REST, SHOWING RIFLE IN POSITION.

Rifle and Tray Shooting.

"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page* 312.)

THE work on the range began on Sept. 26, when by an early morning train a party consisting of Mr. Henry A. Sinclair, Mr. Charles H. Haswell, the rifle editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, and several assistants went down to Creedmoor. On the platform at Queen's were the numerous boxes containing the rifles, the several packages of screens, numerous pieces of lumber for supports, and generally all the paraphernalia of the trial. The inconvenient location of the National Rifle Association range was shown at once, and a long cross-country ride was necessary to reach the place where the firing was to be held. It was a warm genial day, and without delay the surveyor and his aides were busy getting the line over which the bullets were soon to be sent flying on their tell-tale errands. The veteran measurer who has been a sort of mathematical regulator and expert on figures and measurements since New York has taken form as a city, entered into his work with spirit and soon had a line of stakes standing in sentry line, from the face of the Running Deer screen 200 yards up the open lawn. This extreme led to a hollow and it became necessary to erect a stand about four feet high on which to mount the fixed shooting rest. This work was soon accomplished with the assistance of the workmen furnished by Supt. W. H. Brower and a few railroad ties as posts, with heavy plank atop made a platform firm and solid for the shooting at this range. At 100 yards it was not necessary to have any such construction and here the heavy plank base rested directly upon the ground, held in position by stakes. The instruments for the observation of the weather were provided for in shady positions under the platform at 200 yards, while at 100 yards a couple of planks set on end in the ground made a nook in which the thermometer with its double column of mercury and the wet and dry bulbs hung out of the direct sun's rays, while the small aneroid barometer hung beside it. These may be noted in the cut on this page, while above on the small stick is seen the anemometer catching the record of all the wind flying along at six or eight feet above the ground. The day was spent in getting all the machinery for the test into position, and when Monday morning came a rack full of rifles waited in the office building across the range; a shelf loaded down with many hundred rounds of ammunition was close by, and a score or more of screens, each neatly covered with a tightly drawn sheet of tissue paper, were ready for the bullet holes.

There was no special order or system in the tests. The rifles were taken up at random, fitted to the rest, and when the sight had been caught on the target the screens were put up and the trial shots fired.

Mr. Sinclair had in his charge the manipulation of the rifles in almost every case, and to his care was put the entire figuring and calculation of the test. Long years of drill in just this sort of work—more particularly in connection with heavy ordnance and the thousand and one forms of firearms used and tried at the United States Proving Ground at Sandy Hook—has given him a superior skill in calculations of just the sort needed in the trajectory tests. The FOREST

AND STREAM trial assumed in some respect the character of a Government test, though nominally it was in no wise official, and Mr. Sinclair left his official position as a Government measurer behind him when he left Sandy Hook, and brought along to Creedmoor only his technical knowledge of weapons and his ability as a mathematician. He fairly doted on decimals, and fancied fractions even in preference to a good dinner.

The first rifle placed in the rest on Sept. 28 was the Whitney .40-60, but this was rather to try the line of fire than to make a record, and the Bullard .40-70 became No. 1 in the capacious note-book which Mr. Sinclar had provided to enter his observations. It was then warm and pleasant, with a light six o'clock wind blowing. The Winchester .45-75 followed, and the first day closed with only two rifles recorded at one range. The rest was behaving well, and so far as could be observed was answering its purpose admirably.

On the morning of the 29th of September the .50 Bullard was brought out, but owing to weakness in the spring lifting the carrier block was laid aside for a time and the Bullard .45 placed on. This was followed by the Remington-Hepburn .40-65, and then came the Bullard .38. The snug little Colt was then given an opportunity to show its merit, and then Mr. J. G. Romer, of Peekskill, having reached the range with his small boy and load of rifles, the afternoon was given up to him. The Bland double-barrel rifle was put on first, and with its tip-up manner of opening the breech necessitated its unshifting from the rest after each shot and the most careful cross-leveling and muzzle measurement after each shot. The cartridges for this rifle had been brought by Mr. Romer and were used in the weapon. After the sighting shots and the five test shots from each barrel but one loaded cartridge was left; this was taken for weighing up. Mr. Romer then unwrapped his own muzzle-loader, and having duly put it in order for work, gave five shots and then left two of his charges ready for weighing up.

The next day was one of hard work, and the Marlin .40, Ballard .40-85, Bullard .50 express, and Remington-Hepburn .32-40 followed in quick order. Mr. Addis, from the Winchester Works, was an interested spectator and spent several days watching the test. Among other visitors from time to time were Superintendent Grover, from the Whitney Works; John Bodine, Mr. Weber, of the long-range teams; George Joiner, General Robbins, General Rifle Instructor of the N.G.S.N.Y.; while of soldiers from the several regiments down for practice there were visitors and spectators beyond count.

Continuing our narrative of the arms tested, there were put on in order the Remington-Hepburn .38, Bullard .32, the Marlin .38, the Frank Wesson .44, the Winchester .40-60, the Ballard .40-70, while the day ended with the Marlin .32. The day following, Oct. 1, the Maynard was the first tried, followed by the Remington State model military rifle, at the suggestion of General Robbins. The Stevens .32 was tried and then the Marlin .45, marked for a Government cartridge, but used instead with a lighter cartridge. The Whitney-Kennedy .40 rifle was followed in turn by the Remington .32 and a U. S. Springfield 3 groove army rifle This ended the work on Oct. 1 and for the present the 200-yard shooting.

On Oct. 5, when the work was resumed, the rest was at the 100-yard distance, and here the Winchester .50 was tried with both solid and express bullets. The Bullard .50 was put through the same test, and then in order came the Winchester .40, the Winchester .45, the Bullard .45 and the Bullard .40, and the Whitney .40. The Marlin .32 closed that day.

The Remington-Hepburn .40 followed on the following morning and several others were likewise tried, but a light rain at the time so dampened the screens that in drying they drew out of shape and the measurements were not considered accurate enough for our purposes. This wasted the day and threw the tests over to the 10th, when another fine day was had. The Ballard .40-70, the Stevens .32, the Marlin .40-60, the Remington-Hepburn .32 and the Whitney-Kennedy .50 with both solid and express bullets; the Ballard .40-85, the Marlin .45, the Colts, the Marlin .38, the Remington-Hepburn .40, the Sharps .45, the Winchester long .32 and the Remington .32 closed up the programme of a very good day's work.

On the 12th practice was renewed with the Stevens .22, and there followed in order the Maynard, the Bullard .32, Wesson, and then with the afternoon came the Bland, this time with an express bullet; at first with a clean gun after each shot, as marksman Romer insisted every patched bullet should be fired, and then without cleaning, as he thought every hunter's rifle ought to be fired. The following rifle was the Merrill muzzleloader, with its heavy charge and close accuracy. It is to be regretted that the same muzzle-loader was not brought down for both ranges, but we were more desirable of having the English Bland tried, and this was given a most exacting test at both ranges, with solid balls in one case and with hollow bullets in the other. The rifles following were the Stevens .38, the Hunter's Pet, the Remington-Hepburn .38, the Springfield .45, and, last at 100 yards, the State Model Remington .50-cal.

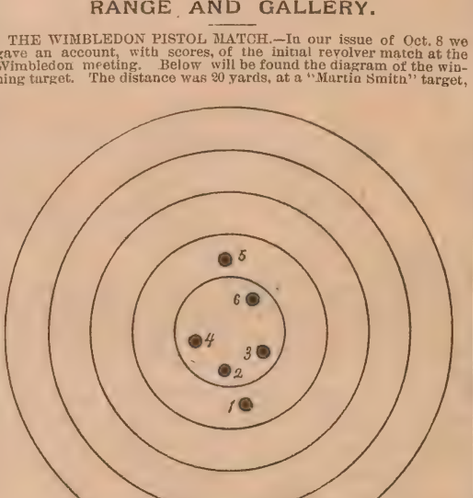
On Oct. 19 the 200-yard range work was resumed. There had been heavy rains on the intermediate days, and fearing that the stakes might have settled, a re-measurement was had, this time taken by the son of Gen. Meserole, of Brooklyn, an accomplished young surveyor. It was found that the stakes had been well and truly driven, and had not varied an appreciable fraction of an inch from the first. The order of shooting now was: Stevens .22, Winchester .22, Whitney-Kennedy .50, with solid and express bullet. The Winchester .50 in same manner. Then the Sharps .45; also the Bullard .50 with express bullet. Then the Hunter's Pet, and then the trials were over so far as the first step of the work in the field was concerned.

In all there were seventy-four sets of targets made, generally with three screens in each, but only in one instance less, as when at 100 yards one screen was taken down and then another, to see what the retarding effect of the tissue paper was. There were 296 punctured screens, and with five shots in each there were 1480 shot marks in all to find the exact center of and measure up to. In fixing these centers the screen papers were tacked down on a broad, smooth sheet of heavy paper, and with a pair of dividers each bullet hole was centered, a circle struck, and from the fine point made by the divider leg-point, the measure was taken. So on the target, and it may be mentioned to the merit of all the rifles tried that not a single key-hole shot mark was found. Every bullet had traveled dead on and hit with its point. With all those measurements to be made, nearly 2,000 in all, and the subsequent calculations to be made, will explain the delay which followed the completion of the work in the open. Of course it was necessary that all the figuring should be done by one hand, and as far as possible we desired to make the record so exact and so complete that no correction should be necessary at any future date. In our next issue the actual figures will be given, beginning with the 200-yard range.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE WIMBLEDON PISTOL MATCH.—In our issue of Oct. 8 we gave an account, with scores, of the initial revolver match at the Wimbledon meeting. Below will be found the diagram of the winning target. The distance was 20 yards, at a "Martin Smith" target,



the central bullseye 2in. in diameter and outer circle 12in., with equidistant rings, as shown, a bullseye counting 6 and the rings 5, 4, 3 and 2 respectively. Lieut. Percy Scott, of H. M. S. Excellent, the winner, used an Enfield revolver of 2lbs. weight.

CARSON CITY, Nev., Nov. 1.—Fully one hundred and fifty people including about twenty-five ladies, assembled at the Carson Guard shooting range to-day to witness the Carson Guard team of twenty beat 815 at the 200yd. range, Henry Rosenbrock wagering $50 with Captain Wright that the score could not be beaten. Captain Wright also had a bet of $20 that twenty-five men would score over 1,000 points. Despite the heavy wind, which was switching to all points of the compass, the team did remarkable shooting, and beat their own as well as all other records in the United States. The ten first class men who participated in the picnic matches this year scored 431, while the twenty who participated in the State Fair tournament made 829. The entire twenty five piled up 1,009 points. When the announcement was made by Mr. Wells Drury, the referee, the crowd gave three hearty cheers for the champions of the world. The detailed score is attached.

Slocomb	5554444554—45	Cagwin	3445444444—40
Parker	4444545455—44	Meder	4443543344—38
Thaxter	4544545445—44	Daugherty	3435445443—38
Laing	4545345554—44	Alley, Jr	4424344434—37
Cowing, Jr	5455435544—44	Colver	4354443324—36
Wright	5445154553—44		—
Saffell	4454454454—43	Total for twenty men	829
Hark	4545454444—43	Heritage	4334445445—40
Dormer	5444444454—42	Doyle	4434443445—39
Little	4444444544—42	Starling	0344354543—37
Richard	4444554444—42	Thaxter, Jr	4434424433—35
Cowing, Sr	4444454444—41	Gordon	0343433542—29
Maish	4445444444—41		—
Alley, Sr	4444444534—41		1009
Bicknell	4444314445—40		

A match was made between two teams of five men, and there was some lively and good natured betting on the result among the spectators. It resulted as follows: Team No. 1—Alley 47, Saffell 44, Cowing 43, Slocomb 41, Wright 41—216. Team No. 2—Little 45, Thaxter 44, Laing 43, Parker 42, Maish 39—213.

WALTHAM, Mass., Nov. 11.—A friendly match between the Hillside Rifle Club and the Press Rifle Association was shot at the range of the former club in Waltham this afternoon. The day was very favorable for good scores, the only drawback being a variable cross wind. The Hillsides made their largest average in a match, 42 2-9, and the Press boys also made their largest average, 39¾. The match was won by the Hillsides by 22¼ points. The summary is as follows (Edes, two points added for military rifle):

Hillside Rifle Club		Press Rifle Association.	
E A Emerson	4555554545—47	F E Rollins	5444445554—44
R B Edes	4444445554—45	H A Newman	4444544554—43
W A Stone	4544445455—44	F W Scott	4454444454—42
L O Dennison	4544443545—43	D B Farwell	4545444434—41
L W Clark	5444445453—42	S Merrill	5443534435—40
J Foster	4443445544—41	W H Hathaway	3344434444—37
W W Greene	4334454445—40	F A Morse	4454433334—37
H L Whiting	4444434545—39	F H Buffum	4035344434—34
G Bassett	3444534534—39	One average score	39¾
	380		357¾

BOSTON, Nov. 12.—The attendance at the range at Walnut Hill to-day was large. In the forenoon the weather conditions were perfect. In the afternoon the wind increased and the light was very bright. The present series of matches will close on Thanksgiving Day (Nov. 26), and probably a special match for that day will be opened, in addition to the regular matches. The long range match will close in two weeks. New matches will be opened immediately after the close of those now running. The close of the long range will end the season at all but the 200yd. ranges. The militia match will continue through the winter. Lieut. W. B. Clark, Co. B, First Corps of Cadets, has won the bronze medal in the latter match. The records of the day stood, all at 200yds.:

Victory Medal Match.

W Charles	7	8	7	10	9	9	10	8	10	10—88
C H Herbert	9	8	8	9	9	9	9	4	7	8—80
C D Palmer	10	8	9	7	8	8	6	10	7	9—79
W H Oler	6	10	7	10	6	10	5	8	6	6—74
R Dadman	8	10	5	6	9	6	7	9	6	5—74
J Lemons	6	7	8	5	7	10	6	10	5	7—71

Decimal Match.

N F Tufts, C	7	10	10	8	6	10	8	8	7	5—79
C E Berry, A	6	10	9	10	10	7	4	7	6	7—76
J H Faulty, C	10	10	10	4	9	6	8	9	3	5—74
G B Yenetchi, A	8	4	5	7	10	6	4	8	10	10—72
J P Bates, C	6	6	10	6	3	8	10	8	4	8—69
Hebner, A	4	4	2	7	9	8	3	7	9	8—61

Rest Match.

W R Shaefer	10	8	10	9	10	10	9	7	10	10—93
G B Yenetchi	6	7	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10—91
Pilsbury	5	10	9	10	9	7	10	10	10	10—9
F Hebner	10	10	10	9	10	7	9	7	10	—

Nov. 14.—There was a slim attendance at Walnut Hill to-day. The weather conditions were not very good. A fishtail wind from 12 o'clock, and changeable light, made high scores impossible. W. Charles made two 86s, which complete his necessary 10 to win the highest prize given by the M. R. A., the victory gold medal. Following are the scores:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

W Charles, D	9	8	10	6	10	9	7	9	9	9—86
E F Richardson, D	9	10	7	9	8	8	9	10	7	9—86
A C Adams, D	10	7	10	5	9	9	7	9	10	4—80
J P Bates, B	6	2	10	7	4	7	5	7	10	6—64
B Gunn, mil, A	8	7	5	5	9	8	5	7	9	1—64

Creedmoor Practice Match.

F Carter, mil	5444455545—45	E Burleigh	4444544554—43
Pilsbury, mil	5544455454—45	W H Oler, mil	4444454544—42
C B Edwards, mil	5454454354—43	R Dadman	4434444545—41
T Stewart	4554445444—43	J Lund	5353454344—40

Rest Match.

J Francis	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—98
D L Chase	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10—98
S Wilder	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	10	10	10 97
J Hurd	9	9	9	10	10	9	9	8	9	7—89
Edwards, mil	7	9	10	6	7	10	10	8	10	11—97

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 12.—The team of ten members of the Gardner Rifle Club yesterday went out to Hackmatack Range to shoot for the *Turf, Field and Farm* prize. The Massachusetts target was used, shooting off-hand, distance 200yds., 10 shots to each man, with a possible 120. The shoot yesterday was the third: A. Mosher 109, W. C. Lovewell 105, I. N. Dodge 104, James Newton 103, Chester Hinds 103, H. C. Knowlton 100, G. F. Ellsworth 99, F. E. Nichols 98, G. C. Goodell 95, F. H. Knowlton 95, a total of 1,011; while the total for the three trials is 2,946. At the second trial only six of the ten shot, which accounts for the aggregate being so small.

BERDAN RIFE CORPS.—The last shoot of the season for the Berdan trophy cup was shot at Bellevue Park range, East Milton, Mass., on Nov. 12, under the auspices of the Berdan Rifle Corps. The cup is held each year by the member making the highest score in the three trophy shoots, and the holding of it three successive years by a member entitles him to ownership. Mr. M. A. King, who held it last year, is the lucky man this year, having scored 90 points. Below is the score of the three trophy shoots:

M A King	30 32 28—90	J G Smith	31 28 27—86
D B Ernest	29 29 30—88	H A King	28 28 28—82

STRING SHOOTERS' CHALLENGE.—Four members of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Union Rifle Club challenge any four men in the United States to a match. Distance 40 rods at a rest. String measure. Preliminaries will be made when this proposition is accepted.—H. V. PERRY, President N. Y., Pa. and O. U. R. C., Jamestown, N. Y.

THE TRAP.

WELLINGTON GUN CLUB.—The Wellington Gun Club, formerly the Malden Gun Club, held a successful tournament at Wellington on the 14th, when there was a large attendance of gunners to participate in the sport of breaking blackbirds and clay-pigeons. The principal event of the day was the team match between the Wellington Club and the Massachusetts Rifle Association, the former winning by 9 points. The teams were composed of five men each, and each man shot at 20 birds. They tied in the match, each team breaking 59 birds, but in the shoot-off the Wellingtons won, breaking 18 to the other team's 9. At noon the directors held a meeting and voted unanimously to change the name from the Malden Gun Club to the Wellington Gun Club. Following is the result of the team match:

Wellington Gun Club.

Sawyer	10110011011010001011001111—14
Sanborn	01111000000101101111101 0—14
Wilson	11011111010011011011010—17
Francis	10001010111110101000101—14
Shaefer	11100100111101101111111—18—77

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

Ross	0.01101110110011011011000—15
Rowell	10111100111101111101011000—16
Henry	00001101101001110011011010—13
Chase	11101000101010010100010—11
Tidsbury	01110111010101101110 —13—68

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 13.—Knoxville Gun Club, gold medal match, 3 traps, 15yds., Mead and Jacques 18yds. rise, 3 angles, blackbirds:

S B Dow	10101 11100 01101 11100 11111—17
J C Duncan	10101 11111 01110 10010 10110—16
T C Eldridge	01111 11100 11011 10111 01111—19
Wm Jenkins	11011 11001 10001 10001 11011—15
A E Mead	00001 10000 01100 11100 10010— 9
F S Mead	00111 01111 01101 10111 01011—17
F H McClung	11000 11010 00000 00001 00010— 7
J E Ross	01101 10110 11000 10000 00100—10
J W Slocum	11110 11111 11001 01111 00110—19
Jacques (R V G)	10111 01111 11111 11111 11100—21
C M Woodbury	11011 01011 10111 11111 10110—19

WELLINGTON, Nov. 11.—Quite a number of the members of the Boston Gun Club turned out this afternoon at their range at Wellington to open the first of the winter prize shoots. The McCourkee flying target and bird had their first trial, and created considerable interest among those present. The winners for the day in the prize matches—the prizes consisting of valuable rifles and shooting material—were as follows: E. J. Wardwell and E. W. Lawson tied for first and second, and O. D. Ross and D. Kirkwood tied for third and fourth. S. Chester and C. M. Stark tied for fifth and sixth. B. A. Ward taking seventh. In the Visitors' Match, E. W. Buffington won first and J. Nichols second.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

PERENNIAL YOUTH.—Age evidently does not diminish the alert vitality or fossilize the perceptions of the renowned "Travelers," of Hartford. The more business it gets, and the more overwhelming its superiority to its contemporaries in its special field becomes, the more ready it is to make every possible concession, and widen its sphere of usefulness; instead of reasoning that it has a monopoly and can ignore the public, it uses its strength and resources to enable it to reduce rates, remove restrictions and extend privileges. Two concessions of the most notable kind have lately been announced: One, that all claims, life or accident, will hereafter be paid without discount, and immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs. The second, that all accident policies are non-forfeitable; that is, a policy-holder may change his occupation to one more hazardous, and still receive an equitable proportionate indemnity. It has recently also practically abolished its permit system, and allows yearly accident policy-holders to travel or live where they please within civilized limits, has greatly reduced its rates to traveling business men, and some classes even of railroad men, and rarely lets a season pass without some new and important concession. As this Company covers the whole continent, insuring over 100,000 men every year, and paying claims on over one-seventh of them, these are matters of more than public interest.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

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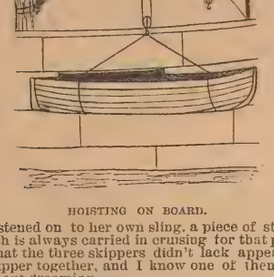
A CANOE YAWL IN SWEDEN.

THE canoe yawl Cassy, in which the following cruise was made, was illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 6, 1884. She is a large canoe, 14ft. by 3ft. 4in., decked and fitted with a centerboard and rigged with a batten lug main about 60sq.ft., with no reef gear or topping lifts; sprit mizzen about 15sq.ft.; spinnaker 8ft. 6in. hoist, 7ft. on boom, both leaches same length, kept on deck. A stormsail, which has never been used, came in now and then as a dishcloth. No ballast—except centerplate, 70lbs.—was used. Sculls are 8ft. long, with straight blades 6in. wide.

As there was to be a public holiday in Hull on the 16th of July I thought I couldn't do better than spend the day in sailing the Cassy round to Hull, instead of taking her there by rail. Accordingly, at a few minutes to 5 A. M., A. woke me by throwing pebbles at my window, and I jumped up hastily and slipped into my clothes. Together we ran the boat down to the beach on her wheels and were afloat before 5:30 on the North Sea. The wind was light from the west, and for the first few miles we were accompanied by another canoe yawl. Every now and then the wind fell so light that we had to help the Cassy along with the sculls. When we arrived at Spurn Point, a low sandy headland at the southeast extremity of Yorkshire, we found the tide so low that the sandbanks were almost all dry and we had to get out and pull the boat over in the deepest channel we could find—only three or four inches. Arrived in the Humber, we waited ashore some time until the tide seemed almost done, and watched the vessels going out to sea and the big black clouds forming up. We expected a bigger storm than usual—we had had lots of rain coming along the canal—but fortunately our oilskins were not required again for rain, although they were useful for keeping out the spray. Presently a small sail of peculiar shape hove in sight. We launched and beat out to meet her, and soon were chatting with the two occupants of the canoe yawl Ægir, which had beaten the Alice (a sister boat to the Cassy) in the run down from Hull. Shortly after the Alice came up, and after the three crews had stretched their legs ashore for a short time the "Captain" of the Humber Yawl Club and his two "mates," each with a friend on board, formed into line and started for a scratch race of twenty miles up to Hull.

Ægir (14ft.×4ft., the Captain's craft), with a larger sail than either Alice or Cassy, went ahead of them. The wind was very light and the boats close-hauled, and although the sky was overcast dropped gradually lighter and lighter until there was a flat calm.

After some time in the doldrums Ægir was seen to have a little breeze dead ahead. By the time it reached the mates' two craft, she had considerably increased her lead. However, the wind freshened until at last the Captain had to reef his big sail; meanwhile the other two, with their smaller cruising sails were doing good work. Alice preferred working along the Yorkshire shore and made a long board in that direction, almost out of sight of the other two, Cassy decided to stick to Ægir and try to pass her, and all canoeists understand the excitement of the race when her skipper first made out he was gaining. The Humber is an estuary which is favored with a very rapid tide and when the wind meets the same it can get very rough, the waves being very short and steep. The skipper of the Cassy, at any rate, was very glad to have on his oilskin coat, as he sat on the weather deck with the deck tiller in one hand and the mainsheet in the other, while he laid his weight out as far to windward as possible. At last he was fully repaid, as his boat rushed past the Ægir and at the same time passed buoy No.—, well I don't remember the number, but I have a pretty vivid recollection of the way the water was boiling around it. It was in vain that the Captain shook out his reef and staggered along under full sail, and the boats arrived at Hull in the following order: Cassy, Ægir, Alice, 10 or 15 minutes separating the competitors. It was growing dark when we arrived, having traveled about 55 miles. The Cassy was hoisted on board the Orlando by the steam-

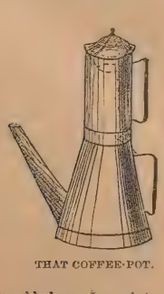


HOISTING ON BOARD.

er's crane—fastened on to her own sling, a piece of stout rope some 18f. long, which is always carried in cruising for that purpose. You may be sure that the three skippers didn't lack appeiite when they sat down to supper together, and I know one of them, at any rate, who slept without dreaming.

On Saturday morning, July 18, the Orlando steamed out of the Humber, and on Monday morning I was landed in Gothenburg (Göteborg) in a pouring rain that "looked like lasting." Canoeists don't generally carry umbrellas with them when cruising, and I was no exception to the rule. So the good people of the city were treated to a sight of my long yellow oilskin. The provisions for the cruise had to be passed through the customs, and about 5s. was paid in "duty." Then an adjournment was made to a friend's house, and the voyager was comforted (?) by being told that it was the "Ladies' week," and that it was sure to rain every day during that week. Rather cheering, wasn't it? It certainly did rain that day, but I fancy it spent itself, as it was the worst day I had in Sweden. Gothenburg is a fine, clean looking city, but as I don't intend to describe it, I would refer any one of an inquiring mind to Baedeker.

On Tuesday after a short cruise on the river, the Cassy with all stores on board was hoisted on to the upper deck of the Matalastrom steamship, and at 10 P. M. the skipper and a friend went on board and steamed up the Gota River. We were on deck next morning by 3:30 A. M., and while the steamer passed through the eleven locks and canal at Trollhättan we walked round by the river, through the woods, and had splendid views of the rapids and falls. We met the steamer above the falls opposite the Trollhättan Hotel and went on about 6 A. M. Before leaving the steamer at Wenersborg we went over the course on the charts with the mate, and got our compass bearings marked on. We had breakfast at the large rambling hotel opposite the grass-grown market square, then pulled out past the breakwaters on to Lake Wenern. I was rather amused at first by the tiny light houses on the lakes, only some 7 or 8ft. high apparently. We had a head wind and not very much of it, so our progress was only slow. When at last the wind went round a little and allowed us to lay on our course, it soon died out and left us lifting gently on the glossy surface; so before commencing to row we cooked a meal. The first and only misfortune of the cruise, the loss of the coffee-pot lid overboard, happened then. However, as the coffee pot was one of those two-storied arrangements, its usefulness was not seriously impaired. If any brother canoeist is troubled—as I used to be—with grounds in his coffee, I should strongly recommend the investment of two shillings in one of these coffee-pots, as they are very good.



THAT COFFEE-POT.

We rowed in half-hour spells to a point called Wenersnas, where we landed and bathed. That part of the lake is by no means pleasant, being full of large reefs of rock, some of which just about come up to the surface. In rough weather it would be well to give it a wide berth. A consultation of the chart here revealed the fact that sixteen or eighteen miles was the distance to the nearest good sheltered harbor. As it was after 4 o'clock, a dead calm and very hot, this evidently meant work. So we settled down to the sculls in the old half-hour spells and steered partly by compass and partly by the land we were leaving, until we gradually raised the long, low headland, which we had to round before we could steer for our destination.

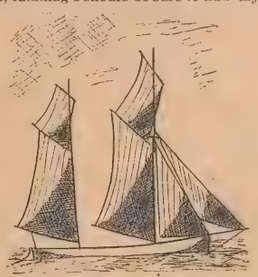
About sundown, as we were rounding the reef, a light breeze sprung up from the south and soon we were running along with spinnaker set and all sail drawing. As we went on the breeze freshened, and rather before 10 o'clock we got "on the marks" (a long white pole in the lake and a white rock ashore) and succeeded in running into the inlet—Marna Stang—without touching any of the unpleasant "grunds" on



CANOE YAWL CASSY (Humber Yawl Club).

which the seas were now beginning to break. Immediately after passing the white mark we were in smooth water, and, as the moon rose over the dark firs and shone on the placid waters and on our gently drifting boat, the picture was one of such peaceful beauty as will not soon fade from our memory. However, it was late and the unsentimental part of our nature called for something substantial. So my friend went ashore and by the help of his native language, Swedish, succeeded in getting eleven eggs and some milk from an honest farmer near by, who, not expecting visitors at that hour, was already fast asleep. Five of these, with other provisions and the never-failing coffee, made our supper, after which I parted with my companion, who, after a twelve or fourteen mile walk, took the early morning train from Linkoping to Gothenburg. The skipper of the Cassy hauled out his ground sheet and blanket bag, spread them on the floor of his boat, and in a short time was fast asleep. Truly, hunger is the best sauce and hard work makes one sleep better than a feather bed.

It was about 11 o'clock next morning before the crew turned out. An hour and a half saw breakfast dispatched, bedding rolled up and boat tent struck and stowed, and we started gaily along with a nice little breeze fairly well aft. A small trading vessel was loading wood opposite my night's halting place, and I called out to them to know if I was on the right course. Of course they didn't understand me, and I sailed past, thinking I should be sure to find my way through



LAKE SCHOONER.

the inlet to the other side of Kollandsö all right. After sailing on for a mile or two I came to the end of the lake, and instead of finding a passage through as I expected, was confronted with a wall of rocks. So I had to retrace my—steps, I was going to say—and it was after 2 o'clock before I again left the trading vessel, with a man in a boat, a curious built crank craft with high ends, to row ahead and show me the way. It only I had been able to speak Swedish I shouldn't have wasted—no, not wasted, surely, for it was a beautiful little lake—I shouldn't have spent all that time in finding the channel, which was quite at the beginning of the lake, hidden behind a bank of reeds. An ominous flap of the mainsail here warned me that my fair wind was at an end, and for the remaining six miles or so of lovely little lakes and streams its place was taken by one of equal strength dead ahead. I felt lazy and tacked a good part of the way, making only slow progress. When I arrived at the open lake again, at Ullersund, I found my friend, the dead calm, waiting for me. So I made some soup and otherwise refreshed the inner man, then had a couple of hours pulling until at sunset the sea breeze sprung up and carried me along satisfactorily until at 11 P. M. I cast anchor off Arnäs.

Next morning when I looked out of my tent I wondered how on earth I ever found my way in there between the reefs, on to which a heavy surf, impelled by a strong breeze, was breaking. As I felt lazy again—I notice I'm generally more lazy about cooking breakfast than about making my own dinner—I landed in the primitive little village and was duly stared at by about half the population. I had no Swedish and could not make them understand that I wanted to breakfast at a hotel. I don't believe there is one in the place. However, I was told I should find some one who spoke English at a house which was pointed out to me. So, as there wasn't a door bell or a knocker. I opened the door and went in. After stating my case I was told if I would wait a short time, breakfast would be brought. Such is Swedish hospitality. After breakfast the Cassy followed a local boat along an inside channel and then set off with two reefs down for a rough sail across the lake. The wind was well ahead, in fact I had a good deal of tacking before I was to windward of Mariestad. Just as I got the town under my lee a tremendous squall came on and I was very glad to run into the place under bare poles and take up a snug anchorage inside the river which falls into the lake there

Next day, Saturday, being rough and rainy, I spent at Mariestad; also the Sunday. The Saturday's market in the town, which is the capital of the district, is well attended, and the country people come from the neighboring villages in carts, on foot, and in boats, I was especially interested in the latter class, and watched the embarkation of many boat loads, much admiring the sturdy way in which the women pulled, while the men steered or did nothing. On Sunday I went into the church, which is a large building with high clock tower, from which there is a fine view. Here, as at other places, I was very well received, and the fact that I was a stranger and an Englishman unable to speak Swedish, seemed to be a point in my favor rather than the reverse.

On Monday I rowed most of the ten miles or so to Sjotorp, where I left Lake Wenern and entered on the West Göta Kanal. The canal dues, which freed me through all the locks to the Baltic came to nine kröner, *i. e.*, ten shillings. That day I went through nineteen locks, all upward. After three or four miles of sailing I had to take to the sculls for the remaining distance to Toreboda, where I spent the night, moored head and stern. The canal water is very thick and dirty in consequence of the churning of the steamers' screws. The banks are low and stony; when you stand up in the boat you have occasionally a very good view, as the canal is sometimes high above the surrounding country. On Tuesday, July 28, I left about 10:30 with a fair wind and a companion on board. The gentleman in question was a schoolmaster, and seemed to appreciate the opportunity of airing his English, and I was very glad to have some one to talk to. At Wassbäcken, where he left me, I had to have my "papers" engrossed "Pass Wassbäcken, 28th July, 1 E. M. (efter middag)." The three or four miles from this place to Tatorp, where you pass through the last lock up to Lake Viken, are about the prettiest part of the canal. I folded in my port outrigger, sat on the after deck and paddled or pushed along with one sculi, admiring and enjoying the trees and the ferns, etc., on the banks.

For the first four miles on Sjön Viken I had a flat calm, and the blue spectacles and white helmet were very useful in the glaring sunlight. I had a fair wind after passing the bend in the lake, and set spinnaker. The clear water, rippled into wavelets by a nice breeze well aft, was a pleasant change from the flat, dead water in the canal and I fully appreciated the beauty of wooded islets and blue hills as I threaded my way down the lower end of the lake. According to my custom I hailed a Koster boat which I had overhauled and was rather surprised to get an answer in English from her owner, an old American sailor, who was selling his cargo of salt fish at the various villages along his course. The wind became lighter and lighter as I drifted down the narrows, making my coffee and eating my provisions. At the southern end there are one or two very narrow artificial passages, cut out of the solid rock. I was thankful not to meet a steamer in them, as I don't know how I should have passed her. When I arrived at the first lock of the descent at Forsvik, I was delayed some time in finding the inspector and having my papers signed, but at last I passed through and by 10 o'clock I had found a nice sheltered little island with fairly deep water alongside, to which I tied up for the night. I don't think camping out on land would be very good fun, in that part of Sweden at least, not if other places have even half as many ants as that place was provided with. I suppose they must have been asleep when I tied the boat up at night, but I'm sure that they weren't when I landed in the morning to cast off, for I had to beat a hasty retreat from the swarm.

On Wednesday (July 29) I was under way by 8:30 (earliest start on record) and had my breakfast under way. I had to row the last mile or two to Lake Vettern (in a calm), but shortly after getting on to the open lake was favored with a nice little southwest breeze, which lasted right across. It is fifteen miles from land to land, and took me about four hours. There is a small island about midway, with a lighthouse and two or three houses upon it. I sailed up the bay to Motala, a pretty, clean-looking town, whose red roofs and green trees look well when seen across the clear blue waters of the lake. The water here is wonderfully clear; I could clearly distinguish every stone at the bottom in, I should say, about fifteen feet of water, and could observe the bottom of the sluice gates as I was penned through the lock. I was glad to stretch my legs in the town and get my letters at the post-office; also something to eat at a restaurant. The wild strawberries (smultrön) which you get in many parts of Sweden are excellent, and those I got at Motala, with frozen cream, were no exception to the rule. Pretty little residences and fine trees line the banks of the canal, and as I had my tea with a hospitable family by the canalside, I had no further trouble about cooking for that day.

After tea I passed through a string of five locks on to Lake Boren, and spent the night at anchor under the lee of a point rather less than halfway down the lake.

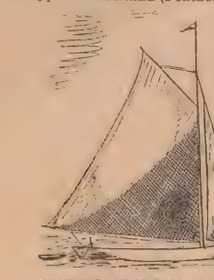
Next morning, Thursday, July 30, after breakfast and a swim in the lovely clear water, I left my anchorage with a fine breeze abeam. At Husbyfyl, where I had to pass another lock, I met the Motalaström, the steamer in which I went from Gothenburg to Wenersborg, and was glad to shake hands with the captain and mate and have a short chat. There were lots of small bridges along the stretch of canal which followed, and although they were often open, I frequently found, when they were closed, that my lowering mast enabled me to pass them with less delay than by waiting for them to be opened. It was 7 P. M. before I came out of the last lock of the sixteen, by which the descent is made to Lake Roxen. The last mile or so of the canal is quite on the top of a hill, and the sensation of sailing or rowing along up there while you overlook the broad waters of Roxen below, is rather peculiar. As the wind was abeam I sailed about half way to Norsholm, at the outlet to the lake, before dropping my mud hook at 9:30. The sun set 8:15, but for an hour afterward it was fairly light. The changes in color among the clouds at and after sunset quite baffle description, and I was specially struck by the lovely tints which played upon a rain squall which worked down upon me shortly before I stopped for the night. Oh, those moonlight evenings. The charm of them is with me yet, and again, in fancy, I recline in the boat idly looking out from my tent door, while the smoke from the evening pipe slowly circles round.

Friday morning was dull and I didn't wake until late, so my start was delayed until noon. The wind came in hardish puffs over the hills, but as it was abeam I had a fairly pleasant sail to Norsholm, where I re-entered the canal and had again to take to the sculls, as the high land and trees drew the wind all ahead. Lake Asplargen is a small sheet of water surrounded by hills clad with the usual pine woods. Crossing it, it was a case of holding the mainsheet in hand and being ready to hop on to the weather deck, as the puffs came down very smartly. When by dint of hard rowing along the canal which followed, I reached the first lock of a long series, I was somewhat surprised to have to wait about half an hour until a steamer which had been signalled came up and passed through. This was the more unpleasant because it began to rain in a most persistent manner. After going through seven locks, which, naturally slow in their action, seemed none the quicker on account of the rain, I was glad to find a snug corner and put up the tent. After a good hot jorum of soup and a cup of cocoa, I turned in and slept securely, lulled by the pattering rain drops on my tightly stretched tent.

The Scotch mist which greeted my view on Saturday, Aug. 1, was not reassuring, nor was the bad cup of cocoa, made from the dirty water of the canal, with which I had to content myself. However, I rowed on to Soderkoping, and while I waited for an upward-bound steamer to pass the lock, I had a good cup of coffee at a restaurant hard by and also filled my keg with clear water. Feeling depressed by the damp weather and lack of wind, I tied up astern of a vessel which was being towed by a yoke of oxen, and cooked a meal on board as I traveled the remaining three or four miles to Mern, where the descent is made to an arm of the Baltic. After a short sail on the sea I hauled the boat out, and, as I wished for a few days in Stockholm, put her on board a steamer at about 7 P. M. The passage among the islands showed me that I should have had my work cut out to find my way had I sailed in the Cassy.

After a 12 hour passage I was put overboard at Stockholm and

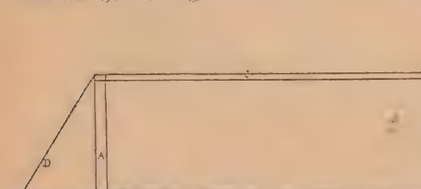
after some time succeeded in reaching the Stockholm Rowing Club boat house, where I left the Cassy. From the members of the club I received every courtesy. They have, so I was told, about 20 canoes altogether, belonging to the various members, but most of them were away at the summer residences of their owners. The usual method of steering appears to be with a rod from the end of a half yoke, on the Norwegian principle, and deep keels seem to be preferred to centerboards. Masts are shipped on ferrules which project 6 or 8in. above deck. Thus there is no hole in deck and the spar is shortened for stowage. The weather was not very good while I was in Stockholm, so I did not do much sailing. It is, however, a splendid field for the sailing canoeists. On Tuesday afternoon I sailed, with a companion, to a place some 9 miles distant. All along the waterside at intervals are the summer residences of the Stockholm people, each with its little pier and bathing house, and often with a boat alongside. If the inhabitants wish to go to town, they have simply to hail a passing steamboat, of which there always seemed to be plenty. As we were late, we rowed a good part of the way back and landed for supper at an island (Feather Island).



FISHING BOAT OR BALLAST LIGHTER.

On Wednesday, Aug. 5, the Cassy was rowed to the nearest point to the railway station, hauled out (with all on board), put on a luggage cart and taken to the platform. Fortunately I had the kind assistance of the captain of the rowing club as interpreter or I don't think I should ever have got over the difficulties raised by the railway officials. As it was an hour and a half was consumed from leaving the water to having the boat safely stowed in the luggage van. The charge was made on 240 kilos—500lbs. by actual weighing—and came to about 35s. 8d. The railway vans are rather larger than ours and the boat went in very easily. At home she has to be turned half over in order to get her into the passenger van and then she is a tight fit. Twelve hours' traveling brought us to Gothenburg. There are any quantity of lakes in sight all along the line. After a day's cruising on the Göta River, the boat was hoisted on board the Orlando and on Sunday, Aug. 9, we arrived in Hull after a good passage. There were a good many emigrants on board who would persist in using the Cassy as a seat or as a standing place for looking over the bulwarks. I almost feared they would damage the boat, but when the canvas cover was removed, there wasn't a crack anywhere.

For such a cruise as this, including living on board, I don't think you could improve on the Cassy. I used an A tent, coming down to the outside of gunwale, with two uprights and ridgepole, folding up together when not in use, with tent wrapped around all. The upright A is stepped in the centerboard trunk and B at after end of well, the latter not being used in the daytime, as the ridgepole, C, is held up by the rope, E, on mizzenmast. The entrance at the after end is thus left clear. A guyline, D, is made fast forward. The tent buttons along the coaming.



THE CASSY'S TENT.

The blanket bag is about 7ft. by 2ft. 6in., and is folded in ground sheet. Large clothes bag fills space on port side of centerboard. The part of deck under tent is very useful to shove things in at night, so as to have them out of the way. For cooking, a small "flamme forcée" lamp was used. The total distance traveled was about 200 miles. There is no current in any part. The boat was much admired, and I was amused to find—through a Swedish friend—that the newspapers remarked on the voyage of the "sport-loving son of Albion."

CASSY, H. Y. C.

MEETS, RACING AND CRUISING.

THE following letter from Mr. W. Baden-Powell to the *Field* deals with a subject that has lately been discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM. The writer puts very plainly and forcibly the place which racing should hold, and also the valuable features of the meets and the benefits to be derived from them by all cruising canoeists. Prizes, with us, have of late years been pretty evenly distributed, and the difficulty met with is men are apt to take fright at the name of some well-known canoeist and make it an excuse to keep out of racing. Last year some very fine sailing was done by novices, and the greatest number of prizes were taken by a new man, a comparative novice. The article quoted is the proposal of Mr. Gibson for a senior class.

"Opinions seem to differ widely as to the best mode of promoting canoeing. It has been said, with truth, that popular racing fosters cruising, and I for one assert, that popular racing at canoeing centers is the very blood of canoe life; but it must be popular. The question now before canoeists, and which will be brought up at the R. C. C. autumn meeting is how to make racing more popular. I hold an opinion upon the subject, which I shall, with your permission, publish before the general meeting of the club on the 24th; but meantime I am anxious to learn the opinions of canoers generally, whether owners of classified or non-classified canoes, paddlers or sailers, or mixed, as to the best means to attain this desirable end. It appears to me that canoeing is built up of three component parts—meets, racing and cruising. I put meets first, as they should induce recruits; racing second, as it perfects a man in fitting and handling his canoe; and cruising last, as none but an expert with a properly constructed and fitted canoe should attempt to cruise, that is, beyond home waters, for he will either drown himself, or wreck his craft and come home disgusted. The common belief of a canoeist is that his canoe is perfect, and this idea clings to him until he has met several other "perfections," who out-sail or out-paddle him, and show him novelties in fitting and rig which he never dreamed of till he saw them—but has dreamed of them ever since. Herein lies the use of 'meets,' especially camp meets and inter-club meets. Racing holds out a bribe, which works the canoer up to perfect his canoe and her fittings, and to practice himself in handling her. A novice at canoe sailing, for instance, cannot win against an expert (bar flukes), however perfect a canoe he may have purchased; as witness many a well-known yachtsman who has attempted to win a canoe "pot," and, no less, rowing men who attempt for the first time to paddle. But it is found that the existing bribe of racing is not strong enough to enslave a large number of men, unless the almost certainty of a prize looms conspicuously at the home end of the course. The cry is that the prizes are in the hands of one or two almost to a certainty. Well, we are not alone in this state of things. In America they are suffering from the same congestion, and here may I quote their views and proposed remedy.

* * * * *

"American canoeing has made enormous strides in the last three years, chiefly owing to the benefits derived from the meets (camping and racing) of the American Canoe Association. At these annual meets the various clubs and independent members come together; healthy rivalry is established to show the best sailer, the fastest paddler, and the most perfect camp outfit. The meet is continued for some fourteen days, and this is worth traveling some distance to attend. Canoes, such as sailing cruisers and paddling cruisers, are directly patronized, while unclassed paddlers and sailing craft (approaching the genus "boat") are indirectly patronized. I have little doubt that we in England should do much better were we to so arrange our regular races that a man could enter with fair chance of success both paddling and sailing races in the same canoe; as, for instance, in a paddling race the canoe not to weigh less than a certain limit—say, 150 pounds, representing an average cruising canoe with stores. Any canoe, then, of itself under weight would have to be weighted down to the standard. Thus, an empty cruiser and a loaded paddler—weighing as near as may be the same—would paddle on even terms as to weight, though still a slight advantage would hold to the narrow paddler.

"We might also well institute a race or two for unclassed sailing canoes, such as canoe yawls and so-called Mersey canoes (I say so-called, because my idea of a Mersey canoe has always been of the nice little cruising craft one used to see at Bond's at Birkenhead, about 15ft.x30in. and 7in. draft, not 18ft.x6ft.x2ft.). I am sure it would be most instructive to see some sailing of these large craft, say, on Hendon Lake, which, it may be remembered, is close to a Midland Railway station; and a competition between them and R. C. C. first class would be instructive to both. The great difficulty in the way of holding a meet near the metropolis, combined with racing, is that of want of suitable water. A camping meet, with a cruise in company, can easily and pleasantly be carried out on the Thames. If once train or cart is used, there are lakes in plenty get-at-able; but this would only be advisable for an inter-club meet on a large scale, when traveling expenses would cheerfully be incurred in obtaining so desirable a result.

"For the purpose of sailing races I am in favor of adopting the American limit to the weight of center-plate, viz., 60lbs., and in addition to limit the sail area. This would at once tend to equalize the canoes in driving power, and leaving success to be gained by model and handling; there would also be less out-building and out-monkeying. In the second class, over and above 200lb. limit, including center-plate if any, I would allow water ballast, and limit sail area to two thirds of first class area.

"The record points as tried this season in the R. C. C., exhibit one difficulty, and that is that in being spread over the whole season a man's chance of success depends on his attending every race, not as in America, merely turning up and racing in all the record races at one meet. However, a man who wins several pots and then fails to turn up at one other race, whereby others get ahead of him in points can always follow the puppy's tactics, who at the dog show having blown himself out with a good dinner, was content to tell the attendant to stick up a card 'not for competition' when the judges came around."

NAUTILUS, R. C. C.

A DOCKRAT RACE.

TAKING advantage of the general holiday on the 3d inst (Election day) several members of the Newburgh Canoeing and Boating Association arranged for a handicap sailing race. The course chosen was from a stakeboat anchored off the "retreat" north to the red buoy off Low Point and return, distance five miles, this course having been chained off on the ice last winter.

The day was cloudy, wind strong and squally, flying around from S.W. to N.W. Water cold with a decidedly lumpy sea. Tide a strong ebb. The following came to the starting point: Scylla, 21ft., open boat, Hudson River model, rig, mainsail, jib and dandy, and manned by Commodore Bartlett and his two sons, Harvey and Fred; Ripple, 20ft., open boat, Hudson River model, rig large cat mainsail, Vice-Commodore J. T. Van Dalfsen; Mabel, 17ft., New York Bay model, sharpie rigged (two leg of mutton sails) manned by Captain Nate Smith and his son Fred; Jennie, 17ft., Rushton open boat, rigged same as Mabel, sailed by Harry Marvel; Iolas, 15ft., Mohican No. 2 model, Mohican sails, sailed by W. Van Dalfsen; Wenonah, 15ft. Peterboro canoe, sailed by G. Edgar, Jr., rig, a combination sail of his own design.

The run to the buoy was made under full sail, and the little craft fairly flew over the water. Mabel held the lead for half the distance and was then passed by Wenonah, and both were a little later overhauled by Scylla.

The latter turned the buoy first, followed 2min. later by the Wenonah, with Mabel a minute behind her, the others considerably away. On the run home all used their reefing gear with the exception of Scylla, who made the whole run under full sail. Luffing, easing sheets, doing graceful and ungraceful balancing acts and taking plenty of water aboard was the order of the day; and all were glad when the stakeboat was passed and they could amuse themselves by wringing out their clothes and emptying their craft of water that they thought did not belong there. The result was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scylla	2 46 00	3 40 00	0 54 00	0 54 00
Iolas	2 45 00	4 04 00	1 19 00	1 13 00
Wenonah	2 45 00	4 05 00	1 20 00	1 14 00
Mabel	2 46 00	4 06 30	1 20 30	1 16 30
Ripple	2 45 00	4 03 00	1 18 00	1 17 00
Jennie	2 45 00	4 10 00	1 25 00	1 21 00

The Commodore takes first prize—one of Prang's new pictures of the finish of the Iolan—Genesta race; W. Van Dalfsen second prize—a handsome silk "Dockrat" flag.

SEASHELL.

SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT SNEAKBOXES.—A correspondent in England asks the following questions, most of which have at times been answered in our columns. The oars in New York would be nearly $100. Lyman's oars are among the best. "London, Eng., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been waiting to hear something more of the sneakbox at your late canoe meet, but from your paper I see it was not represented, or if so mention is not made of it, and wanting to know more about it than was published last year, if you can will you kindly answer the following questions: Will it be safe for a beginner? Does it row easily, and if it has any faults what are they? Who are the best builders, and about the cost f. o. b. at New York? Who are best makers of bow-to face oars?—G. ATKINS."

WATERPROOFING TENTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please ask "Nessmuk," through the columns of your paper, if the waterproofing process which he mentions in "Woodcraft" is also good for canvas tents. If so how much lime water and how much alum is required for a tent 6ft. high, 6ft. wide and 8ft. long. If it is not good for canvas, can he or any of your correspondents tell me a good waterproofing for canvas which will turn a heavy rain for hours and days if necessary.—RED BREAST.

OFF FOR FLORIDA.—Dr. Neidé called on us this week before sailing for Florida. He will be at Jacksonville during the winter. Mr. George W. Andrews, of Painesville, Ohio, also a canoeist, accompanies the Doctor. Mr. Hugh L. Willoughby (Windward) also visited us last week on his way from Newport to Florida. The yawl Windward is laid up at the former place and the canoe Windward will soon be launched again at Jacksonville.

"CANOE HANDLING."—Extract from a letter to the author from Mr. C. H. Farnham, author of "Labrador," in *Harper's Monthly:* "I have just read the last pages of your clear, sensible and interesting 'Canoe Handling.' I like it very much."

COST OF "DEJA'S" BOAT.—The cost of the little boat described by "Deja" is given by him as follows: Hull and ballast, $100; five sails and two flags, $28.75; fitting, $7. Total cost, $135.75.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

WHOSE WATERLOO?

INASMUCH as every point in my review of the Genesta-Puritan matches was supported and demonstrated directly by the evidence of third parties, it does not seem necessary to reply to the inaccurate imputations and the unsupported, one-sided, individual assertions of your correspondent "Cape Cod."

Neither has the letter from "Reader" any particular import, except that its conclusions bear me out in the estimate I placed in my review upon the relation of type to speed. But I hardly crave indorsement from "Reader" or any other amateur source.

Permit me to say that sustained effort on my part in behalf of the cutter in America has come to a close with the review in question.

The cutter and her modifications have now been so extensively introduced in our waters that they can henceforth be trusted to survive opposition on their own sterling merits.

Fighting against enormous odds from the start of my campaign for reform with trifling weapons and small opportunities, it is likely that I have sinned against the precious decalogue of prim propriety in the heat of what I conceived to be a good and just cause.

Possibly the difficulties with which I had to contend will serve as a sufficient excuse among those who can appreciate the weight which had to be lifted in the task I set myself some five years ago.

And possibly there are not a few who will detect in the American fleet of to-day a regeneration attributable to my labors, at all times single and disinterested.

There may be even those ready to concede that but for my expostulations the Cup we covet so much would not now be in our possession.

For a verdict upon such results as may have been achieved through one scratchy pen as a lever, good will as the power at its end and truth as the fulcrum, I am content to abide by the decision of years yet to come.

Until the smoke of the battle lifts that the field may be coolly surveyed, it is reward enough to know that light has been shed in many a dark place through an agitation in which the undersigned was a prime mover.

C. P. KUNHARDT.

A CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN YACHTS.

THIS season's racing seems likely to revive international yacht racing, as British yachtsmen are not likely to accept quietly the defeat of one of their fastest yachts, a far better boat in her class than any previous challenger; while at the same time two of our challenge cups are now waiting for us on the other side. Galatea has already thrown down the glove for next season, and now comes another challenge from a no less notable competitor, in the following letter to the London *Field:*

SIR—As long as the cup won by the America in 1851 remains on the other side of the Atlantic there will be an inducement for the owners of our best yachts to go over and try to bring it back; but it seems to me a pity we have not some similar attraction on this side for which such vessels as the Puritan might think it worth while to visit our shores. I will endeavor to supply this deficiency. As has been often pointed out in your columns, the America took the R. Y. S. cup from a very moderate lot of English yachts, the two best, the Alarm and the Arrow, being out of the race, the latter having run aground, and the former going to her assistance. Consequently the trial, internationally speaking, was of no value. In the following year America met Arrow at Ryde, also for a Queen's Cup, and great interest was excited among yachtsmen anxious to see what the cutter could do with the schooner, bar accidents. The result was that Arrow beat her decisively, Lord Londesborough's Mosquito being next vessel (only one second behind Arrow), and then at some distance came America, and the last vessel was the schooner Zephyretta. Mosquito's defeat of America, although as decisive as Arrow's, need not be alluded to, as I am only concerned with the actual winner of the cup.

The difference between the race in 1851 and that in 1852 is this: The latter was not, strictly speaking, an international struggle, inasmuch as the America then belonged to an English nobleman and was manned by an English crew; but, bar this, the trial was certainly between representative vessels from either country, and these vessels had not sailed a race together before.

Moreover, no American yachtsman would despise or seek to underrate the well-known capabilities of English sailors. In the match in question, in similar weather and over the same course as in the previous year, the American vessel took less time to sail over it, and she was undoubtedly well handled, and the Arrow beat her when before the wind, on which point of sailing the excellence of the crew is more or less immaterial. There are two cups in the races for which the America took part—one, the R. Y. S., she took away, and the other, a Queen's cup, is in my possession. I propose to offer it as a challenge cup, as the other has been, and I trust an American yacht will come over and try to win it. While it remains here the value of the other one is lessened, inasmuch as the American vessel which won that lost this to an English yacht.

I must consider that the Arrow is the present holder, and I have sufficient faith in my old ship to think that, after some suitable alterations, I should be able to make a gallant, even if a losing, fight in defense of the trophy. I have not raced her for the last three years because she has been so mercilessly boycotted by the Yacht Racing Association, and made to measure thirty tons more than the Marjorie, though the latter is really the larger and more powerful vessel. However, with an American boat she would be on better terms, as the "lead and canvas type" is not so much in vogue over there and stability is sought in the shape of the hull and not obtained only artificially by hanging on so many tons to the keel. Your journal is widely read in America and I hope this challenge will catch "the eye" of some enterprising owner of one of their beautiful sloops. It is, of course, unnecessary now to speak of conditions, but I will name three: 1. The challenging yacht must be a cutter or sloop. 2. The best out of three races over the Queen's Cup course at Cowes, to determine the contest; and 3. Six months' notice to be given to me. I ask for this because I should have to do so much to my old cutter to make her fit to compete with a modern flyer. If any American brother yachtsman will honor me with a reply, I shall be delighted to hear from him at my home, Cranbury Park, near Winchester.

TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAYNE.

STEAM YACHT AMAZON, Salcombe Harbor, Oct. 27.

Though she has been rebuilt, altered, and to a certain extent modernized, Arrow can trace her record back to 1822, and to-day she is vastly different from the modern racer, being more like Puritan than Genesta. Her length on waterline is 79ft. 2in., beam 18ft. 9in., draft 11ft. 8in. at heel of sternpost, and 10ft. 8in. amidships, displacement 106 tons, and ballast 40 tons, 13½ tons of this having been transferred to the keel of late years. In waterline length, displacement and ballast she differs little from Puritan, having less weight outside but at a greater depth. Her beam is less by 4ft, and her depth of body, exclusive of keel, is greater.

It is only within a few years that it has been generally understood here that we did not own a Queen's Cup, and had never won one, but if there is any desire to import such a piece of silverware, the owner of the Arrow offers every opportunity to our yachtsmen. In this case the question of measurement does not stand in the way, as Arrow is penalized by the Y. R. A. almost as heavily as Puritan would be, and from Mr. Chamberlayne's bold denunciation of the Y. R. A. it would seem probable that he would not desire to race under such a rule, but under one that is fairer to all models. His challenge is a fair and manly one, and it now rests with American yachtsmen to accept it in the same spirit in which it is issued.

GENESTA'S PASSAGE.

THE navigator of Genesta on her return trip, Capt. J. W. Saunders, has just returned to New York by steamer, having left Genesta on her arrival out. He speaks in the highest terms of her behavior in heavy weather, as will be seen by the following interview in the New York *Herald*, and bears full testimony as to her seagoing powers. This rather contradicts the reports that have been circulated regarding her performance in the Brenton's Reef race, but in the latter she sailed with reefed mainsail instead of setting a trysail, as it was expected that the weather would moderate as the day advanced. When she was near the finish, about noon, the wind was heavier than ever, but it was too near the end to set a trysail, and to the end of the race she was punished with her long boom. Her two Atlantic passages have, however, fully proved her speed and ability as a seagoing vessel. Capt. Saunders speaks as follows:

"The Genesta is a wonder. I have never seen her equal as a sea boat. The voyage was a continued series of surprises to me in the way of her marvelous performances under adverse circumstances. We had heavy, strong and baffling contrary winds nearly all the way over and heavy seas, and it was amazing to see that little devil get through the water.

"Our voyage began on Oct. 9 at 6 P. M. and ended at Gosport, England, Oct. 28, at 25 minutes past 9 A. M. She traveled 3,300 miles in 19 days, 10 hours, an average of about 7 knots against heavy seas all the way over. The entire passage was made under reefed sails, with the exception of two or three brief intervals only. The boat's behavior throughout was beautiful. It couldn't have been better, and every day developed some new good quality in her. There was sea enough to have swamped any boat but her. Why—to give you an idea how stiff she was—her two small boats were not even lashed. A small piece of rope was passed over them and run through a little eye bolt in the deck. Two hundred pounds weight would have loosened them. I never got my feet wet but once.

"I do not think the Genesta can be beaten as a sea boat, and I am satisfied she lost her last race with the Puritan by carrying her topsail. I proved that theory to my satisfaction during the voyage.

"The only accident we had during the trip was the breaking of the jaws of the gaff on the 21st. There was not wind enough at the time to counteract the heavy seas and keep her steady, and a sudden jerk snapped the gaff. We repaired it by rigging a spar and chafer.

"To describe the voyage more in detail: We got under way at 3 P. M., Oct. 9; passed Sandy Hook at twenty five minutes to 5 and the Lightship at 6. There was a strong wind from the northeast, which had increased to a severe gale by 11 o'clock, and we were obliged to heave-to. At 5 o'clock A. M. we let her run again. The sea was more regular and the wind moderated. We set the forestaysail at 10. The first day's run was 89½ miles from the Lightship.

"The second day we had strong northeast winds and very heavy sea, the yacht rolling and slatting considerably. At 8 A. M. we set the clubtopsail, with the wind north-northeast, less sea and better weather. On the 11th we had moderate north-northeast and north winds, but heavy northeast sea, and the yacht jumped like a wild horse. From 8 P. M. to midnight we sailed 40 miles. The day's run was 212 miles. On the 12th the wind continued northeast, and the yacht made 9½ knots in a heavy beam sea. We sailed 12 knots an hour, or 48 knots from 8 to midnight, and we ran 288 miles that day. On the following day, with north winds and heavy sea, we ran 10 knots an hour, and traveled 240 miles. It blew hard in squalls, and we took in racing staysail and reefed topsail.

"On the 14th we had strong gales from the north and heavy seas, and reefed the mainsail, but traveled 200 miles. On the 15th we had northeast gales, which increased and there was so much sea during the night that we lay to, but our run was 150 miles. Next day we remained hove to, the seas running mountains high. The 17th came in with a northeast gale and a tremendous sea. The weather moderated during the night and we made 162 miles. The 18th brought an east southeast wind, but a heavy sea, and we ran 116 miles. On the 19th we had a smoother sea and an unsteady wind from the southeast and made 111 miles. The next twenty-four hours was fine weather throughout with light southeast breezes, 103 miles. On the 21st we broke our gaff and made only 96 miles. On the following day the wind freshened to strong gales from the northwest and we travele

216 miles Heavy gales from the northeast marked the next day. It shook us up so that the ship's compass turned upside down in the box. 180 miles. On the night of the 24th we had a north by east wind and a tremendous sea. The mate hurt his foot while jibing the mainsail, but not seriously. Distance run 194 miles. The 25th brought strong north by east gales, followed by spits of rain during the night. Our run was 200 miles. We had thick weather during part of the 26th. We took soundings and found 80 fathoms. That day we reeled out 171 miles. On the 27th we had north northwest winds, blowing hard and increasing to a gale. We saw the Lizzard lights bearing north by east at 10 A. M. We sailed 183 miles that day. October 28 was the last of the voyage. It blew a parting gale from the northeast, but we ran our usual nine or ten knots an hour. At 4:20 A. M. we saw the Needles and at 9:25 came to anchor in Gosport, Portsmouth, amid cheering from all the yachts and men-of-warsmen in the harbor, having made 161 miles that day."

"M.'S" LETTER TO THE "FIELD."—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you explain to me why your yachting correspondents cannot answer a letter, with the conclusions of whose writer they may chance to differ, without becoming personally offensive to a degree that would insure a row if the argument were made face to face? I allude to the criticism (*sic*) on a letter of mine published in a recent *Field*, which appears in your current issue signed "Vindex." I do not propose to answer V. because he offers no argument, but simply confines himself to assertion; but I will say that his statement as to the newness of deep sloops and outside weight in this country is absolutely false, as he will find out if he examines the records, consults Henry Steers or any of the old-time builders, or examines any collection of models. In writing what I did in the *Field* I was governed more by a consensus of the opinions of men who really know something about yachting than by any belief in my own authority. I have, it is true, been present, either as actor or spectator, at some 150 races in the last thirty years, and in addition I have owned and sailed a number of boats, and have been at sea a good deal; but I count all that as of no avail, and am guided by the opinions of such men as A. C. Smith, Capt. Coffin, Mr. Tams, Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Center, Mr. Steers, *et id genus omne*. Of course, in the opinion of the "cuttah" crowd, such opinion is worthless; but it suffices for me. On my own account I will say that I never saw worse weather made than by Genesta, whenever the wind blew hard.

As to Clara. I consider her a better boat than Genesta, aed we have no 50ft. sloop to beat her. Athlon, I know cannot do it in a sea, as I was on board Athlon and saw her try. As to Daphne, Fanita, and so forth, with 45ft. waterline, Clara outclasses them hopelessly. I also repeat my assertion that if Clara had challenged we would have had to have built in her class, for no man in his senses would race a 55ft. waterline against an 80, no matter what were the types. I, would not have written all this, but "Vindex" writes like a man who is angry and young, and to such a little explanation is charitable.—M.

THE KALAFISH COLLISION.—The master and mate of the British steamer Albicore were lately tried in Edinburgh on a charge of culpable homicide. It will be remembered that on Aug. 22 the Albicore ran down a schooner yacht, the Kalafish, while the latter was at anchor in the Sound of Mull, sinking her, and drowning the owner and his wife and three of the crew, only two being saved. The master was first tried, pleading not guilty. It was proved that though the weather was clear overhead there was a mist on the water and that the schooner had no lights out, on which evidence the master was pronounced not guilty, and the case against the mate was dropped.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE STEAM YACHT EROS.—Baron Rothschild's new steam yacht Eros made her trial trip on Oct. 29, running around the Isle of Wight. The Eros is 220ft. between perpendiculars, 27ft. beam, 18ft. depth keel to deck. Her engines are 32 and 60 by 36in. The two boilers, 14ft 6in. long and 10ft. in diameter, have each three corrugated flues 8ft. 9in. in diameter. The working pressure is 120 pounds. The run of 60 knots was made in 4½ hours, or about 13 knots, the tide being against her for three hours of the run. The Eros will leave soon for Havre.

LEAD KEELS AT BAY RIDGE.—New York, Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I read your article headed "What Next?" you might have knocked me down with a feather. To think that lead keels had traveled to Bay Ridge! I had heard about the defection of Gleam, but the Crocodile! Great Scott! Why, I always heard that lead keels were "logy," and that FOREST AND STREAM did not know what it was talking about. When Bay Ridge yields I succumb. Pray, now, be gentle with your converts.—WHITE ELEPHANT.

THE BARNEGAT CRUISER.—We have received a number of inquiries in regard to this new boat. "Seneca" will have another and slightly different boat this week, and we shall secure the drawings of it and publish them in a couple of weeks. A fleet of twelve of these boats proposes to start from New York soon on a cruise to Florida.

ANOTHER CRUISER FOR FLORIDA.—A correspondent in New Jersey writes as follows of a new cruiser he has built. We hope to have a log from him after his cruise is completed, as there should be plenty of material for an interesting narrative: "I am building a centerboard boat after the model of an eastern catboat, in 'Small Yachts,' Plate IV., I think. Am building it to the scale of 18ft. to the waterline in place of 15ft. as there given, which gives it about 6ft. 8in. beam. Am also making about 18in. overhang and 2in. greater freeboard than the above scale would give. Have it planked up, and in two or three weeks expect to have it completed. Am making the centerboard well but 16in. deep and boxed in on top, with a piece of 2in. galvanized iron pipe at the aft end leading up to the deck, through which a chain will lead to the centerboard. This latter I shall make in two pieces, each 15in. wide by 6ft. long, and folding up side by side when in the well; and so arranged that one may drop below the other when down. This is an experiment on the principle of the folding centerboards used in canoes, and I think will work all right. I shall put a small house 4ft.x7ft. on deck and about 16in. high, and by having a low centerboard well, will be enabled to make a bed across the top of it. Would not go to this trouble but my wife expects to accompany me to Florida, and I wish to make things as comfortable as possible. Shall ship the boat to Fernandina by steamer, and from there to Cedar Keys by rail. I spent a winter some ten years ago in Florida camping and cruising on its western coast. We found great trouble in getting a craft suited to our wants and I thought in this case I would so arrange as to be independent of the natives. I started out with no experience in boat building, but with a knack at handling tools and the aid of 'Canoe and Boat Building' and 'Small Yachts,' I have come through all right, and think I have a strong and well built boat. Now that I have it nearly finished I am not sure but it is larger than necessary, still, to take a three months' supply of provisions will require plenty of room.—J. R."

STILL ON THE SAME TACK.—Roslyn, L. I., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I, for one, am sick of this "sloop-cutter" childishness, and did not intend to further trouble either you or your readers in that direction; but your correspondent "XIX." has so beautifully, in one sentence, settled the whole wearisome business, that I must have the pleasure of congratulating him. That man is a genius who just snuffs out such tallow dips as "Blue Ensign," etc., in a style worthy the emulation of the talented and never-to-be-conquered author of "Whose Waterloo?" "XIX." is correct. Drive a stout bolt down through Genesta's bowsprit into her stem, and lo! she becomes a sloop. Cast off the fixings about Puritan's big horn; presto! she's a cutter. Could anything be more simple? Now, my dear Mr. Editor, can't we take a recess? When I was a boy the sloop smacks nearly all carried loose-footed mainsails and— But excuse me; "XIX." has squashed all that, and for the rest, we Yankees should be satisfied with the fact that a genuine Down East, light-draft, beamy sloop beat the best deep and narrow boat that could be moulded on the other side of the water after many years experimenting on a racing machine called a yacht. Genesta was a thing of beauty viewed any way but endways, and she was thrashed, thrashed soundly, easily, by bilge beam and centerboard embodied in a sloop far smaller than herself.—THOMAS CLAPHAM.

A NEW RACING SLOOP.—The reign of lead is now fairly inaugurated at Bay Ridge, the sharpie Vidette has gone on her way rejoicing with 1½ tons added to the very respectable lead keel she formerly carried; the Crocodile has completed her process of "Puritanizing," and now comes the latest, a "racing sloop," from a model by Mr. Phillip Ellsworth, just commenced for Messrs. Lawton, formerly owners of the Gleam, and Mr. Arnold. She will be 32ft. over all, 29ft. waterline, 10ft. 9in. beam, 5ft. 2in. depth of hold, 3ft. 8in. draft, and will have 5ft. 9in. under a cabin trunk. The board, 9ft. long, drops through a heavy oak keel, under which will be 3½ tons of lead, all taking the shape of the hull, being fair from bottom of keel to plank-sheer. The frame will be of hackmatack, as light as practicable, as the boat is intended for racing, and with the big rig she will have she should sweep the class next season. Let the good work go on; she is not a cutter and we will not claim her as such, but she is a marked advance on the Gleam of three years since, and every point to which she differs from the Gleam makes her more like the cutter. Outside lead, Gleam's was all inside; a real outside keel shaped to the hull, Gleam had no keel at all; less beam, rocker keel, all these features betray their origin.

HARLEM Y. C.—A meeting of the Harlem Y.C. was held on Nov. 7, the following officers for 1886 were elected: Commodore, J. A. Hutchington; Vice Commodore, Henry Tarbush; Secretaries, C. T. Vanderhoof, W. J. Parker; Treasurer. H. M. Jones; Directors, Messrs. Andrus, Fitzgerald, Metzer, Marco and Cregan.

OHIO Y. C. This club was lately organized at Toledo, O., with the following officers: Commodore, S. C. Reynolds; Vice-Commodore George W. Bills; Rear Commodore, James Doritz; Secretary, J. E. Gunckel; Treasurer, George H. Ketcham.

YACHTING NOTES.—The regular meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was held on Nov. 10 ...Atalanta, steam yacht, is overhauling for a southern cruise... The British steamer Waikna that arrived in New York on Nov. 10, is a new vessel, launched on Sept. 10 by Messrs. R. Thompson & Sons, Sunderland, Eng. She is 104ft. on waterline, 23ft. beam, and 8ft. 6in. depth. She will soon leave on a cruise to the West Indies... Norseman, Nooya and Dauntless are now at Poillon's yard for repairs....Victor, steam yacht, 55x13ft., has been sold by Mr. Manning to Mr. James Renwick. Mr. Manning has also sold the Decoy, sharpie, to Mr. Henry S. Wood, Atlantic Y. C....Coronet, schooner, is now nearly completed at Poillon's....San Francisco—Nearly all of the yachts are now laid up for the season. The old steam yacht Amelia, once owned by Com. Platt, has been rebuilt as a schooner with Bermudian sails, and will be used on the Mexican coast. The Startled Fawn has been repainted and will be in commission all winter. The only yacht building in San Francisco is a 30ft. boat of 18ft. beam, at Oakland ...Gitana, schooner, has had her bows opened and will be lengthened forward 5ft. with 15 tons of lead added to keel. Smith is making the alterations....Orienta, steam yacht, will come out next season with an overhang forward and a bowsprit....Whim, schooner, was lately anchored off Baltimore, on her way to Florida. The steam yacht Lelia, of Calais, Me., is also bound for the same destination....A new sloop, Wallin & Gorman, of Bay Ridge, are building a centerboard sloop 26ft. 6in. over all, 24ft. waterline, 11ft. beam, 3ft. depth, and 2ft. 6in. draft....James Lennox, South Brooklyn, is building a steam launch 27ft. by 6ft. 3in. and 2ft. 7in. deep, for Messrs. Price & White....Cora, steam yacht, is now fitting out for a winter trip to New Orleans ...Wizard, sloop, has laid up at South Brooklyn this week....Wavecrest, schooner, is at Nyack, where J. E. Smith is lengthening her 10ft. at the bow. She will have a new outfit of canvas from Sawyer's loft.

OBITUARY.—Another of the members of the New York Yacht Club has lately passed away, Mr. Charles J. Osborn, who died on Nov. 11 at the age of 48 years. Mr. Osborn was widely known and generally esteemed, both on Wall street, where he was engaged in business for many years, and in the New York and American yacht clubs. He at one time owned the schooner Dreadnaught, and later, in 1880, had the Corsair built. Mr. Osborn was noted in business as a bold and shrewd operator and was successful in all his ventures. As a yachtsman he was always devoted to the sport and was a general favorite with all who knew him. Mr. Foster Conner, owner of the 63 ton cutter Marguerite, died lately in England of typhoid fever, so that the new 90, just designed for him by Watson, and which he proposed to bring to America, will not be built. Mr. Conner was long and favorably known as a thorough yachtsman and racing man, and for the last two seasons has owned Marguerite.

OSWEGO Y. C.—A meeting of the Oswego Y. C. was held on Nov. 2 at the Hamilton House, at which the following officers were elected for 1886: Commodore, W. B. Phelps, Jr.; Vice-Commodore, Allen Ames; Captain, J. B. McMurrich; Secretary, A. N. Radcliffe; Treasurer, Geo. D. Hart; Measurer, W. P. Judson; Surgeon, J. W. Eddy; Directors, J. T. Mott, Swits Condé, J. B. Donnelly. Commodore Mott, who has held the office for so long, declined to fill it another year, and Mr. Phelps was elected in his stead. The club is in an excellent condition, with 36 new members added. They have spent $2,000 during the year on improvements in their property, a new boat house having been built beside the club house, for the rowing boats of the members. The club is now one of the first in membership and in its fleet, on the chain of lakes, and it has every outlook for a prosperous future.

A FINE LITTLE STEAMER.—Payne & Soh, of Southampton have lately launched a handy little steam yacht of 33 tons, named Chimera. She is 54ft. on load line, 11ft. 4in. beam, and draws 4ft. 6in. Her topsides are of polished teak and her interior is finished in teak and oak. Below she has a saloon, owner's berth and sleeping cabin, two berths forward, w. c., bathroom and pantry, and captain's and crew's quarters aft.

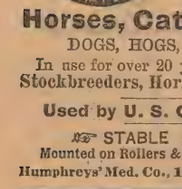
Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

H. S. G. & R. H. D.—We will give full details of Barnegat cruiser in a short time.

O. L. ARMOR, Lynn.—A good size for a punt would be 10ft. by 3ft. 6in. See designs of boats in "Canoe and Boat Building" and "Small Yachts" published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

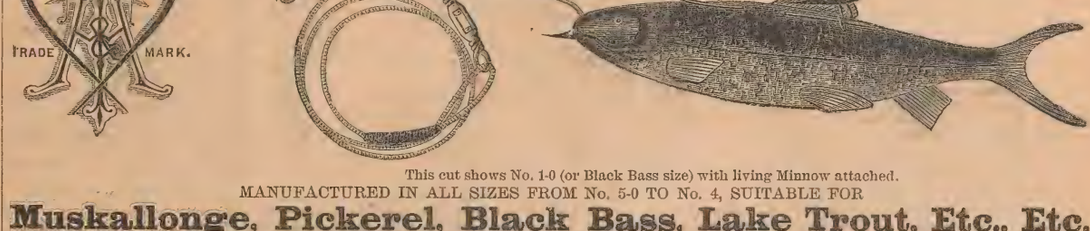
BOULDER, Colorado.—Can you inform me where and for what price can I procure a book on trout, their production, mode of raising, etc. Ans. Get "Domesticated Trout," by L. Stone, price $2. We can furnish it.



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With the approach of a new year it is not necessary to announce any change in our manner of conducting this journal. Just what the FOREST AND STREAM has been in 1885 we hope to make it in 1886. It will be run on the same old principles, tested by experience and approved by prosperity. It will be just as entertaining, just as instructive, just as frank and outspoken, and just as helpful.

We are sometimes asked to explain the reason of the FOREST AND STREAM'S constantly widening influence and prosperity. Well, there is no

Trade-Secret

about it, and we do not mind telling you. It is this: We have not expended our energies in preposterous spread-eagle proclamations of tremendous attractions in the dim and distant future, but have pinned our faith to present performance, each week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. This in the kind of journalism that is bound to succeed. Nothing very occult about it, you see.

Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table, We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

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This, as we have said before, is complimentary all around. A third element of the paper's popularity is this: It has some hundreds of correspondents and contributors, who write for it because they have something to say. You have heard the story of the German professor who was assigned to prepare a thesis on the elephant. Now, he had never seen an elephant, so he evolved one out of his inner consciousness. Though we never read his essay, we have not the slightest doubt it was a very dry one. But if the German professor had ever come across

A Real Live Elephant

in an African jungle, he could have written a thesis on the beast that would have had some animation in it. That is just the secret of the interest of the FOREST AND STREAM'S contributions. They come from men who have seen or done or heard something to write about. Nothing dry in their notes and sketches and letters. They put it on paper just as entertainingly as they would talk when gathered in camp after the hunt, or sitting about the fire and comparing notes of the day's shoot. These stories and sketches come to us from sportsmen who represent every phase of life—all the professions and trades and occupations, from which busy men now and then turn aside for a bit of fun by the stream or in the stubble.

Of course the great bulk of matter appearing in this paper has related to the game and fish of our own country, for that, after all, is what FOREST AND STREAM readers are most interested in. And what a variety there has been! Squirrel shooting in the woods back of the barn, antelope on the distant plains, quail in the wheat stubble, and "chickens" on the prairie; ruffed grouse on the wing and "partridge" on a limb; elk on the "hogbacks," moose in the timber, deer in the brush, caribou on the barrens and coon in the hollow. All sorts of game by all sorts of methods, and in all sorts of places, and by all sorts of people.

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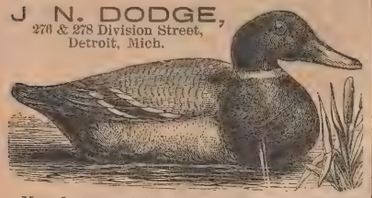
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1885.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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WHERE WE STAND.

CERTAIN comments which have recently appeared in the newspapers of different sections of the country relative to the course taken by FOREST AND STREAM on the Indian question, call for a word of personal explanation.

There is so wide a divergence of opinion as to the best methods to be employed in civilizing the Indians that the motives which govern those who write on this subject must be carefully scrutinized. On the one hand there are the people of the East, who confessedly know nothing about the Indian except what they have read. They know that he has been deeply wronged, and they find in this fact a sufficient excuse for almost all his misdeeds. They take a Cooperesque view of the Indian, and are warmly devoted to the red man of their imagination. In strong contrast with this sentiment is that held by the people of the West—those who live near the scene of the Indians' depredations. They know that when on the warpath the savages perpetrate atrocities too frightful for description, and that even when at peace they are prone to steal horses and other movable property. These people live in an atmosphere of hatred of the red man. This feeling is the popular one, and almost every one shares it, oftentimes without the slightest reason. Besides this there is everywhere in the West in the neighborhood of Indian reservations, a strong desire to see these bodies of land thrown open to public settlement. Such a course would not only give almost every one who wished to do so a chance to take up a valuable claim, but it would attract further immigration from the East and so be a benefit to the region.

It is quite clear that neither of these parties can take a complete and unprejudiced view of this question. They are looking at the shield from opposite sides. The Indian is not yet a saint and a martyr, nor is he an irreclaimable devil. He can be civilized if the work is wisely undertaken, and under instruction becomes an intelligent man. But he must be taught to think and act as the white man does. We have no word of sympathy or excuse for a hostile Indian. He should be killed as speedily as possible if he is caught depredating off the reservation. The swifter the punishment, and the more severe, the better. The Indian understands the logic of force, and yields to it. Punish him severely and you will find he has a long memory. So, too, we are ready to saddle up and ride as fast and as far as any one will follow after a horse stealing party, and we are quite willing to go any length to punish the marauders. *Experto crede.*

The editorials on this subject in the FOREST AND STREAM are written by one who professes to occupy a middle ground between the sentimentalists on the one side and the Indian haters on the other. He has for the past fifteen years met with the Indians under a great variety of conditions. He has lived with them for months at a time, eating of their food and sleeping in their lodges; has heard their hostile bullets sing, and more than once has depended for his life on his pony's speed and the irresolution of his pursuers. He knows the Indians in their agencies, in their camps and on their battle fields, and is thoroughly familiar with their modes of thought, and the views they hold with regard to their own position and that of the wites. His experience covers a territory extending from British Columbia on the northwest to North Carolina on the southeast, and from Southern California to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. He has also lived long in the Far West, and is acquainted with the sentiment of that section, and with the causes which make that sentiment what it is.

Occupying this middle ground, and with this experience to draw upon, we submit that our remarks on this question are entitled to the careful and respectful attention of those who are interested in this subject.

FOREIGN GAME IN AMERICA.

A NEW YORK sportsman who has been spending several days shooting over the mountains between Bloomingdale and Newfoundland, two small villages in northern New Jersey, comes back with wonderful stories of the strange birds he met with and shot while on his trip. Besides killing a fair bag of ruffed grouse, some quail and woodcock, he asserts—and there is no reason to doubt but that he tells the truth—that he shot two birds "like quail, only that they were as large as tame pigeons and had reddish brown breasts." He also claims to have killed a number of other strange birds, the like of which he had never seen before, "that were evidently of the quail species, being of the same size as Jersey quail, but having blue heads." These birds, he claimed, were quite tame, and were all pointed by his dogs. Further particulars concerning them could not be elicited, nor was a more comprehensive description of the novelties forthcoming. Feeling somewhat anxious to solve the mystery, enquiry was made of the train conductors of the Midland Railroad Company, and it was then learned that Mr. F. S. Kinney, of cigarette fame, had recently moved into the section, and that he had attempted the preserving of the birds already on his farm, and was also known to have stocked his farm with foreign game birds.

Following this clew up, Messrs. Chas. Reiche & Co., importers of animals and birds, were then seen, and they, on reference to their books, remembered furnishing Mr. Kinney last year with a number of English pheasants and English partridges, besides a large number of English pheasant eggs. It is, therefore, to be surmised that "the birds as big as tame pigeons" were full grown English partridges, while the "blue-headed ones" were their young, about half grown. It is sincerely to be regretted that the birds planted by Mr. Kinney have not met with a better fate; especially as he is known to have gone to the chief market-shooter of the district and offered to pay him $10 a month not to shoot at the English birds. This liberal offer the market shooter declined, and it was with him the New York sportsmen went shooting.

If these birds were in reality English partridges, it is extremely gratifying to know that they have bred in a wild state in the New Jersey mountains, and that they were able to escape capture by the foxes and other ground vermin with which that section is infested.

Already the FOREST AND STREAM has reported Mr. Pierre Lorillard's success in naturalizing both the pheasant and the partridge, and it is learned that there are a number of roaming coveys of the last named birds scattered over the northern part of Burlington county, N. J. Mr. Reiche, who is one of the members of the Fisher's Island Club, also says that the partridges turned out on the island have proved themselves very hardy birds, that they wintered well last year and that several coveys of birds have been hatched out, and are now in a healthy condition. It is therefore safe to say that the English partridge at least can be successfully acclimated in the vicinity of New York. It is doubtful, however, if the experiment will meet with success unless means are taken to protect these magnificent birds. It is no joke to pay $6 a pair (for this is the lowest price for which these birds can be imported) for partridges every summer to pop at without let or hindrance. Both this State and New Jersey should take an interest in the introduction of foreign game, and feel a pride in enrolling the pheasant and partridge in the list of birds that are to be preserved for a number of years to come. As the matter now stands it is not an offence to shoot or trap these birds at any season of the year, and the gentlemen who have so generously published to the world their intention of introducing foreign game should certainly be given an opportunity to test their experiments.

This season such a report of the success of the introduction of new varieties of game birds is doubly gratifying because of the scarcity of the native birds. Not in twenty years, so far as our memory holds good, has there been such a meagre supply of migratory game birds in this vicinity as there has been this season. Barring a few scattering birds killed on the Jersey coast above Barnegat Bay, there have been no English snipe this autumn. The meadows were in prime condition during September and October, but the flights passed another way. Strange to say, however, a dozen or more birds have been killed within the last ten days on the Hackensack Meadows. They were fat and in good order. The woodcock puzzle continues to become more complicated than ever. The October moon, which filled on the 24th, was not incidental of shooting. In fact both in New Jersey and in Connecticut the sportsmen met with but poor success, and most of the birds killed were in the moult. At Lime Rock, Conn., where birds are usually plentiful, not twenty have been killed. In Sussex county, N. J., at Sparta, Tranquility, Vernon and Coleville, places regarded as good birds in ordinary seasons, birds were not seen. November came with a series of sharp frosts. Still no birds. On the 7th inst. a few birds were shot at Pleasant Valley. The first quarter of the moon was on the 14th inst., and on the day previous, the weather having become suddenly cold, there was a small flight of birds in Connecticut and in Orange county, N. Y. This sums up the woodcock shooting of this year. From actual observation it appears that where birds were most abundant last year none could be found this year. Even the Staten Island robin shooters have had a hard time of it this fall, the birds having given the island a wide berth.

POT-HUNTERS IN THE WOODS.

THEY are suffering from a plague of Pennsylvania pot hunters in Hamilton county, this State. Two years ago the advance scouts of the vagabond brigade spied out the land, learned the hunting grounds, established a number of salt licks and leagued themselves with fellows of their own ilk who live in the woods, and prepared for a systematic campaign. There are thought to be two hundred of these men. They hunt in the best deer ranges and send the meat to market. The resident hunters regard the Pennsylvanians as intruders and interlopers, and much feeling is reported to exist against them. A Morehouseville correspondent of the Utica *Observer* calls upon the sportsmen who are accustomed to go into the Adirondacks for sport, to contribute funds for the prosecution and punishment of the pot-hunting trespassers, wherever they can be detected in violation of the laws. That is a capital suggestion, and while about it, why not prosecute and punish every offender, whether he come from Pennsylvania or live in the vicinity.

'SQUIRE HORACE SMITH, whose death we chronicled last week, will be remembered for his many kindly ways, and among them the bright and cheery spirit with which he enjoyed and appreciated the present. His was not the disposition so commonly exhibited by men who have attained a ripe old age, of carping at the existing order of things and perpetually harping on the vastly superior ways of the good old times. 'Squire Smith never obliged his friends to join him in a doleful post-mortem over the dead joys of the past.

INTERCHANGEABLE GUN CHAMBERS.—The patent granted to Marshal Wheeler, of Washington, for a system of renewing or changing cartridge chambers in rifles and shotguns is fully described by the patentee in our pages. The endeavor is an ingenious one, but it should be borne in mind that in changing the charge of powder, as he intends, to shift from a short to a long range practice, there should be a corresponding change in the rifling if the best results are to be obtained.

M. PASTEUR'S IMPORTANT REPORT of the recent test of his hydrophobia remedy will be found in our Natural History columns.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A MISSISSIPPI QUAIL HUNT.

UP to the present autumn my acquaintance with quail had been wholly of a post mortem character. It had been confined to those which hang in festoons at market stalls, or those which are daintily served *à pain grillé* upon the snow-white restaurant cloth, with the "mellerin" accompaniment of Sauterne or Chablis.

I had never stood gun in hand, and seen "from the brake the whirring partridge spring."

Here at home our hunting ground provided us with woodcock, grouse and snipe, but the *Ortyx virginianus* was a thing of the past, which only the oldest settler dimly recalled.

I had planned various excursions after quail, but for different reasons they had come to naught, until my good friend W., who had owned a couple of plantations in Mississippi since the war, proposed that we should take a trip thither after birds, which were represented to be unusually plentiful this year.

In the month of October we turned our backs upon the richly-hued foliage of Northern Pennsylvania for the distant "land of cotton," leaving the half dozen unshot woodcock that still probed the rich mold of our hunting precincts to the tender mercies of our hunting confreres, the sporting editor and the "knight of the burning pestle."

We stopped one day at Cincinnati, where all was wild excitement over the election just held; the question at issue, as near as we could make it out, being whether King Halstead or King McLean should be sovereign-regnant in the Buckeye dominions. We threaded the eyes of the Kentucky and Tennessee Mountains by night, and in the morning rattled across the Tennessee River with the eastern sun peeping over Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain ahead, frowning above the bustling, thrifty city of Chattanooga. In due course of time we arrived at a station on the Mobile & Ohio R. R from which a twelve mile ride overland found us at our destination, a thriving little village brought into being by the courage and enterprise of Col. A., a half owner in W.'s east Mississippi property, whose guests we are, and whose fine new brick residence faces the open square. Here he is surrounded by his well tilled acres, his flourishing flocks and herds, and his dusky retainers, like a feudal baron of old.

The day after our arrival, as our dogs which we had shipped by express had not come, we borrowed a native dog of its clever owner, and taking our guns we made a reconnoisance of the ground in the immediate neighborhood of the house. As this was mostly planted in corn, and chiefly chicken corn, which forms an almost impenetrable maze (no pun intended), it afforded poor opportunity for successful work. A bevy flushed on the outskirts would incontinently take to its shelter, and once there the mercurial little feathered scamps were perfectly safe. Guy, our borrowed dog, possessed a good nose, worked carefully and would retrieve. But he was firm in the belief, out of which no *a priori* or *a posteriori* arguments could move him, that a dead bird was not in condition for the bag until he had imprinted two or three indelible impressions of his teeth upon it. We stayed out but an hour or so under such disadvantageous circumstances.

That evening as we sat around the pine-knot fire, which even in the "sunny South" the close of an October day suggests for bodily comfort, a wagon drove up outside. The cheery voice of "black George" and sundry sharp barks were heard, and we ran out to find our dogs arrived in good condition, and glad enough to terminate their four days' imprisonment.

I may say here that my dog Thorn is a Laverack setter, five years old, broken by the late James Chubb, of Cleveland; that I have hunted for nearly four years. My friend W.'s dog is a pointer pup less than a year old, a grandson of Vandevort's Don and finely derived through the maternal line. While his pedigree is unimpeachable, he is raw and untrained; and all the brilliant qualities which his superior breeding pre-supposes are as yet *in posse*.

On the morrow, after breakfast, a spring wagon drove up to the door, and with dogs, commissary stores, water keg, etc., we start with pleasant anticipations of the day's sport. All conditions are favorable. A brisk shower during the night has wet down the weeds and grass, and the scent will lie well. And the sun is shining now from a clear sky with a fervency which promises discomfort at mid-day.

In a half-hour's time we are in the midst of a characteristic Mississippi scene; a broad sweep of prairie land, mostly under cultivation, but streaked with small belts of timber.

Autumn, as yet, has dealt kindly with the landscape. There is a faint blush of crimson on the oak leaves, and a tinge of yellow on the branches of the cottonwoods. Here and there a China tree looks fairly fresh. The willows alone show brightly green along the margin of the ditches. The golden rod sways its slender stems in the morning air, its earlier splendor somewhat dimmed; the sumac leaves blaze from the edges of the scrub oak copses, and the golden spheres of the osage orange lie thickly strewn beneath the hedgerows. Amid the sedge grass the dog fennel still shows its purple clusters, mingled with other wild flowers in full bloom. Between stretches of meadow lie the cotton fields flecked with their white-fleeced bolls, and the cornfields, where the stalks stand gaunt and brown, with their heavy ears dangling in the crispy husks. Yonder in a field are dark stacks of something resembling buckwheat, but which our sable attendant says are "goobers." It takes considerable cross-questioning before I finally recognize under this *outré* appellation the toothsome solace of my youth, the crackling peanut. The lark's joyous notes are heard on all sides as they flutter up from the tall grass. Flocks of doves fly from thicket to thicket, while, continually in sight, the turkey buzzards high up in the heavens soar with slow, majestic motion.

Our dogs have been cast off and are ranging industriously ahead; Thorn, with the rapidity which characterizes his field work, well to the fore. He has never hunted quail, his education having been entirely in the line of woodcock and grouse. We watch him admiringly as he nicely quarters the ground. Suddenly he slackens up his rattling pace as he approaches a wild plum thicket, and trails cautiously up, stretches his neck and gives several preliminary sniffs in the direction of the bushes. He whisks his tail friskily for a few seconds, and then curls it up over his back in the shape of a note of interrogation (?), as if to say, "What's this? Here is something new!" But the moment of doubt and uncertainty is soon past, a few steps forward and he has assumed a rigid point. Don advances and makes an awkward, but well-intentioned back.

We hasten to the spot and are hardly well ranged behind the dogs when the birds, to the number of a dozen, rise. Used as I have been to the whirr of the ruffed grouse, the noise which the flushed bevy makes startles me, and I nervously and fruitlessly fire one barrel. My friend W., better seasoned and experienced, coolly picks off a bird with his right, and would undoubtedly have scored a double but for a little mishap. He had gone out this morning with his wide, baggy hunting pants, and neglected to stuff the bottoms of them into his boots. He had just fairly covered his second bird when a grasshopper about four and a half inches long (a young and partially grown one), which had surreptitiously meandered up his trousers' leg, with a possible intention of establishing himself in winter quarters in the roomy posterior portion of his garment, called his attention quickly from the front to the rear. In clutching wildly at the invading insect he ingloriously lost the second bird. Meantime the birds have taken a long flight and settled in a large patch of corn, whither we do not think worth while to follow.

Further along at the edge of a scrub oak thicket the dogs begin to make game, but before they steady down to a point a bevy takes flight and is distinctly marked down at a short distance away in the open, among the weeds and grass. "Here's richness" at last. And now the real treat which belongs to successful quail hunting presents itself. It was for this we had braved the perils of twelve hundred miles of railroad travel; had bolted sodden sandwiches and apocryphal coffee at wayside eating places; and been patronized and overawed by sleeping car porters.

Among the tall, dry blood weeds, with close tufted grass beneath, the dogs work slowly and cautiously. The birds are flushed singly, and if we do not acquit ourselves well the fault is all with us.

So we go on with varying fortune. Every now and then the dogs stop and give an inquisitorial sniff at a bunch of weeds thicker than usual, and a flash of gray fur is seen as a rabbit swiftly shuttles through the grass.

We halt for lunch in a grove of cottonwoods on the crest of a slight rise of ground, within stone's throw of a darky's cabin. In the doorway the master of the mansion, his epigastric region filled with corn bread and sorghum, is taking his nooning, with his ebony feet planted against the door jam away above his head. We soon finish our provender, and a lusty shake of a neighboring persimmon tree provides us a desert of luscious fruit.

It would exceed the limits of an article of this sort to attempt to give the details of seven days' continuous sport. It was replete with incident and experiences. While we found quail in great abundance, our trip was timed a month too soon to get the best shooting. After the cattle are turned into the cornfields and the stalks are cropped down close, and the frost and rain kills and beats down the weeds, the opportunites for concealment are reduced to a minimum, and the largest bags then reward the sportsman.

In the direction of personal knowledge of the quail and its habits I made important advances. I discovered that for agility in getting away they have no equal. They are as elusive as globules of quicksilver. Out of twenty which are seen to go into a piece of corn, it is rare good luck to raise two. I found that dropping a quail with what was apparently a killing shot, and accurately marking it down, was by no means equivalent to having it safely in bag. A careful inspection of the place it fell in might disclose a feather or two, but the bird itself would frequently fail to materialize. Upon flushing a bevy *en masse*, I kept in mind the caution to single one bird; but *l'embarras des richesses* was usually too much for me, and I either hesitated too long, or like the Irishman in a similar predicament, I found when I had covered one bird two or three other meddling ones would get in the way and bother me.

A word about wood powder, apropos of the controversy as to its merits. In my right barrel I used cartridges of wood powder primed with black, and so far as effectiveness was concerned I could see no difference between wood powder and black powder. Three cartridges, however, out of one hundred, hung fire. What this was due to I cannot say.

I have not undertaken to give the number of birds we killed, either per day or total, although I know it would gratify a natural inquiry in many. While I appreciate the human weakness which prompts a desire to know, I believe it better repressed than encouraged. An ambition to make the biggest bag should be the "last infirmity" of a true sportsman. For us, we have come to the "years that bring the philosophic mind." We thank the chaste Diana that we shoot neither like professionals nor like louts, but like gentlemen—missing a due percentage of shots. We follow the dogs afield primarily for the pleasures of the chase, but scarcely in less degree, because we are brought in constant contact with nature and can taste the keen delights of outdoor life. If fortune be propitious and our game bag furnishes us a few choice bits for the table, we are pleased and grateful. May the spirit of moderation and content possess all lovers of dog and gun.

I had never before seen the plantation darky on his "native heath." As regards him as an element in the future industrial and social problem of Southern civilization I have no opinion to offer. But I found him a source of perpetual amusement. His peculiarities of speech, inveterate good nature, and readiness of retort were especially noticeable.

On our way from the railroad station we overtook a colored couple with their household gods loaded on a tumble-down wagon drawn by a lazy, plodding ox team. As we passed, Col. A. hailed them with "Hello! taking your bridal trip, eh?" The darkey widened his mouth in a portentous grin, until nothing but a slender cervical isthmus connected his upper head and shoulders, and replied, "Yes, sah."

"Pretty slow business, isn't it?"

"Yes, boss; but we'll git dar all de same!"

One day out hunting we had a colored boy for driver who had recently returned from Arkansas with the "shakes," and who was taken with a chill while we were out. He muffled himself up in the wagon and his teeth played a regular castinet solo. Upon returning to the wagon some time after we found him still looking the picture of suffering and despair. In my most sympathetic way I asked, "Andy, aren't you any better?" He rolled his eyes around wildly in their orbits two or three times, and dismally replied, "Ef I is, I doesn't know it."

Uncle Lem, an aged relic of the ante-bellum days, came to the house one Sunday night fresh from a love feast or some kindred affair at their church. He was bareheaded and had a woe-begone face. "Missus," he says to our hostess in a lugubrious tone, "dey've done stole dat bang up new hat de Co'nel gabe me, up to de meetin' to-night."

"Why, who could have done that," replied Mrs. A. "Some one of de brudders," was the emphatic response. "Oh no, Uncle Lem, it couldn't have been one of the brethen, surely." "Yes, shuah, kase we locked out all de sinners 'fore de meetin' began."

Our trip was thoroughly enjoyable. Upon all hands we met the friendliest reception. We can freely commend the "Mississippi plan" of treating strangers and visitors. Col. and Mrs. A.'s bountiful hospitality makes us their debtors for all time. And I can even find it in my heart to charitably forgive him for "wiping my eye" on that right quartering shot on a certain occasion. QUILP.

NOVEMBER 9, 1885.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE A. O. U.

THE annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union took place last week at the American Museum of Natural History, at Seventy-eighth street and Eighth avenue, in this city. The session opened on Tuesday, Nov. 17, and lasted two days. Among the members present were Messrs. J. A. Allen, R. Ridgway, W. Brewster, W. W. Cooke, O. Widmann, Dr. C. H. Merriam, A. K. Fisher, H. A. Purdie and E. P. Bicknell. A number of papers of very great interest were read, and there was much discussion of knotty points in ornithology. One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the account by Mr. Brewster of his observations carried on at lighthouses during the season of migration. By means of these observations the speaker had penetrated deeper into some of the secrets in the life of the small night migrating birds than any one else has yet done. His account of what he saw was most entertaining and valuable, and opens a new chapter in the history of our birds. After a very interesting meeting, an adjournment was taken on Wednesday, Nov. 18, it having been determined to hold the next annual meeting in Washington, D. C.

THE VIRGINIA BLACKSNAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I always read FOREST AND STREAM with pleasure, and am charmed with "Catamount's" tribute to the lovely qualities of the blacksnake. His modest merit is doubtless the secret of the neglect he has suffered. What a pity the fathers of young families don't stock their nurseries with them to show their little girls the poetry of motion.

I would earnestly suggest to "Catamount" that he establish a blacksnake farm and go largely into the business. As hard as the Virginians are to "catch on" to a new idea, yet I am sure that in a few years "Catamount" could cultivate among them an ardent taste for blacksnake fricassee, blacksnake chowder and any number of other fancy dishes concocted from the delicious reptile. And then if the proprietor of the White Sulphur Springs and Phœbus of the "Hygeia" will only introduce these dishes upon their tables, of course Saratoga and Long Branch will follow suit, and "Catamount's" fortune is made! But I would advise him to start a poultry farm at the same time, so as to give his pets full rations of chickens and eggs, for while, as the friend of the sportsman, he may eschew partridge eggs, I know the blacksnake can get away with a nest of hen's eggs in quicker time than a half-starved hound purp, and there is no better judge of a fat chicken in the world.

I have been told by mountaineers that the flesh of the rattlesnake is more juicy and gamy than that of the black, but he is voted by nearly every one east of the Alleghanies a very disagreeable member of the community. Nevertheless, I have seen many a pet rattlesnake, and in West Virginia he is highly esteemed as an antidote to whisky.

COPPERHEAD.

TUCKAHOE, Nov. 17.

M. PASTEUR ON HYDROPHOBIA.

AT a recent meeting of the Acadamie de Medicine, in Paris, M. Pasteur presented a report of his latest experiments in the cure of hydrophobia, of which the following is a translation:

M. PASTEUR'S REPORT.

The discoveries which I reported on at one of your previous meetings constituted, no doubt, a real advance in the study of rabies, but it was an advance more scientific than practical. The application of the remedy was not absolutely certain, as out of twenty dogs treated I could not be certain of rendering more than fifteen or sixteen safe from contracting the disease. It was desirable, moreover, to conclude the course of treatment by a final inoculation of great virulence, in order to confirm and strengthen the immunity of the subject. This being done, it was necessary to keep the dogs under inspection for a period of time exceeding the duration of the inoculation of the disease produced by the direct inoculation of this final virus. This was tantamount to keeping them under watch for three or four months before being sure that they were incapable of contracting rabies. This would have reduced to very narrow limits the application of my method. Moreover, the process was one which could not be put in operation at a very short notice—which is all-important in cases of hydrophobia.

It was necessary, therefore, to arrive at some more rapid, and, if I may so call it, absolutely safe method, before experimenting upon human beings. After an almost countless number of experiments I have arrived at a prophylactic, practical and prompt method, which has been in so many cases tried successfully upon animals, that I feel the utmost confidence in its being generally applicable to all kinds of animals and to man himself. This method is based upon the following facts: The inoculation of the rabbit by trepanning underneath the dura-mater with the rabical marrow of a mad dog always communicates rabies to the rabbit after a mean period of incubation of a fortnight. If the virus of this first rabbit is passed on to a second, from the second to a third, and so on, by the same mode of inoculation as above, there is a gradually increasing tendency for the period of incubation to grow shorter, so that after about twenty-five transmissions from rabbit to rabbit have taken place the period of incubation has dropped to eight days. After another twenty-five transmissions have been made the period of

incubation drops to seven days; but though I have passed on the virus to as many as ninety rabbits, I have not found that the period of incubation falls below this. This series of experiment, commenced in November, 1882, has now been carried on for close upon three years without interruption, and without my once having recourse to other virus than that of the rabbits which died in a state of rabies. It was very easy, therefore, to have constantly at command, during a long period of time, a rabical virus perfectly pure and not varying in its properties. This I regard as the practical part of the method.

The marrow of these rabbits was in every case rabical throughout, and to a great degree of intensity. Upon detaching small portions of this marrow and suspending them carefully in a very dry atmosphere, the virulence gradually fades away, the period which elapsed before the virulence has become entirely extinct varying according to the thickness of the particles and the external temperature. The lower the temperature the longer the virus is maintained. This is the scientific point of the method. These facts being established, we come to the means of rendering a dog incapable of contracting rabies within a relatively short period of time. You suspend every day, in a series of flasks, the air of which is kept dry by fragments of potassium placed in the bottom of the flask, a piece of marrow freshly taken from a rabbit which has died of rabies contracted after an incubation of seven days. Each day you also inoculate into the dog a syringe full of bouillon, into which has been diluted a small quantity of the marrow which has been longest in the flasks, so as to make sure of its being the least virulent. Upon the following day you operate in the same way, but with marrow rather fresher and more virulent, until at last you get to the very virulent marrow which has only been in the flask a day or two. The dog is in this way rendered incapable of contracting rabies, and you can inoculate the rabical virus under the skin, or even into the surface of the brain by trepanning, without rabies declaring itself.

By the application of this method I had succeeded in obtaining fifty dogs of every age and breed, which were incapable of contracting hydrophobia, without having met with a single failure, when, upon July 6 last, three persons from Alsace called at my laboratory. Theodore Vone, a grocer at Meissengalt, near Schlestadt, was one of them, and he had been bitten two days before by his own dog, which had gone mad. The second was Joseph Meister, a boy nine years of age, who had been bitten by the same dog on the same day. The dog had pinned him to the ground and bitten him so badly about the hands, legs and thighs, that he had great difficulty in walking. He had been cauterized—but twelve hours after the accident—with phenic acid by Dr. Weber, a local practitioner. The third person was Joseph Meister's mother, who had not been bitten. Upon making a post-mortem examination of the dog, which its master had killed, the stomach was found to be full of hay, straw and bits of wood. The dog was unquestionably mad, and when the boy Meister was picked up he was covered with foam and blood. M. Vone was badly bruised about the arm, but he assured me that the dog's teeth had not gone through his shirt, so I told him that he might safely return to his home, which he did the same day. But I kept Joseph Meister and his mother at my laboratory. The sitting of the Académie de Médecine happened to take place that afternoon, and I got our colleagues Drs. Vulpian and Graucher to come and see the lad. There were no fewer than fourteen wounds, and as we were all three agreed that he must almost inevitably be seized with hydrophobia, I resolved, after communicating to them the result of my latest experiments, to try the method which I had found so invariably successful with my dogs.

These latter, it is true, had not been bitten before their immunity from rabies had been ascertained, but they did not cause me any anxiety, as I had already made several dogs impervious to rabies after they had been bitten. So, at 8 P. M. on July 6, sixty hours after he had been bitten, and in the presence of Drs. Vulpian and Graucher, we inoculated, beneath a fold made in the skin of the boy's right hypochondrium, half a syringeful of marrow, taken from a rabbit which died of rabies on July 21, and since preserved (that is to say, for fifteen days) in a flask, the air of which had been kept dry. Upon the following days I made fresh inoculations under the following conditions:

July 7, at 9 A. M.—Marrow of fourteen days.
July 7, at 6 P. M.—Marrow of twelve days.
July 8, at 9 A. M.—Marrow of eleven days.
July 8, at 6 P. M.—Marrow of nine days.
July 9, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of eight days.
July 10, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of seven days.
July 11, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of six days.
July 12, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of five days.
July 13, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of four days.
July 14, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of three days.
July 15, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of two days.
July 16, at 11 A. M.—Marrow of one day.

Thus I made thirteen inoculations in ten days, and, as I shall presently show, a lesser number would have sufficed, but in this, my first essay, I was obliged to exercise special precautions. Two fresh rabbits were trepanned with the various marrows, used so as to follow their degrees of virulence. The result showed that the marrows of July 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 were not virulent, as they did not make the rabbits go mad. The marrows of the next five days were all virulent, and in gradually growing proportion. The rabies declared itself after seven days' incubation in the case of the rabbits inoculated upon July 15 and 16, after eight days in those inoculated upon the 12th and 13th, and after fifteen days in those inoculated upon the 11th. Thus, during the last two days of his treatment I had inoculated Joseph Meister with the most virulent rabical virus, that of the dog reinforced by a number of passages from rabbit to rabbit—a virus which communicates hydrophobia to dogs after nine or ten days' incubation. I was warranted in doing this by the result of my experiments with the fifty dogs referred to above. When the stage of immunity is reached, one can safely inoculate the most violent virus, and in unlimited quantities. Thus Joseph Meister escaped, not only the hydrophobia which his wounds would doubtless have developed, but that which I inoculated him with to verify the immunity due to the treatment—this being a more virulent form of rabies than that of the ordinary stray dog. A very virulent inoculation at the end has the further advantage of lessening the period during which alarm is felt as to the results of having been bitten. If hydrophobia were going to make its appearance, this would be hastened by the inoculation of a virus stronger than that of the bite itself. By the middle of August I felt pretty confident that the boy was out of danger, and now, three months and three weeks after the accident, his health is all that could be desired.

What interpretation are we to place upon the new method for preventing hydrophobia from following upon the bite of a mad dog, which I have placed before you? I do not propose to go fully into that matter now, and will merely give a few preliminary details which will explain the meaning of the experiments which I am carrying on, with the object of directing attention to what may be the best interpretation of them. Considering, upon the one hand, the gradual attenuation of the virus from the point at which it proves fatal, and the prophylactic lessons to be drawn from it, and upon the other hand the influence of the air in effecting this attenuation, the first point which strikes one is that the placing of the rabical marrow in contact with the dry air gradually diminishes and finally extinguishes the intensity of the virulence of this marrow. The conclusion to which this would point is that the true prophylactic method consists in employing first virus with no appreciable activity, then virus with a very little strength, and so on to the most virulent. I will show hereafter that the facts do not uphold this view. I will prove that the delay in the periods of incubation of the rabies communicated, to dog after dog to rabbits, as I said above, to test the degree of virulence of the marrow dried by contact with the air, are due to the impoverishment in the quantity of the rabical virus contained in this marrow, and not to its impoverishment in virulence. Can we admit it possible that the inoculation of a virus of unvarying virulence can secure immunity from rabies by administering it is small, but gradually increasing, quantities? This is an interpretation of the facts of the new method which I am studying experimentally. Another interpretation may be placed upon the new method, which, though startling at first, deserves the most serious consideration, because it is in harmony with certain known results exhibited to us by the phenomena of life among certain lower animals, notably among some of the pathogenic microbes. Many microbes seem to give birth in their growth to matter which has the property of hindering their own development. In the year 1880 I instituted researches in order to establish that the microbe which produced poultry-cholera must produce a sort of anti-microbe which acted as a poison to it. I failed to prove the presence of this, but I intend to resume my researches, using this time only pure carbonic acid gas. In the same way, the microbe which is found in some fevers seems to be combated, and eventually neutralized, by a substance of its own creation, and M. Roulin, Professor of the Faculty of Lyons, has shown that the vegetation of the fungus *Aspergillus niger* develops a substance which checks its growth.

The question, then, is whether the rabical virus may not be formed of two distinct substances, and whether, side by side with that which is living and capable of developing in the nervous system, there is not another, not itself alive, but having the faculty, when in sufficient proportion, of arresting the development of the first. This I will examine in detail at a subsequent meeting. I need scarcely point out that the most important, perhaps, of the questions now to be solved, is that of the interval to be placed between the time of being bitten and of commencing the treatment. In the case of Joseph Meister it was two days and a half. On Tuesday last, Oct. 20, I commenced, with the assistance of Drs. Vulpian and Graucher, the treatment of a lad of fifteen, who had been very badly bitten in both hands six days before. The results of this treatment I will lay before you as soon as it is completed.

Game Bag and Gun.

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GAME NEAR NEW YORK.

I TAKE so much enjoyment in reading of the pleasure trips of others, that I feel as if we all ought to tell as much as we can of our outings for each other's benefit.

Both our senior and junior partners, though they take no pleasure themselves in shooting, seem to think that if a man wants to shoot, "better let him shoot;" and so in the spring or fall when I ask for a couple of days "to go shooting," the invariable answer is, "Why, certainly, go by all means." I go.

Last Wednesday I took the train for Colchester, Conn., a little town about twenty miles from the coast. Thursday afternoon my friend M. called for me, and we drove out of town about a mile to a little fallow spot, where M. had heard of a flock of game. We put the dog in, and after roading a long time he stood as prettily as one could wish. I said to M., "Let me go on and flush, for I have never shot at a quail, and when I miss you can get in both barrels." This was really the case, for I stood still and looked at the flying birds while M. got in a neat double. We followed these birds up, but they got into the densest brush they could find, and though we put them up again, M. was not well enough to work very hard, and so these were the only birds we got that day.

Friday we were out bright and early, drove over toward Exeter to a place owned by a Mr. Hall, who "doesn't let any one shoot on his land." We tried our best to persuade Mr. H. for permission to shoot, but he said that he was preserving his land for his sons to shoot on; and we couldn't blame him.

We went down to a patch of brush and briers across the road from Mr. H.'s place, and I guess we must have put up forty birds; but the brush was so dense and the mud and water so deep that it made bad work for both dogs and gunners. After a fruitless hunt in this place and putting up a couple of flocks of grouse, we took horse and buggy again and drove over to Backwoods Swamp. Here we put up several flocks of quail, each of us getting some; and in following one broken flock we scared up a flock of about ten black ducks, which, as we were loaded with No. 9 chilled, we had to let fly harmlessly away.

Saturday was a gala day. We hunted in a patch of woods near the town and got several quail, a couple of woodcock and three grouse. I can well understand now why I had little shivers run down my back when I read for the fiftieth time Mr. Hammond's story of the "One Eyed Grouse of Maple Run," I didn't know till I had shot at them.

I had a good deal to combat with, for brace shooting was an unknown quantity to me, and a bird with a noise still stranger. However, I "got on to them" at last and next summer will find me up in Colchester for the middle two weeks in October with dog and gun ready to "do or die." After hunting the last mentioned spot, we walked all around the country, stopping at each likely place and shooting, adding to our bag some squirrels. We took lunch at the house of a farmer over to Hebron woods. The lady of the house brought a loaf of new warm bread and a quart pan of milk and bade us help ourselves. We did and when I offered her fifty cents for our generous lunch she wanted to give me back all but twelve cents for the milk, and when I pressed her to keep it, took it under protest, still thinking she had cheated us.

We hunted after lunch with no luck till we came back to the first patch we had hunted in the morning and then we struck a large flock of quail and one of grouse. Forsaking the quail we turned our attentions to the grouse and spent a delightful time till nightfall after them, adding several more to our bag.

Should any of your readers have a chance to go to Colchester, let them seek a Mr. Metcalfe, who lives out toward Westchester, and who will show them the game and the country and a good dog. Any one at the post-office will direct you to his house. This dog is rather a strange one, part red Irish and part spaniel, and he is very staunch. We used, through the kindness of Mr. Brand, a son of Grousedale, owned by Mr. Buckingham, of Norwich. A better dog than Prince Brand never was hunted over. F. L. K.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.

MY FIRST PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

FROM time to time some correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM gives a sketch of his first successful shot at some desired game; and the recital is always interesting, for on the part of the reader, as well as of the writer, pleasant memories are revived. How distinctly and pleasantly I remember my first shot at a prairie chicken, though it occured eight years ago.

I had arrived in Minnesota only a few weeks previously, and temporarily was making my home near the village of Sauk Rapids. Quite frequently prairie chickens and other small game could be seen from the windows of my room, and like the old guard at Waterloo, I longed to be up and at 'em, but for three years I had been an almost helpless invalid, and a walk of three or four rods, even with assistance, was a tremendous undertaking.

Finally, after I had fumed and fretted for several days, my wife found for me a light, singlebarrel breechloading gun, and together we went hunting. Our progress was slow, and far from warlike or even alarming. Mrs. L. carried the gun, and with my left hand on her shoulder, my right grasping a cane, I could make from two to four rods at a pull. When we saw a squirrel, by resting the gun over my wife's back I could sometimes succeed in knocking it over. On our third outing, as we approached a fence, why, whirr went seven prairie chickens. Snatching the gun from my wife, excitement lending me a fictitious strength, I singled out two of the birds flying close together and pulled trigger, bringing down both of them. Seating ourselves upon a grassy hillock we admired their plumage, estimated their weight, and I think we were slightly childish in our delight. Both before and since I have made many far more successful shots, have lined the sights on great, hulking brain, and tumbled over the lordly buck, but never did shot of mine afford more sincere pleasure than that which gave me my first prairie chicken. J. FRANK LOCKE.

PILLSBURY, Minn.

DEER AND PANTHERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

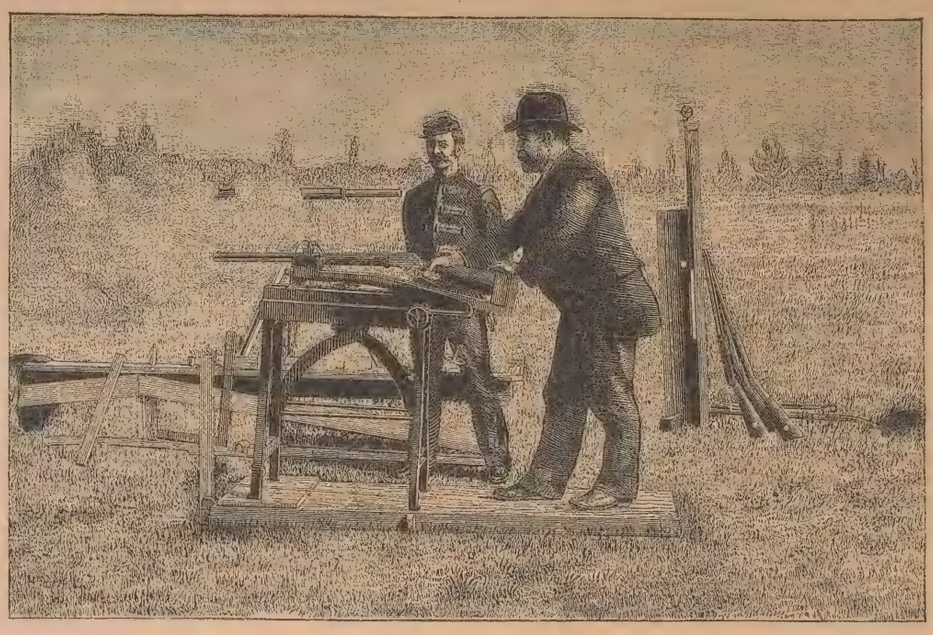
In his article of Nov. 5 "J." says that "it is safe to say that panthers never go back to feed on a cold carcass." Now according to my judgment they do sometimes take a cold meal in that way, or leave things in such shape as to convey that impression. A circumstance came under my observation once, while fishing in the Adirondack region, that led me to believe that they would sometimes return to a deer after having killed it.

About the middle of May, 1882, a small party, myself included, was fishing for trout on Jock's Lake Outlet. Three of us were working our way up the stream, when Orrin, who is ever on the lookout for signs, discovered among the stones on the bank of the stream a little tuft of hair, attached to a piece of hide perhaps as large as one of our "stove-lid" dollars. "Aha!" he said, "some deer has been scrambling around among these rocks and knocked off a piece of skin." A few feet further on was more hair, and then some blood was found scattered around, which gave evidence of a struggle. Our curiosity was by this time thoroughly aroused, and, looking still further, we discovered the carcass of a deer lying among the boulders which form a part of the bed of the stream. We thought it had lain there not more than eight or ten hours. The throat was partly eaten out, the entrails were out and gone, and a small piece was eaten out of one hindquarter. "Panther's work," was the verdict of the three jurors. A trout supper was of far more importance than a dead deer, and we proceeded upstream. We had gone only a short distance, however, when Orrin saw the varmint, stretched out at full length upon a fallen tree that projected from the bank a few feet above the water. When he saw us he immediately gathered up and disappeared in the underbrush. We were unarmed, not deeming it necessary to carry rifles and rods both where the fish were so scarce we could not get them with rods alone. In a couple of hours we returned, disgusted with the idea of fishing until there should be more evidence of fish in the creek. We stopped to look at the deer, and found that something had been eating it in our absence. The cavity in the throat was much enlarged, especially toward the head, and the mutilated hindquarter was nearly all gone. We of course laid it to the panther, supposing that we had disturbed him in his afternoon nap upon the log, and he had gone back to the deer for another meal. While we were inspecting the scene a large patch of moss dropped from a spruce tree, striking the ground within three or four feet of me; this impressed us very forcibly with the notion that we had disturbed him the second time and he had gone up the tree, although the foliage was so dense we could not see him. We made up our minds, however, that, like Lane, we "didn't care to stay in that place any longer." Two miles from camp was far enough away for three lone fishermen, with no weapons of defense but an 8oz. fly-rod and an empty creel. Now, I cannot say for certain that the panther returned to the deer, but appearances indicated it, as he was the only living animal we saw that day; and the probabilities are that if we had been hunting for panthers we would not have seen him. I am always willing to give the devil his due, and if a panther will only finish his work and eat cold venison when he has it, I believe in giving him credit for it. WILL.

"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page 334.*)

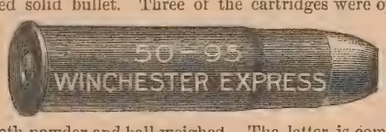
WE continue our report on the trajectories of rifles by presenting the figures of the .50-caliber weapons. In some respects these are the most interesting of all, in that they include the express bullets and permit direct comparison to be made between the performance of the same rifle with the same powder charge, but using two different bullets. Three different makes of hunting rifles are included in this instalment of our report, together with the figures on our old friend, the Remington State, which it would seem deserves a much better reputation than it generally enjoys. In many cases we think the rifle is fully up to the riflemen, and this applies to many other weapons besides this particular military one. We have given, as far as may be, all the data we have about each rifle. These figures are our own, as far as possible, but the facts about weight of barrel, of rifle and of composition of the bullet we take from the reports or letters of the rifle makers. The examination of the cartridges as to weight of powder and ball was intrusted to a man accustomed to just this sort of delicate manipulation of the balances, and each charge as weighed was put in a small vial for exhibition in our office and for future reference in case of dispute. As far as possible we will illustrate the cartridge used, as this will enable readers at once to see the sort of ammunition employed. Our cut is drawn from an instantaneous photograph, capitally taken at the moment of a discharge. It calls for no special explanation. The libel on the fair form and features of Mr. Sinclair, who is pulling the trigger, we leave for settlement between that gentleman and the engraver.



THE "FOREST AND STREAM" TRAJECTORY TEST.

Winchester .50, Solid Ball.

This arm was tried at 200 yards on Oct. 19, and was placed on the rest at 11:30 in the forenoon; the wind was then blowing at the rate of 18 miles per hour from the 7 o'clock quarter. The other weather conditions were: Barometer 30.205; dry thermometer 70.5, wet bulb thermometer 65, dew point 61.5 and humidity 73 per cent. The barrel was octagonal, 26 inches in length and bore the factory number of 48006. Weight of rifle 10 pounds 1 ounce, weight of barrel 3 pounds 2 ounces. Rifling 6 groove. Uniform twist, one turn in 60 inches, groove depth .003 and width .160. It was fired with Winchester made ammunition marked .50-95, having a three-grooved solid bullet. Three of the cartridges were opened



and both powder and ball weighed. The latter is composed of 1 part tin to 16 of lead. In the first cartridge opened the powder was found in fair condition and pressed hard, the charge weighing 90.8 and the ball 311.5. In the next the powder was in fine condition, and the weights of powder and ball respectively 91.3 and 313.3. The last one opened turned out the charge in fine condition, the powder weighing 90.7 and the bullet 312.0.

The rifle in the rest behaved very well, and the target was soon found and five scoring rounds secured as follows:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	7.727 in.	11.305 in.	8.625 in.
2.....	7.931 in.	11.270 in.	8.408 in.
3.....	8.459 in.	11.752 in.	8.844 in.
5.....	7.783 in.	11.079 in.	8.415 in.
6.....	7.932 in.	10.903 in.	8.273 in.
Average.....	**7.966** in.	**11.262** in.	**8.513** in.

The 100-yard test of the Winchester .50 express rifle with solid bullet was made on Oct. 5. It was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, immediately following the trial at the same range with the express bullet, though the weapon had, of course, been cleaned as it stood in the rest. The wind was then blowing from the 7 o'clock quarter at an eighteen mile an hour rate. The barometer stood at 30.200 inches, the thermometer at 57°, and the wet bulb thermometer at 50°, leaving a dew point of 42 and a humidity of 57 per cent. The ammunition was from the same boxes used in the 200-yard test, and of the condition of which report is made above. A curious result is seen in the calculated figures, especially in the fifth and sixth shots, where the height at 75 yards is seen to be far above that at the middle screen at 50 yards. This novel result would seem to sustain the gyratory motion which it is claimed bullets sometimes take on, especially when traveling at a high rate of speed. It simply means that owing perhaps to some imperfection in the bullet, or it may be to other causes, the ball travels in a sort of corkscrew course, traveling spirally about an imaginary line, while, of course, obeying the forward impulse given it by the powder charge. In other cases during the tests this phenomenon has been even more marked, and every experimenter who has had occasion to narrowly watch and mathematically determine the antics of a bullet in flight will bear testimony to his observance of these facts.

At the 200-yard range it will be noted that this tendency to abnormally high trajectory points at the extreme screen came in the two leading shots, and that in the other shots the line seems to have been the ordinary line with the bullet maintaining its evolution on an axis parallel to and co-existent with the line of flight. The rifle was clean in both cases, and there was not at any time any leading or other physical interruption to correct firing; neither was the arm shooting wildly, and the bullets were in all cases traveling head on. We leave the point open for discussion by others at the conclusion of our report, only making note of the fact that the screens were examined with special care and the calculation thrice repeated, the first and natural conclusion being that some error in figuring had been committed. Under the circumstances, while giving all the results, we calculate the line of average trajectory to the three upper rounds, where it is evident the bullet was traveling in a normal line. The 5-round average is also given. The figures are:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.554 in.	1.975 in.	1.661 in.
2.....	1.896 in.	2.559 in.	2.124 in.
4.....	1.735 in.	2.141 in.	1.771 in.
5.....	1.660 in.	1.959 in.	2.733 in.
6.....	1.856 in.	2.381 in.	2.763 in.
Aver. (3 rounds)	1.728 in.	2.225 in.	1.515 in.
Aver. (5 rounds)	**1.740** in.	**2.203** in.	**2.210** in.

Winchester .50, Express Ball.

The test with the express bullet was made at once upon the completion of the solid ball record and without any material change of sight; of course all the data about the rifle hold as before and the weather conditions had not changed to any appreciable extent. The Winchester ammunition was used, the three-grooved bullet having the same



composition as before, one of tin to sixteen of lead by weight. The three cartridges opened showed the powder in fine condition in each case. The charges weighed 89.8, 89.3, and 89.3 in order, while the bullets corresponding were 305.3, 298.8 and 300.8. The gun barrel was given a cleaning before the new trial was made, the initial conditions were in every respect uniform. The figures stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	7.994 in.	11.362 in.	8.648 in.
2.....	8.139 in.	11.425 in.	8.507 in.
3.....	8.214 in.	11.800 in.	8.835 in.
4.....	7.883 in.	10.829 in.	8.120 in.
5.....	7.780 in.	11.116 in.	8.349 in.
Average.....	**8.002** in.	**11.306** in.	**8.492** in.

The trial of the Winchester .50 express rifle with an express bullet at the 100-yard range immediately preceded the test of the solid bullet cartridge in the same arm and at the same distance. It was about a quarter past ten on the morning of Oct. 5, with the wind blowing at an eighteen-mile-an-hour pace from the seven o'clock quarter. The barometer stood at 30.160, the thermometer at 56, with the wet-bulb ditto at 50, making a dew point of 43 and a humidity record of 62 per cent. Ammunition was taken from the same lot as before. The weapon behaved very well, gave no trouble in handling, and the shots as recorded on the screens do not show more than the average variation and nothing of the gyratory motion so plainly recorded in the solid ball test afterward. The average accordingly is on the full five shots, as follows:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.142 in.	2.401 in.	2.188 in.
2.....	2.124 in.	2.505 in.	2.235 in.
3.....	2.018 in.	2.299 in.	2.030 in.
4.....	2.124 in.	2.416 in.	2.216 in.
5.....	2.072 in.	2.318 in.	2.112 in.
Average.....	**2.096** in.	**2.388** in.	**2.156** in.

Bullard .50, Solid Ball.

This weapon is noteworthy as carrying nominally the heaviest charge of any of the breechloaders in the trial. It was marked 346 in the shop numbers and had a 28-inch round barrel. The total weight of the weapon unloaded was 10 pounds ¼ ounce, while the weight of barrel alone was 3 pounds 8 ounces. There were five grooves, having a uniform twist of one turn in 72 inches. It was loaded with Union Metallic Company ammunition from a box marked ".50-115; for Bullard Repeating Rifle." The bullet had three grooves, and when three rounds were opened the powder was found in fair condition but pressed hard. The powder weights ran 112.5, 112.2 and 113.1, while the bullet weight figures were 350.5, 350.5 and 350 4. The weapon in the rest was rather obstinate, and at times it was necessary to push the carrier block down with a pencil, owing seemingly to the breakage or weakness of the carrier block spring. It was tested at ten o'clock on the morning of Sept. 30, under a three-miles-an-hour breeze blowing from the nine o'clock quarter. The other weather conditions were: Barometer, 30.100; dry thermometer 77.5; wet-bulb thermometer, 67.5; dew point, 61, and humidity, 57 per cent. The trajectory figures show:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	7.385 in.	10.386 in.	7.974 in.
2.....	7.459 in.	10.588 in.	8.350 in.
3.....	7.173 in.	10.179 in.	7.914 in.
4.....	7.044 in.	10.215 in.	7.795 in.
5.....	7.243 in.	10.078 in.	7.807 in.
Average.....	**7.261** in.	**10.289** in.	**7.968** in.

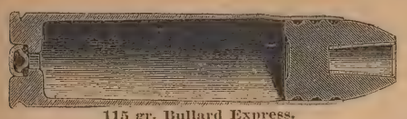
The 100-yard test with the solid bullet was made on the morning of Oct. 5. It was 11:20 when the weapon was fitted to the rest, with favorable weather conditions. The barometric reading was 30.275, the dry thermometer 57, the wet bulb thermometer 51, with a dew point of 45 and a humidity of 64 per cent. The wind, at an 18-mile rate, was blowing from the 8 o'clock quarter. The ammunition was as that used in the 200-yard test, and the figures of trajectory given are worthy of special study. In this as in almost every other case is seen the wisdom of an average result by taking five distinct records, as carried through the entire FOREST AND STREAM trial wherever practicable. A dropping shot, or one of those records which go to show that bullets have a way of their own of wabbling through the air, might upset the conclusions entirely if a trajectory test was made to depend on the figures of a single shot. We give the record as it comes from the calculation blanks, only remarking that every screen and target remain on file in our office, and that the oft-repeated calculation made to get at this result may be again repeated if at any time it is thought necessary. The record stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
2.....	1.555 in.	1.804 in.	1.770 in.
3.....	1.548 in.	1.636 in.	1.361 in.
4.....	1.667 in.	1.894 in.	1.710 in.
5.....	1.476 in.	1.764 in.	1.636 in.
6.....	1.746 in.	1.989 in.	1.810 in.
Average....	**1.598** in.	**1.817** in.	**1.657** in.

Bullard .50 Express, Express Bullet.

The trial of the Bullard .50 express with the light ball was not made until the afternoon of Oct. 19, at quarter past two, when it was put on the rest, with a 27 miles an hour wind blowing from the 4 o'clock quarter. The weather environments of the trial were: Barometer, 30.195 inches; dry thermometer 66.5°; wet bulb therometer 60.5; dew point, 55.5, and humidity 68 per cent. It was loaded with U.M.C. ammunition, and the three-groove bullet was on powde

pressed hard and in fair condition otherwise. The box was marked ".50 cal., 115 grains powder 'Express'; for Bullard Repeating Rifle." The weights of the three pow-



115 gr. Bullard Express.

der charges stood, 112.1, 111.2 and 110.15, while the three bullets weighed up to 303.6, 303.7, 306.8 grains respectively. The trajectory heights stood at:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	6.791 in.	9.888 in.	7.924 in.
2.....	7.828 in.	11.279 in.	9.012 in.
3.....	7.163 in.	10.061 in.	7.982 in.
4.....	7.410 in.	11.188 in.	8.077 in.
5.....	6.841 in.	10.048 in.	7.950 in.
Average..	**7.206** in.	**10.493** in.	**8.189** in.

The trial of the Bullard .50 express over the 100-yard range with the express bullet followed close upon the trial of the heavier solid bullet. The rifle was still warm, and in order that it might start under similar conditions as to the interior of the barrel, a sharp rubbing was given with the brush of the cleaning rod. It was 11:40 o'clock, and the wind was holding from the 7 o'clock quarter, but at a 15-mile-an-hour rate, the barometer mercury was at 30.240 inches. The thermometer was at 59, the wet bulb thermometer standing at 52, making a dew point of 45 and a humidity of 60 per cent. The loading of the weapon was from the same box as the 200-yard express bullet record.

The figures are again subject to comment, especially the second round, where the 75-yard screen shows a bullet mark fully one-tenth of an inch higher than at the screen 25 yards nearer the target. Again, the bullet would seem to have been corkscrew ing its way down the range, and caught the third screen on the upper section of the curve in which it was traveling. The figures as deduced show:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.586 in.	1.789 in.	1.629 in.
2.....	1.585 in.	2.191 in.	2.298 in.
3.....	1.746 in.	2.114 in.	1.891 in.
4.....	1.761 in.	1.930 in.	1.702 in.
5.....	1.772 in.	2.211 in.	1.869 in.
Average....	**1.690** in.	**2.047** in.	**1.878** in.

Whitney-Kennedy .50, Solid Ball.

This arm is the third of the large .50-caliber weapons using both solid and express bullet. Its ammunition was taken from the same boxes used by the Winchester of the same caliber, and all marks and figures on that ammunition apply to this. The cut of the cartridge used in the remarks on the Winchester gives rather undue prominence to the bottle-necked feature of the shell. The cut following gives a more correct idea of the appearance of the shell. The



shell itself is $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches in length. The arm weighed 8 pounds 11 ounces, and of this weight 3 pounds 8 ounces were in the barrel. It had a 26 inch octagonal barrel and was marked "Q. 95." The twist in the rifling was uniform, one turn in 30 inches, with six grooves, each .006 of an inch in depth. It was placed on the rest at 200 yards at half-past ten on the morning of Oct. 19, with the barometer standing at 30.205, the thermometer at 68.5, the wet-bulb thermometer at 64, indicating a dew point of 60.7 and a humidity of 76 per cent. The wind came from the seven o'clock quarter at a twelve-miles-an-hour pace. As in all the other express rifles particularly the traces of the gyratory motions by which the ball traveled from muzzle to target are noticed in the figures of the trajectory heights. The figures as reached are as follows:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.042 in.	11.246 in.	8.460 in.
2.....	7.067 in.	9.341 in.	8.446 in.
3.....	7.678 in.	11.474 in.	8.790 in.
4.....	7.108 in.	11.096 in.	8.481 in.
5.....	7.690 in.	11.962 in.	9.146 in.
Average....	**7.517** in.	**11.024** in.	**8.665** in.

At the 100-yard range this rifle was tested on Oct. 10 with the ammunition taken from the Winchester box. The barometer at the time stood at 30.310, the dry thermometer at 62, and the wet bulb thermometer at 55, making a dew point of 48 and a humidity of 60 per cent. The wind came at 18 miles per hour from the 10 o'clock quarter. The results obtained appear somewhat startling, but careful verification of them and re-examination of the target shows that they are entirely correct, and that the course of each bullet in the series of five is most accurately noted. It affords one of the most marked cases of the existence of the gyratory motion on the part of the bullet. Why such a motion should exist we cannot now stop to consider. Whether it is due to a certain relation between the powder charge and thereby the bullet velocity and the character of the rifling, or to other circumstances, is in some measure an open question. That there is such a motion our figures show; that such a motion is not confined to small arms is the experience of every one who has had much to do with ordnance of a larger type, where it is not unfrequent in experimental arms to see a conical solid shot go off in a long corkscrew course down the range, and then after traveling in that way for a distance seem to correct itself, and with the diminishing velocity regain a normal course and travel in the usual arc and in a single vertical plane. In the table below it will be observed that the third and fifth shots show trajectory points on the 50 and 75 yard screens actually below the line of fire. This would naturally lead to the conclusion that the shot was dropping, whereas the true explanation is found in the remarks above. The second shot shows the same law at work, only in this case the third or 75-yard screen caught the bullet at one of its upper arcs of travel, and a constantly rising bullet would seem to be the conclusion. Really there was nothing of the sort, as the bullet-hole in the target went to show. Under the circumstances we have calculated the average trajectory on the entire line of five shots, as follows:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.090 in.	1.842 in.	1.552 in.
2.....	1.798 in.	1.844 in.	2.781 in.
3.....	1.250 in.	—0.879 in.	—1.714 in.
4.....	2.149 in.	3.411 in.	3.533 in.
5.....	1.098 in.	—0.328 in.	—0.008 in.
Average....	**1.477** in.	**1.178** in.	**1.229** in.

Whitney-Kennedy .50, Express Bullet.

The trial of the Whitney-Kennedy with the light express bullet at 200 yards, followed immediately upon the completion of the solid bullet shooting by the same rifle at that range. The weapon was not taken from the rest, though the barrel was cleaned by passing through the swab several times. The weather conditions it is not necessary to note again as they had not changed to any extent. For the report on the cartridge examined see the report on the Winchester .50 express bullet, as some from the same lot of cartridges were employed. The list of figures does not show in any such marked degree the vagaries seen in the case of the solid bullet, though the average at 150 yards would seem to be rather higher than one would expect. The record shows:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.145 in.	12.176 in.	9.769 in.
2.....	6.909 in.	11.013 in.	8.946 in.
3.....	7.240 in.	10.970 in.	9.009 in.
4.....	7.771 in.	11.072 in.	8.338 in.
5.....	8.938 in.	12.617 in.	9.464 in.
Average..	**7.800** in.	**11.569** in.	**9.105** in.

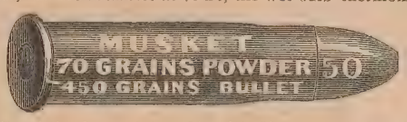
This rifle at 100 yards with the express bullet in it was fired at half past eleven o'clock on the morning of Oct. 10, and showed again the presence of this gyratory motion. In the record of several of the shots, particularly is it seen in the second round, which in the space between the 50 and 75 yard target dropped more than two inches. When the arm was tried the wind was blowing from the 10 o'clock quarter at the rate of 15 miles per hour. The barometer stood at 30.285 inches; the thermometer at 64.5 F.; the wet bulb at 55, giving a dew point of 45.7, and a humidity of just 50 per cent. For description of the ammunition see that described under Winchester .50, express, as also for cut of the light bullet. The results from the measurements of the screens and targets show:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.832 in.	2.673 in.	1.822 in.
2.....	1.380 in.	2.692 in.	.582 in.
3.....	1.849 in.	2.522 in.	2.134 in.
4.....	1.743 in.	2.311 in.	2.031 in.
5.....	1.814 in.	2.455 in.	1.580 in.
Average.....	**1.723** in.	**2.530** in.	**1.629** in.

Remington .50, N. Y. State Military.

This is the last of the .50-caliber rifles, and though not a hunting weapon was put upon the rest and subjected to a trial for trajectory as affording an interesting comparison with the expensive and specially adapted hunting arms making up the bulk of the list. It is not unusually used in field practice for game, especially in the rural sections of the State, and even in this city we recall a bit of very good work when Hoefle, of the 8th Regiment, and well-known to those who frequented Creedmoor in its earlier years, waited on bended knee for the approach of a mad bullock, tearing along a down-town street, and when the hot breath of the infuriated beast was almost in his face, pulled trigger, and a .50-caliber bullet went tearing open the bovine breast. The piece is slangily styled the "gas pipe" by the militia boys, but that now and then a good one is to be found in the lot issued to the regiments is evidenced in the figures below, which were taken from the trial of a gun loaned by General Robbins, State Inspector of Rifle Practice for the State, and one of the most enthusiastic, successful and careful students of rifle practice on the National Range. The weapon was marked on the butt-plate 28-H-55. It had a 36-inch round barrel and weighed 8 pounds 13 ounces without bayonet or sling. The rifling has a uniform twist of one turn in 42 inches, with five grooves each .005 of an inch deep and .16 of an inch wide. It was loaded with ammunition of the Winchester make, selected by State Officers as the best adapted to the arm. The bullet is of pure lead and is set down as of 450 grains weight with 70 grains of powder behind. The bullet is a three-groove one. Examination of three rounds found the powder in good condition and the weights at 71.2, 69.8 and 70 grains respectively, while the corresponding bullets weighed 450.8, 450.3 and 449.3 grains.

The weapon was put on the rest for the 200-yard test at 10:15 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 1, with the wind blowing in gusts at an average of about eight miles per hour from the one o'clock quarter. The barometer stood 30.150 inches, the thermometer at 76 F., the wet-bulb thermometer



at 67 and the dew point at 61, with 60 per cent. humidity. The rifle had been fired thousands of times before, and though old and rusty without showed that it had a good and trusty barrel, making a record as follows:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 yards.
1.....	10.212 in.	13.850 in.	10.589 in.
2.....	10.094 in.	13.728 in.	10.885 in.
3.....	10.068 in.	13.664 in.	10.499 in.
4.....	9.754 in.	13.262 in.	10.276 in.
5.....	10.122 in.	13.672 in.	10.402 in.
Average ...	**10.050** in.	**13.635** in.	**10.530** in.

It was not until half past four on the afternoon of Oct. 12 that the rest was clear for the Remington State at 100 yards, and it was then tried under wind blowing at 19 miles per hour from the 2 o'clock quarter. The barometer stood 30.290, the thermometer 54.5, the wet bulb thermometer 50.5 and the dew point 46.5 with 51 per cent. humidity. The ammunition was same as used at 200 yards, and the weapon surprised its friend by its steadiness. It is to be regretted that more care was not taken and every weapon in the hands of the volunteers able to shoot as well. The record stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.298 in.	2.922 in.	2.393 in.
2.....	2.290 in.	2.935 in.	2.395 in.
3.....	2.385 in.	3.049 in.	2.524 in.
4.....	2.438 in.	3.100 in.	2.605 in.
5.....	2.251 in.	2.927 in.	2.429 in.
Average...	**2.332** in.	**2.986** in.	**2.469** in.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES FROM ROCHESTER.

TWO events of recent occurrence here may recall reminiscences of an interesting nature to some of your readers who knew Rochester and its sportsmen twenty-five or thirty years ago. The departure from this moving world of Martin McIntyre, was one of the events, and the burning of the Sea Breeze House was the other.

Mart, as he was familiarly called, had attained the age of three score and ten years, and if he had any more than the usual reluctance to bid good-bye to the earth, I presume it was from the fact that in doing so he had to lay aside his gun and saw no prospect of resuming its use on the other side of the Styx. He lived in this vicinity from his early days and was one of several men who found game and fish so abundant hereabout as to afford a livelihood in their pursuit. He was ardently devoted to field sports and retained his love for them to the last, and long after there was any occasion to increase his income from that source. Many years ago he got possession of an unpromising elevation in the marsh at the mouth of the Genesee River, seven miles from this city, built a small house and began to accumulate money by furnishing boats, fishing tackle, etc., to those of a sporting inclination who found the vicinity a good angling resort, and he also supplied refreshments for the inner man to parties who heard of his capacity to provide at short notice white-fish dinners of a quality to rival the turbot of old Rome. In time Rochester found itself in need of watering place accommodations. McIntyre's site on Lake Ontario was recognized as the best to be had, and a company one day exchanged $30,000 for his hut and the land about it. On this sum he retired from business life and passed the remainder of his days quietly, but managed to shoot more than a hundred hares last season in the town of Greece, on the fields and waters of which I have no doubt he had bagged enough game to freight an express train.

The Sea Breeze House was a hostlery built at the sand bar between Lake Ontario and Irondequoit Bay a generation or so ago, when the wildfowl shooting and fishing to be had in the vicinity attracted sportsmen thither. As two lines of railway now reach the place, I need not say that the ducks are a little shy of the new summer hotels that dot the bar; and rise rather higher than formerly in going over it into the bay. I have heard some great stories about the endless flights of ducks which in the days of auld lang syne kept the guns hot on the sand bar, and the small, solitary flock I saw there a few days ago, when curiosity led me that way, told that the times change, and wild ducks change their flight with them. But in spite of the locomotive a sprinkling of birds still come into the bay, and some fair bags of widgeon and black ducks were shot there this fall. The ponds on the lake coast west of the river are not disturbed by steam whistles, and are otherwise more attractive for ducks in the fall, and in consequence good sport is had on them occasionally. A gentleman living near one of the ponds assured me that he had shot nearly two hundred blacks and grays this fall. He also had some excellent sport shooting plover, a good flight of which very accommodatingly came on to a bog where he was ready for them. A fisherman told me that one day recently on lifting his nets, set for whitefish, in water 110 feet deep in Lake Ontario, four miles from land, he found drowned in the meshes twelve ducks of the variety called by local shooters "coweens," worthless, by the way, except when, as in this instance, they serve to adorn a tale. He thought they must have dived to the nets at the depth above given.

I had some amusement a short time since building and testing a craft constructed on a principle not, to my knowledge, described by any of the naval architects, from Noah to him who designed the Puritan. The vessel is of the water-shoe family, and consists of two watertight floats about seven feet long, fourteen inches wide and four inches deep. They are united by a joint connection which allows them to move parallel, but not to separate. They thus constitute a

flat boat or float about thirty inches wide. The mode of propulsion was to be the walking movement of one's legs. On the bottom of each float fins or paddles are hinged across the line of travel. The paddles fold back flat against the bottom of the boat, but are arranged to stand perpendicular to the bottom when moved forward. The arrangement lets them cut through the water without resistance forward, but holds the boat from moving sternward. The first trip was made on the canal, and the craft slid into the water without the usual baptism of champagne, but amid the cheers of countless small boys. She moved easily, cannot be upset, and may possess some features that would be valuable in a sporting craft. My pride as the inventor of the novelty was taken down when an Englishman who heard of her said he saw one on exactly the same principle in England, and that her builder "made her go like 'ell." E. R.

ROCHESTER, November, 1885.

NOTES FROM FIELD, WOOD AND SHORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cold season has begun, and the shooting, so far as birds are concerned, is over. The ruffed grouse is the principal game bird. Although not so numerous as they were years ago, there are enough birds to satisfy any reasonable sportsman. Small flocks of ducks are occasionally seen, but the wild pigeon is about as "scarce as hen's teeth." Fifteen years ago they were seen in countless numbers; likewise there were shooters in great numbers. There are a few deer on the peninsula of Bruce county, but I am afraid they will not last long; nine carcases were brought into Wiarton lately. Black bears are not uncommon, indeed I think they are increasing; are seen when raspberries are ripe. No one owns bear dogs to trail them, so they are safe in the heavily timbered pine and cedar swamps. There are very few sportsmen in the county, mostly pot-hunters, just because they are not acquainted with the FOREST AND STREAM.

TAMARACK.

CARGILL, Ont., Nov. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Quail are plenty, and I hear of turkey and deer being seen in the hamak, a few miles out of town. A. S. A.

BELLEVIEW, Fla., Nov. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just returned from a ducking trip off Fire Island. Saw very few birds, the most of which were sheldrake and brant. Birds are very shy, and stool miserably. Bagged one broadbill and one sheldrake. They say this has been so far a very bad year for waterfowl on the Great South Bay.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14. J. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The hunting season is at its height here. The quail shooting lasted but thirteen days this year, and every lover of the sport was out with gun and dog. Quail have been unusually abundant, and many fancy shots from Cincinnati and adjoining towns have been here and carried away birds by the dozen. Rabbits are very plenty, and hundreds are shipped from here daily. Squirrels can be found in the woods adjoining town. The quail law closed on the 13th, and we now shoot birds in Kentucky. If good shooting is wanted it can be found here. G. G. J.

MOSCOW, O., Nov. 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ruffed grouse very scarce. Judge Farnham, of Wellsville, reports them plenty in Allegany county. J. O. F.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 20.

A NEW GUN PRINCIPLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With your permission I would like to call the attention of sportsmen and others interested in the progress of gunnery, particularly that of the modern breechloader, to an improvement which has been patented to me recently (Nov. 3, 1885) in breechloading firearms. So far in the history of breechloading arms, particularly in that of rifles, there has been no adequate provision made for prolonging and maintaining their accuracy to any material length of time, in the hands of the sportsman, to any degree of time at all comparable to the average life of the old muzzleloader; and there has been no special device whatever adopted whereby a radical change could be made with fixed ammunition at will and the gun remain intact in the hands of the sportsman; in this respect the breechloader again falls very far short in its sphere of usefulness of that of the muzzleloader with its unlimited charge.

When, after a season's repeated firing at the target or in the field, the bore or caliber of a breechloader has become so worn and enlarged as to create a windage of the bullet sufficient to destroy the accuracy of the arm, a resort for relief is generally had in a bullet of the Minie pattern, or one extra heavy, of soft lead on the theory that its inertia should cause it to upset upon the explosion of the charge, and by being pressed again to the bottom of the too shallow grooves, thus destroy the windage and restore the accuracy. Barring any consideration of the temporary character of the relief thus afforded, it is insisted that the methods are ineffectual, because uncertain, and unscientific because not positive in their action, as experience has always proven.

Regarding the second point made, as to a change of load, or charges that, in fixed ammunition, a charge cannot be increased beyond the limits or capacity of the shell, goes without the saying, because that fact is self-evident; and in decreasing the quantity of powder used in a fixed ammunition requires the production of a straight shell, of unnecessary and unseemly length, with a bullet shoved far down into it, on to the lessened charge; or the production of a shorter shell which will not reach the length of the chamber; or the production of a full-length shell filled with a miscellaneous assortment of powder, sawdust, bonedust, corks, wads, or air-space. Neither of these devices have proved of practical utility. In the first case, the shell, being straight, does not extract well, and the shell itself becomes fouled at once; if made tapering outside and straight inside there is a waste of valuable material and subject to the same fouling; in the second case there is a windage to the bullet, causing an escape of gas, an uncertainty as to how the bullet will take the lands, and a fouling of the chamber of the gun; and in the last case, saying nothing of the wear and general demoralization of the interior of the barrel from such a nondescript mass being repeatedly blown through it, the bullet is necessarily uncertain in its action and "almost invariably tumbles and penetrates the target sideways." Experience has proved these facts, too, indisputably.

And there is another point to be made in regard to the deficiencies of the breechloader, viz., there has been no proper means yet devised of handily extracting a shell which the extractor fails to draw. The gun, while in this condition, is rendered perfectly *hors du combat*, to the always great annoyance and sometimes imminent danger of the sportsman, and certainly the soldier in the field. The construction of breechloaders to carry ramrods as auxiliary extractors, beside "stealing the thunder" of the old muzzleloader, is false to a true conception of the proper functions of an independent breechloader, and practically but a lame apology for appropriate relief.

Having thus arraigned the breechloader and given the counts in the indictment against it, the next thing in order is to produce a remedy for the deficiencies set forth, and thereby perfect and establish the status of all breechloading arms, whether for the sportsman, the soldier, or the marine. It is proposed to produce a breechloader which shall be accompanied with a set of interchangeable auxiliary chambers, made to fit the breech end of the barrel, of different internal capacities to a given caliber, with a graduated fixed ammunition to suit. How this purpose is accomplished may be most readily apprehended by reference to the following illustrations, which were first drawn for application to a Frank Wesson .40-caliber.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

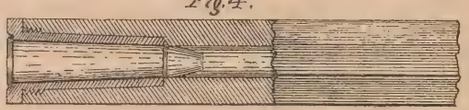


Fig. 5.

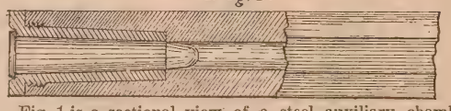


Fig. 1 is a sectional view of a steel auxiliary chamber bored to carry a .40-90-300 Bullard cartridge.

Fig. 2 is an exterior view of all the interchangeable chambers.

Fig. 3 is a sectional view of the .40-90 chamber and cartridge in place in the breech end of the barrel.

Fig. 4 is a view of a .40-75-325 Bullard chamber and cartridge in place in the same barrel, the .40-90 having been taken out and replaced by this.

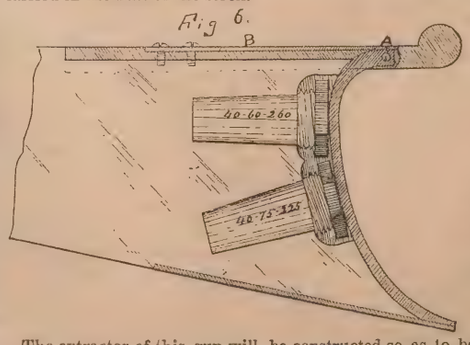
Fig. 5 is a view of a .40-60-260 Marlin chamber and cartridge.

An addition of still another chamber might be made of a .40 45-265 Sharps' patched. In such case there would be four changes of charges for the one gun, commencing at forty-five grains of powder and advancing by an addition of fifteen grains to each successive charge, and running up to the maximum in this case of ninety grains. In ordering a gun of this kind, of course it will be optional with the purchaser to choose the caliber, and the number and kind of auxiliary chambers to accompany it, and which may at any time be multiplied, the same being produced of standard interchangeable sizes for different calibers.

If, after a season's shooting, the gun has become, as the phrase goes, "shot out" and consequently inaccurate, the grooves may be re-cut, the bore generally repolished with the same facility as the muzzleloader, and the accuracy of the arm restored by the introduction of a chamber a size larger in caliber. This answers the purpose of reaming the bullet moulds of the muzzleloader and insures the possession of the breechloading Betsy for a lifetime, with all the pleasant memories connected with it. And thus is "Nessmuk's" wail for a breechloading gun that "can vary the charge according to the game," answered with an echo.

The following illustration will show where the extra chambers accompanying the gun are kept until wanted, with one in the barrel ready for use. The butt-plate opens and shuts, turning on the square joint A, and is held in either position by the action of the spring B, and the auxiliary chambers carried in the butt of the stock.

Fig 6.



The extractor of this gun will be constructed so as to be easily removed or turned out of the way to permit the passage of the chambers.

If a shell gets fast in the chambers and the extractor will not draw it, remove the chamber and drive the shell out with the handle of the little iron pocket chamber wrench made to accompany the gun and which is its only ramrod.

In the construction of shotguns two auxiliary chambers should be furnished for each barrel of the gun; one each for metallic and for paper shells. This will allow for the different thicknesses of the two kinds of shells, and the inside diameter of the two may be made alike, and to the caliber of the gun. This will permit the use of wads of the same size, and thereby insure uniformity of shooting.

The auxiliary chamber principle applied to arms used for military purposes will have a vital value, especially with regard to small arms in the hands of the soldier. During our late war we had our experience in this matter. The following extract, taken from a leading editorial of the FOREST AND STREAM, while treating of a prospective Anglo-Russian war, thus vividly portrays the fatal shortcomings of the military breechloader in action:

"Another point of more than ordinary importance in all this discussion is the trouble which constantly threatens from the confusion of ammunition. Each rifle carries its special cartridge, which will not serve any other weapon. The result is that in the hurry and scurry of train dispatching, it very often happens that the wrong cartridge cases are sent to the fighting men in the front, and they are left with magnificent rifles, yet of no more use than so many haysticks. This condition of affairs was met again and again during our late civil war, and it would require the most careful sort of management of the supply trains to prevent its happening along the enormous fighting line which will open with the Anglo-Russian war."

This experience has led the government into trying the experiment of establishing the use of a one-sized cartridge for all small arms. That ultimate failure in this direction will be the result is probable, owing to the different weights, and consequent recoil of the arms.

So far as the breechloaders now in common use are concerned, they can readily be changed so as to use auxiliary chambers, especially singleloaders, and there is nothing in the action of repeaters, but what slight changes will fit them to the use of auxiliary chambers.

The fixed ammunition prepared for use in the new gun will have heads all of one size to one caliber, and will be graded to suit the necessities of the sportsmen at the range or in the field.

Having already trespassed too much upon your space I will close by expressing the opinion that a white day has come in the history of the modern breechloader.

COMMON SENSE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HUNTERS AND SETTLERS.—There has been some trouble between sportsmen and settlers in the Pine and Popple river regions of Wisconsin. The Florence (Wis.) *Mining News*, Nov. 14, takes a very sensible view of the affair. It says: "The Ohio and other foreign hunters in the vicinity of the Pine and Popple rivers, were greatly surprised during the forepart of the present week by receiving visits from armed bodies of settlers, who requested them to leave the country. The settlers claim the hunters hound the deer, hunt with headlights, shoot their stock, insult their wives, and in many other ways trespass on their feelings and premises. If so, they have just cause for grievance, but are taking the wrong way to obtain redress. A homesteader has vested in himself the right to protect his home, stock and land, but his jurisdiction extends only so far as the limit of his own premises. He has not the power to order visiting hunters from lands owned by others than himself. If his rights are trampled upon, his feelings and property injured and the laws broken, the proper way is to appeal to the law, whose strong arm will protect him. In the large number of outside hunters who come to enjoy the rare sport to be found in the great forests hereabouts, there are of course some who have little or no regard for the welfare, safety and rights of any except themselves. But there are also many, and, in fact, the major portion of them, are law-abiding, sport-loving gentlemen, who have all regard for those things which are the inalienable right of their fellow men. In making trouble for these, they have done as great an injustice as the settlers claim they suffer at the hands of the other class. One hunter, a gentlemanly fellow, said to a representative of this paper: 'A body of armed men came to our camp on Monday and ordered us out of the country. There were a dozen of them at least and every man had a gun. We asked them if they owned the premises on which we were camping. They said that they did not. We asked them, then, by what authority they ordered us to go. They then left, but not without admonishing us to leave, and saying that we would hear from them again. I never will infringe on the rights of others, but this is a free country and I will not be bulldozed. The settlers may have been given trouble, but that does not warrant them in troubling innocent parties. I will let them strictly alone and I want to be let alone. These are the sentiments of all of the hunters I am acquainted with. We want peace if possible, but will stand up for our rights. If the settlers are troubled why don't they swear out warrants for the offenders and not bother those who mind their own business.' All of the hunters seem to talk about the same. They say they will not leave until they get ready; they will molest no one and will not be molested. Really the proper course for the settlers to pursue is to appeal to the law if they receive injuries of any kind and not resort to guerrilla practices and mob law. Unless matters assume a different phase, there is liable to be bloodshed, as the settlers appear to be on the warpath and the hunters are inclined to defend themselves and stand their ground. It is to be hoped that cooler counsel will prevail and that no violence will be done."

THE WILD PIGEON.—South Lyon, Mich.—In years back, up to 1874, we saw large flocks of pigeons migrating from north to south in the fall and from south to north in spring, sometimes staying with us a few days and then disappearing on their journey. Since 1874 we have not seen any flocks, and only a very few single birds in a whole year. Why have they stopped their migrating, and where have they gone to, or are they numbered with the past?—YOUNG READER. [There is no mystery about the disappearance of the wild pigeons. Their flocks have been depleted by market pot-hunters and by the trap-shooting game protective societies.]

SIMON TRUMAN, living near Elkland, Potter county, Pa., is dead at the age of seventy. He was a famous bear hunter and often asserted that he had killed over two hundred bears. He was driving along a road with a companion when the horses, scared at two trained bears, turned short around and threw both men out. Truman struck on a sharp knot on a log, breaking three ribs and pushing the broken pieces into his lung. He said to the physician: "This will settle me. I don't mind dying, but it's the thought that after escaping from wild bears for fifty years I am killed through tame bears, chained and muzzled; that worries me."—*Ex.*

GAME IN THE NORTH.—A correspondent writes from Faraday to the Belleville, Ont., *Gazette*, Nov. 6: "The supply of game this season is good, deer and partridge up to the average, but I think ducks are getting scarcer, and may perhaps ultimately leave us as the pigeons have, which used to be so plentiful some five and twenty years ago. There has been a remarkable migration of wild animals of the carnivorous kind into this quarter within the year, and independent of bears and wildcats, we now have wolves again, which we have not had for many years past. Several sheep have been destroyed by them in the Kavanagh settlement, and the folks there will not go for their cows after sunset, as the wolves sometimes come unpleasantly close. Mr. D. Kavanagh's son, a lad of fifteen, was chased out of the woods one evening by them. Sheep, which have been killed probably by wildcats, which have frequently been heard and seen, even close to L'Amable. Mr. C. Johnson, who has received the appointment of wood ranger and inspector of forest fires, made a trip last August through the woods to the northwest of Bancroft. He started early one morning from camp, and on his return found that a bear had paid a visit to his tent. Bruin commenced by eating all of Mr. Johnson's provisions, and being evidently in a sportive mood, he next mixed up the cooking utensils and blankets, promiscuously and impartially, and then tearing two large holes in the tent, upset it and left. During this trip, which was a short one, Mr. Johnson counted the bodies of one moose deer and thirteen red deer, which had been killed by the Indians, who appeared to have had plenty of provisions, for they had not used any of the venison for food, with the exception of a small piece of meat which they had sliced off the moose deer. Now, all these deer had been slaughtered merely for the sake of their skins, which the squaws tan and manufacture into mitts. I remember three years since, there were the carcasses of fifty deer strung along the banks of the York Branch, in the neighborhood of the Egan Farm, which had been killed in this way in July and August, by Indians. The deer come at night and feed on the pond lilies, of which they are very fond, and the Indian, with a light in his canoe, paddles up noiselessly, the deer appears to be fascinated by the light and never offers to run, and is then shot at leisure. Now this kind of thing is constantly going on, and it is the universal opinion that some one should be appointed by the Government to look after and put a stop to this shameful and wanton destruction.

A NEW GUN CLUB.—A number of gentlemen residing in Washington Heights and vicinity met last Monday evening for the purpose of organizing the St. Nicholas Gun Club. There were present, among others, Messrs. J. M. Bloomfield, Fay W. Kingsland, Harry Brower, W. B. Peet. F. H. Gibney, C. Donnelly, Lyons, C. F. Knapp, C. Develin, H. Griffin, E. W. Brown, P. W. Foster and C. S. Fitch. The following officers were elected: Mr. Fitch, President; Mr. H. Brower, Vice-President; Mr. Gibney, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. Peet, Captain. The grounds leased by the Washington Heights Gun Club have been secured by the new organization, and regular shoots at clay-pigeons are to be held every second Saturday. The grounds will be open for practice by the members at any time. The club has determined to use clay-pigeons in its regular shoots, taking the ground that their flight resembles that of a bird more than does that of a glass ball. The first regular shoot of the club will be held on Thanksgiving Day. The new club starts out with a membership of about thirty, and the character of the gentlemen who belong to it would seem to insure its success.

SOME OF THE NEW JERSEY NEWSPAPERS complain that the woods are so full of whistling bullets from hunting rifles that a man's life is not safe there.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

175.

ABOUT two years ago myself and a friend, out snipe shooting, were driving along a main road, when I ordered my setter bitch over into a wheat field. At the further side, three hundred yards away from us, she came to a stand. My friend, who is an enthusiastic sportsman, jumped out of the buggy, and while I held the horse and looked on, waddled through the miry field toward the dog, making his way as fast as any other fat man could do it. After going about two hundred yards, trampling with his big feet at every step about ten inches square of nice green wheat, which he buried never to come up again; suddenly to his astonishment a farmer came out in great wrath, shouting, "Get right off that wheat!" My friend stopped to apologize and explain, but the owner was irrepressible and kept ordering him off thicker and faster. He finally got the man's attention and pointed the dog out to him, saying he was only going after his dog, which was paralyzed, and if he did not go for her she would stop there until she became petrified, "and if I lose her," he threatened, "I shall hold you responsible for not allowing me to go and get her." The farmer turned and saw the dog, apparently stiff, and said, "Oh, of course, go and get your dog." My friend resumed his tramp, came up, flushed the bird and shot it. The farmer was amazed, and was so tickled at the operation that he wanted the gunner to tramp all over the field to see if he could not find another bird. Then he wanted to keep him and his dog all night, for he said he had never seen such a dog and man before. X.

PORT ROWAN, Ont.

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the FOREST AND STREAM actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

2. In general excellence the reading columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are of a higher grade than those of any similar publication in the world.

3. Taking into account the amount and the character of weekly reading given, the FOREST AND STREAM is away ahead of any similar publication in the world.

4. If a sportsman wishes a sportsman's paper, he will be better suited by the FOREST AND STREAM than by any similar publication in the world.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE DUDE GOES FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We all know the young man who is suffering from overdress, youth and inexperience, whom it is the fashion to call a dude. Personally, I have a heart full of charity for him—if he aspires to fishing, partly because he is so fresh and his green harmonizes with the surrounding verdure. If I am rightly informed, the word dude is spoken in England, where it was evolved, with two syllables. In this form it strikes the ear with a melody unknown to the word as we speak it. In the following epic I have spelled it to accord with the European pronunciatiation, partly because "it's English, you know," but mainly for rhythmic reasons.

This *mania-a-potu* was caused by a visit to a theater where the "Mikado," Gilbert and Sullivan's latest atrocity, was being sung, and after going to bed and getting the Public Executioner mixed up with the fish laws of New York, and dreaming that Yum-Yum was a grayling that had too much sense to rise to a bunch of feathers and tinsel, the rhythm of Ko-Ko wove itself into the following nightmare, for which I disclaim any responsibility. I do not know who wrote it, but merely send it to you as found at my bedside in the morning:

THE DUDEY FISHES.

A Dudey who sat near a brook, on a stone,
Sang "Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow!"
Said a barefoot boy, "Why do you sit there alone
Singing 'Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow?'
You must have caught plenty, or else they won't bite,
For you came here this morning, and now it's near night."
A glance from the Dudey said, "By Jove, you're right,
Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

He spat on his worm as he sang with a grin,
"Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow:
There's no use of talking, I gather them in,
By willow, tit-willow, tit willow.
No angler like me ever fished in this spot;
I've read all the authors, from Walton to Scott,
And, like me, you will sing when you see what I've got,
Ah, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

"Now let's see your catch that has caused you to sing,
O, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,"
But the Dudey kept on, as he held up his string,
Singing "willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,
I thought these small fish that I've taken with grubs
Were trout, and I'll tell you that here's where it rubs;
You break my heart, now that you tell me they're chubs,
Oh, willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

FRED MATHER.

RED DRUM AT ANGLESEA.

I YIELD to "Kingfisher" the joys of the summer woods and to "Nessmuk" his pleasant outings along the swamps of Florida in search of alligator or dreaming of tarpon. For myself, I am content, when the mackerel disappear and when the blackfish are too far off, to take a train for Anglesea, armed and equipped for the channel bass or red drum. Their coming and going is as mysterious and uncertain as that of the black drum, which do not make half as lively a fight as that of the channel bass—a game fish which eclipses the salmon of the Marguerite for good, honest fighting and staying qualities as much as the channel bass outstays and outfights the tarpon.

Judge Miller (whom I have hitherto introduced to your readers as the "Judicial Mind") does not often have any luck either with the black or red drum, unless he goes with the fishing editor of the Cape May *Wave* (J. M. S.). He slipped off early in September, but didn't get a bite, but when I told him that my good friend, Cap' Ludlam, of the Life Saving Service at Anglesea, N. J., had just "bagged" six channel bass in two days, the Judicial Mind took a sudden interest in the situation and rigged up two formidable drum lines. Armed with his annual pass on the West Jersey Railroad and a complete fishing rig, we started for Anglesea, one of the numerous cities springing up along the Atlantic coast, and making the wilderness of sand blossom with the rose of civilization.

"Angle Sea" is well named. It is the best fishing point between Barnegat and Cape May lighthouse, and it is not open to the very serious objection which makes Cape May a bad and dangerous fishing point—the narrowness of the channel and the dangers of a treacherous bar to the south of the channel upon which I have twice nearly lost my life in the last two years. When a leisure hour dawns on me I will tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM how a Pittsburgh party and myself, accompanied by Tom Ridley, one of the late Tom Scott's favorite railroad engineers, found fisherman's luck at this bar last August in Capt. Sutton's schooner, when the waves, six feet high, broke over us, and compelled all the party to climb the rigging like so many gray squirrels, to keep from being washed overboard. Poor Ridley gazed toward the new Columbia Hotel where his better half was, and said he thought he had gazed on the face of Mrs. Ridley for the last time on earth.

But we return to our drum. The Anglesea harbor is a safe one. There is never any trouble in getting out into the deep sea at any time of tide, and if the New York anglers knew of its many charms, its abundance of game, as well as fish, from red drum down to tomcod, it would soon become a big city by the sea much loved of anglers. The Judicial Mind prepared the lunch, and (I say it with great timidity, since the FOREST AND STREAM is striding with the steps of a racehorse toward temperance shores) that we had only six bottles of beer for Judge Miller, J. M. S. and Skipper Hankins—a good man and true—besides more solid material for three hungry fishermen.

Never was there created a better Boniface than the burly and bustling Englishman Weeks, who keeps the Hereford House at Anglesea. I guarantee that a tired sportsmen, in New York or out of it, who wants to hide himself away "from the gaze of the gross world" for a day or two, can't find any other place with equal attractions. And at this season of the year he will find on Seven Mile Beach all the wild cattle he wants to shoot, as well as rabbits galore, and on the mainland gray squirrels in abundance.

Apropos of wild cattle, the woods are full of them; and it is told of young L., the lighthouse keeper's son, that he shot at a big white bull on Seven Mile Beach, only wounding him in the neck, and that that bull "charged the Moors again," and the young and nimble Nimrod dropped his rifle and shinned it up a convenient persimmon tree, crying, "Ma! O, ma!" But the truth of this fairy tale rests on the unsupported evidence of Butcher Sigfried, a rollicking youth who bought the right to kill all the wild cattle on Seven Mile Beach. The lighthouse is called Hereaford Light, and it is said twenty years ago cattle were sent across the ford here at low water to browse on the fertile beach and got lost in the woods; hence the wild cattle. The word "Hereford" is probably derived from the words "Here a ford." Weeks's hotel is called the Hereford House. Two miles below is Holly Beach, a brisk settlement of wideawake Philadelphians, soon to be connected by railroad with Anglesea, which is located on a spur of railroad, four miles long, connected with the W. J. R. R. twelve miles from Cape May. I prophesy that Anglesea will soon be the best known, as it is now the best fishing, spot on the Jersey coast.

I am painfully conscious that my letters annent piscatorial joys are (in one respect only I fear) like Montaigne's essays. He began with the beginning of the world and ended by telling how he had the gravel! But I will localize no more. I will proceed to drag up the stalwart drum—painted red by the Creator—from the bottom of the deep.

Hankins had Weeks's catboat with a bottom big enough to accommodate a Virginia picnic. The day before our outing Cap' Ludlam had "corralled" on to a thousand mullet at a single haul of his seine. This is the red drum's favorite bait, and when the east wind don't prevail and the drum are not junketing off the Florida coast, the mullet will always capture a drum. It was one of those heavenly days when the earth and sky seemed to be intending matrimony and the denizens of the deep piously waited to witness the honey moon. There was just enough wind to take old Weeks's catboat out to Buoy No. 3, a couple of miles from the Hereford House.

The Judicial Mind struck first blood, for his half mullet, artistically tied on his limerick, looking toothsome enough for a two-legged gourmet, had scarcely touched the bottom before a strange pallor overspread the handsome countenance of the frisky and piscatorial Miller. "Hush!" he whispered, as he handed Skipper Hankins his croaker line with his left hand. Away went one hundred feet of line, till our judicial friend thought he must have tired out his drum and could venture to inspect the fish on closer acquaintance. Remember a red drum never breaks water like a bass or like the *Esox nobilior*. But alas! for a fisher's hopes; as Judge Miller drew his big fish close to the boat till we could get a glimpse of his red and glowing sides the drum made a rush *à la* Tarpon and took out—ran out every foot of his line, and it was a case of *abiit erupet evasit*. And as the Judicial Mind drew up his limp line no fish could be felt, for the monster of the deep at one mad dash had pulled the hook clean out of the snood as readily as I could pull Clark's O. N. T. out of the eye of a needle. The Judge looked unutterable "cuss words"—and said nothing, as the skipper hastily put on another hook with a shank two inches long.

The best of us enjoy the discomfiture of our nearest friends, and while smiling inwardly beneath a solemn exterior I felt a bite that might have been a flounder. But I put a pressure of twenty-five pounds on my line (of the strength of which I did not feel assured), I knew I had a fifty-pounder on the end of my line. I was determined to keep cool. The Judge begged to feel of my drum, and being of a sympathetic turn I allowed the Judge to feel the red devil *chasser* around for about five minutes, when he willingly handed me back my line. It took me half an hour by the skipper's watch before I could tire the shy fish out and bring him up to the boat while Hankins deftly inserted his right hand in the gills of the drum, and with a tremendous flop landed a sixty-pound drum on the bottom of our catboat.

I hope my temperance friends will not be disgusted if then and there the six bottles of beer and the entire lunch melted away like snow flakes on the sod.

Judge Miller took my line with wire snoods and soon hooked a big fish. He handled him like a master—gave him 200 feet of the line, and with gentle pressure brought Mr. Drum half way back again, then let him whizz toward buoy No. 2. As the fish came slowly in till his ponderous head broke water he made another spin for dear life. "Easy over the stones," ejaculated the wide-awake Miller, as he let him cavort at its own sweet will down in the caverns of the deep. He had this one securely hooked, and the wire attachment would have held a hundred-pound shark. In just forty minutes Judge Miller landed his own fish, with a wild Comanche yell which well might have reached Holly Beach, two miles below. We now had two noble redfish, still panting in the bottom of the boat, and flopping the water all over us. We cared no longer whether school kept or not. We had bagged the first Anglesea drum of the season.

By 2 o'clock I had hooked the biggest fish of the day, but my early success emboldened me—my line was too short—and once at the end of his tether the drum broke away, leaving me minus sinker, bait and two hooks. The power of this gamy fish is shown by the fact that we lost three lines and eight hooks in three hours. It was the Judge's hour now and he improved the occasion by laughing consumedly at me. I bore it like a martyr, having a new Krider line, Cuttyhunk, with swivel attachment, and I felt sure of at least one more drum.

In the next hour we landed five sharks, which upon so calm a day were as thick as blackberries in July. This is no mean fun in the pauses between drum bites. Soon I hooked a big fish, whose first rush for liberty in the briny deep, cut two fingers of my right hand till the blood came. This was the hardest fight of the day, and was the best fight I ever made with a fish. Sad experience taught me to give the drum all the play he wanted; and I let him have 300 feet of my laid cotton thread line double twisted. I felt sure of this one, and the skipper and Miller enjoyed the game which was neck and neck, for I could not get the fish within sight, and but for the downward pressure of the fish I might have thought I had hooked a shark. But a shark will run around a boat—the drum never. He gets as near the bottom and as far from the sight of man as he can get. I found him and played him one hour before he came in out of the wet. I handled him tenderly as if I loved him—as I did. I never caught a game fish that fought so well. He tipped, in his red splendor, sixty pounds, and was alive when we reached the Hereford House at 4 P. M., glad but tired sportsmen, more in love than ever with fishing in the deep sea.

J. M. S.

THE CENTRAL LAKE HERRINGS.—Central Lake, Mich., Nov. 12. The "herrings" were first seen at the bridge in in this village on the evening of the 10th. This is, as far as I know, the first time in several years that they have shown any disposition to holster up the old tradition of their always coming on that day. It shows that they can do it if they choose.—KELPIE.

BETHABARA, ALIAS GREENHEART.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 24, page 169, "M." says under the caption, "Snake and Bethabara Woods":

"Greenheart is a variety of the genus *Laurus*, found in the West Indies and South America. That in Jamaica and Guiana is the *Nectandra rodiæi*, called also "cogwood" in the former and "sipiri" in the latter locality. Lancewood is a tree found also in the West Indies, called in botany *Guatteria virgata*, and is *par excellence* the best wood for fishing rods. It will be difficult to find bethabara wood in the botanical list, it is only found in the catalogues of some fishing rod makers who have enshrouded it in mystery, otherwise it is nothing but a fancy name for greenheart."

It seems strange that some one who believes in the superiority of bethabara (or wasahba) and labors under the idea that it has an individuality of its own, does not raise an issue with this last statement of "M.'s" How would it do to quote Henry P. Wells on bethabara or wasahba. He says on page 130, of "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle":

"Some think it a variety of greenheart, but he who has worked the two woods will hesitate to accept this opinion. It resembles greenheart in color, but still with a difference easily seen on close inspection, though difficult to describe. It is denser in grain, more bony in texture, and requires a sharper tool to work it. It has the peculiarity of depositing a gummy substance on the edge of the plane blade, producing the effect of dullness, which must at short intervals be removed on the oilstone before the plane will resume its cut. When under the plane a yellow powder, closely resembling pulverized gamboge in appearance, is profusely deposited on the bench and tools, as well as on the hands and person of the worker. This instantly turns to a strong salmon color in contact with soap and water, due doubtless to the action of the alkali in the former. Its shavings have nothing of the crumbling character of those of greenheart, from which *all the foregoing marked peculiarities distinguish it.*

The italics do not appear in the original text. It might be added that Mr. Wells believes bethabara to be inferior for rod-making purposes to greenheart, an opinion with which some of us who have been using bethabara rods for four or five years cannot agree. JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 18.

LARGE LAKE TROUT.—While taking trout for the purpose of getting spawn, Mr. F. A. Walters, Superintendent of the Adirondack hatchery at Little Clear Pond, took a trout measuring 36½ inches in length and weighing 22 pounds, which was dead when found. He reports taking "two larger ones which were alive and all right." This shows that this fish grows to a much larger size than is usually caught in those waters, although we have recorded instances of individuals taken at rare intervals there which were larger.

BE KIND TO YOUR BOATMAN.—First Scotch boatman: "Weel, Geordie, hoo got ye on the day?' Second ditto (Drouthy; he had been out with a Free Kirk minister—a strict abstainer): "Nae, ava; the auld carl had nae whuskey, sae I took him whaur there was nae fush!"—*Punch.*

THE WHITNEY BASS FLY.—Our correspondent "Cyrtonyx" informs "Percyval" that the Whitney black bass fly is made thus: Body green, with silver tinsel, tail and hackle green, wings yellow with lead-colored shoulders.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

MAINE LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

THERE have been some busy days for those interested in the salmon weirs in Bridgton and Harrison, Maine, of which the FOREST AND STREAM has had previous accounts. Ten of the first ones—twelve in number—taken at Rodger's Brook two weeks ago, escaped through a break in the weir, caused by a sudden rise of water. But the break has been promptly repaired with a second weir put in a few rods below and a third one a short distance above. As fast as the fish come into the lower weir they are dipped out and put into the middle one. The upper weir is intended as a stop for the leaves and autumn rubbish.

On Monday there were seventeen salmon in the weir, and everything was looking favorable, but it began to rain, and Rodger's Brook became a torrent. The water was full of leaves, stones, roots and all manner of waste, swept along by the force of the current. It stopped against the weir and made a dam. The water was fast rising to the top of the stakes, while the watchman and one or two assistants were doing their best to clear the opposing refuse away. The harder they worked the harder it rained, and the more loose material was washed against the frail palings. More help came, and for hours, in the pelting rain, sometimes to their waists in cold water, six men were working as for life to keep the weirs and salmon from being swept down stream. As it was all efforts would have been useless, had not some one hit upon the plan of felling a tree across the stream a short distance above, and building a dam to turn the current into another channel. This proved successful, and by midnight the troubled waters were under control. The weir at Bear Brook had not had as hard a time; still the water cut a channel under the bank, by which some of the fish escaped up the stream. But they can easily be dipped up and put back into the weir when wanted.

Yesterday there were twenty-eight salmon in the weir at Rodger's brook and twenty more in and above the weir at Bear Brook. This is as many as the most sanguine expected to take in the whole season, and yet, if this year is to be judged by others, the season has hardly begun. The largest fish now on hand is fully thirty inches long and eight inches deep, and must weigh fifteen or eighteen pounds. There are others about as large. The largest of all—Jumbo—was one of the two of the first twelve that did not escape. The watchmen say that the fish run up the stream entirely in the night. In the daytime they are quiet, and a person not accustomed to looking for them might be very near one and not notice them. In the weirs all is quiet enough in the daytime, but at dark the fun begins. The water seems to be fairly alive and foams and splashes in a way that would hardly seem possible. The fish fight fiercely at times. Especially does each newcomer have to be thoroughly shaken up. If a fish of any other species gets into the weir it has no rest until it is either driven out or killed. The fish work large beds of stones and gravel together, in which to deposit their eggs, and as fast as the eggs are laid they are covered. The work of making the beds and covering the eggs seems to be done mostly by the males, and they show a great deal of perseverance and skill in moving some of the quite large stones that they have to handle.

Mr. Wilbur, the watchman at Bear Brook, says he noticed that a large male fish was beginning to form a bed in a part of the stream where an alder bush, about an inch and a half in the thickest part of the stem, was bent down into the water. The fish seemed to want that particular place, and the alder was in its way. At first he swam under it and tried to lift and push it one side. As this did not succeed, he swam up the stream six or eight feet, and turning around, came back "full chisel" against the alder stem, which was bent and lifted out of the water by the force of the 15-pound fish. Of course the alder at once sprang back into its place, at which the fish seemed to be very angry and snapped at it with its teeth, until finding that he had met with more than his match, he left that locality in apparent disgust.

The salmon seem to recognize their natural enemies very quickly. They soon become accustomed to the watchman, and allow themselves to be approached readily. A dog they will hardly notice, but when a mink came along the bank by the weir the other day, the whole scene was changed. The great salmon seemed frightened badly, and rushed like flashes through the water in every direction. The mink was shot, but the watchman says that the fish were very uneasy, and were sharply on the lookout for hours after.

There are a great many visitors, especially at the Rodger's Brook weir, and it is indeed a sight to make a sportsman's nerves tingle to see thirty such noble specimens lying almost within reach of his hand, and, what is better, safe from harm. It is reasonably sure that the fish are being well protected in these two streams at least. At Bear Brook no attempt has been made at stealing them, but Thursday night there were persons sneaking around the Rodger's Brook weir. They left promptly, however, when Mr. Rich came out of his camp breechloader in hand. A man a few days ago tried a new dodge. While standing with Mr. Rich, the gentleman in charge, looking at the salmon, he turned and asked in a confidential tone if $5 would not be an object for him to leave the weir alone for a few minutes. The would-be poacher—he is a Maine woollen manufacturer—found in short order that he had waked up the wrong man.

It is now known, though it was not intended in the outset, that with the weirs in the two best breeding brooks a strong military move has been made against those who have been in the habit of dipping out bushels of these noble salmon in spawning time. Not a salmon can go above the first weir; hence Mr. Poacher will find no fish in the miles of stream he has been in the habit of robbing. The Commissioners say that in the protection of these small streams at breeding time lies the whole secret of the future success or ruin of the salmon fishing in the Sebago lakes, covering an extent of nearly twenty miles in length. "Take all the fish out of these streams when they come up to breed in the fall," says Commissioner Stilwell, "and your salmon are gone from the lakes! Protect them and they will multiply, and soon give such sport as only salmon can give!"

Many who have an appetite for salmon are much disgusted to find their accustomed poaching ground fenced off, by a weir below, and well under the eye of the law. That crowd that came fifteen miles the other night and hauled a boat only to find themselves left, went home sadder and wiser, as well as badly out of pocket. Woodsum Brook, at the head of Anonymous Pond, still gleams with the torch of the fish sneak on dark nights, and Mutiny Brook, at the head of Bear Pond, is scoured almost every night. But the worst work is without doubt at Crooked River and Songo. A man from the former place reports that salmon are being taken by the wagon load, and at the latter locality there are parties who own a seine and work it whenever they can. There are men on the watch for them, but a large extent of territory, with so many hiding places, is hard to protect.

But after all, the work of breeding the noble land-locked here is not likely to meet with the success this fall that experience would have brought. The Commissioners being at a distance, and no one present having sufficient experience to successfully strip the females, a number of them were found to have cast their spawn before stripping was successfully attempted the other day. Some six to ten thousand eggs have been secured, and the season is not yet over. Still a large number of the females have been released, having cast their spawn. The stones and sand on the bottom in the vicinity of the Rodger's Brook weirs are mixed with salmon spawn, which will probably hatch naturally. Not knowing how to manage, the males and females were not separated in season, and the spawning was much earlier in consequence. An attempt was made to dip out the large males and put them in the upper weir, which resulted in plenty of excitement, and making kindling wood of every landing net that could be procured. Indeed, considerable fun has grown out of this salmon breeding by novices. Oh, to see one of our respectable townsmen, new at the business, attempt to take the eggs from a 15-pound salmon, alive, slippery, strong; the sight was comical in the extreme. It would make one laugh till the tears come. But we learn by experience. BRIDGTON.

THE ADIRONDACK HATCHERY.—Through the vigorous enterprise of Fish Commissioner R. U. Sherman the hatchery and dwelling for the superintendent are complete and operations have begun. Although the season was well advanced and the surroundings were new to those engaged, they have now in the troughs 115,000 eggs of brook trout, 5,000 lake trout, and 9,000,000 "frost fish," a small species of Coregonus. In addition to this number Mr. Ed. Boehm, of the Caledonia hatchery recently took there 875,000 eggs of lake trout, most of which were from the Great Lakes and a few from Caledonia. This makes a very fair beginning for the young hatchery. The buildings are situated on the road from Upper Saranac Lake to Bloomingdale on the outlet of Little Clear and about a thousand feet from the pond. The hatchery is fifty-two by twenty-eight feet and is two storie high. It contains thirty batching troughs, each fifteen feet long, which will easily hatch 40,000 trout each, making the capacity about 2,000,000. Besides this an indefinite number of frost fish may be hatched in jars, and more troughs can be put up, if necessary. The water is brought in a six-inch wrought-iron pipe from a dam in the outlet above the house, which gives six feet of fall when full. The hatchery will be a point of interest for tourists in that region and will in time benefit the fishing of the whole Adirondack region.

BROWN TROUT.—These excellent fish which were first sent to this country by Mr. von Behr, President of the German Fishery Association as a present to Mr. Fred Mather, in the shape of eggs, and by him presented to several fishculturists, have spawned at two-and-a-half years old. Mr. Frank Clark, of the U. S. Fish Commission at Northville Mich., getting about 4,000 eggs from three fish. Mr. James Annin, of Caledonia, N. Y., reports them about to spawn. Some eggs have been taken at the State hatchery at Caledonia, N. Y. and others at Cold Spring Harbor. At the latter place there is one male fish which will weigh two pounds and the others will average half that weight. This is remarkable growth and the number of eggs in such young fish is surprising to those who have only handled our native brook trout. The fish appear to be thoroughly acclimatized and at home. They will prove of great value to our streams and when better known to our anglers will become great favorites.

CARP FOR THE SOUTH.—The United States Fish Commission car No. 2 left Washington Monday night with carp for the supply of applicants in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. The distribution to South Carolina will be made from Columbia by express; for Georgia from Atlanta; for Alabama from Birmingham and Montgomery; for Florida from Jacksonville. Car No. 1 left Tuesday afternoon with carp for the supply of applicants in West Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The distribution to West Tennessee and Arkansas will be made from Memphis; to Mississippi from Jackson; to Louisiana from New Orleans and Shreveport; to Texas from Dallas and Austin.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 5.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2908.**

PHILADELPHIA CLUB TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE second annual field trials of the Philadelphia Kennel Club began at Rio Grande, N. J., Nov. 17, Mr. C. S. Westcott judge. Rio Grande had been selected owing to the number of birds liberated in that section, but it was learned that poaching had been allowed on the 3,000 acres said to be preserved and that much shooting had been done before and since the season opened. The All-Aged Stakes, therefore, after several heats had been run and the Puppy Stakes had been first decided, were declared off by the judge, as it would have been impossible at the rate birds were being found to finish the contest in the allotted three days as first laid down. The following is a summary of the heats as run:

THE DERBY.

FAIRY GLEN AND BUCKINGHAM

were put down at 7:45 over in a sorgum stubble back of the club house where a covey of quail were known to feed, but it was drawn blank, as were also several likely fields to the south as we moved on. Fairy Glen is a good-sized bitch, resembling her sire, Glen Rock, but did not show the speed of her rival Buckingham, an eleven-month old puppy of great promise, who made a show of poor handling by his breaker, Hoffman. Coming to a thicket on the edge of a stubble field Fairy Glen pointed and was well backed by Buckingham. Shorebrook, Fairy's handler, being orded to put up the bird and kill, no quail were found and Fairy was scored a false point. After the dogs were down two hours without finding game they were ordered up.

VICTORIA AND LEIGH DOANE II.

were put down in a large grass field interspersed with cedars, a very likely looking place for a covey. Victoria is a dark red bitch with a white blaze on her face and two white feet, and is speedy in gait, but appeared to lack nose. Leigh Doane II. is one of the most level-headed Irish setters the writer ever saw, and showed fine nose and tractability and free range. Predmore, her handler, worked her to good advantage and she showed fine training. Several fields and thickets were drawn blank after being carefully worked, so these dogs were likewise ordered up and the first two put down again.

FAIRY GLEN AND BUCKINGHAM,

being started a second time, in a field which a new pilot declared contained a fine covey of quail, were worked carefully against the wind, and as dog and handlers approached the corner of a fence near the road, where Leigh Doane II and Victoria were being held in readiness for their turn again, somebody stumbled over a hare and Leigh Doane II. broke loose and gave chase. This and the noise caused by the pilot shooting a hawk which flew over, flusned a large covey which was hiding in a deep ditch in the field. These birds took to a heavy cedar and bayberry thicket near at hand. Buckingham here pointed but failed to locate. Fairy Glen then pointed and Buckingham called to back, which on coming up he failed to do, but moved up to the bitch, pointed by her side for a few seconds, then moved ahead and the birds got up. The dogs were then ordered up, the heat being given to Fairy Glen, and the party returned to the club house for dinner.

After dinner Victoria and Leigh Doane II. were put down again to the south of the club house. Fairy flushed a single bird in the open, an excusable fault, as she was urged on by her handler, Shorebrook. Victoria also flushed a single bird in the sedge grass. More fields were worked over, but no quail found. It was becoming discouraging. The dogs were taken up, and the next day were put down in the sorgum stubble back of the club house at 7:30 A. M. In five minutes Leigh Doane II. pointed a covey in a squatting position staunchly in the open, the wind being full in her face. Victoria, handled by Shorebrook, coming up to back, rushed in, and, without hesitating, forged ahead and put the birds up. Leigh Doane II. remaining firm and dropped to wing when the covey arose. She was at once given the heat. This was a very pretty piece of work on the part of Chief's daughter and showed that Predmore, her handler, had given her very careful training.

FAIRY GLEN AND LEIGH DOANE II.

were at once put down to contend for first place. The last covey had taken to an almost impenetrable thicket of briers, where it would be impossible to move them from. So it was decided to use Mr. DeHaven's Don, an old-time setter, to start them, which he soon did, but the puppies failed to find the single birds, and the judge ordered the brace up and all returned to dinner. At 2 o'clock the same dogs were put down again and the heat was soon finished, Leigh Doane II. winning first prize and Fairy Glen second prize of the puppy stakes.

At 10 A. M. of this same day, owing to the great scarcity of quail it was agreed to draw a judge to decide a separate heat in the all-aged stakes and thus facilitate the trials, which were consuming too much time. Cassino Gladstone not being present, the owner of Leigh Doane agreed to wait a day longer for her appearance, and Mr. Jas. Watson, of Philadelphia, was appointed to judge the next brace in order.

BRUCE AND KNOB

were cast off, and after hunting two hours and failing to find game, they were taken up and the party went to lunch. After lunch the dogs were put down in the thicket back of the house. Knob pointed a brace. Bruce backed, but the thicket being very dense the noise made by the handlers coming up flushed the birds. Bruce dropped to wing. Bruce then pointed a single bird and Knob failed to back and ran in. The heat was given to Bruce.

GROUSE AND JESSIE

were put down, and L. E. Wills, of Lehighton, Pa., was appointed judge of the heat. Taking a southerly direction in the open sugar stubble, Grouse ran by with the wind and flushed a large covey of quail, which took to a cedar thicket. The

dogs were ordered on by the judge. Grouse pointed to a single bird. Jessie was called to back but failed to do so and ran in and flushed. Grouse then made three more points on single birds which Jessie would not respond to, when Hoff man, her handler, withdrew the bitch, considering her out of condition, and the heat was awarded to Grouse. Grouse is a large orange and white setter dog, of part native blood, and a remarkably fast and wide ranger, and with more work will be a hard one to beat. His handler, Shorebrook, states that he never tires. Jessie, red Irish setter bitch, is well-known as a bench show winner, and has been doing good work since the season opened, her failure in this heat can doubtless be attributed to her condition, as her nose and head were very feverish.

LEDA AND WRAGG

were the next put down and drew three or four fields blank. Leda was the winner of the All-Aged Stakes last year, but on this occasion did not seem to have her usual excellent nose, for on ranging down a large stubble she ran by a covey, which flushed and took to the woods, where it was impossible to follow them owing to the dense briers. Wragg is a very handsome Gordon setter, rather heavy in movement, but covering considerable ground for his size and make up. In returning to the club house Leda made game at the corner of a fence, when a large covey rose from a dusting place about twenty yards from the bitch, near her handler and owner, Colonel Richardson, and took to a cedar thicket. Going in the direction where the birds were marked down, a second covey of scattered birds got up in ones and twos near Mr. Emlin, Wragg's owner, who shot at last bird and missed. Both Leda and Wragg dropped handsomely to shot. Leda proved the best ranger in this unfinished heat when, darkness coming on, the dogs were taken up for that day.

The following day Wragg and Leda were cast off again at 7:30 A. M., but failed to find birds, though a large area of country was carefully worked over. The judges therefore decided to take up this pair and put down Creole and Leigh Doane II., which last-named bitch was also entered in the All-Aged Stakes. Creole is a very handsome Irish bitch, the property of Major Wibert, of Mauch Chunk, and will make a hard one to beat when she has had more work on quail. These bitches did some very good ranging, and more country was worked over with the same poor results, when it was plainly seen the trials could not be finished without material to work upon. A consultation was held at the club house, and it was decided to call the All-Aged Stakes off and to allow only to stand the record of the Puppy Stakes, which had resulted in Leigh Doane II. winning first prize and Fairy Glen second prize.

The failure of a successful termination of these trials demonstrates the fact that it is not practicable to hold such contests in the North unless the grounds are strictly preserved, and that the South only, where quail are plentiful and the cover suitable for finding single birds after the covey is flushed, is the region to be selected hereafter by the Philadelphia Kennel Club.

Where birds were found at all at the Rio Grande grounds they invariably took to cover where they could not be followed by dog or man. The work your correspondent saw the dogs do was very good, especially that of Leigh Doane II. Buckingham, although a beaten dog, was one of the best in the Derby; certainly the finest ranger, and had it not been for the manner his handler worked him he would not have been defeated. MARK.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE All-Aged Setter Stakes of the Eastern Field Trials Club commenced at High Point on Monday, Nov. 16. There were twenty-three entries, all but three of which started. None of the judges selected were able to be present, and Messrs. B. F. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; F. R. Hitchcock, of New York city, and W. A. Coster, of Flatbush, L. I., were appointed instead. We had beautiful weather all through the week. The birds were fairly plenty, although not so many were found as in previous years. The dogs were in much better condition than they were last year, and although the work was not quite up to the average, there was a very creditable showing. Many of the dogs had not had work enough to put them in proper condition, and on this account the trials should be held at least a month later, and two months would be still better. In January the vegetation is killed and the birds are more in the open, and the trials could be run through much quicker then. The handlers are unanimous in this opinion, and the club will consider the matter, and, it is to be hoped, will make the change. Following is the running:

BRANDON AND GLADSTONE'S BOY.

This brace was first on the card, but owing to mistaken direction as to place of starting, Brandon and Countess, one of the second brace, were not on hand, and the third brace was run first. We give the running however in its regular order. The morning was perfect, there had been a hard frost, but the sun had shone bright and except in the shady places it had disappeared. We left the hotel at a quarter past eight and as the other dogs were not on hand Sportsman and St. Elmo IV. were put down and at the finish of their heat Brandon, handled by C. L. Dick, and Gladstone's Boy, handled by Chas. Tucker, were cast off in some pines and worked down to a valley and then along the edge of some woods where Brandon flushed a single and Glad put up the rest of the bevy. A little further on Glad challenged but soon went on. Brandon then made a nice point which Glad honored at once. Brandon then drew on a short distance and again pointed, but went on a short distance and gave it up. Then in some woods Glad stopped just as a single bird got up, and Brandon dropped to one that laid until Mr. Dick to order flushed it and missed, when several more got up and Brandon was a trifle unsteady, but dropped to order. The handler of Brandon was not in condition to run him, and Mr. Dick took him in charge, although he had not previously handled him. We then took a turn back but only two more birds were found and they were flushed by the judges. We then crossed a ravine to where some of the birds had settled and Brandon made a nice point which Glad backed in fine style, Mr. Dick to order flushed them and made a double, and Brandon retrieved one in good form, and Glad pointed the other and started to retrieve it but Brandon got it and brought it in. He then made a point to a brace that flushed wild and flew back over the dogs, both remaining steady. Brandon then made a capital point to a single, Glad did not see him and went too close to the bird which got up just as he dropped. This was very close to, if not quite a flush. Working up through a meadow, Brandon made a point and one flushed wild. Several then got up near Glad, he then made a point to the bevy and soon after Brandon nailed a single in fine style. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Brandon. Down one hour and three quarters. Brandon ran a good heat considering that he was unacquainted with his handler. Gladstone's Boy was all off in nose and could do nothing.

COUNTESS AND BLARNEY.

Countess, handled by W. Seager, and Blarney, by T. M. Aldrich, were at once put down and worked along a hillside, when Countess pointed a hare, and nothing more was done, although we worked over some good ground until half-past twelve found us at the barn at the Model Farm, where lunch was spread. After an hour's rest, the dogs were again put down in the stubble field near the house. Neither dog went very fast, although at times both showed a fair amount of speed. After beating through the field, Blarney made a point near the fence. Countess did not back, but went on and flushed a bird, and the bevy, which was somewhat scattered, got up from both sides of the fence and settled in the adjoining field of briers and weeds. Working round to get the wind we beat toward them. Countess was the first to find. She pointed a single, and a second or two later Blarney also pointed a short distance beyond her. Seager to order flushed and killed the bird, when several more got up and among them the one in front of Blarney. Countess retrieved her bird in good form. Blarney then flushed one down wind, and soon after put up one that he should have pointed. A little further on he pointed one, and Countess, a little beyond him, also pointed the same bird. Aldrich to order flushed and missed, and Blarney was not quite steady, but dropped to order. Countess then half pointed, but went on, and as Blarney worked that way one got up within ten feet of where Countess had challenged. A little further on Blarney pointed a single, and Countess went up to him and also pointed. Aldrich flushed to order and missed. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Blarney. Down one hour. Blarney was handled by T. M. Aldrich, of Manton, R. I., and Countess by W. Seager, of Sewickly, Pa. The heat was not a brilliant one, but as it was run in the middle of the day it was perhaps not a fair test of the merits of the dogs.

SPORTSMAN AND ST. ELMO IV.

This brace was the first to go down in the morning, owing to the absence of some of the other dogs. They were put down at 8:45 in a stubble field. Both dogs have run before, and need no introduction to our readers. Sportsman was handled by Chas. Tucker, of Stanton, Tenn., and St. Elmo by E. H. Haight, of Allaire, N. J. Both started off at a good gait with Sportsmen in the lead, and as he went down to the corner near some woods, he ran into a bevy and scored a flush. The dogs were then worked toward the scattered bevy, and both scored a flush of a single bird each. Sportsmen then whirled round on a beautiful point to a single, which Tucker, to order, flushed, but as it flew over the judges he did not shoot. Sportsman then made a point and then roaded a short distance and again pointed, but nothing was found. We then worked through a cornfield to a stubble field, where Sportsman pointed and roaded, but he was behind the bevy, which flushed as the judges came up, and scattered in some open woods. Following them, one got up near St. Elmo as he went into a thicket, and soon after another one flushed near him. Sportsman then got a point that St. backed indifferently. Tucker, to order, flushed the bird, which he killed, and Sportsman retrieved it nicely. A little further on St. Elmo made a capital point to a single, which Haight, to order, flushed and killed, and St. Elmo retrieved. We then worked out into a sedge field and Sportsman challenged but went on, and as the spectators came up they put up a bevy there which settled in the woods. Following them up, both dogs pointed very nearly at the same time. The bird in front of St. Elmo flushed as his handler came up. Tucker, to order, put up the one in front of Sportsman. We then turned down a branch and through some woods, when Sportsman half pointed, but soon moved on and shortly after he pointed a bevy in the edge of some pines, and Tucker, to order, flushed them. This ended the heat, with Sportsman the winner. Down one hour and twenty minutes. The work of both dogs was far below expectation. They are both well known as about as good as the best, and a grand heat was looked for. Sportsman was off in nose, and St. Elmo had been worked but a few days and was in no condition to run.

CLIFFORD AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT.

Both of these dogs ran here last year and Belle ran here this year in the Members' Stake. Clifford was handled by John Lewis and Belle by Capt. C. E. McMurdo. Both have greatly improved since last year, but Belle has improved the most and showed much better under her handler than she did in the Members' Stake. Both started off well, but Belle had the legs of her antagonist. As Clifford went by a bunch of alders a single bird flushed, and soon after he pointed where it got up. We then took a long turn through the woods, down to the brook where Belle challenged and then made a cast and dropped on point and remained for some time until her handler came up, but nothing was found, the birds had probably run. She made a cast in the woods and struck a bevy, but whether the one that ran from her or another one, could not be determined. Clifford came up and backed indifferently to order. Capt McMurdo flushed the birds to order and we followed them to the edge of the woods, where Belle pointed a single which her handler flushed to order and missed. She went but a short distance and pinned another which the Captain killed. Clifford then made a nice point, but nothing was found. Soon after Clifford again pointed very nicely and commenced roading, Belle came up and backed a second, but caught the scent and pointed the bevy, which Capt. McMurdo to order put up and killed one. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Belle of Piedmont. Down one hour and eight minutes. This was a very fair heat, Belle showing better work than we had yet seen.

NELLY II. AND GUS BONDHU.

These dogs are also well known. Nelly was handled by W. Tallman, and Gus by Chas. Tucker. They were cast off in a large cornfield, and given a spin, both of them going in capital style. Nelly was the fastest. After a turn in the corn they were worked toward the last bevy, which had settled in the woods. Gus made a false point at the edge of the woods and Nelly backed him. A little further on Nelly pointed and Gus backed her. She then drew on a few steps and located a single very nicely, which Tallman, to order, flushed. Gus then pointed and Nelly came up beyond him and challenged and was dropped. Gus then roaded a running bird and pointed again. Nelly made a cast ahead of him and flushed the bird. A little further on Gus made a point just as the bird got up. Nellie then got in a good point to a single that Tallman, to order, flushed and winged. Nelly, sent to retrieve, took the trail of the bird, but was called off; she then challenged, but the bird got up wild before she had a chance to locate it. She soon had another one fast and Tallman, to order, flushed and killed it, and Nelly, after considerable time and help, found and retrieved it. Gus then found a bevy and pointed it in capital style; Tucker, to order, flushed them and missed. Following them up Gus challenged and went on a short distance and pointed, and the bird flushed some distance ahead of him. Nelly then got in two good points in quick succession, both of which Tallman flushed to order. Gus then made a nice point to a running bevy, and drew on and pointed several times. Nelly backed him but went on when he moved, and made a cast for them and pinned them in fine style; Tallman, to order, put them up and scored a miss. They were then ordered up with Nelly the winner. Down forty-nine minutes. This was a capital heat and lots of good work was done with but few mistakes.

WINDEMERE AND DASHING NOBLE.

This brace was at once put down in a meadow. Windemere, handled by Haight, is a big dog with a slashing way of going. He is a dog of much promise, but had been with his handler but a few days, and had not had work enough to steady him. Dashing Noble ran in the Members' Stake. He was handled by Seager and did much better than when run by his owner. Windemere was the first to find, but he ran into them and scored a flush. We then turned toward town, and worked over considerable ground without a find. At last, while crossing a fence, a bird flushed and Dash dropped just a second before another one got up. Soon after the spectators flushed a bevy and we followed them into some sprouts. Windemere was again first, and this time he pointed very nicely. Haight to order flushed and killed the bird, and Windemere broke shot, but dropped to order. He then retrieved, and soon after again pointed, but nothing was found. Dash then made a nice point to a single, that Seager to order flushed and winged, and Dash retrieved it very nicely. A little further on Windemere made a very stylish point. Haight to order put up the bird and Windemere was a trifle unsteady, but dropped to order. He then dropped just as one got up near him, then in the open he made a point, but moved in and scored a flush. They were then ordered up and Dashing Noble was declared the winner. Down one hour and three minutes.

PRINCESS HELEN AND SLOCUM.

This brace was put down at nearly half-past 5, and after a five-minute spin were taken up, to go down again in the morning. Nothing was done except that each made a point to which nothing was found. On Tuesday the day was more perfect if possible than Monday. It was too warm to hunt for meat, but just right to loaf around with dog and gun and enjoy to the full the pleasures of the field. We left the hotel a few minutes past 8, and the dogs were put down fifteen minutes later, about one mile northeast of the town, in a field of sedge and brush. Both dogs ran here last year. Princess Helen was handled by John Lewis and Slocum by T. M. Aldrich. Both ran better than last year, and did some good work. Starting off at a good rate of speed, Helen went but a short distance before she made an elegant point to a bevy, and Slocum backed her, and then drew on but stopped to order. Lewis put up the birds and missed, and as Helen showed symptoms of unsteadiness he caught hold of her and steadied her. Then in the woods after them both pointed, almost simultaneously, a bird each. Aldrich to order flushed the bird in front of Slocum and killed it. Lewis then put up the one that Helen was pointing, and then several more got up. The dogs then went on, and one got up suspiciously near Slocum. Helen then pointed a single, that flushed as we came up, and she roaded out the trail very nicely. Slocum then pointed where a bird had been flushed, and Helen backed him. Both then struck out at speed, Helen showing up quite speedy and very stylish. Beating through an open field Slocum pinned a bevy with his tail straight in the air. Helen came round between him and the birds, with her head toward him, and partly backed, and then went behind him and stopped to order. Aldrich went up and the bevy rose, and he killed one that Helen retrieved in good form. We then took a turn over a knoll and swung back into some woods after them. Helen was the first to find, making a beautiful point to a single that got up as her handler and the judges came up, and then several more got up. Slocum challenged, but the bird rose before he located it. Lewis killed one, which Slocum retrieved very well. Helen then pointed and roaded, and was joined by Slocum, and he also roaded, but Helen was the quickest and located the bird in fine style. This was very well done. They were then ordered up, and Princess Helen was awarded the heat. Down altogether forty-eight minutes This was a good heat.

PENDENNIS AND ELCHO, JR.

These dogs have never before run in public. Pendennis, handled by Mitchell, is a well-formed little dog, with no great pretentions to beauty, but is quite a workman for a youngster. He will also run in the Derby. Elcho, Jr., handled by Tallman, is well known as a winner on the bench. He was entered here last year, but was withdrawn as he was not in good form. He showed quite a turn of speed, but was not so stylish as his competitor, and did not have so good a nose. They were put down in an open field, and both went at a good rate of speed and ranged wide. We then beat out a stubble field and Pendennis dropped to a bevy. Elcho did not see him, but got a little scent and drew too close and the birds went up. Both were steady to wing, and a moment later two or three more got up. Following them into some woods, both got a point at the same time, and both handlers to order flushed and killed. Pen was steady, but Elcho made a snap for his bird, which went partly over his head. Both dogs retrieved their birds in good form. They were then sent on, and a bird got up near Elcho, and Pen made a point and Mitchell flushed the bird, but Pen held his point, and Elcho came up and backed him and another bird was flushed to the point. This was a good bit of work. A little further on Pen pointed and a few seconds later Elcho also pointed the same bird, which had run. Tallman to order flushed but did not shoot. We then worked over to a run, where Pen dropped to a single just as it rose. A little further on some one flushed a woodcock that settled close to Pen, but at once started again, and as it was disappearing in the distance Mitchell cut loose and brought it down. Several of the party started for the meat, but Elcho was too quick for them and Tallman bagged the bird. We then went back to the woods, where Pen dropped on point, but went on as his handler came up. He was right, however, as a bird was flushed near them a little later. We then turned back through the stubble and worked over considerable good-looking ground without a find. Then in some sedge both challenged and roaded a short distance. Elcho went on, but got too close, and one flushed and the rest of the bevy got up. Following them up, one flushed on top of a knoll near Tallman; then in some pines Elcho pointed and drew on. Then Pen made a point and drew a short distance, and as we came up the bird flushed behind him. Meantime Elcho made a point to a single that Tallman to order flushed and missed. Pen then dropped on point and Elcho, not seeing him, went ahead and stopped to order and then half pointed. Mitchell to order put up the bird and killed it, and Pen retrieved it nicely. This ended the heat, with Pendennis the winner. Down one hour and twenty-one minutes. This was a good heat, considering that it was hot and much of the work was on dry leaves.

PLANTAGENET AND ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

After a rest of fifteen minutes this brace was called for. Plantagenet is well known and great things were expected of him, but as a whole his work was very disappointing. Rose is yet young. She is very fast, and is reported to be a good one, but she did not show up to advantage. Plantagenet was handled by Tallman and Rose by Luke White. They were put down in a stubble field. Both went fast and ranged fairly well. Rose was the first to find. She pointed a bevy in a thicket close to a branch. The birds were flushed, and some of them settled on top of the hill near by. Meantime Plantagenet had made a wide cast up the branch, and it was some little time before he was brought back. Following them up Rose dropped just as one got up. Plantagenet then made one of his stylish points to a single, and Rose backed him nicely. Tallman to order flushed the bird, both dogs remaining steady. A little further on one got up near Rose, and then Plantagenet dropped to a single that flushed as the judges came up. A little further on one flushed near Plantagenet on bare ground, and soon after he pointed where one had been seen to rise, but he held his point until his handler came up, when he drew on and again pointed two or three times. Then Rose pointed and a few seconds later Plantagenet also pointed and a bird was flushed before the judges came up. Then down near the branch Rose challenged and a bird got up behind her. Plantagenet then made two or three beautiful points, but they were false. We then beat out a lot of ground without result, but finally Rose got a nice point to a bevy, which she roaded out very well. White flushed them as he came up and scored a miss. Plantagenet had made a wide cast and would not come back when called. Finally he was brought round, and both dogs worked over the ground, but neither could smell a bird, nor did they appear to try, and after considerable time spent feeling around, they were taken up and the next heat was run and they were then put down again in some pines among scattered birds. Plantagenet got in several very nice false points and finally a good one to a bevy. Rose came up and backed very indifferently, and then drew on and half pointed and stopped to order. Tallman put up the birds and killed one, which Plantagenet retrieved well, after a long search and considerable help from his handler. Following them into some woods Plantagenet made a beautiful point, then drew on and located his bird nicely. Rose partly backed him to order. Tallman put up

the birds, both dogs remaining steady. Then several more flushed wild, and a little later Rose flushed one, and they were ordered up and the heat awarded to Plantagenet. Down altogether one hour and fifty-two minutes. Taken as a whole this was a very poor performance. Although Plantagenet shows lots of style on point, the fear that he is pointing false takes away all the pleasure. He is capable of doing good work and may do better next time.

GATH'S MARK AND QUEEN ALICE.

This was the last brace to run, neither has run before in public. Mark, handled by Tucker, is a fine, slashing going dog, with lots of speed and style. He is entered in the Derby, and if he goes all right, he will make a good race. Queen Alice, handled by Seager, is a well known bench show winner. She moves very nicely, and has quite a turn of speed, and is very stylish when on game; she has recently weaned a litter and was in no condition to work. They were put down in a stubble field, and had gone but a short distance when Mark flushed a single, and dropped to wing. Alice came up and as soon as she saw him backed him in beautiful style. As Tucker came up, both dogs went on, and Alice ran up a single, and dropped, and the rest of the bevy then got up, and settled across the brook and could not be found. We then beat over a lot of ground without a find, and at a quarter to one found ourselves at the house of Mr. Holden, where lunch was spread, and they were taken up, and after nearly an hour were put down again and considerable ground was worked over without result, except that Mark had a bit of a race with a hare. Finally Mark dropped on point to a bevy, which Tucker to order flushed and of which he killed one, which Mark retrieved nicely. Following them up down wind several flushes were made, for which the dogs were not greatly to blame, as the birds were wild. Mark then made a beautiful point to a single that Tucker flushed to order. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Gath's Mark. Down altogether an hour and a quarter. This finished the first series, with the following result:

First Series.

Brandon beat Gladstone's Boy.
Blarney beat Countess.
Sportsman beat St. Elmo IV.
Belle of Piedmont beat Clifford.
Nelly II. beat Gus Bondiu.
Dashing Noble beat Windemere.
Princess Helen beat Slocum.
Pendennis beat Elcho, Jr.
Plantagenet beat Rose of Killarney.
Gath's Mark beat Queen Alice.

Second Series.

BRANDON AND BLARNEY.

This brace was cast off at three o'clock in an old field and worked down to a branch where both challenged, and a short distance further on Brandon dropped on point as if shot, and Blarney backed him. As Dick went up to flush Brandon raised up and drew on in capital style a long distance, and Dick flushed a large bevy and firing into the brown knocked out three with one barrel, and Brandon retrieved nicely. Then turning into some woods Brandon made a point to a running bird, and Blarney backed him. Brandon then drew on a short distance and both dogs pointed, Brandon drew on and the bird flushed. Dick fired but was ordered not to kill. Blarney then pointed and Brandon backed him. Blarney was pointing from over-caution, and could not be urged away from his handler. A little further on Brandon pointed at a treetop, and when the bird flushed he was a trifle unsteady. He soon had another one fast that Dick flushed to order and fired, both dogs steady. Brandon then pointed, drew on and scored a flush. Blarney then went a few steps and half pointed, and Brandon then pointed a bird that flushed as we came up. We then worked through to the upper edge, where Blarney made a point to a bird that Aldrich to order flushed and missed. We then took a long turn and spent a lot of time uselessly. Finally Blarney pointed false and Brandon backed him, and this ended the heat, with Brandon the winner. Down one hour and twenty-three minutes. This heat was prolonged beyond reason, and should have been decided in twenty minutes, as Brandon in this time plainly showed up the better dog. Blarney was over-cautious and would not let out at all.

SPORTSMAN AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT.

This brace was put down in a field of sedge where both made points where birds had probably been flushed. We then worked over considerable ground without result until we came to the sprouts where Foreman, in the Members' Stake, found the woodcock. Belle here made a point to which nothing was found, although the spectators flushed a bird there when they came along. Turning down a run we beat through to a stubble field, where Belle went on the upper side and Sportsman on the lower. He had the luck of the birds and wind and whirled on a beautiful point to a bevy which were almost under the horses' feet, and a few seconds later they got up and settled in some sprouts where Sportsman made a nice point to a single and was handsomely backed by Belle. Tucker to order put up the bird. Belle then got in two beautiful points in rapid succession, to each of which Capt. McMurdo to order flushed the bird; then Sportsman dropped to a single just as it rose. Belle then pointed and a second later Sportsman also pointed the same bird, which Tucker flushed and missed. Belle then pointed a single and Sportsman backed her nicely, the birds flushing as we came up. Belle soon had another one that got up wild before the judges came up. Belle then pointed a running bird and Sportsman came up and also pointed. Belle roaded to the left and Sportsman to the right. Belle had the best of it and located her bird in fine style, and the Captain flushed it. This was very well done. We then turned back along the edge and when near the lower end Belle swung in and made a very gamy point to a single that the Captain flushed to order. As soon as she got the word she took a few quick strides and nailed another. This was also flushed to order, and they were ordered up and Belle declared the winner of the heat. Down fifty-two minutes. This was a rattling good heat. Most of the work was in thick sprouts and on dry leaves, and could not be plainly seen, yet the work was of such a character that those who saw even but a portion of it felt well repaid for their rough scramble through the thicket. This finished the work for the day.

NELLY II. AND DASHING NOBLE.

Wednesday morning was pleasant, with a gentle breeze from the southwest; it was partially cloudy and the air was moist, giving promise of a good scenting day. We left the hotel a few minutes before eight and the dogs were put down fifteen minutes later in a field of sedge. Dash soon flushed a single bird and went for it a short distance, but soon returned and put up the rest of the bevy and stopped to wing and Nelly dropped. We then beat out the rest of the field, and at the lower corner Nelly dropped on point to another bevy that Tallman to order flushed and scored a very neat double miss. We then turned into some sprouts after the first bevy. Nelly found first and pointed, but the birds were running and Dash struck them ahead of her and also pointed and the birds flushed as Seager came up. A little further on Dash again pointed a single that flushed as the handlers came up. Nelly then dropped just as one rose, and soon after Dash made a point to a bird that flushed wild, and Dash ran after it and out of the race, as they were ordered up and the heat awarded to Nelly. Down fifteen minutes. Except for his unsteadiness Dash showed up very well, and with proper handling and plenty of work will do better next year.

PRINCESS HELEN AND PENDENNIS

were at once put down in the field of sedge where the birds were first found, and after a short spin sent after the second bevy in the sprouts where Pen dropped to a single that Mitchell to order flushed. He then went a short distance and dropped just as one rose; this was very near a flush. Helen then pointed, but soon went on. Pen meantime pointed and then roaded up to a flush. The birds were running and Helen roaded a short distance and turned and backed Pen as he stood backing her. We then went to a stubble field where Helen pointed and Pen backed or pointed, we could not determine which. Both then roaded and pointed, and then drew on and Helen swung round to get the wind and made a stylish point. Pen meantime pointed and then drew on as Lewis to order put up the birds and killed one, that Helen retrieved nicely. A little further on Helen again pointed, and Pen came round out of sight of her and pointed the same bird, which flushed as the handlers came up. Then in some pines Helen got in a very nice point to a single that Lewis to order flushed. This decided the heat, with Helen the winner. Down forty-six minutes. This was a good heat and some very pretty work was done.

PLANTAGENET AND GATH'S MARK.

This brace was at once cast off in a small stubble field. Plantagenet took a few jumps and dropped on a very gamy point. Tallman went ahead of him, but as he did not put up the birds he thought that it was a false point, and hit him a lick and ordered him on. At this a bevy flushed close by him. We then went into some pines, where Mark scored a false point, and a little further on they were found backing each other very prettily. Soon after Mark was found sitting down on point, and as Plantagenet came up he backed him a short time and then roaded up the bird. We then went into a narrow strip of pines, where Plantagenet pointed, but Tallman ordered him on, thinking it was false, but as the judges came up a bird flushed near them. The dogs were then worked toward some birds that had been marked down. One flushed near Plantagenet, and he stopped just as Mark had established a point on another. Tucker had seen the bird go, and as he came up he allowed that his dog was backing, but he ceased to smile when another got up, and Tallman had the laugh all to himself. A little further on Plantagenet made one of his stylish points, which Mark at once honored in fine style. The birds bushed as we came up and Tailman scored a miss. We then went on and Mark pointed, but went on of his own accord. Then in some woods Mark made a nice point and Plantagenet backed him in fine style. This ended the heat, with Gath's Mark the winner. Down thirty-two minutes. This finished the second series with the following result:

Second Series.

Brandon beat Blarney.
Belle of Piedmont beat Sportsman.
Nelly II. beat Dashing Noble.
Princess Helen beat Pendennis.
Gath's Mark beat Plantagenet.

Third Series.

BRANDON AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT.

This brace commenced the third series. They were put down in a pine thicket and worked down to a run which we crossed and beat out a nook when Brandon challenged and then dropped but went on to order, soon after two flushed under the horses' feet. Brandon then dropped on point to a bevy that Dick, to order, flushed and missed. A little further on Belle made a nice point and Brandon came up and half pointed and drew to point just as the bird rose. Then in some pines Belle ran up one and then pointed another that her handler flushed to order. Meantime Brandon pinned one in the sedge which Dick flushed to order and killed. Sent to retrieve, Brandon dropped just as another one rose and then went to the bird, but it was so badly shot that he refused to touch it. Belle then made a good point and as Brandon came up he backed indifferently and then went round him. Both then roaded a short distance and Belle made a cast and located the bird in fine style. Brandon roaded by her and got too close and scored a flush. Belle then roaded and half pointed just as her handler, who was ahead of her, put up the bird and killed it, and she retrieved it. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Belle. Down sixteen minutes.

NELLY II. AND PRINCESS HELEN

were at once put down in a field of sedge and worked down through a stubble field to a branch and then up into some pines, where Helen made a stylish point. Nelly came around and stopped to order. Lewis put up the birds and Helen took a few steps and pointed and then roaded, but Lewis called her off. She was right, however, as when the judges came there they flushed a bird. We then took quite a turn without a find, but as we crossed a ditch to an open field Helen challenged and went on a few steps and pointed, but as her handler came up she commenced roading. Nelly came round and challenged, and then made a cast and nailed a bevy in capital style. Tallman to order flushed them and killed two at one shot, and Nelly retrieved one in good form. Meantime Helen was roading out the trail in good style. We then turned into some woods, where Helen got in a good point to a bird that Lewis flushed to order. Nelly then pointed a bird that flushed wild. Helen then flushed one, and Nelly soon after did the same. Then in some woods Helen was lost, but Nelly found her on point and backed her. Lewis was calling and Helen left her birds, which flushed as the judges came up This was unfortunate for Helen, but she had been pointing for some time. Following them up Helen ran up one and soon after made a nice point. Nelly came up and drew partly round her and stopped to order. Lewis to order flushed the bird. A little further on Nelly put up one and stopped. We then turned into a field of sedge, which Helen beat out in fine style, but Nelly appeared tired and did not go at speed. Then in some woods Nelly pointed and Helen backed. Tallman to order flushed. Each then pointed false, and as the heat had lasted for a long time, and it was decidedly hot, Tallman requested the judges to decide, which they did by awarding the heat to Princess Helen. Down one hour and thirty-five minutes. This finished the third series with the following result:

Third Series.

Belle of Piedmont beat Brandon.
Princess Helen beat Nelly II.
Gath's Mark a bye.

Fourth Series.

BELLE OF PIEDMONT AND GATH'S MARK.

It was now getting interesting, as there were but three left in. All of them were good ones and every move of the dogs was keenly watched. They were put down in a stubble field a few minutes before twelve and after nearly a half hour's work without a find they were taken up for lunch which was waiting near by, and at a quarter past one they were again put down in an old field. Mark went but a short distance before he pointed, but nothing was found. A little further on Belle made a very pretty point and Mark came round, and catching the scent before he saw her, also pointed and a large bevy was flushed from between the dogs. Mark then went on and pointed, but soon moved on, and as Belle came round she also pointed at the same place and was handsomely backed by Mark, but the birds had run away and were not found. We then took a turn without a find until we came back to a field of sedge that bordered a piece of stubble, when Belle made a stylish point to a bevy and was handsomely backed by Mark; part of the bevy rose as her handler came up, but she still held her point and two or three more were put up ahead of her, and when the dogs were sent on one more got up near Mark. The birds settled in some woods. Mark was first over the fence, and after a few strides he came to a point to a single that Tucker to order flushed and missed. Belle then pointed one that flushed as her handler came up, and then another one got up and the Captain missed it. This was very pretty work. Belle remaining perfectly steady. We then beat out considerable ground without a find, until we came to a cornfield in, a valley, when Belle caught scent and drew a few steps, and finding the direction, went like a rocket with Mark a little behind and at one side of her, straight to her birds, and jumped into a very gamy point, which Mark instantly honored in grand style. The birds flushed a few seconds later, both dogs remaining steady. This was a very fine piece of work. The dogs then went on and a bird flushed near Belle, but we could not determine whether she was to blame or not. Following them up Mark got in a capital point to a single in a cornfield that Tucker to order flushed and killed, and Mark retrieved it nicely. We then went down to a run, and as we came up a black pig started along the edge and scored a flush, and as we came up several more got up near the handlers. Belle was not going so well as she had been and appeared tired. Mark, although sick, was going nicely, and after beating out the thicket, he swung into some sedge and nailed one in capital style. Tucker to order put up the bird and the heat was ended, with Gath's Mark the winner. Down altogether an hour and three-quarters. This was a capital heat, both dogs doing excellent work. Belle is a very high-spirited animal, and is used to hunting in her own way, and her handler explained that her tired appearance was owing to her not liking the way she was called back and made to work in a different direction from that she thought best, and that she was disheartened instead of tired. This ended the fourth series. Following is the result:

Fourth Series.

Gath's Mark beat Belle of Piedmont.
Princess Helen, a bye.

Tie for First Place.

GATH'S MARK AND PRINCESS HELEN.

This was the final heat for first place. They were put down in a field of sedge and given a spin, and then worked up along a branch and then to some woods, where Helen dropped on point just in front of the horses. Mark came up and also pointed; he then cast into the woods and made a point, and Helen backed him, but the birds went before we got there. A little further on Mark dropped to a single that Tucker flushed to order, but did not shoot. Mark then went a short distance and again pointed, but as his tail was not quite still Tucker ordered him on, and as he took a step the bird went up. This was well done, as the bird was down wind. Then in a thicket he again pointed just a second before one flushed. We then went some distance without a find until we entered some woods, where Helen made a stylish point, and Lewis to order put up the bird; meantime one flushed close to Mark. We then took quite a tramp, Helen going at speed but Mark had a touch of dysentery and appeared weak and tired, he was game, however, and kept going. Finally in some pines he made a nice point to a bevy which Tucker flushed to order and tried for a double and succeeded in bringing down but one. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Gath's Mark, and he was declared winner of first place at half past four. Down one hour and sixteen minutes. This was a very good heat and a fitting wind up, as this proved to be the finish. Belle of Piedmont was selected as the best dog previously beaten by the winner to run with Princess Helen for second place, but the handlers agreed to divide the honors and money equally, and the race was finished.

THE ALL-AGED POINTER STAKE.

Eighteen of the twenty-two entries in the All-Aged Pointer Stake filled. Of the four others, Scout was dead, and the three bitches, Flotsam, Jetsam and Pocahontas, were in season. As a whole, the work of the pointers was ahead of that of the setters. Many of the heats were very brilliant, and the pointer men may congratulate themselves upon the marked success of their favorites. The judges were Messrs. B. F. Wilson, J. O. Donner and W. A. Coster. The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

GRAPHIC (Jas. L. Anthony, New York), liver and white dog, 4½yrs. (Bonus Sancho—Fursdon Juno),
against
DONALD II. (J. H. Phelan, Jersey City, N. J.), liver and white dog, 3yrs. (Donald—Devonshire—Lass).

TAMMANY (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white dog, 2¼yrs. (Tory—Moonstone),
against
NED (Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.), lemon and white dog, 3½yrs. (St. Valentine—Beulah).

RUE (Bayard Thayer, Boston, Mass.) lemon and white bitch, 6yrs. (Snapshot—Ruby),
against
MADSTONE (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.), liver and white bitch, 2¼yrs. (Tory—Moonstone).

BLOOMO (Jas. L. Anthony, New York), liver and white bitch, 4yrs. (Leach's Bang II.—Whippell's Lady),
against
SNIPE (S. L. Pettit, New York), liver and white dog, 3½yrs. (Croxteth—Gyp).

JILT (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.), liver and white pointer bitch, 2½ years (Croxteth—Lady Gwendolin),
against
BRADFORD (Chas. H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I.), liver and white dog, 6 years (Bow—Beulah).

BEAUFORT (Chas. H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I.), liver and white dog, 6 years (Bow—Beulah),
against
LUCIA (D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York), liver and white bitch, 4 years (Croxteth—Belle).

DUKE OF BERGEN (F. R. Hitchcock, New York), liver and white dog, 22 months (Bang Bang—Fan Fan),
against
FLASH R. (D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d, New York), liver and white bitch, 2¼ years (Ranger—White Lilly).

MAINSPRING (J. T. Perkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.), liver and white dog, 4 years (Mike—Romp),
against
BANG BANG (Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.), lemon and white dog, 4 years (Bang—Princess Kate).

HALF AND HALF (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.), liver and white dog, 20 months (Priam—Malt),
against
SPOT (Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.), liver and white dog, 3½ years (Top—Fannie).

The running, as far as Friday noon, was as follows:

GRAPHIC AND DONALD II.

Graphic was the first dog drawn. He had been sold a few days previous for $2,000, and all were eager to see how he would acquit himself at work. He was imported last spring, and, of course, had but a few weeks in which to get ready for the trials. He came to the post, however, in good condition, and ran through his heats in very good form. He is very stylish when in motion, and fairly so when on game, and appears to have a good nose. He goes at an easy lope, with a far reaching stride that covers a lot of ground, at a rate of speed that is not apparent at first glance. Take him all round he is a remarkably fine representative of the large pointer, and his owner may well feel proud of him. He was handled by W. T. Mitchell. Donald II. is well known. He was in good form, and ran with credit, making but few mistakes. He was handled by E. H. Haight. There was a dense fog in the morning, but a gentle breeze from the northwest soon

dissipated it, and the day was a delightful one except that it was rather warm. Leaving the hotel at 8 o'clock the dogs were cast off fifteen minutes later in a field of sedge. Both started off at a terrific pace. Donald had the best of it for the first ten minutes, but after that he slackened his speed and did not go so fast as Graphic. The heat from start to finish was simply a race between handlers and dogs, and was not run as it would have been had they been out for an ordinary day's shooting. Much of the ground run over was not worked out as it should have been, as the dogs were urged on at top speed, and at the finish had run away from their noses. The horses were blown and the men exhausted. Working through a field to some woods we turned down a branch and swung back into some pines, when Graphic challenged, but could not make it out. We then went through to a stubble field, which Graphic beat out in beautiful style, quartering his ground perfectly, to the upper end, where he challenged, and at almost the same instant Donald made a beautiful point a short distance from him, and a second later Graphic dropped on point, but nothing was found and the dogs went on a short distance, when Graphic made a gamy point that Donald at once honored, but they soon moved on. They were then sent down a run, but nothing was found and they were brought back, and a little further on Graphic pointed, and as Donald came up he did not see him and was stopped to order. Both soon went on, and in going down wind Graphic made an excusable flush, and a little further on he dropped on point and Mitchell flushed to order. Donald then pointed, but was not quite rigid, and as Graphic came round he also half pointed, but before either could locate the bird it flushed wild beyond them and two or three more got up, and as Graphic went on he pointed where one had flushed, and a little further on he made a nice point, but nothing was found. We then swung back to the pines and Graphic pointed in grand style, and a second later Donald also made a beautiful point a little beyond him. Mitchell went on to flush, and Graphic drew a few steps and the bird got up and flew over Haight, who killed it, and Donald to order left his point and retrieved it, and then went back and resumed his point and was handsomely backed by Graphic. This was all very pretty, but the bird had probably run away as nothing was found. Then circling round the pines we went into some woods where some of the birds had gone, but nothing was found except a single that was flushed by the handlers, both dogs dropping to wing instantly. Some distance further on a bevy flushed near the dogs, but we could not see whether they were to blame or not, as the undergrowth was very dense. A little further on one flushed near Graphic. We then went on some distance, and, not finding, turned back to a large stubble field, which the dogs ran through but did not fully work out. We then turned up a hillside grown up to briers and sedge. Both dogs had slowed down. Graphic was still going well, but Donald was evidently tired, although he kept going. We went on for quite a distance until finally Graphic, when going down wind, caught scent and whirled round, and dropped to a bevy and Donald backed him. Mitchell to order flushed the birds and scored a very neat miss. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Graphic. Down one hour and fifty-one minutes.

TAMMANY AND NED.

Both of these dogs have run here before. Tammany ran last year, but had been worked too hard and was stale, although he did some good work. This year he came out in capital form and ran through his heats in fine style. He was handled by John White. Ned ran two years ago, and won the admiration of all by the very knowing way in which he handled his birds. He started off well, but had not had sufficient work and was not under good control. He was handled by Mitchell. They were put down in the stubble where the last brace was taken up. Both started off well, and beat out the stubble in good style. We soon turned up a hill to some pines, where Ned pointed, and two or three seconds later Tam also pointed, with his head well up. White, to order, put up the birds and killed one, and Tam retrieved it nicely. Ned was pointing a single bird that ran away from him, he roaded a while and left it. Tam came round then and roaded out the bird and located it in fine style, and White, to order, flushed it. We then went on to the edge of the woods where several birds flushed near the handlers, both dogs remaining steady. The dogs then went down to a thicket along a branch and Tam made a point, and then commenced roading and the bird got up. Meantime Ned also pointed further up the run, but nothing was found. He then made a cast up the hill and made a good point to a single that Mitchell to order flushed and killed, and Ned retrieved it poorly. Tam came out of the thicket and went up a short distance and pointed, but soon went on and turned back into the thicket again and a bird flushed near him. A little further on he made a nice point to a single, and a few seconds later Ned also pointed a short distance from him and then moved on and scored a flush. Tam held his bird, which flushed as the judges came up. Ned then cut loose and went over the hill, and it was some little time before he could be brought back. Mitchell got him and gave him a taste of the whip, but it was too late, as Tam made a point to a bird that flushed wild, and they were ordered up and the heat was awarded to Tammany. Down twenty-six minutes.

RUE AND MADSTONE.

These dogs both ran here last year and are well known. Rue was in good form and went well, but appeared to be a little rank. Madstone has greatly improved and did her work very well. Luke White, her handler, said that she was not in good condition. They were put down in an old field just below where the last brace were taken up. After a turn in the open they were taken back into the pines, and Rue made a nice point. Madstone backed her and then drew on, when Rue went round her and put up the bird. Soon after she dropped very prettily to a single, and an instant later Madstone flushed one, and then made a nice point to another. Both handlers to order flushed the birds, and Aldrich scored a miss. White did not shoot. This was done very nicely. Then among some fallen timber both stopped at once, and backed each other or pointed, we could not determine which. Beating out the cover, we swung back to the lower end, where Madstone got in a good point at a fallen tree top, and White to order put up the bird and missed it. Rue came round and put up another one. White then sent Madstone in some pines, and she nailed one nicely. Rue was brought round, but refused to back and drew on by her, and would not stop to order. White then put up the bird and missed. They were then ordered up, with Madstone the winner. Down twenty-one minutes.

BLOOMO AND SNIPE.

Bloomo is a well-made little bitch with plenty of bone and muscle; she arrived in this country the middle of October and has had but little experience on quail; she showed natural ability, moves easily and is stylish on point. She was handled by Mitchell. Snipe is a well-built, good-looking dog. He moves rather heavily and appears to lack experience. He was handled by John Vail. They were put down in a stubble field and worked up to the open field where the first heat of the first trials held here was run. The spectators had flushed a bevy just below that settled in the adjoining pines, and the dogs were ordered in their direction. Snipe was the first to get a point and Bloomo backed him nicely. Vail to order put up the bird and missed it. Snipe soon pointed another and Bloomo backed him. We then went on and both dogs commenced roading, and as the handlers came up the birds flushed. A little further on Bloomo made a nice point to a single that flushed as her handler came up. She soon pinned another one in fine style, and Mitchell flushed it to order. Snipe then pointed, but went on and roaded to a flush. He soon had another one, and his handler was ordered to kill, but the order was disobeyed. Bloomo then made a nice point and Mitchell to order flushed the bird, and Snipe was unsteady but dropped to order. They were then taken up and the heat was awarded to Bloomo. Down fourteen minutes.

JILT AND BRADFORD.

Jilt ran here last year, and did some very fine work. She appeared to be stale and didn't get around nearly so well as she is capable of. She was handled by Thurtle. Bradford is a well-made dog of large type and moves very well. He is six years old and has never been trained until this season. He has had but little work and was rank and at times unsteady. He was handled by Tallman. They were put down in a stubble field and worked to some pines, where Tallman flushed a single bird, and soon one got up near Jilt. Then in some sedge Bradford challenged where some larks had been, and Jilt crossed over a run and pointed a bevy in fine style. Bradford was not inclined to back, but drew up behind her and also pointed. Thurtle to order flushed the birds and hit one, but it went on. Following them up, Bradford made a nice point at a fallen treetop, and as Tallman came up drew on a step or two and located the bird, and Jilt backed him. Tallman to order flushed the bird, which flew close to Bradford, and he made a snap for it, but dropped to order. A little further on Jilt picked up a dead bird and soon after she pointed, but nothing was found. We then beat over considerable ground without result. Finally on a knoll both challenged, and Jilt half pointed and roaded a short distance, when a hare started in front of her; but this was not what she was after as a second or two later Thurtle came up and a bird flushed there and he killed it, and Jilt retrieved it well. Bradford was unsteady at the sound of the gun and started that way and would not stop at command. A little further on Bradford pointed a single that Tallman to order flushed and Bradford was not quite steady to wing. Jilt then made a point and Bradford bakked a second or two and then drew up near to her. Thurtle to order flushed the bird, both dogs remaining steady. Then swinging round into some pines Bradford whirled round and made a nice point to a single, but he spoiled it all by starting to chase when Tallman flushed the bird, but he stopped to order. He then half pointed and roaded to a a flush, and the two were ordered up and the heat awarded to Jilt. Down forty-nine minutes. It was now half past twelve and we went to lunch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Following is a complete

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Graphic beat Donald II.
Tammany beat Ned.
Madstone beat Rue.
Bloomo beat Snipe.
Jilt beat Bradford.
Beaufort beat Lucia.
Flash R. beat Duke of Bergen.
Spot beat Half and Half.

Second Series.

Graphic beat Tammany.
Madstone beat Bloomo.
Beaufort beat Jilt.
Mainspring beat Flash R.
Spot a bye.

Third Series.

Spot beat Madstone.
Beaufort beat Graphic (withdrawn).
Mainspring a bye.

Final Tie for First Place.

Spot withdrawn.
Mainspring beat Beaufort and won first prize.

TIES FOR SECOND PLACE.

First Series.

Tammany beat Donald II.
Bang Bang beat Flash R.

Second Series.

Bang Bang beat Tammany.

Final Tie for Second Place.

Bang Bang beat Beaufort and won second prize.

THE DERBY.

The judges were Messrs. B. F. Wilson, F. R. Hitchcock and W. A. Coster. Fourteen of the eighty-three nominations filled their entries. They were drawn to run as follows:

NEVERSINK (Neversink Lodge Kennels, Guymard, N. Y.), liver and white pointer dog, July 25 (Croxteth—Fan Fan),
against
NELLY BLY (Edward Dexter, Boston, Mass.), black and white English setter bitch, Nov. 3 (Count Noble—Nellie).

BANG GRACE (Luke W. White, Bridgeport, Conn.), lemon and white pointer dog, May 23 (Bang Bang—Grace),
against
PENDENNIS (Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.), black and white English setter dog, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.).

BELLE (E. H. Haight, Allaire, N. J.), black and tan bitch, January (Dan—native bitch),
against
GLENCLAIRE (James T. Walker, Troy, N. Y.), red Irish setter dog, April 10 (Glencho—Claire).

NANNIE S. (Dr. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn.), black and white bitch, April 12 (Dashing Berwyn—Juno A.),
against
GROUSE III. (W. T. Mitchell, Lynch's Station, Va.), red Irish setter dog, Feb. 22 (Grouse II.—Colleen Rhue).

PRINCE IMPERIAL (Ramapo Kennels, Ramapo, N. J.), orange belton English setter dog, Feb. 28 (Emperor Fred—Bessie),
against
DAME PETREL (Rancocas Kennels, Jobstown, N. J.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 25 (Don Juan—Petrel).

SHARPLESS (L. Shuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.), blue belton English setter dog, July 12 (Gladstone—Coomassie),
against
GATH'S MARK (James N. Maclin, Keeling, Tenn.), black, white and tan English setter dog, May 23 (Gath—Gem).

DIANA III. (Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.), black and white English setter bitch, Jan. 1 (Blue Drake—Diana II.),
against
CARLOTTA (W. H. Parsons, Atlanta, Ga.), black, white and tan English setter bitch, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

Pendennis, Grouse III., Sharpless and Diana III. were withdrawn before running, and the others were run as follows:

Neversink against Nelly Bly.
Bang Grace against Nannie S.
Belle against Glenclaire.
Prince Imperial against Dame Petrel.
Carlotta a bye.

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Nelly Bly beat Neversink.
Nannie S. beat Bang Grace,
Belle beat Glenclaire.
Prince Imperial beat Dame Petrel.
Carlotta a bye.

[Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 23.—The Derby finished to-day at 4 o'clock. In the second series Nelly Bly beat Carlotta, Belle beat Nannie S., and Prince Imperial a bye. In the third series Prince Imperial beat Nelly Bly, and Belle a bye. In the final tie Belle beat Prince Imperial and won first prize. In the ties for second Nannie S. beat Glenclaire, and in final tie Nannie S. beat Prince Imperial and won second prize. The judges selected Bang Grace to run the final tie for third place with Prince Imperial, and they divided the honors equally, Bang Grace receiving three-fourths of the money and Prince Imperial one-fourth. This finished the trials.

ENGLISH BENCH SHOWS.

THE British Kennel Association held their second venture at Sheffield in connection with the Sheffield and Hallamshire Dog Show Society, on Oct. 20, 21 and 22. There were 780 entries in ninety classes. There were no challenge classes provided, and no dog qualified to be called a champion under the new regulations of the Kennel Club was qualified to compete. Consequently dogs qualified to compete in challenge classes, and publicly looked upon as champions, found their way into the open classes here; and we understand in some cases objections were lodged and held good, for instance, in the cases of the pointer Ponto and the Dandie Dinmonts Rhoderick and Jennie Deans. The average per class was not on the whole, we should say, what was generally expected, and the matter would certainly have been much worse were it not for the large porcentage of double entries. We understood that the entries for the show were to close at the latter end of September, yet we noticed that dogs shown in Edinburgh on the 7th, 8th and 9th inst., and which had changed hands, were exhibited here in the interest of their new owners. The judges were: For bloodhounds, mastiffs and foreign dogs, E. Portier, Esq.; St. Bernards, J. F. Smith, Esq.; Newfoundlands, W. F. Bagnall, Esq.; Greet Danes, R. Groom, Esq.; deerhounds, greyhounds, Airedale, Irish, Skye and Bedlington terriers, Col. Cowan; harriers, pointers, setters, retrievers and spaniels, W. P. Arkwright, Esq.; basset hounds and dachshunde, W. Wootten, Esq.; sheepdogs and hard-haired Scotch terriers, J. Perin, Esq.; bulldogs, A. Best, Esq.; bull, black and tan and white English terriers, toy spaniels and toys, A. George, Esq.; fox-terriers, A. H. Clarke, Esq.; pugs, W. L. Sheffield, Esq.; sporting puppies, Messrs. Cowan and Arkwright; non-sporting puppies, Messrs. Portier and Smith. The local classes were divided between Messrs. Smith, Bagnall, Arkwright, Clarke and George.

As usual, bloodhounds were the first on the list divided into two classes with a total entry of twenty-seven, and the quality throughout was good, it being generally admitted one of the best collection of the breed seen for a long while.

St. Bernards, as usual, were one of the principal features of the show. Mr. J. F. Smith's kennel being entered, not for competition. Our old friend Save, looking as fresh as we ever saw him, had a small box fastened to his collar collecting subscriptions on behalf of a local charity. Sultan III., the well-known brindle and white, was looking well, and, as usual, in good coat, in fact we have always found him with plenty of coat. If he were more typical in head we would consider him one of the best going. We found Carl Rosa, the young dog first at Edinburgh, which made such a sensation when shown for the first time at Birkenhead, and which led to some person offering £300 for him, entered here but absent, which we think showed more judgment on behalf of his owner than we had given him credit for after refusing £300, as when we saw the dog at Edinburgh we certainly considered him only a second-rater, and quite too narrow in chest to develop into such a dog as many of our present champions. Nero III., often noticed, was here equal second with Gaylord, the former being much the largest. Yet for type we consider Gaylord about the best St. Bernard going, and he might be better on his legs. He was afterward purchased by the judge, Mr. J. F. Smith, who refused a handsome profit on him before the close of the show. Bayard was entered for the stud prize which he won; he is showing age and we think his day is about over on the show bench. In bitches, the brindle and white La Mascotte, owing to her condition, won well. Recluse, from the same kennel, out of form. Lady Laura, good body, in fact a well made bitch, with plenty of bone, rather deficient in markings, and wants character in face. Queen Jura, a very typical bitch, winner at Edinburgh and Hull this month, sadly out of coat, and we consider the want of markings against her. Lady Eva, as good, if not better than any in the class, shown here out of coat. Brin, good bitch, ear rather high and head weaker and wants expression of those placed over her. We find the well-known Musgrave entered in this class and he was in good form.

Victor Emmanuel won first in a small class of smooth dogs. He has improved but still wants more body. In smooth bitches only four turned up, and we considered them correctly placed. In puppies Mr. Hall introduced us to another youngster (Save ex Bessie II.), and like many of Bessie's stock, a good way over the average in size and quality. He was awarded the special cup offered by the St. Bernard Club. Mr. Hall also won first in bitch puppies with a granddaughter of Bessie II.

The awards in the mastiff classes caused a deal of dissatisfaction, but we consider the dog class did not contain a first-rate one. The winner is quite too long in face and void of character, and cow-hocked. Yet he has a very large scull and otherwise is a strong, powerful dog. Beaufort is of good stamp, but very straight and bad behind. In mastiff bitches the brindle Lilly II., being a qualified champion, was entered not for competition, but competed and won the specials, beating Cambrian Princess and Lady Isabel, two real good ones, and we believe quite the equal if not the superior of Lilly II. Outside of these there was nothing special in the class.

The winners in the Newfoundland classes are pretty well known. We preferred King Bruce for third in the dog class. The first and second in bitches stood well ahead of the others. In other than black the large, well-known Charlemagne won first and Welsh Nell, from the same kennel, stood far ahead in bitches.

Greyhounds were a good collection. Risingham, a good, strong, useful dog, won, the Messrs. Charles coming second and third with Cassells and Balkis, both well-known but not in good form. In bitches we preferred second to the first. Alcalia, well known, came third, and Coral unnoticed. There was a prize offered for the best pair of deerhounds or greyhounds, which was awarded to the deerhounds Robin Gray and Mina. In the class for foreign dogs Mr. Taunton had thirteen entries, none of which competed.

The pointers were a good collection, and the dog class saw our old friend Don IX. in the same position as at Hull the week previous. Second went to Ponto, looking wonderfully well for his age, but we understand he was disqualified. Earl of Croxteth, Don Pedro and Alden Rap are all good, strong, useful dogs with quality, the latter a lemon and white. Bracket, hc., smaller in size but a good stamp, by Graphic. Mr. Norris came well to the front in the bitch class with Revel III. and Beau Ideal, two very handsome liver and white, by Graphic. Aldin Bell, a very handsome lemon and white, dividing Mr. Norrish's pair. Aldin Bell won first at Hull, and about the best lemon and white we know at present. Mr. Norrish won the team prize with Brackett, Revel II. and Beau Ideal, and we consider won easy, being three good specimens, all marked very much the same and in good condition, with not over two pounds difference in the weight of any of them.

English setters were a remarkably strong class. King Ned won well, being in much better condition than we ever saw him, and later on he won special cup, beating his brother, champion Sting. Blue Peter is improving and we consider is not near his best yet. Count Howard, in bad condition, we consider as good as any in the class and better than his brother Sir Gilbert, placed over him. The bitches were another good class, first going to a remarkably good-headed bitch, shown in

good condition, but which falls off a little in quarters, while the second was, in our mind, best of the two, head not quite so long, but of the correct type and full of character and better in quarters than the winner. Only four black and tan setter dogs. We preferred the second prize winner to the first; both good dogs. In bitches first went to a very nice sweet bitch, too fine and snipy for a black and tan or Gordon. Second same stamp with lump on foreleg. We preferred Heather Beauty, hc., to any in the class, and Mr. Bulled showed a very good bitch; Devon Duchess out of coat and unnoticed. In Irish setters Mr. Shorthose only got vhc. with his new purchase Rash, first at Edinburgh, a good strong dog, too strong in skull. Kildare, another not good in skull, but otherwise good. Mate bad in expression. Roy carries too much coat for an Irish setter. In bitches Lanor II., light in bone. Muffett, a very nice young bitch; much improved since we saw her at Stratane, where she won third as Nell VII. Kathleen, light in color, typical, and shows quality. We noticed, although some of the pointer and setter classes were well filled, only two prizes were given.

In wavy-coated retrievers the classes were small but the quality was good, and we were surprised to find Mr. Shirley only able to get second in the dog class and vhc. in bitches, being in both cases beaten by dogs from his own kennel; but then he can't "eat the loaf and have it." There were some very good curly-coated retrievers, but we think the pick of the basket was the winner in the bitch class. The special for best couple of retrievers went to Lieut.-Col. Leigh's Mahdi and Myra.

In Clumber spaniels Duke won. In Sussex we considered Horatio best type and best color, Ruler short of coat and bad eye, Noble more typical. Black spaniels Le Roi and Chevalier leggy. Newton Abbot Darkie good-bodied dog, low on the leg, bit thick in skull, and eye shows the haw. Negro, first prize, good head and ears and capital coat, rather leggy and flat-sided. Bitches, Buxton Beauty small, short in leg, rather low at shoulder, with only a moderate head. Easton's Busy good stamp, light in eye. Flirtation too strong in head. Squaw, entered not for competition, looks worn. Coy best in class we think. Thyra, a good spaniel on the large size. Cockers, first, Zue, a real handsome little bitch, won easy, bar being a little weak in muzzle. We think her a clinker. Field spaniels other than liver and black a good class, but we could not follow the judge. Winfred II. ought to have got more than c; Bryden Bruce was unnoticed; Easton Bride, hc., was not in her best form, and Beauty II. ought to have been further up. Mr. Jacobs won the team prize.

Basset hounds were fairly represented, Mr. Krehl carrying off most all the prizes. Dachshunde, one of the best collections ever brought together, nothing but good hounds being able to get noticed in any way. A class was given for beagles, and only one entry turned up, a very good specimen.

In sheep dogs, Claudian, good, well-made dog, plenty of bone, plain in head. Motley, dished-faced. Escort, large, plenty of bone and quality. In bitches, Whin Blossom, ears large, bad expression. Llyne, nice bitch, tail high. Wild Rice, heavy in ear. Some very good smooth collies. Melody, which won first and special at Hull, was here unnoticed. Novice class, Somerville, a grand young dog; his greatest fault is that he is too fine, but would be bad to beat if a bitch. Blister, a very good black and tan. Somerville won first in puppies, with his sister, a black and tan, coming second, too fine in face.

In bulldogs, Jimmy Gripper, good-made dog, all white, too pinched in face. Rabagas, leggy. Rustic King continues to improve, and stood a clear winner. We notice he was entered and won first prize in one of the local class, but fancier's local classes were not intended for such dogs as Rustic King. No. 501 in the catalogue, Terra Cotta, was a very good representative of bulldog made in fire clay. His pedigree is given as breeder German, by Fire ex Earth, Sparatan, good brindle, rather small in skull. In bitches, Jenny Howlett II. was looking well. Black Eye, a very nice typical brindle, white front and blaze. Dolores, plain in face. Bradmante, bad head. Acme, the winner, a very good-bodied bitch, we think won well, showing plenty of character throughout. In small dogs, Don Pedro won well. General Gordon, plain in skull. Sampson, leggy.

Bull-terriers—Spot, cheeky and light in eye; Harvester falls off before the eye. Small class—Little Dorrit, young and like growing thick in skull. Powerful Playboy, dished-faced. Airedales were a good class and more of a uniform type. Fitz should have been mentioned. Rover III., good dog, thick in head. Rasper also thick skull. Vixen III., a young one we like as well as any in the class, yet she was unnoticed. Venus III., good bitch, weak in quarters. Veto, nice size, good terrier and shows well.

Sporting puppies—A grand collection. First and second went to the retrievers Mahdi and Myra, with a fair good spaniel, too light in eye, third. There was a very handsome young setter shown in this class, but he dropped away in his quarters. However, we fancy he should have been mentioned. Aldin Wonder, a fair lemon and white pointer. In a mixed class for any breed not previously classed there were three entries, all poodles, and the well-known Styz won easy. Royal a very good second. Max II. only a very moderate specimen.

Foxterriers—First, Norman, a real good terrier, with his legs well set and good shoulders. Meersbrook Ross, rather strong in head and on the strong side right through, not enough of quality. Saraband might be better in shoulders. Belgrave Squash, the Edinboro winner, good stamp, strong in head. Bitches—Meersbrook Model, well known, a real good bitch, wants more quality in shoulders. Rose Bloom, good stamp, weak before eye and full, too much coat. Safety, a very nice terrier and bad to beat. Richmond Mince, a nice bitch, sadly out of form. Compton Vic, a good stamp, full of quality. Puppies, Nellie weak before eyes. Hatfield Sparks, ears badly carried and head full thick for a youngster.

Wirehairs as a class better than the smooths. Carlisle Jack once more first and deserved his position. Master Brown is another good one, good size and compact well-made dog, difficult to beat. Bitches—Barton Wonder, a clinking good one, good look out. Eye may be a bit prominent, but good in coat and well made, the best we have seen for years. Tees Venus and Tees Mixture, a pair of good ones. Venus might be stronger in jaw. In puppies Master Brown had a good win over Tees Mixture, Boston Clinker making a good third. Roseblossom rather leggy.

Black and tan terriers—First to Sir Frederick, the winner at Hull, closely pressed by Viscountess. Kenwood Queen, another good one with a very clean, long head, we consider more greyhound shape than terrier. This class was a very good one. In the small class, first, a very fair little bitch, catalogued at £8 and claimed by the judge, Mr. George. We fancied a little bitch, Lustrum Lady, first at Hull, but we suppose, owing to her ears being uncropped, she lacks that character most people admire in a black and tan. However, she possessed too much merit to be unnoticed.

White English terriers—First, Leading Star, looking well; second to Mrs. Troughear's North Star, the same lady taking third with a puppy. White Diamond Spark, the winner at Edinburgh, got only vhc., and we think correctly, having too much black on his ear.

Irish terriers, two fair classes, the winners here holding the same positions at Edinburgh and Hull this month. They also won special for best pair of rough terriers.

Some very good Bedlingtons were shown, Hairdresser winning, and the Bishop, looking well, making a good second. But we fancied Nelson very much; he seemed darker in color on this occasion than at Hull, where he won second.

The Dandie classes contained some of the best, and the competition was very close. Border King just managed to beat Roderick, who, we understand, was afterward disqualified from having second prize along with his kennel companion, Jennie Dean, first in bitches. The second, third and reserve in bitches were all good ones.

Skyes were small classes compared to what we see at some of the Scotch shows. A nice class of hard-haired Scotch terriers turned up but Ashley Nell won easily, and next we preferred the hc. Worry.

In pugs Pasha just managed to beat King of Diamonds who took ill during the show and had to be removed. Fun is another very nice little dog, good in size. Mrs. Foster came out first in bitches with Our Jenny, sister to King of Diamonds, and Duchess of Wednesbury closely pressed the winner. In puppies first went to Fun, shown in the open class, Lillibulero coming out only third best, with a vhc. card.

Toy spaniels—A walk-over for Mrs. Stanhope with Bendor and Jumbo II., a very fair King Charlie bitch coming third. Mrs. Foster had the Yorkshire and Maltese classes to herself with two entries, and the same in toys. In the next class for smooth toys and Italian greyhounds under seven pounds, Mrs. Foster again first and second.

In the local class only two entries and the bulldog Rustic King had little difficulty in defeating the third prize King Charles. As the entry fee for all dogs was 12s. 6d., and a great many of the toy classes together with the local classes had only a £2 prize, while in other classes there were third and fourth prizes, commencing at £4 first and falling off with a fourth prize of £1. We heard a good deal of grumbling, and evidently exhibitors object to pay the same entry fee for a small prize as others pay for a larger prize, and besides small dogs are easier benched and attended to than the larger varieties. The attendance was good, and we hope it will turn out more satisfactory for the committee than their last venture at Aston Park.

BEAGLES AT PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The size of beagles was fully discussed some time ago. I fail to see the necessity of giving my opinion on this subject, as I have already done so in one of your former issues. It is at all times a matter of opinion with every owner of beagles, and I assure Mr. Schellhass that if a vote was taken on the height limit of beagles he would be badly disappointed. If any one claims to keep beagles in their purity, let him do so with due deference for the meaning of the word beagle (originating from the Celtic word *begele*, meaning small, little). If, on the other hand, a part foxhound in size is desired, I, for one, have no objection. There are lots of them in the market and they are easy to breed; but the twelve-inch beagle, on the contrary, is not quite so easy to obtain nor to breed. I do not mean stunted specimens, which are generally frail and light in bone, in short, only weeds; but perfectly developed little hounds, with lots of substance in their small, compact frames—a separate family. Mr. Schellhass takes me to task for stating facts. Would not I have a better right to do this for the insinuation he expresses, viz., that I desire and prefer Bannerman under twelve inches? This I never said or wrote, as Mr. Schellhass is well aware. What I did write of Bannerman was facts of which I felt convinced, and for proof I referred to gentlemen who saw Bannerman measured at the late Philadelphia show. Were Bannerman over twelve inches I would just as readily acknowledge it as I now deny it. Let me give Mr. Schellhass a nut to crack. Bannerman at the last Philadelphia spring show measured 12 inches or over, as Mr. Schellhass says. Now at the late show in the same city, he measured 11 inches or a trifle over. Trailer by the same measurement measured about 16 inches. Now I think Mr. Schellhass can consider himself lucky that his dog was not entered at the Philadelphia spring show, for if Bannerman then measured one inch more than he did at the late show, Trailer would certainly have done the same, *i.e.*, 17 inches. In regard to my entering Bannerman in a class over 12 inches, I refer your readers to my letter in your issue of Oct. 29. I make it a rule to give the truth whether it excuses my actions or not. Fabrications and cowardly insinuations are not my forte. Your readers, I hope, will pardon me for not closing this letter on quite such a romantic and poetic style as that of Mr. Schellhass, for although Bannerman lies at my feet sleeping he does not dream; he don't snap nor kick frantically, for he never gets the fits. I would not have a snappish beagle, it is not characteristic of the breed. No, Bannerman does not dream, but he rests from an all-day's hard hunt, which will be resumed in the morning. I have had a good time on the first day with my Bannerman, Queen and others. The cottontails here are scarce. Our woods are not full of them, it therefore requires a little beagle with good trailing qualities to work out the intricacies of an occasional trail. "With true love for the little hounds, and fraternal feeling toward all their owners and admirers," writes Mr. Schellhass in conclusion, and I cannot help but extend to him the hand of friendship, as I do to all those who have the interest of the beagles at heart.—A. C. KRUEGER. (Wrightsville, Pa., Oct. 5).

BEAGLE PEDIGREES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr F. T. Wheaton says Lee was probably the sire of the beagle Louise. He is correct. A letter from Mr. Cameron says such is the fact. Mr. Wheaton asks why I advertise Trailer Rowett strain. I briefly say in the advertisement "Rowett strain," as he is on his sire's side, and any one replying to the advertisement receives one of my printed pedigrees which says "he is strong in the blood of the Rowett strain." I would have stated that his sire was pure Rowett strain, but had doubts as to Louise's sire's breeding. Racket, now owned by Mr. Cameron, is a pure Rowett, and has eighty-seven per cent. of the pure Sam—Dolly blood, the foundation of the Rowett strain. I claim Pet and Beauty as imported because they were so given to me with a very explicit and certified pedigree of Trailer. Mr. Satterthwaite wrote me, "Pet and Beauty were both imported." I put no premium on a beagle from the mere fact of its being imported, after having written a broker in Ireland last summer for a beagle to beat anything here, and received his reply that he could not send me what I wanted as their beagles were not up to ours. This is William Graham, whose advertisement appears in the FOREST AND STREAM, and I consider his writing me as he did a guarantee of his thorough honesty and reliability. Mr. Graham attended many of our prominent shows, and is capable of judging how the best of all breeds here compare with any he may send over.—HERMAN F. SCHELLHASS.

COCKERS AND FIELD SPANIELS.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Nov. 12. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry that Mr. Rendle feels so bad when I find a little fault with his dog, but does not say anything about your criticisms. The way to judge a dog is by his faults; the good points will take care of themselves. I claim the right to find fault with any dog as long as I tell the truth. I know a cocker from a field spaniel, for I have bred and owned more prizewinners than all the other breeders in America. A bet is no argument, and I am not familiar with "pots;" but I shall surely show Silk against Brahmin until I drive him into the field spaniel class, where he belongs. As it will be some time before the Boston show I should be pleased to meet Mr. Rendle and his dog in the field against myself and Hornell Silk. That is what I call the true test of merit in a spaniel. I refer Mr. Rendle to the Rev. Mr. Willett on "cat-sided cockers," and would say it's easy to catch a cat; then he will see why I say Brahmin is cat-sided. Brahmin (late Hindoo)—by the way, I named Brahmin myself—when one year old weighed twenty-four pounds, and at the time of the first Cleveland show he weighed thirty pounds here on a United States standard scales, and for that reason he was not shown. I reduced his weight to twenty-seven pounds and sold him to the Fleetfoot Kennels; they exchanged him with Mr. Schenk for Brag (that was another dog I bred). Mr. Schenk sold to J. F. Kirk, he to James Luckwell. That is the whole history of Brahmin. I admit that he beat Silk, but I say that he cannot do it under a judge of cockers—say Messrs. Kirk, Watson, Niven, Willey, Mortimer, Hemingway, Wilmerding or any member of the American Spaniel Club. We all know that Mr. Dalziel gave first at New York in 1880 to Duffer, that had a topknot five inches long. I know Mr. Winslow has owned a few spaniels, but I have yet to hear of his breeding a prizewinner, so I for one do not care who is the judge. Coat doesn't make the dog, nor the man, and when Mr. Rendle knows as much about cockers as he does about Katisha's shoulder-blade it will then be time to bet; but first of all he must learn that a cocker has a round body. In 1881 I bought all of Mr. A. H. Moore's black spaniels—Hindoo (now Brahmin), Creole, Dash, etc. Brahmin and Dash are now champions. Did I make a mistake in selling them? No, not much. Was it a mistake to sell Benedict, Brag, Princess, Bob III., Hornell Dandy, Little Bob, King Coal, etc., etc.? No. I sold them for cash, the field spaniels for black spaniels, the cockers for cockers.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

Corrections. Owing to illegibility of manuscript sent us by the Detroit Kennel Club, their Sue was spoken of as Sin, King Bow as Kingan, Rose Pape as Rose Pope, and 1885 was printed 1883.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Blanche. By C. F. Danforth, Bangor, Me., for orange and white pointer bitch, whelped July 7, 1885, by imported Bang (champion Bang—Luna) out of Rita Croxteth II.

Bonnie Bang. By H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., for orange and white pointer dog, whelped July 7, 1885, by imported Bang (champion Bang—Luna) out of Rita Croxteth II.

Alert. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Antea (A.K.R. 200).

Anselm. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Antea (A.K.R. 200).

Annette. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Antea (A.K.R. 200).

Powell's Nellie. By C. H. Powell, Stepney Depot, Conn., for liver, white bosom, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 4, 1884, by Colonel Stubbs (Captain—Flirt) out of Floss Cohoon (Dan—Nellie Cohoon).

Saluda. By Geo. H. Hooper, Brooklyn, N. Y., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped March 31, 1885, by Vic (Rush—Belle) out of Flirt (Sensation—Flirt).

Rosedale. By Geo. H. Hooper, Brooklyn, N.Y., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped March 31, 1885, by Vic (Rush—Belle) out of Flirt (Sensation—Flirt).

Rock. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for setter dog, whelped May 15, 1885, by Lexington out of Kelp.

Ruby Glencho. By A. Henderson, Baltimore, Md., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 19, 1885, by Glencho out of Killarney II.

Fudge. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped Nov. 3, 1885, by Treasure II. (A.K.R. 2148) out of Pudge (A.K.R. 1595).

Pendennis. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for apricot fawn pug dog, whelped Nov. 3, 1885, by Treasure II. (A.K.R. 2148) out of Pudge (A.K.R. 1595).

Nana. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for stone fawn pug bitch, whelped Nov. 3, 1885, by Treasure II. (A.K.R. 2148) out of Pudge (A.K.R. 1595).

Dr. Zay. By Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., for stone fawn pug bitch, whelped Nov. 3, 1885, by Treasure II. (A.K.R. 2148) out of Pudge (A.K.R. 1595).

Blue Cap. By W. H. Ashburner and O. H. McClure, Philadelphia, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 5, 1885, by imported Blue Boy (Regent—Mayily) out of Flirt (Ringwood—Bush).

King William. By W. H. Ashburner, Philadelphia, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped September, 1885, by March Boy II. out of Lizzie.

Skip. By J. Chandler Roach, Atlantic City, N. J., for red, white toes on right hind foot, Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by champion Chief (A.K.R. 231) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Venus. By F. H. West, Atlantic City, N. J., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by champion Chief (A.K.R. 231) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Kate—Gourie. Geo. E. Boyner's (Williamsburg, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Kate to his Gourie.

Hecla—Ernst. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N. Y.) St. Bernard bitch Hecla (Chamounix—Nameless) to Chittenden's Ernst (Rex—Alma), Oct. 28.

Lucia—Donald II. D. S. Gregory, Jr., 2d's (New York) pointer bitch Lucia (Croxteth—Belle) to Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545), Nov. 1.

Madge P.—King Rover. Samuel Russell's (Orange, N. J.) Irish setter bitch Madge P. (A.K.R. 2507) to J. L. Carr's King Rover (A.K.R. 2078), Nov. 15.

Empress Eugenie—Jesse Gladstone. H. C. Sherman's (Jersey City, N. J.) English setter bitch Empress Eugenie (Ranger III.———) to H. E. Hamilton's Jesse Gladstone (champion Gladstone—Swaze)) Oct. 29, Nov. 1 and 3.

Delph Viva—Agrippa. Shaw & Bates's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432) to their Agrippa (A.K.R. 449), Sept. 13.

Countess Warwick—Prince. E. J. Martin's (Wilmington, Del.) bitch Countess Warwick (Warwick—Ollie) to his Prince (Pride of the Border—Old Petrel), Oct. 23.

Daisy Laverack—Don Juan. E. J. Martin's (Wilmington, Del.) bitch Daisy Laverack (Thunder—Peeress) to his Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine), Nov. 2.

Nellie Pride—Frank H. Louis E. Haag's (Indianapolis, Ind.) collie bitch Nellie Pride (Peerless—Pride) to W. Wilkinson's Frank H. (Gary—Lady), Oct. 7.

Flora—Turk. Pine Hill Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Flora to their Turk (A.K.R. 2222), Oct. 17.

Druidess—Turk. Pine Hill Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Druidess (A.K.R. 2221) to their Turk (A.K.R. 2222), Oct. 10.

Tamora—Ilford Caution. Pine Hill Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Tamora (champion Bead—Boomah) to their Ilford Caution (champion Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia), Oct. 10.

Brenda—Ilford Caution. Pine Hill Kennels' (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Brenda (A.K.R. 2219) to their Ilford Caution (champion Crown Prince—Ilford Claudia), Oct. 18.

WHELPS.

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Trusty Gladstone. Geo. Jarvis's (New York) English setter bitch Trusty Gladstone (A.K.R. 1550), Nov. 3, five (three dogs), by Walter B. Peet's Ted Llewellin (A.K.R. 599).

Countess Starlight. H. W. Durgin's (Bangor, Me.) Llewellin setter Countess Starlight (Count Paris—Daisy Starlight), Sept. 24, six (four dogs), by Gun (Gladstone—May B.).

White Rose. Frank F. Dole's (New Haven, Conn.) bull-terrier bitch White Rose (Victor Chief—Bess), Nov. 8, seven (three dogs), by his The Earl (champion Marquis—Lady).

Alma. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Alma (A.K.R. 27), Oct. 29, eight (one dog), by their Hermit (A.K.R. 23).

Glen. Theodore Potter's (Glendale, O.) English setter bitch Glen (A.K.R. 1953), Oct. 26, ten (two dogs), by John Overman's Count Gladstone (Gladstone—Lena).

Picture. J. A. Long's (St. Louis, Mo.) collie bitch Picture (Harold—Ruby III.), Nov. 7, eight (five dogs), by Grosvenor (E. 15,076).

Delph Viva. Shaw & Bates's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432), Nov. 15, five (one dog), by their Agrippa (A.K.R. 449).

Little Nell. T. R. Varick's bull-terrier bitch Little Nell (Little Victor—Daisy), Nov. 12, three dogs, by Dutch, Jr.

Sal. G. W. Amery's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Sal (Dick—Ruby), Aug. 4, four (two dogs), by his Bob (champion Bang—Princess Kate).

Pudge. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Pudge (A.K.R. 1595), Nov. 3, six (one dog), by their Treasure II. (A.K.R. 2148).

SALES.

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Graphic. Liver and white pointer dog, 4½grs. old (Bonus Sancho—Fursdon Juno), by Jas. L. Anthony, New York, to Charles Heath, Newark, N. J. Price $3,000.

Rock Gladstone. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Feb. 8, 1885 (Don—Nettie), by George Jarvis, New York, to John Deitsch, same place.

Trot. Cream fawn, with black points, pug bitch, whelped Aug. 5, 1885 (Santa Claus—Juno, A.K.R. 406), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thought. Cream fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped Aug. 5, 1885 (Santa Claus—Juno, A.K.R. 406), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelpn a, Pa.

Lilly Beaufort. Liver and white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped April 13, 1885 (champion Beaufort, A.K.R. 694—Grace, A.K.R. 1250), by R. E. Westlake, Olyphant, Pa., to Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.

Maud S. Fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped April 21, 1885 (A.K.R 2465), by Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O., to R. E. Westlake, Olyphant, Pa.

Dimple. Mouse and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped July 1, 1885 (Don—Nellie) by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to J. D. Brown, Bridgeport, Conn.

Italie. Fawn, white markings, Italian greyhound bitch, whelped June 1, 1885 (Don—Nellie), by Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., to Chas. J. Tanner, Topeka, Kan.

Dash. Orange and white pointer dog, whelped June 26, 1885 (Jimmie, A.K.R. 1589—Daisy Murdock, A.K.R. 1782), by Geo. W. McNeil, Jr., Jersey City, N. J., to Geo. W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass.

Hiram (A.K.R. 882)—Jersey Lily (A.K.R. 147) whelps. Collies, whelped June 16, 1885, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., light sable and white bitch to Sans Souci Kennels, and a sable and white dog to Wm. P. Sanderson, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Earl. White bull-terrier dog, whelped June, 1884 (champion Marquis—Lady), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Charles H. Stevens, Castle Point, Hoboken, N. J.

Tithe. Pale fawn, black markings, pug dog, whelped June 21, 1885 (Young Toby—Flossie), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Telie Doe. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1885 (Tuck—Toodles, A.K.R. 2147), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Tuck II Silver fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 7, 1885 (A.K.R. 2752), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Count Berwick. Black and white setter dog, whelped June 14, 1885 (Foreman—Jolly Nell), by H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., to D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass.

Lady Frisk. Orange and white setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1884 (Count Paris—Daisy Starlight), by H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., to J. E. Hiles, Newton, Mass.

Blanche. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped June 7, 1885 (imported Bang—Rita Croxteth II.), by J. E. Hills, Newton, Mass., to H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me.

Ned. Black, white and tan setter dog, whelped April, 1885 (Gun—Morning Star), by H. W. Durgin, Bangor, to Professor Jordan, Orono, Me.

Bonnie Bang. Orange and white pointer dog, whelped July 7, 1885 (imported Bang—Rita Croxteth II.), by J. E. Hills, Newton, Mass., to H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me.

Blanche. Orange and white pointer bitch, whelped June 7, 1885 (imported Bang—Rita Croxteth II.), by H. W. Durgin, Bangor, Me., to C. F. Danforth, same place.

Hiram (A.K.R. 882)—Jersey Lily (A.K.R. 147) whelp. Sable and white collie bitch, whelped June 16, 1885, by Jas. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Geo. C. Sterling, New York.

Alert. Fawn mastiff, dog, whelped Sept. 6, 1885 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449—Antea, A.K.R. 200), by Riverview Kennels, Clinton, Mass., to F. H. Gause, Kansas City, Mo.

Cricket. Stone fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 7, 1885 (Tuck—Toodles, A.K.R. 2147), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Pudgy II. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1885 (Tuck—Toodles, A.K.R. 2147), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Toodles II. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 7, 1885 (Tuck—Toodles, A.K.R. 2147), by Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., to Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Rupert. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 8, 1885 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449—Rena, A.K.R. 262), by Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., to Thomas C. Dunn, Houston, Tex.

Romulus. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 8, 1885 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449—Rena, A.K.R. 262), by Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., to John Jorriss, Butte City, Mont.

Remus. Fawn mastiff dog, whelped July 8, 1885 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449—Rena, A.K.R. 262), by Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., to L. H. Monse, Newark, N. J.

Ruth. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped July 8, 1885 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449—Rena, A.K.R. 262), by Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., to S. W. Crook, North Attleboro, Mass.

Rosaline. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped July 8, 1885 (Agrippa, A.K.R. 449—Rena, A.K.R. 262), by Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., to Paul Jahnke, Butte City, Mont.

Prince Dave. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 29, 1885 (Count Noble—Ruby), by H. E. Hamilton, Hackensack, N. J., to H. Drain, Baltimore, Md.

Reeta II. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1883 (Glencho—Reeta), by E. J. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to G. W. Brush, same place.

Blue Mass. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped June 28, 1885 (Buckellew—Brimstone), by W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., to W. L. Blanchard, Atlanta, Ga.

Turk—Countess whelps. Fawn mastiff dogs, whelped Oct. 5, 1885, by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., one to J. H. Walker, Pittsfield, Me., and one to Geo. A. Breed, Lynn, Mass.

Lion Bernice V. whelp. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 10, 1885, by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to W. C. Dawes, same place.

Kiser. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1885 (Lion—Bernice V.), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to H. F. Campbell, Faulkner, Mass.

Rector. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1885 (Lion—Bernice V.), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Smith P. Burton, Boston, Mass.

Lion. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1885 (Lion—Bernice V.), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Smith P. Burton, Boston, Mass.

Sultan. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 15, 1885 (Lion—Bernice V.), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to Smith P. Burton, Boston, Mass.

Venus. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1885 (champion Chief, A.K.R. 231—Lady Bess, A.K.R. 2178), by J. Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J , to F. H. West, same place.

Skip. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885 (champion Chief, A.K.R. 231—Lady Bess, A.K.R. 2178), by J. Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J., to J. Chandler Roach, same place.

Haines's Chief. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885 (champion Chief, A.K.R. 231—Lady Bess, A.K.R. 2178), by J. Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J., to L. A. Haines, same place.

Fudge. Apricot fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped Nov. 3, 1885 (Treasure II., A.K.R. 2148—Fudge, A.K.R. 1595), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Mrs Edward Hale, Haverhill, Mass.

Rex. Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 22, 1885 (Turk, A.K.R. 2222—Bess), by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to E. V. Hyde, Lynn, Mass.

Turk—Druidess whelp. Fawn mastiff dog, weeiped June 15, 1885, by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to George M. Cram, Deering, Me.

Turk—Bess whelp Fawn mastiff bitch, whelped June 22, 1885, by Pine Hill Kennels, Melrose, Mass., to W. B. Batchelor, Raleigh, N. C

PRESENTATIONS.

Juno. Liver (seal brown) and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 3, 1885 (Prince Hal—Lilly), by Hildreth K. Bloodgood, New York, to Dr. A. M. Jacobus, same place.

Blue Belle. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 5, 1885 (Blue Boy—Flirt), by W. H. Ashburner, Philadelphia, Pa., to John Smith, Jr., same place.

King William. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped September, 1885 (March Boy II.—Lizzie), by Wm. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa., to W. H. Ashburner, Philadelphia, Pa.

IMPORTATIONS.

Duke of Lancaster and Lady Hanley. The Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., have imported the white, with brindle markings, rough-coated St. Bernard dog Duke of Lancaster, bred by Washington Hall, Hanley, Eng., whelped June 23, 1885, by Plinlimmon (E. 15,050) out of Lady Burghley (E. 15,750); also Lady Hanley, orange brindle, with white markings, of the same litter.

DEATHS.

Scout. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Dec. 21, 1881 (Croxteth—Belle), owned by D. G. Elliot, New Brighton, Staten Island N. Y., Nov. 7, from congestion of the lungs.

Recently thirty Baker county men with sixty dogs had a fox hunt. In the course of the hunt they jumped a fox, which gave them a fine race from 8 in the morning until 6 in the afternoon, when they lost him. The trail ran through Baker, Calhoun, and part of Early, making a distance of 130 miles.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

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RANGE AND GALLERY.

THOMASTON, Conn., Nov. 14.—Light good, scarcely any wind, 200yds. off-hand, Massachusetts ring target:

G A Lemmon	11	10	11	9	11	11	10	10	11	12—106
J F Williams	12	12	9	12	12	9	7	12	11	11—106
Fred A Perkins	10	7	10	12	11	11	11	9	11	8— 99
G P North	10	10	8	9	9	10	12	11	9	10— 98

OBSOLETE ARMS.—Adjt. Gen. R. C. Drum in his annual report to the Secretary of War says, in connection with an extended report on the militia of the State: "I beg to invite your attention to the subject of the obsolete arms and ammunition in the hands of the State militia or stored in the several State armories. Many of the men are armed with the discarded caliber .50 Springfield rifled musket, for which it is difficult to obtain cartridges, and some of the reserve ammunition bear the stamp of manufacture in 1871—material now as unreliable as it is cumbersome, and it would seem a most wise measure if, at the approaching session of Congress, a general act was passed providing for immediate exchange, when requested, of all obsolete arms now in the hands of the militia of the several States for improved Springfield rifles, caliber .45, and appropriate amm nition therefor. Should Congress, however, not deem it advisable to pass a general act looking toward absolute exchange of obsolete weapons in the hands of the militia for improved arms and ammunition, I beg earnestly to recommend it be urged to grant authority for returning to the United States, at a fair valuation, all obsolete guns in hands of States, the money value thereof to be placed to their credit and to be drawn against in form of issue of improved weapons. Until this is done the usefulness of the State militia, in either State or national emergency, must remain sadly impaired by the great disadvantage under which it suffers."

LEOMINSTER, Mass., Nov. 20.—The Gardner Rifle Club, of Gardner, were here yesterday as the guests of the Leominster Rifle Club and to shoot the return match. The distance was 200yds., shooting off-hand. The American decimal target was used. The totals were as follows:

Gardner Club.				Leominster Club.			
G F Ellsworth	87	88	87— 262	C M Pitts	78	81	73— 232
I N Dodge	82	86	83— 251	G C Rockwell	72	76	77— 225
A Mathews	80	82	73— 235	J W Elwell	74	78	71— 223
W C Loveland	78	67	76— 221	G W Foster	80	65	75— 220
H C Knowlton	78	64	77— 219	A J Rugg	69	62	75— 206
J E Newton	69	81	68— 209	F A Whitney	60	59	61— 180
G C Goodale	82	55	65— 202	H S Lawrence	50	65	63— 178
G H Heywood	54	57	54— 165	J Simonds	38	60	56— 164
W M Barber	65	56	42— 158	C A Joslin	40	64	46— 158
G Warfield	37	49	55— 141	C C Foster	42	61	49— 152
			2063				1638

GARDNER, Mass., Nov. 18.—At the last regular meet of the Gardner Rifle Club at Hackmatack range, the American decimal target was used by the members and friends present. The following are the totals of members that were present:

G F Ellsworth	82	89—171	G C Goodale 74 76—150
A Mathews	84	85—169	C J Crabtree 46 45— 92
J E Newton	80	84—164	

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—New York, Nov. 21. At the annual election of the New York Rifle Club, held Nov. 19, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: William Herber, President; F. C. Hamilton, Vice-President; James Duane, Captain; J. S. Shepherd, Adjutant; M. Herrington, Secretary; George Blampey, Financial Secretary; N. O'Donnell, Treasurer; L. V. Sone and J. B. Blydenburgh, Trustees.—JAMES DUANE.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to day was small. The weather conditions were unfavorable. The long range match closed. Appended are the scores:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

N F Tufts	9	10	7	10	5	7	5	8	9	9—79
John Oil	5	9	2	6	10	9	7	8	8	10—75
J Francis (mil.)	6	10	7	7	9	5	7	7	10	6—71
G L Grain	10	8	4	8	9	8	7	5	8	8—74
A Duffer (mil.)	9	9	10	4	5	4	7	9	5	7—62
J P Bates	10	9	2	7	3	5	6	8	6	5—69

Military Practice Match.

C E Berry (mil.)	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4—46
W H Oler (mil.)	4	5	4	4	4	5	3	3	4	4—40
Mr Pillsbury (mil.)	5	4	3	4	5	3	5	3	4	4—40

Following are the names of the prize winners in the long-range match:

Salem Wilder	203	209	205	208	208	212—1212
N Washburn	201	201	202	206	207	210—1227
C E Berry	197	179	141	181	192	203—1193

Nov. 21.—There was a large attendance of riflemen at the range today. During the forenoon the weather conditions were bad, but in the latter part of the day they improved. Mr. J. N. Frye has completed his third clean score in the rest match, which places his aggregate at 498 out of a possible 500. Below are the scores of to-day:

Decimal Match.

W Charles, C	10	10	9	8	6	5	10	10	8	9—85
A C Adams, C	9	8	8	6	7	7	9	9	8	8—80
R Davis, C	9	6	8	7	5	9	6	6	8	9—76
C B Edwards, mil	10	9	9	8	7	8	9	4	4	6—73
B G Wafren, C	8	8	6	7	7	10	6	6	9	4—71

Practice Match.

E Burleigh	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	3	4	5—44
John Agans	5	5	5	4	6	4	4	4	4	5—43
W H Oler	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4—42
J R Missan, mil	4	4	4	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—41
A Dadman	4	3	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	3—40

Rest Match.

J N Frye	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
J Francis	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10— 99
S Wilder	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	10— 98
S Winchester	10	10	0	10	10	10	9	10	10	9— 97

AMATEUR SHOTS.—The question of amateur vs. professional shots has not fortunately come to be a very pressing one, either before the trap or on the rifle field. So we are saved the consumption of printer's ink and type space which would come with the excitement of the marksmen on this matter. In England the question of amateurdom as it affects other sports is a pressing one, and this leads the Chicago *Herald* to speak lightly of our British cousins as follows: "Sydney Smith's '2 pence looking down on 3 half pence,' has just had an illustration which transcends the most moving instance of national weakness cited in the 'Book of Snobs.' It should be well known that one of the burning questions of the day on the other side, and to some extent here, is and has long been as to the essential elements of the prodigy known as a gentleman amateur. There are amateurs and amateurs as there are fagots and fagots, and the degrees of great fleas and little fleas do not travel off more curiously into the infinite than do the grades and varieties of the British amateurs. His more recent performance is the proclamation by the cricketers of a club formed by athletes employed in wholesale houses to the effect that 'the gentlemen engaged in wholesale commerce' are required as a condition of membership of the club to take no part in matches against 'persons employed in retail trade.' This seems incredible, but it is in print all the same."

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Emerald Gun Club regular shoot at New Dorp, S. I. Weather and birds all that could be desired:

Glaccum, J.	25yds.	1111111111	—10
Measel, J.	25yds.	1111111111	—10
Gehring,	21yds.	0111101111	— 8
Granger,	30yds.	1011110111	— 8
Schermerhorn,	30yds	1010101111	— 7
Glaccum, W.	30yds.	1001011111	— 7
Hudson,	30yds.	1101011011	— 7
Measel, N,	30yds	1111110100	— 7
McMunn,	21yds.	1110111001	— 7
Connor, J. P,	21yds.	0011101110	— 6
Regan,	21yds.		1100111001—6
Butz,	25yds.		1110010001—5
Sidley,	25yds.		1010110101—6
Howard,	21yds.		1101100011—6
Keenan,	21yds.		1010101011—6
McHale,	21yds.		1110100101—6
Mackin,	21yds.		1100100111—6
Connor, G,	21yds.		1011011000—5
Cody,	25yds.		1111010010—6

Ties, miss and out, 30yds., for first prize, gold medal: J. Glaccum 3, Measel 2. For second, $10 gold: Gehring, 25yds., 2; Grainger, 30yds., 3. For third, silver badge: McMunn, 25yds., 4; Hudson, 30yds., 3; Schermerhorn, 30yds., 2; W. Glaccum and N. Measel, 9.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 5.—Weekly shoot of Johnstown Gun Club, 20 glass balls, rotary trap: Banta 18, Pierson 15, Walrath 15, Northrup 17, Newnham 17, Hillabrandt 17. McMartin 11, Hainbridge 12, Sponable 14, Pike 11, Lingenfelter 15, Fulton 14. Potter 8. Newnham, Hillabrandt and Northrup tie on 17. Miss and out—Newnham 9, Hillabrandt 8, Northrup 1,

NEW ENGLAND TRAP-SHOOTING.—The members of the N. E. T. S. A. were out in full force at the Wellington Range on the 19th to participate in several events, including the contest for the Knoxville blackbird badge. The results were as follows: 1. Five pigeons—Spring, Bartlett and Webber first. 2. Five blackbirds, 15 entries—Eager and Webber first. 3. Three pair pigeons, 13 entries—Stark and Gray first. 4. Five pigeons, straightaway, 19 entries—Curtis first. 5. Three pair pigeons, 23 entries—Curtis first. 6. Five blackbirds, 27 entries—Bartlett and Eager first. 7. Five pigeons, 24 entries—Davis first. 8. Five blackbirds, 16 entries—Eager first. 9. Five pigeons, 15 entries—Shumway first. 10. Five pigeons, 19 entries—Faulkner, Shumway and Sanborn first. 11. Five blackbirds, straightaway, 19 entries—Faulkner and Sanborn first. 12. Five blackbirds, 19 entries—Farrar, Davis and Curtis first. 13. Five pigeons, 19 entries—Wilson first. 14. Five pigeons, 18 entries—Davis and Stark first. 15. Fifteen blackbirds, 27 entries—Schaefer first. 16. Medal match, nine singles and three pair blackbirds, 27 entries—Won by Schaefer with a total of 12. Delegations were present from clubs in Providence, Boston, Lowell, Brockton, Manchester, N. H., Worcester and Amesbury.

WELLINGTON (MASS.) GUN CLUB.—The regular weekly shoot took place on the 21st, and, although the weather was cold and disagreeable, there was a large number of gunners before the traps. Following is the result of the several sweeps: 1. Five clay-pigeons—Shumway and Wilson divided first. 2. Five blackbirds—Schaefer first. 3. Five clay-pigeons—Snow first. 4. Five blackbirds—Schaefer first. 5. Three pairs clay pigeons—Wilson first. 6. Five blackbirds—Shumway first. 7. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 8. Schaefer and Swift divided first. 9. Five blackbirds—Schaefer first. 10. Medal match, ten clay-pigeons—Frank first. 11. Five blackbirds—Lawson first. 12. Five blackbirds—Lawson first. 13. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 14. Five clay-pigeons—Schaefer and Stanton divided first. 15. Five blackbirds—Schaefer and Stanton divided first. 16. Five blackbirds, straightaway—Adams and Lawson divided first.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager: F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE BRITISH RACERS OF 1885.

THROUGH the parallel performances of Puritan and Genesta it is possible this season to compare more closely than commonly happens, the racers here and abroad. The *Field*, in a late summary, deals with the leaders as follows: "Galatea made her debut in the match from Southend to Harwich, and, so far as looks went, she satisfied the critics; and, indeed, she seemed "all there" for speed so long as they were before the wind, but when it came to pinning in sheets it was plain that she could not go the road that Irex and Marjorie did, although some allowance had to be made for an error of judgment in carrying a balloon foresail. In the match around the Shipswash, and up Swin to Southend, Galatea sailed like a light wind craft of great promise, but she failed to win any prize, and she was equally unfortunate on the Thames and at Dover. On the Clyde the same fate followed her, and in Belfast Lough she sailed what must be considered a test match with Irex in a fine breeze, and was beaten seven minutes over a course of fifty miles. It must be confessed that this result would stamp Galatea as being a fairly good boat, and probably Irex would not have beaten her at all had Irex not been sailing much better than she did in 1884. On the following day they had a trial in half a gale and some sea.

"Irex was certainly making an example of the heavy weight, but what the end of it would have been no one can now say, as Galatea was dismasted on going the second round, being at the time about five minutes astern of Irex—it should, however, be noted that Galatea at the outset lost some time in a luffing match with Marjorie. After this Galatea had some lead cut out of her keel forward an aft, and missed the Kingston and West of England regattas while the alterations were effected. She chimed in again on the Solent; but in the hands of a strange sailing master cut a sorry figure, winding up her season with two second prizes for fifteen starts. Galatea's ill-success is attributed by some to faults of handling, but with such a man as L. Cranfield in charge, this opinion does not seem worth much. No doubt when once a new gear is imbued with the idea that the vessel is "no good," they make her appear very much worse than she really is by the slow and sullen way they handle her, and most likely Galatea's crew were not superior to the usual superstition of sailors about a fated craf . She certainly never but once in the match up Swin from Harwich, got away with anything like life, although like Erycina, she time after time seemed to do something electrifying.

Irex had a charmed time of it, from end to end, and no doubt is some ten minutes faster over a fifty mile course than she was last year. Possibly this is under the mark, but, as near as we can get at it, that is the extent that she was improved on her first year's form. She is now probably the fastest yacht of her regatta course in this or any other country. Whether or not she would hold Puritan off the wind is another matter; we, however, are inclined to think that she would not. She began her victorious march at Dover, and on the Clyde fortune showered prizes upon her; but her first really brilliant performance was in Belfast Lough, and this was followed up by an equally fine display in Dublin Bay; but Irex's achievements in the North were entirely eclipsed by what she accomplished on the Solent, where, in a reef sail breeze, she went over the 50 miles course of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in 4h. 7m. 40s.

As a prize winner Marjorie stands next to Irex, and rivals her as a "fair weather" craft. She too, has a like number of flags, but Irex has 19 firsts against Marjorie's 12. There is no doubt that this beautiful vessel owes her success mainly to her marvelous weatherly qualities, and she never displayed them to a better advantage than she did this past season. A great many people think that Marjorie, for this reason, would stand a better chance for the America Cup than any other English yacht would. This seems to us to be by no means so conclusive as many think against vessels like Puritan and Priscilla, both of which have very fine reaching powers. Perhaps if Genesta and Marjorie should meet next season, some light may be thrown on these conjectures; meanwhile we all agree that Marjorie is as good as she is beautiful. The records show for Irex 19 prizes (9 firsts) for 37 starts, and £1,210 winnings, while Marjorie has 23 prizes (12 firsts) for 41 starts, and £1,005. In summing up the *Field* adds:

"In scanning over the list of prizewinners—it is a beggarly short one—it comes into one's mind to ask where Genesta's number would have been had she been present. It is possible that she would have taken some prizes from Irex and some from Marjorie, and have secured a place next below the latter. Marjorie would perhaps have suffered the least by the presence of Genesta, as no doubt the latter would have been good enough to have pinned Irex many times, and that would have all added to Marjorie's chances. On the other hand, there would have been times when a weather bower or two from Genesta or Marjorie herself would have just prevented that craft from saving her time on Irex. Still this could not have been of frequent occurrence, as Genesta's place, if she is any good at all, would be close up to Irex."

This estimate places Genesta as second or third of the trio of fastest British yachts, and is additional proof of her right to represent them; but at the same time it goes to prove that Irex is enough better to have reversed the differences in one if not both of the races here. Where Puritan would be placed in a season of racing with the three is a very interesting question. No doubt she would not be last, but we do not think that her presence would have altered Irex's place as first and fastest of the large racers.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The fifth and last regular meeting of the year will be held at Delmonico's on Monday, Nov. 30, at 8:30 P. M., at which several special reports will be submitted. Mr. William Swan, one of the founders of the club and its first commodore, will be proposed for honorary membership. Thirteen applicants for active membership will be proposed, Messrs. Wm. G. Dedricksen, R. P. G. Bucklin, James Townsend, Chas. Sweet, Walter C. Hubbard, T. Harrison Garrett, C. H. Tweed, Dr. Francis H. Markoe, J. J. Heiser, Chas. T. Van Santvoord, H. S. Rokenbaugh, R. F. Bixby, and M. R. Martinez.

ACCIDENT TO A SLOOP.—On Nov. 17 the sloop Butler, with Capt. John Davis and a crew of five on board, sailed from South Brooklyn on a fishing trip. After spending the night off Rockaway they sailed for Long Branch, but the storm of Thursday caught them and they tried to beat inside the Hook. They were unable to make any way against tide and wind and finally hoisted a signal of distress, which brought to their aid the crew of lifesaving station No. 5, who took them off safely and brought the boat into the iron pier.

LIST OF RACES SAILED 1885.

In the following lists all races for boats above the skiff class, of which any accounts could be obtained, were inserted. Where accounts of races mentioned no second or third prizes, it is assumed none were offered. Names of ports are printed in full. Most of the clubs are abbreviated according to the following table:

Am.—American, of New York
Am. of New.—American, of Newburyport.
A.—Atlantic.
B.—Beverly.
Bk.—Brooklyn.
B. S.—Bay Shore.
Bn.—Boston.
Buf.—Buffalo.
B. H.—Bunker Hill.
B. Q.—Bay of Quinte.
Bar H.—Bar Harbor.
C. A.—Cape Ann.
Col.—Columbia.
Cor.—Corinthian.
Clev.—Cleveland.
Ch.—Chicago.
C. P. M. F.—City Point Mosquito Fleet
D.—Dorchester.
E.—Eastern.
E. R.—East River.
Ec.—Eclipse.
F. R.—Fall River.
G.—Greenwich.
G. H.—Great Head.
Gan.—Gananoque.
H.—Hull.
Har.—Harlem.
H. R.—Hudson River.
J.—Jeffries.
J. C.—Jersey City.
K.—Knickerbocker.
King.—Kingston.
L.—Lynn.
Larch.—Larchmont.
Minn.—Minnetonka.
Mob.—Mobile.
Marb.—Corinthian, of Marblehead.
Mich.—Michigan.
Mon.—Montreal.
N. Y.—New York.
N. C.—North Carolina.
N. H.—New Haven.
N. J.—New Jersey.
New.—Newburyport.
N. B.—New Bedford.
Os.—Oswego.
Osh.—Oshkosh.
P. B.—Pelham Bay.
Pen.—Pentucket.
P.—Portland.
Penn.—Pennsylvania.
Pac.—Pacific.
Prov.—Provincetown.
Q.—Quincy.
Quin.—Quinapowitt.
Q. C.—Quaker City.
R. C.—Royal Canadian.
R. Y. S.—Royal Yacht Squadron.
S. F.—San Francisco.
S.—Seawanhaka.
S. C.—South Carolina.
S. B.—South Boston.
S. Bay—Salem Bay.
South.—Southwark.
Sav.—Savannah.
Tor.—Toronto.
Tol.—Toledo.
T. R.—Tom's River.
Wil.—Williamsburgh.
Win.—Winthrop.
W. L.—West Lynn.
W. V.—Washington Village.
Yon.—Yonkers.

RACES SAILED 1885.

Mar. 28. New Orleans to Charleston:—Match: Gitana E.Y.C. beats Mohican E.Y.C.

Apr. 1-4. Charleston to Fortress Monroe.—Match: Mohican beats Gitana.

2. South Boston.—C.P.M.F. First class, 7 starters: Dot 1. Second class, 6 starters: Grace 1.

2. South Boston.—Match: Dot beats Wizard, both C.P.M.F.

May 15. Savannah.—Sav. Y.C. First class, 5 starters: Claude 1. Second class, 7 starters: May 1. Jennie S. 2. Third class, 2 starters: Uncas 1.

16. Short Branch.—Short Branch Y.C 6 starters: Mary M. 1.

16. Winthrop.—G.H.Y.C. 6 starters: Mi-chief 1, Cadet 2.

21. Detroit.—Mich Y.C. 4 starters: Madeline I

22. Charleston.—Car.Y.C. 4 starters: Au Revoir 1.

25. New York.—Match: Duplex beats Ægir, both N J.Y C.

25. Gananoque.—Gan.Y C: Minnie C. 1, Mabel 2, Merlin 3.

29. Oswego.—Os.Y.C. 7 starters: Ethel 1.

30. Toledo.—Tol.Y.C. 6 starters: Scud 1.

30. East Boston.—J. C. sweepstakes. First class, 6 starters: Sea Bird J.C. 1. Spider B.Y.C. 2. Second class, 3 starters: Zetta J.C. 1. Hard Times J.C. 2.

30. New York.—N J.Y.C. Open sail to Fort Lee, 5 starters, out: Dare Devil 1. In: Growler 1.

30. Rockport.—Sandy Bay Y.C. 12 starters: Black Cloud 1.

30. New York.—K.Y.C. First class, 8 starters: Wacondah 1. Second class, 8 starters: Whimbrel 1. Third class: Lizzie R., w.o. Fourth class, 5 starters: Adele 1. Fifth class, 3 starters: Maggie 1. Sixth class, 5 starters: Hornet 1. Seventh class, 4 starters: Bon Ton 1. Eighth class: Jean w.o. Lizzie R. pennant for best time and a second leg for Mott Cup.

30. New York.—A.Y.C. Opening sail. Schooners, first class, 3 starters: Grayling 1. Second class, 2 starters: Agnes 1. Prize to Haze. Sloops, first class, 4 starters, Athlon 1. Prize to Gracie. Second class, 7 starters: Fanita 1. Third class: Crocodile w.o. Fourth class, 2 starters: Romeyn 1. Agnes and Athlon being flag officers' boats prizes go to Haze and Gracie.

30. New York.—S.C.Y.C. Opening sail. Schooners, 2 starters: Clytie 1. Sloops, first class, 3 starters: Isis 1. Second class, 5 starters: Maggie 1.

30. Fall River.—F.R.Y.C. Sloops, 2 starters: Tabena 1, Mystery 2. Catboats, first class, 5 starters: Ideal 1, Kickament 2. Second class, 3 starters: Unknown 1, Nellie 2. Third class, 8 starters: Bertha 1, Flossie 2.

30. Newark.—Newark Y.C. Sloops, 3 starters: Emmy C. 1. Jib and mainsail, first class, 3 starters: Rambler 1. Second class, Eddie, w.o. Catboats, 3 starters: Shadow 1.

30. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. First and second classes, no starters. Third class, keels, 4 starters: Banneret 1, Kitty 2; centerboards, 5 starters: Queen Mab 1, Muriel 2. Fourth class, 5 starters: Scamp 1, Mabel 2. Fifth class, 4 starters: Mirage 1, Guenn 2.

30. Lynn.—Sweepstakes. 3 starters: Alice W.L.Y.C. 1.

30. South Boston.—S.B.Y.C. First Pennant race, special class, 3 starters: Violet 1, Maggie 2. Second class, keels, 8 starters: Nydia 1, Monarch 2. First class, centerboards, 2 starters: Awilda 1, Thisbe 2; keels, 4 starters: Altaire 1, Ibex 2.

June 1. Greenpoint.—Wil.Y.C. Sloops, first class, 4 starters: Carrie Van Voorhis 1. Second class, 3 starters: Lancer 1. Catboats, first class, 3 starters: E. Preston 1. Second class, 7 starters: Armenia J. Foster 1.

1. New York.—Match: Jessie beats Iris.

2. New York.—Match: Jessie beats Iris.

2. New York.—A.Y.C. Ladies' Day. Schooners, first class, 2 starters: Grayling 1. Second class, 2 starters: Agnes 1. Sloops, first class, 3 starters: Athlon 1. Second class, 5 starters: Enterprise 1. Third class, 3 starters: Crocodile 1. Fourth class, 2 starters: Romeyn 1.

3. New York.—Match: Iris beats Jessie.

4. Tom's River.—T.R.Y.C. 5 starters: Martha 1.

5. New York.—Match: Jessie beats Iris.

6. Charleston.—Car.Y.C. 6 starters: Eleanor 1.

6. Larchmont.—Larch.Y.C. Pennant Regatta: Third and seventh classes no starters. First class, 3 starters: Fanita 1. Second class, 2 starters: Hope 1. Fourth class, 4 starters: Gannet 1. Fifth class Laura w.o. Sixth class, 2 starters: Fairy 1. Eighth class, Shibbereen w.o.

6. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First class, no race in time. Second class, 5 starters: Tartar 1, Herald 2. Third class, 3 starters: Flora Lee 1.

8. Yonkers.—Yon.Y C.—First class, 1 starter, gave up. Second class, 3 starters: Racket 1. Third class, Rambler w.o. First class, 3 starters: Comfort 1. Fifth class, 4 starters: Cutty Sark 1.

8. Philadelphia.—Q.C.Y.C. First class, 3 starters: Venitzia 1. Second class, 2 starters: Consort 1. Third class, 3 starters: Nahma 1. Fourth class, Elwell w.o. Fifth class, 3 starters: Richmond 1.

9. New York.—N.J.Y.C. Catamarans, 2 starters: Duplex 1. Sloops, Hattie w.o. Jib and mainsail, first class, 6 starters: Lily R. 1. Second class, 3 starters: G. B. Deane 1. Third class, 2 starters: Cate Cale 1.

9. New York.—A.Y.C. open regatta. Schooners, first class, 2 starters: Grayling N.Y.Y.C. 1. Second class, 4 starters: Agnes, A.Y.C. 1, Haze A.Y.C. 2. Sloops, first class, 4 starters: Mischief N.Y.Y.C. 1. Gracie N.Y.Y.C. 2. Second class, 4 starters: Daphne N.Y.Y.C. 1, Fanita N.Y.Y.C. 2. Third class, 2 starters: Crocodile A.Y.C. 1. Fourth class, 3 starters: Ideran A.Y.C. 1, Nomad A.Y.C. 2.

9. Charleston.—S.C.Y.C. English Cup, five starters: Won and held by Au Revoir.

11. New York.—N.Y.Y.C. Schooners, keel class, 3 starters: Gitana 1. Second class, 2 starters: Grayling 1. Third class, 2 starters: Nirvana 1. Sloops, first class, 4 starters: Mischief 1. Second class, 6 starters: Athlon 1. Third class, 2 starters: Espirito 1. Bennett cup: Grayling. Russell cups: Montauk and Mischief.

12. Portland.—P.Y.C. 6 starters: Willie 1.

13. New York.—S.C.Y.C. Open regatta. Schooners, 2 starters: Clytie 1. Sloops, first class, 2 starters; Gracie 1. Second class, 3 starters; Isis 1. Third class 4 starters; Schemer 1. Fourth class, 4 starters: Wacondah K.Y.C. 1.

13. Boston.—Bn.Y.C. First class, 4 starters: Adrienne 1, holding Connor cup, Undine 2, Shadow 3. Second class, 7 starters; Edna 1, taking second leg for Pfaff cup, Eva 2, Kitty 3.

June 13. Winthrop. Sweepstakes. First class, 19 starters: Black Cloud C A.Y.C 1, Queen Mab H.Y.C. 2, Good Luck, Dighton, 3, Sea Bird H.Y.C 4. Second class, 11 starters: Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 1, Mirage B.Y.C. 2, Mischief G.H.Y.C. 3, Flirt S.B.Y.C. 4.

14. New York.—Eclipse Y.C. Sloops, 3 starters: Susie V. 1. Jib and mainsails, 2 starters: Thorn 1. Cats, first class, 2 starters: Horner 1. Second class, 3 starters: Hoodoo 1. Third class, 3 starters: Jean 1.

15. Philadelphia.—Penn.Y.C. 11 starters: T. M. Seeds 1, W Graham 2, Violet 3.

16. Harlem.—Har.Y C. Sloops, first class, 2 starters: Sasqua 1. Second class, 5 starters: Peerless 1. Jib and mainsails, first class, Nettie Thorp w.o. Second class, 3 starters: Dandy 1. Cats, first class, 3 starters: Gussie 1. Second class, 5 starters: Little Dean 1. Third class, 4 starters: Harry C. 1.

17. Rockport.—Sandy Bay Y.C. 14 starters: Kittiwake 1.

17. Toledo.—Tol.Y.C. 14 starters: Oberon 1.

17. Nahant.—B.Y.C. Open regatta. First class, 5 starters: Huron E.Y.C. 1. Second class centerboards, 4 starters: Shadow B.Y.C. 1, Magic L.Y.C. 2. Third class centerboards, 17 starters: Black Cloud C.A.Y.C 1, Muriel L.Y.C. 2; keels, 11 starters: Lizzie F. Daly H.Y.C. 1, Banneret H.Y.C. 2.

17. Merrimack River.—Pen.Y.C. First class, 4 starters: Fannie 1. Second class, 3 starters: Ideal 1.

17. New York.—E.R.Y.C. Sloops, first class, 4 starters: Favorita 1. Second class, 3 starters: Maud M. 1. Third class, 3 starters: Progress 1. Jib and mainsails, 2 starters: Mary Gibson 1. Catboats, first class, 3 starters: Pirate 1. Second class, 5 starters: Narrioch 1.

17. Winthrop.—G. H.Y.C. First class, 9 starters: Mischief 1, Clytie 2. Second class, 5 starters: Dot 1, Spray Bird 2.

18. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. Race off in Classes B, C and D: Trio 1.

19. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. First and fifth classes, no starters. Second class, 2 starters: Thistle 1, both actual and corrected. Third class, 3 starters: Marguerite 1, both actual and corrected, also Derby Cup. Fourth class, 5 starters: Stranger 1, actual and corrected, also Regatta Cup, Vixen 2.

20. Hull.—H.Y.C. Second class keels, 3 starters: Banneret 1. Third class keels, 3 starters: Kitty 1. Third class centerboards: Muriel w.o. Fourth class centerboards: Thrasher w.o. Fifth class centerboards, 3 starters: Spray 1. Other classes, no entries.

20. South Boston.—S.B.Y.C. Second pennant regatta. Special class, 3 starters: Nimbus 1, Violet 2. First class keels, 4 starters: Altaire 1, Dorcas L. 2. Centerboards, 5 starters: Em Ell Eye 1, Thisbe 2. Second class keels, 6 starters: Unknown 1, Diana 2.

22. Philadelphia.—South.Y.C. First class, 5 starters: F. Mitchell 1, Emma Brugam 2. Second class, 8 starters: H. D. Boardman 1, Start 2. Third class, 6 starters: Thos. Ledyard 1, Frank Mershon 2. Fourth class, 10 starters: V. P. Dorp 1, Joseph Jacobs 2.

23. New Orleans.—Southern Y.C. Schooners, 3 starters: Viola 1. Sloops, 4 starters: Annie M. 1. Cats, 4 starters: Carrie V. 1. Challenge cup: Mephisto w.o.

23. New York.—Match: Duplex beats Nemesis, both N.J.Y.C.

25. Jersey City.—J.C.Y.C. Schooners: Beatrice w.o. Sloops, first class, 3 starters: Elsie May 1. Second class, 3 starters: Wabasso 1. Jib and mainsails: Alex. Forsyth w.o. Cats, first class, 2 starters: Bessie 1. Second class: Annie Forsyth w.o.

27. Pelham Bridge.—Pelham Bay Y.C. 8 starters: Uncle Dave 1.

27. New York.—Bk.Y.C. Sloops, first class, 8 starters: Sea Robin 1. Second class, 3 starters: Mignon 1. Third class, 3 starters: Carrie May 1. Fourth class, 6 starters: Genevieve 1. Jib and mainsails, 3 starters: Gracie 1. Cats: Ripple w.o.

27. Greenwich.—G.Y.C. 6 starters: Zeida takes cup. No record of class prizes.

27. Fall River.—Match: Una beats Annie.

27. East Boston.—J.C. Centerboards, 5 starters: Topsy 1, Sea Bird 2. Keels, 4 starters: Zetta 1, Lillie 2.

27. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. 6 starters: Iris 1.

30. New York.—Col.Y.C. Cabin yachts, first class, 3 starters: Clarita 1. Second class, 2 starters: Julian 1. Open yachts, first class, 5 starters: Henry Gray 1. Second class, 4 starters: Henry Fisher 1. Third class, 3 starters: Gypsy 1.

30. Marblehead.—E.Y.C. Open Regatta. Schooners, first class, 5 starters: Fortuna E.Y.C. 1, Gitana E.Y.C. 2. Second class, 4 starters: Fearless N.B.Y.C. 1, Adrienne Bn.Y.C. 2. Sloops, first class, 4 starters: Puritan E.Y.C. 1, Ileen E.Y.C. 2. Small classes no starters.

July 1. Quebec.—Quebec Y.C. 2 starters: Curlew 1, Guineveve 2.

3. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First Championship. First class, 3 starters: Queen Mab 1, Amy 2 Second class, 8 starters: Wildfire 1, Niobe 2. Third class, 4 starters: Flora Lee 1, Guenn 2.

3. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. Ninety-seventh Race. Open Catboat sweepstakes. First class, 8 starters: Myth B.Y.C. 1, Surprise B.Y.C. 2. Second class, 2 starters: Good Luck, Dighton, 1. Third class, 3 starters: Dolly B.Y.C. 1, Myrtle, Woods Holl, 2.

4. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. Ninety-eighth Race. First Buzzard's Bay Championship. Sloops, Atalanta w.o. Catboats, first class, 4 starters: Surprise 1, Mattie 2. Second class, 2 starters: Lestris 1. Third class, 2 starters: Dolly 1. Atalanta, Surprise, Lestris and Dolly take pennant.

4. Wilmington.—N C.Y.C. 12 starters: Ripple 1.

4. Toledo.—Tol.Y.C. First class, no starters. Second class, 5 starters: Kate Graham 1. Third class, 2 starters: Petrel 1.

4. New London.—Six starters: Nellie 1.

4. Clayton.—Second class, Minnie D. Gan Y.C 1, Laura Os.Y.C. 2, Laura King.Y.C. 3. Steamers, 2 starters: Jessie W., of Alexandria Bay, wins.

4. Winthrop.—G.H.Y.C. First class, 5 starters: Cadet 1, Clio 2. Second class, 2 starters: Elf 1.

4. Rockport.—Sandy Bay Y.C. 7 starters: Louette 1, Petrel 2.

4. Wakefield, Mass.—Quin.Y.C. Six starters: Ibis 1, Wave 2.

4. Larchmont.—Larch.Y.C. Open Regatta. Schooners, 2 starters: Speranza N.Y.Y.C. 1. Sloops, first class, 9 starters: Fanita N.Y.Y.C. 1. Second class, 4 starters: Crocodile A.Y.C. 1. Third class, 5 starters: Stranger N.H.Y.C 1. Fourth class, 7 starters; Brenda Larch.Y.C. 1. Jib and mainsails, first class, 3 starters: Mariota Larch.Y.C. 1. Second class, 2 starters. neither finished. Catboats, first class, Jennie Larch.Y.C. w.o. Second class, 3 starters: Cruiser Larch.Y.C. 1. Gould and Russell Cups: Fanita.

4. Osterville.—Open Race First class, 4 starters: Bubble 1, Mischief 2, Kitty 3. Second class, 15 starters: Muriel 1, Faustina 2, Vivian 3. Third class, 4 starters: Lucy 1, Roy 2, Wraith 3.

4. Provincetown.—First class, 4 starters: Mascot 1, Echo 2. Second class, 4 starters: Dexter 1, Alice 2.

4. Lynn.—City Regatta. First class, 14 starters: Awilda S.B.Y.C. 1, Greta D.Y.C. 2, Bessie Ethel New Y.C. 3, Thrasher H.Y.C. 4. Second class, 10 starters: Crusader H.Y.C. 1, Pet Q.Y.C. 2, Hestia C.A.Y.C. 3, Alice L. W.L.Y.C. 4. Third class, 14 starters: Mischief G.H.Y.C. 1, Flirt S.B.Y.C. 2, Crescent W.L.Y.C. 3, Elsie Q.Y.C. 4. Fourth class, 12 starters: Spray W.L.Y.C. 1, Glide G.H.Y.C. 2, Wizard S.B.Y.C. 3, Dot G.H.Y.C. 4.

4. Boston.—City Regatta. Schooners and first class, no starters. Second class centerboards, 6 starters: Shadow B.Y.C. 1, Magic L.Y.C. 2; keels, 4 starters: Maud J.C. 1, Ægir J.C. 2. Third class centerboards, 10 starters: Black Cloud C.A. Y.C. 1, Alda H Y.C. 2, Thisbe S.B.Y.C. 3, Queen Mab S.B. Y.C. 4; keels, 11 starters: Banneret D.Y.C. 1, Kitty H.Y.C. 2, Lizzie F. Daly H.Y.C. 3, Fraud S.B.Y.C. 4. Fourth class centerboards, 10 starters: Niobe D.Y.C. 1, Joker H.Y.C. 2, Ell Em Eye S.B.Y.C. 3, Tartar D.Y.C. 4; keels, 15 starters: Zetta J.C. 1, Charlotte S.B.Y.C. 2, Vesper W.L.Y.C. 3. Fifth class centerboards, 12 starters: Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 1, Wildfire Q Y.C. 2, Parole W.Y.Y.C. 3, Spider B.Y.C. 4.

4. Dunedin, Fla.—Edgewater Y.C. No account.

4. Buffalo.—Buf.Y.C. First class, 3 starters: Alarm 1, Ripple 2, Second class, 5 starters: Arrow 1, Dude 2, Turk 3.

4. Oyster Bay.—Corinthian Y.C. First class, 3 starters: Mirth 1. Second class, 7 starters: Eleanor 1.

4. Chicago.—Chi.Y.C. First class, 2 starters: Wasp 1. Second class, 2 starters: Verve 1. Third class, 4 starters; Peri 1.

4. San Francisco.—Pac.Y.C. 6 starters; Halcyon 1.

4. Point Clear, Ala.—Schooners, 3 starters; C. A. Swift 1. Sloops, 3 starters: Nellie E. Train 1. Cats, 6 starters; J. Pierce, Jr., 1.

5. Point Clear, Ala.—First class, 2 starters: Ruby 1. Catamarans, 2 starters: Ullman 1.

July 8. Nahant.—B.Y.C. Ninety-ninth race. First championship. First class, 6 starters: Expert 1 and pennant; Gem 2. Second class, centerboards: Spider w.o. and pennant; keels, 3 starters: Witch 1; Playmate 2. Third class, 2 starters: Psyche 1 and pennant.

7-9. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. Round Block Island. Class B, 2 starters: Ariadne 1. Class C, 7 starters: Wayward 1. Class D, 6 starters: Stranger 1, Vixen 2.

9. Gloucester.—Schooner sweepstakes: Fortuna, E.Y.C., beats Gitana, E.Y.C.; Mohican, E.Y.C.; America, Bn.Y.C.

11. Larchmont.—Match: Schemer beats Hope, both Larch.Y.C.

11. Yonkers Y.C.—First and second classes, no race in time. Third class, 4 starters: Spray, Jr., 1. Fourth class, 3 starters: Uncle Jake 1.

14. Portersville, Ala.—First class, 3 starters: Bride 1. Second class, 3 starters: Lila 1.

15. S. Boston.—Dot, G.H.Y.C., beats Wizard, S.B.Y.C.

16. Boston.—Bn.Y.C. Pfaff Cup, 5 starters: Kitty wins leg for cup, Eva 2, Aida 3.

16. Cleveland.—Clev.Y.Ass. First class, Cora Clev.Y.Ass. 1. Second class, 11 starters: Fanchon Clev.Y.Ass. 1, Kate Graham Tol.Y.C. 2, Scud Tol.Y.C. 3, Osprey Tol.Y.C. 4.

16. Larchmont to New London.—Am.Y.C. 16 starters in all—Kinney Cup, 12 starters: "246" 1, Isherwood and Commodore's Cup, 16 starters: Atalanta 1, Stiletto being ruled out. Lundborg Cup, 11 starters: Utowana 1. First class, Emery Cup, no race. Second class Emery Cup, 9 starters: Rival 1. Third class, 2 starters: Viola 1.

18. Yonkers. Yon.Y.C. Second class, 3 starters: Fannie 1. Third class, 4 starters: Kitty N. 1. Fourth class, 2 starters: Mabel 1. First class, no starters.

18. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. Second class, 4 starters: Inez 1. Third class, 2 starters: Imp 1.

18. Marblehead.—Cor.Y.C. of Marb. First class, 4 starters: Eugenia 1. Second class, 4 starters: Dash 1.

18. Hull.—H.Y.C. First and second classes, no race in time. Third class, keels, 3 starters: Kitty 1, Thelga 2; centerboards, 3 starters: Queen Mab 1, Seabird 2. Fourth class, 4 starters: Niobe 1, Amy 2. Fifth class, 8 starters: Em Ell Eye 1, Wildfire 2. Sixth class, 2 starters: Mirage 1.

19. Point Clear, Ala.—First class, 3 starters: Zoe, Southern Y. C., 1. Second class, 3 starters: Lorena 1.

19. Harlem.—Har.Y.C. 7 starters. First class, Little Dean 1. Second class, Jean 1.

20. Annesquam.—Open race. First class, 8 starters: Black Cloud C.A.Y.C. 1, J. S. Foyen New.Y.C. 2, Muriel L. Y.C. 3. Second class, 11 starters: Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 1, Louette Sandy Bay Y.C. 2, Hestia C.A.Y.C. 3.

21. Put-in-Bay.—Open race. First class, 4 starters: Cora Clev. Y.Ass. 1, W. J. Partridge Mich.Y.C. 2. Second class, 12 starters: Fanchon Clev.Y.Ass. 1, Scud Tol.Y.C. 2, Oberon Tol.Y.C. 3. Third class, 9 starters: Madeleine Mich.Y.C. 1, Tidal Wave Kelly Island 2, Maud S. Kelly Island 3.

21. Philadelphia. Sweepstakes, 5 starters: Geo. Flick, South. Y.C. 1.

21. Charleston.—S.C.Y.C. 5 starters: Au Revoir 1.

22. Philadelphia.—Match: Minerva beats Alert, both Q.YC.

24. Monument Beach.—B Y.C. 100th race. Second for Buzzards Bay pennant. Sloops, no starters. Second class, 3 starters: Surprise 1, and holds pennant, Mattie 2. Third class, 2 starters: Lestris 1 and holds pennant. Fourth class, 3 starters: Fannie 1 and pennant tieing Dolly. Dolly 2.

22. Belleville.—B.Q.Y.C. 3 starters: Iolanthe 1.

23. New Orleans.—Southern Y.C. 12 starters: Annie M. 1, Carrie V. 2, Mephisto challenge cup.

25. Marblehead.—B.Y.C. 100th Second championship. First class, 5 starters: Atalanta 1 and pennant, tieing Expert. Expert 2. Second class centerboards, 2 starters: Spider 1; keels, 3 starters: Fad 1, Caprice 2. Spider takes and holds pennant. Third class, 3 starters: Psyche 1, Wraith 2.

25. Boston.—B.H.Y.C. First class, 5 starters: Ineta 1, Edith 2. Second class, 3 starters: Em Ell Eye 1, Kit 2. Third class, 3 starters: Sprite 1.

25. Burlington Bay: Whitewing 1, Thetis 2.

25. Larchmont—Match: La Perichole S.Y.C. beats Cruiser, Larch.Y.C.

25. Greenwich—G.Y.C. First class, 3 starters: Eleanor 1. Second class, 4 starters: Zelda 1. Third class, 3 starters: Louis Belle 1.

27. Hull.—H.Y.C. postponed. First class centerboards no starters; keels: Hera, w.o. Second class centerboards: Atalanta w.o.; keels, 3 starters: Banneret 1, L. F. Daly 2.

27. East Boston.—J.C. First class, 3 starters: Sea Bird 1, Topsy 2. Second class, 3 starters: Zetta 1, Zolus 2.

28. Excelsior Bay.—Minn. 9 starters: Ariadne 1.

28. Toledo.—Tol.Y.C. First class, 8 starters: Scud 1, Fanchon 2. Second class, 4 starters: Com. Gardner 1, Madeleine 2.

29. Quebec.—QuebecY.C. 6 starters: Osprey 1.

30. Toronto.—R.C.Y.C. Open race. First class, 6 starters: Verve R.C.Y.C. 1, Aileen R.C.Y C. 2, Atalanta B.Q.Y.C. 3. Second class, 5 starters: Iolanthe R.C.Y.C. 1, Vera Tor.Y.C. 2. Third class, 3 starters: Mischief Tor.Y.C. 1. Meteor Tor.Y.C. 2. Peerless 3.

31. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First championship. First class: Erin w.o. Second class, 10 starters: Wildfire 1, Tartar 2. Third class, 5 starters: Flora Lee 1, Elsie 2.

31. Pelham Bay.—P.B.Y.C. First class, 3 starters: Clara 1. Second class, 5 starters: Harry C. 1.

Aug. 1. Marblehead.—Cor.Y.C. of Marblehead. First championship. First class, 3 starters: Eugenia 1. Second class keels, 4 starters: Unique 1; centerboards, 3 starters: Dash 1.

1. Burlington Bay.—Second race. 7 starters: Cruiser 1, Whistlewing 2.

1. Lynn.—L.Y.C. First class, no starters. Second class, 3 starters: Viola 1, Jennie L. 2. Third class, 5 starters: Vesper 1, Georgie 2, Crest 3.

1. Hull.—H.Y.C. First championship. First class keels: Hera w.o; centerboards: Siren w.o Second class keels, 2 starters: Banneret 1; centerboats, 2 starters: Atalanta 1. Third class keels, 2 starters: Thelga 1; centerboards, 3 starters: Queen Mab 1. Fourth class, 7 starters: Joker 1, Fifth class, 5 starters: Em Ell Eye 1. Sixth class, 2 starters: Elsie 1. All won prizes and legs for pennant.

1. South Boston.—S.B.Y.C. Third championship. Special class, 2 starters: Nimbus 1, Violet 2. First class keels, 3 starters: Dorcas L. 1, Altaire 2; centerboards, 2 starters: Arnold 1, Thisbe 2. Second class keels, 3 starters: Nydia 1, Diana 2.

3. Newport.—N.Y.Y.C. Goelet Cup race. Schooners, 4 starters: Fortuna 1. Sloops, 6 starters: Puritan 1.

3. Newport.—Sweepstakes. 3 starters: Athlon 1.

3. New York.—H.R.Y.C. 12 starters. First class: Lottie 1. Second class: P. J. Tomlin 1. Third class: Prospect 1. Fourth class: Willie 1. Fifth class: Nellie B. 1.

4. Oswego.—Os.Y.C. Open race. First class, 6 starters: Atalanta B.Q.Y.C. 1, Aileen R.C.Y.C. 2, Garfield King. Y.C. 3. Second class, 7 starters; Laura King.Y.C. 1, Iolanthe R C.Y.C. 2, Katie Grey Os.Y.C. 3, Commodore's Pennant, Ethel O.Y.C.

4. Galveston.—7 starters: White Wing 1.

5. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. Fourth class, 7 starters: Tarter 1, Scamp 2. Fifth class, 4 starters: Mirage 1, Nora 2.

5. Wilmington.—N.C.Y.C. 9 starters: Idler 1.

5. Cooper's Point, Pa.—First class, 3 starters: Humes 1. Second class, 7 starters: Wilkin 1.

6. New Rochelle.—Match: Vernon beats Addie K.

6. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. Register Cup, 3 starters: Vixen 1.

8. Salem.—Match: Eulgma beats Excelsior.

9. Brooklyn.—Short Branch Y.C.—7 starters.—Dove 1.

8. Kingston.—King.Y.C. Third class, 4 starters. Minnie A. 1. Mabel 2.

10. Kingston.—King. Y. C. Open race. First class, 7 starters: Atalanta B.Q.Y.C. 1. Winona N.Y.Y.C. 2. Garfield King. Y.C. 3. Second class 2 starters: Iolanthe R.C.Y.C. 1.

10. Bay Shore.—B.S.Y.C. 5 starters: Alice 1.

12. Marblehead.—Cor.Y.C. of Marblehead. Keels, first class, 3 starters: Witch 1. Second class, 2 starters: Wraith, 1. Centerboards, first class, 2 starters: Expert 1. Second class 2 starters: Psyche 1.

12. Lake Minnetonka.—Minn Y.C. First class, 2 starters; Mary Lee 1. Second class, 8 starters: Lazy Jane 1. Princess 2; Third class. 3 starters: Helen 1. Glide 2. Fourth class, Ariadne w.o.

13. Belleville.—B.Q.Y.C. Open race. First class, 3 starters; Atalanta B.Q.Y.C. 1. Second class, 3 starters: Iolanthe R.C.Y.C. 1, Laura King.Y.C. 3.

14. Wood's Holl.—Open Race. First class catboats, 12 starters: Quisset of Quisset 1, Surprise B.Y.C. 2, Mary Mon, Beach 3. Second class 8 starters: Scud B.Y.C. 1, Mertie, Wood's Holl, 2, Lady of the Lake 3. Catboats under 15ft., not named, owned by F. L. Gifford 1, J. Swift 2, Dr. Kidder 3. Centerboard Sprits; Owned by A. S. Meuer 1, Henry Cook 2, J. S. Fay, Jr., 3. Keel sprits: Owned by T. Aiken 1, F. Gifford 2, B. Gifford 3.

Aug. 14. Annisquam.—C.A.Y.C. First class, 6 starters: Black Cloud 1, Adele 2, Kettiwake 3. Second class, 4 starters: Sassacus 1, Puritan 2. Third class, 3 starters: Owl 1, Dione 2.
14. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, 2 starters: Queen Mab 1 and pennant, tieing Erin. Second class, 11 starters; Niobe 1 and pennant, tieing Wildfire, Mabel 2. Third class, 6 starters: Flora Lee 1 and holds pennant, Elfin 2.
15. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. One hundred and second race. Third for Buzzard's Bay pennant. First class, 3 starters: Surprise 1, Mattie 2. Second class, Falka w.o. Third class, Fannie 1 and holds pennant, Petrel 2.
15. Bar Harbor.—Bar.H.Y.C. First class, 4 starters: Gwendolin 1. Second class, 4 starters: Little Nell 1, Lulu 2. Third class, 4 starters: Amazon 1.
15. Hull.—H.Y.C. Open Race. First class centerboards, 4 starters: Magic L.Y.C. 1, Violet S.B.Y.C. 2; keels, 4 starters: Hera H.Y.C. 1, Maud J.C. 2. Second class centerboards, 6 starters: Eva B.Y.C. 1, Atalanta B.Y.C 2; keels, 5 starters: Banneret D.Y.C. 1, Cricket B.Y.C. 2. Third class, centerboards, 6 starters: Black Cloud C.A. Y.C. 1, Queen Mab H.Y.C. 2, Expert B.Y.C. 3, Seabird J.C. 4; keels, 6 starters: Kitty H.Y.C. 1, Thelga H.Y.C. 2, Witch B.Y.C. 3, Stranraer H.Y.C. 4. Fourth class, 20 starters: Em Ell Eye S.B.Y.C. 1, Nettie Q.Y.C. 2, Tartar D.Y.C. 3, Niobe D.Y.C. 4. Fifth class, 15 starters: Wildfire Q.Y.C. 1. Hornet B.Y.C. 2, Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 3, Imogen H.Y.C. 4.
15. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, 3 starters: Marguerite 1. Second class, 3 starters: Annie 1.
17. Galveston.—5 starters: Mayflower wins subject to protest.
17. New Bedford.—N.B.Y.C. and N.H.Y.C. First class, 6 starters: Flight N.B.Y.C. 1, Peri N.B.Y.C. 2. Second class, 4 starters: Louise N.H.Y.C. 1, Vixen N.H.Y.C. 2.
18-22. Bay Shore Y.C. Cruise.—5 starters: Alice takes pennant.
19. Wilmington.—N.C.Y.C. 10 starters: Idler 1.
21. Scotland Lightship.—Twenty miles to windward and back. First trial race, 4 starters: Puritan 1. Match: Bedouin beats Gracie.
22. Scotland Lightship.—Triangular, 40 miles outside. Second trial race, 4 starters: Priscilla 1. Match: Gracie beats Bedouin.
22. Marblehead.—Cor.Y.C., third championship. First class, keels, 2 starters: Witch 1, holding pennant; centerboard, 3 starters: Expert 1, holding pennant. Second class centerboards, 4 starters: Delphine 1, beating Dash and Psyche; keels, 5 starters: Wraith 1, holding pennant.
22. Whitestone.—Match: Bessie B. beats Jim.
23. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. 3 starters: Iris 1.
23. Bay St. Louis.—Match: Novice beats Carmen.
23. Howards, Ala.—Mobile Y.C. 3 starters: Sybyl 1.
24. New York Y.C. Course.—Third trial race, 4 starters: Puritan 1. Match: Gracie beats Bedouin.
25. Cottage City.—6 starters: Quisset 1, Neptune 2, Nellie Vida 3.
25. Detroit.—Mich. Y.C. 6 starters: Partridge 1.
25. Cooper's Point.—7 starters: Wilkins 1.
25. Fon du Lac.—Match: Carrie Morgan beats Hattie.
26. Yonkers.—Yon. Y.C. 4 starters: Crawford 1.
26. Greenwich.—Green. Y.C. Open race. First class, 4 starters: Schemer Larch.Y.C. 1. Second class, 4 starters: Stranger N.H.Y.C. 1. Third class, 2 starters: Adele K.Y.C. 1. Fourth class, 5 starters: Sophie K.Y.C. 1.
26. Hull.—H.Y.C. First class, no entries. Second class centerboards: Atalanta w.o.; keels, Banneret w.o. Third class centerboards: Queen Mab w.o.; keels, 2 starters: Kitty 1. Fourth class, 7 starters: Mobe 1. Fifth class, 4 starters: Em Ell Eye 1. Sixth class: Mirage w.o.
27. Portchester.—First class: Venture 1, Grace Tingue 2. Second class: F. D. Moulton 1, Village Belle 2. Third class: Mamie N. 1, Florence T. 2. Fourth class: Sophie K. 1, Fannie M. 2.
28. Larchmont.—Sweepstakes. Susie S. 1.
28. Larchmont.—Match: Katie Purtell beats Carrie Ross.
28. Montreal.—Mon. Y.C. 5 starters: Violet wins. Second class, 2 starters: Gladea 1.
29. South Boston.—S.B.Y.C. Fourth championship. Special class, 2 starters: Nimbus 1 holding cup, Violet 2. First class, centerboards, 2 starters: Awilda 1 holding cup, Thisbe 2; keels, 4 starters: Breeze 1, Altaire 2. Second class, centerboards, 2 starters: Em Ell Eye 1, Seraphine 2; keels, 3 starters: Monarch 1, Nydia 2.
29. Portland.—P.Y.C. challenge cup. Willie beats Millie.
29. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First class, no race in time. Second class, 10 starters: Wildfire 1. Third class, 4 starters: Elfin 1, Elsie 2.
29. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. Third championship. Second class, 4 starters: Alice L. 1, tieing Inez and Marguerite. Third class, 2 starters: A B C 1, tieing Imp and Annie.
29. Swampscott.—B.Y.C. One hundred and third race. Third championship. First class, 6 starters: Witch 1, Expert 2, Bessie takes pennant, tieing Expert and Atalanta. Second class, Spider w.o. Third class, 3 starters: Mirage 1, Psyche 2.
29. Monument Beach.—B.Y.C. One hundred and fourth race Open. First class, 13 starters: Surprise B.Y.C. 1; Alice, Galveston, 2; Myrtle, Mon. Beach, 3. Second class, 11 starters: Good Luck, Dighton, 1; Nellie W., Wareham, 2. Third class, 7 starters: Petrel B.Y.C. 1, Fannie B.Y.C. 2. Fourth class, 3 starters: Island Belle 1, Wideawake B.Y.C. 2.
29. Swampscott.—B.Y.C. One hundred and fifth race. First class, sail off for pennant, Atalanta beats Expert, Bessie did not start.
29. Toronto to Niagara.—Tor.Y.C., 7 starters: Oriole 1, Verve R.C.Y.C. 2.
29. Toronto.—Match: Meteor Tor.Y.C. beats Mischief Tor.Y.C.
31. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. 86th regatta, 1st open cup race. First class, 7 starters: Tartar leg for cup and club pennant, Second class, 7 starters: Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. leg for cup, Hornet club pennant.
—. Fon Du Lac.—Carrie Osh.Y.C. beats Hattie Osh.Y.C.

Sept. 1. Pawtuxet.—Cats. First class, 2 starters: race off, owing to error of judges. Second class, 6 starters: Alice 1, Ideal 2. Third class, 8 starters: Rarus 1, Zara 2. Sloops, first class, 5 starters: Lydia C. White 1, Peri N.B.Y.C. 2. Second class, 4 starters: Diamond 1, Myrtle 2.
1. Salem.—S.Bay Y.C. First championship. First class, 2 starters: Cygnet 1. Second class, 4 starters: Expert 1. Third class, 2 starters: Comus 1.
2. Bridgeport.—First class, — starters: Arrow, Stratford, 1. Second class, — starters: Americus 1. Third class, — starters: Reindeer 1
2. Marblehead.—Cor.Y.C. Second class centerboard sail off: Dash beats Delphine.
3. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. 89th open. First class, 8 starters: Queen Mab 1, tieing Tartar. Second class, 7 starters: Hornet B.Y.C. 1, tieing Flora Lee.
4. Oshkosh.—Osh.Y.C. Second class, 3 starters: Hattie 1, Carrie Morgan 2. Pinafore 3. Third class, 5 starters: Sylvia 1, Mary 2.
5. Larchmont.—Larch.Y C. Pennant race. Class IV.: Gannet beat Nora. Class V.: Minnie w.o. Class VIII., 5 starters: Fairy 1.
5. Monument Beach.—Sweepstakes for B.Y.C. cats. First class: Mattie beat Surprise. Second class, 4 starters: Petrel 1.
5. Wilmington.—N.C.Y.C. 4 starters: Vixen 1.
5. Lake Geneva.—7 starters: Whisper 1. Blossom 2, Ethel 3.
5. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. Cosgrove Cup; Gypsy 1.
6. Gloucester, Del.—"Tuckup" race. First class, 12 starters: Chas. Benton 1, Thos. Sparks 2, T. Ledyard 3. Second class, 6 starters: J. L. Noble 1, Amand AC. 2, Geo. Bosler 3.
7. Scotland Lightship.—20 miles to windward and back. First attempt to sail for America Cup. Race postponed for want of wind. Puritan well ahead.
8. Scotland Lightship.—Second attempt to race for America Cup. Puritan fouled Genesta before start. Race postponed.
8. New York.—A.Y.C. Class E pennant race. Romeyn beats Ideran.
9 San Francisco.—Pac.Y.C. Schooners, 5 starters: Nellie 1 and champion pennant. Sloops, 2 starters: Annie 1. Lurline takes cup for best time yet made over course.
11. Toronto.—R.C.Y.C. 3 starters: Aileen 1, taking Wales, Lorne and Anderson cups.
11. Scotland Lightship.—20 miles to windward and back. Third attempt to sail for America Cup. Race postponed for want of wind. Puritan far ahead.
12. Scotland Lightship.—Fourth attempt. No wind. Boats not started.
12. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. Race for Murray Cup and champion flag. 2 starters: Wenona 1.
12. West Lynn.—W.L.Y.C. Fourth championship. Second class. 2 starters: Marguerite 1, holding pennant. Third class, 2 starters: A B C 1, holding pennant.
12. Marblehead.—Cor Y.C. Fall race. Keels, first class, 3 starters: Bessie 1, Mavis 2, Second class, Thelga w.o. Third class, 4 starters: Carmita 1, Vera 2, Mona 3. Centerboards, first class, 2 starters: Atalanta 1. Second class: Expert w.o. Third class, 5 starters: Joker 1, Peri 2, Comus 3, Dash 4.
12. Mattapoisett.—First class, 7 starters: Surprise B.Y.C. 1, Quisset, Matta. 2. Second class, 5 starters: Zillah, Marion 1, Tantrum, Mon.Beach, 2. Third class, 5 starters: Mystic, Matta. 1, Spray, Matta. 2. Fourth class, 3 starters: J. T. Sampson 1, L. Bacon 2.
12. Quincy.—Q.Y.C. First class, 5 starters: Amy 1, Posy 2. Second class, 8 starters: Wildfire 1, winning championship; Tartar 2. Third class, 4 starters: Elsie 1, Mischief 2.
12. South Boston.—S.B.Y.C. Fifth championship race. First class keels, 4 starters: Breeze 1, Altaire 2; centerboards, 3 starters: Em El Eye 1, Thisbe 2. Second class keels, 4 starters: Nydia 1, Monarch 2. Prizes awarded as follows on an average of the 5 races. Special class: Nimbus 1, Violet 2, Keels, first class, Altaire 1, Breeze 2. Second class, Nydia 1, Monarch 2. Centerboards, Awilda 1, Em Ell Eye 2.
12. San Francisco, Mosquito race. First class, 5 starters: Rambler 1, Dawn 2. Second class, 4 starters; Thetis 1, Restless 2. Third class, 5 starters: Rose 1, L'Esperance 2. Fourth class, 2 starters: Sadie 1. Fifth class, Idlewild w.o.
14. Hull.—H.Y.C. Second Championship. First class, no starters. Second class, keels, 2 starters: L. F. Daly 1 tieing Banneret; centerboards, 2 starters: Atalanta 1 taking pennant. Third class, centerboards, 3 starters: Queen Mab 1 taking pennant; keels, 3 starters: Kitty 1 tieing Thelga. Fourth class, 3 starters: Amy 1 tieing Joker. Fifth class, 6 starters: Em Ell Eye 1 holding pennant. Sixth class, 2 starters: Mirage 1 tieing Elsie.
14. New York.—N.Y.Y.C. Course. First Race for America Cup. Wind light to moderate. Puritan E.Y.C. beats Genesta R.Y.S. 16m. 47s. actual time, 16m. 19s. corrected time.
15. Dorchester.—D.Y.C., open to B.Y.C. First class, no entries. Second class, 2 starters: Atalanta B.Y.C. 1. Third class, centerboards, Queen Mab D.Y.C. w.o., no prize awarded; keels, 3 starters: Kitty D.Y.C. 1, Gem B.Y.C. 2. Fourth class, 5 starters: Scamp D.Y.C. 1, Tartar D.Y.C. 2. Fifth class, 3 starters: Mirage B.Y.C. 1, Nora D.Y.C. 2.
16. Scotland Lightship.—Twenty miles to leeward and back, wind very strong. Second race for America Cup. Puritan E.Y.C. beats Genesta R.Y.S. 2m. 9s. actual time, 1m. 38s. corrected time.
17. Oak Point.—Harlem Y.C. First class: Peerless 1, Crescent 2. Second class: Nettie Thorpe w.o. Third class: Little Dean 1, Comet 1. Fourth class: Captain 1, Rambler 2.
18. Scotland Light.—N.Y.Y.C. Bennett and Douglass cups. Schooners, 3 starters: Grayling N.Y.Y.C. 1. Sloops and cutters, 7 starters: Genesta R.Y.S. 1. Sweepstakes between Athlon, Iris, Daphne and Clara: won by Clara N.Y.Y.C.
19. Lake Minnetonka.—Min.Y.C. 6 starters: Ida 1.
19. Oshkosh.—Osh.Y.C. Steam yacht handicap race, 5 starters: Albania 1. Annie made best time.
19. Nahant.—B.Y.C. Open to N.H.Y.R.A. First class, 10 starters: Atalanta B.Y.C. 1, Seabird H.Y.C. 2. Second class, 10 starters: Thisbe D.Y.C. 1, Zantho B.Y.C. 2. Third class, 5 starters: Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 1, Flirt Win.Y.C. 2.
19 Gloucester, Mass.—C.A.Y.C. 5 starters: Kittiwake 1.
19. Hull.—H.Y.C. Third championship. First class keels: Hera w.o. Second class keels, 2 starters: Banneret 1. Third class keels, 2 starters: Kitty 1. Fourth class, 2 starters: Amy 1. Sixth class: Elsie w.o. Winners all take pennants.
21 Bellevile.—Steam yacht match. Ometa beats Annie Gilbert.
21-23. Sandy Hook Light.—Round Brenton's Reef light and return. N.Y.Y.C. Bennett challenge cup: Genesta, R.Y.S., beats Dauntless, N.Y.Y.C.
24. Toledo.—Tol.Y.C. 3 starters: Kate Graham 1.
25 8. Sandy Hook light, round Cape May light and return. N.Y. Y.C. Bennett challenge cup. Genesta, R.Y.S., beat Dauntless. N.Y.Y.C.
26. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. and R.C.Y.C. Handicap. 7 starters: Oriole R.C.Y.C. 1.
26 East Boston Y.C.—Keels. 4 starters: Zetta 1, Judith 2. Centerboards, 5 starters: Seabird 1, Phallas 2
28. Mattapoisett.—Match: Atlanta B.Y.C. beats Myth B.Y.C.
28. Taunton.—Fifteen starters: First class, Ideal, Dighton 1. Surprise, Fall River 2. Hope, Fall River 3. Second class Florrie, Somerset 1. Bertha, Somerset 2. Romp, Fall River 3.
28. Newark.—Newark Y.C. Open race. Cabin sloops. 3 starters: Vixen, Newark Y. C. 1. Jib and mainsails, first class, 5 starters: Just Woke Up, Newark Y.C. 1. Second class, Maggie P., Newark Y.C. w.o. Cats, first class, 5 starters: Teaser, Oceanic Y.C. 1. Second class, 4 starters: Fleetwing 1.
30. New York.—K.Y.C. Open race. Cabin sloops, first class, 6 starters: Surf S.Y.C. 1, Second class, Lena K.Y.C. w.o Jib and mainsails, first class Lizzie R. K.Y.C. w.o. Second class, 2 starters: Rosetta A. K.Y.C. 1. Third class, 2 starters: Dandy K.Y.C. 1. Cats, first class, Hornet Larch. Y.C. 1. Second class, 2 starters: Bon Ton K.Y.C. 1. Third class, 3 starters: Vaddie K.Y.C. 1. Steam launches, 2 starters: Mystic K.Y.C. 1.
30. Lake City, Minn.—Three starters: Narragansett 1.

Oct. 3. Dorchester.—D.Y.C. Thirty-first Race. Open Cup Race. First class, 2 starters: Queen Mab D.Y.C. wins holding Cup. Second class, 3 starters: Flora Lee S.B.Y.C. 1 holding Cup.
7. New Haven.—N.H.Y.C. Class C, 3 starters: Wild Duck 1. Class D, 5 starters: Stranger 1. Class E, 2 starters: Alice 1.
8. Detroit.—Mich.Y.C. Pennant Race. Second class, 5 starters: Petrel 1 tieing Partridge. Third class, 3 starters: Nona 1 taking pennant. Fourth class: Flush 1.
10. Toronto.—Tor.Y.C. Third class Handicap, 8 starters: Mischief 1.
10. Oak Point.—Sweepstakes, 3 starters: Adele K.Y.C. 1.
10. Buffalo.—Buf.Y.C. 4 starters: Ripple 1, Edgar B. Jewett 2, Turk 3.
10. Newburyport.—Am.Y.C. First class, 4 starters: Torment 1, Vici 2. Second class, 3 starters: Banneret 1, J. S. Poyen, Jr., 2. Third class, 4 starters: White Cloud 1, Jumbo 2. Fourth class, 7 starters: Pert 1, Ivory Soap 2.
11. Jamaica Bay. Trembly Challenge Cup, 11 starters: Kate 1.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

1.

IT was blowing and it was cold. The air was raw. People had red noses and rubbed their hands with vim as I fought a passage up Broadway one dreary afternoon near the close of October. It was laborious, breasting the blasts uptown, for they sought the nethermost garments with a directness uncongenial to one only recently returned from the mild and balmy climes in the heart of the world's great tobacco belt. Corkscrewing along the pavements, turning first one side, then the other, to the chilly puffs, there was a sudden flash of light which caught my eye and riveted attention. Horrors! The gleam shot out from highly polished steel. Ugh, the mockery of that burnished metal as it turned about and drove forth dart upon dart of cold, unsympathetic sheen! It sent a shiver down my back.

It was a skate twirling in a shop window.

Up at a bound rose visions of ice and snow and inclement seasons, of slushy streets and hail and sleet, of clumsy coats and uncouth arctics, frozen ears, colds in the head, rheumatic twinges, and fretting life caged up six months in a stuffy office redolent with vitiated coal-gas atmosphere upon which the lungs were to feebly feed a constitution craving oxygen untainted and the robust expansion of exercise unfettered. Blinking snappishly at my shivering figure, that wretched skate seemed to enjoy the predicament: "What are you going to do about it?"

I must get out of this and I must get out in a hurry.

One more button tightened the coat about the throat, and with collar turned up fresh headway was made as I cogitated with myself and fouled the passers-by, absorbed in my reflections. Get out? Yes, but how? Railroad? No, I had enough of that kind of travel with thousands of miles to my credit cuffed and jolted in hurry and scurry, in dust and grime, all over the country from the East to the Rockies and back, from the North to the South, and several times diagonally across. In palace cars whirled through space over level oceans of prairie land. In narrow gauges, puffing, snorting up the mountain ranges, winding and twining about the brows of nature's rocky pyramids, whose heads pierced the cloud lands above. In brake vans slowly hobbling over the rude irons of "huckleberry" roads, backing and filling to pick up stray freights by the wayside. Railroads enough for me with sleepless nights, stiff limbs, tired backbone, experienced sandwiches and fossilized pie. Nor did travel by steamship offer inducements. Any man's money can buy a ticket and there was no special attraction in the damp, ill-smelling sheets and sea-sick surroundings. Bycicling calls for good roads, and these were wanting. Canoeing is good enough in its sphere, but life is too short, and besides the weather was unpropitious for snail-paced locomotion. Only one suitable means of quitting the country appeared to be left, and that appealed ardently to my fancy.

I concluded to sail my own boat. I would fit her out with all that was needful for a life of six months afloat, bid adieu to the inhospitable regions of the rigorous North and drive away with a flowing sheet, a light heart and a full larder, as inclination prompted. Hither and thither would I cruise in congenial waters, explore unknown grounds, tarry when and where I list, as events should unfold themselves. No rigid rules, no routine, no fixed plans to mar the ease of perfect freedom, no worry and fret about reaching a spot in appointed time, no concern about the date of turning home and nothing to mind but the management of yourself and your boat to the best interests of both. What I did, what I saw, what I found out, I would jot down in sundry letters to FOREST AND STREAM for the benefit of many who might profit by the information collected, and possibly some day follow the course undertaken.

The season was fast slipping by, and I must be up and doing. I had no boat. Where could I get one—just what I wanted? A nice little cutter or keel sloop, as a matter of course, and there ought to be plenty in the market. I would profit by mine enemies' own conceit. Since the Puritan "conclusively proved," etc., it would be the easiest thing in the world to pick up just what I had set my heart upon. Indeed cutters and keel yachts had no doubt so fallen in the good public's estimation that such boats would be freely given away, and glad to have any one take them for a gift. They would be thrown at me. Owners would beg me to relieve them of articles which the Puritan's races had presumably "boycotted" for all time in American waters. Their loss in confidence would be my gain. The customary channels of reaching the public were worked. In place of a bushel of letters only a few replies awaited my expectations. So-and-so had a cutter, but he liked her so much that he would not part for less than original cost. He sold only because he longed for another of the same kind, but larger. The next man was in the market, providing I would give him a bonus on first cost. He did not care to let his favorite go except as a profitable deal. No. 3 had another cutter, the particular one I had hoped for as a gift, but on the whole he did not think he would sell anyway. The Genesta had done well enough for him. Mr. Z. wrote to say that I might have jumped into possession of his little keel sloop before the international matches for very little money, but since he had seen the Genesta in "the races" he had concluded to adopt the cutter rig and his price would probably not suit me. But he had a friend who had a cutter, which, he thought, was willing to hand her over for a song. His friend said "go to blazes." That ended the category of cutters and keels in the market and I sat down disconsolate. Somehow owners of these sturdy little vessels were not in the least disgusted. The estimate placed upon able, little cruisers seemed to be quite exalted. Now, since Captain J. W. Saunders, of New York, has testified, in the *Herald*, Nov. 15, to the marvelous sailing powers of Genesta during her homeward passage, and added his conviction that in point of ability, dryness and speed in a heavy Atlantic swell, the modern cutter is without a peer, I suppose neither lucre nor the wiles of boating diplomacy would suffice to part owners and small keel craft. The barometer of expectations took a downward turn and I mapped out my plans were to end in snow and sleet for lack of a suitable vessel. The idea of a southern cruise had been all but abandoned. It grew colder day by day. Ha! What was that? A flash!

That skate again!

I must get out of this. It matters little how—go I must, if I have to go in a sandbagger or balance along on my eyebrows in a trap. Anything is better than nothing. To work again. And this time such an array of flatirons, with scaly clothespin rigs, such wretched boxes, flung together with tenpenny nails and putty! Scores of them! Your choice along the whole line, from the utterly wretched to the absolutely worthless. Never before did I realize the mass of trash that has been put afloat under the hallucination that inefficient style and shabbiness in build are the chief requisites of vessels meant for sport instead of trade. As though real service under canvas were not a *sine qua non* to all that float, regardless of their special spheres of usefulness. A had a 28ft. machine, flat as a sheet of paper, broad as she was long, "The finest seaboat of her length, sir." I thought I might call again. B pulled me out to a skipjack whose rail was all the freeboard she could boast. "Could go to windward in a heavy sea with the best of them." I was sorry, I wanted something that would run well. C skippered an uptown still. He took me for a mild youth from the country. He was whole-souled and "set them up," as the slang phrase has it, several times while he dilated upon the virtues of the Boomerang, strong, able, beat everything out of sight from Harlem to Gowanus and round to Hoboken. Knew she would fill the bill. Might pay for her right then and there. Look at her afterward. I went down town to get the money. D did not care whether I took her or not. She was good enough for him. Merely wanted to accommodate a nice young man. I started. He thought he might take less. I got to the door. He would almost give her away. Had I hesitated I might have had to take the thing for nothing, just to oblige him. E thought his lath and plaster contrivance would do. He was honest. She needed a new rig perhaps; would be better with a new keel; frame might be doubled up; board ought to be longer; fresh siding would not hurt her either; wanted more ballast; leaked a little, but never troubled him; just bailed her out with a cask. F kept his magnificent singlehand yacht, 35ft. long, habitually on the mud. The shrewd custom had grown on him, for the boat was sure not to sink at her moorings. G had a libel of some kind or other on a yacht. But why tire the reader with my fruitless search and endless wanderings looking for a boat which was really a boat and not its counterfeit presentment. Shoe leather, car fare and patience were exhausted. Disconsolately I twirled my thumbs, while my heart sank as I thought of that which might have been, of glorious bouts to windward in the lower Chesapeake, of sunshine, sparkling wavelets and westerly breezes, laden with the odor of the pine, while my trusty little craft turned in and out the reaches of Albemarle and Pimlico; of the maze of silvery streaks which thread their way twixt waving reeds and tassling rushes of the isles which fringe the lower coast.

Then a friend dropped in.

"I have found a boat."

"Indeed! a real boat?"

"Yes."

"Can she float?"

"Yes"

"Is she nailed or glued?"

"Nailed."

"Got a rig on her?"

"A very fair rig."

"And a model that won't make you sick to look at?"

"A very good model for one of her kind."

"Oh, pray what kind?"

"Not exactly your kind, but a first-rate South Bay cat."

"And she won't blow over in a breath?"

"She is quite stiff."

"And she is not so eternally fast that her plank has been worn thin on the bottom?"

"No, but she is a good sailer for all that."

"And she does not leak faster than it will run out through the seams?"

"No, she is tight as a bottle."

Then I thought of that skate.

"That boat is mine."

She proved to possess all the virtues enumerated, and others besides. She was truly a good boat—of her kind. As for the kind, I had been brought to that submissive frame of mind through disappointment, that any kind at all was welcome enough, and I accepted the South Bay cat for better or for worse, hoping that a small sail and diligent attention to the sheet, with conservative views as to the weather, would see me safely through the long voyage in strange waters I contemplated. Thus it was that I fell in with the centerboard catboat "Coot," of fair fame, though not quite as young as she used to be in ages whereof yachting memory runneth not to the contrary.

The Coot posed well on the water. She was shapely, more so than a dozen other boats of similar origin anchored near. She was rough and neglected for reasons best understood by a fair lady who was soon to change her name. Coot rejoiced in a nice easy bow, sharp, but not cut away at the expense of good bearings. She had a plump, roundish middle of good length and a clean run, well tucked up into an overhanging counter. The sheer was graceful and quite moderate. This gave enough side without being topheavy. The bilge was low and full, but easy, so that stiffness might be expected, while internal capacity was enlarged. The quarters were light and the sweep of the sheerplank a fair curve from stem to stern. The gripe was cut away, while a strong drag gave a draft of 28in. at the sternpost, which had a slight rake. The cockpit was square aft, the forward half being housed in with a light summer cabin having canvas sides after the usual fashion. The Coot had a mean length of 21ft. 3in. by common repute, which made her about 20ft. on waterline, and a beam of 8ft. 6in., rather uncongenial proportions, but for the clean way in which her model had been cut. As a result, there was considerable floor on each side of the centerboard casing, which, if roofed over with a permanent cabin trunk, would afford very reasonable accommodations for one or two hands and their traps, the wings being utilized

for stowage. With this and a general overhaul the boat could be turned into a very fair yacht, more suitable to my purpose than anything else which had come under notice. Hence the owner was hooked up, a transfer made, and the renovation begun.

As plans of the Coot and her arrangements will appear later on a description in detail may be postponed until then. C. P. K.

LAKE ONTARIO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As your records will show, the Bay of Quinte Y. C. has maintained its position this year, its representatives having carried all before them except in two instances. In a few days all will be in winter quarters, the big ones having been stripped and the Norah and Dauntless having had their spars taken out.

Our little fleet has been diminished in numbers by the sale by Com. Roy of the Gracie. Mr. Roy was one of our most enthusiastic racing men, but he had not met with much success during the last few years, and probably grew weary of playing second fiddle. It is to be hoped that he will again figure in the list of racers next year, and that he may have a craft which will be second to none. The next event to which yachtsmen look forward is the annual meeting of the L. Y. R. A., which is to be held in Oswego.

The very able letters of Mr. Kunhardt on the subject of the races for the America's Cup, have given great satisfaction here. I had the pleasure of seeing the first and second failures in the series—on Sept. 7 and 11—and the first portion of the race over the inside course, and can indorse every word of what he says with regard to them. More outrageous treatment than the Genesta received after the Puritan drew ahead of her under Staten Island, favored as the latter was by the marvellous luck which stuck to her, as far as my observation went, I never saw. It is to be hoped that the next challenger will pursue different tactics and endeavor to start ahead. In such case only will the steamboat men allow the Britisher a clear course. The New York Y. C. are perfectly clear of blame in the matter, but if they can devise means of keeping the steamers out of the way they will add to the excellent reputation which they have fairly earned since they decided to rely on a single champion against the challenger.

PORT TACK.

BELLEVILLE, Ont.

THE TORONTO SKIFF SAILING CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This club, which was first organized by Mr. E. Macrae and Mr. H. S. Hall, on the 19th day of February of this year, has grown so fast that it has far exceeded the anticipation of those most interested in it. Our club house, which is on Mr. Hick's property, at the foot of York street, was commenced about the 20th of March, and we were in it on the 20th of June, on which day we held a formal opening and "at home," under the auspices of the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Robinson, and from which date we may be said to have been fairly installed in our quarters.

Our spring and fall races were particularly successful. We divide the skiffs into classes, and, therefore, have three sets of races both in the spring and fall. Among the winners in the different classes may be mentioned Mr. Bath's Psyche, and Dr. Riordan's Shamrock in the special class; Mr. Macrae's Eva in the first class, also Mr. Hime's Comet in first class. The second class skiffs, from 16ft. 6in. in length down, includes several boats. Mr. Howard's Arrow, Mr. Geo. Goodersham's Zip, and Mr. Hall's Truant being the principal ones.

The committee decided to hold an open race on the 3d of October, at which we had twenty-four entries and was one of the prettiest sights that have been seen on this bay, as we had large skiffs and small ones; also, seven or eight entries from the Toronto C. C.

All boats carried numbers on the starboard side of mainsails, and you can imagine the interest that would be taken in it.

The winners were: First, Psyche, owned by P. A. Bath and sailed by G. E. Macrae; second, Zip, owned and sailed by George Goodersham, Jr.; and third, Vectus, owned and sailed by O. Martin.

During the summer months we had impromptu dances, some of them in boating costumes, which were very enjoyable and which went a long way to keep the members together. H.

BEAM AND LEAD.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Against my wish I once more address you, hoping thereby to undeceive any young yachtsman who, influenced by your paper, may attempt to build a speedy yacht. My idea of speed in yachts, and which has been demonstrated by many years of practice and trial, is small displacement, in other words, the opposite of the cutter theory. Regarding the Crocodile the fact is she has less keel than before. She will sail next season with one and one half tons less displacement than last season, and consequently draw 2½ins. less water. If she be improved in speed it will not be the reason of a lead in "Whose Waterloo" is about equal to his argument some time since in which so much ink was wasted to prove the schooner Montauk 26×93ft. a narrow vessel. I see you prophecy that Mr. Lawton's new sloop will outsail her class. So did the *Herald* and *World* newspapers before you. Easy, Elsworth, plenty of beam, small displacement, and not the lead upon bottom will do it. Had not "M.," your correspondent, better first find out who Vindex is before giving his authorities. I take Vindex instead of being angry and young, to be quite middle-aged, the hero of much science, many races, many disappointments, and consequently soured.—CORINTHIAN. [If "Corinthian" has followed our arguments for some years past, he must be aware that we have never contended that light displacement was incompatible with speed—but only that heavy displacement was capable of as great speed under average conditions. Speed may be obtained in a properly modeled boat, on almost any dimensions or displacement. The question is, which of the other desirable ends are obtainable at the same time.]

PAINT VS. "TAR."—A very amusing suit was lately decided in the Kings County Supreme Court, the defendant being Mr. Herman Oelrichs, owner of the racing yacht Hildegarde, and the plaintiff being Mr. Franklyn Bassford, a rising young marine artist, whose works we have commented upon favorably on several occasions. The latter claims that Mr. Oelrichs employed him to paint a portrait of his yacht, 36 by 42in., for which he was to pay $500. On completion of the picture Mr. Oelrichs refused to receive it or to pay for it, claiming that it was not a likeness of Hildegarde, and that the drawing was faulty. The picture in question was on an easel in the courtroom. The specific points of the defense were that the picture was not delivered on time, that the part forward of the chains had a list to port, while the after portion was on an even keel, and that it did not resemble the yacht at all. A part of Mr. Oelrichs's criticism was as follows: "The gentleman on the bowsprit weeping, and the other gentleman trying to console him, both in skating costume, with red turbans or fur caps on, have no business on a bowsprit handling a jib 45ft. on the foot of No. 4 duck. It needs sailor men." Mr. Bassford was examined as to his knowledge of seamanship, navigation, astronomy, rule of three, splicing and knotting, and kindred arts and sciences, in all of which he proved remarkably proficient. A number of ancient tars, including Mr. Robert Centre, formerly owner of the cutter Vindex; Mr. J. Frederic Tams, owner of the sloop Pocahontas; Mr. Dodge, of the sloop Chester; Mr. William Kreis, Mr. C. H. Stebbins, and others, were examined as to the technical and artistic points of the picture. The jury finally handed in a sealed verdict in favor of Mr. Bassford. This gentleman presents his side of the case as follows: "When Mr. Oelrichs declared the picture unsatisfactory, although, as many of my witnesses testified, it was at that time a good portrait of the Hildegard, I offered to alter it to meet his views. He stated his objections, and I did so alter it in accordance with them, and when, after weeks of waiting, I merely asked him to look at it, he positively refused, and never saw the picture until he came in court. Had he looked at it and even expressed further objections I should have altered it again and again until I had met every criticism he could have brought against it. Could any one do more?"

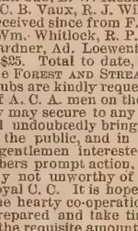
YACHTING NOTES.—The sharpie Tarpon on her way to Florida twisted off her rudderhead when off the mouth of the Rappahannock River on Nov. 16, and put into Cricket Hill for repairs.... Loiterer.—This schooner, lately wrecked on the coast of Japan, was built in New York from a design by Nelson Spratt and taken to China in sections, being put together at Hong Kong. Her owner was Com. John Heard, of the Eastern Y. C. The Loiterer was 60ft. 5in. over all, 55ft. waterline, 16ft. beam, 6ft. 6in. depth of hold and 7ft. 9in. draft. At the time of her wreck she was chartered by Dr. C. G. Weld, of Boston.... Sans Peur, steam yacht, with her owner, the Duke of Sunderland, on board, left Southampton on Nov. 6 for a cruise to the West Indies, and will also visit the United States next spring or late in the winter.... Marchesa, steam yacht, with Earl Dudley on board, arrived at Montevideo on Nov. 4.... Nirvana, schooner, better known as the old sloop Julia, has been sold by Mr. E. M. Brown to Gen. H. W. Perkins, who will cruise in her to Nassau and perhaps Cuba.... Magnolia, steam yacht, Mr. Fairman Rogers, passed through Staten Island Sound on Nov. 21, bound for Florida via the canals.... Radha, steam yacht, is still in the East River. She has been docked and painted and is nearly ready for her Southern cruise.... Polynia, steam yacht, will be lengthened twenty feet at Newburg, where she was built.... Wood Bros., of East Boston, will build a sloop for a New York owner this winter. She will be 50ft. on deck, 44ft. waterline, 15ft. beam, 6ft. 6in. depth of hold and 6ft. draft.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, raaps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

MR. WM. WHITLOCK, as chairman of the committee appointed at the meeting of Nov. 7, begs to acknowledge subscriptions of one dollar each as follows: Thos. Commodore Parmele, $19, subscribed by F. F. Andrews, E. B. Edwards, S. G. Fairtlough, R. W. Gibson, Jas. W. Higgins, Wm. Hindhaugh, J. B. McMurrich, C. A. Neide, R. S. Oliver, F. S. Rathbun, B. W. Richards, G. M. Roger, J. H. Rushton, W. P. Stephens, C. B. Vaux, R. J. Wilkin, J. C. Wilson, J. T. Mott, Geo. L. Parmele. Received since from F. A. Renton, Jr., Henry Stanton, Edwin Fowler, Wm. Whitlock, R. P. Martin, L. W. Seavey, Arthur Brentano, A. J. Gardner, Ad. Loewenthal, E. W. Brown, $10. By Guenn—Sharpie race, $25. Total to date, $54. All contributions will be acknowledged in the FOREST AND STREAM and the *Canoeist* as received. Secretaries of clubs are kindly requested to bring the above resolutions to the notice of A. C. A. men on their roll, and to forward such suscriptions as they may receive to any of the committee. As an international race will undoubtedly bring the sport of canoeing very prominently before the public, and in all probability largely increase the number of gentlemen interested in it, this committee urge on all A. C. A. members prompt action, that it may take early steps to procure a trophy not unworthy of comparison with that annually offered by the Royal C. C. It is hoped to secure about $300. To do this will require the hearty co-operation of all without delay, as designs have to be prepared and take time to carry out, while nothing can be done until the requisite amount is assured.

CANOE COMPLICATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think "Brass Cleat" is a little rough on the poor novices. He can hardly blame them for adopting the so-called "improvements" that have been brought out by old canoeists. I don't think that novices are responsible for the introduction of cam cleats, clutch tillers, drop rudders and many other fandangles that ornament the modern canoe; but I have noticed that after a visit to the A. C. A. meet the poor novice would come home with his head full of these things and straightway must have them on his canoe. Still, I would not advise the novice to stay away from the meet on that account. "Brass Cleat" cannot reconcile my assertion "that it requires constant practice to handle large areas of sail," etc., with the one "that it requires as good seamanship to win a race with a small area of sail as with a large one;" but it is not very difficult to do so.

It must be acknowledged that it requires a little seamanship to sail a 5-ton sloop, and the helmsman would look slightly ridiculous if he hung out to windward when she heeled over (although a canoeist would probably do it from instinct). It also requires seamanship to sail a canoe under moderate sail; if a man does not trim his sails properly, steer his boat correctly, pay proper attention to tides and currents, and slants of wind, the man that does do all this will win the race. Climbing out to windward can scarcely be called seamanship, but still it requires practice to do it successfully, and when it is done the boat is driven by an excess of force rather than by skill in sailing. It is simply the same practice of using shifting ballast that has been so strongly condemned in the yachting columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and puts the canoe in the same category as the shoal sandbagger and the hiker. "Brass Cleat" says that the racers do not carry such large spreads, where does he put Tramp, Guenn and Pearl, which, as I understand, all carry considerably over 100 sq. ft. If the racer limit their area to 85ft. it will be better, but even that is too large, 75ft. would be plenty. "Brass Cleat's" advice to novices in the matter of canoes is sound, and I can indorse it from experience, as I have used canoes long before a canoe club was thought of in this country. I hope to see him at the next A. C. A. meet and talk the matter over personally. SPIKE.

HOW BIRCH CANOES ARE BUILT.—The canoe has become so popular among sportsmen and tourists that the building of this light and graceful craft has grown to be an important industry in Maine, especially on the Penobscot River. Jack Darling, of Lowell, a famous hunter and guide, and an adept at building the birchen craft, says that when all the work of getting the materials from the woods and putting them in proper shape is considered, $35 is not a big price for a canoe. Time was when the big birch trees were to be found near by, and clear straight cedar was at hand in plenty, so that the materials for a canoe were easily obtained. Nowadays the birches are from fifty to one hundred miles from the up-river towns, and two suitable trees are seldom found within sight of each other, while the cedar is also distant. All bark for canoes comes from the white birch's outer coating, the inner side of which in winter has a reddish-brown coat, while in summer it is smooth and yellow. The winter bark is preferred, because it is tougher, and because of the opportunity afforded by its brown coat for tracing various designs with a knife. The canoe builder fells a white birch, which is at least one foot in diameter 18ft. from the butt, allowing it to fall across some small logs to keep it from the ground, and then strips off the outer bark. The bark is hard to handle, curling up in eccentric coils, and must be warmed or toasted over a fire before it can be straightened out and rolled up properly. The bark and a lot of clear, straight cedar are carried from the woods to the building yard in canoes or boats. At the yard stakes are driven into the ground in the shape of a canoe, and the bark, after more toasting, is fitted to this frame. Next the gunwales, strips of spruce and cedar, are shaved out and fastened to the top side of the bark with copper nails. Then the whole inside of the bark is lined with lengthwise strips of cedar and over these about fifty transverse timbers of the same material are sprung in, their ends being secured under the gunwales. All cuts made in bringing the bark to the required shape are sewed up with strips of cane and gummed over with a mixture of gum and rosin. Ash thwarts, very narrow, are fitted, and strips of tough canvas are glued over the lap of the bark at each sharp end, and the canoe is done. With two smoothly shaved, wide-bladed paddles of poplar, maple or ash, she is ready for service. If the canoe is intended for deep water, where there is a sea, she is fashioned deep; if for small lakes and trout streams she is shallow. Nearly every Indian tribe has a model of its own and the white men use entirely different forms. A good canoe of the ordinary length—15ft.—will carry four men safely if properly managed. The only tools used by white man or Indian in making the graceful birch are a knife with curved blade, an awl, a drawshave and a hammer. The Indian often has only the knife. The red man is not so neat a builder as many white men are, but he navigates a canoe with greater skill. It comes natural to the Indian—even a fat squaw paddles with dexterity. About ten years ago canvas was introduced as a substitute for bark for covering canoes, and many cloth canoes have been built in this vicinity since. The duck craft is covered with a thick coat of paint to make it watertight and is lighter, while fully as cheap as birch, but not so symmetrical. Birch will never be displaced by canvas, for it bends in prettier forms.—*New York Sun.*

A RIG FOR SMALL CRUISERS.

WITHIN ten years the whole character of American water sports has changed greatly, presenting to-day a totally different aspect from that of 1875. Two features of this change are specially noticeable, as they both have had a great influence on the development of our pleasure navy. One of these is the great decadence in shell rowing, a sport that reached its climax among amateurs in 1875 and professionals a little later, but that since has lost greatly in caste and popularity in both branches. Of course a few large colleges still keep up the eights, but shell rowing, both in private clubs and among our colleges, has fallen greatly from the place it once held; while among professionals it is in still worse repute. The other and more promising feature in our boating and yachting is the introduction of a large class of small pleasure boats that offer much more to a man than either shell boat rowing or the ordinary sand bag racing and sailing, that only a few years since was the only form of "yachting" open to men of limited means. The shell, or at best a gig or wherry, were the only rowing boats, and similarly the ordinary shoal centerboard cat-rigged craft was really the only sailing boat in general use until a comparatively recent period.

As the idea of cruising developed among boating men the existing boats were pressed into use, for want of something better. The first cruise of the early canoeists who afterward formed the New York Canoe Club was made in a "Whitehall" boat, up the Hudson to Albany and Troy; in 1877 a Brooklyn oarsman made a cruise from New York along the New England coast to Portland, Me., in a narrow decked wherry, and even the single shell has been pressed into similar service; but all of these craft were unfitted for such work. In a like manner the catboat was used for cruising and living on board, an end for which she was in every way unfitted.

The want of suitable boats kept many men of leisure and aquatic tastes from cruising, and hindered the development of this most charming sport, but the general circulation of Mr. MacGregor's books, more than any other cause, turned attention to cruising and cruising boats. First came the canoe, whose wonderful growth in popular favor is a sufficient reason for its existence and also for its encouragement; but it is too small a boat for many, who are still unsatisfied with the catboat. Various local craft, such as the sneak-box and New Haven sharpie, were made to do duty as cruisers, until, as the subject gained in importance, boats were specially designed for cruising work in all its varieties, and to suit men of all tastes and circumstances. Even now this class of boats is still in its infancy, its growth and development has just begun, but in place of the old shell, rowboat and catboat of a decade since, we can muster a fine fleet of cruisers, from the little Rob Roy canoe of wood or canvas to the larger class of canoes proper, then the coasting canoes and "canoe yawls" so called, then the improved sneakbox and sharpie, the small safe sloop, either keel or centerboard, up to the narrow yawl of 25ft. or so, such as the Boston Fad or the Molly, of Lake Ontario.

Ranging in cost from $50 to $1,000, in capacity from one to three or four, in draft from four inches to five feet by all gradations, suiting them to all waters; and in accommodations, from a tent and blanket at night to a snug cabin with stove and berths for two or three; but all of honest model and within the power of one man to handle; our progress in this direction is something to be proud of and augurs well for the future of the noblest and manliest of our outdoor sports. It is not and never can be followed for mere gain, it cannot be corrupted by the betting and evil practices that have debased shell rowing, it does not derive its attractions from the merely brutal pleasure of killing something, while it gives full scope to the best development of the physical and mental powers. Each year sees more cruises and more and better boats of all sizes and descriptions, as the subject is more carefully investigated.

One of the most interesting boats of the class is the "canoe yawl," an enlarged canoe that is known to many of our readers through the medium of Mr. Speed's little book, "Cruises in Small Yachts and Large Canoes," which we have noticed before. The author writes us under date of Nov. 4: "I have been cruising in the Viper since June, and came up Chichester Harbor on Monday last and will lay up at a village named Bosham, hauling her up. She has been and is the most satisfactory little vessel I ever came across, and is now as sound as ever and equal to the day on which she was launched. I have in hand a new boat, the Lizard, built at Inman's yard at Lymington for a friend in the Isle of Man, which has proved very satisfactory. She is 20ft. 10in. by 5ft. 8in. beam, with 17cwt. of lead outside and 4cwt. inside, with the same lines as Viper but a little more rise of floor and finer ends, which I think a mistake, and also more sheer: otherwise she is a sister boat. Such boats as these are easy to work with but one hand, one can live in them comfortably, they are safe and uncapsizable and not costly to keep up; in fact, absurdly inexpensive. Should I build another for myself I should make her a size larger still, but not going beyond a single hand's power to work easily. A very capable boat might be, say, 25ft. by 6ft. 2in., with other dimensions in same proportion."

The sail plan shown above is that of a similar boat 18ft. 4 in.×5ft., the lines of which, taken from the *Field*, were published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 6, 1884. The boat in question was built from these lines for Mr. Edward Burgess, of Boston, by Lawley & Son, and Mr. Burgess rigged her as shown, instead of as a lugger, the rig of the original. The dimensions are as follows:

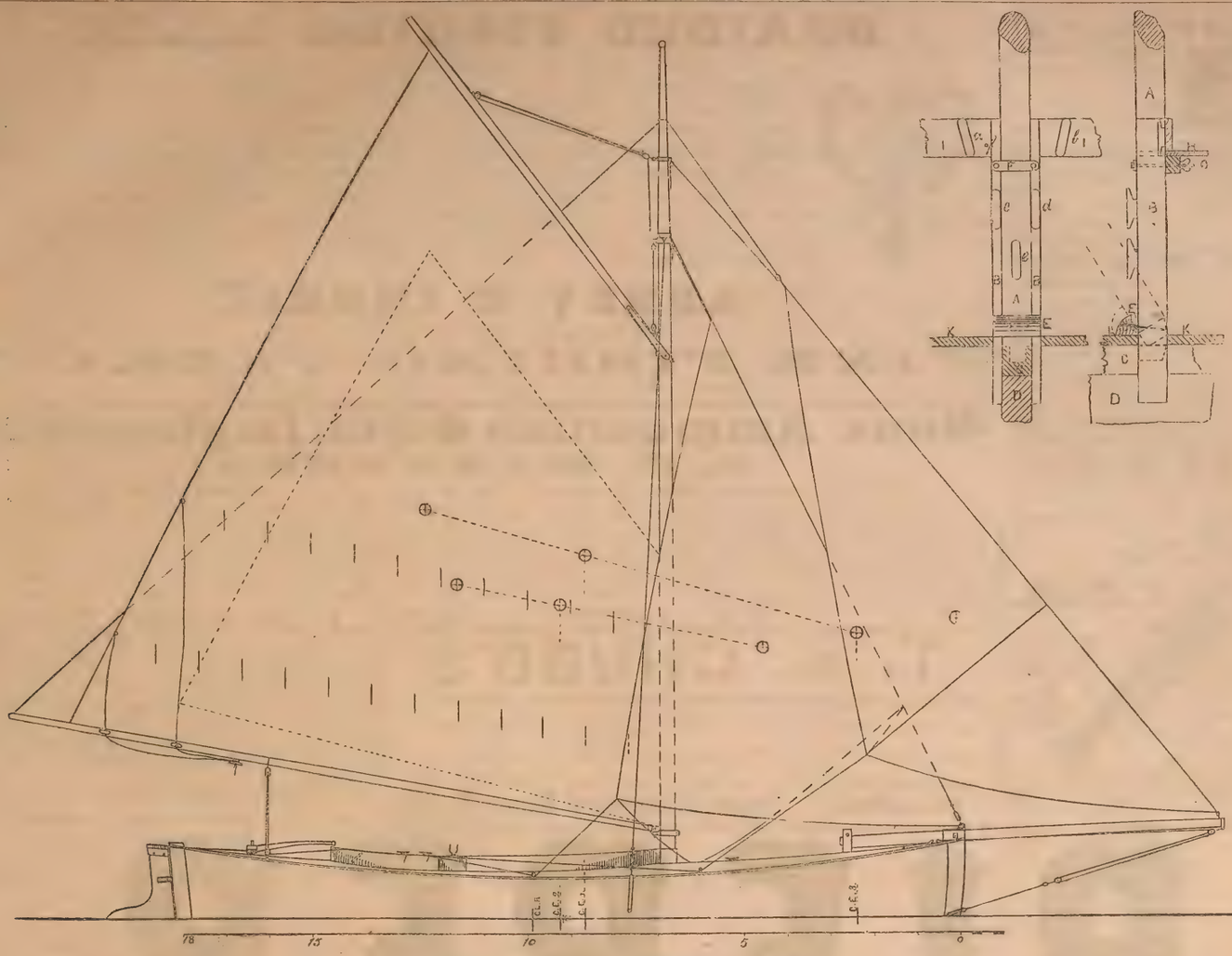
Length on deck	18ft. 4in.
Beam	5ft.
Draft	2ft. 2in.
Freeboard	1ft.
Cockpit	7ft. 6in×4ft
Lead keel	850 pounds.
Ballast inside, iron	250 pounds.
Planking	¾in.
Mast, from fore side of stem	6ft. 10in.
Mast, deck to hounds	14ft. 3in.
Mast, deck to truck	18ft. 9in.
Mast, diameter at deck	4in.
Bowsprit, outboard	6ft.
Bowsprit, diameter at stem	3in.
Bowsprit, diameter at end	2in.
Mainboom	15ft.
Mainboom, diameter	2½in.
Gaff (oval, 2¼x1½in.)	9ft. 6in.
Center of lateral resistance aft center of loadline	10in.
Center of effort forward of center of loadline	5in.
Center of effort above loadline	6ft. 4in.

SAIL AREA.

	Foot.	Luff.	Leech.	Head.	Area.
Mainsail	13.9	11.0	17.8	8.9	150 sq.ft.
Staysail	8.2	13.0	11.3	...	48 sq.ft.
Jib	8.0	15.8	11.0	...	45 sq.ft.
Total sail area					233 sq.ft.
Area of reefed mainsail					80 sq.ft.

With the above amount of ballast the draft is a little less than 26in., out in cruising the crew and stores would bring her to her load line. The center of effort of reefed mainsail and whole staysail is shown at C. E. 2, and of the two headsails at C. E. 3. Many will object to the double rig, but in practice it is found to work excellently, being very easily handled. The three small sails are easily set by a boy and the headsail sheets, leading to the rail as shown, may be reached from the tiller. In tacking they are readily got down with one hand without leaving the stick. The jib is set flying, the outhaul being an endless line, with a snaphook spliced in. The hook is snapped to the jib tack, the sail partly hoisted and hauled out. When not in use it is stowed in a bag instead of being furled on the bowsprit. No jibstay being needed the bowsprit is fitted with a tackle on the bobstay and is easily housed entirely, which is sometimes a great convenience in running into odd places as such small boats constantly do. The convenience of the device on the boat in question was practically shown this summer, where, starting from beside a float in a very strong tideway, a lull in the light breeze stopped all steerageway, and before an oar could be got out, threw the boat between two piles. She held for a moment, jammed by the tide, but before she had slipped so far astern as to strike the bowsprit, in which case it must inevitably have carried away, the jib tack and bobstay fall were cast off, bowsprit run in, the boat swung clear, the stick went out, and fall and tack were made fast, a pull on the jib halliards, and all was right again. The fittings are very simple, a gammon iron bolted to port side of stemhead, a sampson post of 2x6in. oak plank with a 3¼in. hole bored through for the heel of the round bowsprit, a fid of ½in. round iron, and two small iron blocks for the bobstay tackle, one hooking into a wire rope bobstay.

In some cases a tabernacle and lowering mast are desirable, and with a forestay both are easily fitted. The tabernacle is made of two pieces, B B, of oak 1¼x4in., stepped in the keel D, and coming to the coaming I I. The mast is stepped in the block C under the floor K, and is held by the forestay and two shrouds, all fitted with turnbuckles. A bar F of 1¼x¼in. iron is bolted to the tabernacle's sides, one bolt G being fitted with a thumb nut, while the bar is slotted on the starboard side to slip over the neck of the bolt, turning on the port bolt. When G is loosened the bar may be turned over out of the way, and the mast lowered. To avoid cutting away the floor for a distance aft of the mast, a block of oak E is bolted to the heel of the latter, on the after side. When the mast is lowered the block turns on the edge L, lifting the mast out of the step as it falls aft. In lower rig, the halliards are stopped to the mast out of the way, the jib halliard is carried forward and hooked to stem head, the bar F is swung back and the mast is lowered by the jib halliard. The shrouds and



SAIL PLAN FOR A SMALL CRUISER.

also the parrel on the gaff must both be slackened. One man can readily lower and hoist the mast for bridges, etc.

The leads of the various lines are as follows: Throat halliards to cleat *d* on starboard side, peak to cleat *b* on same side so that both can be reached at the same time; staysail halliards on cleat *c*, jib on cleat *a*, topping lift on cleat *e* on mast, staysail downhaul knotted in hole in coaming at *f*. The mainsail is thus set from the starboard and the head sails from the port side of boom, and the downhaul is handy to the staysail halliard. All are easily reached by leaving the tiller for only a moment, and one man can manage all lines. The boat has airtanks in each end, a large cuddy forward, and seats in the cockpit. For cruising the seats would fold out, making a bed for two or even three (4×7ft.), while a tent would be pitched over the boom. The yawl rig would answer well for such a boat, but the present one has proved very satisfactory for singlehanded sailing and cruising. Apropos of these boats it may be mentioned that Mr. MacWhirter, formerly of Erith, who built both of Mr. Speed's boats, is now settled at West Brighton, Staten Island, where he is engaged in yacht building.

WIDE OR NARROW CANOES.—Roslyn, L. I., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been for some years a member of the A. C. A., and taking a passive, if not active, interest in canoeing, I would like to ask a question or two and make a suggestion or so on the question of beam. Many prominent canoeists have long since deserted the canoe for cruising under sail, and have adopted square stern boats simply because the canoe, as at present limited in width, is neither safe, handy nor comfortable for sailing purposes; in short, is about as cranky and dangerous a combination of complications as could well be devised for capsizing. It is time that a note of warning should be sounded, which, if not heeded, will result in debasing legitimate canoe sailing from its enviable distinctiveness to a sort of mongrel sport, without name or position. What possible objection can be made to such an increase of beam as will render the canoe serviceable, as an honest and speedy little sailing craft, quite capable of thrashing the over-estimated sneakbox to windward or free? In view of the above named considerations, I would suggest that about the following proportions be embodied for improving the sailing canoe: Say, length over all, 15ft.; beam, 42 to 48in.; draft of water, 6in. Of course she must be sharp at both ends, not an ounce of ballast should be permitted in racing, and her centerboard ought not to exceed 30 pounds in weight. There is no difficulty in designing such a boat, absolutely unsinkable without necessity of tanks, light enough for one man to easily haul out of water, and with steering qualities which will render her as sure and quick in coming about as the sharpie. In order to admit her legitimately into the A. C. A. for racing purposes, it would be well to make two distinct classes of sailing canoes. One class embracing those under 36in. beam, the other including those between 36 and 48in.—THOMAS CLAPHAM.

REFORMS IN BRITISH CANOEING.—Mr. W. Baden-Powell writes us that he will present at the general meeting of the Royal C. C., a resolution for the adoption of the rules of the American Canoe Association, together with a limit of sail area, an allowance of water ballast in cruising trim races, the establishment of a senior class, on Mr. Gibson's plan, the members to take no club prizes, but a silk flag for each race won with any extra prizes. He will also move to abolish deck flaps, on the grounds that they are detrimental in a cruiser and racer. Mr. Powell will cut down his 80-lb. board to the A. C. A. limit. His proposed limit of sail area is 100 and 25ft. for main and mizzen in first class and half as much, 62ft., for spinnaker. Cruising class, 75ft. total, with 38ft. spinnaker.

SIMPLICITY AND EQUITY.—One of the neatest, simplest and most attractive policy contracts now issued by an insurance company is the new Accident Policy of the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. Those who have any acquaintance at all with insurance business, or the men engaged in it, know that the complexity and volume of conditions on policies is not due to the wishes of those who issue them; that a company would far rather issue a policy with no conditions at all, and that the multiplied provisions and restrictions on their policies have been gradually forced on them by the dishonesty of policy-holders and the monstrously strained decisions of the courts. THE TRAVELERS has been an unusually severe sufferer from this cause, but they have at last determined to make a brave trial, and deserve equity if they cannot receive it. Their new policy is a model of brevity and compactness, the conditions being cut down to not much more than a third of their former volume, and stated in admirably clear and lucid language. The most unlettered man could not hesitate for an instant over the meaning of its concise, emphatic and even curt sentences, and it would seem that even a court could hardly find ambiguity in them. They are also very broad and fair; and the fact that the company refuses to pay for injuries received through violation of law, or in blood-feuds or drunken fights, should only make honest men feel all the more certain of receiving their just claims.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

T. B.—See advertisement of the article elsewhere.

G. L. O., Jr., Boston.—We cannot tell you what is the cause of the change in color of hair.

J. W. H., Owingsville, Ky.—Does the new, plain, edition of "Sport with Gun and Rod," advertised in Sportsman's Library column at $5, contain the same matter and illustrations as the finer edition? Ans. Yes.

N. L., Paterson, N. J.—Please give me the dimensions of a hand grasp for a single-handed fly-rod. Ans. From one inch to one and an eighth, the smaller preferred.

BARCKLAND, Silver City, Utah.—Please give me the name of the duck of which I inclose the head herewith? Ans. The head is that of a red-breasted merganser (*Mergus serrator*), also called "sheldrake," "fish duck," etc.

SPARROW PIE.

THE *St. James Gazette*, with no kindly feeling toward the sparrow, discourses thus: Many things are necessary for a sparrow pie; and the chief of these is first to catch your sparrows. The sparrow likes best the neighborhood of rick yards; and the artfulness and dexterity with which he will hang by his feet, throw the whole weight of his little body on to an ear of wheat, and carry it off, is one of the things that are rarely observed though they are well worth observing. Naturally they are as unpopular with the farmer as is the barn rat; and the sparrow catcher, like the rat catcher, comes from the town to exterminate him—being paid, like the wolf catcher of old times, by the number of heads delivered. Sparrows are much too artful for any trap. It is almost idle to set nooses or lay clap nets for these birds. The sparrow catcher's method is known as bat-fowling. For bat-fowling four sportsmen are the proper number. One of these carries a long stick, with which he beats the ivy or the sides of the rick and so starts the game. The second bears a lantern at the end of a pole, toward the light of which the birds fly when suddenly aroused from sleep. The other two hold, and rattle close against the roosting haunt of the birds a wide-mouthed net, made like a shrimping net but considerably larger; and into this the sparrows dash, bewildered by the noise and dazzled by the light. Sparrow catchers need no license, their gear is cheap, and sparrows in good condition command a very fair price. As the sparrow catcher is paid by the head, or rather the dozen of heads, you will never find the head of a sparrow in a town pudding.

When the sparrow reaches the London market guile commences. His head is gone already; his feet are now removed, and he does duty for the lark at many a London restaurant and hotel (indeed in the best of these the lark makes his appearance on your plate with his feet on, so that the long claws may establish his identity). Were we willing to call things by their right names, this deception would be unnecessary. A corn-fed sparrow differs as widely from an insectivorous lark as does a Norfolk turkey from a Scotch capercailzie. Each is excellent in its way; but they no more resemble each other than does the genuine red venison the park-fed fallow deer. Those who have merely looked at the vignettes in Yarrell can distinguish in a moment between the breastbone of the lark and that of the sparrow. Some sceptics declare that boned larks served as alouettes en caisse are nine times out of ten simply sparrows, the whiteness of whose flesh is concealed by highly colored gravy.

But there are other ways of cooking a sparrow than to boil them with beefsteak under crust; and in every way he repays the trouble of the cook. Roll a piece of bacon over his breast (not too large a piece), toast him in a Dutch oven, and so serve him hot. Schoolboys know this, although they are often obliged to dispense with the bacon. Or, "another way." Curry a dozen sparrows and serve them with the proper gravy in a rampart of rice. In fact, when you have once understood how dainty a bird a well-fed sparrow is, a dozen worthy modes of presenting him at table will occur to you. Has not a book been written detailing a hundred methods of cooking the potato?

One way may be recommended as excellent. Cut enough off the end of a large potato to enable you to scoop a receptacle for your sparrow. Place him therein, as Izaak Walton said, "tenderly," with appropriate adjuncts to your taste. Lute on the head of your potato again with flour and water. Use your judgment as to time of serving, and this baked potato will astonish your guest. Nor need the humanitarian be aggrieved at all this good advice, nor argue about the number of lives that have to be sacrificed for a single pudding. The sparrow is not easy of extermination, as the good people of Australia have discovered. You might as well talk of overshrimping Pegwell bay as of overbatfowling English rick-yards. Nor has the sparrow, like the quail, to be kept in a dungeon and stuffed with millet until he is quite uncomfortable. Scholars of the Paul Rondolet type, should they be disposed to think of Lesbia's sparrow, and therefore hesitate as to a sparrow pudding, may take comfort from the thought that the pet of Lesbia was certainly not our own Passer domesticus, inasmuch as it used to flutter round her head, pick playfully at her finger, and twitter a welcome to her. The bird in question was probably a goldfinch, a redpoll or siskin. The Romans applied the term passer to all small birds indiscriminately. Anyhow, there is very little of romance about a well-fed cock sparrow captured during his winter season among the corn ricks.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

Mr. Len Piles, a citizen of Sullivan county, Ind., is the owner of a mad-stone. It is gray in color, full of pores, and almost as light as a piece of paper. It is a genuine mad-stone, and Mr. Piles keeps it wrapped in a piece of soft cloth. It was brought to the United States from Ireland many scores of years ago by Mr. Piles's ancestors. Great care has been taken of it, and it has been handed down from generation to generation. It is valued at $400. Over 1,000 applications have been made by it.

"Lord Tweedmouth," says London *Truth*, "was recently obliged to surrender to the notorious Mr. Winans the remainder of his lease of the Glenafferie shootings (in Scotland) belonging to the Chisholm. No sooner had the grounds been transferred than Mr. Winans commenced to erect high fences with the object of cutting off all communication with various bridges which Lord Tweedmouth had built in order to facilitate access to the high road. Mr. Winans seems to be a person of extraordinary effrontery, and he requires a sharp lesson; but he has conceived an entirely erroneous impression of his power if he supposes that he can stop up bridges and claim the exclusive right to roads and paths which have been freely used by the public for centuries. His stupid arrogance has excited keen indignation in the Highlands."

The *Lumberman's Gazette* says: "The lumber business as at present conducted, is to a great extent a speculative undertaking. Fortunes can be made almost as rapidly as in fortunate speculating in Wall street, or lucky strikes in gold mining. Men who were mill laborers ten and fifteen years ago have retired with princely fortunes or remain in the trade to become millionaires over and over. None of them has thought of creating a great industrial establishment to be handed down to his family to the third and forth generations. The thought of obtaining vast landed estates, the timber of which should be prudently harvested and make a perpetual source of revenue to the latest generation, has not entered into the thought of the lumbermen." With here and there an honorable exception these plain words probably tell the exact truth about the spirit and aims of our "pine barons."—*S. W. Powell in Examiner.*

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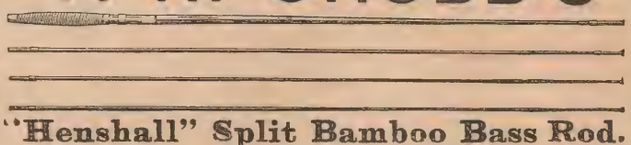
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A FAMILIAR TALK.

With the approach of a new year it is not necessary to announce any change in our manner of conducting this journal. Just what the FOREST AND STREAM has been in 1885 we hope to make it in 1886. It will be run on the same old principles, tested by experience and approved by prosperity. It will be just as entertaining, just as instructive, just as frank and outspoken, and just as helpful.

We are sometimes asked to explain the reason of the FOREST AND STREAM'S constantly widening influence and prosperity. Well, there is no

Trade-Secret

about it, and we do not mind telling you. It is this: We have not expended our energies in preposterous spread-eagle proclamations of tremendous attractions in the dim and distant future, but have pinned our faith to present performance, each week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. This in the kind of journalism that is bound to succeed. Nothing very occult about it, you see.

Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table, We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

In other words, the reason why the "Forest and Stream" is liked by sportsmen is that the "Forest and Stream" is the kind of paper that sportsmen like.

This, as we have said before, is complimentary all around. A third element of the paper's popularity is this: It has some hundreds of correspondents and contributors, who write for it because they have something to say.

PAPERS TO APPEAR IN 1886.

Among the papers and sketches to appear in FOREST AND STREAM in 1886 are the following:

To the Walled-in Lakes.

Sketches of exploration and hunting in the Northwest with the Blackfeet and Kootenays. By "Yo."

Cruise of the Coot.

An account of a voyage alone in a single-hander from New York along the Atlantic seaboard to Florida. By C. P. KUNHARDT.

Hunting in the Himalayas.

Scenes and incidents in the life of an Indian forester. By "SHIKAREE."

Falcons and Falconry.

An introduction to the sport of hawking, with illustrations, drawn from nature. By R. W. SEISS.

Game Preserving in Britain.

A comprehensive series of papers on practical game preserving in Great Britain, with descriptions of the game birds of the British Islands, and sketches of sport. By "MOORMAN."

Scrimshawing.

A popular account of how a whaler spends the idle hours aboard ship. By JAS. TEMPLETON BROWN.

The Lower Forms of Life.

A continuation of the admirable series of essays on the beginning of animal life. By JAMES STELLER.

Studies in Botany.

New chapters on plants and plant life, written and illustrated from nature. By A. W. ROBERTS.

Land and Water Experience in Florida.

New chapters of experience on the Gulf Coast. By "NESSMUK."

Cruise of the Pilgrim.

A delightful description of a summer voyaging on the Atlantic in the cutter yacht Pilgrim. By W. H. WINSLOW.

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Wood's Natural History of Birds	6 00

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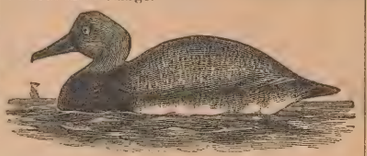
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A REPORT ON THE NATIONAL PARK.

WE take great pleasure in laying before our readers this week the full text of Mr. W. Hallett Phillips's report on the Yellowstone National Park. This document represents the investigations made during a month and a half in the Park last summer, and the conclusions reached are in almost every case identical with those which we have expressed in the past with others which we had drawn during a sojourn there in August last. These conclusions we had embodied in a series of letters on the Park which we had proposed to print on the assembling of Congress, and which are now forestalled by Mr. Phillips's excellent report.

The most important matter touched upon in this document relates to the government of the Park. We have often alluded to this subject in years past, and have urged upon Congress the necessity of providing some means of enforcing the law on this national reservation. The bills introduced in Congress have attempted to provide such government by placing the Park within the jurisdiction of Wyoming or Montana, but as these bills have failed to become law, the Park still remains without a government. We pointed out last August that, notwithstanding this fact, Wyoming had enacted a statute providing for the government of such portion of the Park as lay within the borders of that Territory, authorizing the election of peace officers for the reservation, and providing pains and penalties for violations of this statute. We also showed that the machinery thus provided was in operation, and remarked that, owing to the failure of the Vest bill to become a law, the statute passed by the Wyoming Legislature was without effect, and that the peace officers acting under the authority of the Territory had no jurisdiction whatever in the National Park. It will be seen that Mr. Phillips takes the same view of the case that we then expressed. He recommends to remedy the present condition of affairs in the Park, that two United States Commissioners be appointed, one to sit at the Mammoth Hot Springs and the other at the Lower Geyser Basin, and that these Commissioners be vested with such extraordinary powers as are conferred upon the Commissioners appointed under the recent Alaska act. They should have power to try all offenses not above misdemeanors, and all violations of the laws of Congress, or the rules and regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior. Congress should at the same time provide pains and penalties for the violation of these laws and regulations.

The attempt to govern the reservation by means of Territorial law has proved an entire failure. We should have been glad to see this means employed if it could have been done effectively, but the ridiculously low salaries appropriated for the justices made it very difficult to procure men of character for this position, and it is openly stated that the man Hall, who was the justice at the Firehole, made use of his office to squeeze what he could out of such visitors to the Park as were unfamiliar with the regulations and with the Wyoming statute, under which he supposed that he was acting. The Territorial plan having failed, we are inclined to regard with favor the one recommended by Mr. Phillips. It is certainly worth a trial. It is extremely important that some steps should at once be taken to deal with offenses more serious than misdemeanors. A few years ago last summer a party of tourists were "held up" on the Firehole River by a couple of ruffians, and this may occur again. Provision should be made for the punishment of all crimes, and some court or courts should be designated which shall have jurisdiction over this territory. It is further recommended that the assistant superintendents be vested with the powers of deputy marshals, including that of arrest, a most important and desirable addition to their powers, and one which we have long advised.

Mr. Phillips's recommendations with regard to the posting of the regulations, the prohibition against advertisements, against shooting within the limits of the Park, and the licensing of guides, will commend themselves to the judgment of all. His remarks on the liquor traffic in the Park are deserving of careful consideration. To the scenes of drunkenness at the Hot Springs, witnessed last summer, we have already alluded. His views in regard to the qualifications of the men to be employed as assistant superintendents and the name by which they should be known are excellent. The number of these men should be increased to twenty-five at least, and such increase should be made at once. The territory which they have to cover is very large, and each year the increase of travel to the Park adds to the danger to game and to the forests. We have long urged that the powers of the Superintendent should be considerably enlarged, and that matters should be left more to his discretion than is now the case. It is manifestly absurd that he should be obliged to appeal to the Secretary of the Interior whenever he wishes to purchase a sack of oats or to give a permit to cut a few tons of hay.

Mr. Phillips's remarks with regard to leases, while very interesting, call for no special comment.

The question as to the enlargement of the Park was wholly without the purview of Mr. Phillips's instructions and is not touched upon in his report. It is one that we hope to see come up later in Congress.

Taken as a whole the document is a remarkably clear and intelligent statement of the more pressing needs of the Park, and those who are interested in the reservation may congratulate themselves that so competent an agent was chosen by Mr. Lamar to look into the condition of this reservation. It is very gratifying to us that an intelligent gentleman sent out by the Government, and making his observations under the most favorable circumstances, should have reached conclusions identical in most respects with those which we have arrived at after years of investigation.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

WE find the following in the Albany *Argus* of late date:

"On investigation it has been discovered that the terms of office of the Commissioners of Fisheries, with the exception of that of William H. Bowman, of Rochester, have expired. The term is five years, instead of life as heretofore believed. The statutes are mandatory in the matter of filling these vacancies. The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River has filed with the Governor a vigorous protest againt the reappointment of Fish Commissioner Blackford, of Brooklyn, because he is a fish dealer in New York city, and his private business interests are at variance with his public duties and inimical to all true sportsmen."

On two former occasions this objection was urged against Mr. Blackford, and twice a bill was introduced into the Legislature forbidding any person interested in the sale of fish to be a Commissioner. In each of these cases the bill was instigated by a man whom Mr. Blackford had discharged for stealing trout from Long Island streams, and the bill came to naught. If the Anglers' Association would make a specific charge and show in what way Mr. Blackford's private interests interfere with his public duties, we could then judge of the merits of the case. We know that Mr. Blackford has been one of the most active men in the board, and that he has not only devoted time but money to furthering fishculture. He has hired a room from the city and fitted it up as a laboratory, which is open to students of natural history at all times, and he has employed Prof. H. J. Rice to examine the stomachs of fishes in order to prove the nature of their food, so that some light might be thrown on the menhaden question, as well as on the breeding seasons of fishes. All this has been at his own expense. Besides this, he has given hundreds of dollars' worth of rare fishes to the National Museum, buying everything new or strange that comes into the market and donating it.

We are at a loss to understand this opposition to him by the Anglers' Association. This association is composed of enthusiastic gentlemen who, no doubt, mean well, but who do make a mistake sometimes, as in the case of the striped bass law, and we feel sure that they are mistaken now. In a former case when this same question came up, our late friend George Dawson said to us: "Why, you might as well pass a law that no man shall be a professor in a college who is competent to teach."

We know that some of the employees of the Fish Commission do not approve of Mr. Blackford because he has insisted on introducing some discipline and business methods, and has perhaps been lacking in hero worship, but if the association has been influenced in any way by them, it has listened to bad counsel. We asked Mr. Blackford about this matter, but he simply said that he should not fight it, the position was not sought by him, and he thought of resigning, as the duties had become burdensome. That this was the first complaint he had heard from anglers who have generally felt kindly toward his efforts to increase the fishes, and also for his hearty support of practical legislation for fish protection. This was all he cared to say on the subject. We would regard the absence of Mr. Blackford from the Board of Commissioners as a loss to the fishery interests of the State, and in the absence of charges showing wherein he has allowed his private interests to interfere with his duties we shall continue to think so.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS MEETING.—The general dissatisfaction which appears to prevail among those interested, and the fact that some of the handlers almost came to blows on the field, indicate that all things did not go "merry as a marriage bell" during the trials at High Point. Most of the dissatisfaction appears to have arisen over the Pointer Stakes, though there are not wanting expressions of disapproval over some of the decisions in the Setter Stakes. It seems likely that there will be before long a vigorous criticism of the rules and of the judging, and there is no doubt that such a discussion is needed. The canons of good taste, if nothing more, were distinctly violated at the recent meeting as we hope they will not be again. We think that the time has come for a thorough revision of the field trial rules, and when such revision takes place we hope to see it undertaken by competent persons.

"PRACTICAL JOKING."—A community must be in a curiously benighted condition when it makes game of the statutes, and plays practical jokes in the form of farcical trials of offenders against the law. In a Vermont village, for example, a fellow who went out to the mountains and killed some of the deer—put there by the liberality of public-spirited gentlemen and protected by law—was, upon his return with the disgraceful booty, put through a mock trial by his fellow townsmen just for the fun of seeing him well "scared." That speaks well for public sentiment in that region; and when the community is so insensible of decency, what can be expected of the venison-hungry individual?

CONNECTICUT ANGLERS are advocating a six-inch trout law. That is right. Why fool with fingerlings when fish of decent size are to be had? And if the fish are not of decent size, then give them a chance to grow. The Connecticut Fish Commissioners have sent out 3,000 brook trout fry for distribution in the streams during the past year. Reports from a number of correspondents show that previous efforts in this direction have resulted in a tangible improvement.

THE DEER HOUNDING LAW ENFORCED.—Protector John Liberty, of the Sixth District, reports the conviction of four persons in Essex county for hunting deer with dogs. These are the first convictions reported under the new law forbidding hounding.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.—Begin at the beginning—last number—and follow this cruise, which is destined to become famous.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TO CHIEF MOUNTAIN.

THE summer was over; the prairie grasses were dried and yellow, the leaves had all fallen from the trees and every morning could be seen a thin scum of ice along the slough. We had worked hard all summer and thought we deserved a play spell, so we concluded to spend a week or two at the Chief Mountain lakes. Already the waterfowl were winging their way southward, flock after flock, betokening that winter was close behind them. So we hurriedly got together our outfit, and on the 24th of October pulled out from Kipp & Upham's store on Birch Creek.

There were four of us, Jim, Charlie, myself and an Indian named Man-who-first-took-his-gun-and-ran-ahead, but as this name is a yard or so too long to appear in print more than once we will hereafter call him Scip.

Our outfit consisted of our four-horse team and wagon, one two-horse team and wagon, boat, tent, stove, lantern, bedding and grub—plain grub, such, I think, as the majority of sportsmen would scorn, for it consisted only of bacon, flour, beans, coffee, sugar, potatoes and some sage, summer savory, pepper and salt. We had a big fishing outfit, including a gill-net, for we hoped to catch a barrel of whitefish for winter use.

Our arsenal comprised four magazine rifles and my 12-bore breechloader. I forbear mentioning the caliber, flatness of trajectory, etc., of the rifles. They were not of the kind recommended by many writers to FOREST AND STREAM; but I will give a pointer right here, that more elk, grizzlies, buffalo, bighorn and other game have been killed with guns of our kind than there are left for the men who can shoot only with certain caliber and flatness of trajectory. Come, you who are crying for more powerful and destructive weapons and look over our prairies, scarcely a buffalo is left of the vast herds which used to roam over them. Stroll through our valleys, scarcely a deer is left. Climb our wooded hills and rocky mountains, seldom will you see an elk or bighorn. And yet you want a more destructive weapon! Well, I wish you had one and would begin work by using it on each other, then in future years we might take a day's hunt with fair prospects of getting a piece of meat to take back to camp.

Oct. 28, the first day out, we made only sixteen miles, and camped at the Piegan agency. We noticed a great change in the management here since our last visit. The former agent, Major Young, through false reports to the Indian Department, had caused the rations to be so reduced that a number of the Indians actually starved to death last winter. Among other things he represented that the Indians had over 800 acres of land broken, and were raising plenty of vegetables, wheat, oats, etc. The truth is, they had not forty acres broken, and not half of that was tilled. In the presence of some U. S. Indian Inspectors, other and more serious charges were proven against this reputable member of a Brooklyn Methodist church, but they were not of a character that may appear in print. I visited the lodges on this reservation last winter, where I knew the occupants were dying of hunger. Many, especially the aged, were so weak they could not walk unassisted, and death was plainly visible on their countenances. You will wonder why there was not an outbreak. Well, when Mr. Young first came here, he had some trouble with six or seven different Indians, and, singularly, they all died. The cause of their death was at once said to be the agent's wonderful "bad medicine," and so fearful were the rest of this that when he began to starve them they dared not harm him. But for this he would have been killed long ago. Now, however, things are changed. The new agent, Major Allen, is a pleasant, energetic man, interested in the Indians and doing everything in his power to promote their welfare. They now have a fair supply of beef, flour, and other provisions, and are better off than they have been since the buffalo disappeared.

Oct. 25 we made 18 miles, crossed Badger and Two Medicine Lodge creeks and camped on Cut Bank, which is the north fork of the Marias River. The road was good, over gently rolling prairie. We passed several open lakes which were covered with ducks, but they were very wild and I succeeded in bagging only one, and that a hell-diver, which I cooked and fed to my retriever Babette. We had a good supper though, for while Charlie and I were pitching the tent, Jim caught a fine string of red-throated trout. About dusk I shot a couple of prairie chickens, which I flushed between the tent and the creek.

Oct. 26 we traveled 18 miles and reached the south fork of Milk River about four o'clock. The road was very rocky and constantly ascending, and the wind blew terribly. An overcoat wasn't a marker, and I could feel it even through the buffalo robe I wrapped around me. The mouth of this river is fully 700 miles from here, and yet here at its source it is larger than it is where it empties into the Missouri. There are no trout in this river nor in any of its tributaries. Just beyond us is Milk River Ridge, the dividing line between the waters of the Arctic and the Atlantic. One more day and we will have crossed it and arrived at our destination. There is no wood here and we take turns feeding the stove with fine willow brush. Time was, only four or five years ago too, when one might have made a good fire here of buffalo chips. Perhaps those certain-caliber-flatness-of-trajectory men will bring them back again. I might have killed a duck or two on the road to-day, but it was too windy to get out of the buffalo robe. The scenery here is bleak but picturesque. All around are flat-topped hills seamed with layers of soft, red sandstone, and here and there are fanciful columns of the same material. To the west, about 20 miles distant, the snow-capped mountains are in plain view.

Why, I would like to know, will civilized people persist in giving places, rivers and mountains such ill-fitting names. The Indian name for this river is Ke-nûk-tsĭ-sûk-tă, or little river, which aptly describes it; and the lakes for which we are bound are named Pûh'-to-mûk-sĭ-kĭm-ĭks, or Inside-big waters, meaning lakes in the mountains.

Oct. 27.—At daybreak we were on the road, and traveled over ridge after ridge, heading for Chief Mountain, which loomed up grandly in the distance. At 3 o'clock we arrived at a large prairie lake, about four miles in length, and as the horses were tired we decided to camp. As soon as we had turned out I took my gun and cartridge bag and went out on a point which reached far out into the lake. The wind was blowing very hard, and the ducks flew high and wild. I shot some twenty odd, but secured only eleven of them. My retriever never having seen any waves before, wouldn't venture in, and I didn't blame her, as it was so cold the spray froze as soon as it struck the rocks. Had a grand supper of stewed duck seasoned with sage and summer savory.

Oct. 28.—Arose at daylight and bagged a few more ducks before breakfast. We were now in the edge of the quaking asps, and confident that we would reach the lake by noon; but alas, we traveled through quaking asp groves, bogs and down timber until 2 o'clock, and then, on arriving at the edge of the hill, found we were about two miles below the lake, so we drove down to the St. Mary's River and camped. While going down Jim, who was ahead, jumped three whitetail, but didn't get a shot. When we came in sight on the hill we noticed an outfit on the other side of the river break camp, hitch up their four-horse team and strike out on the run. There is something suspicious about this. The truth is that last spring some Canadians cut a lot of timber here and drove it down to Fort Macleod, N. W. Territory, where they sold it to Sir E. T. Galt's "Coal and Navigation Co." A U. S. deputy marshal was sent here, but the timber was then all across the line, only six miles below here. We suspect that the fellows who left here so suddenly this morning are in the same business.

We are now close to Chief Mountain, which is certainly the grandest mountain I ever saw. It is a great spur jutting out eastward from the main range, and on the top of it is a great mass of rock which gradually tapers until its summit is lost in the clouds. One might ascend to its summit from the west, but the eastern side is a cut bluff thousands of feet high. I should judge that from its base to its summit the mountain is at least 7,000 feet high. St. Mary's River, on which we are camped, is a clear, rapid stream, some seventy-five yards wide, and from the short reach I have seen, I believe that it must contain fish. The ground here and all along the hillside which we came down has been literally torn up by bears; there are no fresh signs, however, and they have probably gone back into the heavy timber to hole up.

Oct. 29.—Our intention was, this morning, to pull out for some good camping place on the lake, but shortly after daylight there came a light skiff of snow. So we all struck out for the quaking asp groves after whitetails. We had not been out long before the sun came out and the snow went off. I returned to camp first, and finding the boys had not come in, started out to catch a mess of trout. Went up the river a little way, and looking down into a clear, deep pool, saw several hundred large fish. Hooked two, but each time lost part of the line, which proved to be rotten. Was returning to camp when I met Jim coming back, followed by a four-horse team load of people, who proved to be an outfit from the agency, here for a little sport. They were Mr. Fowler, Mr. Bird, Oliver, the interpreter, and two small boys. These last made themselves conspicuous by shooting their repeating rifles constantly and in every direction, regardless of the lives of the rest of the party. Charlie and the Indian having now returned, the latter with the saddle of a fine buck, we hitched up and all drove up the lake a mile or so and camped by a bay on the south side. Immediately we had the tents up, we pitched the boat, and although it was nearly dark, Jim and Mr. Fowler went out and caught three lake trout, the largest of which weighed about twelve pounds. These trout are identical with those found in the Fulton Chain and other lakes of the Adirondacks.

The lower St. Mary's Lake is about seven miles long and, in places, a mile wide. On the west side of the lake an immense flat-topped mountain comes down to the water's edge, and on the east rises a high, steep ridge—it would be called a mountain in the East—thickly wooded with fir. From this ridge one can get glimpses of the upper lake, much larger than this one and walled in by stupendous mountains. Beyond rise peak after peak of jagged mountains, some of them with sheer cliffs thousands of feet high.

Oct. 30.—This morning Mr. Bird, Oliver and Jim started out after bighorn and Mr. Fowler and I went fishing. We first tried a spoon, and trolled in deep and shallow water with and without lead, but didn't get a strike. We then tried hand lines baited with meat, and in a few minutes Mr. Fowler caught four large ones, the largest of which would have weighed ten pounds. I hooked a large one, but he broke away before I could gaff him. In the afternoon Mr. Fowler went out alone and fished with two lines. He was playing a fish when he saw his other line go spinning through the water. This last fish proved an immense fellow, fully four feet long, Mr. Fowler said, but alas! the gaff broke and the monster still lives. About 3 o'clock the Indian and the two small boys returned from down the river with thirteen trout (red-throated), the largest I ever saw; none of them would have weighed less than two pounds, and some, I have no doubt, would have tipped the scales at four. Saw a mallard in the bay, flushed it and brought it down. Babette retrieved it and laid it at my feet, when it took wing again; brought it down with the left barrel, this time dead. Just before supper Mr. Fowler went out behind the camp, and in a few minutes bagged six grouse and two mountain rabbits—fattest grouse I ever saw.

At dark the hunters returned. They saw plenty of sheep and mortally wounded two, which went up a cliff where they could not be followed. They report plenty of elk, bear and deer sign. The country is very rough, and away up in the mountains they found three large lakes which are the source of Swift Current, a creek which empties into the river about a mile below the lake on the north side.

October 31.—This morning the Agency party left for home. They took with them fifty fine lake and red-throated trout; the largest of each kind would have weighed about twenty-five and five pounds respectively. Took a spin on the lake with Charlie and caught several large lakers. If "Kingfisher" were here I believe he would for once get all the big fish and spring water he wanted. There are probably fifty springs for each mile of lake shore, and lake trout are so large and plenty that it is no pleasure to fish.

After dark a flock of geese lit on the shore near camp and I managed to get one of them. Crossed the lake near the outlet to-day, and as we suspected, found that the party which pulled out so suddenly had been at work in the timber. We found several thousand fine logs which they had cut. It seems to me that in the great and glorious province of Alberta, Dominion of Canada, these men could find enough timber without coming over here and stealing it from us.

As we were about to return to camp we saw two four-horse outfits rolling in, and were agreeably surprised to find that one of them belonged to Ben S. who is on a prospecting trip with two young men named Dick and John. The other was our friend M., a beaver trapper by trade and known to all by the name of Medicine Beaver. They crossed the outlet of the lake, and we packed up and all together moved up near the head of the lake, where we made a good camp. We had been using our gill net below with poor success; here, however, we did a little better, and during our stay at the lake managed to catch, in all, ninety-four whitefish, which, when weighed on our return home, tipped the scales at 282 pounds. I am satisfied that whitefish are very plenty here. Our nets were too fine, and only four feet deep, and the lake trout completely ruined them by tearing holes in them the size of a barrel.

In the inlet we caught another variety of trout. It is very long and thin and has an immense mouth, and is colored more like the Eastern brook trout; the belly is white, it lacks the red throat of the other variety, and has large dull crimson spots on its sides. The red-throated trout here are very small mouthed, and are shaped very like the bass; they are so plenty that the most insatiable "trout hog" would here become tired of the sport.

Nov. 2.—A camp of North Piegans, under Chief Yellow Fish, came in to-day and moved up to the foot of the upper lake. They say that they are starved out at their agency at Fort McLeod, Northwest Territory, and are here after game. This is an unlucky thing for us, not on account of what they will kill, but because they will scare everything out of the country. An Indian is insatiable. When he sees a band of game he is not satisfied with making one killing, but will keep following it and shooting as long as possible. This gives the game a tremendous scare, and they get out of the country as soon as possible. By the way, this will be a good place for the certain caliber flatness-of-trajectory men. They can sit on the lake shore and with telescopes on their improved rifles, kill sheep and goats on the top of the mountain. Afterward they can send their guides up after the choice portions of meat. We hear grouse drumming every night; had thought that their drumming season was the spring only.

Nov. 5.—Ben, Jim and the Medicine Beaver went up Swift Current to-day, sheep hunting. I took a short stroll through the brush and killed eight grouse. It is really no sport to hunt grouse here; as soon as one is flushed it lights on the nearest twig and will allow one to approach within ten feet of it. Wing-shooting is impossible, and the only thing is to walk up and blow off their heads.

Ben's two young men have been sinking holes in many likely places, but as yet have been unable to get to bed-rock on account of water. It is no boy's play to "delve for gold."

Nov. 6.—The sheep hunters returned this evening with three fine bucks, the fattest animals I ever saw. They went up Swift Current and passed five lakes, the two last of which are on the very top of the mountains. The last one has a sheer fall at the outlet of 200 feet. They say the scenery is grand, sheep plenty and the lakes teem with fish. Every evening now the boys congregate in our tent and tell stories "until further notice." Jim told us an amusing experience of his this evening. Long ago he and a partner were prospecting on the head waters of the Yellowstone. One day they saw a grizzly, and his partner shot it, wounding it slightly. The bear ran in Jim's direction, and Jim, badly scared, made for a tree and thought he climbed it, but when the bear had passed he found himself sitting at its base, his arms fast locked around the trunk.

One day Ben, Jim, Medicine Beaver and I concluded to go sheep hunting. We took saddle horses and one pack animal, a little bacon, bread and coffee, bedding and axe, and started for the head of the upper lake. We crossed the inlet above, where Yellow Fish was camped. The Indians told us that sheep were very plenty, and the numerous goat and sheep hides pegged out around the camp bore witness that for once they told the truth.

Leaving their camp we came to an old Kootenai trail, which we were told reached across the range into Missoula. This we followed through dense quaking asp groves, thickets of pine, and down timber, and after about two hours' ride came to a long park pretty well up on the side of the mountain. Although the view from here was magnificent we had no eye for it, but kept our necks craned toward the rocks above us in hopes of seeing a band of sheep. Riding through this park we came to an immense limestone ledge, which reached from the mountain above to the water's edge, terminating in a cut bluff. Running up the nearly perpendicular side of this ledge is an old elk trail, and we could see that the Indians had gone over it with their horses, but we thought it too risky a place for our animals, and turning them loose we pitched camp in a grove of balsams at the foot of the ledge and about fifty yards from the lake. As soon as we had eaten supper and made down a thick bed of balsam boughs, we found night had come, and after sitting around the fire for an hour or two, turned in. Now, we hadn't been in bed very long before an owl perched in a tree top close by, and said very plainly, "Go way! Go way! Go way!" At least this is the way Medicine Beaver interpreted its speech, and further, he assured us that we would kill no sheep on this trip as the owls scolding us was a sure sign that we were out of luck. Some time in the night Ben and the trapper assured us I said in a plain voice, "Throw it away," and Jim, sleeping by my side, said as plainly, "Yes, throw it away, it's no account anyhow."

As morning approached I arose and built a fire, and after a hasty and frugal breakfast we climbed the ledge on the old elk trail and reached the top of it at daylight. From here a long high mountain extended to the upper end of the lake. Jim and I concluded to follow it on the lake side and Ben and the Beaver were to go round it and meet us at the further end. After a long hard climb Jim and I got above the timber and found a very fair sheep trail which ran along the side of the mountain close up under the "reefs" or perpendicular rock walls, which are a distinctive feature of these mountains. Almost every mountain I have seen in this country is capped with these rock walls, some of which run up to a great height, gradually narrowing, so that the top is apparently as sharp as a jack-knife. Here on every side of us, and indeed along the whole length of the mountain we saw plenty of fresh sheep signs, but all that day we never saw a sheep, the Indians had apparently scared out of the country those they had not killed. We kept following the trail higher and higher, further and further until we came to what Jim called the "jumping off place," for here our mountains ended abruptly in a cañon of great depth. Here we were well repaid for our arduous climb. Never in my life did I behold such grand scenery. Below us several thousand feet, lay the lake (about twelve miles long), its unruffled surface dotted with several small islands. In places the lake is very narrow, some of them apparently not 200 yards wide. I could not describe it better than to say that it is an immense cañon partly filled with water.

Save at the head and foot of the lake there is no shore; from the very edge the water has that dark green hue which betokens great depth.

On the opposite side, and on our side of the lake across the cañon, the mountains rise to a great height, some of them shaped like a needle. Beyond the head of the lake is a long, wide, densely-timbered valley, and on the upper left-hand side of this valley is a mountain, the top of which is a true glacier. With the glasses it appeared to be at least 300 feet thick. We could see large fissures in it, and in one place a large mass had apparently lately broken off. A large stream of water which comes from this glacier dashes over a perpendicular cut on the face of the mountain at least 250 feet in height. We were unable to determine the length of the glacier, as intervening mountains obstructed a view of either end.

After resting here for an hour or two, and Ben and the trapper failing to put in an appearance we started back toward camp. I was surprised to see large flocks of geese flying above us, above the tops of the highest mountains, and apparently heading for the other side of the mountains. I always supposed that waterfowl fly north and south—that those which breed north of here winter in Southern Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. Is it probable that the destination of these was the Pacific slope?

About half way back to camp we stopped beside a little stream, which gushed out of a reef just above us, to rest and wet our whistles. As we sat there Jim, who is one of "ye ancient prospectors," picked up several pieces of float quartz, which were rich with gold and silver. As we were near the top of the mountain the lead from which they came could not have been far off, but as we were tired, and as this country is an Indian reservation, we concluded we didn't want a gold mine, and started on to camp, which we reached without further adventure. Ben and the trapper had not returned, there was not enough grub to last us till morning, so we saddled up and started home, leaving a note to this effect, stuck up by the only remaining piece of bread. The moon evidently isn't right for sheep, at least we didn't see any, and as this is the last piece of bread we have, decided to light out.

We hadn't been in camp long and had just finished our supper, when Ben and the trapper came. When they left us in the morning they got around behind the mountain, came to a lake high up and completely walled in by cut bluffs, and saw seven goats on the other side of it, but had not time to approach them. Thoroughly disgusted they fired their guns and had the satisfaction of seeing the goats strike out on the run, heading for Missoula, where Yellow Fish and his band of hunters will have to follow them if they want their hides.

We put in, altogether, twenty-one days at the lake, hunting and fishing, the others trapping and prospecting—to me, twenty-one days brim full of pleasure. At last the weather turned cold, and the snow came down thick and fast.

"Boys," said Jim, "the moon isn't right."

Myself—"Fish in the lakes."

The trapper—"Beaver in their holes."

Charlie—"Sheep high up."

Ben—"Bed rock deep."

Dick—"White-tail scarce."

John—"Goose gone over, and let's go too."

So we decided then and there to break camp the next day. We had concluded the night before to make the next camp on the South Fork of Milk River, but the hill, where we climbed it, was much steeper than we thought it would be, and it took us all day to get up, pulling up one wagon at a time with ten horses.

At the South Fork we camped two days and hunted. Jim and I rode up to the mountains after sheep. As we were riding along we came across a fresh sheep trail in the snow and saw the band just beyond going down into a pocket or basin on the side of the mountain. I ran to the right and Jim to the left. Ere long the band appeared beyond Jim going up the side of the mountain. Jim killed one, a fat doe. They were a long way from me and I failed to hit.

Nov. 21 we arrived at the North Fork of Cut Bank. There is a good trail which reaches over the mountains into Missoula and is much traveled by the several tribes of mountain Indians. The trail apparently follows up Cut Bank to its source. As far up as we went we found a wide, densely-timbered cañon, walled in by tremendous mountains. Old game signs were very plenty here, but there had been no cold weather and snow to drive the elk down, so we contented ourselves with hunting deer, and killed four altogether.

Nov. 23 we drove down to the junction of the North and South Forks, and on the 24th reached the agency.

All in all, we had a pleasant trip, plenty of fish and game for camp use, and, above all, a sojourn among the pines and lakes so like those of our boyhood days. As a resort for sportsmen the Chief Mountain country cannot be excelled. The scenery is grand, game plenty, the fishing unexcelled. Here the angler will find new ground, lakes and streams on whose bosoms a fly has never been cast, and in whose crystal depths a bait has never been dropped.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

UPPER MARIAS RIVER, M. T., January, 1885.

A RUFFED GROUSE STORY.—The Paterson, N. J., *Press* is responsible for the following: Up in West Milford township, where game is plentiful and wary, the partridge have very little to do to look out for hunters. Last week a number of hunters went up there from Paterson and the partridge evidently thought they would make fun of the hunters and so they proceeded to hunt the gunners. One of them tackled the wrong man in the person of Mr. Clinton, the janitor of the court house. The bird had evidently been started by some hunter, and the first thing that "Jimmy" knew was that the bird came toward him with the usual confounding noise these birds make when they are in a hurry. He did not want to take a shot at an incoming bird when he could get a quartering shot just as well, and so he stepped aside out of the way of the bird, which seemed to be in a particular hurry. The bird at that moment changed its mind and deviated from its straight course, coming into contact with the left cheek of the janitor. It struck the cheek with its wing and inflicted quite a painful and certainly unsightly wound. The blow rather surprised Mr. Clinton, but with the self possession that characterizes the true sportsman he turned around and emptied a barrel at the bird, which he had for dinner yesterday. The wound on "Jimmy's" face looks curious. The skin was not broken except at the lower extremity of the wound, the rest of it being bruised and the blood having gathered under the epidermis.

CLIMATE OF THE WEST.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 15, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 5 there is an article without signature, but credited to "a special correspondent," which should not be allowed to pass without comment. It is upon page 282 and under the caption of the "Granary of the World." It is an admirable article for its purpose; so admirable that but for its fallacies and the harm they may work through your columns, it should not be questioned. The wrong that is done is in the assurance so forcibly stated that the climate of much of the region referred to in the article is undergoing change—rapid change from arid to humid. The writer says: "It is stated that the climate of the western country is constantly being modified by the changes wrought by human agency. And this statement is true. The annual precipitation is far greater now in regions recently occupied than it was when the settlers first came into the country." I have no hesitation in saying that the assertions quoted above are not true, although "it is stated" or "they say" it is true. I know that a large majority of the people who now live in these arid regions will assert that the climate is changing; that there is annually a great deal more rain and so on, with all the candor and positiveness of this correspondent. They say so with perfect honesty and fully believe what they say. Yet it is not true. The mistake of the farmer and the cow-puncher may be overlooked. His opportunity for observation is not large or extensive; his access to collated facts and figures is limited, and his methods are without system. But an intelligent and able correspondent, or a great newspaper whose opinions may influence hundreds or thousands of people in locating homes for their lifetime, should not propagate such false conclusions. Facts and figures are accessible to them and should not be ignored.

Now, I will tell you how the farmer in an arid region reaches his conclusion upon this subject. He comes from the Mississippi Valley, for instance, to Colorado—I use Colorado for the illustration because it is a fair and favorable section of the arid region and is more familiar to me. He settles upon the dry plain and begins the effort to make a farm. He has removed from an extremely wet agricultural region to an exceedingly dry one. The contrast is very great and strikes him forcibly. The memory of the old is yet vivid; the reality of the present is exaggerated in the comparison. He tries irrigation, and, in his opinion, cannot get water enough for the ground he tries to water. Yet he makes progress. The next year he finds his labor easier. Experience is educating him. He applies the water better and makes it go further. The ploughed ground holds moisture. The small rainfall that formerly flowed swiftly away over the hardened, unbroken surface of the plain is now absorbed and retained in the mellow surface of the ploughed field. Still better, the growing crop shades the surface and impedes the rapid evaporation of the little moisture by sun and wind. Our transplanted farmer thinks, "Well, this isn't so dry a summer as last." Already he is adapting himself to his surroundings and necessities. At the same time the memory of old things grows dimmer. His thoughts are more occupied by the present. His interest is here and he must make the best of it. He no longer contrasts the last summer with the summers of years ago in rainy Illinois or Iowa. And so the years go on. Each one adds to the area of his ploughed lands, and each ploughed acre ameliorates the natural arid and inhospitable condition of his surroundings. Each year his stipend of water from the neighboring streams will water a greater breadth of land. Each year it will be husbanded better and applied with more judgment, and thus the necessity reduced, the supply increased, the application improved—there is a threefold gain.

Again, during these years he has planted trees about his house and barn and along the roads and ditches; meadows have been established and blue grass covers the dooryard. In time he observes that there is dew on the grass. A portion of the moisture that was drawn up by the sun of yesterday has returned in the cool hours of the night and now appears in sparkling dewdrops at the tips of the green blades. The farmer is ready to assert, and swear to it if so asked, that the climate has changed, that he saw the change, and that the change goes on year by year because white men have settled the country and are scratching over a little of its surface like a bantam pullet in a ten-acre field. It is ten years since he left Illinois. He has forgotten all about it except a few of the most striking incidents of his life. He does not know whether the rainfall is fifteen, thirty or fifty inches per year. He is only certain that the climate of his new home has changed; that it changed for him and by his puny efforts, and to all this he is ready to append his solemn affidavit. The man's new education is complete; his forgetfulness of the past is more so; his ignorance of the real facts is most profound. Yet "special correspondents" listen to his story, accept his statements, adopt his opinions as their own, assert that "this is true," and then influential newspapers—the makers and leaders of public opinion—put them in cold type and spread them broadcast to the world. How much better it would be to prove such statements beforehand; give the truth, and not try to promote any cause or settle any country by false pretenses.

Now what are the facts? The site of this city has been settled twenty-seven years. As persistent an effort has been made here and throughout the neighboring country, to modify and improve the soil and the climate, as has been made in any part of the arid region of North America, and the effort has been quite as successful. No one will dispute that. The following shows the precipitation (rain and snow fall) for thirteen years: 1872, 17.95 in.; 1873, 11.73 in.; 1874, 13.45 in ; 1875, 17.25 in.; 1876, 20.12 in.; 1877, 16.38 in.; 1878, 15.51 in.; 1879, 10.86 in.; 1880, 9.58 in.; 1881, 12.79 in.; 1882, 14.49 in.; 1883, 19.49 in.; 1884, 15.07 in. Average per year 14.9 in. These figures are exact and reliable. They do not show any steady increase of rain fall. On the contrary they show a series of cycles—of increase and decrease, with extremes seven years apart. I could go back of 1872 but not without some trouble at the present time. I will only assure you that the record would be just about the same. The precipitation this year to the present time is 14.53 in., 4.94 in. of which was in two snow storms a few days apart in the month of April. And right here, to illustrate the infirmity of human memory and the fallacy of present judgment, I will refer to the month of August last past. Everybody pronounced it remarkably wet. "Never saw such a rainy August." "How the climate is changing." "Wettest summer ever known in Colorado," and similar remarks, with adjectives, were heard daily. The following figures show the August rain fall for fourteen years: 1872, 1.65 in.; 1873, 1.41 in.; 1874, 0.68 in.; 1875, 1 97 in.; 1876, 2.03 in.; 1877, 1.30 in.; 1878, 2 25 in.; 1879, 1.38 in.; 1880, 1 46 in.; 1881, 2.33 in.; 1882, 1.20 in.; 1883, 0.75 in.; 1884, 1.71 in ; 1885, 1.18 in.

Eleven Augusts in which more rain fell and only two in which there was less than in the last one. There were many light showers, days in which only one-hundredth or two-hundredths of an inch of water fell, yet the public mind was controlled and the conclusion reached unanimously that it was the wettest August ever known in Colorado. It could have been so proven in any court.

Now we will take a wider scope, giving the precipitation at certain stations in seven States and Territories, purposely extending from the great lakes and the Mississippi valley westward to the Rocky Mountains, to show the wide variation in rainfall. The reader can refer to a map and draw his own conclusions as to the limits of the humid and arid regions, and the figures for a series of years at many of the stations will tell whether there is material change or not.

TABLE SHOWING ANNUAL RAINFALL.*

STATION.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	No. of Years.	Average.
MONTANA—																
Fort Assiniboine															2	13 93
Fort Helena	12.32	11.95	10.45	13 75					16.05	16.81	19.76	19.78	15.10		7	13 50
Fort Custer										11 88	10.13	10 13	13 01		4	14 31
Fort Shaw										10.94	12.05	10.39	13.84		3	15 13
WYOMING—										14 77	14.21	12.24			3	13 87
Cheyenne	19.48	10.01	9.71	12.10											12	10 85
Fort Steele																
COLORADO—																
Pike's Peak	20.86	24.74	23.87	25.58		11.71	12.64	7.54	8.38	11.88	8 64	10.24	11.12		10	31 60
W. Las Animas										44.57	28.82				1	11.12
DAKOTA—																
Fort Bennett							42.87	30.82	40.65				18.17		10	18 17
Bismarck		27.52	30.92	17.68	30.23					16 80	17 80	17 80	16 91		3	17 17
Fort Buford										15 76	21 33	15 98	15 10		9	17 97
Deadwood	40.50	37.15	23.31	28 84	23.31	25.47	28.73	22.73	21.08	42.05	27.35	19 90	18.83		9	26 06
Yankton						40.95				44.57	28.82				1	11.12
NEBRASKA—																
Omaha	15 35	26.75	23.93	37.15	28 84	32.51	25.47	19.71	21.08	30.31	19.75	21.13	18.83		9	23 91
North Platte	42.89	24.74	20.86	23.87	25.58	40.95	28.73	22.73	40.95	44.57	28.82	20.63	35.21		10	28 32
KANSAS—																
Dodge City	10.78	12.10	9.71	24.74	23.87	11.84	12.64	7.54	8.38	11.88	8 64	10.24	11.12		10	11 12
Fort Leavenworth	31.26	24.74	20.86	23.87	25.58	32.51	42.87	30.82	40.65	44.57	28.82				9	33 04
MINNESOTA—																
Duluth	30.19	19.48	9.71	12.10	5.03	11.71	12.64	7.54	8.38	11.88	8 64	10.24	11.12		10	12 85
Moorhead	19.48	10.01	10.45	13 75					16.05						3	13 08
St. Vincent	19.48	10.01	9.71	12.10	5.03	11.71	12.64	7.54	8.38	11.88	8 64	10.24	11.12		11	10 85
St. Paul	30.19	19.48	10.45	13 75					16.05						4	14 77
	19.48	10.01	9.71	12.10	5.03	11.71	12.64	7.54	8.38	11.88	8 64	10.24	11.12		11	10 85

THE SPECIAL REPORT ON THE PARK.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12, 1885.

Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior:

SIR—Under date of July 20 last, I was appointed a special agent of the Interior Department to examine into the condition of the Yellowstone National Park, with reference to its protection, preservation and improvement, and by your letter of that date you ordered me to direct my attention particularly to the following subjects:

"You will examine into all leases and other privileges which have been granted by the Department, to ascertain whether the lessees of ground for hotels and other buildings have located the same upon the sites designated, and whether the buildings have been constructed substantially in accordance with the plans approved by the Secretary of the Interior. You will also ascertain whether any of the persons to whom leases or other privileges have been granted, have failed to comply with the conditions of the same, or have assumed to exercise any privileges not authorized by this Department, stating in what respect they have deviated from the grant, and the reasons assigned by them for such deviation. You will also direct your attention to the subject of what further provision is necessary to the comfort and accommodation of persons visiting the Park; whether it is desirable that any further leases should be granted for hotels, and if so, at what points. Whether it is desirable that additional privileges should be granted for erecting and providing livery stables, stage lines, or for furnishing pack trains and outfits for persons who wish to camp out, and generally whether any further action should be taken by the Department within the authority conferred by law upon the Secretay of the Interior, toward carrying out the design of Congress in setting apart the Park as a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

"It is also desired that you will ascertain whether there are any persons residing within the limits of the Park, or carrying on any business therein, without written permission from this Department, giving the names of such persons and their location in the Park."

You also remarked that my attention had been directed to the above mentioned subjects as those upon which information was particularly desired; although it was not intended that my examination should be strictly confined to those points, but might extend to any matters relating to the Park that might come under my notice; and that the Department would be pleased to receive any suggestions I might have to make in the direction of improvement in the management of the Park, and in the provisions for the enjoyment of it by the people.

I reached the Mammoth Hot Springs in the Yellowstone National Park on July 26 and remained within the Park until Sept. 6. The whole of that time I devoted to the examination of the matters mentioned in your letter of instruction. I visited all the localities where privileges had already been granted by the Department, and where they were likely in the future to be applied for.

The wisdom of Congress in setting aside the land embraced within the Yellowstone Park as a national resort has been fully demonstrated. Every year since 1872, when the action of Congress was taken, has seen a steady increase in the number of persons visiting the Park, and at the same time a corresponding increase in the facilities of reaching it.

From the best information I could gather, I would say that four thousand persons was a low figure at which to place the number of visitors to the Park during the summer just passed.

No portion of the globe affords in a circumscribed area such phenomena and beauties of nature as are contained within the limits of the Park. The Park has become in every sense a national one, and public sentiment demands that the Government should do all in its power toward its care and toward making its wonders accessible to the people.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PARK.

Before entering into the particular matters pointed out for my investigation, I desire to call to your attention, on account of its importance, the state of the government of the Park, in order that such Executive recommendations may be made as may seem proper.

It seems strange that Congress should have up to this time neglected to provide any government for the Park, except by the provision of the organic act, which places it under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it was made to frame and publish such rules and regulations as he might deem necessary for the care and management of the same.

The Park has now assumed such national importance as to imperatively call upon Congress to provide some system of justice by which the Park and the public visiting it can be protected.

The land embraced within the limits of the Park was originally within the boundaries of the Territories of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. The laws of those Territories presumably were in force over such land at the time the Park was established and continued in force after the reservation, unless there is something in the act of reservation preventing the continued operation of the Territorial laws, or such laws are opposed to laws of Congress or the rules and regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior. So much is clear. Chicago and Pacific Railroad v. McGlenn, 114 U. S. 547.

But a different question remains: Can the respective Territories exercise authority within the boundaries of the Park? This has been attempted by the Territory of Wyoming. At the present time, Justices of the Peace, appointed under a law of that Territory, dated March 6, 1884, are holding Courts at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and at the Lower Geyser Basin, both points within the Park, and since the enactment of the law have tried and punished numerous persons for violations of that law. But that act to render operative and effectual the laws of the Territory of Wyoming, within that portion of the Yellowstone Park lying within said Territory."

While some of the provisions of that law for the protection of the Park and the game within it are commendable, it is difficult to see by what right Wyoming has undertaken to exercise through its officers jurisdiction within the Park.

If Wyoming possesses such a right, Idaho and Montana have the same rights, and with such conflicting enactments as they might provide and enforce, it can be easily seen that the pleasure of the visiting public would be seriously interfered with.

It seems to me that when Congress by the organic act put the Park under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, they intended to take it from under the control of the Territorial authorities, and that inasmuch as the Secretaries of the Interior have promulgated such rules and regulations for the care and management of the Park as they have deemed necessary, there is no authority in a Territorial legislature to enforce Territorial enactments within its boundaries.

By the organic act, all persons located within the Park without the assent of the Secretary can be expelled as trespassers. By what right has Wyoming undertaken to locate her authorities within the Park and to enforce her law for its government? That law has never received the assent of Congress and cannot, therefore, be considered as enforced by Federal sanction.

Moreover, some of the provisions of the Wyoming law are in conflict with the rules and regulations of the Interior Department, and some of them are highly ridiculous.

A regulation approved by Secretary Kirkwood very properly prohibits "the removing of mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders, or the displacement of the same from their natural condition."

Regulation 2 provides that the Superintendent of the Park may give permission for the collection of such specimens as can be removed without injury to the natural features or beauty of the grounds.

But by Section 7 of the Wyoming act it is made unlawful "for any person to remove any part, portion or particle of the natural curiosities or objects of interest, or anything whatever, within the Yellowstone National Park, whether tree, rock, stone, shrubbery, earth, geyser formation, grass, or anything whatever, except that it may be permissible to use timber for fuel or house building, and any person so offending shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall on conviction thereof be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail, not exceeding six months."

This Draconian legislation was enforced by the Wyoming justices within the Park, to the extent of arresting prominent citizens of Philadelphia for picking up in the public road a few obsidian chips. They were fined $5 each.

It is in no wise an exaggeration to say that if ten thousand tons of this substance was removed from the road and its vicinity, it would certainly improve the road and add to the attraction of the scene.

While I was in the Park other visitors of the highest respectability, ladies and gentlemen, were arrested for picking up small pieces of the formation at the Hot Springs, and were likewise fined.

Many visitors to the Park desire to carry home with them such small specimens of the peculiar formations in the Park as they may chance to pick up, and while it is highly important that the natural beauties of the Park should be preserved from defacement, it can serve no purpose except to annoy visitors to enforce such rules as are contained in the Wyoming law.

By Section 12 of that law all fees collected by the justices of the peace, who are appointed for that portion of the Park formerly lying within the boundaries of Wyoming, are to be retained by such justices and paid to them or to the constables, and by Section 17 one-half of all the fines assessed against offenders shall be paid to the officer or other person who appears as the prosecuting witness.

Acting under the stimulus of prospective reward, arests were made of tourists while I was in the Park, and, from a full acquaintance with the facts, I do not hesitate to pronounce such arrests wholly unjustifiable. I refer particularly to the arrest of Messrs. Wylie and Koch, of Bozeman, in August, and that of Congressman Payson, of Illinois, in the same month.

I attended the former trial, which occurred at the Lower Geyser Basin before Justice Hall. The charge was that Messrs. Wylie and Koch had not extinguished their camp-fire before breaking camp in the vicinity of the place of trial. They are, I am informed, both gentlemen of high standing in Bozeman. The defendants testified that they had extinguished the fire. Assistant Superintendent Godfrey, who made the arrest, charged that the fire was still smoking when he saw it after the departure of the defendants. Mr. Arnold Hague, Chief of the U. S. Geological Survey in the Park, testified that he had visited the site where the camp-fire was built; that it was a very small fire built in the green grass, where there was no possibility of it communicating, and that it bore all the evidence of having been entirely extinguished. This was all of the evidence. The justice sentenced the defendants to pay a fine of $50 each and costs. Half of this, under the Wyoming law, went to the Assistant Superintendent who made the arrest, and Justice Hall informed me that he always divided the fine with the Assistant Superintendents when they made the arrests. As it is the duty of these assistants to enforce the rules and regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior, and as they are salaried officers of the United States, it is a scandal for them to receive a reward for performing their duty.

In the other case I have referred to, Judge Payson was arrested on a similar charge. He proved that he had extinguished his camp-fire and covered it up. He was fined by the same justice $60 and $12 costs. Upon his indignantly protesting against this sentence, the justice reconsidered his judgment and finally agreed to accept one dollar in place of the original fine.

Such instances as these show how necessary it is for Congress to provide some judicial machinery for the Park and not leave the public at the mercy of ignorant or unscrupulous men appointed under Territorial law.

The practical question is, what should that machinery consist of? I answer that it should be by all means of a federal character, and at the same time it should be of a simple character.

It seems to me that a measure should be adopted vesting in the Assistant Superintendents the powers of deputy marshals, including that of arrest. That two United States commissioners should be appointed, one to sit at the Mammoth Hot Springs and one at the Lower Geyser Basin, with such extraordinary powers as are conferred upon the commissioners appointed under the recent Alaska Act. They should be invested with jurisdiction to try all offences not above misdemeanors, and all violations of the laws of Congress, or the rules and regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior for the government of the Park. At the same time Congress should provide the pains and penalties for a violation of the laws or regulations.

The offenses of a higher nature might be tried by such United States court as Congress should designate.

It would seem too plain to call for argument, that in a national park the national laws and regulations should be enforced by a national tribunal. Unless this is done the traveling public, embracing persons from all quarters of the globe, cannot find adequate protection.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The first rules and regulations were made by P. W. Norris, Superintendent in 1881, and were approved by Secretary Kirkwood.

These were amended in 1882 by Secretary Teller, so as to absolutely prohibit the killing of certain kinds of game within the Park.

I nowhere observed within the Park any posting of these regulations and frequently I was asked by visitors to inform them what the rules and regulations were. The Superintendent had not posted the rules and regulations because they were at variance with themselves and moreover he was not advised whether the Department wished him to post the provisions of the Wyoming law, to which I have referred.

I think that the Secretary should revise the rules and regulations made by his predecessors so as to make them homogeneous, and at the same time should advise the Superintendent as to whether he should post the Wyoming law. While ignorance of the law is no excuse, at the same time it savors of harshness to punish for offending against regulations which the public have no accessible means of knowing. The regulations should be printed and posted in all the public houses within the Park, and at certain prominent points at which visitors might easily see them: at the same time a penalty should be provided for the defacement or tearing down of such regulations.

In this connection I beg leave to suggest the following additions to the rules and regulations:

(1) Advertisements are hereby prohibited being posted throughout the Park, except such as may be necessary on buildings situated on leased ground.

The propriety of this rule is manifest. The natural beauties of the Park will soon be obliterated, unless such a measure is adopted.

(2) The shooting at, wounding, capturing, or killing of any animal, or bird, within the Park, is hereby prohibited.

The regulation of Secretary Teller enumerates a long list of animals and birds which the regulation makes it unlawful to kill. While blackbirds and other migratory birds are enumerated, such animals as squirrels and rabbits are omitted. This is also the case as to bears; shooting, therefore, is still permitted to a limited extent within the Park. The consequence has been that under the excuse of hunting bear and other animals, not on the enumerated list, the large game in the Park, which the Government is so much interested in protecting, has been slaughtered.

If the game within the Park is to be preserved (and that is one of the most important objects of the Park) I am of opinion that all shooting within its limits must be prohibited.

It has occurred to me to suggest an absolute prohibition against the carrying of guns within the Park as an efficient remedy against the killing of the game. In answer to this suggestion it might be rightly said that many visitors to the Park go through it with their guns for the purpose of shooting outside the limits of the Park, and that it would be a hardship to prohibit such persons from carrying their guns with them, or else avoid the Park. Without further remark I will leave this point for your consideration.

In a few years the buffalo and elk and mountain sheep will only be seen in the United States within the limits of the Park, and no measure too stringent can be adopted for their protection.

(3) No person without a license from the Superintendent shall be permitted to reside within the Park and act as guide; and the Superintendent shall have the power at any time to revoke such license.

I think it would be of great advantage to the public if this rule should be adopted. The traveler would know when he selected a licensed guide that he was a person on whom he could rely, and at the same time the Superintendent would be greatly aided and assisted by a body of men skilled in woodcraft and thoroughly acquainted with the country. As guides licensed by the Government they would take a natural pride in serving well the public and in the protection of the Park. As it is, the public is at the mercy of hordes of worthless fellows in the Park, who frequently succeed in palming themselves off as guides.

Before leaving the subject of the regulations, I call your attention particularly to the open violation of the regulation forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors within the Park. That regulation is a dead letter. At every point in the Park where there are found hotels saloons are openly kept. At the Geyser Basins there are saloons of the lowest character separate from and adjoining the hotels, and in full view of every one entering the hotels. Much of the disorder which has occurred during the past summer in the Park is traceable to these saloons, and the Superintendent should, be at once ordered to have them closed, and to strictly enforce the regulation.

SUPERINTENDENT AND ASSISTANTS.

The present Superintendent, Mr. Wear, is thoroughly efficient and desirous of promoting the interests of the Park. It is absolutely necessary, however, for its protection, that his assistants should be skilled in woodcraft, capable of finding their way through vast tracts of mountain country without roads or trails. Their duties principally consist in protecting the game and extinguishing forest fires. They should be selected, if possible, from the surrounding region, and be tried men appointed on account of their knowledge of the country. Instead of being called Assistant Superintendents, they should be designated by a name which describes their duties—Park Police.

The present number of Assistants should be increased if the Park is to be properly protected.

Under the appropriation acts there has been a lump sum appropriated each year for every purpose necessary for the Park. Out of this salaries are to be paid, and it is uncertain how much of the balance is to go to the Superintendent for the general purposes of the Park, and what portion is to be used for roads.

Until an agreement is made between the Engineer officer in charge of the roads and the Superintendent, this is not determined.

It would be of much advantage should the Superintendent file in the Department his separate estimates as to the sum he will require, and for the Engineer officer in charge to make a like estimate for the roads. Congress would be thus enabled to make a separate appropriation for each.

It seems to me advisable that you should vest in the Superintendent all the power you are capable of delegating. He is the representative of the government in the Park. Being on the spot he is enabled to form a correct judgment upon which to base action.

The Secretary should be appealed to only in matters of of large importance, such as relate to the Government and regulation of the Park.

Thus the Superintendent should have full authority to give permits, to cut hay, or such minor privileges as keeping cattle for beef, or herds of cows for supplying milk.

RAILROADS WITHIN THE PARK.

Interested parties have for some years brought to bear a constant pressure upon Congress and the Department, to induce action in favor of a railroad through the Park. This railroad is sought ostensibly for the purpose of bringing to market the ore from Cooke City, a mining camp adjacent to the northeast boundary line of the Park.

If there is one object which should be kept in view more than any other, it is that of preserving the Park as much as possible in a state of nature. A railroad through the Park would go far to destroy its beauty, and besides is not demanded.

The roads are being improved yearly, and soon will make every portion of the Park easily accessible. The distance between the points of interest is not great, and transportation is good and plentiful.

Apart from the consideration that a railroad is not needed in the Park and that it would deface its beauty, is the further consideration that the two great objects of Congress in creating the Park, to wit: the preservation of the game and the forests, would be unattainable, should a railroad be allowed within the limits of the Park.

The parties interested in the Cooke City Mines are seeking to have a portion of the Park cut off and restored to Montana, in order to have a railroad built through it to Cooke City.

I think the Department should strenuously oppose this project. The country proposed to be cut off is one much frequented at times by game, and its retention within the boundaries of the Park is necessary for the protection of the game.

If the parties interested in the mines really are desirous of a railroad reaching that place, I am satisfied from diligent inquiry that a route from Billings, Montana, to Cooke is practicable. Such a route would lie wholly outside the boundaries of the Park.

ROADS.

Lieut. D. C. Kingman, the efficient engineer officer in charge of the roads in the Park, will report fully on this subject.

Lieut. Kingman has done all in the way of road-building which he has been able to effect with the small appropriations at his command. Many points of the greatest interest in the Park cannot yet be reached except on horseback by trails. The roads to these points, notably points on the Yellowstone Lake and over Mount Washburn to Tower Falls, cannot be built unless a much larger appropriation is made by Congress than was made by the last appropriation act. A large portion of the Park will remain to the public generally *terra incognita* unless additional roads are constructed, and I trust you will succeed in inducing Congress to vote an adequate appropriation for their construction.

Three objects were sought and accomplished by Congress in the establishment of the Park: First, a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people; second, the preservatibn of the great game of the country; and third, the preservation of the natural forests in a region where so many of the great rivers of the continent find their source.

To attain the first object Congress provided that the Park should be kept free from settlement, in order that private rights should not interfere with those of the public and in order that the region set apart should be preserved in a state of nature.

At the same time it saw that some provision should be made for the accommodation of those visiting the Park, and accordingly it was provided in the organic act of 1872 that the Secretary of the Interior may, in his discretion, grant leases for building purposes for terms not exceeding ten years, of small parcels of ground at such places in the Park as shall require the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors.

Under the power thus conferred your predecessor, Secretary Teller, granted a number of leases in various portions of the Park. It is now plain that many of such leases were granted to unfit persons and at localities where they should never have been granted. The discretion conferred by the act upon the Secretary should be sparingly exercised, otherwise the design of Congress to preserve the Park from settlement will be nullified. At the same time every accommodation should be afforded to visitors.

The privileges heretofore granted under leases have been principally for hotel purposes, and the leases have included, incidentally, the right to erect and keep stores and livery stables and the right to transport passengers through the Park.

I am of opinion that no future leases for hotels should authorize the lessees to keep stores or to act as carriers or transportation agents. The privileges should be kept separate and in different hands. The public will thereby be better served, and at the same time at a cheaper rate.

It would be of advantage and a great convenience to travelers, if there were a few stores in the Park at which they might purchase such provisions and articles as they might need, and at the same time it would be a great saving to the Government officials in the Park, who are at present obliged to send outside of its boundaries to make their purchases.

It is also highly important that the public should have abundant transportation facilities. While there are at present a great many persons carrying on the business of transporting visitors through the Park, with one or two exceptions they have no recognized status.

In my opinion the authority of the Secretary of the Interior to grant leases or permits for stores and transportation facilities is clear. By the organic act the Park was placed under the exclusive control of the Secretary, and he was empowered to grant leases not exceeding ten acres for the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors.

Your predecessor, Secretary Teller, undertook to grant, by virtue of his powers under the act, exclusive hotel rights to persons afterward known as the Park Improvement Company. Congress refused to confirm the grant, and provided by the act of March 3, 1883, that "the Secretary of the Interior might lease portions of ground not exceeding ten acres to any one person, on which may be erected hotels, and that no hotel or other buildings should be erected within the Park without a lease. And all contracts, agreements or exclusive privileges, theretofore made, in regard to the Park, are declared invalid." 22 Stat. 626.

It is evident that by providing against exclusive grants of hotel privileges Congress did not mean to limit the power of the Secretary contained in the organic act to grant leases of ground upon which to erect buildings, for whatever purpose, for the accommodation of visitors. Proper transportation facilities and supply stores are as important for the accommodation of the public as hotel facilities, and if there existed any question as to the authority of the Secretary to grant formal leases of land for such purposes, his power is ample to license the carrying on of such a business within the Park, and to grant permits to establish store houses, stables and corrals at such points as should be designated by the Secretary.

LEASES.

I found great confusion existing as to the leases which had been granted.

In some instances there had been no attempt on the part of lessees to build within the boundaries of their leases. Some of the lessees seemed to think they could build wherever it suited their pleasure, and that the Department would not disturb them when once their buildings were erected. In other instances the leases conflicted with each other.

Again, I found parties had settled in the Park and erected buildings without any pretense of a grant from the Department.

The Superintendent should be at once directed to remove from the Park all intruders and trespassers and to tear down such buildings as they may have erected.

There have now been filed maps of the localities where leases have been granted and buildings erected, at the Mammoth Hot Springs and at the Lower Geyser Basin, prepared under the supervision of Mr. Arnold Hague, Chief of the U. S. Geological Survey in the Park. An inspection of these maps will show the situation of the leases at those places. The whole matter can best be understood by taking up seriatim the various leases which have been granted. Under each lease I will call your attention to such departures from the terms of lease as may have been made, and generally whether the lessees have performed their agreements with the Government.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS—LEASE OF PARK IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.

This lease was originally made March 9, 1883, to C. T. Hobart and H. F. Douglass and Rufus Hatch. Afterward a company was organized known as the Park Improvement Company, and transfer of the lease was made to the company by the lessees with the consent of the Department.

Prior to that date as Secretary Teller had made an agreement under date Sept. 1, 1882, with the same parties, granting to them exclusive hotel and other privileges within the Park, and a lease was drawn up in accordance with the agreement, but never signed, Congress having by the act of 1883, which I have above referred to, nullified the grant.

It is claimed by the Park Improvement Company that the agreement of 1882 is still in force, except in so far as the privileges thereby conferred are in their nature exclusive.

As this agreement confers many rights not contained in the lease of March 9, 1883, it is of much importance that the Secretary should determine whether the agreement is still in force. My own opinion is that the agreement is no longer operative. The language of the Act of 1883 is very broad: "All contracts, agreements or exclusive privileges made or given in regard to said Park are hereby declared to be invalid."

As the agreement of 1882 was the only contract or agreement which

had been made in regard to the Park prior to the passage of the Act of 1883, it is manifest that it was the agreement Congress had in view, and I am of opinion that Congress by the Act of 1883 nullified this agreement in toto and not merely its exclusive features.

If I am correct in this view, all the rights in the Park possessed by the company or its representatives are held by virtue of the lease of 1883.

That lease grants to Hobart and others, whom we shall afterward designate as the Park Improvement Company, two acres at the Mammoth Hot Springs with specified boundaries. An inspection of the map of that locality, to which I have referred, will show that there has never been a building erected by the original lessees or company upon the ground leased to them. It will show, moreover, that the buildings which were erected by the company are scattered over about forty acres in the vicinity of the Hot Springs formation.

The company has erected a large hotel building, which, although it has been open for visitors for several years, is still in hardly more than a half finished condition.

The question, therefore, is what should be done in the premises? As the hotel was a very costly building and could not be removed, I recommend that the holders of the lease be required to confine their buildings within two acres, including the site of the hotel, and that they be ordered at once to file in the Department a survey, and be required to surrender the original lease upon the granting by the Department of a new lease. In this connection I would say that the company have erected near the hotel a bath house, which is an eye-sore, and that it is a building which the company should be at once ordered to remove. One of the extinct geyser holes is used for a sink for the refuse water. These old geyser holes are objects of interest which should be carefully preserved.

[Here follow various recommendations with regard to certain leases.]

UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

The Park Improvement Company by virtue of the lease to Hobart and others in 1883, held one and one-half acres at this point as described in that lease. Subsequently on December 11, 1884, the location was changed. There is in course of erection a hotel building which is about half completed. The contract price was $3,000. It is built of rough pine boards and will contain thirty-three bedrooms. The house is of a very unsubstantial character and the accommodations for guests inadequate.

I find the hotel as situated is not on the ground embraced in the original or modified lease, and that is within a quarter of a mile of one of the principal geysers—Old Faithful.

This is in the face of the act of 1883, which expressly forbids the Secretary of the Interior from granting any lease of land within a quarter of a mile of the geysers.

It is proper for me to say that the site itself is a suitable one for a hotel. Without making any recommendation, I leave this matter to be dealt with as the Secretary may deem fit.

There are a number of squalid buildings at the Upper Geyser Basin, erected without authority of law, which should be at once removed.

FALLS AND GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

The Park Improvement Company were granted under the lease of 1883, one and a half acres of land at this point, "beginning at a point due east from the head of Canyon or Great Falls, and thirteen hundred and twenty feet distant therefrom, thence east two hundred and fifty-five feet."

This description would carry the lessees to the opposite side of the river and Canon from that on which they must have intended the lease to run, as there are no means of reaching that side.

On March 3, 1885, the lessees procured a modification of their lease so as to have the same commence on the east side of the river,—feet from Point Lookout, which is a point on the finest portion of the Grand Canyon. The lessees have made no attempt to build on the ground leased to them. They have erected a number of tents and ground situated about one mile from that included in the modified lease, which have supplied all the accommodations afforded visitors for the past seasons.

These tents contain twenty-one beds, but the person in charge informed me that they could accommodate forty-two people, and had a few nights before accommodated seventy-one.

I think that the lessees have so plainly and so long failed to provide the proper hotel buildings and accommodations for the public that their lease at this point should be forfeited, and I strongly recommend that course to the Secretary. If, however, he should be of the opinion that this course should not be adopted, then I recommend that the lessees be required to take a lease of one and a half acres, including the ground which they now occupy with the tents, and that the modified lease near Point Lookout should be rescinded. It is too near the finest portion of the Grand Canyon, and buildings erected on the ground leased would greatly mar the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Moreover if the parties are allowed to remain where they are, they should be required to erect their buildings before the opening of the next season.

No lease should be given in the immediate vicinity of the Grand Canyon.

The Park Improvement Company also obtained a lease in March, 1883, at the Yellowstone Lake. Nothing at all has been done by the company at this point.

While in the Park I attempted to ascertain the status of the Park Improvement Company, and also the status of those who are at present managing the affairs of the company in the Park. As near as I could learn it is as follows:

The company becoming insolvent, George B. Hulme was appointed by one of the Wyoming courts, receiver. On the opening of the season last year the Northern Pacific Railroad loaned the receiver twenty thousand dollars, to secure which receiver's certificates were issued to the company. Those certificates, I understand, the railroad still holds. Mr. C. T. Hobart claims that the receiver leased all the rights of the Park Improvement Company to him. I was not able to procure a copy of the alleged lease, nor do I understand that it has ever been filed in the Department or approved by the Secretary. I was also informed that the whereabouts of the receiver was not known, and that an application for a new receiver would be made next month.

The affairs of the company are in great confusion, and I heard much well founded dissatisfaction expressed by travelers at the poor accommodation furnished them at the places at which leases had been granted to the company.

While the unfortunate financial reverses of the company have no doubt had much to do with this state of things, yet the interests of the public are to be first consulted. If the travel to the Park is to continue to any large extent, adequate accommodation must be afforded travelers, and the Department should see that privileges within the Park are accorded to persons of such financial standing that they can carry out at once such agreements as they may make with the Government for the accommodation of the public.

I may here say that every future lease should specify the time within which the required buildings must be completed.

[Here follow other recommendations about leases, permits and privileges.]

* * * * * * *

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. HALLETT PHILLIPS.

It is hard for a lover of birds to approach "the sparrow question." Sparrows are found to do more harm than snakes or tigers. Nature's thieves and vagabonds they are. This is the verdict of the book before us, as it is of every one who investigates the matter. They drive away birds which do more good and little, if any, harm; for every noxious insect they destroy they consume more corn than one likes to calculate. A Cheshire farmer, indeed, estimates the loss to England due to depredations of sparrows at £770,094 in a year, and this loss is on the increase. No amount of sensationalism can find any countervailing advantage. The careful and long-continued experiments of Colonel Russell in Essex show that sparrows do unmitigated mischief; and the experience of our colonies and of the Americans confirms the facts beyond cavil. There is really nothing to be said for the sparrow. He carries destruction with him wherever he goes, and leaves devastation to mark his increase. From every point of view he must be looked upon as the enemy of man. Either he must give way to us, or we to him; and just now his power is such that he seems in a fair way to become here, as he has already become in Australia, a factor in politics. The Colorado beetle can never commit such ravages as the sparrow is certain to do wherever he is allowed to go on unchecked. Love him as we may for his personality, he ought everywhere to be exterminated with the utmost vigor, for there is no limit—in the course of nature—either to his reproductiveness or to the mischief which he causes. We in England have little conception of the scourge he has proved to be wherever he has been naturalized in foreign lands. It is none too soon to have the question put before us clearly, for every day its importance must become greater. Civilization has a baneful bar to its progress in the apparently inevitable increase of the henceforth to be execrated "Philip Sparrow."—*London Academy.*

Natural History.

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BIRDS OF MICHIGAN.

BY MORRIS GIBBS, M.D.

56. *Dendroeca discolor* (Vieill.) Brd.—Prairie warbler.

A very interesting species. Little known by the youthful collector because of its retiring ways and small size. In southern counties the prairie warbler has not been found abundant by me, even during migrations, but in Central Michigan and the more northern portions it is exceedingly abundant from May 15 to Sept. 1. Along our southern border it arrives usually during the first week of May; I have never seen it in April, while occasionally it does not make its appearance until May 10 or even later. It, however, often appears as far north as Montcalm county by the ninth of the month. It summers from 43° north latitude north and is abundant from 43°30′ north in all suitable localities that I have visited. It becomes quite abundant soon after arriving and in those sections where it summers usually appears numerous by May 15. Although not an early arrival it begins arrangements for nesting very soon after locating, and appears in many instances mated on reaching us. It is a very tame bird at first and is also exceedingly curious, often becoming extremely bold in its desire to gratify its curiosity. Many times while taking notes in the pine barrens where the trees had been slashed and burnt over, these little birds have come about me, and by keeping quiet, with an occasional move of hand or foot to excite their attention, I often caused them to come within a yard of me, when they would peer about and skip over the ground or from twig to twig, much in the manner of the chickadee. They are extremely graceful creatures, and with their diminutive size and pleasing colors at once become objects of admiration.

In many respects they resemble in habits the yellow redpoll, both as to selection of territory during migration, and in generally keeping low down among the bushes and brush. But also like the last they are occasionally observed well up in trees, in fact with the prairie it is a common choice during their periods of song, and the pleasing notes are frequently heard issuing from the top of a tall dead pine, where the little fellow sits almost above shotgun range, and fully protected by the branch on which he is perched. Though so tame in early May the prairie becomes extremely timid as nesting comes on, and it is often with difficulty that specimens are secured, because of their shyness. On leaving a bush when scared they will fly a long distance ere alighting, or more probably, if there are dead trees near by, some tall pine will be selected, and if scared from this point a flight is taken to the next tree. In this way they often keep ahead of the collector for an hour at a time, frequently singing their simple lays. If not molested the birds favor the ground and low bushes however, and although often feeding in the dead trees, rarely in a tall live tree, and frequently going well up to sing, they like the underbrush the best. In these situations, if one is discreet, the habits may be carefully studied, and though the observer will not easily find a nest, still the manners of the midgets will prove sufficient compensation for his exposure to the sun's rays. The birds frequently cling to the side of a tree with their little claws supporting them by the rough bark, and in their gambols and search for food they may be seen hanging almost head down as they move about a recumbent trunk or limb. Their manner of clinging to the bark is more like that of the winter wren than the chickadee, but little like that of the other warblers excepting perhaps the pine.

Only one instance of nesting has come within my observation, and as the nests are rarely found in this portion of the country, it may not be considered improper to occupy the space for a short description. While in Ottawa county for a two weeks' collecting trip in May, 1879, we found a number of these pretty birds, and, thinking to secure the eggs, we made most careful searches, but to no purpose. This was in about 43° north latitude and the country comparatively new, with both pine and hardwood lands in the neighborhood. On May 25 a female was shot which contained an egg ready for the shell, and, thinking to secure the nest, I returned to the place the following day, and after a search lasting but a few minutes the nest and male were taken. It was placed in a small black ash bush about three feet high and only twenty inches from the ground. It was situated in a tripod fork, and was composed principally of down of thistles and old seed blows of dandelion (*Taraxacum*) and fibres of milk weed (*Asclepias*), more or less interwoven with bark or external fibres of weed stock, and lined with woodchuck's (*Arctomys*) hair. The eggs were two in number, fresh, pure white and marked with small dots of reddish brown, thickest near the larger end.

This bird is not always found singly or in pairs as many writers claim, nor is it found in small flocks of only three or four. On the contrary, although not abundant in flocks as is the yellow-rump very frequently, it is often found so numerous as to lead one to suppose that it migrated in straggling flocks at least. I have seen as many as fifty within an area of as many acres. The prairie warbler is a very expert insect catcher, and it is safe to say that not one of our warblers, unless it is the redstart, is superior to him. The insects are generally captured near the ground, but I have seen them dash into the air from a dead pine with great effect, after which the song would be resumed. The song is decidedly peculiar and difficult to describe. It is apparently uttered with the utmost difficulty, and as if the performer were badly strained and was scarcely able to carry it through. The notes are readily recognized because of their peculiarity, and total dissimilarity to the songs of any of our other warblers. The notes begin low but end quite loud and shrill with a kind of rattle, screech or gasp through the whole. The song has not been heard by me during migration, and the best efforts, poor at best, are probably only given after the nesting haunts are reached. It may be heard as early as May 8 in Montcalm county some seasons, again not till the 15th of the month in any numbers. The song persists through June and a few are heard as late as July 15, but later than this the notes are rarely heard. During the autumnal journey the birds are rarely seen in Southern Michigan and I am unable to give the latest dates of departure.

57. *Siurus auricapillus* (Linn.) Sw.—Golden-crowned thrush.

An abundant species, common from May 5 to September 20. A retiring bird, and though often seen walking about in the dead leaves of the forest floor and oftener heard uttering its loud but not unpleasing notes in the recesses of the wood, it is still but little known, and its habits have been little understood by most collectors. Very few birds which are as numerous in cabinets are as little observed in the strict privacy of the forest's seclusion as this, and many of its characteristics which I have observed are so peculiar that I must beg leave to offer them in full, if not as new, at least as reminders to others of what they may have seen, and to most of the readers as features of extreme oddity.

The ovenbird, as it is called by many in allusion to its custom of building its nest partially covered, arrive in our southern counties in late April or early May. My earliest recorded arrival is April 26, while one season they did not arrive until May 6. The birds become abundant within a few days after their appearance, and fill the woods with their loud and characteristic chirping notes. They do not all leave us until about the 15th of October. The quarters chosen by the golden-crowned accentor are variable. More frequently partially low woods are selected for nesting sites, but often high and dry white oak woods are resorted to, and in many instances very low, moist woods are chosen. Many nests ars found in beech and maple woods when on high ground, and such woods are selected oftener perhaps than any other if they are in the vicinity of lower ground and slope toward a stream or lake. The nest, so far as my knowledge extends, is invariably upon the ground or just above it on a bunch of fern roots or slight elevation of the ground. The structure is nearly always placed on a nearly level surface, surrounded and partially, often entirely, covered by the dead leaves of the previous season, but is occasionally situated in a depression of the ground, and even beneath a fallen limb or under the spreading leaves of some forest weed. I know of no nest more difficult to find unless the bird is flushed as we walk through the forest, and very often the eggs are discovered only by diligent search even when the bird rises at our very feet. On one occasion, June 20, 1882, I stepped on a nest containing three eggs and one cow bird's egg, which were demolished, the old bird barely escaping, running out like a mouse. The nests are often entirely covered with the material which composes the structure, of coarse grass and dead leaves generally, and cannot be discovered by looking on the ground, and only by seeing the bird leave the nest or in looking sidewise and discovering the opening. Generally, however, the covering only extends half or two-thirds of the way over the interior, and the eggs are often seen from above. In some cases, as we also find in the case of the meadow lark, the covering is so slight that the eggs may be seen through the thin roof. The old bird does not appear very solicitous, as a rule, when her eggs are taken, and only when they are about ready to hatch or the young occupy the nest does she appear on the scene and give evidence of her anxiety by a series of clucks and chirps quite unlike the notes usually uttered. At first she leaps from her eggs and scuttles rapidly away without notes being uttered, appearing like a meadow mouse or young chipmunk making for its hole, and is often mistaken as such, but before she has traveled two rods in this manner she is recognized and the eggs are looked for, and are frequently found several yards back of one, having been passed as we followed the supposed mouse. Later in the nesting season the old bird feigns lameness, and half tumbles over the ground, and at this time she often runs to a great distance before taking flight. I have seen an old ovenbird run all of five rods before flying. She often returns after her flight and either perches on a limb, where she walks about meditatively uttering her alarm notes, or sneaks about among the underbrush, often appearing, if protected, quite near to us. After the young are half-grown or more, they are easily found as a rule, for the old bird often makes considerable disturbance and the young are seen as we search about, they having about wrecked the nest in their movements and almost totally destroyed the covering. It may be that the old birds make it a practice to tear away or crush down the partial covering; but certain it is that nests which contain young birds are often found without covering, and in one instance to my knowledge, where the cover was well marked before the eggs were hatched, it was later found to be wholly removed, the nest containing four good-sized young and a great, overgrown cowbird. My earliest record of eggs is May 23, when incubation was found to have begun. It was during a very early season, however. In fact, I have found but few nests containing full complements of eggs in May, as compared with June. The time for collecting the eggs of this warbler is from June 1 to 15. Many nests are found containing young by June 10, while after June 20 I have been unsuccessful in securing sets of good eggs. My latest taking of a fresh set of eggs is July 13, although as second broods are undoubtedly raised, and I have often observed the birds acting as if there was a nest in the vicinity, I have no doubt that eggs may be found as late as Aug. 1. The birds breed as far north as 44° 10′, but are not recorded from the Upper Peninsula, neither could I discover the species on either the south or north shore, but found it abundant and undoubtedly nesting on Mackinac Island in Mackinaw Straits.

The song of this species has been but little described by writers; in fact it is only within the last few years that mention has been made of its best musical efforts. The common, loud clanking notes so often heard, have been listened to by all collectors, but a superior strain, only occasionally uttered apparently, has been listened to by but few intelligently. I think it safe to say that no bird among us which is so well known has eluded the describers of bird songs as this one has done. I listened to the true song of the oven bird in 1880 for the first time, and before I had read of its discovery by any writer. The first burst of melody reached me in a dense piece of low woods filled with underbrush, in Montcalm county, in May, and the delighful notes were surprising and doubly pleasing to me in such a location. To describe the notes would be next to impossible. It is more difficult than the songs of the warbling vireo and tanager, and with more dash and harmony if it is possible. At first on hearing the notes the idea presented itself that a species new to me was singing, and my extreme care in reaching the glade in hopes of a shot was what secured me a chance of witnessing a most singular performance. Carefully crawling through the almost impenetrable growth of small saplings and brush, I came at last to a partial clearing over which a bird, apparently in the highest transports of joy, was fluttering in irregular flight. It is not surprising that I failed to recognize the bird in its decidedly unusual performance, for there was not one point in which it resembled itself in ordinary habits, and the specimen would have been shot at once in my eagerness to add a new bird to my collection had I not observed another bird, undoubtedly its mate, perched on the ground near, and which appeared to be a golden-crowned thrush and the center of attraction to the delightful warbler overhead. Never had I heard the song before, and never have

I witnessed such a scene. This was indeed making love with a spirit which I had never witnessed among our birds before. The song was almost continuous, and with an occasional interruption to the new song by the common chattering notes so well known and described by Coues as a "harsh crescendo," the notes were all of the most melodious description. The energetic unconscious fellow was meanwhile constantly flying about above his inamorata, describing every form of flight except that of regular sailing; first dashing through space to the edge of the glade, which was probably twenty feet across; then rising to the tops of the bushes, he would half flutter, half fall toward his prospective mate. On a sudden he would flutter directly upward as we often see the English sparrow or house wren do, and reaching a height of twenty feet or more, dash about the clearing in varying circles, ever tending in his flight toward the object of his extravagant attention. She in the meanwhile sat silent and evidently interested in the performance. Suddenly the male dropped beside her, and alternately dashing and wheeling about, but continually on the move and always revolving about her, gave evidence of his adoration by a series of hops, dignified struts, droopings of the head and tail, elevation of the wings and crest, which would have done credit to both the turkey and ruffed grouse. While on the ground the song was kept up with the usual vigor, but the interruption by the coarser, common notes was more frequent and the bird stopped in its struts in order to utter the notes which apparently caused him more effort than did the more beautiful song. The appearance of a third party on the scene, probably also a lover, caused the first performer to dash into the brush much to my disappointment.

That the love-song is not common is evident to all, and the very fact of its having remained so long unknown is proof of its rarity. After my first experience I watched continually for the beautiful song, but did not hear it until the following year, although the woods were filled with the common notes. The following spring, while sitting quietly at the roots of a gigantic elm, a female of this species fluttered near, carrying material in her beak evidently intended for nest construction. While watching her the male suddenly made his appearance, and the scene of the previous year and with, I think, superior musical performance, was enacted in my presence. However, in this instance the male rarely descended to the ground, evidently being fully mated and not considering it necessary to strut about after securing his partner to the extent of nest construction being in progress. Since that time I have never heard the song, although a thousand chatters have reached my ears.

PALE RUFFED GROUSE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by to day's mail the skin of a bird resembling the ruffed grouse. Will you be kind enough to identify it for me. This is the second one I have shot, the first having been killed about three years ago. They have so far proved solitary birds, there not being any more birds of any kind in that woods. I have shot a great many grouse, but they have all, with these two exceptions, had black ruffs and the spots on the back, and band across the tail, and large wing feathers, black also. This bird weighed twenty-six ounces. I skinned this bird for the purpose of showing you the entire plumage. If you can have the bird mounted, sometime when I am over there I will call and see it. This is the first one that I have undertaken to skin. This bird was shot Nov. 26, 1885.—G. W. Z. (Butler, Pa., Nov. 27). [The bird is remarkable for the uniform cast of its coloration. What is usually black in *B. umbellus* is here chestnut or pale brown. It is a curious example of pale bleached plumage, but it is a true ruffed grouse. We have sent the specimen to be mounted.]

Game Bag and Gun.

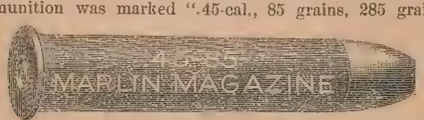
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"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page* 345.)

Marlin .45.

The Marlin .45 at 200 yards was put on the rest Sept. 29, nearly at the opening of the trials, at about half past eleven in the morning. The wind was blowing from the 10 o'clock quarter at seven miles an hour. The barometer indicated 30.120, the dry thermometer 77.4 and the wet-bulb thermometer 67.6, making the dew point 61.4 and the humidity of the atmosphere 58 per cent. The arm weighed 9 pounds 11 ounces, with a barrel weight of 3 pounds 11 ounces, barrel 28 inches in length, octagonal and marked on the top ".45 Govt.," while the shop number was 9449. It had a uniform twist of rifling 20 inches to the turn, 6 grooves .003 in depth and .158 inches in width each. It was loaded with U. M. C. ammunition from a box purchased from the stock of the Marlin Arms Company agency in this city. The box of ammunition was marked ".45-cal., 85 grains, 285 grains



grooved bullet, specially adapted to the Marlin Repeating Rifle." Three of the cartridges were opened and examined, and the powder behind the two grooved bullets found in fine condition. The three charges weighed 84.3, 84.9 and 83.4 grains respectively, while the corresponding bullets were 290.5, 289 7 and 289.4 grains.

The arm acted very contrary in the rest, and do what might, with a consumption of over 25 rounds it was only possible to get one shot through all the screens and on the target. The weapon was several times cleaned and particular attention paid for any traces of leading in the barrel, but none were detected, yet the arm threw the bullets now high, now low, in every and various directions, and at one shot sending a deflected bullet very near our esteemed carpenter's head. An attempt was made to insert a Government cartridge, but the 500-grain bullet refused to go into the chamber or rifling, and we were forced to be content with a single trajectory curve instead of the average of five which was desired. This curve showed:

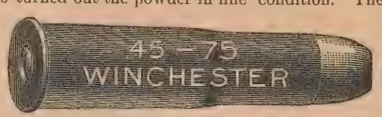
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	**7.596** in.	**11.236** in.	**9.019** in.

At 100 yards the rifle was tested on Oct. 10, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind coming from the 9 o'clock quarter at an 11 miles per hour rate, the barometer stood 30.200 inches, the dry thermometer at 62.5 and the wet-bulb thermometer at 58, making a dew point of 54.9 and indicating a humidity in the atmosphere of 76 per cent. Again the arm acted very obstinately and but one satisfactory round was put through the screens out of the score or more fired. This round showed a curve as follows:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	**1.131** in.	**2.125** in.	**1.612** in.

Winchester .45.

The arm at 200 yards was tried on Sept. 28 at 4:40 P. M., with a five mile and half breeze blowing from the 6 o'clock quarter. The dry thermometer indicated 65.7, the wet-bulb thermometer 59 and a dew point of 51.8, and humidity, 58 per cent., was calculated from this. The barometer reading was 30.210 inches. The arm weighed 10 pounds 8 ounces and the barrel alone 3 pounds 10 ounces. The barrel's length was 30 inches, octagonal and numbered 48,005. There are 6 grooves having an uniform twist of 30 inches to the turn and a depth of .003 inches with a width of .142 inches. It was loaded with Winchester-made ammunition from box marked ".45 caliber, 75 grains powder, model Centennial, 1876." A bottle-neck shell 1⅞ inches in length, having a three-grooved naked bullet, when examined, three rounds turned out the powder in fine condition. The three



powder charges weighed 77.6, 75.7 and 76 grains, while the bullets, made up of 1 part tin to 16 of lead, weighed respectively 349.3, 349.5 and 349 6 grains. In the rest the arm behaved well and showed a record as follows:

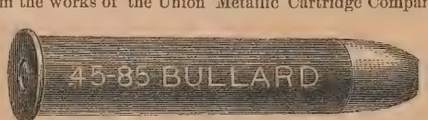
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.071 in.	11.272 in.	8.855 in.
2.....	8.657 in.	12.070 in.	8.526 in.
3.....	9.332 in.	13.002 in.	10.097 in.
4.....	8.587 in.	12.033 in.	9.385 in.
5.....	8.312 in.	11.517 in.	8.931 in.
Average.....	**8.592** in.	**11.979** in.	**9.359** in.

At 100 yards the test was made on Oct. 5, with a wind coming from the 8 o'clock quarter at thirteen miles per hour. It was at 12:45 when the rifle was put in the rest, the barometer reading 30.150 inches, the thermometer 60 and the wet-bulb thermometer 52, making a dew point of 43 and the humidity in the atmosphere at 54 per cent. Similar ammunition to that at 200 yards was used. The score stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.053 in.	2.696 in.	2.317 in.
2.....	2.044 in.	2.530 in.	2.175 in.
3.....	1.920 in.	2.452 in.	2.107 in.
4.....	1.919 in.	2.382 in.	2.089 in.
5.....	2.048 in.	2.603 in.	2.108 in.
Average.....	**1.997** in.	**2.532** in.	**2.159** in.

Bullard .45.

This rifle, at the 200-yard range, was tested on Sept 29 at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and when placed on the stand a lazy wind, going at the rate of three miles an hour, was passing over the range from the 4 o'clock quarter. The barometer stood at 30.250 inches, the dry thermometer at 73.5°, the wet bulb at 68°, making a dew point of 64.5, and the atmospheric humidity at 73 per cent. of complete saturation. The weapon had a 26-inch, half-octagon barrel, and was numbered 724. It weighed 9 pounds 14 ounces, and the barrel alone is given as weighing 3 pounds 6 ounces. There are five grooves, with uniform twist of one turn in 30 inches. The depth of rifling is .004 and the width of groove .160. The loading was from a box marked ".45-cal., 85grs. powder, for the Bullard, Marlin and other rifles," coming from the works of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company.



Three rounds of the ammunition when opened showed the powder in fine condition and the bullet having two grooves. The charge was of FG powder, either Laflin & Rand's or Dupont's, as both are used by the U. M. C. Co., and the bullets had 1 tin to 20 lead. When weighed the charges of powder ran 84.3, 84.9 and 83-4, while the corresponding bullets were 290.5, 289.7 and 289.4.

The weapon acted well in the rest and gave the following record:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	7.839 in.	11.252 in.	8.817 in.
2.....	7.892 in.	11.377 in.	8.811 in.
3.....	7.729 in.	11.258 in.	8.975 in.
4.....	7.591 in.	10.822 in.	8.484 in.
5.....	7.579 in.	10.925 in.	8.551 in.
Average.....	**7.726** in.	**11.127** in.	**8.727** in.

At 100 yards the trial was on Oct. 5, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind coming from the 8 o'clock quarter at a 11-mile per hour rate. The barometer recorded 30.220, the thermometer 60.5, the wet-bulb thermometer 53, making the dew point 45.7 and indicating a humidity of 59 per cent. It is unnecessary to give again the detail of the charge used, which was similar to that at 200 yards. The figures show trajectory heights of follows:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.745 in.	2.210 in.	1.831 in.
2	1.808 in.	2.258 in.	2.015 in.
3.....	1.684 in.	1.975 in.	1.661 in.
4.....	1.902 in.	2.379 in.	2.013 in.
5.....	1.819 in.	2.241 in.	1.936 in.
Average.....	**1.791** in.	**2.210** in.	**1.891** in.

Springfield .45 Military.

This weapon is the regular army weapon of to-day with its three grooves and the later adopted cartridge having the 500-grain bullet. It was one which had long been on the range, brought there, we believe by Major Shorkley, and presented to Gen. Wingate in replacement of one which the Major had shortened down an inch at a time into horse pistol length, while trying some of the interesting experiments in which he finds so much of instructive entertainment. It was put on the rest for the 200 yards testing on the afternoon of Oct. 1, about 3 o'clock, the wind at that time blowing down the range from the 6 o'clock quarter at seven miles per hour. The barometer showed 30.075 inches, the thermometer 73.2, the wet-bulb thermometer 61, showing a dew point of 50.8, and an atmosphere having 45 per cent. of humidity. The weapon itself weighing 8 pounds 11 ounces, with a barrel of 3 pounds 9 ounces weight. The length of the round barrel is 32 inches and the rifling is uniform with three grooves of 22 inches to the full turn. Depth of groove .005 and width of groove .235. It was loaded with ammunition made according to the shell inscription at Frankford Arsenal, near Philadelphia, in February, 1884. The charging then was the same as it has been for four years past, with Dupont's "musket," now called "small-arms" powder. The bullet has a composition of 16 lead to 1 of tin by weight.



The opening of three charges showed the powder pressed hard but in good condition, and the bullet with three broad grooves. The charges of powder when weighed turned the balances at 69 6, 69.3, and 69.7 grains, while the three corresponding bullets weighed 499.2, 499.4, and 499.5 grains.

The rifle seemed at home in the Government rest in which it found itself, and light though the barrel was, there is no signs of anything but very steady shooting. The record standing:

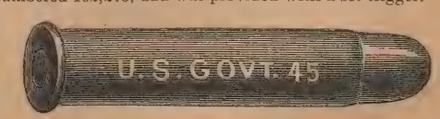
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.983 in.	12.224 in.	9.417 in.
2.....	9.654 in.	13.315 in.	10.169 in.
3.....	9.582 in.	13.261 in.	10 079 in.
4.....	9.304 in.	12.925 in.	10.009 in.
5.....	9.509 in.	13 209 in.	10.106 in.
Average.....	**9.406** in.	**12.987** in.	**9.956** in.

At 100 yards the trial was made on Oct. 12, with the wind coming from the 2 o'clock quarter at the rate of 18 miles per hour. The barometer stood 30 290 inches, the thermometer 54 5°F., the wet-bulb thermometer 50.5, making the dew point 46.5 and the humidity 51 per cent. Again the rifle was on its good behavior in the rest, though the figures will bear careful scrutiny, and show that as a military arm it is close enough as a shooter to do very great execution in skillful hands. The 100-yard score stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.290 in.	2.834 in.	2.492 in.
2.....	2.291 in.	2.915 in.	2.458 in.
3.....	2.372 in.	2.952 in.	2.488 in.
4.....	2.321 in.	2.882 in.	2.397 in.
5.....	2.353 in.	2.888 in.	2.435 in.
Average..	**2.325** in.	**2.894** in.	**2.454** in.

Sharps .45.

This weapon was a well rusted veteran, and had for eight years been carried by one of the FOREST AND STREAM'S staff in every part of the West. It had done capital service at antelope, elk and mountain sheep, and it had shown itself a hard and a close hitter. It carried a Government cartridge of the 405-grain bullet model, and with this it was tested. The weapon had a 30 inch round barrel and was numbered 162,275, and was provided with a set trigger. It



weighed 10 pounds 3 ounces, and the barrel weighed 5 pounds 4 ounces. It had a uniform rifling, six grooves, with one turn in 20 inches, the depth of rifling was .003 and the width about .120 inch. It was placed in the rest Oct. 19, about noon, with the wind coming 21 miles per hour from the 7 o'clock quarter. The barometer at 30.195 inches, the thermometer at 70.5 and the wet-bulb thermometer at 64.5, giving a dew point of 60.5 and indicating a humidity

of 71 per cent. The ammunition employed was of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's manufacture, with a composition in the bullet of 1 tin to 14 lead and loaded with FG powder. When opened the powder was found hard pressed but in fair condition, and the bullet had the regulation three broad grooves. The weights of the three powder charges were 72 4. 71.3 and 69 1 grains, while the corresponding bullets were 404.5, 404 3 and 404.5 grains. The record at the 200-yard range stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.188 in.	10.968 in.	8.464 in.
2.....	8.540 in.	11.937 in.	8.906 in.
3.....	8.917 in.	11.760 in.	9.098 in.
4.....	8.399 in.	11.706 in.	8.867 in.
5.....	8.623 in.	11.928 in.	9.130 in.
Average	**8.533** in.	**11.659** in.	**8.893** in.

The 100-yard shooting of the Sharps rifle had been tried on Oct. 10, about half-past 4 in the afternoon, with the wind coming across the range from the 9 o'clock quarter with a 5 mile an hour velocity. The other observations were: Barometer 30.220 inches, thermometer 64°F., wet-bulb thermometer 56°, and a dew point of 49 with a humidity of 58 per cent. Again the old Sharps proved itself a tractable weapon, and a single sighting shot put it on the bullseye, and then the five trial shots showed the following record:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.865 in.	2.597 in.	2.336 in.
2.....	2.067 in.	2.585 in.	2.157 in.
3.....	2.068 in.	2.545 in.	2.128 in.
4.....	2.096 in.	2.568 in.	2.185 in.
5.....	2.312 in.	2.805 in.	2.345 in.
Average....	**2.081** in.	**2.620** in.	**2.230** in.

DEER IN VERMONT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Stanstead," in your issue of Nov. 2, has made reference to my knowledge of something of the deer whereabouts. Yes, I have seen deer in Vermont near this place, and four at one look once, and at various other times the "white flag," but I have not shot at one in that State. I have seen the dog-chewed hides of some killed there by crust-hunters, and I was told yesterday by a reliable informant in Vermont that he knew of seven deer slaughtered in one yard last spring. That "yard" was only five miles from this village, and some of the "things" live here that were in at the death. There are many deer there now, and some are making a feeding ground of the mountain side, in view from the window in front of me. They were there one week ago to-day, when I saw their first tracks. But man cannot be their only enemy, if I am well informed of the character of the wolverines some of which have a home in the rocks in that dense forest.

North Stratford is the home of several practical jokers, and one of Vermont's crust-hunters and his venison went through a mock trial last spring in that place. The fellow was well scared. But why should we try to enforce deer laws? When will there be an open season to make a game law respected. They are not increasing under a dog in the manger law. An open season from Aug. 1 to Jan. 1 would be far better in all New England States than any law now in existence in the different States. Knowledge of the breeding season of deer, and the character of the people who are to be regulated by game laws should both be taken into consideration; if this is done you can remove all bounties, and the four-footed venison eaters will disappear. NED N.

COLEBROOK, N. H., Nov. 23.

DEER NEAR LAKE GEORGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is the opinion of true hunters generally on the lower part of the Adirondack range that the passage of the non-hounding act has been accomplished just in time. If hounding had gone on for a number of years longer the deer would have been nearly if not all killed. This fall's report show them to be more plenty than for a number of years. Two or three instances have come to my notice when parties have gone from home and back the same day and getting a deer, some of them living from ten to fifteen miles from the hunting ground. The inclosed was clipped from the Troy *Times:*

"Last year Burr Phelps, of Lake George, stood in his tracks and shot three large deer within ten minutes. Tuesday evening last Capt. Lee Harris, Capt. Burr Phelps and Geo. B. Harris, ex-deputy postmaster, left Caldwell at 6 o'clock in a rowboat, reaching Bolton in two hours. There they remained over night. At 4 o'clock the next morning they were joined by Alexander Taylor and George Granger, in another rowboat. The party pulled about eight miles down the lake, and by the time it was daylight the hunters were ascending the mountain opposite Halfway Island. Before 5 o'clock P. M. they had killed four deer, all bucks, and had two down to the lake. Wednesday morning they got the other two down from the mountain, loaded them into the small boats and pulled to Bolton, where they parted company with Taylor and Granger and two deer. Before 6 o'clock P. M. they were at home. The parties were all old hunters except G. B. Harris, it being his first experience. The first and largest buck was shot by him, also the second and smallest. The first weighed more than 200 pounds. The snow on top of the mountain was ten inches deep. Four beautiful bucks and a pull of eighteen miles and return in less than forty-eight hours, without a dollar's expense or the aid of a dog in killing the game, is a pattern for a country more frequented by deer than the Lake George region. Five deer were started, but one evaded the keen eyes of the party. A large bear was also started by the party, but was not seen."

The mountains about Lake George are hunted perhaps as much as any part of the Adirondack chain, as they are very easy of access by taking the cars to Dresden or Chubb's Dock, on the Champlain division of the D. & H. C. road. A number of fine deer have been killed on Dresden Mountain, between the head waters of Lake Champlain and Lake George this fall, and it is expected if the law is vigorously enforced that in a few years deer will again be as plenty as foxes. Now if the jack hunting will only be stopped we shall soon enjoy the pleasures of deer hunting as our forefathers did. The flight of ducks has been very light here this fall and only a few have been bagged, but a number of snipe have been shot in the village limits. NED.

FAIR HAVEN, Vermont, Nov. 21.

THE GEESE OF THE PLATTE.

It has been my habit to annually write an article on goose hunting in the River Platte. This fall I was not able to accompany my friends to the grounds which have heretofore furnished such fine sport, but I have kept myself posted as to the doings of all the parties who have gone up there from here. A few of those who went early in the season made fair bags, but all of them have been disappointed. The geese have been scarce and rather wild. Along the river from Kearney eastward they have appeared only in limited numbers, and at Foote's, back of Kenesaw, where three years ago in five days five of us bagged 313, none to speak of have appeared this year. My friend Jack Lanham, who is a good shot and one of the most indefatigable goose hunters perhaps on the continent, spent three days on the bars near Gothenburg, thirty or forty miles west of Kearney, did not get a single shot at geese, and one day while out in the adjoining fields trying to knock over a stray chicken, some one waded out and added to his misery by stealing all his sheet-iron decoys.

The geese have not appeared much around the inland lakes and ponds, nor in the cornfields of the farmers, as in former years; nor have many been seen in flight over this region going southward. These remarks especially apply to the white brant. Very few white brant have been seen at all, a party of five who spent five days on the Platte saw but one during that time. In other years they have been so numerous that when they settled down on the little bars at a distance they resembled banks of snow.

No one seems to be able to account for this sudden diminution of wild geese along the Platte. It never occurred to me it would happen during my lifetime. There are various theories regarding it. One is that they have taken a different line in their migration southward; another, that as the country has settled up further northward and grain has been grown there, they stop among the lakes in that region and remain because they are not disturbed; another, that they did come down here, but as every farmer had a gun to pop away at them in the fields where they went to feed, and the bars in the river were covered with hunters, they hurried southward to seek peace and rest; and still another that through despoiling of their eggs in their nesting grounds, and the spring and fall killing off the fowls by myriads of hunters, their ranks have become so depleted they can no longer make the big display of former years. I do not know, I am sure. It is nevertheless a fact that it was hard work to make a fair bag on the Platte this year because the geese were not there.

Pretty much the same may be said with reference to ducks. Indeed, the falling off in their case has been greater than that of the geese. I have not heard of a creditable bag, even by the most successful hunters. If they have come this way in any considerable numbers they have done so so slyly and quietly that none of us have been aware of their presence. We people of this part of Nebraska have begun to realize that, like our more eastern friends, if we want to do much successful work among the ducks we will have to seek other regions for the sport. How quickly do the settlement of a country and the modern gun cause the game to disappear.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 21. BURR H. POLK.

AN ILLINOIS QUAIL PRESERVE.

At the age of twenty-five I was much attached to this world and wanted to stay awhile, but was apprehensive of declining health. One day I called on that ardent lover of field sports, the late Dr. James B. Coleman, of this city. Said I, "Doctor, examine my lungs." The Doctor never prescribed medicine when any other course of treatment was practicable. After a careful examination he said, "O, you are all right; only a little run down. Buy a dog and gun. Get a good dog and he will soon inspire you with an insatiable desire for the field; drink plenty of brown stout, and I'll see you later on in life."

I lost no time in procuring this outfit, and soon found myself completely absorbed in dogs and guns, and quail and woodcock shooting. Heretofore I had been wholly devoted to business, but the beautiful work of my dog soon led me to find easy excuses for a day or a week of shooting; and to economize time in July I would often take to bed at dark and be called at 2 o'clock, drive three to five miles in the country, get a few brace of woodcock, and be at business by 8 o'clock. A few years later my business called me frequently to Chicago. One day I stepped into the office of the Illinois Central Railroad and bought eighty acres of land, located about ten miles from Vandalia, and which had been previously described by a friend as having all the surroundings a quail shooter could wish for. After fencing and the erection of a comfortable five-room house—this cost me about $2,000—I subsequently sold this plant to a jolly old Englishman, who had a wife who knew how to keep house, it being understood that my friends and I were to be "at home" there a week or two each fall. Here for fifteen successive years, in company with those kindred spirits Mr. F. W. Roebling and Col. B. Ridgway, have I enjoyed quail shooting in all its perfection of delight, encircled by home comforts and a warm friend in every land owner, as it has been our custom to keep "open house" every evening.

Our stay there has usually been confined to about ten days each season, which seemed to fully satisfy us, as we made full use of every hour of daylight, barring bad weather and Sundays.

In favorable seasons the birds are very plenty in that locality, and the shooting is mostly open. The country is rolling and much cut up with wooded or weedy ravines, which afford attractive cover for the birds and yet not difficult ground for a shooter to work. Our yearly score for eight to ten days shooting has run from 400 to 800 quail, woodcock and prairie chickens to the three guns. The record of six seasons which I now have before me shows 391 for the lowest aggregate, to 827 for the highest, or an average of 594 birds for each of the six seasons. The best single bag of birds made by any one of us was fifty-three quail and three chickens. The best bag of quail to a single gun was fifty-five, and the best day was a total of 139 to the three guns. The years in which our score was not recorded would average quite as good as those enumerated, so that I estimate that in the fifteen years we have bagged nearly 9,000 birds within an area of five miles of that little shooting ranch. This looks like big work, but I think in its execution we must have strewn hill and dale with nearly 18,000 empty shells.

I have heard of men that "kill 'em all," and are good for "nine out of ten." I can beat all of those sort of fellows. But my observation has been in an experience of twenty-five years that a man who accepts all the chances in open or cover at short or long range and bags half his shots is a hard one to follow "day in and day out."

Two years ago a young fellow, who lives on the border of the timber, came over to our ranch one evening "a-sparking." We interviewed him on the quail business, and he said there was "right smart of them over there." So next morning we had our boy hitch up the mules and drive us over, a distance of nearly five miles. When we got near enough to locate his cabin, in the edge of the timber a half mile distant, I said to the Colonel, "This stubble is good enough for me. Let's get out and send the boy and team on to the house." We got over the fence, and before we had gone fifty yards our four dogs were beautifully posed on a covey of birds, and when they were flushed our guns disturbed another covey over near the open timber, and both bunches spread out nicely in the thin underbrush and among the fallen treetops. So it went all day—plenty of birds and just enough cover to make the shooting highly interesting. At 4 o'clock one of us counted out 55 birds and the other 53, total 108, or the best day to any two guns during our fifteen years' experience in that locality. Those 108 large plump birds, spread out breasts up on the clean straw in the bottom of our wagon, was a sight that only a sportsman can properly appreciate.

This season we shall not visit our old resort, it being reported that the severe winter destroyed many birds. But we conclude that the many score of cheap breechloading guns now in the hands of young men in that vicinity, who were "kids" fifteen years ago (when we located there), have had more to do with thinning out the birds than the severe winter. So we have arranged to go in quest of new grounds in the "Old North State," and will leave for Salisbury, N. C., in a few days. We shall move around until we find just the right spot, and after tiring of quail go down to the coast and finish up on duck and deer, of which you may hear more. JOHN TAYLOR.

TRENTON, Nov. 25.

IN THE CACHE RIVER BOTTOMS.

THE Huntingdon Hunting Club returned home on last Monday after a two weeks' camp hunt in the Cache River Bottoms, in Green county, Ark., about two hundred miles distant from this place by rail.

We left the railroad at Gainesville, Ark., where we were joined by Dr. D. K. Parsons, W. J. Parsons, the renowned Captain E. E. Stubbs and Mr. James Halsey, to whom we are under many obligations for courtesies shown. Our principal object was to hunt deer, though we would not have objected to an occasional bear, wolf, etc. We were in the midst of a great game country. The booty of the hunt amounted to ten deer and a considerable number of squirrels. A large yellow wolf was discovered eating a dead deer and fired on without effect by several of our party. Captain Stubbs brought down a fine turkey on the wing with his rifle, and by various feats of agility and wonder demonstrated to the satisfaction of our club that he is the most skillful rifle shot at moving objects in the world. Our deer hunting was almost entirely without dogs, which falls short of the old-fashioned, glorious style of chasing the game and shooting it on the run. We were too early for ducks, which, up to the time of our breaking camp, had only reached this locality in small numbers.

The scene of our exploits was to have been in Buffalo Island, in the Saint Francis bottoms, where bear are plentiful, but the difficulty of reaching that point induced us to change the field of our operations. We received information that in one week while we were in camp Mr. Zack Hollis, who lives on Buffalo Island, killed six bear. The pleasure of the hunt was much diminished by the unfortunate accidental shooting in the foot of Judge Jo. R. Hawkins by Mr. Halsey a few minutes before reaching camp. Mr. Halsey fired with a rifle at a rabbit, which he killed; but the ball bounded and lodged in the Judge's foot. The ball was extracted by Dr. Parsons, who was present, and the wound, though severe, is now doing well.

By the local hunters in Arkansas magazine rifles are in general use, and they care but little to be nearer than 150 yards of a deer, and with a single shot they often despatch a bear. In the St. Francis and Cache River bottoms there is a vast expanse of low, level, wet land, interspersed with both forest and prairie, which in the fall season is a perfect paradise to the hunter. In this region is to be found bear, wolf, panther, wildcat and deer, and among the numerous fowls that are seen here may be mentioned swan, goose, duck, eagle, etc., and in the streams large quantities of fish may be taken by sportsmen properly prepared with tackle. But how long this state of affairs may exist is uncertain, as the wilderness is dotted every few miles with the camps of sportsmen, who come hundreds of miles to luxuriate in the glories of this huntsman's delight. L. L. H.

HUNTINGDON, Tenn., Nov. 19.

NOTES FROM WOOD, FIELD AND SHORE.

LARGE flocks of geese have been observed of late passing over our village, and during yesterday's cold northeast storm I saw eight flocks passing south, numbering about 400 birds in all, as near as I could judge. Owing to the rain they flew quite low and within easy gunshot. One of our over-zealous sportsmen did fire into a flock of them, bringing down a bird; but it had no sooner touched ground than it took to wing again and a moment later was lost from view. Partridges are not over plenty about here, and half a dozen birds are called a good bag. Many of the birds are caught in snares. I have run across large numbers of these snares in the woods. I do not hesitate a moment in picking up all I find, and wish all hunters would do likewise. Quail are quite plenty, but are very shy, and lie pretty low when once flushed. Quite a number of woodcock have been taken in this section, but most of them proved very small and not over fat. F. M. M.

ATTLEBORO FALLS, Mass., Nov. 24.

WOODCOCK IN THE SNOW.—Onondaga Hill, N. Y., Nov. 27.—While fox hunting last Wednesday I shot a fine female woodcock which the hound flushed from a little ravine out in the fields, the snow being nearly a foot deep. Three years ago, on Nov. 16, I killed one in the same locality. The snow was then more than a foot deep. Both birds were in very fine plumage. I have mounted the last one and it presents a very fine appearance indeed. A short time since Dorr, K. and the writer went cooning in the evening with the smartest coon dog in the country. The dog treed five coons in a large swamp elm, which the writer climbed and killed them with a Remington .44-caliber, a navy revolver. The five coons weighed seventy pounds—quite a good haul. Partridges and rabbits are unusually scarce in our locality this fall.—G. A. K.

A "JUMBO" BUCK.

THE largest deer killed in this section for fifteen years was recently shot by Mr. Isaac C. Haas, of Baltimore, Md., a hunter of considerable experience in the mountains and fields. On this occasion the party consisted of the following huntsmen: Mr. James W. Miller and Mr. Jehu Wilson, of Mill Gap, Hardy county, W. Va.; Mr. Levi C. Stewart, of Wardensville, W. Va., and Mr. Isaac C. Haas, of Baltimore, Md. Thursday, Nov. 12, at daybreak, the party hurriedly climbed the craggy cliffs of Mill Mountain, and when they reached a desired point a halt was made for a few minutes. After exchanging a few words in regard to the drive, two of the party entered the dense undergrowth and the other two remained at crossings, where deer generally pass when driven from their haunts in the brush. Probably an hour elapsed when Mr. Haas saw a big buck coming toward him in double-quick time; but in a second the gun came to his shoulder, and as his finger pressed the fatal trigger, simultaneously with the crack of the gun the noble old buck fell backward and died in a minute or so. When Jehu Wilson came he exclaimed, "Great Scott! He's big as a steer!" The deer weighed 208 pounds, and measured 5 feet 7 inches from the tip end of the nose to the tip end of the tail. The most remarkable thing is that this big buck was instantly killed with No. 2 shot at a distance of forty-seven yards, about thirty pellets hitting him in the neck and breast. The gun used was a Greener 10-bore 'choke. A rather singular coincidence in this connection is that Mr. Haas killed a four-prong buck twenty years ago near this same spot, and hit him in the neck with four buckshot, though the deer ran more than 100 yards before he yielded to death.

Unless the States pass rigid laws prohibiting the hounding of deer, it will not be long before this noble game will be completely exterminated. A law should be enacted in every State giving a premium of $2.50 for every hound scalp when caught running deer. Then the mountaineer would feel encouraged in exterminating the hounds. NIM.

LOST RIVER, Hardy County, W. Va., Nov. 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two deer were brought into market last week, one weighing 250 pounds, undoubtedly the largest buck shot in this section in years. They were killed near Bear Lake. It is snowing to-day and several gunners are preparing for rabbits to-morrow. W. B. L.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 23.

WHO TAKES THE DEER?—Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If one party is chasing a deer and another kills it, it is the property of the man killing it. Wild animals are the subject of qualified property so long as man retains his dominion over them. Kent. 348. In Pierson v. Post, 3 Caines, 175, the Supreme Court of New York held that pursuit alone gave no property in animals *ferœ naturæ*. In Buster v. Newkirk, 20 Johns. 75, the same court held that the mere pursuit and being in sight of the animal did not create property, because no possession had been acquired. The Roman law provided that property in a wounded wild beast did not attach until the beast was actually taken. I think the rule actually laid down by all authorities is that the animal must be so restrained by nets or otherwise that it cannot escape before the right of property attaches. This rule may be modified by general custom in particular localities, but evidence of such a universal custom in that locality would be necessary to establish any right in the pursuer. The New York Legislature provided that in the counties of Queens and Suffolk that any person chasing deer shall be deemed to be in possession while in fresh pursuit thereof. I know of no other attempt to change the general rule.—CASUAL.

HOW THEY HAVE GONE AND WHY.—Berthoud, Colo., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from my third annual hunt in Wyoming. We were out thirty-five days and our party of four wagons and six men brought home in all eighteen elk, nineteen deer, four mountain sheep and a number of antelope, white jack rabbits and sage hens. My part of the bag was eight elk, six blacktail deer, one whitetail buck and several antelope and one mountain sheep. The antelope we used mostly for camp meat, so we don't keep much track of how many we do kill; just so long as there is any antelope in camp it is used as camp meat by the outfit. We saw some bear sign and plenty of Bob cat and mountain lion sign, but did not happen to run across any of them. I killed the largest bull elk I ever saw. These hunting trips are not all fun. About the time we started for home we had an eight days' storm so that in some places it took six horses to the wagon to pull through. The hills were full of hunters; and elk in Wyoming will soon be gone, like the buffalo. There are now only small bands of ten or fifteen, where two years ago I saw them in bands of five hundred to one thousand.—A. A. K.

GAME IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 27.—I saw to-day at a commission merchant's on Front street, three large white swans. They were killed near Cottonwood Point, on the Mississippi River, near the south line of Missouri. These are the largest birds I ever saw, saving the great American Thanksgiving bird, called by the convivial "Shepard" of "Ettrick Forest," the "bubbly jock." I suppose the swan is a very rare bird, as in all my wanderings I have never seen a live one in the wild state. The Memphis markets are full of game, ducks, geese, wild turkeys, deer and bear predominating. Game of all kinds is unusually abundant this season. Several hunting parties from the upper country have passed Memphis on their way to the swamps of Mississippi and Arkansas. One of these parties, from Cincinnati, traveled in a small light draft steamboat, fitted up for hunting purposes, and seemed prepared to have a very comfortable and jolly time. They were going up the St. Francis, into the region of the "Sunk Lands," said to be a very paradise for hunters.—COAHOMA.

KANSAS QUAIL.—Capt. W. W. Judy, of St. Louis, recently returned from his trip to Council Groves, Kas. During their stay at Council Groves the four guns accounted for 400 quail and one grouse. Capt. Judy says that he never saw game so thick in his life. There were any number of bevies of quail, while the grouse had formed into immense packs, and were, as usual under such circumstances, very wild. One pack must have numbered, the captain thinks, quite 5,000 birds. The shooters only obtained stragglers. The honors of the town and the rights to obtain shooting were very kindly and generously obtained for the visitors by Messrs. Charlie Schaeffer and H. E. Hagger of Council Groves,

A BALTIMORE BUCK'S ESCAPADE.—A deer hunt took place in the streets of Baltimore yesterday. It was more exciting than a chase of the Elkridge hounds after a fox. The deer belonged to the Druid Hill Park herd, and was a young buck, about two years old, with budding antlers. He escaped from the Park between 11 and 12 o'clock in the morning, and entered the city by way of the Hookstown road. From there he ran into Fremont street, and was seen by several small boys and a little yellow cur. The boys and the yellow cur went for him, and the deer let himself out. They all came down Fremont street as fast as their legs could carry them, the deer with head erect, the boys yelling and the yellow dog barking. The deer distanced his pursuers after running three or four squares, and slackened his pace for awhile, but the pursuit was taken up again by more small boys, and he had to go even faster than before, for at each corner his pursuers increased in numbers. Children and grown persons walking along the streets hid themselves behind doorsteps, and by their cries scared the deer so much that he fairly leaped through the air. From Fremont street he turned into Baltimore street, and startled the pedestrians to such an extent that there was a stampede into various convenient retreats. Down Baltimore street he flew, and when near Pearl street was confronted by a man armed with a hoisted umbrella. The man shoved the umbrella toward the deer, and the animal leaped through a $60 plate-glass window at No. 447. There was a tremendous crash, and a moment afterward the deer emerged from the window with blood streaming from his head and sides, where deep gashes had been made by the sharp edges of the glass. The deer was now almost beside himself with terror. His feet barely touched the stones as he went straight ahead toward Eutaw street. A number of persons on Eutaw street, corner of Baltimore street, blocked his way on Baltimore street, but he eluded them and ran down Eutaw street to German street, and from there to Sharpe street, and then to Barre street, from which point he made a bee line for Light street wharf. Men and boys and dogs were after him, shouting and barking. At Light street the frightened animal sped southward. A crowd of young fellows at the corner of York street saw him coming and tried to head him off. His enemies were now behind and in front. The only way to escape was to take to the water. At Lee street he saw his opportunity and took advantage of it. He made a desperate leap and cleared the top of the engine house of a mud machine and reached the water in safety. The leap was fully thirty-five feet, and was so unexpected and so amazing that his pursuers stopped on the wharf and looked at him with admiration as he swam around the basin. Then somebody suggested that he might be pursued in a rowboat, and five minutes thereafter two boats were in hot chase. Robert Slaine was the first person to catch hold of him. He grasped the deer by the tail, and held on so tenaciously that that part of the hide slipped off, and the deer came near getting away. Slaine was pulled partly into the water by the deer, and his clothes were soaked. Daniel Burns and Martin Conley went to his assistance, and by holding the deer's head under water they finally succeeded in capturing him and fetched him ashore, where they were received by nearly 600 persons. They took the deer to Slaine's house, No. 40 Lee street, and tied him up in the yard. He succeeded in breaking loose once or twice, but was soon overcome by exhaustion. Crowds of people called at the house to see the captive, and the hunt was the talk of the day. Captain Cassell will make a requisition for an ambulance and restore the runaway to the park herd. The store on Baltimore street where the window was broken is occupied by Frederick Lang, merchant tailor.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MICHIGAN DEER KILLED FOR EXPORT.—From every side reports continue to reach the *Marquette Mining Journal* concerning the wholesale slaughter of deer in that vicinity. If such reckless destruction is allowed to continue it will not be long before the deer will be as few and far between here as are elephants and boa-constrictors. During the month of October alone there were shipped from the station of Munising 17,500 pounds of venison, to one firm in Detroit. Only the saddles were shipped, the rest of the deer being allowed to go to waste where killed. Nearly 18,000 pounds of venison saddles, shipped to one firm from a small station on the D., M. & M.! It does not require much foresight to show that soon our boasted hunting will be a thing of the past. Many carcasses were shipped from Munising to this city and other points, but these do not enter into the amount given, the grand total would be still more alarming. Up to some time in October, it is stated, over 700 deer had been shipped from Au Train, many of which were killed out of season. Recently a man drove to Munising and dumped ten large-sized deer upon the platform for shipment. Such facts, and nearly every person acquainted with the subject can add to them, go to show that something must be done to stop this illegal and wholesale killing of deer. From Negaunee and Ishpeming accounts come of pit-falls, steel traps, set in runways, set-guns and other unlawful devices being discovered in the woods about those cities. Marquette once had a society for the protection of game; if not dead, it certainly is in a slumber so profound as to be alarming. Everybody is ready to admit that such slaughter as is now going on is shameful, but energetic, determined men are needed to put a stop to it and see that the guilty receive the punishment they richly deserve. It is true that the present is the lawful season for killing deer, but it is not lawful even now to kill them in every way, shape or manner possible.

WHY NOT GIVE IT A CHANCE?—Every once in a while an item like this goes the rounds: "A deer came down Franklin street, Saginaw City, yesterday morning, and, jumping into the river, commenced swimming for the opposite shore. Officers Sheehan and Baskins procured a boat and took after the animal, and succeeded in killing it near the other side of the river. The deer was a doe and about two years old, and had evidently been hunted for some time, as it was very much distressed when it took to the water. It weighed 115 pounds." When a deer, hard pressed and frantic, leaves the woods and takes to town, why not give it a chance? Is there any sport in water-killing such game?

LUCK.—Kent county, N. B., Nov. 24.—I have been down on two different parts of our coast goose shooting this fall at different times, but did not have enough luck to secure a good bag. Geese and brant were very wild and did not decoy well, and unfortunate tides did not suit, being low all day. There were others of the party who rather prided themselves on their shooting capabilities, who got little or nothing, so I console myself. Perhaps my luck may turn. —M.

A DEER NEAR TOWN.—Last Saturday morning Rev. Father Kelly went out on the hill half a mile west of Towanda, Pa., to look for partridges, taking one of his fine dogs with him. Getting tired he sat down on a log to rest, and while resting he heard a slight rustling a few rods away. Looking, he saw a splendid buck within forty feet, standing broadside and still, his head behind a tree where he could not see the hunter. He raised his shotgun, took aim at the deer's tempting side, and then remembering that he had only No. 8 shot, and not wishing to merely wound the noble animal, he put his gun down and left him unharmed. After a few moments the deer scented him and went away leisurely. A Towanda hunter does not often see such game, and a deer is not often in such luck when discovered. A number of hunters have since been out looking for the deer, but none have seen him.—*Reporter.*

FISH AND GAME PROTECTION.—Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association held a well attended meeting at the Parker House Tuesday evening, full forty members being present. Many were the stories of the fall campaign in wood and field (evidently not without health and pleasure to many), but it is to be doubted if all the accounts were accepted without some suspicions as to the veracity of the narrators; but they were good stories. After supper the Association was called to order, and proceeded to business. Messrs. Thatcher Magown, Wm. S. Stevens, E. J. Wardwell and M. P. Clough, proposed at the last meeting, were elected members. Letters from different localities in regard to game law violations were read, accounts of prosecution were presented, and various other matters of routine business transacted.

GALVESTON, Tex., Nov. 25.—Duck shooting has fairly begun here, and there will be good sport from now on. Hunters report very good sport with the ducks and geese at Bolivar, Smith's Point, Caranckway Shoals and Dickinson. The birds do not decoy well in consequence of the blockade they have to run before they arrive within fifty miles of this place. Very good shooting can be had at any of the above-named places, especially Smith's Point, for brant and canvas-backs. Indications point to very good sport this winter in consequence of the late fall rains, which filled every slough for miles around, and the acorns were never in better condition for eating. If any of your correspondents ever happen to wander down here I can promise them good duck and goose shooting over decoys, providing the weather is good.—REDBREAST.

QUAIL IN WEST JERSEY.—Notwithstanding over 5,000 quail were liberated in the five counties of New Jersey over which the West Jersey Game Protective Association has jurisdiction, everybody complains of the apparent scarcity of coveys found in the lower counties. It is stated, however, by those that know that there are still plenty of birds there, but the thickets that harbor them are left only at dawn and at sunset, and the birds feed but a short distance from these briar patches, where they cannot be approached by either dogs or sportsmen when they take to them for shelter. Rabbit shooters who scour the woods with beagles state that they put up many coveys. This would prove that there are plenty of quail still, but that they have changed their habits through fear of man.—HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Canvasback ducks have shown themselves in increased numbers since the cold weather. Many redheads are also on; the latter are becoming very wild. Rabbits are unusually plentiful in New Jersey this season. A large deer was killed at Woodbine, Atlantic county, N. J., last Tuesday. I have heard of twenty-eight thus far being killed in this county since Nov. 1. Hawks are numerous on the New Jersey peninsula, and the bounty for their pates should not have been reduced from fifty to twenty-five cents. Duck shooting at Barnegat and Tuckerton bays has been good during the week; the cold weather is bringing the brant. A few geese were killed from the Bunches on Thursday last.—HOMO.

TORONTO, Canada, Nov. 10.—Hare hunting this fall has been unusually good, some fine bags having been made. Within a radius of thirty miles from here you can get your dozen or more hares if you have a couple of good dogs, trained to the business. About a week ago three of our local sportsmen went to Mono Road, thirty miles from here, returning with eighteen hares and three brace of woodcock to their credit, only being in the bush six hours. Will give you an account of a hunt later on, which is to take place on the 26th inst. (Thanksgiving Day) weather permitting.—DREAD SHOT.

HARE AND WILDCAT.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—A man named Hare shot a lynx or wildcat in the woods near Cameron yesterday and brought the animal up to J. O. Fellows where it now is, in his shop. The cat is a young one, apparently two years old, but would not have been a very attractive partner to balance to in a scrimmage.

A FOX ON THE LINE.—Fair Haven, Vt., Nov. 27.—The first fox of the season was shot on Thanksgiving day by John Harrison near the boundary line between this and New York. Gray foxes are reported quite plenty, and good sport is looked for the coming season.—NED.

AN ALBINO QUAIL was recently shot by F. N. Peabody, of North Stonington, Conn. A snow white quail-shot some years ago by C. C. Treanor, of Deckertown, N. J., is on exhibition in that town.

ONE GATE AN MANY ROADS.—A curious little leaflet, published by the Traveler's Insurance Company, of Hartford, gives a startling collection of varieties of accidental injuries, on which claims have been paid by the Company. Few people realize the varied scope of such casualties. "They have," says this document, "involved every part of the body, from scalp to toes; have occurred through instrumentality, animate or inanimate, from babies to oxen, from tacks to hydraulic presses, from teakettles to locomotives; in every department of life, at home and abroad, at work and at play, day and night, walking and riding, in one's occupation and out of it." It cites cuts, stepping on sharp articles, and running them into the hands and fingers; sticking tools into the flesh, getting limbs or body mashed, bruised, pierced, kicked, bitten, broken sprained or crushed; eyes hurt, falls and slips, riding and driving accidents, burns and scalds, accidents from firearms, from burning buildings, railroad and elevator accidents, etc., etc. Its own part toward the alleviation of these hurts has been to pay out over $5,000,000 for them, $949,000 of which was in 1884. Out of 115,000 men insured in it, it paid claims on 17,850, or over one-seventh of the whole—certainly good evidence of prompt equity in adjusting the claims.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

LAWLESSNESS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE Fish Commissioners of New York having established a hatchery at the outlet of Little Clear Pond, and the pond having been placed wholly in their control by the State, they naturally desire to prohibit fishing in their waters in order to stock up with trout, to obtain great quantities of eggs in future years with which they can stock the whole region. Operations have begun there, and a competent man, a graduate of the hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, placed in charge. Mr. Walters, the Superintendent, has already been annoyed by a worthless gang who live in the woods and who have pulled up his nets set to trap the fish in order to get their eggs. He has been in the habit of visiting these nets twice during the night—at 10 P. M. and 2 A. M.—and again at 6 in the morning. On Friday, the 13th inst., he found his nets cut up between the hours of 2 and 6, and suspecting who did it because he knew who had previously raised them, he went over and talked very sharply to them about it. These men afterward told a guide that they had always fished in Little Clear and its outlet, and that if the Commissioners wished the hatchery to stand they had better not try to stop them.

It is evident that an example must be made of these poachers, whom a round fine and imprisonment would teach what rights the State has in this matter, and if free fishing is to be allowed in the grounds reserved for keeping stock fish then all the work done and money expended is lost. We have no doubt the Commissioners will sustain Mr. Walters in any proceedings he may take, within the laws, against the vagabonds who are annoying him.

CASTING FROM THE REEL.

THERE is some confusion in the minds of English anglers regarding the manner in which Americans cast from the multiplying reel, both for black bass and for heavy striped bass. Mr. R. W. Hobden writes to the *Fishing Gazette* as follows:

"Referring to your notes in last week's *Gazette*, wherein you call attention to the records of the American casting, I do not think we anglers need fear that our American cousins would take away our laurels, if brought into competition with us on equal grounds, to any greater extent than they do from the fly-fishers in the fly-casting competitions, which appear to me to be arranged in America the same as were in London. Not so, however, the bait-casting. I contend that the American bass-casting is not to be compared with our bait-casting. They use the shortest possible rod (?), throwing with one hand; and they use multiplying reels, which cannot overrun like our Nottingham winches. These reels, I should imagine, require to start them for a long cast such power as can only be obtained by a short, single-handed rod, used with considerable force from over the shoulder; a style calling to my mind the manner in which, as a youngster, I used to cast little bits of clay from the end of a short, lissome stick, and it was wonderful the distance the pellets would travel, and the accuracy with which the neighboring windows used to be peppered. I may be wrong in the manner I assume this short rod (?) is used; but I gather it is used thus, and that the bait or sinker is wound up very near the top of the rod. Put one of these American multiplying reels on one of our 14-foot Nottingham rods, and, with 1¼ ounce *bait and trace*, see if it could be thrown anywhere near our best record (52½ yards). I observe that Mr. Dresel cast 42 yards with ¾-ounce sinker; but then he used a short, single-handed rod, and there can be no doubt but that a short and light rod has the advantage in casting, both for distance and accuracy. I am not seeking to defend the reputation which my cast, made at last year's tournament, had of being the best on record, because I have seen longer casts made in the Thames style; but I do contend that it is not to be compared with Mr. W. H. Wood's cast at the last American competition, because the attendant circumstances are so entirely different. While on the subject of casting I should like to mention that I have attended all our tournaments, and have conversed with most of the experts who competed, and from what I hear and what I know I venture to give an opinion that 83 yards never has been and never will be thrown off the reel in our Nottingham style, and I doubt very much if it ever will be in the Thames style, with ordinary and usable tackle; neither do I see any useful result from such long casts. There is more skill and more practical use in being able to cast a live bait in an uninjured condition and with accuracy to, say, 40 yards distance, than in launching it 20 yards further and wide of its mark. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, your five-guinea prize is a handsome offer, but it is hoped the conditions will not be for heavy bass casting in the American style. Fancy playing a good fish with a five-feet rod! I trust these remarks will be taken in good part by all who may be interested in the question of bait-casting, and that they may be the means of obtaining further information of the American reel, and the manner of using it, and also of authentic casts which have been made by our own anglers, in both Thames and Nottingham styles, and which have been measured with a proper rule or tape, and not calculated by 'stepping it.'"

To this the editor remarks: "Mr. Hobden says, 'Fancy playing a good fish with a 5-foot rod!' He seems to forget that Mr. W. H. Wood on this rod has killed the tarpon, or silver king, of over 120 pounds' weight, as described in our columns some little time back. Mr. H. will find that the American reel overruns, and you have to wear a thumb-stall to control the delivery of the line. But do not let us condemn this American style without knowing a little more about it."

We would state for the benefit of all concerned that in the "minnow casting for black bass" with a half-ounce sinker, the rods were required to be not less than 8 feet nor more than 10 feet. Any multiplying reel was allowed, but no clicks, drags, nor any device to control the line was permitted, the thumb only being used. Mr. Dresel's rod was within the limits of length, and all the contestants cast underhand, the elbow being held near the body until the cast was begun.

In the "heavy bass" casting two hands are used and a larger reel. The rod is from 6 to 8 feet, and is such as is used on our sea coasts for bass that weigh up to 60 pounds. We do not remember the exact length of rod used by Mr. Wood, and it is not on record. The rules forbid rods of over 9 feet. The remarks of the editor of the *Fishing Gazette* are correct; it requires much skill to keep the reels from over-running. We do not think the English tournaments have any contests similar to our "minnow" casting; *i. e.*, from the reel with a single-handed rod. Their "Nottingham" style is similar to our heavy bass contests, but they use longer rods, and we think that Mr. Hobden will find that our reels will work equally well on them, even with "1½-ounce bait and trace." We have no trials to correspond with their "Thames" style, which, if we are rightly informed, is cast with a quantity of line coiled on the ground or in the hand and thrown with a stick, because there is no one who fishes in that manner here. Mr. Hobden speaks of measuring distances with a proper rule or tape, and not by "stepping" them. In this country all casting is so measured by the judges, followed by any persons who may wish to see what is recorded on their books.

It is the verdict of all American anglers who have visited England that their reels do not compare with ours, the finest of each we mean, for the cheap reels are not considered in this connection. A first class striped bass reel will cost from $20 to $25, and one for black bass from $12 to $18, or more. We advise Mr. Hobden to send to any of the tackle dealers who advertise in our columns and get a reel, or better yet, get several, one from each house, and test them.

We note that an international tournament will be held in England next year to be managed by the Richmond Piscatorial Society. The competitions will take place on or near the Thames. We hope that some of our experts will attend it.

SALMON IN THE HUDSON.—Several prominent gentlemen of Albany have taken steps to form an organization to protect the salmon fry recently planted in the Hudson River by the United States Fish Commission, and have issued a circular in which they say: "Eight hundred and thirty thousand salmon fry have been planted in the waters of the upper Hudson. The possibility of seeing the river teeming with these noble fish has aroused anglers to the necessity of having the laws properly enforced, and the necessity of concerted action to obtain such additional legislation as may be found necessary to that purpose." Last Friday a preliminary meeting was called to discuss the project, and among those present were W. W. Byington, Ira Wood, Judge F. M. Danaher, Abram Lansing, William Story, Louis D. Pillsbury, Gen. Robert Lennox Banks, Erastus Corning, John H. Quinby and Amasa J. Parker, Jr., all of Albany, and Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls. It was decided that an organization should be effected at an early day, and the high character of the gentlemen interested is guarantee that it will succeed and be a power for good.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27.—Good sheepshead fishing can be had at the drawbridge crossing from the mainland to Holly Beach. Many barnacles have grown on the timbers of this bridge, and last summer the sheepshead were attracted by them and made it their feeding ground. Sea bass can always be caught there in season; this place is easily reached.—HOMO.

Fishculture.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—We have before recorded that the American black bass have bred in Germany, but the following note from that enthusiastic fishculturist, Herr von dem Borne, whose establishment at Berneuchen is known all over the world, will be read with interest. He says: "It will interest you to know that I can breed the black bass with the same certainty as we do the carp, and that I have many thousands of young fish from a few spawners. I have only three small-mouthed and ten large-mouthed spawners. The fry of last season, barely six months old, are now growing finely."

FUR QUOTATIONS.

THE following prices, for prime skins only, according to size, color and quality, as realized by the New York commission merchants, have been furnished by Messrs. Wm. Macnaughtan's Sons, commission merchants, No. 3 Howard street, New York:

Antelope—North America, raw, ℔ lb	$ 25@	35
Dressed, as to quality, ℔ lb	1 00@	1 10
Deer—Florida, raw, ℔ lb	20@	30
Rocky Mountain, raw, ℔ lb	20@	30
Pacific Coast, raw, ℔ lb	20@	30
Elk—Pacific Coast hides, ℔ lb	20@	25
Western skins, ℔ lb	25@	35
Dressed, as to quality, ℔ lb	50@	70
Mountain Deer—Western, ℔ lb	15@	20
Reindeer—American, raw, ℔ lb	20@	25
Dressed, as to quality	60@	80
Beaver—Labrador, large	5 00@	7 00
Lake Superior and Canada, large	4 00@	6 00
Upper Missouri, large	5 00@	7 00
Southern, large	3 00@	5 00
Badger—American, large and full furred, each	1 00@	1 50
Bear—Hudson's Bay, black, large, each	20 00@	25 00
United States, brown, large, each	8 00@	12 00
Southern U. S., black, large, each	6 00@	10 00
Cubs from ½ to ¾ of the above.		
Buffalo robes, in bulk	12 00@	15 00
Buckskin—Western, ℔ lb	50@	60
Pacific Coast, ℔ lb	60@	1 00
Cat—Wild, each	40@	80
House, each	10@	30
Ermine and white weasel	5@	10
Fisher—Dark cased	10 00@	11 00
Brown	8 00@	9 00
Pale	6 00@	7 00
Fox—Red, United States, each	1 30@	1 50
Red, Territories	1 50@	1 70
Cross, ordinary	4 00@	7 00
Gray, United States	1 00@	1 25
Kitt, North America	50@	60
Silver, North America	5 00@	6 00
Lynx—Canada	5 00@	6 00
Minnesota	2 00@	5 00
Marten—Dark	1 00@	2 00
Pale	30@	40
Mink—Pale, Southern U. S	40@	50
Pale, Western United States	70@	80
Dark, Minnesota	80@	90
Dark, New England	90@	1 00
Dark, Quebec and Halifax	1 25@	1 75
Musquash—Spring, Canada and Eastern	18@	20
Spring, Western United States	12@	14
Spring, Southern United States	10@	12
Fall, Canada and Eastern	10@	12
Fall, Western United States	8@	10
Fall, Southern United States	8@	10
Opossum—Cased, Ohio	20@	30
Southern United States and common	8@	10
Otter—Labrador, cased	9 00@	11 00
Northern United States	7 00@	9 00
Western United States	5 00@	7 00
Southern United States	2 00@	5 00
Raccoon—Michigan	90@	1 00
Western United States	70@	80
Southern United States	40@	60
Rabbit—Raw, America	2@	3
Skunk—Black cased, America	1 20@	1 30
Short stripe, America	70@	80
Long stripe, America	30@	40
White, America	10@	20
Territory, long stripe	30@	40
Wolf—Large, each	3 00@	5 00
Timber	1 50@	2 00
Prairie	75@	1 25
Wolverine—North America	4 00@	6 00

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 5.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25, 1886.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2, 1886.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 7.—Seventh Annual Field Trials of the National Field Trials Club, Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries for Derby close April 1. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., Secretary.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2908.**

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

(Continued from page 351.)

BEAUFORT AND LUCIA.

Both of these dogs are well known. Beaufort is a bench show winner, and there was considerable curiosity manifested as to how he would acquit himself in the field. He was handled by Tallman. He was unfortunate in coming down in the middle of a hot day in his first two heats, and his performance in these two heats was not what had been expected by his admirers. In his third heat he was put down with Graphic just at night, and it was confidently expected that he would show to better advantage, but after a run of a few minutes they were taken up, to be put down again the next morning. Graphic was then withdrawn, leaving Beaufort and Mainspring the only dogs in to contest for first prize. In this heat Beaufort ran a good dog, and did some very creditable work, and although he lost the heat his competitor had but a little the best of it. He is very stylish when moving, and goes at a fair rate of speed; he has a long stride and a very easy way of going for a large dog. He carries his head rather low and is not always quite so stylish when on game as we like to see, although at times he did his work in a very stylish manner. When we take into consideration the fact that he is six years old and has had but a few weeks on game, and that for three years he has had little or no work, we must allow that he has passed through the ordeal with honor to himself and credit to his handler. Lucia was in better form than when she ran in the Members' Stake, and worked for her handler, Haight, better than she did for her owner. They were put down just after lunch on a steep hillside and worked up to the top. Lucia then swung down into the valley and made a pretty point to a bevy that Haight to order flushed, and they settled in some woods. Following them up, Lucia ran past two or three that flushed as she went by them. Beaufort then pointed a single that Tallman put up. Lucia soon after pinned one that was flushed by her handler, and, as two or three more got up, he fired at one and missed. A little further on Lucia again pointed, but nothing was found. Beaufort then made a nice point to a bird that flushed as Tallman came up. We then went into some pines where Beaufort got scent and half pointed and Lucia backed. As Tallman came up Beaufort drew on, but the bird flushed before he had located it. We then worked down to a creek where Beaufort half pointed, but soon went on. A long tramp was then taken through the woods, with the dogs at heel, until we came to open fields, when they were again put down. Both ranged wide and at a good rate of speed. Nothing was done, however, and we crossed a road to a good looking stubble field, where Beaufort ran up a single bird and altered his course after it, but at once stopped to order. Following up the bird it again flushed near Beaufort, but the next time he made a nice point, drew on and located it in fine style. Tallman, to order, flushed the bird and missed, Beaufort remaining steady to wing and shot. Then on over a knoll Lucia made a point and Beaufort came round, not seeing her, and also pointed; both drew a short distance and each pointed at about the same time. Haight flushed the bevy and killed one and both dogs were steady. Lucia then retrieved the bird in good form. Following the birds down to a thicket along a branch both challenged at the edge; Lucia was ahead and she turned to the left while Beaufort went a step or two to the right and drew to a nice point and Lucia backed him; the bird flushed as Tallman came up. Lucia then went down the run and Beaufort took a step or two and again pointed and then drew on into the thicket. Tallman tried to work his way through the briers and the bird got up. Meantime Lucia pointed a bird in the thicket and Haight flushed it. The judges did not see this as they were consulting, and the dogs were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Beaufort. Down one hour and thirty-seven minutes.

DUKE OF BERGEN AND FLASH R.

Duke of Bergen is a good-looking dog with a very nice way of going and quite a turn of speed. He had a swelling on his jaw, the effect of a bite, and was probably a little off in consequence. He was handled by John Lewis. Flash R. appeared to much better advantage than in the Members' Stake and did some very good work. She is fast and was under good control. She was handled by Haight. They were put down at twenty minutes past three in a stubble field. Both started at a clipping gait, with Flash a little the fastest. Working down to a branch we crossed over and turned up into some pines, where the spectators had marked a bevy down. The birds were running, and as Flash struck the trail she pointed, and a second later Duke also pointed a little distance from her. Both then alternately roaded and pointed and drew on, and then both made a cast and came on the birds, both locating them almost at the same instant, with Duke a little in advance. The birds flushed as the handlers came up, and each scored a kill and both dogs retrieved in good form. This was a very pretty piece of work. A little further on both pointed, evidently at old scent, and soon went on and Duke again pointed and Flash backed, but they went on and could make nothing of it. Flash then got in a good point to a single that Haight to order flushed. Flash then moved on a few steps and two or three more got up. She then went on a short distance and pointed, but soon drew on in a thicket and again pointed, and as her handler went to her several more flushed. We then went into some pines, where Flash made a beautiful point that Duke at once honored. Haight went ahead to flush and Flash drew on behind him very carefully until the bird was flushed by her handler. Flash soon had another one fast and Duke backed her, and the bird flushed as the judges came up. Flash soon pinned another

one and was declared winner of the heat. Down twenty-four minutes. Mr. Donner, who bred Duke, did not act as judge in this heat.

MAINSPRING AND BANG BANG.

Both of these dogs ran here last year, doing some fair work, but nothing remarkably good. Each came out this year in capital form and did some very brilliant work. The heat run by them was the best one of the meeting and will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to witness it. Mainspring has greatly improved in speed and is nearly free from the habit of false pointing that detracted so much from the merit of his performance last year. Bang Bang has also greatly improved in speed and style. He has become accustomed to the country and game and was hunting instead of aimlessly running, as was too much the case last year. Mainspring was handled by Captain McMurdo and Bang Bang by Luke White. Both handlers are deserving of great credit for the excellent form in which they brought out their dogs. They were put down a few minutes before four in a cornfield and after a run they were worked back into the pines where the last brace was taken up. Bang was soon on point and Spring, as he is called, backed him Bang moved on and both commenced roading. Bang went one way Spring the other, and he proved that he was right, as he soon had the bird fast, and Bang at once honored the point. The Captain, to order, flushed the bird and missed it. When ordered on, Spring, quick as a flash, took a few strides and again pointed, and Bang backed him in beautiful style. As his handler came up Spring went on a few steps and again pointed, and the Captain put up the bird and missed it. Bang then made a stylish point at a brush heap to a single that White, to order, put up and missed. A little further on Spring half pointed, but soon went on and made a nice point, Bang backing him both times. Nothing was found, however, and they were again sent on, and after going a short distance they backed each other in capital style, and soon after they repeated the performance and a little further on Spring pointed false and was nicely backed by Bang. We then went down a road a short distance and the dogs were again cast off in a stubble field in a valley and worked over a knoll, where Spring half pointed, drew on and then made a cast and pointed some larks. Meantime Bang also pointed, probably at the scent of larks, as they were getting up all around us. Bang then swung up a hill and nailed a bevy in grand style. White, to order, flushed them and killed one and Bang retrieved it in good form. Mainspring was some distance away but soon came up and we followed the birds. Spring was the first to find and jumped into his point in fine style, and the bird was put up to order by his handler. Meantime Bang made a nice point, went on and again pointed and commenced roading but could make nothing of it. Spring, while going at speed, suddenly stopped on point and the Captain put up a bird and missed it. Spring still held his point and another one was flushed, but he held his position a few seconds and then drew on a step or two and another one flushed close by him; he was a trifle unsteady when the bird got up but at once dropped to command. Meantime Bang got in a good point to a single that White flushed to order and killed. Spring soon after got too close to a bird and it flushed. White marked a bird down and sent his dog toward it, but Spring got there first and scored a point. Bang came up and also pointed. We then went into the large stubble field near the house on the Model Farm and Bang was worked to the left and Spring to the right. Bang had the luck of the birds and made an elegant point to the scent of a running bevy. As his handler came up he commenced roading, and then made a short cast just as Spring came round and dropped on point. Both dogs had been going at a great pace and were undoubtedly somewhat off in nose; there was also a brisk wind blowing that scattered the scent, making it difficult for them to locate the birds. They gave us an exhibition, however, that was greatly enjoyed by those who saw it. They were in the open and could be plainly seen as they alternately pointed, backed and roaded out the bevy. Finally one flushed wild and then one got up near Bang, and four or five more went. Both dogs then drew on and Spring dropped just as two or three more rose. The Captain held dead on one, but it escaped. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Mainspring. Down one hour. Much of the work in this heat was done at high pressure, and so rapidly did the dogs jump from point to point that at times it was difficult to keep track of what they were doing. Taken all through the work was of a very high order of merit, and but very few mistakes were made.

HALF AND HALF AND SPOT.

This brace has never before appeared in public. Half and Half was imported last spring. He is a good-looking dog and goes at a fair rate of speed, but moves rather heavily. He was handled by Capt. McMurdo. Spot is a native of North Carolina. He is a small, wiry-looking dog with no great pretensions to beauty, but he gets over the ground and has a very knowing way of going to his birds. He was handled by Mitchell. They were put down just at night and taken up again after a few minutes with nothing done except that Spot challenged and Half backed him. Friday was a beautiful day. The air was cool and bracing in the morning, giving promise of a good day for sport. Leaving the hotel a few minutes past eight, the dogs were put down fifteen minutes later in a stubble field, which was drawn blank. We then beat down to a branch and over a knoll of sedge down to some woods, where Spot, after investigating all the likely-looking places, swung down by the fence and pointed a bevy, Half backing him nicely. Mitchell to order flushed the birds, and Spot was a trifle unsteady but dropped to command. Following the birds into the woods, Spot found one and pointed it, and Mitchell to order put it up, and Spot was again unsteady and was dropped to order; meantime one flushed near Half and he stopped and another one went; he then went on a short distance and challenged, but went on. Spot then made a point and Mitchell to order flushed several birds and got in a double, one of which Spot retrieved and Half was sent for the other, but not finding it readily Spot went straight to it and brought it nicely. We then worked over considerable ground without result, except that both dogs challenged and Half at one time backed Spot, and as Spot looked around he returned the compliment. Finally Spot challenged, and then roading a short distance he pointed a moment and then drew on and located a bevy in capital style. They were then ordered up, with Spot the winner. Down altogether fifty-four minutes. This finished the first series. Following is the result:

First Series.

Graphic beat Donald II.
Tammany beat Ned.
Madstone beat Rue.
Bloomo beat Snipe.
Jilt beat Bradford.
Beaufort beat Lucia.
Flash R. beat Duke of Bergen.
Mainspring beat Bang Bang.
Spot beat Half and Half.

Second Series.

GRAPHIC AND TAMMANY.

This brace was put down a few minutes past nine in some sedge and after a short turn in the open they were sent into some woods. Graphic started off well but Tammany did not settle down to business for a while, he then let out and both went at a good pace. Graphic struck the scent of a running bevy and pointed, Tammany could not see him and also pointed, the birds flushing as we came up. Following them Graphic made a nice point but nothing was found. Tammany then pointed the bevy and they flushed as we came up. A little further on Tammany again pointed and his handler to order flushed the bird, and a few seconds later Graphic made a point to a single that Mitchell to order put up, and then several more got up on the side hill above us. The dogs were worked to where they settled and Tam made a high headed gamy point, Graphic did not see him and went ahead and also pointed in good style. White to order flushed the bird. Soon after one flushed near the dogs in the run and a little further on Graphic pointed and Tam backed him and the birds were flushed to order. Tammany then put up one and oneor two flushed near the judges. Tam then got in a good point to a single that White flushed to order and killed and Tammany retrieved it nicely. The ground was not hunted closely as the dogs were urged on straight away most of the time as though the race was a test of speed alone. Each dog ran up a bird and soon after Graphic scored a false point and soon after he flushed one down wind and Mitchell killed it. Tam then half-pointed at the fence and the bird flushed itself. We then crossed the fence into some sedge and Tam made a point but nothing was found, he then went a short distance and one got up near him, he then pointed the bird that Mitchell had killed and retrieved it. Both dogs had run away from their noses and each flushed a bird that they should have pointed. Tammany appeared to have the worst of it and had let down in speed more than Graphic, although he was also going slower. Working up on the knoll Tam made a point to a single that flushed a second later, and then Graphic dropped just as we got up, and soon after he pointed false. Both then pointed and Tam went on but Graphic had a bird and Mitchell flushed it; both dogs were urged on and the pace was again fast for some distance. Working into some pines Tam very gracefully sat down on point to a single that his handler flushed to order. Graphic then made a point and Tam close to him also pointed the same bird which was put up by Mitchell. A little further on Graphic pointed near a fence but nothing was found and soon after he repeated the performance and Tam refused to back him. A little further on a bevy flushed near Mitchell and we followed after them down the run, where the dogs were allowed a few seconds to get a drink and then sent on. Tam whirled around on a very stylish point but soon went on and soon after a bird got up near him. We then beat out the ground where the birds had been marked down for some time. Finally Graphic found and pointed one and Tammany backed him to order and Mitchell put up the bird. The judges then consulted and decided the heat in favor of Graphic, but as he had not retrieved in either heat they decided to see how he would acquit himself in this and did not announce their decision but ordered them on, when Mitchell very foolishly protested, but after a few words sent on his dog. Graphic soon pointed, when a dead bird was thrown and Mitchell to order fired a shot and Graphic was sent to retrieve; he went to the bird and picked it up, mouthing it badly, but Mitchell was close by and took it from him. This was not a retrieve but the judges had decided that he had won without it. They were then ordered up and Graphic was declared the winner of the heat. Down one hour and eight minutes.

MADSTONE AND BLOOMO.

This brace was at once put down. Madstone challenged and roaded some larks and Bloomo half pointed at the same scent. We then crossed a branch and went into some woods and as Madstone came out at the edge she pointed a bevy and Bloomo backed her nice a few seconds and then drew on and dropped to order. The birds were put up by White and one was killed and Madstone, sent to retrieve, brough it part way and dropped it but picked it up at command and brought it in. We then swung round into some sprouts when Madstone half pointed at a heap of brush a second before a brace of birds flushed, and as we went on two more got up. Bloomo was not under good control and hunted on her own hook and the ground was not properly hunted by either dog. We then turned into some woods where Bloomo half pointed and Madstone backed and then both roaded but could make nothing of it. We then beat out a lot of ground without result, finally Bloomo challenged but went on down wind and ran into and flushed a bevy. Following them up we crossed a branch when Bloomo pointed in some dense briers and as her handler came up she jumped in and flushed; both then pointed and roaded but nothing came of it. We then beat out a lot of ground without result except that Madstone scored a flush. We then crossed a branch and in some sedge and weeds Bloomo made a very nice point to a bevy, and as her handler came up she drew on a step or two and again pointed. Mitchell to order flushed the birds and hit one but it went on. At the rise of the birds another bevy flushed wild a short distance beyond and part of them settled in a dense thicket of briers and the rest in some sedge beyond. We crossed the branch and the dogs were worked round to where some of the birds had been marked down. Madstone made a nice point and Bloomo backed her but soon drew on and was dropped by command. White flushed the birds and missed. A little further on Bloomo flushed one and dropped and another one got up. Meantime Madstone flushed and Bloomo when sent on went a few steps and ran a stick up one nostril that Mitchell pulled out, the blood following it freely. They were then taken up to go down again should the accident not prove serious. After the next heat they were again put down, Bloomo appearing to be suffering but little. They were put down in some pines and Madstone at once pointed and Bloomo backed her, they soon went on however and Madstone again pointed and was nicely backed by Bloomo, White flushed the bird as he came up and missed it. A little further on Madstone made a gamy point that Bloomo at once honored. White to order flushed the bird and killed it and Madstone retrieved it fairly well. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Madstone. Down altogether one hour and thirty-two minutes.

JILT AND BEAUFORT.

This brace was at once called, and as Beaufort came up he flushed a bird, but was not under judgment. They were taken back to ground that had been worked over and given a spin, and then back toward the birds. Jilt was not going at all well, while Beaufort went at a good pace. As we came back to where the birds had been marked down, Beaufort pointed a bird that flushed wild as Tallman came up. Then across the branch one got up near Beaufort, but as he did not have the wind he was not to blame. We then beat up a hillside and Beaufort made a capital point. Tallman to order flushed and scored a miss. Beaufort was not quite steady, but at once dropped to order. Working up to some woods we turned back to the branch, where Jilt made a point and was indifferently backed by Beaufort. Thurtle put them up and each handler killed a bird. Jilt brought one of them part way and dropped it, while Beaufort retrieved his fairly well. We then went into the woods and one flushed near the dogs, and soon after Beaufort made a nice point to a single that Tallman flushed to order and hit, but it went on. Jilt was then called in, and as she came up she made a stylish point to a bird that her handler flushed but as the dogs were not under judgment this did not go to their credit. She pinned another one as soon as they were sent on that flushed wild a few seconds later. Both then pointed and then drew a few steps and a bird got up and two or three flushed. Jilt then went on, but Beaufort whirled around and pointed the rest of the bevy almost under the horses' feet. They soon flushed, and as they went over another bevy they also got up. Following them into some woods Jilt made a point and as Beaufort came up one flushed near him. Thurtle then to order put up the bird in front of Jilt. Beaufort then pointed where the birds rose, but soon went on, Jilt then pointed, but nothing was found. We then beat out some weeds, Jilt going at a better pace. It was now after one o'clock and the dogs were taken up and we went to lunch. They were put down again after lunch in some stubble and then we beat out considerable ground without a find until we came to a branch when Jilt made a nice point to a bevy that her handler to order flushed, but did not shoot. Following them into some pines, one flushed near each dog and Beaufort stopped, while Jilt kept on over the fence after one. Beaufort then made a stylish point to a single that Tallman to order flushed but did not shoot. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Beaufort. Down altogether one hour and twenty-three minutes.

FLASH R. AND MAINSPRING.

This brace was put down in some woods and worked along the edge. Flash was the first to find and dropped very nicely to a bevy that flushed a second or two later. Following them up, Mainspring made a good point and Flash came up, but refused to back and drew round to one side and also pointed just as her handler spoke to her. The Captain to order put up the bird in front of Mainspring and then Haight flushed the one in front of Flash, when several more got up. A short distance furtner on Spring again pointed and Flash refused to back, but stopped to order. The Captain to order put up the bird and missed it. The dogs then backed each other very prettily. They were sent on and Spring made a nice point to a single that his handler flushed and hit but did not stop. A little further on Flash pointed one. As Spring came round he also pointed, and as both drew on the bird got up. This was in a dense thicket, and we could not see what was done. Spring then pointed, but soon went on a short distance and again pointed, and Flash backed him, but nothing was found. He soon pointed again and Flash backed him a short time, when both went on and Flash pointed a bird that flushed as the spectators came up. Spring then got in a good point to a bird that his handler flushed and missed. As the dogs went on a bird flushed near each, and a few seconds later Spring made a very stylish point to a bird that flushed as the judges came up. This ended the heat with Mainspring, the winner. Down twenty minutes. This heat was a rattling good one and run on the dry leaves. This finished the second series, with the following result:

Second Series.

Graphic beat Tammany.
Madstone beat Bloomo.
Beaufort beat Jilt.
Mainspring beat Flash R.
Spot a bye.

Third Series.

SPOT AND MADSTONE.

This was the first brace in the third series. Spot having a bye in the second series should have run with Graphic, but as both were handled by Mitchell, Madstone, as the next dog, was run instead. They were put down in some stubble half a mile or more from where the last brace finished. Both pointed where some chickens had been, but went on. We then went through a cornfield and turned into some sedge, where Spot pointed and roaded but could make nothing of it. The spectators flushed a bevy and we followed them into some pines. Madstone was the first to find. She pointed a single that White flushed to order. Spot then pinned one, and his handler to order put it up and killed it, and Spot retrieved it very nicely. Madstone then pointed but soon went on, and Spot swung round just beyond and pointed a bevy, which Mitchell to order flushed. As Spot was sent on a few more got up down wind from him, and a little further on he pointed just an instant before another was flushed, and he was a little unsteady, but at once dropped to order, We then went through some pines and a field of sedge to some stubble, when Spot nailed a bevy in fine style. Madstone came up and circled round him and then backed indifferently. Mitchell to order put up the bevy, and one got up close to Madstone that she possibly was pointing. Following them up Madstone pointed one and Spot refused to back, but dropped to command. We then worked down toward a run in some sedge, and crossing a ditch Spot pointed a running bevy and drew on and located them in fine style. Mitchell flushed them and killed one. We then went into some pines where Madstone pinned one and Spot backed her. White put up the bird which he killed and Madstone retrieved it fairly well. Spot then made a point where birds had been and Madstone backed him. A little further on Madstone flushed one that she should have pointed, and as she stopped to wing another one went. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Spot. Down one hour and nineteen minutes.

GRAPHIC AND BEAUFORT.

This brace was put down in some sedge on a sidehill at five minutes before five o'clock. They have nearly the same way of going, although Graphic carries his head higher and is the fastest; both ranged well. It was nearly night and we worked toward the teams with the dogs far apart. Graphic ran into a lot of larks and a few seconds later a bevy of quail flushed near him. We went with Beaufort some distance away and did not see what occurred, but were informed by one of the judges that he saw the quail. The dogs were taken up for the night soon after this to get down again in the morning, but the owner of Graphic decided to withdraw both of his dogs from the race This action we think was ill-advised; even allowing that Graphic was not at all to blame the matter could be safely left to the judges. A flush under the circumstances would be entirely excusable; indeed the judges informed us the dogs would start on even terms in the morning and with a clean score.

Following is a copy of Mr. Heath's letter of withdrawal:

HIGH POINT, N. C., Nov. 21, 1885. Mr. Washington A. Coster, Secretary E. F. T. Club. Dear Sir—I beg herewith to notify you that I hereby withdraw Graphic and Spot from the All-Aged Pointer Stake, and Pendennis and Diana III. from the Derby. My reasons for doing so are that the judges scored a flush against Graphic last evening when the birds put up were larks, and I am unwilling to further continue the contest or run any dogs at your trials under such conditions. Respectfully yours, CHARLES HEATH.

Mr. Mitchell also handed in the following withdrawal of his Derby entries:

HIGH POINT, Nov. 22, 1885. To the Secretary and President of the E. F. T. Club.—I hereby withdraw Grouse III. and Sharpless from your Derby, as I am unwilling to run them under your present judges. Respectfully, W. T. MITCHELL.

The withdrawal of Graphic gave the heat to Beaufort and finished the third series with the following result:

Third Series.

Spot beat Madstone.
Beaufort beat Graphic (withdrawn).
Mainspring a bye.

Final Tie for First.

MAINSPRING AND BEAUFORT.

The withdrawal of Spot and Graphic left only Mainspring and Beaufort in to run for first money. On Saturday morning we left the hotel at about half-past 8. It was clear and bright and the morning was simply delightful. The dogs were put down at 8:40 in a cornfield. Both handlers manifested some excitement, and this appeared to be shared by their dogs, so that both were somewhat unsteady all through the heat. The work done was very nearly equal, Beaufort finishing the heat but little behind the winner. After beating out the cornfield we turned into some sedge, where Beaufort ran into and flushed a large bevy, and another bevy got up a short distance below and flew in the same direction. Following them into some sprouts, Mainspring pointed one that his handler flushed and missed. Soon after this one flushed a short distance ahead of Beaufort, and he did not drop to wing, but kept on after it without altering his course or pace. Mainspring came round where the bird got up and pointed, and soon after he pointed and roaded false quite a distance, and a little further on he again pointed, but nothing was found. A little further on he dropped very nicely to a single that his handler to order flushed, but did not shoot at. Beaufort did not turn to the whistle so readily as he ought and Tallman gave him a little

taste of the whip and he then went better, and soon after he pointed, but at once went on. Mainspring then flushed one and did not drop to wing, but kept right on, and was dropped to order. The birds had somehow escaped us and we failed to find any more of them and took a long turn without result, until we came to the ground where the Members' Stake finished, when Mainspring half pointed and drew on, while Beaufort, a little distance above him, made a point, and then drew on in grand style. As Tallman went to him a bird flushed, and then the rest of the bevy was all around him. Following them up Beaufort made a nice point, and as his handler came up he drew on, and the bird got up and Tallman missed it. Beaufort then got too close to one and flushed it. Mainspring then pointed, and a second later Beaufort also pointed a single that Tallman flushed to order. Beaufort was not quite steady and broke in, but at once stopped to order. Meantime Spring roaded out his bird and located it nicely, and his handler to order put it up and missed it. Then Beaufort made a nice point, and Tallman to order flushed the bird. Mainspring then got too close and flushed one. Both then pointed, but soon went on. We then went down to the branch and turned up in some sedge, where Beaufort made a gamy point, but soon went on, and then Spring pointed and drew on. Both then did some very pretty work, alternately pointing and roading, but they could not make it out, although the spectators flushed a bird near them as they came along. The dogs were then taken up, and we went down the valley and crossed through some woods to a stubble field, where Mainspring made a beautiful crouching point, and the Captain to order flushed and killed a bird, and Spring retrieved it well. This ended the heat, and Mainspring was declared the winner of the heat and first prize. Down one hour and thirty-four minutes.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Mainspring beat Beaufort and won first prize.

Ties for Second Prize.

DONALD II. AND TAMMANY.

As the withdrawal of an unbeaten dog cannot prejudice the chances of any dog that he may have defeated, Donald II. and Tammany, both beaten by Graphic, were called upon to decide which was the best, the winner to run against the best dog previously beaten by Mainspring, which was to be decided by running Bang Bang and Flash R., and the best one of the four to run against Beaufort for second place. Donald II. and Tammany were put down in a stubble field and worked through to some sedge and an old field, when Tam pointed and Donald backed him. Tam then drew on and located his birds nicely. White to order put up the pevy and scored a double, one of which Tam retrieved in good form. We then went into some pines and one flushed near the judges, and as Tam came round he put up another one and dropped to wing. Donald then came round and pointed where the birds got up, but soon went on. Then turning back into some sprouts, Donald made a stylish point and Tam backed him very nicely. Haight to order flushed and hit the bird, but it went on. Tammany then pointed but nothing was found, and a little further on he again pointed, and a bird flushed behind him as the judges came up. This did not look like his bird but possibly the bird had run. We then took quite a turn without result, finally a bevy flushed under the horses' feet, and Donald marked them down and deliberately started for them but was called back to give both dogs an equal chance. We then swung round to get the wind and worked the dogs toward them. Tam struck them first and made a nice point and a few seconds later Donald also had one fast. White put up Tam's bird, and then Haight flushed the one in front of Donald. This was very nicely done. A little further on Tam whirled on a gamy point, and as his handler went up he drew on a few steps and located the bird in fine style. White put up the bird and killed it and Tam retrieved a live bird very nicely. The judges consulted and ordered the dogs on when Tam jumped into a stylish point and Donald backed him handsomely. They were then ordered up and the heat was awarded to Tammany. Down one hour and six minutes.

BANG BANG AND FLASH R.

This heat was short, but the work done was very fine. As soon as the dogs were put down Bang took half a dozen strides and jumped into a stylish point, and almost at the same instant Flash dropped to the same bird just in front of the horses. The bird was flushed and two or three more got up and both handlers scored a kill. Flash retrieved one nicely and Bang pointed the other, and as his handler went to him he picked it up and gave it to him. Bang then pointed, but went on and again pointed and Flash backed him, and the birds flushed as we came up. Bang still held his point and another bird was flushed in front of him. This was very well done. We then turned back and Flash put up one going down wind, and as she dropped another one flushed. Bang then made an elegant point to a single that White to order flushed. They were then ordered up, with Bang Bang the winner. Down eleven minutes.

TAMMANY AND BANG BANG

were at once put down in the pines and worked through into some sedge and stubble. Both went at a clipping gait with heads well up and beating out the ground in capital style. They were evenly matched in speed and style and made a fine brace. Tammany found first and jumped into a very gamy point and as his handler came up he drew a few steps and located his bird nicely. White to order flushed, but did not shoot. We then went into some pines where Tam pointed once or twice, but soon went on. We then swung back where the bevy was found and Bang pointed at the scent, but soon went on and made a stylish point at the edge of a gully and Tam backed him to order. Bang then roaded out the bird nicely and a second or two later the bird flushed itself. Then in some sprouts Bang pinned another one and held it in good style. Tam came up and backed a short time and then went round and drew on, but got too close and scored a flush. This ended the heat with Bang Bang the winner. Down twenty-three minutes. We then went to lunch.

BEAUFORT AND BANG BANG.

This was the final heat of the stake. The dogs were put down in some stubble and worked round to a valley and then up a hill, when a bevy flushed near the dogs and flew back across the valley. Bang dropped to wing and Beaufort to order. As Tallman moved up an outlying bird got up and he killed it and Beaufort retrieved it. The dogs were then sent into some sedge, where some of the birds had settled, and Bang whirled clear around and made a very gamy point to a single that White to order flushed and missed. We then beat out the sedge and turned back to a small thicket of pines, where Beaufort pinned one, and Tallman put it up but did not shoot. Beaufort then flushed one and Bang pointed just as another one got up, but he held his point and two more were flushed in front of him. We then went to an oak thicket and Bang got in another good point, and White to order flushed the bird. A little further on Beaufort made a nice point and Bang came alongside and also pointed, but both went on. We then beat out some sedge and turned back to the woods again and then went north in some weeds and sedge, where Beaufort, going down wind, ran up one. A little further on both dogs pointed, but nothing was found to either. We then beat up in some sedge along a hillside, where Bang, with his head high in the air, crossed a fence and went quite a distance and pointed, and then drew on a few steps and made a magnificent point to a bevy that White to order flushed. The birds got up some distance above Bang and he probably did not see them, as he was behind a bush, and he held his point while the judges awarded him the heat and declared him the winner of second prize, after a heat in which he had done some very brilliant work. Just as the heat was decided Beaufort made a nice point a short distance above, but Tallman took him off. This finished the stake.

Following is a complete

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Graphic beat Donald II.
Tammany beat Ned.
Madstone beat Rue.
Bloomo beat Snipe.
Jilt beat Bradford.
Beaufort beat Lucia.
Flash R. beat Duke of Bergen.
Mainspring beat Bang Bang.
Spot beat Half and Half.

Second Series.

Graphic beat Tammany.
Madstone beat Bloomo.
Beaufort beat Jilt.
Mainspring beat Flash R.
Spot a bye.

Third Series.

Spot beat Madstone.
Beaufort beat Graphic (withdrawn).
Mainspring a bye.

Final Tie for First Prize.

Mainspring beat Beaufort and won first prize.

TIES FOR SECOND PRIZE.

First Series.

Tammany beat Donald II.
Bang Bang beat Flash R.

Second Series.

Bang Bang beat Tammany.

Final Tie for Second Prize.

Bang Bang beat Beaufort and won second prize.

THE CHAMPION STAKE.

The Champion Stake did not fill. Foreman and Mainspring were ready to run but Gath's Mark had not fully recovered from his attack of dysentery and his handler did not think it prudent to run him.

THE DERBY.

Fourteen of the eighty-three nominations for the Derby filled their entries. Five of them, however, were withdrawn before starting. As retrieving was not required, only shooting enough was done to see the behavior of the dogs under fire. Some of the work was very good indeed, the honors going to two season dogs. The dogs withdrawn were Grouse III., Sharpless, Pendennis, Diana III. and Gath's Mark, the latter on account of sickness. Those that remained in were run as follows:

Neversink against Nelly Bly.
Bang Grace against Nannie S.
Belle against Glenclaire.
Prince Imperial against Dame Petrel.
Carlotta a bye.

First Series.

NEVERSINK AND NELLY BLY.

This was the first brace to start. Neversink is a large puppy. At times he moved very well, but appeared to be drawn rather too fine. He was handled by Thurtle. Nelly Bly, handled by Capt. McMurdo, is a very pretty, stylish little bitch, with quite a turn of speed and a quick way of getting round that will tell when she has had more experience. They were put down on Saturday afternoon after the finish of the All-Aged Pointer Stake at half past two in a field of sedge. Neversink was soon on a nice point and as his handler went ahead of him he drew on. Meantime Nelly came up a little to the right of him and located the bevy, making a stylish point. The Captain flushed the birds to order but did not shoot. Neversink undoubtedly had the birds but drew on after his handler. Both dogs were steady to wing. We then worked along a hillside, where both pointed larks, and a little further on a quail got up near Neversink and he kept on after it but came back to whistle. Nelly then made a beautiful point, but soon drew on and then roaded out and pointed a bird in fine style. The bird was flushed to order but not shot at. This was a pretty piece of work. We then swung into some sprouts where birds were heard to fly, and as Nelly came round she made a nice point. Neversink also pointed, but both soon went on. Neversink then made a good point but started to break in when the bird was flushed, but dropped to command. He then pointed and roaded a cripple, and Nelly came around and also roaded, but they were called off. Soon after Neversink again pointed and roaded, but could not make it out. We then crossed a road to some sedge, where Nelly made a point but soon went on. Then, where the last bevy in the Pointer Stakes had settled the handlers flushed two or three, and as Nelly came round she made a capital point, and her handler to order put up a bird and shot, and Nelly held her point staunchly. They were then ordered up, with Nelly Bly the winner. As her handler went to her another bird was flushed in front of her. Down three-quarters of an hour.

BANG GRACE AND NANNIE S.

Bang Grace is a little fellow but he gets around very lively and is full of style. He appears to have considerable hunting sense and is very well trained. He was handled by Luke White. Nannie is a very nice mover, full of style, and has a very handy way of getting to her birds. She was handled by Tucker. They were put down in some sedge at twenty minutes past three, both started at a clipping gait and beat out their ground like veterans. Working up to the top of a hill Nannie challenged, but was soon off again like a flash. We then beat through some woods and sprouts and then swung back to the woods again, where Bang, while at full speed, whirled on a very gamy point which Nannie instantly honored; this was very pretty but nothing was found. We then worked out a small thicket and then up to some woods where a bird flushed in front of the horses and flew close to Bang, and he at once stopped to wing. A little further on Nannie made a stylish point and Bang instantly backed her. As Tucker went in to flush, Nannie drew past him and dropped on point, and Bang also pointed alongside. This was repeated, with Bang a trifle in advance. Tucker then, to order, flushed and shot, and both dogs remained steady. This was very pretty work. A little further on Nannie pinned another one, and Bang also pointed or backed, we could not determine which, as the bird flushed when the handlers went up. Bang then made a good point and Nannie backed him. The bird was flushed to order, when Nannie turned back to a bird that she had caught scent of and pointed it, and her handler to order flushed it. This was very neatly done. Bang then went on to a gully, and a bird flushed near him. Nannie then made a nice point to a bird that was flushed to order, and several more got up. We then crossed a ditch and worked into some pines, where Nannie challenged, but the bird went before she had located it. She then dropped on point to another, and was nicely backed by Bang. Tucker flushed the bird to order, and the heat was finished with Nannie S. the winner. Down forty minutes. This was a capital heat, and would have been a very creditable one for older dogs.

BELLE AND GLENCLAIRE.

Belle is a light-weight black and tan, with considerable Irish blood in her veins. She is quite fast, with lots of hunting sense, and is well trained. She was handled by Haight. Glenclaire is a rollicking Irishman. He has quite a turn of speed and appears to have a good nose. He has had but little work, and is not yet over his puppy ways. He was handled by Tallman. They were put down in some sedge a few minutes after 4. Belle was off like a rocket, ranging wide and well, with over an eye to the likely looking places. Glen also started off well, but did not settle down to business like his competitor. Working through a cornfield, Belle made a cast for a hedgerow at the lower end, and getting the scent of a bevy she half pointed and then commenced roading. Glen joined her and also roaded. Belle then made a short cast up to the hedge and pointed, and Glen backed her. Belle then drew on and Glen went ahead and made a nice point. Haight went in and put up the birds and killed two, Belle retrieved them both in good form. Glen then made a capital point in the cornfield and Belle instantly backed him. Tallman flushed the bird and both dogs remained steady. This was well done. Belle then dropped on point and as Glen came up he also dropped just as the birds flushed. They were then sent across a branch to a steep hillside of timber, but the birds had not gone so far, and as we came up to the branch one walked out from under our horse and stood looking at us not a dozen feet away, and one or two more flushed near. The dogs were then ordered back, and Glen made a point and Tallman to order flushed the bird and shot, and Glen was steady. Belle then swung round close by us and pointed the bird that we had seen, and it got up a few seconds later. Glen then pointed, but soon went on, and a few seconds later he repeated the performance. Belle, meantime, pinned one that her handler flushed to order. We then turned up a valley along the branch, where Belle swung out into some stubble and gracefully sat down on point. Glen came round and backed indifferently, and as Belle drew on Glen made two or three strides and jumped into a nice point just as Belle had located them. Haight flushed the birds to order, and the heat was finished in favor of Belle. Down thirty-one minutes.

PRINCE IMPERIAL AND DAME PETREL.

Prince is a well made dog with considerable speed and an easy way of going. He was handled by John Lewis. Dame, handled by Mr. Ohl, is an easy mover, but not fast. They were put down where the last bevy was flushed and both at once pointed at the scent. We then followed the birds into some pines, where Prince made a nice point to a single, that Lewis to order flushed. Dame then came round and one got up near her, and she instantly dropped to wing Prince then dropped just as one rose. Dame then went on and another one flushed near her. Prince then pinned one that his handler flushed to order. Prince then pointed at the edge of a plum thicket and Dame came around the other side and stopped just as the bird flushed wild. We then went down to a branch and worked up it and Dame made a very pretty point and Prince backed her but nothing was found. It was now nearly dark and the dogs were taken up to go down again on Monday morning, but on Sunday Dame was lame and Mr. Ohl withdrew her. This gave the heat to Prince Imperial. This finished the first series with the following result:

First Series.

Nelly Bly beat Neversink.
Nannie S. beat Bang Grace.
Belle beat Glenclaire.
Prince Imperial beat Dame Petrel (withdrawn).
Carlotta a bye.

Second Series.

CARLOTTA AND NELLY BLY.

Carlotta is a very pretty little bitch. She is quite speedy and a very easy mover. She is very quick in turning and is quite stylish. She was handled by Tucker. We left the hotel on Monday morning at a quarter past eight, and fifteen minutes later the dogs were put down in an open field and worked through to some stubble. Nelly pointed a lark and Carlotta backed her, dropping very prettily. We then turned back through some woods to a stubble field, which was drawn blank, and we went to another one where Carlotta challenged and commenced roading. Nelly was some little distance from her and pointed just as one rose near her; two or three more then got up and then the rest of the bevy went. Carlotta roaded them out nicely and dropped on point where they had flushed. We then worked out some sedge and Carlotta dropped on point, and as Tucker went ahead of her she roaded on her belly very nicely. Nelly was some distance beyond her and struck the same trail and pointed, and then roaded and again pointed just as Carlotta came up and also pointed or backed we could not determine which, as birds were near both dogs. We then went into some woods where Nelly soon had one fast and Carlotta backed her nicely. The Captain, to order, flushed and shot, and both were steady. A little further on Nelly made a beautiful point to a fresh bevy and Carlotta backed her handsomely, the birds flushing as the Captain went up. This ended the heat, with Nelly Bly the winner. Down thirty minutes.

NANNIE S. AND BELLE.

This brace was at once put down in the stubble; they were nearly matched in speed although Belle had a trifle the best of it. After a turn in the open they were taken back into the woods among the scattered birds. Belle found them first and made a nice point to a single. Nannie came round near her but out of sight behind a rise of ground. As she came over the rise at full speed she caught sight of Belle and at once backed her, but she was going so fast that she could not stop until she got too close and the bird flushed. Soon after this, while going at full speed, Nannie ran into Belle and both fell flat. No harm was thought to have been done, but Nannie was quite sore the next day. A little further on Belle pointed and Nannie, not seeing her, was dropped by order, but nothing was found, although a woodcock had been flushed near there once or twice, and she may have been pointing at the scent left by it. We then crossed a fence and Nannie made a nice point which Belle instantly honored and the bird was flushed to order. We then beat out considerable ground without result until in some woods a bird was flushed by one of the judges, and soon after Belle ran up one, and a little further on she made a nice point to a single that flushed as Nannie, not seeing Belle, came up at full speed. Both dropped to wing very nicely. We then worked down to a branch where the spectators had marked a bevy, but nothing was done as one flushed near the judges and then the rest went. We then turned up a hill into some woods, where Nannie made a false point and Belle backed her. None of the birds were found, except two or three that were flushed by the handlers. We then beat down the hill, and when near the valley the dogs backed each other very prettily, and soon after Nannie came to a fence, and looking through she spied a black bunch of weeds and thinking it was Belle on point she backed it in fine style. We then crossed a branch and went through some woods to open fields, where Belle made a wide cast, and as she came round she sat down on point to a bevy that Haight to order flushed. We then crossed a creek into some sprouts, where Belle half pointed and Nannie backed her, and as Haight came up Belle drew on a few steps and located her bird in good style, the bird flushing itself a second or two later. Nannie then dropped to one just as it rose. Belle then made a nice point and almost at the instant Nannie also pointed, and the birds flushed as the handlers came up. They were then ordered up, with Belle the winner. Down one hour and forty-four minutes. Just as the decision was announced Nannie came up to the judges and pointed in her best style, but it was too late. This was a capital good heat and a lot of nice work was done.

This ended the second series with the following result:

Second Series.

Nelly Bly beat Carlotta.
Belle beat Nannie S.
Prince Imperial a bye.

Third Series.

PRINCE IMPERIAL AND NELLY BLY.

This brace was at once put down in the stubble field just

above where the last bevy was found. Prince took a step or two and cautiously drew and pointed and then drew on, but soon got to going. After beating out the field and a sidehill of weeds we turned down along the edge of some woods a long distance without result, except that both dogs alternately pointed and roaded a long time but finally lost it, and a little further on they repeated the performance, and a hare was seen to go from them. Then another long tramp until in the woods on the Model Farm Prince ran into a bevy and flushed two or three and stopped to wing, and then the rest got up. Following them up Nelly pointed and then roaded a short distance and again pointed. Prince came up but did not back and went on, and Nelly then drew on and soon both pointed, with Prince a little in advance, and the bird flushed as Lewis came up. Nelly then made a nice point to a bird that flushed as the judges came up. Meantime one got up near Prince, but this was on dry leaves, and considerable noise was made, and the birds could not be expected to lie well. A little further on Prince pinned one nicely that his handler to order flushed. Nelly then made a point, but drew on and went the wrong way. Prince, however, got it right and roaded it out nicely and pointed the bird, which Lewis flushed to order. Nelly was not under good control and did not like to work out the ground as she was ordered to do. Soon after Nelly pointed just as one flushed. She stopped to wing, and as her handler came up she drew on and two more got up, and then several others went. Following them into some dense sprouts, Nelly dropped just as one rose. Prince then got in a good point to a single that flushed as the judges came up. This ended the heat with Prince Imperial the winner. Down an hour and nineteen minutes. This finished the third series, with the following result:

Third Series.

Prince Imperial beat Nelly Bly.
Belle a bye.

It was now after 12, and we went to lunch at Model Farm.

Final Tie for First Prize.

BELLE AND PRINCE IMPERIAL.

This brace was put down after lunch in the stubble field near the house a few minutes past 1. Belle challenged and Prince, a little ahead of her, pointed, and Belle backed him. Prince soon went on and again pointed, but went on. Belle then made a cast and struck the scent and pointed, but her tail was going. She held her position, and as her handler came up a large bevy flushed down wind behind her. Belle showed very good judgment in this, as she was close to the birds, and had she moved they would probably have gone. These birds had been disturbed several times, and they flew a long distance and but few of them were found. We beat out the briers and failed to find them. Finally Belle nailed one in some sedge, and Haight to order flushed it. Belle then pointed some larks and Prince backed her. She then dropped to a hare, and as Prince came round it flushed and he gave chase, and Belle followed him, but both came back to whistle. A little further on Prince put up a bird while going down wind. We then went into some pines where Prince made a nice point near a fence, and as Belle came round she also pointed. Lewis, to order, put up a large bevy. Following them into some woods Belle made a nice point to a single that Haight flushed to order. She soon pointed again and Prince drew by her and both went on and one flushed near Prince. Belle then made a nice point to a bird just under her nose and Prince backed her nicely. Haight saw the bird and creeping up he tried to catch it but failed. This unsteadied both dogs, as they undoubtedly thought that the bird was a cripple and both gave chase but stopped to command. Belle then got in another nice point and won the heat, and was declared winner of first money. Down thirty-seven minutes. Following is the result:

Final Tie for First Place.

Belle beat Prince Imperial and won first place.

Ties for Second Place.

NANNIE S. AND GLENCLAIRE.

This brace was put down to decide which should run with Prince Imperial for second place. They were put down in some sedge and worked round to the brier patch where the bevy first found by the last brace was thought to be, but finding nothing they were taken back through the sedge into some pines and after beating over considerable ground Glenclaire flushed some birds that he should have pointed. Nannie a little further on dropped on point, but as her handler came up, she drew on some little distance and located her bird in capital style and Tucker to order flushed it. She then went a few steps and repeated the performance equally well. A little further on she flushed one, but was out of sight of the judges. We then crossed into the woods where Belle was and took a turn for the birds we had left there. As Glen was going at full speed a bird flushed close to him and he made a jump four feet in the air after it, but scored a miss. Then a large bevy rose just beyond and we followed them. They went but a short distance and Nannie soon had them fast. Tucker to order flushed them and the heat was ended with Nannie S the winner.

Final Tie for Second Place.

PRINCE IMPERIAL AND NANNIE S.

This was the final heat for second place and proved to be the last heat of the meeting. They were put down in the sedge where the last brace was taken up and worked in the direction that the birds had gone; we went but a short distance when two or three were flushed by the judges. Prince then swung back and pointed near where the bevy was flushed and was called back. We then went into some sprouts where Nannie made a point to a single that her handler flushed and missed. Prince broke shot but dropped at command. Prince then made a point and Nanny backed him indifferently, but nothing was found. We then turned back to Model Farm. Prince was going nicely but Nannie was tired; she gamely went on however, but not with much spirit. After a long tramp a bevy was reported to have been flushed and we turned into some pines after them and one or two were flushed by the handlers. Prince then challenged and roaded into a thicket and a bird was heard to fly from his direction, but it was so dense that nothing could be seen. Soon after Prince made a point to a single and Nannie backed him and Lewis to order flushed it. A little further on Nannie made a point and Tucker to order put up the bird and missed it. They were then ordered up and Nannie S. was declared winner of the heat and second money.

Final Tie for Third Place.

PRINCE IMPERIAL AND BANG GRACE.

This brace was called to run for third place, but the handlers agreed to divide the honor equally, Bang Grace receiving three-fourths of the money and Prince Imperial one-fourth, and the Trials of 1885 were finished.

Following is a complete

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Nelly Bly beat Neversink.
Nannie S. beat Bang Grace,
Belle beat Glenclaire.
Prince Imperial beat Dame Petrel (withdrawn).
Carlotta a bye.

Second Series.

Nelly Bly beat Carlotta.
Belle beat Nannie S.
Prince Imperial a bye.

Third Series.

Prince Imperial beat Nelly Bly.
Belle a bye.

Final Tie for First Place.

Belle beat Prince Imperial and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Nannie S. beat Glenclaire.

Final Tie for Second Place.

Nannie S. beat Prince Imperial and won second prize.

Final Tie for Third Place.

Prince Imperial and Bang Grace divided third prize; the honor equally, Bang Grace receiving three-fourths and Prince Imperial one-fourth of the money.

GRAPHIC'S ALLEGED FLUSH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see it stated that Mr. Coster saw the flush scored against Graphic by the judges at the Eastern Field Trials, and that Graphic scored a flush at the fence at the end of the field on an outlying bird of a bevy of quail and then went on and flushed the remainder of the bevy. In answer to this I wish to say that I cannot believe that Mr. Coster could have made any such statement, for the reason that Mr. Coster and myself were riding together at the time of the occurrence, and (1) there was no fence within many hundred yards; (2) the flush, if it occurred at all, was in the middle of a large field and near and beyond a ditch; (3) Mr. Coster did not see it at the time and not until a flock of birds got up, for he turned to me and asked me what the birds were. I replied that at the distance I could not tell, but that they flew like larks. There were very many of them—I should say forty or fifty. Both Mr. Coster and myself were a long way in the rear and not in the immediate proximity of the dog or of the handler. I marked the birds down on the side of the hill to the left, and subsequently Mr. Gregory and Mr. Haight coming along the edge of the hill, their dogs pointed and they put up the same flock I had marked down and the same birds it was claimed Graphic flushed. They were all larks and no quail. Mr. Coster knows my statement to be true in every particular as to what occurred between us, and that he asked me the question I have named. The other judges acknowledged they saw nothing. Mr. Mitchell had previously called point, which directed both Mr. Coster's attention and my own to the locality of the dog and the handler. Now if birds got up they did so after point was called and when Mr. Mitchell walked in, and if quail, the dog should have had a point. The fact is there were no quail but only larks, and Mr. Mitchell finding that to be the case, called out "larks" and whistled his dog on. The above are facts. I saw what is recited myself, and so did Mr. Coster if he saw anything. If he did not see it, or some other judge did not see it, then nothing should have been scored either for or against the dog. If such judging is permitted I for one will never run another dog at the Eastern Field Trials. A man who will score a flush against a dog under such circumstances had better think twice before judging again.

JAS. L. ANTHONY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—Will Mr. Wade kindly name the dog he entered and sent by express to the Philadelphia show, also the premium won? After reading your issue of Oct. 29 I tried in vain to find any dog entered in Mr. Wade's name in the catalogue. Mr. Wade in his letter to the *Stock Keeper* names Mr. Watson as one of the noble army of men who are not afraid to speak their minds over their own signature. Mr. Watson is announced as judge of all classes but pointers and setters at the Winsted show next month. Will he favor your readers with that rare treat, a report by a judge over his own signature, and so begin the new regime for which so many are longing? Can you not persuade him to do it? It would be appreciated by many others as well as this—READER.

WINSTED SHOW.—The first annual bench show of dogs held by the Western Connecticut Pet Stock Association will begin Dec. 15 and close Dec. 18 at the Winsted Rink. This is one of the best uses a rink can be put to. The entries will close Dec. 6. They should be addressed to Mr. Frank D. Hallett, the Superintendent. There are the usual classes; the first prize winner in each class to receive two-thirds entire entrance money, second to take the remainder, third he. Specials also will be offered for each breed. Entry fee, $1. Judge of pointers and setters, J. M. Tracy; all other classes, James Watson.

GRAPHIC.—New York Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly announce in your paper that the sale of champion Graphic to Mr. Chas. Heath of Newark, N. J., in no way affects my public offer made through your columns for his free services, and that all bitches heretofore promised his services by me will be permitted to visit Graphic free of charge, but under the conditions named, Mr. Heath having purchased the dog subject to all his engagements.—JAMES L. ANTHONY.

KINO.—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any one give any information concerning the pedigree of the beagle Kino or Keno, exhibited at Philadelphia in September, 1884, by D. O'Shea, as imported?—WM. H. CHILD.

NEW HAVEN SHOW.—The third annual bench show of the New Haven Kennel Club will be held in New Haven on March 30 and 31 and April 1 and 2, 1886.—E. S. PORTER, Secretary.

NEWARK BENCH SHOW.—Newark, N. J., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club claims March 22, 23, 24 and 25 for bench show at Newark.—CHAS. HEATH.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

King Dan. By Geo. W. McNeil, Jr., Jersey City, N. J., for liver, with white markings, pointer dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1885, by Jimmie (A.K.R. 1689) out of Temptation (A.K.R. 1690).

Mickey Free. By W. A. Stauf, Baltimore, Md., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 24, 1885, by Robin Adair (champion Faust—Madge) out of Daisy Bravo (champion Bravo—Lilly II.).

Zimp. By F. C. Stauf, Baltimore, Md., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by champion Bravo (Bragg—Kate) out of Rose.

Chancellor. By A. C. Wilmerding, New York, for solid chestnut spaniel dog, whelped July 11, 1885, by champion Black Prince (A.K.R. 62) out of Newton Abbot Lady (A.K.R. 2691).

Black Cap. By A. C. Wilmerding, New York, for black spaniel bitch, whelped July 11, 1885, by champion Black Prince (A.K.R. 62) out of Newton Abbot Lady (A.K.R. 2691).

Madcap II. By A. C. Wilmerding, New York, for black, with white frill, spaniel bitch, whelped July 21, 1885, by champion Black Prince (A.K.R. 62) out of Marion (A.K.R. 2639).

Polka Dot. By A. C. Wilmerding, New York, for black and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 15, 1885, by Sport (Jet—Daisy) out of Suwanee (A.K.R. 658).

Bug. By Dr. Chas. McBurney, New York, for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 15, 1885, by Sport (Jet—Daisy) out of Suwanee (A.K.R. 658).

Maida. By Dr. J. W. Greene, New York, for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 21, 1885, by champion Black Prince (A.K.R. 62) out of Marion (A.K.R. 2639).

Suzette. By A. C. Wilmerding, New York, for solid black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 15, 1885, by Sport (Jet—Daisy) out of Suwanee (A.K.R. 658).

Marion II. By A. E. Foster, New York, for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 21, 1885, by champion Black Prince (A.K.R. 62) out of Marion (A.K.R. 2639).

Duke of Tioga. By L. Brandeis, Brooklyn, N. Y., for red and white Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 24, 1885, by Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Biddy (Elcho III.—Mag).

Dorothy. By A. E. Foster, New York, for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Sept. 2, 1885, by champion Benedict (Bachelor—Negress) out of Sara B.

Governor. By L. Brandeis, Brooklyn, N. Y., for black, white and tan collie dog, whelped July 24, 1885, by Argyle (Brack—Dora) out of Jean (Marcus—Flora).

Zulu II. By L. Brandeis, Brooklyn, N. Y., for fawn and black mastiff dog, whelped July 17, 1884, by Zulu (champion Colonel—champion Diana) out of Monmouth Meg.

Ko-Ko, Katisha and Peep Boo. By City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for silver fawn pugs, one dog and two bitches, whelped Oct. 7, 1885, by Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny) out of Beauty (A.K.R. 1360).

Duke of Hamilton. By H. Drain, Baltimore, Md., for white, black and tan English setter dog, whelped July 29, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Windem—Nora) out of Ruby (Rake—Fanny).

Hero. By Henry Müller, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., for orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1885, by Scotch Barry (champion Barry—Dido) out of Eiger (Beppo—Hilda).

Rex. By Hugo Reid, Haydenville, Mass., for black Newfoundland dog, whelped Oct. 21, 1885, by Major out of Juno.

Leo. By Captain Weiss, for black Newfoundland dog, whelped Oct. 21, 1885, by Major out of Juno.

Brahminetta. By Chas. S. Fitch, New York, for solid black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1885, by champion Brahmin (Easten's Bob—imported Clew) out of Fitch's Daphne (A.K.R. 1632).

Rosa. By J. G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 10, 1885, by champion Glencho (Elcho—Noreen) out of Flame (Von—Floss).

Tostig. By Thos. W. Mills, Montreal, Can., for white, with brindle and white head, bulldog, whelped Aug. 2, 1885, by Guillermo (A.K.R. 671) out of Princess Ida (A.K.R. 2154).

Ginger. By Horace Ketchum, Albany, N. Y., for white, with tan head, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 19, 1885, by Mixture (A.K.R. 2697) out of Nettle (A.K.R. 1704).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Queen—Black Prince. Fred Smith's (Hoboken, N. J.) liver and white cocker spaniel bitch Queen (Charley—Powder) to A. C. Wilmerding's champion Black Prince (A.K.R. 62), Nov. 22.

Daisy—Bradford Ruby. J. F. Schorer's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy (imported) to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), Nov. 10.

Stella—Hermit. Buena Vista Kennels' (Kensico, N. Y.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Stella (Thor—Augusta) to Chequasset Kennels' Hermit (A.K.R. 23), Nov. 15.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Black Gem. G. H. Haseltine's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Gem (Brush II.—Blackie II.), Aug. 17, nine (five dogs), by J. H. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); all black.

Favorite. W. J. Ehrich's (New York) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Favorite (Courage—Belline), Nov. 20, eight (five dogs), by his Nero (Apollo—Diana).

Little Nell. T. R. Varick's (Manchester, N. H.) bull-terrier bitch Little Nell (Little Victor—Daisy), Nov. 12, three dogs, by Dutch, Jr.

Daisy. John Obrien's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy, Oct. 3, four (two dogs), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Beauty. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (Major—Daisy), Oct. 7, three (one dog), by their Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Theon. Chequasset Kennels' (Lancaster, Mass.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Theon (A.K.R. 94), Nov. 14, ten (six dogs) by their Hermit (A.K.R. 23).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Obo II.—Black Gem whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by G. H. Haseltine, Boston, Mass., a dog to Geo. W. Leavitt and a bitch to Mrs. C. G. Fisher, same place, and a bitch to Daniel Helm, Providence, R. I.

Sport—Suwanee whelp. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped July 15, 1885, by A. C. Wilmerding, New York, to Francis O. de Luze, same place.

Jewel. Silver fawn, black points, pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885 (Bradford Ruby—Flossy, A.K.R. 2250), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to F. D. Gadsby, Mansfield, O.

Gem. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885 (Bradford Ruby—Flossy, A.K.R. 2250), by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.

Prince Dave. White, black and tan English setter dog, whelped July 29, 1885 (Count Noble—Ruby), by H. E. Hamilton, New York, to H. Drain, Baltimore, Md.

Asphodel. Orange tawny, white markings, smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 29, 1884 (A.K.R. 1607), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Leif. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped June 25, 1885 (Alp II.—Brenner), by Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., to W. W. Tucker, New York.

Barry. St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 2150), by St. Bernard Kennels, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., to Henry Müller, same place.

Abbess. St. Bernard bitch, by St. Bernard Kennels, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., to Henry Müller, same place.

Leigh. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped June 22, 1885 (Alp II., A.K.R. 705—Brenner, A.K.R. 706), by Henry Müller, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., to G. W. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rex. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped Oct. 21, 1885 (Major—Juno), by Henry Müller, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., to Hugo Reid, Haydenville, Mass.

Leo. Black Newfoundland dog, whelped Oct. 21, 1885 (Major—Juno), by Henry Müller, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., to Captain Weiss, vessel Bylgia, for exportation to Japan.

Colonel. Fawn, black muzzle, mastiff dog, whelped Oct. 28, 1885 (Hero II.—Norah), by Henry Müller, Clifton, Staten Island, N. Y., to Ashmont Kennels, Boston, Mass.

Czar. Black, white and belton English setter dog, whelped July 30, 1884 (A.K.R. 1613), by Chas. S. Fitch, New York, to E. S. Hauks, Cummington, Mass.

Fly. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 10, 1885 (Glencho—Flame), by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to J. C. Harris, Nacogdoches, Tex.

Faun. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 10, 1885 (champion Glencho—Flame), by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to Jas. Vandenbrook, Palestine, Tex.

Crook. White and black ticked English setter bitch, whelped June, 1879 (A.K.R. 281), by Dr. Henry F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y., to J. M. Bloomfield, New York.

Spright. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 26, 1884 (A.K.R. 1619), by J. M. Bloomfield, New York, to Dr. Henry F. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A. S., New York. For worms in dog try areca nut freshly powdered. Give the dog nothing but milk for 24 hours, then administer a teaspoonful of the powder made into a large pill or bolus with lard. Depress the base of the tongue and slide the pill into the pharynx. In three hours give a large dose of castor oil, one or two tablespoonsful, according to the age. Do not feed solid food for twenty-four hours after giving the medicine.

G. A. F., Boy Blue Plantation.—My setter has had mange for a year, sores on him now. Feet between toes very sore. Used arsenic and other remedies. Is two years old. Suppose he was not attended to at first. Ans. Keep on with the arsenic and get two boxes of salve, an ounce of balsam of Peru ointment and one of zinc oxide ointment. Use them on the sores on alternate days after washing the parts with warm water and castile soap and drying.

WILCOX, Jersey City.—I have a mastiff bitch and she is continually drooling at the mouth. It is not so bad since the weather became cool, but any exercise brings it on. She had one fit when she was about 8 months old. She is now thirteen months. Ans. Keep the bowels free with syrup of buckthorn in dessertspoonful doses, and give night and morning ten drops of the tincture of belladonna in sweetened water, and stop treatment as soon as the drooling ceases, which should be in two or three days.

"BOB," Houston, Texas.—1. What is the best treatment for mange on long-haired dogs? 2. What is the best way to treat distemper among puppies. Ans? 1. Give 3 drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food and increase one drop daily up to 10 drops, then decrease by a drop daily down to three again. Then discontinue for two days and commence again at the expiration of that time. For external application, equal parts of zinc oxide and iodoform ointment may be applied after the hair has been clipped from the parts affected. 2. At the outset of the disease the puppies affected should

be quarantined, new bedding should be supplied two or three times weekly and great cleanliness observed. The food should be fluid and nutritious—milk with lime water, beef soups without fat, flour porridge made with milk, etc. While fever is present give 2 drops of tincture of aconite every three hours. If great weakness exists with heart failure, give a teaspoonful of brandy three, four or five times daily. Inhalations of carbolic acid solution (teaspoonful to the pint of water) are very beneficial, quinine and iron are called for during convalescence.

T. H. M.—I have a thoroughbred mastiff eighteen months old which has never been taught anything, but has picked up some bad habits, as running away and killing fowls. Is it too late to teach him? and if not, how shall I set about it? Is there any manual of dog training? Ans. We could not tell you, unless we knew more particulars, how to keep the dog at home. To break him of chicken-killing, take him, holding by a strong cord, into the chicken yard, and every time he breaks for a hen pull him back and explain to him that he is doing wrong, and then punish him after the style set forth on page 68 of Hammond's "Training vs. Breaking."

J. W. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—Setter sixteen months old, slobbers very much and has done so some ten months. Is very thin because of hard work, and poor feed, I think, while in breaker's hands, where he still is. Health appears good in other respects, appetite like a buzz saw when I last saw him. If dangerous drugs are required to effect a cure perhaps I had better let him alone. His coat is not very bright in appearance, but there is now no trace of mange, of which he was cured some months ago, by Glover's preparation and Fowler's solution. Ans. You can give eight drops of tincture of belladonna morning and evening in the food with safety, and probably it will effect a cure.

J. McK., Ogdensburg, N. Y.—Be so kind as to inform me if there is any treatment that will insure a crop of hair over a scald. My setter has been scalded across the top of his shoulders and back by hot water, and the skin is now in scabs covering suppuration, the hair still adhering. The scald was given about ten days since. Advise me, if you can, without referring me to books or treatises on the subject, for I am in a hurry to save the animal's coat. Ans. If the scald is deep and has destroyed the hair follicles, they will not be reproduced, but a scar will always disfigure the dog; but unless the scald is very severe the hair will grow again. The best dressing for a healing ulcer after burns is balsam of Peru ointment, which should be applied thickly on a piece of lint and laid on the wound, after removing scabs and cleansing with warm water and castile soap.

G. N., Savannah, Ga.—I lost a litter of fine pups by worms. They were born Oct. 7. On Oct. 28 they were whining, as if in pain. I gave them a dose of castor oil and ten drops of laudanum. Next morning four of them were dead, and I gave the other two another dose; they could not swallow it, something seemed to be in their throat. I dissected the dead ones and found them full of worms, and several in their throat. These pups were only twenty-one days old and never had anything but their mother's milk. They were fine looking and very fat. Does any one know how they got worms? Ans. Your puppies were born with the worms probably. It is very difficult in such cases to save them. It is also impossible to say how the eggs of the worms got into the puppies, the mother being healthy. Had you given small doses (five grains) of areca root or some other vermifuge you might have saved the strongest puppies, though the risk in giving such medicine is very great.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THANKSGIVING RIFLE MATCHES.

LOVERS of the rifle to the number of fifty or more visited the range at Walnut Hill on the 26th and banged away in the face of a driving snowstorm, with results satisfactory considering the conditions. The decimal handicap match and the rest match were settled, and the names of prize winners, were as appended:

Decimal Handicap Match.

N F Tufts	79	79	79	78=315+40	—355
W D Palmer	87	83	73	85=338+12	—350
F J Rabbeth (mil.)	79	82	78	80=319+4=323+24	—347
R Reed	83	81	83	83=330+12	—342
E F Richardson	89	84	88	89	—341
R G Warren	80	84	77	76=318+21	—311
E B Souther	77	75	75	79=306+32	—338
O M Jewell	83	84	87	83	—337
A C White	84	81	85	87	—337
J N Frye	78	77	77	80=312+20	—332
W Charles	80	85	80	84	—328
J B Fellows	76	68	80	83	—307
R D Archer	75	67	67	76=285+29	—305
J P Bates	61	65	69	64=259+40	—299
W Fisher	62	73	61	70=266+32	—248

Rest Match.

J N Frye	99	99	100	100	100—498
F J Rabbeth	99	98	98	98	99—492
D L Chase	93	98	98	98	98—490
S Wilder	98	98	98	98	98—490
C H Brown	87	100	95	98	97—487
B G Warren	96	96	96	97	95—480

NEW BEDFORD.—The New Bedford City Guard had its annual shoot for prizes, 27 in number, 40 members and 4 honorary members competed, no commissioned officers were present, wind and snow interfered with good shooting. Following are the leading scores: Sergt. E. F. Dale 38, J. E. Barnum 38, E. T. Gibbs 36, H. C. Churchill 34, C. L. McBay 34, C. A. Gray 34, Sergt. A. L. Howland 34, Corp. G. H. Devol 33, O. S. Johnson 33.

NEWTONVILLE.—The Claflin Guard 5th Regiment, had a team and company shoot at its range in Newtonville, Mass., and notwithstanding the storm, some good scores were made. The score made in the regular team shoot was as follows: Private William Warren 23, Private F. E. Turner 22, Private J. S. Williams 21, Private A. E. Easterbrook 21, Sergt. J. I. Farwell 21, Lieut. G. H. Benyan 20, Private C. A. Purdy 20; total 148.

KEENE, N. H.—A picked team of the Keene Light Guards, Capt. Russell, shot a match with the Springfield Rifle Club, Capt. Bishop, to-day, the members of both teams using the Winchester rifle and globe sight. The latter gave the former odds, but won.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—At the Manchester Range to-day Benjamin Cline, on a decimal target made six straight tens and a nine, or a total of 69 out of a possible 70.

THE BRATTLEBORO, VT., RIFLE CLUB enjoyed a shoot for turkeys on Thanksgiving Day, three were presented to the club for competition, one each from Col. Fuller, Capt. W. M. Farrow and H. M. Wood. The shooting was 200yds. off-hand, on the new Farrow target. The following scores were made out of a possible 100:

Hannon	6	10	8	5	4	9	10	8	7	10—77
Cobb	10	10	4	8	7	9	7	7	7	7—75
French	7	5	7	8	7	9	9	6	9	7—74
Wood	6	6	9	7	9	7	8	5	10	7—74
Read	7	7	8	10	5	7	8	4	7	9—72
Nichols	9	8	8	8	6	6	6	5	7	7—71
King	6	7	9	6	8	6	9	9	9	6—69

The first turkey was finally won by Mr. French with the following fine score:

French	6	9	7	8	7	10	8	9	10	9—83
Hannon	7	5	6	7	9	7	7	6	5	8—77
Nichols	6	4	10	9	7	7	7	10	8	9—77
Cobb	6	9	7	9	5	4	8	10	9	10—77
King	10	4	9	5	7	9	7	8	8	7—74
Wood	5	7	10	7	8	9	5	5	10	7—71
Read	6	5	9	9	5	5	9	7	7	6—68

The postponed turkey match of the Brattleboro Rifle Club was continued on Saturday. The turkeys were put up singly, and had to be won twice before becoming personal property. C. L. Cobb was final winner of the second one. The last turkey was won with the following score at 200yds. off hand, the Farrow target being used. It has three divisions in the 8-inch bullseye counting 8, 9 and 10. Clear weather, with one point allowed for a 7 o'clock wind.

Farrow	9	9	9	7	8	9	10	9	8	8—87
Cobb	8	9	9	10	7	9	9	8	7	9—85
Knight	7	9	8	7	9	9	8	7	9	10—83
Nichols	4	10	8	7	10	7	10	8	7	8—79
French	9	9	4	8	8	7	6	9	7	8—75

MILWAUKEE RIFLE CLUB, Thanksgiving Day.—The club not having practiced for three months the scores were not up to the average. Creedmoor target, 200yds.

Possible 75—Drake 69, Campbell 65, Green 64, Welles 63, Fielding 63, Ormsby 62, Thurston 62, Wright 62, Yale 61, Johnston 60, Markham 55.

Possible 50—Drake 45, Ormsby 45, Yale 44, Welles 43, Thurston 42, Green 42, Fielding 41, Wright 40.

Possible 25—Yale 24, Drake 23, Thurston 21, Green 21, Ormsby 21, Wright 21, Fielding 20, Welles 19.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

THOMASTON, Conn., Nov. 21.—At Bridgemoor range to-day the marksmen were favored with a very good light, but a chilly and rather uncertain wind tended to generally low scores:

E Thomas	11	12	9	12	10	10	8	12	11	11—106
G P North	9	11	8	11	10	11	10	10	11	8—99
C F Williams	9	11	10	10	10	7	10	11	8	10—96
G C Gilbert	11	10	10	9	6	12	9	7	10	12—96
Fred A Perkins	11	8	9	9	10	10	10	8	8	10—95
W H Dunbar	7	9	9	11	10	11	10	8	10	8—94
F Carr	10	10	7	10	6	10	9	10	12	10—94
C L Alling	9	5	10	8	11	8	9	10	6	12—88

THOMASTON, Conn., Nov. 7.—Weather conditions were adverse to high scores at badge shoot Empire Rifle Club, being so dark that bullseye could hardly be discerned through sights, 200yds. off-hand Massachusetts ring target:

G A Lemmon	10	11	12	11	10	9	11	12	7	11—104
G C Canfield	11	10	11	12	7	11	10	10	11	10—103
W H Dunbar	9	9	9	12	9	10	11	12	9	12—100
Fred A Perkins	12	11	10	10	9	12	7	8	9	9—97
C F Williams	8	8	12	11	10	8	12	8	10	9—96
G P North	12	9	10	7	10	11	12	7	10	8—96
E Thomas	9	8	10	10	10	9	9	11	8	9—93

BALTIMORE, Nov. 27.—The rifle contest between ten teams of State militia closed yesterday. The range was 200 yards. As was expected, the Easter Flower team of the Garrett Guards, Oakland, won the match. Their score at the 200-yards range was 162; the aggregate for both days' shooting was 331, and their average shooting was 41⅜. The gold medal to the best marksman was won by Corporal Browning, of the same team, with a score of 45 out of a possible 50. The rank of the teams was obtained by adding the totals made by each team at both ranges and dividing the sum by eight, the number of men in each team. This gave the average shooting of each man. Thus determined, the match has resulted in a clean victory for the Western Maryland boys, the four first teams coming from that section. The following is a list of the teams and their averages in the order of rank: 1. Easter Flowers, 41⅜; 2. Independents, 39½; 3. Potomac, 36 4-8; 4. Douglass, 36 2-8; 5. Fifth Maryland, No. 2, 35⅛; 6. Fifth Maryland, No. 1, 33 4-8; 7. Cumberland, 32 4-8; 8. Linganore, 31⅞; 9. Howard, 28; 10. Mountain City, 27⅜. The "aggregate" is the sum of the totals made by each man on both days at the 100-yard and the 200-yard range, with a possible 50 of 5 shots at each distance. Of the ten medals offered by the State, for the best aggregate in each team, one is of gold and the rest are silver. The design is a large Maltese cross, with the inscription, "Maryland National Guard, 1885." The gold medal has in the center the State coat of arms in silver, and the silver medals have a similar center of gold. The following is the score of the teams in the order of shooting:

Easter Flower Team—Lieut. Jameson 41, Sergt. Crim 39, Sergt. Painter 40, Corp. Browning 45, Private Stoyer 42, Private Friend 41, Capt. Wardwell 40, Lieut. Chisholm 43; total 331.

Douglas Team—Private Murray 36, Sergt. Lindsey 39, Corp. Tice 33, Private Spangler 42, Lieut. Buchanan 39, Corp. Corby 38, Private Montgomery 25, Sergt. Crader 38; total 290.

Independent Team—Capt. Lane 42, Lieut. Roulette 37, Lieut. Cost 37, Sergt. White 39, Private Bassford 43, Corp. Sands 38, Private Schaff 39, Private Hochman 38; total 313.

Fifth Regiment, Team No. 2—Private Scharf, Co. G, 41, Sergt. Taylor, Co. G, 32, Private Scott, Co. C, 37, Sergt. Bartholomai, Co. I, 33, Corp. Kasemeyer, Co. I, 34, Private Carroll, Co. A, 34, Private Brasheares, Co. E, 34, Private Owings, Co. E, 36; total 281.

Linganore Rifle Team—Corp. Albaugh 31, Corp. Burrall 31, Corp. Boone 35, Private Butler 35, Private Lugenbeel 20, Private Butler 38, Lieut. Glissan 32, Private Long 33; total 255.

Mountain City Team—Sergt. Shipley 27, Sergt. Veit 11, Sergt. White 32, Corp. Schwering 30, Corp. Grove 41, Private Grove 29, Private Knight 36, Private Kettler 23; total 319.

Potomac Team—Private Combs 39, Corp. Athey 33, Corp. Johnson 11, Corp. Gray 37, Private Richards 40, Private Koegle 32, Private Trout 39, Private McKenzie 31; total 292.

Fifth Regiment, Team No. 1—Lieut. Hite, Co. K 37, Lieut. Search, Co. D 35, Private Burchall, Co, F 32, Private Leamey, Co. F 35, Private Ehlen, Co. H 33, Private Leinkuhl, Co. H 32, Sergt. Milkins, Co. G 30, Sergt. Bell, N. C. S. 34; total 268.

Howard Team—Corp. Smith 34, Private Connor 37, Private Sweeny 37, Private Knee 8, Private Gerloch 23, Private Wade 26, Private Williams 32, Private Garrett 26; total 224.

Cumberland Team—Capt. Gordon 25, Private Troxell 32, Private Smouse 35, Private Landers 37, Private Twigg 38, Private Siebold 31, Private Hughes 22, Private Mason 40; total 260.

Team Total.

	100yds.	200yds.	Total.		100yds.	200yds.	Total.
Garrett	162	169	331	Mountain City	94	125	219
Douglass	132	158	290	Potomac	136	156	292
Independent	150	163	313	5th Reg No 1	125	143	268
5th Reg No 2	129	152	281	Howard	113	111	224
Liganore	109	146	255	Cumberland	119	141	260

BOSTON, Nov. 28.—The shooters in the matches at Walnut Hill had a perfect day for their sport to-day. There was a good attendance, and some very remarkable scores were made. D. L. Chase made a clean score of 100 in the rest match, and J. Francis, with an open-sight military rifle, made a 95, followed by a 92 and a 90. His scores to-day have never been equalled so far as a record shows with a military open-sight rifle. H. Cushing scored a 49 in the Creedmoor practice match. Following is the record of the day's shoot:

Decimal off-hand Match.

H Cushing, A	5	9	9	8	8	7	9	8	10	8—81
B G Warren, C	5	9	6	6	9	10	9	8	7	8—77

Creedmoor Practice Match.

H Cushing	4555555555—49	C Williams (mil.)	4545554444—44
E Burleigh	5455445445—45	F Carter (mil.)	4444555543—43

First Regiment Match.

D L Chase (F.)	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—100
H Cambridge (F.)	10	10	9	10	9	10	9	10	10	10—97
S Wilder (F.)	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	9—97
J Francis (mil. F)	9	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	8	9—95
Pillsbury (A.)	10	9	10	10	8	10	9	10	8	9—93
B G Warren (F.)	9	9	9	10	9	9	10	9	9	8—90
F Carter (mil. F.)	8	10	6	10	5	5	6	9	7	8—74

New matches open under the following conditions: Rest Match—Massachusetts decimal target, distance 200yds., any rifle, without restrictions regarding weight, sights (telescopic sight allowed), or trigger pull, with the exception that hair triggers must be provided with safety lock, and that all rifles of over 10 pounds weight will be handicapped 1 point on a score in favor of those under that weight, military rifles with open sights will be allowed 40 points, and other open sight rifles, including special military, 25 points in the aggregate of 5 scores counted as one. Military rifles must be shot without cleaning through each score. Any position or rest will be allowed, provided the rifle be held against the shoulder. 5 scores to count. No scores may be counted at one competition. Entries unlimited. Entries to members 25 cents, to non-members 50 cents for first entry, and 25 cents for re-entry each day. An equal number of points on an aggregate of 5 scores will be considered a tie, and will be decided by the next best score, or scores, if necessary. The match will close the last shooting day of January, 1886. Prizes 6 in number. First 12, second 11, third 9, fourth 8, fifth 6, sixth 4 per cent. of total entry fees.

Decimal Off-Hand Match.—Massachusetts decimal target; distance, 200yds., rounds 10, any rifle within the rules, position standing, military rifles. Springfield pattern as issued by the State, will be allowed 28 points, and other open sight rifles, special military included, will be allowed 20 points in the aggregate of four scores. Military rifles must be shot without cleaning during each score, four scores to count in the order made, with handicap added. Entries unlimited at 25 cents to members, 50 cents for first score and 25 cents for re-entry each day to non-members. In case of a tie the competitor having the least number of points allowed for handicap will rank and when the allowance is the same in each case and a tie exists, the next best score (or scores, if necessary) will decide the tie by actual count. Prizes fifteen in number, consisting of 50 per cent. of total entry fees of 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1. This match will close with the last shooting day of January, 1886.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 27.—Three matches were shot yesterday on the Bridgeport Range, 100yds., each shot measured from the center of the target. Any position without artificial rest was allowed. The following strings were made:

First Match.

E A Leopold	0.25	1.12	1.21	3.10	2.47—8.15
Geo Ritter	0.87	2.40	4.56	0.76	0.20—8.79

Second Match.

Geo Ritter	0.25	1.23	0.64	0.56	1.34—4.02
E A Leopold	2.16	1.08	0.37	0.59	0.88—5.07

Third Match.

E A Leopold	1.41	0.65	0.50	1.11	1.09—4.76
Geo Ritter	1.13	3.06	0.97	1.90	1.07—8.13

Mr. Ritter's string in the second match is the best ever made on this range in a match. The best was made Feb. 22, 1881, by E. A. Leopold, and measured 3.69 inches.

CARSON CITY, NEV.—The Carson Guard, in all their practice and matches, use the Sharps military rifle, .45 caliber, Bouchard's patent, open sights, six pounds trigger pull, 70 grains FG rifle powder and 440-grain bullets. The foregoing was used when the score of 829 was made, and the men are fully satisfied that had the weather been favorable at least 840 would have been scored.

MAINE VS. MASSACHUSETTS.—The second team match between the Biddeford (Me.) Light Infantry and the Sherman Cadets, of Lawrence, Mass., was shot on Nov. 21, each team shooting on its respective range and sending the result by telegraph. The Biddeford team won the first contest some six weeks ago by one point. The second match proved more even than the first, the totals being an exact tie. The Lawrence team shot on a paper target. The scores were as follows:

Sherman Cadets' Team.		Biddeford Team.	
Musician Daulton	4454555554—45	W F Cummings	5444445545—44
Private Frost	5855544455—45	E J Cram	4554445454—44
Sergt Sargent	3354544434—39	I D Adams	3444345445—40
Private Recker	4453453434—39	W G Parker	4443454434—39
Capt Duchesney	4423543433—39	J D Staples	3343444444—37
	204		204

Though there is a tie on the grand total, victory under the Creedmoor rules would go to the Biddeford team, since they have no outer, while there is one in the score of the Lawrence team.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

CARTERET GUN CLUB.—A large delegation of the members of the Carteret Gun Club participated in the annual Thanksgiving Day pigeon shoot at the club grounds near Bergen Point, N. J. Although the grounds were somewhat wet, the weather was good for the sport, with a fresh breeze that had a tendency to make a majority of the birds incoming quarterers to the left or direct incomers. The shooting, as a whole, was scarcely up to the club's standard, except as between Messrs. Redmond and Wallace—the former losing his first bird dead a few inches out of the bounds at score, while Mr. Wallace killed his first eight and missed his ninth, which made the result a tie between them on the tenth bird. In shooting off the "miss and out," Mr. Redmond missed a fast quarterer to the left and Mr. Wallace killing an incomer, it made him the winner of the first prize, a copper and silver cup, leaving the second prize, a clock set in armor and antique weapons, to Mr. Redmond. The conditions and full score were as follows: Handicap shoot at 10 birds each, three misses out; ties, miss and out; 50yds. boundary; entrance, $5 each. Referees, Messrs. Hoey and Bryar.

Wallace, 26yds	10	Heyward, 25yds	4
Redmond, 28yds	9	Blood, 23yds	4
McBarry, 26yds	7	Lee, 28yds	3
Lawrence, 26yds	6	Gladwin, 26yds	3
James, 25yds	5	Jacobs, 26yds	1
Stone, 26yds	5	Rowland, 25yds	0

ONONDAGA, N. Y.—The gold medal, for which the members of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club have been shooting for the last twelve years, was won finally Saturday, Nov. 21, by Edward Hudson, and will remain in his possession. In 1873 the club paid $55 for the medal, which was inscribed, "Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club." At first the medal was shot for monthly, the winner holding until another won. Five years ago it was decided that the member who should win the medal three times should have permanent possession of it. Since then Lodder, Fage and Hudson each won twice, and Luther and Lefever each once. The final contest was very close and exciting, but Hudson won for the third time. The score was:

Lefever	0111111111111111—14	Chapman	1111111111100111—13
W B Kirk, Jr.	0110110011111101—10	Walters	0111100111111111—12
Courtney	0110111010110111—11	Montgomery	1011111111111101—13
Hudson	1111101111111111—14	Luther	1110110111111111—13

The tie resulted: Hudson 4, Lefever 3. Sweepstake shooting followed. In the first Brown took first money and Courtney second; in the second, Montgomery first and Ayling second; in the third, Chapman and Courtney divided first and Montgomery took second.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Nov. 20.—The members of the Arkansaw Gun Club had their regular weekly shoot near Gum Spring this afternoon, using Peoria blackbirds at 21yds. rise, one barrel:

W J Little	8	8	6	8—30	P J Ledwidge	6	8	8	—22
L D Cain	2	8	8	5—29	A R Smith	7	6	8	5—26
F Gross	5	6	7	6—24	A Whittington	7	8	7	—22
Dr Collings	4	4	2	—10	G G Latta	0	2	0	—2
G W Baxter	8	8	5	—21	C N Rockafellow	8	4	8	—20
G W Watson	7	7	9	9—32	P Bentz				3—3
W W Wiggs	8	9	8	7—32					

WELLINGTON GUN CLUB, Nov. 28.—The regular weekly shoot was held at Wellington this afternoon. Following is the result of the several sweeps: 1. Five blackbirds—Shumway and Snow divided first. 2. Five clay-pigeons—Nichols and Schaefer divided first. 3. Five blackbirds—Shumway and Snow divided first. 4. Five clay-pigeons—Schaefer and Steele divided first. 5. Five clay-pigeons—Snow first. 6. Five blackbirds—Shumway first. 7. Ten clay-pigeons, medal match—Schaefer and Stanton divided first. The medals were won by Schaefer with nine, Shumway with eight and Nichols with seven out of ten. 8. Miss and out—Taken by Scragg and Schaefer. 9. Seven blackbirds—Snow first. 10. Three pairs clay-pigeons—Schaefer and Steele divided first. 11. Five blackbirds—Lawson first. 12. Seven clay-pigeons—Schaefer first.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 25.—The sixth and last State shoot for prizes offered by various gun makers and dealers took place to-day on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club. The shooting commenced with a sweepstake, 5 clay-pigeons, 18yds. rise, 3 traps. C. H Sterry, of Talland, Conn., won first, and throughout the day he and E. A. Langdon won the lion's share in the sweepstake shooting. The prize shooting, 25 clays each man, and his average, taken for the whole number of times he had shot, was commenced about noon and resulted as follows: E. A. Folsom, of Windsor, took the first prize, a handsome Spencer gun, making an average of 21; V. A. Blakeslee, of Winsted, and G. Minor of Windsor, divided the second prize, both gentlemen obtaining an average of 19. The third prize, a Winchester rifle, went to C. E. Langdon and T. J. Beers, both contestants securing an average of 18; G. F. Hendrie, of Stamford, took the fourth, a gun presented by the Sterling Firearms Company, on an average of 17; J. F. Ives, of Meriden, and G. B. Platt, of Milford, were awarded W. W. Greener's book of the gun, both gentlemen securing an average of 16; F. B. Clark, G. H. Saunders, E. H. Beardsley, of Meriden, C. E. Higby, of New Britain, and M. J. Downes, of Wallingford, divided among them 200 metallic shells, all of them securing an average of 15; C. B. Bristol, I. L. Baker and C. H. Sterry averaged one less and divided 1,000 paper shells; T. Platt, of Milford, made an average of 13 and took 500 paper shells; F. A. Goodyear, L. W. Widdman, C. Merriman, M. J. Cook and C. Potter averaged all alike in the contest for the pistol: M. J. Ames was awarded a set of loading tools and C. Hill, of Wallingford, also a set.

GREENWICH GUN CLUB.—The Greenwich (Conn.) Gun Club held their annual Thanksgiving Day shoot at "Ten Acres." The special event was a team shoot between the Greenwich Gun Club and the Cos Cob Gun Club, 10 glass balls, 18 yards rise. A very strong breeze was blowing all day, which accounts for the poor scores:

Greenwich Gun Club.		Cos Cob Gun Club.	
H Marshall	1111100101—7	J Huffington	0001000100—2
H Brush	0011011000—4	W Peck	1011111001—7
Mistem	0000000000—0	F Lockwood	0110001100—4
L Finiels	1010000101—4	S Chard	1101011010—6
James Malia	1001001111—6	C W Cosier	0010011100—4
Compton	1100100101—5	W Huffington	1011000011—5
H Wood	1111101111—9	D W Merritt	1100000000—2
	35		30

President Rendle's prize: Five balls each, 18yds. rise, 60 per cent. to first, 40 per cent. to second, third prize two pictures of noted dogs: S. Chard 5, H. Marshall 4, W. Peck 2, F. Lockwood 4, L. Finiels 3, H. Brush 4, J. E. Peck, Mistem, Compton, Merritt and W. and J. Huffington withdrew. Ties for second won by Marshall. Brush and Lockwood shot off for third. Won by Brush.

Mr. W. Huffington's Prize: Five balls each, 18yds. rise, 60 per cent. to first, 40 per cent. to second. F. Lockwood 4, L. Finiels 5, H. Brush 3, S. Chard 4, J. Peck 4, W. Peck 3, H. Marshall, Compton, W. Huffington and Mistem withdrew. Second won by S. Chard.

Treasurer J. M. Tracy's Prize—5 balls, 18yds.; previous prize winners debarred: Compton 3, J. Huffington w., W. Peck w., J. M. Tracy 3, F. Lockwood 2, J. Peck 2, W. Huffington 2. Tie won by Tracy.

Sweepstakes—5 balls, 18yds.: F. Lockwood 5, L. Finiels w., H. Brush w., Compton 5, S. Chard w., W. Huffington w., H. Marshall w., W. Peck w., J. Peck w., J. Mistem w., C. W. Cusier w. Tie won by Lockwood, Compton second.

Sweepstakes, 5 balls, 28yds.—W. Huffington 3, J. Peck 0, F. Lockwood 2, L. Finiels 3, Compton 4, S. Chard 2, J. M. Tracy 2. Finiels won. The Greener trap gun, offered by President Arthur E. Rendle to the member making the highest aggregate score during the eight monthly shoots during the year, was won by W. Huffington, of Cos Cob G. C., who is also a member of the G. G. C. Our club has about decided to discard the glass ball shooting and take up clay-pigeons, blackbirds or some other target.

MILES JOHNSON VS. J. H. OUTWATER.—The match between these old trap-shooters came off on the 23d ult., at Erb's, Bloomingdale Road, N. J. There was a large attendance of sportsmen from New York and Jersey. Miles had the call at first, but the birds fur-

nished him by Outwater were too much for the old man. Johnson, like others of the veterans of the trigger, we imagine, have had their day. Their record is good, but they must give way to younger men. Outwater, as the score shows, shot in excellent form. John Ryan was chosen judge for Johnson and J. J. Maher for Outwater, with Sam Castle as referee. Outwater is a member of the J. C. H. G. C., and this is another triumph for this crack club.

J H Outwater	1110111100111101111110010—19
Miles Johnson	0001001110001100101010110—11

JACOBSTAFF.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

LIGHT CANOES AND THEIR USES.

THE least among canoeists to "Seneca." The dexter pectoral of camp-ma-tical brotherhood and forest fraternity, to thee, oh, "Seneca!"

> "I do not know you, and may never know
> Your face. But you have acted, on the whole.
> Most nobly; and I own it from my soul."

And you will catch it. You have said some things that I have been aching to say ever since the improved canoes came to the front; but I dared not. I seemed to remember with much distinctness a lesson that I learned more than fifty years ago in connection with a first-class hornet's nest. It was in early September, and the third brood of hornets had attained to the proper age for military duty. They had worked on that fortification until it was as large as a half-bushel basket; and, having in my mind's eye a Sunday school lesson wherein a big Philistine and a light-weight Israelite figured conspicuously, I became possessed with a burning desire to storm that paper fort with smooth pebbles from the brook; and I did it. Selecting a scriptural stock of pebbles I intrenched myself behind a clump of alders thirty feet distant and tried the initial shot, just to get the range. I got it the first time. Owing to a lack of initial velocity the trajectory was a trifle high, perhaps; but the aim was perfect. The shot took the fort right in the bulge, and as the soft crash of mashed paper struck my boyish ear, the return shot hit my fool eye and I went over backward with pain and astonishment. Their practice was good and their shots came nearly point blank. I immersed myself hastily in the nearest swamp, swinging an old straw hat until the rim fetched away. Then I hurriedly broke a bush for each hand, jumped into the brook, sat down with the water up to my neck, and fought it out on that line. When I emerged on the other side of the swamp, holding up one eyelid to see the trail, I felt that I had rather done a brave thing; and if I could have got into a hollow log or under a haystack—I wouldn't have done it. My mother, who was apt to make remarks, observed that I didn't look much like the clean faced little boy she had started off to school that morning. How should I, with one cheek puffed out and the other trying to get under my off ear, and both eyes swelled shut? But I felt that when it came to solid wisdom—practical knowledge, as it were—I could discount the schoolmarm; and I got even.

When the warriors had repaired damages, making their fortress as good as new, with only an open sally port at the lower end for ingress and egress, I stole on them at night, plugged the sally port with a corncob, cut the whole business loose and sunk it in three feet of water, when, after soaking a day or two, it was taken and hung up in the sun to dry. The outside walls made a season's supply of excellent wadding for the old flint lock, and I sold the inside works, consisting of larvæ, cells, black wax, fixtures, etc., to an Indian doctor for fifty cents. The doctor used the stuff to cure gravel. He made a black looking infusion with it which his patients drank daily, and he effected cures where the regulars have failed. I mention this because I have since been able to relieve some cases of intense suffering by the same simple remedy. This is digression. The moral is: Don't stone hornets.

I am not going to intimate that the members of the A. C. A. and the army of gentlemanly fellows who own and cruise the modern "paddle-able sailing canoe" are hornets, by no manner of means. But I reckon they are a safe crowd to let alone. They can, bless them, handle the pen as well as the paddle, and are about as intelligent, genial, and self-reliant as any class of men I happen to know. When I see the lateen, batten lug or double blade bearing down on me I know I am going to meet a gentleman, and I am as much interested in his complicated sailing craft as he is in the simple little open canoe. When he offers me his watch key for an anchor and a few yards of fine linen hue by way of cable, I take it as complimentary, and can hardly reciprocate by admiring his beautiful craft. But I do not call her a canoe. She is very canoey in form, however, and an elegant means of enjoyment and healthful recreation; but not, *per se*, a canoe. The canoe, at least to the eye of an old woodsman, must be alike at both stems, with no rudder, no cleats, sheets, tabernacle, or centerboard, and no masts or sails. The canoe, pure and simple, as I recognize it, is the birch, or well-made dugout, and the kyak, with canoes of other make and material which are mainly modeled on these.

And here comes FOREST AND STREAM, two numbers which have been delayed; and something of what I was going to say is already said in good shape by better men. Only, friend "Seneca," as you have pushed me to the front, I want to "raise my hau' an' tell my crack afore them a." I am in good company, but get a rap over the knuckles all the same. Perhaps I am one of the best known of American canoeists. I didn't know it. And the only significance of placing me in the trio with Dr. Neidé and H. N. Bishop is the fact that as a trio we represent the extremes of canoeing. My cruises are never long, measured by miles, but are rather beamy at times, breadth rather than length. The other two gentlemen cruise long distances by sail, in a craft not easily carried; and they seem to take pride in a cruise according to the distance gone over between two given points. My favorite cruiser weighs 10lbs. I go by the double-blade, or, in fishing and shooting, the little 6-ounce single blade, and the distance made in a three or six month's cruise does not amount to a factor with me.

But the pleasant, unfrequented, beautiful camping spots that I find, where the sneakbox and heavy canoe cannot come. The bright, unmarked streams, the cool, gurgling springs, the blessed calm of lonely places, where the bright-eyed, wary wood folk come almost to your feet as you sit quietly smoking; where the arch rascal man does not intrude; where one may camp for months without seeing a human face or hearing the buzz of civilized racket; this and these are factors that will remain photographed on memory when the hirpling step and failing arm forbid the double blade and light canoe. I am not, I never shall be, a long cruiser in any sense, unless in the matter of long time spent on short but wide cruises. I have never started out for a long cruise from one point to another without thinking of a roguish uncle, who was wont to flatter me into running around a 20 acre lot at my best speed, just to see how quick I could do it. And my long cruises always began to peter out in the first 100 miles or less, if I happened to strike a model camping spot. It took me many years to learn—but I did learn at last—this lesson: Hunt for fairy spots and bright waters. Eschew mud, marsh and saw grass.

"Seneca," "Surge" and "Jersey Blue" each and all write from different standpoints, and each speaks ably. And when the latter says, "Nessmuk" is content to cruise in the most primitive form of canoe, and has never made the least improvement in it," I agree with him cordially—as to "form of canoe." To me, my first Mic Mac birch, which I paddled forty-five years ago, was so perfect, so satisfactory in every respect, save weight, that it never entered my mind to attempt any improvement. She was a trifle heavy on me over the carries, and it sometimes occurred to me that her weight could be reduced nearly one half without impairing her ability. I made several canoes that were meant to be very light, but they were all too heavy, and I finally sent an order to a well-known builder for a cedar canoe to weigh not over 20 pounds, and as much lighter as he could make her with due regard to strength. She came to hand weighing just 17 pounds 13⅞ ounces; she was staunch and able to carry a man of 200 pounds with better trim than with my light weight. The next season I ordered another canoe to weigh as near as might be 15 pounds. She was to be six inches longer than the Nessmuk, and a greater carrying capacity. The result was the Susan Nipper, weighing just 16 pounds. And a summer's cruise in the North Woods convinced me that a 10-pound canoe could be made that would prove a comfortable cruiser for a light-weight of 115 pounds or less. This resulted in the Sairy Gamp, weighing just 10½ pounds, and which proved sufficient for my weight with 20 pounds of duffle. I cruised in her for some three months in the Northern Wilderness of New York, taking her through the Fulton Chain, Raquette Lake, Forked Lake, Long Lake, Raquette River, Spectacle Pond, etc., to Paul Smith's on the lower St. Regis, and back to the Forge House by a somewhat different route, finding her very steady and well behaved on rough water, but rather small for carrying a gun in addition to rod, blanket, knapsack and rations. I brought her home to Northern Pennsylvania, sent her to New York without protection, and then she went to her builder at Canton, who sent her to the New Orleans Exposition, and—I don't know where she is now, but the last I heard of her she was staunch and tight.

My next canoe was the Bucktail, built on dimensions that I thought nearly right for the average open cruiser, and with no special attempt at lightness, save that her weight was to fall under 25 pounds. Her ribs of white cedar only 1in. apart, her upper streaks were mahogany, and she was strongly made every way. As an open 24-pound canoe I do not see how she can be improved; and she is able and lively with a freight of 225 pounds, which trims her about right. My last canoe, the little Rushton, reached me last June, and I have come to like her best of all. I scarcely float the Bucktail once a month, finding the little one quite as steady when I am once seated, more easily propelled, and no more trouble to carry than a heavy umbrella. With her I can find a good many sunny spots that I should never see within a 35-pound canoe. And though she is a little skittish under a heavily loaded 12 bore, I have managed to scuffle along with her for the last four months with only one ducking. Too small for outside cruising, though I have cruised her scores of miles inside the keys, and have also tried her up the open coast as far as the mouth of the Cootie. But it was exhausting to watch every wave and lift her over with the broad blade just in the nick of time, let alone that I got washed and driven ashore in a stiff breeze. In cruising on the Gulf coast I judge the Barnegat cruiser to be the boat.

And I protest against calling McGregor or any modern man the father of canoeing. Mr. Lo of the birch or Nitchika of the kyak would have a fairer claim to that title. But they are too recent. If I knew the fellow who, with stone axe and the aid of fire, fashioned the first respectable dug-out, I could go near to name the "Father of canoeing." As for the double blade, I believe that to be pre-historic.

On reflection, I am disposed to amend my plea.

If I have done something to demonstrate that the open cruising canoe can be reduced from one-third to one-half in weight and yet retain all needful capacity for the average canoeist, it is an improvement, and in the right direction. It will aid many a genuine lover of nature and true canoeist in visiting unnoted and interesting spots where a heavy canoe would hardly go. And are there not scores of canoeists who are only prevented from seeking these lonely, unnoted grounds by the weight of their canoes?

Ten miles southeast from this place is the new town of Keystone, containing, in a square of six miles, some eighty lakes, by actual survey. Some of these are small and the largest is only four miles long, but they abound in trout, black bass, bream, goggle-eyed perch and other fresh-water fish, while the surrounding forest affords excellent shooting. Many of these lakes are connected by inlets and outlets, navigable for small boats, and the waters are described as wonderfully clear, with mostly high, dry, sandy banks. The canoe of the white man has never floated on these lakes, and a sailing canoe would hardly be available there. But a light open canoe would find plenty of work for an entire season in exploring a score of them, and would not such a cruise be far more interesting than thousands of miles hurried over along the hackneyed highways of commerce? I hope to try it before many days.

I have no claim to be ranked among the three best known canoeists of the land. Perhaps, in the large army of American canoeists, I may be accorded honorable place on the left flank of the rear rank, as one who for more than fifty years remained stubbornly loyal to the light open canoe and double blade.

NESSMUK.

OAK AND PINE CAMP, Oct. 29.

TWO AMATEUR CANOES.

A STRAY Racine catalogue decided me in favor of a modern cruising canoe, but as the beauty and convenience of the Racine canoes (and, as I afterward found, of almost all good canoes) were only equalled by the altitude of the prices asked for them, the canoe project seemed hopeless until I finally hit upon the idea of building my own canoes, which I finally did from plans by Mr. Stephens, modified somewhat with a view to the work required of them, and very satisfactory canoes they proved to be, answering the purpose admirably.

As our outfit was unusually complete and satisfactory, perhaps an extended description of it might be of interest. The Belle was the Frankie of last year's Shenandoah experience, a canvas canoe rebuilt and improved. Her dimensions are: Length, 14ft.; beam, 30in.; and she has an unusually broad, flat floor, her midship section being quite like that of the Herald canoe. She is, in consequence, remarkably stiff, but paddles a little heavy. Her well is octagonal in shape, 8ft. long and 20in. wide, tapering at each end to 14in., and fitted by hatches at each end to a length of 4ft. She was thus built at D.'s request with a view to his utilizing her for future boating purposes in company with his best girl, and, as subsequent experience proved, "carried double" very nicely and safely.

The Frankie is 14ft. long, breadth 26in., and her model is quite like the plans as prepared by Mr. Stephens, except that she is 9in. deep (as is the Belle also) at the gunwale, and 12in. deep in the middle, and has more sheer. The well is square, 4ft. long, and 18in. wide, the covering to the well is made of two hatches, as illustrated in the *Canoeist* for May, 1883, in the article on hatches, by Mr. Tredwen, differing from his in being covered with heavy muslin oiled and painted, instead of cedar, and fastening to the front of coaming by leather straps buttoning over large round-headed screws, instead of iron hinges. The muslin, after covering both pieces of the hatch, continuing aft far enough to cover the entire well, and tuck up under the waist of the crew, and I do not believe it possible to get up a simpler, better or more perfect hatch or apron for well covering.

The Belle was, of course, similarly supplied, her apron differing a little in construction so as to fit the hatches over her tapering ends. The motive power of the Belle was the same 7ft. paddle. I paid thirty cents for a North River last year, finished up a little neater and finer, while the Frankie was driven by a magnificent 9ft. paddle, which I took the earliest opportunity of exchanging with the captain of the Belle for his smaller and lighter 7ft., which answered my purpose much better. Both boats carried a lateen dandy sail, which, when a sail could be used, was stepped forward in place of a mamsail. As might be expected in inland cruising, we had very little use for them during the trip, and, when used, they answered our purpose as well as a larger sail, and possessed the advantage at all other times of taking up much less room than a mainsail, they were buttoned alongside the well just above the gunwale on deck with light leather straps.

The Frankie carried a light and pretty little Mohican tent, while the Belle carried the larger tent used by me last year, and illustrated in the *Canoeist* for April, 1885. In the absence of masts the Frankie tent was supported the same as was the Belle's, on notched standards which rested on each side of the gunwale, forward and aft of the well and outside the tent (the Belle's standards being inside). An exceedingly handy feature of the Belle's tent was the fact that it could be readily converted into an ordinary wall tent by means of a couple of light bamboo tent poles, 6½ft. long, on which it was erected on the ground instead of over the boat. When thus erected it stood 3ft. off the ground all around at the bottom; a strip of tenting 3ft. wide was then buttoned all around inside the lower edges of the tent by means of a simple system of loops and buttons, thus forming a wall which, after being fastened to stakes at the corners, gave us a snug, tight little wall tent *ad lib.*, standing 6½ft. high at ridge pole, 5ft. deep from front to back, and 7ft. long. We used this tent in this shape when the ground permitted it; on other occasions we slept in the boats. A grub box, 12×17in., containing tin cans for various provisions, as well as canisters of coffee, tea, salt, pepper, etc., and plenty of room for our knives, forks, spoons, etc.; a dozen muslin sacks of various size for potatoes, onions, eggs and other sundries; a sheet iron camp stove, the usual supply of tinware and cooking utensils; tools, such as saw, hatchet, nails, screws, etc., completed our outfit, not forgetting to mention a plentiful supply of blankets and rubber sheets. Also large rubber navy bag for clothing, etc.

FLORIDA CANOE HEADQUARTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fleet of canoes and other small cruising boats from the North in Florida waters this winter is going to be larger than ever before. What an interesting rendezvous it would be if there could be a general gathering of them sometime in the course of the winter on some salt water cruising ground chosen with a view to the convenience of the greatest number—say somewhere on the Halifax or Indian rivers. There need be no organization nor anything to beget expense, but merely a sort of swarming of the mosquito fleet as though brought together by converging winds and tides. There have already arrived in Florida several men whose names are widely known through their devotion to this sort of recreation, and to them I commend this suggestion.

I have been knocking around on the St. Johns and its tributaries for more than a year in a 15½ feet sharpie, and if I haven't become an old salt I can modestly claim to be at least an old syrup—or there is no virtue in the characteristic color of these waters. My sharpie has been to me all that a ship could have been, and I have cruised in her when the weather has been so hot I couldn't hold my hand on the deck outside the awning, and when it has been so cold I had to anchor and turn in to keep warm. A rendezvous on the Indian River or the Halifax would be rather out of the way for those of us on the St. Johns, but I for one would be there even if I had to sail the sharpie across country some morning on a heavy dew. Yours, afloat,

WAIF.

GREEN COVE SPRINGS, Fla., Nov. 23.

BRITISH CANOEING.

FOR a long time past the state of canoeing in England has been far from encouraging, and not what might be expected in the birth place of the sport. With one large and powerful club to advance its interests, besides smaller ones in various places, it has gradually dwindled down to a few sailing and paddling races between half a dozen men, while cruising has seen lost sight of entirely as a club feature.

The smaller clubs and some individuals still keep the sport alive outside of London, but it has made no progress for some years, in fact, has retrograded. Races and entries are few, cruising is neglected, little is said about canoeing, and the sport is really in a deplorable condition. One reason of this seems to be that under the present rules a class of canoes has been developed that are costly, cumbersome, unfitted for cruising, and only suitable for racing, while the races are virtually limited to a few who have time and money to perfect these boats. The country clubs have various rules and do nots of more or less merit, but there is a total lack of unity and concerted action among them that hinders the growth of the sport. The progress made in America shows what these may accomplish; and what is possible here, with a sport that was little known but unpopular at one time, shows what similar means might effect in a country where outdoor, and especially aquatic sports, have always been held in high estimation and where the sport originated and was once firmly established.

Complaints have been heard lately from many of the condition of British canoeing and its remedy, and it has been proposed to form an association similar to the A. C. A. What is needed is a general revival, which can best be effected, as our experience has proved, by concerted action on the part of all clubs and individuals, in the holding of a meet at which an association can be formed and common rules adopted. Such a meet would bring together men from different localities, it would give an opportunity for trials of their boats, and it would arouse a spirit of competition which now seems wholly lacking. A healthy spirit of rivalry, not merely between club members but between the various clubs, has proved here a most important factor in the improvement of boats and rigs, and also of skill in handling; but this feature is entirely absent from English canoeing.

Another important point is the alteration of the rules, not merely to allow but to actively encourage a more popular class than the first-class R. C. C. canoes; one that will be open to the average canoeist and not merely to the finished expert. A step in this direction will soon be made by a proposal to adopt the rules of the A. C. A. that will be presented at the general meeting of the R. C. C., together with restrictions on sails, boards and fittings. Curiously enough our rules were taken directly from the Royal C. C.; but the friction of hard racing for five seasons has eliminated many of the objectionable points and introduced others, favoring the lighter boats. We hope this year that the energies of British canoeists will be concentrated on a visit to our camp and that what they see there will aid and encourage them in the formation of a similar association that will once more put canoeing on a proper footing in the waters where it first found birth.

A BOAT CRUISE DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

FRIDAY, Aug. 7. Got under way about 11 o'clock with a very light south wind, and arrived at Phœnix at 4 P. M. Here we had to change river for canal, and did not arrive at Oswego until 5 A. M., Aug. 8.

Aug. 8. After a good breakfast we started out across the lake with a light N.E. wind which soon swung around to the north, and at last died away and we had to pull to the nearest shore, which was near Port Ontario.

Aug. 9. After a hasty breakfast we started off with a good wind from the S.S.W. At the Sackett's Harbor Light, all the inhabitants turned out, and handkerchiefs were waved; then we surveyed each other with our glasses, waved adieu and went on to Cape Vincent, where we arrived about 4 P. M., in the middle of a good shower. After trying in vain to send a telegram home of our safe arrival, we struck out again and made camp on the island that lies close to the shore just beyond Carleton Island.

Aug. 10. Visited Clayton, Round Island, Thousand Island Park, cruised around the islands in Alexandria Bay and camped on Hill Island, just at the entrance of the Lake of the Isles. Here we had our first and last experience with mosquitoes, who seemed to be worse in a thick smudge than out of it.

Aug. 11. Spent all the forenoon with Prof. North, at Westminster Park, and about 2 o'clock started on the north of Grenadier Island, and camped off Chippawa Point.

Aug. 12. Got a good start at 7 A. M., and after a splendid two hours' run with a west wind arrived at Brockville. We stopped here and wandered around the town which impressed us as being the finest place which we saw. Especially noticeable were the jewelry stores and stores for the sale of the images, etc., for the use of Catholic churches. Made sail again at 11 A. M. and 6 o'clock found us in Ogdensburgh. Here we replenished our stock of provisions and struck camp on an island about half a mile down the river.

Aug. 13 was a day which we will not be liable to forget, as the one of our first experience in running rapids. We left camp about 6:30 and after an hour's run struck our first rapid. After landing and looking them over we concluded to try them. Our feelings and caution at these rapids was amusing. When we saw how easy it was we did not stop at the others but went right ahead. Fortunately we took the raft channel at the Long Sault and got through them with only half a boatful of water. Arrived at Cornwall we were informed that we were the second boating party which had run the rapids successfully this season, and that the best riverman in that section had been drowned in trying it. If any one of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can beat our record of running the Long Sault in a 15ft. open boat, I should be glad to hear from them.

We had had enough of rapid running for one day, and took the steamer Algerian for Montreal, where we arrived at 9 A. M. the following morning, the steamer being obliged to lay at Coteau all night on account of the darkness. After staying in Montreal about five hours we again set sail, and for that afternoon and nearly all the next day cruised through the most uninviting country imaginable. A continuous flat country, with its one-story houses and thatched-roofed barns, and when we reached Sorel we were, to say the least, glad. But we were not yet out of French land, nor did we get away from it until we reached the border, and never did "My Country" ring with more fervor than when we entered Lake Champlain at Rouse's Point.

Our cruise on this lake was the most pleasant of all. Good camping places are in abundance and the scenery is grand. But everything must have an end, even a cruise, and on Monday, Aug. 24, we were obliged to ship for home from Fort Ticonderaga, our time being up, and hoping at some future time we might be able to complete our cruise, going through Lake George and down the upper Hudson.

JUANITA.

THE A. C. A. CUP.—Subscriptions of $1 each may be sent to Mr Wm. Whitlock, 37 and 39 West Twenty-second street, New York, chairman of the committee.

CANOEING IN FLORIDA.—Boating and canoeing have both increased greatly in Florida within a few years past as so many sportsmen, yachtsmen, canoeists and tourists make their winter headquarters there. Most of the boats used are built in the North, especially the finer grade, and the trade has now grown to such an extent that Mr. J. H. Rushton has established an agency in Jacksonville, where a large stock of his canoes, rowboats and fittings will be on exhibition. The agency will be in charge of Dr. C. A. Neide, whose varied experience as a cruiser has well fitted him for the position. Persons going to Florida will henceforth be able to secure their outfit on the ground, and exactly fitted to their purpose.

THE ASSOCIATION PAPER.—Some very handsome stationery has lately been made up for Com. Rathbun, and at the request of some members it has been placed on sale. The design, the A. C. A. pin, is stamped in red or red and gold, on fine linen paper. The prices are as follows: Envelopes, stamped in red and gold, per 100, $1.55; note paper, single sheets, in red and gold, per 100, $1.25; note paper, double sheets, red and gold, per 100, $1.50; envelopes, stamped in red only, per 100, 75 cents; note paper, single, in red only, per 100, 50 cents; note paper, double, in red only, per 100, 65 cents. Orders may be sent to the editor of the *American Canoeist*, No. 5 Union Square, New York.

NEW YORK C. C.—This year the New York C. C. will return to their first home and will dine at the Hotel Hungaria, on Union Square, on Dec. 12. All the early dinners of the club were held at the Hotel Hungaria, the little back room of which is memorized in Canoeing in Kanukia. It is expected that many of the older members of the club will be present.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—The annual dinner of the Knickerbocker C. C. will take place at Morello's, No. 4 West Twenty-ninth street, on Dec. 16.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

PURITAN VS. ARROW AND POCAHONTAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the excitement over the trial and Cup races has somewhat passed away, and the jubilation over and laudation of the performances of Puritan have quieted down somewhat, and people can look on those races with cooler heads and better judgment, it is well to look back of these and see and study what has gone before, so that we may be able to discover whether any real progress has been made, in the way of speed, in the new sloops Puritan and Priscilla. The question then arises—are they really faster than anything that has gone before them? To judge from the public prints and individual opinions, it is quite certain that the masses take it for granted that they are, simply because they do not know what has been done before, or have failed to keep in mind the performances of former boats. Without doubt they are faster running with wind free, because of their greater size. They are so much larger than any sloop that has been built before them, save the old Maria. But in windward work, my answer to the above query is, emphatically, no. They are not near so fast to windward as some smaller boats that have been built before them. In a blow they might overpower the smaller boats, but in any such wind as the second and third trial races were made in they would have been easily beaten to windward by either Arrow or Pocahontas, as they were rigged when first turned out, and before they were crippled by being cut down and altered.

Neither is it far to go to find the proof of what I say. No one can know more of this matter than myself, because I was either in or close by the Arrow and Pocahontas in all the races they ever had, save one of the Arrow, and know whereof I speak. Now the way I get at it is just this: Gracie was in the three trial races with Puritan, Priscilla and Bedouin. Arrow sailed six or seven races with Gracie, from or in New York Harbor, and Pocahontas sailed one. Now by comparing the speed per hour to windward between Puritan and Gracie, Arrow and Gracie, and Pocahontas and Gracie, it will be seen that Arrow beat Gracie double or more than Puritan did, and that Pocahontas did the same in the one little brush she had with Gracie when they could sail on anything like even terms. In the first of the trial races the wind blew so strong that the yachts housed their topmasts, one side of the triangle being windward work. Although blowing so strong, it will be seen that Puritan beat Gracie but little over ten minutes per hour's sailing. Now take the second one of the trial races. The second side of the triangle was to windward, and by looking as before at the time of Puritan and Gracie, it will be seen that Puritan beat Gracie but a trifle over four minutes per hour. Now take the third one of the trial races. From the start to see Southwest Spit the wind was partially ahead, mostly on starboard tack, with a few minutes on port tack. In this run, according to the record, Puritan beat Gracie 6 minutes and 44 seconds, or about 5 minutes and 52 seconds per hour, that is supposing the two started together, which they did not do, for Puritan started ahead, but how much FOREST AND STREAM record does not show. Then on the run in during the same race, from Lightship to Spit buoy, the wind was partially ahead, mostly on port tack, with a short starboard tack. In this run Puritan beat Gracie but a little over two minutes per hour.

Now let us compare this record with that of the Arrow. We will take but two of her races, her other races about New York harbor being but a counterpart of these. First we will take the race of June 8, 1876. I made an effort to get the official figures of this race from the records of the New York Y. C., but failed to do so. In consequence I shall have to trust to memory, but cannot remember the elapsed time over any of the courses. In this race Arrow was the last to start, just saving herself from being handicapped. Fourteen yachts started ahead of Arrow, and one, the Palmer, even with her, yet she rounded Southwest Spit first boat, lightship third, and finished fourth, and all the way free wind for Arrow, but for none of the rest. Gracie started 6½min. ahead of Arrow, but Arrow rounded the Spit buoy 1min. ahead of her, beating her 7½min. in this run. The run must have been made by Arrow in but little if any over an hour, as the wind was very fresh, and Arrow made it in one straight run, save a tack to the westward of about a couple of hundred feet, to get out from under a schooner that had gone about on her. It may be proper here to speak of Arrow's performances with the schooners in that race, as so much has been said of Puritan beating the schooners. In the *Herald*, a short time ago, Idler's time in that race was given as nearly or quite the quickest time ever made over the course. It could not have been very much quicker than Arrow's. I think there were but three schooners in ahead of Arrow—Palmer, Idler and another one. Palmer, as I said above, started side by side with Arrow, and only got in 6½min. ahead of her. In most of the races sailed by Arrow she came in ahead of all schooners as well as sloops. All this Arrow did without the advantage of lead ballast. Gracie stuck her nose outside the Hook, then turned tail and came back. Some idea of the strength of the wind in this race may be had when three of the largest schooners became crippled, Madeline breaking off her mainmast head, Alarm carrying away foretopmast, Tidal Wave carrying away flying jibboom, etc. It is of the greatest importance that the wind was so fresh in this race, because those schooners were two or three times the size of the Arrow, and it shows what she could do with them in a blow.

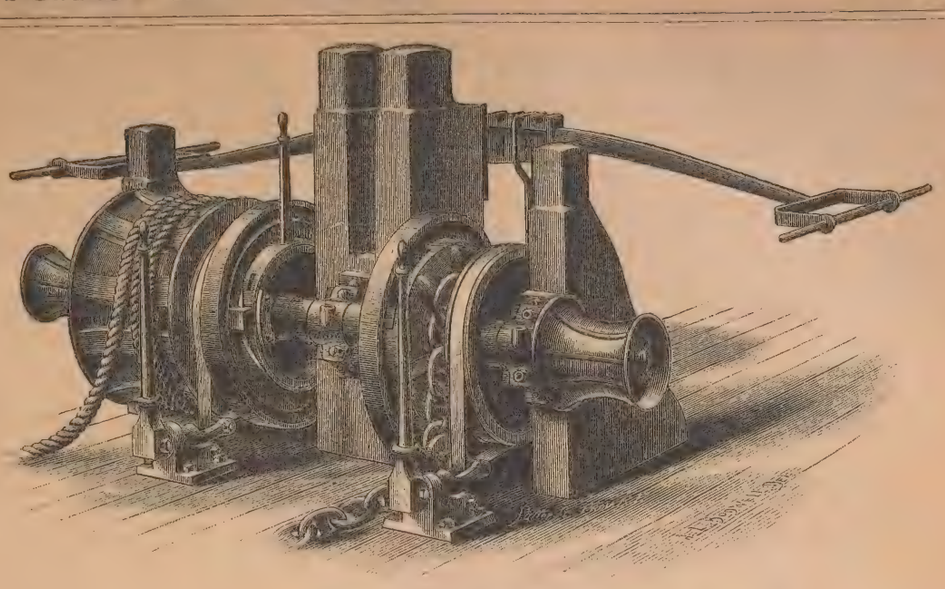
The other race between Arrow and Gracie that I shall speak of, is the centennial race to Cape May Lightship and back, in 1876. In this race the wind was dead ahead all the way to Cape May, and gave an excellent chance for Arrow to show her speed to windward. In this race Grace started 7½min. ahead, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and Arrow passed her in 50min., which is 9min. per hour. This she did with her board partly up, as we were making some experiments with it. After passing Gracie we let Arrow go, and before night Gracie was out of sight to leeward, with glasses. Being out of sight of Gracie and her lights, we could not know where she was, so as to keep to windward of her. This induced us to hug the beach in short stretches all night, hoping for the best. But at half-past 5 next morning we sighted Gracie just abreast of us, we judged, and some five miles off shore, she having got some favorable wind off there which enabled her to get even with Arrow during the night. Here, then, we started even, and at 12 o'clock Arrow rounded the Lightship. At 2:12 o'clock Gracie had not yet rounded the Lightship, when we lost sight of her. Here, then, Arrow beat Gracie 2hrs. 12mins. (and how much more we do not know) in 6½ hours' sailing, which is beating her more than 20min. per hour. Taking the records of the second and third of the trial races and the two races mentioned between Arrow and Gracie, the figures show that the most that Puritan beat Gracie was about 5min. per hour, while the least she beat her was but a trifle over 2min. per hour; while Arrow's record shows that the least she beat Gracie was not less than 7½min. per hour, while the most she beat her was over 20min. per hour. Even in a blow and in a hard sea, as in the first trial race, Puritan beat Gracie but little over 10min. per hour.

Pocahontas and Gracie had but a short run together when on anything like even terms, and that was from the start at Stapleton to about half way to Southwest Spit. Both had carried away their topmasts, but Gracie rigged a jury topmast and got her topsail up when about half way to spit buoy, while Pocahontas could not set one. Pocohontas was just making her course, but Gracie was not, when just here the wind shifted more to westward, making both start sheet. Pocahontas had outfooted and outwinded Gracie a long distance, but this shift of wind made her lose all she had made to windward of Gracie, and had left only what she had outfooted her. Yet she rounded Spit buoy 7½ minutes ahead of Gracie, all made while the wind was ahead, and in going half way to Spit buoy with one straight run. Pocahontas did not appear to beat Gracie any after she had got her topsail set, as Pocahontas had none.

Now, as Puritan is about twice the size of Arrow, it is difficult to see where the improvement in speed in Puritan comes in. From the above record it is certain that Puritan would stand no chance with a boat of her own size embodying the principles combined in the model, rig, etc., of Arrow and Pocahontas, and great improvement might be made in the speed of even these, as some things were defective, particularly that of ballasting. D. KIRBY.

RYE, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1885.

[It is too late, at this date, to prove anything by the performance nine years since of a boat that has been so altered and improved as Gracie has been in that time. What Arrow could do with Gracie as she was in 1876, with 65ft. waterline, no lead ballast and a different model, has nothing to do with Gracie after two alterations to her hull, making her 71 feet long, the addition of lead ballast, and a better suit of canvas than she has had in a long time, with many minor improvements. Gracie has sailed better this year than she has for two seasons, if not better than ever before, and she has been well handled in the trial races. In spite of it all, in the only real windward work, in a good breeze in which topmasts were lowered on the latter part, she was badly beaten by Bedouin, and Puritan came in 45 minutes ahead at the end—not of the race, but of the windward leg of twenty miles. There was a little sea, but not enough to overpower the two smaller boats. The first race was not triangular as Mr. Kirby states, but the second was, the second leg, 13½ miles, being to windward. As there was no wind on this leg, and the boats almost drifted around, taking 3½ hours to cover 13 miles, it is a waste of time to argue from the times. The third race was little better, as the windward work amounted to little in distance, and still less in reality, in consequence of the light wind. If the Genesta of 1885 were the same as the Gracie that raced with Arrow in 1876, and if Gracie had shown the equality with Puritan which our correspondent claims, it might prove something, but the Gracie of to-day is not only a far bigger and better boat than the Gracie that raced with Arrow, but her whole performance this season with the two new boats, to say nothing of Genesta, show that she is far behind her time allowance in racing with them, and it will require a great amount of figuring to convince yachtsmen that either Arrow or Pocahontas can sail with Puritan.]



AN IMPROVED WINDLASS.

AN IMPROVED WINDLASS FOR FISHERMEN.

UP to 1856 the mercantile marine of this country handled their chains with a wooden windlass with three turns around it, operated by a beam. The chain had to be overhauled forward of the windlass before making port, and where the range was uncertain or unknown a vessel was liable to go ashore before the matter could be rectified. Wooden pumps were in use and a modern steering wheel was a novelty. In 1856 James Emerson brought out his iron windlass, which revolutionized the old method. A vessel could anchor with any range, with one or both anchors, without previous arrangement, and one or both anchors could be taken at once. Mr. Joseph P. Manton has since brought out many real improvements in this line, such as iron side bitts, improved deck pipes, pump brake windlasses, locking gear, taking anchor by direct steam windlasses, also from donkey, etc., etc.

To meet the requirements of the fishing fleet a windlass has been designed expressly for them which is stronger than any wooden windlass, and the anchor can be taken in one-half the time. The drum for the rope cable, and wildcat for the chain, are independent of each other. As the drum revolves and is easily controlled by a friction band, the cable will last much longer. In anchoring with the chain, it is only required to shackle the chain to the anchor, and the whole range is under control.

Some of the advantages that the new windlass possesses are, that it can be unlocked when under strain, its operation is entirely noiseless, there being no pawls; it is light, but strong, and has a large range from speed to power, the change being quickly made.

By its use the life of cables is largely increased, a saving of some moment when their cost is considered. Special forms are made for steam or for using soft cored wire rope.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—The fifth and last annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Monday night, at Delmonico's, with Com. Rogers in the chair. After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved the board of trustees made their report, after which the secretary read a letter to the club announcing the death of Mr. S. Nelson White, one of the oldest and most popular members. On motion of Mr. Lee it was resolved that the commodore appoint a committee to prepare and present to the family of Mr. White resolutions of condolence; and it was also resolved that on Decoration Day next the flags of the fleet and club house be half masted. A letter from Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, in behalf of Sir Richard Sutton, thanking the club for their hospitality, was then read. The secretary also read the resignations of Messrs. F. W. Adee, R. T. Farnham, and Samuel Roosevelt, and also a letter from Mr. Charles H. Leland acknowledging the resolution of thanks from the club for his gift of the Venture. The question of raising the dues of the club from $15 to $20 per year was then discussed informally. The finances of the club are now in a prosperous condition; but it is desired to extend the facilities of the club, to hold more races and increase the number of prizes, for which purposes an increased income is required. Notice was given that an amendment to this effect would be introduced at the January meeting. Messrs. Lee, Cornell, Eidlitz and d'Oremieulx were appointed a committee under Mr. Lee's motion previously passed, after which the meeting adjourned. Since the last meeting the following members have been elected by the Board of Trustees: Messrs. Wm. Gardner, Wyllys Hodges, W. H. Motley, Wm. Caldwell, J. Leslie Cotton and Percy R. Pyne, Jr.

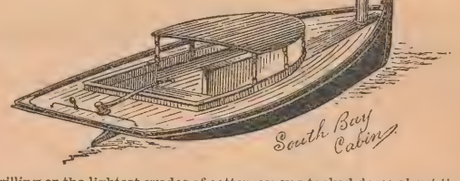
A NEW YACHT CLUB.—On Nov. 25 a new yacht club was organized in Syracuse, N. Y., under the name of the Onondaga Y. C. The officers elected were: Commodore, John W. Truesdell; Vice-Commodore, Wm. Wescott; Captain of fleet, Frank L. Stevens; Secretary, John C. Klube; Treasurer, Chas. N. Brown; Measurer, Norman S. Holroyd; Executive Committee, Otto F. Klube, Chas. D. Dibble, Calvin J. West; Regatta Committee, Joseph Mantz, Wm. Hopstein, Chas. Yorkey. The rules of the Oswego Y. C. were adopted. The club starts with nearly twenty-five members and several boats, among them being the Wyshoon, 12 tons; Diaka, 6 tons; Maud, 3 tons; Silver Star, 3 tons, and Mistletoe, the latter a yacht built from the lines of the Mignonette, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM. She has 2,125 pounds of lead on her keel, and is cutter rigged. The club promises to have a large membership shortly, as there is quite a lively interest in yachting about Onondaga Lake.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

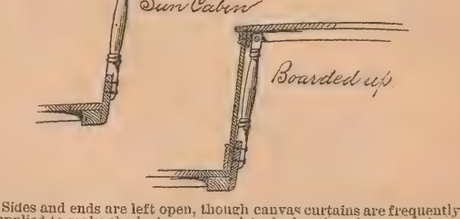
II.

AS the happy possessor of a boat, troubles immediately began. No end of work stared me in the face. The Coot, as she was, represented only the raw material, which called for thorough renovation, sundry primary improvements, and a complete outfit for life on board and her proper navigation. With the demands of a prolonged voyage I was luckily familiar, and therefore enabled to prepare a detailed list of work and supplies in advance down to the smallest article. So well did this list cover the needs of boat and crew that upon departing scarce an item was found lacking.

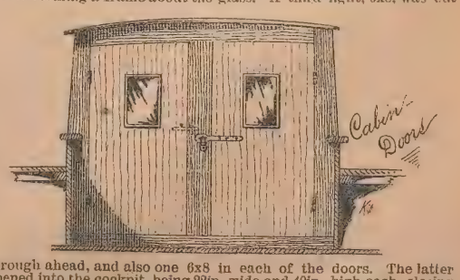
The yacht was hauled alongside the fine boat landing of the Knickerbocker Y. C., whose headquarters are at Port Morris, just above the swirling tides of Hell Gate. An arrangement was made with Mr. John Coughtry, the local builder, to cover in the forward half of the cockpit with a cabin of such height as to secure the most headroom below without interfering with the free travel of the boom as it usually swung. To this end the "roof" and supporting columns of the South Bay summer cabin were utilized. It is customary on catboats hailing from the south side of Long Island to supplant a regular cabin with a temporary shifting contrivance known as a sun cabin. It is composed of a light top to match the shape of the forward portion of the cockpit, and supported at the desired height by three turned standards a side, and one forward amidships. The top is usually put together of ½in. matched pine, and covered with stout



drilling or the lightest grades of cotton canvas tacked down about the edges, a hardwood chafing batten being nailed round for protection and finish. The canvas receives a good coat of paint, making a watertight job, unaffected by shrinkage of the wood. The columns are usually of mahogany, their squared heels being jogged and screwed on to the cockpit coaming, and their heads similarly secured to a beam underneath the top.



Sides and ends are left open, though canvas curtains are frequently supplied to make the inclosure complete during the night or to keep out the sun. These curtains are brailed up in short leather straps to the top when not wanted. As to length the cabin will reach to after end of centerboard trunk, the height being governed by the mainboom. In a typical boat of the kind, 22ft. long on deck, the forward end is 18in. above deck level, and the after end 26in. It was with a rig of this sort that the Coot came into my possession. To alter to a standing cabin was simple enough. Matched pine boarding 1in. thick was set up all round, outside the coaming, on the bottom and the frame band on top, being held to them by galvanized boat nails and finished off with a panel strip along the deck and roof. This strip was ⅜in. stuff, beaded and bent round the cabin in two lengths, meeting forward amidships. To facilitate bending to the quarter turns forward a few cross cuts were made half through the strips, and to meet the increased width at top a large chafing batten was substituted, after giving the roof an additional covering of canvas. To avoid soaking up a useless amount of paint this canvas was dampened with water before applying the brush, thus enabling the paint to run freely. Without this precaution double the quantity would hardly have sufficed, as it was, it required nearly a pint and a half of Pierce's marine pigment for the Coot's top, applied in cold weather. One pint might serve on a warm day. The area covered is 38 sq. ft. Lights were cut in each side of the cabin for 8x12in. double thick glass, which was held in place on the outside by rabbetted pieces forming a frame about the glass. A third light, 6x8, was cut



through ahead, and also one 6x8 in each of the doors. The latter opened into the cockpit, being 22in. wide and 40in. high each, closing on a vertical center jam, 6in. wide, run from roof to cockpit floor. There was also a sill 6in. deep. The doors were not paneled, but of

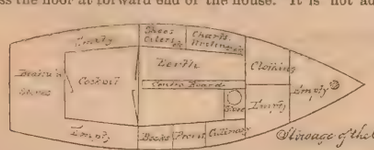
boards 1in. thick, cleated together on the interior. A bolt inside across the center jam secured the port entrance and a clasp, staple and padlock the starboard side, the fastenings being coach bolts with the nuts screwed up on the inside.

While the carpenter was busy with the foregoing, the old gravel ballast was thrown overboard, the bilges and limbers cleaned out and flushed time and again to render them wholesome. The floor boards were sent ashore and the boat towed on the beach where she was left dry at each tide. Her bottom was exceedingly foul, a mass of barnacles and grass which must have impeded speed and maneuvering to a marked degree. Yet every one seemed to have a good word for the Coot, until my hopes rose that in improved condition she would turn out quite a smart thing of her kind. It required three tides to scrape the growth off underneath, and a fourth to apply a good coat of copper paint. Of this just one gallon was used, laid on thin with a large brush. In an hour the dressing was dry, and with the next flood the Coot was again floated and towed out to Rex's buoy, which was kindly placed at my disposal by the club's measurer, Mr. E. P. Mowton, who also tendered me the use of his skiff during my stay. While on the beach the yacht had to be blocked up clear to reach her keel. This was accomplished by first sliding a board under her fore foot for a sure basis in the soft mud. Then a block and long balk were brought into requisition as a pry and lever, by means of which one



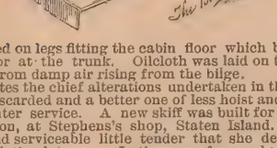
hand lifted the bow while a second slid a block under the keel. A fresh nip was taken with the pry and another lift permitted a second block to be shoved in on top of the first. The operation was repeated under the stern. At every tide these rests would float out from underneath and the process had to be gone through anew, as the club's marine railway was being repaired at the time. After one side had been scraped the peak halliards from the masthead were taken out to a large sloop near by, and the Coot was hove over on the other bilge, being eased down with care on a plank laid fore and aft on the mud for the purpose. Painting was next in order. A hasty coat was laid on, the finishing touches being reserved for Southern latitudes. For interior of house and centerboard trunk and exterior of house, the ground coat took a little over one quart of white, the cockpit one pint, the deck one quart and for the sides a pint and a half of black.

The interior stowage of the Coot was one of her strong points. If she lacked in other respects no one could find fault with her room for cramming away all the paraphernalia and stores of a long voyage. All the space forward of the cabin was lightly floored over, and a board 8in. deep, run across just forward of the centerboard, turned the whole bow into a shelf-like locker. In this were stowed a portmanteau containing long togs and fixings for shore use, and also a waterproof canvas bag holding spare underclothing and a suit of "store clothes." Besides the market basket, a roll of oilcloth and a rubber haversack with sea clothing were packed in the same place. Then there was still any quantity of room left. In the wings of the boat, that is along the sides under the deck, 30in. out from the centerboard trunk, a board 10in. deep was run fore and aft each side, turning the wings into long, gutter-like receptacles. On starboard side the forward portion was devoted to cooking utensils, the center to canned goods and provisions which would not spoil, while books and papers were packed aft, the division being made by wooden partitions. On port side the forward half was given up to charts, drawing and writing materials, and the after half reserved for shoes, oil skins and general use. In the stern a large locker was reached by a door in the cockpit. Here the boatswain had his department. Tools, paints, gear, swabs and kerosene, with scores of minor articles, found plenty of space and to spare. This left the wings in the cockpit empty, to be drawn upon as the future might advise. As it was the lockers were only half filled. Bread, spices and perishable goods were stored in two tin cake boxes, 18x12in., kept on the cabin floor near the galley. For cooking I obtained an oil stove with cast iron bottom, and three wicks 6in. broad. This was set upon a low shelf across the floor at forward end of the house. It is not advisable to



have wicks broader than 3½in., as they are under better control than long ones in turning up or down, and an even flame is assured. In place of trimming the broad wicks, they should be allowed to burn to a crisp, which can then be scratched off even with the top of the burner. There was some trouble before my stove was in good order. The slot for filling was covered with an iron flap, working horizontally on a pin, and as the oil sloshed about it would escape through the cracks. A thin piece of rubber introduced underneath the flap made a tight joint.

For a berth the space on port side between trunk and wing locker was utilized. The berth consisted of a platform 6ft. 6in. long and 23in. wide, being hinged along the center to admit of folding. The



platform rested on legs fitting the cabin floor which brought it 12in. above the floor at the trunk. Oilcloth was laid on top to preserve the mattress from damp air rising from the bilge.

This completes the chief alterations undertaken in the Coot. Her old sail was discarded and a better one of less hoist and boom substituted for winter service. A new skiff was built for me by Mr. McWhirter and son, at Stephens's shop, Staten Island. This proved such a nice and serviceable little tender that she deserves a more detailed description later on. In the way of ground tackle the Coot had a 25-pound anchor of the usual pattern, with 20 fathoms ¾-inch manilla line, and a Chester folding anchor of 30 pounds, with 25 fathoms ⅝-inch manilla; also, a small "sand anchor" of 10 pounds to serve as a kedge. Iron pig weighing 650 pounds had been stowed over, the frame heels in place of the gravel removed. By the time the Coot was ready to sail she was a very different boat than when I first set foot on board. From an empty hull she had been transformed into a yacht, as far as opportunities permitted.

Much interest was manifested in the Coot's proposed voyage, and her skipper was favored with many kind words and actions from friends and strangers. Fitting out was much facilitated by the free use of the club conveniences at Port Morris, for which thanks are due from the chronicler of this log. One gentleman presented an oilskin coat, another a pair of gloves. Some brother sailors transferred me a portion of their iron ballast, another contributed a bunch of cigars, and binoculars, fishing gear and the folding anchor were likewise proffered from willing sources. From Mr. Morton Toulmin, of Washington, I received a handy little bow-pen and dividers.

Constant travel up and down the Elevated Railroad was a serious loss of time. A better plan would have been to collect all the outfit at one spot and ship it up to the yacht in a single lot. As it was, two weeks were consumed in getting everything on board. Day after day I might have been seen in the capacity of a pack mule, climbing the stairways which lead into the maw of the ticket vendor at the City Hall station. The frequent apparition of a conglomeration of bundles and packages with a pair of legs sticking out beneath and a hat bobbing over the top of the pile, did not fail to attract the eagle eye of the official Cerberus who guards the approaches to the platform. No doubt owing to my utter unapproachableness behind the bulwarks in paper wrappings must be ascribed the indulgence granted by the functionary in blue and brass buttons. Once he eyed me askance and "sized up" what little there was to be seen of perambulating humanity inside the bundles. But he gave up the task as hopeless, so I slipped through the portals while Cerberus turned all his official fire upon an old woman with a market basket from which garlic and sausages protruded. On the platform conductors and brakemen soon learned to receive me with a "here-he-comes-again" air, stepping briskly aside to give the oscillating mass enough sea room.

Provisions were left to the last moment. They comprised an assortment of canned meats, vegetables and preserves, with butter, coffee, sugar and spices; also a tin of pilot bread, "mild cure" smoked beef, almost equal to fresh beef, and of which you do not tire. Water was taken along in a ten-gallon breaker, and kerosene in a gallon can. The Coot's outfit in detail may follow here with propriety, the cost of many articles being mentioned as information to others who may contemplate cruising in a small boat:

To cover in the cabin called for an outlay of $18, including new canvas on top. Lights for same 50 cents; hinges, lock and fastenings $1.30. Paints averaged 65 cents per quart and brushes 50 cents each.

1. SHORE CLOTHING AND TOILET.

Suit of clothes.	Thin socks.
Pair of shoes.	Underclothing.
Felt hat.	White shirts.
Neckties.	Collars.
Umbrella.	Cuffs.
Gloves.	Handkerchiefs.
Soap.	Collar and cuff buttons.
Shaving soap.	Tooth powder.
Razor.	Towels.
Razor strop.	Scissors.
Shaving brush.	Needles and silk.
Looking glass.	Buttons, etc.
Blacking brush.	Pins.
Hair brush.	Whisp broom.
Tooth brush.	

2. YACHTING TOGS.

Two pair pantaloons.	Rubber sea boots.
Two jerseys.	Insoles for same.
Two neckerchiefs.	Oilskin coat.
Buckskin gloves.	Southwester.
Pea jacket.	Rubber gauntlets.
Canvas shoes.	Suit overalls.
Leather slippers.	Woollen drawers.
Leggings.	Woollen undershirts.
Worsted cap.	Thick socks.
Cloth cap.	Cheap handkerchiefs.
Old vest.	Jack-knife.

3. COOKING GEAR.

Oil stove	$4 00	Griddle	$ 90
Oil	50	Kettle	1 00
Wick	30	Tin cans	25
Stew pot	1 00	Dipper	10
Pan	55	Market basket	1 00
Coffe pot	25	Water breaker	1 00
Ladle	10	Cake boxes	1 20
		Knife tray	20

4. CABIN TABLE.

3 cups, 3 saucers, 3 plates, 3 dishes, 3 tumblers, 1 pitcher	1 25	3 knives	60
		3 forks	60
		3 tablespoons	45
		3 teaspoons	25
		Can opener	25
		Cork screw	25
		Dish towels	30

5. CABIN FURNITURE.

Cabin lamp	3 50	Photos, pictures	
Clock	2 50	Chinz curtains	50
Mattress	3 50	Camp chair	1 25
Pillow	75	Footstool	1 00
Blanket	3 50	Oilcloth	1 50
Brackets	25	Screw hooks	35
Wire baskets	50	Picture tacks	25
Mats	2 00	Oilcloth covers	1 00

6. NAVIGATION.

Compass	6 00	Charts, each	50
Barometer	6 00	Frame	50
Anchor light	2 00	Parallel ruler	50
Lantern	1 00	Dividers	50
Thermometer	25	Log book	25
Binoculars		Flare up	35
Lead and line	60	Burgee	2 00
Fog horn	40		

7. BOATSWAIN'S STORES.

Bucket	25	Manilla, 25 fms	1 50
Scrub brush	10	Manilla, 20 fms	1 20
Salt-water soap	25	Spare rope	
Swabs	30	Ball marlin	25
Broom	15	Palm and needles	30
Anchor, 25lbs	1 50	Twine and wax	25
Anchor, 30lbs	1 80	Cotton	10
Skiff	15 00	Old canvas	
Oars, 6ft	1 10	Leather	
Rowlocks	45	Shackle, slush	
Luff tackle	1 50	Eyebolts	
Sponge	10	Thimbles, etc.	

8. CARPENTER'S CHEST.

Hatchet	50	Saw	75
Scraper	30	Vise	60
Sandpaper	10	Brace and bits	1 15
Rasp	20	Compass saw	30
Drawknife	40	Putty	..
Screwdriver	30	Nails	..
Chisel	35	Screws	..
Gimlets	10	Tacks	..

9. MEDICINE CHEST.

Quinine.	Sticking plaster.
Cathartic pills.	Glycerine.
Opium pills.	Liniment.

10. SKETCHING AND WRITING MATERIALS.

11, LIBRARY. 12. STORES. 13. PHOTOGRAPHY.

As it is next to impossible to keep a small boat dry inside, such articles as would be damaged by water were enveloped in pliable oilcloth, such as is used to cover tables in cheap dining houses. The charts were cut up into sections and the one in use inserted for the time being in a common glass-covered picture frame. This enabled it to be set up in the cockpit and preserved it from the wet. Presumably weapons of some sort are not out of place aboard a small yacht. But the crew of the Coot had taken chances all the world over—in the pathless heart of South America's primeval forests, in the by-ways of Honduras, among the Rockies of the West and the "back counties" of the Alleghany Mountains. The crew had been a hostage among untamed Indian tribes, had "slummed it" in London, Paris, Berlin and the Bowery—and never yet required a more dangerous weapon than his physiognomy, which has hitherto sufficed to make the evilly-disposed quail.

THE LAUNCH OF THE EUREKA.—The mystery surrounding the curious vessel that has been on the keel blocks all summer at Poillon's yard is now dispelled, as the nature of her propelling mechanism is generally understood. The power developed is in the form of a gas which explodes in a cylinder opening through the bottom of the boat, the force of the explosion acting directly on the water without, to drive the boat forward or astern. The cylinder or rather globe, of steel is placed well aft, at the commencement of the run, and below it are four rectangular ports—two opening forward, one on each side of the keel, and two opening aft. Each of these may be opened or closed at will. Beside the steel globe there is a small steam engine with a vertical boiler, an air condenser and a tank for petroleum, and a small dynamo. In operation the globe is filled with condensed air from the condenser, into which a spray of petroleum is injected and ignited by an electric spark, exploding with great violence against the water in the opening. With forty or more explosions per minute it is expected to drive the vessel at a very high speed. The vessel itself, which was launched on Nov. 25, is 100ft. long, 11ft. wide and 7ft. 6in. depth of hold, drawing 4ft. 6in. The new propeller was invented by John Secor, whose father, Samuel Secor, is so well known in connection with the Secor Iron Works. A company has been formed to test it and to build the new motors.

DETROIT YACHTING.—The honors in the second class have gone to the Jennie J., a keel sloop, who won the Ives cup, the Westcott cup and the champion pennant. Another prize winner has been the new third class cutter Nona, 24ft. over all, 19ft. waterline, 6ft. beam, 4ft. 3in. draft and 4½ tons displacement, with 1½ tons of iron on keel and the same amount inside. Launched this spring, she has not been beaten this season, and now holds the championship flag. Both Jennie J. and Nona were designed by Mr. E. B. Wendell, of Detroit.

THE DEATH OF MR. WHITE.—Mr. S. Nelson White, one of the oldest members of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., died lately after an illness of two weeks, from typhoid fever. Mr. White has long been identified with the Sailing Committee of the club, and to his personal efforts much of the success of the regattas is due. Personally he was known and liked by all of his fellow members and his death will be a serious loss to the club.

GALATEA.—Lieut. Henn's cutter is now at Payne's, Southhampton, where her inside ballast has been removed. *Land and Water* says: "This vessel will undergo considerable alterations of trim, and it is believed that next year she will make a bid for the America Cup.

DISMASTING OF A SCHOONER YACHT.—On Nov. 3 the schooner Fortuna, Mr. Adrian Hope, bound from England to the Mediterranean, was dismasted in a gale off Gozo. The foremast carried away, crushing the life boat. The bowsprit was cut away and both anchors dropped. A telegram was sent to Malta and the steam cruiser Hellespout came to her aid, towing her to Malta for repairs.

STOVES FOR SMALL BOATS.—Newport News, Va., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you tell me what is the best stove for a 14ft. sneakbox, and where to get it? I see "Seneca" uses an oil stove, but I find it dirty.—Fred'k G. Warburton.

YACHT FOR SALE.—Yachtsmen will find on another page an advertisement of a schooner yacht for sale, suited for cruising and sporting purposes.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. O. G.—The lead and powder were 1 to 1 in weight.

M. L. V., Savannah, Ga.—Try the article advertised as such in this paper.

S. X., Newark.—Mr. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., has a number of views of the last canoe meet.

G. C. E.—The pedigree of Jule is: Jule (A. 1042), by St. John (Snapshot—Belle) out of Folly (Rock—Whisper).

H. H. B.—The moment when the recoil commences coincides exactly with the moment of the initial movement of the projectile.

C. W. C.—We cannot just now refer pou to any kennel of the breed you require. The dogs are occasionally advertised in our columns.

R. W., Canton, N. Y.—It would depend on relative area and position of sails. Ordinarily a sloop would require the jib to pay her off.

H. B., Barrytown, N. Y.—For information about Florida see the Florida Annual, which we can send you (price 50 cents), or consult Dr. Henshall's "Camping and Cruising in Florida," price $1.50.

W. M. C., Corning, N. Y.—Wet the canvas and coat with boiled oil, with a little terebin dryer mixed in. When it is thoroughly dry use white lead and boiled oil paint; 10-ounce duck is heavy enough for ordinary use.

F. N., New York.—1. Having designed the boat to outside of the plank, you can "take off" the plank in your drawing and give the builder the moulded breadths to lay off from. In some cases the builder would prefer to take off the plank himself from your drawings. 2. There is no set price per foot. Give your specifications to the builder and let him estimate on them. 3. We have been promised the lines, but have not yet received them.

ON A THAMES STEAMER.

A SHORT time ago I went for a trip down the Thames on one of the company's steamers, and during the journey found considerable amusement in watching the characters on board. Two persons in particular attracted my notice. One was a middle-aged gentleman, stout, rather surly and taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog that sat panting and lolling out his tongue, or roaming among the passengers, pushing them out of the way, frightening children, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad by the vigor with which he struck out his legs while rolling on his back upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his burly friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a pretty and well dressed lady, and she had with her a little girl about 7 years old, who called her "mamma." The lady was evidently possessed of nerve. Indeed she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name was legion. Endless were the petty annoyances to which they subjected her; infinite the dilemmas in which they involved her. But her keenest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Tiger, the Newfoundland dog, and her incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation and spite against the good-natured brute kept up the sly, malicious smile upon the lips of his apparently unnoticing master. The little girl, on the contrary, had, to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster, and for a long time amused herself with throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish, by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face, the little darling fairly screamed with delight. Her mother screamed, too, but it was one of the hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and was followed by an outburst of anger at Tiger's familiarities.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "If that horrid creature should be mad he'll have killed my child! And how dirty he is, too! Look at your dress, Mabel; see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that animal?"

This transition from hydrophobia to a soiled dress was too much for Tiger's master, and he burst in to a long, loud laugh.

"I wish, sir," said the lady snappishly, "that you would call away that dog, instead of setting him on to annoy everybody who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them."

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him smoking a cigar, while Tiger played the agreeable in his own rough fashion to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Mabel, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the interior of the boat, began to seek amusement in watching the foaming water as it rushed from the paddle wheels and danced in long lines lazily behind them. She knelt on an overcoat which a fellow passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees and leaned quietly over the side, watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand-and-one vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were now within a few miles of Gravesend. The tide was just at the full and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old "Father Thames" is majestic, aye, and if we place in the balance the historic, political and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our "time honored" river will not lose its dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the West.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Mabel's little head, which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large seaweed that was dashed up by the paddle caught her attention. It sank, then rose, whirled round in a short eddy and then darted out in the long eddy and was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress; further, further, till her little neck was stretched; presently she lost her balance and toppled over into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion on board. Men were shouting for ropes and boats; to stop the steam; cries of "A child overboard!" "Who can swim?" and a thousand other cries and questionings. But above all arose the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now; and she alone, forgetting in the fond, instinctive devotion of maternal love that even could she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavored to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly Tiger, followed closley by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to right and left; they sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, everybody giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Tiger looked anxiously in his master's face and uttered a short low bark.

"Wait," said the latter in reply, "where was she seen last?"

"There, sir," replied a sailor promptly, "there, beside that piece of plank."

"How many times has she risen?"

"Twice."

The gentleman drew a long breath and said to his dog, in a low voice, "Look out!"

And Tiger did look out, with wild, flashing eyes and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive; every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation, those who were near enough watching for the rising of the child, and those who could not see the water keeping their eyes fixed upon Tiger. In an instant a cry was raised, as a golden-tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen her first though, and ere the warning cry reached his ears, he had dashed from the boat with wonderful activity and was swimming toward the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. "He has her!" he exclaimed, as Tiger rose to the surface after a long dive, holding little Mabel by the back of her hair in such a manner that her face was out of water. "He has her and she is saved." Down with the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burthen when he should approach them. Slowly he came on, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then gancing up at his master, who was leaning over the side and encouraging him with his well known voice.

"Here you are!" cried one of the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an active looking gentleman, whom everybody seemed instinctively to recognize as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

"Now, come up, there's a brave fellow!" said a sailor, retreating to make way for Tiger to climb upon the steps. But the poor creature whined piteously, and after one or two fruitless struggles to raise himself out of the water, remained quite quiet. "Help him! help him! he is exhausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd to go to the rescue of his brave favorite. By the time, however, that he had reached the top of the ladder the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. With their assistance he crawled feebly up, then languidly licked his master's hand and stretched himself on the deck. It would be difficult to say which received the most attention—the little girl under the hands of the surgeon, and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful, or the noble dog from the kind but rough attention of the steamer's men, under the supervision of his master.

Both the invalids were soon convalescent, and Tiger was sitting up receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Mabel's mother came running up-stairs; and throwing herself on her knees before him and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheek upon his rough head and wept.

"He's a dirty animal," said the gentleman, who could not forget her former slighting remark. "He'll make your dress in such a state! besides, he may be mad!"

She cast her eyes with an expression of meek reproach (they were very fine eyes, and I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately). "Oh! pray, pray, give him to me!" she began.

"Give Tiger to you!" he repeated, in derision. "Why, what would you do with him? I'll tell you, you'd pet and pamper the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady. No, no; you'd better give little Mabel to me. Tiger and I could take much more care of her than you can."

"Perhaps so, sir," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident, "but still I could not spare her. She is my only child, and I am a widow."

"I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself. "Whew! a widow! Has not the immortal Weller assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women? It's not safe, morally safe, to be in the same boat with her." He walked away. But who may wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Mabel ashore, with the pretty widow leaning on his arm.—*Chriss Willson in Detroit Free Press.*

Capt. W. Schaeffer starts to day for a fish and shoot at Creve Cœur, but leaves his dog at home. A few days since he and Judge Manning patronized that water, taking along an animal so intelligent that it was to show them quail, squirrel and the best croppie holes as well. They also (at starting) took a rabbit pie and no end of a lunch, the dog also (at his convenience) took the rabbit pie and made an end of the entire lunch. On their return, a hungered, to their temporary store-room, the dog looked fat and well-liking, but sad, a mood the fishermen attributed to its regret that it had no use for whiskey or cigars. It had left nothing else and matters grew nearly serious enough to threaten a meal on the dog or a repetition of the experience of the survivor of the Nancy brig during their long hungry wait for the train.—*St. Louis Republican.*

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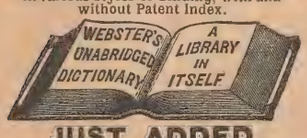
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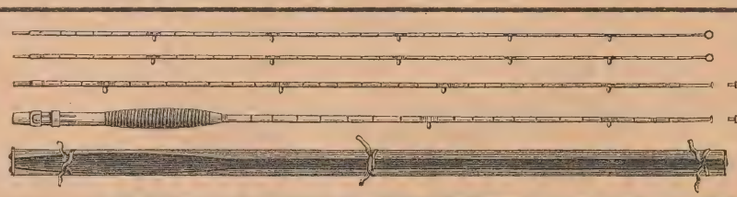
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A Weekly Scrutiny

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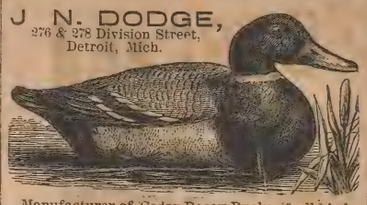
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER SUPPLY.

NEVER of late years very large, the number of deer on Long Island was seriously diminished last autumn by hunting. It seems very clear that unless immediate steps are taken to check the killing of these animals they will soon become extinct here. The popularity of Long Island as a summer resort, and the great increase of its population during a portion of the year, has lead to the clearing up and putting under cultivation of a large part of the deer range, and as this goes on the tracts in which they are found become more restricted and the animals are more easily captured.

We have advocated and still urge the passage of another law providing that for five years it shall not be lawful to hunt deer on Long Island. This would enable the deer to increase again, and at the end of that time a week or ten days' hunting might be permitted each autumn, without any serious risk of immediate extermination to the deer.

Such a measure would be enormously aided by the partial stocking with deer of such portions of the east end as are at present unoccupied by these animals. The best information at present attainable gives the range of the deer as from the neighborhood of Islip on the west, to Patchogue on the east, and chiefly along the central portion of the island on the heads of the little streams which run down to the Great South Bay. They are also found as far to the east as Lakeland, on the main branch of the Long Island Railroad. East of this tract there are very extensive regions which are admirably fitted for deer ranges, being overgrown with impenetrable forests of scrub oak and pine, and which were, until the animals had been exterminated, the home of the deer. Such regions might easily, and at comparatively small expense, be stocked with deer. A buck and three does put down at half a dozen different places and protected for five years would give a fair stock of deer over this great tract, where now there is not one.

Nothing of the kind is worth undertaking or attempting unless a five-year law should be enacted, for no one wishes to pay for putting out deer which will be slaughtered within a year. If the suggestion is worth acting upon, an organized effort must be made through the Long Island Senators and Assemblymen to procure the passage of a law guaranteeing immunity to the deer for a term of years.

CIRCLING AT FIELD TRIALS.

SOME years ago we took occasion to administer a richly deserved rebuke to a field-trial handler for having circled his dog in ahead of another dog, whose point was thereby stolen from him. Because on that occasion a just penalty was not imposed upon the offender, the evil method has been adopted by others on certain occasions; and we have more than once seen the dog that had first found scent of game, perhaps by intelligent and very praiseworthy effort, interfered with by his competitor in a dishonorable manner. That should not be tolerated for an instant.

Rule 16 of the Eastern Field Trials Club says: "If an opponent's dog points game, the other dog must not be drawn across him to take the point, but if not backing of his own accord he must be brought around behind the backing dog."

This is well enough so far as it goes, but the rule should be made broader and protect the dog that first finds the scent from interference by his competitor until he can work it out and establish his point, or until the trail is lost. How many sportsmen would go afield the second time with a companion who allowed his dog to crowd ahead of his own dog that was carefully roading out the running bird?

This has occurred in a public trial, and yet we are told that one object of the trials is to educate the sportsman so that he may be enabled to conduct himself faultlessly afield, as well as to handle his dog in a proper manner. Aside from the disagreeable features of the practice, great harm ensues to the dogs, especially to those of a high-strung, nervous temperament, causing them to become unsteady in backing and often untrustworthy in roading, especially in a poor day for scent. The evil has grown to be a very serious one, and there is pressing need of reform. We believe that the handlers, one and all, would welcome the abolition of what will, unless promptly checked, become a gross evil, and we know that many of the most prominent supporters of our field trials would gladly see this change inaugurated.

THE NEWARK DOG SCARE.

IN default of other highly-seasoned newspaper sensations, a mad dog scare does capital service; and for a week past the New York dailies have made specials of the alleged case of hydrophobia in Newark, N. J. On Wednesday of last week, Dec. 2, a large black dog, foaming at the mouth, ran through the streets of Newark. A number of children were bitten by it, and another dog which attacked it was savagely torn. The supposed mad dog finally sprang upon a stoop, and, it is reported, gnashed at a door, breaking off a portion of the moulding and grinding the wood to splinters. One man with a shotgun and another one with an ax finally dispatched the animal. The bitten children were taken to a physician's office, where their wounds were cauterized. The occurrence created intense excitement. A number of dog owners immediately killed their dogs, which, it was feared, had been bitten by the alleged rabid animal; and seven other dogs, said to have been bitten, have since been secured and are now locked up in the city stables pending developments. The Mayor of the city lost his head and issued a proclamation empowering the police to shoot all unmuzzled dogs found running at large. On this principle, if a Chinaman should commit a murder in Newark the Mayor would probably issue a proclamation calling on the police to hang without delay all other Chinamen found in the laundries of the city.

Of the children who were bitten it was determined to send the four most severly wounded to Pasteur in Paris, for the treatment he has so successfuly applied to other patients presumably subjected to hydrophobia. The children, in charge of a physician and a nurse, left this port yesterday, and will proceed with all expedition to Paris. The result of their journey will be awaited with intense interest.

There is not sufficient proof that the dog which created all this havoc had rabies. The probabilities are that it did not. That may be determined by the developments in the cases of the bitten dogs. There has been much guessing done and it is guessed that the dog was mad. Now it happens to be a fact that ninety-nine out of every hundred dogs that are shot for mad dogs are actually only suffering from harmless fits, produced from a variety of simple causes.

By thinking people very much of the action taken by the Newark people regarding the dog-bitten unfortunates, must be unhesitatingly condemned. The publicity given to the affair has caused the most unwholesome excitement. There are thousands of nervous persons who have become absolutely terrorized. Many will not venture into the streets. Parents have kept their children at home from school, and the dogs of many careful owners are quarantined in cellars and backyards. Already the secret poisoning committee has gone to work and several valuable setters have been ruthlessly destroyed. All this could have been avoided. There are hundreds of able physicians in this country capable of inoculating the bitten boys with the rabical marrow, just as well as M. Pasteur could do. It would therefore have been far more humane to victims, their parents and the public if M. Pasteur had been quietly cabled to to send whatever rabical marrow or virus he possessed to this country. His system of treatment is well known here and it could have been followed out to the letter. The scheme of sending young children on a three-thousand mile journey, when they are already wild with fear, will probably cause the death of several of them or cause them to become insane.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

THE opening chapters of Mr. C. P. Kunhardt's account of the "Cruise of the Coot" have awakened so great an interest in that expedition, as manifested by inquiries as to its purpose and duration, that a word of explanation regarding it may be acceptable. Some weeks ago, when Mr. Kunhardt announced his intention of a voyage of exploration along the Atlantic seaboard, the FOREST AND STREAM, foreseeing the valuable results of such a cruise and appreciating [illegible] the rich store of material likely to be developed and [illegible]ardt's ability to relate his experiences in an enter[illegible] secured from him the promise of the series of [illegible] must have already appeared.

The cru[illegible] thern waters is undertaken with a view to t[illegible] of an inside route to suitable winter cruising [illegible]chts, and the opportunities for sailing and [illegible] vast stretches of inland waters which consti[illegible] of the sea-girt coasts of Maryland, Virginia a[illegible] lina, as well as the channels, sounds and devious pa[illegible] which lie between the marshy lowlands of South Carolina and Georgia and the string of sea islands forming a natural breakwater to the swells of the ocean. The Coot will seek to reach these regions and possibly extend her voyage to Florida waters during the months of winter. Her skipper assures us that she will sail the entire distance on her own bottom, and be worked in accordance with the precepts of "single-hand" yachting. How she has been fitted especially for that purpose by her crew of one hand has already been told.

Passing into the Delaware at Trenton, the route will be down the bay to Delaware City, where the short Sassafrass Canal will take the yacht into the headwaters of the Chesapeake. Thence the course will be plotted to Norfolk, below which the canal into Currituck Sound or North River will float the traveler into the broad inland seas of Albemarle and Currituck. Rivers, reaches and outlying beaches of these sounds are to be explored with special regard to the sport they afford and the character of localities alongshore and their people. Proceeding southward the Coot will follow up the navigable channels as far as possible, noting all that is of instruction and interest to those who may some day wish to profit by her example. Thus the rigors of a northern winter will be circumvented until the first signs of returning spring move the navigator to turn his vessel's prow home again in search of cooler breezes in high latitudes.

The log of the cruise, in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, will be most fascinating reading.

NORTH CAROLINA FIELD TRIALS.—Upon the receipt of fuller information respecting the North Carolina field trials, we are very glad to learn that the representations made to us regarding the dissatisfaction alleged to have existed over certain of the decisions may have been exaggerated. We have reason to believe that this dissatisfaction arose in large measure from a misconception of the facts upon which it was founded; and it is a pleasure to believe that the circumstances as related to us, and upon which a part of our comments were based, were unintentionally colored by our informants.

BUTCHERS IN THE PARK.—Recent advices from the Yellowstone National Park state that Assistant Superintendents Wilson and Weimar followed and captured five hunters in the Park early last month. They had with them five deer and one elk. The meat and five magazine rifles, which the men had, were taken from them, and they were brought in to the Mammoth Hot Springs, where they were put on trial before the justice, convicted and sentenced to pay fines of $25 each, and their guns and ammunition were declared forfeited.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

I.—UP MILK RIVER VALLEY.

IT was in the early days of September that we left the Piegan agency for the Walled-in Lakes. So the Piegans have named the bodies of water which form the source of the St. Mary's River.

Our party was not a large one. It consisted of Appekunny, Yellow Fish and the writer. Mr. J. W. Schultz is well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as the author of the extremely interesting and scientifically valuable series of papers on "Life Among the Blackfeet," published in FOREST AND STREAM a year or two ago. Yellow Fish—also known as Rose—is a French half-breed, but one who has always lived with his mother's people. He is thus in manners, education and feeling a thorough Indian, and can speak only a very few words of English. We were starting on a short trip to the St. Mary's Lakes, which are distant less than one hundred miles from the agency. Our wagon held a fourteen-foot skiff, for use in case the one left on the lakes by Appekunny the previous autumn had been stolen or destroyed. A boat is a necessity on these large lakes, where much of the fishing must be done in deep water. A 10x10 wall tent and a sheet iron cook stove, with our bedding and provisions, completed the load in the wagon. Our arms comprised a rifle apiece, and Mr. Schultz had also a shotgun with which, at various times during the trip, he did remarkably good execution. I had a light split bamboo fly-rod.

For the first forty-five miles of the distance from the agency to the lakes there is a wagon road, but at Milk River it is necessary to turn off from this and follow up the stream for some distance toward the mountains, and then, leaving it to the south, to travel northwest toward the St. Mary's. Six miles from Badger Creek the road crosses Two Medicine Lodge Creek, on which the Indians have built some houses, now temporarily deserted. The bottom is level and covered with good feed, and is intersected by many sloughs, from several of which little flocks of mallards rose, quacking noisily, as we rattled by. A few plover were seen, and one brood of sharp-tailed grouse, from which we killed a couple that did not rise with the main body. Just after passing over the hill beyond Two Medicine we came to two shallow prairie lakes, on which were a multitude of ducks and grebes. The shores are low and sloping and without cover, and we did not stop to shoot.

At Cut Bank Creek, about eighteen miles from the agency, is a house occupied by two Indians, whom I know only as John and Billy. They have a well-built cabin of four or five rooms, a barn and corrals, and quite a patch of cultivated ground, on which they raise wheat, potatoes and a variety of vegetables. A good-sized stack of hay will furnish food, in case the snow should lie deep during the winter, for a dozen cows and about a hundred head of horses that are on the ranch. John, the elder of the two brothers, is a marvel of energy, always at work about the ranch, and is thus very unlike the ordinary Indian. He is contented only when he is busy, and seems likely, with the start he now has, to make a successful farmer.

So far we had driven in the wagon which contained our outfit, but at Cut Bank we were to get a couple of saddle horses. Mine was an old buffalo horse, tough and wiry, and steady under fire, and Appekunny's was a little blue, quite spirited, but somewhat run down by hard work. After turning out the team horses I set up my rod, and with Appekunny, who carried his shotgun, strolled off up the creek, and began to cast for trout. The boys keep the creek pretty well fished, and we had gone half a mile before I had any rises. At length, however, we reached a deep hole where the narrow stream sweeping around a rocky point had burrowed in under the vertical bank. Here through the green water could be seen indistinct moving forms, which might be fish and might be shadows, or perhaps were only the play of the ripples. As the fly fell lightly on the water on the further edge of this pool, there was a simultaneous movement on the part of several of the shadows, which made it certain that they had life, and a second later a fine trout was fast to the tail fly, and making the rod bend as I tried to keep him out from the sunken root which he at once tried to reach. Here we took half a dozen fish, none of them over a pound in weight, and, as is so often the case with fishermen, lost one which we imagined was larger than all the rest. He had made a noble fight, and thinking that he was about tired out I had led him up to a gravelly bar. Appekunny had the leader in his hand, and was just about to slide him out of the water, when the fish gave a side wrench and snapped the snood off just where it joins the hook. There was a flash in the water, and the big fish had disappeared.

During our stroll along the river, Appekunny killed a couple of young hooded mergansers and we saw several kingfishers and one or two specimens of *Buteo borealis calurus*. Just before the sun set the clouds lifted for a moment, and we had a brief glimpse of Chief Mountain. It was, even at the distance of seventy miles, very impressive, looming up grandly through the mist. Its shape was that of an enormous truncated cone rising out of the plain, and it reminded me somewhat of the so-called Liberty Cap at the Mammoth Hot Springs in the National Park.

Near John's house were a couple of lodges occupied by two Indians named Bear Paw and Curly Bear. The former had been rather successful in his hunting, and we saw the skins of four antelope and two beaver which he had killed within a few days. That night we dined on boiled beaver meat.

The next morning we made a fairly early start, and by 7 o'clock the wagon was climbing the high bluffs which border the bottom of Cut Bank. The road follows up a little creek, which at this season of the year consists of a series of water holes and sloughs without current, in which a great many ducks were feeding, and here enough of these birds were killed to serve us for several meals.

The utter dearth of large game throughout the plain country is remarkable and shows how thoroughly the country was hunted by the Piegans during the starvation period of 1884. Everywhere one may see the white bones of the buffalo, but scarcely a four-footed living creature will be observed in a day's journey—even the jack rabbits and cotton-tails seem to have been all killed off, and there is hardly a prairie dog or a ground squirrel to be seen.

Leaving the McLeod road we turned off to the west about five miles before reaching Milk River. The South Fork of this river is a considerable stream, flowing through a wide bottom. To the north rise bluffs, low at first, but gradually increasing in height until they form the high divide known as Milk River Ridge, which separates the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico from those which run into Hudson's Bay. The bottom is flat and damp, and is intersected by many sloughs, on which, during the spring and autumn migrations, great numbers of ducks pause to rest and feed. There are also many sharp-tailed grouse to be found there. There is no timber in the valley, and only here and there is found willow brush large enough to be used as fuel. It is therefore not a very desirable place to camp. We had no difficulty in finding a very fair road for the wagon, and crossed the stream a mile or two above where we came to it, following the north bank for the rest of the day.

About the middle of the afternoon several large animals were seen hurrying down the bluffs a mile or two above us on the river, and we were unable to determine what they were. Evidently they were not buffalo, for there were none in the country, and besides they were not the right color, so we concluded that they must be either elk or horses, and probably the latter. Ten minutes later a band of about twenty horses, herded by two men, burst out of the brush about half a mile ahead of us and dashed across the wide bottom and up the bluffs on the north side of the valley. There were no packs on any of the horses, and it was very apparent from their desire to avoid observation that the herders were two horse thieves. We could very easily have captured the band, but if we had done so it would have been necessary to turn back at once and give up our projected trip. To have taken the horses would have been one thing, to have kept them quite another. The horse thieves would undoubtedly have followed us, and would have attempted to steal the captured animals the first night. Very likely they might have succeeded in doing so, and might have taken our stock with the rest. We watched the band out of sight, therefore, and then rode over to the camp of the thieves. They were white men, as we could easily tell, and had evidently been out a long time, for they had little or nothing to eat. In fact they were poorly provided in all respects, for they had no blankets except those under their saddles, and had built themselves a little shelter of willow twigs, like a sweat house. In this they slept on the bare ground. They had had no bread or coffee. When we came in sight they were just cooking their dinner. This was part of some small black animal, either a bear or a dog. Bits of the hide with the hair singed off were found about the fire, and on one piece were the stumps of the ears, the ends having been burned off.

About 4 o'clock we found a place where there was some dead willow brush large enough to burn, and camped there on the north side of the river opposite a high sandstone bluff, the face of which was curiously painted toward the top with a red lichen, which gave the rocks the appearance of being colored with oxide of iron. The stone is soft and has weathered out into holes and crannies, with here and there a projecting point or a narrow ledge. Such places are occupied by hawks as nesting places, and soon after we had pitched the tent several of these birds (*Archibuteo ferrugineus sancti-johannis*) came in from the prairies and perched on the rocks, whence they watched our preparations for dinner with an air of some interest. They must have been young birds, or else very much attached to the spot, for one or two of them sat still while the Indian fired half a dozen rifle shots at them, and even when at last frightened away they would return again and again.

For several days the air had been very thick and hazy and the sky overcast, but it rained a little during the night, and the next morning, while we were getting breakfast, the clouds lifted and the smoke had so far cleared away that for a few moments we had a fine view of the mountains lying beyond the St. Mary's Lakes. They are extremely bold and impressive, with square faces and occasional patches of snow. Some of them appeared very high. This height, however, is more apparent than actual, for it must be remembered we were still upon the prairie, and probably not more than 3,500 or 4,000 feet above the sea level; so that, while the highest of these mountains might seem to us very lofty, its actual altitude above the sea level was not necessarily very great when compared with the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

Our road still lay up the valley of Milk River, and the numerous little streams which flowed down from the bluffs and cut steep-walled channels through the soft bottom obliged us to pass as close to the hills as possible, so as to find easy places to cross these tiny tributaries. We had traveled only four or five miles up this stream when we turned off to the right over some low ridges and into another valley, overgrown with willows, which ran directly up to the mountains. In this valley there were many broods of sharp-tail grouse, and in the stream some ducks, while the soft soil among the willows showed a few fresh elk tracks. We killed several of the grouse as we passed along, but saw no four-footed game whatever. In fact, a big gray wolf trotting along the hillside five or six hundred yards away was the only quadruped seen during that day. After following this stream up nearly to where the pines came down from the mountain we struck a broad and heavy trail made by half-breed carts, and taking this, climbed a ridge and passed down into the valley of a nameless creek which is the north fork of the south branch of Milk River. When we were within a mile or two of this it began to rain with a violence that bade defiance to all attempts to keep oneself dry. We had carelessly left the trail on the right, and the two men on horseback now began to ride up and down the creek to try and find a place where the wagon could drive through the dense alder thicket which filled the stream bottom. It took twenty minutes or half an hour to discover a crossing which was practicable, and by the time the wagon was on the north side, and a spot had been selected for the camp, the cold storm had thoroughly drenched us all. It did not take long to get the tent up and a fire going in the stove, and after this was accomplished and the preparations for dinner were under way, we all felt more comfortable.

That night after dinner we loaded up a lot of shells for the shotgun, and after that was done, stretched out on our blankets we smoked many pipes, and I tried to start the half-breed to talking. It was not a difficult matter to do this. Yellow Fish inherits something of the volubility of his father's race, and before long was chatting away glibly enough.

One subject on which he spoke was very interesting. He said that the Pegunny have a tradition that somewhere away to the southward there is a tribe which speaks their language. Once, long ago, the Pegunny were traveling southward in winter when they came to a large river which they began to cross on the ice. In those days the tribe was very numerous, and where there are now hundreds of them there were then thousands. Part of the tribe had crossed the river, but the greater number were still on the north bank, when a child saw a pretty buffalo horn frozen in the ice, and cried for it. Some one began to knock it loose, and while this was being done the ice broke up and went out, carrying away many of the Indians and separating the tribe into two portions. Neither party could cross the swollen stream, and the Piegans on the south bank were never seen again by the tribe. It was long supposed that they had all perished, but now it is thought that they still exist as a tribe off somewhere to the south. For once, when the Piegans were visiting the Crows, they met a man there—also a visitor—who spoke a language nearly like theirs, so that they could easily understand him.

It is of course impossible to say what foundation there may be for this tradition, but to me it was extremely interesting, because there are known two authentic cases of tribes having been separated by accident, and having remained apart for so long a time that they have come to be regarded as distinct nations. One of these cases is that of the Gros Ventres of the Prairie, a tribe located on the same reservation with the Piegans. They are a part of the Arapahoe tribe, and long ago became separated from the main body of that people, and were driven on to the Upper Missouri. Several times they attempted to go south again, but the Mountain Crows, who were at war with the Arapahoes, but had no quarrel with the Gros Ventres, told the latter that if they tried to join their tribe they would kill them all. The attempt was never made.

Much more full is the account of the separation of the Arickarees from the Skeedees or Pawnee Loups. This tale, which I heard years ago from the lips of an old Ree, and which was afterward confirmed and enlarged upon by several Skeedees, is substantially as follows:

The Skeedees were once out buffalo hunting and had made a great surround. One day they had killed many buffalo. Many fat cows were lying on the ground and the women were taking off the robes and cutting up the meat. While they were thus engaged they were unexpectedly attacked by a large war party of Sioux. The Skeedees made a good fight, but the enemy were too numerous for them. They became separated, a part retreating toward the village, and others drawing off toward the north. This party the Sioux followed, constantly fighting and harassing them and driving them farther and farther away from their home, until at length they reached the Missouri River near where the town of Mandan now stands, at the mouth of Heart River. Here their enemies left them, and here the Skeedees, worn out with much fighting, spent the winter, for it was now too late in autumn to attempt the long march back to the village. They have never gone back, and the small remnant of the tribe which still survives have for years been located at Fort Berthold on the Missouri. If we could but learn the history of the many similar, but now forgotten, migrations that have taken place among our western Indians, how much the problem of their ethnology would be simplified, and how

ON AN OHIO DAIRY FARM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several weeks ago my chum and I were invited by an old friend to spend a few days upon his extensive dairy farm in this State. As an inducement, he stated that now and then an occasional snipe, woodcock or partridge was to be found, besides a large pair of cranes and numerous other birds. I took my large staghound Fly, just to give her a chance to stretch herself on woodchucks and rabbits.

About sundown of the first day Grib and I took our guns and started out for woodchuks, Grib taking one side of a wide ridge and I the other. It was not long before I saw that Fly's quick eye had detected something moving on the knoll opposite. Looking over I saw a big "chuck" nibbling grass. I gave Fly the word to go, and away she went, opening and shutting like a jack-knife. Reaching the top of the other knoll, she took 'chuck entirely by surprise, and was soon shaking him thoroughly; but she had no sooner finished him than Grib's gun spoke out and she was off to see what that meant. When I arrived upon the scene she laid down 'chuck No. 2. Proceeding a little further we sat down beneath a large chestnut tree, when, happening to glance toward a large piece of flat land, I saw a big crane rise from behind a fence three hundred yards distant. Calling Grib's attention to it, we concluded to get it the next day, if possible; and, watching where he flew, we laid our plans accordingly. As it was getting late we were about starting for home, when, turning around, we were confronted by a young bull and five or six cows, and how they did watch that dog. They followed her so closely that it annoyed her, so she turned and took after them.

The bull, being more courageous than the rest, wouldn't move faster than a slow trot and you can imagine our surprise when we saw Fly seize the end of his tail. 'Twas then he thought it time to run, but she still retained her hold, and quick as a flash when his hindquarters rose into the air she darted forward and to one side, twisting the bull around a little and as a natural consequence over he went broadside. He lay there for some little time but finally got up and stalked off. This may appear hardly credible to some but I think the Western readers will recognize the trick. Fly was born and brought up in Southwestern Kansas, and had been taught to do almost anything, from catching an antelope or jack rabbit to throwing a steer.

The next day we were out bright and early for that crane. Our farmer friend informed us that the cranes could be found by that fence in the flats almost any morning, so we decided to take our chance. The direction it had taken the day before had been up the course of a large creek which flowed in a valley between two pieces of woods. It was decided that I should make a detour through the woods and come out in the valley about a quarter of a mile from the fence and secreting myself behind some bushes, wait until Grib, by walking boldly up to the fence, had started the crane up the valley, and when the bird came over I was to let him have it. Our plan worked to perfection. It was not long after I blew my signal whistle that I saw the crane coming straight toward me. Not wishing to spoil his skin by a breast shot, I waited until he had gone a reasonable distance past me, then raised and fired, and hearing a thump I knew I had got him.

Upon reaching him I found that I had ruffled scarcely a feather, but upon further examination found that one of his legs had been slightly cut by a stray pellet, but that would amount to nothing when mounted.

I soon afterward removed the skin and expressed it to a friend, a lady, who has a fine collection.

That visit paid us very well indeed in the game line, our bags showing a great variety. We saw two small bevies of quail but did not fire into them because they are so scarce here we were too glad to see a few alive to kill them.

WATT.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 31.

WISCONSIN DEER DESTRUCTION.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For a little over two years the M. L. S. & W. R. R. have spared no pains to advertise the grand country—the sportsman's paradise—through which the road runs. But if the railroad companies will not lend a helping hand, the present reputation of that country will soon be lost to view. A visit to it the past season revealed the fact there was an abundance of deer, regardless of the fact that the law was openly defied last winter, and thousands of deer were unlawfully killed. Many were packed as butter, etc., and shipped out of the State, while hundreds were left to waste, shot only to gratify the desire to kill by those who care for nothing else. And now reports reach us of a party who have been in the neighborhood of Gogebic hounding deer for some weeks past. Go a little further down the road and you can find the "tips" of over one hundred which were hounded to the water and then shot. We heard of a party in camp on one of the many lakes in Wisconsin who by good luck shot a deer. As soon as the report reached the nearest town the hounds were turned loose, and for two days they ran the deer until none were left in that vicinity, and this was done for no other reason than that those who had paid the railroad company their fares, the skinners their fees, could not get a shot at a deer for the camp table even. The railroad companies cannot be too watchful of the laws regarding the protection of fish and game in their country; they owe it to their patrons as well as to themselves, and that they may lend a helping hand is the prayer of—NIMROD.

BLACK BEAR HABITS.—Bethel, Me., Nov. 30.—Mr. V. S. Davis has a logging camp near the head of Ariscohos Lake, on the Magalloway River, in Oxford county, Maine. Henry Sweatt and Walter West were out looking out roading chances to haul their logs, and as they were separated a short distance Sweatt, who carried an ax, saw a pine stub which looked bearish to him (he was an old hunter), so he interviewed the stub with his ax, and hearing a scratching overhead, looked up and was greeted with a growl from a bear's head, with open mouth and fire in his eyes. Sweatt sung out lustily to West, who had the gun, and he rushed to the rescue and fired three shots into bruin's head before the beast succumbed. They then twisted withes and tied his legs together, and strung him on a pole between them and lugged him to camp—about a mile. The bear was very fat and his skin measures, stretched, 6ft. 3in. by 5ft. 6in., and is a very fine pelt—very nice fur and shiny black. This kills the theory that bears never den until driven in by deep snows, as this was done on bare ground (no pun intended). There are doubtless lots of other bears still roaming around loose in the forest at this time—Nov. 30—and they will hibernate when it suits their fancy, regardless of the snow.—J. G. R.

A SHOT CONCENTRATING DEVICE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago one of your correspondents was inquiring about the effect of wire cartridges upon the gun barrel. Now I have a wrinkle which I would like to unfold to your readers in regard to a device with which I do away with either thread-wound or wire cartridges. It may already be known to many, but I have never seen it used, nor read of its use. I never liked either of the above named cartridges for various reasons, expense being one of them, and I now make my own as follows: Take a first quality paper shell and load it to suit yourself, with any desired size of shot, only being sure to put two pink-edged, or felt wads (I prefer pink-edged) over the powder. After the shell is loaded and well crimped, take a sharp pocket knife and cut around the shell on a line between the two pink edged wads, nearly, but not quite, severing the shell in two parts. Leave just enough of the fibres of the material of the shell uncut to hold it together. You can ascertain the exact point to cut through by measuring one shell after the first wad has been rammed down upon the powder. Then smear the front end of the prepared cartridge with a mixture of tallow and beeswax—four parts of the former to one of the latter—and you are ready for business. You can intermix bonedust, sand or any desired substance with the large shot, if you desire it. No injury can accrue to your gun, and you know just what you are shooting. There is no extra trouble and the charge is as well held together as by the wire or thread-wound cartridges. The only care required is to be sure to cut between the two wads, as the last wad expands enough to sweep everything before it as soon as freed from its own portion of the shell. Try it, brother sportsman, and report.—AREFAR (Auburn, Cal., Thanksgiving Day).

TWO BIRDS AND A LIVE RABBIT.—Washington, D. C., Dec. 1.—William Woolls, Thomas Taylor and myself were guests last week of Mr. Peter Wolfe, of King George county, Va., forty five miles down the Potomac. Of course we had our guns and were accompanied by Tom's old Drift and his youngster, Flossie Belle, with my Dandy. Floss is only nine months old, and it is very surprising what Tom has already taught her. Birds were plentiful and I had a good opportunity to judge of the qualities of the youngster, she was as eager as it was possible for any dog to be, besides being quite staunch, and her staying qualities are remarkable. Now, mark that some day not far distant she will be well known in the field. We bagged one hundred birds, one wild goose and a few rabbits. The rabbits were remarkably numerous. Once the dogs were standing and Tom and myself were waiting for Billy to come up to get a shot, when he started a rabbit which ran against Tom's shin and stunned itself so that Tom put his foot upon it, and after knocking down two of the birds he stooped and picked up the cottontail.—SPOT.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Philadelphia, Dec. 5.—Mallards, both greenheads and dusky, and other marsh ducks are remaining on our river late this season. My informant, who came up the Delaware to-day per steamboat from Salem, N. J., reports the cove below Battery Point, and the river between Fort Delaware and Fort Penn, full of fowl, mostly mallard and black ducks. As a rule these species have left us before this time, and their late stay this month would seem to indicate an open winter or a not very early one. There has been quite a shipment from the Northwest to this market during the past week of both pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse. Dealers tell me "when it is cold enough we expect a great deal of Western game." Everything is arranged and we only want freezing weather." Five more deer were killed in Atlantic county, N. J., during the past week. Six men of one hunting party accomplished this. The bill to protect the deer for three to five years will doubtless be brought up and passed at Trenton at an early date.—HOMO.

A GROUSE SNARER CONVICTED.—Wellsville, N. Y., Dec. 5.—We have had our game law offender punished. John Langdon has violated the game law during the last few years by snaring partridges for market. Our game constable failed to catch him, though he had an understanding with the Erie Railroad agent here and at Andover to give notice when Langdon shipped birds. Last summer Langdon moved to Whitesville, N. Y., twelve mile from here; and each Monday morning in the past fall would send a box by stage to the railroad. One morning the constable appeared and opened the box, found nine partridges and took Langdon before Justice John Q. A. Woodcock. One partridge was proven to have been snared and Langdon was fined $10 and costs or ten days in jail. He served his sentence.—C. L. P.

WESTERN ONTARIO.—A correspondent reports quail unusually scarce. In fact, scarcely a single bird is to be found, and it is thought they must have perished during the severity of last winter. Black squirrels, the small boy's favorite game, are also scarce. Partridge, woodcock and snipe are reported plenty, and some good bags have been made. Ducks and waterfowl of all kinds are in good supply, and from Enniskillen and Sombra deer are reported abundant. Rabbits have been completely destroyed by the severity of the past two winters, and not one is now to be found in localities where two years ago they threatened to become a destructive nuisance.

GALVESTON, Nov. 11.—In the fall of 1872, while we were camping in the southwestern part of Texas, on Red River, one morning the youngest of our party went down to the river for water, and saw there a large buck behind a tree. He had the "buck ague" pretty bad, but without stopping to remove the rifle cover he pointed the rifle and fired. To our astonishment the deer did not move, and on examination we found that the bullet had entered the left eye and penetrated the brain. "M. E. G." got the deer, but ruined his rifle cover. However, he says he would ruin twenty covers to get another chance like that.—REDBREAST.

WHITE CREEK, N. Y., Nov. 30.—Game in this section is quite scarce. Ruffed grouse are very shy and flush long before one gets within range of them. Raccoons, rabbits and foxes are quite plenty. Gray squirrels are not so numerous as in years past, yet if you have a good dog you can have fine sport hunting them. I went out four times with my dog Jack and bagged thirty. That is not a large score, yet I enjoyed myself as well as though I got more.—L. M. A.

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 5.—A black bear weighing 415 pounds was shot last week by Mr. Houck near Tobyhanna Mills, and was exhibited here in the market. Last winter several were shot in the same vicinity.—W. B. L.

WHO TAKES THE DEER?—Number Four, Adirondacks.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Whether the deer belongs to the person killing it or to the owner of the dog driving it, is merely a matter of custom, differing in different places. In the eye of the law the deer belongs to the person killing it, no matter how driven to him, unless the person driving it had previously given it a fatal wound. Here in the Adirondacks it has been the custom to concede to the dog driving the deer the skin only, and the carcass to the person killing the deer.—MUSSET.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.—St. Louis, Nov. 19.—In your issue of Oct. 1 "N." asks for information regarding the use of the Eley cartridge. I have for thirty years used the Eley wire cartridge in my Purdy, Reily and Greener guns, all open bore, and have found them the most effective of any cartridge in use, and without the slightest injury to my barrels. But I have not deemed it advisable to use the wire cartridges in my Daly chokebore, as I feared they would in time shoot the bore out.—C. H. T.

AN ODD FOX CAPTURE.—Cleveland, O., Dec. 1.—While reading a fox story in an old number of the FOREST AND STREAM this evening I was reminded of a party who last winter caught one old fellow that had a heavy leather collar around his neck, and dangling from a ring in the collar was nearly a foot of chain. He was identified by a resident of Newbury as one which he had partially tamed eight years before.—WATT.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Nov. 11.—Two gentlemen came in with fifty-two quail the other day, and I have found no difficulty in getting snipe and plover in numbers. Some ducks have been shot, but it is almost too early for them, while squirrels and quail could scarcely be more plentiful.—BBE.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

174.—Addendum.

CAMP-FIRE FLICKERINGS 174 had a good story about Billy Crosby and Cale Loring, and I can vouch for its correctness, having been there at the time. Mac (Mannassch Smith, I guess) did not quite finish, for Cale, when he went after water that evening, took along his gun as usual, and actually knocked over the odd teal, thus getting the entire twenty. I showed the article to Crosby, who at first insisted I wrote it. "But at any rate," said Billy, "all I wanted to do, and told you so at the time, was to keep the 'critters' out of Cale's garden [the place in front of the shanty where we dig clams], for I knew the crowd would come home hungry and was afraid there would not be enough clams to go around." REIGNOLDS.

176.

NEARLY thirty-five years ago, when I was a lad of ten, there lived in my father's neighborhood in Canada, near the Vermont border, an old man, known in all those parts, who went by the name of "Uncle Nate." He was seventy years of age when I first knew him, owned a good farm which he had cleared with his own hands, was the father of a large family of well-to-do sons and daughters, and was universally liked by all who knew him.

In the early days he had come up from the Bay State and was the first settler in that neighborhood, and had for years helped out the scanty income of his new farm by the aid of his rifle and traps. In the course of time the large game and nearly all the fur-bearing animals disappeared from the surrounding country, and in my youthful days the still vigorous and hale old man used to gratify the hunter's instinct which still stirred his blood every autumn, by hunting foxes with dog and gun, and lining wild honey-bees to their trees.

Foxes were very plentiful in those parts then, whatever they may be now, and every favorable morning Uncle Nate would sally out to the hills with his trusty hound Bose and his old single-barreled gun, which had been changed from flint-lock to percussion. This ancient arm he clung to with all the conservatism of a loyal nature, and it seldom failed to procure him either feather or fur when brought to shoulder.

One day he had been indulging in one of his hunts, and Bose had run the fox to earth near by my father's, and Uncle Nate came over to borrow tools to unearth him. Of course I was all on fire to go and help, and, getting permission, I shouldered a part of the tools and accompanied him. Arriving at the spot, we found the hound working away faithfully, but owing to the ground being hard frozen—it was late in November—he had made but little progress. Uncle Nate started in, and after three or four hours of hard work reached the fox, by the assistance of Bose, and having dealt it a vigorous blow on the head with a small crowbar, threw it upon the ground near by. The hound immediately returned to the burrow with unabated eagerness, and the old gentleman said this meant another fox. Although it was now getting dark, Uncle Nate started digging again with renewed vigor, in anticipation of this addition to a good day's work. After a few moments he stopped to wipe the perspiration out of his eyes, and Bose took up the work. After the old man had mopped his face and bald head for a moment his eye was caught by the absence of the fox which had been thrown upon the ground as dead. I had not missed the creature, as I was too fully occupied and anxious about the proceedings in the pit to waste my time watching a dead fox. Well, the dead fox had come to life, and when Uncle Nate missed him he could just be seen making off at a very uncertain gait for the friendly obscurity of a small swamp. The old man stooped, and, seizing Bose, whose whose hind legs and tail only were visible, by a vigorous effort swung him out of the pit, shouting, "Go catch him, Bose!"

And right here was where the joke came in. Bose had reached and grasped the second fox, and when pulled so unceremoniously out of the burrow held on to his quarry like grim death and brought it with him. They landed some feet away, and came down with a "dull thud" upon the frozen ground. In the melée the fox escaped from the dog's jaws, and made fast time out of that place, with Bose yelling at his heels, and all three disappeared simultaneously. Uncle Nate jumped upon the edge of the pit, and placing his hand over his eyes, peered with a vexed and foolish expression into the gathering darkness. As the hound's voice gradually died away he burst into a hearty fit of laughter and exclaimed: "Well! Gosh darn my fool carcass! I've been huntin' off an' on for over sixty year, but that is the fust time I ever tried to kill one fox by throwin' another at him!"

CALIFORNIA. AREFAR.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

KINGFISHERS NOT JAILBIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Believing it my turn to say a few words about the "Kingfishers" as law breakers and their accusers, I thank the FOREST AND STREAM kindly and sincerely for its efforts to hunt down the slander on us of having shot deer out of season while camped on the shores of Black Lake, Michigan, during the summer of 1883, as set forth in an editorial, embodying the correspondence making the charges, in the issue of Sept. 24. Since the appearance of the editorial mentioned I have been waiting to see if Mr. Miner, some of the "well known merchants of Cheboygan," or "the officer that held the warrants," would have the manliness to come out from their cover and do us the poor justice to say there had been a mistake in the identity of the party, but not a word nor line has been sent forth by them, hence I am moved to write down a few facts that may act as a backset to Mr. Miner or any other "vigorous prosecutor" who may take it into his addlepate hereafter to make a charge of lawlessness against a party of anglers who go to the woods and waters only for honest and legitimate sport.

First, as a matter of strict truth, in all our camping and fishing in Northern Michigan in the past six or seven years, to my certain and positive knowledge, not one of the "Kingfishers" have ever shot a deer or even fired a gun at one. In his first letter, dated Sept. 3, 1884, Miner says: "I send you the record of the party while at Black Lake last summer," which would imply that we were there in the summer of '84, but in his next, Sept. 15, 1884, he says: "I was at Black Lake at the time of the party being there," etc., and I take it he meant 1883, although his first letter making the charge was written more than a year after we had been there, as we broke camp and arrived in Cheboygan on our way out on July 31, as the Spencer House register will show.

It would seem from this that the "member of the gun club at that place (Cheboygan), who is a merchant there," and Mr. Miner were a good while making up their minds to show us up—with no foundation to build a charge on—as a party of lawbreakers. During this time had Miner or the "gun club man" been possessed of plain horse sense they would have procured the names of the parties mentioned in the warrants and sent them to FOREST AND STREAM, when they would have learned that none of them would fit a single member of the "Kingfisher" party, and Miner would have saved himself the humiliation of having to come down from the lofty perch he took at the end of his first letter as "a vigorous prosecutor of parties who violate our game laws."

But I do not blame Miner in the matter as much as I do the "gun club man." He acted the sneak in giving Miner the information on which he made the charge, and then refusing him the use of his name to help him out of the "category" he got him into. It would appear to any one of average vision that he left Miner to hold a bag with a big hole in each end, and it is to be hoped that M. will profit by the experience. I am charitable enough, however, to believe that Miner thought he was doing a good work at the time; he would clinch his claim as a "vigorous prosecutor of violators, etc.," but he started out with rather much of a flourish to last, and he was brought to grief by the "vigorous punching" of FOREST AND STREAM after facts, and moved to write, "I shall write to him (meaning the gun club man) about the facts, in justice to myself as well as the party, and request him to substantiate the charges against them," and finally, "If nothing is heard from Cheboygan, I will retract my charges and consider it as an idle rumor, and tender the party an apology for making the charges I did." As no apology has been tendered, it may be presumed he has not yet heard from Cheboygan, and the honorable member of the gun club. We can afford to wait, as apologies don't count for much as long as we are conscious of no wrong doing.

This gun club man was pleased to say, "The 'Kingfisher' party are a set of snides." I will simply say to the g. c. m. that, if treating our neighbors with courtesy and respect wherever we make our camp, meeting all our obligations without a whine, leaving the latch-string always hanging out for an honest brother sportsman to pull and be welcome to come in; if going to the woods because we love them, if pursuing the sport of angling in a legitimate way, and demeaning ourselves as gentlemen, whether in the woods or out, place us in the list of "snides," then is the "Kingfisher" party a set of snides. But (and I trust the hint may comfort him) there is one trait that the "Kingfishers" are not possessed of in common with the gun club man—they never stab a man in the back, or start a slander on a brother sportsman and then hide behind a friend, leaving him to get out of the scrape the best way he can. This is a kind of "cussedness" we've not got the hang of, if we are "snides."

Now, a few words that may perhaps put the matter in its proper light and fix the blame where it really belongs. More than a month after we left Black Lake, a party of Cincinnatians—and, I believe, two or three from Hamilton, O.—went to the same lake for a hunt, with perhaps some fishing. Some time after their return one of them told one of our party, the Deacon, all about their trip; how they had killed some deer, how badly they had been treated by old Merrill, how on their refusal to pay him a certain sum he had warrants issued for their arrest, and how, through the intercession of the ex-sherriff of Cheboygan, whom one of the party happened to know, the officer holding the warrants was prevailed on not to serve them, etc. This is the shape in which it was told to the Deacon, and he was asked to get me to write up Merrill as a rascal, an old wolf, etc. (I was writing of our Black Lake trip at the time); but I declined on the ground that it was not our quarrel; that we had no special grievance against Merrill, as we had been treated at least fairly by him and had dealt squarely with him in return. Merrill might be an old wolf, but he had not "wolfed" our party to any alarming extent.

Some months afterward it came to my knowledge that the "Kingfishers" had been charged with shooting deer out of season while at Black Lake, and I naturally concluded that the other party had represented themselves as the "Kingfishers" in order that we might be blamed for their misdeeds; but within the past month I have had a talk with two of the party, and I am convinced now that such was not the case. These two, however, admit that their party killed deer while they were camped at Black Lake (their camp was on the east shore, ours on the west), but could not say just how many. They deny emphatically having paid Merrill $5 a head for driving deer into the lake for them to shoot, but do say they paid him $2 a day for hunting for them. The majority of the party, it seems, left for home after a two weeks' stay, leaving four in camp who remained till the 1st of October. Merrill had been promised all the eatables and "camp stuff" that would be left over when the party broke up, and when only the four were left it seems he concluded it was about time to grab on the promised stuff or be left with a very slim share by the time they got through with it, and accordingly, when three of them were out hunting, leaving the other as camp-tender, he presented himself at the camp and began loading the things into his boat to take home. A vigorous remonstrance did not stop him, but he was finally "persuaded," at the muzzle of a revolver, to let the things remain, and was driven off and told to stay away, at the risk of bodily harm befalling him should he return.

When they finally broke camp, and while on their way to Cheboygan, they were met by the ex-sheriff, who told them there was trouble in store for them; that warrants had been sworn out for their arrest for killing deer in the close season. He went back with them, saw the officer who held the warrants—the real sheriff, as I understand it—and told him that he knew theso boys; that they had been guilty of no great wrong; that they had been lied about, and that they had only killed a few deer for meat for the camp, etc., and he was finally convinced that they were a party of innocents and "bully fellers," and they were let off scot free; and then some sneaking cur laid it at the door of the "Kingfishers." That is the way the Kingfishers shot deer out of season.

Cheboygan may certainly boast of a model officer. If you are a "bully feller" you can kill deer in September for meat throughout the territory under his jurisdiction, and run no risk of having a warrant served on your return from the woods; and the "gun club man" will no doubt see to it that W. E. Miner writes to FOREST AND STREAM charging it on some innocent party.

This is briefly the substance of the story told by two of the party (names not given by request), and if I have made any misstatement, let the sheriff or whoever held the warrants, or any of the party, make it known and I will correct it with neatness and dispatch. Let the officer who held the warrants, Mr. Miner or the "gun club man" write me (through FOREST AND STREAM), giving the names in the warrants, and I will send him the names of our Black Lake party (for we are not ashamed of our names, nor of our conduct in the woods or elsewhere), and if there is one Kingfisher's name written in any one of the warrants we will break up our rods and never sniff the odors of the woods again. Or they can write to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, as he has a complete list of the names of both parties.

It is plain we have been confounded with the other party, whether maliciously or not I am not quite prepared to say, and what I have written is as I believe, only a plain duty in defense of our good names as sportsmen.

Mr. O. S. Merrill could give a plain statement of the whole affair, and within the past year I have written him two or three times asking him to do so, but up to date he has paid no heed to them, for reasons best known to himself, and it is no more, probably, than might have been looked for, keeping in mind the fact that a clean statement would criminate himself and place him in the same light with the others. He might, however, do us the justice to say which of the two parties is the guilty one. But the "Kingfishers" are not worried over the final verdict, and we rest our case with the brethren of the rod and the gun who know us, conscious in our integrity as honest and law-abiding sportsmen.

Touching the last paragraph of the editoral alluded to, I may say to FOREST AND STREAM that I do not profess one thing in print and practice the reverse in the woods. I preach honest sportsmanship and cold water at home. I practice the one and stick to the other in the woods, as I believe my comrades in many a pleasant camp will avouch.

I thank Mr. Tomlin for the good words for the "Kingfishers" and the invitation to come where twenty-pound lakers are waiting to make the acquaintance of Bob and Kit. I beg to remind him, however, that the Black Lake trip was not "an entire failure," only in the matter of bass fishing. Otherwise it was a complete success, even to being accused of shooting deer out of season, and besides a trip to the woods is never a failure, "it is not all of fishing to fish." Concerning his "hope that the Carp Lake letters will be resumed," I explain to him and to other readers who may have taken an interest in them, that I will finish them up and send them on at as early a date as possible. Should we ever meet again the "old bass fighter" will give him a grip that will in reality "start the blood from his finger ends." Meanwhile I send fraternal greeting from the "Kingfishers" to "the family of anglers."

"S. E. B." from away across the water at Menominee, Mich., makes the emphatic assertion: "The charge that the 'Kingfishers' had broken our game law I know to be false and without the slightest foundation," etc. We do not remember meeting "S. E. B.," but he has the ring of good metal, and if he ever runs across our camp, as old Ben might say, "jist pull the latch string and walk right in without knockin' an' we'll warm the cockle o' yer heart fur ye." ("Old Knots" usually presides over the cockle-warmin' department) and it won't be with "Roscommon county mutton" shot out of season, either.

Last comes "Kelpie," from Central Lake, Mich., whose testimony is extra valuable because our party is better known, perhaps, in his neighborhood than in any other part of the State, and because rather unlooked for by reason of the little "pen scrimmage" we had a few years ago in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM anent the annual "pilgrimage" of the herrings of Central Lake. But I can assure "Kelpie" that I hold no "scunner agin" him on that account, having about forgotten it, as I consider I got rather the best of the tilt—that is to say, I learned something—and after all it doesn't matter much whether the herrings run up on the 10th of November, the 4th of July or Washington's Birthday. And I have this to say about the swamps of the Cedar River: I plead guilty to having hastily constructed a good many very vehement, insect-killing sentences while floundering through the tangles along the banks of that frigid stream at odd times, and I have about made up my mind that if there is a person "on the face o' this livin' airth" that can fish the Cedar a mile without audibly and vehemently expressing his feelings, he is too utterly good for this vale and ought to shape up his temporal affairs and take his immediate departure. But old Ben says, "Cussin' muskeeters, an' black flies, an' punkies, an' bresh that poke ye in the eye, don't count;" and I agree with Ben in most trifling matters of this kind. With this little digression in "Kelpie's" case (he may peradventure find his name in my first letters to FOREST AND STREAM in 1881), I thank him cordially for his disinterested testimony in our behalf, and assure him I am pleased that he, whom I know to be a true, clean-handed sportsman, has put us in his first class—the sportsman's class—and not with class 2—the "dudes"—or class 3—the "dead beats."

And I may say without laying claim to more than our just due, that I have reason to believe our record is just as good elsewhere as it is along the Intermediate region. We meet all our obligations; we owe no neighbor a nickel that we know of; we indulge in no illicit practices, and we are not ashamed to look an officer of the law in the eye if we chance to meet one. We assume no airs of superiority over the farmer folk, believing them to be as good—or better, in a sense—that we are. We go to the woods because we feel it is good to be there, and we seek the waters for honest sport and rest, that we believe make better men (and women) of us. Conscious of our intent to do right wherever we build our camp-fire, all we ask is that truth be said of us and we will be content.

This paper has grown much longer than first intended. I again thank our friends who have had faith in us and expressed it in kindly words; and I say to FOREST AND STREAM that it will be our aim in the future to merit its confidence and the good will of the brothers of the gentle craft, as we trust we have in the years gone by.

KINGFISHER (for "The Kingfishers").

CINCINNATI, O., Thanksgiving Day, 1885.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WHITEFISH.—The Meeker (Colo.) *Herald* says: There has been a great deal of discussion among White River sportsmen during the past summer concerning a species of fish caught in White River and by some called a whitefish and by others a grayling. In order to have the fish properly classified Major Foley, of the cattle firm of Foley and Brasher, who spent several weeks hunting and fishing on White River during the summer, placed one of the largest "whitefish" caught during the season in alcohol and sent it to the Smithsonian Institute. According to the report of Prof. T. H. Bean, Curator Department of Fishes, Smithsonian Institute, we can in future call the much-named fish the "Rocky Mountain whitefish," or, for short, plain "whitefish." The following letter, forwarded by Major Foley to L. B. Brasher, comes from the Smithsonian: "Concerning the 'whitefish' sent by Mr. J. L. Foley and referred to in his letter to you dated Oct. 28, I desire to make the following report: The species is *Coregonus williamsonii* (Girard), the common species of the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. Concerning the game qualities of this fish, we know very little except that it has occasionally been taken with the fly. There is a full description of the species in the zoölogy of the Wheeler survey, pages 632 and 683, in which reference is made to the capture of this fish with hook and line. Elsewhere in this volume (page 638) we are told that the species bites readily during the fall of the year at a hook baited with leather-side minnows. There is a rather poor figure of *Coregonus williamsonii* in Part IV. of the 'Pacific Railroad Survey Report,' plate LXVI. The species is described in this volume, pages 326 and 327. The original description of the species is in the 'Proceedings of the Academy of National Sciences,' Philadelphia, Vol. VIII., page 136. In Bulletin 16 of the National Museum the species is described, page 297, and in the 'Transactions of the American Fish Cultural Association,' 1884, pages 33 and 37. The fish is known in some parts of its habitat as the 'Rocky Mountain whitefish,' and in others as the 'Chief Mountain whitefish.' The distribution of the species is as follows: Clear streams and lakes from the Rocky Montains to the Pacific, northward to Oregon; found also in the tributaries of the Saskatchewan and of the Upper Missouri.—T. H. BEAN."

CAMP COMFORT.—Casselton, Dakota, Nov. 26.—The Casselton Fishing Club met and organized Nov. 16 with the following membership: H. P. Ufford, President; J. M. McLeod, Secretary; A. F. Neyhart, Treasurer. Isaac Wood, F. S. Langdon, Will Rutledge and W. F. Holmes. Membership restricted to twelve. Objects: Fun and fishing. The club are in negotiation for a tract of land on Detroit Lake, Becker county, Minn., where they will erect cottages next summer and inaugurate "Camp Comfort." A fishway is about to be put in at the dam between lakes Melissa and Pelican which, when accomplished, will give a stretch of over 200 miles of fishing waters, through one of the finest chains of lakes in the United States. If "Nessmuk," "Wawayanda," "the Kingfishers," "Jay Bebe," A. N. Cheney, or any others of the FOREST AND STREAM brotherhood find themselves in the Northwest next summer, and will call at "Camp Comfort," the Casselton Fishing Club will give them a most cordial welcome, and, with wind and water willing, show them as fine bass fishing as ever fell to their lot. Three things the club have absolutely tabooed: Fishing out of season; catching more than can be utilized; and whisky drinking.—H. P. UFFORD.

EASTERN NEW YORK FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—Albany, N. Y., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At an adjourned meeting of the gentlemen interested in the preservation of fish and game, held last Friday evening, a constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Dr. Samuel B. Ward; First Vice-President, A. N. Cheney; Second Vice-President, Gen. John F. Rathbone; Secretary, W. W. Byington; Treasurer, John Quinby; Executive Committee, Ira Wood, J. H. Manning, Gen. R. Lenox Banks, James Ten Eyck, W. W. Hill. The title chosen for the association is the "Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association. Judge F. M. Danakar, counsel for the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, will be the counsel for this association also. The list of officers is sufficient guarantee that the association means business, and they will be heard from.—SALMON.

ADIRONDACK FISHES.—The twelfth report of Supt. Colvin, of the Adirondack Survey, has been so long delayed in publication by the red tape of the circumlocution office that Mr. Colvin has decided to issue a pamphlet edition of the special report on the Adirondack Fishes, made by Mr. Fred Mather in 1883. The demands for this report have been quite numerous, and the superintendent has ordered 200 copies of the extract printed for Mr. Mather's use, in advance of the main report. The notes on the fishes will be accompanied by a plate illustrating two new species, and will be ready soon.

THE NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—New York, Dec. 4.—The following circular has been issued: Owing to some informalities in the organization of the meeting at the close of the late tournament, it has been decided to hold the regular annual meeting for the election of officers on Tuesday, Dec. 15, at the office of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York, at 3 P. M. Your presence is requested, as business of importance is on hand. By order of FRANCIS ENDICOTT, President.—FRED MATHER, Secretary.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

SUICIDE OF TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have, both in your columns and before the American Fisheries Society, told how on several occasions an epidemic of suicide seemed to possess my favorite brown trout, the eggs of which came from Germany. In the morning great numbers of them would be found dead on the banks where they had jumped during the night. This statement was translated for the reports of the German Fishery Association and ridiculed by my friend Schuster, Oberburgomaster of Freiburg in Baden, from whose ponds the eggs came and who is an extensive fishculturist. Nothing like it had ever happened in his experience, and he thought there must be some mistake about it. Although nothing like it had ever happened in mine, I knew too well that there was no mistake in the fact that hundreds of my beautiful brown trout were dead, and that they jumped from the pond, not singly, but in droves. This is recalled now by a letter from Col. M. McDonald, of the U. S. Fish Commission, and also Commissioner of Fisheries for Virginia, in which he recites a similar incident. As he does not say where the pond is located, I presume it is one at the station at Wytheville, Va. He writes under date of Nov. 27, as follows:

"I would like to know the experience of others in regard to the curious impulse to jump out of the water at certain times which characterizes the different species of trout. We have recently lost 628 one-and-a-half-year-old California [rainbow] trout from this cause, and all made the leap, which was unfortunately fatal to most of them, inside of thirty minutes. They jumped over a twelve-inch board at the head of the pond and near where the water enters. Occasionally, which we may characterize as accidental, jumping out of the pond occurs all through the season, but an epidemic of this kind is a phenomenon which I am at a loss to explain."

To this I can only say: It now seems that this, which I have called suicidal mania is not confined to the brook trout of Europe (brown trout) when brought to a strange land. My fish were confined in a square rearing pond made of boards, twenty-five feet long and six feet wide with vertical sides. The water was three feet deep and the sides extended fourteen inches above the water. We noticed that if we put a net in the pond in the daytime to show our favorites more plainly to some visitor, the jumping occurred the night after. It took two or three occurrences of this before we connected the jumping with the disturbance the day before, the last time being on the occasion of a visit of Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the Fish Commission, to whom we wished to show the growth of the fish. Once they jumped when no disturbance that we knew of had occurred and we thought perhaps a mink or muskrat had gone through the pond at night, but had no proof of it. We removed the fish that remained to a bottle-shaped pond sixty feet long, fifteen feet wide and five feet deep, and although the banks are no higher than those of the rearing pond this jumping has not occurred in a single instance since.

In the "bottle-shaped" pond the fish in going up stream swim into a spawning race which forms the neck of the "bottle" and which has an upright screen across the entire end and is covered with boards, so that it is impossible for a trout to jump out. In the square rearing pond the water entered in the middle of one end through a hole one foot square, which was protected only by a screen 2½ft. square a few inches in front of it. Not knowing any other cause except fear which produced the jumping, I still think the fish were disturbed by some arrival at night at the time when we had not troubled them. If our netting in the daytime was the cause on the other occasions, it is curious that they waited until night to jump. If other fishculturists have had any similar experience I wish they would record it in FOREST AND STREAM.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., Dec. 7.

LAWLESSNESS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—We recently published an account of the cutting of the nets belonging to the State Fish Commission at the Adirondack hatchery, and the fact that threats against the building had been uttered by those who having always fished the waters now preserved, in season and out of season. It has been the custom of these men to fish Little Clear Lake and its outlet at all times of the year when the labor of cutting through the ice was not too great. We are pleased to see that the Commissioners have had a poster printed which recites the law, setting apart this lake for purposes of propagation, and defining the penalties for trespass and threats. Appended to this is a notice from the superintendent of the hatchery, Mr. Frederick A. Walters, stating that these laws will be enforced. The deluded creatures who live in that part of the woods and are opposing the shutting up of one small pond as a preserve, whereby the trout in other lakes may be increased, have no idea that this is for their benefit as well as that of others, and having for years tried to kill the trout that lays the golden eggs they resent the action of the State as an encroachment on their privileges. The same state of affairs existed about Meacham Lake when Mr. Fuller first took possession there and tried to increase the fish. The natives now look on Mr. Fuller in a different light, and Mr. Walters will no doubt teach the people about him that he is really their friend instead of an enemy. Some of the more public-spirited men of that region rejoiced when the hatchery was located there, and the Commissioners have notified the hotel keepers and others that if public sentiment will not protect the property of the State it will be useless to do more for them. We have no doubt but that a firm hand can in time restrain this lawless feeling and all will go smoothly.

MEETING OF COMMISSIONERS AT PHILADEPHIA.—Philadelphia, Dec. 4.—The Pennsylvania State Commission of Fisheries met this A. M. at the rooms of the Anglers' Association, in conference with the Commissioners from the States of New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, to consider the subject of similar jurisdiction over the fisheries of the Delaware, to take action relative to the injurious methods employed in the catching of menhaden, and finally to consider the question of cheaper fish for the public. Every member of the State Commission was present. Mr. A. M. Spangler, of Philadelphia, said that he had discovered a law passed by the Legislature of 1803 in regard to fishways. The law, which had never been repealed, prohibited the erection of dams in any stream unless provision was made for the passage of fish up and down. The attention of the Attorney-General will be called to this law. A report of the new whitefish hatchery at Corry was read. This establishment is pronounced to be the finest in the world of its kind. After a discussion as to the distribution of the carp, the conference adjourned.

CARP IN INDIANA.—Oakland, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last spring I wrote you regarding the death of a large number of carp in a pond near here, and hoped to hear some comments on it and perhaps an explanation of the cause. Since writing I have learned that notwithstanding the fact that there was a "whole windrow of dead fish washed up last spring," as a neighbor expresses it, there appear to be many left. I am still interested to know the cause of this mortality. Was it caused by the ice on the pond and the closing of the air-holes?—R. N. PURDY. [If the pond was small and shallow it is possible that the freezing did it; but at this distance and with no knowledge of the surroundings and conditions, it is impossible to hazard a guess as to the cause of death.]

PROGRESS AND PUNISHMENT.—The new Adirondack hatchery has on its trays 725,000 salmon trout, 115,000 brook trout, and 9,000,000 of frost fish eggs, all doing well. A pretty good start for a new concern. The Bisby hatchery has 120,000 brook trout on its trays, all taken in the club's own waters. The party from Caledonia which went to the upper lakes for salmon trout spawn has returned with 4,000,000 eggs—the largest take they have ever made. The Caledonia hatchery expects to turn out this season 10,000,000 of fry of the trout kind. Work on the Fulton Chain hatchery is progressing vigorously, under the direction of H. Dwight Grant, one of the most experienced of the Brown's Tract guides. It is expected that in a month's time the hatchery will be ready for use. The building is 35 by 20 feet, and is to have fourteen troughs, capable of containing two million of trout eggs. It will be too late to gather spawn from local sources this year, but spawn is expected from some of the State hatcheries. Protector Lindley, of the 13th district, reports the destruction, during the month of October, on Oneida Lake, of twenty-seven nets, of the aggregate value of $1,350. Protector Steele, of the 12th district, reports seven nets destroyed, of the value of $425. Daniel Staring, of Alexandria Bay, special assistant to Protector Steele, of Clayton, under the employ of the Anglers' Association the St. Lawrence River, has been of great assistance to Steele in removing nets from Cape Vincent, Chippewa and Millen's Bay and other points on the river. He is undoubtedly the right man in the right place. Protector Sheridan, of the 14th district, reports the destruction, on Keuka Lake, of four nets, valued at forty-seven dollars. Protector Schwartz, of the 15th district, destroyed four fyke nets of the value of thirty-nine dollars. Protector Leonard, of the Seventh District, captured and destroyed on Black Lake, St. Lawrence county, twenty-one nets valued at $225. Twenty of them were gill nets. Protector Schwartz, in the vicinity of Sodus Bay, accompanied by Albert White, of Rochester, and Alonzo Davis, of Clyde, started out in a row boat on the pretense of going after ducks. He had not been on the water more than half an hour before he came upon four men in the act of hauling a seine. After some resistance these men were placed under arrest. Their names are Charles Howard, Fred Ridgeway, William Carson and Henry Andrews. The captured seine is one of the very finest ever taken by Game Protector Schwartz and was 100 yards in length. It is said that the Sheriff of Wayne county owned half an interest in this net. For capturing Howard, who is a very desperate man, the game protector will receive a reward of $50. At Sodus Point, Schwartz also arrested Daniel Tompkins, Daniel Clumpp and Robert Scott for fishing with gill nets. It is the intention to present the names of all the above parties to the Grand Jury for indictment. Mr. Schwartz destroyed all of the captured nets and has received the greatest praise for his efforts to clear Sodus Bay of illegal fisherman by the citizens who reside in that vicinity.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallett, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 5.

Jan. 19, 20 and 21, 1886.—Annual Exhibition and Bench Show of the French Creek Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. A. L. Braden, Secretary.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25, 1886.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2, 1886.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Jean Grosvenor, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **2908.**

THE ROUGH-COATED RUSSIAN GREYHOUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. M. Karegeff, in a long letter to the London *Field*, gives an interesting description of this type of greyhound, a breed of dogs seldom, if ever, seen out of Russia. They are scarce in that country, and in the hands of a few who value them so highly as never to part with them. The narrator's family have kept this breed for over one hundred years. I give you part of his letter in a condensed form.

The Russian greyhound is larger than his English cogener, the average height for both sexes being 29¾ inches, weight about 170 pounds. The length should be about the same, perhaps a little longer; it is measured from the chest to the root of the tail. The head should be narrow in the forehead, and a straight line should be from the top of the head to the end of the muzzle. The narrower the head is, and the less flesh there is on it, so that it is quite firm, with veins standing out, the better the breed is considered to be. The muzzle should be thin and long. The eyes should be dark, and when the head is slender the eyes are seldom large. The ears are like those of an English greyhound, pendant or hanging down, so that the hearing organ is open, and the less distance there is between the ears the better, so that the dog can almost fold them together. The smaller the ear the better the breed is considered to be. The neck is short, and when the head is stretched out straight from the neck the nape does not rise from it at all.

The back, which is reckoned as one of the points in a dog, ought to show a rising of the backbone above the shoulders, forming, as it were, a semi-circle, extending to the hindquarters, but this semi-circle should commence exactly between the shoulders. Should it extend an inch or two further this would indicate a defect in the breed. In the bitch the back should be perfectly straight. These points do not affect the temper of the animal, the arching of the back gives height and beauty. The hindquarters should be low, the tail long and straight, large and round. It is measured by drawing it between the hindlegs and round the hindquarters, so that the end should reach to the top of the spine between the hindlegs. When at rest the end is not curled, though sometimes when the tail is raised to the right or left it takes a curve. This is not a fault, but is on account of the length and weight of hair on the tail. An actual curve of the tail and a curling at the tip is a defect caused by inter-breeding with Crimean or mountain dogs.

The chest should be well developed. The shoulders should be flat against the ribs, the ribs also should be flat and fall low. Their definite height should be on a level with the shoulders and at right angles with the spine. The foreleg should be straight, the bone in front rather sharp and with but few muscles; the veins prominent. The paw is not always bald, owing to the quantity of hair between the toes, the whole sole of the foot being covered with hair, and it would not be natural to stand on the tips of the toes. The hindleg should be slightly bent at the hock, and not straight, as is the case with Crimean dogs, which would be considered a defect. The greater the length from the hock to the foot the better. The muscles in the hindquarters are not large, but are firm: the soles, like those of the forepaws, are covered with hair growing between the nails.

The head of the Russian greyhound is covered with short hair, like the English greyhound, but falling in long curls from under the ears; the whole of the neck being covered with long hair, falling on either side like a mane. This hair should be soft and silky. When the dog is well grown the head seems, as it were, to look out of a muff. The back is also covered with thick, silky hair, lying straight and falling on both sides. The legs are covered with long hair on the inside in the same way as a setter. On the under side of the ribs the hair is sometimes seven inches in length; the hindlegs are thickly covered with long hair, falling below the hock. The hair on the hindquarters is often fourteen inches long, and should only curl at the extremity. If the hair is tight and curly, or bristly, it is regarded as indicating want of breeding. The tail should be covered with long, thick hair, not less than seven inches in length.

Stonehenge gives a brief description of this dog, which, according to Mr. Karegeff, must be inaccurate. Stonehenge also states the animal is deficient in courage, as it will only hold wolves at bay till the hunter comes up with his gun and dispatches them. Mr. Karegeff tells us they attack the wolves fiercely, seizing them by the throat or ear, and will not then let go their hold. Hunters have been known to ride up and by accident break the legs of the dog, who even then would still hang on.

While they rarely indulge in play, they are gentle around the house, obedient, and never bite.

They are said to be a handsome animal, and with proper feeding and care could no doubt be made as imposing looking and as companionable as the mastiff. V. M. H.

CLINT'S LAST COON.

ALONG lanky weather-beaten man with weedy, scraggly hair, a wild iron-gray beard, and features as sharp as an Indian tomahawk, strode through the village to-day. He lifted his feet very high as he walked—a habit contracted from climbing steep mountain sides. He was followed by a starved-looking hound, which appeared as if it had not pluck enough to face a chipmunk, yet the dog has the reputation of being the best foxhound in Warren county. The man was old Clinton Fatherfelt, of Dark Moon.

"Say, Clint," called out some one, "is that your coon dog?"

"Yer mighty right, he is," replied Clint, blowing up, "it's Bounce McLaughlin, th' bes' critter fur varmint in all Warren. When he were a sucklen purp he were give to me by Domnee McLaughlin, an' in this way I come tu give th' dorg his lawful name."

"Been cooning much this fall?" asked some one else. The mountaineer stopped short, and shambled across the road, looking wistfully at the door of the repository for fine old apple spirits, and replied:

"Up ter las' Friday gone two weeks, then I quit. Then I quit, I say fur good, no more tromping in th' swamps fur me, I've knocked an' closed th' game."

"Stuff, Clint, stopped coon hunting, who no one would have thought you'd stop until there were no more coons to hunt. You're kidding us."

"Be I, boys? Not much. What I say is trew, trew as gospill. Old Clint has quit, an' Bounce McLaughlin 'as treed his las' coon fur ole Clint. Gowy! If yer'd been with me th' time I speak yer'd quit too, as sartin as yer stan'en out here in th' cold. I wonder if ole Hazen will sot 'em up if we step in. I'm kinda high-headed meself, an' can kinda sniff his rum."

There was no dodging this decided hint, so the party went in and took "a little apple all round," and then looked at Clint to tell why he had retired from the coon hunting business.

"Well, thar ar'n't much on a story," said the old hunter, "but what I says goes. It makes me creep tu think on 't; but, boys, I sup'ose y'll pester about tu yer larn how it come fur me to quit coonin', so I'll tell yer. I was up on th' mounten above th' Shades of Death a hunten a cussed she red fox as has her den thar. Bounce McLaughlin were on ahead, a sniffin' round carless like. Somehow, I weren't watchen much, an' Bounce McLaughlin giv' me th' slip. So I sot down on a rock an' listened, an' after a spell I heerd Bounce McLaughlin down in th' Big Swamp a hollerin' like mad. Gowy, boys, I skinned down th' ledge an' till I almos' broke me neck. But Bounce McLaughlin were a hollerin' so cussed horrible th' ole man didn't hav' time tu study ontu insurance risks. Well, when I fotched th' swamp, ther' were th' ole dog a diggin' an' a yelpin' an' a squeakin' at th' bottom of an ole tree. It weren't a tree, neether, but a kinda snag like. I struck the trunk a thump, an' it were as holler as a drum. Then I cut a spicewood gad an' run it in th' hole ole Bounce McLaughlin were a jabberen at, an' sure 'nuf I tetched some varmint a leetle way up, an' gowy, boys, it went. 'Fur-up! pur-up!' Be gowy, I knowed it were a' ole he coon. If I'd monely an axe, I sez, Mister Ki-hi coney in th' holler, I'd hev yer out so darned quick it make yer hed swim. But I didn't hev no axe, so I reckoned I'd hav to smoke th' critter out. So I gethered up some dry leaves an' chunks an' stuff, an' poked 'em in th' hole an' tetched 'em off. Then I stipped aback an' sure I see th' smoke curl outer a leetle hole away up in th' snag, about thirty foot from th' ground. I sez, Now, Mister Coon, taker yer time; me an' Bounce McLaughlin can wait for yer, can't us, Bounce? The ole dog knowed every darned word I sed, an' he sot down on his end an' blinked a' eye. Gowy, I felt a kinda tired, so I sot down tu, with me back agin th' tree. I hadn't sot thar one minet 'fore I heered th' dernedest scrapin' an' a scratchin' in th' ole butt. Gowy, I had tu laugh tu messel tu think as how th' coon's eyes was waterin'.

"Now, boys, comes th' dreadfullest part yez iver heered on. I kep' on a sitten, when all on a suddint somethin' come down curflump on me hed an' near stunned me. It warent no coon I knowyed when it streck, but 'peered like a dead limb o' a tree. I jest riz up like lightnen, when agin a nether kinda limb streck me, be gowy! I skipped back, an' then fur th' fust time I seed it was a rainin' blacksnakes. Th' way they was a comin' out o' th' hole away up th' snag were fearful. Great thunder an' Hackettstown! one streck ole Bouncy Boy longside th' chops an' he squalked an' took a bee line out threw th' swaamp. I were so all-fired skeered I couldent even crawl away. I were entirely foot-boun', an' stood a teeteren like an ole shad poke knee-deep in ole swaamp racers.

"Gowy! It's all trew, boys, every derned a word on it an' more. Then I seed th' everlastenest longest snake a comen outer th' hole eny man ever seed outer Barneyum's show. Be gowy! on he come, head first, down th' side o' th' tree till he streck th' ground, an' then he began to quirl up. He were all kinda colors. All o' sudden I seed it weren't all one snake, but a cussed lot o' 'em, all kinds, holden on to each ether's tails. Fust come a pilot, thin a milksnake had 'im by th' tail, thin a racer had the milksnake's tail in his mouth, an' thin a adder had th' racer, an' so on. Yer see, arter th' fust scare th' smoke made th' knowin' sarpents knowed it were no good jump—thirty foot. So they put up up a job to lower theirsels down. Gowy! it were a boss idee. An' they did it for all they was worth, boys, or I hope I may never stir no more from here. Seventy-three yards o' assorted snakes is my calculation, boys, as come playen out o' th' hole. An' las' o' all, out come th' coon with a hoopsnake hangen like a necklace round his neck. Gowy! No more coon hunten fur me, with sich things goen on. Ole man Clint an' Bounce McLaughlin has quit th' business fur good."

THE LAVERACK PEDIGREES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the *Century* for the present month Mr. Burges says the Laveracks "had also a cross of Gordon from Lord Lovat's kennel, to which, it has been proved, Mr. Laverack resorted, notwithstanding repeated assertions that his breed was free from all crosses." Again, he speaks of "those who have investigated the Laverack history without prejudice, and who are not imposed upon by Mr. Laverack's preposterous table of pedigrees."

Some three or four years ago you published a good deal of matter relating to this subject. It was about the time of Mr. Llewellin's protest against Comet as winner in a class for "pure Laveracks." I suppose you published the substance of all the information on the subject then accessible to the public, and I wish to inquire whether any other information tending to impeach the Laverack pedigrees has since become available. My judgment then was that, so far as appeared in your pages, Mr. Llewellin's protest was not sustained by the evidence; which, nevertheless, showed that Pride of the Border's paternity was doubtful, Mr. Laverack having at different times attributed it to both Fred II. and Dash II.

This, however, was far from proving intentional misrepresentation on the part of Mr. Laverack. And neither Mr. Llewellin's charges nor Mr. Burges's language, above quoted, were consistent with Mr. Laverack's honesty and good faith. Mr. Burges writes very confidently, even contemptuously, on the subject; as if the Laverack pedigrees were, on their face, too "preposterous" to deceive any unprejudiced person. Wherein consists the preposterousness? If Mr. Burges does not mean that they are absurd, but only untrue, how has their falsity been shown? SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

Nov. 16, 1885.

NEW FIELD TRIAL GROUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to present the claims of our town to the Eastern Field Trials Club should they change their grounds from High Point. During my stay at the trials I visited the grounds upon which they were run, and I must say they were very poor and birds very scarce. In this county and along the line of the W. N. C. R. R., that can be reached by rail, leaving here in the morning and returning in time for supper, game can be found in abundance, and the courteous Superintendent, Capt. V. E. McBee, promises every accommodation to visiting sportsmen and the club upon that road. Within twelve miles of Salisbury there can be leased for the club as many acres of land as they may wish, with an abundance of birds, with a good railroad station and comfortable accommodations for man and beast. The club can leave Salisbury in the morning and return in time for supper. Three tracts of land in close proximity to Salisbury, each containing from 2,000 to 3,000 acres of land, well supplied with birds, can also be had, giving the dogs fresh land to run over each day, and the handlers would not be walked down before they could have the pleasure of saying "Point." Should the club consider our application on grounds, we ask them to also consider the accommodations that a town of our size could give them. We have two good hotels with ample room, with plenty of private boarding—the Boyden House, a large hotel, and the Mt. Vernon, with large capacity and an accommodating landlord, Mr. P. A. Frercks, who obligates himself, if the trials will come here, to build a handsome and comfortable lot of kennels to make room for all the dogs that may come, the kennels to open on a large grass lot for a place to exercise the dogs. We offer all these advantages, and, besides, promise all the private shooting that the members and friends may want, and I think we merit some recognition and I hope for your assistance, both in presenting our petition and advocating our claims. We mean what we say, and you can trust us to carry out our part of the programme. C. E. MILLS.

SALISBURY, N. C., Dec. 2.

DOG SHOW REPORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "Reader" quotes Mr. Wade as saying that I am one of those not afraid to speak their minds over their own signatures, and then asks me to report Winsted show over my own signature because I judge there. I don't see the analogy between the statement and the request. The indiscriminate reporting of shows by judges even over their own signatures would in my opinion be a very decided change for the worse on the part of FOREST AND STREAM. On the other hand the makeshift sportsmen's journals would doubtless be much benefitted thereby, on the principle of the traveler who called the waiter at the country hotel and said: "If this is tea bring me coffee, if it's coffee bring me tea, I want a change." For my part I should decidedly object to writing for these journals, and should decline judging *in toto* if it formed part of the judge's duty. I also have a professional objection to doing so. I am a member of the fourth estate and decidedly object to any one taking the bread out of the mouths of my fellow journalists by furnishing reports free.

On the other hand, FOREST AND STREAM, as long as it follows out the programme of independence which has raised it to the first rank of our sportsmen's journals, has a very important "say" in this matter. As any one can see by the unequalled reports of dog shows which appear in its columns, they are the work of experts, actuated by no desire other than to give a faithful and unbiassed opinion upon the judges' awards. The editor of FOREST AND STREAM knows how valuable such reports have been to his paper, and I am sure would be decidedly averse to being reduced to the position of having to accept reports from persons who in his opinion may not be competent to write them, to say nothing about being competent to judge.

If asked by FOREST AND STREAM to write a report of a show at which I judged, I should accept it as a high compliment, and would willingly undertake the duty, but if left to my judgment I should ask that any classes judged by me should be criticised in the usual manner. I have never professed to be an all-round expert and have yet much to learn of many breeds, and I should be sorry to be deprived of the opportunity of reading what qualified critics consider to be my mistakes, so that I may be more particular on future occasions when asked to judge at shows which cannot afford the expensive luxury of a complete outfit of specialists.

JAMES WATSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 7.

GAME ABOUT CANTON.

WE ARE permitted to publish the following extracts from a private letter written by a gentleman well known to all who were present at the Canton Field Trials:

I have been so busily engaged so far this season that I have not had much time to devote to the most pleasant of field sports, quail shooting. However, I have had two or three days good shooting. On the morning of the 17th inst., armed with my new No. 12, 7½-pound hammerless, and accompanied by my faithful old dog Jack (who you will remember) and Mr. Coleman with his English setter dog Jim Hill, we took the train at 6 o'clock A. M. and arrived at Calhoun Station on the I. C. R. R. about 8 o'clock. We had sent our horses to Calhoun the evening before with the intention of hunting back to Canton. In a short time after arriving at the station we mounted our horses and commenced our day's sport. Birds were not very plentiful in the morning, and up to 1 o'clock we had only bagged twenty. We then rested our dogs for an hour, and sitting down by a cool pool of water, refreshed ourselves with the excellent lunch our wives had prepared. Mounting our horses once more we began the evening's sport. In a short time Jack came to a stand, and on the rise we killed four. Our sport from that time until half past five o'clock was fine. We arrived home at six, poured the birds out on the floor and counted out 89, a pretty good bag. Capt. Tom Priestley (whom you met here last winter) was out the same day with his young Gladstone dog, John K. Renard, and killed fifty-seven.

I see a letter from Mr. Stark headed "Light Guns for Trap Shooting." Now, my experience is that it makes but little difference in trap shooting whether you have a 10 or 12-bore gun. I have always used until this season a No. 10, 11-pound Clabrough, full choke gun, and I think as hard a shooter as I ever saw, but this winter I disposed of it and have been shooting the No. 12 Harrington & Richardson for trap; squirrel and quail shooting. I find the 12 gun shoots as hard, and I believe harder than the 10, and I am sure will do as much execution if properly handled in the field or at the trap as any No. 10 of any make. Last winter while here you wanted to kill a turkey, but I believe failed to get one. If you come on this season I assure you you shall have several shots most any day, as they are very numerous this winter. K.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Dec. 9.

THERE were twenty entries in the All-Aged Stake of the National Field Trial Club. The first heat was between Mainspring, winner of the pointer stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club this year, and the English setter dog Baden Baden, that ran here three years ago. After an hour the closely contested heat was awarded to Baden Baden. The second heat was between Belle of Piedmont, also a winner at the Eastern Field Trials this year and the Messrs. Bryson's well-known Lillian. The heat was a very close one and was won by Belle of Piedmont after two and a half hours. The third heat was between Rebel Wind'em, a runner at the Eastern Field Trials last year, and Queen Bess. After nearly an hour of capital work by Rebel Wind'em and but little by Queen Bess, as she had no chance, the heat was awarded to Rebel Wind'em. The fourth heat was between the well-known Gladstone's Boy and Bob Gates, a half brother of Lady C., winner of second at Canton last year. After a little more than an hour the heat was decided in favor of Bob Gates.

The next brace, Gus Bondhu and Bessie A., both well known, were run a while and taken up, to go down again in the morning. Lady C. and Sportsman were the next to run. Both won at the trials held at Canton last year. After two hours of excellent work by both dogs the heat was decided in favor of Lady C. This finished the work for Monday. On Tuesday the weather was about as unsuitable for shooting as could well be, but the running was continued. Gus won the heat after a long and exciting contest.

Gath's Mark, winner at the Eastern Trials this year, and the pointer Richmond, runner up at the Western Trials, were next on the card. Both did very fine work, notwithstanding the race was run in the rain. At the end of three-quarters of an hour the heat was decided in favor of Gath's Mark.

American Dan, a well-known field trial performer, and Trinket's Bang, winner at the Western Trials, were next put down. After an hour of good work Trinket's Bang won.

The last brace was Roderigo, that ran in the National Derby last year, and the red Irish setter bitch Dora. After over an hour's work the heat was decided in favor of Roderigo. This finished the first series as follows:

Baden Baden beat Mainspring.
Belle of Piedmont beat Lillian.
Juno A. beat Count Nutt.
Rebel Wind'em beat Queen Bess.
Bob Gates beat Gladstone's Boy.
Gus Bondhu beat Bessie A.
Lady C. beat Sportsman.
Gath's Mark beat Richmond.
Trinket's Bang beat American Dan.
Roderigo beat Dora.

The first brace in the second series, Baden Baden and Belle of Piedmont, were put down, but did not finish their heat, and will go down again in the morning.

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

THE secretary of the Pacific Field Trials Club, H. C. Brown, sends us the list of entries for the All-Aged Stakes, competition for which will take place at the third annual trials, to be held near Olema, Marin county, commencing on Tuesday, Dec. 15. The grounds selected are on the ranch of Judge Shafter, and as the birds have been protected for years past from predatory pot-hunters, they are quite numerous. The character of the grounds on which the trials are to be run is said to be very favorable to the successful working of the dogs, and the members of the club anticipate an unusually interesting meeting. Owing to the difficulty experienced in finding three gentlemen sufficiently well up in the theory of field work, and also possessing a practical knowledge of the rules under which competitions of this kind are held, the club has not yet been able to announce definitely its judges for this year. Last year the judges were Hon. Joseph McKenna, of Solano; H. C. Brown, of Sacramento, and Mr. Platt, of Oakland. It is more than likely that Hon. D. M. Pyle, of Santa Clara, will be one of the judges this year. Judge C. N. Post, of this city, is president of the club. The All-Aged entries are:

BION, liver and white English setter dog, 3yrs., by Regent (Royal Duke—Gift) out of Leavesley's Juno (Belton II.—Belle); owned by G. W. Bunnell, Oakland.

MOUNTAIN BOY, lemon and white pointer dog, 2yrs., by Grouse (champion Rinnie—Juno) out of Nell; owned by W. Schreiber, San Francisco.

LASSIE, lemon and white pointer bitch, 2yrs., by Prime (Trent—Lady Pearl) out of Forest Lily (Duke II.—Old Nell); owned by W. Schreiber, San Francisco.

ROYAL DUKE, black, white and tan English setter dog, 3yrs., by Regent out of Dolly (Carlowitz—Bess); owned by J. G. Edwards, Oakland.

SURF, lemon and white pointer bitch, by champion Bow (Bang—Luna) out of King's Maid (King Phillip—Sleaford's Maid); owned by W. S. Kittle, San Francisco.

TRIX, red Irish and Gordon setter dog, 2yrs., by Count Rouge out of Queen; owned by C. L. Ecklon, Folsom. [Trix won the puppy stake in 1884].

JANET, black, white and tan Llewellin setter bitch, 2yrs., by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora) out of Dashing Novice (Dash II.—Novel); owned by California Kennels, Sacramento—Post & Watson.

BEAUTIFUL QUEEN, liver and white pointer bitch, by Dilley's Ranger out of Queen; owned by J. M. Bassford, Vacaville.

LEMMIE B., lemon and white pointer dog, 2yrs., by Prince Ranger (Ranger Boy—Jessie) out of Gracie Bow (King Bow—Gracie); owned by J. M. Bassford, Jr., Vacaville.

SOLANO B., liver and white pointer dog, 1yr., by Glen (Ranger Boy—Beautiful Queen) out of Josie Bow (King Bow—Josie); owned by Henry A. Bassford, Vacaville.

The Derby, or Puppy Stake was closed on May 1 last and the entries published at the same time. The number was seventeen, but since that date many of the youngsters have gone to the canine happy hunting grounds, while others have been neglected and not educated for their proper sphere in life; hence it is quite likely that the number of Derby starters will be very limited.

It would be well for persons who desire to attend these field trials to send their names to the secretary. The fare from San Francisco to and from Olema will be $1.50, and hotel accommodations $1 per day. The trials will last from three to five days. Members of the club and visiting sportsmen will leave on the 11:30 A. M. boat on Monday, Dec. 14.

BEAGLE MEASUREMENT.—New Market, Frederick county, Md., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been asked through your paper my opinion on the subject of "Beagle Measuring," I will briefly give it. To get a beagle's exact height there should be used a rule with a sliding bar—say some eight or ten inches long; and the bar should slide up and down at right angles to the rule. The dog should stand on a perfectly horizontal base, and be very careful to have the rule perpendicular; for if it should lean out of plumb to or from the dog its height would be falsely registered by the sliding bar. The dog should stand in a natural position, not pushed against the side of its stall, for naturally the dog will crouch; and then the judge to put his hand under its throat and raise it up until he thinks the dog is in a natural position. It is all guess-work, for a dog is as apt to be pushed a half-inch too high as it is to be left a half-inch too low. To use the sliding rule be careful not to let the dog see it, pat the dog until it is in a natural position, and then, while patting, place one hand over its eye next to the measuring rule. Be careful to have it perpendicular and not let it touch the dog. Then slide down the bar with the fingers until it rests upon the dog's shoulder. Then I think you will get about its exact height.—POTTINGER DORSEY.

A BREEDING CONUNDRUM.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a breeding conundrum for Mr. Schellhass, as follows: John Smith is mean, miserly, short of stature and a blonde; these characteristics have been pronounced in his ancestors. Sallie Brown is frank, open-hearted, generous, tall and a brunette; these characteristics she too has acquired from ancestors remarkable for their possession of the same good qualities. The two are wedded and have a child. The child is red-headed, short, and, as he grows older, rapidly develops certain characteristics which stamp him among the neighbors as a "chip of the old block." He "takes after the Smiths." Mathematically he is one-half "Brown strain," but, actually, how "strong" is he in Brown blood?—F. W. WHEATON.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 22 I saw a notice that Mr. Hay had imported a fine young Dandie Dinmont. This I am glad to hear as they are one of the breeds I admire. The gentleman who sent you the notice declares them the best in America. Good Dandies are scarce in America, but there is a far less number of Dandie judges. I have often thought that I owned a few good Dandies, and am sure none have better breeding, for instance, out of the celebrated old champion Linnett, winner of forty prizes, open and champion, and now with her nine or ten years to carry can give them a warm reception. I shall be glad at any time to meet Mr. Hay for the blue ribbon, and hope whichever is defeated will take the medicine like a man, and especially before a competent judge of Dandies.—JOHN H. NAYLOR.

THE PHILADELPHIA SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I entered the Glencoe Collie Kennels' bob-tail sheep dog at Philadelphia, paid the entry fee, shipped the dog by express, received him on his return, and received the premium. I have the utmost contempt for an attack on any one's veracity when sheltered under a *nom de plume*, but as I dislike to seem to evade a charge against me, I feel I ought to depart from the sound rule of treating anonymous snappers with the contempt their lack of courage deserves. However, this is the last time, and the next fellow who wants to prove that I lie must give his name to secure any notice from me.—W. WADE (Hulton, Pa., Dec. 5).

DEATH OF CHAMPION BOB.—Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, has lost, by death, his Gordon setter dog champion Bob. He was whelped in May, 1877, and was by champion Lang and out of champion Floss. His winnings in England are second, Birmingham, 1878; first, Alexandra Palace and first, Birmingham, 1879, and first at Brighton, 1880. In this country he won first at St. Louis, 1880; champion at Pittsburgh and New York, 1881; champion at Pittsburgh, New York and Cleveland, 1882. He also won several special prizes for the best Gordon setter. He died Nov. 25, of fatty degeneration of the liver and kidneys.

THE BULL-TERRIER COUNT.—Mr. F. F. Dole, of New Haven, has received from the kennels of Mr. Fred Hinks, of Birmingham, the well-known bull-terrier Count. The dog arrived in excellent condition, and is a valuable addition to the list of importations. Count is by Marquis, sire of The Earl, out of Kitt, by Prince. Marquis by champion Tarquin out of Puss. His list of prizes include the following at first-class shows: Second, Aston, 1883; first, Birmingham; first and cup, Exeter; first, Buxton; first, Crystal Palace; first, West Bromwich, and first, Bangor, 1884.

THE IRISH SETTER SPECIAL.—Thomasville, N. C., Dec. 1, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Messrs. Donner, Hitchcock and Coster, judges at the Eastern Field Trials, requested by me to decide which of the Irish setters shown were entitled to the Irish setter special of $50 given by Mr. Wm. Dunphy, of Peekskill, N. Y., and Dr. Wm. Jarvis, of Claremont, N. H., awarded it equally to Elcho, Jr., Blarney, Glenclaire and Rose of Killarney. I donated the share of Rose of Killarney toward an Irish setter special for 1886.—LUKE W. WHITE, Secretary Irish Setter Club.

A FOX HUNT.—The followers of hounds in South New Jersey propose having a grand fox hunt in the vicinity of Absecom shortly. Four red foxes have been secured and will be set loose on the grounds of the Agricultural Society, near that place. After reynard has been given an hour's start seventy-five hounds will be put on his trail. Almost everybody that can secure any sort of a mount round about Atlantic City will attend. It is hoped the foxes will run, trapped foxes generally fag soon.—HOMO.

MR. FRED W. ROTHERA has returned to England, his native place, and will resume his practice of the law at his old office in Nottingham. Mr. Rothera has been a successful exhibitor of dogs in this country the past few years, and leaves a host of friends. His dogs will remain here except the St. Bernard bitch Daphne, and the collie bitch Lassie, that he will take home with him.

WEST CHESTER HUNT.—There is more fox hunting done around West Chester, Pa., in the course of a season than in all the other counties of the State combined, and it is policy to keep on the right side of the farmers of that neighborhood, for one chase in soft weather when the fields are in bad condition does more damage than a hundred hunts when the ground is frozen and dry.—HOMO.

REPORTED DEATH OF SUE.—A dispatch to the New York *Herald* reports the death of the celebrated English setter bitch Sue, owned by Messrs. P. H. and D. Bryson, of Memphis, Tenn. Sue is a well-known field trial winner, and was the dam of Gladstone's Boy, Sportsman and Lillian, also field trial winners.

A LEGAL OPINION.—Office of Thompson & Son, attorneys-at-law, No. 28 North Main St., Butler, Pa., Nov. 30, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Training vs. Breaking," by Hammond, received, and there is no question but that it is the best dog-training book published. Yours, W. C. THOMPSON.

GRAPHIC'S ALLEGED FLUSH.—New York, Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When my letter referring to the flush scored against Graphic by Mr. Coster shall have been answered by him, I will take up the running and judging in detail and give "facts, not fiction," for which facts I have the data. I will say now that the judge who gave the facts as to the alleged flush to the reporter of your paper and to others must have been in a peculiar state of mind, as the statements in the different papers are widely different, and do not dovetail with that accuracy usually shown in different narratives of the same occurrence when made by the same person. I may also add that in many statements of fact I entirely disagree with your reporter. If, as he says, "the judges informed us [him] the dogs would start on even terms in the morning, and with a clean score," I most emphatically pronounce Mr. Heath's withdrawal of his dogs not only not "ill-advised," but highly proper. Judges who can score a flush against a dog in the evening and then start him "on even terms in the morning and with a clean score," may do for the Eastern Field Trials Club, but "not any for your humble servant." Either Graphic scored a flush or he did not. If he did, he should have been penalized for it, and no judge or judges had any right to start him "in the morning with a clean score" or at any other time. If Graphic did not score the flush, then the charge against him was an outrage. A very easy way out of the whole matter was for the judges to have consulted Mr. Heath, the owner of Graphic, and to have stated to Mr. Heath what your reporter says they stated to him; but as neither Mr. Heath, Mr. Mitchell or myself expected or asked any favors for Graphic, the dog would only have been started after a complete withdrawal by Mr. Coster of the statements on which the alleged flush was entered up against him. The judges had every opportunity on Saturday morning to correct the record, had they so desired, for Graphic and Spot were both in the wagon at the door of the hotel with Mr. Mitchell, ready to start, had any satisfactory explanation or evidence of the alleged flush been offered to Mr. Heath, and Mr. Heath and myself purposely remained in waiting at the hotel until the judges consulted together and publicly ordered up Beaufort and Mainspring without intimating that they would like to confer with any one on the subject. I have no doubt in my own mind but that your reporter was authorized on the part of the judges to make the statement that the dogs would start in the morning and with a clean score.—JAS. L. ANTHONY. [There is one very serious error in the conclusions drawn in the above letter, an error which we are glad to correct. No flush was charged to or scored against Graphic on the judges' books, and the withdrawal of the dog seems to have been due merely to the fact that Messrs. Anthony and Heath took common report for a statement of fact, and on the faith of this common report the latter withdrew his dog. Under these circumstances the withdrawal, for the reason stated in Mr. Heath's letter, was clearly ill-advised, because the ground for withdrawal which he alleged had no existence. Why Mr. Heath was not informed of this we do not know. Mr. Coster stated that quail got up near Graphic, but that he was unable to see why they got up or whether the dog was in fault.]

TRAINING OF SPANIELS.—We shall shortly publish an extended article giving full directions for the training of field spaniels.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Dottie Stubbs. By C. S. Davol, Barrington, R. I., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 7, 1884, by Colonel Stubbs (A.K.R. 302) out of Daffodil (Sean, A.K.R. 315—Daisy Dean (A.K.R. 304).

Princess Maud. By Thomas W. Mills, Montreal, Can., for white, with brindle head, bull bitch, whelped Aug. 2, 1885, by Guillermo (A.K.R. 671) out of Princess Ida (A.K.R. 2454).

Lord Ysiad, Count Ysiad and Queen Ysiad. By Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., for black and white English setters, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Oct. 2, 1885, by Druid, Jr., out of Daisy Queen (Rock—Meg).

Lord Ecila and Queen Ecila. By Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa., for black, white and tan English setters, dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 3, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Norna) out of Queen Alice (A.K.R. 2280).

Teddie. By N. V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga., for blue Skye terrier dog, whelped July 5, 1885, by champion Jim out of Queen Mab.

Robert LeD. and Maud. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for liver and white English setters, dog and bitch, whelped May 15, 1885, by Lexington (Nixey—Princess Louise) out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110).

Rock. By Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., for black and white English setter dog, whelped May 15, 1885, by Lexington (Nixey—Princess Louise) out of Kelp (A.K.R. 110).

Craftstone. By E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., for solid black pointer dog, whelped June 13, 1884, by Joe Pape out of Nellie Pape.

Bayardo. By E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., for black pointer dog, whelped May 15, 1885, by Pete, Jr., out of Daisy (Bob—Sal).

Daisy A. By E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., for black and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1885, by Pete, Jr., out of Daisy (Bob—Sal).

Burke. By Edwin Waite, Boston, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, whelped March 10, 1885, by Chief (A.K.R. 231) out of Fashion (Arlington—Flora).

Sparrow Hawk. By Elm City Kennels, New Haven, Conn., for black and white greyhound bitch, whelped July 15, 1885, by champion Memnon out of champion Fan (A.K.R. 10).

Onota Kennels.—Editor Forest and Stream: We wish to relinquish our claim to the name Berkshire Kennels for our kennel of Irish setters in favor of Messrs James and Maurice Callahan, who made previous claim to it, and claim instead the name Onota Kennels.—W. D. SMITH AND F. L. CHENEY.

Stratfield Kennels. By Messrs. Jas. Seeley (Diamond Kennels) and Geo. D. Macdougall (Lachine Kennels) for their breeding, boarding and breaking kennels at Stratfield, Conn.

NAMES CHANGED.

Genesta to Sweet Brier. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped December, 1884 (Pete, A.K.R. 398—Belle, A.K.R. 1434), owned by A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Lady Bright—Gun. Charles York's (Bangor, Me.) English setter bitch Lady Bright (Rink II.—Aida) to his Gun (Gladstone—May B.), Nov. 5.

Ritta—Kiddlewink. A. F. Hausmann's (Binghamton, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Ritta (Hornell Dandy—Luna) to Mignon Kennels' Kiddlewink (A.K.R. 967), Oct. 16.

Syren—Glencho. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Syren (Elcho—Rose) to W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen), Nov. 5.

Dudene—Dude. Geo. DeHaven's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Dudene (Gladstone—Coomassie) to his Dude (Thunder—Cornelia).

Princess Phœbus—Rockingham. F. Windholz's (New York) Laverack setter bitch Princess Phœbus (A.K.R. 1287) to his Rockingham (Beltbus—Bess), Nov. 27.

Kalmia—Otto II. Coughcura Medicine Co.'s (Eau Claire, Wis.) St. Bernard bitch Kalmia (A.K.R. 2481) to their Otto II. (A.K.R. 2480), Dec. 1.

Black Diamond—Sambo. Stephen Daly's (Milltown, N. B.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Diamond to John Daly's Sambo.

Jenny—Beau. M. B. Mooney's (Lynn, Mass.) spaniel bitch Jenny (Sancho—Bell) to Warren H. Beede's Beau (E. 9,276), Nov. 23.

Sade—Prince. Warren H. Beede's (Lynn, Mass.) foxhound bitch Sade to Robt. McBrien's Prince, Dec. 1.

Edith—Beau. Chas. E. Taylor's (Bath, Me.) black cocker spaniel bitch Edith (Brush II.—Olivia) to Warren H. Beede's Beau (Rolf—Belle), Nov. 28.

Countess Warwick—Prince. E. I. Martin's (Wilmington, Del.) English setter bitch Countess Warwick (Warwick—Ollie) to his Prince (Pride of the Border—Petrel), Oct. 28.

Daisy Laverack—Don Juan. E. I. Martin's (Wilmington, Del.) English setter bitch Daisy Laverack (Taunder—Peeress) to his Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—LaReine), Nov. 2.

Carrie H.—Pendragon. E. V. Hale's (Cleveland, O.) English setter bitch Carrie H. (Roy—Gretchen), to Reserve Kennels' Pendragon (Count Noble—Fly), Nov. 17.

Little Eva—Prime. H. A. Saunders's (South Norwalk, Conn.) English setter bitch Little Eva (A.K.R. 2662) to Rev. R. G. Hamilton's Prime (Dine Dick—Pilgrim), Nov. 8.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Virginia. C. W. Littlejohn's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Virginia (A.K.R. 1357), Nov. 15, eight dogs, by his Fritz (A.K.R. 1351).

Music. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Music (A.K.R. 1411), Nov. 20, four (three dogs), by his Trailer (A.K.R. 2525); all white, black and tan.

Golden Floss. E. Holley, Jr.'s (Rhinebeck, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Golden Floss (Colonel Stubbs—Pet), Dec. 5, seven (four dogs), by Dr. Hart's Prince Albert (Chance—Fly); all orange and white.

Gretchen. Eugene Powers's (Cortland, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Gretchen (A.K.R. 996), Nov. 18, five (two dogs), by Mignon Kennels' Kiddlewink (A.K.R. 997); one dog since dead.

Genevieve. Grand River Kennels' (Galt, Ont.) English setter bitch Genevieve, Nov. 2, nine (four dogs), by their Paris III. (A.K.R. 1376).

Mischief. Jos. H. Brady's (Pawtucket, R. I.) beagle bitch Mischief (A.K.R 2592), Nov. 18, seven (three dogs), by H. A. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1994).

Nellie Gray. F. W. Kaye's (St. Johns, N. B.) collie bitch Nellie Gray (A.K.R. 3724), Nov. 9, eight (three dogs), by Ben Nevis (A.K.R. 2391).

Forest Dora. G. E. Osborne's (Birmingham, Conn.) English setter bitch Forest Dora (A.K.R. 600), Nov. 17, nine (five dogs), by Blackstone Kennels' Plantagenet; all black and white.

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks**

Gun (A.K.R. 1538)—Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) whelps. English setters, whelped Aug. 14, 1885, by Charles York, Bangor, Me., black, white and tan dog to A. J. Wight, Rockland, Me., and white, black and tan bitch to Dr. C. E. Stanly, Middletown, Conn.

Earl—Scooty whelp. Solid black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Charles Brayman, Providence, R. I.

Dottie Stubbs. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 7, 1884 (Colonel Stubbs—Daffodil), by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Chas. A. Davol, Warren, R. I.

Don Juan. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1884 (Chirp—Gretchen), by Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N. Y., to E. W. Rollins, Boston, Mass.

Zitta. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 5, 1885 (Kiddlewink, A.K.R. 967—Gretchen, A.K.R. 996), by Mignon Kennels, Cortland, N.Y., to L. H. Boardman, Calais, Me.

Ellen Terry. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, age not given (Brag—Feather), by Herbert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., to Walter W. Kenison, Boston, Mass.

Young Obo—Hazel Kirke whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Aug. 31, 1885, by Herbert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., brown dog to D. H. Flint, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and a brown and black dog to Wm. Osborne, Byefield, Mass.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Althia (A.K.R. 842) whelps. Black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped Aug. 30, 1885, by Herbert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., one to Mrs. Dr. Mason, Calais, Me., and one to W. C. Welch, Salem, Mass.

Karl Bonivard. Orange tawny and light brindle, correct white markings, St. Bernard dog (A.K.R. 481), by Wm. T. Whitman, Pittsburgh, Pa., to W. Bickford, Rochester, N. H.

Prince. White and orange St. Bernard dog, whelped April 17, 1878 (A.K.R. 485), by Fred W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J.

Otho. Orange and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 9, 1882 (A.K.R. 483), by Fred W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to Hospice Kennels, Newark, N. J.

Lady Bang. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 21, 1882 (A.K.R. 698), by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Dr. H. H. Kane, New York.

Teddie. Blue Skye terrier dog, whelped July 5, 1885 (champion Jim—Queen Mab), by Wm. P. Sanderson, Philadelphia, Pa., to Nelson V. Ketchum, Savannah, Ga.

Palmer. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1885 (Donald II., A.K.R. 2545—Lady Bang, A.K.R. 698), by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to Dr. H. H. Kane, New York.

Reeta II. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1883 (Glencho—Reeta), by E. I. Martin, Wilmington, Del., to Geo. W. Bush, Jr., same place.

Sade. Black and tan foxhound bitch, age and pedigree not given, by Robt. McBrien, Lynn, Mass., to W. H. Beede, same place.

Punch. Fawn, black markings, pug bitch, 4yrs. old, pedigree unknown, by N. C. Patterson, Peabody, Mass., to W. H. Beede, Lynn, Mass.

Bawdy. Black, white and tan Byron foxhound bitch, whelped April, 1883 (Plunder—Bett), by Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., to Mr. Cantey, Camden, S. C. Price $100.

Grant. Tan and white foxhound and beagle dog, age not given (Rouse—Grab), by Thos. Goode Tucker, South Gaston, N. C., to Mr. Cantey, Camden, S. C. Price $25.

Geraldine. Fox-terrier bitch, age not given (Mixture—Venom III.), by F. C. Wheeler, London, Ont., to David S. Collins, Providence, R. I.

Ollie. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July, 1876 (Dan—Petrel), by H. W. Ganse, Wilmington, Del., to E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del.

Rex—Edith whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped May 23, 1885, by Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., two dogs to W. S. Russell and one to C. H. Clifford, same place; a dog to D. S. Bonney, Farmington, Me.; a bitch to W. H. Beede, Lynn, Mass., and one to E. F. Starkey, Fitchburg, Mass.

Gen. Beaufort. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 1, (Beaufort—Nellie Bird), by Jos. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa., to Herbert Anderson, same place.

Genesta. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped December, 1884 (Pete—Bella), by H. J. Bennett, Trenton, N. J., to A. C. Wilmerding, New York.

Floy. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May, 1877 (Rob Roy—Blanche), by Reserve Kennels, Cleveland, O., to E. V. Hale, same place.

Vanguard. Lemon and white pointer dog (A.K.R. 2750), by Floyd Vail, Jersey City, N. J., to Devonshire Kennels, Attica, Ind.

PRESENTATIONS.

Lassie. Black, tan and white collie bitch, whelped June, 1878 (A.K.R. 443), by Fred W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont., to C. E. Howit, Guelph, Ont.

Dude. Lemon belton English setter dog, 2½yrs. old (Thunder—Cornelia), by A. Fuller, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. DeHaven, same place.

Dudene. Blue belton English setter bitch, 2½yrs. old (Gladstone—Coomassie), by A. F. Fuller, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. DeHaven, same place.

Buckingham. Lemon belton English setter dog, whelped Dec. 17, 1881 (Dude—Dudene), by A. F. Fuller, Philadelphia, Pa., to George DeHaven, same place.

Queen Annie. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 17, 1884 (Dude—Dudene), by A. F. Fuller, Philadelphia, Pa., to George DeHaven, same place.

DEATHS.

Daisy Bravo. Lemon and white pointer bitch (A.K.R. 562), owned by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 3, from congestion of the lungs.

Lady Abbess. Orange and white St. Bernard bitch, 8yrs. old (A.K.R. 482), owned by Fred W. Rothera, Simcoe, Ont.

Gaily. Black and white English setter bitch, whelped March 26, 1879 (Hesper—Polly), owned by Howard Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

S. O. L. D.—Yes, take the puppies away; but the milk had better be drawn from her udders for a few days by manipulating gently. You may also give ten drops of tincture of belladona night and morning, which will dry up the secretion.

H. M. W., Baltimore.—A friend has a setter that he values, who is continually straining while hunting—every few minutes—but passes nothing. Could he have worms? He is very fat. Would not a dose of castor oil do him good? Ans. Yes. Give the dog a tablespoonful of castor oil, and repeat if necessary. Do not feed so much, and give no meat or a little that is cooked. Give plenty of exercise.

E. L., City.—My puppy, 4½ months old, is a Skye terrier. He now will eat nothing but meat, except thin part of rice or barley soup if I put in some meat to tempt him. Natural consequence, thin and miserable looking. Ans. Give your dog plenty of exercise and feed on Indian meal mush, boiled with a few bits of meat and soup and served cold. We see no signs of dyspepsia, but simply a capricious appetite.

A. C. A.—Your dog has indigestion. It will take time and care to effect a cure. In the first place, the diet must be very simple and easily digestible. Give mostly fluids—milk with lime water (tablespoonful to pint), soups without fat, flour porridge or mush and milk, and once daily a small quantity of raw meat grated or minced and mixed with the white of an egg. Give eight drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food. This always acts excellently. Report results.

SNEIDER, Boston, Mass.—My dog suffers as follows: From the end of tail to middle of back the hair is very thin, and one day the skin will be very much inflamed and the next dry and scaly. His breast is bare and he scratches and bites until he bleeds. Ans. You must persevere with the arsenic, giving as directed before, but increasing to ten drops three times daily. For an external application get the following: Of camphor, two drachms; of sulphur, half an ounce; of bismuth subnitrate, half an ounce; of rosewater, eight ounces. Apply with sponge three times daily. Report results.

H. C. B., Boston.—The mouth and lips of a bull-terrier are completely covered with warts. I have failed to find any book that treats of warts in the mouth of a dog except Youatt's and I am trying his prescription now, but it seems to me to be a rather slow process, even should it prove effectual. Ans. Cauterize with nitrate of silver stick (lunar caustic) twice daily, touching two or three warts only until they have disappeared. A more sure method is with nitric acid on the end of a pine stick. They may also be dusted with powdered calomel applied by means of a camel's hair brush.

G. B., Cincinnati.—My English water spaniel pup, four months old, trembles when lying down and not asleep, at intervals of three or four seconds, and for about two or three seconds at a time. When asleep or exercising he does not tremble at all. He doesn't wish to play or exercise; appetite variable, but usually low; very copious urine and of a light color; eyes look languid and unhappy, a slight flowing from the corners as in distemper. Ans. We think your dog is only out of condition. We would advise giving Fowler's solution of arsenic, ten drops night and morning, in the food. After giving for three weeks stop the medicine. Keep the dog's bowels in order with syrup of buckthorn in teaspoonful doses. Report results.

G. F. A.—Pointer pup had three fits, about three hours apart. During the fits he would flounder about and hammer his head on the ground. He would then lie on his back and kick with all four legs at once. These spells would last about two or three minutes; then he would get up and stagger about in a dazed sort of manner for a few minutes, and then he would be all right till the next attack. He has had no fits since Sunday, but he has no life and does not eat. He turns his head around to first one side and then the other, and his nose is rather warm. He is constipated, and I have given buckthorn three times in the usual dose with no result. Ans. The first thing to be done is to purge your dog and get his bowels in proper condition. Constipation and stoppage are often a cause for these fits. You must also be careful of the diet. Feed little or no meat, or if it is given let it be cooked and mixed with other foods. Purge your puppy with castor oil in tablespoonful doses. Probably they will cure him; if not give ten grains of bromide of potash three times daily hidden in a bit of meat.

Or Ashmont's new book, "Dogs; Their Management and Treatment in Disease," the Boston *Rifle* says: "The work will prove of value to many owners of dogs, and will bring to Ashmont great credit for his noble, humane labors; and we suspect if the poor, dumb canine race knew their benefactor, they would all assume the expression of Landseer's wounded hound."

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 3.—The attendance at Walnut Hill to-day was small, on account of the bad weather. The atmospheric conditions were not favorable during the first part of the day, but improved later. Appended are the records of the day:

Decimal Off-hand Match.

N F Tufts, A	9	9	6	9	7	5	6	8	10	8—77
J Francis (mil), A	6	7	10	10	9	4	8	7	7	7—75
J Missam, A	8	7	7	7	8	5	10	6	8	5—71
John Again, A	5	8	7	6	10	10	9	6	5	4—70
H H Grain, A	7	5	9	7	8	7	8	8	8	5	6—70

Rest Match.

Salem Wilder	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10—98
H Winchester	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	9—97
J Francis (mil)	9	10	10	9	10	10	8	10	9	10—95

Dec. 5.—The shooters at Walnut Hill to-day had a rainy, disagreeable day for their sport. The wind was tricky and the light poor toward night. Among remarkable performances of late is Salem Wilder's record of 75 consecutive shots, only one of which was out of the main ring of 5¾in. The programme and revised handicap list will be issued in the course of a few days. The victory medal match of 1885 will be continued until Feb. 1, 1886, by the order of the executive committee.

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

J Francis, mil., C	9	10	10	10	7	10	6	10	6	6—84
W Charles, C	8	10	9	6	8	9	8	8	7	10—83
C H Herbert, C	3	8	8	7	4	8	10	10	9	8—75

Rest Match.

D L Chase, F	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—99
S Wilder, F	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10—98
D Somerville, F	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	8—97
R Davis, A	10	10	9	10	9	10	9	9	9	9—94
F Carter, F., mil	8	8	6	8	7	6	10	10	9	10—81
Graham, A	6	9	8	8	10	6	6	10	9	10—82

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

MANSFIELD.—Scores were made by the Camp Hill Gun Club. Mr. Jacob Shuck won the club's medal:

John Hale	1111101111010111101110111—20
Jacob Shuck	0111111111111111111111111—24
William Clark	1111111001110111111101111—21
Wesley Hale	1111101101111111111111111—23
Harry Hale	1101111111111011101110104—20
Frank Hale	1111010111110001010010011—15
W. J. Clark	1011101111101111010010011—18

HARTFORD, Conn.—Match at clay-pigeons:

E C Howe, 21yds	1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1—11
J Melrose, 18yds	1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1—11
J Cook, 18yds	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1—10
Samuel Dwight, 18yds	0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0— 5
J Howe, 21yds	0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0— 4
H M Jacobs, 18yds	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0— 4

Ties, E. C. Howe, 24yds., 011—2; J. Melrose, 21yds., 001—1.

TORONTO, Nov. 25.—The third annual pigeon tournament arranged by George H. Briggs commenced to-day on the Woodbine track. The first prize offered was the Briggs Challenge Cup, valued at $125, to be shot for by teams of five of any organized gun club that competed in teams at this shoot. The cup has to be won three times before becoming the property of the winners. There were seven teams entered, viz.: Four teams from the Toronto Gun Club, one each from the Owl club, Toronto Ottawa Gun Club and Hamilton Gun Club.

Individual Competition—15 Birds.

Williamson 10, J. Winters 10, D. Blea 10, Wakefield 10, J. Humphrey 12, G. Smith 11, A. Wyness 13, P. A. Trudeau 11, J. Moore 12, W. R. Wakefield 10, Forsyth 12, Bourn 12, Wilson 11, Grant 13, Ward 12, Reardon 12, T. Louden 11, W. Bugg 13, J. Bell 15, J. Taylor 14, J. Townsend 13, W. L. Cameron 12, Reed 12, R. Stroud 13, Cline 13, C. Pickering 13, H. Humphrey 12, H. Newman 10.

Team Competition.—Toronto Gun Club, No. 1—M. Sharmar 9, J. Bell 8, F. Martin 6, C. Small 7, W. Bugg 5; total 35.

Toronto Gun Club, No. 2—J. Taylor 8, J. Worden 7, R. Hunter 6, J. James 8, D. Blea 8; total 37.

Owls, Toronto—C. Pickering 6, J. Humphrey 8, H. Humphrey 6, J. Douglas 8, J. Townsend 6; total 34.

Toronto Gun Club, No. 3—R. Morrison 2, J. R. Millson 8, G. Pearsall 5, W. McDonald 10, R. Dickson 8; total 33.

Ottawa Gun Club—J. Deslauriers 6, P. A. Trudeau 7, Coursolles 5, M. G. Smith 3, W. L. Cameron 7; total 28.

Hamilton Gun Club—Forsight 7, M. Reardon 5, Ward 5, R. Stroud 7, Cline 7; total 31.

Toronto Gun Club, No. 4—Van Vlack 9, W. Villiers 7 G. H. Briggs 5, R. Pearsall 4, G. Smith 6; total 31.

The weather was fine and the birds A1. The tournament was held under the Toronto Gun Club rules.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 5.—The regular weekly shoot of the Wellington Gun Club was held this afternoon, and there was a good attendance considering the rainy weather. Following are the results of the several sweeps: 1. Five blackbords—Sanborn and Stanton di-

vided first. 2 Five clay-pigeons—Swift and Stanton divided first. 3. Five clay-pigeons—Wardwell first. 4. Five blackbirds, straightaway —Snow first. 5. Five clay-pigeons—Wilson first. 6. Five blackbirds —Samson first. 7. Five clay-pigeons—Wardwell and Henry divided first. 8. Five clay-pigeons—Wardwell and Stanton divided first. 9. Five blackbirds—Lawson, Swift and Palmer divided first. 10. Medal match, ten clay pigeons—Snow took the first medal with 9, Stanton the second with 8 and Wardwell the third with 7 out of 10. 11. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 12. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

III.

ADAPTABILITY to surroundings is a chief requisite to life aboard a small yacht. Without such gift a constant war between boat and man renders existence in the limited cabin space like durance vile. Things must be taken as they are, not as they might be. This philosophical reflection had to be drawn upon from the outset aboard the Coot. She was represented to me as a perfectly tight boat. No doubt she was, from the standpoint of a person *en rapport* with the foibles and vanities of sloop yachts in general. Leaky centerboard trunks are all but universal, and so accustomed have people become to the failing that it would be hard to take to task any one who had overlooked what has become a natural attribute through long standing. Indeed every well regulated centerboard trunk ought to leak and one which does not would probably give rise to suspicion. The Coot belonged to the numerous class above suspicion. The leaks were traced and it was resolved to reduce her to a lower order by stopping up the leaks with cotton, a tight trunk being all the Coot's crew aspired to.

Of course the trunk split up the cabin into two oblong halves, and was always in the way. A mild piece of deception had been attempted by covering the trunk with a mahogany top to serve as a table. But after going out of one cabin door and in at the other to get from side to side, it seemed like a cruel joke and the Coot's crew sought a short cut. This was discovered by lying flat on top of the trunk and rolling off to the desired side. Bruises and contusions soon suggested that the boat could stand it, if you only could. Then I cast about for an improved method of transition from the living apartment to the divan across the way. Suddenly I found myself plump into the bunk with a "Why, how did you do that?" By doubling in a ball and vaulting over the dance in the middle, ready ready adaptability to circumscribed dimensions could bring about this convenient substitute for more seemly but roundabout processes.

The builders of the Coot must have been of an economical turn of mind. They cut limbers only on the port side, probably with the thrifty idea that it would be quite sufficient for the boat to leak on that side only. Oddly enough the pump was placed on the opposite side. There were other peculiarities about the boat. At the risk of drawing disdain from other centerboard sailors, I may confess that the board was always such a nuisance that it often remained up when it should have been down, and way down when it should have been housed. At the start I religiously attended the board, imbued with a sublime faith in the inexorable necessity of a board to make the Coot go straight about her business. When all the old wood in the boat had been split up into sticks to jam the board down and a silk umbrella had been impressed for like service—for, like all truly good boards, it stuck fast every time—I grew less persistent in my attentions. Finally the board was allowed to take care of itself. It suited me best, and the Coot did not seem to mind it a bit either. She went about her business pretty much the same, board or no board. A compromise was struck by dropping the board half way and leaving it there for all time. Since then we get along together with much less friction. All of which inclines me to the belief that in a boat of the Coot's draft, 28in. aft, the value of a board is overrated, and an 8in. rocker keel would do for cruising, giving more room in the cabin, a lighter and stronger boat, and no inconvenient increase of draft. But you could not "sound" with the board! That reminds me.

Having my own misgivings about such a proceeding, I ventured to purchase a lead and line. It was with some hesitation that I entered the chandlery store with that end in view. I felt guilty of needless extravagance, for was not the Coot invested with that great blessing, a centerboard, to do all the sounding in an automatic way? Would it not fly up, protesting, did I presume to cheat it out of its lawful allowance of water? Up she pops, and round goes the boat off shore! What nicer and neater than that? Surely a lead and line were superfluous elaborations aboard the Coot. But once in the clutches of the storekeeper, a trade had to be made. I picked out a little one—just a little three pound one to swear by.

"And will 10 fathoms be enough, you think?"

"Enough! Sir, I have a centerboard boat!"

"Ah!"

And the wily old 'longshore shark shook his oakum curls and backed off his wooden leg as he blinked his approval with the same kiln-dried blink he bestowed upon all customers, and then chopped off the line at 10½ fathoms. That line has grown beautifully less by degrees. First, a stop was cut off; then a painter for the dingy; then a rope for the bucket—till now my leadline is but a remnant of good intentions, and the Coot may yet be hung up by falling back upon the slovenly custom of waiting for notice from her board.

All boats have a character. The Coot had hers. She was funny at times, and occasionally obstreperous. She had a wondrous liking for buoys. If there was a buoy within range of her swing, she was dead certain to coddle up to that buoy with a fondness as persistent as it was disagreeable. It matters not how tide might flow or wind might blow. Let the Coot catch sight of anything floating with some resemblance to a buoy, and she at once set at naught all established precedence of action. She would shoot and surge restlessly about her anchor, from one side to the other, then in circles, then she would back and fill, until by degrees she worked up close to her fondling, when a sudden crash would announce the attainment of her desires and fetch me out of the cabin as a bound to find the wretched object of her affection bumping away under the harpins, rubbing gleefully up and down the Coot's side and punching her playfully in the ribs to my distraction. And the spiteful Coot appeared to enjoy the diversion, for she would hug the buoy and never let go till anchor was lifted. The pair were inseparable. So pronounced was this predilection, and so forcibly had I been impressed therewith through numerous shirt-tail encounters with the thermometer below freezing point, that after vainly fighting, then arguing, and finally pleading with the Coot and her chums, I gave up all attempts to keep them apart, and preferred sailing five miles further to the next harbor when one of those detestable buoys was near around. They became objects of hatred and vilification.

The Coot was always headstrong in getting under way, particularly in a crowd of other boats, or with the beach handy for grounding or a pier convenient for collision. Like all catboats, she was a most unseamanlike vessel to handle, though simple and amenable enough when once in hand by the steersman. With the mast up in the eyes, it was a feat of gymnastics to swig off on the halliards in making sail and to break out the anchor by hard heaving. Once the sail was up, the Coot would go gyrating about the anchor at a terrific rate, enough to upset all calculations for making a "cast" or planning maneuvers in advance. She was for the time being beyond control, and she knew it. Like a frisky mule, she refused to be brought into harness. With sheet in, she would lie down to the puffs and drive over her anchor with such force that the line could not be thrown off the stemhead for fear of losing the ground tackle altogether. With boom wide off she refused to be eased, but would take the wind astern, cavort down hill with all possible haste, get the line athwart hawse, jibe over with a crash and keep on repeating the trick. It was the fault of the rig. With sloop or cutter the mainsail will keep the yacht head to wind and give you a chance, after which you hoist headsail and pay off at will. But there was no paying off about the Coot. It just resolved itself into a fight and bull luck every time. I tried getting the anchor first and making sail afterward. But the Coot was quite up to such a game. Although she would never lie to wind or tide, but always across at some unaccountable angle, the moment you eased the forereing feat, she would back her hackles up to the wind and drift down to leeward at a great pace, never coming round nor obeying the helm. Then you had to hoist sail off the wind, and if there was no searoom the predicament was worse than confounding. After much objurgation I played a trick on the Coot which makes her do all the work and answers fairly well, if not in too close quarters. Sail was made, the boom squared off and the anchor line carried aft to the cockpit. As the Coot broke her anchor I would haul it in over the counter, steering the boat with one foot on the tiller and bringing her up into the wind, the anchor in the meanwhile being taken aboard abaft and stowed in the cockpit. In coming to the cat was swung into the wind, the anchor thrown out from the cockpit and the slack of the line run forward and made fast over the stem head with a clove hitch. Then sail was lowered with all possible speed, as the Coot refused to lay in the wind like a self-respecting sloop, but instantly romped off tull tilt on the wind with the risk of breaking the anchor out of its new hold. If the peak did not happen to come down, and it seldom did, as the sail would fill away in a second, then there was trouble ahead until the canvas had been snugged down. For a thoroughly unseamanlike and uncontrollable rig, communed me to the cat. But with all its faults it has some good points as an offset for short work in river sailing when single-handed. It is something gained to have no head sheets to tend. But that is all, going wide the yacht yaws in a frightful way and takes the helm hard up one moment and hard down the next, if there be any sea. In smooth water the strong weather helm which cannot be let go for an instant, and the fuss and check of the rudder are annoying. It is but rough and crude work, this sailing of a catboat yawing three points either way, compared to the fine touch of guiding a steady keel boat, swerving not a quarter point from the mark you have ahead.

The Coot, like all of her class, was a very unsteady boat at an anchor. She fretted and fumed and tore about, and she pulled with a vicious snub at her line to every blast of sea. Being light in draft with a large cabin house, the wonder was that she never tailed to wind. The Coot refused to tail to anything. She was at cross purposes with everything. She pitched and rolled like all shoal boats, with a quick, jerky, mixed up motion. In short she had no stability of character, but always seemed out of sorts with her lot. In these respects she fully lived up to the reprehensible traits of the whole family of American centerboard vessels. Knowing the contrary and unsteady behavior of the breed I made light of the Coot's failings, and the tomboy and her crew got along well together. One thing was awkward for the lone sailor. If caught out after dark or in want of something below, it was dangerous to leave the stick to fill or light lamps or to get a bite or a fresh chart. In light weather with searoom it could be done. But in a channel with passing vessels or in puffy winds the risk was great. Not that the Coot was necessarily in danger of capsizing, but she would round up and pay off on the other tack with such speed that collision, beaching, a knockdown after losing way or sternboard in irons and a circus in general was the programme to be dreaded. Nor was lashing the helm an escape, as the yacht was not steady enough on her course to be under control. Heaving-to a catboat is supposed to be effected by easing away sheet and fastening down the helm. But that requires deadening the way and is not to be depended upon. The Coot, for example, would at once turn tail to wind after losing steerage way, and sweep up in a quarter-mile circle, go about and repeat on the other tack, frisky demeanor not tolerable in narrow waters. In spite of being stiffer than the common run of her kind, a light breeze would lay the Coot rail-to, and a wind of nice sailing strength would send the water pouring along the lee gangway, while the dust would fly over the weather bow and aft into the helmsman's face at every bit of sea encountered. As soon as the boat began to pitch, sailing became a nuisance, for the yacht would come almost to a dead stop at every bound. At such work she fell very much short of efficiency compared to a hull fashioned more on cutter principles. In fact, when the Coot would have to lie at her moorings from sheer inability to accomplish anything to windward, a heavier, deeper and narrower boat could be putting in good licks to her next destination without hardship to vessel or crew. The Coot would come down into a sea with a blow and a squash, shattering the wave and scattering soap suds far and wide, bringing up with a thud, at the same time tossing her boom about in the most ungainly and unprofitable manner, when a cutter model would simply bow gracefully, though perhaps deeply to the oncoming roller, but continue about her business in steady fashion as though nothing had happened. It was the difference between a boat evolved from smooth water sailing and one devised to cope with unruly conditions. There was no help for it but to make the best of the bargain and tickle the Coot along on her voyage as fine weather warranted. In her light draft she had the advantage for spending the night or a gale on a mud flat, where she was at all events safe under a snug lee.

C. P. K.

CHAIN CABLES.

THE use of chain cables is now so universal, that it is somewhat difficult to realize the fact that they were unknown before the present century. In the chapter devoted to the history of the subject in Mr. Traill's interesting work on "Chain Cables and Chains," we are informed that the first recorded instance of chain being used for cable was in the year 1808, in the Ann and Isabella, of 231 tons, built at Low Lynn. The chain was made by Mitchell street, North Shields, by Robert Flinn, of rectangular Welsh iron, welded round the link by hand hammer on the anvil. The date is probably fixed by the remarkable incident which occurred soon after in the Tyne, and which exemplified the importance of the new departure. A great flood occurred while the river was full of ice, and not only was the Ann and Isabella held by her cable, but a whole tier of ships made fast to her were also saved, their hempen cables having been cut by the ice. Flinn also constructed a machine for testing cable, and the firm which he originated continued to manufacture cable till within the last seven years. The second noticeable name in connection with chain cable is that of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, Samuel afterward Sir Samuel, Brown. To him may be attributed the introduction of the shackle and swivel, so indispensable to the safe use of chain for cable. Brown's shackles were placed at intervals of 25 fathoms, and his cable was formed of short twisted links. In 1809 the first of them was tried in the Penelope, a vessel which had been captured from the French, and which he himself commanded on a voyage to and from the West Indies. He considered that through having the chain cable he was able to bring her into the Thames three weeks before the arrival of any of the vessels with which he had been in company in entering the Channel. They had to keep under sail on the ebb tide, whereas he had been able to stand in from mid channel on the last quarter of the flood, and ride out the ebb at anchor, which only possible with an iron cable. Samuel Brown also succeeded in introducing iron cables into the Royal Navy. In consequence of a report written by him to the Navy Board, a committee was appointed, and as a result of their investigation two ships of the line, the Namur and the Monarch, the frigate Crescent, and the sloop Alonzo, were each supplied with two bower iron cables of 100 fathoms each. In 1811 a further step was taken by a general order being issued for the supply of iron cables to all vessels stationed in open roadsteads at Yarmouth, Leith, Liverpool, Portsmouth and the Thames, where hempen cables might be liable to injury from ice, or from passing ships. The general adoption of iron cables in the Royal Navy was, however, a matter of time, and hempen cables were carried, if not used in the navy until wooden ships gave place to iron.

In 1813 further improvements were made in the manufacture of cables by Thomas Burton of London. The stud link, pretty nearly as it now exists, is due to him; and he divided with Samuel Brown the chain cable trade of the River Thames for some years.

About the same time with Burton's invention, a well-known Tyne firm, at present known as Hawks, Crawshay & Sons, had been so far concerned in the manufacture of chain cable as to put down a testing machine able to work up to 90 tons strain. They also commenced to make stud link cables, the consequence being a suit for an infringement of Burton's patent, ultimately compromised. The particulars collected by Mr. Traill of reports from masters of vessels in which chain cables were first used are interesting, as showing the disadvantages attending the employment of the old hempen cable, and also the reluctance of both the government and private owners to trust the new material. It was not till 1823 that some vessels built on the Wear had their entire outfit of chain, and two years later some ships were sent away from that port with no hempen cables.

In the early days of chain manufacture the links had been made by the plain but tedious process of cutting a piece of bolt or bar iron to the length required, and then bending in places after successive heats in a common smith's fire, four heats being required to form the turns for each link and two heats for scarfing. In 1816, however, Samuel Brown introduced the mandril, by means of which the bolt or bar iron, as it left the rolls where it was manufactured, was at once wound round in a spiral coil. It only then remained to cut it in pieces, and each link was ready formed for scarfing. By this improvement not only was much labor saved, but the danger obviated of injury to the metal by successive heats. Mr. Traill traces at length the gradual spread of the trade to most of the places where it is now carried on; he also describes several unsuccessful proposals for alterations in the shape of links and mode of manufacture. One of the former appears somewhat worthy of notice. In 1838 a patent was taken out for the construction of links, thickened considerably at the ends. Cables so designed would, Mr. Traill shows, last very much longer than that made in the ordinary way. Nearly all the wear on cable is where the links rub each other at the ends, and chain is often seen which is there nearly worn through, while at the same time it has hardly deteriorated at all in the middle of the link.

It will hardly be believed that up to the year 1820 underwriters were in the habit of charging higher premiums for vessels which had chain than for those only provided with hempen cables. In 1821 Lloyd's rules only specified the lengths of cable for each class of ship, and it was not till 1846 that it was made a part of the surveyor's duty to see that the cables had been tested, and that the strain applied had been marked on each length.

It was about this date that chain cable at last superseded hempen cables in the Royal Navy, the number of the latter supplied to large ships being in 1844 reduced to three against four chain cables, while in 1847 it was further reduced to two, and in 1854 one hempen cable only was required, and five chain cables. Before iron cables were used a first-rate had as many as ten hempen cables supplied to her, and in some cases eleven. The largest sizest sizes were as much as 25in. in circumference, and weighed about six tons, and even when hemp was at moderate prices, each hempen cable cost about 20 per cent. more than chain, notwithstanding the heavy prices of the latter in the early days of the manufacture. It is characteristic of the conservative spirit of the old naval administration, that with so many obvious drawbacks, hemp for so long held its position against iron.

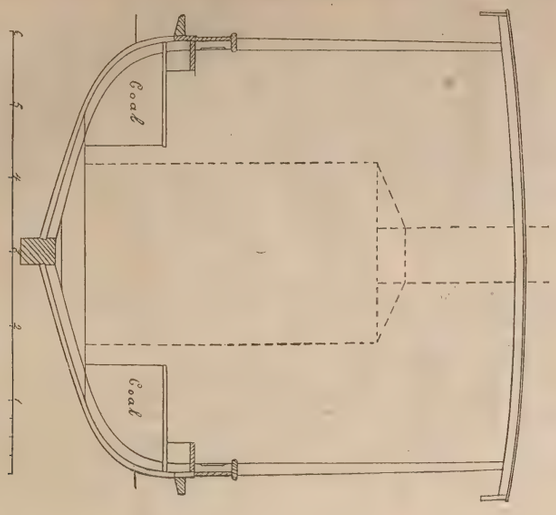
In 1860 the first step was taken in the direction of legislation on the subject of cables and anchors, by the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the question. This Committee, while reporting strongly as to the value and desirability of proper tests, did not recommend that they should be compulsory, except in the case of vessels which were to come under the provisions of the Passengers Act, or were to be employed in any way under Her Majesty's Government. It was in 1862 that Lloyd's Register took the decisive step of making it a condition of classification that the vessel's chain cables should have been tested at a public machine, and in the following year they decided not to recognize certificates unless the testing-house was under a corporation, or open to an inspector appointed by themselves. At the same time they opened Lloyd's Proving House for chain cables at Poplar, which was managed by them till 1873, when the Trinity House leased it, but only kept it open for two years, and since that date there has been no testing-house on the River Thames. At present there are, under the management of Lloyd's Register, proving houses at Tipton, Netherton, Low Walker, Chester, Cardiff and Glasgow. The only establishment in the country not under their management is that at Sunderland, which is under the River Wear Commissioners. Mr. Traill gives *fac-similes* of the certificatee, in colored ink, issued by each separate testing house, he also has taken the trouble to collect an acount of the names and marks used by every testing-house which has existed since the first legislation upon cables, so that by consulting his work it is possible to identify the test of any old chain on which the marks are distinct.

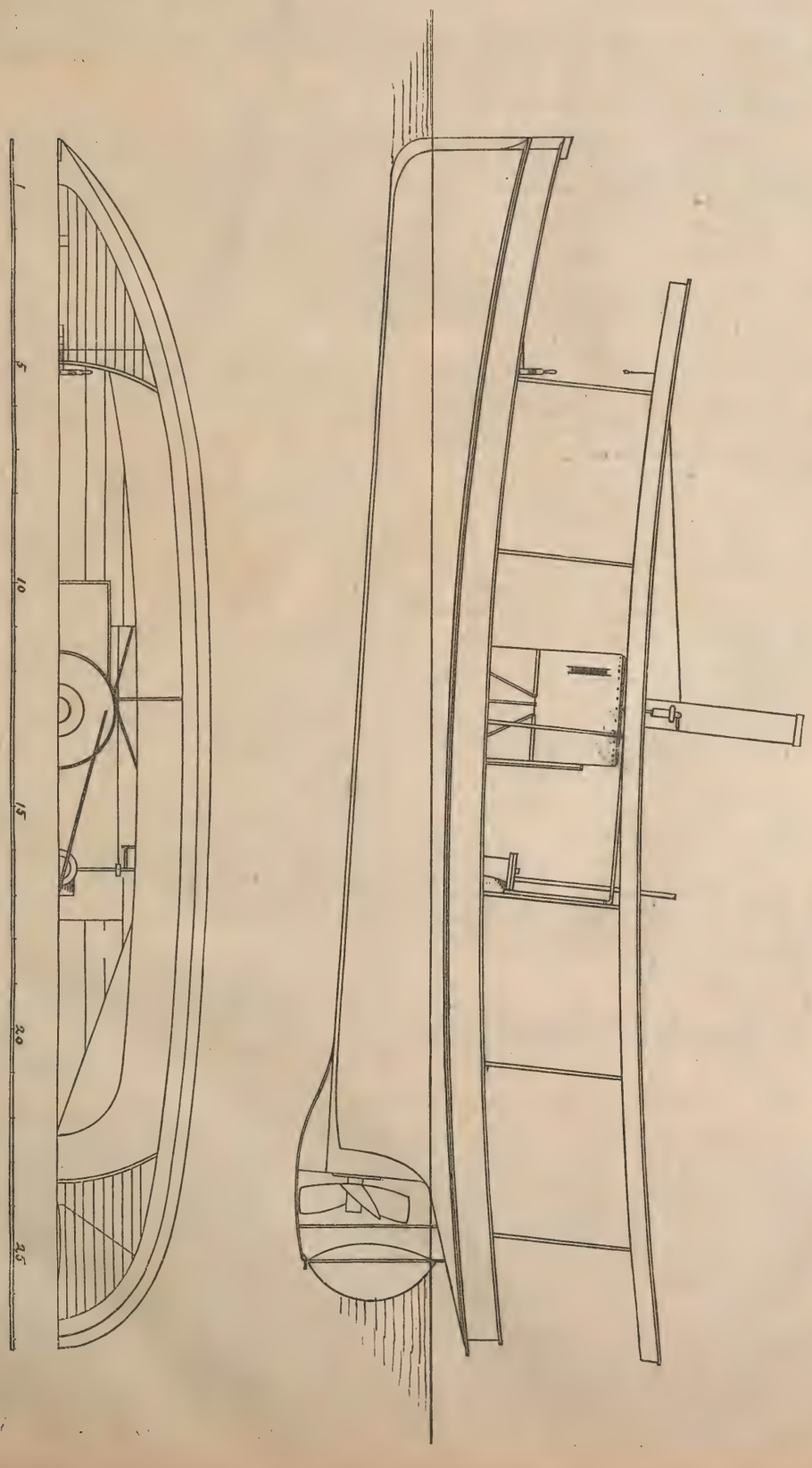
Legislation on chain cables began in 1864, and it was then enacted that after June, 1865, it should be unlawful for makers or dealers to sell unproved chain cables or anchors. Other Acts affecting the question were passed in 1864, 1871, 1872, and 1874, the latter giving certain powers to the Board of Trade to make alterations by Order in Council in the tests which had been prescribed in detail in the Act of 1871. Mr. Traill gives the text of all the Acts and of the Order in Council, with the schedules of the tests for each thickness of chain. The legal test consists of breaking and tensile strain, the tensile being from 67 per cent in small to 72 per cent. in large cables of the breaking strain in the case of stud-link chain. In short link chain, or chain without studs, the tensile strength is half the breaking strain. It is prescribed that from every length of fifteen fathoms brought to be proved the tester shall first select and cut off a piece of three links and subject it to the prescribed breaking strain. If this piece fail a second piece of three links shall be cut off, and if it also fail the length is condemned. If either the first or second piece of three lenghts stand the breaking test the length is subjected to the tensile strain, and if this be passed satisfactorily it is stamped as passed. It is considered by the superintendents of proving houses that a piece of cable has failed to withstand the breaking strain if any flaw, crack or fracture in any one of the three links is developed by it. In the event of any small fault appearing after the tensile strain of such a character as not to indicate a final defect, repairs may be made on the premises of the proving establishment, and after this the length must be again put under the tensile strain. The chain may on no account be taken away for repair. The theory of the legal system of tests is that the breaking test proves the quality of the iron in the cable, but at the same time inflicts fatal injury upon the links subject to it; and the tensile test is sufficient to bring out any defects in manufacture, such as imperfect welds, etc. On this point Mr. Traill makes some useful remarks upon the injudicious practice, sometimes admitted, of using the vessel's new chains to check her in launching, it being the case that very great strains are brought upon them, often enough to inflict permanent injury, which may or may not be visible.

He also, for similar reasons, deprecates the practice of some manufacturers, of themselves subjecting cables to a much higher strain than the prescribed tensile test before the chain leaves their works, and in order to make sure of its passing the official test.

Mr. Traill is evidently of opinion that the legislation upon the subject of cables and anchors is wise and has had good results: he is, however, quite awake to the fact that such legislation is not all gain, that shipowners are too often led by it to give up troubling about their cables further than to make sure that they have passed the test. That being all that is necessary, their only care is to get the cheapest and weakest possible, and hence, in spite of very stringent legislation, cables and anchors are often very inferior to what a slightly greater expenditure of money would make them. This is only what is to be expected; legislation on the matter may be necessary, but it cannot prove to be an unmixed good.

Thus in stud cables, while the stud is an essential feature of the cable, there is considerable latitude as to its size; it may be somewhat smaller than is desirable without affecting the result of the test, and on the other hand, if it be larger than necessary, the statutory test applied to the cable is not increased as would be the case for a comparatively small increase in the diameter of the iron in the round tackle





A HANDY SPORTINC LAUNCH.

Editor Forest and Srream:

I send you drawings of the Greenwing, a small launch built for sportsmen, purely for sporting purposes, by Messrs. Powell & Douglas, of Waukegan, Ill. She is owned by Col. B. H. Polk, of Lincoln, Neb., Mr. A. Warner, and the writer, of Vicksburg, Miss. Her length is 27½ft., beam 6ft. The hull is the work of Mr. C. W. Connett, in the employ of Messrs. Powell & Douglas, and is a faithful piece of workmanship. The model is as graceful as the greenwing teal itself, the material is of the best of its kind, and the fittings neat and strong. The keel is white oak, frame of the same and steam bent. The boiler is an upright tubular, 42 2in. flues, steel, 30x60in., the plates having a tensile strength of 55,000lbs., and has all the necessary fixtures, such as guage cocks, glass gauge, steam gauge, whistle, pop safety valve and fusible plug. It is fed by a Hancock inspirator, and also a snug little pump which is worked by an eccentric upon the shaft. The engine has a 5x6½in. cylinder. The wheel is 30in., is well below the waterline and extends below the keel, where it gets good purchase on the water and is not so liable to be interfered with by drift wood. The one objection is the draft, which will occasionally annoy us, it being 40in. at the bottom of iron shoe under the wheel. This shoe is about 15in. broad and serves as a protection to the wheel against fouling. Curtains extend all the way around the canopy, so that the severest storm can be comfortably shut out. There is provision for sleeping forward and aft by making down beds on a level with the seats. Four persons can be accommodated, though generally for camping a tent will be used, and the boat resorted to only in cases of emergency.

Before shipment to this point the Greenwing was tried on the lake at Waukegan, by the makers. In a heavy sea with fifteen men aboard she is reported to have behaved admirably and ran fast, giving a promise of making ten miles per hour under favorable circumstances. She was shipped through to this point by rail and attracted no little attention in her elevated position on the car after arriving here. She is just launched. Our trial here is not sufficient to make a report on as to speed, as the boiler is not yet thoroughly washed out, and, in consequence, foams some, and the engine wants use to limber it up. She is very steady in the water, and answers to the call of the pilot wheel admirably, and we hope for the ten miles after a bit.

With this little steam launch we will be able to reach points of interest to the sportsmen at any time we may desire to go. Duck shooting in the winter season is generally very good here. The Greenwing is to take us near the localities of their feeding grounds. We also bought of Messrs. & Powell Douglas one of their white cedar "Boss" hunting boats, especially made for duck shooting. It is an odd looking concern and looks more like a snow shoe than a boat. This boat is very flat, light draft, easy to conceal, and we have a notion that she will prove a good one for our use. We have also a good skiff 4x20ft., with two pairs of oars, which will carry comfortably four persons and their outfit of decoys, etc. W. L. P.

Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 9.

NOTES FROM THE DELAWARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On my return from a late bay trip I was surprised to find many important alterations in yachts already completed. Mr. Collins, of this place, has lengthened Dr. H.'s Sea Gull with a long sightly fantail, that in a great measure dispels her former bulky appearance. But while the after body helps out the rotundity of a barrel-shaped midship section, it brings out by comparison very conspicuously the fault of a bad entrance. Some years ago she was a fine little cat yacht, perfect in every detail of form and rig, and I almost envied the Doctor the possession of so fine a craft. That gentleman, however, fell deeply in love with the yawl rig as a cruiser, and submitted to my inspection drawings of the sail plan, etc. I disapproved, and sorry I was to see her hauled overland from Humes's sparyard to Collins's shop to have twelve inches of topside piled up on her like a haystack. It was this excessive freeboard that caused her to founder at sea, a description of which appeared in Forest and Stream at the time. I doubt very much if this would have occurred in her normal condition. With so much weight above her loadline and so little below, it became necessary to place iron outside on her keel; this, from her flat round form, did little or no good, and again the "doctor" is called upon to save the dying patient. Before she leaves Collins's yard I would respectfully suggest that she be lengthened five feet forward, with long, easy-curved lines. Then it would not be a bad scheme during her "doctoring" to shim her down and make her two feet (at least) deeper in the submerged body. By this time sufficient data will have been stored away in the deep recesses, and enough money spent to build an Irex.

Our yachtsmen are running riot over long flaring sterns, no matter if all else is out of keeping, and "fantails" will hereafter be found on "creek flats," scows, floating boat houses and bay windows. I am told rafts are now so constructed. The long, slab-sided Minerva and the big bellied Olga each will sport a tail next year. Two "tuck-ups" are now being built all tail. And so, like lead on the keel, we fall into excesses and hopelessly drop in the wake of big fish with the longest tail, as Biddy would do with the fashion trail. Now and then we meet with a pleasing exception. For instance, Mr. Colburn's Venitzia has been lengthened aft by Collins and is nearly completed. This, however, makes this ship nearly perfect, all parts of the form being in keeping, and the job is a credit to the mechanic who did it. She is a beautiful yacht, and the fastest by odds of any on the Delaware. I will send you memoranda of my bay trip in another letter.

Cooper's Point, Dec. 1. R. G. Wilkins.

CORRECTIONS IN LIST OF RACES.

Aug. 29. B.Y.C. add sweepstakes for second and third classes, 4 starters: Mirage 1.
29. Island Park, Osh.Y.C. Hattie 1.
July 31. Sing Sing. Alice J. 1, Cora 2.
Aug. —. "Carrie Morgan beat Hattie." This is a duplicate entry of match of Aug. 25.
Sept. 4. Osh.Y.C. Third class: Mary 1, Sylvia 2.
Oct. 7. N.H.Y.C. Derby Cup: Happy Thought beats Marguerite by default. Special prize: Happy Thought.
Aug. 25. Mich.Y.C. Jennie J. wins, Partridge ruled out.
5. Burlington Y.C. Open Championship Race. 7 starters: Sharpie wins one leg.
26. Burlington Y.C. Second Race. 9 starters: Lulu ties Sharpie.
July 28. B.S.Y.C. 6 starters: Edith 1, Cynthia 2.
Aug. 10. B.S.Y.C.—Five starters: Edith 1, Alice 2.
24 B.S.Y.C.—Five starters: Alice 1, Vixen 2.
Sept. 7. B.S.Y.C.—Seven starters: Edith 1, Tantavy 2, Cynthia 3. Series of matches: Edith beat Alice.
15. BurlingtonY.C.—Third race, 6 starters: Lulu wins second leg.
23. Bridgeport.—Match. Americus beats Moll Pitcher.
29. New Bedford.—Match. Atalanta B.Y.C. beats Nomad N.B.Y.C.
30. K.Y.C.—Dandy ruled out, prize to Maggie.
Oct. 7. Riverton.—Three starters: Josephine 1.
10. Buf.Y C.—Turk 1, E. B. Jewett 2, Ripple 3.
17. J.C.—Keels, 4 starters: Judith 1, Zetta 2. Centerboards, 5 starters: Phallas 1, Fanny 2.
July 4. Point Clear.—Lorena took second prize in catboat class.

LAUNCH OF THE CHICAGO.—On Dec. 5 the third of the new cruisers building for the Government, the Chicago, was launched at John Roach's yard at Chester, Pa. Work was suspended on the vessel for some time, but has lately been resumed by the Navy Department, which will finish the vessel, and she was launched under its direction. She went off the ways about 11:30 A. M., and as she touched the water was christened by Miss Edith Cleborne, daughter of Dr. Cleborne, United States Medical Examiner, who broke a bottle of champagne over her bows. At the same time three birds—a thrush, a canary and an oriole—were liberated, in accordance with an old Japanese custom. The new vessel is 315ft. between perpendiculars, 324ft. 4in. over all, 48ft. 2in. beam, 19ft. draft and 4,500 tons displacement. Her motive power consists of two compound beam engines, each driving a screw. The hull is of steel, 9-16in. thick, double plated about the waterline, and the rudder and steering gear are below water. She will be barkentine rigged and will carry four 8in. breechloading rifles, six 6in.—one 6in. on each bow—two 5in. aft, and six Hotchkiss revolving cannon. Her fuel will carry her 6,000 miles at 10 knots.

STEAM YACHTS FOR SALE.—We have received from Messrs. Field & Young, shipbrokers, No. 6 State street, New York, their quarterly list of steam vessels for sale, among which are some thirty steam yachts of various sizes, from large cruising craft to small steam launches. Messrs. Field & Young can furnish almost any class of steam vessel that may be required, either for sale or charter, and also plans and estimates for building.

YACHTING NOTES.—The Atalanta Y. C. will hold their last meeting for 1885 on Dec. 14....American Y. C—On Dec. 1 a meeting was held at the club rooms at which the cups won last summer were on exhibition, as well as a design for the $10,000 challenge cup which the club propose to offer for international competition....Leona, Wallin & Gorman, at Bay Ridge, are repairing the schooner Leona.

GENESTA IN AMERICA.—Sec. Minton of the New York Y. C., has lately received the following letter from Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, which speaks for itself: 18 Cromley Gardens, S. W., London, Nov. 12, 1885. —DEAR MR. MINTON: Many thanks for yours of the 2d. I have Sir Richard's and Sir William's authority for saying that such a report, that we thought we had been slighted, received no attention, or had been impolitely treated, is utterly false and absurd. One and all of us were delighted with the treatment we received from the New York Y. C. and the Americans. I don't think any of us saw more than one copy of the *Spirit of the Times*, which I hear has been very bad. It distinctly lied as to Mr. Forbes's conversation with Tams, as is proved by its report on Puritan; but all such writing to us comes under the head of "garbage;" it breaks no bones, and so far as we are concerned makes no enemies. I feel sure that the large majority of the Americans do not believe what has been written in the *Spirit of the Times*, and believe that we, as sportsmen, went to America to meet the American yachtsmen and have a good time; which we certainly had to our heart's content. We are deeply sensible of the consideration shown to Sir Richard during his illness by all American yachtsmen. Yours very sincerely, J. BEAVOR-WEBB.

ASHORE ON THE ROCK.—For some time past the new British steamer Waikna has been in New York fitting out for a winter cruise to the West Indies. All preparations being completed she dropped down to Stapleton last week, where her owners, Messrs. S. M. Cauldwell and A. T. Clark, with the wife of the latter, joined her. On Sunday last she got under way and ran down the Bay, but the wind was so heavy that they ran inside the Hook and anchored. In the afternoon the wind shifted to N.W., blowing a gale all night and causing the yacht to drag her anchor and go ashore. Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Mr. Cauldwell were taken off by the crew of Life Saving Station No. 1. The vessel lies easily and can be readily hauled off.

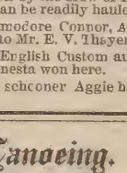
UTOWANA.—Rear-Commodore Connor, American Y. C., has sold his steam yacht Utowana to Mr. E. V. Thayer, of Boston.

GENESTA'S CUP.—The English Custom authorities have levied a duty of $200 on the cups Genesta won here.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The schooner Aggie has been purchased for $6,000 by Captain White.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, with $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present names to the executive committee. Money should be sent by *registered letter* or money order.

N. Y. C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

LETTERS in answer to those accompanying the "Conditions" (published in our issue of Nov. 5) sent to the secretary of the Royal C. C., London, England, and Messrs. Tredwen and Baden-Powell:

11 BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON, W. C., 18th Nov., 1885.

C. Bowyer Vaux, Esq., Sec. New York C. C.:

SIR—I laid your letter of 30th October before the committee of the Royal C. C., and am desired to thank you in their behalf for the very generous offer made by your club of an international challenge cup.

My committee think that the modification of Condition 3 would be advisable, as probably two of our best canoeists may both wish to compete, and it would be rather an invidious task to nominate either of them the authorized representative.

Could not the condition be altered to read "An equal number of canoes from each club to sail in any race"?

I have sent a copy of your letter to the *Field*, which will be the best method of ventilating the subject in this country, and will doubtless draw forth suggestions which may be of practical utility to the canoeing community at home and abroad.

I am, sir, very truly yours,
T. G. F. WINSER, Sec. R. C. C.

3 PAPER BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, LONDON, E. C., Nov. 12, 1885.

C. Bowyer Vaux, Esq., N. Y. C. C.:

DEAR MR. VAUX—I am very much obliged for the kind expressions that you give me in your letter of the 30th October. I have fixed that nothing which I can move shall prevent me visiting New York, and the A. C. A. next August and September. I had intended a cruise of an extensive nature in my yacht, the Pearl, 175 tons; but she shall remain on her winter berth and I shall be free, I think, to get together some of our best men and come over with our canoes.

As to these canoes, you will see shortly in FOREST AND STREAM that I am moving the Royal C. C. to adopt the A. C. A. rules, as I consider they patronize the best form of canoe for general work. Our rules have in times gone by admitted canoes almost verging on the sailing boat. To keep up a good front in racing many of us have had to build up to these rules, but not from choice.

My new Nautilus of 1885 is a direct cast back toward the older relatives, Nautilus 3 and 4, and now I am working all I know to pass still more restrictions, so as to keep canoes as canoes. I am moving a limit to sail area; a limit of 60 pounds for centerplates; a senior and junior qualification on winning three first prizes, flags only to seniors unless a private prize is attached to the race; a distinctive challenge flag to accompany our challenge cup, with date of win or wins on it, so that when a man loses the cup he still has the honor of showing when and how often he held it; also, I propose to allow water ballast in no-ballast or limited-weight races.

I am, with others, objecting to those unsportsmanlike and uncruisable things, "side deck flaps." They ruin the boat and give an unfair advantage to the man who makes up to windward; where those who have fairly laid side decks have either to sit on deck or lie below. However, there are not many in number, so can be stopped—three only, I believe.

I shall be very much obliged if you will send me the New York C. C. rules, when they are ready, for 1886.

Now, a word as to conditions of the New York cup:

As to No. 3—Suppose the R. C. C. and the (say) Clyde and (say) Canada challenge? I suppose the first challenge will race, and if he win, the second challenge then race him, etc., at same place and as near as may be same time, or race him on his club's water?

No. 8—The fourth month from challenge seems a difficulty, as you may have a challenge from Canada for June, from the Clyde for July, from R. C. C. for August, etc. Is there not some fall regatta time handy after A. C. A. meet, and allow challenges to come in "at least four months previously"?

No. 10—Surely if a man wins the cup he is entitled to keep it at home (*à la* yacht club cups), his club being responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safety, otherwise it would be stowed away at the club bankers'.

I have every desire, of course, to race for your cup, but find a difficulty under No. 8; as, for instance, if I challenge now the race must be sailed in February; or if I do not challenge now, somebody else—say a novice—may rush in and challenge at his own time, and thus cut me out, supposing him to be authorized by his club.

I for one should have no objection to race against a dozen. We have to for the R. C. C. cup, which is fixed to a time and place, and challengers have to come there.

However, these are really small matters, and all I hope is we may have a fine breeze, a large entry, and sport will result undoubtedly. So whatever may be settled as to details, I now forward your letter to our R. C. C. Secretary, T. G. F. Winser, Esq., 11 Buckingham street, Strand, London, W. C., and at same time request him to place my name before the next meeting for nomination by the R. C. C. as its authorized representative, the challenge to be sent in in such time as may bring the date of race to September. My reason for this date is that it will be as much as I can do to get over in time for A. C. A. meet; but after that time is more open.

Of course this is all highly egotistical; but if only one can go in I'm not going to let any others "cut me out at the buoy."

With kindest wishes to the canoers of New York, very truly yours,
WARRINGTON BADEN-POWELL.

ORMSBY VILLA, GROVE ROAD, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, 17th November, 1885.

C. Bowyer Vaux, Secretary New York C. C.:

DEAR SIR—I have the pleasure to address you with reference to the letter from Com. Minton to the Royal C. C., which I heard read in committee to-night, and your letter in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 5.

First, I beg to express my hearty thanks for the cordial invitation which your club has issued to English canoeists, and to assure you of the great pleasure which the prospect of joining your meets next season affords me. Second, availing myself of the suggestion that the proposed conditions of contest for your challenge cup are subject to suggestions for modification, I venture to suggest an alteration in No. 3, to the effect that instead of limiting the contest to two canoes, the contestants should be limited to an equal number of canoes from the challenging and the challenged club. I make this suggestion because it appears probable that Mr. Baden-Powell will be in America at the same time as myself, and if you can enter two American canoes against us, neither of us will be under the painful necessity of spoiling the other's sport. If you do not comply with my suggestion it will probably be necessary for us to sail a series of matches here, the winner receiving the authority of his club to challenge on behalf of the Royal C. C., and the loser being debarred from the competition.

Trusting that my suggestion may meet with the approval of your committee, and again thanking your club for its kind consideration, I am, dear sir, yours truly, E. F. TREDWEN.

At a meeting of the N. Y. C. C. Cup Committee held Dec. 3, the above letters were read and discussed, and it was decided to modify the conditions originally published, as follows: First, To accept a challenge from but one club in a season, the first one sending in a challenge. Second, To allow three men from the challenging club to enter the races; three men representing the challenged club to sail against them; the same canoes to compete in all the races; best two out of three to win the cup for either club for the year. Each canoe winning to receive a flag as a token of such win. The club winning to be responsible for the cup. There is no objection to a member keeping it at home if allowed to by his club. Third, Dates to be mutually agreed upon for the races. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the course to be selected for the coming race will be one in which the New York members will have no advantage on account of familiarity with tides and currents. It will be on waters where steamers and sailing craft cannot interfere with the racers, and where all the conditions of wind and water will be as fair to one as another.

The revised conditions follow:

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.
2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.
3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the N. Y. C. C. as come from the foreign club.
4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.
5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.
6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on New York Bay under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.
7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles, and within a time limit of three hours.
8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreed upon between the first club challenging and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year and between two clubs.
9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races; these are practically identical with all canoeing and yachting rules.
10. The cup must in all cases be held by the club and not by its representative. Should the club holding the cup dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CLASSIFICATION OF SAILING CANOES.

DO THE present rules of the A. C. A. for the classification of sailing canoes meet the requirements of the Association, and are they fair and just? The writer propounds this question for the purpose of calling the attention of the members of the A. C. A. to the diversity of dimensions of canoes that can be and are entered on even terms in either sailing class of the A. C. A. under the present rules.

The rule for Class A allows the entry of canoes 16ft.x26in. and 14ft. x26in. in the same race. The rule for Class B allows the entry of canoes 16ft.x30in. and 14ft. 2in.x28¾in., and if the writer correctly interprets the rule, it further admits from the smallest canoe in Class A to a canoe 17ft.x30¾in. in the same race, and all on even terms. Yet while the diversity of dimensions mentioned is allowed in both classes, a canoe 16½ft.x30¼in. is ruled out entirely.

The Association rule requires that a canoe to compete in any of the races of the A. C. A. must be sharp at both ends, with no counter stern or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. Then why rule out, from the privilege of competing for a prize and record in the sailing races of the A. C. A. any canoe that meets the requirements of the Association? Canoeists differ in their tastes, and different localities require different types of canoes. In place of encouraging our canoeists to build racing canoes to fit the class rule, induce them to build canoes to suit their own tastes and the requirements of the locality they reside in by adopting sailing rules that will fairly classify any canoe within the requirements of the Association that may be brought to the meet should the owner desire to enter the sailing races. It is certainly unjust to debar any from that privilege.

The writer respectfully submits to the members of the A. C. A. for their consideration the following rules for the classification of sailing canoes of the A. C. A., believing that these rules will give a more equitable classification than the present rules admit of:

Class A, Division I.—Length, under 15ft.; beam, not over 29in.

Class A, Division II.—Length, under 15ft.; beam, greater than 29in. and less than 33in.

Class B, Division I.—Length, not less than 15ft. nor greater than 16ft. 6in.; beam, one-sixth the length or greater, but less than 33in.

Class B, Division II.—Length, not less than 15ft. nor greater than 17ft.; beam, less than one-sixth the length.

It will be seen from the above rules that no considerable variation in length or beam will exist in any of the divisions; that every sailing canoe "that can be efficiently paddled by one man" is fairly classified and can be entered in only one division.

CLASS A.

DIVISION I.			DIVISION II.		
Name.	Length.	Beam.	Name.	Length	Beam.
	Ft. In.	In.		Ft. In.	In.
†Nirvana	14 0	27½	‡Isabel	13 11	32½
†Day Dream	14 1	26	‡Thetis	14 4	30¼
†Lady Jane	14 1	26	‡Freyja	14 5	30½
‡Bertha	14 2	28	‡Snake	14 6	30
‡Star	14 2	29	‡Katrina	14 7	31
‡Beatrice	14 2	29			
†Irex	14 6	27¾			
†Gnuz	14 6	27¾			
†Nereid	14 7	28½			
†Nettie	14 2	28			

CLASS B.

DIVISION I.			DIVISION II.		
Name.	Length.	Beam.	Name.	Length.	Beam.
	Ft. In.	In.		Ft.	In.
‡Sophronia	15 0	30	†Irene	15	27¾
‡Inertia	15 0	30	*Dido	15	28
‡Lorelei	15 0	30	§Corinne	15	29
‡Flit	15 0	30	‡Sea Bea	15	29½
‡Marion B	15 0	30¾	*Zulu	16	26
‡Grebe	15 0	31	*Ada M. S.	16	27
‡Aurora	15 0	31½	†Verena	16	30
‡Daisy	15 3	30¾	§Freak	16	30
‡Gertie	15 2	30¾	§Kate	16	30
‡Guenn	15 2	31			
‡Germaine	15 6	31			

* Class A, 1884. † Class A, 1885.
§ Class B, 1885. ‡ Class B, 1885.

Of the merit of these rules the reader may judge for himself from the appended classification, made up mostly from entries at the A. C. A. meet of 1885. Those from the entries of the meet of 1884 were selected to illustrate more plainly the improvement in classification.

LONG SHANKS.

[Like a motion to adjourn, a discussion of measurement rules is always in order, and the above suggestions offer an ingenious plan. Nearly all members of the A. C. A., however, dispose of the matter by an affirmative answer to "Longshanks's" question, as there is now little complaint about the rules. They do meet the full requirements of the Association, they work perfectly in respect to racing, and they encourage the building of the two sizes of canoes best fitted for general cruising, and they have proved fair in practice. The confusion that once prevailed in consequence of a great diversity of sizes has now entirely disappeared and each year the boats are approaching more nearly to a standard size in each class, 15×28 and 15×30, which sizes seem to be the best both for racing and cruising. The only boat disbarred in 1884 was one built with an exaggerated overhang which increased her length over all and which was finally sawed off. This year one or two boats were thrown into other classes by being over or under the limit through the fault of the builder, but no complaint was made. The rules provide for the boats that are present and the Association is ready to add new classes as soon as the necessity for their formation is apparent. It has been proposed to add a C class of larger boats, but none have yet been present at the meets or have made any application for a class. The leading canoeists are well content with the dimensions which the rules, especially the average prizes, encourage; the boats of odd sizes are built by amateurs, novices and men who are not in the Association and care nothing for its rules. It is true that a 16×26 and 14×26 canoe would be admitted to the same class, but practically the class has been made up of boats 14×26 to 27in., the two 16ft. boats noted above being open Canadian canoes, and in another year we may expect to see Class A entries all 15ft.×28in. No special virtue rests in an inch of beam more or less in a canoe. A man can build a 28in. boat that will be as good as a 29in. or 29½in., and, similarly, a 30in. is no way inferior to 29½in. or 31in.; so it is not unfair to encourage, for the sake of simplicity, these two sizes. A number of considerations enter into the choice of dimensions under the present rules, and they dictate two sizes of boat. If a man wishes to avail himself of the full limit for sailing he can exceed these sizes, building, say, 15ft.×31½in.; but then he must pay in the paddling, as his boat will be wider than the majority. The object of the rules is not to afford a race to every possible size of canoe that may present itself, but to encourage the best possible boat of each class, and the new Class A and Class B boats are sufficient evidence of its successful working. If there are any owners of larger canoes, or any who contemplate building them, who wish to race them at the meet, they should apply to the Regatta Committee, and if enough entries are found to warrant it, a class would no doubt be formed for them, as it is the policy of the A. C. A. to encourage all legitimate cruising craft. One objection to the plan is that it makes four sailing classes for the same boats that the present rules place in two, thus lengthening the programme unnecessarily, a point that is of much importance. We need say nothing at present of the confusion that would ensue from a change of the rules, as it is improbable that any will be made; but we shall be glad to have the views of canoeists on the proposed scheme.]

WIDE OR NARROW CANOES?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 26 Mr. Clapham comes to the front with several statements concerning canoes which, as an old canoeist, I am inclined to question and to ask for the proof of. His statement that many prominent canoeists have given up canoes for square-sterned boats infers that they have done so owing to the danger, unhandiness and discomfort of the latter. Now, who are the prominent canoeists alluded to? Mr. Bishop, a canoeist, advocates the sneakbox for extended cruises on open waters, but he has not condemned the canoe for its own purposes. "Seneca," also a canoeist, has lately taken to the same boat, but his purpose is also peculiar; as he has no place to house a canoe, he uses the boat for hunting purposes, and wishes to carry two, while on his cruising ground there is no occasion to haul the boat ashore or to transport he on land. Canoeing is the primary school of yachting, and many of the canoeists of fifteen years since now own larger craft; but that does not prove that they were not satisfied with their canoes at one time. Boys and young men go into canoeing as the most available form of sailing, nearly all of them with the hope of some day owning a larger craft—probably in a few years a 20 foot sloop or five ton cutter, to be succeeded in time by a large yacht; but this progression argues nothing against each boat in its place. On the other hand, Dr. Neidé first cruised in a rowboat before discarding it for a canoe; Mr. Nate Smith did the same, camping and cruising in 1880-1 in an excellent rowboat; Mr. Tyson went down the Mississippi in a skiff several years before he owned a canoe; "Surge," of the N.Y.C.C., is a reformed boat sailer, now an ardent canoeist; Ex-Com. Alden and Mr. Morse first cruised in a rowboat, and another of the older N.Y.C.C. men began his cruising ten years since in another, only to drop it for a canoe, still using the latter.

Why is the canoe neither safe, handy nor comfortable, can Mr. Clapham tell us? Those who use her do not find her so, and they should know. How has canoeing been debased, and what has been the effect of the introduction of the modern canoe? We have a large and powerful organization working for the advancement of true sailing and cruising, a fine fleet of boats, a set of rules and methods of racing that put to shame the yacht clubs, and yet we are told that we are "debasing" sport. Of course a large boat is less cranky, safer and more comfortable than a small one; that goes without saying. But such a boat would be utterly useless as far as two-thirds of our canoeists are concerned. Two features make the canoe specially adaptable to a very large class; its adaptability and portability, and in these two all the others, "Deja's" boat, the sneakbox and the proposed boat are lacking. The canoe can easily be paddled in smooth or rough water by a boy of ordinary strength, and so is independent of wind and tide, while the motion is far less monotonous and tiresome, though less effective than rowing. It can sail very fast when properly rigged, and with care and knowledge such as is needed in any boat, it is safe for cruising. It affords ample accommodation for the crew, not such as a large yacht, but all that the camper requires. It can be housed, handled on shore, transported by rail, or in an emergency can be locked up and stowed in a garret, a cellar or a barn, and it can accompany its canoeist in time by a boat's. These are the qualities that make it so valuable, and the ones that are lacking in the sneakbox and its fellows. None of them can be paddled or efficiently handled on land by one man.

Now for Mr. Clapham's boat, it must be rowed and not paddled, it may, perhaps, sail better, but it can not be handled, under oars and in all ways, as a light canoe can; the capacity of our club houses would have to be doubled to obtain storage room; it would be too unwieldy to transport, as a canoe is carried, over three or four railways in two days, and the cost of transportation would be much greater. One man could haul it out on a beach, but it could not be handled as a canoe is and must be, for instance, to run alongside a dock, three or four feet high, in the dark and a tideway, to jump out and haul up the boat after one; or even the easier task of lifting on and off the house racks, toting along a railway platform, or launching alone in a hurry. Would this light, buoyant boat, with no ballast, go to windward in a sea, and with her larger area would she be safer than a canoe? If what Mr. Clapham says about canoes is true, there must be plenty of deluded canoeists who would welcome such a boat as he promises. Let him then build her and show us what she can do that cannot be done by a CLASS B CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that Mr. Clapham has joined "Deja" in the great work of reforming canoeing, let us have lines and figures from him, that we may fairly compare his boat with the canoe. Cannot you publish the lines of Mr. Clapham's boat, if he has yet designed her? In the meanwhile perhaps he will tell us how much she will cost, the weight of empty hull and with full rig, whether the railroads will handle her as they now do canoes, whether she can run rapids, how large a paddle is required, what average speed can be obtained in a calm and how many men it will take to handle her as a canoe is handled.

A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although canoeing seems to be well established in this country, it is evident that it has excited the jealousy, or some kindred spirit, of owners or builders of cutters and sharpies. We are now warned that a degeneration to a "mongrel sport" and the only remedy apparent to these self constituted advisers is the substitutes so kindly offered, first by an advocate of the cutter and now of the sloop. How many canoeists will sell their canoes and invest in the safe and commodious cutter, sailboat or sharpie cannot be known, nor is it a matter of much importance; but a novice buying a canoe 15ft.x4ft. to cruise down a river, to compete in the paddling races, or even to paddle at all, might be sadly disappointed.

A party of canoeists were starting for a cruise down one of our rivers, the headwaters of which were distant some hundred miles from the departure, and it was therefore necessary to ship the canoes by rail to the place where the cruise was to commence. Among the canoes was a boat 16ft. long by 28in. beam, sharp at both ends and partially decked, a good enough boat in its way, but outside the limits of classification of the American Canoe Association. This boat was an endless source of trouble to the whole party. It was heavier and difficult to carry even for a short distance. It occupied more space in the car than the canoes, and owing to this fact, sufficient room not being found in the baggage car at a point where a transfer had to be made, the canoes did not arrive at their destination at the proper time; so a day and a half was lost in a country town, which was sufficiently disagreeable without the accompanying thoughts of possible smash up and an absence of insurance. When started on the cruise the double crew in the boat found it difficult with their single paddles to keep up with the canoes, and finally when one of crew deserted and the captain was left to paddle his own canoe a

mutiny was scarcely averted. It is true that the oars were there, but the captain had come for pleasure and not for toil; the sail was there, but the wind would blow up stream or not at all. This boat was called a canoe by its captain, but it was not properly a canoe, and is not now used as such. The name was insufficient to change its nature. The chief trouble was the excess of beam which rendered the boat incapable of being efficiently paddled by one man. Where, however, the paddle is discarded the canoe is also discarded and a rowboat, sailboat or other craft takes its place. Whether or not the boat is superior to the canoe is another question which has already been discussed. L.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When we remember the constant attacks which canoe sailing and racing has been receiving, it is very amusing to read a letter written from so diametrically opposite an standpoint as that of Mr. Thomas Clapham. Among both for the picture it brings to our imagination of the discomfiture such heresy will carry into the ranks of our friends on the other side of the question, as well as for the misconception of canoeing evident in its suggestions. Mr. Clapham, though an A. C. A. member, has evidently allowed himself to forget entirely what a canoe is and why it exists: and it is difficult to see how the legitimate canoe is to be benefited by the admission of canoe yawls to form an entirely separate and independent class in A. C. A. races.

KATRINA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Canoeists have been engaged in making toilsome improvements in their craft for the last half dozen or more of years. Each step in advance in model and rig has been the result of patient study and experiment by those who, by their familiarity with the subject, would seem to be the ones best qualified to achieve success. I am one of those who believe they have done so, within the limits, the very wise limits prescribed by the Association rules.

If they had been at liberty to design boats for any one purpose, without having to conform to all the requirements of the canoe, and with unrestricted measurements, it would have been very easy indeed to plan a boat which would carry double the amount of sail with proportionate speed, or to be towed with twice the speed that a canoe can be paddled, if sailing was no object, or a combination of both if weight were of no consequence, and it was not necessary to remove her from the water, except to put her in the dry dock occasionally.

It seems to me that Mr. Clapham, in his letter in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, loses sight of the above facts, when he proposes for sailing canoeists a craft very much superior to what they are at present using. He proposes for 15ft. in length, a beam of 42 to 48in. This would at once dispose of paddles, which would of course be useless in so wide a boat. He says she could be easily hauled out of the water by one man. But how about picking her up and carrying her into a boat house up a steep bridge at low water? I think we would have to anchor her out, and I call to mind a canoe of only 31½in. beam which was disposed of in that way, on account of her uncomfortable weight; and a storm came and her bones are now bleaching in the sand, or would be if they were not covered up by the dumping scows.

Supposing we have got rid of the useless paddles and anchor our boat out, thereby saving the trouble of carrying her into the house. The next step would seem to be to wedge the mast in, making it stationary, and to rig the sails with gaff and boom, saving the trouble of taking them in and out. Yes, that is splendid; but in the meantime what has become of the canoe? Alas! she has vanished, and in her place we behold the old time cat or combined rowing and sailing boat.

It is not at all likely that the Association would consent to such an alteration of rules as would be required to admit to their races such a craft of the dimensions which Mr. Clapham gives, especially as the rules were framed to exclude such. Nor is it any more likely that canoeists as a rule would be willing to accept Mr. Clapham's assurance of what such a boat is capable of until it has been proved, nor would it be fair for him to expect a canoeist, on the strength of such an assurance, to go to the expense of making the experiment. The best thing then for Mr. Clapham to do would be to build such a boat as he describes and prove its capabilities by practice, as well as on papers, and if he is so much superior to our present canoes, I think I can guarantee there will be plenty of canoeists to recognize it and take advantage of his suggestions. But I would warn him that they will use their own judgment, and he must not be disappointed if it does not always coincide with his any more than with that of the cuoglist of sneakboxes and special cruisers. SERGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I noticed an article on wide canoes, by Mr. Clapham, I am of his opinion that it would be to the interest of canoeing for the A. C. A. and the W. A. C. A. to form a class for canoes 15x36 to 48in. A canoe is a very capable little boat, and canoeing is a grand sport, but the ordinary 31in. canoe is not adapted to cruising in open water. The sneakbox is also an excellent boat, and for handiness and speed in smooth water I have never seen their equal, they will also ride a large sea but are indifferent performers to windward in a choppy sea. I have tried both the above boats for cruising on Lake Michigan, but neither of them filled the bill. I am having a canoe built this winter 15ft. x36in., which I think will be about the boat needed, she is to weigh about one hundred pounds and will carry two men and their duffle, if necessary, nicely. I expect to cruise around Lake Michigan in her next summer. I know of other canoeists who are having boats built similar to mine, and I know that a class that would admit a canoe as described above would be very popular in our waters. CAPTAIN.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.

Why was it that canoeists jumped in so quickly to answer "Deja" and "Seneca" when they wrote of sneakboxes and canoe-cutters? Was it that the canoeists did not like these boats, did not think them safe or useful, and did not want any right-minded person to use them? Not at all. Not one among all the canoeists has objected to the use of the box or the cutter. Many canoeists own and sail the homely but serviceable box. They jumped up to defend themselves—not to attack a foe. Toleration is a lesson the canoeist learns when young. Canoes vary so—are used for such radically different purposes that no one thinks of saying "this is canoeing—and only this." Now, "Seneca" and "Deja"—and "Spike," too—had better learn as soon as possible that the canoe is a fact; that an ever increasing army of canoeists exist, and propose to use their canoes for any and all purposes pleasing to them. They don't object to the box, nor the canoe-cutter, nor the nickel-plate; but they don't propose to substitute any of these for the canoe of their fancy because they are told they must or be considered fools; nor do they propose to use only one canoe, and call one kind of canoeing, and that only, true canoeing. It would do "Deja," "Seneca," "Spike"—and "Sharpie Clapham," too—a world of good and teach them something if they would only drop down on Grindstone Island next August for a day or two. Gentlemen, what say you?—*American Canoeist.*

CANOE COMPLICATIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I agree with "Spike" that the novices are not responsible for the many new contrivances in canoeing: they are mostly the work of experts, and good in their places. The drop rudder is an excellent device in some cases and so is the cam cleat, but the novice may have no use for them; but still he sees them and has them. Now when he finds that they are only an annoyance, let him shoulder the blame himself instead of calling for more rules to protect him. I cannot follow his fine distinction between seamanship and—what? It is impossible to analyze boat (not yacht) sailing into its various components of trim of sails, steering, attention to tides, etc., which may be called seamanship; and the other factors of personal activity and skill. Without the latter the open boat or canoe sailor would find his seamanship of little use, and while he might sail his boat to perfection in one respect, he would soon upset her. I still repeat my assertion that the leading racers, the winners, do not carry such large sails.

I admit that some canoes have large areas and some are oversparred, but I referred only to well-known racing canoes that have won regular A. C. A. races, and this does not include the boats mentioned by "Spike." The limit of 80ft. is small enough for the average Class B canoe; 75ft. is far too little in ordinary weather, such as prevails in summer. I hope to meet "Spike" next August and to show him a "complicated" canoe that he will admit is what a canoe should be. BRASS CLEAT.

CRUISE OF AURORA AND PETREL.

DR. Charles A. Neidé, in canoe Aurora, and Mr. George E. Andrews, in his new "Barnegat cruiser," the Petrel (14ft. by 32in), were on the St. Johns River, near Jacksonville, Fla., Thanksgiving Day. These cruisers tied up in a small creek above the city, and Mr. Andrews, as chef, cooked a royal Thanksgiving dinner on board his sneakbox. Dr. Neidé, in a letter to a canoeist friend, describes Mr. Andrews's outfit as the most perfect he ever examined. Mr. Andrews cruised last winter on the southwest coast of Florida. We believe it is his intention to cruise—possibly with Dr. Neidé—about Feb. 12, southwest, via Indian River to its end at Jupiter Inlet, then through Everglades thirteen miles southward to Lake Worthhaulover, where a portage of 400 feet on a small car, which runs on a wooden track, makes connection with Lake Worth and its settlement of Northern people.

Lake Worth is about twenty-four miles long and half a mile wide, running southward inside the beach. At its southern end is the "Wreckers' Trail," a haulover into the Atlantic Ocean of a few hundred feet length. It will be necessary to follow the beach outside, down to Key Biscayene Bay, inside of which is the settlement of Miami, where live several Northern families. From Miami it is easy cruising inside the long line of Florida Keys, to Key West, in such staunch craft as the Aurora and Petrel. The "Barnegat cruiser" draws but 6 inches, and can go in as shoal water as the Aurora.

From Miami, following around the point of Florida to lonely Cape Sable, and up northward toward the camping grounds of "Nessmuk" and Kendall, is a cruise of two or three hundred miles. For 150 miles to Cape Sable the A. C. A. men must depend on each other for society, unless they cross to the Florida Keys, some of which are inhabited. Neidé and Andrews are self-reliant men; the first was a staff officer at sixteen years of age with Gen. Butler in the late war. He is known to all canoeists as one of the best of men. Mr. Andrews is also an excellent companion, a true sportsman and an enthusiastic cruiser. He is the second man to raise the flag of the American Single-Hand Cruising Club, under which he will cruise around Florida.

Our best wishes will follow these gentlemen in the cruise they are about to undertake; and we believe that the people of the Indian River country and of Lake Worth will give them a cordial welcome when these representative craft of the American Canoe Association and the American Single Hand Cruising Club, flying the flags of both organizations, penetrate the regions of those distant watercourses.

N. H. B.

STOVES FOR SMALL BOATS.—I believe there is no perfect stove for cruisers in small boats. Alcohol is cleaner to use than kerosene, but costs more. If cost is no objection I can recommend what I mention in "Canoe and Camp Cookery," viz: three alcohol flamme forcé lamps, place them side by side for cooking in large vessels, and use only one when making coffee or boiling eggs. I use an oil stove when cruising during cold weather, because it warms my canvas cabin better than an alcohol stove, and I can keep it going for hours, if desired. An oil stove for cruising should have a reservoir with no openings, and the whole thing should be carried in a pail when not in use, so that if it slops over it won't soil anything but the inside of the pail.—SENECA.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE 1885 MEET.—One of the handsomest photographs of a canoe we have yet seen is that of the Marion, Com. R. S. Oliver, taken at Grindstone by Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y. The canoe is shown coming directly toward the spectator, with boom to starboard, showing the boat and sails to advantage. Mr. Stoddard's collection this year, including Mr. Seavey's negatives, numbers some thirty views of the races, the fleets under sail and paddle, a large group and a number of views of the camp, and altogether they form a very valuable souvenir of the meet.

FLORIDA NOTES.—Dr. Neidé writes under date of Dec. 2 that the weather in Jacksonville is cold, with sleet showers. Aurora is afloat now. Com. Munroe, N. Y. C. C., will soon leave for Key West, and Mr. Chesebrough, N. Y. C. C., will spend some time about Jacksonville. Mr. George E. Andrews, No. 900 A. C. A., is ready for a cruise in his sneakbox Petrel. Mr. George M. Peterson, of Chicago, will cruise on the Upper St. John in his canoe Mary. Mr. W. B. Barnett, of Jacksonville, is now at Maypert with his canoe, duck shooting.

NEW YORK C. C.—The annual dinner and election of officers will take place on Saturday next at the Hotel Hungaria. The house is now moored in Sel midt's Basin, at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The Mama P., Sea Urchin and Tomboy were out on Dec. 7, in spite of the opening of the blizzard season. A new canoe has been added to the fleet, 15×30, with two boards, one almost against the sternpost.

THE CHALLENGE TROPHY.—New York, Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to acknowledge, through your journal, the following International Cup subscriptions: W. M. Carter, Trenton, N. J., $1; George W. Wilkin, A. C. A. No. 124, $1; H. O. Bailey, $1; previously acknowledged, $54. Total to date, $57.—WM. WHITLOCK.

CANDIDATES FOR A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.—Secretary Neidé has received applications from Mr. Maurice McMicken, Seattle, Wash. Ter., and Mr. Joshua B. Fordick, New Brighton, Staten Island.

OVER ONE IN SEVEN of those insured under the accident policies of The Travelers, of Hartford, Conn., in 1884, was killed or injured by accident, and received cash benefits.—*Adv.*

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

C. A. J.—You can probably find a ducking boat for sale at Fairepat

C. F., New York.—The country back of Fort Lee will probably prove what you wish.

BEE, Tallahassee.—You will find an extended description of the public parks of different cities in Appleton's Cyclopedia.

F. C. W., Auburn, Mass.—The Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts are: E. A. Brackett, Winchester; F. W. Putnam, Cambridge; and E. H. Lathrop, Springfield.

L. G. D.—We know of no better makes of guns than those advertised in our columns, and we advise you to communicate with the manufacturers whose names are there given.

F. M. D., Wheeling, W. Va.—In shooting at glass balls and other flying objects, with which can you get the quicker aim, a double or single barrel? Ans. With the one you are accustomed to use.

R., Springfield, Mo.—Can you name duck, killed here, an entire stranger? White breast and belly, brown under wings, balance black, high crest or top knot, each side of crest white, front and top edge black, narrow bill, upper lip hooked, web feet; weight 1¾ pounds. Ans. The bird was no doubt a hooded merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*).

F. A. N.—Please give me extended pedigree of Pessie. Was imported from England in 1879 by T. W. Harvey, of Chicago, when she was six months old, and in 1881 he gave her to Hon. J. Sterling Morton, who the same year gave her to O. J. Stowell. She has had eighteen pups since she has been in my possession, and none of them have ever had a spot of any description. I have been tracing my bitch's pedigree since July, and I hope this will clear the case with it in full. I have sold some pups, but did not wish to send pedigree unless genuine, and I have traced thus far and think this is sufficient for them. Ans. What is your bitch Pessie—dachshund, coach dog, mastiff, bull-terrier, or what breed?

F. C., Providence.—1. Can you inform me of the best localities for trapping in Maine or New Hampshire? I wish to capture the smaller fur-bearing animals, such as otter, lynx, mink, sable and muskrat. I should like to go to a section where the black bear and deer are comparatively plenty, but should prefer to go to the Coos country if possible. 2. Have you a book relating to the animals to be found in either of these localities, and giving their habits and mode of capture, also containing description of country and best places to go. Ans. 1. Write to John Danforth, Rangeley, Me., or Ned Norton, Colebrook, N. H. 2. "The American Trapper," by Gibson, will meet your requirements. Price, $1.50. It does not give description of Maine country.

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Quite a number of correspondents have drawn our attention to an offensive paragraph, which, under the heading "Pope Leo has taking up his favorite autmun amusement of lark-catching in the Vatican Gardens," recently appeared in the *Graphic*. Our contemporary then proceeded to comment upon what it was pleased to describe as "a strangely cruel pastime of the Infallible Head of a Christian Church." The conclusion of the paragraph was as follows: "Numbers of fine singing larks are blinded with a red-hot needle, and concealed in cages in a fine laurel grove, where flocks of larks fly across from seawards during their autumn migrations. The blind songsters decoy their fellows by their loud strains, and nets are then deftly dropped over the unlucky birds attracted. His Holiness gets very angry with any awkward attendant who fails to drop the net at the critical moment, and himself often extricates the birds, and kills them in the approved fashion by crushing their heads between thumb and finger." Any one at all familiar with Italian customs will know that the roccolo is a favorite pastime of the Romans in the month of October. Little birds, not always larks, but often bullfinches, and even sparrows, are placed in cages among bushes or shrubs, smeared with birdlime. The loud singing of the decoy birds attract others, who, getting fast in the birdlime, are caught easily in nets by men watching for the purpose. It is true that birds sold as decoys are often blinded, under the impression that it improves their singing—a piece of mistaken cruelty which used to be commonly practiced in this country upon canaries. So much is matter of common knowledge. We may add that the roccolo is yearly practiced in the extensive grounds of the Vatican for the amusements of the *famiglia i.* But that the Holy Father has ever taken any personal part in this somewhat childish form of "sport" is wholly, and we might have hoped obviously, untrue. The story of the "anger" of the Holy Father and the picture of him crushing the heads of little birds between finger and thumb are mere malicious inventions of the *Independence Belge*, and we can only regret that our contemporary, the *Graphic*, should have swallowed them so blindly.—*London Tablet.*

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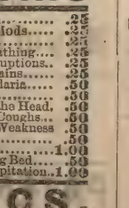
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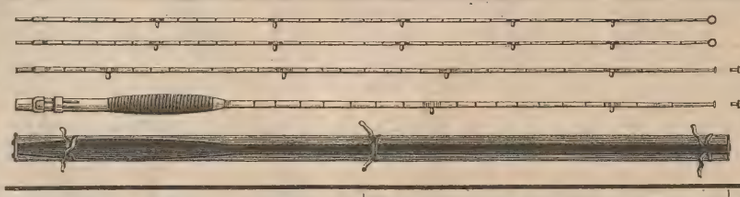
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easy it might become to trace back to a single stirps the various races of the plains and mountains.

That evening Yellow Fish gave us his views on the game prospects of the region which we were nearing. He had something to say about *Eh-mah-kee kinny* (big horn, or literally in Piegan, big head) and *Ah-poh-mah kee-kinny* (white goat, literally white head). The former he said, were very plenty. So plenty in fact that if we tried not to see them we could not help doing so. They were on almost all the rough mountains, except those on which the goat lives. The best place for these is on the west side of the upper lake on a great mountain where there are no sheep. "The buck goats," said he, "camp far apart, for they are great fighters. Often you find them with round holes in their sides, made by the sharp-pointed horns of those with which they have been fighting. During the rutting season, which is in the last of September and in October, they have just back of each horn a round ball [gland] as big as a grouse's egg. These smell very strong [of musk], and if when you shoot or skin one or when it falls down from the high rocks, these balls are broken, they spoil the skin and the meat. They must be cut out very carefully."

What I have so briefly summarized he told with a great deal of detail, and the hour was late when the talk ended and we were ready to turn in. A glance out doors showed that the rain had turned into snow, which was coming down softly and slowly and melting as it fell. No signs of clearing weather were visible in the sky. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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A SHRIEK FROM THE BRANCHES.

SOME years ago, before the outbreak of the Ute rebellion in Colorado, which resulted in the death of Major Thornburgh, Agent Meeker and others, my brother and I were returning from a sojourn hunting and fishing on Grand River, in Middle Park, near the Hot Sulphur Springs. One Saturday evening we went into camp on the western base of James Peak at a place called Hay Stacks, where the dripping snows form the rivulets that quickly grow into larger streams, making successively the Frazer River, Grand River and the Rio Colorado, which only cease their speed and impetuosity when they reach the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean. The journey was to be continued the next day over the great range among the snow-covered peaks by the way of the Berthoud Pass.

On leaving Denver a few weeks before, we had been warned that the Indians might somewhere entrap us, that the discontented chief, Colorow, who subsequently proved so troublesome with a band of ostracised followers, was roving along the Frazer and Grand rivers, that white desperadoes were shooting and stealing and laying their deviltry to the Indians, that some Arapahoes, enemies of the Utes and whites alike, were raiding the Parks, while an occasional cinnamon bear and mountain lion was making it lively for prospectors and hunters. The cinnamon bears would come stealthily into camp in the night without notice, and suddenly break up housekeeping, to the great consternation and peril of the sleeping campers, and the mountain lions had a disagreeable way of dropping from the outreaching limb of a spruce tree on to the head of a hunter or prospector.

We had made mental memoranda of all this; we had slept on the ground in cañons, on meadows and in the deep woods, had shot a savage gray wolf and fired effectually at a mountain lion, had seen recent evidences of prowling Indians, but so far had escaped without thrilling adventures. Still, we were always watchful, and had learned by heart the good old legend, "never be surprised."

During the day we met a lone Ute Indian, who came suddenly into view at the crossing of a little stream, who was in a great hurry and much excited about something. He reined his pony suddenly, almost bringing him to his haunches, and inquired, in his jargon of Indian, English and Spanish, if we had seen any Arapahoes. He expressed great surprise by look and manner when I told him we had not, and lashing his pony across the shoulders with his stubby whip, disappeared in a forest of quaking aspens. Later on we met two prospectors and a tall tenderfoot, a Boston man, who inquired anxiously about Indians and told us we had better be on the lookout. At noon, where we stopped to rest the horses and pack-mule and eat lunch, we caught sight of three tepees two miles to the right, nearly hidden among blasted pine trees, and thought they belonged to some raiding Arapahoes. This robbed us of some comfort and added correspondingly to our apprehensions.

And so, when evening came and the long, dark shadows of pines and firs fell upon the wild meadow, and the hermit thrush sung his sweet but plaintive song, and the little birds in the bushes uttered their vesper calls, and a shaking cluster of alders in a ravine told of some sneaking animal, why, we naturally felt a little uneasy—perhaps a shade lonesome.

We at once picketed the horses and the mule where they could eat heartily of the wild blue grass, and then set about to get supper. A very small fire was built, so that it could be easily extinguished when we were through with it. Coffee was made and pieces of grouse were fried, which, with cold biscuits made of Sonora wheat flour, furnished a very satisfactory repast. While we were cleaning up the camp preparing for the night, the mule suddenly uttered a snort and came galloping toward us, apparently in great fright. Mules are frequently frightened by shadows and are evidently superstitious, and will "break" for the camp fire if they see a ghost or anything of mysterious nature. We quieted the old fellow and got the horses and tied them all to a log near, and put an armful of grass for each to browse on as he choose. It was still early when the fire was wholly extinguished. Our blankets were then spread, and with Ponto, our trusted pointer, at our heads, and each with his gun and revolver on the ground at his side, we turned in.

But somehow I could'nt get asleep. The warnings we had received, the meeting with the Indian and the other incidents of the day, which also included riding over the fresh trail of a cinnamon bear a distance of three miles, all tended to banish slumber or keep me in a troubled doze.

Some time between 12 and 1 o'clock I was startled into wide wakefulness by what seemed the shout of an Indian or the scream of a panther. Rising instantly to my knees I grasped my rifle and strained my eyes to see if possible what dreadful calamity was upon us. I fully expected to see the flash of guns, hear the yells of hostile Indians and feel their cruel messengers of death, the bullet and knife. In the moments of terrible suspense, I keenly regretted that my passion for travel and sport had taken me so far away, exposing us to unnecessary dangers and perils. And then a feeling of great surprise followed. There was no shooting, no scalping, no rush of man or beast, nothing to indicate the cause of the noise and my alarm. Was it a dream? Was it unusual cerebral activity, attributable to disagreeable signs threatening appearances, or was it too much fried grouse and Sonora biscuit? No, for the dog was also alarmed and stood with raised mane on a prostrate log, sniffing the midnight air. The horses, too, were on the alert and the mule was trying to hide between them. There was something wrong, of that there could be no doubt. But what was strange, my brother had not wakened. He was fast asleep; his breath as soft as an infant's, though one hand was outside the blanket resting on his gun. A bird chirped in a lonely way in a bush near, the waves of Frazer River lapped and rippled monotonously, and a low wind moaned among the trees.

"Lew," said I, carefully, "wake up, there's something the matter."

"Is 't morning?" he asked, sleepily.

"Morning nothing! Indians or something. Keep quiet."

Then I explained, under my breath, and we both, on our knees, guns in hand, awaited the next demonstration. The suspense was fearful. I could have sworn that either Indians were about to murder us, or that a bloodthirsty animal was crouched near ready to spring. The situation was simply maddening. The wind whispered and muttered, and came over the grass and among the trees with increasing energy, the branches overhead swayed and murmured, and dry twigs snapped and fell, a dark cloud shut out the starlight, the boom of distant thunder fell on our ears, and then two dead limbs in tall contending pine trees by the river were moved violently, one across the resinous surface of the other, making a noise like forty fiddlers out of tune. That was all.

In less than two minutes the dog had curled himself up again by our heads, the horses became quiet, the mule shook his ears in relief, the bird went to sleep, and two quiet travelers were hastening to a beautiful land of dreams.

JEROME BURNETT.

FLORIDA ROUTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Old Boreas will soon tune his harp of a thousand strings, and sportsmen and tourists will wend their way to the American Italy—sunny Florida. In days gone by I have written so much regarding the fishing and shooting of the State, that I have but little to add. Railroads are being so rapidly built, and steamboat communication is being established to so many points, that I deem it best to briefly refer to the new lines of communication, in order that intending visitors may have something to guide them before they depart from their homes.

In the city of Jacksonville the owner of the Windsor Hotel has made an addition to that building of about three hundred feet. Under the management of Orvis, of Manchester, Vt, who is also the proprietor of the Putnam House, Palatka, visitors may rest assured that every attention will be paid them in the hotel of Florida. The owner of the Everett House, on the corner of Bay and Julia streets, has made an addition of nearly four hundred feet in length, and six stories high, rendering it the largest hotel in the South. It is constructed of brick and has a frontage of nearly eight hundred feet. This house is located near railroad depots and steamboat landings, and will be found admirably adapted to the wants of sportsmen and tourists. It will be under the management of Mr. J. M. Lee, and we can unhesitatingly recommend it to the favorable notice of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

A large hotel has been erected at Rock Ledge, Indian River, and will be ready for the reception of visitors by Jan. 10, 1886. It will be under the management of J. M. Lee, of the Everett. A hotel of thirty rooms, known as the Cocoa Nut Grove House, has been opened at Lake Worth, south of the inlet. A hack line has been established from the southerly end of Indian River, and will run on the westerly side of the lake to a point opposite the hotel. Two commodious and seaworthy sharpies have been placed on the route between Jacksonville and Indian River, and they will make semi-monthly trips. Their cabin accommodations are comfortable and the captains will be found accommodating. A line of railroad from Enterprise to Sand Point, on Indian River, will be completed before Jan. 1, 1886. A seaworthy propeller (the Peerless), with good cabin accommodations, has been placed on the route between Jacksonville and New Smyrna, and will make two trips each week. The time from bar to bar will be about ten hours. A steamship of 300 tons burden will ply regularly during the winter between Jacksonville and Nassau, New Providence.

The J., T. & K. W. Railway will be completed from Jacksonville to Sandford by the latter part of December, and the time between Jacksonville and Tampa will be reduced to about twelve hours. At many points along the line on the Sandford & Tampa Railroad excellent black bass fishing will be found.

By the Florida Southern R. R. persons may leave Palatka after the arrival of the morning train from Jacksonville, and arrive in Tampa the same evening. Tampa can also be reached by train on the Florida Railroad and Navigation Company, passing through Waldo and Ocala.

My favorite Homosassa has been purchased by a rich syndicate, and at an early day a large hotel will be erected on the old plantation, and in addition a number of cottages will be built. The proprietors are gentlemen of wealth and influence and we are satisfied that they will center on the old plantation a refined and intelligent winter population. A railroad is being constructed from Ocala to Point Pinellas on Tampa Bay, passing within four miles of Homosassa. The estate, consisting of nearly six thousand acres, has been surveyed and lots will be for sale at an early day. We are of the opinion that the day is not far distant when the banks of the beautiful Homosassa will be studded with winter residences.

The steamer General Safford leaves Cedar Keys twice each week for Anclote, Tarpon Springs, Clearwater Harbor, Palma Sola and Manatee. Capt. Warner, of the yacht Mischief, is a resident of Palma Sola, and persons desirous of indulging in a cruise to the southward should secure his services. He is a good sailor and possesses a thorough knowledge of the coast. His yacht is able, cleanly, commodious and in every way adapted to the navigation of the bays, rivers and inlets. The staunch steamer Manatee leaves Tampa and Manatee each week for Hickory Bluff and Punta Rassa, on Charlotte Harbor, and Fort Myers, on the Calloosahatchie River. By this arrangement, rodsters will be enabled to reach the unrivaled fishing grounds of Charlotte Harbor. Last winter Spanish mackerel and bluefish collected in immense numbers at Big Gasparilla pass, affording unrivaled sport.

One of the greatest additions to Florida travel is the new steamship Mascotte of the Plant line. She has been constructed in the best possible manner, and all modern appliances and improvements have been adopted. She will attain a speed of seventeen miles an hour. She will accommodate seventy first and fifty second class passengers, and will make semi-weekly trips from Tampa to Key West and Havana, carrying the U. S. mail. The Mascotte is probably the most perfect steamship at present in existence, and an excursion trip on this vessel will be indulged in by many visitors to Florida. A company has been organized in the city of New York to establish a health city and large sanitarium on the Gulf coast, and thereby supply a much-needed want. At present invalids are compelled to accept such accommodations as hotels and boarding houses furnish. The institution will be under the charge of competent medical men, and every modern improvement and appliance for the treatment of invalids will be introduced. When I penned my letters for the FOREST AND STREAM in 1875 regarding the southwest coast of Florida it was almost a *terra incognita*, and I was ridiculed for my opinions and predictions. At present four railroads are stretching out their iron arms for the travel and traffic of that section; settlers are rushing in, hotels are being erected, and my favorite section is receiving its merited praise and notice.

The hotels and amusements of Jacksonville induce many persons to spend their winters in the city, especially those who are devotees of the "gentle art." The new, fast and comfortable steamboat Kate Spencer (mainly owned by your valued correspondent "Onondaga"), leaves this city daily at 3 P. M. for Mayport and Pilot Town at the mouth of the St. John's River. Fair accommodations for fishermen can be obtained at the points mentioned for $10 per week. Since the jetties have been constructed excellent sheepsheading and sea trout fishing can be enjoyed. A new railroad has been finished from Jacksonville to Pablo Beach on the Atlantic Ocean. The distance between the two points being sixteen miles, and the beach eight miles south of the mouth of the St. John's River. A large and first-class hotel is in course of construction at the beach, and will be finished at an early day. Trains leave the city for the beach twice daily, permitting persons to spend from three to eight hours near the ocean. Our old piscatorial friend, General Spinner, has made a canvas settlement at this point, and the ozonic atmosphere has limbered up his ancient joints and given him a new lease of life. For smoothness and width, Pablo Beach cannot be excelled by any point on the Atlantic coast. To those who suffer from dyspepsia, neurosthenia, anæmia, insomnia, and some forms of pulmonary disease, this sanitary resort will prove a boon. Owing to the absence of malaria, purity of water, an ample supply of ozone and the bracing effects of salt air, this will undoubtedly become a popular resort for invalids, and a pleasant place for tourists to spend a few days or weeks. AL FRESCO.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 1, 1885.

"Nessmuk" writes us as follows in regard to the boats to be had on the west coast of Florida: "I have several letters from parties who contemplate a winter cruise on the Gulf coast, and wish to know just what can be done in the way of hiring an available boat with a competent captain, the boat to be large enough for parties of four to six persons. There are four such craft here that can be hired for a cruise up or down the coast, or to Lake Okechobee and other points. The Vanessa, a fine centerboard yacht, draft three feet. Good for a party of five. Address J. M. Vinson, Tarpon Springs, Fla. The Tantalus, an able, light draft sloop, will give cumfortable quarters for a party of six. Address J. Boyer, as above. The Tantalus was built expressly for coast cruising. The Grover Cleveland, sharpie, with cockpit and awning. Good for a party of three or four. Address as above, Capt. Edmondson. Her skipper is guide for this coast. The Nessmuk, sharpie, yawl rig. Flush below from eyes to counter, giving abundant room for six. She will be in charge of Capt. Kendall, who is an able sailor and a guide for the Lake Okechobee region. Address Merrick Whitcomb for terms. There are other and smaller sailing craft that are held for hire. But the four named above are the only ones large enough to rate by tonnage.—NESSMUK.

MR. D. C. BERGUNDTHAL.—Indianapolis, Dec. 6.—It is my painful duty to inform you that your old friend, Mr. Bergundthal, has met with a very serious accident, which will deprive him of the use of his eyesight for some time. The full particulars of the same you can gather from the inclosed account: "The host of friends of Mr. David C. Bergundthal, the well-known sportsman, will learn with great regret that he met with a mishap on Thursday, which may result in the loss of both his eyes. In company with his friend, Dr. Larrimore, Mr. Bergundthal was quail hunting near Freeport. The two became separated while hunting in the brush, and neither was aware of the close proximity of the other. Dr. Larrimore flushed a covey of quail, and ignorant of the fact that his comrade was directly in range of his gun, shot at one of the birds. Six shot struck Mr. B. in the face, one entering each eye. He was brought to his home in this city, No. 483 North Illinois street, and is doing as well as can be expected. The doctors say his eyesight may be saved, but he is extremely liable to become totally blind as the result of the mishap. Mr. Bergundthal is one of the most popular sportsmen in the country, and is widely known to lovers of the sport in all parts of the United States." It is a sad calamity to his family and friends, and we can only hope for the most favorable results possible under the circumstances.—E. J. HAYES.

AS I HAVE about exhausted my favorite topics I think I shall in great degree lay down my pen and content myself with perusal of the sporting experiences of a younger generation. I can truly say that FOREST AND STREAM is "perfectly splendid" under its present management, and I do not find in other literary journals such fine writing, such entertaining matter, such interesting narrations as I always get in the FOREST AND STREAM.—ISAAC MCLELLAN (Greenport, L. I., Nov. 27, 1885).

Natural History.

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CAPTURE OF A SEA DEVIL.

THE fish known in different localities as sea devil, giant ray and ocean vampire (*Cephaloptera vampirus*), names each of which has a certain appropriateness, is, I think, not very familiar to those cruising in Southern waters, though they may occasionally get a glimpse of it at a distance.

In the month of April last a small company of us chartered the schooner Vision, owned by the Webbs, at Osprey, on the Gulf coast of Florida, for a month's cruise among the keys of Charlotte harbor. The party consisted of Mr. E. R. Marsh and wife, of Colarado; Mr. G. W. Acton, of Dublin, Ireland, and your present correspondent, from Massachusetts. The management of the schooner was intrusted to Capt. Frank Guptill, a skillful sailor, hunter and fisherman, while his wife presided with equal ability over the cookery department. We had spent about two weeks on the waters and shores of the harbor, and of some of the larger streams emptying into it; shooting deer and turkeys in the neighboring forests; collecting specimens, and studying the habits of many Florida birds; capturing fishes of more kinds than I can now tell, including among them the famous tarpum, beautiful as a rainbow and swift as a thunderbolt; also the huge sawfish, a kind of shark-like fellow, whose teeth, by some mistake, appear to have located themselves upon each side of his long nose rather than in the jaws. We had experimented, too, with a small harpoon I had devised for use in these shoal waters, and found it to do its work in the most satisfactory manner.

Cruising slowly southward, with many stops and some incidents of unusual interest, we one night cast anchor in Wyville Bay. This is a small, nearly circular sheet of salt water some two or three miles in diameter, lying entirely within the southeastern end of Sanibel Key. This is a wonderfully secluded place. One might sail by within a half-mile nor imagine its existence, so completely is it shut in by surrounding forests. A narrow, tortuous channel affords entrance to vessels of light draught only. Nowhere within the bay is the water, as I think, more than eight or ten feet deep. During the night nothing occurred to indicate the presence of any very large or unusual creatures in our neighborhood, save that, from time to time, lines of phosphorescent water showed us where some shark or other fish was roaming around in search of food. The next morning, while lounging upon deck, but with that constant watch which every lover of nature keeps in new places, that they may not miss any possible discovery, I saw, at quite a distance, something lift itself above the surface of the water, having nearly the form of the dorsal fin of a shark, but of such gigantic proportions I could think only of those monsters whose huge remains are now found in the fossil beds about Charleston, S. C. I called Mr. Marsh's attention to it and found that his judgment concerning its size was like my own. It very soon disappeared, and I should have thought no more about it had not subsequent events convinced me that it was not the fin of a shark, but part of quite a different fish.

It was not long after this that we were startled by the report of a rifle, followed by a loud halloo. Looking in the direction from which the sound came we saw the Captain, who, with Mr. Acton, had been ashore, now far across the bay, standing in his boat and beckoning us to come. It was the work of seconds only to seize a harpoon and line, leap into a little boat standing alongside, and, with Mr. Marsh at the oars, start on a voyage of discovery. On reaching the Captain he told us a sea devil was in the bay and where he had last seen it. My friend plied the oars with a will, while I, having arranged my harpoon and coil of line, stood at the bows, watching intently for some sign of the strange creature I was so anxious to find. I had not long to wait before I discovered a dark mass, only a little way under the water, steadily gliding on before us. Directing the oarsman by the words "right," "left," "right," etc., as the course of the fish changed, we at last succeeded in getting so near that I thought him within casting distance. Lifting the harpoon into the air, holding it poised for an instant, while calculating distance, the effect of refraction and the force required, I sent it swiftly down. A single second was sufficient to show the effect of the cast. First the great creature lifted his great flippers from the water with a motion that threw bucketfuls of brine over my head, drenching me to the skin; then the line began to disappear rapidly over the gunwale of the boat. The harpoon, as we afterward found, anchored itself well into the muscles near the median line, well back toward the tail.

Now began a most novel and interesting race. By gradually checking the outflow of the line, the boat was soon brought into motion, and we were driving one in hand at a high rate of speed. Backward and forward went the monster, sometimes faster and sometimes slower, turning abruptly upon his course, then speeding on again, in a vain endeavor to get rid of his pursuers, but wherever he went we followed. It soon becoming evident that he could not be tired out, we sent to the schooner for a lance, with which to end the fight, and in the meantime continued our exploration of the bay under the guidance of the vampire. On the return of the captain with the lance I transferred Mr. Marsh to the other boat, to assist the captain in heading off the fish and stabbing him as he came up. This effort proved a failure. His speed was too great to be circumvented in this way. When he found his load somewhat lighter he put on a new burst, and gave me such a ride as I never expect to have again. At times the little dingy stood nearly on end, while lines of foam streamed away backward from either side. But I will not detain your readers with the details of the chase, nor describe the manner in which I contrived to prevent his carrying out an evident design to tow me out of the bay into the deep water of the harbor, where he would inevitably be lost to us. How long this race was kept up I do not know, but think it must have been some two or three hours. Eventually, watching my opportunity, I took Mr. Marsh aboard, with the lance, and drawing up to the monster, a few well directed thrusts by him ended the struggle.

We now began to understand, for the first time, what a huge fish we had been following. Finding that we could not lift him from the bottom, the schooner was brought alongside, and purchases were rigged, first to one mast and afterward to both, and when all the force was applied we thought safe, we succeeded in getting not more than a third of the body out of water. However, by changing the points of attachment, we succeeded in making measurements and noting various interesting peculiarities of structure. The shape of the fish is much like that of the smaller rays—a flat disk, somewhat broader than long. He has no fins, but uses the extended edges of the body as means of propulsion, somewhat as the bat uses its wings; hence, I suppose, the name vampire. The tail, once, in the remote ages, like the tail of an ordinary fish, for want of use, has gradually dropped away, until now there is only left the lower ray; the scar from which the others have fallen is still visible. This ray was five feet in length and slender as a whip-stick, a ludicrous appendage to such a monster. The measurement from side to side was twenty feet, the length about eighteen feet. We had no means of determining its weight. The authorities say such a vampire weighs from three to four tons.

The head was the part of greatest interest. The mouth presented an oval opening of perfect regularity, three feet by one foot; it was beautifully white and smooth inside and without the least trace of a tooth. At each angle of the mouth were strange, nondescript, fleshy protuberances, about eighteen inches long and standing out obliquely appearing to have the object of aiding the fish in gathering its food. I suppose he feeds upon small organisms of some kind, and when swimming rapidly in the tideways is able, by means of these organs, to direct into his mouth a larger amount of food than he could otherwise do.

The gills are a marvel of beauty and skillful workmanship. The gill structures are six in number; three on each side, about two feet long and six inches wide. They are furnished with about fifty pockets each, opening inwardly, but closed on the outside by a most delicately wrought network of little arches, studded with points, and fitting so closely that the animal must be able to strain from the water which it forces through them everything except that which is fairly microscopic. No description, without elaborate drawings, can give an adequate picture of the extreme beauty and delicacy of these structures. I have now a part of one of these gill structures and the tail as trophies. It was much to be regretted that we had not time to take the skin for preservation in some museum of sea monsters. I think there are very few such specimens. I should be very glad if any of your correspondents who have encountered these fishes would tell us about their experience and give us any discoveries of interest they may have made.

W. R. T.

WRENTHAM, Mass.

BIRDS AND BONNETS.

THERE is only one way in which the slaughter of song birds for millinery purposes can be stopped; that is to create a sentiment among women which shall lead them to discountenance the destruction of songsters for bonnet adornment. The following extracts from a letter written from Smith College to the Waterville *Times*, by a sister of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, contain some pertinent suggestions, which ought to appeal to every lady who may read them. There is more to be said; and it is an encouraging sign of the times that such words as these should have come from a lady's pen:

"Foremost in the circle of lives among which we move is that of the bird-world. In the spring the happy songsters come flocking back from the south, driving away the wintry thoughts that oppressed us, and preparing the way for the gladness of the spring. All summer long they cheer us with their songs, and in the fall when some of them go back to the south, their places are taken by those who know best how to brighten us, and make the snow look less wintry, and the cold feel less bitter.

"This beautiful bird-world is always about us, or rather, we are always in its midst, and, absorbed in our own thoughts and feelings, often pass along and think nothing of it. But we do more than this. We wrong the bird-world more actively, and though thoughtlessly, it is no less a wrong.

"Probably there is not one of us who has not aided and abetted the extermination of entire species of birds for the gratifications of our personal vanity. At first sight this seems rather a startling statement, but it is literally true, and its significance is graver than it appears. To ignore the bird life about us is bad enough, but that is our own loss. But to d[illegible] our moral susceptibilities to such an extent, that we are utterly insensible to the loss of life that we are occasioning—to the wholesale slaughter of the exquisite winged life of the little songster that does so much to make our world happier and brighter—that is not only belying our better natures, but is ignoring the relations that we bear the rest of the world with which we live, and inflicting cruel wrong on a life that it should be our tender care to protect. * * * * *

Every time that we buy a wing or head, and part of what once helda happy bird's life, in order to add to our own attractiveness, we are not only committing a crime against the bird-world, not only violating our own best natures, but we are retarding the progress of civilization by an act of barbarity.

It is asked why the game laws do not protect the birds and reduce this wholesale slaughter, this extinction of species which, perhaps, it would be better to leave alive, to the destruction of a few millions of birds—an insignificant trifle when we consider the paramount importance of birds as decorators, to their utility as songsters, beautifiers and brighteners of this utilitarian world where such considerations are unimportant. Why are there no laws? First and foremost because every man knows too well the disapprobation he would meet from his wife and daughters if he were to attempt any such act of humanity. First and foremost because he shrinks from offending the delicate sensibilities of those who must have their feathers and finery, you know. No, it is not for man to make laws; it is for women to awake to a realization of the gravity of the case and make these laws possible. For such cruelty, such immorality—for it is nothing less—is due to a great measure to thoughtlessness. We have become hardened to the use of birds for millinery purposes, and think no more of buying the wing that once helped its owner to fly with light-hearted gladness up toward the blue sky, or the throat that used to tremble with exquisite song; we think no more of putting down our money (in this case such a bitter sarcasm on our vaunted civilization) and taking away the dead remnants of these little lives to wear on our hats, shamelessly before the face of the world, to make us look more attractive; we think no more of this than of buying a piece of machine-pressed paper. With such a state of public opinion, laws, if made, would be worse than useless. The birds' lives are in our own hands—it is for us to awake to the true nature of our responsibility—it is for us to make those laws possible—as with the Roman ladies of the circus, we have but to raise our hands and the doom will be averted, and the earth will resound with the glad songs of the rescued bird-world. It is for us to make the laws possible, it is for each one of us, as we value true sentiment above personal vanity, as we love everything that is beautiful and good, and hate cruelty and selfish vanity—it is for each one of us to resolve that never, through our agency, to gratify vanity or respond to the demands of a cruel fashion, will another song be silenced, another glad life be cut short."

A PET DEER ON THE RAMPAGE.—New York, Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A press dispatch in yesterday's papers reads: "Denver, Col., Dec. 2.—A strange and what threatened to be quite a serious incident occurred in the city of Gunnison last evening. As Mrs. Robert Harris and Mrs. E. W. Eastman were taking a walk near the western edge of the town with a baby carriage containing an infant and a child three or four years old, they encountered a pet deer, which immediately showed a disposition to fight. The mother grabbed her child from the carriage just as the deer fastened his horns in the wheels and sent the vehicle over his head. Rushing upon the woman with the infant, he gave them a similar toss, landing them in the brush near the roadside considerably bruised. While the other woman was endeavoring to avoid his sharp horns a young man rushed to her rescue with a dog, but the angry beast settled the dog with one thrust, and then sprang upon the young man, who fired two ineffectual shots from his revolver, which only seemed to increase the deer's anger. He sprang upon the man and thrust one of his antlers through his thigh, inflicting an ugly wound, and as he stood over his prostrate victim a second man, who had been attracted to the scene, killed the animal with a double-barreled shotgun. The injuries of the women are not serious." Do you not think that is rather an exaggerated account? I know from experience that a wild deer would never cut up in the manner this tame one appears to have done, and I write to ask you if a pet deer is more dangerous than a wild one?—S. A. [Bucks, both wild and in captivity, are liable at certain seasons to develop such savage dispositions. Many instances are on record. It has sometimes been necessary to kill captive deer because of their ugliness. We know of at least one authentic instance of a man having been killed by a wild deer; and on another occasion if an infuriated buck had carried out his programme the FOREST AND STREAM readers would never have heard of one "Nessmuk."]

ANSER HUTCHINSI.—Cleveland, Nov. 11.—On the market to-day I saw for sale four geese that attracted my attention on account of their small size and resemblance to the big wild Canada goose. On close observation I found them to be the rare *Anser hutchinsi*, first mentioned by Dr Richardson in his "Fauna Americanica Borealis." The Doctor says: "This bird is common about Hudson's Bay, and breeds there in numbers. At first it was taken for a brant or an emaciated Canada goose." Wilson and Audubon never saw the bird. The latter described it in his ornithology from a skin procured by Sir John Clark Ross, who discovered the magnetic pole, and carried the skin, after he and the crew and his uncle, Sir John Ross, quit their ships at Felix Harbor, Boothia Bay and Boothia, for fifteen months before they were rescued by the whale ship Isabella. There is a mounted specimen of the *Anser hutchinsi* in the Kirtland Society rooms. It was shot by Dr. Morgan, of New London, Conn., at the upper end of Sandusky Bay, Nov. 20, 1842.—DR. E. STERLING.

THE OWL IN THE CHERRY TREE.—From an out-of-door paper by John Burroughs, in the December *Century*, we quote the following: "The great bugaboo of the birds is the owl. The owl snatches them from off their roosts at night, and gobbles up their eggs and young in their nests. He is a veritable ogre to them, and his presence fills them with consternation and alarm. One season, to protect my early cherries, I placed a large stuffed owl amid the branches of the tree. Such a racket as there instantly begat about my grounds is not pleasant to think upon! The orioles and robins fairly 'shricked out their affright.' The news instantly spread in every direction, and apparently every bird in town came to see the owl in the cherry tree, and every bird took a cherry, so that I lost more fruit than if I had left the owl indoors. With craning necks and horrified looks the birds would alight upon the branches, and between their screams would snatch off a cherry, as if the act was some relief to their outraged feelings."

MISSISSIPPI DISRUPTED BY ENGLISH SPARROWS.—A newspaper report tells that the sparrows that have built their nests, grown and multiplied in the New Orleans Exposition buildings during the summer, are getting to be a source of much annoyance. They are, in fact, intolerable nuisances, and a case in point happened on Friday which wrought much discomfort to the commissioner from Mississippi. The commissioner had spent a great deal of time and artistic labor to arrange a certain quantity of grain and seed so as to spell the name "Mississippi." When completed it was a beautiful sight, but during a brief and unfortunate absence of the commissioner the sparrows swooped down upon "Mississippi" and played sad havoc with its component parts. When the commissioner returned he could not, for a million dollars, spell out what remained of his State. As a consequence the cry is "The sparrows must go," but how and where will they go is the question.

THE SWAN WITH THE COPPER ARROW.—Cleveland, Nov. 23.—In Frederick Schwatka's "Nimrods of the North," page 107, we read: "I found the Eskimo of King William Land and vicinity using copper stripped from Sir John Franklin's ships to rivet their bows together." Some time ago FOREST AND STREAM illustrated a wild swan with a copper arrow head in its wing that had been carried by the bird for at least one migratory season. The copper from which the arrow point was made being of manufactured origin, the idea was that the metal was found alongside of one of the ships, Erebus and Terror, left northwest of King William's Land by the heroic crew of Sir John Franklin —DR. E. STERLING.

A VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ.—Nov. 23.—Truth stranger than fiction. Several years ago two of our local sportsmen were gunning near the village, when a grouse was flushed and killed by one of them. Upon examining the bird it was found that a stick about the size of a pipestem had penetrated its breast, passing entirely through the bird and protruding from its breast and back nearly an inch. It must have carried the stick some time, as the wound was partially healed.—L. B. (Dansville, N. Y.)

EIDER DUCK IN MICHIGAN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Tuesday last I received from Monroe, Michigan, a young female eider duck, which was shot on the marshes of Lake Erie, near that place. The bird was shot on Thursday, Nov. 12, 1885. It was in fair condition and proved, on dissection, to be a female. Is not this the first record for Michigan or Lake Erie? Being a typical sea duck its occurrence so far inland is worthy of note.—R. B. LAWRENCE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A VAGABOND DOG.

DURING the year 1883 I happened to be residing in the island of Antigua, in charge of a small sugar plantation situated some eighteen miles in the interior and surrounded by waste lands, or "savannahs," as they are termed in that part of the world. The island, though very fertile in general, is so broken in its topography in some districts as to render the cultivation of the sugar cane impossible, even if the soil were sufficiently productive to reward the planter for the trouble and outlay necessary to clear away the heavy undergrowth of cactus and brushwood, which is, in many places, impenetrable. The term "savannah," curiously enough, embraces the small hills interspersed through the lowlands as well as the latter, and these districts are inhabited by an occasional "squatter" negro family who prefer the precarious living they pick up to more remunerative, but harder, work on the plantations.

One evening, the day's work concluded, I was sitting on the small verandah of my house, enjoying the rest so satisfactory after being in the saddle from early morning, when I observed my night-watch, accompanied by another negro, approaching the house, while they conversed with the loud voice and extravagance of gesture peculiar to them. Upon their arrival the stranger turned out to be a deputation of one from a village about four miles away, sent by the villagers to beg the "backra" (white man) to be good enough to come with his gun at his earliest convenience and rid their neighborhood of a "wild dog," whose depredations were threatening to clean the village of all live stock small enough to succumb to his rapacity.

This *bete noir* (for by all accounts he was black) had been seen by many, and always at night, and had several times been obliged to relinquish his ill gotten spoil and seek safety in precipitate flight, himself the center of a storm of stones, bill-hooks and other missiles sent after him by an infuriated and yelling populace. So manifold had been his escapes, so marvellously had he survived the numerous ambuscades laid for him, that by the majority of the superstitious negroes he was at last regarded as savoring strongly of the supernatual, a being closely allied to "jumbies" (a ghoulish order of departed evil-doers, firmly believed in by the West Indian darky) and hence impervious to their attempts at extermination. His immense size enabled him to overcome sheep and even large calves easily, and it was of common occurrence for an irate proprietor to find half a dozen sheep dead in their fold, the canine epicure having glutted himself on the blood and gnawed choice morsels from each of his victims. On the occasion on which he had fully established his supernatural reputation, the villagers had hemmed him in a corner and poured their missiles on him until it seemed a wonder that he survived "to tell the tale," but he had escaped by a desperate rush, overturning in his flight the patriarch of the village, who, on recovering his feet, had declared with great solemnity and much concern as to his bruises, that "dat darg no darg, him sperrit." This opinion, pronounced by an oracle among them, became the universal verdict, and by his further advice the present deputation had been despatched to me for assistance, "jumbies" being considered vulnerable to white men. The messenger wound up by declaring that "de darg was jumby, bekase he black, ebryting black no good," a rather singular theory considering the sable hue of his own skin. I comforted him with assurances of help and a glass of grog, and sent him away rejoicing.

Several instances of wild dogs, as they are called, had previously come to my notice, and investigation had confirmed my opinion as to their being the degenerate descendants of domestic animals which had taken to the bush from some cause, very possible ill-treatment consequent upon an act of depredation, and being "under the ban," had been hunted from every dwelling, and forced eventually to take up their residences in the waste "savannah" lands, and live upon the proceeds of their nocturnal prowlings, returning to their haunts at the approach of day. These instances were few, however, and I had never heard of one where the large size and unexampled boldness of the vagrant canine had led to such serious loss of property as in this case.

Next evening, together with a brother planter, summoned to aid in the killing, I rode across four miles of country to the village. We were greeted with acclamations, and inquiries adduced the information that Sam Thomas had last seen the dog. Sam, upon being cross-examined, stated how he had come suddenly upon the animal at an early hour that morning, while on his way to his yam patch, and, cutlass in hand, had advanced upon him. Now, Sam was regarded as the dare-devil of the village, but the lonely path, the still hour, and the uncanny reputation and appearance of the dog acted unpleasantly on his nerves, so that when, instead of retreating, the beast stood its ground and snarlingly displayed a row of yellow, gleaming fangs as a welcome to the advancing negro, that worthy had betaken himself to the back path with utmost celerity, never halting until he had gained the village and the refuge of his own shanty, breathlessly declaring that he had seen and encountered "de debbil w'at tief de sheep." We also gleaned that the dog usually postponed his predatory sallies on the village until a late hour, we therefore had ample time for our preparations. These consisted of a young sheep and a light chain with stake attached, procured from the aforesaid patriarch (somewhat grudgingly given), and at about 10 o'clock, with these and our guns, we proceeded to the outskirts of the village, having sternly cautioned the excited crowd of negros to remain quietly in their houses. We took our stations behind a thick clump of acacia and cactus, after staking out the unfortunate bait about ten yards from this stand, and with guns cocked settled ourselves to wait patiently.

Slowly the hours dragged on, the night radiant with the brilliant moonlight, and filled with the chirping and whistling of countless nocturnal insects and the hoarse bass rolling of huge frogs down in the ravine below us. The monotonous bleating of the lamb eventually acted on me so that I must have fallen into a doze, for I had an impression after a time, as of some one persistently trying to bore into my forehead with a pin. When I opened my eyes, I found that being close to the prickly screen in front of me, my head had fallen forward gradually against a leaf of cactus, one of the long spines running through my soft felt hat and at the same time a murmured execration alongside came from my friend, who incautiously shifting his seat, had come down upon some of the same spines. Just as I was endeavoring to stifle the laughter caused by this example of "misplaced confidence," I saw something which quickly centered my attention. About thirty yards away, a little to the left of us, there suddenly emerged from out of a ravine an object darker than the shadowed background of hillside behind it, which, advancing into the clear moonlight, developed gradually into a huge black dog, sneaking toward the lamb with dire intent evinced in his gliding motion and sinister gleaming eyes. Slowly he advanced, and when but a couple of yards from the lamb (which had now ceased its cries and stood trembling with terror) at a whispered "now!" from my friend, our guns sent two charges of buckshot right at the breast of the beast. A loud howl and he rolled over and over, kicking the dust about in his frantic struggles to regain his legs and flee, while we hastened out of cover to end his miseries. But here an unsuspected and ludicrous circumstance interfered.

It seems that Sam Thomas, with a dozen of his friends and admirers, had followed us secretly to the scene of action, and carefully secreted themselves at our rear among the bushes. Here most of them had fallen asleep, but the indomitable Sam had kept awake, fully resolved to rebuild his shattered reputation for courage by some brilliant deed that would stimulate the waning respect of the villagers and restore him his former precedence for fearlessness. Accordingly, as we sprang from cover, Sam and his friends simultaneously appeared, and Sam, whooping wildly, rushed upon the wounded beast with raised cutlass, to finish him. But when under full impetus he tripped over the chain with which the frightened lamb was now rapidly describing a circle, and pitching flat on his face, rolled right on to the furious animal. For a couple of seconds we could not distinguish Sam from the dog, and thought was impossible in the atmosphere of screams and howls around us; but suddenly the negro separated himself from the dog, yelling lustily and half mad with fright, and continuing his revolutions with the speed of a trained acrobat, never stopped until he had placed some dozen yards between himself and his enemy, when he limped away groaning in a terrible manner. My friend lay upon the ground, kicking and shouting with uncontrollable laughter, and I hastened to send a quietus into the dog. By this time the entire village had turned out to inspect their conquered foe, and in the nearest house we examined Sam. The only injury he had received was a severe bite on the foot, which had nearly severed the great and second toes from that member, and a hastily summoned doctor completed the amputation How on earth the dog got hold of him there puzzled me, but Sam explained the mystery by stating that, when on his back, he "kick' at de debbil beas' an' he nyam [eat] me toe."

The dog was a huge, gaunt, mangy hound, black as night and villainous of aspect even though dead, his hide bearing innumerable scars, souvenirs suggestive of rapid flights through the razor-like cactus under fire of raining missiles. One eye was out, and the loss by no means tended to lessen the furtively ferocious style of his beauty—a sadly demoralized specimen of man's noblest companion. The rejoicing of the negroes was kept up for hours after, and a vote of thanks was tendered us through their mouthpiece, the patriarch, who concluded his oration by saying: "We berry glad de darg dead, and me more gladder de lamb not dead too." The old sinner!

DON JUAN.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season for deer hunting in this State closed yesterday, and a brief summary of the season's sport in the Adirondack region may not be out of place at this time. In Lewis, Herkimer and Fulton counties and the western part of Hamilton county, the portion of the wilderness most frequented by Central New York sportsmen, the hunting has generally been fair, though perhaps not quite as good as last year. In the northern part of the woods game has been comparatively scarce, while in Essex and the northern and eastern portions of Hamilton county it has been plentiful. In the Lake Pleasant country an Albany party killed twelve deer in eight days, besides securing a large quantity of smaller game. The hunting in the vicinity of Big and Little Tupper lakes has been very good, as it also has been at and near Schroon Lake. Quite a number of deer have been killed at Piseco Lake this season, and near Moorhouseville many have been taken. At South and Jock's lakes the hunting has been fair, and at the Fulton Chain and in the Beaver River region the season has been nearly, if not quite, up to the average. The hunting at the Bisby Lakes and on Moose River has been very poor, as is shown by the record of the Bisby Club. During the open season last year twenty-three deer were killed by members of the club on the south branch of Moose River, whereas this year but six were killed.

There have been more hunters in the woods than ever before in one season, and as a natural sequence the number of deer killed has been very large. On the whole, however, deer are said to be less numerous than last year, and experienced woodsmen attribute this fact to the great havoc among the animals by the hunters and their hounds during the past two years.

Complaints are continually coming in concerning the inroads made on the deer by the pot-hunters or men who hunt deer solely for the money there is in it. Heretofore the men who have supplied the market with venison have generally hunted with dogs, but since the passage of the act making the practice unlawful, other measures have been adopted by many, although some of them openly defy the law and cling to their hounds. As a rule it requires long experience to successfully still-hunt deer, and the pot-hunter rarely has the patience or disposition to depend on this method. Other more certain and speedy means of capturing the animals are resorted to. In many parts of the woods salt licks are constructed, and the deer thus attracted are shot down in large numbers. This is a violation of the law, but is not as noisy a mode of hunting as hounding, and can be practiced with comparative impunity.

A party of four hunters from Pennsylvania recently encamped on the West Canada Creek, near the outlet of Jock's Lake, and have since thoroughly canvassed the Metcalf, Indian River and other valleys in search of deer. One of the party owns a pointer dog, which has been trained to follow the track of a deer. The dog is kept in leash, but takes the scent and follows the trail as steadily as the best trained hound. The hunter brings up the rear, and when approaching a deer is warned of its presence by the actions of the dog, which stands or points the game when ten rods distant. The Pennsylvanians have thus far killed over fifty deer, all of which have been shipped to market. The hunters who seek to evade the law in this manner claim that the anti deer hounding act does not cover their mode of hunting. The law says, however, that "no person shall hunt or pursue any wild deer in this State with any dog," etc.; and if the act were framed especially to prevent this manner of hunting, it is difficult to see how it could have been more strongly worded. It certainly affords sufficient excuse for a prosecution, and State Game Agent Phelps will doubtless make a test case of the Pennsylvanians. He has gone into the woods to look the matter up.

The law making it unlawful to hunt deer with dogs has been in force so short a time that it is impossible to judge accurately of its effects. There is, however, every reason to believe that, were it properly enforced, it would prove a great protection to the deer and prevent the extermination which has been so seriously threatened of late years.

In Franklin and Hamilton counties the anti-hounding law has been practically a dead letter, and in some parts of Herkimer county it has been but little better. In the counties of Clinton, Essex and Warren, however, the law has been well observed and productive of much good. The rule appears to hold good that in sparsely populated districts the law cannot be enforced, while in the more settled portions of the country it is quite generally observed.

State Fish Commissioner R. U. Sherman, of New Hartford, to whom all the protectors report, says that in order to have the laws enforced the number of protectors will have to be materially increased. He is of the opinion that it would be wise to have the shooting season for deer begin Aug. 1 and close Oct. 15.

PORTSA.

UTICA, New York, Dec. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 26th ult. I notice an article headed "Pot-hunters in the Woods," which goes on to say that Hamilton county (it is thought) is being plagued by some two hundred vagabond Pennsylvania pot-hunters. I also notice an article in the Boonville *Herald* of recent date stating that one Williams, from Pennsylvania, had during last month, by the aid of a still-hunting dog, killed and shipped from the Moose River country thirty-six deer. "That more deer were being shipped from the woods by still-hunters than had been killed for years previous by all other methods combined." If the above assertions were true there would be little use of replying to them. But as they are far from the truth and given circulation for certain objects only, I deem it but just a true state of affairs be presented.

I have just returned from a six-weeks' camp-out in Herkimer county, and during that time saw, conversed with and heard from a good portion of the hunters, guides and hotel men in the Beaver and Moose River country. The total number of deer killed on the former river during last open season by still-hunters does not exceed fifty. The law regarding hounding was faithfully lived up to. Not one sound of any hound in pursuit of deer did I hear. Every one seemed to rejoice that the time had come when a deer could venture forth unmolested by the baying of hounds to its once favorite haunts. During the open season of 1884 it was acknowledged by competent judges that at least two hundred deer were slaughtered and taken from the same locality.

The Moose River country it seems has not fared so well, the law being but partially lived up to, owing in part presumably to the bad advice given by this same Boonville paper. Two hundred Pennsylvania pot-hunters, with one hundred native still-hunters, fifty hounders and twenty-five floaters have succeeded in capturing some seventy-five or one hundred deer. Just where the profits accrue in this transaction is left for some one else to figure out.

But is it true that two hundred, one hundred, or even ten still-hunters from the State of Pennsylvania have the past fall been hunting in Hamilton county? I think not. Mr. Williams, of Corydon, Pa., accompanied by three of his friends, went out into Hamilton county the 29th day of October last, the former took no dog of any kind with him, but the latter took with them three trained bear dogs, which, however, were not out from camp during their stay, as no signs of bruin were observed. The party killed during last month thirty-four deer. Mr. Williams bringing to bag thirty-one of the number. No salt licks were made or watched by any of the party. Had Mr. Williams during the month succeeded in capturing only a deer or two, then the exploits of Pennsylvania hunters would have passed unnoticed. But because another Dr. Carver has been exhibiting his skill in shooting deer on the run instead of glass balls thrown from the trap, comes all the bluster and nonsense about the still-hunters now speedily going to annihilate the deer.

It is a fact well known by all hunters and others who care to search the records, that the still-hunter does not kill on the average to exceed one deer to the man per season. Not one-half of the number going into the woods succeed in bagging even one. Now, because one sportsman from the State of Pennsylvania has been found (and I affirm that he is one out of at least five hundred) that can average his deer per day while in the woods, shall the other four hundred and ninety-nine sportsmen be debarred from taking a few days' recreation? or because of this single instance shall the dogs be let loose again?

I am happy to learn that some of our sticklers for hounding are becoming convinced that it is not so easy to sly up to a deer unaided by dogs and shoot it as they imagined. One gentleman of note in Lewis county has always insisted that it was no trick at all for a hunter to sneak up to a deer and shoot it unawares; that it gave the deer no chance for its life. Well, he went into camp last month north of Beaver Lake, where game was plenty, and after sneaking around on track, ridge-hunting on the leaves, and all other modes that he could conjure up, for two weeks, left for home a much wiser man than before and with a blank to represent his score on bagging deer by still-hunting.

Let the present game law stand as it is and every one live up to its requirements, and my opinion is that within five years deer all through the Adirondack woods will more than treble in numbers. Those impenetrable spruce and balsam swamps, rocky heights, dark and almost inaccessible gorges, with uplands interspersed with dead and fallen spruce timber, tripshin and dry brush, form a barrier that protects the game so completely from the ordinary still-hunter, that it cannot be depleted by that mode of hunting. But the dog can pursue, follow out, and drive to water in weather wet or dry, warm or cold, still or noisy, over rough ground or on a plain—it's all the same, extermination follows his path.

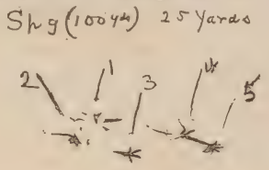
CAP LOCK.

FREWSBURG, Pa., Dec. 5.

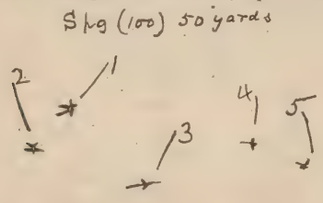
"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page* 367.)

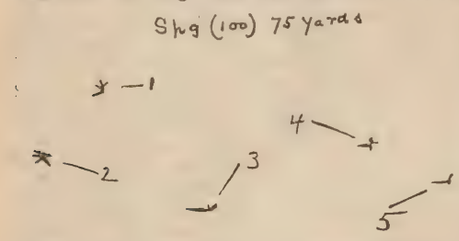
THE exact manner in which the tests were made, and the subsequent calculations to get at the tables published may be best and most clearly explained by taking the following illustrations of one set of screens with the accompanying target, and showing by them the method of working down the results into their published form The Springfield rifle may be taken since this shows bullet marks on the target above and below the center line. First of all it should be understood that the weapon was fitted to the rest and special attention paid to having it level across the piece, that is, having the sights in a vertical line above the center of the bore. Then it was sighted on the target and a shot fired.



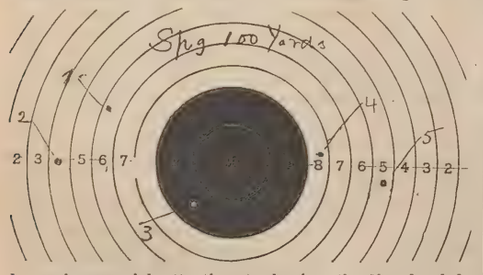
The position of the hit was noted, the bullet hole stopped with a patch and a second shot fired to get the arm bearing well toward the bullseye. In the case of this particular rifle the first trial shot struck rather high to the left, the second was in good elevation, just to the left edge of the bull. All was now ready for measurements, and a plug fitting the bore was put in the muzzle, a pin in the center of



this plug of course gave the center of the bore at the muzzle. The distance in a plumb line from this pin to the 100-yard stake set by the surveyor was then taken by Mr. Sinclair with a Brown & Sharpe improved vernier caliper having a steel rod with points tempered and jaws ground, and capable of measuring with unerring accuracy to the thousandth part of an inch. This height was recorded in the note book.



Upon a notched stick the same distance was given as close as a carpenter generally measures, and with a spirit level the carpenter assistant set out to set up the screens on the 25, 50 and 75 yard posts respectively. Upon each of the screens already stretched and dry was drawn with a right-line pen a fine ink line at right angles to the frame. This line was set about the same level as the gun muz-



zle, paying special attention to having the line level, by using the spirit level. While this was going on, the work of a few moments only, the arm was thoroughly scrubbed out with a sharp brush, but without removing it from the rest, so that whatever of barrel buckling or "whipping-down" of the muzzle which might have affected the trial shots was not disturbed in making the final test shots. While the screens were being adjusted, too, the notes were taken of the weather conditions from the fine instruments sent us for the test by Gall & Lembke, of this city. All was now ready for the first shot. When it had been fired the hole or puncture in each screen was marked No. 1, as was the bullet hole in paper target. As the markers stepped aside a second shot was fired, and this in turn was marked No. 2 on each screen and on the target, and so on to the end, each shot passing through the screens and target, until five had been recorded. The screens had not been disturbed, neither had the target paper. A slight lateral motion was given the rifle in order to prevent the holes being too closely bunched on the screens and on the target. This lateral shifting was done in any case where the shooting seemed to be too close, and it may be mentioned to the general credit of the rifles all in the test that there were but one or two instances where it was not necessary.

With the firing of the last shot Mr. Sinclair took up his gauge, and, putting in the plug, verified his muzzle measurement; then on the first screen the distance from the surveyor's stake below to the fine ink line was taken and recorded, at the same time an eye being directed to the question of the correctness of the level set by the assistant. The next screen and the next were similarly treated and recorded, and at the target the distance from the stake to the line across the center of the bullseye was taken and put down at once in the notebook. In other words, we have now got on record the distance of a certain fixed line on each screen and on the target from a known level. This level having been determined in the first place by Charles H. Haswell and verified later in the trials by Surveyor Meserole. The figures as they appeared upon the notebook were:

Height of center of bore at muzzle	16.442 in.
Height of line on 25-yard screen	16.304 in.
Height of line on 50-yard screen	16.356 in.
Height of line of 50-yard screen	16.256 in.
Height of line on target	17.062 in.

The screens were then cut from the frames, and after the field work was over, they were tacked down on a smooth table and the heights of the centers of the bullet holes taken in a line at right angles with the line on screen. Let us follow shot No. 1—on screen at 25 yards it stood 3.256 inches above line; on screen at 50 yards it measured 4.576 inches above line; on the 75-yard screen it measured 5.162 inches, while on the target it struck 2.692 inches above the center line. Now with these figures it will at once be seen that every element and factor necessary to the determination of the trajectory curve is present. The proper way is to start at zero at the muzzle, and with a corresponding zero at the target get a line connecting them and then find the heights of the bullet holes in the screens above that line. So far as the screens are concerned, by adding together the height of the line and the height of the bullet hole above the line, we get the distance of the hole above the surveyor's level line, and by subtracting the muzzle height we get the distance of the bullet hole above the muzzle.

This calculation would take this form:

	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards
Height of screen line	16.304 in.	16.356 in.	16.256 in.
Height of bullet hole	3.256 in.	4.576 in.	5.162 in.
	19.560 in.	20.932 in.	21.418 in.
Muzzle height	16.442 in.	16.442 in.	16.442 in.
Bullet hole above muzzle	3.118 in.	4.490 in.	4.976 in.

Now these would be the trajectory heights if the zero point at target, that is the point where the bullet struck, corresponded exactly with the zero point at the muzzle, that is the height of the muzzle, but the bullet struck 2.692 inches above the line on the target, which, as we have seen, stood at 17.062 inches above the base line. The calculation now is to find the difference in height between the point where the bullet started and the point where it struck, and the figures stand:

Line on target	17.062 in.
Bullet hole above line	2.692 in.
	19.754 in.
Muzzle height	16.442 in.
Bullet above muzzle	3.312 in.

The problem now is to distribute this 3.312 inches of height along the screens. It is manifest that the figures we have found from the screens are deceptively high. We need a new base line, from the muzzle to the hole on target, and not from the muzzle to the center line of target. This is shown on Fig. 1.

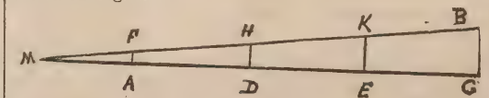


Fig I

M is the muzzle. C same level on target. B the point struck. C B is the 3.312 inches we have determined. A simple geometrical problem tells us that at A, where the 25-yard screen is, the height A F will be one-quarter of the height C B. At D, where the 50-yard screen is located, the height D H is half of the height C B, and at E, where the 75 yard screen is located, E K is three-quarters of C B. In actual numbers the record stands:

C B=3.312 in.
A F=¼ of C B=0.828 in.
D H=½ of C B=1.656 in.
E K=¾ of C B=2.484 in.

Going back to our first table, we are now able to complete it, as follows:

	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
Height of screen line	16.304 in.	16.356 in.	16.256 in.
Height of bullet hole	3.256 in.	4.576 in.	5.162 in.
	19 560 in.	20.932 in.	21.418 in.
Muzzle height	16.442 in.	16.442 in.	16.442 in.
Bullet hole above muzzle	3.118 in.	4.490 in.	4 976 in.
Target correction	—0.828 in.	1.656 in.	2.484 in.
True trajectory	2.290 in.	2.834 in.	2.492 in.

This then is the record of one round through the three screens, and we hope we have made it plain enough to be understood by any one.

Shot No. 2, it will be seen, struck the target about the center line, and without doing more than giving the figures the calculation blank shows, as follows, the screen lines and muzzle height and target line remaining as before: At 25 yards the bullet went 2.586 inches above screen line, at 50 yards it was 3.312 inches, and at 75 yards it stood at 3 115; while on the target it struck .008 above the center line inscribed there, which, it will be recalled, stood 17.062 inches above surveyor's line. The calculations then stand:

	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
Height of screen line	16.304 in.	16.356 in.	16,256 in.
Height of bullet hole	2.586 in.	3.315 in.	3.115 in.
	18.890 in.	19.671 in.	19.371 in.
Muzzle height	16.442 in.	16.442 in.	16.442 in.
Target correction	—0.157 in.	0.314 in.	0.471 in.
True trajectory	2.291 in.	2.915 in.	2.458 in.

In shot No. 3 we find the screen heights to be at 25 yards, 2.103 inches; at 50 yards, 2.224 inches; at 75 yards it was 1.453 inches, and at the target it struck 2.248 inches *below* the center line. This last will necessitate a reversal of our geometrical diagram, as follows:

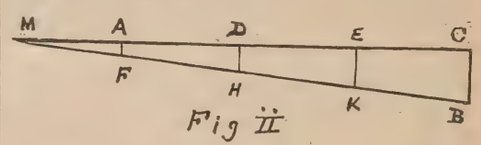


Fig II

The lettering is the same and the same principle applies, but the line of heights first obtained on the screens are plainly too low and need to be increased as the bullet hole is brought from its actual position below the muzzle to a point above it, and the table stands:

	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
Height of screen line	16.304 in.	16.356 in.	16.256 in.
Height of bullet hole	2.103 in.	2.224 in.	1.453 in.
	18.407 in.	18.580 in.	17.709 in.
Muzzle height	16.442 in.	16.442 in.	16.442 in.
Target correction	+0.407 in.	0.814 in.	1.221 in.
	2.372 in.	2.952 in.	2.488 in.

Shot No. 4, when examined on the screens and target, was found to show heights as follows above the ink lines: 25-yard screen, 2.753 inches; 50-yard screen, 3.556 inches; 75-yard screen, 3.465 inches, and target, 0.556 inches. In this case the bullet, striking above the muzzle height, there would be a correction to be made by subtraction, the figuring standing:

	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
Height of screen line	16.304 in.	16.356 in.	16.256 in.
Height of bullet hole	2.753 in.	3.556 in.	3.465 in.
	19.057 in.	19.912 in.	19.721 in.
Muzzle height	16.442 in.	16,442 in.	16.442 in.
Target correction	—0.294 in.	0.588 in.	0.882 in.
True trajectory	2.321 in.	2.882 in.	2.397 in.

The fifth and last round, it will be seen by the target diagrams, strikes below the center line, and in this respect resembles No. 3; and a similar mode of reaching the result is followed. The screen and target measurements were: 25-yard screen, 2.406 inches; 50-yard screen, 2.804 inches; 75-yard screen, 2.366 inches; and on the target 0.960 inch below, and the calculation stands:

	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
Height of screen line	16,304 in.	16.356 in.	16.256 in.
Height of bullet hole	2.406 in.	2.804 in.	2.366 in.
	18.710 in.	19.160 in.	18.622 in.
Muzzle height	16.442 in.	16.442 in.	16.442 in.
Target correction	+0.085 in.	0.170 in.	0.255 in.
True trajectory	2.353 in.	2.888 in.	2.435 in.

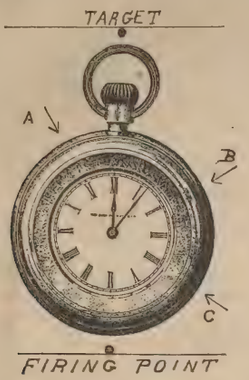
All that now remains is to join these shots into a table to get the average for the five shots; and, to make it more complete, we insert what is omitted, as understood, in the report on each arm, the zero point which we have found for muzzle and target:

Round.	Muzzle.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.	Target.
1	0	2.290 in.	2.834 in.	2.492 in.	0
2	0	2.291 in.	2.915 in.	2.458 in.	0
3	0	2.372 in.	2.952 in.	2.488 in.	0
4	0	2.321 in.	2.882 in.	2.397 in.	0
5	0	2.353 in.	2.888 in.	2.435 in.	0
Average		2.325 in.	2.894 in.	2.454 in.	

The nomenclature of the wind seems to be, judging from letters of inquiry received, not clearly understood by all of our readers; and when we speak of a "10 o'clock" or a "6 o'clock" wind, the terms convey to the mind of some of our readers an impression of the actual direction in which the wind was blowing. It would be plainly out of the question to use the points of the compass in describing the direction of the wind, unless we had for constant reference a map of the range. In fact the firing during the tests was almost

due north; but we have in all cases used the regular terms employed at Creedmoor, and we think on most of the American ranges, in describing the wind.

We must suppose that the observer is standing at the firing point facing the target, and that he has in his hand a watch lying face upward, with the 12 o'clock mark toward the target.



Then a wind blowing in the direction of the Arrow A would be called an 11 o'clock wind, as coming from the quarter marked by the figure 11 on the dial. Arrow B will represent a 2 o'clock wind, and arrow C a 4 o'clock wind, and so on for each of the twelve divisions of the dial. A wind coming direct from the target toward the shooter would be 12 o'clock wind, and if it had a habit of shifting first to one side of the meridian and then to the other, it would be a "fish tail" wind. A similar fish tail wind might come from the rear, and would then be a 6 o'clock fish tail wind. With the direction and the force of the wind given, all is noted that it is necessary to know of the wind part of the atmospheric conditions.

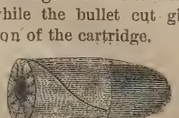
It will be seen that this same device of a dial may be made use of in noting the point hit by a bullet on the target. In this case we must suppose the watch to be hanging on the target face. So a 12 o'clock bullseye would be one near the top, and a 6 o'clock bull would be one near the lower part of the bullseye. So also of inners, and centers, and outers, they could all be accurately and tersely described by this dial nomenclature.

Bland .45, Double Barrel.

The English express rifle came to the test from Thomas Bland & Sons, through Major W. H. Merrill, to whom it had been sent for testing purposes by the makers. It was said that it was the identical rifle employed in the *Field* trial of two years ago, and about the results of which so much discussion had followed. The arm reached the range on Sept. 29. and was brought by Mr. G. J. Romer, on behalf of Maj. Merrill. In appearance it looked rather light for such heavy charges to which it was subjected and for which it was chambered. The weather conditions at the time of the 200-yard test, on the afternoon of the day named, were very favorable, the wind was from the 7 o'clock quarter, blowing seven miles per hour, the barometer stood 30 150 inches, the dry thermometer at 75°, and the wet-bulb thermometer at 68.5°, making a dew point of 64.5 and the humidity 70 per cent. The weapon weighed eight pounds thirteen ounces and the barrels alone when disconnected from the stock five pounds eight ounces, the barrel length being twenty eight inches. The twist appeared to be uniform with six grooves, making one turn in thirty-six inches. The groove base was not concentric with the bore of the weapon but was of peculiar shape, deep in one side and slight in another, being the ratchet groove. It would average about .007 inch in depth, while in width it was about .20 inch. The shop number on the arm was 10,123. It was loaded with ammunition brought by Mr. Romer and said by him to have been sent over with the arm. They were Eley Brothers cartridges, marked on the back of the cartridge head "Eley express, No. 1," and the bullet a solid one with patch, was marked with a small M on the base. The powder was Curtis & Harvey, No. 6, and one of the cartridges when turned out for measurement showed the powder in fine condition with a 310.1 grain bullet and 113.3 grains of powder.



It is impossible to say what the bullet composition is as no test was made of it. The arm is of the tip-up shotgun pattern, and no small trouble was met in getting it so fitted to the rest that the muzzle height could be taken with exactitude at each discharge. The cut will show the size of cartridge used, while the bullet cut gives the size and shape of that portion of the cartridge.



In numbering the shots care was taken to note the right hand barrel shots from those of the left-hand barrel. The right hand barrel was in each case fired first, followed by the other barrel, making the odd-numbered shots belong to the former and the even-numbered ones to the latter. The right-hand barrel record stood as follows:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	5.017 in.	7.236 in.	5.720 in.
3	4.544 in.	7.250 in.	5.519 in.
5	5.023 in.	7.635 in.	5.965 in.
9	5.160 in.	7.778 in.	6.141 in.
Average	**4.936** in.	**7.475** in.	**5.836** in.

Of course the conditions in every respect were the same for the other barrel, whose record stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 yards.
4	4.901 in.	6.941 in.	5.242 in.
6	5.450 in.	7.932 in.	5.959 in.
8	4.993 in.	7.378 in.	5.914 in.
10	5.199 in.	8.093 in.	5.885 in.
Average	**5.136** in.	**7.586** in.	**5.750** in.

The average of both barrels and for the rifle gives us:

	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
Right barrel	4.936 in.	7.475 in.	5.836 in.
Left barrel	5.136 in.	7.586 in.	5.750 in.
	5.036 in.	**7.530** in.	**5.793** in.

It will be seen that the two barrels are very uniform in results, and at the subsequent tests at 100 yards the right-hand barrel only was used. This enabled closer grouping on the screens and targets, while it did not work any disadvantage to the gun or trial.

Mr. Romer came again with the bag in which the Bland was tucked away on Oct. 12, and about 11 o'clock in the morning it was put to the test. He complained that the gun had shown signs of weakness after taking from the rest on the 29th ult.; at least when he got home he found the upper tang which fastens the metal work of the arm to the wooden part of the stock had sprung; he had accordingly constructed a special rest in which wooden clamps were closely fitted over the barrel at two points, they in turn fastened to a thin metal plate, which slid in grooves or guides, fastened to a broad base. With this contrivance, very simple and ingenious, and very quickly fitted, we were enabled to get the measurements of the muzzle at the moment of pulling the trigger, while the arm was free to follow the natural motion of recoil, and slide back to be grasped by the hand of the firer. In noting the figures made under these conditions, due allowance must be made for whatever advantage this system of rest may be thought to afford the weapon under trial.

The weather observations at the time of this 100-yard trial of the Bland showed a barometer of 30.320 inches, dry thermometer 59.5°, wet-bulb thermometer 55°, dew point 50.5° and humidity 72 per cent. The wind was coming from the 7 o'clock quarter at 12 miles an hour velocity. The cartridges for this test were from a lot of express-bullet ones sent over from the Eley cartridge works to a gun shop in this city and which after much inquiry we were fortunate enough to get. Mr. Romer had used up most of the original supply of bullets, and though he had shells and powder to reload, it would have been necessary to send to England for bullets, and the time for this we could not afford. The purchased lot turned out to be very excellent ones; they were in cartridge shells marked as before—"Eley No. 1 Expr."—and three of them turned out the powder in fine condition, the bullets were patched and had the usual hollow point covered in with a brass lid. This inserted tube of brass has a rounded point corresponding with the outline of the bullet. Three charges when weighed showed powder weights of 111.8, 112.4 and 112 grains, and corresponding bullets of 277.4, 277.7 and 277.2. This would give the very high proportions of nearly 1 to 2, and of course very swift moving bullets and low trajectory was the rule. Mr. Romer, as an old rifleman, did not take kindly to the idea of shooting patched bullets through a dirty barrel, so the first five rounds after the sighting shots were fired with the swab passed through the barrel after each round. The record stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.
1	1.278 in.	1.429 in.	1.283 in.
2	1.330 in.	1.546 in.	1.378 in.
3	1.308 in.	1.615 in.	1.169 in.
4	1.150 in.	1.376 in.	1.364 in.
5	1.219 in.	1.368 in.	1.329 in.
Average	**1.257** in.	**1.686** in.	**1.304** in.

Now we said, as this is a test of hunting rifles and a hunting rifle ought to be one capable of reasonably long use without cleaning, we will fire five trial shots without cleaning. This was next done and the record of this test stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.146 in.	1.373 in.	1.298 in.
2	1.159 in.	1.304 in.	1.247 in.
3	1.219 in.	1.415 in.	1.352 in.
4	1.270 in.	1.364 in.	1.301 in.
5	1.084 in.	1.216 in.	1.217 in.
Average	**1.175** in.	**1.334** in.	**1.283** in.

Out from the recesses of his shooting trap box Mr. Romer fished a half dozen cartridges. They were some which he had himself loaded with C. & H. No. 6 powder and some of the same bullets as before mentioned in the 200-yard test. One cartridge taken and opened showed 107.5 grains of powder in fine condition behind a 309.7 bullet and jute wad between. The wind by this time had increased in force until it was recorded as blowing 23 miles per hour, but from the same quarter. The record of the five shots showed:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.082 in.	1.399 in.	1.215 in.
2	1.140 in.	1.557 in.	1.383 in.
3	0.964 in.	1.328 in.	1.215 in.
4	1.132 in.	1.544 in.	1.355 in.
5	0.944 in.	1.222 in.	1.248 in.
Average	**1.052** in.	**1.410** in.	**1.283** in.

We regretted that we we were not able to make more exhaustive tests with this imported arm of a class for which so much is claimed and which are held in such high esteem. Had not the supply of shells been expanded by the tests already made we should have liked to load a few with the naked bullet made for them and fired a set of test shots. This grooved bullet is shown in the cut, and if report be



true, is a very low-shooting, hard-hitting one, but with such a charge of such quick-burning powder it could hardly be otherwise.

Wesson .44, Rim-Fire.

This arm is the first of those using the rim-fire cartridge, and the only one in the trial of the .44 caliber. We have seen what the .50 caliber weapons were capable of; also an interesting group of .45; and now we come to a solitary example of the caliber so popular among the small-bore, long-range rifles at one time. The form of this old-time well-known rifle is familiar to all, with its tip-up barrel, which made it a very unhandy one for placing in the rigid rest we had in use. It did not come from the factory of Mr. Wesson, as repeated letters had failed to bring a response in the form of an express package containing a rifle. We accordingly sent to the shop of Mr. Henry C. Squires, 178 Broadway, and selected from his stock a Wesson for the trial. The ammunition also was procured there. The arm weighed 8 pounds 6 ounces, had an octagonal barrel 30½ inches long, and was marked 4455 in the shop. It was loaded with Union Metallic Cartridge Company's ammuni-



tion of the .44-28-214 pattern. Three rounds opened showed the FG powder in fine condition and a pure lead bullet with one groove. The powder weights of the three charges were 27, 28.9 and 28.5 grains, while the three corresponding bullets were 213.9, 214.2 and 214.8 grains in weight.

The 200-yard test was made on Sept. 30, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, with the barometer at 30.02 inches, the dry thermometer at 77.2, the wet-bulb thermometer at 66.5, making the dew point 59 and the humidity 54 per cent. The wind came from the 6 o'clock quarter at 16 miles per hour.

The record at this range stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	14.496 in.	19.981 in.	15.101 in.
2	13.568 in.	18.755 in.	14.297 in.
3	13.419 in.	18.224 in.	13.885 in.
4	14.021 in.	18.904 in.	14.419 in.
5	14.393 in.	20.201 in.	15.442 in.
Average	**13.979** in.	**19.213** in.	**14.628** in.

It was not until Oct. 12, at 3 o'clock P. M., that the arm was put on for the 100-yard test. The wind was coming then from the 8 o'clock quarter at 16 miles per hour. The barometer indicated 30.320 inches, the thermometer 53.5, the wet-bulb thermometer 50.5, giving the dew point 47.5 and a humidity of 80 per cent. The ammunition was as before, and the trial showed:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	3.535 in.	4.651 in.	3.773 in.
2	3.608 in.	4.584 in.	3.690 in.
3	3.127 in.	4.124 in.	3.499 in.
4	3.603 in.	4.536 in.	3.793 in.
5	3.624 in.	4.768 in.	3.898 in.
Average	**3.499** in.	**4.532** in.	**3.730** in.

Merrill Muzzleloader.

We have styled this the Merrill muzzleloader because it was owned and furnished by Major W. H. Merrill, with whom, as a writer on the question of muzzle vs. breech and other topics connected with the science of rifle shooting, our readers are already well acquainted. The weapon was made by E Phillip, once well known in New York, and was brought and fired by Mr. G. J. Romer, and we are sorry that it was put through the 200-yard test only. It was, we are informed, the special desire of the Major that it should be tested at 100 yards, yet when at a later date we wrote to Mr. Romer, the Major being then in the West, to come down for the 100-yard firing, another muzzleloader was brought from the private arm collection of Mr. Romer.

The Merrill arm was a type of the old time weapon, when 40-rod shooting was considered the very highest form of the art of marksmanship. It weighed entire 11 pounds 6½ ounces, and had an octagonal barrel weighing 8 pounds 6 ounces. It was provided with set trigger, and had to be provided with telescopic sights before it was ready for firing. The barrel was 28 inches in length. The caliber was .42-inch and the rifling of the gain twist pattern, starting in at the breech

end with one twist in 72 inches, and finishing at the muzzle with the rate of one twist in 24 inches. There were 6 grooves, each .010 inches deep, and .105 inches in width. The loading was done in the ordinary way with a false muzzle, using a jute wad and an oiled skin patch for the bullet. The powder used was Curtis & Harvey No. 6, and two charges taken at random during the loading showed powder weights of 133 25 and 131.10 grains, while two of the conical bullets



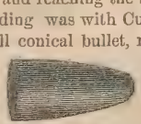
taken at random out of the box weighed 267.2 and 267.3. They were cast in mould by Mr. Romer, using 20 parts lead to 1 of tin.

The weapon was tried at 200 yards on Sept. 29 from the rigid rest, with the wind coming from the one o'clock quarter at 4 miles per hour. The barometer stood at 30.150, the dry thermometer stood at 69°, the wet-bulb thermometer at 65.2°, making a dew point of 62.4 and the humidity 79 per cent. of saturation. Special care was taken with the measurements of the muzzle heights at each replacement of the weapon in the rest. Of course it was able to make a very close group of shots on the target, but it will be understood that an accuracy test and a trajectory test are two utterly distinct matters, and that they ought to be carried on under different conditions. No one with any knowledge of the action of small arms under fire would for a moment think of getting a test of accuracy from a rigid rest, while for a trajectory test, where it is essential to have a zero point on the muzzle at the moment of firing, something in the form of a rest which will secure that is absolutely necessary. Sandbags and a good marksman come into play where accuracy is needed, but for trajectory, as long as the bullets pass through the screens and reach the target we have all that is needed to calculate the trajectory height. Any attempt to unite the two in the same round must of course be futile. In such a case as the present the inch broad black patch on the 50-yard screen might easily have been hit with each shot, almost any rifle in the trial would have done that, but here as in other cases, the aim was purposely held off in order that clear and separate punctures in the screens might be made and readily noted and easily measured. The record of the Merrill rifle stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	4.333 in.	6.453 in.	4.997 in.
2.....	4.392 in.	6.492 in.	5.046 in.
3.....	4.342 in.	6.213 in.	4.876 in.
4.....	4.564 in.	6.504 in.	5.071 in.
5.....	4.363 in.	6.335 in.	4.977 in.
Average.....	**4.499** in.	**6.399** in.	**4.993** in.

Romer Muzzleloader.

This weapon is named, as was the last, after the gentleman who brought it to the test; but in this case it was the maker as well. The rifle came down on Oct. 12, when the Bland was brought for the 100-yard trial, and had a 100 yard test only. It was a ponderous weapon, weighing, complete, 14 pounds 2 ounces, and with a 27-inch octagonal barrel, in which there was 11 pounds 12 ounces of metal. The caliber was .42 inch, and with six grooves, each .010 inch deep and .105 inch wide. The twist was gain, starting in at 72 inches to the turn and reaching the muzzle at 24 inches to the turn. The loading was with Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 powder and this small conical bullet, mould-cast by Mr. Ro-



mer of 20 parts lead to 1 of tin. The powder charge weighed 98.5 grains, while two bullets weighed up respectively to 212.7 and 213.1 grains. It was loaded as was the Merrill weapon, and, like it, had set trigger and telescopic sights. It was not put in the iron rest, but was provided with the barrel-grasping clamp and fired in such way from a dead rest that at each discharge it was free to slide in recoil. It was, in fact, tried as was the Bland, at 100 yards, and the same allowance, if any, must be made in judging its results. When tried it was about 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 12. The barometer stood at 30.300 inches, the dry thermometer at 58°, the wet-bulb ditto at 54°, making, by calculation, a dew-point of .50 and a humidity of 75 per cent. The wind at the time came from the 5 o'clock quarter at the rate of 18 miles per hour. With such a charge from such a weapon the shooting was, of course, very accurate, and a very flat line of fire is shown as follows:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.180 in.	1.373 in.	1.270 in.
2.....	1.239 in.	1.498 in.	1.205 in.
3.....	1.033 in.	1.399 in.	1.419 in.
4.....	1.170 in.	1.051 in.	1.051 in.
5.....	1.031 in.	1.210 in.	1.421 in.
Average....	**1.130** in.	**1.306** in.	**1.273** in.

A Steamboat Squeeze.—The steamer Wakefield plies between Washington and lower river landings. On returning from a hunting trip to King George county, Va., we took passage on her to Washington. Having had bad weather our amount of game was small, not exceeding thirty pounds. On this they collected fifty cents. This is about on a par with the B. & P. R. R. folks, who charge for dogs. Two birds were abstracted from the strings. In all other respects the boat was first-class and deserves the patronage of sportsmen.—Walter Scott.

HUNTING THE MOUTAIN GOAT.

THE following account, from a late issue of the *Iowa State Register*, has additional interest because of recent discussions of the goat and goat hunting:

"Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, of New York, is in the city attending to some private businesss connected with the Litchfield land grants. He is but just returned from an extended hunting jaunt in the Rockies, and knowing that he always had something of interest to relate, a *Register* reporter called upon him at the Kirkwood yesterday. Mr. Litchfield is a pleasant gentleman still young in years, with an engaging address and unusual conversational powers. He is an enthusiastic hunter and tells of his experiences most delightfully. In response to a question as to the trip just finished he said:

" 'For a number of years it has been my custom to spend my vacation in hunting, sometimes one place, sometimes another, but every year I manage to spend at least one month under canvas. This year when I was ready to start it was too late to find bear in the headwaters of the Yellowstone, and I then thought of spending the time among the mountains of Arizona. But the Apaches were on the war path at the time, and the Indian Commissioner prevailed upon me to essay some other field. I was advised that mountain goat could be found in the high mountains of northwestern Montana, and as they are the rarest of American game, and I had long before determined to have at least one if it took a trip to Alaska to procure it, my course was immediately planned in that direction. Mr. C. W. Puffer, one of our best known and most successful guides, accompanied us. At Missoula, Montana, we procured our outfit, and four men strong, with nine horses, we started across country for the land of the goat. We traveled for seven consecutive days, crossing the Big Black Foot and the Rockies, until we were two days' ride beyond the known country, in a land but seldom visited by a white man, and then only by some lone trapper or hunter seeking those spots where game had never been taught to fear. All the way we passed through the most magnificent scenery, some of it rivaling in beauty and grandeur any the world can offer. The mountains are high and rugged, and with their tips of snow impart a stern majesty to every scene which defies description. Then the water in that country has a peculiar green cast which, especially when the observer is looking down upon it from a great altitude, produces the most brilliant effects. The Rocky Mountain goat, as I said before, is the rarest and at the same time the most difficult of all American game to capture. But a very few stuffed specimens are known in the entire world, and but very few sportsmen have ever had the distinction of killing one. The mountain sheep is quite abundant in some localities and is sometimes mistaken for the goat, though they differ widely in appearance and habits. The goat is snow white and has short cylindrical black horns, while the sheep is almost brown in color and has long curved horns, so that the two need never be confused. The reasons of its being so difficult to kill are its scarcity and the fact that it inhabits only the highest and most inaccessible mountain peaks, as far as possible from the haunts of man. The only way to get to them is to climb up the mountain as far as you can, then plant a ladder and continue climbing. The first point to be gained is to reach an altitude above their haunts, and then you can commence to hunt with some prospect of success.

" 'At the close of our seventh day's journey we pitched camp in a little valley, surrounded on every hand by ragged and almost precipitous peaks, and from which gulches radiated in every direction, leading skyward to the summits. It did not seem possible that man had ever desecrated this spot and we felt that at last the land of the goat was reached. The first day was spent in prospecting for signs, and in the afternoon we had the pleasure of seeing one of the very animals that long journey had been taken to obtain. He was standing about 500 yards distant from the party, and for some time I could not bring myself to believe it was not a white bear. The position in which he stood was such as to bring the high shoulders, drooping head and thick legs into strong relief, and the horns being invisible, the resemblance to that animal was certainly striking. Before we could get around in shooting distance he had taken our wind and packed his trunk for a quick trip home. Having satisfied ourselves as to the existence of mountain goats in that locality, upon which question I must confess to being skeptical before, we returned to camp burning with excitement and commenced making arrangements for the next day's hunt. Our breakfast the next morning was taken by starlight, and by sunrise we were well on our way to the summit. The horses were taken as far up the slope as possible and then we proceeded to zig zag our toilsome way to the top. The peak was what is known as a "hog back" or "knife edge" ridge, but a few feet in width on the top and dropping away for thousands of feet in a precipitous slope that affords but scanty footing to even the deer and goat. On either hand we could look down upon frozen lakes, and dotted here and there upon the mountain sides were patches of snow which had withstood the ravages of a July sun. As we proceeded along this narrow way the signs of the game we were seeking grew more plentiful until the excitement which always attends the presence of big game took almost painful possession of us. Suddenly we sighted a family group of seven white animals, the objects of our long journey, lying upon a little plateau a few hundred yards distant and below the ridge upon which we had been traveling. It was a glorious sight and one for which many a man had risked his life in times past. They were lying in a clump of short cedars, spread out upon the ground like the spokes of a wheel, their heads all turned so they could watch the valley below. It was with difficulty we could restrain our eagerness until a plan of battle could be formulated, but the question was one of supreme importance, and we could not think of failing when the wondrous game was at last in sight.

" 'After a consultation of some ten minutes a method of attack was adopted which fortunately brought about the very best results. The wind was blowing along the mountain side between us, which added somewhat to our difficulty. From what we knew of the habits of these animals we decided that when alarmed they would run up the mountain and with the wind. It was then determined that I should stalk down the mountain directly upon them and that Mr. Puffer should follow the ridge around to intercept their flight. A series of signals were determined upon by which he would keep me posted as to the movements of the game. It was growing late by this time, and to add to the urgency of the occasion, the sky had clouded and was threatening snow. Now a snowstorm in that altitude simply meant that we should be obliged to remain and grow up with the country, which was not a part of our original programme. I selected a clump of cedar behind which to hide and began to make the descent with the utmost care. Not only was this a difficult task, but it was also attended with considerable danger, as the slope was so steep that a misstep might start one valleyward upon an immense landslide, and then, if I rolled a pebble even down the mountain it might alarm the precious game. Slowly and carefully I let myself down the declivity, feeling much as a man must when hanging upon the side of some immense building, and finally reached the point chosen from which to commence the attack. Just then I received a sight message from Mr. Puffer to the effect that the game was in motion and working off toward my right. All this time I had not ventured to take a single look at the animals I had risked so much to secure, but now I stepped from shelter and sure enough there the whole family were filing majestically off as he had indicated. I glanced the group over hurriedly to pick the choicest specimen, but seeing no especial difference in the large ones, I chose the one presenting the best opportunity, and gave him a double 12 ball behind the shoulder and almost at the same instant the second barrel to No. 2. These shots threw them into the most complete confusion, and after some wild leaping about from point to point they banded together and swung round to look down into the valley below. This gave me a chance to reload, and just then one of the finest bucks stepped out in bold relief upon the edge of the plateau. A kid stood between him and me and I waited until it had stepped out of the way and then gave him a shot behind the shoulder. This report started them off in the direction of Mr. Puffer, and I just had time to take a snapshot at one as he went behind a clump of cedars. I had no hope of making a hit, but he dropped as had the other three, and two of them rolled down the precipice into the valley below. They presented a rather comical sight bounding down that long slope, but you may be sure it was extremely gratifying to me and I felt more than over-paid for all the worry and fatigue that the triumph had cost.

" 'The other two I could not see and had just started in search of them when I heard several shots from the direction of Mr. Puffer. I then started to see how the battle waged in his vicinity, and met him coming down to meet me. In answer to my anxious inquiries he said he had shot several, but could not tell how many. After passing mutual congratulations upon our wonderful success we climbed down the mountain to look after the wounded and dead. On the way down we started one that had been hit by Mr. Puffer, and I took a running shot at it with my revolver, but both of us were too thoroughly fatigued to attempt pursuit. On looking up the hill we saw another outlined against the sky, with all four legs pointing heavenward like an upturned stool. To all appearances he was as dead as was ever Julius Cæsar, but when Mr. Puffer approached to make sure of his decease he raises his head and began to show signs of flight. Another shot, however, settled his case most thoroughly, and he took the same erratic route to the bottom as had the others. On skinning him five mortal shots were found, one of which had been made by my double 12, showing the goat to be possessed of a tenacity of life scarcely second to that of a grizzly bear. All this had taken hours, and as we had left our lunch with the horses you can imagine our hunger. After one has climbed over steep mountains all day long, with nothing to eat or drink but snow, it is perfectly natural that he should be exhausted, and to cap it all, here we were with the heads and skins of these four animals to carry up out of this hole into which they had fallen, and there was no way out save by a climb. But we finally managed to reach the horses shortly after sunset, completely fagged out, but proud of our conquest. We had secured in one day's hunt four fine specimens of the Rocky Mountain goat, an animal so rare and difficult to obtain that the number of specimens is limited to less than ten for all the collections of the world, and if that is not a victory of which an amateur sportsman may be proud I would like to know what is.'

"Mr. Litchfield took a sketch of one of the goats from nature and will have the specimens mounted from that sketch. He already possesses one of the most valuable collections of hunting trophies in the world, and these will add to its value and interest in a wonderful degree."

LOADING FOR GAME.

MY experience has proved that for ducks and other game of similar nature and habits, a 10-gauge gun of about 10 pounds' weight and capable of using 1¼ ounces of shot and 4 to 5 drams of powder is decidedly superior to a smaller and lighter gun. Such gun should have 32 inches length of barrels, and an inch or two longer would be better for game at long range. Such a gun should not use powder finer than single F grain to do good shooting. Fine powder is too sudden in its action to use in a large gun, and subjects the joints to enormous strain and causes excessive recoil; but a 12-gauge may be shorter in length of barrels, say 30 inches, and a charge of 1¼ ounces of shot, with 3 or 3¼ drams of FFG powder, has given me the best of results, both as to pattern and penetration.

I have a 14-gauge breechloader, 28-inch barrels (double), weight 7¼ pounds, in which I use 2¼ drams Dupont's FFF powder and 1 ounce shot, and can say from experience that for everything it is the best gun I ever used. One ounce of shot is a good charge for almost any game except ducks, perhaps, and it therefore answers every purpose of a 12 or 16 gauge. Its shooting qualities are first-class, penetration splendid, No. 8 shot penetrating thirty leaves of "Patent Office Report" at 40 yards with 2¼ drams powder, so I agree with "Medium" in his opinion of the 14-gauge gun. Mine was originally a 16-gauge, and after giving it a fair trial I was satisfied that its shooting qualities would be improved by having the barrels chambered to take a 14-gauge shell, and I have seen no cause to regret it. The improvement is decided.

There is one point in regard to the proper length of barrels that is not easy to decide; but one thing is certain that the smaller the bore the shorter the barrels should be, but finer powder should be used in proportion; that is of such fineness as to agree with the cubic dimensions of the larger ones, a cannon of 10 or 12-inch bore and 35 feet long will use a powder, each grain of which is nearly an inch in diameter with the best of results, and we should learn from that fact how to choose powder of a proper grain and shot of a proper weight for our guns. I prefer ¾ inch drop as the gun comes right up to its proper place in sighting, though some short-necked shooters would prefer ⅝. I believe a 16, 18 or 20 gauge is too small for anything but still-hunting or to kill small birds with fine shot, and becomes more of a toy than weapon for general business. St. Lawrence.



With the approach of a new year it is not necessary to announce any change in our manner of conducting this journal. Just what the FOREST AND STREAM has been in the past we hope to make it in 1886. It will be run on the same old principles, tested by experience and approved by prosperity. It will be just as entertaining, just as instructive, just as frank and outspoken, and just as helpful.

We are sometimes asked to explain the reason of the FOREST AND STREAM'S constantly widening influence and prosperity. Well, there is no

Trade-Secret

about it, and we do not mind telling you. It is this: We have not expended our energies in preposterous spread-eagle proclamations of tremendous attractions in the dim and distant future, but have pinned our faith to present performance, each week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. This is the kind of journalism that is bound to succeed. Nothing very occult about it, you see.

Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table. We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

In other words, the reason why the "Forest and Stream" is liked by sportsmen is that the "Forest and Stream" is the kind of paper that sportsmen like.

GOOD THINGS IN STORE FOR 1886.

Among the papers and sketches to appear are the following:

To the Walled-in Lakes.

Sketches of exploration and hunting in the Northwest with the Blackfeet and Kootenays. By "Yo."

Cruise of the Coot.

An account of a voyage alone in a single-hander from New York along the Atlantic seaboard to Florida. By C. P. KUNHARDT.

Hunting in the Himalayas.

Scenes and incidents in the life of an Indian forester. By "SHIKAREE."

Falcons and Falconry.

An introduction to the sport of hawking, with illustrations, drawn from nature. By R. W. SEISS.

Game Preserving in Britain.

A comprehensive series of papers on practical game preserving in Great Britain, with descriptions of the game birds of the British Islands, and sketches of sport. By "MOORMAN."

Scrimshawing.

A popular account of how a whaler spends the idle hours aboard ship. By JAS. TEMPLETON BROWN.

The Lower Forms of Life.

A continuation of the admirable series of essays on the beginning of animal life. By JAMES STOLLER.

Studies in Botany.

New chapters on plants and plant life, written and illustrated from nature. By A. W. ROBERTS.

Land and Water Experience in Florida.

New chapters of experience on the Gulf Coast. By "NESSMUK."

Cruise of the Pilgrim.

A delightful description of a summer voyaging on the Atlantic in the cutter yacht Pilgrim. By W. H. WINSLOW.

Days with the Barmacide Club.

A vivacious account of angling luck, good and bad, in Adirondack waters, whose name, latitude and longitude the author refuses to disclose. By MILLARD

Camps of the Kingfishers.

A further relation of what befel the Kingfishers in their sojourn at Carp Lake, Michigan.

Camp Flotsam.

A new series of the chronicles of the outers at Camp Flotsam, with accounts of bass fishing in Canadian waters. By WAWAYANDA.

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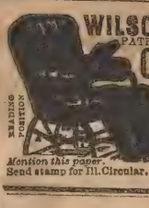
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OUR GRIZZLY BEARS.

LAST Friday morning, bright and early, the expressman left on the Park Row sidewalk in front of the FOREST AND STREAM office, a great crate or cage, in which were two grizzly bear youngsters. They had come all the way from Northern Montana, whence they had been sent to the FOREST AND STREAM by Col. Joseph Kipp, of the Blackfoot Agency. The bears were not altogether strangers. A member of the staff of this journal had last August made the acquaintance of one of the cubs, having been one of three men by whose united exertion the brute—then a captive in a barn—had been relieved of his collar.

The cubs were captured last May by a Piegan Indian, whose civilized name is John. The Indian was hunting one day when he came upon a grizzly bear cub, which by the dexterous use of a lassoe he soon made his own. The squealing of the cub brought the mother rushing in hot haste to the rescue of her offspring. John, by a single lucky shot, killed the she bear, and then discovered the two more cubs of an unusual litter of three. With his prizes he returned to his cabin on Cut Bank Creek; and soon the young captives become quite tame, running about with the dogs, and seemingly quite resigned to their new surroundings. It was not long, however, before the three disappeared, and after a most vigilant quest, only two were recaptured. These subsequently came into the possession of Colonel Kipp, and were confined by him in an old log stable.

Grizzly bear cubs are healthy animals. They have good constitutions; and from cubs they all too soon develop into Old Ephraims. Col. Kipp, with an interest not altogether unmixed with solicitude and apprehension at the expansion of girth and the muscular development of his interesting pets, began to envy the man who had lost a bear. It was probably with strangely mingled emotions, prompted by his embarrassment at the possession of the growing bears and his high regard for the FOREST AND STREAM, that the Colonel finally decided to inclose the incipient monsters in a secure receptacle and ship them by express and so label them that they would be delivered in our editorial office in the heart of a great city. It is needless to say that the FOREST AND STREAM appreciated the gift. Our Bear Editor has lugged his rifle many a weary mile looking for bears, and it was glorious good fortune to find two grizzlies right at hand, without even the necessity of crossing a ferry to get within range of the game.

The bears were kindly received and tenderly cared for. We fed them several loaves of bread, and through the day they held a reception on the Park Row sidewalk, where thousands of pedestrians paid them their respects, and small boys past all reckoning poked fun and sticks at them. The bears took it all in good part. They also took in a collection of hats, cuffs and shreds of garments.

So soon as the necessary negotiations could be completed the grizzlies were sent up to the Central Park, where Superintendent Conklin has kindly consented to care for them, and where they may now be seen.

GAME IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

EVERY item of news which we publish in regard to the National Park emphasizes a recommendation that we have many times repeated. This is the need of more assistant superintendents for the Park. This year for the first time the game found in that region has been protected, and as a consequence of this protection it has gathered in great numbers within the Park. Assistant Superintendent Wilson's report, printed on another page, gives some idea of the numbers and the tameness of the elk when they are protected, and it is clear that with this region as a refuge this splendid game need never become extinct.

What is needed for this work is a superintendent—a head interested, energetic and capable, and under him a force of competent men acquainted with the country and with their duties.

To efficiently patrol so extensive a region as the Park requires a force much larger than the one now employed, and the failure to provide a sufficient number of police may result in serious injury to the forest through the spread of fires, or in wholesale slaughter of game.

Although there may be no very large number of either buffalo or antelope in the Park, the large game, taken altogether, is extremely abundant there.

Colonel Wear has taken hold of the management of the Park with a great deal of energy. Since he assumed charge of the reservation in July there have been arrested and convicted the following individuals: Geo. Reader, fine $100 and six months in jail; J. Ferguson, fine $70; Box Miller, fine $50; J. M. Pearson, fine $50; David Guard, fine $25; R. W. White, fine $25; John F. Hoskins, fine $50. Stephen A. Aplin went in of his own accord and acknowledged the killing of a buffalo and was fined $50. This is the only buffalo killed in the Park, so far as known, since the 1st of July last. The rifles of the seven convicted men were sent to the Department of the Interior. Superintendent Wear expects to remain in the Park all winter, and do what he can to prevent the destruction of game by the skin-hunters that have heretofore slaughtered it with impunity.

It is to be hoped that Congress will increase the number of assistants, so that the game may have the protection that is so necessary to preserve it. With proper care and the right kind of assistant superintendents the hunting in the Park can be wholly stopped.

THE MAD DOG SCARE.

THE daily papers are giving much space to alleged cases of rabies and hydrophobia. The senseless mad dog scare has in several localities reached the proportions of an epidemic. Town authorities are making an indiscriminate and unreasoning warfare upon all dogs.

This deplorable condition of affairs may easily be accounted for without the hypothesis that any one of the numerous alleged mad dogs is actually afflicted with rabies. We have seen scores and scores of dogs said to be rabid, but which we were perfectly convinced were in fact not rabid, but simply suffering from some one of the various harmless forms of fits to which dogs are subject. But in each of these cases witnesses were not wanting whose ignorance and imagination converted the dog in a fit into a mad dog; and we have no doubt that some of these people, had they been bitten by the animals in question, might have died, not from hydrophobia, but from the effect of fright and imagination. Alleged cases of death from hydrophobia are in most instances simply death from fright. Of this there can be no dispute.

The publication of M. Pasteur's investigations and experiments has had the natural effect of drawing public attention to this subject, and people are more than ever ready to accept and exaggerate all mad dog stories without stopping to inquire into their truth. Fear adds to credulity. Not one individual in ten thousand possesses any accurate knowledge of the symptoms of rabies, and once the cry of mad-dog is raised it is repeated from mouth to mouth, and the community is straightway beside itself with fright.

The evil to contend with is not so much hydrophobia itself as the ignorance about the disease and the proneness of individuals to accept every false mad dog alarm. If M. Pasteur shall succeed in perfecting his discoveries, the preventive will be most valuable, not in lessening the few cases of genuine hydrophobia, but in so reassuring the community as that it shall not be imposed upon by unfounded belief in hydrophobia.

If by vaccinating dogs it shall be possible to render them secure against rabies, and if by that security the community shall be so reassured as to regard hydrophobia with indifference, as something about which there need be no apprehension, then it may be wise and highly desirable that the vaccination of dogs should be required by statute.

Pending the attainment of such developments, it would be a capital thing if the editors of newspapers would refrain from publishing the rabiacal rubbish with which they now fill their columns, creating unfounded public alarm on the subject, and getting up mad dog scares just for the sake of sensation.

THE GAME SEASON.—The ruffed grouse shooters report from very many localities this year a good supply of their favorite game birds. We heard the other day of one sportsman in Springfield, Mass., who in an afternoon stroll with a spaniel and without a gun, put up forty grouse—and not go far from the center of the city either. The quail supply of 1885 is also proving generally abundant. From all sides come reports of many and full coveys. There are isolated localities where poor shooting is always the rule, for in these districts even in seasons which are exceptionally satisfactory elsewhere, the birds have no opportunity to hold their own. Woodcock shooting in the northern covers has not been much of a success, and this for reasons stated in these columns last spring when we foretold a poor season. The birds migrated late, nested further south than usual and did not reach the northern grounds in anything like the usual numbers. Moreover, the sportsmen in the regions where the birds tarried very injudiciously pursued them instead of recognizing the unusual condition of affairs and making allowance for it.

ICE YACHTS AND SNEAKBOXES.—In answer to many inquiries concerning these two craft we are preparing full working drawings of each. Next week we will publish plans of the latest Hudson River ice yachts, and shortly after will appear several articles on sneakboxes and Barnegat cruisers, giving lines of the old sneakbox, "Seneca's" cruiser, and a new and improved boat of the sneakbox model, designed specially for the FOREST AND STREAM. All of these designs will be to scale, with full instructions for building.

IREX AND THE AMERICA'S CUP.—The report that has been circulated through some of the daily papers during the past week, to the effect that Irex has challenged for the America's Cup, is entirely without foundation, as no such challenge has been received. The club now have the challenge from Galatea, which they must consider before any other. Mr. Jameson has not as yet expressed his intention to bring Irex over next season, though it is not improbable that he may do so.

ONEIDA LAKE METHODS.—Game Constable Lindsey has recently captured a number of nets illegally used in Oneida Lake. The netters, whose occupation has been taken from them, have now turned their attention to target practice and amuse themselves by shooting at such members of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club, of Syracuse, as venture out in the lake duck shooting. Our correspondent "Onondaga" reports his narrow escape from the poachers' bullets.

ADIRONDACK DEER.—Wherever the non-hounding law has been enforced in the Adirondacks the people are satisfied with its wisdom. An actual test of the new order of things has won over many of its former opponents. There can no longer be any reasonable question of the wisdom and beneficial result of such a statute. Now friends of game protection must see to it that the law is not changed by the clique who are inimical to all righteous game laws.

THE WOODCHUCK affords a subject for a most interesting paper, published elsewhere, from the pen of a well-known physician in Central New York.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

II.—"INSIDE BIG WATERS."

BEFORE day broke the next morning I was awakened by the rasping noise made by something scraping along the canvas of the tent. The familiar sound told its own story, and I was not surprised, when I arose and looked out of the tent door, to see the ground covered with snow. It was not cold, and the rapidly falling flakes were damp and melted as they touched the clothing. Yellowfish had already started out in search of the horses, which would be easily tracked in the snow, and before breakfast was ready he had driven them up to the wagon, where they were tied, so that we might start as soon as the snow ceased falling.

About 8 o'clock it stopped snowing, and, quickly breaking camp, we moved out, Yellowfish and I in the lead and Appekunny driving the team behind us. Just as we started we saw a horseman, followed by a loose horse, going back over the ridge down which we had come the day before. At first we supposed it to be an Indian, but a little later we came upon the horse tracks leading down into the basin of the St. Mary's Lakes, and as no Indians were known to be there, it was thought possible that some gold diggings had been found in the basin and that this might be one of the prospectors with a pack animal going into the settlements for provisions.

A drive of a couple of hours brought us to the top of the ridge, from which we could look down into the valley of the St. Mary's Lakes.

The scene was curiously beautiful. The sky had not yet cleared, and a heavy fog hung about us, so that we could see but a short distance on either side. Down below in the lake valley there was little mist, so that the lower end of the upper, and the whole of the lower lake were visible. The shores and the rounded hills, which formed the immediate surroundings of the latter were seen, the ridges covered with bright green quaking aspens with here and there a little open park where the ripened mountain grass showed yellow amid the green. Dimly through changing mist clouds we could see now and then a long way up the Upper Lake, and recognized, or thought we did, the stern black faces of tremendous escarpments which rose from the water's very edge. Now and then a soft veil of mist would drop down from the overhanging clouds and float from the upper end of the lake to the lower, now concealing and then revealing the beauties of the scene. That the valley of the lower lake was much wider than that of the upper one we could see, but could form no idea as to the height or character of the mountains by which they were surrounded. All this was hidden by the fog, so that whatever of the mountains was above 1,500 or 2,000 feet higher than the level of the water was left to the imagination. The lower lake is seven or eight miles long and lies here nestled among the steep quaking aspen ridges. From its northern end the St. Mary's River flows out to join Belly River, and so the Saskatchewan, while the tremendous volume of water supplied by the upper lake empties in from the south. The deep blue of the waters point to a great depth for the lake, and in most places there is little evidence of any shoal water along the shores. On the upper lake the vertical cut walls and the steep talus slopes, together with the occasional gleam of permanent snow far down the mountain sides, hint at a glacial origin for the lakes.

When the wagon came up there was some question as to whether it would be wise to make the descent into the basin at this point. Certainly the slope was tremendously steep, and the snow on the ground made things so slippery that it might be very difficult to control the wagon if it should once get started. On the other hand, there was no load worth speaking of in the wagon, and by rough-locking the wheels and holding back with ropes, it seemed as if we ought to be able to get down. By means of a couple of log-chains we prepared the wagon as well as possible for the somewhat perilous descent. The mere upsetting and scattering of our goods and chattels over the hillside would have been no great misfortune, but if the wagon once got away from us on this very precipitous slope, it seemed likely that it would not stop before the bottom of the hill was reached, and in this case we should not only have the wagon to mend, but very likely also a dead horse to leave behind; so with one man managing the reins and brake, and two behind trying to keep the hind end of the wagon from sliding down the hill, we started very carefully and slowly.

We had not gone very far before we wished ourselves back on the top of the hill. The slope was a hard grass-covered gravel and over this were two or three inches of snow and ice, and the rough-locks, instead of catching, slid along over the ground like the runners of a sleigh. Do the best we could, Yellowfish and I were hardly able to keep the wagon from swinging around and starting down the hill backward. Little by little, however, we worked our way down and as soon as possible edged the wagon into a grove of aspens where it was impossible for it to get away. Then by cutting a path with the axe we managed to safely reach the foot of the steep hill. From here on our road was an easy one, leading across the ridges that ran down at right angles to the shore of the lake and we gradually worked down the slopes until we came to a curving bay near the head of the lake where we made camp. It was a pleasant spot, open and level. On the one side were the hills which bounded the basin on the east and on the other the lake. The camp ground was perhaps fifty yards in width and on it the grass grew knee deep. On the right a ridge came down to the lake shore, on the left was the channel of a tiny brook with its fringe of tall cottonwoods, in front the terraced ridges rose one above the other until they melted into the steep face of the pine-clad hill. Between us and the water was a dense thicket of alders, through which ran a path, now overgrown with grass and weeds, down to the shore of the lake.

The wagon was halted near the edge of the alders, the horses hobbled and turned loose, then the tent was pitched facing the east and a fire started, and while Yellowfish was chopping wood and beginning to get dinner ready, Appekunny and I walked down to the lake shore. It is indeed a lovely sheet of water. And scarcely less beautiful when seen in part, as now, than when its whole expanse is spread out before one. It was now smooth and tranquil, and its dark waters under the sombre sky looked as if they might contain mysterious and terrible monsters, ready at any moment to rise to the surface and grasp those who should venture within their reach. The great hills and overtowering mountains were scarcely reflected in the unruffled depths, but seemed rather to cast shapeless shadows which now and then moved slowly hither and thither in an unexplained way. Across the lake the dark pine-clad hills rose until they were hidden in the clouds, and down near the water the ridges were brighter with the pale frondage of the aspens, which even now showed here and there a touch of gold that told of the approach of winter. It was all quiet and still under the dull gray sky, and there was no life upon the lake or on the shore.

A few yards down the beach, hidden among the alders, we found Appekunny's boat, undisturbed during the ten months that had elapsed since he cached it there. Under it were the oars, thole pins and gaff, and in a few moments we had launched and brought it to the end of the path leading from our camp to the water, where we left it to soak and tighten, while we went back to camp.

After dinner, taking rifle, rod and trolling lines, we set forth to paddle up the lake to the inlet. Yellowfish was loath to accompany us, for the Piegans do not like to venture upon the water. They know that terrible gods—the under water people—live down in the bottoms of these lakes, and they fear Windmaker and the others. Similarly many of the west coast Indians fear to venture on the mountain lakes, dreading the power of the monsters that inhabit them, and in this fear we see another example of a belief that is worldwide among savage people. After some persuasion he was induced to come.

Close under the beach, in the wide and shallow bay to the east of where this enters the lake, we saw a great many ducks, and here later in the season, I was assured, the geese rest in great numbers on their journey to the south. The water is shoal, and the white sandy bottom, here and there overgrown with succulent water grasses, explains the attractions which this spot presents to the migrants. At the head of the lake we drew the boat out on the sand beach and walked for some distance up the inlet. This is a broad, hurrying stream of purest cold water flowing through a level valley a mile or more in width. A large portion of this flat is overgrown with willows, but along the inlet itself, and occasionally extending for some distance out over the flat, there is a thick growth of large spruces and cottonwoods, and beneath these a tangle of willows and alders, which is almost impenetrable. It looks like a great place for white-tail deer, and as if there should be some moose here. Forcing our way through the underbrush we reached the high bank which overhangs the water, and looking down upon what seemed the perfection of a trout stream, I set up my rod. The sun was now low and it was just the hour one would choose for fishing such a stream, but although we patiently whipped its waters for perhaps a quarter of a mile we accomplished nothing. Down in the clear depths we could see the great fish lying on the bottom, but, cast as deftly as we might, they paid no heed to our flies. I changed the cast several times, hoping in this way to tempt them, but without success. And yet it did not seem that the trout were satiated, for a vagrant young whitefish which was meandering down the stream, caused great excitement among the big trout, who made most vigorous attempts to capture him—attempts which were unsuccessful I was glad to see. We caught but a little fellow weighing a quarter of a pound, and as we compared him with others eight or ten times as large, which lazily breasted the current at our feet, he seemed fairly contemptible.

The capture even of this little fish did some good, however. When Yellowfish first saw my rod set up he asked what it was for, and when told merely remarked, "No good; it will break." When the fish was fast, however, and darted down stream, causing the rod to bend, and then gradually yielded to the strain, and came back and finally up to the bank, the Indian displayed a good deal of excitement, and finally after looking closely at the rod, he tapped it with his finger and said, "*Ehya skoon-a-tops*" (strong). There were plenty of good trout in the water, but our best endeavors failed to induce any others to come out on to the beach. A few good-sized whitefish were seen lazily swimming about.

As we could make nothing out of the trout we returned to our boat, and coasting along the shore crossed the mouth of the inlet, passing the sand shoals on which the geese roost in November, where we saw the tracks of a small bear, and a little later disturbing great flocks of teal and widgeons, which noisily rose at our approach, and then, after making a wide circle around the boat, settled on the water in our wake. Here and there on the water, as we moved slowly along, we saw the leaves and gnawed twigs of the willow, showing fresh marks of the beaver's teeth, and in more than one place we noticed the tracks and the wide trails where these animals had gone in or out of the water.

Almost the whole length of the lake is in view from its head. Towards its lower end the valley grows wider on either side, and the hills, especially to the eastward, become lower, so that when the river leaves it, the tops of the bluffs are only a few hundred feet above the water and were now visible below the clouds. Half way down the lake and close beneath the eastern shore is a beautiful island half a mile in length, for the most part overgrown with spruces and aspens, and with a little circular park in the middle, smooth as a lawn. Between the island and the shore is a deep channel.

It was a noteworthy fact that down by the lake shore there was no snow at all, while a few hundred feet above the grass on the hillside was almost covered, and the higher hills and mountains were still white.

The Sportsman Tourist.

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PODUNK POND.

PODUNK may not be considered euphonious, either as a whole or in sections, but it is distinctively a name that when pronounced is apt to give rise to a number of queries. In fact, I think I never knew the name to be hauled in by the heels before an audience of strangers and received in utter silence; wild laughter awaited it, if not a rigid cross-examination as to its parentage and baptism. It is, so to speak, a neighbor, and my own curiosity as to its origin was aroused so long ago that my hair has grown gray since I began my excavations into its pedigree, and my labor has resulted only in finding that its origin was mislaid long years ago. My friend, Dr. A. W. Holden, the historian of the town of Queensbury, who has genealogies dating from the Paleozoic age at his finger's ends, tells me it is, probably, an Indian name, but cannot tell which particular Indian bore this patronymic. I think the name should be spelled Podonk, for I have heard it pronounced as though the speaker were trying to imitate an old gander leading a flight of wild geese. The map makers have committed a burglary and filched from Podunk Pond its birthright, therefore on the map it will be found as "Ore Bed Pond;" but when Podunk becomes a fact in the mind of the hearer instead of a jarring sound, the most natural question that arises is, where is it? or, if it is mentioned that Podunk Pond contains fish, this will be varied by—how do you get there?

The pond is in the town of Fort Ann, in Washington county, N. Y., and to get there from this place one can take his choice of going to Johnnycake Corners, then to the "striped house," then to the "pea-green hotel," and then through Beartown; or, go to Tripoli and thence to the "pea-green hotel," and instead of turning to the east, through Beartown, continue north through Frog Hollow and Hogtown. Vivid imagination? Not a bit of it! Imagination is my weak point, and I deal only in plain-featured facts. In the above directions I simply quote from the local gazetteer or cross roads directory. Having located the pond and given plain directions for getting to it, it may be in order to state what is to be found therein by an angler who embarks upon a sort of Pilgrim's Progress to reach it.

It was once the home of the speckled trout (the activity, enterprise and progress of the nineteenth century make it necessary, in speaking of the home of the speckled trout, to use the past tense so frequently that it gets rather stereotyped) and this day a few forlorn, frightened survivors haunt it, looking upon the foreigners that have usurped their home and rights as interlopers that occupy their ancestral halls by might, not right; but the majority of the inhabitants of the pond are immigrants—black bass.

To the writer it seems the sheerest, most senseless folly to stock a trout pond—or a pond that can be made into a trout pond—with black bass. A small pond is not a fit place for black bass if it is to be constantly and mercilessly fished, as most small ponds are. A pond may be stocked with black bass and guarded for a few years until the fish have taken root, and then in a few years more all the larger bass are caught, and thereafter the pond yields only small bass that an angler should be ashamed to put into his creel. This sort of stocking is going on all over the country to-day, and in some instances by men who, from their positions, should know better: but this subject deserves a letter by itself.

Besides black bass, the pond contains yellow perch, some of which are said to grow to three pounds and more each; but the pike (*E. lucius*), the affliction of so many ponds in this State, is absent. In writing of the size of yellow perch in this pond, I am careful not to assume any personal responsibility. Very large perch are a sensitive, shrinking fish, if one attempts to become familiar with them. From my youth up I have been seeking to find a five or even a four-pound yellow perch quietly resting in the scoop of a Fairbanks scales. I know they exist or have existed off the scales, because I have frequently heard of them; but I have traveled miles and fished days, if not weeks, to meet such a fish, and thus far in life's journey I have no greater personal acquaintance with one of them than with the "philosopher's stone." Last summer I thought surely I was to be rewarded, for a friend told me of a four-pound perch caught from Podunk Pond, and gave all the particulars of the capture down to the direction of the wind and the identical spot where the fish was weighed. Half way to the pond I discovered that the perch had shrunk two whole pounds, and as they all act in the same manner upon a near approach, I have put these big perch down as very retiring.

It was early in October that my friend Mr. Cleveland, the treasurer of the Texas Club, proposed to the writer, the secretary, that we make a journey to Podunk Pond on official business. October in this latitude is one of the most delightful months of the twelve, and last October was especially charming. We had really had all the fishing during the summer that a reasonable angler could ask for, and perhaps a surfeit of fish, consequently our trip was to be one of discovery rather than for meat.

The day of our start could not have been more perfect if made to order for the occasion, and we decided to go by the

way of Tripoli and return past the "striped house," for the drive was to be no small part of the pleasure, and we wished to make it as varied as possible.

There is no finer scenery about here than is to be found on the drive to Podunk Pond; for four or five miles the road is on a ridge that overlooks the richest farming lands in the county, at this time covered with the fruits of an abundant harvest; on the left are the mountains of Luzerne, in front French Mountain and the mountains bordering the shores of Lake George, and at our right the Green Mountains of Vermont. The near-by hills are in a blaze of glory that the October haze cannot dim, and the more distant mountains are decked as for a bridal with the thrifty valleys. The endless shades of scarlet and crimson, and gold and amber, and the rich browns of the autumn foliage of the deciduous trees are indiscriminately mixed with the evergreen foliage of the hemlock, spruce, cedar and balsam; while the trunks of the white birches stand here and there in the sunlight like pillars of silver, making all together such a mass of gorgeous color that it seems futile for a simple fisherman to attempt to describe it.

My friend silently drinks in the beauty of the scene that is spread out before us until he is filled with the glory of it, then rising in the carriage, for he is gallantry personified, here removes his hat, and making a courtly bow to the north, south, east and west, says: "Madame Nature, in your proudest apparel, I salute you." Feeling that I am also compelled to pay homage to the dame's attire, I rise, bow and remark: "Madame, permit me, although personal comparisons are particularly odious to the fair sex, I must say that the Queen of Sheba with her entire wardrobe would be as an ill-fitting patch upon your loveliness. You, my dear madame, are 'high,' the queen is 'low,' Cleveland is jack and I am 'game'." I was pulled back with violence into my seat or I would have said more.

We climb sandhills, loiter to gather chestnuts, and rattle over stony roads until we come to a brook and pause for a few moments while I tell my friend of the trout I have taken from it. From the brook we go up, up, up to the backbone of a ridge that gives a fine view of the country we have left behind and we go on through a remnant of the "forest primeval" that is perched on this lofty neck of land; this, too, we leave behind, when suddenly we get a glimpse of the beyond. This is the fertile county of Washington that stretches away to the blue hills of Vermont. We are high up on a narrow ridge and on one side looking back we see the flat, rich lands of one county and on the other the rugged hills and rocky valleys of another. It is a grand sight, and Mr. C. is so imbued with it that he even forgets to sound the praises of his beloved Lone Star State. Still we drive on, and just as we think the road is about to terminate in a squirrel track up a tree, we come to a mill in the woods and there find the gentleman who is to be our host, Mr. W. P. Ostrander. It is a mile further to the pond, and when we have been warmly welcomed Mr. O. tells us that we can go on and fish as long as we choose, and are then to drive still another mile beyond to his house, where we are to sup and pass the night. While we are speculating as to whether the road will hold out for two miles more in this semi-wilderness, we discover that we forgot to get from Mr. Ostrander a written order for the boat and a young man in his employ to row it; so we halt, and, as I am the most unintelligible writer, I formulate an order, and do it with confidence, because we had been told that the young man could not read. We shortly reach the pond, and the young man was so taken with our appearance that he straightway went for the boat and we were not obliged to utter the forged order.

As I was bending over my tackle box on the grass I was conscious of a strange presence, and looking upward out of the corner of my off eye I beheld a dog. If the tackle box had been large enough I would have rolled inside of it and shut the cover and locked it, for that dog had an evil eye and looked hungry. I thought it the largest dog I ever saw, and besides he was disgustingly familiar. In my younger days I have seen some large dogs by the light of the deceptive moon, and moonlight under certain circumstances adds several cubits to the stature of a dog. I speak of a dog's front elevation, for a rear view is not so alarming. I distinctly remember one such case. With some boy friends I was plugging some melons one beautiful moonlight night in a garden belonging to my father in the outskirts of the town; we went into the garden the back way, over the fence, so that we would not disturb the gardner, who lived on the place. Louis, the gardner, had a little dog that in the day time was about seven by nine, and it was well known that he was a light sleeper, and I told the boys that I would attend to the dog, for he knew me well and was in deadly fear of me. We had not plugged more than twenty-five melons, trying to find one ripe one, before the dog appeared. As he seemed a little hoarse I looked up from my occupation and instantly decided that Louis had been trading dogs, for the beggar that was coming was over thirty-two inches at the shoulders, and I was the first boy over the fence. The next morning I found it was the familiar little dog that had hastened my departure, and later when I spoke to my father about the mysterious transformation he said it was my conscience that made the dog look so large, but I contended that it was the uncertain moonlight.

Well, this dog that looked over my shoulder into my tackle box did not require moonlight to increase his size, for in broad day he was too big. At a bench show he would be entered in the class for "speed and action—fourteen hands or over." As I was looking for a tree that could be climbed easily, the owner of the dog appeared in the person of a boy about sixteen and about half as big as the dog, who tried to assure me that the vicious look in the dog's eye was really a benevolent expression; so we chartered the boy and dog to search for crayfish—at a distance.

It was but a short walk from where we left the carriage to the pond, and a tidy bit of water we found it. The wooded hills encircle it, forming an amphitheatre from which the beasts and the birds can look down upon the area of water and witness the struggle to the death between the patient fisherman and the toothsome fish. Just beyond and connected with Podunk Pond by a small stream is another beautiful sheet of water called Lake Pond. This also contains black bass and perch, and as it can be reached only by a footpath and boasts not of boat or other water vehicle, we were told that its fish lived to a greater age than in Podunk.

Having admired the pond and its surroundings, we turned our attention to its inhabitants, and found, first, that our oarsman did not know anything about the fishing grounds and, second, that a diligent search among the contents of my tackle box revealed not a single sign of a sounding line. My dear friend and most charming companion is the president of a cotton exchange in a Southern city, and I imagine that while at home and clothed in the dignity of his office he has occasionally to make a "middling" speech concerning "spots" or "future delivery" cotton; and to keep his vocal organs in condition during his summer vacation, he is in the habit of working off remnants of old orations or preparing new ones that later will be impromptu. This was his opportunity; for one hour he discoursed about sounding lines and plumb leads, and I had either to swim ashore or listen, until it occurred to me to ask him where *his* sounding line was; then followed a silence that you could almost feel. Leaving the plumb line at home proved for me a fortunate misfortune, a paradox that is explained when I say that a month later I secured a sole leather tackle trunk from a New York trunk maker (by direction of Mr. Cleveland); the name plate bore a date that is identical with the anniversary of my wedding day and the day I forgot the sounding line, and inside the trunk the largest compartment gave notice in huge letters that it was the receptacle "for a plumb line and lead, 'and don't you forget it.'"

To forget a sounding line and lead when trying new waters, particularly late in the season, is a stupidity that brings its own punishment. The only substitute in this case was the anchor rope and anchor, and to find a certain bottom with an anchor is an operation that condenses more solid exercise than all the lifting and rowing machines invented; but I found the place we were looking for before my hands were entirely shorn of cuticle. Practice teaches one so well that it is not a difficult matter to locate certain kinds of bottom in comparative shoal water where the shore formation is also a guide, but fishing for rocks with a fifty-pound anchor stone in forty feet of water is another and quite a different kind of prospecting. When the anchor was finally down we waited long for our reward in the form of a bite, and when it came it was from a perch, and not a monster either. We fished faithfully until nearly dark and then counted the spoils and found a total of six perch. This did not depopulate the pond, but we were satisfied, and would have been without a single fish. Engaging the young man and the boy, minus his dog, for the next day, we started in the waning twilight for the house of our host, and it was quite dark when we drove to the door after climbing up a hill for a mile. There was an Adirondack flavor about the place, but we met with what Mr. Cleveland afterward referred to as "thorough Southern hospitality." Mr. Ostrander is the owner of an extensive ore bed of magnetic iron ore, but the mine was not in operation at the time of our visit.

During the evening we propounded a number of geographical questions to our host, and learned that we were but an hour's walk through the woods from the shore of Lake George; that one mile away was another pond named Sly, that contained black bass, and four miles distant was a pond that our host considered the peer of any sheet of water in the State. It is named Crossett, but more frequently called Cross Pond, and the scenery about it is described as something that must be seen to be fully appreciated. As the evening wore on my partner and I announced that we were both members in good standing of the Owl Club, and we hoped that no one would remain up past the usual hour for retiring. The Texas Club may forget a sounding line and lead, or an individual member may forget his reel, but there is no record that the cribbage board was ever left behind, and it was a late (or, perhaps, more properly speaking, early) hour that night when the last game was pegged and the poor cards of the loser duly abused.

We did not know the location of affairs outside the house, and before retiring sallied out to take an observation. I carried a kerosene lamp in my hand which I held high above my head as I peered into the darkness from the porch. We were talking in whispers that we might not disturb the inmates of the house, when suddenly as I advanced I exploded something. What a din! I had walked into and struck with the metal bars of the lamp an immense triangle suspended from the porch roof, and used to call the men from the mines. The sound struck a hill in front of the house and caromed to the left, and went around behind the barn, where it must have hit something that sent it off to the right. The air was full of it, and Cleveland whispered hoarsely, "Can't you snub it?" I put out my hand, forgetting the lamp, and off it went again. The triangle seemed to be a repeater loaded for all distances, and the second sound chased the first around the house, while I sat down and laughed, and Cleveland talked so fast that I thought he was counting the reverberations, but I managed to separate from the torrent of words these fragments: "Stop her * * just like you * * on purpose * * see how much of a hallabaloo * * could kick up * * time of night * * success * * will think * * cowboys raising * * better go to bed." And we went.

The sun was up and at work the next morning before we had finished the breakfast that was especially prepared for us by Mrs. Van Wormer, the housekeeper. Mrs. Van Wormer told us that our host had driven away on business before sleep had left our eyelids and left word that we were to feel perfectly at home during his absence.

It was another perfect morning as we drove down the mountain to the pond and caused us to feel that the bass would bite with pleasure, simply to be hauled out to behold a perfect autumn day. I had extemporized a sounding lead, and after considerable feeling, found some broken rocks nearly surrounded by grass in thirty-five feet of water. For bait we had dobsons, crayfish, minnows and crickets, and these, one after another, we lowered among the rocks and pulled up, one after another, six black bass of small size. We moved to the grass and tried for perch, but not another fish did we get that day. Six fish—and those all of one kind—appeared to constitute the limit of a day's fishing in Podunk.

We sent the young man up to the house for our noon lunch and continued our fishing. When the lunch boat returned both boats made for a point that was evidently put there for picnic purposes, and opened the two large hampers that Mrs. Van W. had sent us in response to a request for "some bread and slices of the cold ham you gave us for supper." Those hampers yielded a hot roast chicken, with gravy, mashed potatoes, Hubbard squash, tea—all hot, cream, sugar, bread, butter, pickles, apple pie, cake, cheese, carving knife and fork, teacups and saucers, knives, forks, spoons, tablecloth and napkins. My friend is a particular man, and as he looked over the spread remarked, "The only thing lacking is the ham we asked for." We toasted our host and we toasted his housekeeper and gave thanks for the "cold bite" spread out before us, and a little later, when we had filled two large pipes with Vanity Fair tobacco and were contentedly puffing at them as we reclined on a bed of autumn leaves, the two boys had only empty dishes to put back into the hampers.

As I look from my window this chill December day and see the leafless branches of the trees, through which flakes of snow are fast falling, my thoughts go back to the shores of Podunk Pond, and I prefer that this letter should leave me there with my friend, smoking our after-dinner pipes, from which the smoke slowly rises, indicating that all is peace.

A. N. CHENEY.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

CLIMATE OF THE WEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe that my statements of fact, and arguments supporting the conclusion that the climate of the West is being favorably modified by human agency, is vigorously combated by Mr. W. N. Byers, of Denver, Col., who not merely differs from me in his conclusions, as he has a perfect right to, but assails me with scant courtesy for propagating views which, although accepted by the "farmers and cow-punchers" of the region as matters of personal experience, are nevertheless in your correspondent's opinion so demonstrably erroneous that they should not be propagated by "able newspaper correspondents," to whom facts and figures are accessible.

Mr. Byers challenges me "with no uncertain sound" to support my conclusions, "to show one instance from human history," in which the climate has changed from arid to humid, from dry to wet, "and prove it by figures."

This attitude is more ingenious than ingenuous. Mr. Byers, it may safely be assumed, knows as well as I that the ancients recorded no meteorological observations sufficiently systematized to be of any value, or that if they did no such records have been handed down to us. He knows as well as I that even in this country meteorological observations are only of recent date; that except in a few isolated cases they have followed settlement, and consequently afford no data for a comparison of ante-settlement with post-settlement climatic conditions. If settlement in the West, as I confidently believe, is modifying climate from arid to less arid conditions, the figures necessary to substantiate this assertion, in so far as it depends on increased rainfall, should embrace not only the returns of rainfall for the period since settlement, but a wide range of observations extending backward at least three or four decades before settlement. From such an array of figures it would be possible to deduce sound conclusions—the considerable fluctuation of annual rainfall would probably admit of the returns being tabulated in periods of seven or ten years, indicating tolerably uniform returns for the several divisional periods, and the question of increase or decrease of rainfall would be tested by a comparison of two or three recent septennial or decennial averages, with the averages of the earlier periods. If there are any such figures lying around in these "diggins" I appeal confidently to them, but I certainly do not know where to look for them.

But I must do my critic the justice to admit that if he has with seeming disingeneousness tried to corner me by an appeal to figures, he has not shrunk from affording me an opportunity of assailing him with the same tactics. "Arid regions (says Mr. Byers) are all growing dryer—none of them grow wetter." Let us confine the argument to the region under discussion. Mr. Byers contends that it is growing dryer. I challenge him to produce figures in support of his bold contention. The position certainly derives no support from the array of figures cited by Mr. Byers. As above argued, a few figures extending over ten or twelve years afford no conclusive evidence, but as Mr. Byers has produced them, and presumably as evidences in support of his position, the only course open to me and your readers is to analyze them for what they are worth. Some of them extend over four or five years only, a period too short to render them of any value, but the returns extending eight years and over afford, if not conclusive, at least interesting subsidiary evidence.

To the point. Mr. Byers's table gives four stations for which the observations are recorded over twelve years. The aggregate rainfall of these for the first six years is 702.83; of the last six years 728.15. There are two stations in which observations extend over ten years, and one of eleven years; eliminating the first year of the latter I find the aggregate rainfall of the first five years is 432.30; of the second period 464.38. There are three stations for which observations extend over nine years; by eliminating the first odd year I find the aggregate of the first four years' rainfall is 244.11; of the second period 254 78. Lastly the table contains one station (Fort Benton) in which, although the returns are for seven years only, there is an interval of five years in the middle period. Here, too, the figures show 34.72 for the first three years and 40.00 for the second corresponding period. Aggregating the total earlier half periods we have 1379.24 and for the latter half 1446.71.

Mr. Byers appeals to figures. I accept his own compilation as the only available data at hand. They certainly do not support his position. As far as they are of any value, their evidence is in my favor.

But Mr. Byers does not confine himself to the rainfall. To my assertion that "the annual precipitation is far greater now in regions recently occupied, than it was when the settlers first came into the country," and "the climate of the western country is constantly being modified by human agency," he replies, "I have no hesitation in saying that the assertions quoted above are not true." He rails at the local settlers for drawing similar conclusions from their own experience, offers no evidence in support of his assertion, but contents himself with offering such explanations of the causes which mislead the local residents to false conclusions, as involves the complete surrender of his position on this point. "Again," he says, "during these years he has planted trees about his house and barn, and along the roads and ditches—meadows have been established and blue grass covers the door yard. In time he observes that there is dew on the grass, etc."

Dew appears where there was none before, not as an exceptional phenomenon, but as a daily occurrence. Does Mr. Byers require to be told that where there is dew at night the air is surcharged with moisture during the day, and that the transition from a clear, dry atmosphere to one of nightly dews is ample evidence of my contention that a change of climate has followed settlement? Mr. Byers himself attributes this to human agency. He accepts the facts that the atmosphere is charged with more moisture, he admits that the same amount of water will irrigate a larger area than it would at first settlement; but he denies that this constitutes a change of climate. He accepts the fact that there is a heavier dewfall, but he denies that there is greater precipitation. It appears to me that we are in perfect accord as to the facts; that Mr. Byers's objections apply only to the terms employed by me to give expression to them.

Neither Mr. Byers nor any man of ordinary intelligence

will dispute the statement that the great lakes and the rivers of this continent are maintained by evaporation from the ocean. As little will they be disposed to dispute the statement that there is evaporation from the surface of these inland waters, resulting in a subsidiary supply of rainfall, in Michigan, Illinois and other States adjacent to the lakes; that, in fact, if water due to rainfall from its primary source in the ocean is by any means arrested in its return to the ocean, it may be evaporated and reprecipitated locally with considerable modification of climate. These are views which I first saw put forward in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, supported by arguments which appear to me unanswerable. The settlement of the West has not resulted in creating a larger lake area, but it has resulted in rendering the soil of a vast area more retentive of moisture; it has resulted in arresting water on its return to the ocean, and distributing it by irrigation channels over a vast surface from which it is being uninterruptedly although slowly evaporated, and locally reprecipitated as rain or dew. Mr. Byers demands figures as the one essential of proof. It is difficult to give the precise figures. The amount of water withdrawn from the streams for irrigation purposes, supplemented by the volume of rainfall arrested in its return to the river, are the data necessary to determine the additional rainfall due to human agency. This is all evaporated from the surface to return either as rain or dew, and all the evidences support the view that the greater portion of it falls within the desert area.

Mr. Byers devotes his attention to the amount of rainfall in a given year or month, and instances a particular August which was supposed to have been an unusually wet month, but in which, as a matter of fact, less rain fell than usual, and regards this as an evidence of the fallibility of popular opinions on such matters. It would not be difficult to show, I think, that while technically wrong, this popular opinion was really right. Those who have lived long in the West will remember that years ago the rain which fell usually came in deluging storms, swelling the smaller creeks and often making raging torrents of dry ravines. Such sudden and furious storms used to, and may still be, characteristic of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and parts of Wyoming. If we suppose two inches of rain to be the average fall for a month in the region referred to, it is evident that if it all falls in two furious storms upon the parched, baked ground, most of the water will flow off into the water courses, and a very small proportion will sink into the soil to assist the growth of the farmer's crops. On the other hand, if this two inches of rain falls in, say thirty-two, gentle showers of one-sixteenth of an inch each, it will all of it be received by the ground, and so will all benefit the crops. In this way an inch and a half of rain might, if distributed advantageously, do much more good than twice the amount if it fell all at once or in two or three severe storms.

Thus the people who believed the particular month which Mr. Byers cites to have been unusually wet were right, in one sense, although the actual amount of rainfall was less than the average for that month. One fact, worth any array of figures, is that land formerly dependent on irrigation for a crop, will now produce good crops by dry cultivation. This fact furnishes the necessary evidence of transition from arid to less arid—the figures furnished by Mr. Byers indicate a general increase of rainfall over the whole area within the last ten or twelve years; universal testimony supports the claim of increased dewfall, and there is no reasonable ground to contend that if a wider range of figures were available, they would point to contrary conclusions. The figures should always agree with the facts. If they do not, so much the worse for the figures. A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

A NEW HUNTING GROUND.

ON the boundary line between Sonora and Chihuahua, in Mexico, cut east and west by the boundary line of the United States, on the parallel of 31° 32′ north latitude, the Sierra Madre (Mother Mountain) rises, the backbone of the continent, and runs through Mexico and Central America as the Cordilleras of the continent.

The rivers which flow into the sea from this mountain divide are the Bavispe and the Moctezuma, which, rising near the boundary line, flow through the Yaqui River to the Gulf of California and the Pacific Ocean. The Sonora River rises on the boundary line and runs through the Arizpe district, watering the rich valleys of Sonora, passing the city of Hermosilla, the capital of Sonora. The San Pedro River rises in the western part of the district of Arizpe and flows northward through Arizona, fertilizing some of the richest valleys, and empties into the Gila River. The Moctezuma River rises near the boundary line and flows southward through the district of Arizpe and Moctezuma, emptying into the Yaqui River. The San Bernardino River rises in the Chiracahua Mountains, in Arizona, and flows southwardly through through the district of Arizpe, in Sonora.

It would be impossible to enumerate the streams and rivers which flow from this reservoir in the mountains to fertilize the plains; but enough has been given to show that this region is abundantly supplied with water; in fact nearly all mountains are reservoirs of water. In the region mentioned the altitude of the principal towns where measures have been taken averages about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, giving a salubrious temperature and a delightful climate.

At El Paso, Tex., the nearest point where observations have been recorded for any number of years, the mercury averages 85° at an elevation of 3,800 feet above the level of the sea. In winter the mean temperature is 48°.

The Sierra Madres may be approached from the east by the Mexican Central Railway, leaving the rail at San José or the city of Chihuahua, from either of which places frontier outfits, guides, provisions and experienced hunters can be procured. In approaching the Sierra Madres from the western side the Santa Fé & Sonora Railway can be used from Nogales, on the boundary line of Mexico, to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California.

The Sierra Madres have been less explored than any other equal space on the continent; but from Government surveys, explorations and prospecting parties some information can now be gathered. As we have seen, there is abundance of water and this indicates vegetation. The timber in the Sierra Madre is grand, the pine trees reaching a height of one hundred feet and a diameter of five feet at the base. The piñon or short-leaved pine bears a very nutritious and delicately flavored nut, much used by the Indians for food. The juniper pine grows in abundance, yielding a resinous gum and berries used in flavoring liquors. Live oaks and scrub oaks abound on the foothills of the Sierra Madre, and along the streams there are ash, cottonwoods, aspens, walnuts, beeches, willows, cedars, madroña (strawberry tree) manzanita fir, and a great variety of indigenous growths. The grasses are abundant for pasture, and animals can be fed the entire winter upon the natural flora. The scenery of the mountains is made enchanting by the purity of the atmosphere.

The game in the Sierra Madres has scarcely been disturbed by the Indians, and the region has not been visited in any force by Mexicans or foreigners. The fauna of the Sierra Madre consists, so far as known, of mountain lions, black bears, grizzly bears, and the cross between, called cinnamon bears, opossums, badgers, antelopes in immense herds, small white-tailed deer in the mountains and black-tailed deer in the valleys, wild turkeys, topknot quail, hawks, parrots, doves, cranes, herons, chapparal cocks, ducks, geese, snipe, plover, curlew. Along the streams are found beavers, turtles, catfish in abundance, bass, trout, suckers, perch, minnows, etc. The natural productions of the forests and streams are ample for subsistence—pine nuts, acorns, mesquite beans, black and white walnuts, persimmons, and the maguey in great variety.

The mysterious tree, called by the Mexicans "yerba flecha" (arrowherb), which produces the "jumping bean" is found in the Sierra Madre. This shrub attains a height of twenty-five or thirty feet and has numerous upright limbs, the flower, bark, and even the wood of the tree exude an unpleasant odor, which the natives fear as much as the Japanese fear the odor of the upas tree. The shrub bears a nut about the size of a hazelnut, which opens at maturity and drops the pod which contains a worm encased in the shell. They fall in the autumn, about the middle of October. If you remove one of these beans from a cool place into the sunshine it will begin to hop and skip about as if electrified. If you have the curiosity to see what makes the bean jump, cut a hole in the shell and you will find an active little worm an eighth of an inch long, round back, flat belly, and legs resembling a wasp's. If you leave the aperture open and expose the worm to the air, he will mend the hole with a web of strong material spun from his legs and retains his hermitage for the winter. In the spring he cuts his way out and flies away.

In these mountains is found an arborescent tree called the madrona, which attains a height of forty to fifty feet and a girth of four or five feet, on which grows instead of a leaf a net called by the natives "arana," in the shape of a sack, with capacity from a quart to three gallons, and of all conceivable shapes, woven of pure white silk attached to the limbs and twigs. This sack is filled with brown worms about an inch long which crawl in and out, feeding on the leaves of the tree. These worms mature into gadflies, and are unendurable to animals or men. The sacks or pouches are nearly as strong as buckskin, and are used by the natives for tobacco pouches.

The following note is by an intelligent observer who has passed most of the present year in the Sierra Madres, and I am persuaded that many of your readers would find the region an exceedingly interesting, salubrious and gamy winter quarters. C. D. P.

NOGALES, Arizona.

"There are also other freaks of nature in this country that are worthy of mention. The wild turkey attains such a phenomenal size that he makes a track from five to seven and a half inches in length. The oriole builds a swinging nest from twenty inches to two feet in length. Wild honey bees deposit immense quantities of honey in reservoirs which they construct in the shady nooks of rocky walls along mountain gorges, and also in hollow trees on the highest mountains. The tarantula hawk (a kind of wasp), as in other countries, swoops down and plants his sting in a velvety cockade of the huge and hairy spider, thereby completely paralyzing, but not killing him, and then lays his eggs in the still living, but helpless body of his adversary, the warmth of which hatches the egg, and the juice of which furnish the sustenance to the infant hawks until they are able to fly away on a tarantula hunt of their own. The young of the alacran (a numerous and quite dangerous stinging scorpion, from two to four inches in length) fasten upon the joints of the spinal column of the mother as soon as they see the light and there they remain undisturbed, absorbing the very marrow from her bones, until her exhaustion causes her to relax her hold upon some usually high perch (as the ceiling of a room), and her fall is notification to them that they must turn out and 'hunt for hash' elsewhere. It is from this source that they get the first poison with which to fill the sack at the end of the tail (like a serpent's fang) that rounds off their 'business end.' The centipede here attains a length of ten inches and a breadth of an inch and a quarter, and is cuirassed with a corrugated or jointed horny substance like a turtle. He has but one head, but his legs are so arranged that he can run either forward or backward with equal facility and with the speed of the fastest snake—and if you cut him in two the head part will run for its den and the other part will wheel about and follow with equal pace and certainty of 'hitting the hole.' Of all the animal kingdom the centipede is the best equipped for offensive and defensive operations. His softest footfall is hotter than the sting of a hornet, and beside him the 'fretful porcupine' would feel like the downy cheek of an infant. On his head he wears two long, fleshy 'feelers,' beneath these are two flashing, black, and protruding eyeballs (one above the other) on each side of the head, each ball about the size of a mustard seed shot; just beneath these come two powerful horns, set in flexible sockets and shaped and pointed forward and inward like those of a young bull—and with these he can bite through half a dozen pie-plates; beneath again, come two powerful stings, shaped like the horns but not so large, and just beneath or rather between these is the prettiest, most cunning, and even kissable looking little mouth you ever saw on an animal—and in this strips of beefsteak will disappear like water poured into a rat hole. He is always as hungry as a hired man, and, as the colored preacher said of the devil, 'He is always goin' about like a roarin' lion seeking whom he might catch somebody.' He kills roaches, rats, bats, children and grown people. He is especially fond of children and bedbugs, and is always prowling about under your blankets at night in search of the latter. He may not tackle the sleeper but if he gets in full chase after a bedbug over your naked leg or body, you want to be careful not to interfere with the race, or the hottest grease would make a cooling application to the spot where the centipede was checked—for each one of his countless legs terminates in a long, curved, keenly pointed, jet black sting as hard as steel, and as he buries these into the quivering flesh the curve in this sting gives him a purchase whereby he brings into play two other huge blunt stings that project at different angles from the inner side of each leg above. Thus, according to his length, which determines the number of legs, he can instantly bury into your flesh from 140 to 400 stings—and this he can repeat ten times a second, while on a keen run. Lockjaw follows in two to three hours, and death in as many more."

IN THE FORESTS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

III.

AFTER our visit from the moose, and after the excitement which it caused our little party was passed, we pitched our tent not far from the shores of the stream, in as level a spot as we could find in this wooded, wild and rocky country, fitted by nature either for the haunts of wild beasts or for the growth of timber alone. We were now in the center of New Brunswick, at a point equi-distant from the eastern line of the State of Maine and the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Three of us the next morning descended the Dead Water in the canoe, with the baggage, seeing on our way down several beaver houses close to the bank of the stream, as well as noticing where they had been feeding a day or two before on the broad leaves of the water lily, which was abundant on the muddy shores of the dark and deep pools through which we passed.

About a mile's paddle brought us to a series of rapids, where the stream was full of granite boulders, among which it made a quick descent of about a quarter of a mile to the Little Southwest Lake of the Miramichi River. At the head of these rapids there was an old Abenaki Indian portage, of which we availed ourselves, part taking the canoe out of the water and carrying it down to the lake, while the rest shouldered the provisions, cooking utensils and bed clothes, and carried them down to an old hunting camp close to the shore of the lake, where the stream down which we had descended united its waters with it. This camp had not been occupied for a year and the birch bark covering was off the roof, so we sent the canoe down the lake, which is about four miles long, for a load of white birch bark to render our habitation comfortable. While the canoe was down the lake, the rest of the party set to work picking fir boughs with which to make our bed, while others cut and carried hardwood logs for our night's fire.

When the canoe returned with a number of sheets of bark we were all ready to make use of them, and in a few minutes had a neat little log camp, well covered with a material impervious to any rainstorm. While the camp was being prepared the Indian boy could not resist the temptation of going a hundred yards or so from the place where the brook joined the lake and where there was a famous fishing place, where one could stand on the high granite boulders which are strewed about through the water, and cast his fly or bait without fear of his hook being caught in an overhanging tree. Under these great rocks the water is very deep, and here the largest trout love to hide themselves, indeed the sea trout from the Gulf of St. Lawrence ascend the Southwest Miramichi to its very head, and as the fisherman seldom finds his way into the deep recesses of these forests, one is always sure of trout at the proper season. The boy soon returned with a string of large fish, one weighing over two and three-quarter pounds. Of course at that season of the year (October) they were not fit to eat, but the woodsmen and the Indian boy seemed to relish them, judging by the way in which they gathered around the frying pan with their tin plates so soon as the cook had done his duty. Indeed I never heard any of our lumbermen say that a trout was ever out of season.

The next morning we sent the canoe down the lake with a party led by an experienced woodsman, whose duty it was to find a surveyor's line eight miles distant from our little camp, in which the cook and myself were to await their return. This camp was about three-quarters of a mile from the head of the lake, which was here very shoal and full of grass and reeds, among which we could see flocks of black ducks feeding. These birds took good care to keep either well out in the center of the lake or behind some of the islands, of which we counted fifteen, one of them a quarter of a mile long. The shores of the lake were generally low and fringed with a border of sapling white pines, whose light green tops I could see from where I sat, waving beneath the chilly autumn wind.

Ice had been making around the shores, and now and then there were slight snow squalls. Although the land at the head of the lake was low near the shores, at the distance of a mile from them was a range of high hills extending northwardly to Nictaux, these which formed the watershed between the St. John River and the streams running into the Gulf of St. Lawrence rose one after the other, not differing much in height. They were separated by high valleys, and their summits were covered with hard wood, the sides by spruce accompanied by some pines, indicated by the lighter color of their tops. This range of hills is called by the lumbermen the "Cow Mountains."

A small brook running from a little pond emptied itself into the head of the Little Southwest Lake, and here was the termination of the Indian portage from Long Lake, on the head of the Tobique, a branch of the St. John River, the distance between the two lakes being some eight or nine miles; and here also we found a motley collection of catamarans and canoes very much the worse for wear. One of the log canoes, which had been a very large one, had been cut in two and fitted with a square stern. There was also here a little canoe made of spruce bark, which would only carry one person. Its gunwales were made of two poles, to which it was fastened by thongs made of the inner bark of the white cedar, which the Abenakis use for many purposes in which strings are required, indeed, they often carry their packs by bands made of it placed around their foreheads or across their shoulders. The Indian portage, which we followed for a mile or two, had been neglected for some years and trees had fallen across it, making the traveling uncomfortable. We found on one road the place where Col. Maunsel had camped some years before on a canoe trip which he and Mrs. Maunsel had made through from the St. John River to the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the way of the Tobique and Little Southwest Miramichi rivers, a journey which many men, not to say ladies, would have feared to make, as the Little Southwest Miramichi some miles below the lake is a very rapid and rough river.

We saw on our route frequent signs of moose which are yet abundant among the valleys and on the sides of these solitary mountains. These signs were moose woods, small white maples or other trees whose bark had been peeled by these animals a winter or two previously. The former presence of the moose was also evinced by the tops of shrubs or twigs bitten off by them.

One of the early Catholic missionaries to Acadia, who was there in 1677, Father Christian Le Clerc, relates how the Indians, whom he frequently accompanied, could tell on their hunting expeditions how long it was since the moose had passed by merely biting the top of the twig which the moose had bitten off. The father had seen them as I have done doing this, but drew a wrong inference. The Indian took the shrub into his mouth for the purpose of splitting it

down with his teeth and then examining the color of the bark, if this were perfectly fresh he judged that the moose had been there since Christmas, if, however, it were dry and discolored he judged that the bite had been made early in the season, and that in all probability the animal need not be looked for, as he would have been traveling for a long time, while in the former case he would in all probability be found somewhere in the vicinity EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

AN OUTING IN MICHIGAN.

THE particular outing of which I write, was not the annual encampment of the I. C. F. Club, which occurred this year, Aug. 6 to 19, on Long Lake. But rather a brief outing by some members of the club during the encampment—an outing within an outing—which came about after this fashion.

On Saturday morning after our arrival, a boat load (consisting of Mr. J. and wife, and niece, and the writer) took an early start for the old camp, a point at the head of the lake where the club had camped in '84. The weather seemed (to a landsman) propitious, our tackle was in prime condition, the lunch as choice and bountiful as the general "smoke" could furnish, and the vision of a lively day and a large catch put strength into the muscle and spirit into the heart, and greatly relieved the toil and tedium of a long pull of three miles.

We anchored in the bay not far from the old site, and began fishing with very moderate success, only an occasional bass seemed disposed to take the tempting bait we offered, and allow himself to be inveigled into the landing net and thence into the boat. We had numerous reasons to offer for the indifference of the fish, but at last agreed to blame it on the strong wind that had commenced to blow soon after our leaving camp. But we comforted ourselves by hoping it would scon fall and leave the fish voraciously hungry. Alas for a fisherman's hopes, instead of falling, the wind rose higher and higher, and with it the waves, until the ladies expressed a wish to be taken ashore. Leaving them to prepare the lunch, Mr. J. and I pushed out again to give the fish another trial. It was not long, however, before disgust, or fear, or perhaps both, constrained us to go ashore. "It is an ill wind," etc. While we were bewailing our bad luck, and discussing the supplies of the cook, another party of four (Mr. S. and daughter, Mr. G. and sisters), concluding it was a grand day for a sail, had started out in the sailboat, and were having rare sport cutting the waves before a driving wind. The sport, however, changed to another experience quite serious, for in trying to go back, they found the craft unmanageable. Our nautical friends then said they would tack her, but she did not seem to understand the term, and certainly would not obey the order. I wonder if the drunken and profane habits which the owner afterward developed, had anything to do with the boat's caprice and obstinacy. Do boats ever take after their owners? The trouble was certainly attributable to something else than the sailing abilities of the crew.

They determined at last, if she would not run dead against the wind, if she would not tack, she must be run ashore, for she was shipping water, and the situation was really becoming perilous. By the heroic and herculean efforts of the men, and the admirable courage of the ladies they finally conquered. With blanched faces, drenched clothing and wocbegone appearance, they landed near the old camp. Their cry of distress brought our party to the scene. We helped to beach the boat which was half full of water, and then did what we could for the relief of the distressed crew, generously offering the remainder of our lunch, and parting with what dry garments we could spare.

The ladies had lost their appetite in the excitement of the sail, but the men were ravenous, and the meager supply we could offer only aggravated them.

We were positive the wind would fall when the sun went down, and joked considerably about having to remain all night in the woods. Some one suggested walking to camp and insisted on making the start. We were obliged to give that up as impracticable. So we concluded to make the most of our stay, and whiled away the afternoon watching the big waves coming in, singing snatches of songs, and indulging in pleasantries. Some were sleeping wherever they could find a log with a smooth surface, and others were broiling fish and eating it. It was excellent, barring the lack of salt.

At last the sun went down, but not the wind, and the conviction forced itself upon us, that our little joke was to be a reality—we must spend the night in the woods, supperless and shelterless. We set to work to construct a brush tent to protect us from the strong wind. Our penknives were very serviccable, but scarcely sufficient for the emergency. However, in a sort of a way, we improvised a shelter, and were preparing to occupy it, when we were joined by another party of four, a gentleman and his wife and two children, from Alpena, who had come out for a day's pleasure, and, like ourselves, could not return. They were welcome arrivals to our exceedingly hungry party, as they had a remnant of their lunch, which they generously distributed.

We had not prepared for a night out, and notwithstanding the big fire we had built, we were uncomfortably cold on that side of the body next to the wind. To add to our discomfiture, about 10 oclock it began to rain, and then there arose a cry of distress that even the pitiless winds might have heeded, as we tried to relieve our depressed spirits by loud lamentations and bitter reproaches for not having brought overcoats, shawls, rubber coats, etc. After that we took a philosophical view of the case, and courted the oblivion of slumber.

Somebody roused me near midnight and hinted that the fire was low, and a little wood was in demand. Half awake I got up, caught hold of a stick of wood to throw it on the dying embers, but suddenly dropped it, as it was burning on the under side, and blistered my fingers terribly. Then I went out into the rain and darkness to gather wood for the fire. Oh, such a night to be out! Why did we not gather plenty of wood before dark? I moved cautiously in the brush, for I had the dread of the boy whose mother sent him out in winter to get some wood. He complained that the snow was too deep. She said "Rustle it up." He answered her, "Rustle up the dickens, I might rustle up a snake."

Having replenished the fire, I returned to my quarters, and gave orders, that as my work was done, I did not wish o be disturbed till morning. In spite of wind and rain, unger and cold, I went to sleep again. Who kept up the re after that, I do not know. Sabbath morning was breakg, cold and clear, when I awoke to find that the wind had allen, the rain had ceased, and the roughness of the lake ad subsided. We did not lose much time in launching our boats and pulling for the camp. Our friends were glad to see us. They supposed we would find shelter at some house, and had not lost any sleep on our account. The recital of our perils and privations awakened no little sympathy, and we were made the recipients of many kindnesses.

Some dry clothes, a warm breakfast, and soon after, a refreshing sleep, were effectual in restoring our good spirits. We were apprehensive that the exposure might prove serious to the ladies, who were ill-prepared for such an adventure, but none of the party suffered even the slightest cold or indisposition. Since the occurrence we have no reason to be sorry for it. It was a novel experience to all. But we are all entirely satisfied with it. We vote unanimously—no more such outings for us. SELIM.

SEWICKLEY, PA.

Natural History.

ARCTOMYS MONAX.

THE WOODCHUCK OR GROUNDHOG.

THE scientific name of this animal is derived from the Greek *arctos* (a bear) and *mus* (a mouse); also, from *monas* (solitary) and *ax* (tendency). Thus the entire name, literally rendered, means a mouse bear, with a tendency to solitude—to be alone; "to flock by himself." The common name in this region of country is woodchuck. "Chuck" is the Persian name for hog. From the fact that this animal burrows in the ground it is called in some regions the groundhog. From its habit of living in the woods and along the borders of wooded ravines it is called the woodchuck, or the woodhog. The negroes of Virginia call it a "moonax," for some reason they have the scientific name in part. The range of this animal north is limited only by Hudson's Bay. It is not found south of South Carolina. East and west, it ranges from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky Mountains.

It is from 15 to 18 inches long, thick-set, rather clumsy, neck very short. In color it is grizzly gray on the back and chestnut red below. Legs very short, tail bushy and rather flat.

They are very numerous in valleys where there is alluvial soil and in regions where sandhills abound. In early spring and summer they come from their winter retreats in the woods and groves, sandhills and other slightly elevated grounds, above high-water mark, into grassy meadows to feed and raise their young. They prefer clover fields as feeding places.

They raise from three to five young ones, and it is a very pretty sight to see the mother and four or five little ones sitting up together in front of their hole. Their hearing is very quick; they are keen-sighted and very vigilant. I have tried many times to get over a fence from one to two hundred yards distant from them, only to be disappointed by their retreat to a place of safety. They are very sharp observers, first-class sentinels, eating a little and then sitting up to take a general survey, and then repeating the process.

They have great curiosity. When alarmed they run for their holes, but when within easy reach will often stop to get another view before going into their burrows. In from twenty to thirty minutes they will come out, very cautiously, only just far enough to see if an enemy is near. By degrees they will wholly emerge, and at length sit up and take a wide survey before venturing far to feed.

I have heard many stories in regard to their weight, some saying that they have seen those that would weigh twenty pounds. I have shot with my little .32-caliber rifle over 500 of them in the last few years, and the largest one did not exceed thirteen pounds. About one in one hundred wood chucks are black. They seem some stronger and larger than those of the ordinary color, and, if possible, more vigilant. I have to secrete myself and wait for them to come out if I am to get a shot at them. Have killed some five or six black fellows.

The colored people know how to prepare and cook them so that they are very good eating. A spring chuck killed in September, or one only a year old, is by far the best eating. Old ones have a decidedly strong flavor. Some white men kill and salt down for winter's use large numbers of them. An old judge told me he had a case before him where a man was charged with neglect of his family. When on the witness stand he stoutly denied the charge, "saying he had in his cellar more than a half barrel of woodchuck meat, salted down." I know of one negro who salts down from forty to fifty every year.

Farmers are very glad to get rid of "these pests" as they call them. They dig holes in the meadows, trample down the grass, destroying in this way more than they eat. I have often heard farmers say they had rather have a "hog in their meadow than a woodchuck." Horses often step into their holes while drawing the mowing machines. Some men have been thrown from their machines and seriously injured, having legs and arms broken, and been in imminent danger of being cut to pieces. Horses are often thrown down from stepping into holes, and have to be dug out—especially if on steep ground. Farmers are very glad to feed a hunter and care for his horse if he will only shoot chucks on their farms.

Woodchucks are splendid fighters and make it lively for dogs that attack them. They die game. They call in their young by uttering a whistling sound, accompanied often by a kind of metallic rattle. If they do not promptly respond, they use force, bite them and compel them to retreat for safety. When it is time for the young to "look out for themselves," they force them to leave the old burrow by some pretty severe treatment. They use their teeth on them freely till they "dig out" and dig a hole for themselves.

An old friend of mine—quite a naturalist—while looking out timber lands in Michigan some forty years ago, came across a colony of these animals, some fifteen or twenty in number, of all ages. They did not exhibit the least fear; they allowed themselves to be picked up and handled like cats and kittens. They, doubtless, from the encroachments of civilization found themselves in a new environment, full of peril from enemies, chiefly men and dogs. Hence they have been compelled to exercise great caution, extreme vigilance, in order to survive. Doubtless the instinct of caution—by cultivation, forced upon them by circumstances—has become hereditary, as pointing has in dogs. Each animal has become his own sentinel. Very young ones exhibit this trait in a marked degree. So the chuck unacquainted with man and one of modern times differ in a great degree on the matter of vigilance. To "look out" has become a very marked characteristic of the species

The woodchuck can climb trees to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. They can swim rivers of some fifty yards in width, but seem greatly exhausted by the effort. I think they are not natural swimmers, but only swim from compulsion to escape danger, either from floods or hot pursuit. They run over fences with considerable speed.

They are not free from disease. I have killed one with the upper incisors, or long front teeth, turned upward and backward till they made a hole through the upper lip. The teeth resembled the boar's tusks and were more than one inch in length above the gums. On the shoulder of one I once found a large tumor, three inches in diameter. I have found them blind in one eye, and also with very seriously ulcerated feet. It is not uncommon to find them minus a leg, healed over very beautifully. The member had doubtless been lost in a steel trap.

They are far from being an easy animal to kill dead upon the spot. They are often within one bound of their holes, and they will escape unless the head or heart be struck by the bullet. When one sits fronting you you have not more than two and one-half inches of fatal space in width. If they sit sidewise, or are feeding, on the ground, they present not over two inches of fatal surface to the rifleman. They must be shot in front of the diaphragm or they will surely escape. I have seen them run many yards after a ball had passed entirely through the body. It requires very close and accurate shooting to secure this kind of game. I get many half-days of outing and amusement hunting *Arctomys monax* when there is no other game to shoot. Besides, I get many thanks from my colored friends for their carcasses, on which they feed with real pleasure. CHUCK HUNTER.

A HEAVY DEER.—Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 10.—On Dec. 1 Gen. Wade Hampton killed on his plantation in Washington county, Miss., a buck which weighed when dressed two hundred and sixty-five pounds. Gen. S. W. Ferguson, member of the Mississippi River Commission, who was in the hunt, attests to having seen it weighed. I believe this is the heaviest authenticated weight for the *Cervus virginianus* I ever heard of.—COAHOMA.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As yet there appears no reply to questions propounded by "Ampersand" in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 19, relative to the operations of the deer hounding law in the eastern Adirondacks.

While I would not assume to answer authoritatively for all parts of the wilderness, yet my facilities for obtaining information together with the deep interest I have felt for the observance of the game law in this respect, will, I trust, enable me to reply quite correctly to some of these questions.

In Hamilton county deer hounding has not been pursued as openly as formerly, yet it has been practiced to a considerable extent, and I can learn of no arrests being made for violation of the law. A letter from the secretary of a shooting club at Gloversville states that the constable in charge of Hamilton county is very lax in the performance of his duty, and as an excuse says it is impossible to get a jury in that county to convict a violater of the deer-hounding law, a very poor excuse indeed. This shooting club is heartily in favor of the strict enforcement of the law against the deer hounders.

In Lewis county the law has been generally observed, the only exceptions being in the extreme northern and southern portions. In the Beaver River country, which also includes the middle of Herkimer county, the law has been strictly observed, owing in a great measure to those interested in the preservation of deer in this section, who, placing but little reliance on State officials, procured a competent man to look after this locality, who was constantly on the ground and no one dare attempt the violation of the law. He was paid for his services by private contributions. The names and residences are given below:

Hon. Lansing Hotaling, Albany, N. Y.	$5
Seymour Van Santvoord, Troy, N. Y.	5
Eugene Seitz, Troy, N. Y.	5
Prof. E. L. Richards, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.	5
Wm. Morrison, Lowville, N. Y.	5
Dr. Spencer M. Marsh, New York city	10
Joseph Dunbar, Stillwater, N. Y.	5
Isaac Stone, Number Four, N. Y.	2
Frank Johnson, Number Four, N. Y.	1
Peter Youngs, Number Four, N. Y.	1
Lyman Wetmore, Number Four, N. Y.	2
Henry Salmons, Number Four, N. Y.	3
Chas. Fenton, Number Four, N. Y.	142
Thomas Fenton, Frewsburg, N. Y.	27
Martin G. Fenton, Jamestown, N. Y.	27
	$245

Altogether the deer hounding law has been a success if we take into account the preservation of deer. It is safe to say that at least a thousand have been saved through the instrumentality of this law. No wanton slaughter has been committed, as pot-hunters dare not market venison killed in this way. The sentiment against hounding deer will doubtless be stronger the next year and the law be more generally observed the close season, as almost every one came out of the woods the 1st and 2d of December.

The still-hunting season has been very unfavorable, as but very little snow fell during November. But very few hunters killed more than one or two deer, and more killed none at all.

Keep the game law relating to deer where it is, add to it a more competent and efficient detective force, and plenty of deer, sufficient for all reasonable demands of the tourist and sportsman, are insured in the great Adirondack wilderness, so long as it remains a wilderness. Hounds will hunt out and drive the last deer into the water, no matter how thick the cover, and this means extermination. MUSSET.

NUMBER FOUR, Dec. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Suit has been brought against Pennsylvanians who had the dog at Indian River in the Adirondacks. They deny using the dog for pursuing deer. The case comes up before Justice Evans in Remsen next week. State Game Protector Brinkerhoff says 500 deer were killed between Beaver River and Morehouseville this fall. W.

UTICA, N. Y., DEC. 10.

"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page* 388.)

Marlin .40.

This arm was tried at 200 yards, on Sept. 30, with good weather conditions prevailing. It was put on at 7:30 in the morning, with the barometer standing at 30.150, the dry thermometer at 71.2, and the wet-bulb thermometer at 65, giving a dew point of 62.4 and the humidity 70 per cent. of saturation. The wind came from the 12 o'clock quarter at four miles per hour. The arm had an octagonal barrel 28 inches long, and had a total weight of 11 pounds 1 ounce, while the barrel weight is given as 5 pounds 1 ounce. It was numbered 11,236. The rifling had a uniform twist of one turn in 20 inches 6 grooves, and the grooves were each .003 inch in depth, and .153 inch in width. The loading was with Union Metallic Company ammunition of FG powder, either of Laflin & Rand or of Dupont make. It was nominally .40-60-260. Three charges opened found the powder in fine condition, gave the weights as 64., 64.4 and 64.5., while



the three corresponding three-grooved bullets were 259.3, 259.4 and 259.2, the length of shell being $2\frac{1}{10}$ inches. The trajectory record stands:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	7.581 in.	10.931 in.	8.549 in.
4	8.514 in.	12.118 in.	9.294 in.
5	8.065 in.	11.541 in.	8.827 in.
6	8.067 in.	11.585 in.	8.919 in.
8	8.393 in.	11.945 in.	9.247 in.
Average	**8.120** in.	**11.625** in.	**8.967** in.

The 100-yard trial came on about 10 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 10, with the barometer standing at 30.285, the thermometric reading being 60° on the dry and 53.5° on the wet-bulb instrument. This would give a dew point of 46.8 and a humidity of 62 per cent. The wind was coming at ten miles per hour from the 10 o'clock quarter. With the same rifle and similar ammunition to that already noted the trajectory record stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.940 in.	2.391 in.	1.950 in.
2	1.930 in.	2.430 in.	2.126 in.
3	2.011 in.	2.447 in.	2.138 in.
4	2.004 in.	2.476 in.	2.139 in.
5	2.072 in.	2.521 in.	2.171 in.
Average	**1.991** in.	**2.453** in.	**2.104** in.

Ballard .40-70.

This arm is one of the fine close-shooting patched-bullet weapons, and, so far as compact bunching of the shots on the target, seemed to be fully equal to the high-charged muzzleloaders in the test. The arm was marked .40-63, but the cartridges used were of the Winchester make and marked .40-70-330. It had an octagonal barrel, 30 inches long and weighing 6 pounds, while the entire piece weighed 10 pounds $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. The shop number was 23,247. The loading, as above stated, was with Winchester ammunition, and the powder in the charges examined was in fine condition. It was of the regular Winchester brand, while the bullet had a composition of 20 parts lead to 1 of tin. The powder weights of three charges were 69.8, 70.2 and 68.6 grains, while the bullets ran 330, 330 and 330 grains exactly. The shell is $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches in length.



The 200-yard test was made on Sept. 30 about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with a barometric pressure of 30.003 inches, a dry thermometer at 72° and the wet-bulb ditto at 65°, giving dew point 60 and humidity 66 per cent. The wind, at 12 miles per hour, was coming from the 1 o'clock quarter. The record at this range showed:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	8.128 in.	11.318 in.	8.506 in.
2	7.870 in.	11.050 in.	8.348 in.
3	7.938 in.	11.078 in.	8.381 in.
4	7.578 in.	10.697 in.	8.038 in.
5	8.048 in.	11.205 in.	8.449 in.
Average	**7.912** in.	**11.069** in.	**8.344** in.

The 100-yard trial came in the morning hours of Oct. 10, with the barometer at 30.315 inches, the dry thermometer at 58.5°, the wet-bulb thermometer at 55°, giving the dew point at 51.5 and the humidity 78 per cent. Wind velocity 8 miles per hour, from the 4 o'clock quarter. With ammunition as before the arm gave the following record:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	2.077 in.	2.513 in.	2.160 in.
2	2.082 in.	2.539 in.	2.142 in.
3	1.934 in.	2.388 in.	2.067 in.
4	2.023 in.	2.455 in.	2.111 in.
5	1.882 in.	2.365 in.	2.103 in.
Average	**1.999** in.	**2.452** in.	**2.116** in.

Ballard .40-85.

This is another of the patched bullet weapons, and with one of the heaviest fixed charges for its bore. It has a 32-inch octagonal barrel, and was numbered 21,257. The gun weight was 10 pounds 15 ounces, and the barrel-weight is reported at 6 pounds 11 ounces. There are six grooves having a uniform twist of one turn in 20 inches. The grooves having a width of .003 inch, and the depth .153 inch. The ammunition was of U. M. C. make, marked as .40-85-370, having a $2\frac{1}{16}$-inch shell, with FG powder, and bullet a composition of 20 lead to 1 of tin. The powder turned out of the opened cartridges in fine condition, and weighed in the three tested 90, 89 1 and 89.6 grains, while the bullet weights corresponding were 369.3, 369.3 and 369.3. No cartridge cut seems necessary in this case, except for extra length, the cartridge being similar to the .40-70 above. The trajectory record speaks for itself; it stands:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	6.819 in.	9.679 in.	7.272 in.
2	7.049 in.	9.890 in.	7.439 in.
3	7.211 in.	10.148 in.	7.780 in.
4	7.087 in.	9.881 in.	7.380 in.
5	7.020 in.	9.867 in.	7.381 in.
Average	**7.037** in.	**9.893** in.	**7.450** in.

At 100 yards the trial of this arm was made on Oct. 10 at noon, with the wind coming eleven miles an hour from the 4 o'clock quarter. The other weather conditions were: Barometer, 30.240; thermometer, dry, 62°, and wet-bulb 57°, making the dew point by simple calculation 50, and the humidity 50 percent. of atmospheric saturation. The ammunition, of course, was the same as before, and the record stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.693 in.	2.107 in.	1.795 in.
2	1.659 in.	2.012 in.	1.827 in.
3	1.731 in.	2.020 in.	1.765 in.
4	1.661 in.	2.109 in.	1.841 in.
5	1.806 in.	2.058 in.	1.879 in.
Average	**1.708** in.	**2.061** in.	**1.821** in.

Remington-Hepburn .40.

Another of the patched-bullet arms, made for fine target groupings, and like each of its class having a strong following among riflemen. The convenient side snap action introduced by the Hepburn made it a ready weapon to place in the rest, and the steadiness of the work goes to show that a fixed rest is not so prejudicial to the merits of an arm as some believe. It was of course tried without any cleaning between the shots. The weapon had a 30-inch barrel numbered 4,321. Its weight was 11 pounds and 2 ounces, and of the barrel 7 pounds $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. It used a $2\frac{1}{4}$ inch shell of the Remington make. The powder, of the FG Hazard brand, when three cartridges were opened came out in good condition, and the powder charges weighed 65.1, 65 and 65.5 grains, while the bullets weighed 322.7, 322 5 and 326.2 grains, and in composition were 20 of lead to 1 of tin. The rifle had five grooves with uniform twist of one turn in 20 inches, the grooves being .0035 inch deep and .160 inch in width. The test at 200 yards was made on Sept. 29 at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the wind coming at six miles per hour from the 5 o'clock quarter. Dry thermometer stood at 73.5°, wet-bulb thermometer at 67°, making a dew point of 62.8 inches and the humidity record 69 per cent. of saturation. The trajectory heights stood:



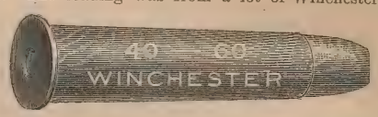
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	8.527 in.	11.930 in.	9.047 in.
2	8.438 in.	11.799 in.	8.994 in.
3	8.702 in.	12.360 in.	8.237 in.
4	8.877 in.	12.510 in.	9.428 in.
5	8.602 in.	11.985 in.	9.088 in.
Average	**8.629** in.	**12.117** in.	**9.159** in.

For the 100-yard test the rifle was placed in the rest Oct. 10 with the wind blowing 4 miles per hour from the 3 o'clock quater. The barometer pressure was 32.220 inches, the dry thermometer showed 65° and the wet-bulb thermometer 58°, with a dew point of 52 and the humidity 63 per cent. of saturation. Noting that ammunition and arm were as before, the record stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
2	2.010 in.	2.491 in.	2.182 in.
3	2.224 in.	2.713 in.	2.295 in.
4	2.059 in.	2.543 in.	2.165 in.
5	2.060 in.	2.516 in.	2.096 in.
6	2.212 in.	2.841 in.	2.563 in.
Average	**2.113** in.	**2.620** in.	**2.260** in.

Winchester .40.

This favorite magazine weapon was put in the rest for a trial at 200 yards on Sept. 30 at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the weather condition showed the barometer at 30.008 inches. The dry thermometer record was 74° and the wet-bulb thermometer 65.5°. This gives us a dew point of 65.5 and the humidity 62 per cent. of saturation. The wind, from the 6 o'clock quarter, was blowing 13 miles per hour. The rifle used, we are sorry to say, was stolen from its place in the rack after the tests had been made, and before the data touching the rifle had been taken. A similar rifle from stock was found to weigh 10 pounds, with 3 pounds 14 ounces in the barrel. Length of octagonal barrel 28 inches. The rifling had a uniform twist of 1 turn in 40 inches. The six grooves were each .003 inch in depth and .125 inches in width. The loading was from a lot of Winchester-made



ammunition, and three cartridges opened showed that two of the powder charges were in fine condition, while in the third the powder was pressed very hard. The bullet had two grooves and a composition of 16 lead to 1 of tin. The powder charges weighed 57.8, 58.8 and 60 grains, while each of the bullets weighed exactly 210 grains. The trajectory heights at 200 yards were:

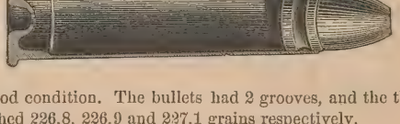
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	8.175 in.	11.600 in.	9.217 in.
2	7.927 in.	11.447 in.	9.024 in.
3	7.904 in.	11.321 in.	8.688 in.
4	8.149 in.	11.640 in.	9.065 in.
5	8.164 in.	11.550 in.	9.136 in.
Average	**8.063** in.	**11.511** in.	**9.026** in.

The 100-yard trial of the weapon came on Oct. 5, shortly after the noon hour. The wind was then 18 miles per hour from the 2 o'clock quarter, while the barometer stood 30.170 inches, the dry thermometer at 59°, the wet-bulb thermometer at 52°, giving a dew point of 45 and a humidity of 60 per cent. The charging was as before, and the trajectory figures stand:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.909 in.	2.181 in.	1.993 in.
2	1.823 in.	2.185 in.	1.883 in.
3	1.881 in.	2.286 in.	1.943 in.
4	1.932 in.	2.389 in.	2.033 in.
5	1.973 in.	2.413 in.	2.016 in.
Average	**1.903** in.	**2.290** in.	**1.973** in.

Bullard .40.

This rifle was one of the very complete line of rifles sent down by the Bullard Company, and came on the rest for 200 yards testing at half past three on the afternoon of Sept. 28, the wind at the time coming from the 6 o'clock quarter at the rate of 4 miles per hour. The barometric pressure was 30.200 inches, the dry thermometer 73 2°, the wet-bulb thermometer at 61.6° with a dew point of 52.2, and indicating 48 per cent. humidity in the atmosphere. The rifle had a 20-inch half octagon barrel, and was marked No. 141. Its total weight was 10 pounds 1 ounce, with a barrel weight of 3 pounds 11 ounces. The rifling was uniform, 1 twist in 20 inches, having 5 grooves, each .005 inch deep and .170 inch wide. The loading was with U. M. C. ammunition .40-70 230. The powder being of the FG brand and the bullet composition 20 lead to 1 of tin. The three charges examined showed powder weights of 70, 70.4 and 69.8 grains, the powder in each case being pressed hard, but otherwise



in good condition. The bullets had 2 grooves, and the three weighed 226.8, 226.9 and 227.1 grains respectively.

The trajectory calculations showed:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	7.232 in.	10.296 in.	7.892 in.
2	7.340 in.	10.312 in.	8.672 in.
3	7.361 in.	10.514 in.	8.318 in.
4	7.113 in.	10.240 in.	8.155 in.
5	7.658 in.	11.152 in.	8.826 in.
Average	**7.341** in.	**10.503** in.	**8.253** in.

The 100-yard testing came on about the same hour on the afternoon of Oct. 5, with the barometer standing at 30.160 inches, the dry thermometer at 60.5°, the wet-bulb thermometer at 52.6°. This would give a dew point of 45.2 and indicate the humidity as 58 per cent. of entire saturation. Under those conditions the trajectory table stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.712 in.	2.098 in.	1.792 in.
2	1.704 in.	2.139 in.	1.901 in.
3	1.754 in.	2.182 in.	1.852 in.
4	1.756 in.	2.181 in.	1.887 in.
5	1.786 in.	2.188 in.	2.010 in.
Average	**1.740** in.	**2.157** in.	**1.888** in.

Whitney-Kennedy .40.

This make of magazine arm was represented by but two rifles. The .50-caliber express has already been noted. The present arm was put upon the fixed rest Oct. 1, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind coming at 10 miles per hour, from the 6 o'clock quarter. The barometric pressure was 30.120 inches, the dry thermometer stood at 78° and the wet-bulb thermometer at 65°, indicating a dew point of 55 and a humidity of 46 per cent. in the atmosphere. The arm itself was marked M. 218, with a 28-inch octagonal barrel. The entire arm weighed 10 pounds 6 ounces, the barrel alone 3 pounds 15 ounces. The rifling had a uniform

twist of one turn in 22 inches, and the six grooves were each .006 inches deep and .140 wide. The loading was with ammunition coming from the U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., and on opening the powder was found in fine condition. The bullets with two grooves had a composition of



pure lead. The cartridges were nominally .40-60-210. When opened three charges of powder weighed respectively 60.1, 60.7 and 60.5, while the bullets were 211.1, 211.1 and 209.8. The trajectory table shows:

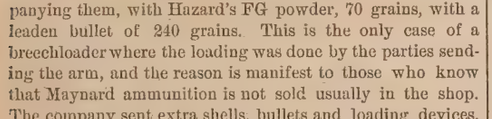
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	7.911 in.	11.355 in.	8.866 in.
2.....	8.217 in.	11.892 in.	9.490 in.
3.....	8.824 in.	12.727 in.	9.989 in.
4.....	8.228 in.	11.583 in.	8.958 in.
5.....	8.822 in.	12.653 in.	9.647 in.
Averaae.....	**8.399** in.	**12.044** in.	**9.390** in.

The trial at 100 yards took place at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 5. The weather conditions at this time were: Barometer, 30.140 inches; dry thermometer, 58.5°; wet-bulb thermometer, 50°; dew point, 45.1, and humidity, 50 per cent. of saturation. The wind at the time was from the 6 o'clock quarter, six miles an hour. The trajectory figures were as follows:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.054 in.	2.441 in.	2.158 in.
2.....	1.928 in.	2.355 in.	2.086 in.
3.....	1.988 in.	2.442 in.	2.043 in.
4.....	1.920 in.	2.476 in.	2.111 in.
5.....	1.931 in.	2.405 in.	2.140 in.
Average.....	**1.964** in.	**2.423** in.	**2.107** in.

Maynard .40.

There was but one arm of the Maynard pattern in the test, and this was tried at each of the two ranges. Its manner of action by tipping made it an inconvenient one to load after each discharge, but it was very steady in its work, and the muzzle measurements frequently taken enabled the trajectory figures to be accurately determined. The rifle, when the time came to test it, was found to have the firing pin broken off. This in another arm would have made the piece entirely useless, but inquiry showed that the daughter of the range inn-keeper had a little .22-caliber Maynard, with which the fair markswoman was very clever at popping glass balls from a trap. This was borrowed, and it was but the work of a moment to change the stock from the .22-caliber barrel to the .40-caliber one, and the test went on without any trouble. The accident really enabled us to show one of the points of merit of the Maynard in the interchangeability of barrels on the same stock. The arm had a half octagon barrel, 29 inches long, with the shop mark 2,349. The entire arm weighed 8 pounds 6½ ounces, and in the barrel there were 5 pounds 4 ounces of metal. There were six grooves with a uniform twist of one turn in 28 inches. The grooves were .003 inch deep and .140 inch wide. The loading of the piece was from a lot of cartridges sent down from the armory of the Massachusett Arms Co. with the arm. They were loaded according to the letter of advice accompanying them, with Hazard's FG powder, 70 grains, with a leaden bullet of 240 grains. This is the only case of a breechloader where the loading was done by the parties sending the arm, and the reason is manifest to those who know that Maynard ammunition is not sold usually in the shop. The company sent extra shells, bullets and loading devices, but we were well enough satisfied with the lot of cartridges sent to employ them in the trial. Three cartridges when



opened showed the bullet to have one large groove, while three powder charges weighed up to 57.1, 56 and 60.5 grains, a difference so marked from the nominal weight that the charges were reweighed. The corresponding bullets weighed 243.5, 240.3 and 242.1.

The 200-yard test was made on Oct. 1, with the barometer standing at 30.170 inches, the thermometer at 55°, and the wet-bulb thermometer at 54°, giving a dew point of 53 and a humidity of 93 per cent. It was about 7 o'clock in the morning when the trial was made, and what wind there was came from the 7 o'clock quarter at two miles per hour. The 200-yard trajectory heights stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	7.955 in.	11.067 in.	8.871 in.
2.....	7.992 in.	11.054 in.	8.805 in.
3.....	7.922 in.	10.999 in.	8.849 in.
4.....	8.071 in.	11.295 in.	9.033 in.
6.....	7.949 in.	11.021 in.	8.659 in.
Average.....	**7.957** in.	**11.087** in.	**8.843** in.

The 100 yard trial of the arm took place at 8 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 12, with an eighteen-miles-per-hour wind blowing from the 1 o'clock quarter. The barometer reading was 30.815 inches, the dry thermometer stood at 50° and the wet-bulb thermometer at 46.5°, making a calculated dew point of 42 and a humidity of 74 per cent. The arm and ammunition were as before, and the test showed:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	1.704 in.	2.099 in.	1.801 in.
2.....	1.579 in.	1.986 in.	1.812 in.
3.....	1.766 in.	2.221 in.	1.902 in.
4.....	1.972 in.	2.355 in.	2.035 in.
5.....	1.720 in.	2.114 in.	1.923 in.
Average.....	**1.758** in.	**2.155** in.	**1.895** in.

A TRAJECTORY CORRECTION.

A transposition in our trajectory report last week gave the record of the Merrill rifle to the Romer and vice-versa. In fact it was the Merrill which was tried at 100 yards, and the 100-yard table belongs to this fine weapon of the old type and time, when accuracy was put before convenience of handling, and the Romer rifle tried at 200 yards from the rigid rest must be credited with the table attributed to the Merrill arm. A letter from the Major clears up other points in this provoking complication. In the pamphlet form in which it is intended to make the report of the trial a permanent record, this, together with minor typographical errors, will be corrected as far as possible.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The "Merrill rifle," made by E. Phillips about ten years ago, which was tested for 100 yards only at the FOREST AND STREAM trial on the 12th of October, 1885, requires the following in substance to be published in your columns in order to correct in some respects the report upon it in your last issue of Dec. 10, 1885.

It is a muzzleloader hunting and target rifle of ordinary "type" and form, well gotten up; weight entire, 11 pounds 6½ ounces; length of barrel, 28 inches; patent breech, caliber .42 inch; the rifling is a gain twist, but the degree of it is not known (by me). It has six grooves, each .01 inch deep, and .105 inch in width; peep and globe sights, not "telescopic," and it was sighted at the trial with the former, and not with the latter; has a set trigger and metallic bullet starter which sets over the muzzle in loading, but it has no "false muzzle;" patch used at the trial was of linen oiled, and bullet a light conical or "sugar loaf," which is correctly represented in the cut and description of it in your last issue, also the powder charge. The rifle was adapted to, and hence shot from, Mr. Romer's bench rest at the trial, and not from the iron rest used on the field. The second shot followed so nearly the first one that the rifle was then changed in rest position in order to meet the requirements of the experimenter. "With such a charge from such a weapon," as the report says, "the shooting was of course very accurate, and a very flat curve is shown as follows: 25 yards, 1.130 inches; 50 yards, 1,306 inches; 75 yards, 1.273 inches."

This table, published in the Dec. 10 issue, stands assigned to Romer's muzzleloader, whereas his table (assigned to Merrill's rifle) is the next table published above mine. His table is for 200 yards, and his rifle did this shooting on Sept. 29, from the iron rest. His curve is published as follows: 25 yards, 4.499; 50 yards, 6.399; 75 yards, 4.993.

The Bland rifle was first tested in the iron rest on Sept. 29 for 200 yards, and next again on Oct. 12 in the Romer rest for 100 yards.

These explanations, I hope, may assist you, and make things more clear to your readers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14. MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

THE LYMAN SIGHT FOR DEER HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the consideration of such of your readers as may be interested in rifle shooting, and especially in hunting with a magazine gun, I wish to give my views as to the best way of using the Lyman sight for shooting at deer or other moving game.

I have no fault to find with the sight itself, for in my opinion it is just right and needs no improvement, but I disagree with Mr. Lyman as to the right way of using it to get the best results in hunting.

His directions are to remove the middle sight entirely and use only the Lyman sight and front sight, claiming that the middle sight is not needed and only obstructs the vision. Now, let me describe the middle sight which I use, and the advantage which I claim for it.

I file off the sides of a common buck-horn sight, leaving a width at the top of but little more than one-fourth of an inch, and make the notch large enough to show the front sight plainly, thus:



Then I put my sights at such an elevation that to hit a small mark at a short distance, say at twenty or twenty-five yards, I must look through the bottom of the large aperture of the Lyman sight and see the top of the front sight just flush with the top of the middle sight, as shown above. By this means I have as good a sight as can be made for shooting at any still game at a short distance.

Now for a running shot, and it is for this that I really want a Lyman sight, I look carelessly through the large aperture, taking no notice of the middle sight and thinking of nothing except to bring the front sight on the object to be hit. It is natural to look through nearly the center of the Lyman sight, giving a little more elevation than at first but none too much for deer shooting. In fact with a good rifle the bullet will hit just where the sight is held at all ordinary distances as shooting is done in the woods. The middle sight will be fairly below the front sight and not in the way in the least, especially when we consider that the gun is always moving upward or sideways, but never downward while aiming at a running deer. The front and middle sights will have this appearance.



Now for a long distance, say for a somewhat long standing shot, and when there is no time to elevate sights, I look through the extreme upper part of the Lyman sight and increase the elevation fully as much as one lift on a common middle sight. This will bring the front sight still higher above the middle sight, thus:



In this manner three different elevations can be obtained without altering sights or taking the gun from your shoulder, and in every case the middle sight is there to show exactly how coarse or fine you are aiming, with—so far as I can see—no possible disadvantage in its use.

There are many advantages in the use of such a sight. If you have raised your Lyman sight for target shooting, the middle sight will show you exactly where to replace it and you do not have to remember what number it was on before you elevated it. Then, if your front sight—or, in fact, any one of the three—gets displaced by an accidental bump, or some one thoughtlessly twists your Lyman sight to a different elevation, a single glance through your sights detects the difficulty. Otherwise you may find it out by shooting over the back of the only deer of the season that stops to look at you.

There are some cases where it is not practicable to use the Lyman sight at all. After it is too dark to see through even the large aperture you can see to shoot a deer at short range, especially if you use an ivory front sight. Then the notch in the middle sight cannot be seen, but the top being narrow and the corners distinct, you can draw over the center of it and shoot quite well, just seeing the top of the ivory sight over the center of the middle sight. This is an important point, as deer often commence moving on their runways just at dark. I have used a sight for three seasons and have made some very quick running shots with it and can recommend it for all kinds of shooting that I have ever tried.

BACKWOODSMAN.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Nov. 30.

GAME IN THE PARK.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Wyo., Dec. 5, 1885.

Hon. D. W. Wear, Superintendent Yellowstone National Park:

SIR—Having just returned from a trip through a portion of the Park I beg leave to submit the following report: I left this place on the 14th of November, and went as far as Yancy's Ranch that day and camped. That night about 10 o'clock I shot a large red fox, which had come down from the mountain to regale himself on some of Yancy's fine chickens. The next morning I proceeded on my way to Soda Butte, and camped there that night with Jack Baronett, who had just returned from a trip over on Slough Creek, where he reported all quiet and no depredations being committed. I remained at Soda Butte two days reconnoitering the country in that vicinity; and on the 18th of November left there in company with Assistant Superintendent Fish, and went about eighteen miles and camped on Miller Creek, where I found Bill Wilson, a hunter, camped just outside the Park line. About ten miles from Soda Butte, near the mouth of Calfee Creek, I ran on to a band of ten elk and saw signs of quite a number in the snow, all heading in the direction of Specimen Mountain. I remained in camp with Bill Wilson four days and scouted the country in every direction, and then went about four miles further and camped on Burnt Creek.

The next day (Nov. 26) I went up on the top of Saddle Mountain, and Fish went down on the east fork of the Yellowstone and found Horn Miller, Woody and Renfro, hunters, camped just outside the Park. They stated that they had been out eighteen days and had not killed game enough to supply their own wants, having killed in all only three deer, and were then on their way home empty-handed. The next day (Nov. 27) I started in the direction of Green Creek, and Fish started back to Soda Butte. I went across the range toward the head of Pelican Creek, where I went into camp that night about 10 o'clock. Just before going into camp I ran on to a large band of elk coming down from the mountain and heading in the direction of the basin. The next morning (Nov. 28) I arose bright and early and could see feeding on the hills bands of elk like droves of cattle and as tame; conclusive evidence to my mind that they had not been hunted or molested for some time. I broke camp about 8 o'clock and started for the Yellowstone Lake. About seven miles distant from camp I ran on to a band of seven buffalo heading in the direction of Specimen Range. A little further on, in a swamp, I ran on to a band of five moose. I went on about twelve miles further and went into camp. I saw elk all along the route during the day in every direction.

The next morning (Nov 29) I started in a southerly direction, heading toward Brimstone Basin, and saw plenty of buffalo sign all along the route. The next day (Nov. 30) I traveled down the Yellowstone Lake in an easterly direction. The lake was literally covered with geese, ducks and swans all the way down. I camped that night just east of the lake on the Yellowstone River, having traveled about twenty-five miles. The next day (Dec. 1) I forded the river about three miles below the lake, and saw a large band of elk on the east side just after crossing. I struck the wagon road leading from the Yellowstone Lake to the falls at this place, and followed it down to the falls, where I arrived that night about 9 o'clock. During the day I saw several bands of elk, and just after crossing the river I found the trail of a band of antelope heading in the direction of Hayden's Valley. I did not see the antelope, but judging from the sign, which was quite fresh, I should think there were about forty in the band.

The next day (Dec. 2) I started in a northerly direction, heading for Mammoth Hot Springs, crossing over Thompson's peak, and camped that night on the head of Blacktail Basin, having traveled about sixteen miles. Found the snow about two feet deep on the range. During the night my horses ran off, and the next morning (Dec. 3) I started in pursuit of them afoot and overtook them about four o'clock in the afternoon. During the day I ran on to several bands of elk, while hunting my horses. After finding my ponies I started for Mammoth Hot Springs where I arrived that night about 11 o'clock, having been out nineteen days. During all this time I saw no hunters or signs of hunting in the Park, and think I am fully justified in saying that there is more game in the Park now than was ever known before at this season of the year. The few hunters that I met on the trip were returning from the chase empty-handed and complained bitterly of the scarcity of game. I saw no game of any kind outside of the Park. Respectfully submitted.

ED. WILSON, Ass't. Supt. Y. N. Park.

CAPE COD DEER.—Recently in West Barnstable, Mass., a deer, driven by a dog, dropped exhausted in the orchard of Mr. A. J. Howland, near the depot. Closer examination revealed shot marks, and as the animal seemed to be suffering it was killed by those who saw it. The dog, which was allowed to depart, wore a collar inscribed "Fish, Greenville, Mass." As the statutes prohibit the hunting or killing of deer, it is a much-discussed question among our local wiseheads as to who should be holden for breaking the laws, the dog, its owner, or those who killed the deer?—A. B. C.

A CRUISE FOR GAME.

ON a beautiful morning in October three of us started on a cruise from one shooting ground to another, as game and our inclinations led us, for four or five days. We hoped in this way to pick up a few birds. We took two canoes, our camping gear and three Clumber spaniels, Drake, Madge and Johnny, which were all trained as duck retrievers, as well as field spaniels, H., V. and myself being their respective owners.

A good breeze was blowing. We hoisted sail on the Mud-turtle, lashing alongside the small canoe, the Scaup, which had no sail. It was very cold, and we felt the benefit of our heavy shooting coats and woolen gloves. The wind was strong, and the current with us, so, speeding a little with the paddles, we got on very fast, and in four hours reached our first stopping place on the island.

By the time we had pitched our tent and got in wood for the night it was almost dark, but we took our guns and managed to knock over a brace of snipe, and had a chance at a woodcock, which, to our shame be it said, we missed. Ducks, we decided, had left for parts unknown before our arrival, as not one was seen all the evening. It was very hard to find good hard logs for our fire; all the dead trees near the camp had been chopped up and burnt by campers during the summer, the islands being a favorite camping place. However, we managed to make up a good fire for warmth and cooking. There was a hay-stack a few hundred yards away, and with a few armfuls of hay under us, we had a bed fit for a king, and after chatting for a while fell fast asleep.

Before daybreak next morning H. went in one direction and I in another. After tramping for an hour or more without seeing a feather I began to feel discouraged, and was thinking of going back to camp, when I heard the whistling of a yellowleg and answered back to him. He was very shy and took a lot of coaxing; but at last came up, and as he flew toward me was joined by another. As they crossed in front of me over the water, I dropped one which Johnny retrieved. I had marked the other one down, and going over to where he was, managed to drop him at long range and the dog retrieved him.

On my return to camp I found H. had only seen one snipe, which he bagged. We were much disgusted at the scarcity of birds, but decided to stay there one day more, and give the islands another chance. After breakfast we took the dogs and gave the covers a "rustling" for cock, but did not find any. Our friend of the evening before seemed to have left for a change of air. H. and I then took the large canoe and Johnny and Drake, and went down to the sand bar at the end of the island, hoping to see some plover, but it was of no use; there was nothing on the bar but crows, in hundreds and in thousands, making a terrific noise. We then tried to find a channel over the bars; there was none, however, and the canoe stuck fast, so there was nothing for it but to get out and pull her across or turn back. We decided on the former and jumped out. It was hard work, as at every step we sank over our knees in the mud, but at last we got into deep water. No better luck was in store for us at the other side, a couple of yellowlegs which we saw being too wild to decoy. After a long circuit we got into the channel leading to the camp. H. landed and walked over a neck of land into a marsh, while I took the canoe down to the mouth of it to meet him there. In a few minutes I heard a shot, and he called for me to bring the dogs. I landed them and they ran over and retrieved a snipe which he had shot, and which fell in the water out of his reach. He got a brace more as he walked down the marsh, these being all he saw.

On reaching camp we found that V. had spent his time in making things comfortable, having made tables and racks for our plates, and brought in more hay, so we were very snug. After grub I took out the decoys and watched them till dark, but did not see a duck, only bagging a snipe which flew over the decoys. It was a lovely evening, and the beautiful, wild scenery fully compensated me for the want of birds. At dusk I took in the decoys and started back to camp, staggering under their weight. The others seeing me with such a load, thought I must have had grand sport, but were much disappointed when they found what the burden was. They had seen no ducks but had bagged a brace of snipe.

Next morning we were up bright and early to pack up our gear for a start. It was blowing great guns right up the river, which always makes a tremendous sea. Just before getting into the canoes a snipe flew past and lit in a marsh a hundred yards away. H. and I took the dogs and went over to try and get a shot. The bird was at long range and H. fired without hurting him. I missed him clean also, but as he passed V. let fly and dropped him beautifully into the water, the dogs swimming a race to retrieve him.

When we reached the main river and saw what a sea was on, we felt rather squeamish about crossing in our heavily-laden canoes. There was no help for it, however, and, making up our minds for an exciting hour, we set to work. As we were passing the sandbars H. shot a yellow plover and another bird which I have never seen before. It was about two-thirds the size of a snipe, gray plumage, with half a dozen feathers like a snipe's on the back, head and bill a cut between a snipe and a plover, gray legs and half-webbed feet. It was swimming when shot. Can you tell me what sort of a bird it was?

It was ticklish work crossing the river, and several times I thought we would never fetch the shore; but at last we reached it, with our canoes half full of water, and coasted down it.

Our next stopping place was B—— Marsh. Before turning into the creek which leads up to the marsh we bought some fine fish from the fisherman who lives in a hut on the point, and these made a welcome addition to our larder. When we had gone a few hundred yards up the creek we saw a snipe flying across. V. went ashore, H. landing on the opposite shore. Then the fun began. Snipe rose on every side. H. knocked over a couple, V. and I getting one each. We saw that we had "struck oil," as it is very seldom that one can find a flight of snipe in this country. I landed with the dogs, and in a few minutes bagged another brace. The birds now seemed to think that it was getting too warm for them, and all went over the trees out of sight. We paddled on, and soon found a very good camping place on a point well sheltered and affording plenty of wood for our fire.

The tent was pitched, the gear brought up, and while our dinner was cooking H. took the dogs and worked the marsh opposite the camp. Thinking he might send some birds down past the camp, I took my gun and stood on the point, hoping to get a shot. Soon the dogs put a snipe up, which he did not fire at. The bird flew past me at long range, but I fired and "spun" him into the water, where Johnny swam out and retrieved him.

After dinner I took my gun and the dogs and worked the marsh opposite the camp. It was not long before the dogs put up a snipe, which I missed, in the most beautiful style, with both barrels. But my misfortunes were only beginning, for I missed half a dozen more of the easiest shots. The other fellows were watching me from the camp, and added greatly to my discomfiture by asking me if I thought I could hit a haystack flying.

While I was away shooting H. had put out the decoys and made a blind on a point. I paddled V. up the marsh to try for duck. It was very hard work, as I had to push through the mud with a paddle. After going half a mile up the marsh we pulled the canoe up to the bank, and I got out, meaning to walk up the marsh and drive any ducks there might be down to V. and H. Snipe were getting up all around me, driving Johnny nearly crazy, as he couldn't understand why I didn't shoot, but it was too dark. It was fearful walking, as I had to jump from tussock to tussock, and it was so dark that I sometimes missed my jump and went into the mud, nearly over my wading boots. After walking, or rather jumping, for about a mile I heard a faint "cooey," and then another. I thought it was V., so whistled back. But as he kept on shouting and whistling I turned and hurried back. A few moments later he fired both barrels in the air. I answered the signal and hurried on. On reaching the canoe I found him in a terrible state of anxiety. The wind had been blowing from him to me, so while I could hear his shouts he could not hear mine, and he thought all sorts of dreadful things had happened to me, as the marsh is a very dangerous one and I might have lost my way in the dark and never have turned up again.

It was very hard to find our way out of the marsh, but the camp fire luckily had not gone out, so we steered for it and at last reached camp. H. had shot a couple of ducks while we were up the marsh; he had seen very few others.

After dinner we took out our cartridges, as we proposed having a good day after snipe on the morrow. To our dismay on examination, we found that we were nearly out of snipe cartridges, and would have to depend on duck cartridges for snipe, which was pretty hopeless work. However, we divided them evenly, deciding only to take sure shots, and to hold as straight as we could. For every No. 10 cartridge we had a snipe was brought in next day, the No. 5's, however, did not do so well. We turned in early as we had had a hard day and were very tired.

Next morning I set out to walk to the head of the marsh, taking Johnny with me. I crossed the channel in front of the camp in the canoe, and walked up into the woods. After going some distance I heard a noise in the bushes, and, on turning round, saw a huge white bull making for me. Everything was forgotten, and I ran straight ahead, my one idea being to get to a different place from the one in which I was at that moment. I was not dressed for running, my long hip boots, cartridge vest, gun, and heavy clothes hampering me greatly, but fear lent me wings, and I ran like a deer, and soon eluded my angry taurine pursuer. I was too much blown to walk round the marsh, so giving the bull a very wide berth I went back to camp. On my way down Johnny sprung a snipe, which I bagged. H. had shot one duck, the only one he had seen, and V. had nothing.

After breakfast we started out to try for snipe, V. went up the big marsh, taking Madge with him, while H. and I took the two dogs and worked the smaller marshes. We had very good sport, getting seven and a half brace. In the afternoon H. and V. paddled to a village about three miles down on the main river, to get some needed stores. I put out the decoys and hid on a point where the trees and bushes came down close to the water's edge, making a splendid blind. It was a lovely evening and I soon forgot all about watching for ducks in my admiration of the scenery. The sun was setting over the tall pines at the head of the marsh, making a very wild and beautiful picture. Just at dusk a duck flew past, which I stopped, and Johnny swam out and retrieved it. The water was bitterly cold and I heartily pitied the poor dog, as his wet coat was freezing hard. H. and V. now paddled up, having had a hard paddle. I jumped into the canoe and ferried myself over to camp.

My first duty was to warm and dry the dog, so I took him in front of the roaring fire, rubbed him down and poured some whisky down his throat, which soon warmed him up. Some people will smile at the idea of taking so much trouble about their dogs, and some will not even let their dogs lie near the fire, but dogs treated in that way are pretty sure to become useless in a few years from rheumatism, and any one who really loves his dog could not bear to see him shivering, wet and cold, when he could easily make him comfortable.

After dinner we sat in the tent, with the tent door open and the fire blazing in front, yarning and taking it easy. V. has shot for more than thirty years over the best shooting grounds in British North America, and his stories are many and varied.

There was a hard frost next morning, and it was very cold, so I did not feel inclined to get up early. H., however, went out and in an hour came back with a brace of snipe. H. and I took the canoe and paddled down the creek, hoping to find some birds on the shore, as we thought they had been frozen out of the marsh by last night's frost. We saw several, but only managed to get a shot at one, which was bagged. When we were landing at the camp, H., being in the bow, got out first, and just as I stood up to get out he gave her a pull, the canoe tilted over and out I went, gun and all. Luckily the water was not very deep or I would have been drowned, as with all my things on I went down like a stone. With great difficulty I managed to get ashore, wet through and through. All my shooting paraphernalia were wet, so I could not go up the marsh with the others, and stayed in camp to pack up. I wanted one more crack at a snipe before going, so I took my gun and calling Johnny walked along the shore; the dog soon sprung a bird which was knocked over. H. and V. had returned to camp while I was away; they had only shot three.

We all set to work to strike camp, and after a hearty meal got into the canoes, and said "good-bye" to as comfortable a camp ground as it has ever been my fortune to find.

The main river was very rough, and it was nervous work crossing, but we reached the other side without any mishap, and paddled down to C., on the wharf of which, after much trouble, we stored our canoes and gear. As the steamer was not due for a couple of hours we made ourselves comfortable on the wharf, surrounded by the usual crowd of gaping country people, who are always much surprised at seeing "three dogs all alike," and if they "is good fur runnin' deer" or are "good patridge dogs," are questions repeated and answered every few minutes. At last the boat steamed up to the wharf, and, following our traps on board, we bade farewell to camping for a year. F. M.

CANADA.

VERMONT DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Looking over your Dec. 3 number I find you have been misled, as have been the people living away from northeast Vermont and not familiar with its surroundings. The forest there is connected with the deer-inhabited forest of Canada, and within four weeks two deer were killed near the border there, driven by dogs into Averill Pond, Vt. Below this place the same primeval forest extends within fifty yards of the Connecticut River, and the unbroken forest stretching across the State of New Hampshire on the opposite side of the river, near Simm's Stream, about 1,200 yards distant. The stream is a trout brook with its alder banks to complete the noted old deer runway, on which some fine specimens have taken their last run. Next, this forest in Vermont, and cut in halves by the Grand Trunk R. R., is forty miles long, and about fifteen miles long in its greatest width. As long as a deer remains in New Hampshire, Vermont will have some. This near forest growth is on the Granite Mountains that defy the settler, and is the home of all that is near the sportsman's heart in our northern wilds. I have seen caribou tracks in Vermont, but one cannot be sure to always find them there, with their roving habits and forest connections with New Hampshire and Canada.

When that Vermont law was enacted there were deer enough in Essex county, Vt., to number them in hundreds, and the like may be told of them to-day. Now, why should this county be subject to the State law, unless those "public spirited gentlemen" wish to share with Noah the credit of supplying the universe with venison? I think if the deer law there ever gains friends, it will be created by an open season. If one fair-minded law is enacted there at the next session of its Legislature, I will agree to aid in its being enforced, not as one away, but as one resident, for I am devoting my daylight hours to that end on that side of the river. If some others will do better, I will remain a silent citizen, wishing the deer better success than they are getting trying to avoid crust-hunters and dogs. NED NORTON.

COLEBROOK, N. H.

DEER IN MICHIGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A short time since I returned from a hunting trip on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where, with a party of six, I had a splendid time. We were camped on a chain of lakes on the headwaters of Fox River, as it is called (I think it should be called Manistique, as it is really the river that has that name) where it empties into Lake Michigan. This stream a few years ago was noted as a trout stream, the fish being of great quantity and large size; now the residents and lumbermen say trout are very rare in the main stream. The east branch, which crosses the railroad near McMullen, is still well-stocked with trout of good size. In the main stream near the extreme head or above where it has been used for driving logs also large quantities of trout are still found.

If it is possible for trout to live where there are pickerel—as they are called—and muskalonge grow to an immense size, the many lakes in the vicinity must be well stocked with trout. I saw quite large numbers of very large trout in some of the small spring branches. I inquire of numerous log drivers if they observed many dead trout while driving the streams, the universal answer was that they did not. When they first went there the main stream was full of trout, but log-driving had driven them out altogether, as they are rarely now seen. So far as I could learn, all the small streams along the line of the Marquette Railroad are alive with trout, and large ones too. Parties desiring good trout fishing in season would not miss it on any of the small streams between the Straits of Macinac and Lake Superior. Lumbermen say that trout fishing is good all along the coast of Lake Superior, from Whitefish Bay above the Sault St. Marie, to Marquette, where rocky shoals are found. The whole Upper Peninsula is or was a paradise for trout and will be for many years to come, especially in the streams that empty into Lake Superior.

It will take but a few years at the present rate to clear the Upper Peninsula of all the timber of value. As soon as the streams are no longer used for log-drives they will at once become restocked, when fishing and canoeing will be very fine. None of the streams are very rapid. So far as my observation went, they appear to be connections to chains of small lakes, beaver dams and marshes, and if it is possible for trout to live in the same waters with such sharks as pickerel and muskalonge, all the lakes and ponds must be well stocked with them; but as they were not biting, I could not tell. I caught pickerel and saw several large muskalonge. I did not see any bass, but believe they are plenty in some of the larger lakes.

Deer are plenty and of very large size, ranging from 100 to 350 pounds. I succeeded in bagging a 200-pound doe, the largest I ever saw. Ruffed grouse and spruce grouse are very plenty; in fact, the "woods are full of them." Wolves are also quite numerous, and a few black bears are found of immense size. Bob cats and Canada lynxes are in fair numbers. In the cedar swamp large rabbits are very numerous; how they escape being devoured by the wolves, lynxes and cats is certainly a mystery. Along the marshes of the streams are evidences of many hermit beaver; in some places I thought there might be five or six together, but a genuine colony I hardly think exists there.

For the past seven years I have visited Michigan, either on hunting or fishing trips, every year but one. About the first effects of the non-export law was that it destroyed the market for game or it required but a few deer to overstock all the markets within the State. Parties told me that four or five years ago deer shipped from the north shore to Detroit did not sell for enough to pay the freight. This year I noticed every train going south would have nearly a car load of deer. Upon inquiry I found the bulk of them consigned to Detroit. I also learned from hunters who hunted between Manistique Lake and Lake Michigan that they sold all the deer that they killed in Detroit at from nine to eleven cents per pound, also that several cargoes were loaded on boats direct for Chicago. The shipments of deer on boats from the Lake Michigan or Huron shore were the only open violations of the law that I heard of, except what outside hunters succeeded in smuggling through with their baggage. Now the question is what becomes of the deer—from one to two hundred a day—that found a ready market in Detroit this year at from nine to eleven cents per pound? I heard the amount estimated at that number by several parties who were in a position to know.

The object of the non-export law was certainly for the protection of the game. The results (and I believe it is true with nine-tenths of the game laws of this country) are the protection of game dealers. No one, certainly, believed the

vast quantity of venison shipped to Detroit this year was for home consumption. The fact is that the deer, as soon as they are received in Detroit, are frozen solid and packed away in refrigerators, to be shipped at pleasure to such markets as pay best.

Such are my observations of the working of the non-export law, and as soon as it is generally known to market hunters that within the State of Michigan a ready market can be found for game at a fair price, the day of the deer of the State are numbered. Like the buffalo of the West, they will be of the past. With a good market in Detroit, the hired hunters of the lumber camps, the indiscriminate slaughter in season and out of season by the settlers, will soon tell the tale with the deer, so far as Michigan is concerned.

I leave it to wiser men than myself to suggest a remedy. To be of any value the remedy must come soon. To be effective the treatment must be heroic. CALIFORNIA.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 1.

GEORGE H. FERRIS.

GEORGE H. FERRIS, one of the pioneer gunsmiths of Central New York, died at his home in Utica yesterday, aged 66 years. Born in Willowvale, Oneida county, N. Y., he became a resident of Utica in 1850, where he made his home. Mr. Ferris's reputation as a gunsmith and skilled mechanic was second to none in this country, and his fire-arms are known not only throughout the United States, but in many European countries. It was the quality of the guns he produced rather than the quantity which established his reputation. When but a mere boy he evinced great aptitude as a mechanic, and made a study of every piece of machinery he saw. When he first came to Utica he engaged in the gun business with Morgan James, the venerable gunsmith, who died some years ago. Gunmaking came naturally to Mr. Ferris, and he made the first rifle he ever fired. Understanding the machanism of guns thoroughly, he also became a very expert workman. Mr. Ferris was the first man in the United States who made long-range rifles, and who succeeded in making large-bored guns that would shoot accurately. By increasing the size of the bore of a rifle near the breech it was made to hold more powder, and consequently to carry further. A large and heavier ball was carried, and this had the advantage of not being deviated by the wind. His improvements in this direction may be said to have revolutionized the manufacture of firearms. Mr. Ferris made few if any breechloading rifles, even in later days, as he ever maintained that muzzleloaders were more accurate and would shoot stronger.

In 1857 Mr. Ferris started in business by himself. Many years ago he manufactured long-range rifles for shooting turkeys at 150 rods. His long-range guns were known before those of Sharp, Remington and Berdan. He made some of the finest muzzleloading rifles in this country, for which he received $200 each. One of these in the hands of Dr. Pardee, of Oakland, California, made the shortest string on record at forty rods: Ten shots were fired at the target off-hand, and the aggregate distance from the center of the target to the center of bullet holes was four and one-eighth inches (considerably less than half an inch on an average). Mr. Ferris's son still retains the target. Mr. Ferris was the inventor of a breechloading shotgun which he patented, and of which he sold many. Some of these guns sold at $400.

During the war he invented a breechloading rifled cannon. He made a 1,500 pound gun which was tested in Washington in the presence of President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, Admiral Dahlgren, and others. It carried a ball nine miles and drove a steel bolt through three inches of iron. It was afterward taken to France, where it was captured by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war.

He was very ingenious and a hard worker. He was recognized as an authority on firearms and mechanics, and many inventors and experts came to him for advice. He was often called as an expert to testify in cases of death from gunshot wounds.

He leaves a widow and one son, G. Fred Ferris, who was for three years a member of the Ilion rifle team. PONTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 14.

EXCITEMENT OF ANTELOPE HUNTING.—Cleveland, Dec. 9.—It has often been a surprise to me that among the stories written by hunters in your paper there are so few that say anything of antelope hunting. The article of Mr. Woodrow takes me back to my old home and cowboy life in Kansas. I was located for several years in Southwestern Kansas, and many a day have I spent crawling through those draws and over the divides, with the perspiration streaming down my face and my heart going like a triphammer at the prospect of a fat antelope as a reward. It is, I think, the most exciting of sports, for, as frequently occurs, the work must all be done in plain sight of the game, and if there be more than one antelope there is hardly a second that one of them is not on the lookout. I have usually found it comparatively an easy matter to get within range of a single buck, especially an old one; and I have often crawled within fifty yards of one and then lain and watched him several minutes before shooting. It is very hard to drop an antelope in its tracks. Three points, if struck, will prove fatal—the head, heart and spine. I once saw an old buck get on to his feet and stand long enough for a dog to run a hundred yards and pull him down, after he had been shot squarely through the heart and that organ had been literally torn to pieces. Usually when hunting antelope I took with me a pair of greyhounds to catch any wounded game, for I never liked to have a crippled animal to suffer and die a lingering death. At some future time I will give some of my adventures with rifle and greyhound, and hope they may prove as interesting to some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as the stories of other writers have been interesting to me.—EX-COWBOY.

IS A THREE-YEARS QUAIL LAW DESIRABLE?—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a rule the sportsmen returning from quail shooting trips this fall are disappointed in the season and report the coveys very scarce, even in sections where they confidently expected to find some sport. The truth is our game supply is disappearing more rapidly than we realize and quicker than we care to confess, and the time has come when something more than preaching game protection must be done—action should be taken. I for one am in favor of prohibiting all shooting of quail for a period of three years, as was done in the State of Ohio some time since and resulted in so much good. There are many more Pennsylvanians, I am sure, who would be glad to give up quail shooting in this State for a time if it would do any good.—HOMO.

THE ENGLISH LAKE CLUB.—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your paper of Nov. 5 an article from Dan Johnston, headed "Slaughtering of Ducks at English Lake." I do not want any newspaper controversy, but desire simply to refute his statements, which are false in every particular. They simply go to show the animus of the man, because the organization he refers to has purchased all the shooting grounds and made a preserve, to the exclusion of Mr. Johnston and others, who have been in the habit of bagging from six to one dozen ducks per day for a number of years past; and now that others have been a little more fortunate as to the amount of game bagged, either by their superior skill or otherwise, Mr. Johnston seems to be jealous. He attributes the success of the club members to the fact that they are in the habit of driving the ducks from their feeding grounds as early as 4 o'clock in the morning and preventing them from returning until 8 or 9 at night. This statement must seem absurd to those who are conversant with duck shooting, for during the shooting season no one can see to shoot at 4 in the morning, neither can they at 8 or 9 in the evening. But this organization has a very stringent rule which prevents its members from shooting game before sunrise or after sunset. As bad as Mr. Johnston would have the public believe these gentlemen to be, they were never so anxious to make a big bag of ducks as to stay on the marsh so late at night that the lake's freezing over compelled them to stay out over night almost in sight of their hotel, as was once the case with Dan Johnston and a friend of his. Mr. Johnston further says that this organization has posted the land they claim to own and all they expect to own, warning others from shooting thereon. Why should they not have as much right to post a shooting ground that they have bought and paid for as the farmer has his farm lands from poachers? I venture to say that if this man, in connection with his pusher, Frank Simpson, of English Lake, were guilty of mutilating the trespass signs on farm lands in the State of Indiana as they were the day they delighted in shooting down our signs with a rifle, they would be made to feel that the strong arm of the law knew how to deal with such vandals. Any man who would be guilty of such an offense has no claim to the title of sportsman.—JOHN J. GILLESPIE, Secretary.

WILDFOWL NOTES.—Philadelphia, Dec. 13.—Many wild geese passed down the New Jersey coast last week, and fresh arrivals of the same fowl were reported at Sinnepuxent Sound. Many were killed at the latter named place, and will use these grounds until shut out by the ice. Yesterday William Grant found the capsized sneakbox of William Ridgeway in Oyster Creek channel. The mailbag was secured in its customary place, but no trace or tidings of the missing man could be found. The bay was foggy on Thursday afternoon, and occasionally the wind blew hard, and the conclusion is now reluctantly reached that Ridgeway was drowned when his boat capsized. Duck shooters who visited Barnegat Bay will know the value of Ridgeways services, and will miss him greatly. Our river Delaware still continues to be the tarrying place for many mallards, and notwithstanding the continued wintry weather, we are having these fowl remain with us—indeed, their numbers seem to increase. Last season, long before this they had left for the south, and the weather was even milder. Can any one explain why this late stay? Canvasback ducks are scarce at Havre de Grace. The ice, which has been making on the flats at this point, has greatly interfered with battery shooting. Blackheads are plentiful and wary.—HOMO.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 14.—The prospect for duck shooting around here is not good. There is very little water and no mast, so that the most of them have left for better pastures. I was over on St. Francis River last week to see the squirrel migration. The papers have been full of stories about killing them by the wagon load with clubs. My advice to the hunter is to take the best gun he can get as they have been shot at until they know perfectly well what it means. There are plenty of them. I watched one cornfield, and in the day got four turkeys and thirty-nine squirrels. I could have killed more squirrels, but am opposed to killing more game than I can carry out to my friends. I got off at Wideners, but any station on the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad east of Madison will do. The Swamp Angel was sentenced to thirty days in the Gross county jail for selling whisky and was also awaiting trial there for murder, but some of his friends cut him out. He is said to hold the Memphis Gun and Trolling Club responsible for his arrest and to be laying for them in the cane. I hope he will not get "Coahoma" the first round. A camping party from here spent last week on White River and killed a large wolf and report game plentiful and bass fishing superb.—CASUAL.

MINK AND WOODCHUCK.—Melrose, Mass., Dec. 11.—While hunting for grouse a few weeks ago in Maine, on coming out of some small pines I found my dog on a point that puzzled me. He was standing on the edge of a ledge and pointing into some small poplar trees which stood on a sidehill below. Of course I expected a bird, but the trees were bare and there was evidently no bird. On calling the attention of my brother, who was not far away, he discovered some animal in one of the trees, which he shot and found to be a mink. No doubt he was driven there by the presence of the dog. Several years ago I saw some object swimming in toward the shore of a lake, which proved to be a woodchuck. The lake was about two miles in width. Whether he had started from the shore at some distance and made a circuit, or had come from the opposite shore, is not certain; but I had watched his progress for an eighth of a mile or more, and think he must have crossed. What could have induced him to take to the water? Was it choice? Do woodchucks abandon their holes in the open fields and occupy holes in the forests during winter?—W.

SOUTH OYSTER BAY, Long Island, Dec. 8.—This has been a poor fall for ducks, but now there are plenty of geese, brant and ducks in the bay, and if we get any south or east winds we will make up for lost time. When the wind was favorable the sportsmen have made some very good bags this and last week.—GEORGE KILIAN.

"SPORT WITH GUN AND ROD."—This is a magnificent volume, nearly nine hundred pages, superbly illustrated, carefully printed, and bound in embossed morocco, being one of the finest specimens of the book-making art ever coming under our notice. The range of the book covers the game animals and fishes of the Continent. "Sport with Gun and Rod" is as handsome, appropriate, and sensible a present as one would wish to give or be given for Christmas. We have put it first among our suggestions of suitable Christmas presents for those who are interested in the recreations of which FOREST AND STREAM treats.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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RETURNING from a duck hunt at Reelfoot Lake recently I had occasion to see a curiosity. While waiting at the railroad station at Obion, Tenn., our party was addressed by the station agent, a Mr. Raines, who offered to bet that he had a young man in his office at present who was entirely without arms, and yet could beat any one in the party shooting with either shotgun or rifle, his champion to shoot from a rest and we off-hand. You can imagine that we ridiculed the idea, and doubted the ability of any one handling a gun who had no arms at all. Especially was this done by one of our party, a one-armed man, and a very good shot. The upshot of the conversation was that we requested Mr. Raines to bring out his seventh wonder, which was accordingly done. A young man appeared of apparently eighteen years of age, long and slim, balancing a double-barreled breechloading shotgun on his shoulder, and carrying a game bag to a web strap, buckled quite high up, so he could have access to it with his mouth. His coat sleeves were perfectly empty, not a vestige of an arm, both being lost from the socket or shoulder joint. He was quite bashful and seemed to be annoyed by the crowd which gathered around him, but upon being urged to go through his actions when using the gun and shooting also, he finally consented. The gun was carried on his shoulders balancing, when he saw something he wished to shoot he selected some convenient place to rest his gun, best suited for the game, either fence, log or tree, take aim and fire. But how load, extract, break gun, pull trigger, etc., was the question with us. To break gun he used his chin, also to cock hammers, put in shells with his mouth and extracted the same way. To the triggers a cord was attached, the end of which he would take in his mouth, and gradually tighten on it until he had his aim, when he would pull off. It seems almost incredible to believe that any one so deformed could handle a gun at all, much less successfully, but I saw the whole performance as described and stand convinced. I inquired into the young man's history and learned that he lost his arms at the age of ten years while feeding a cotton gin. He supports himself and widowed mother with the game he kills and never wastes a load of powder. This is explained by the fact that time is no object to him and always makes perfectly sure before chewing his triggers. His ability to kill game was verified by several of lookers on, who had accompanied this unfortunate hunter on his trips. I also learned that until a recent date the party used a muzzleloading gun, which complicated matters still more.

OTTO STECHMAN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 9.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following article from the Albany *Argus*, which has already been quoted at length in your paper, will bear a second reproduction:

"On investigation it has been discovered that the terms of office of the Commissioners of Fisheries, with the exception of that of William H. Bowman, of Rochester, have expired. The term is five years, instead of for life, as heretofore believed. The statutes are mandatory on the Governor in the matter of filling these vacancies. The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River has filed with the Governor a vigorous protest against the reappointment or further continuance in the office of Fish Commissioner of Eugene G. Blackford, of Brooklyn, because he is a fish dealer in New York city, and his private business interests are at variance with his public duties and inimical to all true sportsmen."

As to the first portion of this paragraph, relating to the term of office of the Commissioners and the duties of the Governor, it is erroneous in every particular. By Chapter 285, Laws of 1868, four commissioners were appointed to hold office for two years. By Chapter 567 of the Laws of 1870 their term was extended to three years and the Governor authorized to fill vacancies only (not to appoint their successors). By Chapter 74 of the Laws of 1873, the Fishery Commission was continued in office with all the powers conferred by the act of 1868 (that is continued for life). By Chapter 309 of the Laws of 1879, the Governor was authorized to appoint another Commissioner from Kings, Queens, or Suffolk county and supply his place if a vacancy should occur therein. To this position under this act Mr. Blackford was appointed on May 23, 1879.

The acts now in force create no limit to the terms of any of the commissioners, make no provision for the appointment of their successors and provide only for vacancies, and these can only occur through death, resignation or removal for cause, and in the event of any such vacancy the Governor has the power to fill or not to fill it at his option.

The acts above referred to are so clear and explicit that the Governor will not readily assume that he has the power to appoint any new commissioner in the place of Mr. Blackford on the ground that his term of office has expired. He must first remove him.

If, as already asserted in FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Blackford has incurred the enmity of certain members of the St. Lawrence Association, and as a body it has for that reason been induced by these members to enter its protest against his continuance in office for the reason alleged above, "that he is a fish dealer," then the article does not correctly represent the true reason for entering this protest nor the animus that inspired it. If, however, the reason is truthfully and honestly given, then it is clear that the gentlemen of this association have quite misapprehended the very object for which the Fish Commission was created and the commissioners appointed. They have in fact stated the very strongest reason why Mr. Blackford should be kept in office.

Do these gentlemen suppose that the Legislature appointed these commissioners and have yearly appropriated and put into their hands thousands of dollars of the public moneys of the State, solely or even principally in the interest of anglers? The professional angler is, of course, benefited by this legislation the same as any other citizen, but that is only an incident and not the main object had in view. The original and continued purpose of all this legislation has been to increase and make more abundant the supply of fish food of all kinds, and to aid, foster and protect every public and private effort in that direction. It is at least as much the duty of the commissioners to protect and increase and

so cheapen in price the fish of commerce as to increase and protect the few varieties of fish which furnish sport rather than food to the angler. The taxpayers of this State, who furnish the funds expended by these commissioners demand and have a right to demand that they shall be principally applied for the benefit of the many in increasing the supply of cheap fish food, and if Mr. Blackford, through a personal experience as a dealer in fish as an article of food, knows what will most benefit the public at large in that direction, he is the one above all others to be retained in the position of commissioner.

I have no interest in this matter except that of an angler, I have for many years belonged, and still belong, to more than one angler's association. My opportunities for ascertaining the public sentiment in relation to this question have probably been as great as those of any member of the St. Lawrence Association.

If any one supposes that that sentiment is "setting very strongly" in favor of anglers and fishing clubs, he is sadly mistaken. On the contrary, in that portion of the State where the interests of anglers are the greatest, and the property and franchises owned by them the most valuable, the popular sentiment is in many instances decidedly hostile. It is useless to disguise the fact that the exclusive rights acquired or asserted by anglers in many localities have provoked public criticism and attacks through the press, which have so aroused some communities that they have threatened to combine in opposition, not only to the extension of these rights, but to diminish or destroy the value of those already acquired.

The fish laws of the State guarantee to anglers every right and privilege which they can reasonably demand; the acts above referred to provide for the most liberal distribution of game fish. Neither Mr. Blackford nor any other commissioner could interfere with such rights nor prevent such distribution if he wished to do so. The people are jealous of any further concessions to anglers and fishing clubs. If Governor Hill removes or seeks to remove Mr. Blackford for the reasons given in the protest quoted above, it will be practically an official announcement that the Fish Commission was created and is to be continued in the interest of "the true sportsman."

Such action and such a construction of the law would still further antagonize the public at large against every angler and angler's association in the southern portion of the State, and so would tend toward the depreciation of their fish preserves and property.

Will Governor Hill assume the responsibilities of taking a course which would produce such results just to please a single organization or to gratify a few of its members? The filing and publication of the above protest have now practically placed Mr. Blackford in the position of being the one commissioner who represents and guards the interests of that portion of the people at large who demand the increase and protection of fish simply as an article of food or commerce.

If the Governor now removes or seeks to remove him the public will regard that as the real reason, whatever cause may be assigned. Will Governor Hill assume the responsibility of such a course? ANGLER.

SALMON ANGLING IN MAINE.

WE are permitted to publish the following very interesting letter sent to the U. S. Commissioner by Commissioner E. M. Stilwell of the Commission of Fisheries and Game, Bangor, Dec. 1.

Prof. S. F. Baird:

I suppose the newspapers have reported our success in introducing salmon angling to our Maine rivers. For the last twenty years we have been continually annoyed with the question as to why Maine salmon would not rise to the fly? My continual success in capturing them with the rod, in the waters at Bucksport, where they were parked for spawning purposes, seemed to have no influence in removing the doubt. This year the accumulated presence of the planting of the last few years has settled the question in their minds, by our anglers capturing them in both the Penobscot and St. Croix rivers. Not our skilled anglers alone among whom have been some of our summer tourists, but our work-a-day citizens from bench and anvil, who after a day's toil have rested weary limbs and brain by participating in the ofttimes read-of sport of capturing a salmon on rod and fly. We have always promised them this, but our poverty of resource has protracted the day. The terrible energy of our people in converting the life of forest and stream into merchantable commodities for trade has now given birth to a dawning necessity of planting and restocking both forest and fish, and our Legislature as well as the U. S. Commission of Fisheries, has increased our power of hastening results. The salmon fishery of the State of Maine is limited to the period between the 1st day of April and the 15th day of July. All the salmon that succeed in ascending the river above the dam at Bangor are the spawning fish with the attendant male or bucks. The law is obeyed and can be enforced in tide-water, but above the waters are more shallow, the streams narrow and are accessible at all times day and night. The country is sparsely settled, and is infested by a class of poachers and outlaws, French, Indians and outcasts, who with net and spear and dynamite destroy every breeding fish they can reach.

All that we could do was to plant the few thousand of salmon fry that our slender means enabled us to acquire, and thus simply hold possession of our waters for the salmon. We could only hold a small stock in our river; we could only prevent utter extermination. As the interest on one's capital constitutes one's income, so is good, or bad, or any fishing at all, dependent upon the percentage of the fish that will take the bait or lure. Do you realize the fact that the percentage of fishes that will rise to bait or fly, in the most popular or famed angling resorts, is not one-half of one per cent.? How long would Moosehead or Rangeley or other popular haunts of our anglers retain a fish in their waters were it otherwise? It is the net, and spear, and dynamite only that can exterminate our fishes; fair angling never. The popular cry demanded of us a division of our salmon fry to all our rivers, when the whole of our slender store if concentrated upon the Penobscot River alone would barely suffice to fill the place of the destruction of all our breeding fish by the poachers, after they had reached their spawning ground. At the "Hunt Farm," on the East Branch of the Penobscot, where formerly large numbers were taken in nets, the whole fishery was abandoned as worthless and exhausted, when the whole product of the year was but one salmon. Soon after, in 1876, our young salmon fry from Bucksport began to show themselves in the river, and fishing on the East Branch was resumed and 100 salmon captured at the Hunt Farm. Increased means allowed us to plant increased numbers of young fry in our rivers. To our earnest appeals the U. S. Commision responded generously, and we were enabled to plant our young salmon fry in the St. Croix and Penobscot waters, with a more liberal hand. Our own State then awakened from her blindness and added a few more dollars to our means and gave us a law forbidding the use of nets above tidewater. This enabled us to afford better protection to our spawning grounds, and as a direct consequence our Penobscot waters are teeming with salmon. In September I have seen the basin of water below the big dam at Bangor, fairly alive with salmon, not one fish exceeding eight pounds in weight apparently, and many much smaller in size. Had it not been for the teachings of the U. S. Commission, by its issue of valuable reports, by its distribution of valuable fishes, the consequent interest awakened and discussion arrising therefrom, the Penobscot river, the only great salmon-producing river left on the Atlantic coast of the United States, the sole dependence of the U. S. Commission for its supply of salmon ova to restock the rivers of our country, would now be barren of a single fish. Fishculture and fish propagation and planting is a clear, distinct, unmistakable success in our State, whether it be in salmon planting or in landlocked salmon planting, or in the stocking of our inclosed waters with trout and black bass.

Without the U. S. Commission we could never by individual State effort have been enabled to have supplied ourselves with the ova of the sea and landlocked salmon that is now so economically afforded us by the State Association under U. S. co-operation. The controlling spirit by instruction, by experiment (and demonstrated beyond individual effort, but economically rendered under associate action) has been entirely by the U. S. Commission. All the enterprise and spirit and enlightened action of the day in the farming of our waters to fish production is due to you, sir, or U. S. Commission of Fisheries. Maine has displayed a fearful energy in destroying and marketing her forests and her fish. Forestry or tree culture, and fish culture must now restore and preserve and nurse her wealth. The freight on a single man coming into our State to angle for our trout or salmon or to hunt our game is worth a hundred times over the freight on the fish or game if sent to market and sold. The trout of Rangeley or Mooschead cost the angler at least $10 per pound. The visiting sportsman willingly pays as liberally for his game. Is this not the wiser policy for our State fish and game protection?

Far up in the wilderness, beyond the settlements, our few wardens can afford but feeble protection, and the slaughter on the spawning beds is doubtless very great. Remember our whole appropriation from the State, for propagation and protection of both fish and game, buying all our eggs, paying all our wardens, traveling expenses, law suits, is but $7,500. Mere planting our river with salmon fry without abundant means of protection for the spawning grounds, above tidewater, must prove futile. The spawning grounds of our fish must be held sacred as our gardens and our wheat fields when preparing, or sowed with their crops. If the reverse is to be the rule, then there must be yearly planting of salmon fry, and no breeding on the natural nurseries or spawning beds. Truly yours, E. M. STILWELL.

CASTALIA CREEK.

SPEAKING of the artificial stocking of trout streams, here is a paragraph worth considering. A communication to the Sandusky *Register* gives the following as the total number of trout taken by the members of the Castalia Sporting Club from their fishing grounds for the last six years, the fishing season beginning March 15 and closing Sept. 15, no trout being less than eight inches in length, taken from the stream, and all fishing done with artificial flies:

1880	1,497	trout,	weighing	521 pounds.
1881	1,739	"	"	556 "
1882	1,776	"	"	675 "
1883	2,393	"	"	782 "
1884	2,725	"	"	906 "
1885	3,058	"	"	994 "

J. L. Yale, of Cleveland, made a very handsome catch March 30, 1885, of 26 trout, weighing 15 pounds 2 ounces, the weight of the largest being as follows: One trout 16 inches long, weighing 1 pound 10 ounces; one 14 inches, 1 pound 4 ounces; one 14 inches, 1 pound 4 ounces; one 12 inches, 1 pound. Six trout, average weight, 12 ounces. The average weight of the 26 trout was between 9 and 10 ounces.

Castalia Creek, which is about three miles long and is fed by springs which yield about 250 gallons per minute, is undoubtedly the finest artificial trout stream in Ohio. Fifteen years ago the first plant was made, and up to that time a trout was never seen in the Castalia water. Although various additions have since been made, the fish have virtually taken care of themselves, the abundance of natural food in the stream making any other feeding entirely unnecessary. This record does not show the maximum weight of fish taken, since several trout this past season scored at from two to two and a half pounds. One fish is on record (if I am not in error) at three and a quarter pounds. B.

TOLEDO, Dec. 10, 1885.

PHILADELPHIA ANGLERS.—At many of the up-town wharves of the Delaware River in this city, roach fishing à la Thad. Norris can now be had. Few since the death of Uncle Thaddeus indulge in this passive amusement, as it is cold work, but rather prefer for winter fishing, pike angling through the ice. Most all the New Jersey mill ponds are good waters as soon as ice makes. The Tumbling Dam, at Bridgeton, N. J., and the Washington Pond in Gloucester county, N. J., are fair places easily reached from Philadelphia where pike may be taken.—HOMO.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

OYSTER CULTURE IN CONNECTICUT.

WE have the fifth report of the Shellfish Commissioners of Connecticut, which shows a material improvement in the production of oysters through proper legislation, and the expenditures of the Commission. One means of improvement has been the law of 1883, which prohibits the dumping of refuse material at certain places, and within prescribed limits, and consequently the beds are relieved from this smothering nuisance. To effectually carry out this law, the Commissioners placed inspectors on all boats engaged in carrying and dumping refuse, who saw that all deposits were made in places where no harm would result to the oyster beds. This plan should be adopted in New York, where the city refuse is supposed to be carried below Sandy Hoook, but at night, and during fogs, the contractors find it convenient to dump their scows long before reaching Fort Hamilton.

The starfish come in for a share of attention. It has been the experience of the more careful of the Connecticut oyster cultivators, that by constantly working over the beds, these enemies of the oyster can be destroyed. Still the case is one where a negligent man may foster starfish, quite indifferent to his own beds, while the starfish may destroy his neighbor's oysters. "The greater area of grounds thoroughly cultivated," wrote the Commissioners, "the less will the starfish abound. Neglected beds suffer the most, and it cannot be repeated too often that the attacks of these pests can only be repelled by unceasing vigilance and industry. No work on an oyster bed pays better than dredging for starfish. When proprietors realize this fact, and the State does what it ought to keep them from breeding in the natural beds, it is believed the losses will become insignificant throughout the State." Last spring a small flesh-colored worm was discovered on the small seed oysters, doing some damage. This created some alarm, but its ravages were found to be much exaggerated. The worm was examined by Prof. Verrill, of New Haven, and found to be the *Sabellaria vulgaris*, which has been figured and described in the reports of the United States Fish Commission, some 13 years ago. The amount of damage done by this sandworm is said to have been very much exaggerated. It may be destructive of small oysters to a certain extent, but the larger oysters resist its action. Of late the Commissioners have heard no complaints about the sandworm. Careful attention seems to have been paid in the determination of the spawning periods of the oysters in Connecticut waters. It begins in July and ends in September; is earlier in shallower waters, later in deep ones, modified, of course, by meteorological conditions. The advantages of an extended cultivation of oyster become manifest, because when the spawning period comes then the spat arising from parents at various depths, stands a better chance of being fecundated.

The great labor of the Commission has been in mapping out some 335,000 acres of water, which extends from east to west some 96 miles, and varies in breadth from three to ten miles, and to give each occupant a proper title to his grounds. This work was necessary because there is a tax imposed upon the oyster beds, which require to be correctly mapped before the taxes can be gathered, and this involved the settlement of disputes and claims which added tenfold to the original work.

The Commissioners take pride in the fact that an increase of ten per cent. in the oyster business has taken place within the past season, and in evidence of this they show figures to prove it. There are now forty-nine steamers engaged in the work, and by improved methods the plague of starfish has been somewhat abated.

"SUICIDE OF TROUT."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing Mr. Mather's communication in your issue of Dec. 10, I will give my own experience. I do not recollect whether it has been stated in FOREST AND STREAM that I now claim to be the senior American fishculturist, having taken my first lesson of Doctors Ackley and Garlick upon the occasion of their initial work. I recollect hearing Doctor Ackley remark to some parties present one day that the trout did not take kindly to confinement in limited space, but were inclined to jump out of such inclosures. I am under the impression that your occasional correspondent, Dr. Sterling, was present at the time. At all events that was my first information concerning this "jumping-out" tendency. My own subsequent and long extended experience in connection with this branch of the salmon family was almost wholly experimental and in limited inclosures, some of which were so constructed that the trout could have readily jumped out if they had so desired, but I do not recall a single instance where they did. After I had in the main discontinued my experiments with brook trout, I experimented quite extensively with salmon trout, landlocked salmon, etc., all of which I believe to be the progeny of true salmon.

The first lot which I had were called "salmon trout" by the party from whom I purchased them. I placed them in one of my trout ponds, the area of which would be about 75x75ft., fed by the purest spring water and containing no fish of any description. When these so-called salmon-trout had attained a length of five to six inches (I do not remember their exact age) I began to find them on the outlet embankment of the pond nearly every morning for a week or ten days. Early one very foggy morning I found several, none of which had evidently been out of the water long. After I had taken my breakfast (perhaps an hour later) I went over to the pond and found two more dead ones and one yet alive upon the embankment. Those of course had jumped out in broad daylight, but it was very foggy. It then occurred to me that I had found more on mornings after night rains. I took particular notice of this fact upon two occasions soon after. Finally, I found no more dead fish, but noticed that they gradually became less and less in number, and in three or four weeks all had disappeared from the pond.

About this time I noticed on two or three mornings, just at daybreak, a large, stray cat making a careful reconnoissance along the embankment. This explained why I found no more dead fish, although conscious of their continual disappearance. Not being at all partial to prowling cats, and still not wishing to kill what might be one of my neighbors, prized pets, noticing that he disappeared toward the village which my ponds outskirt, I determined, notwithstanding, to be rid of the cat, so one morning I took my old army musket and seeded it down well with fine bird shot. I then started out and deployed as skirmisher in the direction of the pond. In a moment I saw the cat rapidly disappearing toward the village. When some thirty yards away I trailed the old musket in the same direction, and applied a gentle three-pound pressure to the trigger. A detonation followed which awakened the echoes of the sleepy village, and as the cloud of smoke passed away I saw about three lofty curves described by the cat passing over the ridge, which would have made a jack-rabbit wild with envy. I have made this little diversion for the purpose of impressing upon the minds of young fishculturists the fact that cats are not desirable adjuncts to experimental work.

The pond to which I have just referred had at one corner a screen opening near the bottom, through which the water discharged, supplying a spawning race some seventy-five feet long which in turn discharged into another pond some two feet lower than the source of supply. This race was sixteen inches wide and perhaps a foot in depth. It contained several little "breaks," over which the water plunged for aeration. I had trout of different ages from time to time in this race. A leap of six inches would have landed them upon the bank, but I never knew one of any age to jump out, while they would jump over the "breaks" continually. A few years after the events just cited, I was actively engaged in the distribution of young California salmon throughout the entire southern portion of New Jersey.

At one time I had some fifteen thousand of these young fish stored in my spawning run, having the various compartments (at the breaks) screened so as to prevent their "herding" too compactly. I soon discovered considerable numbers of the young salmon dead upon the embankment or walk alongside the race, always finding them in the morning. I finally covered the race closely with wide boards, and reported the facts to Prof. Baird, who replied that the U. S. Commission could furnish no solution to this "jumping out" conundrum. In order to reach the extreme head waters of the numerous streams of Southern New Jersey, to plant the young salmon, I had ridden over some rough forest roads and had seriously



THE BLACK POODLE "STYX."

aggravated an old army injury, from which I have suffered since 1863. I was at this time practically "laid up" in consequence.

A day or two after covering the "race" containing the young salmon I sat by a window in my residence looking out upon the pond which discharged into the race and discovered a movement at the head of the race which my failing eyesight could not well define. Upon the secretary within my reach lay that portion of my engineer's level containing the telescope. I picked it up and sighted at the point of interest, at the same time adjusting the focal range, and discovered the little salmon leaping over the projecting planked sides of the pond into its waters, but an occasional one dropping just outside the pond upon the walk, and I could see several of them passing through various stages of their dying contortions.

There was another interested spectator at that point, namely, a ground sparrow, which was plying his little bill actively. I did not stand long upon the order of my going, but hastened over to the pond. My warning foot steps slackened the stream of leaping salmon, but even after my arrival they continued to jump over the plank about six feet in height. In making an examination of the race the previous evening, I had, unnoticed, slipped the board (next the pond) so as to leave a space of about three inches uncovered. Through this space, nearly or quite, eleven thousand of the salmon had jumped over into the pond, which was literally alive with them. I removed the upper compartment to drive those remaining to the lower compartments. As I uncovered the race I found the lower compartments emptied of the salmon, they having leaped over the screens which were barely two inches below the covers. The ground sparrow had picked the eyes out of most of those which had landed on the walk instead of the pond.

As I now had this pond stocked with black bass, it was quite evident that the days of the young salmon in that pond would be few, if allowed to remain there. That indispensable fixture which I term a "collector," and which I now place in all ponds constructed under my superintendence, I had not then devised. All that portion of the pond next the outlet was thin mud, and I had no easy means of getting out the runaway salmon. I therefore placed in front of the gate a screen of sufficiently coarse mesh to prevent the bass passing through but to admit the passage of the little salmon. I then raised the gate and let them into the ditch, which drains my ponds and forms one branch of the headwaters of Manton Creek, discharging into the Delaware

In the Report of the U. S. Fish Commission for 1881, issued in 1884, on page 884, item 13 from the top of the table, will be found the last tidings of this lot of "suicidal" salmon, and this concludes my personal experience upon the subject.

MILTON P. PEIRCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa , Dec. 14, 1885.

PROF. HENRY J. RICE, well known to our readers for his work in oyster culture and his contributions upon kennel matters, died at his home, 407 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, last Monday, Dec. 14. Prof. Rice was taken sick three weeks ago with a hemorrhage of the lungs and afterward typhoid-pneumonia set in. He was unmarried. He was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., March 15, 1848. He began his studies at the Cazenovia Seminary. He was graduated from Cornell University, and, obtaining a fellowship from a prize thesis, spent two years of study at Johns Hopkins University. He also went abroad and continued his studies at Paris. On his return he did some embryological work for Professor Baird at Washington. He then came to New York and found congenial work in the private laboratory of Mr. E. G. Blackford, where his investigations on the natural food of the fishes which come to the market were of great value. When Mr. Blackford was made the Oyster Commissioner of the State he employed Prof. Rice on this work and he did good service both in the field and in the department of embryology. Although not of strong physique he was a member of the Twenty-third Regiment N. Y. S. N. G., and went into camp with them last summer. Personally he was a pleasant and agreeable gentleman who made friends everywhere.

FISH FOR NEW YORK WATERS.—Rochester, N.Y., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In behalf of the New York State Fish Commission I desire to announce that I am now ready to receive applications for fish for the purpose of stocking any of the public waters in this State. My order book will remain open until March 1, 1886. I wish to impress upon the minds of all parties wishing to obtain fish for the above purpose the importance of placing their applications on file before the expiration of the above time.—SETH GREEN, (Supt. N. Y. Fish Commission).

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15, 16, 17 and 18.—First Annual Dog Show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association. Frank D. Hallet, Superintendent, Winsted, Conn. Entries close Dec. 5.

Jan. 5 to 12.—First annual exhibition and dog show of the Central Indiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Indianapolis. J. W. Elliott, Secretary.

Jan. 19, 20 and 21, 1886.—Annual Exhibition and Bench Show of the French Creek Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. A. L. Braden, Secretary.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25, 1886.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary. Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2, 1886.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **3092.**

CIRCLING AT FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial last week in regard to circling at field trials is good, and if a line can be drawn which will prevent a pottering dog from securing an advantage, I for one will be glad to see a rule adopted which will prevent a dog from stealing a point or getting credit for work which should belong to the other dog. This might be done by giving the judges authority to stop one dog while the other was drawing on game, unless both dogs got the scent nearly at the same time, in which case the best working dog would locate the birds first. When a dog in ranging finds scent or points a running bevy, the other dog should be kept back until the birds are located. I would not have a pottering dog that was continually making game keep back another that was a good goer, but I would be glad to see a rule adopted that would give a dog a chance to show himself at his best and not be rattled or interfered with by his competitor. I know that this would make a heat less of a race between the handlers and that the dogs would show better work and make less errors. Hoping that a rule covering this will be made, I am yours truly, W. TALLMAN.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 14.

A BREEDING CONUNDRUM.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Wheaton asks me to answer his "breeding conundrum." His illustration undoubtedly refers to my printed pedigree of my beagle Trailer, wherein I state "he is strong in the blood of the Rowett strain." He is one-half Rowett strain and one-half other blood. I consider him strong in the blood of the Rowett strain, as his sire, Racket, contains 87½ per cent. Sam—Dolly blood, which was the foundation of the Rowett strain, and which got most of its best stock. Rosey, Rally and others, and most of the other good ones were either by or out of the direct Sam—Dolly get, as for instance Lee, Rattler and others. Trailer therefore contains 43¾ per cent. Sam—Dolly blood, or nearly as much of it as any of the full Sam—Dolly blood, bred to any other Rowett stock containing none of it, although he is three generations from it direct. I publish the facts (the pedigree from which any one can figure the amount of different blood shown) and add my individual opinion as to the merits of it, and only add it as such. Mr. Wheaton's illustration, however, is not a comparative one He illustrates the inheriting of certain mental characteristics. I referred to the concentration and amount of a certain combination of blood, the origin of the strain as handed down.—HERMAN F. SCHELLHASS.

BLACK POODLE STYX.

[From the American Kennel Register.]

THAT the barber has a good deal to do with the appearance of a prize poodle, our illustration amply testifies. It is that of a black poodle which appeared in a recent number of the *Kennel Gazette*, together with the following sketch of his career:

Styx has seen various vicissitudes of fortune in his short career as a show dog. At Brussels this year, when he was exhibited by M. J. Delin-Jacob, he was unclipped, and his coat was so matted and rusty, and altogether he presented such a ragged, wretched appearance, that he was one of the first to be ignominiously turned out of the ring. His present owner having purchased him, after a fortnight's rest and some hard work at his tangled coat, Styx made his appearance in the Foreign Class, at Waltham Abbey Show, when (under Mr. Taunton) he took first prize, but was subsequently disqualified under Kennel Club new rule XVIII., which forbids poodles being exhibited as foreign dogs. His next appearance was at Brighton, where in spite of his greatly improved appearance Mr. Berrie placed him second only to Mr. Wright's Doctor—no one being more astonished at the decision than Doctor's owner. A month later, however, he appeared at the Crystal Palace, fresh from the hands of Madame Felix, and took first prize (under Mr. Percival) from Punch II., Boy, and his old antagonist, Doctor, who could only get third here, and even the Brighton judge admitted that the dog was rightly placed. Passing on to Ryde Show, he again placed a first to his credit, following this up by winning first prize at Frome last month (under Mr. Adcock), in one of the largest classes of poodles ever seen in the provinces. He is owned by the Rev. Gambier Bolton, of Lee, Blackheath, who purchased him from M. J. Delin-Jacob.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Within the past few days I have received several communications, the writers of which appear more or less anxious that I should join in an attack on the E. F. T. Club, or add fuel to Mr. Anthony's smoky fire. By your permission I will avail myself of the bright columns of FOREST AND STREAM and thus make all of my replies public property. Charitable friends have already circulated the report that I am "pulling the wires," and although this is highly complimentary to Mr. Anthony I doubt whether it will influence his very Graphic denunciations of the unfortunate judges.

The gentlemen who have mailed to me gratis so much valuable advice should remember I am not a chronic "kicker." My prosecution of the Meteor fraud and subsequent investigation of the character of a corrupt journalist were prompted by a sense of duty, and there is no egotism in saying that every reputable owner of dogs derived some benefit from those exposures. But there is a wide difference between prosecuting a criminal and prosecuting an innocent person, and it is better to make sure of your ground before rushing into a discussion, the result of which may show a sad miscarriage of justice.

I did not attend the trials at High Point and I never feel justified in supporting or denouncing the actions of others beyond a point where I am able to advance evidence of a substantial kind in defense of my position. Without allowing myself to be drawn into a fruitless controversy, barren of good results to more than a very small number of persons, I will express my views upon one or two questions.

When the E. F. T. Club invited Mr. Elliot Smith to judge, they committed a blunder that was only eclipsed by Mr. Smith's acceptance of the proffered honor. Messrs. Donner and Coster also "violated the canons of good taste" when they consented to act as judges in lieu of Messrs. Hunter and Smith. And when Mr. Donner undertook the dual role of W. K. C. representative and judge of their dogs, he must have assumed what he knew to be a very grave responsibility. Such things are certain to be condemned by right-thinking folk. For obvious reasons members of the W. K. C. should not judge dogs owned by the club, *i. e.*, themselves. It is not for me to question the correctness of any of the awards, but in justice to the judges I will say that I am informed by those in whom I place confidence, that the work was done in a careful, able and thoroughly impartial manner.

I know very little of Mr. Anthony either pro or con, but Mr. Heath is one of America's genuine dog lovers and is esteemed by all who know him. He loves a good dog not because of any notoriety it may bring him, but for other and more commendable reasons. Mr. Heath was with me in the pointer controversy, and it would be my pleasure to give him a helping hand now if I could do so conscientiously; but I cannot. On the spur of the moment he appears to have acted rashly,

and I should not be surprised to see him come out and say so. It would have been better for him had he conducted his own case instead of leaving it to be crippled by others. Without wishing to antagonize Mr. Anthony, I will say in my opinion he is killing Mr. Heath's case. He starts out with the following strange confession: "Mr. Coster and myself were riding together at the time of the occurrence." It is not quite clear to me why Mr. Anthony was riding with a judge.

Perhaps he will explain the nature of his business with Mr. Coster. Is Mr. Anthony aware that when the New Haven judges exchanged such courtesies as are usually supposed to pass between gentlemen they were charged with concocting a fearful fraud. But Mr. Anthony is allowed to ride with a judge, speak with a judge and even to coach a judge, and the immaculate Western reformer of abuses remains as dumb as an oyster. With Mr. Anthony on one side and "Mohawk" on the other, Coster and Beaufort must have had a rough time of it.

"A very easy way out of the matter," writes Mr. Anthony, "was for the judges to have consulted Mr. Heath." That is just where Mr. Anthony is wrong, and FOREST AND STREAM, which seldom either makes an incorrect statement or indorses one, has fallen into the same error. It is no part of a judge's duty to either consult or inform owners or exhibitors. In ignoring Mr. Heath's letter the judges simply performed their duty, and instead of being censured should be commended. A judge would be justified in not speaking with exhibitors or owners at either field trials or dog shows. Their business is not his; in fact he is not supposed to be acquainted with dogs or their owners.

Rumor said a flush had been entered against Graphic. Mr. Heath's course was perfectly clear. He should have asked the secretary of the club if there was truth in the report. The secretary—I am aware that owing to unforseen circumstances he also was a judge—should have consulted the judges and communicated the result of his inquiry to Mr. Heath. If it was found that a flush really had been scored against Graphic, Mr. Heath, his handler and any witnesses he may have had, should have stated to the secretary what they had seen, and it would then have become the latter's duty to have placed the case before the judges. If their decision proved to be final, Mr. Heath would have been justified in withdrawing his dog—supposing him to have been satisfied in his own mind that the judges' decision was unjust. Was this course followed by Mr. Heath? That is the question. Mr. Anthony says it was not, and if he has stated facts there is not just cause for discussion. CHAS. H. MASON.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 14, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since writing my letter of the 14th inst. I have learned on unquestionable authority that Messrs. Donner and Coster owed their appointment as judges at High Point to the unanimous voice of owners and handlers who were present. I also have been informed that one of the judges (Mr. Donner) declined at first to officiate, and was induced to reconsider his decision only at the earnest solicitation of the handlers. Mr. Tallman left home vested with *carte blanche* to act as he might deem advisable and best, and a vote cast by him in favor of any judge would be as much mine as his. Such being the case, any and all statements, verbal or written, that have been made by me against Messrs. Donner and Coster's acceptance of the judgeship are hereby most cheerfully withdrawn. If Mr. Anthony was aware of these facts at the time of writing his letters to your paper, his conduct is unsportsmanlike, ungenerous and unjust, and is deserving of very severe censure. CHARLES H. MASON.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 16, 1885.

THE WINSTED DOG SHOW.

THE first annual dog show of the Western Connecticut Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association was held at the Rink, at Winsted, Conn., this week, commencing on Tuesday. Over one hundred dogs were entered, making a fine display, as they were very nicely arranged around the hall, which is large, well-lighted and ventilated, and was properly warmed. The judging was all done at 4 o'clock on the first day. Mr. J. M. Tracy judged the pointers and setters, and Mr. James Watson all other classes. Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st and special, David Strong's Don; 2d, Diamond Kennels' Tiger. *Puppies:* 1st, G. L. Forkett & Co.'s Bessie; 2d, C. F. Baldwin's Midas. Very high com., Diamond Kennels' Queen.

ST. BERNARDS.—Prize withheld.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and special, E. H. Welch's Otto; 2d, G. H. Davidson's Bruno.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st and special, Jerry Canty's Carlo.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, C. J. Peshall's Jimmie; 2d and very high com., E. K. Sperry's Sancho and Dixin. *Bitches:* 1st and special and very high com., L. S. Livesey's Temptation and Lucille; 2d, E. K. Sperry's May. *Puppies:* 1st, E. M. Crouch's Shot; 2d, F. C. Plume's Duke Gasceon.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, Atwood Collins's Shot; 2d, W. Kirk's Bang. Very high com., E. L. Mead's Macduff. *Bitches:* 1st, S. D. Bingham's Keys; 2d, Diamond Kennels' Lendine. Very high com., H. J. Pierce's Buda. *Puppies:* 1st and special, Geo. Fox's Princess Katie; 2d, P. Hill's Prince Fred II. Very high com., H. A. Bailey's Fleet.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—1st, and special, W. Brown's Gyp; 2d, withheld.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, F. S. Parrot's Gerald; 2d, Chas. W. Roedenburg's Chip. Very high com., Isaac Ferguson's McDuff. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Lester's Maud II.. 2d, M. G. Wheeler's Choice. *Puppies:* Prize withheld.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK—1st and special, Scott & Crowell's Flirt. OTHER THAN BLACK—1st, Scott & Crowell's Darling; 2d, J. E. Maddra's Kate. *Puppies:* 1st and special and 2d, Scott & Crowell's Black Pete and Shiner. High com., A. H. Norton's Jerry.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* Prize withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Scott & Crowell's Gypsey; 2d, withheld. *Puppies:* 1st and high com., H. Cable's Rover and Fanny; 2d, J. J. LaMontagne's Ring, Jr.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, W. S. Diffenderffer's Rattler III.; 2d, W. E. Deane's Little Duke, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, W. S. Diffenderffer's Betty; 2d, W. E. Deane's Pet.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st and special, Miss Jessie Coe's Brandy; 2d, withheld.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, H. Sedgwick's Scott; 2d, W. J. Martin's Rip. *Bitches:* 1st W. B. Barton's Tanzy; 2d, withheld.

BULLDOGS.—Prizes withheld.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special for the best dog in the show, Frank F. Dole's Count; 2d, Scott & Crowell's Smasher. *Bitches:* 1st, Scott & Crowell's Sugar; 2d, withheld.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Scott & Crowell's Ned. PUPPIES.—1st and special, Diamond Kennels' Susie.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st and special, J. A. Butler's Braid; 2d, W. M. Rankin's The Banshee.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and special and 2d, J. E. Hair's Posey and Fly.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Chas. H. Crosby's Duke and Ruby.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st and special and 2d, P. McLane's Russian poodle Joe and Siberian bloodhound Rip.

FIELD TRIAL SCENES.—At the recent meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club at High Point, Mr. J. T. Walker secured over a hundred different instantaneous views of the different groups of men and dogs. We are pleased to learn from him that he has been very successful in developing the plates and that we shall soon have a splendid series of Field Trial scenes.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

THE seventh annual field trials of the National Field Trials Club commenced here to-day, with twenty starters in the All-Aged Stake. There was an unusually large attendance of sportsmen from a distance, many coming who had not attended previous trials. The judges selected were Messrs. Joseph H. Dew, of Columbia, Tenn., F. I. Stone, of Chattanooga, Tenn., E. C. Sterling, of St. Louis, Mo., and E. F. Stoddard, of Dayton, O. Messrs. Sterling and Stoddard were not present, and Mr. W. A. Coster was chosen to act in both All-Aged and Derby stakes.

Monday the day was clear and cold in the morning, with a raw wind blowing from the east. In the afternoon the sun shone pleasantly and there was not quite so much wind.

BADEN BADEN AND MAINSPRING.

The first brace down was Baden Baden, a liver, white and tan English setter dog (Lincoln—Blaze), handled by Ellison, and J. F. Perkins' liver and white pointer dog Mainspring (Mike—Romp), handled by Capt. McMurdo. They were cast off in the open at 8:35. Both dogs showed fair style. Going into a plat of sedge grass Mainspring false pointed. Moving on to order across some corn and into the woods he again came to a point, and was backed by Baden Baden. Going on, Baden Baden pointed a single bird. Then Mainspring whirled to a point and was backed by Baden Baden. McMurdo killed, and the bird was well retrieved by Mainspring. Then in a brier patch Baden pointed and was backed by Mainspring. Going into the woods Baden pointed again. The handlers and dogs then got separated. Baden pointed and Ellison shot, but failed to kill. Then Baden pointed again, and held his point for some time for the judges to come up, and when his handler was allowed to put up the bird it did not materialize. The dogs were then ordered up and the heat given to Baden at 9:30. Down fifty-five minutes.

BELLE OF PIEDMONT AND LILLIAN.

At 9:35 Mr. Edward Dexter's black, white and tan English setter bitch Belle of Piedmont (Dashing Rover—Ranee), handled by Capt. McMurdo, and P. H. & D. Bryson's black, white and tan English setter bitch Lillian (Gladstone—Sue), handled by Short, were put down in an open field. Both went away at a slashing gait. After drawing the field blank, at the edge of the wood a bevy flushed wild. In the woods Belle false pointed. Going on the judges flushed a bevy, and the dogs were sent on, and Belle pointed and was handsomely backed by Lillian. A little further on Belle made a false point, then a point on a single bird. Going into a wood Lillian pointed in a brier thicket. Short flushed and killed. To order, Lillian retrieved the bird in good style. In the same wood Belle pointed. Then in the open Lillian came to a point on a single bird. Soon after she pointed again. Then Belle came to a point, followed by a point by Lillian. Short flushed, shot and killed, and the bird was retrieved by Lillian in splendid style. The dogs were then taken up, and after the judges had consulted they were ordered on again. A large field was drawn blank. Going into a glade Lillian pointed. Then in the woods she pointed again, but the birds could not be flushed; but five birds were afterward gotten up by spectators from near the same place. In the woods beyond Belle pointed. They were then ordered up, and Belle to be allowed opportunity to retrieve before awarding her the heat. Taken up at 11:50. Down two hours and fifteen minutes.

COUNT NUTT AND JUNO A.

Dr. Edward von Dunhoff's red Irish setter Count Nutt (Rob—Babe), handled by owner, and Memphis & Avent Kennels' black and white English setter bitch Juno A. (Druid—Ruby), handled by Avent, were cast off in sedge grass at 11:55. Juno showed the better pace and style. They drew south through the sedge into a cornfield, then swung round toward the east and then north, the wind blowing strongly across the field. Going on, Juno was lost and when found was pointing a bevy in a plum thicket. Avent flushed the bevy and winged a bird which got away in the thicket. Count then flushed a bird and Juno followed suit. Then she dropped on a single bird, which was flushed and killed by Avent and retrieved *secundem artem* by Juno. She then pointed again, the bird was flushed, but not shot at. The brace was ordered up at 12:20 and Juno A. wins the heat. Down twenty-five minutes.

Belle of Piedmont was then put down to be allowed an opportunity of retrieving. Bird found, flushed and missed by handler. Then another was missed twice. Short then tried his hand a couple of times without getting a feather. A bird was then thrown, a gun fired, and the bitch allowed to retrieve, which she did in good form and won her heat.

QUEEN BESS AND REBEL WIND'EM.

An adjournment was then made for lunch, after which the English setter bitch Queen Bess (Gladstone—Donna J.), handled by Nesbit, and Memphis & Avent Kennels' black and white English setter Rebel Wind'em (Count Wind'em—Norah), handled by Avent, were cast off in a cotton field at 1:15. Rebel was imported by Mr. J. C. Higgins. He is still a little lame by reason of having one of his toes broken, and has been able for the past six weeks to do but little work. He is a grand dog; a nice, smooth, easy goer; quarters and ranges well; is staunch on his points, prompt and obedient. The bitch is nice, moderately fast and stylish. They got away in good shape, and soon after starting Rebel made a point, but moved on, and Avent coming up, flushed a large, scattered bevy behind the dog. The birds were marked down near a garden and the dogs sent on. Coming up, both dogs flushed. Rebel then pointed a bird through a thick bois d'arc hedge, the bird was flushed, but could not be shot at. He then pointed another bird through the same hedge. Bess then pointed a single bird, which was shot by Nesbit. The bird fell near Rebel and both dogs broke shot and made a run for it. The dogs were then put into a garden in short grass, where Rebel flushed down wind and then made another flush with the wind in his favor. Going into the woods, he found and pointed a bevy, and was backed by the bitch in grand form. The birds flushed before the handlers got up and were not shot at. They flew over a hill and could not be marked down, and were not found again. A cornfield and strip of woods were then drawn blank, and in a field beyond Avent walked up a large bevy in a strip of crab grass. The birds went down in some thick switch cane and briers along a ditch, where a single bird was pointed by Rebel, the bitch backing him. He pointed soon after in sedge grass on the edge of cane, where Avent shot and killed, but the bird could not be retrieved from the thick brush. The dogs were then ordered up at 2.15 and Rebel Wind'em declared the winner. Down one hour.

GLADSTONE'S BOY AND BOB GATES.

The next brace down was Dr. Ware's black, white and tan English setter dog Gladstone's Boy (Gladstone—Sue), handled by Tucker, and B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan English setter dog Bob Gates (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie), handled by owner. At 2:20 they were sent away in a cornfield. They both got off at a rattling pace, which hurried up everybody. In speed and style they were pretty evenly matched. They ranged well and drew the field blank. In some sedge grass on a hill beyond the field both dogs came to a point on a bevy, which flushed wild, and was not shot at. Bob going on, pointed a single bird, which was not shot at. Ordered on he pointed again. Stephenson flushed the bird but failed to kill. Then the Boy whirled to a point in the leaves. Tucker killed, and to order the bird was retrieved in splendid style. Going down to the edge of a hollow Bob made a magnificent point, tail up and head turned to one side. The Boy backing him from the front in grand form. It was one of the very best points made so far, and the attitudes of both dogs were so striking that an artist, Mr. E. A. Watrous, came up and made a pencil sketch of the dogs. The dogs were held so long for the artist that when Stephenson was ordered to flush the bird it could not be found. A little beyond the Boy came to a point, but Tucker failed to kick up a bird. On the edge of a field a little further on both dogs pointed down cotton rows ten or fifteen yards apart. Stephenson shot and missed. The judges gave the Boy a flush. As I saw it one bird hopped up after he had established his point, and dropped down again a few yards off. Then Bob pointed but the bird could not be got up, although one flushed near the same spot a few minutes afterward. Then on the edge of a wide gully the Boy made a splendid point; the bird was flushed but not shot at. A long draw was then made through a cotton and cornfield, and in a strip of sedge grass the Boy found and pointed a bevy; Bob dropped to the same birds a moment afterward. Merriman shot for Stephenson and missed. Tucker also failed to kill. Bob then pointed a single bird and Merriman again scored a goose egg. Crossing a ditch the Boy pointed again, the bird was flushed but not shot at. Bob then picked up a point. The Boy then pointed on the edge of a ditch. Tucker flushed three birds but did not shoot. The judges then ordered the brace up at 3:30. Down one hour and ten minutes. After consultation they ordered the dogs down again at 3:45. They got off as fresh as larks, and in five minutes Bob had pinned a bevy in the edge of a sorghum patch, the Boy coming up backed him in good style. The birds were flushed and missed by Tucker. Ordered on Bob got a point on a single bird. They were then ordered up and Bob Gates declared winner of the heat. Down last time fifteen minutes; in all one hour and twenty-five minutes. Taking into consideration the age of Bob Gates, who is a Derby entry, this was one of the very finest heats in the history of field trials.

BESSIE A. AND GUS BONDHU.

Bessie A., a lemon and white English setter bitch (Dashing Lion—Armida), handled by Avent, and Gus Bondhu, black and white English setter dog (Dashing Bondhu—Novel), handled by Tucker, were cast off after the previous brace were taken up, at 4 o'clock. They drew a cornfield, a large stubble and some woods blank. They were then put over a wire fence in a meadow and woodland, where Bessie soon found two bevies. Avent flushed and killed, and to order Bessie retrieved nicely. Gus then pointed a single bird and was backed by Bessie in good style. Night coming on they were taken up at 5 o'clock to be put down next day.

Friday it was cloudy with high wind from the southeast, with occasional dashes of rain. The same brace was put down on the Hunt farm, four miles north of town, at 9 o'clock in the edge of a sedge field. The spectators immediately flushed a large bevy, which settled on a hillside in scrub oaks. Going after these Gus flushed the whole lot down wind. They flew into a sedge field where Gus soon scored a point on a bird, followed by another, followed by one for Bessie, who soon dropped on another. Avent flushed, but failed to kill. Then Gus got a point and Tucker missed his bird. Going on in the grass Bessie scored a point, Avent flushed the bird and fired his gun into the air. Going into some bushes, Gus got a point from which Tucker kicked up three birds, but did not shoot. In the edge of some brush Bessie pointed a bird that was flushed, but not shot at. The dogs were then ordered up at 9:25 and Gus Bondhu declared the winner. Down twenty-five minutes. A dash of rain came on at the finish and the crowd took refuge in a cabin.

LADY C. AND SPORTSMAN.

At 9:40 B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan English setter bitch Lady C. (Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie), handled by owner, and Major Murnan's black, white and tan English setter dog Sportsman (Gladstone—Sue), handled by Tucker, were cast off in an open field. Both went away at a good pace through the sedge grass. Lady C. soon disappeared and when found was down flat on a point. The birds were flushed and Stephenson failed to kill. They went down on a hillside in the sedge where Sportsman found and pointed a single bird and was backed by Lady. Going on Lady pointed a bird, then Sportsman scored a flush. Going back into a cornfield the dogs got out of sight, and when found both were down on a point. Tucker flushed the bevy, shot and killed, and the bird was retrieved by Sportsman in fine style. The scattered birds went down in the scrub oaks, where Lady picked up two points in quick succession and Sportsman got one. Going out into the sedge Sportsman pointed another bird that was flushed but not shot at. In briers Sportsman drew to a point backed by Lady C. in grand form, but Tucker failed to get up a bird before him. Then Lady made a point in some brush and was backed by Sportsman. Then he scored another point in some weeds and grass. Going on Sportsman pointed a bevy in sedge grass. The birds were flushed but not shot at. They then went down over a wide gully, impassable for horses, and the judges went across on foot. In the sedge Lady pointed a single. Then Sportsman false pointed. Coming back Lady flushed a single bird and dropped to wing; then on the edge of a pond she pointed a single bird and was backed by Sportsman. The bird was flushed but not shot at. Going on in the grass she whirled on a sudden point, her handler flushed and shot the bird, which she retrieved in splendid style. They were then ordered up at 11:10. Down one hour and thirty minutes. After consultation the judges ordered them down again. They got away as before, the bitch going a little faster than the dog. A large bevy was flushed by the judges in a locust thicket and marked down in the sedge grass along the border of a swale. Sent into the grass Lady dropped on a single bird and dropped to wing; Moving on through the brush and weeds Sportsman made a point. The bird was flushed but not shot at. Then Lady, a little further on, dropped to a point, the bird getting up several seconds after she had established her position and was down, flat and motionless. The judges did not allow her this point, but she was certainly entitled to it. The brace was then ordered up and Lady C. declared the winner. Down the last time thirty minutes.

RICHMOND AND GATH'S MARK.

Mr. Macklin's black, white and tan English setter dog Gath's Mark (Gath—Gem) handled by Tucker, and J. E. Gill's lemon and white pointer dog Richmond (Don—Beulah), handled by Short, were cast off in the sedge at 11:55. They got away in fair style, the setter having a little the advantage in speed. In the edge of some high grass Richmond drew to a stylish point, and was handsomely backed by Gath's Mark. Short flushed the bevy and fired both barrels but failed to kill. Both dogs were steady. Ordered on Richmond soon pointed again. Short flushed three birds from before him, two of which he knocked down and Richmond retrieved each bird in good style. Going on into some low, thick grass, Gath's Mark flushed a bird. Then he made an undecided point on a bird that flushed some distance ahead of him. He then, in the edge of some woods, drew to a point, but no birds could be flushed before him, although he alternately drew and pointed all around for five minutes. Going around outside the woods a large bevy was flushed by a spectator. Part of them went into some hog-weeds along a ditch. Here Richmond ran up one, and then Gath's Mark pointed, Tucker flushed, killed and the bird was well retrieved. Going on, Gath's Mark pinned another single which was flushed but not shot at. In the edge of the woods Richmond came on and pointed part of the same bevy. Short shot and missed. Then each dog got a point on single birds. The dogs were then ordered up at 12:50 and Gath's Mark awarded the heat. Down fifty-five minutes. Recess was then taken for lunch.

TRINKET'S BANG AND AMERICAN DAN.

At 1:10 Mr. Titterington's liver and white pointer dog Trinket's Bang (Croxteth—Trinket), handled by Nesbit, and Mr. House's white and tan English setter dog American Dan (Lincoln—Daisy Dean), handled by Short, were put down in a cotton field. Dan was but a shadow of his former self and

seemed hardly able to go. But he was like a singed cat—much better than he looked—and after he got limbered up did some pretty fair work. Trinket's Bang got away at a rattling lick, and in about a minute was clear away on the other side of the cotton field. Then the dogs were swung round into the woods, where Dan soon stiffened on a point, that is, if he could get any stiffer than he already was. Short shot and killed and to order the bird was retrieved in good style. Then Trinket's Bang got a good point in the leaves, but Nesbit failed to get the bird. Ordered on. Dan soon pinned another, which was not shot at. Then Bang whirled to a point. A little beyond Dan pointed. Short shot and killed and Dan again retrieved well. Going down wind, Bang flushed a single bird in the leaves. Then Dan pointed near the same place, the bird was flushed, but not shot at. Passing near a fallen tree, Bang pointed, and Nesbit, after considerable thrashing around, kicked the bird out from under a log. Going on, Dan pointed near a brush fence. Three birds got up, but were not shot at. The woods seemed full of them, for in about ten seconds Dan pointed again. Short flushed, shot and missed. Then Bang pointed. Nesbit shot and killed and the bird was handsomely retrieved. Then each dog scored a point. Going into the open, Dan pointed a hare and was backed by Bang. A bevy flushed by the handlers went down in some low, thick weeds and grass. By this time the wind had increased and was blowing quite hard. Going into the corn, Bang pointed and was backed by Dan in good form. The bird was flushed, but not shot at. Then Dan pointed, but did not locate his bird, which was flushed behind him. He then made a flush, and they were ordered up at 2:20. Down one hour and ten minutes. After consultation the judges decided the heat in favor of Trinket's Bang. Just as the heat was ended the rain commenced falling. After it ceased the next brace was called.

RODERIGO AND DORA.

At 3 o'clock the Memphis and Avent Kennels' black, white and tan English setter dog Roderigo (Count Noble—Twin Maud), handled by Avent, and Mr. O'Riley's red Irish setter bitch Dora (Box—Rowena) handled by Von Donhoff, were cast off in a cornfield. Roderigo went away at a terrible pace, far out-speeding any dog previously down. He has splendid style, both in action and on his points. The little bitch, though no slouch herself, was simply nowhere. In some sedge grass under a fallen treetop Roderigo drew to a grand point and was backed by the bitch in good form. Here Avent flushed a big bevy and at the same time a hare, which Roderigo wanted. On a hill beyond he pointed a single bird, but was not steady under the gun. Then he made a false point and was backed by the bitch. Crossing a lane into another field he made a splendid point, standing in the bottom of a gully, the wind blowing a gale. The bevy flushed wild and were not shot at. Going on up the hill he pointed another bevy in the sedge grass. Then he got in a point on a single bird. A little further on he drew on and pointed a part of a bevy. The brace was then ordered up at 4 o'clock. Down one hour. Roderigo wins the heat. This ended the first series with the following result:

First Series.

Baden Baden beat Mainspring.
Belle of Piedmont beat Lillian.
Juno A. beat Count Nutt.
Rebel Wind'em beat Queen Bess.
Bob Gates beat Gladstone's Boy.
Gus Bondhu beat Bessie A.
Lady C. beat Sportsman.
Gath's Mark beat Richmond.
Trinket's Bang beat American Dan.
Roderigo beat Dora.

Second Series.

BADEN BADEN AND BELLE OF PIEDMONT.

Baden Baden and Belle of Piedmont were cast off in the sedge grass where the last brace were taken up at 4:05. The bitch got away in good style and had the heels of the dog; she soon made a point in the grass but the bird got up wild and was not shot at. In about two seconds she pinned another, which was snapped at by her handler. Going on she dropped on another point, and was backed in good form by Baden. McMurdo flushed and killed, and to order she retrieved the bird in splendid style. Going out of sight over the hill she was found on a staunch point near a gin house, with her nose almost on the bird, with Baden backing; the bird was killed and retrieved. It was wonderful how she pointed it down wind in such a gale. Going down into some thick sedge grass she whirled to another point on a bird. McMurdo's gun failed to fire. They then drew the side of the hill and Baden located a bird after the bitch had first got the wind of it. Then over the hill they were found on point, facing each other, and the birds were flushed behind them. They were then ordered up at 5 o'clock, to go down again next day. Down one hour.

Wednesday it was cold with the wind from the west. The same brace was sent away at 8:40 in a field. Belle soon pointed in some woods a large bevy, Baden backing. Baden then ran into some scattered birds and stopped. They got up on all sides. Going into grass he roaded a bird to a point, then in a cotton field both ran past a bevy which flushed wild, then in some oak woods Baden pointed and Belle backed. Ellison flushed but did not shoot. Then Baden got in another point. Going on both pointed and the birds flushed behind them. Then Belle dropped on a point. McMurdo flushed but did not shoot. Going on each dog got a separate point. McMurdo flushed the bird before Belle. She was steady to wing. Then Baden pointed and the bird flushed wild. Then Belle got a point, the bird was flushed and killed, and to order was well retrieved. Going on each backed the other. Ordered on Baden pointed a hare and was backed by Belle, both were steady to fur. Further on Baden pointed a bevy, they were flushed but not shot at. Both dropped to wing. Then ordered up at 10:15 and the heat awarded to Baden Baden. Down one hour and twenty-five minutes.

BOB GATES AND JUNO A.

Bob Gates and Juno A. were cast off in grass at 10:20. They got away in good style, Bob the faster of the two. Juno soon pointed in some woods, but the birds flushed wild. Going on she ran up a brace in the grass. She then pointed and was backed by Bob. The bird was killed and retrieved by Juno. Then each got a separate point on single birds. Going into some grass Juno flushed a bird. Then Bob pointed and Juno backed, but Stephenson failed to get up a bird. Then in a thicket he false pointed. Going on he scored a point and was backed by Juno. Stephenson failed to kill. Both steady to gun and wing. Following the birds Juno pointed and then flushed, and Bob picked up three points in quick succession. They were then ordered up at 11 o'clock and Bob Gates awarded the heat. Down forty minutes.

REBEL WIND'EM AND GUS BONDHU.

At 11:20 Rebel Wind'em and Gus Bondhu were sent off in a cornfield. In a thicket beyond Gus flushed and stopped. Wind'em coming up ran into the rest. Then Wind'em pointed a hare and Gus backed. In a thicket Gus pointed a bird that was flushed and missed. Gus then false pointed three times. Then in grass he flushed a bird, and near by Wind'em false pointed and was backed by Gus. At the edge of some grass he false pointed again. Near the woods the spectators flushed a bevy while Wind'em was drawing on them. In some woods Gus pointed a single bird and then a bevy. Tucker killed and to order Gus retrieved. Then in a thicket Wind'em flushed, and near by Gus pointed and was backed by the other dog. The bird was killed and retrieved by Gus. Then each dog made a false point in succession and was backed by the other. They were then taken up at 12:25 and Gus Bondhu awarded the heat. Down one hour.

LADY C. AND GATH'S MARK.

Lady C. and Gath's Mark were put down in a cotton field at 12:30. At the edge of some woods Lady pointed and Mark backed. The birds were flushed but not shot at. They flew to the woods, where Lady pointed and was backed by Mark. Going on she pointed again. The bird was killed and retrieved well by Lady. Then Mark wheeled to a fine point. The bird was flushed but not shot at. In the open Mark pointed false and Lady backed. Then in the woods Mark pointed. The bird was flushed and shot, and well retrieved by Mark. Lady then false pointed and was backed by Mark. Casting toward the open the judges flushed two birds. Then Mark false pointed and Lady backed him. Going on she ran up a bird and dropped to wing. Near the edge of the woods Lady made game. Mark coming up, both ran into the brush and were found pointing; the bevy had flushed near by. Then on a hill Lady flushed and dropped to wing. She then pointed, but Stephenson failed to get up a bird before her. They were taken up for lunch at 1:40. After lunch they were cast off in a cotton field. They went into some woods, where Lady made a long point on a bevy. The birds were flushed but not shot at. Going on, Lady false pointed and was backed by Mark. Then in some grass Mark made two false points. Further on Lady C. was found dropped where a bevy had got up, but it could not be told whether she had flushed or not. Going on each got a point. Then a bevy flushed wild as both dogs were drawing on them. Then across a hollow each dropped to points. Both moved on and Mark cast from his point, and Lady, coming up, pointed, but the birds flushed wild. Following them Lady pointed, when they again flushed wild. Then near a ditch both pointed, Lady on back trail. She cast off and pointed again. The birds were flushed but not shot at. Mark moved up and pointed again, but the birds flushed wild and he dropped to wing. They were then ordered up at 3 o'clock and Gath's Mark awarded the heat. Down two hours and thirty minutes.

RODERIGO AND TRINKET'S BANG.

At 3:10 Roderigo and Trinket's Bang were cast off in a cotton field. They got away at a gait which put everything on a run, and in about ten seconds Roderigo was out of sight. When seen again he was drawing on a bevy, which he located and held his point until Avent got up. The birds were flushed, one killed and well retrieved. But the point was not allowed, as the other dog was taken up while Roderigo was looked up. Going into corn he pointed another bevy. The birds were flushed but not shot at. They flew into some woods. Following them in the dogs picked up point after point in quick succession, Trinket's Bang scoring five points and Roderigo four. Nesbit killed one bird over Bang, which was well retrieved. Going into the open both dogs got a point on single birds. Then Roderigo picked up two points in quick succession. The birds were not shot at. They were then ordered up at 3:50 and the heat awarded to Roderigo. Down forty minutes. This finished the second series. Following is the result:

Second Series.

Baden Baden beat Belle of Piedmont.
Bob Gates beat Juno A.
Gus Bondhu beat Rebel Wind 'em.
Gath's Mark beat Lady C.
Roderigo beat Trinket's Bang.

Third Series.

BOB GATES AND BADEN BADEN

were put down at 3:55 in the grass field where the other brace was taken up. Baden Baden soon pointed and Bob backed. Ellison flushed and killed and to order Baden retrieved well. Both dogs were a little unsteady to gun. Then in some woods Bob pointed a single bird which flushed wild. Baden then pointed on a back trail and was backed by Bob. Then Baden cast off and Bob flushed the bird. Moving on Baden false pointed. Further on Bob made a grand point on a bevy. Stephenson shot and missed. Then Bob pointed a single bird. Going on a few feet Baden pointed a bevy, and soon after Bob ran up a single bird. He then pointed and was backed by Baden. Going into some rag weeds Baden pointed and then moved on up wind and flushed a bevy. Going on the dogs both pointed from opposite sides of a brier thicket. The birds flushed wild and the point was given to Baden. Following them Baden pointed, then cast off and flushed. Going into some woods Bob stopped on a false point. Further on Baden false pointed and was backed by Bob. They were then taken up at 5 o'clock and Bob Gates declared winner of the heat. Down one hour and five minutes.

RODERIGO AND GUS BONDHU.

Thursday was cold with occasional clouds in the morning; the afternoon was clear. Roderigo and Gus Bondhu were put down near some woods at 9:05. They got off at a good pace, Roderigo the faster. Following a bevy flushed by spectators into some corn, Roderigo got the first point on a bird and Gus backed. Avent shot and winged the bird and Roderigo retrieved it well. Cast into a thicket, he again pointed a bird that was flushed, but not shot at. Then Roderigo was lost sight of and when viewed was pointing a rabbit. Beyond a thicket Gus pointed a bevy and Roderigo backed him. Tucker flushed, shot twice and killed a bird which was not retrieved. The birds were followed and Roderigo lost sight of again and when found was pointing in an oak thicket. Avent failed to flush a bird in front of him. Then in the edge of a cornfield he pointed again. Moved on, roaded a short distance and pointed and a bevy was flushed, but not shot at. Following them over a hill he pointed, then moved on and flushed the bird. Gus coming up pointed a bird that was flushed but not shot at. Roderigo pointed and then Gus got a point. Tucker flushed and shot twice, but failed to kill. Going into a woods after birds flushed by the judges, Roderigo false pointed. He then pointed a bird in a brush pile. Moving on he pointed again and was backed by Gus. They were then ordered up at 10 o'clock and the heat awarded to Roderigo. Down fifty-five minutes. This finished the third series with the following result:

Bob Gates beat Baden Baden.
Roderigo beat Gus Bondhu.
Gath's Mark a bye.

Fourth Series.

BOB GATES AND GATH'S MARK.

This brace was sent away in the open at 10:15. They both showed good style and speed. Going beyond a hill, Bob flushed a rabbit and both dogs dropped to order. Bob then pointed and Mark backed. Moving on, he located the birds and Mark backed again. Stephenson flushed the bevy and killed two birds with one barrel. Bob retrieved them both in good style. Further up the hill he pointed a bevy which flushed wild. Swinging down the hill, each dog pointed at the same time on single birds. Then in some woods Mark false pointed. He then flushed a single bird. Bob then pointed and Mark flushed. Then in quick succession each dog picked up three points. Moving on Mark pointed again. The bird was killed and to order well retrieved. Going on Mark made another point. Then Bob false pointed, just to break the monotony of the thing. He then pointed twice again. Pointed, moved on and false pointed. Gath's Mark then pointed a hare and was steady to fur. He followed with two false points, and Bob got in a point on a single bird. Going on, Mark stiffened again on a hare. Then Bob pointed a single bird and Mark false pointed. Bob then pointed where a bird had just been flushed. Running down wind he then flushed a bird. Then Mark flushed and dropped to wing. They were then ordered up at 1:45. Bob Gates declared winner. Down one hour and thirty minutes. This ended the fourth series. Following is the result:

Fourth Series.

Bob Gates beat Gath's Mark.
Roderigo a bye.

Final Tie for First Place.

BOB GATES AND RODERIGO.

This was the final heat for first place. After giving Bob Gates twenty minutes rest he and Roderigo were cast off in sedge grass. Both went well, Roderigo being the faster and ranging wider. Roderigo made a magnificent false point in the road, curled up like a capital C. Going on he pointed a hare. Then in a thicket Bob, not to be outdone, stiffened also on a bunny. He then pointed a bevy. They ran, and he did some fine roading and located them in elegant style. Stephenson killed and the bird was well retrieved. Roderigo then flushed a bevy, which flew into sedge grass. Following them Bob flushed and then got a point on a single bird. Roderigo flushed a bird, and soon after pointed. Bob got a point at the same time. They were then ordered up for lunch at 1:05, and cast off again at 1:45. Both soon pointed. Bob was a little unsteady to wing and gun. A bird was killed, and to order he retrieved well. He then flushed, and a moment after pointed a single bird. Roderigo pointed, and going on flushed and dropped to wing. Both then false pointed, and further on pointed where a bevy had just been flushed. Taken into sedge grass after the scattered birds, Roderigo pointed and Bob backed. Moving on both pointed. The birds were flushed but not shot at. Roderigo then got another point, and the brace was ordered up at 2:20, and Roderigo declared winner of the heat and first place.

Ties for Second Place.

TRINKET'S BANG AND GUS BONDHU

were then put down to see which should run against Bob Gates for second place. They were cast off in a cornfield at 2:30. In speed and style they were pretty evenly matched. Gus soon scored a point and was backed in good style by Bang. Tucker flushed the bevy and failed to kill. Going into some woods Gus pointed. The bird was killed and retrieved well. Going on Gus pointed again and was backed by Bang. The bird was flushed but not shot at. Both were steady to wing. Casting off through grass Gus flushed and then false pointed. Moving on he pointed a single bird and then false pointed. Bang followed suit on false point and flush. He then made a fine and stylish point. Gus then pointed where a bird had been flushed. He then pointed a single bird. Bang then pointed a bevy. Following them Gus pointed a single bird that Nesbit flushed, shot and killed, and Bang, after some seeking, retrieved well. The dogs were then ordered up at 3:05 and the heat decided in favor of Gus Bondhu.

Final Tie for Second Place.

BOB GATES AND GUS BONDHU.

This brace was put down to run for second place. They swung around the side of the hill where the last brace ran and Bob soon pointed, but was urged on by his handler, and the judges coming up flushed birds near where he had pointed. Out from the woods in thick weeds Gus pointed a stink bird. Then in weeds Bob pointed. Stephenson shot and missed. Both dogs were steady to shot and wing. Going on Bob ran up a single bird and then pointed. The bird was flushed but not shot at. He then flushed a bird, and soon after in grass he pointed footscent and then moved on and roaded to a point. Stephenson shot and missed, Bob steady to wing and gun. He then false pointed. Gus near a ditch in some grass pointed a single bird and was backed by Bob in grand form. Tucker shot and killed and to order Gus retrieved in good style. Going along the ditch Bob pointed. Stephenson flushed, shot and killed and Bob retrieved well. Gus then pointed. The bird was flushed but not shot at. Further on the handlers flushed five birds which flew into the woods. Following them Bob pointed a bird that was flushed but not shot at. Gus then false pointed. Working west Gus pointed in a plum thicket and was backed by Bob. The birds were flushed but not shot at. Bob then pointed. Going on Gus picked up two points in quick succession followed by a false point. Bob then ran up a bird and soon after pointed. Stephenson flushed the bird and Bob was a little unsteady. Gus then pointed and the bird was flushed but not shot at. Going on both dogs ran into a bevy. Then they flushed a bird between them. In sedge grass each dog got a point. Then Gus flushed a bird, and soon after pointed. They were then ordered up at 4:30, and Gus Bondhu was awarded the heat and declared winner of second place.

Final Tie for Third Prize.

BOB GATES AND TRINKET'S BANG.

This brace was called up to run for third place, but they agreed to divide, and the All-Aged Stake was finished.

Following is a complete

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Baden Baden beat Mainspring.
Belle of Piedmont beat Lillian.
Juno A. beat Count Nutt.
Rebel Wind'em beat Queen Bess.
Bob Gates beat Gladstone's Boy.
Gus Bondhu beat Bessie A.
Lady C. beat Sportsman.
Gath's Mark beat Richmond.
Trinket's Bang beat American Dan.
Roderigo beat Dora.

Second Series.

Baden Baden beat Belle of Piedmont.
Bob Gates beat Juno A.
Gus Bondhu beat Rebel Wind'em.
Gath's Mark beat Lady C.
Roderigo beat Trinket's Bang.

Third Series.

Bob Gates beat Baden Baden.
Roderigo beat Gus Bondhu.
Gath's Mark a bye.

Fourth Series.

Bob Gates beat Gath's Mark.
Roderigo a bye.

Final Tie for First Place.

Roderigo beat Bob Gates and won first place.

Ties for Second Place.

Gus Bondhu beat Trinket's Bang.

Final Tie for Second Place.

Gus Bondhu beat Bob Gates and won second place.

Final Tie for Third Place.

Bob Gates and Trinket's Bang divide third prize.

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Dec. 7.

THE DERBY.

[*Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.*]

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Dec. 15.

The Derby was finished to-day at sunset. There was a lot of very good work done, many of the heats being hotly contested. Twenty-three of the eighty nominations filled their entries. They were drawn and run as follows:

First Series.

SAM STERRETT (S. S. McCuen)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette)

beat

JOE NOBLE (Memphis and Avent Kennels)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, Feb. 27 (Count Noble—Countess A.).

KING SHOT (Chas. Whealen)—Liver and white pointer dog, July 24 (Meteor—Diana)

beat

PEGJIM (N. Rowe)—Blue belton English setter dog, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

NORTIER (W. B. Gates)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep)
beat
GATHLIT (J. S. Hudson)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, June 20 (Gath—Lit).

GATH'S HOPE (R. M. Dudley)—Lemon and white English dog, May 23 (Gat — em)
beat
MAUD D. (Dr. K. D. Davis)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

BOB GATES (B. M. Stephenson)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 22 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie)
beat
CANADA PEG (Memphis and Avent Kennels)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

PEGFLY (N. Rowe)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg)
beat
LOGAN (J. M. Avent)—Orange and white English setter dog, June (Lightning—Kate).

NANNIE S. (Dr. G. G. Ware)—Black and white English setter bitch, April 13 (Dashing Berwyn—Juno A.),
beat
BON SELENE (J. W. Renfroe)—Black, white and tan English tter bitch, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal).

BEAUTY GLADSTONE (L. S. Colyar)—White, black and tan g.ish setter bitch, Aug. 21 (Gladstone's Boy—Dora Royal),
beat
TARQUIN (W. B. Gates)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, June 14 (Paul Gladstone—Bo-Peep).

NOBLE C. (W. J. Cannon)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, April 22 (Count Rapier—Belle of Hatchie),
beat
PAP SMIZER (Gus Sander)—Liver and white pointer dog, July 24 (Meteor—Diana).

CARLOTTA (W. H. Parsons)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, Jan. 1 (Lightning—Dora Royal),
beat
PEGBID (N. Rowe)—Blue belton English setter dog, May 2 (Cambridge—Marchioness Peg).

JACKSON (J. A. Ellison)—Orange and white English setter dog, May (Baden Baden— ——),
beat
MAGGIE GLADSTONE (A. P. Gillian)—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 26 (Gladstone—Lavalette).

GATH'S MARK (J. N. Maclin)—Black, white and tan English setter dog, May 23 (Gath—Gem) *a bye.*

Second Series.

Gath's Mark beat Nortier.
Gath's Hope beat Sam Sterrett.
Bob Gates beat Pegfly.
Nannie S. beat Beauty Gladstone.
Noble C. beat Carlotta.
Jackson a bye.

Third Series.

Gath's Mark beat Jackson.
Gath's Hope beat Bob Gates.
Nannie S. beat Noble C.

Fourth Series.

Gath's Hope beat Gath's Mark.
Nannie S. a bye.

Final Tie for First.

Gath's Hope beat Nannie S. and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Bob Gates beat Gath's Mark.

Final Tie for Second Place.

Bob Gates beat Nannie S. and won second prize.

Ties for Third Place.

Nannie S., Gath's Mark and Canada Peg divided third prize equally.

THE POINTER BITCH FANCY.— Stanton, Mich., Dec. 7. *Editor Forest and Stream:* As there has been some controversy lately in your columns regarding the pointer bitch Fancy, whose pedigree is a disputed question, I would like to make a little explanation. About the middle of last August I bought the bitch above referred to of Mr. C. E. Lewis, Suspension Bridge N. Y. (now of Collingwood Ont.) and received of him a pedigree stating that she was by Croxteth out of Royal Fan, but there was no date of birth given, and being very particular about everything connected with the pedigree of my dogs I commenced a correspondence with several parties to find out what I could about the bitch. Among the parties written to was Mr. Dilley, of Rosendale, Wis., whom I knew to be the owner of Royal Fan. Mr. Dilley replied saying the pedigree was fraudulent. I at once notified Mr. Lewis of what Mr. Dilley had said, and he seemed very much surprised and said if he could not establish the pedigree as given he would make good my loss. Having failed to make the pedigree satisfactoy Mr. Lewis has made satisfactory settlement with me, and in view of all that has been said in regard to the matter I think it is due Mr. Lewis to say that throughout the whole transaction he has treated me honorably and fairly, and as one sportsman should treat another. In conclusion I should say that all the parties concerned are strangers to me, and only my desire to see justice done prompts me to make this explanation.—W. J. PERCIVAL.

A FOX-TERRIER SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Fox-Terrier Club is negotiating with the poultry show people to effect arrangements for a fox-terrier show on Feb. 4, 5 and 6. It will be the first specialty show in this country. The proposed prize list is very liberal, and fifty terriers have been promised by members.—K.

THE BLACKSTONE KENNELS.—Mr. Fred E. Lewis, of Tarrytown, N. Y., has joined Messrs. C. Fred Crawford and W. Tallman as a member of the Blackstone Kennels. The kennels will remain under the supervision of Mr. Tallman, who has removed with the dogs to Tarrytown.

THE NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the New England Kennnel Club, held at their rooms Dec. 10, Mr. Edward A. Moseley was elected secretary, vice Mr. Jean Grosvenor, resigned.—EDWARD A. MOSELEY.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

A SUBSCRIBER, Atlantic City.—A setter of late has got very thin and is continually slobbering at the mouth. I give him plenty of food (mush and meat boiled together) and t keep him chained, but he does not get any fat upon him. I have been giving him sulphur but it does not seem to do him any good. Ans. Give five drops tincture belladonna, night and morning, and a two grain pill of the citrate of iron and strychnine three times daily nidden in a bit of meat. Keep his bowels in order. Report to us if you see no improvement under the treatment.

A. J. L., Southington, Conn.—My pup has broke out under his fore leg and a little under his belly. Ans. Have ointment made as follows: Sulphate of morphine 2 grains, powdered camphor 20 grains, balsam of Peru ½ ounce and zinc oxide ointment 2 ounces. Mix and apply not too freely night and morning.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—There was a fair attendance of riflemen at Walnut Hill to-day. The bad weather conditions made shooting difficult, and only a few scores were completed. On Wednesday next the range will be open for trap shooters. The association has opened a special military match. Following are the scores of the day:

Decimal Match.

W Charles	5	10	10	8	10	10	9	5	8	9—84
A C Adams	10	7	7	6	8	9	6	10	6	9—78
W H Oler	8	8	7	8	7	5	10	8	7	8—76
B G Warren	8	5	9	10	7	8	7	4	9	5—70
H Withington	3	5	6	5	7	3	8	4	5	8—54

Decimal Match Practice.

J Francis	9	10	10	5	6	10	4	10	9	8—81
J Duffer	7	7	6	10	9	6	10	3	9	4—76
J Missane	6	5	8	6	4	6	7	8	10	10—70
John Sharp (mil)	5	7	9	3	9	7	3	9	3	7—62
J Harris	7	10	8	1	8	9	8	5	2	2—60

Rest Match.

D L Chase	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10—99
S Wilder	8	9	10	9	10	9	8	10	10	10—93
S Winchester	9	10	9	9	10	10	8	10	7	10—92
Roberts	10	10	6	9	8	10	10	10	10	9—91

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

NYPANO RULES.—The quarterly meeting of the Nypano Union Shooting Club will be held at Falconer Crossing, 2 miles below Jamestown, N. Y., on Jan. 12, 13 and 14. Distance 40 rods, string measure. Parties using guns over 30lbs. as fired, will have added to their strings 1-10 of an inch for each pound. Parties using guns under 30lbs. will have deducted from the length of their strings 1-10 of an inch for each pound. Parties using any kind of rest that can be used successfully without holding the gun to their shoulder will have added to the length of their strings 10 per cent. Parties shooting from the shoulder shall have no attachment or device to prevent the free recoil of the gun to their shoulder. Parties using no stops or guide in front and nothing under the breech of their guns except their hands will be entitled to 10 per cent. deduction on the length of their strings. No contestant will be allowed to place in the field more than three flags, dodgers or streamers of any kind. All strings to be fired at two targets to be placed on the battery at the same time five shots at each target. Trial targets will be furnished also business targets if desired. After time is called parties will be allowed sixty minutes to fire their string of 10 shots. Targets, after being shot at are not to be handled by the contestants until after they are measured. In addition to all handicap and per cent. of heft of guns and mode of resting, 5 per cent. deduction will be made on the length of all strings made with breechloading guns. R. C. Rice, Warren, O.; H. F. Hart, Rochester, N. Y.; H. V. Perry, Jamestown, N. Y., committee

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 12.—The range of the Wellington Gun Club was thronged with lovers of the shot gun to-day, including a large number of students from Harvard. The various events resulted as follows: 1. Five blackbirds—Wardwell and Pond divided first. 2. Five pigeons—Curtis first. 3. Five blackbirds—Palmer and Shumway divided first. 4. Five pigeons—Palmer and Eddy divided first. 5. Five blackbirds—Stanton, Sanborn and Wardwell first. 6. Medal match—Swift took first medal with 9, Shumway second with 8, Pond third with 7. 7. Ten pigeons—Swift first. 8. Five blackbirds—Stanton and Shumway first. 9. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 10. Five blackbirds—Curtis and Pond first. 11. Five blackbirds—Shumway, Shaefer and Wardwell first. 12 Five pigeons—Snow first. At the shoot on the 17th inst. the Brockton and Wellington clubs will contest for the State glass ball badge.

ALGONQUIN GUN CLUB.—New York, Dec. 11, 1885.—Annual meeting of the club held Dec. 6, the officers elected for the following year were as follows: Robert Gordon, President; Joseph Hanna, Vice-President; Isaac Mayer, Secretary; Bennet Greig, Treasurer; Joseph Marcey, Corresponding Secretary. James Dunseith, B. Greig, J. Hanna, H. Griswold and J. Mayer were elected Trustees for 1886. The club roll has fifty-four active members, and the Treasurer's report very satisfactory. Glass-ball and clay-pigeon shoots will take place every Thursday on the club grounds at Weehawken, and several friendly matches with neighboring clubs are anticipated. The Algonquins are always glad to have their shooting friends visit them on meeting days. Boat leaves Weehawken ferry, foot of Forty-second street, at 12 o'clock M. and every forty minutes thereafter.—I. E. M. L.

STAUNTON, VA., GUN CLUB, Friday, Dec. 4.—In a match at 15 bats and 10 composition balls, the following score was made, 25 balls and bats: Ayres 22, Brown 20, Crouder 16, Cushing 13, Cochran 16, Cooke 21, Jones 13, McGuffin 13, Jamison 15, Wilson 12, Summersen 24, Whittle 20, Wayman 21, Bumgardner 20. Summersen won first prize, Ayres second, Wayman third, Cook fourth, Bumgarner fifth.—JACK.

JERSEY CITY.—The Jersey City Heights Gun Club have elected the following officers: Dr. A. H. Yerrington, President; A. Heritage, Secretary and Treasurer; Geo. B. Eaton and Wm. Hughes, Executive Committee.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

IV.

IN round numbers the cabin, outfit and a sail, purchased for $12, together with the new skiff mentioned, represented a total outlay of $150. Besides, a small bill of stores was laid in. It is always preferable to live off the fat of the land as you go along and not draw upon canned provisions any more than necessity requires. Fresh supplies are more nourishing and palatable, as well as only half as expensive. A stock of staples should, however, be kept on hand to bridge over intervals when nothing can be had from shore. Tastes differ as to what is essential. In the way of meat, smoked beef of a mild cure goes a long way. Bacon or a ham will also help out. A few cans of vegetables, first among them Boston baked beans, a box of pilot bread or hard tack, cheese, butter, sardines, mackerel, eggs, marmalade, figs and syrup, with spices, vinegar and coffee, comprise all that is wanted to live a week without communication with the land, and live like a fighting cock, too. For it must be remembered that the single hand sailor has to attend his boat all day in the open air and develop an appetite perfectly shocking to a landsman's ideas of propriety. Now, appetite is the best sauce in the world, and washes down the rudest elements of a meal with more gusto than a *menu* of dainties and intricate French problems set before the diner and winer on shore. The "high liver" knows not what good living is alongside the boat-sailer who brings an honest appetite to bear upon his gastronomic endeavors. Time and again have I munched a pocketful of hard tack with a relish not surpassed while partaking of the most elaborate banquet in many courses which artists in that line could devise to tickle a palate dulled by a succession of good things and nothing to incite it afresh.

The beginner invariably fits himself out with all manner of trash. Some would even take along paté de foi gras and ice cream. The old hand has long ago learned to shift with the primaries of nourishment, even to the exclusion of sugar, milk and butter. Yet with an appetite he enjoys what he has and thrives thereon all the better, for he has less trouble staring him in the face to keep his larder full, to prepare his meals, and then—to wash up! Thoroughly cooked food, and, above all, regularity, are the essentials to health. I believe the medical fraternity will sustain me in this. A meal partaken with a fierce appetite is worth a score languidly swallowed merely in routine. In full knowledge whereof I speak, let me counsel the very plainest of living, and the best ends of yacht cruising will be brought about. Health and vigor follow in natural sequence. They come without being sought. Nerves are quieted to a delightfully even tone and sleeplessness vanishes before the balm and soothing tonic of the salty air of the sea.

Yachting is still misunderstood by the great public, and not yet appreciated at its worth by the profession. If Esculapius of old could have indulged in a three-months' cruise afloat he would have handed down to his later disciples a mandate which would have superseded drugs and concoctions and brought relief in nervous affections and disorders springing from the digestive organs, such as no school of medicine has yet succeeded in offering to suffering humanity. Enervation and even lack of mental balance cannot long resist the assuaging ecstasy borne with the inspiration of bright, pure breezes richly laden with ozone, and merry, sparkling waters flashing into diadems of glistening white. Nor is nature in her more turbulent moods without a full meed of compensation to the patient pursuing health from close relationship with the mother from which physical well-being takes its source, without the intervention of stimulating artifice or professional formulæ occasionally akin to high class voodooism. After a rough day's contest with tumbling seas and gales whistling through the rigging, the yachting cure brings to bear the peace of a calm harbor manfully earned, and the sweets of honest slumber follow upon the harassed mind and tired limbs to restore capital to both next morn, compounding interest on spirit and muscular brawn to boot.

But it will be objected, the yachting cure is expensive.

To this I demur. In the words of the Germantown *Telegraph:* "There is yachting and yachting." And, so too, it is or it is not expensive. There is the large and costly vessel requiring a mint of money to run for a short season. With numerous crew and cumbersome to maneuver, she is got underway at great intervals and the owner dwindles away into little more than a passenger off for a few hours' outing. His interest is but passing. The burden is heavy. The yacht is a magnificent example of all that is grand and "palatial." But she fails to afford sufficient return upon the outlay and becomes simply an appendage to an "establishment," demanded by the competition of fashionable society. Such a yacht, such yachting, is costly in the extreme. And the owner tires of her quickly, sacrificing her for a song to unload a white elephant upon the next unfortunate about to plunge into similar experience. Spot there is little in vessels of size. Their yachting is but a fringe to the picture. *Real* yachting, if a hackneyed expression be allowed, must be sought for in small boats with gratifying results many times as great, at a tithe of the expense. Such yachting is not a costly amusement. It is a pastime if you wish. But it is manly, instructive, and highly beneficial in every respect. It is cheap. It is cheaper than staying at home. A few hundred as capital invested will furnish boat and appliances for ten years or more with trifling renovations. For less than you save in shore clothing alone you can house yourself in excellent floating quarters more suitable to the purposes of "real" yachting than a fortune spent upon a gilded monster of unwieldy proportions. In your small boat you can see much of the world, as I propose doing in the Coot. Living becomes so ridiculously cheap that your wash bill on shore will suffice to cover the account.

Here is the way we got along aboard the good ship Coot, and here is the balance sheet of expenses:

BREAKFAST AND DINNER

Meat, ½lb.—beefsteak, chops, sausage, etc	7c.
Potatoes—fried, baked, boiled	2c.
Onions, tomatoes, beets or stewed fruit	1½c.
Bread, one-fifth loaf, or rolls	2c.
Butter or syrup	½c.
Coffee, tea or cocoa	1c.
Mustard, pickles, spices	2c.
	16c.

One meal for 16 cents, or two for 32 cents, and 8 cents for crackers and cheese or other substitute for cold lunch, and we have a total expenditure of 40 cents per day, with a fearful appetite thrown in for nothing. But the provender has to be cooked. The oil stove of three 5in. wicks, cabin light, riding light, and heating cabin throughout the day and night, all consumed about 7 cents of astral oil per twenty-four hours. Add to this 3 cents for a weakness for the weed, to which the crew of the Coot regrets to state his partiality, and we have for board, lodging and the post-prandial coffee a sum total of just 50 cents per day, or $3.50 per week, or say $15 per month or $90 for six months. Such is the extravagance of yachting! What say you now? Is it expensive?

It is cheaper than staying at home!

The foregoing estimate is based upon supplies from shore. If you subsist on canned goods, the showing will not be as economical.

Life aboard the Coot soon crystallized into definite shape, though devoid of anything approaching to dull routine. No regulations of any sort were permitted to direct the tide of events. The Coot and her crew drifted along with the current, and sought not to buck against the easiest and most natural course of affairs. The angularity of shore customs was rubbed away smooth through force of surrounding conditions, until day and night revolved in even tenor with the least possible friction. Were I to detail the rapid emancipation from the ornate and superfluous elaborations of 'longshore civilization to the fundamental needs of existence afloat, I fear many would hold up their hands in horror at the primitive modes which ruled on the Coot. Yet circumstances alter cases. That which might be allied to barbarism with the exigencies and conveniences of urban culture in reach, becomes simplicity and worthy economy in time, and toilsome fuss away from contact with fashion. Freed from the vanities of keeping up an appearance, and weighing all niceties in costume, toilet and culinary service by the amount of work entailed, the lone cruiser speedily discards many superfluous complexities, and turns from the glittering polish and restraints of the ornamental side of life to its ruder but more tolerant face with a profound feeling of relief.

During the earlier days of the cruise, a bright looking-glass hung in a corner of the cabin. By its aid the Coot's crew would conscientiously part his hair in the middle every morn, particularly concerned about getting the part in the middle. Gradually the glass became obscured. The Coot's crew first reduced accuracy to a guess, and then became more or less indifferent as to whether the hair was parted in the middle or parted at all. After knocking about awhile, capillary adornments were allowed to take shape *au naturel.* Thenceforth the looking-glass was out of occupation. Similarly, all manner of preparations were gone through before turning in at night; as the weather grew colder, one garment after the other was, however, retained, till the crew discovered himself habitually turning in "all standing"! At first blankets were piously stretched out and tucked in, and various coats laid on with mathematical precision. All of this gave way in due course of events, as the useless fuss of an old maid ashore. The process of turning in was reduced to first principles. You felt drowsy, you blinked, you kicked off your shoes or slippers and fell over into the bunk in a heap, you pulled faintly at the bundle of blankets and clothing lying in a promiscuous pile, and that was all you knew till daylight streamed in at the windows. Simplicity itself, effective and all that a cruiser in good health need bother about. "But surely you slept in sheets and pillow-cases?" Nothing of the sort. They would have been a nuisance. Mattress and pillows were covered with light colored drilling. When it got dirty, once in a great while, the covers were sent ashore for a hasty washing. Turning out had like advantages. Yawn, turn over for a nap. Yawn again, sit up and look out the window to assure yourself of the boat's position, as you had promised yourself to do a dozen times through the night, but which sound sleep prevented. Poke legs over the center-board trunk and fish with your toes for the slippers. When they are hooked you are dressed and ready for breakfast. Contrast this plan, neat, speedy, and complete, with all the exasperating toil of building up in tiers from undershirt to frock coat, with cast iron bosoms, tin collars, sheet metal cuffs, narrow beam shoes, and skintight gloves, brain crushers, and tons of overcoats to choke and crush the life within.

"And how about washing?" Washing? Oh, yes, I have forgotten! It has been so long since—but you can wash if you want to. There are oceans of it all around you. Dip up a bucket full and fool away time to your heart's content. I used to do it. Now that I have grown more experienced—but I fear to reveal the truth, it might be too shocking. "Nessmuk" in his chatty little volume, "Woodcraft," has the courage of his convictions, when he pronounces against too much washing. I have not. Let the good reader suit his pleasure in this respect.

"Washing dishes must be a nuisance." So it is. But there are no dishes to wash. Had you said the dish, it would have been nearer the mark. One plate, one saucer, one cup, one knife, fork and spoon, are all the implements of war for a day's onslaught upon the larder. The pan, being "granite ware," requires cleaning not oftener than once in three weeks, if skillfully managed. Knife and fork are wiped in a towel. Cup is rinsed out with a few drops of fresh coffee as it is made, and the plate, it will serve for two meals in succession. In all these remarks to be enjoyed. And who could not clean one plate with a piece of newspaper? Dip it overboard, swab off with paper, dry with the towel, and the care of the pantry drops out of mind. Besides the pan, one empty tin for cooking various dishes. Pour out the liquids while still hot, and they become auto matic self cleaners. There are people so dainty that they cannot drink out of a glass rinsed in salt water. They will waste a pint of precious fluid from your breaker in scouring out before lifting the vessel to their lips. It is a case of sentiment and nothing else. Offer to the same people a freshly brought from shore glasses, one rinsed in salt, and the other in fresh water, and not one in a hundred can detect any difference. Domestic economy aboard a small craft demands that sentiment should be sunk out of sight, and sentiment, as

the reader will perceive, got no show in the Coot. We are creatures of habit, and judge everything by comparison. While fitting out in dreary November with leaden skies and blistering winds from northeast, it was a very cold and raw day when the thermometer indicated 50. After commission and sundry passages with the mercury down to freezing point, the fifties assumed an aspect quite tropical.

By the time the Coot had got caught with two reefs in the sail, a heavy snowfall obscuring the vision, and ice rapidly making, the mercury shrivelled to 32 was no longer dreaded, but welcomed as quite passable moderation in comparison. So it came to pass that the state of the thermometer no longer created alarm, and the probabilities of a cruise in midwinter did not deter the Coot from enjoying the prospects. As the frigid era advanced, the cold spells were prolonged and more intense. But seasoning to the atmosphere had likewise progressed in proportion. A warm breakfast fitted the crew to encounter the chilly blasts, and as the days were not long, a harbor sought in good time sent the frozen mariner below by sun down, to the welcome reception of a warm and snug cabin, to thaw and toast, followed by a hearty dinner, one pipe, and another followed by a third, and an evening of entertainment or leisure. Cruising in the cold which at one time seemed almost impracticable, lost its terrors and afforded just as good sport, and sometimes better, than drifting about under the sweltering sun of midsummer. When the anchor was lifted from the muddy bottom below Bordentown, on the Deleware, for example, the mercury indicated 21 degrees, but the sky was clear and the sun shone out bright. Unfortunately a light head wind and the flood tide brought the Coot again to her moorings two miles lower down. With a favorable wind a day's run of 30 to 40 miles could have been accomplished with the same ease as in warmer temperature. All this time no recourse was had to an overcoat, though underclothing and jerseys were doubled upon as a regular thing, and three pairs of stockings encased the slippered feet. At night, only half a blanket and an oil skin coat formed the covering, with one of the wicks turned down low in the oil stove, securing an average of 45 degrees in the cabin. A fresh current of air was provided through four auger holes, three quarters of an inch diameter, in the fore end of cabin, and similar outlets in the doors. These holes were never closed, so that neither the burning oil, nor the smoke from the skipper's pipe became disagreeable. Over the stove a tin can half full of water was always kept simmering to prevent impoverishing the air. I have spent a day and night with the cabin doors closed without any inconvenience except while cooking, when the fumes were permitted to escape with one door ajar about two inches. As opportunity offered, the cabin was thoroughly aired, bedding and oilcloths being deposited outside. In the way of fresh water, a ten gallon breaker would last about ten days with a little nursing. Fresh water was only used for making coffee and cooking.

THE CUTTER MELUSINA.

WHILE beam and draft, the latter coupled with metal keels, have long been rated at their full value in Boston waters, many of the yachts in which they have been combined have been faulty in one of two points. In some an excessive draft, greater than a cutter of the same length, has been coupled with a shoal body, the draft being due to a deep fin or keel, a form that is structurally weak in the event of taking the ground, and that is still more objectionable owing to the lack of headroom and cabin accommodations. Others, seeking to avoid this latter feature, have gone to the opposite extreme, and produced boats at once broad, of deep draft, and also with a depth of body which has increased the displacement inordinately, at the cost of speed and of snug rigs. In the yacht shown in the accompanying drawings it was sought to unite beam, depth and displacement in such proportions as would give a first-class cruising boat, mere speed being secondary to easy performance, ample deckroom, a fair amount of initial stability for comfort, and room below for living on board. The Melusina was designed by Mr. Geo. K. Boutelle, A. S. N. A., of Waterville, Me., for Mr. Horace Binney, of Providence, former owner of the keel sloop Moya. She was built in the winter of 1884-5 by Lawley & Son, of South Boston, under the superintendence Mr. Edward Burgess. Owing to her owner's illness this season she was not put afloat, although completed last spring, and so no knowledge of her speed or seagoing qualities can be had; but a look at her handsome form, wide, roomy decks and commodious cabins is convincing proof of the excellence of this type of boat as a cruiser, and its superiority over some of the mongrels classed generally as "compromise," where the required draft, 7ft., is not too great. The dimensions and elements are as follows:

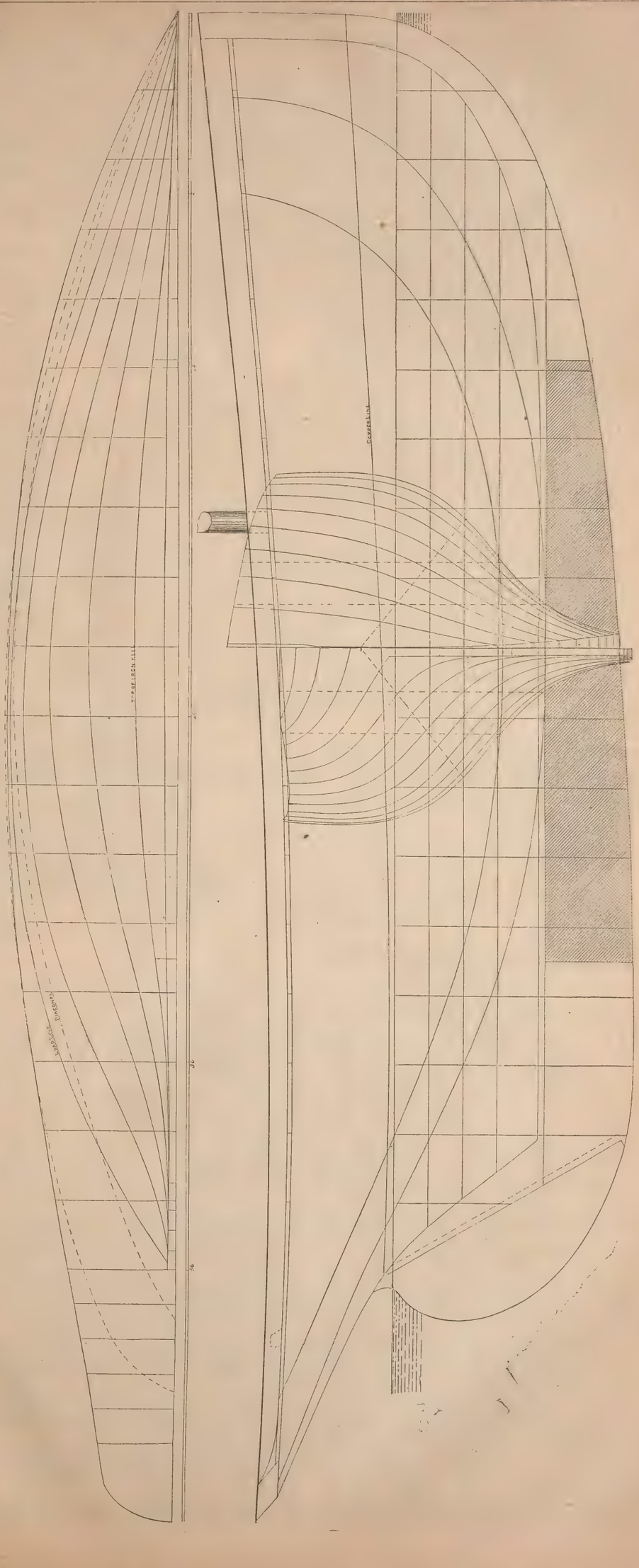
Length over all	49ft. 9in.
Length L. W. L.	36ft.
Beam at L. W. L.	9.85ft.
Beam, extreme	10.20ft.
Draft, maximum	7.00ft.
Draft, mean	5 86ft.
Least freeboard	3ft. 1½in
Displacement (long tons)	19.02
Iron on keel	9 5 tons.
Area midship section	31 1 sq.ft.
Area immersed longitudinal section	210.4 sq.ft.
Area load water plane	234.0 sq ft.
Area wetted surface	501.5 sq. ft.
Midship section from end of L.W L.	19.14ft.
Center of buoyancy from end of L.W.L.	18 76ft.
Center of gravity L. W. P from end of L. W. L.	19 80ft.
Center of lateral resistance from end of L.W.L.	20.23ft.
Center of buoyancy below L W. L.	2 04ft.
Metacenter above C. B.	1.96ft
Mast, deck to hounds	29.06ft.
Topmast, fid to shoulder	26.00ft.
Main boom	34.00ft.
Main gaff	34.00ft.
Bowsprit, stem to pin	19.00ft.
Topsail yard	25.00ft.
Mast from end of L. W. L.	14.4ft.
Area mainsail	895 sq.ft.
Area foresail	178 sq.ft.
Area jib	286 sq.ft.—
Area plain sail	1,359 sq.ft.
Area gafftopsail	346 sq.ft.
Sail area per square foot wetted surface	2.71
Ratio sail area to (L. W. L.)²	1.04
Center of effort from end of L. W. L.	19.63ft.
Center of effort forward of center of lateral resistance	7¼in.

Convenience and comfort in cruising being the chief objects, the beam was made ample so as to give good deck and thwartships cabin room, while the displacement was made as large as seemed consistent with a good average of performance. Iron was chosen for ballast, and in order to secure its longitudinal distribution within proper limits, the rabbet of the garboard was carried high up, the lower side of the wooden keel made very wide, 2.5ft. amidships, and the iron casting so moulded as to carry out the curve of the floors down to the bottom. Thus almost the whole of the ballast was got on the keel without too much spreading fore and aft.

In the arrangement of displacement the attainment of good seagoing qualities was kept in view, and to that end the midship section was put somewhat further forward than usual, and the radius of the construction circle was made rather small. Thus, while a pure waveform was secured, the fore and after bodies were nearly balanced, the center of buoyancy being only about 9in. abaft the middle of the loadline. The center of gravity of the load waterplane is only about 6in. abaft the center of buoyancy, thus it is safe to conclude that no great pitching moment will be found in that neighborhood.

In fixing the amount of canvas it was desired to keep the area of plain sail moderate as far as seemed consistent with the attainment of a reasonable speed in light winds. Owing to the general fullness of the lines it was found possible to secure a fairly high ratio of sail area to wetted surface, as an indication of what might be expected within the limits of the application of the ratio, and at the same time to keep the ratio to the square of the loadline as small as is usually found in boats of a similar kind.

In details of material, workmanship and proportion, the Melusina is an excellent example of modern yacht construction at a moderate cost. The workmanship and finish is strong, substantial and shipshape, without costly and useless elaboration, but the general effect, whether on the clean bright deck with its polished elm rail and mahogany bulwarks, or below in the snug cabin with hardwood fittings and cheerful fireplace, will delight the genuine sailor man. The frame is of white oak, the keel being 30in. wide on top, 25in. on bottom and 8in. deep. As mentioned above, the iron keel is shaped to it so that the body lines are fair from bottom of keel to gunwale, with no angle at the rabbet. The bolts of the iron keel are 1¼in. diameter and spaced 12in. The frames are double, 2¼in. sided, moulded 4in. at heels and 2½in. at heads, and spaced 12in. at centers. On each is a floor of galvanized wrought iron, running well up the double frame and heavily bolted to them and the keel. The stem is sided 5in. and moulded 9in.; the sternpost is sided 6in. and moulded 12in at heel. The shelf of oak is 3x4in., securely bolted, and the clamps are 1½in thick, 8in. deep amidships and tapering to 5in. at ends; while the bilge clamps, one on each side, are of the same dimensions. The planking is of yellow pine 1½in. thick, with oak wales. The deck is of white pine, 1½x3in., on beams 2½x2½in. The low bulwarks are of mahogany, with locust stanchions and elm rail, while the forward hatch, main and after skylight and companion sail hatch and cockpit are of mahogany. The deck, interior and sail plans, which will follow shortly, will give a more complete idea of the special features of the boat comfort—accommodation and easy handling.



BOAT STOVES, DORIES AND YAWL RIG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by an inquiry in last number that the old question as to the best stove for a small boat will not rest. In the hope that it may help some solitary cruiser, I send the following description of a stove which I used for eight years in cruising and fishing with the greatest satisfaction. It was nothing more than a tinsmith's stove for heating his irons, modified but little. I had it built of strong galvanized iron 9in. high; diameter, I think, about 6in., but wide enough to allow a one quart tin kettle to enter the top easily. Two inches from the bottom was the draft hole, and 3in. from bottom I had it brackets clinched on, upon which rested a perforated piece of strong sheet iron of the same diameter as the stove. The stove had a heavy rim on the top and a bail also clinched. The bottom had a flat rim with which the stove was run into two iron slides fastened upon a heavy piece of maple plank 7½in. square, and which was further protected by a piece of polishing felt as a non-conductor. The bottom of the stove rested directly on the felt. The fire was made with a piece of paper, a little driftwood for kindling, and charcoal, and in a few minutes I had a good cooking fire and heat enough to warm hands and feet with in cold weather. Of course, I could cook but one course of a not over elaborate dinner at once, but I have managed to have clam chowder, chicken fricassee, beef a la mode, potatoes and coffee from the same fire at one meal, and all smoking hot. The advantages of such a contrivance are, that you can get a fire in a heavy blow without fear of spilling kerosene, which may ignite; you may set your stove on any part of the boat where you are not bothered with the smoke or smell, and after the charcoal is burning well it gives forth a tremendous heat for such a little fireplace. Put the stove in the bottom of your boat and in a short time your feet and the lower part of your body will be comfortably warm, while you can lay your rod by, and warm your hands also. Fishing for striped bass in November and December such a little stove is a great boon. The charcoal may be kept in a rubber or leather bag, and will never make a dirty boat. To put out the fire I poured water over it and picked out the coal not consumed, which is good for further use. According to use, especially on salt water, you may have to get a new stove every three or four years, but as you can have one made by any tinsmith for about $1, the expense is slight.

Lately there has been a good deal of discussion going on in regard to small boats of all kinds, and the sneakbox has received a good deal of merited attention. There is another style of boat which after all seems to me to be the boat for taking all kinds of weather without being too much for one man to handle. I refer to the Gloucester dory. The Little Western, 16ft. over all, went to London in 49 days and returned in 75 days, having on the return voyage exceedingly heavy weather of almost continued head winds. After inspecting the boat closely, I had a long talk with Fred Norman as to her sea-going qualities and he could not praise her highly enough. Of course she was decked all over, and there was just enough room in the hold for one man to sit and steer, but Norman ventured the assertion that she was so buoyant and lively that a half deck with a slide for the other half would have been all sufficient, even in their worst gales, and in quieter water infinitely more comfortable. The little boat had a jib, staysail and mainsail, 13½ft. keel, 2½ft. deep, 6ft. 8in. beam. She made on her way out an average of 63 miles per day. Her best run was 163 miles. The Little Western was the third Gloucester-built dory to cross the Atlantic. Alfred Johnson crossed alone in the Centennial in 1876, and Andrews and Boos in the Nautilus in 1878. The rigs of the two last boats I do not know. It would be of great interest to many readers to have the merits and probable shortcomings of this class of boats discussed. While I am about it I would like to say a good word for the yawl rig. I had a 22ft. cabin boat, 10ft. beam 1½ft. deep, built for cruising purposes and fitted it with a yawl rig—double headsails, or rather staysails and jib with cuthaul and set on its own hoist, mainsail, mizzen and clubtopsail. She was an exceedingly heavy built boat, but she would maneuver with either jib and mizzen, staysail and mainsail or under mainsail alone. With this rig I sailed her singlehanded. The halliards all lead to the cockpit and I did not need to leave the tiller to let the mainsail come down on top of the cabin where the boom was fastened without furling the the sail. This down it never blew hard enough to get her lee rail within 2in. of the water. Now with a sloop or cutter rig this sailing would have been an utter impossibility to one man. For cruising purposes there is no rig which is so comfortable and safe as the yawl rig. PISCATOR.

OPEN BOATS AT SEA.

ACCOUNTS of adventures of landsmen in boats are evidently held in high estimation by their brethren ashore, to judge by the prominence given in the daily press to every little journey performed by amateur boatmen. Only the other day the whole civilized world was made aware that an Oxford eight had performed the by no means difficult task of rowing in a calm the short distance from Dover to Calais. A little time afterward there appeared the adventures of other individuals who endeavored to follow their example, and finally for the want of an actual journey to record, there was a paragraph to the effect that a gentleman and his daughter proposed to cross the Channel in a small steam launch.

Very different is the matter-of-course manner in which are received the accounts of tasks performed in boats by seamen compelled to abandon their vessel. If by chance the vessel has passengers a little more interest may be displayed, and survivors may possibly be interviewed, and a thrilling account of the affair published, but in the case of the crew of a bumble cargo vessel that little interest vanishes. The following short accounts of the adventures which befel the crews of three British vessels in the Arabian Sea in June last, are given, not with the view to show that the tasks performed were in any way out of the common for sailors to perform, but to prove by comparison how insignificant were the doings of those individuals to which so much attention has been directed of late.

The first abandonment, in order of date, was that of the Copeland Isle. She was a wooden bark of 661 tons, and sailed from Rangoon on April 1, 1885, for Bombay, with a cargo of rice. She was commanded by Captain James Ferguson, and had two European officers, but the remainder of her crew of twenty-six were Lascars. On June 9, during bad weather, she commenced to leak, and four days later, in spite of incessant pumping, the water had so increased that it became imperative to abandon her. One of her boats had been so injured as to be useless, another was smashed while being launched, but the third, a boat of 29ft. in length by 8ft. 6in. in breadth, was successfully floated, and at 5 P. M. of June 10 the crew got into her. There were no provisions in the boat except two pounds of flour, as the rest had to be thrown overboard to lighten the weights as much as possible; and they had no fresh water, as they could not get to the tanks on account of the quantity of water on the ship's deck. Canvas was nailed round the gunwale of the boat to keep the sea from breaking on board. The captain states they proceeded toward the Malabar coast, which was 98 miles distant, keeping the boat before the wind and sea, and on June 13, after suffering great privations, they arrived at Kumta.

The second case was that of the Seraglio. She was a steamship of 1,165 tons, and sailed from Cardiff on the 10th of May last, under the command of Captain Wilson, and manned by a crew of twenty-four hands, bound for Bombay, with a cargo of coal. On June 9 she encountered a cyclone, and commenced to leak. The following night the water had so gained on the pumps that all the fires were drowned out, and bailing had to be resorted to, but in spite of the exertions of the crew, by the morning of June 13 it became evident that the vessel was on the point of foundering. At noon, therefore, the only boat which had not been rendered utterly useless during the storm was launched, and the crew embarked in her, and a course was set for Bombay, which was 350 miles distant. The boat was 27ft. long, 8ft. broad and 4ft. deep, and was fitted with a mast and sail, but the former proving too heavy for boisterous weather, it was thrown overboard, and an oar used as a jury mast. Six cork life jackets were fastened to the sides of the boat and canvas nailed over; and in order to lighten her as much as possible, the crew were only allowed to retain their shirts and trousers. After being three days thirteen hours in the boat they reached Bombay at 1 A. M. of June 17, having nearly exhausted their scanty store of provisions.

The third abandonment was that of the Sieve More. She was an iron ship of 1,666 tons, and sailed from the Tyne on March 30, bound for Bombay, with a cargo of coal. Her commander was Captain H. B. Couby and her crew consisted of thirty two hands all told. When nearly three months out and in the Indian Ocean, lat. 3° 38′ S., long. 63° 40′ E., she was found to be on fire. All attempts to extinguish it proving useless, it became apparent to the master that he would be compelled to abandon his vessel. The two lifeboats, the cutter and the gig were got overboard and provisioned, and at 6 A. M. Tuesday morning, June 16, the crew took to their boats. They lay by the burning ship until the following morning, when the mast having all fallen, but the hull still burning fiercely, they left her and made sail for the Seychelles, which was 500 miles distant. It was soon found that there was too much sea to sail the gig with safety, and she was consequently abandoned. On Thursday, June 18, the wind freshening and the sea getting up, the people in the cutter were transferred to the lifeboats, and she was also left behind. At night a light was hoisted on each boat, by which means they kept together. On Friday, June 19, a heavy gale was encountered, but the boats, much to the astonishment of their inmates, succeeded in riding it out to a sea anchor made out of the oars and sails. Oil was poured overboard with the view to smooth the sea. During this night, however, the boats parted company. On June 21 the master's boat was picked up by a country brig, which landed its occupants in the Seychelles five days later. On June 25 the boat in charge of the mate, Mr. William Alfred, reached the Seychelles, the crew being none the worse for their nine days' exposure.

It will have been observed how closely the misfortunes which befell the crews of these vessels, bound to the same port, followed each other, and to show the coincidence more clearly the dates are repeated.

Copeland Isle abandoned	June 10,	crew in boat till	June 13.
Seraglio "	June 13,	"	June 17.
Sieve More "	June 17,	"	June 25.

The release of the one crew from their confinement was thus the signal for the others to commence their labors.—*Nautical Magazine.*

MORE LEAD ON THE KEEL.—Last week the schooner Norseman, that has been lately refitting at Poillon's, hauled out on the screw dock and had her wood keel partly cut away and ten tons of lead taken from inside and substituted in the keel.

GENESTA AND HER OWNER.—It is rumored that Genesta will fit out for the B Class next year. The schooner Elmina, Sir Richard Sutton, has completed her fitting out and will leave at once for the Mediterranean.

LLOYD'S YACHT REGISTER.—We have received the second supplement for 1885 of this useful list. Galatea is listed at 90 tons: 90.5ft. stem to sternpost on deck; beam, 15.1ft.; depth, 13.3ft.; rating 100 A1.

NICE REGATTA.—The dates for the spring regattas in the Mediterranean are as follows: Mentone, March 31, April 1; Nice, April 7, 8; Cannes, April 15, 16; Toulon, April 25, 26; Marseilles, May 2, 3.

A NEW STEAM LAUNCH.—Mr. Samuel Ayers, of 37 Peck Slip, New York, is now building in stock a handsome little launch 32ft. long, 7ft. beam, and 32in. draft.

MIRANDA.—It is reported in *Le Yacht* that Miranda has been purchased by an American.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.

WHETHER afloat or ashore, it is the ambition of each and every man of the New York Canoe Club to do everything in a "shipscape and Bristol fashion;" and their annual dinners are no exception to the rule. No greater contrast to the free open life of the camp and woods can be found than the conventional dinner, with its sombre and formal dress suit, but as usual the canoeists managed to outrage the proprieties and set at naught all conventional rules, to the astonishment and dismay of the waiters of the Hotel Hungaria. The soup was not scorched, the venison did not smell of smoke, there were no wood ashes in the dessert, but still there was a marked nautical flavor, to say nothing of an "ancient and fish-like smell" to all the surroundings, that went far to compensate for the fact that they had to eat off a table with a cloth on, they had different spoons for soup and dessert, and there were no such delicacies as canned corn beef, Brunswick soup, eggs or canned beans on the bill of fare. The committee of arrangements, Messrs. Burchard and Rogers, had racked their brains and sacked several other junk shops with astounding results in interior decoration. The long upper room was hung with silk and bunting, from the large club banner to numerous smaller prize flags, numbering the club's victories at Lake George, Newburgh, Grindstone and other places. Above the entire length of the table hung a string of fifteen small Chinese lanterns, each with a date from 1871 to 1875. From one chandelier was hung a native model of a double kayak with two occupants, from another hung a model of an Alaska canoe, and from a third a birch. No epergnes were visible, but their places were taken by a large yacht's binnacle at one end and a foghorn four feet long gracefully supported by a 7in. double block, and both were filled with flowers. Besides these, a ship's bell at the head of the table and a collection of marlin spikes, belaying pins and other articles of vertu lent an air of home comfort to the repast.

The menu cards, designed by Mr. Rogers, were really artistic, and to each was added a little red and white burgee, a contribution from a lady member. Over the for'ard mantel was a large ship's wheel, flanked by a pair of side lights and some blocks; on the after one were another pair of lights, a sextant, and a design (the lowest bid) for the Challenge Cup. The main features of the design were a tin plate and a tomato can, the latter gracefully supported on a tripod of forks and pipes. On the piano rested a coil of old rope, crowned with a red globe lantern, and about the walls were paddles, savage and civilized, and some models of canoes. Before the dinner a meeting was held, at which Messrs. C. K. Munroe and W. P. Stephens, commodore and vice-commodore, were re-elected, and Mr. C. J. Stevens was chosen secretary. Messrs. H. O. Bailey and B. F. Curtis were elected as executive committee. After some routine business the meeting adjourned and the serious business of the evening was begun by a blast from a large patent fog horn, in the capable hands of Mr. Burchard. The Mohican C. C. was represented among the guests by Mr. P. M. Wackenhagen, and the Knickerbocker C. C. by Com. Greenleaf and Messrs. Arthur Brentano and Seavey, the total number at the table being 28. The first proceeding was to drink, not in ice water or sherbert, the health of the hostess of last year's dinner, Miss Parlon, after proposing which the Commodore made a short speech. Among the toasts were "The New York C. C.," responded to by Mr. Burchard; "Our Guests," Mr. Seavey; "Our Old Members," Mr. C. L. Norton; "Other Clubs," Com. Greenleaf; "The Royal C. C.," C. J. Stevens, and "The A. C. A.," responded to by the vice-commodore. At 11:30 the departure of the Staten Island contingent was the signal for a general leave taking.

REFORMS IN BRITISH CANOEING.

IN THE last issue of the *Field*, Mr. W. Baden Powell writes as follows in favor of the proposed changes in the rules of the Royal Canoe Club. The results of the meeting of Dec. 8 have not yet come to hand:

"In the pleasant little world of canoeing there is, in the R. C. C., just now a pitched battle going on of cruising interests vs. the anti-cruising existing state of things. Many letters to the *Field* on this subject have appeared during the past two months, and, with but one exception, they have loudly proclaimed on the cruising side, the one exception being, as the letter says, 'an earnest entreaty against all changes.'

"The autumn meeting of the Royal C. C. stands adjourned till Tuesday next, the 8th, when the fate of canoeing reform will again be put in the balance, and therefore a word or two in the *Field* before that event will be worth pages on pages after it.

"The point I desire to lay clearly before your canoeing readers, is that cruising and racing are not, and ought not to be independent of one another. They hold equal interest in the rules, especially those of classification.

"It will be conceded that the majority of new canoes are built for competition in the races, and that a vast number of canoes pass through racing hands into cruising hands. It is therefore of the first importance, from a cruising point of view, that the type of craft best suited for general cruising should also be most largely patronized for racing, the result being a constantly flowing supply, of cruisable craft of the best design, build, material and fittings.

"Let cruisers see this clearly; let them see that this is to be to the interest of cruising to keep the racer within the dimensions, weights, areas, etc., best suited for cruising; let them come to the meeting and support reform in that direction, and they will find that they have not only benefited themselves, but promoted canoeing.

"Apart from the one or two members who raise their objection to all or any changes, there are those who are prejudiced in favor of things as they exist, not from any real belief that perfection of rules has been arrived at, but that in reform they sniff a lowering of the specialist to the level of common competition; a taking away of the refinement of his art, and causing him to compete on an equal footing, as regard implements, with the ordinary cruiser.

"Is this not so? Take the question of the abolition of side deck flaps. The majority of opinion on the cruising side is that deck flaps are utterly out of place in a cruising canoe—that is, if she is to be used for other work than merely sailing on sea or lake. Even at sea they are dangerous; a flap broken off and lost when a mile or two from land in rough water, would very possibly end fatally, unless the lifeboat arrangements within the canoe are of a first-class nature.

"Then why retain or allow a form of structure which weakens the canoe where she most needs strength, which is a standing danger to her at sea, and a constant annoyance in admitting water freely below, simply because, in racing, the side flap enables the crew to sit low, and so to windward, where the cruising canoe's crew can't get, and so to carry extra large sails?

"Take the question of limiting the weight of center plates to 60 pounds (about as much as one man can conveniently handle into and out of his canoe), why is there opposition to this measure of reform? Well, because there are some three or four existing in racing craft which are heavier (mine among them) and if you reduce the weight, sail must also be reduced.

"But the greatest hardship of all—to the racer—is that proposal to limit sail area. But, to my mind, it cuts at the root of the whole evil; limit the sail area, and most of the anti-cruising forms and fixings will vanish. But all the racers would have to alter, and reduce their beautiful spars and sails. And why not? The same canoes will sail well with less sail, and be more cruiseable and generally popular, as good for both racing and cruising, when their spars, sails and ballast are lightened to reasonable amounts. The existing racers number some six or seven (who compete), may there not be a dozen or more who would come in and compete if they knew that model and handling would be put to the test rather than sail spread and lead ballast?

"Existing canoes in the first class are nearly all of a size; those that are fitted with deck flaps (four canoes) would, if they had to screw them up, be placed merely on a level footing with those (many in number) built with fixed side decks; where is the injustice? What is the number of canoes with center-plates over 60 pounds in weight? Four, or perhaps five. Put a stop to it in good time.

"Who carry sail over 100 sq. ft. in the working sails? About four. Who are they? The invariable winners of the sailing races, 130 to 150 sq. ft. being often set. Cut them down to a liberal idea for racing first class, and a snug proportion as "cruising area." The A. C. A. cruising allowance was, last year, 75 sq. ft.; then, taking that for "cruising area," add one-third and put the "racing" at 100ft. In each case the mainsail should not exceed two-thirds of the area. Spinnakers can well be left unfettered, and give the expert a chance of exhibiting his ingenuity.

"But those who wish to see healthy reform must remember that it will not come of itself, that it needs substantial support at the meeting, for it is almost too much to expect that the vested interest holders will stay away from the meeting or abstain from opposing measures which effect them so directly, and, in their opinion, so adversely. "If cruisers, and those desirous of fair play to average canoes will attend on Tuesday and carry the proposed reforms, I have no doubt but a healthy impetus will be given to canoeing.

"The new Nautilus, which is now built, is ready to take either the large sails, long spars, and heavy ballast of the present, or the small sails, snug spars, and light ballast of the reform; I should prefer the latter, and I certainly do not wish to disfigure her decks by cutting and fitting those racing dodges, side deck flaps. NAUTILUS."

WIDE OR NARROW CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the whole I must heartily regret not having long since fraternized with my boating brothers of the paddle, for a high spirited and plucky crew are they.

Last month, in fear and trembling, I asked through your canoe columns a few simple questions, and now — well, my queries seem to be answered with a vengeance, in your issue of Dec. 10. All right "Class B," and "A. C. A." and "L." and "Katrina," and "Surge," you must be correct. There are so many of you; but all the same I am in receipt of a number of canoeists' letters indorsing my suggestions as to the advisability of making a new class for canoes 36in. in width, because very narrow canoes are "cranky, uncomfortable and dangerous for sailing purposes on waters wider than a trout brook." Bless your honest, pugnacious hearts, I have no desire to abolish your nice little light-weight boats. They are very pretty and, as you say, just the thing to "travel with on railroad cars," hold over your head for umbrellas, "hike out to windward on, with half your nether anatomies hanging overboard every time it breezes, and to yank out of the water on to the top of a 5ft. high deck with a fish line. Yet, my friends, ere you crush me completely, let me whisper: I did not do it. It was another fellow. He said his 32in. canoe was too narrow for open water sailing, and he wanted a wider boat, one that would go faster and did not disgrace her ancestors, the kyak and the birch, by carrying lead under her to make her stand up like a cutter. You know, and that would float without airtanks that sometimes filled with water when he capsized, and he wanted one boat to do my little cruiser wish would carry even her racing spars and sails all snugly stowed under her deck. In short, he would like, if you would let him, to have a canoe that will not capsize at all, under ordinary circumstances, and which he can row faster and further than your ninety-pounder can paddle.

Now go for that other fellow. He's right among you, a good many of him, and he is "takin' notes." Let me say to "Class B" that my proposed canoe will "go to windward in a sea without ballast," at the same time being far stiffer, dryer and faster than any existing Class B canoe.

To "A. C. A." I would remark that she will cost complete $125 or more, and will weigh not far from 100 pounds. A very small boy can handle her nicely. She will never miss stays; and that the rest of his conundrums are too much for me.

To "Surge" I will whisper that it is my intention to get among the canoeists next summer, and show them the capabilities of a commonsense canoe, just as I have already shown that a 15ft. sharpie can cover nearly two feet to the one of a narrow sailing canoe in a race.

Would "Surge" like to help me win $25 more for the N. Y. C. C. challenge cup? If so I will be glad to thus christen the "Common-Sense Canoe," and will give her an extra inch of beam to emphasize matters.

My desire is to improve the open-water sailing canoe, not to force canoeists out of their favorite craft into square-ended sailboats, and I hereby ask all those in favor of keeping canoeists in their canoes to express their views. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Dec. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The defenders of the canoe admit that some other kinds of boat are equal, or superior, to the regulation canoe in some respects; but cling to the statement that she is unequalled for ease of paddling, and of carrying by one man on shore. Now, it seems to me they forget the large number of boats known as "guide boats" or "Adirondack" boats that are being rowed or paddled (single blade), rapidly and easily, all through the Adirondack region, and at the carries mounted upon the shoulder of one man and carried as easily for miles; a boat capable of carrying four persons, only weighing from 60 to 75 pounds, and of course they could be made much smaller and lighter if made with the object of accommodating but one man and luggage. I look with a kindly eye upon the canoe, but want for my use a craft that will carry three or four persons and at the same time can be rowed easily for a long distance, or paddled satisfactorily under proper conditions or sailed with a fair wind, and at the same time built so lightly that I can take it from the water and carry it around dams, etc., with ease. I am having a boat built this winter about 14ft. long, 48in. wide and 12in. deep amidship, with considerable sheer both fore and aft. Both boats made by her builder are modeled somewhat after the birch canoe, in that they are sharp at both ends and have the same sheer appearance, but are superior, in that they are stronger, tighter and lighter, and the lines are truer and more perfect; consequently will paddle easier and have the advantage of rowing or sailing. It seems to me I shall have about all the advantages claimed for the paddling-sailing canoe, and some others that the canoe lacks.

BOSTON, Dec. 11. LICHEN.

[The excellent qualities of these boats are generally admitted, but they are really an outgrowth of the canoe, enlarged and widened a little, and are no more than large open canoes, in which oars and thwarts are added. For work in the woods they are excellent, but to suit the purposes of the ordinary canoeist, decks, mast tubes, keel or board, etc., must be added, and then they would be identical, except in size, with the modern canoe.]

NOVICES AS RACERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Spike's" letter of a few weeks ago aroused in me the desire to rush into print, but the moment passed and was about forgotten when his second communication reminded me; so this present infliction please charge to his account. He says it takes years of experience and constant practice to carry the spread of canvas upon a canoe now common among racers, and my thoughts turned to two fellows who went to Grindstone Island last summer with little experience and less practice, and yet were foolish enough to enter the sailing races there; and though you know them both, Mr. Editor, and the result of their folly, you may not be aware of their ridiculous lack of preparation, so, with your permission, I will tell the tale, and to spare their blushes will call them Messrs. A. and B. In March, 1884, A. had never been in a canoe; but, as the freak of an idle moment, he ordered one, and was in her a few times with a small pair of sails before he went off to Europe for the summer. In September he returned, and, after a few more trials with somewhat larger sails, entered the club regatta and took a first and second prize. Then the cold weather came along, so he put his canoe in the barn and ordered a larger pair of sails for the next season. In February, 1885, he went off to Florida and elsewhere and never reached home again until July, when he shipped his canoe and his half-rigged sails to the meet, which he reached himself on Wednesday of the first week; his canoe not having been yet since the early part of the preceding October. Yet, his infatuated mortal went to rigging and monkeying, and when the first race day came around he was on hand with a piece of board lashed across his coaming for a deck seat. Now for our other friend, Mr. B. He began his career as a canoeist early in 1883, but his ardor was dampened by an upset the first time he ventured to carry sail. He jibed, and the end of his first season saw him seated in the bottom of his canoe, where he hastened to ease out the sheet of his 30ft. sail every time a breath happened to touch it. In 1884, however, he went to the A. C. A. meet, and the steady wind encouraged him to take a seat upon the sharp edge of his coaming, where he crouched in much fear and trembling. Before long he discovered that he had immensely more control of his canoe than when sitting in her and he promptly entered the sailing races, with

the proper reward for his folly, for I believe he was sixteenth at the finish of the first one. Well, he went home and did up the other fellows who had not been to the meet and dreamed of what he would do next year, but when 1885 came around he was occupied by business and finally started for the Thousand Islands, having had sail up just eight times during the preceding three months. When he arrived at the camp he unpacked a pair of 100ft. sails, so new that their masts had never even set in their tubes in his canoe. These he hoisted once when the wind died out before he had gone a quarter of a mile, and again when the wind breezed up and drove him back for smaller sails, yet when race day came around there he was with just those two experiences in carrying large sail, but ready to compete with the old and weather-beaten seamen of the A. C. A. Now here we have these two chaps, A and B, handing in their entries until between them they had put up nine (by the way, this manner of speaking of them may give rise to the belief that they were somehow connected, but no matter, it will help to conceal their identity), and any one can guess where the finish of each race found them. So to make a quick ending to a long story, I will just say that when the prizes were given out on Capitol Hill that last Friday morning, had any one kept count of the number of times A and B were called up, he would have found that between them for their nine entries they had just seven prizes to show, including firsts, seconds and specials; merely this and nothing more. So as every word of the above is absolutely and strictly true, let no novice be appalled.—TEMECULA.

THE LIVERPOOL NAVIGATION EXHIBITION.—Toms River, N. J., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received from Mr. William S. Holden, 2 Prince's Park Terrace, Liverpool, England, a communication regarding the International Exhibition of Navigation, Traveling, Commerce and Manufacture to be held in Liverpool during the year 1886 "under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and the Presidency of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." Mr. Holden is one of the officers of the Mersey Canoe Club, of Liverpool, and visited the writer at Lake George, N. Y., about two years ago. He is an enthusiastic canoeist, and has followed the development of canoeing as a pastime in America since the birth of the American Canoe Association with careful attention. He is a friend of the A. C. A., and has done much in posting his brother canoeist in England regarding its history, progress and intentions. Mr. Holden has been placed upon the Sectional Committee of Navigation in the First Division; and it is his desire to see America well represented in the exhibition. If our canoe clubs, or individual canoeists, as well as canoe and boat builders, will address a letter to Mr. Holden he will cheerfully advise them and assist them in the matter of representation of articles they may desire to place on exhibition. The canoe has received such remarkable development since 1880 that a very interesting exhibition of its evolution in the United States and Canada might be easily made, side by side with what Great Britain will also show to the millions who will visit Liverpool during the year 1886. Action in this matter should be prompt, as the time of reception of exhibits is covered by the following rule: "4. No goods will be received previous to the 1st of March, 1886, without special permission; and no goods will be received after the 15th April, 1886." Correspondence may be opened at once with Mr. William T. Holden, 3 Prince's Park Terrace, Liverpool, England.—NATHANIEL H. BISHOP.

AN IMPERIAL CANOEIST.—The Archduke John, of Austria, made the descent of the Danube, from Linz to Vienna, lately, in a canoe. The distance is 140 miles, and the Archduke, with an aid de camp in another canoe, covered it in 22 hours, according to the report in the London *Guardian*.

OTTAWA C. C.—The annual ball of the Ottawa C. C. will be held in the Royal Roller Rink, at Ottawa, on Dec. 29. The committee are Messrs. Brough, Wicksteed, Lelievre, Baldwin and McQuilkin.

MARMALADE LODGE.—"Thetis," of Albany, was a guest at Marmalade Lodge last Sunday, and in spite of the storm was out in the Tomboy in the afternoon.

BROOKLYN C. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular monthly meeting of the Brooklyn Canoe and Sailing Club was held December 8th, at the Brooklyn Library. Our constitution had previously been so amended that our officers consist of a commodore, vice-commodore and secretary. The reports of officers for 1885 were accepted for the ensuing year by unanimous election: J. F. Newman, Commodore; William Whitlock, Vice Commodore, and M. V. Brokaw, Secretary (re-elected). Our club was organized less than one year ago by nine members with eight canoes. We now have a membership of twenty-one with a fleet of sixteen canoes and four large sailboats. Five new canoes of various models, by Everson, will be added to our fleet next season. Our club house with locker room on the second floor we find both roomy and comfortable. Our location inside of Mumm's Basin, at the foot of Fifty-fifth street, Brooklyn, is a very desirable one, and very convenient especially in rough weather, while we believe we have in our immediate vicinity the best canoeing water about New York Bay. On Jan. 12 (the anniversary of our organization) we are to have our first annual club dinner. The club is entirely free from debt, and looking upon the results of our work of the past year we anticipate a pleasant and successful year to come.—M. V. B.

THE A. C. A. TROPHY.—Subscriptions of $1 each to the fund for the A. C. A. Trophy may be sent to Mr. Wm. Whitlock, Nos. 37 and 39 West Twenty second street, New York, chairman of the committee. The following subscriptions have been received since last week: Geo. E. Andrews (A. C. A. 900), $1; Emil C. Knappe (A. C. A. 630), $1; Chas. F. Dodge (A. C. A. 198), $1. Previously acknowledged, $57. Total to date $60.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

F. H. M., Ottawa, Can.—Measure from nose to set on of tail.

P. E. A., Monroetown, Pa.—See advertisement of snowshoes.

D. A. G., Newburyport, Mass.—Write to Gen. W. G. Ely, Norwich, Conn.

J. G. F., Boston, Mass.—Write to John E. Thayer, Lancaster, Mass.

H. M. W., Baltimore, Md.—Follow the rules in "Training versus Breaking."

C. A. E., Elk Grove.—You can reduce the range only by use of a lighter charge.

HIPPIAS, Boston, Mass.—The pistol book gives practical directions for the use of the arm; it is not historical.

K., Ward Hill.—1. The weight given is heavy enough for a ducking gun. 2. The new action is a very strong one.

J. T. C., Ohio.—Bozardus's "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting" is an excellent work, and adapted to your purpose.

K. Q., Haverhill, Mass.—1, Write to W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y. 2. We know nothing of the dogs mentioned. 3. No.

C. B., Eagle Point.—We do not know the name, which is probably a trademark, and can not pass an opinion on the gun.

F. A. S., New York.—We can give you no further information about the locality than that already printed in the item you refer to.

L. A. A.—The FOREST AND STREAM's grizzly bears are now in the Central Park menagerie, where you may inspect them at any time.

E. L. DE LA G., Brooklyn.—Can you give me the name of any house dealing in alligator skins? 2. Are there any duties on skins coming from Cuba? How are they generally shipped? Ans. 1. There are a number of houses in Spruce street and vicinity. 2. Yes. By schooner.

A. J. W. Pottsville, Pa.—Go to High Point, North Carolina, for quail and turkeys. Communicate with the proprietor of the Bellevue Hotel.

H. S., Salt Lake City.—You will find in Greener's "The Gun and Its Development" an account of the invention of the percussion system in firearms.

DICK SWIVELLER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—For description of Bermuda roads, send to Karl Kron, Washington Square, New York, for his "Coral Reefs of Bermuda."

F. M. T., Brockville.—For glass ball use No. 7 or 8 shot. For 12-gauge gun try 3drs. powder, 1oz. shot, and vary as your experiment ing may prove to be advantageous.

C. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—Government charts can be had of dealers in nautical instruments in all seaport towns. The prices range from 20 to 75 cents. Use boiled linseed oil and terebin for oiling canvas—1 gill of te rebin to 2 quarts of oil.

W. L. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Nassau is not an island but a town of New Providence, one of the Bahamas. The special information not to be found in your public library may probably be acquired by application to the U. S. Consul at Nassau.

M. H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Make the sails of best sheeting muslin and the spars of spruce. The mainsail can be 11ft. foot; 7ft. 8in. luff, 9ft. head; 13ft. 7in. leech, 11ft. clew to throat, 16ft. tack to peak. mizzen in same proportion, 5ft. 3in. on foot, 4ft. 3in. on luff.

J. J. C., Burlington, Ia.—The narrower boat, 30x16, would be faster under oars. There would be little difference in the speed of the two models mentioned. We know of no rudder that houses in the stern of the boat. For copper nails and burrs send to A. Nelson, 195 Pearl street, N. Y.

C. S. A.—1. Chatham will be found a desirable point, or as desirable as any. The flight is altogether a matter of chance; you cannot be sure of getting any birds. 2. For notes on different guns see recent papers in the FOREST AND STREAM. A dozen different gun actions are plenty strong enough for you.

F. B. P.—The "Gazetteer" is in many respects out of date, but for the most part reliable, and the best comprehensive work of the kind. The Forester volumes so far published, do not contain the Sporting Scenes, but we believe the intention is to include everything, even to the novels and histories by which Herbert expected to be remembered.

C. V. D., Massachusetts.—The Maine law on ducks reads as follows: Section 21. No person shall kill or have in his possession, except alive, or expose for sale, any wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, or other sea duck, between the first day of May and the first day of September. Section. 22. No person shall at any time, or in any place with any trap, net, snare, device or contrivance, other than the usual method of sporting with fire arms, take any wild duck of any variety. But this section and the preceding shall not apply to the shooting of ducks on the sea coast.

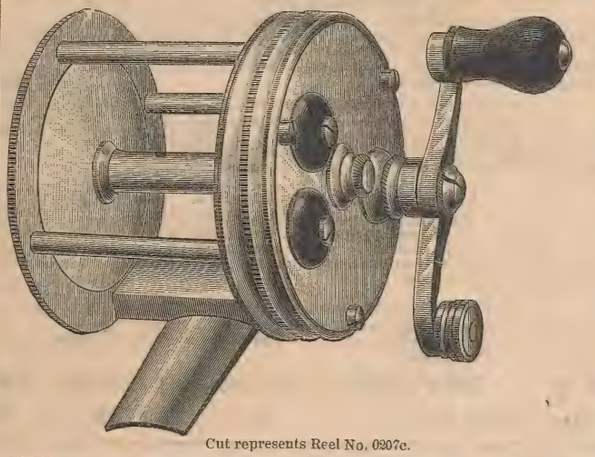
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I SUPPOSE you are surfeited with praises of your clean, healthy-toned paper; but I must thank you for the pleasure it has given me to read it for some years past.—SPENCER CLINTON (Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1885).

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The third division offers a comprehensive review of single-hand sailing, to which small yachts are especially adapted. Directions are given as a guide in selection of type and sail plan, and subsequent equipment and proper management.

The iron work of yachts, their gear, yawls, steering apparatus, boat building and much other closely related matter is entered upon. The new International Rules of the Road, Signal Service, and a bibliography appear in the Appendix.

The work is profusely and handsomely illustrated with 150 illustrations inserted in the text, besides the sixty-three plates as follows:

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I. The Sloop Yacht Schemer.
II. The Nuckel.
III. The Windward.
IV. A Newport Catboat—Portable Catboat.
V. An Eastern Catboat.
VI. Keel Catboat Caprice.
VII. Caprice—Sail Plan.
VIII. Keel Catboat Dodge.
IX. Catboat Dodge—Sail Plan.
X. Open Boat Cruiser.
XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
XII. Open Boat Trident.
XIII. A Skipjack.
XIV. The Centerboard Sloop Gleam.
XV. Gleam—Sail Plan.
XVI. The Centerboard Sloop Midge.
XVII. Light Draft Cutter Mignonette.
XVIII. Mignonette—Sail Plan.
XIX. Single-Hand Cruiser.
XX. Light Draft Cutter Carmita.
XXI. The Dart.
XXII. The Boston Sloop Neva.
XXIII. The Boston Sloop Nyssa.
XXIV. Keel Sloop Columbine.
XXV. Columbine—Sail Plan.
XXVI. The Keel Sloop Alice.
XXVII. The Gannet.
XXVIII. A Compromise Sloop.
XXIX. The Itchen Cutter Daisy.
XXX. Daisy—Sail Plan.
XXXI. The Cutter Vayu.
XXXII. The Cruising Yawl Windward.
XXXIII. Windward—Accommodation Plan
XXXIV. The Windward—Sail Plan.
XXXV. The Cruising Yawl Aneto.
XXXVI. The Single-Hand Yawl Deuce.
XXXVII. Deuce—Sail Plan and Construction
XXXVIII. The Cutter Petrel.
XXXIX. The Petrel—Sail Plan.
XL. The Cutter Merlin.
XLI. The Merlin—Sail Plan.
XLII. The Cutter Rajah.
XLIII. The Cutter Yolande.
XLIV. Yolande—Cabin and Deck Plans.
XLV. A Single-Hand Yawl.
XLVI. Single-Hand Yawl—Cabin and Deck Plans.
XLVII. S. H. Yawl—Rig and Construction.
XLVIII. The Cutter Mamie.
XLIX. The Mamie—Midship Section.
L. The Mamie—Sail Plan.
LI. Six-Beam Cutter.
LII. Six-Beam Cutter—Sail Plan.
LIII. The Cutter Surf.
LIV. The Cutter Surf—Sail Plan.
LV. The Cutter Surf—Midship Section
LVI. The Cutter Surf—Cabin Plans.
LVII. The Cutter Spankadillo.
LVIII. The Cutter Madge.
LIX. The Madge—Ironwork.
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PRESS OPINIONS.

New York Times, Nov. 1.

The author, Mr. C. P. Kunhardt, is well known to all yachtsmen through his writings in behalf of better boats and a higher standard of skill while in charge of the yachting department of FOREST AND STREAM, and his hearty devotion to the sport, backed by a thorough scientific training, fit him peculiarly for the task he has so well accomplished. The conception of the work is a happy one; the subject is treated plainly and practically; fine spun theories and elaborated calculations are omitted, and only such results are given as will be useful to any intelligent yacht sailor or builder.

New York Evening Post, Oct. 24, 1885.

This book fills a blank in American yacht literature, and will be found a valuable addition to the libraries of our American yachtsmen. The subject matter, although covered in a measure by such works as Dixon Kemp's "Yacht Designing" and his "Yacht and Boat Sailing," is presented in more attractive form, is much condensed, and is procurable at less than half the cost of these volumes. It is practical throughout—practical in the treatment of what is popularly called theoretical. . . . We can recommend the book, notwithstanding its title, "Small Yachts," to all yachtsmen without reference to the size of their vessels, existing or in prospect.

Boston Herald, Oct. 4, 1885.

One of the best publications on small yachts that has came from the press for some years. . . . The volume as a whole commends itself to the yachtsmen or to the landsman who seek information on the subject of building, rigging, fitting out and sailing yachts.

American Canoeist, October, 1885.

To the man interested in boats—building, rig or sail—Kunhardt's book will be as interesting as a novel. It will not be read through once and then shelved, but will be kept in a convenient place for easy reference. It cannot get out of date.

New York Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 6, 1885.

This collection [the plates] is a concise history of yachting with small boats at the present time, and has a value which is not easily overestimated. . . . The many merits of the book will commend it to all who are interested in yachting and to all who want to be.

San Francisco News Letter, Dec. 5, 1885.

The largest, most complete and handsome volume upon small yachts that we have seen. . . . The whole scope of yachting is ably handled.

The Germantown Telegraph.

It is beautiful in workmanship, abundantly illustrated and proves itself on every page the work of a writer thoroughly conversant with and enthusiastic about his subject. . . . It is to those who love yachting for its own sake and are intent to be their own masters that this work will appeal most successfully, for it shows how to build and run a small yacht, which will give all the sport one wants and make a true sailor of its owner.

New York Herald, Dec. 12, 1885.

There is a growing tendency among those who delight in "a whiff of the briny" to own a small and staunch cruiser, and to sail either single-handed or with a nautical shipmate. To those whose fancy lies in that direction, but who have not yet achieved their ambition, we cannot conceive of a better book than this of Mr. Kunhardt. There are numerous large plates and designs of every kind of boat, which can be recommended as reliable. There are sail plans and rigging plans, and there are also many shrewd suggestions and hints which the old seadog as well as the young tyro may read with advantage. The Forest and Stream Publishing Company issue the book in a style which does them great credit.

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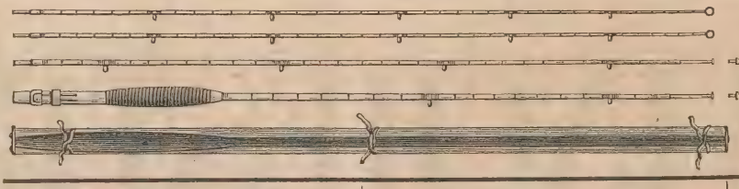
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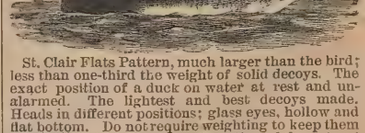
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A Weekly Scrutiny

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TO PROTECT EXOTIC SPECIES.

A FEW weeks since we suggested a plan for stocking the east end of Long Island with deer, a project which we regard as entirely feasible. It is evident that measures of this kind are necessary, if we are to continue to have any large game within easy reach of the great centers of the East.

It is apparent that our supply of native game must, as things are going at present, soon disappear. Two courses are open to us to check its rapid diminution. These are (1) a shortening of the open season and a proper enforcement of the laws, and (2) the restocking of suitable localities with game which is adapted to them.

Any shortening of the open season is violently opposed by many men, who call themselves sportsmen, but who are unwilling, for the general good, to give up any part of the pleasure which they take afield. They are so short-sighted that they cannot see the inevitable result of the present unfortunate methods in general practice, and so they continue to advocate the spring shooting of snipe and wildfowl, the summer shooting of woodcock, the water-killing of deer, and other like abominations. For a number of reasons, the attempts to enforce the laws are far less successful than could be wished. The laws themselves are often faulty. Many of the State officials appointed for the purpose fail to do their duty, and the ignorance and opposition of large classes, among which these officials have to work, is a serious bar to success.

The restocking of our covers has here and there been attempted in a desultory and spasmodic way by individuals. It has become quite a common practice to turn out quail in various localities, and what has been done in this way has resulted in very great benefit to certain shooting grounds. But to have any permanent value, such work should be undertaken on a far larger scale than has yet been attempted. In many localities here in the East large tracts of country are preserved by clubs, who post the lands which they own or hire, and employ men to look after the game. Often the grounds of several such clubs adjoin each other, so that two or three of these organizations may control a tract covering many square miles of territory. In such a case it is for the evident advantage of all that such bodies should unite in the work of restocking their lands, and should undertake it on so large a scale as to make the result of their efforts a certainty. Thus, in the case of Long Island clubs, quail, English partridges, pheasants, hares and (if a protective law shall be enacted) deer should be liberated. In New Jersey, quail, English partridges and pheasants will do well. The experiment with the English game birds has been so thoroughly tried in the last named State that its success appears no longer doubtful. It has been shown that they will thrive in that climate, but they should be protected so far as is possible from the attacks of vermin, and at first should have some fostering care.

In the Adirondacks the game supply, while abundant, is not varied. Hares, grouse and deer are the only important game species now found there, for the black bear and the cougar are not sufficiently abundant to afford sport. In old times two noble species—the moose and the elk—were found there, but the last moose was killed more than twenty years ago, and the elk is known there only by tradition and by the fact that now and then his decaying antlers are turned up by the plow. There is no reason why both these species might not again be made to inhabit their ancient home on the headwaters of the Hudson. The ownership of the land in the Adirondack region is such as to make the protection of specimens of large game turned out there very easy. Large tracts of lands are owned by corporations, many of whom employ, to look after their tracts of forest, men who might also guard the introduced species from danger until they had become established.

One thing is essential before any attempt at stocking can hope to be successful. Laws are needed and should be enacted by all the States for the protection of exotic species of game birds and animals. Such laws should provide penalties far more severe than those attaching to the laws for the protection of our native game. Such exotic species and their offspring should be regarded, for a time at least, as private property, and it should be as much an offense to attempt to capture, wound or kill them as to attempt to injure the farmer's turkeys or his cows or horses. Such a law is greatly needed at present, and it is to be hoped that there will be no difficulty in getting the Legislatures of some of the States to pass it.

CHANGING MILITARY ARMS.

THERE is, we understand, a very pretty scheme afoot looking to some changes in the small arms of the United States regulars and the New York State militia. We do not know how extensive the plan is nor how much of the $600,000 set apart by Congress for the militia it is proposed to consume in the little piece of legerdemain.

At present the New York State militia use the Remington .50-caliber gun as the official arm. It is not a desirable one, partly because it was turned off quickly and cheaply at the time of the contract for production, and partly because at this day, in military arms especially, a .50-caliber weapon is looked upon as too large a bore for accurate work at long ranges. With a picked and tried weapon at 500 yards the Remington State model does fairly well. Above that distance, nobody would try to hit anything.

The regular army weapon is the Springfield caliber .45, a very handy piece in many respects, but with a great trap-door breech, very unmechanical and antiquated when compared with some of the newer makes of rifles. There are now a number of magazine rifles distributed about the various army posts, and it is the general impression that the single loader "has got to go," and that the coming arm is to be a weapon capable of an instant change from a single loader to a magazine piece.

It would be a very nice plan indeed if all the small arms now in the hands of regulars could be gathered together, fettled up a bit and then distributed among the militia at a fair valuation. The regular army men could get hold of the Congressional fund, have a new make of long-range, magazine rifle put into the hands of the regulars and everything would be lovely.

In fact, a change is needed in the New York State arm; but let it be made in the direction of progress. The Remington breech action, for a single-loading military arm, is strong enough and simple enough to suit any critic. There are 20,000 of them in the hands of the militia and in State arsenals. Except in very few instances they are in good order, and it would be a very simple matter to fit a new barrel of smaller caliber, perhaps taking the government .45-85-500 cartridge, and in this way the uniformity of cartridge could be maintained between the regulars and militia, while the latter would not get one obsolete arm in exchange for another of the same sort. With a board appointed from the National Guard—a board of experts, not a board covered over with gold lace and incompetency—it would not take long to decide on a barrel, and for sixty or seventy-five thousand dollars the change could be made in every arm now owned by the State. This would be the sensible way Whether it is the plan which General Farnsworth will follow remains to be seen. With a shorter barrel, having more metal in it than the present one, a steadier shooting weapon would result; one which the men could take back to long ranges and use in effective target work.

The Inspector-General of Rifle Practice of this State could readily inform himself touching the tendency of that Springfield breech action to "stick" and get out of order. At the recent fall meeting at Creedmoor with picked men from among the Engineer Corps, there was constant complaint about the manner in which the Springfield did not do its work. In this regard the Remington is now far ahead of the Regular weapon, and it would seem like inviting trouble to take a lot of old Springfields for the Remingtons we now have

If there are any rifles to be sent to the junk heap to appear again bored out as cheap shotguns, let the Springfield go, and for a while, at least, or until something better than the U. S. A. gun is offered, our men will manage to worry along with the amended "gas pipe."

A REJECTED HOLIDAY GIFT.—Our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Herald*, has been sedulously striving for a fortnight past to work up a mad dog scare in New York. A hydrophobia panic was the sort of a Christmas gift it proffered to New York. The proffered gift has been rejected; the public has not gone wild over the terrible condition of things pictured in the *Herald's* columns; and the only substantial benefits accruing to anybody have been the columns of free advertising given the more or less sapient doctors who have paraded their hydrophobia lore in long-winded interviews. No one appears to have been able to say anything too utterly senseless on this topic for the newspaper to print. If an editor or any other individual should stand on the street corner and raise the cry of mad dog, he would probably excite a commotion, though there might be no mad dog this side of Konstontinogorsk; but columns and pages of a newspaper given up to a false alarm will fall flat. Now it's time to give the mad dogs a rest.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—In his annual report, the Secretary of the Interior recommends for the Yellowstone National Park an increased appropriation, the appointment of five additional superintendents, and the establishment of a court within the Park with exclusive jurisdiction over all misdemeanors. These recommendations, we do not need to say, are just and sensible, and show that Secretary Lamar appreciates the needs of the reservation. Now that the needs of the Park are understood at Washington, we shall, with increased confidence of ultimate success, urge the speedy revision of legislation and the adoption of better means for the right care of the people's pleasure ground.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S GRIZZLIES are now on exhibition at the menagerie in Central Park, where they welcome visitors with the courtly grace of an older bear when he meets a tenderfoot in the down-timber. We have had several applications for the cubs; one from an animal tamer who wants to train the grizzlies for the stage. For the present the bears will remain at the Park. What the ultimate disposition of the bears will be has not yet been decided; it is something about which FOREST AND STREAM will gladly take counsel of its friends.

WHY SHOULD THEY INTEREST THEMSELVES?—A late issue of the Albany *Journal*—the paper once edited by George Dawson—says that the Eastern New York Anglers' Association wishes to hear from "sporting men" about the fish laws. Why should the Angler's Association care to hear from "sporting men," and for what reason should "sporting men" interest themselves in the fish laws? A correspondent suggests that the *Journal* may have meant "sportsmen," and this is probably the truth.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS IS THE FOREST AND STREAM'S GREETING to its thousands of readers; and may each, whether shut in by Northern snow drifts or enjoying the genial glow of the Southern sunlight, find in this number something to add to the enjoyment of the season.

OUR READERS *will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscriber of the* FOREST AND STREAM, *but who would presumably interested in the paper.*

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

III.—ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

THE next morning, though the sky was still dark and lowering, I started with Yellowfish to climb a mountain and secure, if possible, a little meat for the camp. Birds were plenty, and there were fish in the lake; but we all felt a little longing for some good, fat sheep meat, and we were going to the mountains where the Indian had said that the sheep were so plenty that if we tried not to see them we could not help doing so. A heavy mist, which now and then lifted for a few moments and gave us brief glimpses of the black peaks beyond, still hid the tops of the mountains; but we hoped that as the sun rose higher the skies might brighten.

We took a trail leading to the head of the lower lake, crossed the inlet, which was up to our horses' bellies at the ford, and began to climb the hills on the west side of the upper lake. These hills, though smooth, are quite steep, and are for the most part covered with a thick growth of small aspens. A trail had been cut through these by a party of Piegans, who had been hunting here a year before, and the ascent for the first two or three miles was not very difficult. Every now and then we would ride out into a little open park, in one or two of which we saw fresh elk tracks, and as we mounted higher the aspens gave way gradually to spruces and then to pines. The climbing became more and more difficult for the horses, and at last we reached the top of a high hog back, above which the bare rocks rose in an ascent too steep for our animals to surmount. Leaving them here, we continued on our way through the snow on foot.

It was a rough and difficult climb up a slope so steep that often it was necessary to scramble along on all fours, and at first over smooth grass, made doubly slippery by the snow which covered it. Then came the rocks, which in past ages had tumbled down from the top of the mountain, and over these our progress, though quite as slow, was less difficult because we had a more secure foothold. Half way up this steep slope a few stunted pines grew among the ragged rock fragments, and through their snow-laden branches we forced our way. The top of the slope reached, we had left all vegetation. Before us nothing was to be seen but a wide expanse of gray rock and white snow which ran up to a vertical cliff, whose top was hidden in the dense mist. The clouds had all the morning hung about the mountain tops, and we were now fairly among them. It was impossible to see more than fifty or sixty feet in any direction, and hunting was out of the question. Any game that was not moving rapidly would be sure to see us before we saw it. We kept on climbing for a while longer, until the mist became so thick that it was useless to go further, and then halted and waited for it to clear away. Suddenly we heard a rattling among the rocks as of a stone rolling down the slope from a great height, and strained our eyes to see if we could detect through the mist any moving object, but it was of no use. Then Yellowfish and I looked at each other and nodded sagely and triumphantly, as who should say "there are sheep there." A little later the noise was repeated, and we felt confident that it was caused by sheep above us setting in motion the loose stones. Through the dense fog we crept a few hundred yards higher up on the mountain, but as nothing could be seen, stopped again under the lee of a huge boulder many tons in weight. Beneath this was a narrow level space two or three feet wide and twenty long, where the sheep had stamped out beds for themselves. A keen wind was blowing and with the drenching fog had by this time made us both very cold. Yellowfish's toes were sticking out of his torn moccasins and I was wet up to my knees. The cold damp mist penetrated to one's very marrow. We spent an hour or two by this boulder, tramping up and down and beating our arms against our sides in fruitless efforts to keep warm.

At length, seemingly disgusted, the Indian said, "Let's go home." I made an assenting gesture and he led the way down the slope. Just before we reached the top of the steep slope on which the pines grew, there came a fierce puff of wind, the fog below us disappeared, and gradually the beautiful lakes with their immediate surroundings were revealed. Slowly the curtain which hid the mountain sides was lifted and in half an hour those on the west side of the lower lake were free from clouds. About the tops of the higher peaks beyond the upper lake little mist clouds still hung, clasping them in a close embrace, as though unwilling to be torn from them.

At our feet lay the two lakes, the whole length of the lower and half the upper one being exposed to view. The scenery of the latter is much the bolder of the two. The slope of the mountains from its lower shores is at first gradual, but a little back from the lake they lift themselves in sharp timbered acclivities. About five miles from its outlet, however, the mountains close together so as almost to meet, and the lake lies in a gorge between them, the rocks being nearly vertical on either side. It looks as though a narrow and deep channel had been cut through the top of the mountain range for the deep, dark waters to pass through. On the east the rock faces are dark gray and bare of timber, but on the west a timbered point of the mountain runs down nearly to the lake's edge, where it breaks off into a precipice two or three hundred feet in height. Here the shores dip down so steeply that a few feet from them it is almost impossible to find bottom. Beyond this point the lake grows wider again, and here for some miles it is bounded by bare, rugged mountains, snow-capped and seamed on their sides with ravines, in which are great drifts, sparkling and white near the summits, but gray and nearly dust-covered toward the water's edge. On the east side of the lake a dozen mountains, separated by deep gorges, stand boldly out over the water, and in one of these lies a vast mass of ice, several hundred feet in thickness and reaching far back upon the mountains. What its length and width no one yet knows, for its northern and southern ends are hidden from view by the mountains on either hand, and it is far above the observer, but the dark green face of the ice cliff several hundred feet in thickness conveys some idea of its tremendous mass.

Something of all this we saw as we sat upon the mountain side and watched the fog clear away. Down in the little bay where lay our camp we could see the white glimmer of the tent, and on the ridges beyond it were tiny dark dots which we took to be the horses.

I was enchanted by the beauty of the scene, and was slow to respond to my companion's remark, "Fog all gone; let's go back," and rather reluctantly rose from my seat and followed him up the steep ascent. Back we went, clambering over the rough slope until we were nearly at the foot of the great cliff which overshadowed it. We made our way slowly around the north point of the mountain, and into the black cañon which separates it from the one next to the northward, facing the bitter wind which now and then brought with it a blinding snow squall. Often from the rocks at our feet came the bleating cry of the little chief hare, curiously like the squeak of a penny trumpet, and the soft whistling twitter of the gray-crowned finches made cheerful music, little in keeping with the desolation that surrounded us. A ptarmigan walked out of our way as we advanced toward it, and once as I was sitting alone for a few moments on a rock, a martin, resplendent in his glossy brown coat and whisking his black-tipped tail, ran close by without perceiving me.

The long and arduous climb was made in vain. We saw no sheep, and at length turned our faces down the mountain side and reached the horses. On our way to camp we saw two or three ruffed grouse, a fresh elk track and a good-sized bear track made since our passage earlier in the day. Just before dark we reach camp, wet, tired and hungry.

The next day the whole camp turned out at an early hour, and, catching up the horses, made preparations for another hunt. We were all to go, and only the two little dogs would be left behind to keep camp.

The route followed was the same which we had taken the day before, but the prospects for success in finding game seemed somewhat brighter, because the day was much warmer and more pleasant. We rode across the inlet under a bright sun, though we could now and then see the mist clouds hurrying along high up on the mountain to which we were bound, and sometimes its outlines were obliterated by a snowstorm.

We rode across the inlet flat and climbed the ridges, now passing through dense thickets of low aspens and then out into pleasant parks, and through dark forests of spruces, always climbing higher and higher, until at length the hog-back was reached, where we must begin to climb on foot. Here we dismounted, unsaddled and tied up the horses.

New snow had fallen since the day before, and we could see a quarter of a mile away, on another hogback, a well-defined trail where a number of large animals had passed up or down. Yellowfish pointed to this evidence of the presence of game with an air of great satisfaction, and we set out on our climb.

The life of a sheep hunter is not one of luxurious ease. He must breast the steepest ascents, and must seek for his game over ridges, along precipices and up peaks, and follow it to its home among the clouds. Sometimes he can do this by means of a trail made by the sheep themselves, and he is fortunate if he finds such a path to the heights. More often he has to clamber laboriously over rough beds of jagged rock, along the faces of steep slopes, where a misstep would send him rolling down hundreds of feet on to the sharp rocks below; or over beds of sliding shale that yield and slip under the foot, often carrying him with them as the unstable mass is disturbed by his weight; or along narrow ledges where the vertical rock above and at the side offers no hand hold, and the abyss beneath, if considered, would shake the steadiest nerve. Worst of all are the steep faces of slippery clays sometimes encountered, where every muscle must be brought into play to keep feet and hands in position. When, as is frequently the case, the mountains are covered with snow and ice, the difficulties of climbing are of course much increased. The sheep hunter must have good lungs, tough muscles, a clear head and an iron nerve if he wishes to be successful in this difficult pursuit. Sheep hunting is no boy's play, and in these mountains it calls forth all a man's physical powers. There are—or rather there used to be—localities where it was possible to get these animals without such an expenditure of energy, but from most such places the sheep have long ago disappeared. Nowadays the man who kills a sheep usually earns it several times over before he gets the meat to camp.

Clambering up the rough mountain side just where we had gone the day before, we turned off to the left instead of to the right and followed along under the inaccessible cliff. The climbing here was slow and difficult. The talus was composed of cubical blocks, from one to four feet in diameter, with sharp edges and corners, and these were lying tumbled about confusedly over the whole mountain side. It was necessary to step from one to another of these snow-covered masses, and often the stones were so nicely balanced that a man's weight would cause them to tip and turn, and the result would be an ugly fall on the sharp stones. Each one of us got two or three tumbles during the day from this cause, and I think we all of us made up our minds that it was an extremely uncomfortable place in which to fall down.

The rocks passed, we had for awhile easier walking along a sheep trail which led us over some quite firm shale.

We had not proceeded very far before we came upon the track of a sheep made the day before in the snow, and Yellowfish pointed it out to me with the remark, "Maybe the rocks don't fall down for nothing." Now tracks were all very well, but we could neither fry nor roast them, and so they were not altogether satisfactory. Moreover the mountain side where we were, while it was a capital lying ground for sheep, was absolutely destitute of vegetation and so was not a feeding ground. The best place to look for game I have always found to be its feeding ground, and I was anxious to get to this. Here the only places where feed could be had was down on the hogbacks where the ridges came up to meet the slope of broken rock fragments, or else on top of the cliffs, at whose feet we then were. Moreover I had several times that morning heard the noise supposed to have been made by rolling rocks repeated, and had at length satisfied myself as to its cause. The day was clear and there was no mist in the air, so that we could see the whole face of the cliff above. At short intervals along this rocky face small springs broke out and trickled down it, and their waters, frozen during the preceding night, hung down in long icicles. The morning was warm, and as the ice melted, one of these icicles would every now and then break off, fall down some distance and clatter over the rocks with a sound very much like that which would be made by a stone rolling down the same slope. Now that the air was clear, one could distinguish, however, that the sound made was not exactly that which would be made by a rolling stone, that it was sharper and crisper and not so dull.

During our passage along the mountain side we crossed a number of different strata. There was no straight up and down climbing, but a great deal of slow creeping and scrambling along places which, though not dangerous, were sufficiently bad to promise a good deal of discomfort if one got fairly started down the slope. Two or three times we had to cross beds of fine shale fifty or sixty yards in width. This shale was piled up just as steep as it would lie, and the addition of a little weight or the removal of a few fragments would start a portion of the bed to sliding down the slope. Now and then points of the firm underlying rock projected through the unstable bed, and we had to get from one such point to another as rapidly as possible. So one by one we would stride along through the moving shale, then rest a little and pass on to another island of rock, and at length reach what was really *terra firma* on the other side of the slide. As we crossed the moving mass we, of course, went down the slope with it and would thus lose forty or fifty yards in vertical distance in making the passage. These slides, though laborious, were not so unpleasant to pass over as some of the smooth dirt or clay slopes. These are often extremely steep and very slippery, so that it required the utmost care, on the one hand not to lose one's balance and fall, and on the other not to have one's footing give way and slide. In either case the result would have been the same—an exceedingly rapid journey over the greasy clay for two or three hundred feet and then an abrupt halt on the rocks below.

Over such ground we made our way for five or six hours, rounding the southern point of the mountain, but seeing no sheep. Sign was abundant enough, and some of it quite fresh, but all the indications, it seemed clear to me, pointed to the conclusion that this side of the mountain was the winter range of the sheep, and that until severe weather came on they must be looked for either on top or on the northern slope of the mountain. On inquiry of Yellowfish, who professed to have killed a number of sheep the year before, just where we were now hunting, I found that it had been late in November that he had done it, but before any heavy snows had fallen. Turning back toward the horses we retraced our steps, going along the mountain nearer its base—a most unwise proceeding, for it obliged us to climb ridge after ridge. Before we had got down to the timber we stopped to rest for a few moments, and the Indian, having nothing better to do, shot at a little chief hare among some boulders below us. Immediately after the shot, we heard, a couple of hundred yards below us in the timber, the characteristic cracking of sticks that told us that some elk were afoot. They did not show themselves, and gradually the sound of their movements was heard more and more faintly, until at length it was wholly lost.

We kept on our way, and at length, after a most discouraging walk over slippery, grass-covered hills and through some very bad down timber, we reached the horses. I was glad enough after saddling up to clamber on to old Jerry and ride him down, even over the worst and steepest parts of the trail.

Yo.

TOBOGGANING AND SNOW-SHOEING, borrowed from Canada, are growing in popularity as winter sports in this country.

For Christmas Week.

"SHIFTLESS BILL."

A Christmas Sketch.

I.

WHEN I first met him I was a boy of about fifteen and he was perhaps a year or so older. I had landed my little duck boat where a seine was drying on a marshy shore, and with infinite difficulty I made my way through the coarse marsh grass, sticking fast in the soft muck at almost every step, to a tumble-down log hut back from the river. I had come out, as was my wont when a schoolboy, on a Friday afternoon to spend the night and the Saturday holiday on the sluggish, muddy river that crawled through the swamps and marshes eight miles from my home. Usually I passed the Friday night curled up on the dried grass in the bottom of the little duck boat, with a big overcoat for a covering, but on the day I first met Shiftless Bill it had set in to rain steadily, and as I had no tent and no rubber coat, I ventured to seek a shelter for the night in the only house in sight at dusk, the tumble-down log hut aforesaid.

When I knocked a timid knock on the door, an old, hard-visaged woman and an older, harder-visaged man both peered out at me in a forbidding sort of a way. Could I stay all night? No, they didn't take lodgers. But I would pay, and wanted only shelter and a place to spread my overcoat for a couch. They had no bed, but—would I sleep on the floor? Certainly. Well (after a whispered consultation), then I could come in.

The interior was dark, ill-smelling and otherwise forbidding. There were two flag-bottomed chairs, guiltless of backs or arms, and a home-made deal table. At one side was a curtain of faded calico, which probably concealed some sort of a couch, and in the furthermost corner of the room was a black heap of rags or clothing, which of the two I could not tell in the darkness. Even when the home-made tallow dip was lighted and placed upon the greasy table in a split piece of green wood which served as a candle stick, the light it furnished was faint and dismal, and only made the dark crannies of the room darker yet.

"Come f'm town?" asked the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"Got sot lines* in the river?"

"No, sir; I'm just out for a paddle down to Egypt. I shall go back to town to-morrow night."

"Humph! Eat supper?"

"Yes, sir. My lunch is in the rubber bag."

The old man then relapsed into silence, lighted a pipe and drew toward him a bundle of dried flag, which he proceeded to plait into the shape of a corn basket, while his better half also lighted a pipe and devoted herself to the task of washing up the cracked and yellow earthen dishes which had done duty for a recent meal, using a greasy butter tub in lieu of dishpan. As for myself, I felt the uncomfortable knowledge that I was an intruder, and an unwelcome one at that, and inwardly vowed that never again, so long as I cruised on that river, would I be found afloat without a rubber blanket or some shelter from rain that would make me independent of the natives of the marsh lands.

An hour passed, and the man still plaited and smoked, and anon spat, with great force and unerring precision, through a chink between the log walls of the cabin where the mud had fallen out, but never a word said he. The old woman finished her dish washing, lighted one fresh pipe and then another, and busied herself glueing a patch on the toe of a rubber boot, but she was as dumb as her spouse. Another hour passed, similar in all respects to the first, and then I nodded on my chair, recovered suddenly and coughed, then nodded again and fell fast asleep. When I awoke, the old woman had vanished, and the old man was standing over me in red flannel shirt and home-knit socks.

"Blow out the light," he said, "when ye've rigged yerself fer bed." After which terse command, he drew the faded curtain aside and disappeared behind its folds. In five minutes a profound bass snore, with the accompaniment of an asthmatic, intermittent gasp, told me that my host and hostess were wrapped in slumber.

I spread my huge overcoat on the cleanest spot on the floor, moved the candle to the edge of the table, where I could reach it from my couch, and proceeded quietly to wrap myself in the generous folds of my improvised coverlet and couch combined. As I lifted my hand with a yawn to reach the candle in order to extinguish it, I thought I saw some slight motion in the heap of rags in the dark corner of the room. I held the candle above my head and peered into the dim recess, but saw no further move, and believing my eyes to have deceived me, was about to blow out the light when the heap of rags began to rise slowly toward the ceiling. Cold shivers chased each other up and down my back and the roots of my hair tingled. As the heap finally assumed the shape of an upright being and advanced toward me my fright increased, and my terror was so intense that I lay there motionless, the candle still grasped in my left hand, unable to move. I say an upright being because at first there hardly appeared to be anything human about the object. As it came into the arc of light which my candle threw about me, however, I made out that it was the figure of a man or boy, tall, long-armed and brawny, with a great pumpkin-like head covered with a thick tangled mass of yellow hair and two big, dull, vacant eyes, staring out from a face dirty, blotched and several shades darker than the hair. The clothes were few, scant in their fit and hanging in tatters. As I recovered in a measure from my fright and was about to speak, the boy raised a hand like a ham in warning gesture and whispered a low "Sh-sh!" Then he sat on a chair close by me, pulled from somewhere in the interior of his rags a dirty, torn volume of Goldsmith's "Natural History," turned the leaves awkwardly until he came to a wood cut of a giraffe, and holding it in front of my eyes he whispered: "Is there sech hosses livin' es that air?"

I nodded my head in assent, and he looked at the cut musingly for a moment, then returned the book slowly to the mysterious depths of his rags, and whispered with a smile. "They must be dod-durned good uns fer ploughin'."

I again nodded assent, and having now completely recovered from my fright, I ventured a whispered "Who are you?" The boy looked cautiously around toward the curtains, from behind which the bass snore and the asthmatic gasp were still audible. Then he looked at me intently for a moment, then jerked his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the sleepers, and said, "Them's my pap an' mam. I'm Bill. Folks gen'rally call me Shiftless Bill. Dad says I ain't right here," tapping his forehead with a grimy forefinger, "and neighbors say it's Dad's fault. When I was little Dad bet Joe Lynch he could split a green mushmelon on my head with his hand open—so. It was hard work, but Dad won, with four tries. They say I hain't ben right sence," and the boy gave a low chuckle and seemed vastly amused. Then he leaned further forward and whispered lower, "They didn't know I was under them carpet rags to-night. Ef they had Dad 'd ha' wolloped me. He allus wallops me. I don't live home now, I live—outside," with a wave of his hand to indicate the outer world generally. "I come here after powder an' caps while they was berryin', an' got ketched inside." Then he rose, walked as still as a cat to a cupboard, poured a small quantity of powder from a horn into his hand and from thence into a little cloth bag he carried; then picked out of a box not more than a half dozen G. D. caps, which he disposed of somewhere beneath his rags; then closed the cupboard door carefully, stole with the same cat-like tread to the cabin door, which he opened softly and with a farewell smile of absolute vacancy to me, the door closed noiselessly behind him and he was gone.

I blew out the candle and tried to sleep; but in vain. I could think of nothing but the vacant smile, the dark, blotched face, the frowsy, yellow hair, and the tattered garments of Shiftless Bill. At last, after tossing and turning for two or three hours, I found that the rain had ceased, and rather than lie on that cabin floor for the rest of a sleepless night I rose, stole out of the hut and down to the river, turned the duck boat up to let the water run out, and then paddled away in the darkness until I had put two good miles between me and the log cabin. Then, tired with my exertion and the lack of sleep, I pushed the boat half its length upon a muddy point, laid my arm upon the stern deck and my head upon my arm, and sank to sleep.

II.

It was a long time—rather more than three years—before I had another interview with Shiftless Bill. I had gone as usual for cruises on the river in the summer time; but the great, brawny form of the half-witted lad had never come under my notice, and I somehow began to look upon my first vision of him as a sort of dream, a nightmare which left more than the usual impression upon me. One warm day I heard the sweetest bird music that I had ever listened to coming from a willow copse close by the river. I landed my boat upon the grassy bank, stole to the edge of the thicket, and looked through into an opening beyond where the sun streamed in. There, in the midst of the sunshine, lying flat upon his back, listening with an entranced look in his eyes to the song of the bird, was Shiftless Bill, grown larger than before, more ragged than ever, dirtier in every way, and with lines of care or suffering drawn upon his face, but the same Shiftless Bill whom I had met so strangely in the log cabin three years before. A slight movement upon my part and a snapped twig brought him to his feet in an instant. Then he recognized me with the old vacant smile, picked up an old musket, the barrel of which was red with rust, and stepped out upon the grassy bank by my boat and me, where he sat himself down, dived into the recesses of his rags, pulled out the Goldsmith's "Natural History," thumbed the dirty leaves until he came to the cut of the giraffe, and then handed me the book, saying, "I've been a lookin' fer ye. That readin' tells about that air hoss. A girl read it to me wunst, but I want to hear it agin. Kin you read it?"

I told Bill I could, and proceeded slowly to read the paragraph of about a dozen lines that described the "giraffe or cameleopard." "Read it wunst more," said Bill when I had finished. I read it slowly again, Bill following my words with his lips with closest attention. When I laid the book down what was my surprise to hear this uneducated, half witted monster reel off with perfect precision and without hesitation, the paragraph I had just finished, word for word, I believe. Then he grinned his vacant smile, and put the book away.

I was becoming much interested in this strange being, and attempted a conversation with him. Where did he live? Live? Wherever he liked. Everywhere. In fact, if I wanted to know, he lived nowhere. Did he work? Work? Well, yes, sometimes, when he wanted money. What did he do with all the money he earned, if it were not impertinent to ask? "*All* on it?" He looked as if I was poking fun at him, then chuckled and shook his filthy rags in a paroxysm of mirth. Save it? Lord, no; he was no miser. Work was a disagreeable necessity sometimes, or sometimes a relief to the monotony of doing nothing. Work might provide him with an old pair of boots when it was too cold to go barefooted, or a discarded horse blanket for his winter wardrobe, but there was no actual need of continuous work for any length of time. Where did he get his meals? Humph! he never had no *meals*. Yittles didn't trouble him much. He mostly found "suthin' ter eat" when he was hungry. Raw turnips dug out of a field, sometimes raw potatoes, or corn, or "tommatuses," or melons, or apples, or berries, or "sassafrax" root, were generally, one or the other, near at hand when he felt a desire to eat, but in winter he lived on bread, and then he had to do chores to get it. Didn't he ever eat meat? No, he hadn't touched pork, not since Dad had kicked him out, long ago. For the rest, he was contented with his lot; he knew where to find what he wanted when he wanted it; nobody meddled with him, and he meddled with nobody. The soft leaves in the hollow made by an uprooted tree were a good enough bed in summer, for rain he didn't care a rap, and when winter and cold a haystack or the straw in a barn was comfortable to bury himself in, and if they weren't handy, why, a pig pen always was and the pigs knew him well and rather liked his company than otherwise. Wasn't he ever cold? Cold? He didn't know what cold was. And sick? What business had he with being sick? In his opinion it was only them that drank rum, used tobacco, ate too much, or lived stuffed up in houses that was took sick. He never did none of them things, and did he look sick? I was safe to say that he didn't.

Shiftless Bill's life, as I learned then and afterward from those who knew him, was singularly inoffensive. He was never known to be dishonest; never foul-mouthed; he had no bad appetites. When he was sometimes compelled to labor to obtain certain necessities he could accomplish with his wonderful strength more at the scythe, with the axe or the spade than any two men. He never took money for his services, asking for some discarded article of wearing apparel or a loaf of bread instead; and the only objection his acquaintances could urge against him was that he was extraordinarily dirty and unkempt, and therefore unpleasant as a companion to work with. Some complained that he had no pleasure in society and was entirely wrapped up in himself and his filth, with not a tender chord in his heartstrings for any other living being.

III.

In that last complaint they wronged Shiftless Bill. He had pleasure in society—a certain very interesting society. With his friends, the chipmunks, and the squirrels, and the weasels, and the rabbits, and the foxes, he was perfectly *en rapport*. He would lie on his back for hours listening to the varied and beautiful notes which the catbird, notwithstanding a general impression to the contrary, can pour forth in delicious melody; and the partridge wooed his mate and drummed the love-beat on the hollow log in complete disregard of the fact that Shiftless Bill lay watching the occurrence in plain sight underneath a sumach. And Bill had, too, a tender sympathy in his soul for certain beings, to wit, vagrant dogs; and the harder their lot and the more evident their kicks and abuse, the stronger was the force of compassion he felt for them; and many the poor wounded cur had Bill kept and tended, and nursed back to health and strength in his retreat in the leafy chestnut woods.

* * * * * * *

Do you remember that peculiar winter of 1877, when great tons of snow fell early in December, and on the 20th, five days before Christmas, do you recollect how the south wind blew warm and all the great mass of snow and ice began to melt and rivers rose, and the only thing that saved the country from disastrous freshets was a sudden freeze on Christmas morning, when the thermometer went down with a skurry? Well, that freezing Christmas after the four days' thaw is the day I write of. The river near which Shiftless Bill kept his nomadic domicile rose rapidly, as did all the other rivers during the thaw, broke its ice and went thrashing along over its usually quiet course, carrying barrels and boxes, hencoops and fences, logs and driftwood of all kinds along with it; and on that cold Christmas morning the inhabitants of the little hamlet of Egypt were gathered in the meeting house, not only celebrating the birth of the Christ-child, but giving prayerful thanks that the good Lord had sent the freezing temperature at just the right time to prevent the further increase of the flood, which was already spreading over the flat meadow on which the hamlet was built, and which in another day of thawing weather would have carried away half the poor little dwellings of the villagers.

As the congregation filed out of the little chapel and drew their mufflers and "tippets" tighter around them as the nipping frosty air bit their noses and ears, a shout from some boys on the river bank drew their attention, and men and women both hurried toward the youngsters, who seemed stricken with intense excitement. As they came nearer to the river the people saw what had aroused the interest of the children. Just opposite the hamlet a small raft, probably a barn door, was careering downstream, and on this, running back and forth from one side to the other in an attempt to find a place to escape, was a large, powerful, noble looking Newfoundland dog. Just below the village a point jutted out into the stream, and some of the ice and debris brought down with the flood had caught on this point and made a wall at the edge of the shore some ten feet in height, the force of the current having carried many huge blocks of ice away up on the land. As the raft bearing the dog was swept in toward this icy barrier the intelligent animal stepped to the edge nearest the shore, and crouched as if for a spring. Would he leap into the water and try to swim to the point? A sudden shout from the spectators went up as the dog was seen to spring into the icy water and strike out for the shore. For a few moments only his black head could be seen as he struggled nobly to gain the land. At last he reached the wall of icy blocks which rose in an inclined mass of large broken cakes for ten feet above the water. If he could climb over this barrier he would be safe. The noble brute was seen to lift himself in the water and put his fore paws upon one of the cakes of ice He drew himself up a little, then his paws slipped on the glassy surface, and he fell back into the water. Again he tried it, and again; and each time with the same result. Then he swam along the wall to another place, tried there, and failed. The spectators on the bank had run down nearly to the point, and were watching the dog with intense interest. Suddenly a loud cry arose. Close in to the village shore, tearing along with the current at a mad rate of speed, was a huge mass of ice, larger than any one body that had gone down before. Its front was piled up high, its edges were rough and jagged, its present course would crash it against the wall at the point and crush the poor dog into a pulp with its force. On went the mass, and still the dog struggled in vain. There might be yet time for some agile man to climb out on that slippery wall and draw the animal up out of danger. Who would make the attempt? Oh, it would be a dangerous, mad journey out along that wall of uneven ice for a man to take, and after all, it was only a dog that was to be saved. On, on, rushed the great mass of ice; nearer, every instant nearer to the poor brute, whose struggles seemed to increase tenfold in the desperation of the danger which he seemed to realize. Suddenly a woman shrieked, and pointed with her uplifted arm. The crowd looked, and a shout louder than any heard yet arose from their throats. There, on the bluff at the head of the point, a strange, uncouth figure of gigantic hight, enveloped in fluttering rags, with long, matted yellow hair flying in the wind, was tearing with great rapid strides down the declivity toward the struggling animal. For a moment he was out of sight and then he was seen again as he mounted the wall of ice to its crest from the other side. The mass was now almost upon the dog, which had ceased its struggles and was looking upward piteously at the strange figure. He must hurry if he would save the brute. He makes his way with difficulty along the uneven, glassy cakes of ice, clinging with hands and feet for a safe support. Ah! he has slipped! But one hand has held with a giant's strength, and he hastens along. He has slipped again, and again caught with his hands. Then with two quick motions, he frees his feet from the ill-fitting boots that encumber them, and then, barefooted, he bounds like a chamois from cake to cake and crag to crag, with a daring and an agility that make the spectators hold their breath with excitement. Now he is directly over the dog, and descends the almost perpendicular plane of solid ice more slowly. He is not a moment too soon, as the floating mass is within a few feet of the animal. He reaches out one long arm to the dog, says something in a sharp tone, and the brute in obedience makes one last effort to lift itself toward the saving hand. Alas! it has not the strength! The mass of floating ice is now almost upon them, and in another instant will crash into the wall with the force of a battering ram. "Go back! Go back!" the people shout. He will not. See! he

*"Sot lines"—lines set at night across the river, baited at frequent intervals with worms, for catching catfish. A common night's amusement there for the boys of the town.

s descending lower! He has now no foothold, but with his right hand grasps a small projecting ledge. His left hand he reaches down, and entwines his fingers in the shaggy coat of the animal's neck. He surely has not the strength to raise the huge dog in that position! Muscles of iron could not stand the tension! Ah, but he has muscles of better stuff than iron then, for he lifts the great brute, and draws it, wet and dripping, out of the water. Horror! the ledge has given way under the weight, dog and man have fallen into the icy water, and with a crash like loud thunder the great floating mass of ice hurls itself against the frozen wall and breaks into a million pieces!

Women shrieked and fainted, and men ran for axes and bars, and hurried out on the point. They climbed over the battered remnants of the wall, and worked with a will to pry and cut away the ice which held the bodies of the dog and man. For hours they worked and would not give up, but it was not until nearly dusk of that Christmas day that their labors were rewarded—rewarded by finding the two corpses, one the brute, and one not far removed from the brute, kind in his mode of life, but human and noble in the great unselfish heart that could meet death in the attempt to save one of the dumb kind which had been his only friends in life, the only kind whose ways he understood, and the only kind which understood and loved him.

They buried the man in the chestnut woods, and left no stone and no sign but a mound that is now mossy and green to indicate the spot where lie the remains of poor half-witted "Shiftless Bill." SENECA.

MAROONED ON RONCADOR.

WE were very much puzzled by the rather peculiar name given on our chart to a little sand cay well fringed with reefs, lying in latitude 13° 35′ N., and longitude 80° 6′ W., right in the fairway for a ship bound from Aspinwall to Key West, and 250 miles from the former. Our interest in the name arose from the fact that on our way north, instead of adopting our usual custom in such matters and giving it as wide a berth as we could without running too near to some other of its nature, we were called upon to go to it.

Our Spanish expert hunted up that the name Roncador meant "The Snorter," for it came from the verb ronca, to snore or snort, and when we got there we could see the reason of the nomenclature. Given a strong blow or even a moderate trade winds it would seem very likely, judging by the effect in breaker producing of the light wind we had, that it would prove indeed a "snorter." There is like significance in Spanish names of many of the dangerous reefs with which the Caribbean Sea is well provided. Mira-por-vis (look out for yourself), Quita Sueño (sleep stopper) and others, are well named.

Our mission, when we left Aspinwall early on Nov. 19, was one of humanity, and we were well pleased. Had it been exactly the opposite we would have been pleased, but perhaps not so much. But the pleasure one has in leaving that horrid, dirty, rainy, sickly hole for any reason is so great that it takes strong causes to produce even shades of difference. Information had been received by the Navy Department that upon the barren islet there were men, who had been abandoned to a possible death by privation, and at least, to a certainty, of great hardship, and by telegraph sped the order for the Powhatan to go and rescue them. She did go, did find and rescue them, and it is in regard to their adventures I propose to write for you.

Long messages are not sent at a dollar a word, including address and signature, and much was left for us to speculate over. Who were the abandoned men? How did they get there? Who abandoned them? How long since? Why did they not leave the islet by the same means by which they sent information of their being their? And lots more queries which, as they could not be answered until we got there, served to pass time, and give rise to sharp discussions. And the old ship seemed to participate in the feverish haste of all to get there. And in thirty-one hours from our fervent good-bye to Aspinwall, on the forenoon of the 20th, for we had so timed it that we should have benefit of morning light to find the islet, and of daylight to communicate, we sighted ahead a mass of foaming breakers, and as we approached, with good look out for broken water, a more solid looking speck amid the breakers but not one of them, glistening in the dazzling tropical sun. The whole cay is but a very small spot to find, but it is an extremely ugly one to be caught to windward of with anything the matter with sails or spars. The whole length of seven miles and a half is of unbroken breakers, varied, as we could see upon a nearer approach, by that beautiful light green color so frequently seen in those latitudes, where the water is shallow and the bottom of coral. There are ugly black rocky heads sticking up here and there, against which the heave of the sea expends itself with great fury and considerable noise, which probably gave to the cay its name. The sand patch itself is only 600 yards long by 300 yards in width and is only inhabited by birds who rest there at night and in the season lay their eggs and hatch their young. Boobies, man-of-war birds and gannets are the chief species.

As we neared the land, every glass in the ship was in requisition, and as, one after another, the various objects on shore became distinct and were identified, excitement grew until, when certain black points were seen to be moving, and later it was evident that they were men, the interest was at fever heat. First we saw a large square structure surmounted with a flag on its staff, and had it been a fort it could not have more closely resembled one; but a fort it could not be. The sailing directions describe nothing on the islet but a "few low bushes, a hut and a well of brackish water." This was neither; yet it was nothing new, and was there, differently arranged, long before the directions were written, as we afterward found. It consisted of some 600 tons of guano, which had been collected, screened, piled, and was ready for shipment. In close proximity—for on 7 feet high islets, over which the sea can dash when that way inclined, the high spot is the safest, and even so unsavory a neighbor as guano can be endured—were two shanties.

From these huts came running along the beach to a hauled-up boat three men, and soon they were pulling toward us. In our cutter, about to start for the shore, was the doctor, well provided with necessary remedies for weak and starving people; in the shore boat coming to us were three as hardy and healthy looking individuals as one often sees. Clad in the remains of a suit of ordinary shirt and trousers, no hats nor shoes, tanned and sunburned so black that we at first thought them Diegos, were three good-looking fellows. We thought they must be the survivors, and still kept prepared to send, under their pilotage, for the others; but there was no need. They were, to use the words of the poet, "The boatswain tight, the midshipmite and the crew of the Nancy brig."

We hove them a line and they came aboard. One, an Alsatian, who seemed to be the leader, spoke English very fairly; the two others, one German, the other a Hollander, not much. They had come off hoping to be able to buy provisions and clothing, and utterly ignorant of the fact of their having been sent for. When, however, they heard of our mission their minds were quickly enough made up, the temptation of returning to civilization being sufficient to overcome their sense of duty toward employers who had left them on an utterly barren island to shift for themselves, and to keep guard over a pile of screened guano while waiting for the said employers to return and gather up the results of their hard labors and sacrifice.

From their statements, which agree, it appears that they had been engaged by a party of New York and Philadelphia merchants, through their agent, Captain Genet, an ex-sea captain, to go to the Island of Roncador to collect guano. The original party consisted of fourteen, and were landed on the island inMay, 1884, the ex-sea captain being with them as superintendent. One of the men, Ryyp by name, was of this orignal party, and had thus spent over eighteen months on the islet; the two others had been there about eight months. Their contract was to collect the guano and ship it. Wages from $15 a month, and provisions, clothing, etc. They dug enough to load three schooners belonging to the company, each of which, on her departure for, they think, Wilmington, N. C., carried away some of the working party. In November, 1884, they having been left without a visit a long period, and provisions running low, the superintendent, with two men, started for Aspinwall in one of their boats, which had been raised and decked. Having no compass the trip was a long and hard one, but successful, for in a few weeks he returned with a Columbian vessel, which he had chartered to carry away guano. She was loaded and Captain Genet left in her for the North early this spring, leaving three months' provisions. Since then they had not heard from him, and were very anxious about him, as they had so high an opinion of him that they could not believe him in any way responsible for the failure to keep them supplied with provisions, etc.

When Captain Genet and party left, the islanders were reduced to four people—Ryyp, the Alsatian; Von Woll, the German; Van Shendel, the Hollander, and Jim Cooke, a heathen Chinee, who in the double capacity of cook and guano worker, got wages away ahead of the others, and in his third capacity, for which "the heathen Chinee is peculiar" managed to get what little the other fellows had in a get-at-able condition; that, however, don't include wages, for according to their statements, promises instead of payments have, up to date, been the rule.

I don't propose to go at all into the business questions involved. The original employers have no doubt something to explain, and it is to be hoped that for the credit of United States merchants they can clear it all up. Somewhere between the extremes of marooning and unavoidable accident, perhaps settling on one of the extremes, lies the true reason why these men were left to so rough a life, which might have terminated in a rougher death. The question would and may yet puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer and I don't like puzzles. I propose only to give some details of their life as they tell it, and in so doing regret that it should not be told with the pen of De Foe or the author of "Swiss Family Robinson," for with a little imaginative trimming, the story of these men would be most interesting.

While Jim Cook was with them they were quite comfortable, had huts to sleep in, plenty of grub, and a good cook, with work enough to make time pass; and that they worked hard and faithfully the immense pile of guano is a silent witness. I don't know much about gathering guano, but if given the problem, if four men working months can collect a pile of guano big as a fort, how long would it take "Piseco" to accomplish one-thirty-fifth of the same? I would without hesitation answer about a hundred years.

But as provisions ran low Jim began to get discontent. This discontent he concealed, and when, about three months ago, it was in August, the pork barrel having given out in June, the bread and worms and weevils mixed, a month or so later, and turtle oil grown rancid, Jim felt that his reputation as a cook was at stake. Boobies and conchs, under the most skillful treatment, cannot fill the lack of turkeys and oysters, and Jim thought he would, *pro bono publico*, go for assistance. A fishing schooner coming in Jim secured passage in her for, as he said, $60, and went to Colon, to charter a vessel to take away the guano and to procure provisions. With Jim was intrusted all of their turtle shell, about $150 worth, their spare cash, not much—and they were still awaiting Jim's return. He did send provisions, to a limited extent, however, for when the schooner returned, two months ago, she brought three bottles of rum and three pounds of tobacco. A bottle of rum and a pound of tobacco each. What could they want more? It turned out though that they wanted their contract, which, with other papers of importance, Jim, being the only man with a trunk, had kindly taken care of and forgotten to return. Jim now disappears from the story. Perhaps he is now in New York, and has established with the proceeds a washy washee and is growing rich.

I hope these boys will meet him some day. There will be a lively party.

Mr. Van Shendel, the Hollander, became Jim's successor, and judging by the appearance of the party, he has reduced the preparation of boobies, gannets and other wildfowl to a science. Such as there was, there was plenty of it, and no lack of firewood, for any quantity of drift wood came ashore from time to time.

Their time was spent in fishing, turtling, birding and bird-nesting. In regard to the latter they give statements which differ somewhat from those who write that the sea fowl make no nests, depositing their eggs at random. They say that very ingenious nests were made; small bits of sticks and weed woven together with wonderful skill, and each nest beautifully lined with soft white and gray feathers. The birds came to the island every night, and, sitting on the sand, were easily secured by clubbing. Except in the breeding season, all went away at early daylight, and even then all but those sitting or caring for the young.

As food they were tough and fishy; but the Roncadorians were not over-nice about that. Fights between "men-of-war birds" and the boobies, or rather robberies from the latter by the former, furnished amusement. The men-of-war birds rob the boobies of the fish they catch, just as our national emblem steals from the fishhawk. I had supposed that between boobies and gannets there was not much to choose; but I must warn my FOREST AND STREAM friends against luxuriating on the latter. Plain booby is the better; it does not give one the colic as gannet does. The turtle season was during June, July and August; while turtles were abundant the men lived high. They had to give up eating the eggs, which at first they liked, but which they found produced dizziness.

One of their amusements was turtle catching. Their description of the cautious manner of the old lady in approaching the spot where she proposes to reproduce, is good, but not new. As this letter is getting long, I'll skip it. They had considerable difficulty in procuring, uninjured, the turtle shell. Experts in shell gathering soak the shells, after the meat has been removed, several days in salt water, when they can be separated easily. Not being up in this business they tried the opposite course, drying it on the stove, with the result of losing much by cracking and splitting. The oil was very valuable to them for cooking and for lights. Green turtle and loggerheads were the varieties.

Fishing was good. Baiting with conchs—which, by the way, were one of their food resources, but proved indigestible, however cooked—they caught plenty of barracuda, redsnappers, gropers, etc., and an occasional shark, which contributed to the fun, if not to the larder. Fishing was with them pretty much as we always find it—a problem in which luck was a large factor. Sometimes for a week they caught nothing, and at other times all they wanted. And they couldn't find any peculiarity in the wind or weather worthy of being considered a "sign." So they dried and salted for such emergencies.

Sometimes, but not often, for their record is of but eight, a good-sized crawfish, about a foot long, varied their diet. I can't understand why they didn't get more of them; they are plentiful and cheap at Key West.

Among their sources of discomfort were land crabs. These were of two kinds—one the soldier crab, and the other a little but excessively annoying creature of a very black complexion. These fairly swarmed, and while very disagreeable as bedfellows, proved, under the circumstances, still more so as messmates. To keep them out of the shanties it was necessary to place tinned boards on edge across the threshold, for they were determined to be sociable.

So the men lived along on their speck of land and waited. And as in succession the various articles of provision gave out, until at last, when we came, their stock consisted of a barrel of wormy bread, 1½ pounds of flour and boobies *ad lib.*—things looked shaky.

They were plucky to the last, though. They came off to us for provisions, with no thought of abandoning their charge. They had twelve dollars among them, and intended to refit. When, however, the invitation to go with us was given, there was no dissent. So we hoisted in their boat, clothed and fed them, and have brought them back to the world. If wrong has been done them, the wrong was a great one. They are brave and honest men, and have been faithful to the last. PISECO.

[The caption of "Piseco's" paper was given it by ourselves. The three men arrived at this port last week.]

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XVI.—THE ANABASIS OF 1885.

FOR three hundred days, during which we had seen the world turn brown and die, wrapped in the spectral sheet of winter, spring forth with a joyful resurrection and burst upon us with the golden heat of its summer splendor, there had hung about us a glamor which neither the glory of autumn, the gloom of winter nor the beauty of the springtide could dispel. We were captives to a power which had enchanted us in the shadow of Canadian forests and on the shores of lonely lakes, and which, with the first breath of the new summer summoned us thitherward with a call from which there was no escape. As the days, one by one, went by, which were bringing us nearer to the hour of our flight, our thoughts went out to the land where the camp of 1884 had mustered, and where we had fondly hoped it would live over its older life. The ways and means could easily be disposed of, for tents and equipage had been stored at the outlet of Loughborough Lake, and it needed only the presence of its former lights to call the old camp into being once more. But when the roll was called there was an ominous response; rebellion and desertion met us at the threshold. Truthful James had set his heart on living in a house and doing penance over slippery, flabby steaks, heavy bread and powerless coffee, and the Reformer was bent on prospecting for a ranche in Dakota. But the call brought our old factotum, George, to the front, and with naught but pity for the deserters we shouldered our traps and started—the forlorn hope of the camp that was to be. Where it should be located was not yet determined; a half-dozen backwoods localities were under consideration, where trout and bass were in abundance, and where a line had seldom, if ever, been cast. Leaving this to the future, we struck a bee line for our camp stores, which were some sixteen miles to the northward of Kingston, Ont. Never were two days more alike than those which witnessed the anabasis of the camp in 1884 and 1885. A year to the day and to the hour separated them; there was the same cloudless sky above, the same burning drouth over the land, the same fiery heat around and the same longings for the shadows of the pines and the breezes from forest-bound lakes. It was like setting back the hand on the dial plate of time or turning back the march of the sun through twelve weary signs. There was no hesitation in selecting the route to Canada. The charm of "the old fishing line"—the New York, Ontario and Western—with its scenery of mountain gorges and bright waters, its views from western summits over the fairest valleys of the Empire State, its quiet retreats where knights of the split bamboo resort to revel in the best trout fishing to be found within a day's journey from New York, the charm of all these was enough to leave no thoughts of any other.

A delightful journey of two hours from New York brings the sportsman to Middletown, in the center of the boasted farming lands of Orange county. To the southeast one sees the mountain range which marks the boundary of the Warwick Woodlands, while still nearer lie the Drowned Lands, both celebrated in days gone by by the pen of "Frank Forester." One hour more and he is among the mountain brooks of Sullivan county, streams which for years furnished most magnificent trout fishing. Here, within easy reach from the stations of the New York, Ontario & Western, are the Neversink, Mongaup, Willowemock, Russell Pond, the Beaverkill, and the east and west branches of the Delaware, all famous in the past, and which at the present time furnish as fine trout fishing as at any time in their history. Since 1880 over a million young trout have been placed in the streams above named. In the year 1884 over three hundred thousand trout were put in the Willowemock, Beaverkill and

the branches of the Delaware, and all this at the expense and through the efforts of the management of the above-mentioned line, which is thus endeavoring to maintain the reputation of its trout streams. We understand that in the future the stocking process will be kept up by the addition of five hundred thousand trout annually to these streams. In the coming year fishing and camping cars, provided with sleeping apartments, saloons, kitchens, and a tent or two to each, are to be placed upon this line for the use of fishermen, and that can be engaged by the day and left upon sidings at such places as a party may desire. The cars can be used for living purposes by those who fish in the streams near by, while those in whom the camping instinct is strong can make trips to more distant streams and live out in genuine camping style. This system is much like that of the hunting cars on Western lines; and in enabling anglers to reach grounds which have been almost inaccessible, ought to be a grand success. If the yearly system of stocking the wild mountain streams of Sullivan, Delaware and Ulster are persevered in, the grand old days of sport will come back again to stay, and Livingston Manor, Cook's Falls, East Branch and Walton will become Meccas for anglers from the city.

But our trysting place was not among these famous trout streams. In spite of them all, our thoughts outran the train and buried themselves in far-off forests where two white tents would be the only signs of the habitat of man, and where once more the coon and whippoorwill would be our nightly companions. It was a tired and dusty trio that disembarked from the cars at Oswego at 11 P. M. that night and sought the hospitality of the Doolittle House and slumber. An early breakfast was necessary that we might take the morning train for Cape Vincent, and for it an order was given. With morning came the first botheration of the angler. The genius who presided over the culinary department kept us waiting at the table without service until within five minutes of train time, and we had barely time to swallow a cup of coffee before the call of "train ready!" came from the corridor. In none the best of humor we reached the depot of the Rome, Ogdensburg and Watertown road, purchased tickets and approached the almost unapproachable being who presided over the baggage-smashing department. Here we were met with a curt refusal to check a bag of blankets, for it was "agin orders" and they "couldn't go." There was no time for a parley, so we had a private interview with the master of the situation and saw our luggage safe on the train and, but for the loss of our breakfast, would have been content. Fortunately there was a balance to our credit in the lunch basket which filled the void, and we braced ourselves for another day. Men and women, youths and maidens came and went; earnest-eyed anglers with rods and baskets boarded the train with shortened breath, indicative of their having had a run for it, stopped a while and disembarked, bent on their quest. A change of cars and a reshipment of baggage came, then another, through both of which we kept a tender, anxious eye upon our all in all—that precious troublesome bag of blankets. But "our faith in time was large," and before noon we were standing on the deck of the little steamer bound up the river for Kingston. Here we had determined to begin our inquiries touching the best camping and fishing places. We were recommended to go in every direction, north, east and west, to places near and far, on the Rideau, to Clayton, Sharbot Lake, the Brothers, and a score of inland lakes. One proposed our taking the Kingston and Pembroke Railroad to Sharbot Lake, and the Canadian Pacific thence to Arden, a journey of eighty miles to the northwest, where, in a chain of lakes, lonely enough to suit the most fastidious camper, mascalonge and trout were taken, and the black bass was to be found in the glory of his perfection. It was an enticing proposal, and we made a memorandum for the trip, determined to give the place a trial. But the madame had been captivated by "Podgers'" Paradise, which that writer had located on Wolf Island, and some inquiry must be made concerning the same. The ardor of the madame was soon cooled, for she was informed by what seemed to be good angling authority that Kingston fishermen no longer resorted to the place described by "Podgers" for sport, that the time was when the fishing was good, but that its glory had departed. The article in FOREST AND STREAM concerning the Paradise, we were told, excited some comment at the time in Kingston, and it was asserted that its author had been imposed upon by stories of catches which had no truth in them. The camping question having been duly investigated, we set out for the base where we had left our duffle on breaking camp last year. We soon found the driver of the ancient tally-ho, and engaged a seat beside him for the journey. He proved to be an acquaintance of last year—a young jovial fellow by the name of Stoness. Some one in the backwoods settlement was dead and the stage driver had been commissioned to take back a coffin, for which purpose an extra team had been brought in.

In the middle of the afternoon we started, with our luggage fastened upon the coffin which followed close behind. Before we had made half a dozen miles there was a breakdown, and one of the hind wheels was found to be minus a tire. There were no houses within sight and no aid at hand, so we walked alongside the cumbersome vehicle for a couple of miles in the vain hope of conserving its energy for the last twelve miles of its journey. At last we came to the house of a farmer, who loaned us a heavy lumber wagon, innocent of springs, in which we were bumped and tumbled about for the remainder of the afternoon and into the night. The coffin, with our baggage, had passed us in the meantime, and now led the way. A little beyond, upon a rise of ground, stood a dilapidated church in the midst of a graveyard, the white stones of which were gleaming in the last light of the day. Was it an omen? When we passed it on our return a fresh mound marked the spot where the strong, ruddy hands which had held the reins were lying, folded "to be and abide, forever and aye in the dust by his side." Altogether it was an ill-starred, ghastly ride, though enlivened by the wit and good humor of the young driver whose sun was so near its setting. Tired and depressed we reached Bathersea and were received in the modest inn, the Queen's Own, kept by Van Alstyne. After a well-provided supper, we were greeted and welcomed by our deer-hunter friends and the acquaintances of a year ago. We soon found that our tents and traps were safe and in good condition, and we began to feel that our outing had commenced. Where we might drive our tent pegs was still uncertain, but we had placed the border between ourselves and care, and were determined, come what might, we would for the coming two months lord over time itself. Our aspirations had no bounds. The Ottawa was within reach by water, the Madawaska only a day away, while Rice and Stony lakes seemed at our door; we would try them all. Added to these, there were lakes abounding in bass in every direction about us, connected by waterways or only separated by short carries. It was too weighty a matter to settle at once, so we concluded to "sleep on it." The morning found us as far from a decision as ever, but with plenty of time on our hands in which to plan a campaign, for the rain was falling in torrents and outdoor work was impossible. There had been a considerable fall in the temperature during the night and a few loungers were gathered about the huge iron box stove, which, under the inspiration of an armful of wood, was pouring out fierce gusts of heat. A single clay pipe furnished solace for the party, and this was passed about from one to another, each waiting in patience for his neighbor to consume the charge of plug, with a supply of which every one seemed to be provided. A wooden settee, a table, washstand and half a dozen chairs, with our trunks, constituted the furniture of the sitting room, where all were assembled to pass a rainy day. The landlord was popular with his neighbors, the company was sociable, and the environment, with its novelty, was far from being unpleasant. The conversation was mainly of farming, with now and then a digression into politics, in which "Grits," "Conservatives" and "Sir John" came in for their share of praise and blame. It was Hindoostanee to us, and we failed to get the attributes of either, except that it struck us that the main difference between them was that which always exists between the successful and the unsuccessful, those who have and those who want—the eternal strife between the ins and outs.

Sometimes a deer story would draw forth a few comments, but nothing lower in the range of sports was accorded a hearing. With waters about them abounding in bass, lake trout and pike, no one thought or spoke of fishing, nor could we learn whether any of the former had been taken during the season. It was apparent that the native was not an angler.

All day long the clay pipe rolled out its volumes of smoke, the fire in the box stove roared and the rain beat against the eastern window panes. As night came on the group gathered closer about the stove, one or two more dropped in, and politics and deer, with an occasional dash of Riel and the rebellion filled up the evening. The hands of the clock went round to eleven before the door closed upon the last visitor and we sought the feather bed prepared for us in the little room which looked upon a hill crowned with stately pines, the sobbing and sighing of which came to us through the darkness like the wail of lost spirits which were being hurried to their doom before the storm.

In the morning, though the rain had ceased, the sky was still threatening, and the day promised to be anything but pleasant. After a late breakfast, preferring a drenching to being cooped up for another day, we carried the boat to the creek and pulled up the stream toward the lake. Again we breathed the odor of the white lilies which lined the shores and lay before us, an expanse of purity and beauty. It seemed as though time had stood still and that the flowers which had faded with the summer of the bygone year were yet around us. Softly and tenderly we pressed them back from the edge of the narrow channel and left them dancing unharmed in our wake. A short turn in the stream and the long familiar stretch of waters were before us. In front Garden Island rose in all its olden emerald beauty, while far down to the right an opening among the pines on the bluff marked the site of last year's camp. The granite cliffs looked a grim, silent welcome, and a pair of loons sitting in our course, just out of gun shot, greeted us with their *ho, ho, ho.* No other signs of life were visible on the lake; it was as lonely as on the morning when the fires of the Laurentian age hollowed the basin and thrust up the still unnamed islands of Loughborough.

With steady stroke we held on our course; the loons disappeared beneath the water and emerged a hundred yards away to the right; a blue crane that had been wading in the shallows of the island in front rose as we drew near and slowly winged his way to the woods on the southern shore. As we rounded the island, we caught sight of a solitary fisherman sitting low in his skiff, a half a mile away, and toward him we turned the bow. We were within a dozen boat lengths of him before he was aware of our approach, when suddenly he turned and we were face to face with our ancient friend Sabattis. We pulled alongside and were greeted with a stolidity the same as though only a day instead of a year had intervened since our last meeting. A single "How?" and the old man's interest in our coming was apparently at an end, and he resumed his fishing. A dozen or more two-pound small-mouths were hanging on a string from the oar pin, the fruits of an hour's fishing. We waited to see no more, but headed our craft toward the outlet, where our rods and tackle were lying, still unpacked. From that moment Rice Lake and all the rest were forgotten; we were in the midst of the haunts of the lordly micropterus, from which nothing but a batch of affidavits, proving, to a dead certainty, better sport in another quarter, could entice us.

Before our boat touched the shore the rain was upon us again, and we hastened to shelter, with the prospects of getting settled in camp or fishing as far off as ever.

WAWAYANDA.

THE DEVIL FISH OF ESTERO BAY.

IT has been suggested to the writer by our mutual friend, Dr. Ferber, that some of the incidents which occurred during a certain trip made last season down the western coast of the peninsula of Florida were worth preserving. If it were possible to picture to your readers the events of such a day as vividly as memory presents them to the actors, then might this communication justify itself. The day selected for the experiment is March 10, 1885. The boat is the sloop Ella M. Little, of about eight tons. Captain and owner, Alfred P. Jones. Pilot, Wilson; Christian name omitted, as a suspicion exists that he was never properly baptized. Able seaman, Abram. Supernumeraries, Messrs. Blank and Black, otherwise the "big" and "little" doctor, well-known physicians of Chicago, genial companions and ardent sportsmen; and lastly the writer, Time, sunrise. (Note.—The big doctor has taken a contract to have us always under way by daylight, and proposes to keep it up if he kills us. True, he occasionally makes the mistake of routing us out at midnight, but he means well, and we forgive him.) Location, a few miles south of Punta Rassa, and just opposite the entrance to Estro Bay.

The day is a perfect one, the air soft, balmy, and inspired by a gentle breeze from the west. One of the party is seated upon the cabin sweeping the horizon with his omnipresent field glass.

"Pilot, what's that big fin half a mile away on the weather bow?"

"Devil fish."

"Devil fish! Pilot, that's what we are here for. We want that fish."

"You don't want to fool with no devil fish; there ain't no child's play about them."

"Pilot, we want that fish."

"Yes," adds the little doctor; "we will have him if we have to follow him home."

"Well, if I must, I must; but you've got to tend line, and the others get into the cockpit out of the way. I don't want any one killed by this blanked foolishness."

"We will do as we are told, if it is to jump overboard; only, strike that fish!"

Off come the pilot's coat, shoes and stockings, the anchors are carried aft, everything movable taken from the forward deck, and three or four hundred feet of half inch manilla rope coiled there. The jib is hauled down and carefully lashed. The pilot plants himself upon the bowsprit, with his heavy pole balanced in his right hand, his left gathering in a few coils of the line which he has just attached firmly to the harpoon. The hand of the captain is on the tiller, while his eyes follow every motion of the pilot. Abram stands by the halliards ready for the expected order. One of the passengers, with hands trembling with excitement, holds the line, prepared to give it a turn around the windlass or his own neck, as he may be instructed. The other two sit with their rifles on the top of the cabin, equally ready to jump overboard or down among the coils of line, according as the one or the other gives promise of most excitement.

"Port."

"Port it is."

"Steady."

"Steady it is."

"Starboard."

"Starboard."

"Keep her off a little more, now luff."

Thud! Crash! A young waterspout under the bow, a line whizzing through torn and blistered fingers.

"Down mainsail. Give that line a turn round the windlass. Hard down your helm. Catch that pole." But everything cannot be done at once. The line has a double turn around the windlass; the sloop is already plowing the water in the direction of the great fish, and the harpoon pole is fifty yards astern. Into the skiff tumbles one of the party, and, pulling vigorously, soon recovers the pole. To return is less easy, and when, after a long pull, our friend is within forty yards of the sloop, the monster, suddenly changing his course, swims straight for the little boat. For a moment the occupant contemplates the sport of the chase from an unusual standpoint (for a man), but happily his boat is barely touched by one of the great wings of the gigantic "sea bat," and he soon finds himself safe (and warm) on board. Back comes the fish, and a casual blow makes our craft shiver from stem to stern, and suggests that we owe much to the ignorance of our prey.

Somebody's rifle cracks and the spouting blood and crimson wake promise to our inexperience the approaching termination of resistance and consequently of sport. But neither one bullet nor the score that follow it avail in the direction of our anticipations. Deeper and deeper swims the fish, now probably forty feet below the surface, but straight out into the Gulf and with increasing velocity. The occupants of a pleasure yacht which we pass, gaze with wonder upon a sloop bowling along against wind and wave without a sail set. The wind is increasing; waves rising; hours passing. The weight of three men is constantly on the line hauling in as opportunity offers, paying out as the vagaries of the fish demand. An occasional foot planted within the coils of line on the deck elicits a caution from the pilot in language which, although sometimes theological, is not deficient in vigor. One by one we steal into the cabin and come out with a mouthful of doughnut.

Our captain, after a glance in the direction of the now invisible shore and another toward some fast gathering clouds, incidentally observes, "That devil fish is bound for Mexico."

"Then so are we, Captain."

And yet something must be done. To openly suggest cutting the line would expose one to the risk of assassination.

So another turn of the line around the windlass, the bars inserted, and the sloop walked up toward the fish until the parting of one of the strands of the rope warns us we must draw the line of mechanical force somewhere.

But now the back of the monster is again seen near the surface and some thirty feet beyond the bowsprit. Another harpoon is hastily prepared, another thud, flurry, and renewed excitement. Now we have two lines on the windlass. Soon the devil fish is swimming directly under the bow, but with undiminished energy. A great shark hook is soon cast in his cavernous mouth, its heavy chain carried aft and made fast, the big mainsail and jib hoisted, and our bow pointed away from the heavy wind now blowing straight for Estero Bay. We sit upon the stern of the sloop watching the great mouth, the curious horn-like flippers, and the wonderful power and grace of the propeller-like wings, as with oft-loosening chain the great fish swims easily after us.

As we reach the entrance to Estero Bay, and are about entering it, our captive suddenly awakens to the possibility that perhaps he is after all not carrying out his own ideas. His powerful propellers are worked backward, the spray covers us, the commotion in the water is tremendous, and for a moment the result seems doubtful. But wind and sail prevail, it is a dying flurry. Soon we have him anchored as near the shore as six men aided by pulleys can bring him; his broad back (eighteen feet from wing to wing) above the water so that we can safely venture on it. We examine the curious half fish and half leeches which have domiciled themselves upon the back of our victim, and are greedily sucking the wounds made by our rifles. We remove a square yard or so of the tough and rasp-like hide with a view to future slippers, and proceed to sink a shaft through gristle and flesh (bone there is none) into the creature's interior. This at the instance of our medical companions, who insist that autopsy naturally follows death. The peculiar organism disclosed, the information obtained from a medical and scientific standpoint are subjects partaking too much of the character of useful information for this paper. It is already sunset, and our caterer invites us to indicate our preferences in the matter of a proposed supper. The firm flesh of the fish with its steaks of bright red and pure white suggests the answer, and we try a gastronomic experiment, which is as successful as we believe it to be unique.

A. W. D.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1885.

LOST IN THE SNOW.—Wausau, Wis., Dec. 11.—The body of Forest McKay was found yesterday in the southern part of the city, only ten rods from a public thoroughfare. He had been out hunting the day before, and had evidently become lost in the blinding snow storm of Wednesday night, and been frozen to death.

NIGHTS WITH THE GRIZZLIES.

THROUGH the courtesy of Major H. W. Merrill, we are permitted to publish the following letter, sent to him by our correspondent "P." The tracing of the ball of the bear's foot is exact size. The points A A are the balls of the toes; C C, the points of the claws:

RANCHE ON HELL-ROARING RIVER, Wyoming, Nov. 8, 1885.

Major H. W. Merrill:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Secondary only to the enjoyment of the pleasures of the field by yourself is a truthful account of hunting incidents by some friend, and so I thought an account of some experiences with large bear this summer and fall might interest you. This account is prepared the more cheerfully in the hopes, to some extent, of making amends for my dereliction as a correspondent for several months past.

Though we have not communicated as often as usual, I have taken great interest in the rifle columns of the sporting papers; more especially in the practical and instructive communications from yourself on the subject of trajectories based on the experiments of yourself and Mr. Romer. The trajectory of the Merrill loader cannot be equaled, especially when combined with its accuracy. Why not publish all your experiments? They would be a valuable contribution to the discussion of a subject that is now engaging the attention of riflemen.

It is gratifying to see an interest awakened on this subject. More practical information as to the flight of the rifle ball can be obtained from such experiments, where the screens of the range are within small intervals, say 25 yards, than from pages of purely theoretical talk. You know this is an old hobby of mine, having frequently urged the making of such experiments in the Eastern States, say at Chicago, about 600 feet above tide, and at tide level, say at New York. I was desirous that these experiments should be made as a supplement to the two elaborate series of experiments made by myself at an altitude of about 5,000 feet. One reason was to test the extravagant claims of some rifle makers for the trajectories of their rifles, but who, like Dougal, were unwilling to come to the test. Another reason was to ascertain the different trajectories made by the same rifle with the same cartridge at the different elevations, or in other words to test the question as to whether there would be a more complete combustion of the powder charge at the higher barometrical pressure.

If the trajectory for the same cartridge was found to be the same at tide level as at an elevation 5,000 feet higher, it would go to prove that there was a more complete combustion of the powder, and consequently a higher initial velocity at the former level. So I was glad to see the new paper, *The Rifle*, had commenced its career by (to some extent) supplying this want, by publishing some experiments made near Boston, and that the FOREST AND STREAM was preparing to make a still more extensive series. But for the long time required to communicate by mail I should have made to them some suggestions gathered from my own experience in such experiments. Time, however, did not admit it, after receiving notice. I notice the statement by the editor of that journal that up to this time there had been no reliable experiments made with American sporting rifles, and was very much obliged to you for reminding them of my experiments, whose correctness substantiated by experiments of a subsequent year, have never been challenged, and embraced all the sporting rifles now being used in an altitude where most of the big game of the country is to be found (except the Winchester express whose trajectory was subsequently given). There are a few other rifles used now, but as they use the same cartridge as some of those experimented with, their trajectory would be substantially the same. I am curious to see the difference in trajectory taken at tide level by some rifles of my experiments, and whether the trajectories taken near tide level will suit the altitude around the foothills of the Rockies, where most of the big game of the country is now to be found.

This is quite a digression from the object of this letter, and that was to give an account of some experience with the grizzly bear this summer and fall. Here let me correct some impressions prevailing among sportsmen from the East as to the proper time to hunt this animal. As detailed in the sporting papers, one sportsman hunting late in the fall finds them at the timber line, and having some success and basing his opinion upon some one acting as guide, is satisfied that is the only locality to find them, and that you must stealthily follow his trail through dense timber, as he did. Another sportsman finds them below the foothills among the bad lands, and thinks that is the proper locality; and so each one is governed by their own particular good luck and experience. This reminds me of the heated controversy that agitated some of the readers of one of the sporting papers a few years since as to the color of the jack rabbit of the plains; one party contending they were gray and the opposite party that they were white, each party citing his own restricted experience with that fleet-footed animal. To those having more extended observation it was plain that each side was right to a certain extent as well as wrong, for it is well known that the jack rabbit is gray during summer and fall and turns white in the winter, and then again shedding his white coat in spring; at least that is the case in Wyoming and Montana.

So with the grizzly. He is essentially an omnivorous animal; his food varying with each season and the locality where such food is obtained and his own habitat varies accordingly. He lies in his winter bed until routed out by the melting of the winter snow, and the ground being still frozen, he has to rustle for his grub. He soon becomes poor from the necessity of much traveling around for old carcases and whatever food comes handy. He is then usually in the foothills. In the summer his food is more vegetable—grass, roots, plants, etc. His haunt is then on the highest mountain plateaus, where he does a great deal of rooting in a certain kind of loose rock and loam. In the last of summer berries are ripe, and he is then found below the foothills and in the bad lands or wherever chokeberries, plums, bullberries, etc., are found. In the fall he craves animal food and is then found high up in the foothills or again on the mountain plateaus wherever game is most abundant; and in November and December he seeks his winter quarters. The remarks do not apply to grizzly bears that are found in the badlands bordering the Missouri or the Lower Yellowstone, as they live there the entire year, "holing" up in winter in the bluffs of those desolate-looking regions.

The intellect and intelligence of the grizzly bear are not fully appreciated. Strip him of his hide, stand him erect on his hindfeet, stick a plug hat on his upper end, and he resembles in anatomy and general appearance that "noblest work of God"—man. A little too long-bodied, neck a little short, but otherwise, looking at the muscles of his thighs and forearm, a veritable athlete. Reclothe him in his fur, place him on his all-fours, watch him rooting around for grubs and worms and carrion, and wallowing in mud and filth, he resembles in apparent stupidity and habits the lowest type of animal—the hog. Yet those well acquainted with his characteristics will, I think, agree with me that in intelligence and intellect he is not many grades in the process of evolution below man.

About the middle of July last word reached me that there was considerable sign of bear "rooting" on some high mountain plateaus not many days travel by pack outfit from my ranche. Taking a pack outfit, including my fur-lined sleeping bag, a good mountain man and a lad of fifteen to take care of camp and the horses, and enough grub for a few days, we reach the locality, after a hard climb, about noon on the 18th of July. We make camp at about 8,500 feet elevation on the head of one of the forks of Four Bear Creek, having to pack wood up from below for making coffee.

We strike out after lunch up the gulch, and after going a few miles discover a grizzly rooting among the rocks well up to its head, near the summit of the range, which is here between 10,000 and 11,000 feet elevation. A reconnoisance indicated that the only chance to approach him to windward was by crossing the mountain to the right into the valley of another fork of Four Bear Creek. Acting accordingly, we climbed over the mountain divide and were making along its opposite slope, when just in our front about a mile off, near the head of the gulch on the right, was discovered another grizzly rooting. It was agreed that I was to have the shot, and it became necessary to leave my horse and dogs back with the men. I took it afoot. A little study of the ground showed that in order to approach him successfully, it was necessary to descend to the bottom of the gorge on the right, and to ascend along its bed. This I proceeded to do. Just before reaching the bed of the gorge I was exposed to view, and was walking fast or running to get the advantage of its friendly cover. When within about fifty yards of the bottom, and with my attention directed to the bear about half a mile away, a large grizzly forced himself on my attention by rising from his bed in the bottom of the gulch, and walking slowly away he commenced ascending diagonally the opposite and steep side of the gorge. The old rascal during the heat of the day had dug a bed in the cool bed of the branch, was taking his afternoon siesta, and evidently resented being disturbed. From the sullen way in which he made off, occasionally looking back, I felt he was going to be ugly. Quicker than it takes to write it I had two cartridges in my right hand, which, with the one in the rifle, was thought sufficient, for at that time the size of the beast was not realized. The cartridge in the rifle was a 110-270 grain Express, and those in the hand 110 270-grain and 110-340-grain respectively, all Express balls.

While making these preparations, the bear, going diagonally up the side of the gulch, had disappeared behind a huge conglomerate boulder that overhung the stream. Seeing he must soon emerge, I dropped on my right knee and stood ready to fire at the first favorable opportunity. In a moment he emerged from behind the boulder, walked up a short distance, stopped and looked back, exposing his left side to rather more than a quartering shot. Aim was quickly taken for his heart. A report followed, and the little express ball did its work well. It broke two ribs, three or four large fragments entered the heart and the balance of the splinters scattered through the lungs. Making but little noise when hit—an ugly sigh—he, as almost invariable with this species of bear under like circumstances, tucking his head between his hindlegs, rolls down into the gulch, using his forelegs for guides. He comes up with a bounce, is on his feet in a moment and making a rush straight for me. I am loaded in a jiffy with the other 110-270-grain cartridge, but wait a moment until he commences ascending my side of the gulch, hoping with a good shot to roll him back. Crossing rapidly the bed of the gulch, he was in a moment ascending toward me, and when within about thirty yards (he was originally about seventy yards at the first fire) I fired at his front, hitting at the point of the right shoulder, shattering the socket-joint and that bone half way to the elbow. He does not roll back, but is demoralized and sickened and has not the sand to come further, but changing his direction to the left about forty-five degrees, passes within twenty yards to my right front; I am loaded and ready for another shot as he passes. He appeared so near done for, however, that I hesitated to fire, wishing to have some practice on him for my two young dogs Bob and Snip, which had never seen a live bear. He, however, seemed, after passing, to mend his licks so fast that I feared he would give trouble in despatching him, so I ran rapidly after him, he in the meantime having partially disappeared under the bank, and when within fifteen or twenty yards he turned at bay, facing me. Before he could charge, if such was his aim, the 110-340 grain cartridge was delivered into the side of the neck within the collar bone, making a fearful wound and rolling him down into the gulch, where he soon died. It was only after Rush came up and he had been rolled over that his dimensions were realized and the danger I escaped by the little ball doing such execution at the socket joint. Had it struck an inch and a half to the left, he would have been on me in a few more jumps, and though another shot would have been given, I think, unless a paralyzing shot in the brain or spinal column, he could have so torn and lacerated me as to make death preferable.

I have been in a half dozen such scrapes with these bears of more or less danger, but have never lost my presence of mind until the bears were dead and the danger passed through realized. I have always determined never to run, but to face them and fire away, believing that the least sign of fear with all animals gives them additional courage.

I had an adventure similar to this with a she bear that had been approached within fifty-seven yards. It was a bright moonlight night and her cub was squalling in a beaver trap by her side. A good shot was delivered over the heart. Three shots were delivered as she rushed forward, first by myself, then one from Le Corey, who was backing me, and then another by myself, and when the "racket" was over the bear was lying dead twelve yards from us. All these shots were bullseyes and deadly. In this case I could not have run had the spirit moved me, as from a serious accident I had been on crutches or my back for twenty-four days and hobbled up the mountain in this instance with the help of a crutch and a stick, Le carrying my rifle.

A familiarity with all the breech actions of the day, together with an extended experience with the Sharps system, has convinced me that the latter system, in safety, facility and rapidity of manipulation is not equalled by any. Take the next best, the double barreled rifle, only two shots could have been delivered in the two before described adventures. I have never had sufficient confidence in any of the repeating rifles to use them against dangerous game, where so much better could be had. Their want of power, their facility for getting out of order at the wrong time, especially when rapidly manipulated, combined with the fact that their rapidity of fire was very little greater than a system like the Sharps, were the considerations that have influenced me. In my opinion there has not yet been invented a repeating apparatus that is equal, under all circumstances to the human hands, in connection with a good breech system.

A better idea of these bears can be had from measurements than from weight. The stereotyped size of those killed by true sportsmen is "1,000 pounds." Their size, average fat, is 350 pounds. The bear first alluded to was a very large one (one among three of the largest ever killed by me), and, judging by one killed and weighed subsequently, he probably weighed 600 pounds., though not fat. His length as he would have stood was 6ft. 10in. Measurements show he could have stood erect on his hind feet to the height of 8ft. His head was 18in. long by 12in. wide. His hind foot, a tracing of which I send you, was 11¼in. by 6in. Forefoot, without the toes, was 7in. by 6in. His forearm, after being skinned, measured 18in. around. His skull, which is preserved, 15¾in. by 9in. The tusks projected from the gums 1⅝in. With the .45-caliber rifle used I have killed nearly 40 bears, but with the exception of this one using a 340-grain express ball. The 270-grain express used here was a .44-caliber used for several years on deer from a .44-caliber rifle. It did very good work in this instance, but for a large bear the heavier ball is preferable. The 270-grain ball flies remarkably true for its weight.

In the process of skinning the bear, it was found that this was not the first encounter he had with mankind. In the muscles of the neck and of the right foreleg above the elbow and next to the bone, were found four rifle balls and a large fragment of another ball. The wounds had cured up and each ball was inclosed in a sac with the appearance of having been placed there several years. One .42-caliber 205-grain lead ball in the muscles of neck, one other of same caliber and weight, two .50-caliber 375-grain lead balls and the large flattened fragment of a ball in the muscles of one foreleg next to the bone. The .42 caliber balls I judged were fired from a '66 model, .44 caliber Winchester, and as all the balls were little battered and did not shatter the bone, they must have been fired from a rim-fire cartridge, all balls cannellured.

The bear I was after when this one was stumbled on, took to his heels and disappeared rapidly over the mountain after the second shot. We went for the first one seen, but the dogs getting the wind of him and having a taste of bear's blood, ignominiously "broke" and stirred him up. We chased him on horseback and afoot for three-quarters of a mile, but did not get near enough to get in an effectual shot. The dogs that had never before chased a live bear, could run alongside of him, but did not take hold. Probably you or I would have done the same thing under the circumstances.

Haying time cut short this hunt. A short time afterward one of my neighbors complained of the depredations of bears among his thoroughbred cattle, having recently lost two yearlings. I suggested that if he would furnish the medicine in the shape of a carcass a repetition of such business might be stopped. He agreed and I at once reconnoitered the locality and selected a point in the valley of a small mountain stream where he had the carcass promptly planted. An almost daily inspection was made of the medicine, but not until the morning of the seventh day were there any indications of its being disturbed. Promptly on hand at 5 o'clock that evening I was rather incautiously approaching under cover of a slight rise of ground and the sage brush and had gotten within 150 yards when a dark object appeared to rise out of the earth, that to my startled imagination appeared ten feet high and proportionately broad. Recognizing the situation at once, I rose up off hand and pulled, but the firing pin failed. This had never before happened under such circumstances, and only a half dozen times in the rifle's history, for want of attention to the firing bolt. He gave me time to cock and fire, but there coming no answering "bawl" it was evidently a miss, resulting from my being "put out" by the previous mishap. He was rapidly followed to the edge of the willow swamp (about 150 yards), through which the trail passed, where he was seen, evidently unwilling to forego his evening meal. He quickly sat up, made me out, and at once disappeared before a shot could be delivered. I gave him up that time, very much discouraged for failing to bag such a large grizzly. He was evidently a boar and certainly was not much scared, and from his size and actions I was satisfied he was the fellow that stole my neighbor's yearlings. The next evening, Aug. 17, I was on hand early, but, acting on previous experience, took a different position on his trail a hundred yards from the medicine. The direction of the wind forced me to take position with my back to the brush from which the bear would probably appear. This did not suit me. On first arriving on the ground a dark object came rapidly down the mountain side, about one mile up the valley, through an opening. This evidently was a bear, though not apparently as large as my friend of the evening before, and I felt sure he would make his appearance did he not take the alarm. Lying down, protected by some sage bush, I waited patiently until the gray light of approaching twilight, but no bear appeared.

Can you recall your feelings when, as a boy, passing through a graveyard at the hour of dusk, thinking with the poet:

> 'Tis now the very witching time of night
> When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
> Contagion to this world.

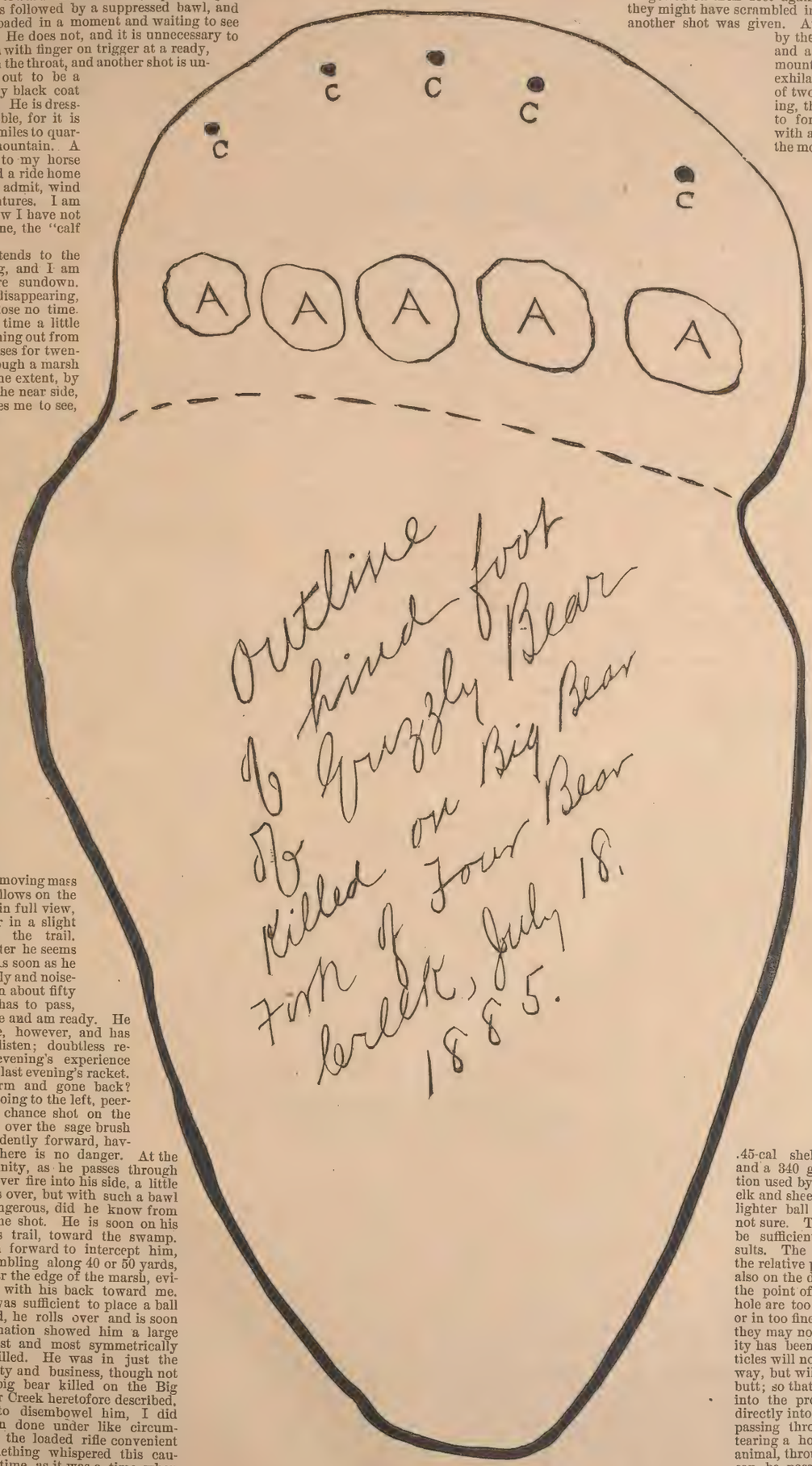
How with what superstitious dread you look cautiously around, expecting a hobgoblin at any moment to rise out of the ground? How every noise—the crackling of a twig—startles you? So it is with me when watching on the trail of this bear at such an hour. When occasion requires it, his movement is as stealthy and noiseless as a cat. You hear the rolling of a boulder up the mountain side in the timber several hundred yards away. You know it must be done by some large animal, and you suspect a bear. Presently the same noise, but closer, and your faculties are all on the *qui vive*, and you are expecting every moment his appearance. You wait what, to the excited senses, appears a long time. What has become of him? It was, perhaps, a false alarm, and you are discouraged; when presently there he stands, apparently right on you, and seemingly rising out of the ground.

So it was on this occasion, as I lay about thirty feet in the open from the thicket in a prone position in the grass, clothed in soiled buckskin, with three cartridges in left hand and

finger on trigger, ready to rise into a sitting position and deliver fire. Hark! the crackling of brush almost behind me. It is a moment of intense interest, for I don't know where he will appear. My attention is kept constantly to the rear and left rear. No more noise. What has become of him? It is getting very dark and may be it was a mistake. Presently, there! right on me apparently, but really fifty yards to the left rear, stands a black mass that must be the bear. I rise cautiously to a sitting position, and as he stands, looking wistfully up toward the old horse, I pull away at his side. The report is followed by a suppressed bawl, and he rolls over. I am loaded in a moment and waiting to see if he regains his feet. He does not, and it is unnecessary to fire. I walk up to him with finger on trigger at a ready, but the death rattle is in the throat, and another shot is unnecessary. He turns out to be a black bear with a very black coat and pretty well furred. He is dressed as quickly as possible, for it is now dark and it is six miles to quarters, over a trailless mountain. A walk of half a mile to my horse Pike, and then as rapid a ride home as circumstances will admit, wind up the evening's adventures. I am well satisfied, but know I have not yet gotten the right one, the "calf killer."

Rush skins and attends to the hide the next morning, and I am again on hand before sundown. The old horse is fast disappearing, and it is desirable to lose no time. Position is taken this time a little nearer the trail. In coming out from the willow brush it passes for twenty or thirty yards through a marsh that is screened, to some extent, by scattering willows on the near side, and my position enables me to see, through these willows a portion of the trail over which the bear will probably come. A storm had, late in the evening, passed around the mountain, and a strong and favorable wind was blowing. Lying down prone among the sage-brush, in a position favorable for observation, with everything at a ready, I wait patiently. Sundown comes; the mountain to the west casts its shadows around. It becomes quite dusky; so much so that I experiment as to whether the foresight can be seen, otherwise a wad of white paper must be tied over the front sight. It is yet unnecessary. It is now the witching time when this bear likes to prowl around. The senses are all on the strain as they are directed to the left rear. Just then a dark moving mass flits by between the willows on the trail and soon emerges in full view, but again to disappear in a slight depression passed by the trail. Heavens! what a monster he seems in the dim twilight. As soon as he disappears I move rapidly and noiselessly forward to within about fifty yards of the trail he has to pass, drop on the right knee and am ready. He does not come to time, however, and has evidently stopped to listen; doubtless remembering the first evening's experience and being in hearing of last evening's racket. Has he taken the alarm and gone back? When on the point of going to the left, peering over and taking a chance shot on the run, his back appears over the sage brush and he is moving confidently forward, having satisfied himself there is no danger. At the first favorable opportunity, as he passes through the sage brush, I deliver fire into his side, a little too high, and he rolls over, but with such a bawl as to indicate he is dangerous, did he know from what direction came the shot. He is soon on his feet going back on his trail, toward the swamp. Loading quickly, I run forward to intercept him, and find him, after stumbling along 40 or 50 yards, in a sitting position near the edge of the marsh, evidently near done for, with his back toward me. A moment's interval was sufficient to place a ball in the back of his head, he rolls over and is soon dead. A hasty examination showed him a large bear and the handsomest and most symmetrically formed I had ever killed. He was in just the proper flesh for activity and business, though not quite as large as the big bear killed on the Big Bear Fork of Four Bear Creek heretofore described.

Before proceeding to disembowel him, I did what had always been done under like circumstances, that is to place the loaded rifle convenient for instant use. Something whispered this caution, especially at this time, as it was a time when another bear might appear on the trail at any moment. Keeping my eyes as much as possible at the point on the opposite side of the marsh, where the trail debouched on to it, I had proceeded to rip the carcass from the throat to the pelvis and had my hands already messed up in a mass of liver, paunch, express balls, etc., etc., when my attention was drawn to a dark mass at that point and in a moment my rifle was in hand ready for the emergency. By the time I was ready to fire he had discovered something unusual in his front and had "sat up" to make me out. Before doing so aim had been quickly taken at his brisket, and at the report he had tumbled over, the ball striking the left side, fragments penetrating the heart. Judging from his boldness in stumbling on to me, in not exceeding fifteen minutes' time after my last shot, he was expected to show fight, but instead he made back on his trail as fast as his condition would allow. From previous experience in just such circumstances the necessity was at once recognized of a cautious but vigorous pursuit, if he was secured before hiding in the brush, and without hesitation I plunged through the marsh half knee deep in mud and water and entered the narrow trail on the opposite side. Pursuing it rapidly for thirty or forty yards to where it passed through a little opening, there within ten steps of me was a dark mass breathing heavily and lying partially behind a small clump of willows. Putting a telling shot through the center of the mass he appeared to wake up and gave an exhibition of some of the grandest ground and lofty tumbling, at one time appearing to stand upon his head and kicking with his hind feet ten feet straight into the air. As he did not get upon his feet again another shot was unnecessary and he soon settled down and was dead.



This bear was as large from tip to tip as he of the Big Bear Fork, but not as fat nor as large-bodied; in fact, not as heavy as the one just killed. Neither of these bears, I think, needed a second shot, and undisturbed, would not have gotten on their feet again. A dense thicket was near, and they might have scrambled into its cover and have been lost, so another shot was given. At any rate, darkness was at hand by the time the carcasses were dressed and a dense fog was settling over the mountain that had to be crossed. The exhilaration of spirits from the killing of two such large bears on the same evening, the bear that I was after, caused me to forget fatigue and fog, and it was with a light heart Pike was mounted and the mountain ascended. A thick fog soon enveloped us, so that nothing could be seen beyond a hundred feet. Pike and I soon disagreed as to the direction, but I insisted on my way. After going a half mile and getting into some rough ground, it was evident that I was wrong and completely befogged. The rein was then given to Pike and he turned squarely to the left, and, having gone 600 yards over some pretty rough ground, he came to the head of the game trail leading down the mountain, and which we had several times traveled. Pike had his way the balance of the ride, and after passing across the drainage for two miles we got below the fog, and by 10 o'clock we were at home.

As an indication of the labor usually undergone in hunting this bear, it is stated that seventy-five miles were traveled before the first shot (one half of which was in the night) and one hundred and five miles before killing the three. I have since traveled more than a hundred miles after a special bear and was repaid by only one shot at long range and no bear.

The next day Rush and McDevitt skinned and packed in the hides and fat of the two grizzlies. The weighing apparatus was taken along and the "calf killer" was found to weigh 405 pounds after being dressed sixteen hours, the other something less. The black bear was not weighed, but it is presumed he weighed about the average of this species (175 pounds) in life.

The rifle used is the same used for several years, a .45-caliber Sharps, with which I have killed nearly forty of these bears (thirty-eight to be accurate), of which number twenty-two were killed with a single shot each, using 110 grains C. & H. No. 6 and a 340-grain express ball. As I have before stated, the rise of its trajectory is 7.01 inch in 200 yards, an average of about twenty shots through a trajectory range. Previously I had used a 44-caliber Sharps, with a bottle-neck shell holding 100 to 105 grains of the same powder with which a good many bears had been killed. No especial ball has been determined on as best for bear and elk and sheep. With exceptional opportunities for several years past among all our big game, together with a careful study of the subject, based on a dissection of wounds made by different combinations of powder and ball, I think the 2¼ .45-cal shell with 110 grains strong powder and a 340 grain express ball of the description used by me is most destructive for bear, elk and sheep of all American rifles. A little lighter ball might answer, perhaps, but I am not sure. The amount of powder would not be sufficient for a heavier one for best results. The best results not only depend on the relative proportion of powder and ball, but also on the diameter and depth of the hole in the point of ball. If the walls around the hole are too thin they will break off too soon or in too fine pieces. If the walls are too thick they may not disintegrate until the ball's velocity has been so much retarded that the particles will not have velocity to make their own way, but will follow the channel made by the butt; so that a good many considerations enter into the problem. The ball in question, shot directly into a bear, elk, sheep, etc., will, after passing through the skin, break up, usually tearing a hole through the ribs even of a fat animal, through which the unclenched hand can be passed, the fragments scattering in a cone shape, the larger fragments penetrating to the opposite ribs. In this way the whole momentum of the ball is expended on the vitals, the heart and lungs. Hit further back it breaks up into still smaller fragments, making a terrible wound in the paunch and entrails that none of those animals can long survive. I have never known it to fail in breaking the large bones of the largest bear or elk when coming in contact with them.

For deer and antelope my .40-caliber is found sufficient

using 100 grains of strong powder and a particular express ball of 270 grains. It makes about a 6½-inch curve in two hundred yards and the ball flies very true. I use also in the .45 caliber the .44-caliber ball before alluded to, using three thicknesses of patch paper. It flies remarkably true for its weight, and makes a 6.34-inch curve per 200 yards, with 110 grains C. & H. No. 6. I failed to say at the proper place that the degree of hardness or per cent. of alloy had a great deal to do with the execution, as well as accuracy of flight of the express ball. When pure lead, they break up too soon. Nor have I ever known a reasonable degree of accuracy obtained with any lead ball with a comparatively large charge, beyond 50 or 75 yards. They are knocked out of proper shape by the time they leave the muzzle. This want of accuracy has been observed with the best English express rifles with light leaden balls. I find in my experience with the balls of my preference (as above) that from 5 per cent. for the heavier ball to 8 per cent. for the lighter is best.

A 20-bore double-barrel shotgun, made by Bland & Sons, of London (chambered for the Kynoch brass shell), for ducks, the several species of grouse, jack rabbits, magpies, skunks, etc., complete my battery. I value the latter very highly for its "executive ability," combined with a weight of only six pounds.

I have written you a long letter, a kind of *omnium gatherum* letter; much in detail, because I think it is the details that make the account of hunting trips interesting. I hope its perusal may not bore you, but interest you as much as the recalling of its incidents has interested me.

You have seen several mentions made of Four Bear Creek. The name was given it for want of a better one by the U. S. Land Surveyors, who happed to be in camp on Hell-Roaring River, near the creek's mouth, on the night in which I killed four bears, the last about 9:30 o'clock at night. Some time I may write you an account of it. Your friend, P.

IN THE FORESTS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

IV.

IT is about the end of the first week in October, on a Sabbath morning, that I sit alone in the door of my camp close to the shore of the Little Southwest Miramichi Lake. Flies buzz around my head, while the warm wind sighs among the topmost boughs of the tall pines which overhang the lake. Nature has no sound like this, so soothing yet so sad. A little to the west of my seat the sun shines through the pointed top of a tall white spruce, making its leaves appear as if of silver spray, while looking through the dense and darker foliage of the trees which stand to the north I get occasional glimpses of the blue waters of the lake. The wind is dying away, and I hear no sound but the low plash of the waves as they lazily touch the rocky shore, or the mellowed roar of the distant rapids in the stream. The sickly yellowish green of the leaves of the white birches around me bear witness to a departed summer, as does the brownish red foliage of a cluster of mountain ashes, whose bright red berries have lured more than one partridge to its fate at our hands.

On Monday morning I take the same seat, but how changed is the scene. The center of the lake is all ice, for the night had been very calm and cold. I see but two living things near me—one a chipadee, hopping from bough to bough over my head, every now and then venturing nearer so long as I remain motionless, his note always the same *chip-a-dee-dee-dee*, a sound of greeting more than an evidence of affright; and in an unfrozen part of the lake is a solitary little grebe seeming to revel in the unwonted coldness of its waters, as from time to time he plunges beneath the surface.

During the absence of the rest of the company the cook and myself had not gone very far from our camp. Three days had passed but neither men nor canoe had made their appearance; and it was with a good deal of pleasure that early on the fourth we saw a man among the bushes on the opposite side of the lake, which was again free frem ice. He called to us, and the cook, taking a catamaran which he had made, crossed over to him. As they were crossing others followed, and after a little the canoe with two men in it came in view. The man who had just crossed the lake (Mr. Patchell) had in a bag on his back about fifty pounds of caribou meat. It seems that when the advance party were looking for surveyor's marks not far below the outlet of the Little Southwest Lake, a cow caribou trotted up to one of the party who had a gun charged with buckshot, with which he fired at and killed her. This meat came in good play, as they were short of provisions, and they at once proceeded to dress the animal and to cut the flesh from the bones, and as they had no salt they cured it by smoking. This is done as follows: Four stakes are driven into the ground; upon them is placed a frame work of fir (*Abies picea*), a wood which does not communicate a flavor to food. On this the strips of flesh are placed, while underneath them a smoke is made. The flesh is turned from time to time, so that it may be completely penetrated by the smoke. Should the weather become damp the meat can be protected by a covering of birch bark. When cured in this way it will be good for months in warm weather, and without the addition of salt.

Our advance party had seen abundant signs of beaver, and they had seen also some very large sea trout on their spawning beds. Our work connecting the surveyors' lines was soon completed, the chief difficulty having been to find the marked trees indicated on our plans. When work was finished I ascended to the top of a high hill looking north, from which I could see an extensive forest-covered valley bounded on the west by the Cow Mountains, and on the north by the great range of hills on the head of the Nepisiguit River, some of which are over 2,000 feet high. In this distant and secluded valley moose and caribou are yet abundant, while in the streams salmon abound. I doubt if one was ever taken here by means of a fly; trout at the proper season can be caught here with any kind of bait. I have caught quantities of them from a great boulder which lies at the mouth of the large stream emptying into the Little Southwest Lake from the west, with a hook to which was fastened a piece of red flannel by way of bait.

Turning our faces homeward we took the log canoe, which we had made, a mile and a half up the stream, leaving it at the head of the dead water, where the moose had visited us, we hauled it out over a log so that it might not be carried away in the spring by the ice.

On our first day's journey we got a beaver in a trap which we had set along the edge of the stream as we came down it. This animal was soon killed and I could not but regret the poor thing's fate, as it turned its gentle eyes toward me. I could not taste the meat when it was cooked at night.

As evening drew on some of the party who had gone ahead pitched our little cotton tent where we had placed it before, making use of the same boughs we had used on our former visit to the same spot. We soon had a blazing fire in front of two large spruce logs which would reflect the heat directly into the tent. There is nothing so good when one is camping out as to have good high back logs, and if you can build your fire on a slight eminence where it will be a few inches above the level of the berth, you will get the whole benefit of your fire. We had left behind one of our pardy, Henry, to paddle up the dead water on a catamaran.

Night closed in and the bright stars twinkled in the clear cold air, and Henry had not yet made his appearance. Our Abenaki boy Frank got uneasy about him, and began to whoop, but got no reply except that of *koo-koo-kus* (the owl) as he called him. An hour passed and still no Henry. One did not like to say that he was uneasy to the other. At last Frank said: "Dan, let us go out and meet Henry;" and so off they started with birch bark torches, and more bark under their arms to replenish the light. Time seemed long to the rest of the party, as we gathered around our bright fire. "Let us have tea ready for them when they come," suggested one to the cook, who had his pork hissing merrily in the frying-pan and water boiling in a large tin kettle.

Still no Henry appeared. By the uncertain glare of the flickering fire I wandered off almost unconsciously to the top of a little eminence not far from the tent and seated myself on a fallen tree. I had not been musing there long before I heard the sound of voices and saw the reflection of the light from the returning torches on the tops of the distant trees; and I was relieved to see three persons returning. Frank had two splendid black ducks in his hand, while Dan carried over his back a fine otter which Henry had caught at the "Jaws." He had brought down four black ducks at one shot, but had only secured two of them. The next morning we were up bright and early, making our way out of the forest in which we had been for more than a month. Three days' travel brought us to the first house. Our trip was made as timber explorers, and not as hunters. We took of game, 75 partridges, 17 black ducks, 1 beaver, 1 caribou and 1 otter. Besides these our party, or some of them as we were wandering through the woods examining the trees, saw 3 moose, 4 caribou, 4 beavers and 2 bears; this will give an idea of the game which is to be found in the great forest which covers the interior of the province of New Brunswick and which would make the best park for a game preserve of any place to be found in Eastern America, as the soil is too stony for cultivation, while it abounds with streams, lakes and dead waters.

EDWARD JACK.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

ON the hearth in front of the cavernous old fire-place there are two pairs of slippers. One pair is of buffalo skin, rough-looking but very, very comfortable, as slippers ought to be, for their wearer never attempted to insert a number nine foot into a number six slipper. The other pair are unquestionably French both in material and fashion, and as for dimensions they are almost as small as any Cinderella's—and that's an honest admission and exception that the second pair of slippers would awfully hate to make.

A good dinner and an after-dinner smoke with a pleasant chat before a blazing fire sometimes superinduce a feeling of drowsiness, especially if the chat halts too frequently and gives one the opportunity to go wool-gathering, which Little Slippers allowed during the lull in the harmless gossip. Big Slippers was far away in dreamland, and that country, this trip, was the land of spruce and hemlock, rippling streams and quiet lakes.

It is pleasant when you can sit by your own fireside and go a-fishing and oft times catch as many fish as if you were really among the hills and lakes and streams, up to your knees in the purling brook and making your finest casts. You are safe from rheumatism at any rate, and can help your fancy to lead you into believing that the sound of the roaring red blaze whirling up the ample chimney is the soughing of the wind among the pines, the sparks that drop from the crackling logs are the gleaming of the stars, the angry flash at the gathering flames is the upward dart of a trout, the smoke that whirls "forninst" the andirons are the scudding clouds, and the shifting, changing shadows among the chairs and tables are the gleams of moonlight that pierce their way through the pines, while the old clock in the corner is the woodpecker beating his solitary reveille. It makes a fellow feel for a while as though he would like to live his life in dreamland, with the outside world only an idea.

There are pictures in the fire, but "the open fire-place does not kindle the imagination so much as it awakens the memory; people become reminiscent in front of it," and to-night its ruddy blaze recalls the face of the absent-minded doctor, the gentle charming old man with his simple honest ways. Through the mists of years I can recall his oddities and his pleasantries.

As the charming "Back Log Studies" tell us, "To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife poke the fire." Big Slippers claims this virtue, and moreover Little Slippers may get up early in the morning and build the fire; and still more, when the mornings are particularly cold, Big Slippers will insist and demand that she build it, and the colder the morning the more emphatic the demand; in fact it becomes a positive order. What an admission, "The crowning human virtue," umph!

How the old doctor did love to fuss around a camp-fire. Poking it here, tossing a stick there, pulling down one over yonder, and pushing back any burning embers that had fallen outside the proper bounds. He went at a camp-fire much as he would at a patient whose malady was difficult of diagnosis, and did it as carefully. I am afraid that notwithstanding the many good qualities of the doctor he lacked the "crowning human virtue," but he would perhaps excuse himself with the plea that his wife did not understand poking a fire any better than she did writing a prescription.

In his office or at the camp-fire, the doctor was never caught napping, but in all other places how dreary and abstracted he sometimes became. We were once trolling with him on the lake. It was a lazy afternoon and the doctor tied the end of his line to one of the oar locks and picking up a piece of wood whittled on it until it was cut away to his hand, and then throwing his knife into the lake put what remained of the stick into his pocket. The fishing being over, the doctor hauled in his troll and wishing to cut his line close up to the spoon, he pulled out the piece of wood and without looking at it began to pick away at it, trying to find the blade; and only after repeated failures did he look at the bladeless wood and instantly the fate of the knife was recalled to his mind; and he begged, "Now please don't say a word about this to the boys." Every day there was some absent-minded break to be charged to his account.

Putting on my dreaming cap is the only way I can go a-fishing now. I am sure the surroundings are in sympathy. There is one of my old rods that "could a tale unfold" by proxy. It's quite an ornament here, though of no present nor prospective use. It's here as a gentle reminder of other days. Well do I remember the early morning when it made its debut on the Andirondack stream, and a wonderfully successful first appearance it was.

It was a likely morning for fishing and all alive with woodland sounds and movements. In a pool below a fallen tree and a large rock by which the water went whirling in a little maelstrom of unrest its first casts were made. The place was doubly attractive from the probabilities of its haboring some trout grandees and the possibility of an angler's breaking his neck in attempting to capture them. What higher recommendation could one give to a trout pool?

Further and further the rod carries the red ibis stretcher and the now forgotten dropper; then at the momentary gleam on the surface as though there was an electric system of intercourse between fly and wrist—the hook was placed, and quicker than the telling came the excitement of doubt, hope and pleasure. A novice might as well have engaged in a sparring match with a buzz-saw, but before that little pool was exhausted we had a creel almost full of trout comfortably taking their last sleep in a bed of cool green ferns.

Suddenly one of those little slippered feet touches my foot and a sweet voice telling me to wake up brings me back from the dreamland.

MILLARD.

BEAR CREEK, Wyoming.

A STRUGGLE WITH A BUCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "S. A.," issue Dec. 10, doubts the correctness or truth of the press dispatch relating to the antics of a pet buck. In this connection a relation of my experience with a tame buck might prove interesting. Mr. John Ellis, of East Coventry, Chester county, Pa., on one of his annual hunting trips about eighteen years ago, secured two fawns, a buck and doe. He constructed a pen for them by inclosing about half an acre of groand with a clap-board fence, nine feet high. Along one side of the inclosure was an old blacksmith shop. Occasionally an ambitious hound would jump on the roof of the shop, run up half way to the peak and jump down inside of the deer pen. Then the deer would jump out over the fence and an exciting chase would result if the dog succeeded in getting out of the inclosure. On one occasion they were driven as far as Pottstown, four miles from the Ellis farm.

In the course of two or three years they had grown to a fair size and waxed fat. The buck sported a fine pair of antlers. I cannot say how many prongs there were on those antlers; but I am willing to testify that they were sharp-pointed. Of this fact the buck gave me a very pointed reminder one fine evening in October about sixteen years ago. My father's farm joined the Ellis property. It had become a very common occurrence to see the deer close to our buildings, in the front yard, and elsewhere. An open gate was generally ignored. The nearest way was over the fence. One day my four-year-old brother was playing on the lawn and the buck attacked him, rolling him over with his antlers. The child's screams brought a half a dozen carpenters, who were at work near by, to his assistance. The deer were driven away and my brother was found to be more frightened than hurt.

A few days later I came home in the evening from school, and saw the deer on the lawn. I went into the house with my empty lunch basket, and then returned to look at the deer. I thought I would have revenge on that buck. I would get a whack at him and then see them run. I picked up a small stick and, holding it behind me, advanced toward the deer, holding out my left hand and calling the buck by name. He met me half way, and instead of raising his head for a caress, as he usually did, he suddenly lowered his head and charged on me with all his strength. To say that I was surprised is putting it very mild, but I did not lose my presence of mind for a moment. I dropped the bit of wood I had in my hand and grasped the buck by the antlers. He acted on the offensive, I on the defensive. He shoved me around as though I was a feather weight. I was nineteen years of age, was "born and raised" on a farm, and had wrestled with every kind of domestic animal commonly met with on farms, from a rabbit up to a bullock; but this was a new experience to me. If it had been a butting ram, or a cross boar, I would have thrown it down and sat upon it; but this buck was having the liveliest kind of a circus with me.

There was about two inches of snow on the ground, and I could not get a good foothold. The buck shoved me backward rapidly until I struck a barrel of cement, weighing, probably, between three and four hundred pounds. This barrel was overturned, and I fell flat on my back. I still kept my grip on his antlers, for I felt that my life depended on my doing so. He then shoved me several yards further, when I threw my legs up around his body and got my feet hooked together above his back. My weight was too much for him. He fell. We were both down. I was mostly under, but I had one leg on top. Then he gave vent to a loud and long drawn out bleat. His mouth was close to my ear, and that bleat I shall never forget.

Then I called for help. My strength was deserting me on account of the constant heavy strain on both arms. I was hugging his head close against my breast, and my legs were locked round his body. A better hold of him I could not possibly have had. Every few moments he would struggle for liberty, would strike at me with his sharp hoofs, try to gouge me with his antlers, and *b-a-a-a* in my left ear.

Finally assistance arrived. Zenas M. Savage was first on hand, he having ran about four hundred yards at near his top speed. "What shall I do?" said Mr. S. "Kill him, kill him," said I. He could not approach very near, as the buck was striking out viciously in nearly every direction with his sharp hoofs. Then Moses Fox, the one-eyed rabbit hunter, arrived. Then Mr. Ellis, the owner of the deer. He had been crossing a strip of woodland one hundred rods away when he heard my call for assistance. Seeing the doe making a bee line for home, he suspected what was causing the racket. Several other neighbors soon arrived; also my brother, who was in the barn seventy-five yards away and had not heard anything. A long rope was procured, the center of which was attached to the buck's antlers, and several men taking hold of the ends of the rope, I was quickly relieved of my most worthy antagonist. My struggle with

the buck had lasted not less than twenty minutes, and during that time he did not show the slightest sign of weakening or giving up. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Fox led the deer home, each holding an end of the rope and preventing the buck from attacking either, although he made several attempts to do so, and came near throwing them to the ground on several occasions. The buck was tied up to a post and his antlers sawn off.

The deer were sold to a gentleman in Philadelphia and I never saw them again. During my struggle with the buck I received no assistance until after the rope was attached to his antlers, except the moral support of those present, who urged me to try to hold him a few minutes longer. The buck's tactics was to get in all the work possible with his antlers, and strike vicious and cutting blows with his feet, the front ones being used with great facility and power. I would advise any one who contemplates a fight with a full-grown antlered buck, single-handed and without weapons, to first estimate the strength and staying powers of his adversary, quadruple that, and then ask himself seriously whether or not he has any business to take the contract.

E. A. L.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Dec. 15.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE A. O. U. CHECK LIST.

THE report of the Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union, appointed to consider the subject of the classification and nomenclature of North American birds, is in press, and is soon to be issued. In many respects, it will be a surprise to those interested in birds, who have not kept up with the progress of recent events in ornithology and its change of order, beginning with the lowest forms of bird life and ending with the highest, will seem at first sight strange, though all must acknowledge that is is the natural order to follow. The report consists of two parts, of which Part I. is the new code of nomenclature recently adopted by the Union. This is an elaborate exposition of the rules of nomenclature by which the Committee was guided in deciding the names of North American birds as given in the accompanying check list. Part II. is a classified list of North American birds, giving the names of the higher groups, as well as of the species and subspecies, from subgenera to orders. The names of the genera and subgenera are accompanied by references to the work or paper in which they were first established; the names of the species and subspecies are followed by a citation of the publication where they were first described, and of the authority (when not also the original describer) who first used the name as adopted in the list. A concordance is given of the previous check lists, as Baird's (1858), Coues' (1872), Ridgway's (1880), and Coues' second list (1882); to which is added a brief statement of the geographical distribution of each species and subspecies, with special reference to its North American range. The list, besides being the "latest," and an authorized "standard" list, embraces two features not found in any previous list of North American birds, inasmuch as it gives the classification and habitat of each bird included. The code and list is the result of the expenditure of much time and research on the part of the committee during the last two years. In many respects the list will doubtless prove more satisfactory, and in some ways of far greater utility, than either of its several excellent predecessors. The work, making an octavo volume of about 300 pages, is printed on fine paper, and no care has been spared to make it typographically attractive and accurate. Price, in full cloth, $3, postpaid.

ARCTIC OWL IN MICHIGAN.—One morning last week a man, living about two miles from this village, was going before daylight to the house of a neighbor, when his attention was attracted by the movements of a creature of some sort moving away from the barn toward the forest and dragging some object through the snow. He thought it was a dog, and investigated, when to his surprise it proved to be a large bird. Procuring a gun from the house he went back, and the bird attempted flight, but was so loaded with the loose snow that it did not succeed. It then faced the man, who fired and killed it. It proved a fine specimen of the Arctic owl, more than five feet from tip to tip. It had caught a tame duck at the barn and partially devoured its prize, and would probably have finished its meal had it not been interrupted as above stated. I have never seen one of these birds hereabout, and old woodsmen who have spent some years in the neighborhood say the same.—KELPIE (Central Lake, Mich., Dec. 15).

PROTECTION OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.—The committee of the American Ornithologists' Union, appointed to take measures for the protection of North American birds and their eggs, met for organization Dec. 12, and will proceed at once to collect information on this subject. The permanent chairman of the committee is Mr. G. B. Sennett, and the permanent secretary Mr. E. P. Bicknell. The objects of the committee commend themselves to a large class of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and we presume that many of these readers have very decided views on this matter. We hope that such as have opinions will give us their views on the matter. It is only by a thorough agitation of the subject that a public sentiment condemning the wholesale slaughter of our songsters can be aroused, and until this sentiment takes shape and finds expression there is little hope of accomplishing much for bird protection. Let the lovers of the birds speak out.

ENGLISH HARES ON FISHER'S ISLAND.—The members of the Fisher's Island Club report that they have found scattered over the island a number of dead English hares. All of them were torn in half, just as if pulled apart by the fore and hind legs. They say that their preserve is free from ground vermin, that they have noticed several hawks, but do not believe that they were the destroyers.—X. Y. Z.

THE GROUSE'S DRUMMING LOGS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will any of the readers of your paper give their experience as to the position of the logs on which the ruffed grouse drum. My observation is that they prefer logs lying north and south.—KEOUK.

Game Bag and Gun.

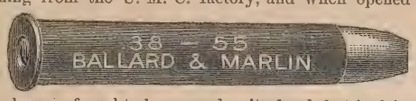
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"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page 407.*)

Marlin .38.

The Marlin .38 55-255 was tried at both distances of the test, and with very uniform results. The weapon weighed complete 9 pounds 1½ ounces, and had a 28-inch octagonal barrel, weighing 4 pounds 8 ounces. The shop mark was 10,909. The rifling was uniform, with a twist of one turn in 20 inches. The six grooves have each a depth of .003 and a width of .138 inch. The loading was with ammunition coming from the U. M. C. factory, and when opened the



powder was found to be pressed quite hard, but in fair condition otherwise. The bullets had four grooves. The three powder charges weighed each 52 grains exactly, and the three bullets ran 254 8, 254 5 and 254 5 grains.

The 200-yard test was made on Sept. 30, and when the rifle was placed in the rest at 2:20 o'clock in the afternoon the wind was going down the range from the 6 o'clock quarter at 12 miles per hour. The barometer stood 30.02 inches, the dry thermometer 79.4° and the wet-bulb thermometer 68°, indicating a dew point of 60.6 and a humidity in the atmosphere of 53 per cent. Under these conditions the 200-yard record stood

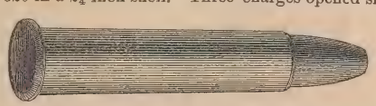
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.414 in.	11.814 in.	9.118 in.
2.....	8.473 in.	11.939 in.	9.191 in.
3.....	8.300 in.	11.683 in.	9.013 in.
4.....	7.978 in.	11.216 in.	8.719 in.
5.....	8.117 in.	11.435 in.	8.769 in.
Average....	**8.256** in.	**11.617** in.	**8.962** in.

At 100 yards the trial was made on Oct. 10 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon with a 9 o'clock wind blowing 6 miles per hour. The barometric pressure was 30.240 inches, the dry thermometer 66 5° and the wet-bulb thermometer 55.5°. This would show a dew point of 44.5 and a degree of humidity in the atmosphere of 45 per cent. The 100-yard heights in the trajectory line stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.159 in.	2.646 in.	2.208 in.
2.....	2.190 in.	2.639 in.	2.208 in.
3.....	2.147 in.	2.695 in.	2.240 in.
4.....	2.098 in.	2.549 in.	2.179 in.
5.....	2.076 in.	2.522 in.	2.174 in.
Average....	**2.134** in.	**2.610** in.	**2.202** in.

Remington-Hepburn .38.

The Remington section of our armory for trial contributed this arm, which was put on the rest for the 200-yard trial Sept. 30, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The wind at eight miles per hour was coming from the 1 o'clock quarter, while the barometer stood at 30.070 inches, the dry thermometer at 80°, the wet-bulb thermometer 69.8°, indicating a dew point of 63.6 and a humidity in the atmosphere of 57 per cent. The arm had a 30-inch half octagon barrel and was numbered 6,082. It had a total weight of 9 pounds 7½ ounces, and a barrel weight reported at 6 pounds 8 ounces. The rifling had a uniform twist of one turn in eighteen inches, and the five grooves had a depth each of .0035 inch and .150 inch wide. The loading was with Remington made ammunition, .38 50-320 in a 2¼-inch shell. Three charges opened showed



charges of hard pressed powder in fair condition, and weighing 52.45, 51.4 and 50.6 grains, while the four-grooved bullets corresponding weighed 322.8, 322.8 and 322.7 grains. The 200-yard record stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.601 in.	12.081 in.	9.142 in.
2.....	8.947 in.	12.554 in.	9.479 in.
3.....	9.055 in.	12.676 in.	9.577 in.
4.....	8.984 in.	12.596 in.	9.543 in.
5.....	8.677 in.	12.135 in.	9.115 in.
Average.....	**8.852** in.	**12.408** in.	**9.371** in.

The 100-yard trial came on Oct. 12, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind coming from the 3 o'clock quarter at twelve miles per hour. The barometer marked 30.285 inches, the dry thermometer 55°, and the wet-bulb thermometer 51.2°, showing a dew point of 47.4 and the humidity in the atmosphere as 75 per cent. The record of trajectory heights stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.231 in.	2.837 in.	2.280 in.
2.....	2.239 in.	2.771 in.	2.339 in.
3.....	2.292 in.	2.819 in.	2.254 in.
4.....	2.257 in.	2.739 in.	2.275 in.
5.....	2.111 in.	2.704 in.	2.195 in.
Average.....	**2.226** in.	**2.774** in.	**2.289** in.

Bullard .38.

This weapon came with the line of rifles from the Bullard works, and gave much trouble in the testing, owing to the obstinacy of the carrier block. It had a half octagon 26-inch barrel and was marked No. 1675. The entire rifle weighed



8 pounds and the barrel was marked as having 3 pounds of metal in it. There were five grooves with a uniform twist of one turn in 22 inches, the grooves being each .005 inch in depth and .140 inch in width. The loading was with a .38-45-190 cartridge of U. M. C. make. When opened three charges from the lot in use showed the powder in fine condition and weighed 45.7, 44.6 and 45.4 grains in the three charges. The bullets with double groove weighed respectively 188.6, 188.4 and 188.5 grains. The 200-yard firing of the weapon took place on Sept. 29, with the wind blowing from the 6 o'clock quarter at 7 miles per hour. The other weather conditions stood: Barometer, 30.201; dry thermometer, 77.2°; wet bulb thermometer, 69.8°, giving the dew point 65.4 and the humidity 77.2 per cent. Under trial the weapon made the following record:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	8.977 in.	12.673 in.	9.840 in.
3.....	9.105 in.	12.814 in.	9.870 in.
4.....	8.972 in.	12.710 in.	9.834 in.
5.....	8.961 in.	12.790 in.	9.938 in.
8.....	8.756 in.	12.470 in.	9.723 in.
Average.....	**8.954** in.	**12.691** in.	**9.851** in.

At 100 yards the rifle refused to act, and the carrier block brought the entire action to a stop. It was an instance of one of those occasions when even the best arm takes on an ugly fit and seems to have an intelligent obstinacy. Without tools to take the rifle apart and ease the action, there was nothing to do but set it aside and deprive our record of the 100-yard test.

Stevens .38.

This is the first of the Stevens make of rifle to come under notice. The arm has a 26-inch, half-octagon barrel, and was numbered 12,950. It weighed 7 pounds 2 ounces, with a barrel weight of 4 pounds 5 ounces. The twist of the rifling was uniform, having one twist in 18 inches, with six grooves. The loading was with U. M. C. ammunition marked .38-40-145. When opened the bullet was found with one groove,



and three of them weighed 145.7, 145.6 and 145.3 The powder, in fine condition, weighed in the three cartridges 38.7, 38.1 and 39 grains. The rifle gave the same trouble as all the other tip-up barrels when put in the rest, and consumed much time in making the tests. It was put on the rest for 200-yard testing Oct. 19, with the barometer standing 30.250 inches, the thermometric recording being with the dry-bulb 59° and with the wet-bulb 38.5°, denoting a dew point of 58 and a humidity in the atmosphere of 96 per cent. It was half-past 7 in the morning when the test was made and the wind blew from the 6 o'clock quarter at two miles per hour. The longer ranges record stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1.....	9.262 in.	13.162 in.	10.302 in.
2.....	9.311 in.	13.318 in.	10.056 in.
3.....	10.088 in.	14.757 in.	11.718 in.
4.....	8.963 in.	12.596 in.	10.078 in.
5.....	9.469 in.	14.105 in.	11.308 in.
Average.....	**9.419** in.	**13.588** in.	**10.692** in.

For the trial at 100 yards the weapon was placed in the rest on Oct. 12, with the wind coming at fourteen miles per hour from the 2 o'clock quarter. The barometer reading was 30.285 inches, the dry thermometer at 57° and the wet-bulb ditto at 53°, making the dew point 49 and the humidity of the atmosphere at 74 per cent. Under these conditions and with ammunition as before noted, the record stood:

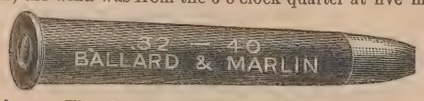
Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	2.190 in.	2.701 in.	2.291 in.
2.....	1.999 in.	2.616 in.	2.303 in.
3.....	2.051 in.	2.673 in.	2.262 in.
4.....	2.000 in.	2.558 in.	2.227 in.
5.....	2.087 in.	2.547 in.	2.220 in.
Average.....	**2.065** in.	**2.619** in.	**2.261** in.

Marlin .32.

This is the last of the series of Marlin arms sent from the New Haven armory. It behaved very well in the test and was readily tested. The weapon had a 28-inch octagonal barrel and complete weighed eight pounds, while the barrel alone weighed three pounds one ounce. The rifling was of uniform twist, one turn in sixteen inches, and each of the six grooves was .003 inch deep and .102 inch wide. The loading was with U. M. C. .32-40-165 ammunition. When examined the powder was found to be pressed very hard, so much so as to crush the powder grains nearest the bullet, beyond this the powder was good. The bullet had four grooves, and had a composition of 1 tin to 20 lead. Three powder charges weighed 43.2, 43.8 and 42.7 grains, while

the corresponding bullet weights were 164.2, 164.0 and 164.2 grains.

When tried at 200 yards on Sept. 30, at 5:20 in the afternoon, the wind was from the 6 o'clock quarter at five miles



per hour. The thermometer registered 30.006 inches, and the dry and wet thermometer readings were 68.5° and 64° respectively. This shows a dew point of 60.8, and the humidity in the atmosphere as 77 per cent. The long range trajectory table stands:

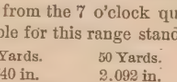
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	6.833 in.	9.660 in.	7.495 in.
2	6.983 in.	9.895 in.	7.675 in.
3	7.236 in.	10.288 in.	7.922 in.
4	7.374 in.	10.450 in.	8.111 in.
5	7.255 in.	10.386 in.	8.050 in.
Average	**7.163** in.	**10.135** in.	**7.850** in.

At 100 yards out of the same lot of ammunition the trial came on at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Oct. 5, with the thermometer standing at 30.160 inches, the dry thermometer at 57° and the wet-bulb thermometer at 50.5°. The dew point in this case was 44 and the humidity at 62 per cent. Wind was coming from the 7 o'clock quarter at ten miles per hour. The table for this range stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
2	1.740 in.	2.092 in.	1.762 in.
3	1.794 in.	2.145 in.	1.821 in.
4	1.735 in.	2.043 in.	1.851 in.
5	1.867 in.	2.311 in.	2.036 in.
6	1.728 in.	2.050 in.	1.870 in.
Average	**1.773** in.	**2.128** in.	**1.868** in.

Stevens' Hunters' Pet.

This rifle we were particularly anxious to have in the test, because it is pushed as being an accurate weapon at 40 rods, and also in deference to the requests of many correspondents who were anxious to know what the little pop was capable of in comparison with the heavier arms. The weapon used was of the center-fire model, with an 18-inch octagonal barrel and the usual skeleton stock. It was marked 2,715. The weight of the arm complete was 5 pounds 2½ ounces, while without the stock its weight was 4 pounds 6½ ounces. The barrel-weight is given as 2 pounds 12 ounces. The rifling was uniform, with six grooves making one turn in 18 inches. The loading was with Winchester-made ammunition, .32-9-85. The powder in the opened cartridges was found in fine



condition, and the bullet with one groove had a composition of 20 lead to 1 of tin. The cartridges were labeled ".32 S. & W., C. F.," being those intended for the Smith & Wesson revolvers, but adapted to the chamber of the Hunters' Pet rifle. Three charges weighed 8 4, 8.7 and 8.4 grains, while the corresponding bullets were 84.6, 85.1 and 84.5 grains.

The trial at 200 yards was made on Oct. 19, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was a sore test of the patience of the experimenter. The shortness of the barrel made it necessary to have considerable building out on the rest to bring the muzzle over the measuring stake, and then the shots flying wild compelled the firing of nearly a score of test shots before five were put through all the screens and on the target. At the time of the test the wind was from the 5 o'clock quarter at 22 miles per hour, with the barometer 30.205 inches, the thermometer 63.2°, the wet-bulb thermometer 58°, giving a dew point of 53.8 and a percentage of humidity of 72. Under these conditions the test stood as follows, and here, as in every other case, the numbers under the head of "round" indicates the order in which the effective, counting shots were made. Other shots went through one or two of the screens, but were not complete enough to measure up.

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
2	15.832 in.	21.969 in.	16.730 in.
8	15.258 in.	21.760 in.	17.091 in.
13	15.416 in.	21.570 in.	16.505 in.
14	16.066 in.	23.136 in.	17.965 in.
17	15.105 in.	21.503 in.	16.686 in.
Average	**15.535** in.	**21.987** in.	**16.995** in.

At 100 yards, the trial was more readily made, and the shots followed along with fewer gaps. The test took place Oct. 12, at 3:20 in the afternoon, the wind blowing 13 miles per hour from the 3 o'clock quarter. The barometric pressure was 30.285 inches, the thermometer 57° and the wet-bulb do. at 52°, indicating a dew point of 49 and the humidity in the air at 69 per cent. The trajectory heights stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	3.819 in.	4.911 in.	3.942 in.
2	3.904 in.	5.120 in.	4.205 in.
4	3.532 in.	4.604 in.	3.968 in.
5	3.833 in.	5.026 in.	3.905 in.
6	4.095 in.	5.114 in.	3.862 in.
Average	**3.837** in.	**4.955** in.	**3.976** in.

Colt .32.

The only Colt in the trial, and a snug little arm—one of the newer make of weapons from the Hartford company. It is the new Lightning Colt, with the trombone motion in working the breech action. The weapon weighed 7 pounds 4½ ounces, having a round 26-inch barrel, and was numbered 7048. The barrel weight was 3 pounds 6 ounces, and the rifling had a uniform twist of one turn in 24 inches, and each of the six grooves was .004 inches deep and .070 wide.



The loading was with U. M. C. Co. ammunition. The cartridges are made specially for this arm, having a 20-grain charge behind a 100-grain pure lead bullet. In the opened cartridges the powder was found in fine condition, and three charges weighed 19.8, 19.6 and 19.5 grains, while the one-grooved bullets corresponding were 99.7, 100.1 and 101.2 grains in weight. The 200-yard trial took place Sept. 29 at 1 o'clock P. M. The barometer stood at 30.180 inches, the dry thermometer at 76.7°, the wet-bulb thermometer at 70°, showing a dew point of 65.9 and the humidity in the atmosphere at 69 per cent. of saturation. The wind came from the 7 o'clock quarter at seven miles per hour. The trajectory heights ran:

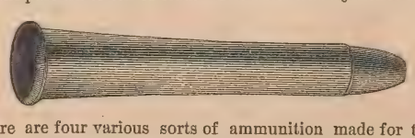
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	9.546 in.	13.554 in.	10.722 in.
2	10.080 in.	14.380 in.	11.107 in.
3	9.515 in.	13.700 in.	10.635 in.
5	9.780 in.	13.996 in.	10.859 in.
6	9.496 in.	13.622 in.	10.542 in.
Average	**9.683** in.	**13.550** in.	**10.773** in.

At 100 yards the trial came on at half-past 2 on the afternoon of Oct. 10, with the wind from the 9 o'clock quarter at ten miles per hour. The barometer stood at 30.220 inches, the dry thermometer 67°, the wet-bulb thermometer 55.2°, showing the dew point at 43.4 and the humidity at 43 per cent. Under these conditions the 100-yard trajectory table stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	2.450 in.	2.948 in.	2.542 in.
2	2.239 in.	2.809 in.	2.370 in.
3	2.356 in.	2.967 in.	2.552 in.
4	2.218 in.	2.802 in.	2.340 in.
5	2.320 in.	2.917 in.	2.483 in.
Average	**2.316** in.	**2.899** in.	**2.453** in.

Remington-Hepburn .32.

This arm is one of the new output from the Ilion armory and was an admirable close shooter. Its side snap action, of the Hepburn patent, made it as convenient as a Springfield in the rest. The barrel was a 28-inch, half octagon and marked 6097. Its full weight was 7 pounds 11½ ounces and of the barrel 4 pounds 8 ounces. The rifling was of uniform twist, having one turn in 16 inches. There were five grooves, each .003 inch deep and .110 inch wide. The loading was with Remington made ammunition, using Hazard FFG powder, 40 grains, and a three-groove bullet made up of one part tin to ten of lead. The shell waa 2⅛ inches long.



There are four various sorts of ammunition made for this arm, each with 40 grains of powder, but with 125 and 150 grains grooved and 150 and 175 patched bullet respectively. The test was made with the first named. Though had not the chronic excuse "out of that ammunition" been given when one messenger went to purchase other cartridges, we would gladly have made the test with the heavier bullet as well. The powder was found in fine condition and when weighed up three charges showed 40.2, 40.7 and 40.8 respectively, while the bullets were 118.5, 119.2 and 120.5. The 200-yard trial came at 10:40 on the morning of Sept. 30 with the wind coming from the 10 o'clock quarter at 7 miles per hour. The barometer stood 30.08 inches, the dry thermometer 79° and the wet-bulb thermometer at 69°, while the dew point of 63 indicated a humidity of 58 per cent. With these weather environments the figures at this range stand:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	6.119 in.	8.717 in.	6.856 in.
2	6.123 in.	8.680 in.	6.757 in.
3	6.600 in.	9.233 in.	7.312 in.
4	6.445 in.	9.056 in.	7.078 in.
5	6.205 in.	8.766 in.	6.820 in.
Average	**6.298** in.	**8.890** in.	**6.964** in.

For the 100-yard test the rifle was put on the stand Oct. 10, at 10 o'clock in the morning with the wind from the 10 o'clock quarter at 10 miles per hour, and the rifle scored a "ten strike." The barometer rose to 30.285 inches, the dry thermometer to 61°, while the wet-bulb thermometer registered 57°, making a dew point of 54 and a humidity of 78 per cent. of thorough saturation of the atmosphere. The trajectory stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.513 in.	1.815 in.	1.544 in.
2	1.477 in.	1.870 in.	1.560 in.
3	1.443 in.	1.770 in.	1.554 in.
4	1.429 in.	1.757 in.	1.477 in.
5	1.478 in.	1.804 in.	1.488 in.
Average	**1.468** in.	**1.803** in.	**1.525** in.

Remington .32, R. F.

Another rifle of the pop-gun order, yet of a class of rifles which finds much sale and evidently enjoys a great popularity among that numerous class who seek small game and wish an arm proportionate. The weapon was of the old Remington model, and used a rim-fire cartridge. It had a 26-inch octagonal barrel, and was marked 767. Its complete weight was 7 pounds, of which 4 pounds 8 ounces were in the barrel. The rifling was of uniform twist, one turn in 20 inches, and the five grooves had each a depth of .003 inch and a width of .110 inch. The loading was with U.



M. C. ammunition, the .32 long rim-fire cartridges, .32-13-90, being used. When opened the powder was found in fine condition, and the three-grooved bullet had a pure lead composition. When weighed three powder charges showed 11.9, 12.4 and 12.2 grains, while the corresponding bullets weighed 88.6, 88.9 and 88.7 grains.

The weather conditions at the time of the test on Oct. 1, at half past 2 in the afternoon showed the wind blowing from the 6 o'clock quarter at 7 miles per hour, while the other readings were: Barometer 30.08 inches; dry thermometer 75.5°; wet-bulb thermometer 63°, indicating a dew point of 53.3, and a humidity of 47 per cent. The heights as calculated stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	12.562 in.	17.860 in.	13.843 in.
2	12.361 in.	17.597 in.	13.323 in.
3	13.400 in.	18.516 in.	14 291 in.
4	12 585 in.	17.844 in.	13.731 in.
5	13.777 in.	19.171 in.	14.682 in.
Average	**12.937** in.	**18.237** in.	**13.974** in.

The 100-yard trial came off Oct. 10, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with the wind coming from the 9 o'clock quarter at 4 miles per hour. The barometric pressure was 30.240 inches, the dry thermometer 59°, and the wet-bulb instrument at 54°, showing the dew point 49 and the humidity at 70 per cent. The heights as deduced from the screens stood:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	3.168 in.	3.998 in.	3.257 in.
2	3.063 in.	3.669 in.	3.080 in.
3	3.247 in.	4.036 in.	3.257 in.
4	3.251 in.	4.284 in.	3.442 in.
5	3.041 in.	3.852 in.	3.187 in.
Average	**3.154** in.	**3.968** in.	**3.245** in.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To illustrate the wonderful accuracy of our modern ballistic tables, I have calculated the 200-yard trajectory of the Springfield rifle, using the 70-500-grain cartridge. The initial velocity was taken at 1280 f. s. This being about the mean result obtained from a large number of Government observations.

The following table gives the results of these calculations, and for the sake of comparison, the actual trajectory as obtained by your late tests:

	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
Calculated trajectory	9.344 in.	12.974 in.	9.971 in.
FOREST AND STREAM tests	9.406 in.	12.987 in.	9.956 in.
Difference	—0.063 in.	—0.013 in.	+0.015 in.

It will be observed that the coincidence of these figures is something remarkable. But not more remarkable, I believe, than it would have been in any other case in which the weight, form, and initial velocity of the projectile were accurately known. Unfortunately for the general adaptability of this system, the initial velocity is seldom known with sufficient exactness to insure satisfactory results.

JAMES DUANE.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE American Ornithologists' Union at a recent congress appointed a committee to devise means to protect North American birds and their eggs. The first active work the committee intends doing is to gather statistics regarding the destruction of birds for millinery purposes, and to further this movement information will be solicited from persons acquainted with the shooting grounds of our coast, especially that of the Atlantic seaboard, and the whole will be embodied in a report and probably published and scattered widely throughout the community. The step taken is a good one, but a little late now to accomplish the good which would have been brought about if undertaken three or four years since. The destruction has already taken place and the fashion for using birds for millinery ornamentation is on the decline and will die itself. Still it is a commendable movement and should be continued in.

Throughout the interior counties of Pennsylvania a good snow remains on the ground, notwithstanding the late mild weather. A crust has formed on the surface which makes it bad for the grouse.

A pair of hybrid mallard and muscovey ducks were shot down the Delaware last week, having come to stool with other wildfowl. I saw these hybrids but can't say if they were a cross of tame mallard and muscovey, or the wild mallard and muscovey.

Canvasbacks are still very scarce at the Havre de Grace and Gunpowder River grounds. HOMO,

DEC. 21.

IRONTON, Mo., Dec. 17.—Game in this section is as plentiful as usual, except squirrels and rabbits, which are not as numerous as in years past. Quail can be found most everywhere. Turkeys are quite numerous and in fine condition. I got one last week, the finest I ever killed. Deer are plentiful, but very wild; I saw several in the last few days.—W. E. B.

WHITE RIVER OVERFLOW.—Beebe, Ark., Dec. 6.—Have just come from a hunt in the White River overflow. We found deer, bear and turkey quite plentiful.—S. D. B.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.—The movement is not confined to sportsmen, but the hearty aid of farmers and others is desired. The aims as set forth in our application for charter from the State is as follows: (1) The protection of game and fish from unlawful destruction; (2) the increase of game and fish by stocking; (3) the securing of uniform game and fish laws in different States; (4) securing and enforcing of competent laws for the protection of game, insectivorous birds and fish in Pennsylvania; (5) to ascertain and report on the occurrence and abundance of game in the various portions of the State; (6) increase of knowledge concerning the value or detriment to the farmer or horticulturist of birds generally. At a recent meeting for organization John M. Chalfant was elected President, and C. J. Pennock, Secretary. It is desired that the membership be extended as rapidly as possible in order that a report may be made early in 1886 of the game and fish of the State. It is believed this feature of the Association will be of general interest to the sportsman, as full reports are expected from every county. Information will be furnished members in regard to means of access and cost of transportation to points where game and fish are abundant. An important feature of the Association will be the reports on the food supply and occurrence of birds, showing which are of particular value or otherwise. Membership fee is $1. Small yearly dues will entitle members to all reports of the Association. Further particulars can be had by addressing C. J. Pennock, Secretary, Kennett square, Pa. Membership fees may be forwarded to the Secretary or to D. Ducr Philips, Cashier National Bank, Kennett Square, Pa.

THE LATE GEO. H. FERRIS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with sorrow the obituary notices of Prof. Rice and Geo. H. Ferris. I had met Prof. Rice but two or three times, and then with pleasure and profit. His death is a real loss to fishculture. The death of Geo. H. Ferris will send a thrill of sorrow through many an old and middle-aged rifle shooter. I visited him several times many years ago in connection with rifle work, and from time to time had correspondence with him. Some of his long-range rifles mounted with telescopic sights, also made by him, were the height of perfection, doing better work than has ever been approached by breechloading arms. His work was not merely for a livelihood, but was a "labor of love" as well. In my own amateur work I received valuable suggestions from Mr. Ferris, who was really the most thoroughly practical gunsmith I ever knew.—MILTON P. PEIRCE (Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18).

A "FOREST AND STREAM" CLUB.—Stillwater, N. Y., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to inform you of the organization of a new gun club, composed of the following members: S. F. Wood, G. P. H. Taylor, Elmer Vandecar, Chas. Kip, Geo. Lansing, Geo Van Vechten, Harvie Ackert and Seth Handy. Dr. Taylor was elected secretary, and the name "Forest and Stream Gun Club" was adopted with much enthusiasm. I need not say that the members are all readers of that ever-welcome journal.—G. P. H. TAYLOR. [With such a name the new club ought to be a model.]

A CANVASBACK DUCK STORY.—A solitary, keen-eyed canvas-back came whistling across Chesapeake Bay toward where two New York gunners were ensconced. "Hole on!" said one of them, fidgetting with his gun. "I'll darn soon settle his hash." The duck came, wheeled over the stools and the enthusiastic sportsman, after firing both barrels saw the bird fade away in the dim distance. "Yer dident settle his hash, did yer?" remarked the other man in a pleasant tone of voice. "No," replied the other contentedly, "he dident have any hash!"

Sea and River Fishing.

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THE ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

PURSUANT to call a meeting of the Association was held in the laboratory of Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, on Tuesday the 15th inst., President Endicott in the chair. The president stated that the terms of the officers expire with the year and that as the call had stated that there had been some irregularity in the election of officers at the meeting following the tournament he would say that it was in election of a president. He had talked with Judge McGown before that meeting and told him that it was proposed to make him president, but that while the Judge declined he did it in such a modest way that he merely attributed it to his native modesty. Since the election of the Judge, however, that gentleman had written a letter stating that his duties forbid him to serve as president, but he would always be glad to be of service in the rear rank. The secretary then read the letter referred to, and during the election Capt. William Dunning was called to the chair.

Mr. Robert B. Lawrence proposed Mr. Endicott and he was elected. Mr. Mather then offered his resignation as secretary, saying that he had served for four years and the labor was greater than he could well spare time for, and besides this he wanted to cast occasionally and have some of the fun. That the last tournament had deprived him of joining some friends in the bear hunt and that now no doubt there were several thousand bears marauding the pig pens that would have been meat had he been let loose. A vote on accepting the resignation was taken and "the noes had it," notwithstanding Messrs. Tripler, Mitchell, J. A. Roosevelt, and others spoke in favor of letting up on him. At the suggestion of Mr. Blackford that the secretary might be more resigned to his fate if the members attended meetings more promply and helped with the work, Mr. Poey volunteered to act as the secretary's assistant. The meeting then adjourned. Afterward, Mr. Ed. Eggert talked among the members advocating holding a tournament in the spring.

AN ITEM FOR HON. PROCTOR KNOTT.—Alfred Booth, the great Chicago fish dealer, is preparing to remove his fishing business to Duluth, believing that Lake Superior affords better fishing grounds than Lake Michigan, and Duluth is becoming such a railroad center for connections with the great West that his headquarters will be in Duluth for the fish trade. His famous fast fishing yacht is coming to Duluth so as to enable him to supply the markets daily with lake trout and whitefish.—W. D. T.

NEWPORT FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—Messrs. Thos. Burlingham, Thomas Dunn, Edward S. Hammond, Joseph P. Cotton, Patrick J. Galvin, William H. Hammett and Frank H Wilks and others have formed the Newport Fish and Game Association. The objects of the association are to control the fresh water ponds in Newport and vicinity for the propagation of fish and for fishing, and for the protection of game, and to use every legal means for the fulfillment of these ends. The officers are: President, Joseph P. Cotton; Secretary, Frank H. Wilks; Treasurer, William H. Hammett; Board of Directors—Thos. Burlingham, W. P. Sheffield, Jr., Edward S. Hammond, S. E. Greene, Benj. M. Thurston. The secretary writes: "We have control of the fishing privileges of the Lily Pond, which we have stocked with black bass, and the Almy Pond, which we have stocked with German carp. Both are situated south of the city. We are treating for the control of Nielson Pond, situated about two miles east of the city, on the Second Beach, which we intend to stock in the spring with trout. In the future we shall try to control other ponds and brooks in other parts of the island.—F. H. WILKS, Secretary."

THE ONE SHOT GOT AWAY.—Memphis, Tenn., Dec 14.—A squib recently published in *Puck*, (I believe), seems worthy of a place in "Flickerings." It was to this effect: A fisherman went gunning one day, and when he returned he reported that he had shot five "quail," but one of them got away in the brush. He exhibited the four he had bagged, and in a moment of forgetfulness remarked that the one which got away weighed five pounds —COAHOMA.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CONNECTICUT SHAD FISHERY.—The damage done to the local shad fisheries by the dam at Enfield, Ct., can hardly be measured. The fishery is practically killed and an earnest effort is being made to have something done in the matter. At the voting precints, to-day, copies of the following petition were being largely signed: To the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court Assembled: We the undersigned, citizens of Springfield, West Springfield and Chicopee, respectfully represent that the Connecticut River, from the Connecticut line to Holyoke, is now, by reason of the maintenance of the dam at Enfield, Ct., made useless for shad fishery. Massachusetts formerly had 16 miles of water upon which depended large and remunerative fisheries for shad. By the recent raising and maintenance of the dam at Enfield, the entire fish industry upon said river is ruined. We therefore respectfully pray that such action may be taken by the general court as may bring this matter to the attention of the Legislature of Connecticut as may result in some remedy by which citizens of Massachusetts may have restored to them rights of which they have been deprived by the action of a Connecticut corporation.—*Springfield Union.*

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Manchester *Union* of late date says: "Charles Gordon, of Ashland, killed with a spear in Squam River, Dec. 9, a handsome land-locked salmon, 34 inches in length, 9 inches in depth, and weighing 15 pounds. He was brought before G. H. Adams, Esq., Wednesday, on complaint of Fish Commissioner Hodge, pleaded guilty and was fined $15 and costs." This item was sent us by Mr. Elliott B. Hodge, of the New Hampshire Fish Commission, who writes: "I send you this to show the extraordinary growth of the land-locked salmon in this State. This fish was a male and of course in poor condition. In September the same fish would have weighed near 20 pounds. It could not have been over nine years old, and may have been much less, as much larger ones from the same (Squam) lake have been taken. I took several thousand land-locked salmon eggs from fish taken in Sunapee Lake this fall. I think that these are the first eggs taken from fish artificially introduced into waters outside of the State of Maine. They have been a success in all waters that are adapted to their habits in this State."

THE ADIRONDACK HATCHERY.—Since the damage to the nets belonging to the hatchery and the prompt action of the Fish Commission in issuing handbills defining the penalties for such trespass, the suspected parties have left the neighborhood. Last week Mr. Hardner, of the Rainbow Lake Hotel, visited the hatchery and showed a paper which he was circulating for the signatures of hotelkeepers and guides, pledging them to aid and protect the work of the State and to try to bring all trespassers and poachers to justice. No doubt this action will tend to repress the lawless vagabonds of that region.

SUICIDE OF TROUT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My article in this week's issue was not written as a prize competition. I beg of you, therefore, to cut down that leap of six feet alleged to have been made by those little salmon, for it is too much of a feat by at least five feet for even a prize leaping *fête*. If I wrote it six feet, it is the most surprising penslipping feature of the communication.—MILTON P. PEIRCE (Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18).

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the FOREST AND STREAM actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

2. In general excellence the reading columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are of a higher grade than those of any similar publication the world.

3. Taking into account the amount and the character of weekly reading given, the FOREST AND STREAM is away ahead of any similar publication in the world.

4. If a sportsman wishes a sportsman's paper, he will be better suited by the FOREST AND STREAM than by any similar publication in the world.

"My rod creaked and bent double," a stout red-faced gentleman was saying, "and the birch spun like a teetotum. I tell you if Pierre Chaveau hadn't the presence of mind to grip the most convenient part of my trousers with a boat-hook I should have been dragged into the lake in two seconds or less. Well, sir, we fought 69 minutes by actual time taking, and when I had him in and got him back to the hotel, he tipped the scales, the speckled beauty did, at 37 11-16 pounds, whether you believe it or not." "Nonsense," said a quiet little gentleman who sat opposite, "That is impossible." The first speaker looked flattered at this, and colored with pleasure. "Nevertheless," he retorted, "it's a fact on my honor as a sportsman. Why do you say it is impossible?" "Because," said the other calmly, "it is an ascertained scientific fact, as every true fisherman in this room knows perfectly well, that there are no trout in Mooselemaguntcook weighing under half a hundred." "Certainly not," said a third speaker. "The bottom of the lake is a sieve—a sort of schistose sieve formation—and all fish smaller than fifty pounders fall through." "Why doesn't the water drop through, too?" asked the stout patient, in a triumphant tone. "It used to," replied the quiet gentleman, gravely, "until the Maine Legislature passed an act preventing it."—*Chicago News.*

The Kennel.

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NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

THE DERBY.

FOR the Derby there were eighty nominations, of which twenty-three filled. The running began Friday, Dec. 11, the weather clear and cold. The first brace put down was

SAM STERRETT AND JOE NOBLE.

Sam Sterrett, handled by Tucker, and Joe Noble handled by Avent. They were cast off in the open at 8:45, and went off at a rather slow gait. Then they went into thicket, where Joe drew and pointed a bevy. Going after the birds, Sam got a point, and ordered on pointed again; bird shot at, steady to shot and wing. Moving on, Joe pointed. Sam then pointed a bird that had been marked. They were then ordered up and Sam Sterrett awarded the heat.

PEGJIM AND KING SHOT.

Pegjim, handled by Waters, and King Shot, handled by Zimmerman, were cast off in sedge grass field at 10:25. Pegjim soon pointed. Ordered on King Shot flushed, then pointed, and going on flushed again. In woods he scored another point. Going on he drew to a point on bevy along the edge of a strip of grass, Pegjim not up to back. Birds flushed and shot at, steady to shot. Going across a gully into sedge grass, Pegjim pointed single bird. Then casting off, flushed. They were then ordered up at 12:10 and the heat awarded to King Shot.

GATHLIT AND NORTIER.

Gathlit, handled by McGraw, and Nortier, handled by Short, were cast off in sedge grass at 12:15. They went through grass over a hill; both slow. Nortier had a little advantage in style. Gathlit drew on a bevy, then went on and flushed. They flew into grass, where Gathlit flushed a single bird. Then on the hill Nortier flushed a bird. He then pointed balance of bevy. Gathlit refused to back, went in and flushed. Going after birds, Gathlit pointed. Then Nortier scored a point. Then Gathlit flushed. Taken up at 1 o'clock for lunch. After lunch put down again at 1:45. Nortier soon pointed a bevy in good style. Short flushed and killed: both dogs steady to shot. They were then ordered up at 2:25, and Nortier wins the heat.

MAUD D. AND GATH'S HOPE.

Maud D., handled by Ellison, and Gath's Hope, handled by Rose, were put down at 2:30. After a long tramp Maud flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. Gath's Hope made a cast back and flushed a bevy which the judges did not see. Going on, he pointed a bevy nicely, well backed by Maud. Birds flushed and shot; both dogs steady to wing and shot. Going on, Gath flushed twice in woods. Maud then flushed three times in succession. Then she flushed a single bird. Going on, Gath flushed twice. They were then taken up at 4 o'clock. Gath's Hope wins the heat.

BOB GATES AND CANADA PEG.

Bob Gates, handled by Stephenson, and Canada Peg, handled by Avent, were cast off in a field of sedge grass at 4:10. They got away at a clipping gait. In speed and style, in going, and on point, they were evenly matched. Bob Gates soon got a point on a bevy, near a branch. The birds flushed and flew into sedge grass, where Peg picked up three points in rapid succession and Bob flushed a single bird. Going across branch Peg pointed again. Then, on the side of the hill, Bob pointed a single bird; lower down the hill he pointed again. Then, going into woods, Bob pointed in fine style, but Stephenson failed to flush a bird before him. They then drew a corn field blank, and were taken up at 4:50 to be put down again next day. Saturday was cold and cloudy. The same brace cast off in grass at 9 o'clock, and worked into woods, where Canada Peg flushed a bevy. She then pointed a single bird. Going on she flushed three or four birds, and was stopped to order. Then Bob Gates pointed where a bevy had been flushed and Peg backed. Going on in grass she pointed handsomely and staunchly a bevy, which was flushed and followed into a thicket, but could not be found. On hill Bob Gates flushed a bevy and dropped to wing, then flushed a single bird. Near a fence Bob pointed a single bird—flushed but not shot at. Going on, he made a point on two birds, then pointed a single bird. Moving on, he again got a point on a single bird. Brace taken up at 10:10. Bob Gates wins the heat.

LOGAN AND PEGFLY.

Logan, handled by Moody, and Pegfly, handled by Bevan, were cast off in a field at 10:20, and were worked into an oak thicket, where Logan pointed a bevy and Pegfly backed. The birds flushed, and both dropped to wing. Then Pegfly pointed a single bird. Going on, both pointed a bevy. Following the birds, Pegfly pointed twice in succession, and Logan false pointed. Some distance beyond, in a grass field, Logan flushed two birds, then turned his head and pointed balance of bevy. Birds flushed and shot at. Steady to shot. Then Pegfly roaded and pointed a bevy. Taken up at 11:15, and Pegfly wins the heat.

BON SELENE AND NANNIE S.

Bon Selene, handled by Ellison, and Nannie S., handled by Tucker, were cast off in grass field at 11:25, to be worked on scattered birds. They were a nice going and stylish brace. Bon Selene soon flushed a single bird. Going in opposite directions both came together and dropped on a point on a hare. Hare flushed and steady to fur. Then Bon Selene flushed a single bird. Soon after, both dogs dropped on a point on four birds. Going after the scattered birds, Bon Selene dropped on a point, moved up and pointed again; bird flushed itself. Ellison shot—steady to wing and gun. Then Nannie S. pointed a single bird, and, going on, pointed again. Tucker flushed and killed—steady to wing and gun. Going into plum thicket, Bon Selene pointed a hare, and Nannie backed. They were taken up at 12:20, and Nannie S. wins the heat.

TARQUIN AND BEAUTY GLADSTONE.

After lunch, Tarquin, handled by Short, and Beauty Gladstone, handled by Ellison, were cast off in a wide grass field at 1:15. Soon after starting, Tarquin ran into and flushed a bevy as Beauty was drawing on them. Following the bevy, Beauty flushed a single bird and dropped to wing. Then Tarquin flushed a single bird. In very high grass he roaded and flushed a bird. Going on, Tarquin walked into the middle of a bevy. Following the birds, Beauty pointed. Ordered on, Tarquin pointed. Bird flushed and shot at; steady to shot and wing. Going on, Beauty pointed a bevy in the edge of a brier thicket. Birds flushed and followed into grass, where Beauty pointed a single bird, and Tarquin got a point and a flush. Brace ordered up at 2:20 and Beauty wins the heat.

NOBLE C. AND PAP SMIZER.

Noble C., handled by Stephenson, and Pap Smizer, by Zimmerman, were cast off in sedge grass at 2:35. They got away at a very fast pace. In speed and style of going and on pointing Noble C. had the advantage. They ran through open ground and made a wide cast to the right through sedge, where Noble ran up an outlying bird of a bevy, which flying over the bevy, caused the rest to flush. They went down into the woods, where the dogs picked up points so fast they could scarcely be scored. First Noble pointed a single bird, went on and pointed again, then flushed. Then Pap pointed a single bird. Bird flushed and shot at, Pap steady to wing and gun. Ordered on, Noble flushed a single bird. Then Pap pointed twice in succession, and then false pointed. Then Noble pointed, then false pointed and pointed again. He then

made a cast to the right and pointed a bird in magnificent style in a clump of briers. Taken up at 3:30. Noble C. wins the heat.

CARLOTTA AND PEGBID.

Carlotta, handled by Tucker, and Pegbid, handled by Waters, were cast off at 3:35 in a burnt field and worked into grass, where Carlotta dropped on a point, roaded and dropped again, when the bevy flushed. Judges did not allow her a point. Following them into grass, she got a point on a single bird. Tucker shot and killed; Carlotta steady to wing and shot. Ordered on, Pegbid flushed a single bird. Further down the hill Carlotta dropped on point on back scent and then commenced roading, when Pegbid came up and pointed the bevy. Waters shot and killed; both dogs dropped to shot. Following the birds into grass, Carlotta flushed a single bird. She then pointed twice in succession. Running down the road she wheeled to a magnificent point on a single bird, Pegbid backing in splendid style. Tucker shot and killed; both dogs steady. Pegbid went out of sight over a hill, when a bevy got up, supposed to be flushed by him. Brace taken up at 4:30, and Carlotta wins the heat.

JACKSON AND MAGGIE GLADSTONE.

Jackson, handled by Ellison, and Maggie Gladstone, handled by Gillam, were cast off in sedge grass at 4:35. Jack was soon out of sight over a hill, and was found pointing a bevy in low grass. Birds were flushed but not shot. They flew into sedge grass, where Jack pointed a single bird. Maggie not up to back. Ordered on, he pointed again, when two birds were flushed before him. He then pointed a single bird. They were ordered up at 4:55 and Jack wins the heat.

First Series.

Sam Sterrett beat Joe Noble.
King Shot beat Pegjim.
Nortier beat Gathlit.
Gath's Hope beat Maud D.
Bob Gates beat Canada Peg.
Pegfly beat Logan.
Nannie S. beat Bon Selene.
Beauty Gladstone beat Tarquin.
Noble C. beat Pap Smizer.
Carlotta beat Pegbid.
Jackson beat Maggie Gladstone.
Gath's Mark a bye.

Second Series.

Monday was clear and cold, with raw wind from northwest. Mr. F. I. Stone was obliged to return home and Dr. Rawlings Young, of Corinth, Miss., was chosen to fill his place. The first brace of the second series,

GATH'S MARK AND NORTIER,

were put down in open at 9:35. In edge of woods, Mr. Dew flushed a bevy, which flew over Mark, and he stood to wing. Going on, Gath pointed a bird and Nortier backed in good style. Tucker flushed and killed; both dogs steady to wing and gun. A number of birds flushed wild from handlers and judges. Following them into grass, Gath false pointed, and, moving on, flushed a single bird. Nortier coming up, pointed where the bird had flushed. Going into woods, Nortier pointed handsomely and staunchly a bevy, backed by Gath in fine style. Short flushed and fired, both dogs steady. Following the birds, Nortier flushed and Gath pointed. Going on, he pointed where a bird had been flushed. Ordered on, Nortier pointed a hare. Making a cast, Gath dropped on a point near a fence. Tucker failed to flush a bird before him, and a false point was called; but he went back and pointed again. The bird was flushed and Gath scored his point. He had the advantage in speed, range and style over Nortier. The brace was ordered up at 10:15, and Gath's Mark awarded the heat. After waiting until 10:50 for the next brace,

SAM STERRETT AND GATH'S HOPE,

they were cast off in grass. After drawing the field blank, in briers at edge of wood Gath whirled and dropped on a point, backed by Sam. Rose, to order, flushed a very large bevy. Both dogs steady to wing. Following to woods, Sam pointed, blinked his birds and then went in and flushed. Near by Gath pointed, but his handler failed to flush a bird before him. Ordered on, he roaded, and in good style pointed a bevy. Following into edge of field Sam flushed and Gath pointed. Ordered on, Gath false pointed. In style, range and speed Gath's Hope had decidedly the advantage. The brace was ordered up at 11:25 and the heat awarded to Gath's Hope. The next brace to run was

BOB GATES AND PEGFLY.

After waiting until 1 o'clock and Pegfly not being on hand, his handler having lost his way, the heat was given to Bob Gates, and the next brace,

BEAUTY AND NANNIE S.,

were cast off in open field at 1:05. They started away up wind at a rattling gait and immediately run into a bevy. Both dropped to wing. The birds went down in grass, where Nannie pointed, and Beauty flushed. Ordered on, Nannie flushed. Going into swale Nannie pointed and Beauty false pointed, backed by Nannie. Going after a feeding bevy that had been marked by spectators, Nannie flushed an outlying bird and dropped to wing. Ordered on, she pointed in good style the balance of the bevy. They were then ordered up at 1:35 and Nannie S. awarded the heat.

NOBLE C. AND CARLOTTA

were cast off at 1:40 in sedge grass. Carlotta soon scored a point on a bevy. To order Tucker flushed, and birds flew into grass and low bushes on edge of pond; both dogs steady to wing. Following the bevy, Noble pointed a single bird, which was flushed, but not shot at. Working on around edge of pond, Noble pointed single bird again. He then, a little further on, made a handsome and stylish point. To order, Stephenson flushed. Making a wide cast, Carlotta drew to a point on a bevy, backed by Noble in splendid style. The birds were flushed to order and flew into some low briers and grass, where Noble C. picked up four points in quick succession. They were then ordered up at 2:20, and Noble C. declared winner of the heat.

Second Series.

Gath's Mark beat Nortier. Gath's Hope beat Sam Sterrett. Bob Gates beat Pegfly. Nannie S. beat Beauty Gladstone. Noble C. beat Carlotta. Jackson a bye.

Third Series.

GATH'S MARK AND JACKSON

were cast off in the open at 2:25. Working down into grass, Jack pointed a single bird, which was flushed to order but not shot at. Going on, Mark dropped on a point with his head up wind. Tucker failed to flush a bird, and ordered on, Mark made a cast, drew, and coming back pointed at the same spot, and his handler again failed to flush. Going into woods, Mark was found dropped on a point. Birds flushed, but not shot at. In following scattered birds, both dogs pointed at the same instant another bevy, which flew out into a grass field. Following the scattered birds, Mark pointed and Jack was dropped by his handler. Bird flushed and shot, and both dogs steady to wing. Ordered on, Jack flushed a single bird, followed with a flush by Mark. Working back toward the woods in grass, Jack scored two more flushes. Going into woods again, Mark made a point which Jack refused to honor, and was dropped by his handler. The brace was then ordered up at 3:10, and Gath's Mark awarded the heat.

BOB GATES AND GATH'S HOPE

were then put down at 3:15 in open. They got away at a good fair rate of speed, though Bob was not as fast as in his previous heats. They drew a wide cornfield blank, and in edge of grass Bob pointed a single bird. Going down a swale in high grass Gath false pointed several times and then pointed a single bird. Working on Gath again scored a point, held it an instant, jumped in and caught the bird, which his handler compelled him to drop. Going on Gath pointed a bevy. Bob backed in grand form. Following the birds into grass, he got two points in quick succession, and then flushed twice. He then pointed again and the bird was flushed and killed. He was steady to wing and gun. Going over a fence into a wood Gath got a point on the side of a hill on a single bird. Just below him Bob pointed and then moved on and a bevy flushed wild before him. Following the birds into a ravine Gath flushed a single bird. They were then ordered up at 4:45 and the heat awarded to Gath's Hope. This ended the work for the day.

Tuesday was bright, cold and clear; wind from southwest.

NOBLE C. AND NANNIE S.

were cast off in a weed field at 9:40. They drew through to some woods blank, then through the cover to sedge grass, where Noble pointed a grass bird. Nannie coming on, pointed the same scent. Going on, Noble pointed in a cotton field, and Nannie was ordered up to back, when she pointed out to one side. Both dogs were allowed a point. None of the single birds were found, and we worked through some woods, when Nannie pointed in a brush pile. Noble was not up to back. The birds were flushed and followed into a cotton field, where Nannie flushed a single bird, and going on scored a point. She then flushed again. They worked the open blank and went back into the same woods, where some birds had been flushed and marked down. Noble coming round to a brush pile, flushed three birds, and the rest took wing all around. Both dogs then drew on a running bird, Nannie roading too near it. Ordered on, Nannie pointed, Tucker flushed, but did not shoot. Noble then pointed a single bird. We then left the woods and worked through corn. Some birds were flushed, and went back into the woods. Going after them, Nannie flushed a single bird, dropped to wing and, moving on again, flushed. Noble then scored a flush on single bird, and, moving on, Nannie flushed. Then we left the woods and cast out into corn ridges, and worked through to some woods beyond, where Nannie pointed a bevy in a thicket. Tucker flushed and shot, but did not kill. The dogs were then ordered up at 11:35, and the heat awarded to Nannie S.

This finished the third series, with the following result:

Third Series.

Gath's Mark beat Jackson. Gath's Hope beat Bob Gates. Nannie S. beat Noble C.

Fourth Series.

GATH'S HOPE AND GATH'S MARK

were put down in the open at 11:44 and worked the field and thicket blank. Then we turned back for the birds left from the last brace, none of which were found. Then we worked through corn, where Gath's Mark had the best range and speed. Going to some woods Mark flushed a bevy which went into sedge grass. Following them, each dog scored a point on single birds. Hope pointed again and Mark dropped on back, moved on and flushed the bird. Hope scored another point, and Mark a flush. Mark then false pointed and Hope coming up refused to back. Hope then flushed a single bird down wind and dropped to wing, moved up and pointed a single bird. Rose flushed but did not shoot. The dogs were then ordered up at 12:45, and the heat awarded to Gath's Hope.

Fourth Series.

Gath's Hope beat Gath's Mark. Nannie S. a bye.

Final Tie for First Place.

NANNIE S. AND GATH'S HOPE.

After lunch Nannie S. and Gath's Hope were put down in a cotton field at 2:35 to run for first place. Working across a bottom through sedge, Gath's Hope pointed a bevy. Nannie was not up to back. Rose flushed, but did not shoot. The birds flew into heavy cover, where Nannie roaded and the birds flushed wild. She then flushed a bevy in heavy cover. She then pointed, roaded on and pointed again. Gath was not up to back. After drawing field and woods blank we crossed a creek into sedge grass, where Nannie soon pointed. When Tucker went up to flush, he flushed the bird to one side and dropped her. The judges awarded her a point and ordered her on, when she pointed the same birds which she was first pointing, and was given another point, to which she was certainly not entitled. Tucker to order shot and crippled a bird, which flew some distance, and Nannie, going on, pointed the spot where it fell. Both dogs roaded, and Gath pointed and to order retrieved it. We then worked to the edge of the sedge, where a bird was marked, and Gath pointed it. Rose flushed, and the bird flying over Gath, he made a jump for it and dropped to order. Making cast back into the sedge for another bevy, Nannie was found dropped on a point. Gath refused to back, swung around behind her and commenced roading. Tucker went in to flush, when Nannie moved up. In the meantime Gath had established a point, when the birds flushed wild. The judges gave Gath the point, with which decision we did not agree, as Nannie had pointed the birds before Gath came up. Some distance around a sedge hill Gath pointed a bevy in fine style and was nicely backed by Nannie. Rose flushed, but did not shoot. Both dogs were steady to wing. Several were then flushed by the judges. Following them Nannie pointed, but Tucker failed to flush a bird before her. Several birds were then flushed by the handlers and spectators and crossing each other the dogs flushed a bird between them. They were then ordered up at 3:05 and the heat and first money awarded to Gath's Hope.

Ties for Second Place.

BOB GATES AND GATH'S MARK.

A heat was then run between Bob Gates and Gath's Mark to decide which should run against Nannie S. for second place. Mr. Stephenson being sick and unable to run his dog, he was handled by Mr. J. Avent. They were put down in the sedge grass at 3:20. In the woods beyond, Bob Gates pointed a bevy, Avent flushed and shot, but did not kill. Going on, Bob pointed a single bird, which was flushed but not shot at. Gath's Mark then scored three flushes and Bob one. They were then ordered up, and Bob wins the heat; down twenty minutes.

Final Tie for Second Place.

NANNIE S. AND BOB GATES

were ordered down to run for second place at 3:45. Bob soon pointed a bevy, and was backed by Nannie. Avent flushed, but did not shoot; then each dog flushed a single bird; going on, Bob flushed again and Nannie pointed a single bird; ordered on, Bob pointed, Avent flushed the bird, but did not shoot; Bob steady to wing. Nannie then dropped on a point, but moved on; Bob pointed and Avent going up, Bob discovered his error and moved on. Then Nannie, drawing on, pointed; still no birds were flushed. Ordered on, Bob made a cast, and, swinging round, pointed in fine style. Avent flushed, but did not shoot. Following the birds into some weeds, Bob pointed. Avent flushed two birds, but did not shoot. The dogs were then ordered up at 4:12, and Bob Gates awarded the heat and second place. In range, speed and style he far surpassed Nannie S., and won on his merits.

Ties for Third Place.

Canada Peg, Gath's Mark and Nannie S. divided third prize equally.

Following is a complete

SUMMARY.

First Series.

Sam Sterrett beat Joe Noble.
King Shot beat Pegjim.
Nortier beat Gathlit.
Gath's Hope beat Maud D.
Bob Gates beat Canada Peg.
Pegfly beat Logan.
Nannie S. beat Bon Selene.
Beauty Gladstone beat Tarquin.
Noble C. beat Pap Smizer.
Carlotta beat Pegbid.
Jackson beat Maggie Gladstone.
Gath's Mark a bye.

Second Series.

Gath's Mark beat Nortier.
Gath's Hope beat Sam Sterrett.
Bob Gates beat Pegfly.
Nannie S. beat Beauty Gladstone.
Noble C. beat Carlotta.
Jackson a bye.

Third Series.

Gath's Mark beat Jackson.
Gath's Hope beat Bob Gates.
Nannie S. beat Noble C.

Fourth Series.

Gath's Hope beat Gath's Mark.
Nannie S. a bye.

Final Tie for First Place.

Gath's Hope beat Nannie S. and won first prize.

Ties for Second Place.

Bob Gates beat Gath's Mark.

Final Tie for Second Place.

Bob Gates beat Nannie S. and won second prize.

Ties for Third Place.

Nannie S., Gath's Mark and Canada Peg divided third prize equally.

GUYON.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

There was a meeting of the American Kennel Club at the Hoffman House, New York, on Wednesday, Dec. 17. The following clubs were represented: New England Kennel Club, New Haven Kennel Club, Westminster Kennel Club, New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Philadelphia Kennel Club and Montreal Kennel Club. Major J. M. Taylor sent in his resignation as president of the club, which was accepted and Mr. Elliot Smith was unanimously elected in his place. The Louisville Kennel Club sent a withdrawal from the club, which was accepted. It was voted that an assessment of $10 should be paid to the association by each member. The rule relative to champions, was amended to read: "A dog to compete in a champion class must have won three first or champion prizes." All protests and accompanying papers were referred to the committee on discipline. Several of the committees on standards reported, and it was voted that their reports be published and that no action be taken upon them until some future meeting.

Following is the report of the committee upon the standard for the English setter:

THE ENGLISH SETTER STANDARD.

The English Setter is essentially a field dog, and a proper estimate of his value on the bench can only be made with a due regard to his field merit, as expressed in his formation and blood characteristics, no judgment of a setter on a bench can take into account the quality of his nose, or the quality of his intelligence. The value of these characteristics are only to be determined in the field, when they are brought into use, except perhaps, as the quality of these important factors may be incidentally suggested by the absence of indications of outside blood, and the presence of certain expressions of the motions, with which the judge is familiar. There is, however, so much guess work in valuing these qualities, that no points can be allowed for them, nevertheless, they do, in the eyes of a good judge, and he tacitly gives the dog credit for pleasing expressions in various ways; sometimes giving him the doubt of a point upon which a value is placed and again crediting him upon the score of quality, but so far as it is possible to do so, the judge should divest himself of an attempt to measure the probable quality of a dog's nose or intelligence on the bench. He should be concerned chiefly with the quality of the dogs formation for speed, endurance and adaptability for the work required of him (much attention too, must be paid to those race characteristics which have no relation to the question of locomotion, for a badly bred dog is sometimes well formed, but the presence or absence of characteristics which indicate outside blood, pre-supposes that the dog, although made to go and able to go, will be wanting in the instincts peculiar to the breed).

As to what constitutes the best form, there are, and always will be a variety of opinions, no conceptions, no matter upon what extent of practical data it may rest, or how judiciously the data may be used, can create an ideal. An ideal which shall pass as perfection is not here attempted, but on the contrary, the conception here expressed is made only as it appears to be an improvement on what has gone before, with the full assurance that higher and yet higher conceptions will follow. Absolute perfection is not contemplated; it is recognized as being beyond reach, improvement only is attempted.

The setter's formation which seemed to be the most desirable ten years ago, is no longer held to represent the best type of breed, and characteristics that were thought objectionable have proved desirable. The present ideal compared with the ideal of ten years ago differs in the addition of such particulars as have been proved to be desirable, and the loss of those which trials have demonstated to be undesirable.

The head of the English setter of to-day differs very little from the head as described by writers ten or even twenty years ago, the present fashion is for a head a trifle longer and lighter than that described of dogs in the past. This type is desirable since it is in harmony with the general type of the dog, the demand being for more length and less width throughout.

The following description in which we quote largely from Stonehenge, we submit:

Head (20).—The skull is of a peculiar character not so heavy as that of the pointer and without their narrow and marked prominence of the occipital bone. It is narrow or of medium width between the ears, and should have a decided brow over the eyes. The nose should be long and with width in harmony with the skull, without any fulness under the eyes.

There should be in the average dog 4 or 4½ inches from the inner corner of the eyes to the end of the nose. Between the point and root of the nose there should be a slight depression, at all events, there should be no fulness, and the eye-brow should rise sharply from it. The nostrils must be wide apart and large in openings, and the end of the nose moist and cool. In all setters the ends should be black or dark liver colored, except in whites, or lemon and white, a pink nose may in them be pardoned. The jaws should be exactly equal in length, a "snipe-nose" or "pig jaws" as the receding lower one is called, being greatly against its possessor. The ears should be hung well back and set low, of moderate length and slightly rounded at the point, the "leather" should be thin and soft; carried closely to the cheeks, so as not to show the inside, without the slightest tendency to prick the ear, and should be clothed with silky hair about two inches in length. The lips are not so full and pendent as those of the pointer, but at their angles there should be a slight fullness, not reaching quite to the extent of hanging. The eyes must be full of animation, and of medium size, the best color being a rich brown, and they should be set with their angles straight across.

Neck (6).—The importance of a long lean neck has not been fully realized until quite recently, or at all events, there has not been sufficient stress laid upon the point. Length of neck tends to high-headedness, and permits the dog to feel about

for scent over a greater amount of space than he could with a short neck, besides it adds greatly to his style. It has not the rounded muscularity of the pointer's neck, being considerably thinner, it should gradually deepen as it approaches the shoulders, joining them in graceful curve. It must not be "throaty" though the skin be loose.

Shoulders 6 and Chest 12 (18).—The shoulders and chest should display liberty in all directions, with sloping, deep shoulder blades and elbows well let down and at an angle bringing the fore legs well under the dog. Mr. Laverack was very fond of a setter with well sprung ribs, back of the shoulder. A feature all right provided they had depth also, but he laid so much stress upon this point in his collections of dogs for stock purposes that his breed was not only round in the barrel, but the width was carried forward between the shoulders, a very objectionable form. So. also, is the deep thin chest, with little spring of ribs behind the shoulder, known as "slabsided." Public field trials have demonstrated that there should be as much volume of chest as it is possible to obtain, distributed in such a manner as not to interfere with the shoulder of the dog, or restrict his pace in any way. The chest should be thin enough to allow the shoulders to lay flat and move with freedom. Great depth at this point is objectionable, since it puts too much weight on the shoulders and fore legs. The weight should be distributed as evenly as possible between the forward and hind parts, the tendency is too much forward. By placing the greater volume of chest back of the shoulders, the fore parts are relieved of weight that should be, in part, supported by the hind part. The drop in the chest should be just back of the elbows sloping upward toward the neck, permitting the dog to carry his neck and head up with more ease. Back of the play of shoulder, the ribs should spring gradually to the middle, and then gradually lessen to the back rib, the greater the length from the shoulders to the last rib the better, and the greater the depth of the last rib the better. A longer dog than the present type is desirable, but with the additional length and weight in the middle there will follow a tendency to "sway-back" which is to be met with a slight arch or additional strength in the back.

Back and Loin (6).—It is very much the custom to treat of a dog's loin as all that constitutes his back; as a matter of fact, the back between the point of the shoulders and the loin is to be considered separately from the loin, as a dog may be good in one and weak in the other. The loin should be strong and of moderate length. There is such a thing however as a dog having too much loin, every ounce more than he needs is so much dead weight. In estimating the quality of a dog's loin, due regard must be paid to his condition, as a fat dog, with naturally a poor loin, appears exceedingly good in this particular, while a thin dog with naturally a good loin will appear deficient in that respect, an arched loin is desirable, but not to the extent of being "roached" or "wheelbacked."

Quarters and Stifles (10).—The quarters should be broad across the top, the hip-bones slightly prominent and wide apart, with good length to point of bone at root of tail. The quarters should be well muscled, an excessive quantity not needed only amounts to lumber. The stifles should be moderately well bent, excessive bend, although fashionable for a time, is no longer thought necessary. A little bow at stifles is a point of merit, as the feet in such cases stand squarely under the dog and are moved forward in a straight line, the slight bow serving as well to keep the stifles and legs easily away from the body when the quarters are brought forward. Stifles that bend in are faulty, and are a special sign of weakness.

Legs, Elbows, Hocks 8, and Feet 7 (15).—The elbows and toes which generally go together should be straight, and if not the "pigeon toe" or inturned leg is less objectionable than the out-turn in which the elbow is confined by its close attachment to the ribs. The arms should be muscular and the bone fully developed with gradual slope from fore arm to foot with hard flinty feel to leg, no looseness of skin on leg, with strong and broad knees, short pasterns, of which the size in point of bone should be as great as possible, and their slope not exceeding a very slight deviation from the straight line. The hind legs should be muscular, with plenty of bone and clean strong hocks wide between the thighs. The feet should be carefully examined, as upon their capability of standing wear and tear depends the utility of the dog. Some fancy the round cat foot, and it is generally preferred. Others the long hare foot. Either type is good if the feet are close and strong, with toes well arched and well clothed with hair.

Stern (5).—The stern, or tail, should be carried straight, or with slight curve upward, either slightly above level of back or down. There should be no curl, it should taper to a fine end, and reach the hocks. The feather must be composed of straight silky hairs, tapering to a point with tail.

Coat and Feather (6).—The coat should be flat, with an absence of wave or curl. The feather should be considerable and fringe the legs.

Color of Coat (4).—Too much stress must not be put upon color, as all setters, others than red or black and tans are included in the class known as English setters, and the color in this breed is only a matter of fancy, some prefer black and white, or black, white and tan, others lemon and white, and others again liver and white. Being only a matter of fancy, it should be dealt with gently. The colors are now generally classed as follows, in the order given: (1) blue belton with tan. (2) Black, white and tan, the black not so evenly and nicely distributed. (6) Lemon and white. (7) White. (8) Liver and white. (9) Black. (10) Liver. (11) Red or Yellow.

Symmetry and Quality (10).—After examining a dog critically in all of his points there yet remains to be examined the most important point of all; the harmony of the whole. The dog may have a good head, shoulders and quarters when looked at simply as single points, but when they are looked at collectively, as a part of one dog, they may be sadly out of harmony with each other, so with all other points when viewed in comparison with each other. The head may be a good head seen simply as a head, but it may be too large, or too small for the dog. The fore-parts may be good in themselves, but too heavy or too light for the hind-parts or the rest of the dog. It is the harmony of all points which constitute the symmetry and quality, and these points in their proper relation to each other go a long way toward what constitute the beauty and serviceable qualities of the dog.

ENGLISH SETTER VALUES.

Head	20
Neck	6
Shoulders and chest	18
Back and loin	6
Quarters and stifles	10
Legs, elbows, hocks, and feet	15
Stern	5
Coat and feather	6
Color of coat	4
Symmetry and quality	10
Total	100

(Signed) P. H. BRYSON, JNO. C. HIGGINS, J. M. TAYLOR, } Committee.

Friend P. H. Bryson—I leave margin and balance of this sheet for any suggestions you have to offer, or changes you think should be made. I have tried only to arrange it with a broad view, having no special dogs of any one to favor. Please return hereby Friday 25th, or Saturday, 26th, as I leave about that date for Pittsburgh. Your friend, J. M. TAYLOR.

3,092 PEDIGREES in the *American Kennel Register*.

GRAPHIC'S ALLEGED FLUSH.

ON this subject we have received a considerable mass of correspondence, which we can scarcely publish. A part of this comes from those nearly interested in Graphic, and a part from other individuals who are not familiar with the facts. Mr. James L. Anthony has written us, taking the ground that (1) our reports of the alleged flush were untrue; (2) that they are inconsistent with the fact that Mr. Heath was first informed of the alleged flush by our reporter, and he implies that this information, coming from the source it did, is inconsistent with our subsequent statement that "no flush had been charged to or scored against Graphic on the judges' books;" (3) that he was subsequently informed by another person that the judges had scored Graphic with a flush; and (4) that on the following morning, prior to the withdrawal of Graphic, one of the judges exhibited his book to Mr. Heath and Mr. Anthony, and they saw there the flush scored against the dog.

To these allegations and insinuations we reply as follows: (1) That the reports were written as we saw the events, and while it is possible that there may be mistakes or omissions, the facts were given as nearly as it was possible to give them; (2) that our reporter did speak to Mr. Heath, and say to him that Graphic had got, made or scored a flush, but that the words used would not bear the interpretation put upon them, because the flush, if made, was not in the nature of a fault and would not have counted against the dog; that when we stated that "no flush was charged to or scored against Graphic on the judges' books," we meant, as any one familiar with field trials should have known, that no such flush had been charged against the dog as a demerit; in other words, that the flush, if made, would not, under the circumstances, have counted against him in the remaining portion of the heat. We had not seen all the judges' books, but had seen one of them, and had the personal assurance of another that nothing had been done during the few moments the dogs were down; (3 and 4) that we have learned that a memorandum of a flush was made on one of the judges' books, but that this memorandum showed nothing as to the essential point of the inquiry, which is: Was a flush charged to or scored against Graphic by the judges as a demerit? Would this memorandum have injured his chances of winning if the heat had been run out? This has already been sufficiently answered in our report of the circumstances as follows: "A flush under the circumstances would be entirely excusable; indeed, the judges informed us that the dogs would start on even terms in the morning, and with a clean score."

FANCIERS' CLUB SHOW.—The dates selected for the dog show to be held by the Fanciers' Club, of New York, are Feb. 8, 9 and 10. It will take place in Madison Square Garden in connection with the annual poultry and pigeon show, which commences on Feb. 3. A good premium list has been prepared and nearly $800 will be offered in prizes. Application has been made for admission to the American Kennel Club, and the show will be held under the rules of that organization. The premium lists are now being printed and may be obtained from Mr. C. H. Harker, 62 Cortlandt street, New York.

HARTFORD KENNEL CLUB.—Hartford, Conn., Dec. 19. —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The citizens of Hartford propose to form a kennel club for the purpose of holding a bench show after the Boston show. Hartford seldom does anything by halves, and should everything work as mapped out, we hope for generous support. A liberal premium list will be issued, and we propose to join the American Kennel Club, so that wins will count. We shall endeavor to get the most popular judges for the exhibitors.—A. C. COLLINS.

THE WINSTED DOG SHOW AWARDS.—Winsted, Conn., Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the dog show held here Dec. 15-18 you place M. G. Wheeler's Choice second in the Irish setter bitch class. Perhaps, as a matter of record, it would be well to state that it should have been Daniel Maxwell's Press.—FRANK D. HALLETT, Superintendent. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Fritz won the special "M. M." for the best trained dog at the Winsted show.—A. C. COLLINS.

FALL RIVER DOG SHOW.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth annual dog show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association will be held at Fall River, Mass., Jan. 26 to 30. Dr. Geo. Walton, of Boston, will judge all the classes. —A. R. G. MOSHER (Fall River, Mass., Dec. 20).

ALL DOGS.—Frederick City, Md., Dec. 8—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have in my possession a lemon and white English setter bitch that on Nov. 30 gave birth to a litter of seven pups, all of them dogs. Quite a rarity in the dog world, is it not?—F. H. MARKELL.

MASTIFF HEADS.—Our next issue will have as a supplement a page of drawings of mastiff heads, illustrating the change of type from 1863 to the present. These have been carefully drawn, and will be carefully printed on heavy paper.

THE December number of the *American Kennel Register* contains 183 entries, making the grand total number of dogs now registered 3,092.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Barney, Jr. By Coughcura Medicine Co., Eau Claire, Wis., for Irish water spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by Dan (Mike—Nora) out of Juda (Barney—Judy).

Ivory. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl (champion Marquis—Lady) out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906).

Viscount. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl (champion Marquis—Lady) out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906).

Faerie Queen. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn.) for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl (champion Marquis—Lady) out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906).

Blanche. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl (champion Marquis—Lady) out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906).

Regent. By Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., for white, with brindle mark on ear, bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl (champion Marquis—Lady) out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906).

Sir Anthony. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Nun. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Mikado. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

May F. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Lewiston's Ideal. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Belle of Woodford's. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Beau of Portland. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for black and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 18, 1885, by Graphic (A.K.R. 2411) out of Zitta (A.K.R. 1358).

Bowdoin. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 13, 1885, by champion Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Dirigo. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Rapidan. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Sachem. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Santee. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Sougo. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Bonanza. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Boski. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Cleo. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Ethel. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 964) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Zilpha. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for liver and white and ticked pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Roxie. By F. F. Harris, Woodford's, Me., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 13, 1885, by Beaufort (A.K.R. 694) out of Zuba (A.K.R. 1359).

Peggy. By W. N. Woodruff, West Newton, Mass., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Suil-a-Mor (Claremont—Dido) out of Nora (Cigar—Belle).

NAMES CHANGED.

Flash o' Lightning to Flash. English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 1, 1885 (Morsel—London's Belle), owned by E. V. Hale, Cleveland, O.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Leah II.—Rex Gladstone. S. B. Foard's (Elkton, Md.) English setter bitch Leah II. (Royal Duke—Leah) to G. F. Clark's Rex Gladstone (A.K.R. 2167), Dec. 12.

Cricket—Rattler. George Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Cricket (Dr. Twaddel's Bugle—Dr. Twaddel's Pittsburg) to Chas. R. Hoe's imported Rattler (champion Chancellor—Careless), Dec. 4.

Rye—Bugler. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxy) to P. P. Lewis's Bugler (Rattler—Dot), Sept. 14.

Ruby—Brag. P. D Hart's (Simcoe, Ont.) cocker spaniel bitch Ruby to Fleetfoot Kennels' Brag, Sept. 28.

Komar—Brag. A. H. Sutherland's (Andes, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Komar to Fleetfoot Kennels' Brag, Sept. 28.

Gypsie—Brag. Fred Steifek's (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Gypsie to Fleetfoot Kennels' Brag, Sept. 29.

Phyllis—Col. Mac. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Phyllis to their Col. Mac, Sept. 29.

Pet H.—Brag. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Pet H. to their Brag, Sept. 19.

Beauty—Col. Mac. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N.Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Beauty to their Col. Mac, Sept. 23.

Jennie—Boss Gladstone. Gladstone Kennels' (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Jennie (Dashing Lion—Queen Anna) to their Boss Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette), Nov. 15.

Dot H.—Col. Mac. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Dot H. to their Col. Mac, Nov. 6.

Kalmia—Otto II. Coughcura Medicine Co.'s (Eau Claire, Wis.) St. Bernard bitch Kalmia (A.K.R. 2481) to their Otto II. (A.K.R. 2480), Dec. 1.

Lady Nevison—McMahon. Henry L. Hollis's (Wellsville, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lady Nevison (champion Nevison—Gregg's Brenda) to Fellows's McMahon (A.K.R. 550), Sept. 25.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Bessie C. P. Cullen's (Salmon Falls, N. H.) cocker spaniel bitch Bessie C. (Obo II.—Darkie), Oct. 28, eight (two dogs) by his Black Knight (Obo II.—Darkie).

Judy. W. T. Reynolds's (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) Irish terrier bitch Judy (A.K.R. 2199), Oct. 4, five (two dogs), by his Garry (A.K.R. 2198).

Bizreena. Onota Kennels' (Pittsfield, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Bizreena (A.K.R. 2876), Dec. 8, eight (four dogs), by their Glenmar (A.K.R. 2881).

Roxanna. C. P. Emery's (Loveland, O.) St. Bernard bitch Roxanna (Duke of Leeds—Abbess II.), Nov. 25, five (two dogs), by Tell (Chancellor—Portia).

May Stubbs. Ideal Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch May Stubbs (Colonel Stubbs—Beauty), Dec. 6, six (four dogs), by their Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean); color, liver and liver and white; one dog since dead.

Lady Nevison. Harry E. Hollis's (Wellsville, N. Y.) mastiff bitch Lady Nevison (champion Nevison—Gregg's Brenda), Nov. 28, ten (five dogs), by Fellows's McMahon (A.K.R. 550); one dog since dead.

Bella. Gladstone Kennels' (Washingtonville, O.) English setter bitch Bella (Dashing Lion—Queen Anna), Oct. 31, six (three dogs), by their Boss Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette).

Sal. G. W. Amory's (Hingham, Mass.) pointer bitch Sal (Dick—Ruby), Aug. 14, four (two dogs), by his Bob (champion Bang—Princess Kate).

Leah. C. E. Wallin's (Wilmington, N. C.) English setter bitch Leah (A.K.R. 1284), Nov. 11, nine (seven dogs), by E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (A.K.R. 1616).

Zitta. F. F. Harris's (Woodford's, Me.) pointer bitch Zitta (A.K.R. 1358), Nov. 18, eight (four dogs), by Chas. Heath's Graphic (A.K.R. 2411); two dogs black and wite, the others liver and white.

Peg. Thos. F. Russell's (New York) English setter bitch Peg (A.K.R. 2062), Nov. 24, nine (four dogs), by E. L. Howard's Victor (A.K.R. 2231); two bitches since dead.

Moy. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Floy (Worth's imported dog—Worth's imported bitch), Dec. 8, four dogs), by their Jim, Jr. (imported Jim—imported Silver).

Fly. J. Satterthwaite's (Jenkintown, Pa.) beagle bitch Floy (A.K.R. 1012), Sept. 24, five (two dogs), by his imported Kino.

Bessie. J. Satterthwaite's (Jenkintown, Pa.) beagle bitch Bessie (Racket—Floy), Sep. 13, five (two dogs), by his imported Kino.

Rye. Geo. Laick's (Tarrytown, N. Y.) beagle bitch Rye (Ringwood—Roxy), Nov. 14, eight (two dogs), by P. P. Lewis's Bugler (Rattler—Dot).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Don. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Feb. 28, 1884, by Judge out of Dot II., by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to J. Coit, Concord, N. H.

Hays. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 6, 1885, by Judge out of Dine II., by Geo. L. Barnes, Tyringham, Mass., to John Linch, Claremont, N. H.

Chance II. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped March, 1884, by Chance out of Flora, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to H. N. Wells, North Adams, Mass.

Friend. Red Irish setter bitch, age not given, by Chief out of Pride, by H. H. Hawman, Sioux City, Ia., to G. T. Davies, Aberdeen, D. T.

Dane. Liver field spaniel dog, age and pedigree not given, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to F. F. Wood, Willimantic, Conn.

Dandy Zulu—Ollie Obo whelp. Liver cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 23, 1885, by Ideal Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Sam'l Stevens, same place.

Brock. Black and white English setter dog, whelped May 3, 1885, by Plantagenet out of Matchless, by D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., to A. J. Lee, Southington, Conn.

Jack Cade. Black, white and tan English setter dog, age not given, by Lug Dhu out of Mollie C., by E. V. Hale, Cleveland, O., to H. B. Green, Sterling, Kan.

Blanche. Liver Irish water spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by Barney S. out of Maggie B., by E. L. Mayo, DeKalb, Ill., to F. B. Tirrell, Weymouth, Mass.

Ned B. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1884, by Foreman out of Pet Berwyn, by J. A. Rockwood, West Medford, Mass., to J. E. Constantine, Savannah, Ga.

Rex Gladstone. White and black English setter dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1882 (A.K.R. 2167), by C. E. Wallin, Wilmington, N. C., to G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del.

Countess Wind'em. White and black English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 25, 1882 (A.K.R. 2560), by C. E. Wallin, Wilmington, N. C., to G. F. Clark, St. George's, Del.

Don Sensation. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 11, 1884 (A.K.R. 1523), by R. H. Mount, Glen Cove, L. I., to E. B. Hall, same place

Jackstone. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1855, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., to Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn.

Whetstone. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1885, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., to C. N. Post, Sacramento, Cal.

Curbstone. Orange and white English setter dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1885, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., to L. A. Swearingen, Oskaloosa, Ia.

Kate Gladstone. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1885, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., to M. Heller, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fanny Gladstone. Orange and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 30, 1885, by Gladstone out of Flounce, by J. W. Murnan, Keeling, Tenn., to M. Heller, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Nellie. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped August, 1882 (A.K.R. 2194), by E. S. Porter, New Haven, Conn., to Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass.

Wildwood and Melody. White, black and tan ticked beagles, dog and bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1885, by Joe (Ringwood—Gipsy Queen) out of Constance (Ringwood—Norah), by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to James Orth, Reading, Pa.

Czar—Laone (A.K.R. 2416) whelp. Dark orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Sept. 7, 1885, by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to A. N. Cheney, same place, and presented by him to Mr. Cleveland, Houston, Tex.

Dash—Beauty whelps. Irish water spaniel dogs, whelped Oct. 28, 1885, by Berkshire Kennels, Pittsfield, Mass., one to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., and one to E. J. McLoughlin, Washingtonville, N. Y.

Kino—Fly (A.K.R. 1012) whelp. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 7, 1885, by J. Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa., to E. A. Larkin, Haydenville, Mass.

Kino—Bessie whelp. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 13, 1885, by J. Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa., to C. B. Hark, Bethlehem, Pa.

Cricket. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 13, 1883, by Twaddell's Bugler out of Twaddel's Pittsburg, by A. M. Wood, Philadelphia, Pa., to Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Kitty. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Jan. 28, 1885, by Fritz out of Kitty Wells, by Joseph R. Craig, Newark, N. J., to Oscar Feilbysen, same place.

Nimrod (A.K.R. 631)—Ashmont Nora (A.K.R. 2875) whelps. Irish setter bitches, whelped Sept. 7, 1885, by Dwight Holbrook, Clinton, Conn., two to Dr. H. H. Kane, New York, and one to Hon. Lynde Harrison, New Haven, Conn.

IMPORTATIONS.

Judas. White bull-terrier dog, whelped May 22, 1884, by champion Marquis (champion Tarquin—Puss) out of Patch (champion Dutch—champion Rose), by Thomas Blackburn, New York, from E. J. Waters, Lancaster, Eng.

AN average of over 1,000 pedigrees per volume brings up the total of the *American Kennel Register* at the end of its third volume to 3,092.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

M. L., East Hampton, Mass.—A hound dog 4yrs. old has the piles. Have tried compound nutgall ointment with no success. Ans. You must keep the dog's bowels freely open with syrup of buckthorn or castor oil in dessertspoonful doses and use the following ointment twice daily: Of the extract of belladonna and extract of opium each 2 grains, of the acetate of lead 10 grains, of balsam of Peru ointment 2 ounces. Mix. Apply externally.

R. G., N. Y.—My setter pup, 6 weeks old, is ruptured to the size of a hen's egg. Ans. A cure is doubtful, but you should consult a surgeon. We can give no prophecy, not knowing where the rupture lies.

W. A. D., Lynn.—About eight months ago I noticed whenever I touched a certain part of the ear of my Gordon setter he howled as though in pain. I examined the ear at the time but could not see anything the matter. Four months ago he commenced to scratch the inside part of the ear. I checked him in this as much as possible. He shakes the head quite frequently, and for the last two months a dark matter has been running from the ear. Ans. Your dog has canker. Use the following: Of bromo-chloral and of laudanum each one dram, of water six ounces. Mix. Drop in the ear night and morning after cleansing.

WINT, Salem, Mass.—1. The spaniel is not too old to train. 2. The symptoms of worms are referable to the digestive and nervous systems. Evidence is given of pain, colicky in character, over the belly. Indigestion, often diarrhœa and vomiting after hearty meal, capricious appetite, sometimes ravenous and again absent, itching at nose and arms. When sleeping the dog moans, twitches violently, and sleep is not refreshing, general dullness. Of course the chief point is to search his discharges to find the worms.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Dec. 19.—The attendance of shooters at Walnut Hill today was good for a winter's day. The weather conditions with the exception of a thick fog were very good, and several high scores were made. There will be a shoot Friday all day. It is expected that the military match will open that day on the new target. Saturday the range will be open as usual. The scores:

Decimal off-hand Match.

J Francis (A.)	10	10	9	8	8	9	7	10	7	9—87
W Charles (C.)	10	7	9	6	9	8	10	10	10	9—87
J Daffer (C. mil.)	9	9	7	5	10	9	9	9	9	7—83
A C Adams (C.)	7	8	10	10	9	10	6	7	8	5—82
J R Missane (A.)	7	7	10	8	6	10	4	7	8	10—78
C A Herbert (A. mil.)	6	6	10	5	3	7	8	8	6	7—66

Rest Match.

S Wilder (A.)	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9—98
Graham (A.)	10	10	9	5	10	10	10	9	10	10—97
J R Missane (A.)	10	10	9	8	10	10	9	9	10	10—95
W H Oler (A.)	10	8	10	10	10	9	10	9	9	9—94

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 19.—Score of rifle club made yesterday at the regular medal match, Creedmoor target, 200yds.:

Kelso, M. L. rifle	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	5	4	—38
Ward, M. L. rifle	4	3	3	5	3	3	3	4	4	—36
Norton, Bal. .32	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—41
Hazeltine, Bal. .38	4	5	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	—44
DeLisle, Bal. .38	4	4	4	5	5	5	3	4	4	—42
Brown, Bal. .32	4	5	5	4	4	5	4	5	5	—45
Burns, Stevens .32	5	4	4	5	4	4	5	5	4	—45
Warner, Stevens .38	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	—44
Curtiss, Stevens .38	4	4	3	3	3	4	4	3	5	—36

ALBIG TEAM, New York.—At the semi-annual shootug of the Albig Rifle Team, Capt. Chas. Reisman, held at their headquarters, 212 East Houston street, N. Y., Dec. 16, the shoot was wound up with a grand turkey match. The score for the last six months resulted as follows: Messerschmidt 1,300, Reisman 1,271, Nowak 1,267, Miller 1,263, Maas 1,259, Simon 1,258, Hoen 1,230, Albig 1,229, Kuhn 1,184, Nix 1,146, Mahler 1,118, Strupel 1,111, Hills 1,091, Gort 1,086, Weidlich 1,057, Klofaut 864.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—New York, Dec. 15.—Regular club shooting target, possible 120, gallery 100ft. long: D. Miller 112, M. Dorrler 113, M. B. Engel 112, A. Lober 116, C. G. Zettler 108, B. Zettler 113, H. Holges 110: T. C. Noone 110, L. Flach 109, N. D. Ward 102, C. Karrher 108, M. L. Riggs 114.—N. D. WARD, Sec.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WELLINGTON, Dec. 19.—To-day's shoot at Wellington was well attended and the number of birds broken rather above the average. The results: 1. Five pigeons—Shumway and Adams first. 2. Five blackbirds—Schaefer first. 3. Five pigeons—Snow first. 4. Five blackbirds—Tucker and Snow first. 5. Five pigeons—Lawson first. 6. Five blackbirds—Wardwell and Schaefer first. 7. Five blackbirds—Lawson and Adams first. 8. Medal match—Buffum first with 9, Wilson second with 8, Nichols third with 7. 9. Ten pigeons—Lawson first. 10. Five blackbirds—Shumway and Lawson first. 11. Five blackbirds—Schaefer first. 12. Three pair blackbirds—Lawson first. 13. Five pigeons—Nichols and Lawson first. 14. Five blackbirds—Snow and Stanton first. 15. Five blackbirds—Lawson first. 16. Five blackbirds, straightaway—Nichols and Wardwell first. 17. Team match—Nichols 12, Wardwell 15, Law 13, Tucker 16, Snow 12—68; Adams 13, Schaefer 13, Shumway 15, Wilson 9, Stanton 12—62. 18. Team match No. 2—Nichols 10, Wardwell 11, Lawson 15, Tucker 12, Snow 13—61; Adams 10, Schaefer 14, Shumway 15, Wilson 7, Stanton 15—61. There will be the usual Christmas shoot on Friday from 9 to 2 o'clock.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 17.—The Southern Sportsmen's Association met this evening at the Continental Armory for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the annual game dinner hunt, fixed for the 8th, 9th and 10th of January. The rules adopted and to be applied in the match hunt specifically designate the following birds, with the percentage: Robins, 1; doves, 5; quail and snipe, 10; hawks and owls, 25; woodcock, 25; prairie chicken, 50. All game must be killed on the wing, and must be shot in a sportsmanlike manner. The following gentlemen pledged themselves to participate, and to forfeit $10 in consideration of failure to report: N. D. Wallace, president; John K. Renaud, treasurer; Henry Fontaine, secretary; Messrs. E. T. Manning, Charles J. Lewis, H. G. Hester, H. B. Febiger, Charles B. Maginnis, W. F. Gray, Gilbert H. Green, A. M. Bickham, Richard Frotscher, Steve D. Ellis, Dr. W. W. Weaton, Dr. W. W. Moore, Wallace Wood, C. L. Walker, W. L. Saxon, John T. Broadnax, R. C. Nicholson, F. B. Hoffman, J. P. Billups, J. V. Guillotte, Edgar T. Leche, and others to sign. The teams are as follows: Capt. A. M. Bickham, with the following team: H. Fontaine, H. B. Febiger, W. L. Saxon, John T. Broadnax, L. H. Jurey, G. H. Green, Wallace Wood, R. C. Nicholson, Dr. Wooten, J. P. Billups, E. T. Leche; Capt. C. J. Lewis, with the following team: John K. Renaud, C. B. Maginnis, W. T. Gray, T. B. Hoffman, Richard Frotscher, R. W. Foster, E. T. Manning, Dr. W. W. Moore, S. D. Ellis, J. V. Guillotte. Wednesday, Jan. 13, is the day set apart for the dinner. All game bagged to be reported by the contestants at H. B. Febiger's gun store, No. 168 Gravier street, on Monday, Jan. 11, at 12 o'clock M.

NEWARK, N. J., Dec. 19.—About 200 old-time pigeon shooters met on Erb's shooting grounds, on the Bloomfield road, Newark, this afternoon to see the pigeon match between W.W. Lever, of Elizabeth, and Sam Badgley, of Newark. The stakes were $200 a side, and the conditions of the match were 25 birds each, 25yds. rise, one barrel, the contestants to find trap and handle against each other, L. Cockford, of Bloomfield, was referee, the judges being W. Siegler, of Little Falls, for Badgley, and J. Ryan for Lever. The match began promptly at 2 o'clock, a strong wind blowing across the score from the left. This made most of the birds fast right hand drivers. Lever had the hardest birds to shoot at. He shot his opponent out on the 23d round, having killed all his birds, although his 10th fell just out of bounds. Badgley, who has a good local reputation, missed four entirely and had his 18th bird fall dead just over the boundary. The betting was in favor of Lever at the start and a few hundred dollars changed hands. The score was as follows:

S Badgley... 0011111111011111100111—17
W W Lever... 1111111101111111111—21

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION.—Macon, Ga., Dec. 14.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the National Gun Association will be held at Covington, Kentucky, Jan. 12, 1886, in the office of the county clerk in the court house, at 3 P. M., for the election of directors for the ensuing year. Those stockholders who are unable to attend can send their proxies to Mr. J. E. Bloom, of Cincinnati, vice-president of the Association, who will represent them for the best interests of the Association. A full representation is urgently requested, as a good board of directors is necessary to insure prosperity.—F. C. ETHERIDGE, Secretary.

GARDEN CITY CLUB.—The cup offered by the Garden City Gun Club was shot for at Thomas Lloyd's pigeon shooting grounds at Queens, L. I., on Thursday. The conditions were 12 birds each at 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, and the shoot was open to representatives of the Westminster Kennel Club, Riverton, Philadelphia, Carteret, Rockaway Hunt and Garden City clubs. Mr. R. B. Lawrence, of the Westminister Kennel Club, made a clean score and won the cup. Mr. Ramsay, of the same club, and Mr. Lesley, of the Garden City Club, killed 10 each. The birds were an extra fast lot, and were handsomely retrieved by the setter Fan.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

V.

THE first question asked wherever the Coot brought up was, "Are you all alone? I should think you would feel very lonesome." But strange as it may appear, a feeling of loneliness never overcame the sole occupant of the Coot's quarters. There was no time to be lonely. There was always plenty to do and think of. What with preparing meals, sailing the boat, snugging things down in the evening, provisioning and caring for the ship, no chance for dull hours of sombre contemplation were ever afforded. During bad weather letters had to be written, sketching materials were broken out, and the literary locker was always full to overflowing with magazines and papers of all sorts. Odd jobs in the cabin took up a considerable portion of the time at anchor. Furthermore, you were seldom without intercourse with the world for a single day. Friends were found and made in all the towns. Marketing brought you in contact with local lights who congregate about the stores. Human nature could be studied in a hundred of ways, and the idiosyncracies of provincial life supplied a broad field for amusing observation. There was animation on the river as well. Steamers and tows, schooners and boats passing and repassing. Characteristic types in build and purposes amid ever changing scenery and surroundings served to keep life on the tip-toe of expectation, and if mayhap a half hour of solitude did now and then occur, "Seal of North Carolina" soothingly bridged over the interval. Lest there should be lack of something to do, I had ransacked sundry bookstores before my departure and lugged aboard something for light reading. Plutarch's Lives, Loomis's Astronomy, Goethe, Byron and Darwin among others were relied upon to bid dull care begone, and lift the fancy into airy realms of delight. But Plutarch's Lives remain buried under a heap in the after locker, the softly twinkling diadems of the great arch above still constitute an unlocked puzzle, Margarethe moves in her maiden modesty, a virgin unwooed, Don Juan has yet to make his first impression and the Missing Link is still wanting. Mr. Telegraph and Mail have robbed time and distance of their meaning, and far from home and friends in miles as you may be, there is nevertheless such close connection that you do not feel the bonds quite sundered. The attraction in singlehand sailing is the consciousness of absolute independence, being master of your own movements with no one's preferences to consult. There is no crew whose comfort has to be taken into account and with whom you could not escape unwelcome familiarity in the confines of a small boat. There is no friend wanting to do this or that, just what you do not care to do. When you are hungry you eat, when not you take a cold bite. When you are sleepy you sleep, when you want to sail you sail and when you don't you "loaf." Neither time, space nor habit is allowed to proscribe other than you see fit. You learn to commune with your own thoughts and unravel your own mind. Who will say he is not a more congenial friend to himself than a second person whose conceptions and sympathies do not always fit in the same groove but lead off at tangents and occasionally at broad angles.

C. P. K.

BOSTON NOTES.—Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes has purchased the Puritan of General Paine, and the latter gentleman will build this winter a yacht 85ft. on waterline, from Mr. Burgess's designs.... Lawley & Son are busy with the alterations in the schooner Tempest, a new bow 8ft. longer, the frames for which are now in place. They are also building a yacht for a Baltimore gentleman. She will be 24ft. over all and 9ft. beam, with heavy keel keel. They have in hand a steam launch for Harvard College 50x6ft.... Ambassadress, schooner, Mr. N. Y. Thayer, has been docked at East Boston and some of her planking has been replaced, and also her sheathing has been partly renewed.... A keel keel of 15 tons, 60ft. long, is part of the alterations which Smith, of City Point, has been making on the schooner Gitana. Her bow has been lengthened also. The alterations are now completed and she is fitting out for a cruise to the West Indies.... Wood Brothers, of East Boston, have in frame their new sloop, and will soon commence work on a steam yacht.

ICE YACHTS.

EXCEPT to the favored few whose leisure admits of winter trips to the West Indies, the Mediterranean, or even to Florida, the cold winds of November bring a peremptory summons to discontinue all water sports and to lay up and haul out their craft. Then for a period of four or five months the yachtsman must content himself with such quiet amusement as can be had from reading, and a study of his boat, perhaps with an attempt at alteration or improvement in her. A few there are, however, for whom this tame sport is not enough, and who, though debarred by cold and ice from their favorite pursuit, turn the tables on Jack Frost and make him contribute to another pleasure in place of the one he has deprived them of. To any one familiar with sailing in the latitude of New York the waste of good wind is positively painful. Days and days of good weather are wasted waiting for wind; and then again, when cold and ice make yachting impossible on our rivers and lakes, there is an amount of good sailing breeze wasted often in one week that would sail all the races of the season. To utilize this waste product, a few hardy sailors of an economical turn of mind devote their time each winter to a form of sailing termed by courtesy ice yachting. To compare a yacht, with her graceful lines and beautifully rounded form, tumbling and tossing like a dolphin, to an angular and flat frame work that might pass for a huge mosquito bar, a patent harrow, or an immense planimeter, seems utterly absurd, while there is little resemblance to the varied pleasures of a yachting cruise in lying flat and snug as a cake on a griddle, in a little box, and whirling along a surface as level and smooth as a billiard table. On the other hand, however, the skill required and the excitement induced by an increase of speed from a paltry average of six or eight knots to a velocity greater than an express train, bring into play the same elements that make the main charm of yacht racing, and when the time limit, instead of 7 hours for 40 miles, is increased to 1 hour for 50, the interest and excitement increase with the danger.

As yet, ice yachting is confined to few localities, the principal one, and where its development has been greatest, being on the Hudson River about Poughkeepsie and New Hamburg. Here are found the finest and most elaborate boats, and here the sport has been more completely organized. Another locality near New York is at Red Bank, N. J., the sailing ground being on the Shrewsbury River.

One great advantage the ice yachtman has over his brother sailor, keels and centerboards vex him not, depth enters not into his computations, and he is free from the fiend who bobs up at every possible opportunity with a long letter in favor of a displacement rule. However, there are models and models even in these queer boats, and fashions in build and rig change as in the craft that float. The essential parts of the ice boat vary but little. There must be a "center timber" or keel, the foundation of the whole structure, a "runner plank" crossing the former at right angles near its middle, three "runners," two (the runners proper) at the two ends of the runner plank, and pivoted at the after end of the center timber for a rudder. Besides these is a car in which the crew sit. In the older boats the runner plank and center timber were braced together by two "side pieces" running aft from the runner plank, and connected by a semi circular piece at the after end. These three pieces were of nearly the same outline as the rail of a narrow yacht from midships aft, and to them was fastened a light flooring resting on the center timber, in size and shape resembling the deck of a 20 or 30 ton cutter from the rudder post aft. This deck was the car, in which the crew sat or reclined. From the fore ends of the side pieces at the runner plank ran the bowsprit shrouds, to the fore end of the bowsprit, a continuation of the center timber. The mast was stepped directly over the runner plank, necessitating an extremely long boom.

Within a few seasons the mode of building has been improved in the direction of lightness and strength until, from a purely mechanical point of view, a very beautiful machine has been obtained. Lightness is essential to speed, the prime requisite in an ice-boat, but owing to the velocity they attain, every chance of a breakdown must be avoided, as a fatal result might easily follow. The boats as now built are light, strong and thoroughly braced in all directions. The boat shown on the opposite page is the St. Nicholas, owned by Com. Rogers, of the Atlantic Yacht Club, N. Y. C., whose fleet of ice-yachts at Hyde Park numbers six racing craft. The boat is 35 feet 3 inches long, and the spread of the runners is 24 feet.

a, Jib clevis.
b, *c*, Bobstay plates.
d, Jib traveler.
e, Mast step.
f, Fairleaders.
g, Deadeyes.
h, Cleats.
i, Strap.
k, Liferail.
l, Main traveler.
m, Plate of iron.
n, Rubber buffer.

The center timber is of white pine, 5in. wide and 8in. deep, tapering to 5×6in. at the after end. To it is scarfed the bowsprit, also of white pine, 5×8in. at largest part, just forward of the mast, and 4¼×6in. at fore end. The two pieces are bolted together by ½in. lag screws, spaced 18in. apart, the heads being down. The runner plank is of basswood, 17½in. wide and 6in. deep at middle where the center timber rests, and 16×3½in. at the ends. The extreme length is 25ft., and the upper side is curved, the amount of round or crown being 4in. The two lower corners are rounded off from the middle to the ends, as shown in the plan and section of the plank. At each end of the runner plank are two pieces of oak, 24in. long, 2½in. thick and 5in. deep, called the guides. These are spaced 2⅝in. apart and screwed to the beam with four ½in. lag screws each. Through each is a hole, bushed with a piece of gas pipe, ⅝in. internal diameter, to take the runner bolt. The outer corners of the guides are chamfered off. The inner guide on each end is braced with two chocks of 2in. oak, screwed to the runner plank. Each chock has a tenon, 1½×2in., running through the guide, the outer screws through guides also passing through the tenon. These four chocks give strength to resist any side thrust. The center timber rests directly on the center of the runner plank and is bolted to it by a strap of iron, *i*, 3×⅜in., the ends terminating in ¾in. bolts passing through the plank and set up against the plate, *m*, on the bottom side.

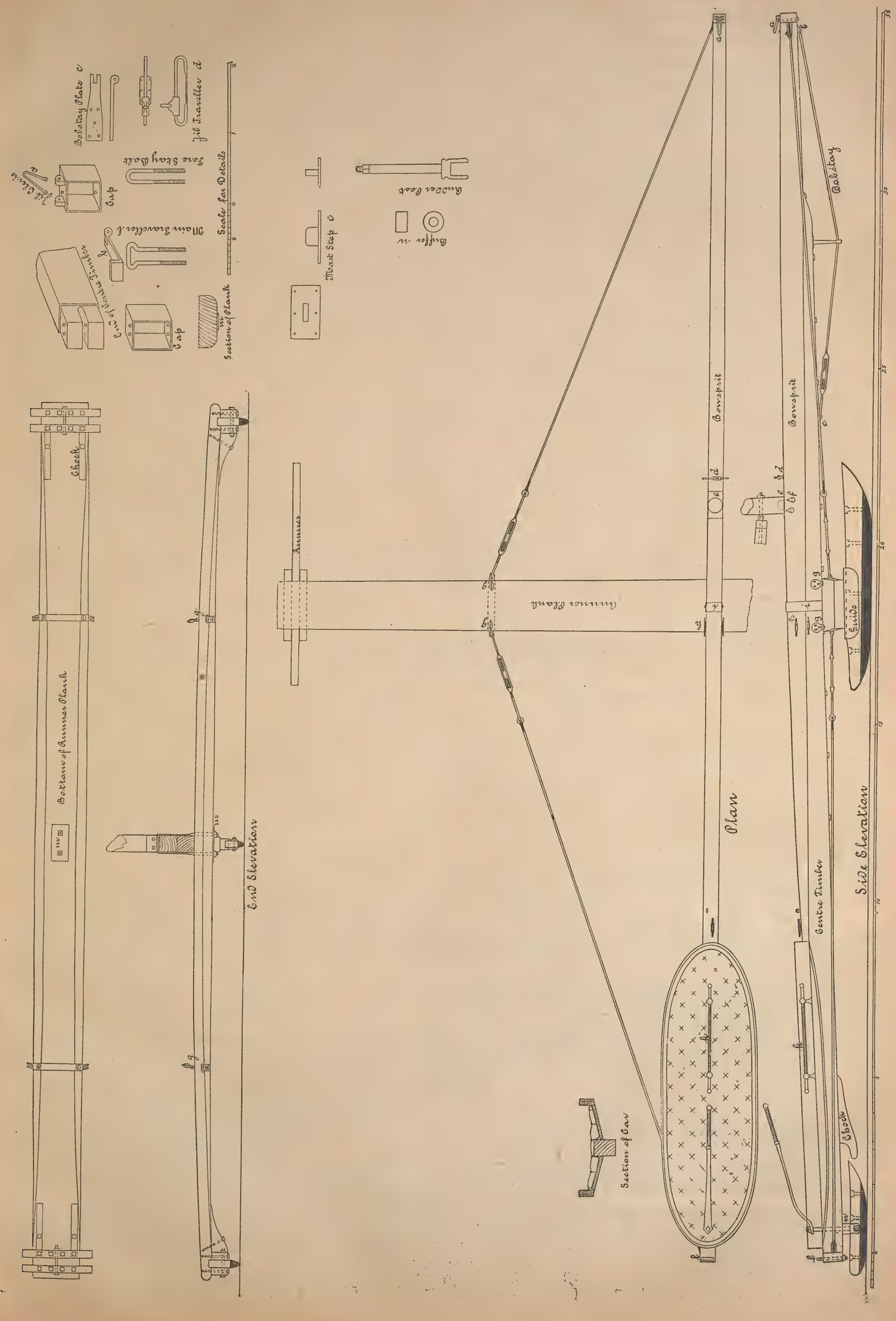
Four stays of half-inch wire rope, set up by turnbuckles, are used to stiffen the frame. The inboard-ends of each pair of stays are bolted into a plate 3×⅜in., which is on the under side of the runner-plank, and is secured by bolts through the plank, each with a deadeye, *g g*, for the shrouds. In the outboard end of each stay is an eyesplice and thimble. In the end of the center timber and also of the bowsprit, a score 3×1in. is cut, while through the end two ⅝in. holes are bored. A cap of ¼in. iron, 3in. wide, is made to fit over the end of the timber, as shown. Taking first the after end, the main traveler, *l*, of ⅝in. round iron, fits the two holes. The cap is driven on, its end being filled with a piece of mahogany, and the traveler is passed down the two holes, the ends of the stays being first placed in the slot, one on each side, so that one end of the traveler passes through each eye, after which the nuts are screwed up on the lower ends of the traveler. The fore end is fitted in the same manner, except that a U bolt is used in place of a traveler, taking the jibstay. At the fore end is also a piece, *b*, for the bobstay. This piece is set into the lower side of the bowsprit, the projection looking over the fore end, and the ends of the bolt pass through it as well as through the timber, the cap and the two eyes in the stays.

On the top of the forecap are two lugs to which a clevis, *a*, is bolted, holding the jib tack. The bobstay is of ½-inch round steel, one end bolting into the plate *b*, and the other into the plate *c*, screwed to the under side of the center timber. It is strained over an iron post 8 inches high, welded into a plate of iron 4x4x⅜ inches, the latter also screwed to the center timber. The runners are of oak, 2⅜ inches thick, with shoes of cast iron bolted to them. The bolts pass down through the shoe and are tapped into the iron. The sides of the shoe bevel in at the lower side, as shown in the end elevation, their lower edge being filed to an angle of 90 degrees or a little less. It is essential to speed that the edges be kept very sharp.

The runners are each hung on a ⅝ inch iron pin, the hole in the former being bushed with gas pipe. Two such holes are usually bored in each runner to allow for a slight shifting, if desirable. The runner is fitted quite tightly between the guides, and as little play as possible is allowed in all parts. The small runner aft is fitted to move freely as a rudder. It is hung by a pin in the rudder post, an iron forging with a stem 12 inches long and 1½ inches diameter, the top being squared for the tiller. The rudder post runs through a hole in the center timber, the latter being protected by brass plates on top and bottom. A buffer, *n*, of india rubber 2 inches thick is placed on the spindle under the center timber, acting as a spring. Just forward of the rudder is an oak chock bolted to the center timber to act as a guard and prevent the rudder from dropping into cracks. The car is made with a bent coaming of ⅞in. oak, resting on the center timber, outside of which a piece of ⅜in. mahogany is bent. The floor of the car is of pine and drops in the middle, as shown in the section. A cushion is made in one piece, with an opening to allow it to pass over the hand rail *k*. This rail is of iron carried on two small stanchions screwed into the timber. The iron bar is served with cord, as is the handle of the iron tiller. The latter was formerly made straight, but now it is the custom to curve it so that it will pass clear of the body when lying in the car.

The cost of a boat of this style is from $500 to $700, as the many details and forgings are expensive. In many localities where smooth ice is found an ice yacht may be made on this plan, but of cheaper construction, that will answer every purpose, but will not be as fast as the lighter and more expensive boat. The sail plan will be published in a short time.

ATALANTA.—Mr. Gould's yacht has sailed for Charleston, S. C., where, it is said, her owner will embark with his family for a long voyage.


Bobstay Plate c
Jib Traveller d
Fore Stay Hook
Jib Cleat
Cap
Scale for Details
Section of Plank
Cap
Bowsprit
Bobstay
Guide
Centre Timber
Cheek
Bottom of Runner Plank
End Elevation
Plan
Side Elevation
Section of Cav

THE GALATEA'S CHALLENGE.

AT a special meeting of the New York Y. C., Tuesday evening, Dec. 22, the following challenge was read and accepted. Secretary C. A. Minturn was directed to notify Lieut. Henn's representative in the matter:

16 Cranley Gardens, S. W., London, Nov. 7, 1885.—Charles E. Minton, Esq., Secretary N. Y. Y. C.: Dear Sir—I am instructed by Lieut. W. Henn to challenge the New York Y. C. for the possession of the America's Cup on behalf of his cutter yacht Galatea, whose nomination and other certificates, as specified in deed of gift, were forwarded to you on Feb 17 last. This challenge he takes to be a withdrawal of the one of Feb. 17 last, and my letter of Oct. 6 to be an explanation of the terms he would request. Yours faithfully, J. BEAVOR-WEBB.

The terms to which Mr. Beavor-Webb refers are that five races shall be sailed, instead of three, two to be at Newport and three here, and all to be late in the season, so as to avoid the period of calms and assure a more favorable time.

THE LAWS RELATING TO STEAM YACHTS.

THE committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club last winter to secure some changes in the laws relating to steam vessels have lately drawn up the following bill which will be presented by Mr. Perry Belmont. The matter is one in which all owners of steam yachts are directly interested, as its passage will relieve them of many expenses and annoyances to which they are now subjected through being classed with vessels large and small used only for commercial purposes. It can work no disadvantage to the latter as it affects only vessels actually in use for pleasure purposes by bona fide owners. It is desired that yachtsmen in all parts of the country will use their influence with their representative in favor of the bill that its early enactment may be assured. The steam pleasure fleet of this country is even now of considerable importance and is rapidly growing, and it is entitled to a recognition and encouragement by proper legislation which has thus far been denied it.

Following in the text of the proposed bill:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled: That for the purpose of correcting errors in the act entitled "An Act to Revise and Consolidate the Statutes of the United States in force on the first day of December, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three," and the subsequent acts amendatory thereof, the following amendments are hereby made therein: which amendments shall take effect on the first day of July, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

Section 4214 is amended by striking out the whole section and inserting the following: "Sec. 4214. The Secretary of the Treasury may cause yachts used and employed by their owners exclusively as pleasure vessels and designed as models of naval architecture, if entitled to be enrolled as American vessels, to be licensed on terms which will authorize them to proceed from port to port of the United States, and by sea to foreign ports, without entering or clearing at the custom house. Such license shall be in such form as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe. A yacht is a vessel of any size, propelled by sails, steam or any other motive power, which is used by its owner for pleasure purposes, and which does not carry passengers or merchandise for pay. A steam vessel which is hired to an individual is not to be considered as a yacht. A yacht to be entitled to the privilege of this section must be duly enrolled in a duly incorporated yacht club, the ride and a certified copy of the act of incorporation of which must be filed with the Secretary of the Treasury. Any steam yacht enrolled as such and then running or chartered for pay shall not be entitled to such privilege. The owner of any such vessel, before taking out such license, shall give a bond in such form and for such amount as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe, conditioned that the vessel shall not engage in any unlawful trade, nor in any way violate the revenue laws of the United States, and shall comply with the laws in all other respects. Such vessels so enrolled and licensed shall not be allowed to transport merchandise or carry passengers for pay. No yacht so licensed shall be liable for any local pilotage or harbor dues under any provision of the laws of the United States, or of any State or Territory. Steam yachts shall, while running, be in charge of an officer duly licensed as master or pilot; and the owner of the yacht, or any competent person approved by the inspectors, who satisfies the inspectors that he is familiar with the regulations prescribed for the running of steam vessels shall be eligible to receive such a license, and such license, when issued by the inspectors in any district, shall be valid and available within the territory embraced in any other district, and without endorsement from the inspectors therein. Steam yachts or launches of a length on the water line of less than thirty-five feet may be run by the master alone without an engineer. Yachts shall, in all respects, except as above, be subject to the laws of the United States, and shall be liable to seizure and forfeiture for any violation of the provisions of this title."

Section forty-four hundred and twenty-six is amended by striking out the whole section and inserting the following: "Sec. 4426. The hull and boilers of every ferryboat, canal-boat, yacht or other small craft of like character propelled by steam, shall be inspected under the provisions of this title. Such other provisions of law for the better security of life, as may be applicable to such vessels, shall by the regulations of the Board of Supervising Inspectors, also be complied with before a certificate of inspection shall be granted; and no such vessel shall be navigated without a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot, except as provided in section 4214 of this act."

Section forty-four hundred and forty-four is amended by striking out the whole section and inserting the following: "Section 4444. No State or municipal government shall impose upon pilots of steam vessels, or owners or masters of yachts, any obligation to procure a State or other license in addition to that issued by the United States, or any other regulation which will impede them in the performance of the duties required by this Title or the provisions of this Act; nor shall any pilot charges be levied by any such authority upon any steamer piloted as provided by this Title, or upon any yacht; and in no case shall the fees charged for the pilotage of any steam vessel exceed the customary or legally established rates in the State where the same is performed. Nothing in this Title shall be construed to annul or affect any regulation established by the laws of any State requiring vessels entering or leaving a port in any such State, other than coastwise steam vessels, or yachts, to take a pilot duly licensed or authorized by the laws of such State, or of a State situate upon the waters of such State."

THE USE OF OIL AT SEA.

THE following particulars concerning the use of oil at sea are given in the North Atlantic Pilot Chart for November:

The use of mineral oil is not recommended, while the importance of carrying a supply of animal or vegetable oil to be used in emergencies cannot be overrated.

Capt. E. I. Arey, of the schooner Jenny A. Cheney, writes: "I used oil with very satisfactory results during the late severe hurricane of Aug. 25 in latitude 31° north, longitude 79° west. The wind having carried away the mainsail, I bent a storm trysail and continued under that sail until it also blew away. During this time the vessel was shipping large quantities of water, the sea being very irregular, nearly every one breaking. After the sails were blown away, finding it necessary to do something to save the ship and crew, I took a small canvas bag and turned about five gallons of linseed oil into it and hung it over the starboard quarter. The wash of the sea caused a little of the oil to leak out and smooth the surface so that for ten hours no water broke aboard. I consider that the oil used during the last and heaviest part of the hurricane saved vessel and crew."

Capt J. H. Parke reports that in 1876, "while in command of the Carrie E. Long, from Sicily to Portland, Me., laden with salt, the ship would have foundered had I not used kerosene oil. The ship, lying to under fore and main lower topsails, did very well until the main lower topsail blew away. This caused the vessel to fall off in the trough of the sea, which boarded her and did great damage. The ship was put before the wind, but leaked so badly and the seas still breaking on board so that the men could not work the pumps, it was evident that something must be done to keep her from foundering. Having picked up two barrels of crude oil on the voyage east I poured this down the closet pipes. This calmed the sea so much that we could go to the pumps and had no trouble afterward. The waves were clearly seen to break all around the oil-covered spot. I fully believe had I not used the oil the vessel would never have stood it, and at least I should have had most of the crew washed overboard. It is my opinion that crude oil is better than kerosene, but the latter will do in an emergency."

Capt. Dawson, master of the British ship Halloween, states that when he was in command of the British bark Zenobia, on a passage from India to London, in February, 1872, off the Western Islands, he encountered a terrific gale with immense sea; wind between E. by S. and S. SE. The Zenobia was deeply laden and labored very heavily, and it was feared that she would go down, so seventy tons of her cargo (seed) were jettisoned. As she still continued to labor heavily, and there seemed but little chance of saving her, two canvas bags, filled with oil and pricked in a number of places, were hung from the weather cathead. As the vessel drifted to leeward the oil spread and enveloped her in a smooth belt. After this she rode easily, the surface of the water being perfectly smooth. The oil used was a mixture of paraffine and colza.

Capt. Robinson, of the English steamer Sussex, furnishes the following report on the use of oil at sea: "In the month of January, 1885, during the prevalence of the heavy gales in the North Atlantic, I used oil bags several times, and found that with a heavy sea on the quarter of the ship they were comparatively useless, as the sea would throw the bags on deck as fast as they were put over. I am of the opinion, however, that in running before the sea, or hove-to, head to sea, they are invaluable." In his experiments with the bags he used a heavy, greasy oil, similar to lard oil, and found that as long as the sea was astern, and he could leave the oil behind, the seas would not break over the stern. He has not tried it hove-to, but invariably found that it would not work satisfactorily in a quartering sea. Capt. Robinson thinks that oil would be of great benefit for small vessels in crossing a bar in a heavy sea. Being put over the bow it would greatly smooth the waves.

Capt. Childs of the schooner Ed. R. Emerson, reports that on Oct. 4, latitude 40° 10' N., longitude 68° 24' W., he passed close to a wreck, bottom up, newly coppered. Although it was blowing hard, the sea for a mile to windward of the derelict was quite smooth, the surface of the water being covered with oil, which had evidently formed part of the cargo.

Capt. Brooks, of the English steamer Nymphaea, writes: "About four years ago I was in command of the steamer Nuphan, of 1,280 tons, loaded with a cargo of kerosene oil and bound for India. While crossing the Atlantic we experienced strong westerly gales, accompanied with very high seas. I had it in my mind to put the ship head on, but having heard that oil thrown on the sea would calm it, I determined to use it. Having plenty of kerosene oil on board, I poured some on the deck. The water coming on board washed it overboard, and immediately the seas became much less, and we ran on without danger until the storm abated. I recommend that all shipowners and masters should have on board their vessels a sufficient quantity of oil, independent of their usual stores, for the express purpose of saving lives and property on such extreme occasions."

Capt. Johnson, master American barkentine Jose E. More, reports when bound to the north coast of Cuba, in latitude 28° 10' N., longitude 73° 30, W., he encountered the October hurricane of 1884. The wind increased rapidly to hurricane force, blowing from N.N.E. to N. and back to N.N.E., falling barometer and heavy sea; the vessel was put before the wind and scudded under lower foretopsail. The waves increasing in violence and size, threatened (after one had been taken on board) to poop the vessel, making their position a most dangerous one, as the decks were filled with water, and it was considered expedient to bring by the wind. Two gunny bags nearly filled with oakum were placed, one on each quarter; on the oakum was poured paint oil, which dripped in the sea. The effect was immediately apparent, the waves no longer breaking in the vicinity of the vessel or giving cause for apprehension.

The master of the British steamer Elstow reports the following gale in which he used oil with good effect: The Elstow left Cape Henry on Jan. 23 for Sligo. On Jan. 27, on the eastern edge of Newfoundland Banks, encountered a gale from westward, increasing in force from W.N.W. Sea run very high and the vessel shipped much water. Fearing to have the vessel to, it was decided to run before it, using oil. Being a firm believer in the use of oil, Capt. Robertson had ready for use oil bags of canvas, punctured in the bottom and sides with large needle holes. Six of these filled with boiled linseed oil were hung over—two in the bow, two in the waist, and two over the stern—and allowed to drip in the water. This had a wonderful effect on the high seas, taking the dangerous curl off them, and preventing so much water from coming on board. Before the oil bags were placed over, the vessel was taking water in over the stern, and also in the waist. Several other vessels that left Cape Henry or the Atlantic coast, and pursuing the same route at this time, were never afterward heard from. One of these vessels, the Ben Tower, a steamer, foundered on 29th, about 200 miles to south and east of the Elstow. The officers of the Elstow attribute the saving of the ship to the use of the oil.

LIQUID FUEL.—The screw steamer Himalaya, of Hartlepool, Capt. Gray, arrived at Granton late on Tuesday evening from London, with a cargo of resin and oil for Messrs. Fleming & Co.'s works, Granton. This vessel has been specially fitted up with large, capacious oil tanks, the oil from which was used instead of coal being burned on the voyage, and was found to work very satisfactorily, the voyage being made in fifty-four hours. The consumption of oil on the voyage was a little over eight gallons per hour, costing about £1 per day, while the cost of coal for that period is calculated to be £7. Besides the saving in coal, a great deal will be effected in labor. Where five firemen would be required with coal two will now suffice, there being with the oil no shoveling of coal into the furnaces required and no accumulation of ashes to remove. A second exhibition of the liquid fuel furnaces on board the Himalaya was made on Tuesday in Granton Harbor, when a large number of gentlemen, representing the principal shipping and oil companies and engineering firms, were present. The fires were lighted up at noon and run till half-past 3, so as to make an opportunity for examining the arrangements in the stoke hole, the working of which was explained by the manager of the Maraiu Oil Company, of Brazil, to whom the ship belongs, and by Mr. Tarbutt, the inventor of the apparatus. The exhibition was a complete success. The steadiness of the fires and the ease with which they were regulated so as to give any required amount of steam, and the entire absence of smoke, even when the fires were forced to their greatest extent, called forth universal approval; and the opinion was freely expressed by practical men that the question of the application of liquid fuel to marine boilers had been practically solved.—*Glasgow Herald.*

ATLANTIC Y. C.—A meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Dec. 14, at which Mr. Chas. Sweet, owner of the imported Clara, was elected. The Measurement Committee, Messrs. Lawton, Marcellus and Swan, presented their report on measurement, recommending a rating by sailing length, which length shall be taken parallel to the waterline and at a distance of 2 per cent. of the waterline above the latter. The report was accepted and the new rule was adopted by the club. The sloop classes were altered as follows: 60ft. and over, 50ft. and under 60; 42ft. and under 50ft, 35ft. and under 42. The twentieth annual dinner of the club will take place on Jan. 15.

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN Y. C.—A misunderstanding has lately arisen between the trustees of the club, to whom the management of its affairs is entrusted, and Vice-Commodore W. A. W. Stewart, who has been one of the most active members and who has been chiefly instrumental in providing an anchorage for the club. Mr. Stewart has secured for the club an advantageous lease of the present basin, but in arranging the matter with the trustees a difference has arisen which caused him to offer his resignation. The matter is now unsettled, but will probably be amicably arranged without serious injury to the club.

FIXTURES FOR 1886.—The first suggestion of the next yachting season comes to us from the Beverley Y. C. in a list of dates for 1886, as follows: July 17, first championship, Marblehead; July 31, second championship, Swampscott; Aug. 14, third championship, Nahant; Aug. 21, open matches, Marblehead; Sept. 18, fall matches, Nahant. There is no reason why most of the dates for next year may not be fixed at once, and we hope to open the new year with a good list of fixtures for the season.

BRISTOL, R. I.—At the yard of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company are now laid up the Lucille No. 1, Polly, Ossabaw, Albicore, Stiletto, Ladoga and Lucille No. 2. The latter will have a new triple expansion engine. The Albicore, Com. Forbes, is up for general repairs.

DORIES.—The builders of the dories Little Western, Nautilus, and Centennial, Messrs. Higgins & Giffod, Gloucester, Mass. write us that they will be pleased to answer any inquirers in regard to this class of boat.

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

THE STONINGTON C. C.—Last summer was a very eventful one for the Stonington C. C. Although only organized two years ago, we have a fleet of eleven canoes. The opening regatta brought forth seven canoes, three of which were Class B, and the remaining four Class A. The winners in Class B were Cheemaun and Puritan, and in Class A Flirt and Charis. The following week two championship pennants were sailed for, to be won three times before they become the property of the winner. The Cheemaun proved to be the fastest sailer in Class B, and the Spy in Class A. While the crews of the Cheemaun, Puritan, Wanderer and Charis were camping out, they received a very pleasant call from Dr. and Mrs. Parmele, of Hartford, who were on a cruise, and spent two or three hours with us. In your number of Nov. 26 I notice an article by Mr. Clapham on the width of canoes. I would say that the dimensions of the Cheemaun, which I have mentioned before, are 15' 3" × 42" wide. She is a large and heavy canoe, but is a good sailer, the only difficulty being to manage her, which generally requires two persons. We are looking forward to building a club house next summer, and would like all canoeists to give us a call and we will take care of them.—CHARIS.

WIDE AND NARROW CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I be allowed to dip my paddle in the troubled waters of the last canoe controversy? Whe-e-e-w! don't the winds blow in your last issue (Dec. 10, 1885). I don't know but that I will have to stow the paddle after all, hoist double-reefed main and dandy, and try and sail it out even if I do "hike over" and hang on with my toes under the lee coaming. It's exciting, though a little straining.

Mr. Clapham's article in your issue of Nov. 26, 1885, has certainly raised considerable of a breeze—yes, it might be termed a squall if the comments on same by "Class B Canoe," "A. B. C.," "L.," "Katrina," "Surge" and "Captain" are taken up and digested.

I hardly think the remarks of "Class B Canoe" are just. He says, "His [Mr. C.'s] statement that many prominent canoeists have given up canoes for square-sterned boats infers that they have done so owing to the danger, unhandiness and discomfort of the latter." As I read Mr. Clapham's article he infers nothing of the kind. He (Mr. C.) writes, "Many prominent canoeists have long since deserted the canoe for cruising under sail, and have adopted square-stern boats" (for what? Cruising under sail) "simply because the canoe, as at present limited in width, is neither safe, handy, nor comfortable for sailing purposes" (cruising under sail). This is what I think Mr. Clapham meant, and is a fair-minded construction of same. Is it not? And "the deuce"—as they say in Boston—of it is, that Mr. C. stated but the fact.

"Class B Canoe" then asks, "Now, who are the prominent canoeists alluded to? Mr. Bishop, a canoeist, advocates the sneakbox for extended cruises on open waters, but he does not condemn the canoe for its own purposes." I can't see anything in Mr. C.'s article that "condemns the canoe for its own purposes" either. Mr. Clapham says in effect that many have taken to square sterned boats for cruising under sail in preference to the canoe as at present limited by A. C. A. rules. The whole tenor of his article points to that one fact—cruising under sail, and his suggestions are evidently all made with that point in view—cruising under sail. I cannot see that he says build larger canoes, give up your smaller cockle shells or suffer the consequences; but as I look at it he does say, O! ye canoeist, if your present craft is too small for extended cruising under sail why descend to the level of a square stern, when by simply widening your craft with proper other proportions you will have "an honest and speedy little sailing craft, quite capable of thrashing the over-estimated sneakbox to windward or free."

"C. B. C." further says, "Canoeing is the primary school of yachting." Just so. But because it is so is that a reason why "boys and young men" should at once jump from a Class B canoe into a 20ft. sloop or 5-ton cutter?" What objection—I ask the question with all humility—what rational objection is there to the "boys and young men" being modest, and if they see fit or are so situated that they can enjoy extended cruising under sail, discarding their smaller canoe and embracing one of the larger sort, instead of plumping down at once on the unoffending "20ft. sloop or 5-ton cutter?" I don't know that one would love his comely Class B canoe any the less, but he might—yes he might love the larger growth the more—in very rough weather. As "C. B. C." says, "this progression argues nothing against each boat in its place. I am glad he says that, for unless he can find words he must admit that the wide canoe will have its place just the same as a Class A or B canoe, a sneakbox, a "20ft. sloop or 5-ton cutter" will have theirs.

Now let us look at the cases of the "prominent canoeists alluded to," Mr. Bishop discards the canoe in favor of the sneakbox for extended cruises under sail. Mr. Clapham says stick to your canoes, but for such purposes make them larger and you can score against the sneakbox every time, and immediately up jump half a dozen "narrow" canoeists and begin to score Mr. Clapham as if he were an arch enemy of the whole craft. Dr. Neidé discarded the rowboat for the canoe, and he made a wise change too, didn't he? And he made a grand cruise down the swift Allegheny, the turbid Ohio, down the "father of waters" to the Gulf, and thence to Pensacola, showing in a grand way the many virtues of the canoe. You who have read the doctor's interesting narrative of that voyage know how often he used sail, and of the danger he ran while running along the Gulf coast, which, I think, would have been considerably lessened with a larger canoe. However, we will see how the old Aurora gets along with the sneakbox Petrel during the Doctor's present cruise. Mr. Nate Smith did have a most excellent rowboat in 1880-81. He sold it, and I believe he has always regretted it. He thinks much of his 14ft. x27in. Pixie, but when he wants to sail he uses his 17ft. rowboat—see "Dockrat" races. As for Mr. Tyson, "Surge," and even "Class B. Canoe" himself, I wonder if they do not at times wish for larger craft.

"Why is the canoe neither safe, handy nor comfortable; can Mr. Clapham tell us?" From this question one would infer that Mr. C. had made some such statement. Does he? With the idea of cruising under sail in his mind, Mr. C. says: "The canoe, as at present, limited in width, is neither safe, handy nor comfortable for sailing purposes." This is the way I look at it, and the question, as put, and the statement, as made, refer to entirely different things. The question implies that a sweeping assertion has been made, the statement is limited, further Mr. C. must rise on his own account. I don't think a careful perusal of Mr. C.'s letter will show at any point that he says or implies that canoeing has been debased or that the sport is a "debasing one. The question and statement of "C. B. C." on this point are both superfluous and misleading. "Of course a large boat is less cranky, safer and more comfortable than a small one," so "Class B Canoe" says and so I think Mr. Clapham holds when he advises such for extended cruising under sail. So "Class B Canoe" and Mr. Clapham agree after all. Well! By the most complicated foot-steering gear ever invented; that is funny. "But such a boat would be utterly useless, as far as two-thirds of our canoeists are concerned." Just so, in fact, I would amend it and make it seven-eighths but why, my dear Class 'B' man or Class 'A' man, as the case may be why bar out the other eighth?

If that small minority believe that they will derive more benefit, sport and pleasure from the larger canoe, why bar them out? Why admit them to membership—accept their fees, accept their gifts in prizes, accept their money subscription toward the International Cup—and then calmly sit down with "Surge" and say, "It is not at all likely that the Association would consent to such an alteration of rules as would be required to admit to their races such craft." The Association have made changes in the rules before, have they not? Their laws were not framed like those of the Medes and Persians, were they? I sincerely hope that all are not "narrow" minded, for what will be of "wider" views do then, poor thing? All that "Class B Canoe" says regarding the advantages of the canoe of his class is correct. No one, I think, denies its many good qualities. No one, I think, having once tasted the sweets of canoeing, will give it up entirely. But when we come to discuss the merits of the canoe craft *in esse*, we get "way off" from the point.

The questions before the house are, as I take it: 1. What is the objection to a canoe of larger class than the A. C. A. rules now define? 2. What is the objection to making changes in the A. C. A. rules to meet that class of larger canoes—or whatever you may call them?

"A. C. A." asks Mr. C. various questions which may be answered by him or not. I hope he may, for I want to learn something about these wider canoes. From my limited knowledge, however, I would make a "guess" that the cost of such a craft would be less than a Rushton Mohican No. 2. The weight with full outfit ought to be kept under 140 pounds. I think the railroads might be induced to handle her as they now do canoes, and I also think that it would not take any more men to handle her than it would to handle a canoe of same weight.

It looks very much as if the numerous reviewers of Mr. Clapham's letter had read it through the same spectacles. Because the larger craft is unfitted for running rapids, cruising down smaller streams, competing in paddling races, stowing away in a garret, or being picked up—because she has none of these qualities—there is no good in her. Who ever thought of claiming any of the above good qualities for the larger canoe? No one that I know of, and I doubt if "Class B Canoe," "A. C. A." "L.," "Katrina" or "Surge" can point to any one as making such claims for the wider boat.

Suppose one should ask if a Class B canoe would be a safe, easy, comfortable boat for an extensive cruise on, say for instance, the Sound, or the Chesapeake, or the lakes, or for everyday use on the Jersey coast. There would probably be a number answering affirmatively. The question I want to put is: For such purposes would not a larger canoe be safer, easier and more comfortable? Of course it goes without question that these larger boats lose one essential of a canoe, *i. e.*, paddling—oars will have to be used. But Mr. Clapham's reviewers lose sight of the point that these larger craft are not put forward as "paddleable sailing" or "sailing paddleable" canoes, but—simply as sailing canoes—that and nothing more—boats preserving all the good qualities of the smaller canoe model, canoe rig, canoe handiness and canoe beauty—as being a better thing for the purpose than the sneakbox. The pretty romance of "L." about cruising down one of our rivers only goes to show that in canoeing, as in everything else, "there is a place for everything and everything in its place."

In "Katrina's" home waters it may be that the larger sailing canoe, as suggested, would be out of place. But there may be localities where it would be looked upon as very much in place. "Captain," of Chicago, seems to think so, and I dare say there are others—good A. C. A. men, too—who in their "inner consciousness" think the same.

"Surge" asks, "But how about picking her up and carrying her into a boat house up a steep bridge at low water?" "Surge," how about "picking up" a Mohican No. 2, eh? The writer has seen dozens of canoeists together in camp at different times, but in all the number there were very few capable of such an act. If a man can't haul his

canoe up a bridge, he's not going to attempt to "jackass" it up. I don't think either he will have to anchor it out. That 31½in. canoe mentioned by "Surge" must have been an older sister of Tramp, as the latter is by all odds the weightiest canoe (?) I ever struck. If so it was, I am sorry for the owner's financial loss; but sincerely trust her bleaching bones may forever rest in peace. My own experience leads me to think that "Surge" exaggerates unintentionally the difficulty of handling these large canoes. It certainly was not size, but excessive weight, that was at fault in the case of the derelict referred to. Take my own canoe, for example, 16ft.×32in. "Hold on!" you say, "that is not a racing canoe—you are outside the racing limits of the A. C. A." Not a canoe, eh! Why not? Because she happens to be 1½in. wider and 12in. longer than a Mohican No. 2? Or is it because she is 2in. wider than the A. C. A. rules prescribe for a canoe of her length, which? In everything else she holds to the A. C. A. definition, she is both rowable or paddleable—the latter preferred—and sailing, so until proved to the contrary, I will call her a canoe. Take her, for instance, with the metal airtanks, centerboard, rudder, masts, sails, seats and paddles, she must weigh close to 125lbs., probably more, and yet I have never had any trouble in getting in or out of the boat house, and at times up as steep a bridge as "Surge" is ever forced to use, I think.

This talk of getting rid of the "useless paddle," "anchoring our boat out to save the trouble of carrying her into the house," "wedging the mast in," "rig the sails with gaff and boom," the canoe "vanishing," etc., etc., all this has greatly the effect of affectation. The canoe is a fact, a happy fact for me, and with me it will stay, but there is no rubbing out that also fact, that there are canoes and canoes. Then why not bring all these canoes into the happy circle of the A. C. A.?

In the comments on "Long Shanks's" article on "Classification of Sailing Canoes," the editor uses the words "as it is the policy of the A. C. A. to encourage all legitimate cruising craft." I don't know whether he speaks "by the rule" or not, but that is the way it should be; and yet, from the other articles from facile pens closely following the above, there would seem to be some who are not anxious to live up to this broad principle of good sense and good fellowship. I, for one, would much like to hear from some of the Eastern folk who have the larger canoe in use, and learn from them of her good and bad qualities.

And now, Mr. Editor, while I am at it, and since you invite "views" on "Long Shanks's" article, let me have an inch or so more of space. The Association rule requires that "a canoe, to compete in any of the races of the A. C. A., must be sharp at both ends, with no counter stern or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man." This is the broad rule as laid down, but it don't amount to anything—is utterly valueless, and besides misleading; for the rule goes on to say in the next paragraph that, to compete in various races, the canoes must be limited to certain sizes for certain classes, which is sensible and proper, but is still inconsistent, inasmuch as the largest size specified—Class B—is not as large as may "be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man," as I know from experience.

With "Long Shanks" I ask, why bar out any canoe that meets with the requirements of the Association? or rather, why should the Association say one thing and then turn right around and say they mean something else? If they don't mean it why promulgate it at all?

"Long Shanks's" schedule of the classes as they would be under the rules as proposed by him, brings out very forcibly to me the inconsistencies of the present rules. There are two canoes in his lists that belong to members of "our" club. At present they are both in the same class and yet one has no more chance sailing against the other than the Guenn had with Mr. Clapham's sharpie—in other words, it had no business there. In "Long Shanks's" list they are classed in different divisions and nearer I think to fair rating. Yes "Shanks" old man!—if you will allow that from a stranger—I think you have put it pat, and now if you, or some one else "which hes influoence" would only speak a word in good fellowship for that canoe of larger growth which has raised such a "boiling of troubled waters" and tack on a Class C that would take the ultra wide canoes keeping them by themselves so that the smaller craft would get no hard knocks in bumping against them, methinks it would be a long step toward the consummation of that broad policy as stated by the editor "the policy of the A. C. A., to encourage all legitimate cruising craft."

Methinks also that a salt-water "meet" wouldn't be a bad thing to show up the good qualities of the big un's. What say you? HAL.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

THE ROYAL C. C.—The autumn meeting of the Royal Canoe Club was held on November 24, and the following officers were elected: Commodore, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; captain, J. Macgregor (Rob Roy); mates, J. W. Clayton and G. Herbert; cook, F. F. Tuckett; purser, C. J. Wright; secretary, T. G. F. Winser; committee, the Earl of Caithness, the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird, A. B. Ingram, Dixon Kemp, E. A. Leach, Major Roberts, Claud Scott, E. B. Tredwen, and W. E. Graham. On December 8 an adjourned meeting was held at which several proposed changes in the rules were acted on. Mr. E. B. Tredwen, seconded by Mr. W. E. Graham, proposed to alter rule 28 to read: "Length not exceeding 20ft., with a limit of 2ft. beam for that length, the beam may be increased ¼in. for each full inch of length decreased, until the limit beam of 3ft. is reached." Mr. Tredwen also proposed to adopt the clause from the A. C. A. rules allowing a beading of 1½in depth and ⅜in. thickness, seconded by Mr. W. Baden Powell. The following motion was introduced by Mr. Baden Powell and seconded by Mr. W. E. Graham: "Any member who has won three first prizes in club races of the same denomination shall be considered a 'senior,' and shall thereby become ineligible to take any prize given by the club during 1886—except in challenge cup races—in a race of the same denomination as that in which he is a 'senior,' the prizes given by the club going to the juniors. In any race, however, in which a 'senior' competes and wins he shall receive a recognized club flag, the 'senior flag' consisting of a blue silk flag with club device and year date of his race thereon, and also any presentation prize which may be attached to such race. In the case of a challenge cup race the winner shall be presented with a distinctive club flag of silk, bearing a suitable device, with date of race thereon. The 'senior' qualification is to include the races of 1885. All three motions were passed, but a motion of Mr. T. F. Knowles to abolish side deck flaps was voted down, as were several other motions, to allow water ballast, to limit sail area and weight of centerboards.

THE A. C. A. INTERNATIONAL TROPHY.—The following subscriptions have been received since last week: J. L. Greenleaf $1, N. H. Bishop $1, Wm. Lowey $2. Total to date, $64 Subscriations of $1 each may be sent to the chairman of the committee, Mr. Wm. Whitlock, Nos. 37 and 39 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

ED.—The one bearing your own name will shoot as far as you can aim straight.

SUBSCRIBER.—Spartanburg, S. C.—Write to Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlottesville, Va.

CANADIAN, Brockville.—We cannot compare the boats from the dimensions you give. The cup is given by the N. Y. C. C., and as holders they hav echarge of the races. There would not be time for the races at Grindstone, and an international race will be sailed there as matters are.

W. L. M., Lynn, N. Y.—We do not know the address of the Manhattan Arms Company.

L.—We have seen some cross-bred English and Irish setters which were capital field dogs.

G. H. P., Middletown, Conn.—The E.K.C.S.B. number of Dr. Jarvis's champion Elcho is 5,129.

S. S., Lowell, Mass.—1. The English setter bitch won second at Lowell, in 1882. 2. We have no record.

J. W. M., Tom's River.—The design you refer to is by Mr. Edward Burgess, No. 7 Exchange Place, Boston. Write to him for full particulars.

CHICAGO.—1. Can a person properly enter a dropper in a pointer class? 2. Could a person enter a protest against such entries? Ans. 1. No. 2. Yes.

L. F. F., Boston, Mass.—The subject has been so fully discussed already that it is not advisable to reopen it now. The arm will be a serviceable weapon in the country you name.

DICK, Brookfield, Mass.—The floats for fishing lines are a regular article to be had of tackle dealers. Write to any of such advertisers in this paper. The netting cannot be described; consult the catalogue of some of the net manufacturers.

H. M. D., Denver, Colo.—A newspaper reports that a Nebraska observer has discovered that the prairie dogs supply themselves with water by digging wells, each village having one, with a concealed opening. He claims to have found one such well 250 feet deep, approached by a winding staircase. What is your opinion? Ans. See discussion of the subject in recent issues. How did the man measure the well?

PENN.—1. Is a setter dog of any use in hunting rabbits? 2. What season and what time of night are best for shooting muskrats? 3. Can a resident of Pennsylvania shoot ducks in any manner in Cecil or Kent county, Maryland, during April? Ans. 1. Yes, a setter can be used for that purpose, but it is an unworthy use to put a setter to. 2. Moonlight nights in the late fall. 3. The Maryland law forbids wildfowl shooting after March 31.

G. H. S., New York.—A spring step to the mast was tried on canoes in New York and Toronto several years since, but was abandoned after a series of careful tests, as the benefits were very slight. We have never tried the reel referred to, but such appliances are unsafe in a small boat, as in the event of a failure to work properly a capsize must follow. Two or three battens of moderate size are most effective in keeping a sail flat. The sail hoist mentioned is said to answer very well, and is used on a number of small yachts in the East.

M. Hanover, Pa.—I have an 8-pound, 12 grain, choked. I load 3 drams powder, one card and two heavy wads on powder, and 1 ounce No. 8 shot for birds, but find the gun makes too close a pattern. Our shooting is in cover that requires quick shooting, and birds hit at 30 yards and inside—as I am accustomed to shoot—are thoroughly smashed and entirely unfit for use. Can I modify the loading to give me a wider pattern, or must I change the bore of the gun. Have tried various methods of loading, but find the choke works the same. Ans. You will probably find it necessary to take the choke out.

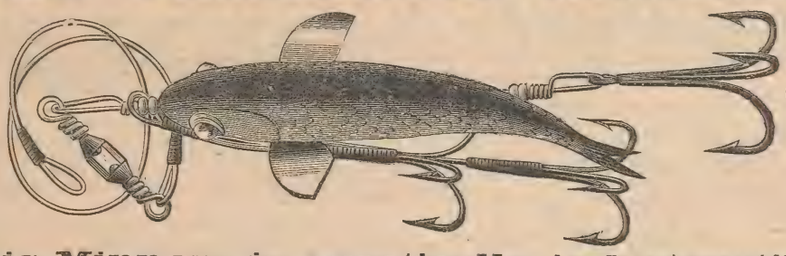
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V. An Eastern Catboat.
VI. Keel Catboat Caprice.
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IX. Catboat Dodge—Sail Plan.
X. Open Boat Cruiser.
XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
XII. Open Boat Trident.
XIII. A Skipjack.
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XV. Gleam—Sail Plan.
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XIX. Single-Hand Cruiser.
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XXI. The Dart.
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XXIV. Keel Sloop Columbine.
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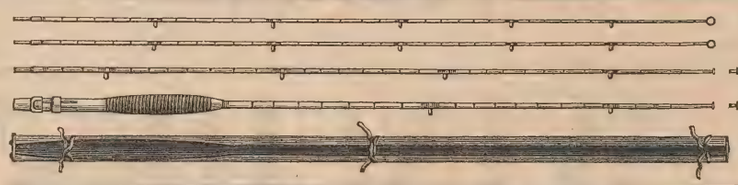
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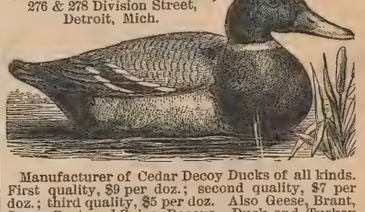
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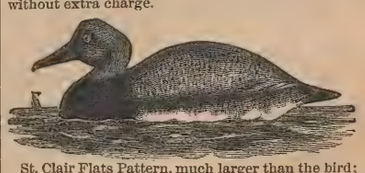
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A Weekly Scrutiny

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SENATOR VEST'S PARK BILL.

THE bill introduced recently by Senator Vest, for the better protection of the Yellowstone National Park, will be found in another column.

Those of our readers who have followed the history of the reservation since it first came into prominence in connection with the Hatch-Hobart grabbing project, will see much in this bill to approve and also some points to criticise. It appears to have been drawn without a knowledge of the facts brought out by Mr. Phillips's report on the Park, which was printed in our issue of Dec. 3, and yet it provides for several points much in the way which the Special Agent recommends.

We are sincerely sorry to see that the increase in the size of the Park is limited by the bill to the parallel of 44°. It appears to us very desirable that it should be extended about twenty miles further to the south.

By making the southern boundary the parallel of 43° 40′, the reservation would include a portion of Jackson's Hole, Jackson's Lake and a considerable area of wet and springy territory from which the forests should under no circumstances be removed. This region pours into the head of Snake River a great volume of water, and ought by all means to be protected. The country, as we have before stated, is entirely without value for settlement. It is a region too cold for farming; the long winters and deep snows make it unavailable for stock growing, and no mineral deposits of any importance are known to exist there. It is, however, a country of wonderfully majestic scenery, and as such belongs properly within the Park.

Mr. Phillips recommended and we urge that the shooting at, wounding, capturing or killing of any bird or animal within the Park be prohibited, and we should be glad to see Section 4 of the present bill changed in this respect. The noxious animals found in the Park, such as bear, wolves and panthers, are not dangerous to travelers, and the permission to kill them furnishes an excuse for the presence of hunting parties within the Park. Such parties may be tempted to kill game illegally. The provision of the same section which refers to transportation of game is very much weakened by the words, "knowing, or having reasonable cause to believe, that such animals, birds or fish were" * * The transportation of game or fish killed in violation of this act should be forbidden, and it should be for the carrier to prove that the game or fish was lawfully killed.

We should be glad to see the number of the Park police increased from fifteen, as here provided for, to twenty-five.

The provision which authorizes the appointment of a Commissioner to try offenses against the regulations and to hold in the case of felony, is excellent; but it is perhaps doubtful if one Commissioner could do all the work required.

On the whole, the bill is much better and more nearly adequate than any that has yet been introduced.

WHICH IS IT?

HAS every man the natural right to kill game, say deer in the Adirondacks, when and in what manner he individually may please, without regard to the community at large?

Or is the liberty to kill that deer a privilege accorded by the community to the individual, and justly accompanied with certain restrictions as to time and manner?

Is the individual to regard the game law as a harsh and unwarranted interference with his exercise of a natural right?

Or is he bound cheerfully to respect the law as a proper rule for himself because it is in the interest of the community?

Is it becoming every year more evident that private and public opinion do not sanction the fundamental principles upon which game laws are based?

Or is the tendency in this country that the obligations of the individual to govern his conduct in the woods with some reference to other people are better understood and recognized?

These are pertinent questions just now. We have asked them, not to give answers to them so much as to suggest that they may furnish subjects for profitable consideration.

THE EXTENSION OF THE A. C. A. CLASSES.

THE discussion over wider canoes that has lately appeared in our columns has brought out suggestions from several that a class be formed to admit these boats to the races of the Association. Some of our correspondents take the ground that because the first clause of the rule says that a canoe must be sharp at both ends and without counter-stern or transom, and capable of being paddled by one man, that any boat fulfilling these conditions is entitled to an entry; but to class them all would make a set of rules so complicated and entail so much work that it is impracticable. Any change must be in the direction of additional classes only of such size as shall be proved to be most desirable, and the fewer classes the better.

For two years, until it was forced upon it, the new Association avoided the question of classification, and stumbled along as best it could, until the many sizes of boats entered and the consequent confusion compelled some action. A comprehensive scheme of classification, embracing not only existing canoes, but providing for larger boats, was adopted and used for a season, when the new regatta committee proposed the scheme which, altered and amended by trial, is now in practical working. At the time this latter scheme was proposed, 1883, there were no canoes larger than 16 feet long and 33 inches wide, the latter beam with only 14 feet length, that claimed a representation in the races, and the larger boats were comparatively unknown. Almost all existing canoes then came near the limits of Class A or Class B, and the committee dealt only with these boats, without any reference to the future other than a proposal to add a class for larger canoes as soon as the latter were sufficiently numerous. The latter have now increased to a considerable number, but of a diversity of sizes and models. To classify them so that every one that comes may have a race is impossible, the only course is to proceed as with the smaller boats, to form a Class C that will embrace a majority of the boats now outside the limit, with such limits to the new class as may seem advisable, and then owners must build to these limits. What the new class will be we cannot now consider, but it is a subject for discussion among those who wish its establishment. It was at one time proposed to admit not only canoes, but all cruising boats within a broad limit, to a place in the Association, giving a race to each class as soon as enough of them appeared to justify it, but still keeping the canoe racing intact. This scheme met with approval from many, but was killed by the opposition of one canoeist.

The object of the American Canoe Association is and always has been to encourage cruising in small boats, and while we cannot of course speak officially, we believe that the introduction of a class of legitimate cruisers of larger size would meet the approval of most of the members. The work of promoting canoeing and developing canoes must of course be the main feature of its policy, but there is nothing in that antagonistic to the existence of the larger boats.

SENSIBLE GAME CLUBS.

ONE of the most inexpensive and satisfactory methods of securing good quail shooting is the plan adopted by clubs and associations who lease the shooting privileges of a number of adjacent farms.

Instead of buying the land, they simply stipulate that they shall be given the exclusive privilege of shooting upon it. The individual expense is slight, for it is divided among a number, and a comparatively trifling sum is sufficient to secure the co-operation of the farmer. Each land-owner becomes at once interested in the welfare of the birds on his farm. His agreement with the club calls for no expense nor exertion on his part beyond the simple posting of his land and the exclusion of trespassers. If he happens to be in a locality where lawless gunners have broken down his fences and harried his stock, he is glad to shut them out and to have in their stead sportsmen whose interests are recognized as identical with his own.

A club adopting this plan can insure the thorough protection of its leased territory, and provide sport which is easily accessible, calls for no great outlay for railroad fares, and is not attended with the provoking uncertainty which enters so largely into all excursions to distant game grounds.

This co-operation of sportsman and land owner has been practically put to the test. It may be accepted as one solution of the game problem. The day has gone by when a majority of the sportsmen of this country can expect fair shooting without having made some such provision for a protected shooting ground. The sooner we all recognize this and act on it the better.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER LAW.

WE print to-day a number of letters from correspondents representing different shades of opinion about the non-hounding deer law, which has been in force in the Adirondacks this year. From these communications it appears that in certain parts of the North Woods the law has been received with favor, and has been respected and has apparently worked in a manner to give satisfaction to the people. In these localities, because approved, it has been enforced. In other parts of the woods it has been violated because the local sentiment was against it. Wherever the law has been given a fair trial it has amply established the wisdom and utility of the abolition of dogging. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the law has worked for the public good wherever given a fair trial; it has been barren of the best results where only respected in a half-hearted way or openly and persistently set at naught.

Interested and ill-informed newspapers like the Boonville *Herald* have strenuously endeavored to make it appear that there has been an unusual slaughter of deer by market still-hunters. The purpose is to deceive the public into the mistaken notion that the still-hunters alone succeed in killing more deer in a season than were ever killed by still-hunters and hounders put together. Such a notion is very silly, but it is just by the use of such senseless arguments that the advocates of club-killing deer bolster up their side of the question

The truth is, however, that the killing of Adirondack deer in 1885 did not begin to compare with the killing in former years when the woods were full of hounders who came in from outlying towns, and systematically laying out their campaign, putting their boats on different lakes and their dogs on the trails leading to these waters, cornered the game, shot it in the water or clubbed it to death and carted out wagon load after wagon load of venison for winter meat.

The law is a good one. It should remain on the statute books.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S RIFLE TRAJECTORY TEST.—The figures of the last tests are given in our shooting columns to-day, and next week will be presented a review of the trials and a tabulated summary of the entire test. The report in full will be published in book form; and the numerous letters we have received suggesting such a permanent form for the report lead us to believe that the trajectory volume will be welcomed as an addition to the rifle literature of the day.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

IV.—LAZY DAYS.

THE sun was shining brightly into the tent door before we rolled out of our blankets the next morning. We had been thoroughly tired out the night before, and the effects of our climb were still felt. As I walked out to the wagon to grind the coffee I was as stiff and sore as if I had been taking my first horseback ride in twenty years. Our coffee mill, by the way, was rather primitive in construction, and a description of it may interest some of your readers who always go provided with the conveniences of life. The engine consisted of three parts; first, a wagon tongue; second, a small rag; third, the axe. When the coffee was to be ground, the person who was to perform this operation provided himself with two tin cups, one of them full of coffee berries, the other empty, and with these in one hand and the axe in the other betook himself to the front end of the wagon. Here, after placing the cups in a safe position, where they could not be knocked down or upset, he bestrode the wagon tongue, and seating himself upon it, put a small portion of the unground coffee in the rag, and twisting it up so that none could escape, proceeded to pulverize it by pounding it with the back of the axe on the tongue. As soon as one ragful was made fine enough, it was placed in the empty tin cup and replaced by a fresh supply of berries, the operation being repeated until all the coffee was ground. The coffee mill in question has its advantages. Its parts are in a certain sense interchangeable. At all events they are easily replaced. For the wagon tongue you can say wagon tire, or flat stone, or hard piece of log, while the axe may be replaced by a stone, a hard stick, or even the butt of a rifle stock. It is true that a civilized coffee mill has the advantages of saving time, labor, patience and coffee, but we had absent-mindedly neglected to provide this piece of camp furniture, and so had to do our best without it.

While I was hammering away at the wretched coffee, which very obstinately refused to be ground, I turned over in my mind what we had better do during the day. I felt rather too stiff to undertake another day on the mountains, and determined to just loaf about camp all day long.

In theory loafing is a most delightful way of passing the time, but in practice it fails to satisfy. As long as one has something to potter over—some pretense of an occupation—he does very well. But after the rifle is wiped and the frayed silk on the middle joint of the rod neatly whipped, the rents in clothing mended and the broken strings replaced on the saddle, he becomes uneasy. A pipe or two, smoked as he reclines stretched out at full length on his blankets, fails to soothe, and he rises, walks out of doors, stretches in the warm sunshine, yawns, and then concludes that he must do something. This was just what happened that warm September morning. By 11 o'clock I heartily wished myself on the mountains again, but as it was too late to think of making the climb, Appekunny and I walked off along the trail to the inlet. I carried my rod and he his shotgun.

As we crossed the little stream within a short distance of the camp, a ruffed grouse hopped from the ground in front of us into the lower limbs of an alder, where she sat not six feet distant and looked at us. There was at once a division of opinion as to what course should be pursued with the game. On the one hand it was suggested that the bird's head should be promptly shot off. Against this it was urged that she was ragged and almost featherless, and had probably just reared a brood, and this being the case she would not be fit to eat, and that except for food it was not worth while to kill her. The bird sat there like a judge and listened with great gravity to both sides of the argument, but as she said nothing, it is presumed that she reserved her decision. We could not agree as to what should be done, and so passed on, leaving the bird sitting there turning her head from side to side as if somewhat perplexed by the reasons that had been offered on both sides.

Passing along up the ridge and around the point of the hill, we paused for a while to look out over the lake and up toward the grand mountains to the west, south and east. The shoal waters of the shallow bay at our feet, which swept in a beautiful curve from the point near camp to the inlet, were dotted with hundreds of ducks, and further out, where they looked blue and deep, floated a couple of loons. Two or three snowy gulls rested on the sand shoals. It was as restful a scene as one would wish to look upon.

About us on all sides towered the grand mountains, sloping up for some distance in timbered acclivities, and then above these again, rising in abrupt black walls that seemed insurmountable. Most of the mountains near at hand seemed square-topped, or worn into pinnacles only the ends of these walls, but further away we could see jagged spires that ran up like needles, far above their fellows. Snow lay upon all the higher mountains, but that which had fallen since our arrival had all disappeared.

Still following the trail, we kept on round the hill and down nearly to the lake level, and then crossing a little stream proceeded cautiously through the underbrush to the lake shore. As I parted the bushes that grew above the beach and peered out through the leaves, I saw a flock of widgeons close to me on the water. It was pretty to watch them as they swam about, feeding or playing with each other, so near to me that each motion, even to the ruffling of a feather or the twitching of an eyelid, was plainly visible. I watched them for some little time, and then the thunder of the double barrel woke the echoes of the hills, the birds disappeared behind a point, and four little gray feet kicked plaintively above two spots of white that rose and fell on the dancing waters. The little dogs quickly retrieved the birds, and we walked on along the beach to the inlet. A wide, swift brook hurries down from the mountains on the southeast, between spruce-clad hills, and enters the inlet flat about half way between the lakes. This stream pours its waters into the lake at the upper side of the bay, and on the sand shoals at its mouth we saw a moose track made within a day or two. A black bear, too, had been prowling along the shore in search of something to eat, and in the mud close beneath the overhanging alders we saw where a shy whitetail deer had for a moment stepped out of his cover and then retreated back into the silent forest. Further along we saw more moose tracks, those of a cow and a calf, and stepping back on a deeply worn but old game trail, found a place where some Indians had built a blind at the foot of a great tree to await the passage of some game. It seems probable that there are some moose here and that they spend the days in the swamps on the mountain side and come down to the lake at night.

Wading the deep, swift stream, which, in one or two places almost threw us off our feet by the force of its rushing waters, we went over to the inlet and began to cast for trout. The east side of the stream is far more convenient to fish than the west. Here there are wide gravel bars and the stream is so narrow that with forty or fifty feet of line out it is easy to reach across it. On the other side the trees and brush are thick and grow close to the bank, so that it is not easy to cast with a long line.

An hour's fishing was had without result. The trout would not rise. All the flies in my book were tried in vain. Then finding a deep hole in which were ten or twelve fish from one to two feet in length, I put a piece of meat on my hook and let it drift down under their very noses, but they paid not the slightest attention to it. It was really very discouraging. Finally I put aside the rod and watched the fish for some time, and at length made up my mind that they feed almost entirely on the young whitefish, which are here so abundant. The appearance of one of these little fish was the signal for a rush on the part of every trout in the neighborhood, and often one of them would make a false start at some object carried down by the stream which bore some resemblance to one of the tiny silvery creatures for which they were lying in wait.

Retracing our steps we killed another widgeon on our way to camp, dined early, and then tried still-fishing for lake trout, and being unsuccessful at this, set a net for whitefish. We had just finished this operation and rowed back to the shore, when we saw a horseman appear over a ridge a mile further down the lake, and could see even at this distance that he was an Indian. Before he had advanced fifty yards toward us he began to ride in circles along the hillside, and Yellowfish called out, "He is drunk," to which I responded, "No, he is signalling." This proved to be the case, for a little later, when the Indian stopped at the camp to talk, he said that he was informing some of his companions, who were in sight but out of hearing, that he had discovered some people. He was a Kootenay, but could talk some Piegan, and told us that eight lodges of his people, under the chief, Keh Kowitz-keyucla, which, as all the world knows, means Back-in-sight, were camped some miles below on the river. They had been out fifty days, and had been quite successful in their hunting, having killed about forty sheep, two bears—one black and one grizzly—one moose, a few elk and plenty of beaver. Their main business was trapping, and they hunted only when meat was required for the camp. In these days he said game was scarce. There were still sheep on the mountains, but they were high up among the rocks, and it was hard to get to them. I asked him when he had killed any buffalo, and he replied that two years ago back [east] of the Sweet Grass Hills he had killed eight. Since then he had not seen one. So chatting about the game and the country, we sat in front of the tent until the sun had set, and then the Kootenay clambered on to his steed and rode away into the shadows.

The first duty of the following morning was the taking up of the net. A fresh breeze was blowing and quite a heavy sea running out in the lake, but after some trouble we managed to get the boat in position and soon had the net and the half a dozen fish it contained on board. There was one lake trout weighing five pounds and five whitefish running from two to two and a half pounds in weight. While we had been at work at the net Yellowfish had been busy getting breakfast, and it only remained to cook a fat whitefish to complete the preparations.

Not long after breakfast four Kootenays rode up to camp and dismounted, and we had a long talk and smoke. They were going hunting, and if there had not been so many of them I think that I should have invited myself to go with them, but being too modest to do that, I concluded to ride down to the end of the lower lake and try to catch some trout in the St. Mary's River and perhaps visit their camp.

Appekunny and I therefore saddled up, and leaving the Indians still smoking in front of the tent, rode off down the lake. The trail leads over a succession of ridges, generally covered with a low growth of aspens, but sometimes bare, and through the ravines by which they are separated flow little streams with brush or cottonwood groves along their banks. Many of these streams have been dammed here and there by the beavers, and on the muddy ponds thus formed ducks collect in windy weather when, as was the case today, it was uncomfortable to be on the lake. On two of these ponds Appekunny made a couple of nice double shots at a pair of mallards and a pair of widgeons, but in each case the mud was so deep that it was impossible to recover the birds, and we resolved that it was useless to attempt to kill ducks where we could not retrieve them.

A more satisfactory kind of shooting soon presented itself. We were riding sleepily along at a walk over a ridge, where the young aspens were only a foot or two high, when suddenly my old horse braced himself, threw up his head and halted, as out from under his feet with a roar like an old cock partridge, started a great dark bird and darted away before the wind, scaled down the hill, and balancing itself this way and that, twisted into a grove of trees. "Blue grouse. Hurry up. There are more here," was the cry, and as the bearer of the shotgun tumbled off his horse and placed shells in his gun, two or three more of the grouse rose and went like bullets after the first one. Then another rose, and before it had gone ten yards turned neatly over and struck the ground with a sound pleasant to the sportsman's ear, and at the sound of the shot two or three more rose and were soon out of sight. Appekunny walked on and I followed with the horses, and a pair of outlying birds which rose at long distance fell before his ready gun. Then, as no more could be started, we rode on, and I was forced, in spite of my remonstrances, to carry the shotgun so as to be prepared for the next brood which we should encounter. This was down by the river just where the trail descends the steep bank to cross to the other side. Here a couple of birds again astonished Jerry by roaring out of the low rose bushes under his very nose, but as the cover was only a few yards away they were safe before I could twist round in the saddle to shoot. After I had dismounted, another got up behind me and made for the river bank, and as he had further to go I was lucky enough to tumble him over at about forty yards. Still another was started, but he was cunning enough to just rise a foot or two and then dip down behind a ridge which covered his retreat until long after he was out of shot. We tried to start the two which had taken to the cover close at hand, and might have got them had we both been armed, but naturally they went out of the brush on the side which was unguarded.

A little below this point there are a number of deep holes in the river, and leaving our horses on top of the bank, we slipped and slid down the steep bluff to the water's edge. The furious gale which swept down the stream made it impossible to cast, but the wind would carry line and leader down over the water, and for an hour we had some very pleasant sport. None of the fish which we took were very large, but they were good fighters, and took the fly with a rush which made the sport interesting.

While we were thus occupied a couple of Kootenays, riding on a single pony, made their appearance on the opposite bank of the river. One of them we recognized as having been at the agency previous to our departure. It was impossible to talk at the distance which separated us, and the conversation was carried on altogether by means of the sign language, which is so universally employed among the Indians of the West. The manner in which long conversations can be carried on between individuals, each of whom is ignorant of the language spoken by the other, always seems very remarkable to one who for the first time sees an interview of this kind, and though long familiar with this method of communication, I myself still feel something of the astonishment that I experienced when I first saw it. The Kootenay asked where his people's camp was, and finding that we were unable to tell him, asked a number of other questions, and we in turn inquired about matters at the agency. Then the two rode off down the river.

A little later we stopped fishing, and climbing up the bank again, reached our horses. As we mounted I looked across the river and saw the two Indians galloping across the wide valley to a point where a narrow stream valley came out from the hills into the wide bottom of the St. Mary's River. I watched them for a few moments, and as they disappeared behind the point of the bluff I heard the vociferous barking of dogs, which told me plainly that the Kootenay camp was there. We rode up the river to the ford, and just before reaching the spot from which we had started the dusky grouse, I dismounted, and walking through the rose bushes put up two of the birds. They flew in opposite directions, and at one of them, a superb old cock, I fired just as he was topping the alders on the river bank, and then turned to give the other my second barrel, but he had got to the cover of the brush. I could not be sure that I had hit the first, but handing the gun to Appekunny I went down to the bank, and there was the grand bird beating his death roll in the shallow water. Meantime my companion had gone after the other bird, and after a little search saw him on the ground dodging about behind a clump of brush. It took some time for him to get a shot at it, for the bird would not fly, and persistently kept the bushes between itself and its pursuer. At length, however, it made a false move in its dodging, which cost it its life.

Hanging our birds and fish in the bushes we crossed the river and rode briskly across the wide level valley toward the Kootenay camp, which we soon reached. The first evidence of its proximity was the horse herd of about one hundred head feeding close to the river bank, and as soon as

had passed these we saw numerous trails leading up the bluff. It was not until we were almost upon them, that we saw the lodges standing in a little opening among the cotton-woods. The camp was clean and the people seemed well to do. We saw no men, but numbers of women and small children peered at us out of the lodge doors. The former seemed to me unusually pretty for Indians. Staked out upon the ground were a number of sheep skins, and one that had covered a small black bear, while a large grizzly skin and a dressed moose hide hung from two of the trees whose branches were festooned with bundles of dried sheep meat. We did not dismount from our horses nor speak to any of the people except to a couple of well grown boys, who told us that there were plenty of fish in the creek. Riding down into the water I set up my rod and in a short time had captured half a dozen of the most vigorous and gamy fish that I had yet seen. I should have fished here longer, but the sun was getting low and it was necessary to start for camp.

On the way back we again rode into the dusky grouse and here Appekunny did some very good, and I some very bad, shooting. The birds flew at a tremendous rate of speed in the high wind, and it required quick shooting to stop them before they were out of range. This blue grouse shooting is splendid sport. The birds are large and strong of wing, and get up with a rush and roar that quite equal that of the ruffed grouse. They are abundant here, and I do not doubt that a man with a brace of good dogs could kill on these ridges from thirty to fifty birds a day.

As we were lounging about camp just at dusk, the four Kootenays who had stopped in the morning, rode up and dismounted. They had been hunting on a mountain to the east of the upper lake, and had killed four sheep, the meat of which now hung from their saddles. The news of their success filled me with rage and envy. It was natural enough that the Kootenays should be successful, for they know these mountains well, and are familiar with all the best localities for game; moreover, they are true mountain Indians, and are as much at home on foot among the rocks as in the saddle on the plains. On the other hand, we were almost entire strangers in the country and had to learn everything for ourselves. Before the Indians left us that evening I made overtures to one of them to come the next day and hunt with us. But, although he promised to do so, I felt no very great confidence that he would carry out his agreement. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

AMONG THE SEA ISLANDS.

FROM the St. Johns River extending northward the coasts of Florida and Georgia are composed of low-lying islands. Many of them are mere mud banks overgrown with a heavy marsh grass and dotted with numerous small ponds, the abode of great numbers of waterfowl. Often the creeks that intersect the marsh are so small as to be unnavigable for any craft save the smallest of canoes. There are many, however, that are traversed by large steamers and the view obtained by tourists is both grand and desolate. These are the famed Sea Islands, whose planters grew the noted long staple cotton in the palmy days of slavery when cotton was king.

I had passed through these islands several times on a steamer and determined some day to do so in a small boat, for I reasoned there was sport to be had and an entirely new cruising ground to explore. It was not until last November that my opportunity came and then I could only be away ten days, but I determined to do all I could in that time, and accordingly on the afternoon of the 9th I left Mandarin with a friend, in a twenty-foot catboat, provisioned and otherwise equipped for our long desired cruise.

The thirty odd miles on the St. Johns River, between Mandarin and the entrance to the Sisters Creek, I will pass over without delay. We laid in a few indispensables at Jacksonville and a few more at Yellow Bluff, and arrived at our point of departure from the St. Johns at noon of the second day. We sailed boldly in and at once ran on an oyster bank. Now an oyster bank in use as a reef was at that time a novelty to us. I am proud to state that since that cruise we are in possession of more technical points received from them than any other persons living. Candidly I never ran on so many reefs in a cruise in my life as on this one, and all or nearly all of them were of oysters. The tide was falling and it was necessary to get off at once. We were overboard in a jiffy minus our lower garments except shoes, which we retained to guard against the sharp shells. A few energetic heaves and she slid off and we again filled away. We ran aground many times afterward but also avoided it often by a close watch of the current and avoiding sluggish places. We sighted a stranger fishing from a bateau and inquired concerning the general direction of Nassau Sound. He questioned:

"Goin' to Nassau?"

"Yes."

"Ever bin through befo'?"

"No."

"Well, stranger, I don't reckon you'll ever git thar without a pilot. You'll git lost, and hev ter climb yer mast to git yer bearin's, and when you git up you'll see lots of other fellers up their masts, all lost and trying to find their way out. Take my advice, stranger, and git a pilot. I don't mind taking you through myself for a figger."

We declined, hauled our sheet and continued our voyage.

We found many ducks as we passed through the winding creeks, but all very wild and nearly all flying high. Wirt took a long shot at a passing flock of blue-winged teal, but had no luck. Numerous great blue herons rose from the tall grass on either side, and with an indignant squawk flew off to some less disturbed locality. Once a flock of gannet raised hopes of a shot, but they were too wary. Now we regretted, in language emphatic, our mistake in not bringing a canoe as a tender. Our sail was a warning to all of our approach, and often we saw with disgust a flock of ducks get up from where they had been concealed by a bend in the creek, our sail having started them, while they were invisible from the deck. If we had brought a canoe, one of us would have cautiously preceded the sail boat and no doubt picked up many good shots.

We made Cedar Point about sundown and came to anchor for the night. Our arrangements for comfort and convenience were very fair for a small boat. We had a canvas cabin that was removed and stowed under forward during the day, and which, when in position at night, effectually protected us from dew or rain. We had a mattress which fitted around the centerboard, also an oil stove, which was a necessity in a cruise where we were compelled to camp aboard almost entirely.

The next morning about 8 o'clock we made Fort George inlet, and the tide being strong ebb, we had a long and tedious beat up the reach. We often tacked without gaining ten feet. About noon we came to the "canal," so called because it is a channel dredged out for the Savannah steamers, and is, at low water, not over forty feet wide. Wirt started a flock of ducks by going ashore and plowing through the mud. However, he didn't get a shot, and returned to the boat plastered with mud till it made him tired to carry it and me to see him.

Just as we passed out of the "canal" a strong breeze from the N.E. sprang up, and at the same time we spied a flock of curlew and willet on a mud bank ahead. As we neared them they rose, but one curlew flew near the boat and we secured him. A little further on I saw a yellowleg on a mud flat and ran close to him. Wirt broke his wing, and at the same time the boat stuck fast on the flat. Rather than waste another shot on the snipe I volunteered to go after him. I stripped and waded ashore, and the moment I got out of the water I went into the mud nearly to my waist. Although the yellowleg could not fly he could run, and it was an invigorating spectacle to watch the pursuit. I had a similar experience before, which although not cheerful to recall, I think I will relate, because to an observer it must have been more entertaining than "the greatest show on earth."

We were sailing in a narrow bayou similar to the one spoken of above, Dizzy and I. Dizzy is an Englishman, but in spite of that misfortune is a rare good fellow and without a superior on a cruise. We rounded a point and discovered a rosy spoonbill quietly feeding about one hundred yards to the left. We immediately ran the boat close to shore, and I hastily divested myself of my clothes and, taking a gun, slid overboard and waded ashore. I expected to find mud, and I found it. If there is a muddier spot in the world I'd like to see it—from a distance—out of pure curiosity. I floundered on till finally I fairly stuck fast, in to my waist. Dizzy, in the boat, occupied his time by alternately giving preposterous advice and rolling on the deck in fits of laughter. I wiggled and squirmed till nearly exhausted, and then stood still to rest. I would have liked to sit down, but I couldn't bend my legs. When I attempted to pull one leg out, the other, having all my weight, sank deeper than ever, besides there were a lot of sharp oyster shells in the mud that cut me whenever I made a move. My gun was a nuisance; I could not lay it down in the mud, so I held it aloft and thus lost the use of one hand, while its weight aided to keep me down. I might have been there yet if it had not occurred to me to lie over on my back, and in this way I finally got out, and partly rolling and partly sliding I regained the water. I didn't get the spoonbill.

But to return to the yellowleg. I caught him at last, after falling down several times, which did not improve my personal appearance. I had a cut on one foot from an oyster shell that made me limp for a fortnight. Next time I won't be so stingy with my shells.

The breeze increased till we had all we could attend to, and when we could start our sheets we fairly flew. We soon ran into Nassau Sound, and running across to Amelia Island, we landed on a shell bank to cook dinner. We replenished our supply of water from an old darky's well. The house near by we found belonged to Jim Long. We had dinner ashore, principally broiled snipe. The curlew and yellowleg were fine, but the willet were decidedly fishy. After a smoke we interviewed the Long family. Old man Jim, his wife told us, had "dun gone to Fernandina to trade." As he had taken all the eggs with him, nest eggs as well, we were unable to buy any and we parted.

The wind was dead ahead but the tide was flood and we made good progress. Just before dark we made the head of the sound and anchored under the lee of a bluff, on which we observed several houses. We put up the cabin and produced the remnant of a ham worn to the bone. Coffee, biscuits and jam assisted the ham, and our digestion needed no assistance. Our usual custom was, after putting everything in order, to lie at length and read and smoke until bed time. That night Wirt had nothing to read, and after smoking for some time in silence he suddenly jumped up, thereby upsetting the recently washed dishes which were balanced on the centerboard, and proposed a game of chess.

"How the blazes are you going to play chess without board or chessmen?"

"Play it in your head, of course."

"Yes, certainly, play it in my head, but how about yours?"

"Well, I guess I've got nerve enough to risk it."

"Well, I decline. I've tried it once, and speaking plainly, it wasn't a success. I'll tell you about it."

"Do you remember when Dizzy and I were running the Ever Blue on the river? Well, one night we were coming up with a big freight, and after supper, as we had nothing to do, Dizzy proposed a game of chess. Now, neither of us were experts; but we thought we knew enough to get along, so we started. The first few moves were easy enough, and as soon as I got a chance I ran my queen out and stationed her where she would rake his king if he moved a pawn which stood between them. I was very careful to place her out of danger, and you can imagine my astonishment and indignation when Dizzy announced as his next move, 'Pawn takes your queen.' A dead silence. Presently I inquired sarcastically, 'Pawn take anything else besides the queen?' 'No, only the queen.' 'Had that pawn been moved before?' 'No.' 'Then, how the nation did it take my queen, which was at rook's fourth?' 'It's plain you don't understand chess.' 'Not that kind, certainly.' 'If I had a board I'd show you just how you lost your queen.' 'You might try, but there wouldn't be any money in it.' Just then we came near running down a steamboat, and after it had passed chess was not referred to and we smoked in silence."

Wirt did not press the game of chess, and presently we heard a hail from a boat that was approaching. It came alongside, and two gentlemen invited us to come ashore and spend the evening at their house. We accepted, and "biled up" as much as our wardrobe admitted and they pulled us ashore, where we met several gentlemen and ladies with whom we spent a very pleasant evening. We returned on board about 11 o'clock and at once turned in.

We passed the drawbridge of the "Transit" Railroad early next morning, and at once struck a very heavy sea breeze. First one and then two reefs were put in, and we made Fernandina about 11 o'clock, with everything piled to windward and the lee rail under. At Fernandina we decided to wait for the wind to lull before crossing Cumberland Sound. So Wirt remained to watch the boat while I went up into town and purchased some supplies and some newspapers. About 2 P. M., the wind having fallen to a gentle breeze, we got under way and beat down to the sound, whence we laid our course for Dungeness, our destination.

Cumberland Sound is a beautiful piece of water about four miles long by one and a half in width. Protected from the sea by the southern end of Cumberland Island, it affords a secure and commodious harbor for Fernandina. We anchored off the old plantation of Dungeness about 5 o'clock, and decided not to go ashore that night; but early next morning we hauled in to the wharf, and all the forenoon we wandered over the splendid domain. Dungeness, once the residence and now the last resting-place of Gen. Nathaniel Green, commander-in-chief for a period of the Revolutionary army, is a magnificent plantation. It occupies the southern end of Cumberland Island, and as regards health is probably as near perfection as any spot on earth. The plantation is aisled in every direction with grand old live oak avenues, to which even Bonaventure is not superior. The sea on the east and the sound on the west meet at Fernandina bar and form the island. Recently I learn the New York Yacht Club propose making it their winter headquarters. The choice is a good one. The sound forms a beautiful harbor. The bar is a good one, and it is easily accessible from New York. The quaint little burial plot, where are the graves of Gen. Green and "Light Horse" Harry Lee, are worth a long journey to visit. A more beautiful spot it would be hard to find. The inscription on the stone at the grave of Gen. Lee is brief and simple:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
GEN. HENRY LEE, OF VIRGINIA.
PROBUS OBIT.

Mr. Carnegie has built a large and beautiful mansion on the site of the old structure. The original edifice was square and massive, built of coquina. On a former visit, before the construction of the walls, I counted sixteen rooms, estimated to be 20x40, besides servants' quarters, a fine old mansion and conducted in princely style.

We had a bath in the sea and saw many willet on the shore, but it being Sunday we carried no guns with us. We left Dungeness about noon and drifted to Fernandina and there caught the young flood and drifted to our anchorage for the night, some three or four miles further on.

About 10 o'clock the following morning, still drifting, we passed the residence of the gentleman who had entertained us a few nights previous, and many friendly tokens fluttered on the bluff and were vigorously answered with the rather grimy handkerchiefs of the crew.

At Nassau Sound that evening, through not having any wind we got into an awkward scrape. We were approaching the mouth of Nassau River—the exit from the sound—and were drifting with the ebb. On attempting to enter the river we could not stem the tide, so we worked over to shallow water and both jumped overboard and attempted towing, but the short seas broke so spitefully against the boat we could do but little. Very soon the boat struck on a hard sand bottom and every sea lifted her and pounded her on it again and again. It began to look serious. How long she could stand that sort of thing without opening was uncertain, but not long we felt sure. The sun was setting and we were chilled and numbed by our long towing operations. It would never do to spend the night there. We could not get afloat in deep water, for there was no wind, and the seas breaking against her prevented our attemps to shove off.

Finally just as the sun set a light air came over the marshes and while I kept her head to the seas Wirt climbed on board and got sail on her and she slowly began to make headway. The breeze increased and her pounding grew less and less as we neared deep water, and when she ceased to touch I climbed on board and wrapped a blanket about me, my teeth chattering with cold. We did not attempt to find the channel for the river, it was too dark, but ran about a mile up the source and found a quiet anchorage for the night. Neither of us will easily forget how comfortable a cup of hot coffee made us that night nor the luxury of a pipe afterward. When we tried that exit next morning it was with plenty of wind and some points from Jim Long concerning the shoals.

By this time we realized that as far as shooting was concerned we were not to be surfeited this trip. Ducks then were in plenty but very wild. Curlew and other snipe we met but scattering and the result of numerous long shots was not satisfactory.

We were drifting with the tide one morning—in fact the return trip was nearly all tide work—when we saw, about one hundred yards ahead, two otters playing in the water at the mouth of a small creek. Their skill in the water interested us greatly. They allowed us to get within fifty yards of them, then they dove and we saw them no more.

We made the St. John's River that day at noon, and beacon 17, five miles below Jacksonville, that night. From Yellow Bluff to St. John's mill we had a wholesail breeze and held her to it. Next morning we stopped at Jacksonville and put in a short time at a restaurant, then we hoisted sail for the last time and at four P. M. we came to anchor at Mandarin.

Before I finish let me say if any one wants to cruise through the Sea Islands let him take a catboat of very light draught, and a canoe as small as he can shoot out of, and I advise the summer months as much more suitable for enjoyment. The days are longer and the water is perfect for bathing, and there are a considerable number of snipe in August and very fine fishing. CALUMET.

MANDARIN, Fla.

SALEM, Mass., Dec. 28.—A pileated woodpecker was shot last week at Manchester, Mass. This is a rare Essex county bird. There are some golden eye ducks, mergansers and saddle-back gulls, with an occasional snow owl seen. Some quail and partridges yet left.—X. Y. Z.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XVII. — UNDER TWO FLAGS.

FOR two days and nights we sat housed by the great stoves watching the pipe go round and listening to tales of native sport. Although it was midsummer the fire was a luxury. The cold rain poured steadily from the northeast and men and dogs sought shelter within doors and warmth about the genial hearth. But the next day dawned warm and clear, so we lowered our tents and box of hardware from the loft where they had been stored, and, with the aid of Sabattis, soon had them in the boats at the landing. Before night the canvas was pitched once more under the pines. Whether our camp here should be permanent we were undecided, nevertheless the bedsteads were built and the sleeping arrangements perfected, and the cooking range put in shape for use. A few of the stones in the latter had fallen from their places during the winter, these were reset and the apertures filled with wet clay. The top of the cooking stove was found upon the rock where we had left it on breaking camp last year, and our kitchen was soon complete. Just as we were congratulating ourselves that our camp building was ended, we found that the bundle of blankets and our larder had been left behind. So, after tying up the tents and seeing everything safe, we abandoned camp for the night. It was well that we did, for before we reached the shore a cold wind was blowing up the lake and we were threatened with another storm. It came, but found us snugly fixed by the fire. As darkness came on and we sat listening to the roar on the outside we did not regret our failure in getting settled. We were not afraid of a storm but there was a certain witchery in huddling around the stove and watching the gleams light up the dark corners of the room through the cracks, listening meanwhile to strange stories from the lips of strange men, besides we had enough time at our disposal to vary our experiences as we listed. Our camp was ready for us and we had only to step in and begin its life and were content.

That night the royal mail brought me the FOREST AND STREAM containing an addenda to "Woodcraft," in which, in fit keeping with our camp building of the day, "Nessmuk" paid out on us as follows: "The half hotel, half picnic style of outing most in favor with 'Wawayanda' is no doubt a pleasant way of passing a portion of the heated term. It is amiable in *pater familias* to take his wife and little ones to a green, well-shaded island and give them the benefit of an out-o'-door life for a few days or weeks. In which case a wall tent with flaps and a two-horse wagonload of duffle will be none too much."

We beg to inform the father of the craft, before whom we all are but as dust, that there is as wide a difference between our camps and "the half hotel, half picnic style," as there is between the latter and his own. True, we are advocates of soap and the bath; we do not make our outings occasions in which to test the question as to how long a shirt can be worn without change, and here perhaps the dissimilarity ceases. We can carry our duffle in a single skiff, and no *pater familias* loafs around our camp. That "it requires less labor to outstay a rattler that has taken up quarters in one's bed than to build a bedstead," may be true as a matter of fact; perhaps laziness, like wisdom, is justified of her children when one is in the woods; but why any one should prefer an open brush shanty for a two-months' outing when a tent that will close is obtainable, is something which, in the words of the rider of the Bucktail, we shall never understand. Our query as to how "Nessmuk" managed it with his shanty tent "during a week of storm, when keeping up a fire out of doors," is answered by, "Drive four crotches, lay two cross poles theron, then lay strips of bark or slabs over the fire in such a way as to lead most of the water back of the fire." In other words, build an extra shanty over the fire; if the storm is a driving one, weave in some boughs; if the wind threatens to unroof your kitchen, put on a few slabs; and when it finally falls, repeat a *nunc damit* or two and retire to your other shanty. If you like this better than "a sheet iron contrivance" which weighs three or four pounds, and can be cooked on in wet weather and can be set in or out of the tent as occasion demands, have your sweet will. And it is possible that there may be more enjoyment in going on all fours about a shanty than in having head room in a tent, and that "Woodcraft" was not intended as a guide to "smoothing it," but to roughing it. If so, our criticisms were uncalled for; but we take it that the average outer is bent on living as comfortably as the small, light style of cuting will permit, and that the possibilities are somewhat greater than "Nessmuk" would make them, we appeal to the grand army.

The next day saw us in camp to stay, come what might of cold or storm. Blankets were unpacked, rods unstrapped and jointed, a rough dining table was built in the shade near the range and we were settled. Before midnight another storm was upon us and the rain beat heavily upon the tents until midday. The "sheet iron contrivance" was set in the tent and upon it fried pork, sliced potatoes, coffee and camp bread were soon made ready for breakfast. Then while the rain was still falling we started to break the ice and take the first bass of the season. By the time we were well under way, the rain had ceased, but the lowering clouds hung low over the water. We had taken a hand-made, seven ounce lancewood rod which had done heroic work in its time for the opening, and with a scarlet ibis and Canada fly we made our first cast just around the rocky point which jutted out below the camp. By the time we had reached the island above, six small-mouths of not over a pound each had been landed. At the head of the island we turned to the left and ran over a long shoal which stretched toward the south for four or five hundred feet where we took in two pike of about three pounds a piece. Bravely we moved on, unconscious of the doom awaiting us at the deep water in front. As we reached it there was a dash for the white Canada, a strike, and a doubling of the rod which broke just above the grasp and fell overboard. We had it again in a second, but the fight at the end of the line did not seem to be all that the strike had promised. With a muttered doubt we begin to pull in the slack, the game was gone, no, we felt it again and there was a grand rush for liberty, which weakened suddenly and the prize showed itself alongside. It was a finely fashioned goggle eye of six or eight ounces in weight. Meditatively we reeled up the line and laid the unjointed rod in the bottom of the boat.

There have been occasions where the hour and man have met, and times in which they have failed to connect by a reduced majority; in this latter period our lot seemed to have fallen. But on reflection that many an ardent soul has found pleasure in hunting without a gun, why should we not angle without a rod, line or hook. We turned back and ran over the shoal and then over the greater one off Knapp's Point, rounded Lost Spring Island, and started to make camp by circumnavigating our own island. Midway of the lake bass were leaping over a shoal safe from any lure of ours. Rounding a point, we surprised a crane that was engaged, though with perhaps better success, in the same occupation as ourselves, and which, upon seeing us, fled over the tree tops out of sight. Soon the sun came out warm and bright, the sky cleared, and when we ran into the little bay in front of the tents a shimmer of heat was on the hillside, and we were glad to lay aside our rubber clothing and coat. When dinner was over there was still time to take a run down to the outlet, and we made it in the waning of the afternoon, which was witnessing on the hillside above the fast flitting moments of the life of the young driver Stoness. His house, which stood close by the landing, was deserted and silent, the family had been summoned in haste, that his eyes might rest upon them for once before taking his wingless flight. When we returned to the boat it was dark, and they told us that he was dead. The wail of a young girl was ringing out on the night in a sorrow that refused to be comforted. A kind neighbor or two was bringing the dead man to his home, where, stopping for a moment, we learned that he had been mortally injured by the careless firing of a blast. We could bring nothing of comfort to the afflicted, so we shoved off the boat and slowly moved out of the shadow into the dim starlight upon the lake. We sat long in the open door of the tent, thinking of the silent form lying cold and pale a couple of miles away, with the cry of the girl in her first great grief still ringing in our ears, and we wondered whether, after all, it was not better with the dead than with those he had left behind.

With the warm weather came the mosquitoes to make night hideous, and, on the first night, with the tent flaps open, they came in swarms and filled every corner. A smudge at the door on the windward end checked them somewhat, but as the night wore on and the smudge burned itself out, there was a carnival within which would let no one sleep. We had brought a box of "a preventive," so the label read, "of the bites of mosquitoes, gnats and black flies, something which would not injure the most delicate skin." It might, with perfect safety, have been warranted not to injure or be offensive to the most delicate mosquito, for the celerity with which a well-trained and experienced one would scrape off a spot which seemed promising and sink a shaft was something wonderful. Fortunately, we had in our kit a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and we set to work to compound a preventive of our own. Taking nearly equal parts of this and vaseline, we had a mixture which was clean, would not evaporate and was a complete safeguard against bites. During our outing, through nights of which we slept on the banks of mosquito-haunted inlets and streams without a tent or netting, a slight application to the exposed parts of the person insured us peace. No outer should go into the woods without it.

Through the greater part of the day and night following the rain was rattling upon the tents, with an occasional burst of thunder and lightning. About noon on the day after, it cleared again, and we made our way once more to the outlet, this time to attend the funeral of Stoness. A group of fifteen or twenty were gathered in the small two roomed house, or sitting upon the logs in front. After an hour of waiting, the coffin was brought from the house, and without a pall or other covering was placed in an open wagon, which all followed to the church, where the services and burial were to take place.

It was dark before we pushed off again for camp. We were met at the water's edge by the enemy and our return was a track of blood. The new repellant was in camp, and we fought and slapped our way through the black cloud that hung over the water and enveloped us in a circle of weird music. We charged through the hosts awaiting us at the landing and took refuge in the tents, brought out the smudge pail, which was soon pouring out its incense, while we applied the vaseline and pennyroyal, which soon brought us peace. The hum went on around us, within and without, but we slept undisturbed through it all.

The early morning revealed to our astonished sight one of the chief episodes of our camp. On the island in front, half a mile away, two tents were glimmering through the trees, and a slender column of smoke marked the presence of some seeker after solitude. The presence of a camp, other than our own, upon the lake was a novel sight, and we were in a state of wonderment as to whose and whence it was, and what had prompted its location on this backwoods lake.

However much one may desire solitude, however great the distance which he puts between himself and civilization to secure it, let the hermitical impulse be never so strong within him, his heart will yet yearn for the human and his brain seek the mysterious fellowship of its kind.

The first day, nay the first hour, put us on a footing of firm friendship with our neighbors which flourished through the bright summer days, will survive the chill of winter, and, we fondly hope, will be renewed where next our camp fire burns. The new camp consisted of two veteran anglers and sportsmen, both retired officers of Her Majesty's service. Every trout and salmon stream of note, from the Nepigon to the tributaries of the lower St. Lawrence, had yielded tribute to the Colonel's skill, while the Captain was an expert among the bass, trained to their capture in waters to which they were native. Added to this, he possessed the taste and skill of the artist and his sketch book was adorned with scenes from along the Mediterranean, made in the days when he and the Colonel went a soldiering, and while the memories of Inkerman, Balaklava and Sebastopol were yet living facts to them. Before us hangs a water color of a lonely camp upon a bluff, under the pines, with a stretch of waves in front which are tinged with the glow of the sunset in the sky—a beautiful memorial from the generous captain of our summer home. Many were the evenings which we passed in high discourse over our pipes until midnight was in the sky and the dip of the oars, dying away upon the lake, was the good-night of our returning visitors. And what had brought them to this spot, above all others, in a land set thick with lakes and furnishing the best fishing on the continent? A file of FOREST AND STREAM containing "Camp Flotsam" of last year had been read through the winter and was brought into camp by them to be re-read on the spot, a task which, we venture to assert, was never commenced. However, it may be, it was in this way that it came about that we had neighbors, and that, while the world was rife with rumors that the crescent and the cross were soon again to dash against each other and old civilizations contend with younger born, while the northwest war cloud was still burning out its passions, there on the lonely Canadian lake a spirit of peace was hovering and the cross of England and the banner of the stars waved greetings and farewell across the bay at dawn and dusk, and the Captain's taloo and our response were the daily assurance to each of "all's well."

WAWAYANDA.

SPORTSMAN AND POET.

THE following autobiographical notes, furnished by Mr. Isaac McLellan, are very timely just now, as Mr. McLellan's fourth volume of poems is in press. Very many of our readers will be pleased to have this information about one with whose name they have been so long familiar:

As I have been requested by you to furnish a sketch of my past life, I think I cannot do better than by recalling to mind the names of a few of the distinguished persons with whom, in greater or less degree, I have been associated in early friendships, or in the delights of field sports. Your request is probably prompted to learn a little of my past history as the author of a book on "Rod and Gun, or Sports by Flood and Field," now in press and soon to be issued by Henry Thorpe, of 98 Nassau street, New York.

Prominent in my memory are the names of such true lovers of sport as Daniel Webster, Frank Forester, Genio C. Scott, Wm. P. Porter, Carl Benson, Charles Hallock, S. C. Clarke (my good cousin), Caleb Loring and many others, nearly all of them at rest in the land of silence. In a cottage near the mansion of the former of these men, I passed nearly three years, at Marshfield, Mass., being introduced to that sportsman's home by the illustrious statesman himself. It was then that with plain Nat Delano I sojourned, he being Mr. Webster's favorite boatman and boatbuilder. Mr. Webster in previous years had been an enthusiastic snipe and duck shooter, but increasing bulk and years had forced him to lay aside the gun, and his great solace was in fishing, which was a first-class sport along the sea shores. Mr. W. took no part whatever in the management of his little sloop, saying that he "was a perfect dunce in a boat," but he could safely rely on the skill of Nat Delano. Mr. W. could skillfully steer the ship of State at Washington, but in a heavy storm off Brant Rock and Green River we should much prefer to trust the boat tiller to the management of honest Nat.

I love also to recall the names of other friends and acquaintances as those of N. P. Willis, Holmes, Percival, Benjamin, Sargent and others, and such college associates as Longfellow, Hawthorne, G. B. Cheever, Franklin Pierce, Wm. Pitt Fessenden, John P. Hale, J. S. C. Abbot; Calvin E. Stone, and last but not least, the late Hon. Sargeant S. Prentiss, of Southern celebrity. None of these men, with the exception of the last mentioned, found any charm in the sports with rod and gun. We have roamed, in the bygone years, for hours with Willis among the pine woods of Andover (where we were room mates and members of Phillips Academy), or mooned away the afternoon by the banks of the lonely Shawshene; and I have also loitered through the woods and by the shores of Androscoggin, at Brunswick, Maine, when neither of these two poets would bestow a glance on the flight of the wild pigeons or the sudden splash of the river-fishes with the pleased look of the gunner or angler.

With Willis my intimacy began in childhood and continued to the close of his life. After our graduation at different colleges, and when I had put up my lawyer's shingle in Boston (I being at the same time sub-editor of the *Daily Patriot* and also of the *Evening Gazette*) it was his wont daily to drop into my office, or failing that, it was my custom to visit him in his little room at his father's house, the sanctum where he conducted his monthly magazine.

Our friendship with Longfellow began in college days and continued to the last. We exchanged, during the many years, frequent letters, and I much regret that I have parted with all of them to autograph collectors, yet I can give a brief extract from one written some years since to me by him: "I see you in imagination, tramping with your gun and dogs over the frozen marshes, eager for any birds that have not been wise enough to migrate southward at this season (Feb. 6, 1875). 'Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky,' and the beautiful creatures fall and 'leave their little lives in the air,' meanwhile I sit here by my fire, busy with the reading and making of books; not so healthy a recreation as yours, perhaps, but more congenial to my taste. My old enemy neuralgia sometimes troubles me and then I suffer like Laocoön with his serpents."

A few years after we had graduated, Longfellow, then a professor of Bowdoin College, came to pass a part of his winter vacation with me at my father's house in Boston, and it was our custom, late at night, to retire to our room and there while away the time in chat over college days and in pleasant enjoyment of our cigars at the fireside. At such times he produced from his valise the original MSS. of his "Outre Mer," which he read aloud to me; so that I was the first person to make the acquaintance of his first book. I was greatly delighted with it, and the next day sought to dispose of it to publishers, but all in vain, for they knew not the name of Longfellow. He then went to New York, and on his return informed me that he had disposed of the work to a leading publishing house there.

I was born in the good city of Portland, Me., at about the same time that Longfellow first saw the light. In a few years my father removed to Boston, and at an early age I was sent to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and in due time to Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me. I had the honor, when receiving my first and second degrees, of pronouncing the class poems, and later delivered one before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa.

At about the latter period I published with the eminent houses of Allen & Ticknor and Ticknor & Fields, three volumes of poems and one of foreign travel, which latter I compiled from the letters and manuscripts of a deceased brother, who had traveled in Europe. I then made a visit to Europe myself, and passed nearly two years there, and in Egypt and Palestine, and on my return published in a daily Boston paper a long series of letters descriptive of my travels. On my return home, my tastes were decidedly of a rural turn, and so I tried my hand at farming for a couple of years, and then abandoned such hard labor forever. I much preferred the gun and rod to the plow and hoe, and from that time to this, a period of forty years, I have devoted myself exclusively to the sports of flood and field.

Being a forlorn bachelor with no ties of wife and child to fasten me to one particular spot, I have wandered at will, up and down the land, from forest to prairie, from river to ocean, in full fruition of a sportsman's paradise. Day after day, month after month, year after year, I have proceeded against the bay snipe and the sea fowl, at every good shooting point and bay of the coast, from Scarboro River, in Maine, to Currituck Sound, of Carolina. I have been out in open boat, in the line of the sea fowl shooters at all the rocky points of Massachusetts Bay; have hid in ambush for bay snipe and duck along the mud flats and salt marshes of Shinnecock Bay; have shot from my little sneakbox at the hovering widgeon, teal, black duck, mallard, brant and geese in Barnegat Bay; have had prime sport among the ducks and broadbills of Currituck; have rioted in pickerel

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streams to red-head shooting at Chatauqua Lake; and have
sa jects of i
in the great prairies of Illinois, and by the banks of
s large and Rock rivers have loaded my game bag with the
boils to quail and grouse.

Then at my little bowers I resumed work with the poetic pen, which I had begun to use with Longfellow, at Bowdoin, in contributing to Mr. Bryant's *United States Literary Gazette*. This work of imagination was continued in the hours of rest from the toils of the chase; and so I then devoted myself almost exclusively to descriptions of sport, seeking to transfer to paper the scenes in which I moved, and describing the habits and habitat of the game and fish of forest and waters. Being an ardent admirer of natural scenery and of natural history, I sought to photograph in verse these creatures of nature, and so prepare a volume that I might humbly call a work of natural history.

The fowl shooter sailing over breezy bay or rushing river, the grouse shooter ranging grassy prairies, the quail and partridge shooter tramping over stubble field or penetrating the densest thickets, the angler dropping his line in the brawling brook or casting his flies in pond or river, or seeking in the salt sea tides the schools of bass and bluefish, have all rare opportunities to study the habits and varieties of game and fish, and to become not only sportsmen, but poets and naturalists.

It has been for years our custom to construct a little shanty or bower by the banks of some river or bay, and there enjoy the quiet bliss of the hour and the place. When not watching the waters or the woods, it has been our wont to enjoy our book, or the daily or weekly sportsman's journal, varied with an occasional shot from our revolver at the target, or the fragrant solace of the pipe. At such time and place many of the rod and gun poems which have so often for years appeared, were composed. They were originally written in pencil on blank sheet of a book or on margin of the perused paper, and afterward transferred in ink to letter paper on return to the house. All these were written for my own amusement, without thought of fee or recompense, and if they have contributed anything of pleasure to brother anglers and shooters, then the writer has gained his "exceeding great reward." And now that he has collected in one family group these fugitive children of his imagination, so that they may rest together under the paternal roof of the volume now being erected by those expert builders, Messrs. Thorpe and Green, he hopes that they may be graciously received and kindly welcomed by his beloved brethren of the rod and gun.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

GREENPORT, Dec. 5.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

ARIZONA QUAIL NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Commencing with the 26th of September, in company with my friend, Mr. Heil Hale, I put in a few days collecting in the foothills of the Barboquivari Mountains, one of the boldest and most noted ranges in Southern Arizona. Its highest point is the Barboquivari Peak, a prominent landmark for nearly one hundred miles. With the northern end I was quite familiar, and had in years gone by prospected along the western slope, but never before had I followed down the base of the eastern side.

We entered the Altar Valley at a point about twenty-eight miles southwest of Tucson, followed the valley southward fifteen miles, then turned westward toward the peak, which, over a smooth grass-covered mesa was here distant twenty odd miles. By noon on the 27th we were camped under the shadow of the great rock.

This trip was one that I had long contemplated taking, and while I purposed to collect generally, the newly made known Bob White was the object of my search. It is of this bird, because of its newness, I purpose to make special mention. New to science and to bird men as a whole, but to every old time resident of Southern Arizona it has long been known and recognized as belonging to the fauna of the country.

The first public attention called to this bird was an incidental mention made by me of it in the Arizona *Citizen*, nearly two years since. This was copied in FOREST AND STREAM, and called forth a contradiction by Mr. Ridgwayof the Smithsonian Institution, who denied the existence of an *Ortyx virginianus* in Arizona. This was a surprise to many people here, inasmuch as they, like myself, had till then believed the bird known. On receiving a letter of inquiry from Mr. Grinnell, I forwarded to him such material as was then at my command, an almost perfect skin of a female and portions of wing, breast and tail of a male. These were submitted to Mr. Ridgway and he pronounced them undoubtedly "*Ortyx graysoni*." On this showing Mr. Grinnell, in FOREST AND STREAM of April 24, 1884, announced *Ortyx graysoni* "a quail new to the United States fauna." He at the same time on information furnished by myself, gave the range of the bird in Arizona. "In the country lying between the Barboquivari range in Arizona and the Gulf coast in Sonora, and more especially between the Barboquivari and the Piumosa, this species is quite abundant. They are to be found on the Sonoite, about sixty miles south of Tucson and perhaps thirty miles north of the Sonora line. From the Sonoite valley they can be found to the west for full one hundred miles and through a strip of country not less than thirty miles in width within the territory. Very possibly they may go beyond that both to the eastward and westward." He further said, "The habits of the *Ortyx graysoni*, so far as we know them, appear to resemble very closely those of the common quail, only slightly modified by the conditions of their environments. They utter the characteristic call, 'Bob White,' with bold full notes, and perch on rocks and bushes when calling. They do not appear to be at all a mountain bird, but live on the mesa, in the valleys, and possibly in the foothills."

This account, I am happy to say, has been fully confirmed by patient inquiry and personal investigation. At this point, so far as the public were concerned, the matter rested till August, 1884, when Mr. Frank Stephens, of San Bernardino, California, at that time collecting in Arizona and Sonora, secured a male bird near Lasabe, in the latter State. This skin he loaned to Mr. Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., who, in April, 1885, in the *Auk*, pronounced it a new bird and named it *Colinus ridgwayi*, in honor of Mr. Ridgway, by whom it was, thirteen months previously, said to be *Ortyx graysoni*, and as such it was accepted by bird men without question. I showed a pair of skins, male and female, to Mr. E. W. Nelson, when he was here during the early part of the summer of 1884. The same pair were also seen by Mr. H. W. Henshaw when in Tucson at the beginning of the present year. Neither of them doubted the proper identification of the bird, nor was it doubted by Mr. W. E. D. Scott, who likewise examined them, so reliant were they on Mr. Ridgway's opinion. Mr. Stephens saw them on his return from Sonora, and recognizing in them the same bird as his own, believed that he, too, had taken an *Ortyx graysoni*. Later on he loaned the skin with the stated result.

The "hooded quail" (*Colinus ridgwayi*) was, three years since, abundant in the neighborhood of Bolle's Well, a stage station on the Quijotoa road, near the northern end of the Barboquivari range, 29 miles southwest of Tucson and about 40 miles north of the Mexican boundary line. As the station was then comparatively new, the grass thereabouts was high and these quail could be had for the taking; but now that stock has eaten away the grass, the birds have not, for a year or more, been seen about the place.

On the road from Bolle's Well west to the Coyote range (about 25 miles), these quail were frequently to be met with, but teamsters and travelers have killed or frightened them off. One of the former assured me that he had killed as many as five at one shot. Ten miles south of Bolle's, in the Altar Valley, we came across a small covey—there were, perhaps, a dozen in all. The bright, deep chestnut breast plumage of the males looked red in the sun, and gave the birds a most magnificent appearance. We secured but one, a male, the rest secreting themselves in the tall sacaton grass, which at this point was between four and five feet high, and as we had no dog we did not follow them in. Our next place to find them was on the mesa southeast of the Peak, where we camped to hunt for them, but they were scarce, and we managed to secure but few. I will venture to say that when frightened and scattered they are a hard bird to get. Hear one call, locate it as you may, see one fly and mark it down, and without a dog it is virtually impossible to flush it.

In addition to their "Bob White" they have second call of *hoo-we*, articulated and as clean cut as their Bob White. This call of *hoo-we* they use when scattered, and more especially do they use it when separated toward nightfall. At this hour I noted that, although they occasionally called "Bob White" they never repeated the first syllable, as in the day time they now and then attempted to do. In body they are plumpness itself. In this respect, considering size, they overmatch the Arizona quail (*L. gambeli*) with which I compared them. In actual size of body, however, the latter is the larger. Its plumed head, fine appearance and true gaminess of character are advantages in its favor that will ever make it a favorite with sportsmen.

The base of the Barboquivari range is at intervals broken into immense canyons, which lie at right angles with the main body of of the mountain, and stretch far to the plains below. For a mile or more after leaving the base proper they are filled with an almost impenetrable growth of underbrush, weeds and grass. Lower down, however, they flatten out and largely lose their canyon characteristics, but seldom sufficiently so to be the feeding ground of *Colinus ridgwayi*. To determine this point we worked these canyons for two consecutive days in vain, inasmuch as we failed to see or hear one, other than those on the intervening mesas. Arizona quail (*Lophortyx gambeli*), on the other hand, seem partial to a rough country, where such country is possible with them. In the canyons they swarmed by thousands. In this respect I think them peculiar. On our way out we found them plentiful in the rough passes of the Tucson Mountains, but on the plains beyond and in the Altar Valley they disappeared and gave place to the scaled or blue quail (*Callipepla squamata*). These were likewise plentiful, but they too disappeared almost with the first rise in the mesa. In the canyons, twenty miles above here, we, as elsewhere stated, again met with the Gambels, but we found none of the scaled quail until we again returned to the valley. Between the feeding grounds of these two birds I never saw a line more clearly drawn. In this respect they differ from the *ridgwayi*, which were found both in the valley and on the mesa.

Another noticeable feature was the difference in plumage, which was most marked. The Bob White and scaled quail were yet in moult to a degree that rendered it difficult to make good skins, while the Arizona quail were in full plumage. An explanation of this I would like to see from some one more familiar with bird life than myself. I found some difference in the food of the different species. I examined the stomachs of probably a dozen birds, among which were three Bob Whites. No. 1 contained a species of mustard seed, a few chapparal berries, and some six or eight bugs and beetles, ranging in length from a half inch down to the size of a pin-head. No. 2 was similarly provided, but had in lieu of the mustard seed a grasshopper fully an inch in length. These two were taken on the mesa. No. 3 was taken in the valley, and contained about twenty medium-sized red ants, several crescent-shaped seeds, and a large number of small fleshy green leaves. The stomachs of the Arizona quail were filled pretty much alike, all that I examined having been taken from the same feeding ground. Hackberries and crescent-shaped seeds made up almost the sum total of their living. In one only did I find much insect life, and it appeared to have struck a bonanza of little bugs. I opened the stomach of but one scaled quail. It contained seeds and about a dozen bright red cactus berries. Later on I will more thoroughly examine into this matter of food.

The breeding season of the scaled quail must be more prolonged than either of the others, for I saw one brood of probably twenty that was not more than ten days or two weeks old. Of the other two species all seemed fully grown. Among the Arizona quail the males outnumbered the females, it seemed to me, at least five to one, or even more than that. There is a possibility that the females may have kept more to the brush than did the males, and consequently were less exposed to the gun of the collector, but this can hardly be, inasmuch as we closely examined large bunches of quail on the outside with the same result.

The investigations above detailed make it appear clear to me that in this vicinity the common form of *Colinus*, hitherto referred to as *Colinus graysoni*, is really *C. ridgwayi*. Whether the former species also occurs can only be determined by further examination of a wide range of country. This I hope to be able to undertake at some future day.

HERBERT BROWN.

TUCSON, Arizona, Oct. 30, 1885.

EXPERIENCE WITH SAVAGE DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The item, "A Pet Deer on the Rampage," in your issue of Dec. 10, reminds me of the story of a "scrimmage" with a wounded buck once told me by the survivor, as we lay at full length on our blankets, spread upon a thick bed of fragrant balsam boughs, and with our feet stretched toward a blazing pile of hardwood logs, while we rested after a hard day's snowshoing in a forest on the south shore of Lake Superior. Having finished our frugal, but abundant, meal of camp bread, bacon and tea, and the pipes lighted, story telling was in order.

"Speakin' o' wounded deer fitin'," said S——, a veteran woodsman, explorer and hunter, "did I ever tell you o' the buck I shot with a maple stick?"

"No, I don't think you ever did. Let's have it."

For a few moments S—— looked into the glowing fire at his feet and puffed vigorously at his pipe, while he seemed to see again, through the fragrant smoke and in the living coals, the encounter he was about to describe. The others, knowing his way, smoked in silence until he began:

"It war in 1867, in Muskegon county, Lower Peninsula. I war living there then. One day I went out to look for a lost ox, and, o' course, took the ole gun along. It warn't one o' these yer pumps, sech as we use now days, with which ye kin pump a deer full o' lead in a minnit; but it war the best ole muzzleloader I ever see. It carried 'bout sixty to the pound, an' when I drawed a bead on anythin' alive it war 'most allus my meat. After bein' out till noon an' seein' no game 'cept patridges, an' lots o' them, I thought I mout's well take home a mess o' birds, so I commenced poppin' 'em over whenever I got a good chance at their heads. I kep' this up till I found I only had one bullet left, an' that I tho't I'd keep until I got near home. As I war on the way home, I kem to a small lake, an' as I looked over it I see a big buck wadin' across a shallow place in the water. It war a pretty long shot, but I hed made longer with the ole gun, so I banged away. The buck stopped, an' I could tell by the way he acted that he war hit. I got back in the woods an' crawled toward him, an' thar he stood, lookin' all aroun', not knowin' yet where the shot kem from. As I got nearer I saw that he war bleedin' good, but I war afraid he'd git away. I hed plenty o' powder but no lead. Finally I thought o' the way I'd seen 'em stun pigs 'fore stickin, 'em, by shootin' 'em with a wooden plug an' a small load o' powder, an' I thought ef I put a long plug an' a big load o' powder in the old gun mebbe I could down him. I laid low an' whittled a green maple sprout down to fit the gun an' cut it off 'bout six or eight inches long an' put 'bout three inches o' powder in the ole gun, put on a patch jest as though it war a bullet, an' rammed my stick down an' put on a cap. Then I raised up an' took a look at the buck. He war sick an' stood still yet, but he war too fur away fer my wood bullet, so I waded out toward him, ready to shoot ef he should start to run. But he only looked at me, an' once in a while he'd shake his head or stomp his foot in the water, which was only 'bout knee keep. I kep' a walkin' up until I war 'bout fifty feet away, an' then I aimed fer his neck an' blazed away. Well, sir, 'fore I got the gun away from my shoulder that buck hed me on his horns a swashin' me around in the water so't I thought he war goin' ter bail the lake out with me. It didn't last but a minnit, an' it didn't need ter, ter make me think the air was full o' bucks an' water. Then he fell with his head in the water, an' me on top, an' in a minnit more he were dead. He had bled so much that he war 'most dead when I fired the last time, an' it war just as well fer me that he war, fer it war the almightiest hustlin' ever I got, an' if a dead buck kin shake a man up like that I don't want no truck with a live one at short range." After a pause, "An' I never hit him with the wooden plug."

JAY EMELL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Something in the paper concerning the viciousness of tame deer reminds me of an encounter of my father and a cousin of his, with a tame doe. My father was about fourteen, his cousin four years or so younger, when one "Fifth Day" after Friends' Meeting, my grandfather sent them to a field in sight of the meeting house to get a clevis that had been left on a stump. While going or coming the deer attacked them, rearing up and striking with her forefeet. She made at the younger boy first and knocked him down, when my father's lusty cries for help drew her attention to him. He had the presence of mind to fall face downward, and after thumping him on the back a few times, the doe renewed her attack upon the smaller boy, who was too much frightened to guard himself at all, and was quite seriously hurt before my father's shouts brought a party of stout Quakers to the rescue.

Uncle Byrd, cousin Tom's father, presently "sot down and wrote a letter" to Martin Shellhouse, the owner of the doe, that caused sentence of death to be passed upon her and speedily enforced. I was not there and it happened some years further back than my recollection runs, about 1810, but I was well acquainted with my father, and have no doubt of the truth of the story, which he circumstantially narrated to me several hundred times during my boyhood.

AWAHSOOSE.

HARE AND OTTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While hunting caribou in the Laurentian Mountains, north of this, a few days ago, on approaching one of the numerous lakes that abound in that range I observed a hare crossing a bay at a distance of 300 or 400 yards from where I stood, running at the top of its speed. While watching the hare I observed at some distance behind it an animal which I at once took to be an otter, from its appearance when it sat up on the ice, as it did the moment I noticed it, having no doubt heard my man calling my attention to the hare. This man, who has passed most of his life in these woods, immediately exclaimed, "Une loutre" (an otter). On my firing at it, it started again in the same track the hare had taken, making quick, clean jumps, and covering at each about the same space as the hare had done. Another shot from my rifle and the animal took its back track and disappeared in the woods whence it had come in pursuit of the hare. What I want to know from yourself or any of your correspondents is, do otters chase or capture hares, or would they eat a hare? If not an otter, what animal would it probably be? It was not a black fox.—H. R. (Montreal).

LIVE ELK AND ANTELOPES.—A Wyoming correspondent writes us: "I have a live male elk, very tame, and a nice pet. It will follow me anywhere and eat anything. I have also two live antelopes; they are very gentle, and make interesting pets. All are sound, hearty and thrifty." We believe that these are for sale.

THE BAILEY COLLECTION OF EGGS.—This splendid collection of the nests and eggs of North American birds is now in process of arrangement on the top floor of the American Museum of Natural History. It will be remembered that this collection was purchased from Mr. E. H. Bailey by Mr. M. K. Jesup, and by him presented to the museum. The price paid was said to be about $4,000. There are about 7,000 specimens, which will be displayed to the best advantage when the collection is finally opened to the public. In many respects the display, it is said, will be very interesting and quite unlike anything hitherto seen here. A part of the plan in arranging the eggs is to have the male and female bird mounted on boughs of the trees or shrubs mostly resorted to by the species, and whatever may illustrate the life and habits of the bird, including a plainly printed label, giving the more important facts. When completed this collection will be fully appreciated, and its usefulness in teaching young naturalists will be great, as the specimens, being scrupulously identified, will serve the important purpose of examples, with systematic nomenclature for purpose of comparison. The exhibition will not be open to the public before spring.

ALBINO RUFFED GROUSE.—We were shown a few days since a curious and beautiful albino ruffed grouse, brought to this office by Mr. Joseph E. Case, of Flemington, N. J. At a little distance it looks like a pure white bird, but a close inspection shows it to be the palest possible shade of gray and the characteristic markings of each feather are still to be seen. The specimen was shot about Dec. 1 by P. Skillman, in Tunkhannock, Pa. The head was shot off and it has been necessary to put on the bird another head of the ordinary brown color. The bird was mounted by Wallace in excellent style, and makes a beautiful and interesting specimen.

HORNS OF THE FEMALE CARIBOU.—New York, Dec. 24. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Some little time since there was considerable argument regarding antlers on female caribou. I have just returned from the woods near to the Restigouche River, Bonaventure county, Province of Quebec, where I have been hunting with "Globe Sight," of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, for the past few weeks, and have on exhibition at No. 952 Sixth avenue for a few days, a splendid specimen of female barren ground caribou with antlers.—LAWSON B. BELL

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

GUIDING VERSUS HUNTING.

THE sportsman who desires to know what his chances for the future are, can find their index in our great markets. It is interesting to follow these markets. Boston, the "dumping ground," concerning which market so much has been written, is not getting the usual quantity of game. Now this is something to be glad about, good readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. There is no lack of energy on the part of the game dealers, but gradually guides and gunners are finding that market hunting does not pay. Besides the thorough obedience to the game non-transportation law of Maine, New Hampshire and New Brunswick, by the sensible railroad and steamboat officials, has cut off the supply of game from the North surprisingly small. It is mainly the West that the sportsman now has to tremble for. A few quail are coming, ostensibly from the West, and probably they do so come in nine cases out of ten. Some fifty boxes were received here yesterday, but there is nothing like the 200,000 which were in store here two years ago; and if we may believe the receivers, they are not on the way. Of ruffed grouse but very few indeed have come to this market—"Scarcely enough to make a show of having any," as a prominent dealer remarked to-day. Prairie chickens have been more plenty than partridges, but hardly more than half of former seasons thus far. The low prices received for them and the high cost of freights discourage the Western shippers—so the marketmen say—and as for those who shoot the birds their pay is merely nothing.

Yesterday fifty saddles of vension were received from Minnesota, the first large shipment to this market this season. These saddles, enveloped in the hides, brought $18 per cwt., laid down in the market here—too good a price, for it may encourage the shippers. But after all the hunter got but very little for this venison. The freights and cartages count nearly $3 per cwt., besides there are commissions and dealers, profits to be deducted. It is hardly probable that the hunter got more than $5 apiece for the deer he killed. If the Western railroads looked upon the game of the regions they penetrate with the good sense of Superintendent Tucker of the Maine Central—as sources of wealth to his road from future summer travel—they would refuse to forward game from the fast depleting Western States.

As an instance of how poorly the hunter who kills the game is paid, a single caribou shipped to this market last month may be mentioned. The specimen, a fine one, came from Lincoln, Maine. He came secreted in a car-load of potatoes, else the railroad officials would not have taken him. It was mentioned that the animal was dragged by hand six or eight miles through the woods to the vicinity of a team, then carted 15 miles to the railroad. Very cautiously he had to be smuggled into the potato car, and after reaching Boston the carcass minus the entrails, sold for ten cents per pound. The horns, a fine pair, very slender and smooth, were knocked off in transit, and disappeared.

Guiding numerous city sportsmen after this caribou—who never would get him—say 100 days at $2.50 per day, would have paid the hunters much better. The more intelligent hunters are beginning to see through the problem. Put the FOREST AND STREAM, for six numbers, into any hunter's hands, provided he can read, and he turns from hunter to guide. In the one case he follows often imaginary moose, caribou and deer, with a would-be sportsman who feeds him well and houses him with the best there is. Besides, his pay is sure—game or no game. In the other case, he follows the animal perhaps for days; hungry, cold and often alone. If he kills his prey, then comes "a terrible lug," without which there is no reward. "No more market hunting for us," say the hunters who are beginning to be informed, "but give us plenty of guiding." The sportsmen say, amen! Verily, does not this solve the problem of game depletion? SPECIAL.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

WHEN I read the delightful graphic account of the manner in which "Mississippi Lowlands" killed his first deer, memory carried me away back nearly a quarter of a century to the time when, a raw youth just released from the thraldom of the desk, I plunged into the free-and-easy backwoods life of Vancouver Island. The golden glitter of Cariboo had dazzled many a green young Britisher and tempted him to try his luck in the far west. A goodly share of these unsophisticated individuals landed in Victoria in the winter of '62, months too early to accomplish anything in the direction of reaching their El Dorado. Being one of the number, I made up my mind to inure myself to prospective hardships by passing the winter in Cowichan with an old friend, who had preceded me by a few months and who had pre-empted a piece of land there. After a trip by land and water of forty or fifty miles, I found S. snugly housed with his next neighbors, a pair of sturdy Englishmen, whose name, to all who know them, is still a synonym for hearty hospitality and sterling worth. The brothers' cabin was literally packed with incoming settlers who had not yet been able to build homes of their own, and prominent among these was a Scotch Canadian, usually known as "Tam," an odd mixture of cynicism and good nature, and passionately fond of hunting.

Tam and I struck up a warm friendship from the start, and when I confided to him my keen longing to kill a deer, he sympathetically voluntered to lend me his beloved Kentucky for a day's hunt, an offer which was of course gladly accepted. As I was utterly unaccustomed to the use of a rifle, he carefully explained the action of the triggers, the style of sighting, the correct method of loading and so on, till I was quite satisfied that I knew it all. He then started me up the mountain whose lower slopes ran down to the settlement, cheering me with the parting remark that I need not be afraid of getting lost, for "any fool could tell whether he was traveling uphill or down." I had climbed steadily upward for probably half an hour, and was on a sharp backbone bordered by deep ravines, when a forked buck started from his bed sixty or seventy yards away, and stood, broadside on, calmly surveying me. Till that supreme moment I had thoroughly understood everything connected with the management of the rifle, for, to tell the truth, I had made assurance doubly sure by experimenting a little on the way up. But now, alas!, the delirium of buck fever had firm hold on me, and, no matter what I did with that devoted weapon, I could not make it go off. That's exactly where it differed from the buck, for, after gazing pityingly at my fruitless efforts, and apparently disgusted at the idea of wasting his precious time on a tenderfoot, he turned tail and went off up the ridge in fine style. Under the circumstances I thought his example a very excellent one to follow, so I turned tail also and struck for home, completely crestfallen, and dreading the roasting that awaited me. The boys were merciful, however, and let me down easily, the bitterest pill of all being Tam's curt refusal to let me have anything more to do with his rifle, until I had practiced for a time with a shotgun. I am strongly inclined to think that in Tam's eyes my vile handling of his darling had somehow brought discredit on her, for he instantly emptied her at a mark and gave her a thorough overhauling inside and out, as if to wipe away the unmerited disgrace I had inflicted upon her.

During the following week S. and I were engaged in splitting rails and making preparations for the erection of his cabin, the scene of our labors being probably three-quarters of a mile from our temporary home. Every evening, just before quitting work we used to chop down a fir or two, and every morning we would notice that deer had been browsing on the mossy branches. This suggested to S. the idea of an early morning visit on my part with every probability of getting a shot. He had a handy single-barreled gun, throwing ball tolerably well, and, seeing that Tam's rifle was unavailable for the present, he offered me the use of it. Just at dawn of a drizzly day he handed me the gun, carefully loaded by himself and warranted therefore to be O. K. He pooh-poohed the notion of taking any extra ammunition, as I would be able to get a close enough shot to make sure work. On the previous evening we had mapped out my course, and had fixed on a giant fir from which I was to shoot. Having reached its foot I waited a moment or two to steady myself and then, when I peeped past its gnarled trunk, my heart thumped and banged enough to take my breath away, for, browsing on the bait we had felled, were a fine buck and a couple of does. I can never forget the noble sight he presented when, half-conscious of an intruder, he raised his antlered head and gazed inquiringly in my direction. A brief space I stood with the cocked gun rested against the side of the tree, my finger on the trigger, ready to shoot. Well can I remember that, even in the ardor of my longing, there flashed across me a pang of compunction at the thought that another instant would end the life-course of the beautiful animal. Shaking off the unworthy weakness, I took deliberate aim behind his shoulder, pressed the trigger, and down came the hammer—clink. He gave one startled jump and stopped. Hardly able to hold the gun from excitement, I raised the hammer again, pulled again, and—clink—again. Away bounded the buck and his companions into the underbrush, leaving me, like Lord Ullin, lamenting. I am afraid that lamenting was succeeded by something suspiciously akin to upbraiding when an examination into the cause of my disappointment revealed the fact that my infallible friend had neglected to put a cap on the nipple.

Piqued by adverse Fortune, I determined to kill a deer in spite of the fickle goddess, so I started off the next morning for a quiet hunt, being particular this time to have a cap on the nipple. Part of the land which S. had taken consisted of a thick, swampy bottom much frequented by deer, and skirted by a gentle sloping ferny ridge. While traveling along this slope I saw a doe leisurely get up and stretch herself. Taking careful sight at the spot where I supposed her head to be, I fired, and simultaneously with the crack of the gun she fell. Was there ever a prouder or more delighted youngster in the world? I threw my cap heavenward and gave vent to my overcharged feelings in a lusty "hurrah." Scarcely had the triumphant sound escaped my lips before that provoking animal had struggled to her feet and was beginning to make off, slowly at first, but gaining strength by rapid degrees till at last she backed out of sight as briskly as if she had never been touched. Down went the corners of my mouth; the heart that had been light as a feather a minute before felt as heavy as lead, and I turned my steps homeward profoundly impressed with the futility of bucking against fate. I had a flickering hope that, on hearing my tale, Tam might be moved to remove the embargo from his rifle, but on throwing out a gentle feeler, the only consolation I got was, "Come down to buckshot, my lad."

A few days later, Tam and S. arranged to ha near a creek flowing by the outskirts of the settle by Mr. magnanimously gave me permission to join them. Mr. M paring for the great event I took Tam's advice an me down to buckshot. To avoid any difficulty that might arise from the extreme likelihood of my being lost in the bush, they instructed me to keep close to the bank of the stream, a course which I followed so faithfully that I might certainly claim to have emulated that famous character whose remarkable exploits in a bramble-bush have been immortalized in the familiar nursery rhyme. However, if my flesh and clothes were lacerated, my conscience was not, for I had very literally obeyed orders, even at a slight sacrifice of common sense. After toiling along for a considerable time through brake and brier, a distant yelp announced that a fourth and uninvited party had joined the chase in the person of a mongrel cur remarkable beyond his fellows for a ravenous appetite and a mania for disobedience. As his frequent and nearing barks warned me he was on the track of a deer and was driving it toward me. I had just reached the edge of a little clear space in the woods, and was waiting in the shade of a clump of firs when the hunted deer came bounding across the opening. As he was passing me about forty yards off I let him have the load of buckshot, but without any perceptible effect, for he never swerved, but ran down the bank of the creek. When the dog came along on the track he followed into the creek bed and crossed it, but failed to pick up the scent on the other side. He tried it again and again but without success, till at last, being completely baffled, he gave it up as a bad job. While I was looking for sign S. came up, and instantly plunged into the water and hauled out what Tam was careful to inform us was the most diminutive specimen of the deer family he had seen in Vancouver Island woods, but what cared I for that? As home is home no matter how humble, so a deer is a deer no matter how small, and my luck had turned at last. When we had skinned and dressed the prize, S. proudly pointed out the hole in the heart where the buckshot had done its deadly work, while Tam, who had been examining the skin, calmly inquired, "Oh! man, do you use only one buckshot in your gun?" But then Tam was doubtless jealous, for notable hunter as he was, he had failed to score. I regret to say that the four-footed cause of my success afterward came to an untimely end through his inability to restrain his passion for eggs. R. M. C.

CACHE CREEK, B. C.

THE VEST BILL.

FOLLOWING is the text of the bill (S. 101) introduced into the Senate on Dec. 8, 1885, by Mr. Vest, read twice and referred to the Committee on Territories:

A BILL to amend sections twenty-four hundred and seventy-four and twenty-four hundred and seventy-five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, setting apart a certain tract of land lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River as a public park.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park, as now fixed by section twenty-four hundred and seventy-four of the Revised Statutes, shall hereafter be as follows: Beginning at a point on the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude where said parallel is intersected by the meridian of one hundred and eleven degrees west longitude; thence due east to a point five miles from the eastern boundary of the park as now established; thence due south five miles; thence due east to the meridian of one hundred and nine degress and thirty minutes west longitude; thence due south along said meridian to the forty-fourth parallel of north latitude; thence due west along said parallel to its point of intersection with the meridian of one hundred and eleven degrees west longitude; thence due north along said meridian to the place of beginning; and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to cause an accurate survey to be made of the boundary lines of said Park as established by this act, said survey to be recorded in the offices of the surveyor-general and Commissioner of the General Land Office of the United States, as provided by law.

SEC. 2. That all of the territory embraced within the limits of the Park as herein established shall be reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States; and said territory so set apart shall be under the control of the Secretary of the Interior, and subject to all the provisions of sections numbered twenty-four hundred and seventy-four and twenty-four hundred and seventy-five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, except as herein otherwise provided.

SEC. 3. That the Secretary of the Interior shall make and publish such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary and proper for the management and care of the park, especially for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities, or wonderful objects within said park, and for the protection of the game animals found in the Park, to prevent their capture or destruction. He shall cause all persons trespassing upon the Park to be removed therefrom, and shall take all measures which he may think necessary to carry out the purposes of this act; and the Secretary of War is hereby directed to make such detail of troops as the Secretary of the Interior, with the approval of the President, may require for the purpose of preventing trespassers or intruders from entering the Park with the object of destroying the game therein, or other illegal purposes, and for removing such persons from the Park.

SEC. 4. That the killing, wounding, or capturing at any time of any buffalo, bison, moose, elk, deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, antelope, beaver, otter, martin, fisher, grouse, prairie chicken, pheasant, fool-hen, partridge, quail, wild goose, duck, eagle, magpie, swan, heron, sparrow, robin, meadow lark, thrush, goldfinch, flicker or yellowhammer, blackbird, oriole, jay, snowbird, or any of the small birds commonly known as singing birds, is prohibited within the limits of said Park; nor shall any fish be taken out of the waters of the Park by means of seines, nets, traps, or by the use of drugs or any explosive substances or compounds, or in any other way than by hook and line. Any person violating these provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined for each offense not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment for not more than three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment. Possession within the said Park of the dead bodies or any part thereof, of any of the animals or birds hereinbefore mentioned shall be *prima facie* evidence that the person or persons having the same are guilty of violating this act. Any person or persons, or stage, express or railroad company, receiving for transportation any of the animals, birds or fish named herein, knowing or having reasonable cause to believe, that such animals, birds or fish were killed or captured in violation of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall forfeit and pay for every such offense the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, to be recovered by a proceeding in the nature of an information before any territorial or United States district court, within whose jurisdiction such offense was committed; and it shall be the duty of the district attorney of the United States for such Territory or district to institute and prosecute said proceeding in the name of the United States, the amount collected from the party offending to be paid into the Treasury of the United States.

SEC 5. That the Secretary of the Interior may lease small portions of ground in the Park, not exceeding ten acres in extent for each tract, on which may be erected hotels and the necessary out-buildings, and for a period not exceeding ten years; but such lease shall not include any of the geysers or other objects of curiosity or interest in said park, or exclude the public from the free and convenient approach thereto, or include any ground within one-quarter of a mile of any of the geysers or the Yellowstone Falls; nor shall any hotel or other buildings be erected within the park until such lease shall be executed by the Secretary of the Interior; and all contracts, agreements or exclusive privileges heretofore made or given in regard to said park, or any part thereof, inconsistent with this act, are hereby declared to be invalid; nor shall the Secretary of the Interior, in any lease which he may make and execute, grant any exclusive privileges within said park except upon the leased ground.

SEC. 6. That the President shall appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a commissioner, who shall reside at Mam-

but the springs, in said park, and who shall have jurisdiction to determine all complaints made of any and all violations of a vital sp[illegible]nd regulations made by the Secretary of the Interior for care to ument of the park and the protection of the game and objects of interest therein. He shall have the power to issue process, in the name of the United States, for the arrest of any person charged with the commission of any misdemeanor within the park, and to summarily try the person so charged, and, if found guilty, to fix the punishment as in the next section provided. The said commissioner shall also have power to issue process, as hereinbefore provided, for the arrest of any person charged with the commission of any felony within the park, and to summarily hear the evidence adduced; and if he shall determine that probable cause is shown for holding the person so charged for trial, he shall cause such person to be safely conveyed to a secure place of confinement within the jurisdiction of the United States District Court nearest and most accessible to the park, and shall certify the record of his proceedings in the case to said district court, which court shall have jurisdiction of the case and proceed therein as provided in chapter eighteen, title thirteen, and chapter three, title seventy, of the Revised Statutes of the United States, the punishment inflicted to be the same as prescribed in the last-named chapter for like felonies. All process issued by the commissioner shall be directed to the superintendent of the park, who, with his deputies or assistant superintendents, shall have the same power to execute the same as is vested in the marshals and deputy marshals of the district courts of the United States for the execution of writs from said courts. The forms and proceedings had before said commissioner shall conform, as near as may be, to the forms and proceedings in criminal cases before commissioners appointed by the courts of the United States as now provided by law; and the said commissioner shall receive the annual salary of one thousand two hundred dollars, to be paid quarterly, as in the cases of judges of territorial courts for the respective Territories.

SEC. 7. That all costs and expenses arising in cases under this act and properly chargeable to the United States shall be certified by the commissioner of the Department of Justice, and, if approved by the proper officers of that Department, shall be paid as other such costs in the United States courts. The violation of any regulation made and published by the Secretary of the Interior in regard to the control and management of the Park, and the protection of the game and property therein, is hereby declared to be a misdemeanor, and the party convicted shall be punished for each offense by a fine of not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars, and be committed until such fine is paid, or by imprisonment for not more than three months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 8. That the Secretary of the Interior shall cause to be erected in the Park a suitable building to be used as a jail, and also an office for the use of the commissioner, the cost of such building to be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, upon the certificate of the Secretary as a voucher thereof.

SEC. 9. That the Secretary of the Interior shall appoint a superintendent of the Park, who shall be paid an annual salary of two thousand dollars, and fifteen assistants, who shall each be paid nine hundred dollars; and it shall be the duty of said superintendent and his assistants to reside continuously in the Park, and to protect the game and public property, to preserve the peace, and prevent crime; and for this purpose they shall have power to arrest all persons committing any crime or misdemeanor within the park, and shall also have all the powers and duties conferred by law upon the marshals and deputy marshals of the district courts of the United States: *Provided*, that the power hereby conferred shall be exercised only within the limits of said park, and in conveying persons arrested for felony to the United States district court nearest and most accessible to the park: *And provided also*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as preventing United States marshals or officers of State or Territorial courts from serving within the territory of the park any writ or process issued by lawful authority: *And provided also*, That no timber in said park shall be cut, either for building purposes or for fire-wood, except by the permission, in writing, of the superintendent of said Park, specifying the place at which said timber may be cut, and the quantity thereof.

SEC. 10. That the Secretary of War shall detail an officer from the Corps of Engineers whose duty it shall be to survey and lay out suitable roads in said park and select the proper location for bridges therein; and the Secretary of War shall, upon the report of said officer, make annual estimates for the cost of such improvements, and communicate the same to Congress, with such other recommendations in regard to the Park as he may deem proper; and all sums received by the Secretary of the Interior from rents in the Park, or arising from fines or forfeitures for violations of the laws and regulations made for the government of said Park and protection of the game and public property therein, shall be applied to the improvements hereinbefore mentioned; and the officer or officers collecting said fines and forfeitures shall pay the same to the Superintendent of the Park to be accounted for by him to the Secretary of the Interior.

SEC. 11. That all leases, contracts, rules and regulations made or issued by the Secretary of the Interior, as herein provided for, shall be subject to the approval of the President.

SLEEPING BAGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed several allusions, at different times, in the FOREST AND STREAM, to sleeping bags for extremely cold camping, and would like to get some idea as to their dimensions, form, material, and as to what I will find the most comfortable and convenient thing to take along for sleeping in on a midwinter hunt. The intention is for five of us, who have hunted together every fall for a number of years, to start from this place at some time in January, driving back as far as practicable, and then snowshoe it over into the Cold River region, or wherever we can find any panther, and if we can find any, give them a twist. If any signs are found in that region, and it is about as promising as any we have heard of, we shall probably build a camp and hunt from that as headquarters. I know that a good many hardships, in the way of cold weather, etc., will have to be undergone, and anything that can be done to lessen them and render the trip more comfortable I want to do.

W. C. W.

PORT HENRY, N. Y.

[The sleeping bags in question are very simple and easily made. They are usually oval and oblong and the ordinary size is six and seven feet in length by three or four wide. The bag should be double, the inner one being of the skin selected, and the outer of canvas, duck or drilling. The two should be sewed together around the top and at the corners at the feet. A stout string—tape or cotton cord—should run around the opening of the bag so that if he desires to do so, the occupant can tie the bag tight about his throat. A sleeping bag is an enormous addition to one's comfort in cold weather, and the only objections we have ever heard urged against them is that when the weather is not very cold they are too warm for comfort. Obviously the reply to this is that one need not sleep in his bag in warm weather, but can spread it under him and cover himself with as few or as many blankets as may suit him. The choice of a skin for the inner bag may present some difficulties. Blanket is sometimes used, but it is not nearly so comfortable nor so warm as fur. The skin should be light and dressed very soft, and should at the same time be well furred. Buffalo is too heavy, caribou skin is highly recommended and would be admirable we imagine in very bitter weather. Lynx is light and well furred. One of the best of the bags that we have seen was made from a number of small skins, apparently of dog. We think that woodchuck skins in good fur would make a capital bag. It would be well in making a bag for use in an open camp where one may have to sleep close to the fire, to have the canvas or duck which forms the outer envelope, dressed with some preparation which would make it fireproof. Most of those who have camped in this way will remember how often they have had their blankets burned by sparks which snap from the fire during the night, and as canvas might catch from a spark and smoulder a long time, the bag might easily be ruined—the outer covering being burned and the skins scorched.]

"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Continued from page* 430.)

Stevens .32 R. F.

This weapon is a sample of the old-time Stevens rifle, using a rim-fire cartridge with small charge of powder. It was, in fact, the same cartridge used in the Remington .32 R. F. weapon, and the same weighing up of charges and bullets hold as in that arm, the powder running 11.9, 12.4



and 12.2 grains, while the bullets were 88.6, 88.9 and 88.7 grains. The powder was in fine condition, and the bullets had three grooves. The ammunition was of U. M. C. Co. make. The weapon weighed, complete, 8 pounds 9½ ounces, while the barrel alone weighed 4 pounds 2 ounces. The weapon was numbered 14,302, and had a 30-inch octagonal barrel. There were six grooves of uniform twist, having one turn in 20 inches.

The trial at 200 yards was made on Oct. 1 at 11 o'clock in the morning, with the wind coming from the 7 o'clock quarter at ten miles per hour. The barometer recorded 30.120 inches, the dry thermometer 78° and the wet-bulb thermometer 65.4°, showing a dew point of 56.2 and the atmospheric humidity at 47 per cent. The trajectory heights stood:

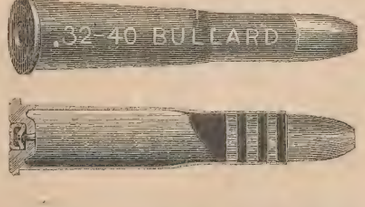
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
2	12.718 in.	18.019 in.	13.876 in.
3	12.852 in.	18.079 in.	14.193 in.
4	12.439 in.	17.698 in.	13.583 in.
5	13.312 in.	18.562 in.	14.341 in.
7	12.622 in.	17.735 in.	13.645 in.
Average...	**12.788** in.	**18.018** in.	**13.927** in.

At 100 yards the test came on Oct. 10, about 9:15 in the morning, with the barometer standing at 30.320, the dry thermometer 58° and the wet-bulb thermometer at 52°, indicating a dew point of 46 and a humidity of 65 per cent. The wind at the time was blowing at 7 miles per hour from the 10 o'clock quarter. The short range trajectory figures stand:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	2.773 in.	3.735 in.	2.993 in.
3	3.056 in.	3.814 in.	3.175 in.
4	2.945 in.	3.652 in.	3.036 in.
5	2.985 in.	3.736 in.	3.137 in.
6	2.900 in.	3.794 in.	3.198 in.
Average ...	**2.932** in.	**3.746** in.	**3.108** in.

Bullard .32.

This weapon closed the Bullard list and behaved very well in the rest. Its full weight was 8 pounds 8 ounces, and in the barrel alone were 3 pounds 5 ounces of metal. It had a 26-inch octagon barrel, and was numbered 1528. The rifling was uniform, the six grooves having each a uniform twist of one turn in 16 inches. The grooves were .004 inch deep and .080 inch wide. The loading was with U. M. C. Co. cartridges marked .32 40-150, and three when opened turned



out the powder in good condition. The bullets, having a composition of 1 tin to 16 lead, had three grooves each and weighed 150 1, 150.3 and 150.2 grains, while the corresponding powder weights were 38.8, 39.4 and 38.2 grains. The 200-yard shooting was performed on Sept. 30 at 11:50 A. M., with the wind at nine miles an hour from the 7 o'clock quarter. The barometer stood 30.05 inches, the dry thermometer 78.5°, the wet thermometer 68.5°, showing a dew point of 63.5 and a humidity of 58 per cent. The trajectory heights stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
2	7.986 in.	11.373 in.	8.748 in.
5	7.906 in.	11.428 in.	8.657 in.
7	7.742 in.	11.044 in.	8.489 in.
8	7.773 in.	11.083 in.	8.509 in.
9	8.259 in.	11.786 in.	9.012 in.
Aversge.....	**7.933** in.	**11.342** in.	**8.673** in.

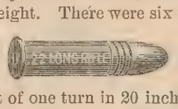
The 100-yard shooting of this arm was done on Oct. 10, with the wind coming eighteen miles per hour from the 1 o'clock quarter. It was 8:50 o'clock and the barometer stood 30.310 inches, the dry thermometer 51.5° and the wet-bulb thermometer 48.5°. This would show a dew point of 45.5 and a humidity of 80 per cent. While the arm was on the rest and shooting very steady it was thought a good time to test one question which had been suggested during the tests. This was the determination of just how much and to what degree the tests were affected, if at all, by the intervening screens. "Oh, you will find that the screens, even if of gossamer, will have some effect in deflecting the bullet from a true, fair curve," said one well-known rifleman. "All right, then, we will determine that question very quickly," we said, "and find out what the retardation is and how the trajectory curve is affected." We know that a fluttering leaf may very sensibly change the course of a flying bullet, and that with screens set at an angle to the line of fire a certain carrom or ricochet effect might be produced. For this reason great care had been taken in having the screens set square across the fire line.

When five shots had been fired the 25-yard screen, nearest the rifle, was taken down, and without disturbing the others three more shots were fired, making a record on the remaining targets, and then to have the record complete the 50-yard or central screen had its ink line record taken and was then removed, leaving the bullet with an uninterrupted passage to the t arget except through the 75-yard screen. The record is given in full and it will be found that there is no material difference whether the record is made at once through three screens or whether only one is used. To try the various distances through one screen at a time, would have consumed much time and besides would have prevented entirely the detection of that gyratory, corkscrew flight of the bullet so clearly shown in the case of several of the large caliber rifles. The full record stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	1.958 in.	2.339 in.	2.001 in.
2	1.938 in.	2.278 in.	1.984 in.
3	2.062 in.	2.470 in.	2.064 in.
4	2.104 in.	2.541 in.	2.175 in.
7	2.175 in.	2.591 in.	2.211 in.
Average....	**2.047** in.	**2.443** in.	**2.087** in.
		2.554 in.	2.144 in.
		2.352 in.	2.002 in.
		2.611 in.	2.213 in.
			2.114 in.
			2.030 in.
			2.145 in.

Winchester, Long .22 R. F.

The list of rifles closes with two of .22-caliber. The first of this pair is the Winchester, using the long .22 rim-fire cartridge. The arm is of the 1873 model, with a 24-inch octagonal barrel, and was shop-marked 191,651B. It weighed complete 9 pounds 3 ounces, and had a barrel of 3 pounds 9 ounces weight. There were six grooves, each having a uniform twist of one turn in 20 inches, and a depth of .003 inch and width of .070 inch. The loading was from a box of U. M. C. Co. ammunition. The cartridge was nominally .22-5 40. When opened, the powder in three cartridges was found in fine condition and weighed 4 4, 4.4 and 4.6 grains. The bullets had three small grooves each, and were molded of pure lead. They weighed 40.2, 40.3 and 40.1 grains. At 200 yards the rifle was tested on Oct. 19, at 9:50 A. M., with the wind at four miles per hour from the 8 o'clock quarter. The barometer reading was 30.225 inches, with the dry thermometer at 62° and the wet-bulb thermometer at 58.5°, showing a dew point of 56 and the degree of humidity in the atmosphere at 81 per cent. The arm under these conditions gave the following result:



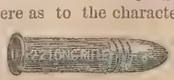
Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
1	13.506 in.	18.808 in.	14.455 in.
2	13.023 in.	18.247 in.	14.085 in.
3	13.610 in.	19.066 in.	14.632 in.
4	13.720 in.	19.220 in.	14.952 in.
5	13.594 in.	19.273 in.	14.850 in.
Average...	**13.490** in.	**18.922** in.	**14.614** in.

For the 100-yard trial the little piece was put on the fixed rest Oct. 10, with the barometer at 30.240 inches, the dry thermometer at 62° and the wet-bulb thermometer at 54°, showing that the dew point was 46 and the humidity 56 per cent. of saturation. It was 4:45 P. M. when the test shots were fired, the wind coming from the 9 o'clock quarter at four miles per hour. The trajectory heights show:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1	3.282 in.	4.219 in.	3.467 in.
2	3.238 in.	4.168 in.	3.382 in.
3	3.158 in.	4.133 in.	3.439 in.
4	3.294 in.	4.259 in.	3.503 in.
5	3.306 in.	4.268 in.	3.597 in.
Average....	**3.256** in.	**4.209** in.	**3.478** in.

Stevens .22, R.F.

The rifle, the last one of our list of sporting and hunting arms, weighed entire 8 pounds 7 ounces and in the barrel alone there were 5 pounds of metal. The barrel was 26 inches long and round. Its shop mark was 15,924. The weapon was cut with uniform rifling, one turn in 20 inches and six grooves. The loading was from the same box of U. M. C. Co. ammunition used in trying the Winchester .22 and the remarks there as to the character and condition of



the charge of course apply here. When tried at 200 yards at 9 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 19 the wind came at 8 miles per hour from the 7 o'clock quarter, while the other observations stand recorded as: Barometer 30.250 inches; dry thermometer 62.5°, wet-bulb thermometer 61°, indicat-

ing a dew point of 59.7 and the humidity of the air as 91 per cent. The record stood:

Round.	50 Yards.	100 Yards.	150 Yards.
3.....	14.911 in.	20.992 in.	16.244 in.
5.....	14.612 in.	20.494 in.	15.844 in.
6.....	14.874 in.	20.722 in.	16.144 in.
11.....	16.015 in.	22.412 in.	17.412 in.
12.....	14.780 in.	20.731 in.	16.066 in.
Average....	**15.038** in.	**21.070** in.	**16.342** in.

For 100 yards trial the tip-up weapon was fitted to the rest at 7 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 12, at which time the wind came from the 2 o'clock quarter with a velocity of 18 miles per hour. The index on the aneroid barometer stood at 30.290 inches, the dry thermometer column rose to 48.5°, while the wet-bulb thermometer stood at 44.8°. This would show a dew point of 39.8 and the humidity in the atmosphere as 71 per cent. The trajectory table stands:

Round.	25 Yards.	50 Yards.	75 Yards.
1.....	3.539 in.	4.602 in.	3.790 in.
2.....	3.414 in.	4.305 in.	3.431 in.
3.....	3.423 in.	4.404 in.	3.578 in.
4.....	3.509 in.	4.427 in.	3.449 in.
5.....	3.783 in.	4.736 in.	3.908 in.
Average.....	**3.534** in.	**4.495** in.	**3.651** in.

THE LYMAN SIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the Dec. 17 number of your paper "Backwoodsman" describes how he uses my rear sight, and does not agree with my directions about removing the middle sight from the rifle, provided it is made of a shape not to interfere with much of the view.

In reply, I say more than is necessary to meet his case because I know that the majority of those who have my sight use it at a great disadvantage. The three principal faults are: First, they leave the ordinary crotch sight on the barrel, which shuts out a large part of the view; second, they use the small aperture, which makes it too much like a peep sight, and therefore cannot do quick shooting with it; third, they shoot with the sight too far from the eye, which has the effect of making the sight rim appear too wide and the aperture too small, and consequently it obstructs some of the view, making it more difficult to aim quickly. "Backwoodsman" has so nearly avoided all of these faults that I cannot criticise his method of using it very severely. As, however, he comes very far from getting the full benefit from my sight, I will discuss his method. For convenience I speak of the rear sight which is on the barrel of the rifle as the "middle" sight, and my rear sight as the "rear" sight. This



middle sight, which "Backwoodsman" has made by cutting off the top and sides of the ordinary crotch sight, is a great improvement over the ordinary middle sight, for, as he says, it offers little obstruction to the view, and the top of the front sight is plainly visible.

The advantages which "Backwoodsman" claims for his middle sight are that in hunting, where there is no time to change the elevation of the rear sight, "one can use the rear sight by aiming through the lower part, the center, and top of the large aperture, always knowing by the height of the front sight above the middle sight whether the elevation is right." I would say here that as long as the rear sight is not disturbed it can be used in this way quite as accurately when the middle sight is not there; and then when hunting, if a small elevation is needed, it is much better to get it by holding the front sight a trifle high on the object, for it is quite an effort to get the eye away from the center of the aperture, and although this aperture appears so large it is really so small and so far from the front sight that very little elevation can be obtained by looking through it from the bottom and again from the top. "Backwoodsman" very truly says that "if the elevation of the rear sight is disturbed the middle sight will indicate whether it is too high or too low." There is no reason, however, why the elevation should not be right, for the sight can be turned down instantly as far as it will go without even looking at it, and this should be the point blank range.

If for any reason the sight is too short and turns down too far, a piece of brass can be soldered on to the lower end of the sight stem, so that it will be impossible to turn it down too low. Lastly, "Backwoodsman" says, "there are times when this sight cannot be used at all, when it becomes too dark to see with it." Now, as shooting in the dim light is one of the advantages that this rear sight has over any form of middle sight, I will explain how it should be used. As a good test, try it with an ivory front sight and a white bullseye. Use the large aperture and have no middle sight on the rifle. Commence shooting at dusk. As the light becomes more dim the rim of the rear sight becomes indistinct. Do not try to adjust your eye to the aperture, for it will be guided without any effort on your part, but continue to shoot as long as the front sight and the bullseye are visible, and the result will be that you will make a better score than you can possibly make with the middle sight. One is almost sure to overshoot with a middle sight when the light is poor and it is also very difficult to make good line shots. Just here I will speak of the advantage of keeping both eyes open.

In shooting with both eyes open the right eye does the aiming. Although the left eye does not do the aiming it sees everything except the rear sight.

The result is the shooter has more light, does not make the effort of keeping the left eye closed and consequently can shoot quicker and with greater ease—and what is more important—just as accurately as when only the right eye is used.

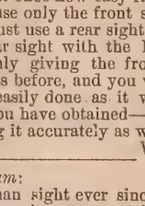
When the middle and front sights are used alone, double-eyed shooting is more difficult, partly owing to the difficulty of keeping the attention of the left eye away from the middle sight.

But to return to the subject of sights, many who use the rear sight correctly think that the middle sight would be a help to the rear sight in guiding the eye, so that if there was plenty of time to aim the shooting would be more accurate. This is not the case, however; for, as far as aiming is concerned in any ordinary light, the middle sight virtually becomes a part of the front sight when the rear sight is used. The part that it forms is, however, less distinct and twice as large as if it were at the muzzle, and really one could shoot better if it were at the muzzle with the front sight.

I repeat to those whose preconceived ideas will not prevent them from at least trying this sight as it is intended to be used, that the best results can only be obtained when the eye is close to the sight (as it naturally will be if the rifle is held properly) and the middle sight out of the way. Use the small aperture only for target shooting, and even then most persons can do fully as well with the larger aperture, owing to the better light which is obtained. Keeping both eyes open will also be a help, especially if shooting rapidly or in a dim light.

When the rifle is used in this way there are only two things to be considered, viz.: the front sight and the object to be hit. The rear sight does not need your attention and in a short time you will almost be unconsious of its presence. When you make a bad shot do not think it is owing to the aperture of the rear sight being so large, for although its appearance is rather startling to one who has been accustomed to use other sights it would still be accurate if it were considerably larger. It often happens that, owing to a very long rifle stock, or to a bad position when shooting, the sight is so far from the eye that the rim appears too wide and its aperture too small, so that it requires an effort to aim quickly, especially at a moving object. In such a case matters can be improved by having the aperture reamed out $\frac{1}{32}$ inch larger in diameter; but it would be better to remedy the rifle stock or the position and not change the sight.

When first using this sight it is an excellent plan—after adjusting it carefully by shooting at a target—to turn it down and shoot at some near object, using only the front sight as one would with a shotgun.



A FULL VIEW OF THE FRONT SIGHT AND THE OBJECT.

It will be apparent at once how easy rifle shooting would become if one had to use only the front sight, but of course to hit the mark one must use a rear sight.

Now turn up the rear sight with the large aperture and continue shooting, only giving the front sight and the object your attention as before, and you will be surprised to find that aiming is as easily done as it was with the front sight alone and that you have obtained—what is essential in a rifle—means of using it accurately as well as rapidly.

WILLIAM LYMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have used the Lyman sight ever since it was first given to the public, and no one improvement has added so much to the pleasure of a day in the woods. The first three or four years were spent with varied experiments with the middle sight, among which I recognize the one illustrated in "Backwoodsman's" article. Becoming tired of this, the next move was to knock out the middle sight one morning before starting out on a squirrel shoot. More misses than hits were the result. After securing a reasonably fair bag the rest of the day was spent in target practice, in which was found a constant tendency to undershoot or overshoot, the first caused by the tendency of the eye in a person accustomed to the use of open sights to get down into the notch as close as possible, and the latter by a tendency to cover the game with too much of the front sight. Both of these tendencies are overcome in a few days' practice, not at any regulation target (for that is never seen in the woods), but at knots and spots on the trees and such like objects. When you have become thoroughly accustomed to this sight, which to an old hunter is a complete revolution in rifle sights, you will find that you can do much closer shooting, for the varying lights and shades of the forest will not affect you, and you can shoot fully an hour earlier in the morning and later at night than before. The last game I killed was two squirrels after it was so dark that they were invisible except when outlined against the western sky. Open sights would have been useless long before.

The rule "Backwoodsman" lays down for varying the range by sighting high or low in the aperture, calls for some explanation. The aperture is $\frac{5}{32}$ of an inch in diameter, which, if your sights are 30 inches apart, will give a total variation at 50 yards of 5.63 inches, which may and may not be enough, according to the loads you are using. See trajectory tests in this paper.

I.

AKRON, Ohio.

VAGARIES OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During my trip I visited the Winchester, Shawinnegan and Laurentian Clubs' lakes, and consequently traveled through a large extent of virgin forest, in which ruffed grouse are usually found in great abundance. This year there are scarcely any, only one being seen by my party. No one in these parts can suggest a plausible reason for their disappearance. Snaring or slaughter by man has nothing to do with it, as the country is uninhabited.

H. R.

MONTREAL, Dec. 20, 1885.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When we were boys together, Charlie Gilchrist one day paddled me along the shores of Rice Lake. We were in search of ducks, when a grouse took wing from the edge, making straight for the swamp. I winged it, and we both saw where it fell. Jumping ashore, we sought it, but to our surprise, failed to find it at once. I stood near the spot where it fell, and Charlie hunted it in circles without avail. We were nonplussed, and agreed to give it up, when not six feet from us I espied the gentleman standing erect and motionless as a statue; nor did it stir until Charlie took it by the head, twisted its neck and bagged it. This showed great nerve and cunning. When in a tree a grouse is the same solid lump, with not a twist of its head by a hair's breadth.

At times the ruffed grouse exhibits the greatest stupidity, flying slap bang against a barn, and yet at others, fleet as an arrow, goes through the wood, scarcely touching a twig.

A humorous instance of one of its vagaries is the following, which I vouch for: A friend of mine, living in a large house in the city of Belleville, who was given to late hours and "old rye," betook himself to bed and sleep among the "wee, sma'" hours. He had not rested long nor well when he was disturbed by an unusual racket, but dozed off again. About 10 A. M., when he opened his peepers, he saw a bird perched on the footboard winking and blinking at him. Could it be a bird? No, no! he thought. Just as I expected, "Snakes!" At last, half wild with fear and wet with moisture, in desperation he seized a pillow, saying, Beelzebub, here goes!" The bird, knocked off, went bang through a window. Taking courage, to his window, and to his joy saw the subject of his scare, a grouse, dead on the pavement. He told me that he never relished such a dinner as he made from its carcass. The grouse had made its entrance at one window and its fatal exit at the other. Truly this "patridge" is a bundle of inconsistencies.

R. P. J.

PICTOU, Ontario.

RIFLES AND SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been greatly interested by the letters of many of your correspondents, respecting the trajectory test, but there are two (one in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept 17, by Mr. Van Dyke, and another in the paper of the following week, signed "Mississippi Lowlands") which contain statements that fairly astonish me. In the latter letter the shooting of a .46-caliber muzzleloader is contrasted with that of two breechloaders, a Ballard and a Sharps. Considering that the distance was only 40 yards, there was nothing extraordinary in a heavy small-gauge gun hitting a 2½-inch disc with every bullet when fired from a dead rest. It would require a poor rifle to miss a mark of that size. Certainly the charge of powder was very heavy, but in many of the old-fashioned American rifles the danger of stripping was almost obviated by making the grooves with only a twist in about 6 feet, and probably with the light round bullet, a considerable portion of the 90 grains was burnt outside the muzzle. As to the shooting above mentioned, it could have been readily equalled by a double muzzleloading rifle which I formerly owned, weighing only 8½ pounds and carrying round bullets of 17 to the pound with 55 grains of powder. I once tried it carefully at 40 yards, sitting down and resting one elbow on each knee, six successive shots from right and left barrels alternately, were in such a small cluster that any one of them would have killed a sparrow.

I cannot help believing that there must have been some thing wrong either in the cartridges or the grooves of the two breechloaders, when the Ballard hit a 2½-inch disc only four times in seven shots, and the Sharp only five times in ten shots. The enormous weight of those rifles certainly increases their accuracy, and yet it would not be difficult to find plenty of English breechloading .45 express rifles not more than 9 pounds in weight, and loaded with 120 grains of powder, which would hit a disc of the above mentioned size eight or ten times in succession at 40 or 50 yards. The advertised targets, some apparently well authenticated, of the Ballard and other rifles, show that they shoot into rings of 3 or 4 inches in diameter at 200 yards. If the accuracy increase only in proportion to the diminution of distance (but it really increases much more), they would hit a ring 1 inch in diameter at 50 yards. The new rifle now being made for the British army, when fired at Enfield from a machine rest, put ten successive bullets into a square 5 inches wide by 9 inches deep at 500 yards. It weighs a little more than 9 pounds and carries a bullet of 385 grains with 85 grains of powder. The gauge is .40 and the grooves have one turn in 15 inches. Such shooting proves that there is nothing in the mere mechanism of breechloaders to prevent their fully equalling the accuracy of muzzleloaders.

With regard to the letter of Mr. Van Dyke, I will first say that there is no one for whose opinion upon sporting rifles I have a greater respect than that gentleman's.

I have read the chapters about them in the latter part of his work upon "Still-hunting" many times over, and think that every sportsman who uses a rifle ought to possess the book, even if it contained nothing else. It was, therefore, actually startling to see such an authority write that he "could bring plenty of muzzle loaders which, at 20 yards, would play upon a half-inch ring all day." Undoubtedly he could, and undoubtedly smoothbores of the same small gauge, with barrels of the same size, could be made to do precisely the same. Rifling is not required to keep a tightly fitting round bullet straight up to such a ridiculous distance. I know this from the performances of two smoothbores of my own, one a heavy 14-gauge, made expressly for ball shooting, and the other a 42-gauge, with barrels thick up to the muzzle like those of a rifle. The former, when fired from a rest, would almost invariably hit a mark the size of half a dollar at 40 yards, or at the most be within an inch of it. The latter, at 100 yards, used to put bullet after bullet through a page of note paper when loaded with 1¾ drams of powder or about 50 grains. The bullets weighed 43 to the pound, and fitted very tightly with a thin patch.

Some of the settlers in the Canadian backwoods use what are incorrectly called "smoothbore rifles," which carry round bullets of about 50 to the pound, and weigh 9 or 10 pounds—being sighted like rifles. The only time I saw one of them fired it hit the center of a small black spot marked on a tree 75 yards distant. This may have been a fluke, but a professional hunter, with whom I passed two months in the bush, said that he had used a weapon of the same kind for some time and could never discover any difference in accuracy between it and a grooved rifle, at the distances within which deer are usually killed.

All rifle shooting at such short ranges as 40 yards is delusive, and this the following fact, among others, will prove:

About eight years ago I had a .30-gauge single breechloading express built to order by a London gunmaker, who guaranteed in writing that it should put several successive shots into a 4-inch square at 150 yards. It was to weigh 6½ pounds, and carry hollow bullets of 150 grains with 50 grains of powder. When it was finished the maker wrote to me inclosing the target of six successive shots fired in his shotgun range at 40 yards. I forget the exact measurements, but the bullet holes were all in a cluster about the size of two postage stamps. I called upon the maker and told him that the shooting at 40 yards was no test of what a rifle could do at 100 or 150 yards.

He insisted that if it carried straight at the first-named distance, it would maintain the same proportionate accuracy at the longer ranges, and told me to try the weapon myself before paying for it. I fired it at 100 yards and could not, with the utmost care, make sure of hitting anything less than a square foot. The maker said that this must be in consequence of my bad aiming, and accompanied me on a second journey to the range in order to show what the weapon would do when held really straight. To his own stupefaction, when he fired from a fixed wooden rest at 100 yards, he failed to get the bullets into less than 18 inches square. After some alteration in the workshop, the rifle was so far improved as to hit a 4-inch square nearly every time at 100 yards, and I kept it, being on the point of sailing for India. I may remark, for the benefit of your readers, that it did not prove sufficiently powerful for dropping quickly any

but the smallest kinds of deer, and not even then unless hit in a vital spot. Two of my friends who had similar weapons came to the same conclusion after giving them an extensive trial, although during the first year they were very well pleased with the results of their shots. If I ever buy another rifle for deer stalking I intend to try a .40-gauge, the size recommended by "Nessmuk." I have used a .45 express rifle for several years, and am quite satisfied with their killing powers; but fancy that a weapon with rather less recoil might give finer off-hand shooting.

Mr. Van Dyke, in his remarks upon sights, evidently refers to those provided with small steps for altering the elevation. I have had three American rifles with sights of this kind, but do not like them nearly so well as those used upon English rifles, which have a fixed block for point blank range and folding leaves for every fifty yards beyond. This is the best possible arrangement for changing very quickly when in the presence of game, and the fore sight need never be raised to an imaginary number of inches above or below an animal's body, as is sometimes necessary with American sights.

I was glad to read, in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 1, a letter by "Nessmuk," in which he at last gives his idea of the best kind of rifle for deer shooting. I was anxious to know the result of his very long experience, having personally always used for large game (with the exception of the .36 express above mentioned) either round bullets not less than about an ounce in weight, or conicals of .45-gauge. I quite agree with "Nessmuk's" opinion that a double rifle is much better than a repeater for game shooting. It is more handy, and there is no weapon with which the second shot can be put in so quickly either to prevent a wounded animal escaping or to stop a dangerous one when charging.

American double rifles usually seem to be made, as "Nessmuk" describes, with the barrels arranged so that the bullets meet at from 30 to 50 yards from the muzzle. This answers practically very well, at least for all shots up to 100 yards; but I believe that it is better to fix them so that the bullets may remain at all ranges the same distance apart as when leaving the muzzle. It is then easy to acquire the habit of allowing half this width when aiming at small objects such as a grouse's neck, and at anything beyond 50 yards no allowance whatever is necessary. When the bullets cross each other their distance apart is constantly increasing, and it is most difficult to know how much to allow when making a long shot which requires great accuracy, such as at the center of a deer's neck when looking at the hunter over bushes 70 or 80 yards distant, or the center of an antelope's breast when facing the shooter at from 150 to 200 yards. Unfortunately very few double rifles even by good makers are really accurate. Usually at 100 yards the bullets will be found to cross each other from four to six inches, or throw the same distance apart, and the sights are very commonly arranged so as to divide the error between the barrels. I have always altered the sighting of my own double rifles so that the left barrel could be depended upon to throw its bullets without deviating to right or left, up to the longest distances at which they were accurate, and have used the right barrel as far as possible for the shorter ranges at which no allowance was necessary.

With the heavy barrels and small gauges used in America the recoil is so slight that there ought to be little difficulty in making double rifles to shoot well, even with varying charges; but with the lighter weapons and larger bores made in England, the shooting is changed with any alteration in either powder or lead, and it is often impossible to remedy this without producing some other defect. I once had a double two-grooved rifle weighing nine and a half pounds and carrying round belted bullets of thirteen to the pound. It was an extremely true weapon up to over 200 yards, but with only three drams of powder the bullets of the two barrels crossed each other about four inches at 100 yards. With three and one quarter drams they threw practically together, and with three and a half they struck a little apart.

I have now a 16-bore breechloader, made for naked spherical balls of 15 to pound, and very accurate up to 150 yards. Loaded with these and four drams of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6 powder, the two barrels throw into the same bullseye at 100 yards, but with the same charge of powder and patched bullets of sixteen to pound they form two groups of four to six inches in diameter, separated by an untouched space of four inches, the group of the right barrel being on the left side of the bullseye, and that of the left barrel on the right.

J. J. M.

LONDON, Nov. 30.

TALLAHASSEE GAME NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is a clipping from a city paper: Mr. Frank Hall, of Walkulla county, came in yesterday with twenty-five wild ducks, four wild turkeys, one deer and a big lot of fine bream as the result of a little hunting expedition of his on East River.

Also this: John Johnson, a Polk county hunter, carried the venison of nineteen deer into Bartow, last week, and sold it.

These items show the manner in which hunting is carried on in Florida by a certain class of hunters; and at this rate the depletion of the State of its present abundance of game will prove but a matter of a few years. Tourists and resident sportsmen hunt for sport; but a large number of the natives—countrymen generally or colored men—make it a business to bring game to the city, as in the above instances, merely for the money there is in it. Venison is fairly plentiful in this market at from 10 to 15 cents per pound, ducks from 15 to 25 cents, and quails and doves at correspondingly low rates.

The paper from which the items I have given were taken contained, a week or two ago, a paragraph similar to these, saying that a man from a neighboring county had just brought in a large quantity of game, from the sale of which he was going to pay his taxes. The "honest farmer" turns pot-hunter, and as the latter occupation is somewhat more agreeable and less laborious, he neglects the soil for the muzzleloader and the hounds with satisfactory results—to himself. Market-hunting and hunters may be necessary evils; but it is, in my opinion, being carried too far in this State. It is not even limited as to seasons, for I am told by those who speak authoritatively that the game laws are honored strictly in the breach, not in the observance, by those tempted to shoot out of season; and the few attempts made to convict offenders have proved futile, as far as I can learn. It is to be hoped that the new State Sportsmen's Association will take the cause in hand.

To one used to the winters of Michigan and Illinois, it is decidedly a novelty to find himself in a climate almost tropical, beneath a clear sky specked by summer clouds, and green trees and flowers flourishing luxuriantly around him; while a day's sport in fishing or hunting is to be had easily and comfortably. No fear of fingers too cold to pull a trigger, or a nose too cold to breathe through.

We have had several frosts, and cover and undergrowth have been killed off sufficiently to make shooting profitable, yet not too easy to be interesting. Little Bob White is "catching it," and many fine bags are made in which he figures prominently, while ducks of various sorts form no inconsiderable part thereof.

FOREST AND STREAM is doubly welcome in this corner of the country, where there is a dearth of news interesting to sportsmen; and its bright and readable pages are always scanned with pleasure and the profit of a well-spent evening.

BBE.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Dec. 24.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can add to your reports on the enforcement of the anti-hounding law in the Adirondacks, that until the end of September no attention was paid to the law by any one who cared to violate it, in the region extending from the Upper Saranac Lake down the Raquette River and thence through to Blue Mountain Lake via the Tupper Lakes. I know that deer were run by hounds all through this country, Pliny Robbins's house on Little Tupper Lake being a leading headquarters for the offenders. Later in the season (so I am informed) the law received more attention, at least along the Raquette River and in the region of Big Tupper Lake and the Wolf Ponds, and fewer deer than usual were sent out of that country.

I am convinced that to enforce the new law in this part of the wilderness—and it is a very important part—a fund must be raised by individuals as was done last year in the Beaver Run country (described in your recent number). Three (and perhaps two) vigilant and honest detectives could cover the whole region about which I write, and so alarm hounders that the latter would not venture to put out their dogs. Could FOREST AND STREAM do a better work in enforcing the law than by undertaking to collect such a fund and to engage the necessary detective force? It might be easier to collect the money than to find just the men who should receive it; but I think that among well-known guides they could be found.

I will subscribe $5 toward such a fund and double it if necessary.

L.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the non-hounding deer law has had one year's trial, I am glad to read reports from various sections of the Adirondacks regarding its working and enforcement, and thus judge of what chance it has of becoming a permanent law, which necessitates being sustained by public opinion and winning over the guides to its support. I see nothing yet published from the south border of the woods. Game Protector Bradley of this district wishes me to say for him that he still adheres to the opinion he expressed in his last year's report, viz., the deer would surely increase if the old law was lived up to, and that the general sentiment of this section was in favor of hounding. The new law of course makes more work for him, and he thinks it inoperative without some amendments, as his annual report will show. I could give many interesting accounts of evasions and violations that he has discovered but was powerless to prosecute, but that would be anticipating his report, which would be unfair.

Personally I am in favor of no hounding, as are many of our club here. Some sportsmen here think that the new law gives those Pennsylvania gunners (we don't call market hunters sportsmen here) who have practiced all the arts of the still-hunter for many years past, an advantage over us here who have generally shot our deer while running before dogs, but a few years' practice would teach us their tricks, if they don't kill all the deer off in the meantime. It would be wise if each section around the woods would appoint a representative, all to meet at Albany this winter, and confer on the subject of proper amendments to the present law. Such amendments if presented to the Legislature by such a representation of practical sportsmen, would have great weight and be sure to be tried at least one season.

I think the Hon. R. U. Sherman, Secretary State Fish Commission, would attend such a meeting, and his practical knowledge would be a great help in straightening out the present inoperative laws. No day passes but what we hear of gross violations at present, and it is impossible for the game protector to investigate half of them.

The Little Falls man who has paraded himself in the newspapers lately as too virtuous a man to do what he has been charged with, will probably find evidence more than he dreams of, if he ever lets the case come to trial. But such cases as the ex-State official of Albany who, common rumor has it, hired five guides and their dogs to hunt what is known as the Oregon Section, pledging himself to stand between them and the law and relying on said guides' false oaths if arrested, probably will go clear, not only this time but in the future, unless we can get proper amendments to present laws.

I am pleased to report that we have succeeded in getting our board of supervisors to pass a law prohibiting market hunting, and we hope that the scores of barrels of birds which have every late year been shipped to market, will in future enrich our own tables.

I was one of four who spent four hours in a big swamp one day last week with one good dog. Just seven shots were fired and we brought home seven as nice rabbits as you could wish to see.

Every issue of your paper this fall has been very interesting to me, and I look forward to many pleasant reminiscences of the summer woods while reading it by my fireside this winter.

N.

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Agreeable to your request I learned as much as possible of the sentiment prevailing on the deer hounding law in St. Lawrence county. My knowledge is confined mainly to the territory at or adjacent to Cranberry Lake and some parts of the Grass and Oswegatchie rivers. The law, as far as could be learned, had been fairly well observed in that section, although there had been some violations. I learned of three occasions on which dogs were put after wounded deer, the game being secured in each case after a short chase. Once I understand a dog was wilfully put out; and some half dozen doubtful cases were reported, but nothing authentic was established. This was in the immediate vicinity of Cranberry Lake, but back some miles from the lake I am creditably informed most flagrant violations occurred, chiefly through the instrumentality of a gentleman from New York most eminent in his profession, but whose aim in the woods seems to be to slaughter the greatest number of deer possible by either filling them with buckshot on a runway or blowing their brains out in the water.

I have been myself, in years gone by, an unwilling eye-witness of his methods, and have know him to kill deer in August when his camp held five deer killed within two days, not a pound of which could be disposed of beyond that consumed by the gentleman, his companion, three guides and four dogs.

The guides almost to a man unite in saying that more deer are destroyed by jacking and buckshot than by dogs, but say that if both could be stopped there would be no trouble whatever in finding enough deer by daylight to keep any camp supplied, and what man is there with any sense of the sportsman in him that would not infinitely prefer placing a single ball in the right spot by daylight, to blazing away at thirty feet or less with buckshot at night, or braining the victim with gun or club in the middle of a pond or lake by day.

The majority of the natives, other than the guides, seem to approve the present law, and if the same feeling only prevailed elsewhere in the woods it would be but a few years hence before the Adirondacks would again teem with game.

During a two weeks' trip still-hunting on leaves and snow I killed three myself, and the rest of the party, my companion and our two guides, killed three more, but our game was well earned for it was all by hard work, and matching human skill and patience against their cunning and vigilance. Killed at this season of the year there was no danger of waste and we were fortunate enough to be able to bestow on our sportsmen friends at home a liberal allowance of our trophies.

During my tramps I was greatly surprised to note the scarcity of the ruffed grouse, for where in previous years I have flushed scores this year scarce one was to be found.

X.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your favor of the 10th inst. is received. I am happy to be able to submit in reply information derived from my last year's experience in the capacity of game protector.

You are aware that my district comprises the counties of St. Lawrence and Franklin, and in answering your inquiries shall speak principally with reference to them.

In St. Lawrence county the sentiment against dogging deer is strong and more pronounced than ever. The use of dogs in the pursuit of deer has been less frequent there in the last year than ever before. It is still practiced in the more inaccessible parts, where fear of detection and punishment is little prevalent. The offenders are men without character, and, like the thief who steals from his neighbor's hen house, are willing to risk detection for the prospect of unlawful gain. When evidence can be secured to procure convictions, punishment is prompt to follow. Violators of the game law are treated like violators of other laws, because the feeling of the county, based on the judgment and appreciation of its best citizens, is not only radical in a law-abiding sentiment, but thoroughly appreciative of the great benefits to result from game protection.

In Franklin county absolute prohibition of hounding is treated as was partial prohibition under the former law, and as all other provisions of law for the protection of fish and game have been treated, that is to say is violated in the interest of personal greed, and to gratify reckless and wanton love of slaughter. This, so far as I am informed, has been the condition in that county within all memory. The consequence is that deer are so scarce there, particularly in the vicinity of the hotels, that the last resort, the dog, is employed to baffle every instinct of preservation and to overcome every difficulty in pursuit and capture. The hireling guide, in the employment of the mercenary hotel, uses every means suggested by his own cunning and by his unscrupulous "party" to capture the deer.

The example thus set and encouraged by the hotels is too generally followed by men who make pretension, at least, to respectability, but who are careful, so far as possible, to avoid detection by the meagre facilities the law provides for that purpose. Such men are, of course, hostile to the law, and their hostility is measured by the extent of its interference with their criminal practices. And here come in the "sacred rights" of the free-born American—the right of petition. They will petition for the repeal of the anti-hounding law, that is to say, will ask to be let alone in their wretched and inhuman practices. This, of course, will determine the consideration to be given them.

However, a correct sentiment is gaining ground in Franklin county. Many strenuous friends of the law there are unsparing in denunciation of the law-breakers, and in time they will make head against the mercenary interest at work exterminating their game. Exposing them continually, in and out of the county, will effect their purpose, for the doggers, when asked for a justification, stand dumb like criminals who have only to urge inclination. Sentiment in Franklin county favoring the anti-hounding law is decidedly on the increase.

In its working there can be no question but the law prohibiting dogging has saved large numbers of deer. Instead of the open and declared preparations and practices, we have now the secret and covert methods pursued by the doggers. With such efforts as the game protectors and game protectionists are able to make, the practice has been much abated. With continued efforts it will be suppressed, except as isolated cases shall occur beyond the reach of vigilance to prevent, and to be classed with other crimes that, to an extent, always have and always will baffle the best police.

In the last year I have recovered penalties as follows: In Clinton county, $50, for illegal fishing; in St. Lawrence county, two penalties for June killing in Franklin county and one penalty for June killing in St. Lawrence, and six penalties for illegal fishing in St. Lawrence. There are pending in Franklin county one criminal information for hounding, and in St. Lawrence six civil suits for hounding in Franklin, and three civil suits for illegal fishing in Franklin.

If this letter be not already too long, let me say that grievous outrages are perpetrated by the still-hunters under cover of moving venison in December. The privilege is availed of to kill continually in December to within the few days necessary to carry to market before close season commences, and this outrage is more secure of immunity than any other violation of the game law. The killing is done in the remote woods, without the possibility of detection. Can not the period for having in possession and handling be lim-

ited to five days after the open season? In practice five days do actually suffice for handling after killing is stopped.

The anti-hounding law is essential to the protection and preservation of deer. It makes protection possible, and so strengthens the purpose of game protectionists and insures desired results. Nothing can be more true than that with hounding permitted the results of protective effort are merely to save the deer from one set of enemies for the benefit of another, and the most deadly. If the dogs may be let loose to exterminate, what use in attempting to stay the lawlessness of other and comparatively harmless methods of hunting? It is but feeding the dogs—feeding the greed and cupidity of their lawless owners.

PETER R. LEONARD, Game Protector.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., Dec. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours to hand. I can say for the Fulton Chain guides and sportsmen that they have observed the law to a letter. They seemed to think it for their interest. It makes us discouraged to have a lot of pot-hunters come in and kill all our deer off in the fall and sell them for a mere nothing. It has been a most destructive season for deer, and more have been slaughtered than in many years before. One party on the Fulton Chain killed thirty-eight deer this fall and shipped them to market. They were from Pennsylvania, and there have been hundreds of deer killed by still-hunting this fall all over the woods, and mostly by pot-hunters from Pennsylvania. I think to save the deer we ought to have open season from Aug. 1 to Oct. 15, with the privilege of hunting with dogs. DICK CREGO.

BOONEVILLE, Dec. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I only succeeded in the conviction of five men for the violation of the hounding law, all in this county. Four of them were fined $25 each and the other $50. The public sentiment here is so strong against this law that it is almost impossible to get any information from any source. Men who heretofore were always willing to give information and ready to assist in bringing violators to grief will do nothing now. Notwithstanding, I think the law has saved a great many deer in my district, and wherever I go the indications are that deer are very plenty. What hounding has been done was away from the settlements, and then very slyly. I have cases to come before the Essex county Grand Jury next week, but do not know how I shall succeed.

JOHN LIBERTY, Game and Fish Protector.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing an article going the rounds of the journals of the State in regard to the "Butchering of Deer" in the Adirondacks, I will give a few facts upon the subject. I am a sportsman and acquainted along the borders of the great New York wilderness, having visited the woods every year since boyhood.

One year ago last August, in company with a brother, I visited the Beaver River section, going in by the way of No. 4, and stopping at all of the principal lakes between this point and Smith's Lake, a distance of about sixty miles from home. I found the wilderness thronged with people from all parts of the country, and principally from the cities—legitimate sportsmen, as the guides term them (on account of their willingness to "shell out" their money to hotels, guides, etc.) I stopped a little while with Uncle Joe Dunbar, at Stillwater; found him overrun with boarders, and no accommodation for any one except his city sportsmen, but nevertheless I could not blame Uncle Joe, for sport is his hobby and cash his best friend.

The second day I stopped at Wood's Lake, a favorite deer resort up among the mountains, about six miles from Stillwater. Here I found a party of four men and plenty of good venison; and it was no place for tresspassers at that time. I traveled on in the direction of Little Rapids, a point on the river about twenty-six miles from Stillwater. Here I found an old acquaintance, Mr. Fred Crandall, a jovial, good-natured fellow and cunning hunter, pleasantly situated at Andrew Muncey's. After a brief visit I took one of their light-running canoes and journeyed on toward Albany Lake, a distance of four miles, and everywhere we found the wilderness alive with hunters, and concluded that we had come a long way and that we would bring up in some remote spot not thronged by sports. Found a few wild deer at old Albany, but concluded that they were too cunning for us, and after paddling my brother faithfully for one night I started in the morning for Thayer's Lake and thence to Big Rock Lake, a beautiful sheet of water about one and one-half miles in length, surrounded by dense forests and lofty mountains, and equalled in grandeur by few lakes in the great wilderness. Here we found rest for a weary hunter, with abundance of game and plenty of shots at fine deer, and stayed two or three days, pretty well satisfied with a short sojourn in the forest.

The present season, in company with a brother sportsman I visited the same lake, but how great the change. At the old lake, where one year before I could drive out deer by the dozens, not one remained to be seen or heard. I inquired into the cause and found out that one of the so-called manly guides had visited the lake in company with his party of sports and slaughtered twenty fine deer last fall during the hounding season, and also my informant killed six or seven, making in all about twenty seven deer in one short hounding season on the same lake during the season of 1884.

These are facts and can be proven very quickly by the writer, who can give the parties' names who slaughtered them in this instance if necessary, and likewise on Albany and Smith's lakes where the lithe and beautiful creatures were driven far and near by hounds during that fall. And still these sporting men try to make it appear in their lengthy articles that the cause of the scarcity of deer is owing to a band of Pennsylvania pot-hunters, who they say are encroaching upon public and private hunting grounds and constructing "salt licks" in the woods and therefore have killed a great many in this way.

The salt-licks in question are by no means a new device in the woods, as they have been in constant use for years. The writer can point out a salt spring in this locality where deer were killed fifty years ago by the pioneer hunters; and also numerous salt-licks that have been in constant use by hunters for generations. I will admit that there have been more still-hunters in the woods the present fall than there have been for years, but we are informed by these very men that there have been but a few deer killed compared with the numbers killed by hounding in former years. The general complaint is that it has been a poor year for "city sports;" and why is it? Simply because the month of August is the poorest month in the year for "floating," as no deer of any account will water in the lakes during this month; and then the law deprives them of their old-time sport of hounding, and the sporting man, in order to still-hunt, must shoulder his gun, act the part of a frontiersman by tramping through an unbroken forest from early morn till dark, and sometimes for days in this way, with but little or no luck; and is it anything strange that they do complain of a poor year for venison?

They tell us that public and private detectives should be sent into the woods to apprehend the law breakers, or otherwise in a year or two all game will be exterminated beyond recall. Don't worry; the law is good enough as it is; and as long as we can keep the dogs out of the Adirondacks, we will have abundance of deer, and then all sporting men will thank the Legislature of 1884 for its wisdom in passing the non-hounding law. GEORGE V. NORTON.

GLENDALE, Lewis County, N. Y.

The following paragraph has been extensively copied:

"Last Thursday a telephone dispatch from West Leyden informed Louis Shankenbury of this village that a load of deer was being taken through that place to Rome, and as the season for shipping deer was closed Game Protector Brinckerhoff, who was at Rome, was informed of the fact. He kept a lookout for the venison venders but obtained no clue to their whereabouts. Friday the deer arrived in Rome and the *Sentinel* furnished the following facts about their arrival and shipment: 'Friday morning Philip Haynes, of Otter Lake, Lewis county, twenty miles from Glendale, came to Rome with the carcasses of eleven deer—five bucks and six does—and a pair of saddles of venison. Mr. Haynes is a guide during the summer season, having a house and living at Otter Lake. He said he shot the deer still-hunting, within the past three weeks, and that none were shot after Dec. 1. He asked twelve and a half cents a pound for the saddles, and a trifle less for the whole carcasses. Some of the deer were sold here and the others shipped to New York and Syracuse. The load of deer attracted considerable attention on the street. One old sportsman said to a reporter: 'You see the result of the new law forbidding the running of deer with dogs and allowing a long season of still-hunting and floating. You couldn't kill as many deer as there are in that wagon by hunting all the season with dogs. I am in favor of allowing the running of deer with dogs until the month of October and closing the season then. In that way pot-hunters, like this man, would be shut out.' Mr. Haynes being asked if he was a pot-hunter, smiled and said, 'I s'pose that's what these city sportsmen call me.'"

The "old sportsman" is either a myth or an idiot. As a matter of fact the hounding season under the old law would have closed Nov. 18, and under that law the still-hunting season would have been just as long as it is now. The killing of these deer by still-hunting in what has been for years the still-hunting season has no bearing whatever on the hounding law, unless we may reason that had dogging been allowed this year these deer might have been killed long before they were. And why all this pother about a dozen deer, when season after season scores of deer have been hauled out of the North Woods by dogging parties from neighboring towns? Why was no "old sportsman" found to raise his protest then? And why all this hypocritical talk about the season being too long? It is all intended to mislead respecting the present law, which is the best one ever on the statute books, and is going to stay there.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26, 1885.—Quail shooting has been only fair this season in the neighborhood of Washington, and great complaint is made of the dark skinned nimrods and their altered muskets, as being the main cause of the scarcity of birds. It is not generally known that within a very short distance of the capital of the nation—eight miles as the goose flies—there exists a flock of wild turkeys. The primeval forests about Falls Church in Virginia are the stamping grounds of these birds, and three of them have been killed this season by three different hunters. Sundry persons who have seen the flock estimate that it contains about thirty turkeys, led by a giant gobbler. Wildfowl are quite scarce on the upper Potomac. Your correspondent saw a fine flock of swan on the way to Mount Vernon. Nothing but a Winchester, however, could reach them. There is some talk of a dog show in Washington this winter, and a movement on the part of the Baltimore Kennel Club to hold one at the capital—where such displays have always paid—is contemplated. We think it a good plan. It is about time the Baltimore Kennel Club gave a show. Quite a number of gadwall ducks—a rare bird east of the Alleghenys—have been shot near Washington this fall, the marketmen invariably call them female redheads. Hanging up in the markets of the capital I saw numerous woodpeckers, jays and other insectivorous birds for sale, mostly at the stalls of the negro countrymen. Can these birds be purchased for the table, or are they shot for ornamental purposes? It seems a shame that such should be allowed within the shadow of the Smithsonian Institute.—HOMO.

PENNSYLVANIA THREE YEARS' QUAIL LAW.—Williamsport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to prohibiting the shooting of quail in Pennsylvania for three years, I most heartily agree with "Homo," and feel confident that there is not one sportsman in this city who would not favor such a move. By all means let there be a three years' quail law. Four or five years ago quail were quite plenty in this section, but to-day I know of but three or four small coveys within a radius of ten miles from Williamsport, two of which I planted two years ago, and now have some which I will put out in the spring. Rabbits and grouse are plenty, it being no unusual sight to see forty or fifty rabbits hanging in front of a market stall on market days (Wednesday and Saturday). Red and gray foxes are also plenty, and the owner of a good foxhound need not want for sport in this section.—REDE. [All that Pennsylvania needs in this respect is enforcement of the present law, which is good enough.]

PROPOSED LONG ISLAND GAME CLUB.—An advertisement in another column proposes the formation of a new game and fishing club for Long Island. This region is so easy of access that it seems strange that its desirability for this purpose was not long ago seen and taken advantage of. It was in the case of the Southside Club at Islip, and the splendid success which this organization has made of its preserves shows what can be done on the island by judicious management. We have little doubt that at some time in the not very distant future Long Island will be as great a shooting and fishing ground as it ever was.

SHOOTING AT GEESE AND SWANS WITH RIFLE.—Easton, Md., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having occasional chances for shots at large wildfowl from the shore with a rifle, I write to the various rifle experts, through the columns of your valuable paper, for information as to the best caliber of rifle and ammunition (as to weight of powder and lead) to be used for above purpose; also, as to what sights are best adapted. The distance to be shot over is seldom less than 300 yards and running up to, say, 1,000 yards. Wildfowl, especially swan, will often allow the shooter to try several shots, so that he has a chance of a sighting shot or two to regulate the sights. I am, of course, speaking of sitting shots on the water. Any information gentlemen interested in rifle shooting can give me will be duly appreciated by—SINKBOAT.

HAVRE DE GRACE.—Washington, D. C.—I learned at Havre de Grace on the 23d inst., that the ice which had made on the flats some two weeks since having now broken up, had driven the ducks south when the feeding places closed up, and the fowl had not returned nor are likely to until their northern migration in the spring. No fowl can be found now at Havre de Grace or at the Gunpowder or Bush rivers, the great bulk of them being in the North Carolina sounds. The town of Havre de Grace, which depends almost entirely upon its near fowl shooting, is to-day a very dull and unhappy one. Canvasbacks shot some time since are bringing $7 per pair at the town.—HOMO.

LONG ISLAND GAME PROTECTOR.—A correspondent writes: "Would you be kind enough to use your influence in favor of Gilbert A. Penny, of Good Ground, for State game protector? He is just the man for the business, and lives in just the place where protection is needed the most. It is too bad the way birds are netted and fire-lighted and shot on their feeding grounds nights in this bay. Howell, who is opposed to Penny, does not know anything about the duties of a game protector, and lives ten miles away from the bays, and would not be interested as much as Penny."

GALVESTON, Tex., Dec. 19.—The weather has been unusually warm here, and duck shooting has been on the decline and has not proved to be as good as I thought it would. The ducks have all left us again and have gone further East. Two or three days ago I saw a flock of geese going east as fast as their wings could carry them. They all seem to be going east. The snipe have all left us, also the plover; and as for poor Bob White, he has been thoroughly cleaned out from this place, thanks to pot-hunters and no game laws.—REDBREAST.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN TATHAM.—Benjamin Tatham died Dec. 25, at his home in this city, in his seventieth year. He was the head of the firm of Tatham & Brothers, the shot manufacturers at 82 Beekman street, and in Philadelphia. The other members of the firm are Charles B., George N., Henry B., and William P. Tatham. Mr. Tatham was a prominent and active member of the Society of Friends and was identified with many benevolent enterprises, to which he gave valuable aid in the shape of money, advice and personal work.

INDIANA.—Fairland, Dec. 23.—We have had a nice fall for field sports. Quail are somewhat more plentiful than for a few seasons past—gradually recovering from the effects of the great freezeout of 1879. Hares not so numerous. Indeed the boys complain very much of their scarcity. The trouble is that too many were killed last winter during the long continuance of the snow.—C. W. W.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Dec. 23.—The shooting season is a little late with us, caused by low water in the Mississippi. We have some mallards in the swamp and a few teal, but not as yet in paying quantities.—P.

COOKING WOODCHUCK.—Springfield, Mass., Dec. 19.—"Chuck Hunter's" article read with interest. Will "Chuck Hunter" or some other hunter give some good receipts for cooking the game?.—WOODCHUCK.

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

TROUT FISHING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

STARTING from my home on a July day I arrive at my destination, which is a little town called Richibucto, N. B., in a little over two days. Having been there twice before, I of course know most of the streams where the trout were to be found. Having rested from my journey, I made ready to start for a place called Peter's Pond, which is about four miles from where I was stopping. When I arrive at the pond I find the Indian whom I had engaged all ready, awaiting me with his birch bark. It takes but a short time to rig the rod, and stepping into the canoe we start. The Indian, with that noiseless dip which only a native understands, shoots the canoe forward as if propelled by unseen hands. Arriving at the locality, I reel out my line and make a cast which bears no fruit. From the next I get a rise which terminates in my favor, and land a beauty about three-quarters of a pound. From that time onward I have some excellent sport, and catching enough for a good supper, start home tired but happy.

Of all the times I have fished on Peter's Pond I have never yet experienced what is called fisherman's luck. The next day I start for Teedie's Brook, which is said to be the best stream in the province; and surely it deserves the name. It runs for about a mile through a meadow, where the smaller trout are to be found. Following the stream along one gradually enters a scene which he instinctively knows is trouty. On either side the alders overhang the stream, under whose shade the gamy trout disport themselves.

Wading down it, with the water waist deep, I drop my flies in pool and rill and at last reach a place which looks promising for big trout. Casting my line

> "Beneath a time-scarred oak whose leafy boughs
> Still in its age when summer sun beats down,"

I have a rise which makes the water churn. The tail fly has hooked a trout which to my eager eyes looks like a young whale. I assure you I only see him for a short time when away he goes and then commences that inevitable fight which

is sure to take place when one has hooked a big one. I tried in vain to stop him, but finding it useless, of course, do the other thing, and that is go with him. He stops after a few minutes, which seem hours, and sulks. Then away he goes again trying all manner of devices to get the hook out of his mouth. In this way he worries himself out and begins to show the signs that foreruns the death of all trout. Now he is almost within reach of my net, now he darts away as though inspired with a new life, but it is only momentary, and at last is in the fatal meshes of the landing net, a place where all good trout should die.

That day by me and my friend there were one hundred and some trout killed, forty of which weighed one hundred pounds, and thinking some of my friends in B. would not believe it I sent them to an acquaintance who keeps the largest sporting goods store in that place. When I arrived I went to see him, and he told me that he and his clerks had all they could eat of them and if I had not sent them would hardly have believed I caught such big ones on a six-ounce rod. I will say that any one understanding trout fishing can do almost as well. The reason I say "almost" is because the natives around there informed me that my fish for that season were surpassed by none. Any one going to Richibucto can get board from $5 a week upward.

The striped bass fishing is excellent, and snipe and duck shooting fine in season. I have seen but very few woodcock, but was told there were quite a number. Hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting some of the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM up there next summer I close.

W. B. S.

SING SING, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my communication in relation to the protest of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River against the further continuance in office of Commissioner Blackford, which appeared in your issue of Dec. 17, a brief reference was made to the several acts creating and continuing the Commission. As it is believed that the Governor and his constitutional adviser, the Attorney-General, are inclined to concur in the view taken by this Association, viz., that the term of office of the Commissioners is five years, and that the Governor has the power to appoint their successors, it may be well to refer to these acts somewhat more critically. The following quotations contain all that has any bearing on the question at issue:

Laws of 1868, Chapter 285, entitled "An Act to appoint Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New York." Section 1. A Commission of Fisheries for the State of New York is hereby established. Section 2 prescribes the duties of the Commissioners. Section 3. Horatio Seymour, Seth Green and Robert B. Roosevelt are appointed under this act to hold office for two years.

Laws of 1870, Chapter 567, amending the above act. Section 2. All vacancies occurring in said Commission shall be filled by the Governor of the State, and the term of office is hereby extended three years. * * *

Laws of 1873, Chapter 74, entitled "An Act to continue the Fishery Commission of the State of New York." Section 1. The Fishery Commission of the State of New York, created by act passed April 22, 1868, Laws of 1868, Chapter 285, is continued with the powers conferred upon them by the said act. * * *

Laws of 1869, Chapter 309. Section 2. The Governor is authorized to appoint a resident of the counties of either Kings, Queens or Suffolk an additional member of the Commission of Fisheries of the State of New York, and to supply his place should a vacancy occur therein, as provided in chapter 567, laws of 1870.

These acts are all grouped together in 3d R. S., 7th ed., pp. 2,113-5.

The only acts limiting the tenure of office are the first two, passed in 1868 and 1870.

But if these constituted all there is on the subject, then there is no Fishery Commission. It expired by limitation at the end of five years.

If it did not, why was it necessary for the Legislature to pass an act in 1873 in order to continue the Commission?

To get at the exact status of the Commissioners to-day, these acts must all be taken together and then the intention of the Legislature becomes very clear.

1. It proposed to name the Commissioners, and not leave it to the Governor to do so.

2. It intended at first to create a Commission for two years only.

3. In 1870 it intended to continue the Commission till 1873, and made provision for filling vacancies, but not for appointing successors, for there could be none. The Commission was then to terminate.

4. In 1873 it determined upon an indefinite continuance of the Commission, and so enacted, but again made no provision for appointing successors, for again there could be none.

The Commissioners then in office were recognized and instructed as to their duties. And they were to hold "during the pleasure" of the Legislature, which was the appointing power. "Every office of which the duration is not prescribed by the Constitution, or shall not be declared by law, shall be held during the pleasure of the authority making the appointment." 1 Rev. Statutes, 7th ed., p. 365, § 8.

5. The only power it conferred upon the Governor was to fill vacancies, but a vacancy can only occur during a term. The statute on that subject is as follows: "Every office shall become vacant on the happening of either of the following events: (1) The death of the incumbent, (2) his resignation, (3) his removal from office, (4) the ceasing to be an inhabitant of the State, etc., (5) his conviction of crime, (6) his refusal or neglect to qualify, etc., (7) a decision declaring his appointment or election void." 1 Rev. Statutes, 7th ed., p. 370, § 74.

If therefore the Commissioners are holding over after the expiration of their term, there is certainly no "vacancy," and that view is fully sustained by the courts.

It is difficult to see how any other construction than that suggested above can be put upon the acts in question. That is, the Legislature at first limited the life of the Commissioner to two, and then extended it to five years.

That it afterward continued it indefinitely, *i. e.*, during the life of its members or during its own pleasure, with power to the Governor to keep it alive by filling vacancies. And this is the view commonly entertained.

The Governor is an accomplished lawyer, and it is to be hoped that before acting he will personally examine the laws in question, and rely solely upon his own judgment as to the powers they confer upon him

ANGLER.

A NEW YEAR FISHING TRIP.

THE first day of January, 1877, found me in what is now Aiken county, Minnesota. At that time Fort Ripley was a well garrisoned frontier fort and Crow Wing, some eight or ten miles above on the Mississippi River, an advanced trading post, the licensed traders being the brothers McDonald, well known frontier characters. I had gone up from Dubuque with a surveyor who had a government contract to sub-divide a lot of townships in a tract that had just been purchased from the Chippewas. As I knew a few words of "Ojibwa," picked up in the Bad Ax country the winter before, and none of the rest of the party, six in number, knew one word, I had a big "bulge" on them and passed for an "interpreter." But such interpreting! One of the party noticed that my replies were often "gowin gandun" (I don't know how to spell it but that is the way it sounds) and he finally found out that this meant, "I don't understand," and he lost faith in the whole business. We had gone up early in October and had worked off to the eastward from Crow Wing toward the Mille Lacs, found some men stealing Government timber on the Anoka River, who, outnumbering our little party, antedated "Boss" Tweed's inquiry of—what are you going to do about it?" and as this was really no part of our business we did nothing. Lakes were plenty but we did not camp by them long enough to attempt fishing. The tent was usually in a frozen swamp where we had to dig for water, often impregnated with iron so strong as to discolor the camp kettles, or on the edge of a cranberry marsh where hundreds of acres of fine berries were waiting a harvester. Of fish we saw plenty. Every Indian wigwam had fish drying beside it. These were mainly pickerel, *Esox*, and lake trout, *S. namaycush*. I did not see a brook trout in that region, although they might have been plenty, but the Indians cured only the larger fish. These were on a platform of poles laid in crotches about ten feet high, and were dried, or partially so.

On several occasions I had exchanged "pequishigan" (bread) for "kenosha" (pike or pickerel) and it was an agreeable change from our staples of beans, pork and corned beef, but McBride, our compassman, always spleened against anything that an Indian had handled and wouldn't eat a fish of their curing unless he could wash it for half an hour before it was cooked. Henry Neville and I took turns, week about, one hunting for game and the other keeping camp, in a country overrun with hungry Indians who bought moccasins of buffalo skin, very poor they are, because deer were so scarce. I came into camp on the last evening in December with one coon, the result of three days' hunt and two nights' sleeping out. The boys "hefted" it and pronounced it fat and good enough for a New Year dinner. Crosby asked me if the death of the coon did not weigh on my conscience because it was so long since I had killed anything. Tom Davies suspected that the animal had died of old age. Pierre Gibbs tried to make out that it had been killed with an arrow instead of a bullet, although he knew that every adult redskin in that region used a gun of some kind. The fact of fresh coon outweighed all attempts at controversy as to the cause of its death and we sat down to our evening dinner of bean-soup, hot biscuit and boiled pork with the prospect of a feast on the morrow, for the last fresh meat was now only a remembrance, a venison ham, ten days in the background of memory. Between two spoonfuls of hot bean soup McBride said to me, "You are a fisherman but you never get us any fresh fish. You loaf through the woods with a gun and seldom kill anything while we are in a country where we find a lake every few miles and all the fish we get is from the hand of some dirty Indian.' That this charge was true I will at this late day confess, but at the time its very truth nettled me. I said: "Let Henry Neville stay in camp with me to-morrow and we will try a small lake some four miles north of the head of the Anoka and see if we can't get a fresh fish for dinner. I saw the lake yesterday while following a deer track which led to a deserted yard, and old Yellow foot who has hung about the camp for the last week, told me "Kigee Kenosha* pungee gumee," which means that—there are big pickerel in the little lake." Henry made answer and said: "I will go with thee."

The morning dawned bright and beautiful, the boys ate their breakfast and went out "on the line." Old Yellow-foot lounged into camp as the last axeman left. Henry cleaned up while I hunted up such tackle as we had and found a braided silk line but not a hook, the hooks had been lost somehow. Henry had some wire and we made half a hundred hooks, but whether they were the regular "Limerick," "sneck," "Pennell" or "Kirby" is impossible to say at this late day. They were simply fish hooks, and we could say of them as Macbeth did to the murderers:

> "Ay in the catalogue ye go for men,
> As hounds, greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
> Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are cleped
> All by the name of dogs."

So our hooks, though made of wire, were "hooks" and much better than those illustrated in Dame Juliana Berners' "Boke of Saint Albans" or by Leonard Mascall. Old Yellow-foot was to accompany us, in fact it would have been impossible to have given him a "cold shake" as long as there was anything to eat in the camp, and while we shouldered our tackle and provisions he took an implement which it pleased him to call "au-gau-quet" instead of the simple word axe and we moved on to the frozen lake. The old duffer did know where the springs came in and where we could get minnows for bait, and we supplied ourselves with them in good quantity and then proceeded to cut holes in the ice and set our lines.

As has been recorded, the day was fair, but the ice was thick. We cut and baited about twenty holes, lunching and smoking at intervals, and then went up in a ravine to have a grand lunch while the fish took hold. Old Yellow-foot never missed a chance at the fodder and encouraged us with hopes of "kingee kenosha," and we laid off until near sundown, when we went to the holes and lifted the lines with what adhered to them and started for camp.

The sun was just sinking as we entered camp and the boys were gathered about the kettle of festive beans when Crosby hailed us: "Halloo Nitchie,* what luck?"

"Not a durned fish," answered Neville, "but we've got all our bait left."

FRED MATHER.

*Here I would call the attention of etymologists to the derivation of the word "mascalonge" and its variations. My spelling of the Ojibwa name of pike, *Kenosha*, is entirely phonetic. I have no idea how it might be spelled. Give the o a nasal sound and twist it into "Kinoje" and it is not a far cry to "maskinoje" which most authorities try to twist into a French derivation with "mask" as a synonym of "face." I do not pretend to decide this matter for I am not learned enough in either French or Ojibwa, and know the latter tongue has received many additions since the "Chemokman" came among them. As an instance of this: A poor Indian had begged around camp for some days with more or less success, when one morning he came in and requested "pungee pegushigun." To my untrained ear this meant "pungee" (little) "puquishigan" (bread) and I told him "gowin pequishigan" (no bread); he insisted, and taking up a gun showed me that "pegushigun" meant percussion caps for a gun, and not bread—showing that he had made a word, or others had, for something new.

*Friend.

A SOCIAL ANGLING CLUB.

WE have just read a four page report of the annual dinner of the Fly-Fishers' Club of London in the *Fishing Gazette*, and have been struck by the fact that there is no association of this kind in America. There are angling clubs in plenty, but they usually own or lease waters and live for angling alone. The Fly-Fishers' Club does not live for fishing but for social purposes only, to meet at the rooms, look through the library, chat, smoke, talk of fishing and fishing tackle, and to have an annual dinner. These in themselves are a sufficient reason for its existence. It numbers 264 members, and up to December 5, last, had a balance in the bank of nearly $1,800. English anglers have long known that "it is not all of fishing to fish," and social clubs composed of anglers are not at all uncommon in that country. There is room for just such an organization here in New York and it could be made very popular if the right men could take hold of it.

English publishers claim that the bulk of their more expensive angling works come to America which, if true, shows that we have a large class who are interested in angling beyond the pleasure derived from actual fishing.

At the late dinner referred to Hon. Sir Ford North presided, and Mr. Wm. Senior (the well known "Red Spinner" and Mr. R. B. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, were vice-chairmen. Over one hundred and fifty members were present and the reported speeches were capital. Among other things the president said: "Of late years one had heard a great deal about the fishermen of America. He confessed if any one had told him ten years ago that American fishermen deserved the name, he should have laughed at them. But either one's ideas got opened or Americans had come forward in the way which was not expected. At any rate, there was no doubt now that there were persons in America who, if they had not gone into fishing questions very thoroughly and deeply, at any rate had done a great deal toward contributing to the perfection of the tackle which was now used. In addition to that they had written some most excellent books. He need only mention one which he was sure many of them knew, though it had only recently been published. He meant a book on fly-fishing and tackle, of which Mr. Wells was the author. We knew now that there were many gentlemen in America who were first-rate authorities on the subject. When gentlemen, eminent in science or literature, came to this country, they were, upon introduction to the Athenæum Club, made honorary members for a certain time, which placed them on precisely the same footing as its ordinary members. He thought the model set there was one which, if they got on a little bit in the world, it would be very desirable for them to follow. (Hear, hear.) He should be very glad if they found the Fly-Fishers' Club was one to which American gentlemen who were fond of the pursuit might, when recommended, become members during their stay in this country. He was sure they would appreciate the opportunity they would have of seeing the angling works of England collected together better than most of them would have an opportunity of seeing in their own country, and it would also be a great satisfaction to know that they would have an opportunity of making the acquaintances and offering hospitality to such gentlemen. He hoped very much that as they got on a little bit and got established on a good footing, they might be in a position to have communion of that sort with the anglers of another country who spoke their own language, at no expense to themselves, but greatly to their benefit and pleasure."

Mr. R. B. Marston, whom we believe was the originator of the club, referred to the fact that both his father and his son were members of it, and he felt proud of it. "He would not go into the history of the club, but would simply congratulate the members who were present at their first dinner that they had survived the fearful crush on that occasion. The chairman had referred to one subject which he should like to mention before he read the report as to the state of the club—viz., the question of publishing angling books. That was a thing which he thought the club should never attempt—particularly those with colored plates—the expense was so great. (Hear, hear.) The other suggestion, that they should have a book in which anglers from all parts of the country could place their flies, so that all could see the kind of flies used in certain districts, would be most valuable, and would be obtained at no expense whatever. The chairman had referred to the question of honorary and foreign members; but he might say they had some honorary members already. They had his friend, Mr. F. Mather, one of the best anglers and most genial fellows in the world, and if he came over from America, he was sure they would give him a hearty welcome. Then they had Mr. Harris, and Mr. Wells, the author of "Fly-Fishing in American Waters." They had also Mr. Cheney, and one or two other American gentlemen. On the Continent, there was Herr Max v. d. Borne, one of the best pisciculturists in the world, who had done much for fly-fishing, and who would be ready to do all he could for any of their members who went to Germany. Then there was Herr Emil Weeger, an Austrian gentleman, who would be most happy to make any friends welcome in Austria, and show them the best fishing there."

We have only quoted parts of the speeches which related to this country, as space forbids our giving all the good things which were reported. The Rod and Reel Association at present exists merely to hold tournaments but might be made the basis of such an organization as we have named. The Ichthyophagous Club is entirely social but it has no organization and its membership consists merely of those who, getting invitations, pay for a dinner ticket, and it is doubtful how long before the possibilities of the water to furnish new forms of horrible creatures for their delectation will be exhausted. We would suggest to the members of the Rod and Reel Association the advisability of their extending their organization in the direction named.

HABITS OF BLUEFISH AND TOMCODS.—A member of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club writes: "Will you kindly advise me the name of the best book in which I could learn of the habits of fish in American waters, especially those of bluefish and tomcods? I should like to settle a dispute about the manner of living of above named fish." Something on the habits of bluefish may be learned from "The

American Angler's Book," by Norris; "Fishing in American Waters," Scott; Reports of the U. S. Fish Commission, 1872–82. In none of these is the tomcod treated of at any length. In De Kay's "Fishes of New York," 1842, both species are described. If we knew just what points our correspondent wished to investigate, it is possible that we might enlighten him.

RAINBOW TROUT IN MARKET.—These fish are now plenty in Fulton Market, where they may be bought either alive or dead. The South Side Club, of Long Island, has recently sent a large number of fish from one-quarter to three-quarters of a pound to Mr. Blackford. The demand for them is not great so far, as the public has not been accustomed to buying trout at this time of year. The laws of New York permit their capture and sale at this season, although many of the fish look as if they would spawn in a few weeks.

Fisheulture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

WE have the twentieth report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut to the General Assembly at its January session, 1886. As the fiscal year of the State was changed by the last Legislature, so that it now ends on June 30 instead of on November 30, as formerly, the report only embraces the seven months beginning Dec. 1, 1884, and ending with last June. During that time the Commissioners have hatched and planted 5,733,000 shad, and 450,000 young trout. In addition to these they have hatched 100,000 salmon eggs which were presented to the State by Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner, and placed the fry in the Farmington River. From the same source they also received 30,000 Michigan trout eggs, the fry from which were planted in the streams of Hartford county.

In the Connecticut River the catch of shad in 1885 was 190,300 fish, being an increase of 40,255 over the previous year. In the Housatonic River the catch in 1885 was 50,689 fish, a decrease of 1,311 from 1884, though the number of seines and gill nets had increased. In the hatching of shad the Commission has abandoned floating boxes and substituted the jars. Mr. Henry J. Fenton, Supt. of Hatcheries writes on this subject to the Commissioners as follows:

"Gentlemen—I herewith submit my report of shad-hatching operations on the Housatonic River at Birmingham, Conn., for the year 1885. I completed the new shad-hatching house, as per orders, the 15th of May, in the dry canal of the Ousatonic Water Company, who kindly gave me the privilege to erect the building there, and use of all the water necessary to conduct the hatching, by putting a pipe through their head-gate into the pond, which made a most desirable location to operate the McDonald shad-hatching jars. The jars arrived from Washington, D. C., in good condition, in time to commence taking spawn the 18th af May, and I continued taking them until the 16th day of June. The jars worked to my entire satisfaction, and with the most satisfactory results; the loss of eggs being a mere trifle, scarcely two per cent., while, by the old method, the loss was from five to fifteen per cent. The number of eggs taken each day, and the fish planted will be seen by the written report, all of which is respectfully submitted."

On the subject of river pollutions the report quotes from the New Haven *Palladium* on "Poison in the Housatonic," which says: "A large lot of chemicals used at the Wilkinson paper mills in Shelton was emptied into the Houstonic River on Thursday, and soon many fish floated on the water. Men and boys seemed to go crazy with excitement at seeing so many fish at their mercy. Boats were procured and soon the river was alive with men and boys, some in a state of nudity, gathering large shad and other fish that had not life enough in them to escape their pursuers. Several hundred fish must have been thus caught, although who would want to eat them is a mystery, and spectators standing on the bridge saw many float down the river, whose waters were discolored with the acids far below the rink. If the water was so poisonous to the large fish what must it have been to the millions of young shad that has been hatched and emptied into the river the past season."

Again the same paper says: "The slaughter of fish took place yesterday. The paper mill emptied its refuse into the river and the chemicals in solution immediately filled the water with dead fish. Large bass, pickerel, shad, and others went floating down. Parties in boats secured large numbers. From three to four times a year chemicals are dumped and all fish in the track are killed."

In the matter of fishways the report says: "No further action has been taken in reference to the building of fishways. A recent letter from Col. McDonald states that the work of constructing fishways over the Great Falls of the Potomac is progressing, and will probably be completed this year. It is hoped that this may solve the great problem of passing shad through fishways, and the result will be watched with the greatest interest."

An appendix gives several laws relating to the fisheries among which we note the following: No person shall sell, exchange, or offer to sell any dead brook trout less than six inches in length, penalty not more than seven dollars. No person shall, between sunset and sunrise, steal, or attempt to steal, fish from any pond, weir, or net; penalty not to exceed $100, or imprisonment not more than sixty days, or by both fine and imprisonment.

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the FOREST AND STREAM actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

2. In general excellence the reading columns of the FOREST AND STREAM are of a higher grade than those of any similar publication the world.

3. Taking into account the amount and the character of weekly reading given, the FOREST AND STREAM is away ahead of any similar publication in the world.

4. If a sportsman wishes a sportsman's paper, he will be better suited by the FOREST AND STREAM than by any similar publication in the world.

HOMEOPATHY FOR HORSES.—An article has been going the rounds of the papers, which states with some particularity that a horse being severely diseased and having been given up to die by two celebrated "old school" veterinary doctors, was speedily cured by being put into the hands of a homeopathic veterinary, and this is cited as being something of a wonder. We are at a loss to know where these wise men could have lived for the last twenty years, that such a fact could be news to them. It is now twenty odd years since Humphreys' Homeopathic Veterinary Specifics have been in use, and tens of thousands of stables are using them exclusively, with just such success as is heralded in that paragraph, and the fact is well settled that horses, cattle, sheep, dogs and hogs are as readily cured by the "Veterinary Specifics" as babies and children by the doctor's "Family Specifics." Not only are liverymen, horse railroad, express and coach companies using them, but cavalry officers of the United States Army have endorsed and recommended them, and the man who made the miraculous cure described above has used them for many years with the marked success above related.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 5 to 12.—First annual exhibition and dog show of the Central Indiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Indianapolis. J. W. Elliott, Secretary.

Jan. 19, 20 and 21, 1886.—Annual Exhibition and Beneh Show of the French Creek Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. A. L. Braden, Secretary.

Jan. 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Fourth annual dog show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at Fall River, Mass. R. G. Mosher, Secretary.

Feb. 8, 9 and 10.—Fourth annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25, 1886.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2, 1886.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **3092.**

EVOLUTION OF THE MASTIFF'S HEAD.

WE print this week, as a special supplement to the FOREST AND STREAM, views of six mastiff heads, three of the type of twenty years ago and three of recent date. A comparison of the three heads on the upper line with those below them will show the great change which has been brought about by selection and careful breeding in these dogs. While these illustrations are of especial interest to breeders of the mastiff, they are scarcely less so to those who are interested in other breeds, for they indicate very forcibly what changes can be made in a type in any given direction, and further, that such changes can be brought about in a comparatively short space of time. A similar series appeared a short time ago in the *American Kennel Register*, and we are indebted to that journal for the loan of the material from which the present illustrations have been made. Very happily timed is the article on the mastiff from the pen of Mr. C. H. Mason, which appears in another column.

GRAPHIC'S ALLEGED FLUSH.

TO the public and all fair-minded sportsmen who love a good dog for the pleasure he can derive from his ownership, we will say, we decline to discuss through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM or any other paper any question affecting dogs, field trials or bench shows with any professional dog dealer or handler. We, however, value the good opinion of all honest men no matter what their vocation, and that the latter may know the truth, make the following statement:

1. Neither of us saw Graphic make any flush on Friday afternoon, nor did we see any birds except larks get up anywhere near the dog.

2. Upon careful inquiry made Friday night and Saturday morning we could find no one else who saw any flush.

3. We did find many who saw the whole heat Friday afternoon and who were positive no flush was made.

4. Mr. Heath took especial pains Friday night to ascertain through proper inquiries whether a flush had been scored against Graphic, and was informed that the flush had been so scored, and on Mr. Coster's testimony alone, the other two judges not having seen it.

5. Not satisfied with this information and as a further precaution, we sought out Mr. Wilson Saturday morning, and saw scored on his judges' book the flush against Graphic and heard the statement that he (Mr. Wilson) did not himself see the flush.

6. The notice of withdrawal was properly directed and handed to Mr. Coster, the secretary of the club.

7. No opportunity was given Mr. Heath to discuss officially why said flush was so scored.

8. Mr. Anthony rode beside Mr. Coster as he had a right to do as the representative and deputy of Mr. Heath, and at the latter's request, besides which Mr. Anthony sold Graphic to Mr. Heath subject to all his (Mr. Anthony's) rights in the running—the dog was entered in his name and consequently he had the privilege in any event to be with the judges and follow the dog.

9. Both Mr. Coster and Mr. Anthony were over seventy-five yards in the rear of the other two judges, and in fact Mr. Coster did not appear to be judging at all, and had not Graphic been brought back by his handler (after quartering out the whole ground in front of Beaufort on the right) and thrown across the ditch to the left, he (Mr. Coster) would have been more than one hundred yards to the rear of the dogs.

10. The statement "that Messrs. Donner and Coster owed their appointment as judges to the unanimous voice of owners and handlers who were present," is false. Neither of us were consulted as to Mr. Coster's appointment as judge in the pointer stake. We did not agree to Mr. Donner, but on the mistaken idea, so far as Mr. Anthony was concerned, that he was not a member of the Westminster Kennel Club. Mr. Wilson, though we had no voice in his selection, was perfectly satisfactory.

Mitchell, our handler, though having more dogs entered than any other handler, was not consulted at all. He had four out of eighteen starters in the All-Aged Pointer Stake, four out of thirteen in the Derby, and one in the All-Aged Setter Stake.

We will add that we will match Graphic (against any dog in his class living) on the bench, whether owned in Europe or America, "the acknowledged best pointer living" not excepted, for the championship of the world.

Also a dog and bitch, his progeny, against any small-sized dog or large-sized bitch the progeny of any stud dog now owned in the United States.

Also a brace, his progeny, against any brace now owned in the United States. These contests to take place during the month of May, 1886, in the city of New York, the judging to be by points according to Stonehenge, and a record of the points given each dog to be made and published by the judge or judges as the basis of the several awards.

Also, in the field:

1. Against Mainspring, the winner of the All-Aged Pointer Stake E. F. T. C., 1885, for an all-day's race, to be run either at High Point or Salisbury, N. C., at any time, as may be agreed during the second week in March, 1886. Capt. McMurdo to handle Mainspring and Mitchell to handle Graphic.

2. Also against both Croxteth and Drake (respectively the winners of the All-Aged Pointer Stake 1883 and 1884), the races to be run all one day and during the week prior to the race with Mainspring, and with an interval of three days between each race. Thurtle and Mitchell to handle.

3. Mr. B. F. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, to be the sole judge, and retrieving not to be counted.

We make this offer not in any offensive sense. Nor have we singled out Mainspring as one of the contestants for any other reason than he was the winner of the All-Aged Stake this year, having directly or indirectly beaten every dog in the stake, except Graphic or Spot, the latter being the winner up to his withdrawal and having won his third series. Also because Mainspring is a descendant of Mike Romp, a strain claimed to be superior in the field to any other strain of pointers living.

If Graphic or his progeny are fairly beaten in either or all the contests, as they may be, we shall not be found wanting either in good nature or generous praise for the owner, breeder or handler of the opposing dog or dogs.

The acceptance of any of the above challenges to be made in writing to the undersigned, and directed to No. 44 New street, New York city, on or before Feb. 1, 1886.

CHAS. HEATH,
JAS. L. ANTHONY.

THE ENGLISH MASTIFF.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was not without a pang of regret that I put aside the December number of the *American Kennel Register*, which contained the last of Mr. Wynn's able and instructive articles on the origin and history of the English mastiff. This last contribution to what may be termed canine literature has not been excelled; in my opinion it is the best essay on the subject that has ever been written. Each important statement is indorsed either by documentary evidence or common sense argument, and the author appears to have been just in his allusions to rival breeders. True, there are one or two sharp hits at certain persons whose names I need not mention; but there is nothing of an offensive nature in any one of the articles, all of which are chock full of rich information. Like every man whose efforts, no matter in what sphere of life, have been crowned with success, Mr. Wynn has made enemies, and plenty of them; but he can afford to let minnows swim around him and take an occasional nibble at his coat tails if doing so affords them either pleasure or amusement.

The first time I met Mr. Wynn was in the judges' ring at the Chesterfield show about six years ago. We had a dog each in the same class and the judges, Messrs. Hodson and Mellor (both parsons), were not long in sifting the wheat from the chaff. When the rubbish had been cleared out I found myself standing by Mr. Wynn and his dog—Scalford King was his name I think—Creole was my entry. This was about the time when a great noise was being raised about level teeth, and Mr. Hodson had made a big blunder in ordering out of the ring all the undershot specimens at a certain show. His wayward nephew, Vero Shaw, who always carried about with him a cartload of stupid ideas and very few good ones that were not borrowed, followed suit and was promoting his views in the usual *ipse dixit* fashion when Messrs. Hanbury and Wynn shouldered the not very gigantic task of cooling him off. Shaw alludes to this matter in his "Book of the Dog" as follows: "Mr. Hodson, who had most properly turned out of the ring all the cow-hocked and undershot specimens, remarked that he was convinced good mastiffs were to be had without these defects, and he was determined not to be a party to the awarding of prizes to dogs so malformed. Subsequent events have proved the soundness of his decision." It is scarcely necessary to say that subsequent events have proved nothing of the sort. "Stonehenge," in his last volume, says: "A slight projection of the lower teeth may be overlooked, and good judges continue in awarding prizes to undershot specimens." Shaw's motto was *humanum est errare*, and he was a wretched judge of dogs. I once saw a dog that was led into the ring by an attendant ordered out by Shaw for being "worthless." The owner of this dog and myself put up a joke for Shaw, and sent the dog into the ring again, with another man at the end of the chain. To cut a long story short, he gave the dog the prize, and, to make matters worse, told the owner it was a very good specimen. This took place at the Darlington show. Almost precisely the same thing has been done here by an individual who still believes himself to be a judge. But more of this anon.

Creole, as mastiff men know, had a level set of teeth, and that is one reason why I felt sure she would beat Mr. Wynn's dog, who was undershot. Mr. Hodson stepped over to where Creole was and examined her mouth, then it was King's turn. Mr. Wynn bared the dog's teeth, and in the coolest manner possible looked straight into Mr. Hodson's face and said, "He isn't sufficiently underhung for my fancy." That was a facer for the judge who would "not be a party to the awarding of prizes to dogs so malformed," and it was one for me when I saw the blue ribbon handed to Mr. Wynn. A protest would have been in order, but profound respect for the black cloth controlled me and nothing was said. Mr. Wynn had been previously represented to me as a great "kicker"—a selfish chap that could not see anything good about anybody's dogs but his own. My informant was evidently mistaken, as I met Mr. Wynn twice after the Chesterfield show, and beat him on each occasion. If he "kicked," I never felt the blows, but there remain pleasant recollections of a charming conversation that was not ended until we saw before us visions of very strange things. Some of these loomed up from Devonshire, and I distinctly remember a Lyme Hall mastiff, the sire and dam of which had been seen going into the ark; huge bundles of photographs taken on Mount Ararat; an ancient leather bag made from the hide of Balaam's ass; an immense pair of gig lamps, stronger in magnifying qualities than any I had ever seen, and—a hat. I shall never forget this last-named relic of antediluvian days. It was the only real hat I had ever seen, and I have never seen one since. Many futile attempts have been made by mastiff men to ascertain the dimensions of that hat; they remain unknown to all but the maker and owner. We know that it was large enough to cover, and that it did cover, a whole kingdom; but we know no more. Can Mr. Watson, who was in England not long ago, or Mr. Wade, who has had a steamship full of correspondence with mastiff breeders, give the history of that hat? I doubt it.

Perhaps now that Mr. Wynn has completed his unequalled essay on the history of the mastiff, he will describe the successful stud and exhibition dogs of the present day. Such a contribution, emanating from such a source, would be not only interesting to all mastiff breeders in this country, but would be very instructive and invaluable for reference.

The *American Kennel Register* of November turned out an excellent illustration of mastiff heads, but being crowded with entries of newly registered dogs, there was left no available space for an article. This is to be regretted, the more so because the editor is a popular judge and an excellent critic. In the absence of editorial comment I feel tempted to have my say about one or two of these heads, which appear to have been very carefully selected with a view of showing the marked improvement that has taken place within the last twenty years.

The *entente cordiale* existing between myself and many of the readers of your kennel columns is sufficient guarantee that my motive will not be misconstrued. All of us have not had equal facilities for gaining information, and certainly Americans have had limited opportunities of adding to their knowledge of non-sporting dogs. But no matter how scanty our experience, we should strive to help one another, and we can do so to some extent by friendly discussions in the better class of papers, and by frowning down all that is unsportsmanlike and unmanly. Mastiff interests have suffered se-



DUCHESS.
ELAINE.



GOVERNOR.
COLONEL.



TURK.
PONTIFF







EVOLUTION OF THE MASTIFF'S HEAD.

[SUPPLEMENT TO THE FOREST AND STREAM.]

verely during the crisis through which dog shows have been passing, but there need be no fears for the future. Dr. Perry, Mr. Wade, the Winlawn Kennels and others are hard at work, and may succeed in breeding good specimens. See what these men have had to face and you will cease wondering why America has never produced a first-class specimen.

The back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM contain a grand and everlasting monument to the ignorance—not prejudice—of certain persons whose career ended with Mr. Lincoln's death. One or two illustrations will suffice to show how perplexed must have been those breeders who had no fixed ideas. At one of the New York shows Gurch (second prize) beat Salisbury (third prize); I paid $1,000 for the latter and sold the former for something less than $200. Grim (first prize) was perhaps worth $10 to some people, I would not have given $5 for him. Take Ilford Cromwell—his dog was not worth a card at some shows and his owner could not dispose of him until Dr. Perry made a bid of $50, which was accepted. Mr. Wade had to do a lot of talking before the Doctor could be induced to pay $50 for such a brute. Mr. Wade was the only man that could see $50 in such a "funny looking dog." At New Haven I had the pleasure of awarding him first prize and special prize for the best mastiff in the show, and all of a sudden people began to see something good in him. Mr. Dalziel at once recognized his good qualities, and went as far as saying he was one of the best brindle mastiffs he had ever seen. If you should make an offer of $500 for Cromwell it would be refused, and you could buy the $600 Hero II. for less money than the $50 "funny looking dog." Prussian Princess, one of the best bitches ever seen in this country, and a winner at the best English shows, was described in a Western paper as being something worse than a mongrel, and Homer, who is about the best home bred specimen we have, was said to be a worthless cur. The result of all this was that Dr. Perry withdrew his dogs and will not exhibit them again until all chances of their being mangled have vanished, I don't know, but I am told the names of Watson, Dudley and Exley are not entered in his black book. I state these facts merely to show that if mastiff breeders have made slow progress, they are not so much to blame as some persons might suppose.

Now for the *American Kennel Register's* illustrations. Duchess, said to be Hanbury's, is first on the list. She was whelped in 1860 and was by Bill George's Tiger out of Empress, by Ansdell's Leo. She won several prizes, two of which were first prizes, at Birmingham, and at the Islington show, 1864, she beat Governor. Although I have seen this bitch I do not remember her, but I have an idea that her head was much shorter than is shown in the pictures I have seen of her. Mr. Wynn says she had a short muzzle, but the *Register's* illustration, also photographs I have seen, show her to have had a round head, heavy ears, and a long light muzzle. Nichols's Duchess had a head of the latter type—too houndy and long and lacking in width of muzzle. The illustration answers equally well the purpose for which it was made, whether it be a likeness of Hanbury's bitch or Nichols's.

Governor, bred by Mr. Lukey, was whelped 1861, and was by Garnier's Lion out of Lukey's Countess. He took third prize at Islington 1862, second prize 1863, and third prize 1864. The *Register's* illustration shows him to have been faulty in head, ears and in muzzle. He may have been a big, truly-formed dog, but every picture I have seen of him gives him a wretched head. Not having seen him I must be careful lest I should do him injustice.

Turk, bred by Miss Aglionby, was whelped 1867 and was by Field's King out of Miss Aglionby's Hilda. He won innumerable prizes and was well known to all showgoers. Mr. Robinson, his owner, also owned Punch, and the two dogs were well worked during the show season. Turk's most formidable opponent was Lion, owned by Miss Hales, of Canterbury. Turk and Punch were better in head properties than Lion, but the latter was a better built dog than either of his opponents, and it is a pity he had such a faulty head; it was much too long and houndy in appearance and his ears were large and heavy. None of the pictures I have seen of Turk do him justice, and the illustrations are better, as a rule, than the photographs. True, his head was not equal to the head of a Wolsey; but it was a good mastiff head, and he was neither round in skull, snipy in muzzle, or lacking in wrinkles. All pictures deprive him of the kindly expression and dignified bearing that were his. Punch was offered to me for £30. He was a long-legged, cow-hocked specimen, and I never liked him. The last time I saw these dogs was at the Halifax show, 1871. Turk took first prize and Punch second prize. Lion was lame, and was put back on that account.

Colonel was whelped 1875 and was by Col. Mellor's Ben out of Parkinson's Jeannette, by Exley's Victor. He won prizes at almost every show throughout England, and the first time I saw him was at Birmingham, 1876, where he took second prize in the open class, The Shah taking first. I came very near being the owner of Colonel, and was just on the point of purchasing him when Mr. Alston of Sale stepped in and outbid me. He was not a big dog, but he was a good one. True, his feet were not of the best, and that he was light of bone, and had a way of standing with the near fore foot twisted out, that did not add to his beauty. In other respects he was a truly formed dog and was at all times a hard one to beat. He had good head, fair girth of skull and was much above the average in muzzle. His ears might have been smaller, but they were as black as indigo and his mask was exceptionally good. Although his keeper, George Stables, swore he was "the best blooming mastiff in the world," I held another opinion and much preferred Wolsey. This magnificent son of Rajah was the grandest specimen I have ever seen. True, he was not so strong in loin or so good in eyes as Colonel, but he showed far more character and had a much grander head. Colonel and I are old friends, and I have many a time left a comfortable first class to pay him a visit in the luggage van. (Steam cars and baggage are not known in old England.) When I passed down the benches at a dog show on a tour of inspection he was on his legs the moment he saw me. A shake of the paw did not satisfy him, he must lick my face as well. The latter privilege I seldom allowed.

Ben, the sire of Colonel, was a big heavy-boned dog, fairly put together, but his head was very deficient. I never saw his dam Jeannette, but suppose she was a much better specimen than Ben, and her sire Victor, owned by Mr. Exley of our town, was a very useful dog. Victor begot Bosco, a very grand young dog; he took second prize at Bradford, 1880, when he was about fourteen months old, and I bought him just after the show; £100 was the price paid for him, but I did not keep him more than a few days, as Mr. Royle of Manchester, now well known as a very successful exhibitor, never let me have any rest until I sold the dog to him. He made me an offer of £200, and at that price Bosco changed hands. In my opinion it was a very low price for such a dog. A few days after this, Mr. Royle sent him on to the Darlington show, and it cost him his life. After taking first prize in a good class, he contracted a severe cold and died within twenty-four hours from inflammation of the lungs.

Elaine, by Crown Prince out of Lady Rowena, was whelped 1883, and has taken premier honors at the best English shows. I have not seen this bitch, but pictures show her to be a grand specimen, very good in head properties. If we compare this bitch's head with that of Duchess, we must allow that mastiff breeders have not been idle. The dogs might be of different breeds so marked is the difference.

Pontiff, a good-headed son of Old Rajah and Princess, was whelped 1879. He had won several first prizes in good company, and at the best shows; he beat Nero (Miss Hesketh's) at the Alexandra Palace, 1881. I have not seen Pontiff, but his pictures give him a grand head, but rather big and heavy ears. His mask and ears are not dark enough. Nero (Miss Hesketh's) was a much better dog than Beaufoy's Nero. The latter I never liked. He was a big well built dog, but his head and tail were too much for me. Miss Hesketh's Nero had a grand front, and was especially good in muzzle. Compare Pontiff's head with Governor's, and we have another illustration of what brains and perseverance can accomplish.

CHAS. H. MASON.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 28, 1885.

PACIFIC COAST FIELD TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The third annual field trials of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club were begun here on Tuesday, the 15th instant. The first day's efforts were rather discouraging, as but few birds were found, although they were plentiful in this neighborhood a few weeks ago, when the committee inspected the ground. But one heat was run on the first day, and that was between Barney's Tom Pinch and Henry Bassford's Solano B. The youngsters were worked for four hours without the judges being able to come to any conclusion, and the conclusion of the heat was postponed until the following day.

On Wednesday it rained, and the low chemisal was so wet that no work was attempted. The Derby was, however, concluded on Thursday, the dogs being worked on new ground, where birds were found in goodly numbers, but quite wild.

The Derby winners were J. M. Barney's Tom Pinch, Henry Bassford's Solano B., and George W. Bassford's Victor II.

The winner of first is a handsome, stylish, lemon ticked dog, twenty months old, by Tom (Sensation—Colburn's Belle) out of Beulah (Flake—Lily). He was presented by John A. Wise, of Virginia, to Mr. Barney.

The winner of second is a liver and white dog, eighteen months old, by Glen (Ranger Boy—Beautiful Queen) out of Josie Bow (King Bow—Josie).

The winner of third is a lemon and white dog, litter brother of Solano B.

The All-Aged Stake was begun to-day, and W. Schreiber's lemon and white pointer Mountain Boy (Grouse—Nell) beat J. M. Bassford's liver and white pointer bitch Mountain Queen (Ranger—Queen).

POINT REYES, Marin County, Cal., Dec. 17.

In the All-Aged Stake the first prize went to William Schreiber's lemon and white pointer dog Mountain Boy (Grouse—Nell); second to J. M. Bassford Jr.'s lemon and white pointer dog Lemmie B. (Prince Ranger—Gracie); third money was equally divided between J. G. Edwards' black, white and tan English setter dog, Royal Duke II. (Regent—Dolly); J. M. Bassford Jr.'s liver and white pointer bitch Beautiful Queen (Ranger—Queen), and C. N. Post's black, white and tan English setter bitch Janet (Count Noble—Dashing Novice). The judges in the Puppy Stake were C. N. Post, J. G. Edwards and H. H. Briggs. In the All-Aged Stake the judges were Payne J. Shafter, J. Martin Barney and H. H. Briggs.

The trials were not a very decided success. The grounds proved bad, the birds were scarce and wild, the weather stormy. EXPERTUS.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 22.

NEW YORK DOG POUND.—It is rumored that the dog pound in this city may be reopened at this season and the dog catchers put to work. To such a pretty pass have things come when the public officials can be influenced in this fashion by sensation mongering newspapers. Instead of muzzling the dogs it would be a good plan to muzzle the editors who are creating all the hydrophobia scare there is. Meanwhile, owners of valuable dogs will do well to guard them from the official executives of the foolish city government.

OBO III.—Saco, Me., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been informed that Dr. Chapman, of New Haven, Conn., has just claimed the name Obo III. for his spaniel in the *American Kennel Register*, and I write this to inform you that my dog has a prior claim to the name, as he was registered in the *A. K. R.* last January, and the name claimed and the sale reported in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 8, 1885. His number is 1981. He is a valuable dog and I object to any one else claiming the name.—MRS. R. L. BOWERS.

IMPORTATIONS.—Arthur Wallack, of New York, has received from England the St. Bernard dog Courage II. (Oscar II., K.C.S.B. 12,856—Snowdon, K.C.S.B. 9,390), four years. Jas. L. Anthony, of New York, and Chas. Heath, of Newark, have purchased the pointer Bracket (Graphic—Bloomo), bred by E. C. Norrish, and winner of first at Birmingham last November.

NEWARK BENCH SHOW.—It is reported that the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club have selected as judges of the March Newark show: Pointers and setters, J. H. Whitehouse, Teply Court, Worcestershire, Eng.; St. Bernards and other large breeds, J. H. Dudley, Camden, N. J.; small dogs, J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Canada; spaniels, A. C. Wilmerding, Bergen Point, N. J.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

V. P. C., Cooperstown, N. Y.—I have a beagle puppy seven months old, while out in the woods to exercise he was taken with a spell of barking and howling which lasted about half an hour, and then would run about in a very uneasy manner. On the way home pup got a great fright from a dog and at intervals of a few moments would continue to bark and howl. After getting home the puppy was very uneasy and I became afraid of him, running about and howling every few moments. This was last Friday, since I have given him a dose of castor oil, also a dose of castor oil and buckthorn and white poppy. He appears better, does not howl more than three or four times a day, but is very uneasy at times, while at others he will play about and appear quite like himself. I noticed he is inclined to bite or chew his hips once in a while. Have noticed no worms in stools. Ans. Your dog will probably come around all right with very little treatment. The fits are produced probably from stoppage or constipation aided by too much meat in food. Do not feed raw meat, and if your dog is very fat give him less food. If castor oil and buckthorn do not operate freely, give him eight grains of calomel at night. If dog is no better report again.

P. H., West Winsted, Conn.—My young Laverack dog, ten months old, is ailing. Just noticed it yesterday morning; eyes very red; gets up and constantly on move; coughs a trifle this morning; eyes discharge water and a little matter; appears sick at stomach and vomits some bones, grass, etc.; groans when lying down and breathes very hard and short and is shivering nearly all the time; nose is quite cool and moist; pulse quite rapid; bowels in good shape of yellow color; never has been troubled with worms or seen any pass from him. Ans.—Your dog has the distemper. Give four drops of tincture of aconite root every hour until the fever abates. Give a pill of 10 grains of quinine at once. Keep the dog in a warm, dry, sunshiny room, and change the bedding twice a week. Feed with fluid diet, beef soup without fat, milk with lime water, gruel and porridge. If you see no improvement, report again to us.

J. F. R., Grand Rapids, Mich.—My three dogs have some kind of rheumatism. They keep jerking one, and sometimes both, forelegs when lying down or standing up, and cry fearfully. Ans.—Your dogs suffer from severe nervous disturbance. On what it depends it would be hard to tell you from your meagre description of symptoms. Eliminate worms by carefully watching discharges and by keeping the bowels free. See that the food is wholesome. Give plenty of exercise. For medicine give ten drops of the tincture of nux vomica morning and evening in a little sweetened water or mixed with the food.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Ringwood II. By John Ingham, Westerly, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1883, by Ringwood (Lord de Freyne's Ranter—Earl of Lewe's Beauty) out of Thorn (Victor—imported Lucy).

Sousie. By Will G. Simons, Manchester, N. H., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 10, 1885, by champion Elcho, Jr., (champion Elcho—champion Noreen) out of Ruby (champion Berkley—Sirene).

Nellie Grey. By Western Reserve Mastiff Kennels, Palmyra, O., for light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1885, by Cæsar (A.K.R. 12) out of Oma (A.K.R. 201).

Kingdomcome. By Elm Grove Kennels, South Norwalk, Conn., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 7, 1885, by Duke Royal (A.K.R. 2472) out of Gala Day (A.K.R. 2634).

Daisy Robin. By Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped July 22, 1885, by champion Robin Adair (A.K.R. 2030) out of champion Daisy Bravo (A.K.R. 562).

Finn II. By John Kelley, Newburyport, Mass., for brindle and white bull terrier bitch, whelped July 8, 1884, by Jack (Dixie—Fauchon) out of Fan (Crib—Gipsy).

Rush IV. By E. P. Sweet, Providence, R. I., for lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 30, 1885, by Rush III. (A.K.R. 402) out of Flirt (A.K.R. 1248).

Telie Doe. By Geo. W. Dixon, Worcester, Mass., for pug bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by imported Tuck out of Toodles (A.K.R. 2147).

Ringwood's Belle. By L. W. Laing, White Cloud, Mich., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 28, 1885, by Ringwood (Ranter—Beauty) out of Collette (Chanter—Beauty).

Mikado. By Herbert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Althea (A.K.R. 842).

Cappell G., Caleb G., Cornelia G., Cleola G., Clotilda G., Christiana G. and Candace G. By L. Shuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., for black, white and tan English setters, two dogs and five bitches, whelped Aug. 16, 1885, by Gladstone (Dan—Petrel) out of Cornelia (A.K.R. 950).

Bessie. By J. Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Feb. 17, 1884, by Racket (Rally—Louise) out of Fly (A.K.R. 1012).

Dot. By J. Satterthwaite, Jenkintown, Pa., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 24, 1885, by imported Kino out of Fly (A.K.R. 1012).

Ned B. By J. A. Rockwood, West Medford, Mass., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped Aug. 22, 1884, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.) out of Pet Berwyn (Dashing Berwyn—May Druid).

Alert, Anslem and Annette. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for mastiffs, two dogs and one bitch, whelped Sept. 6, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Antea (A.K.R. 200).

Fanny Gordon. By E. V. Hale, Cleveland, O., for black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped June 5, 1885, by Argus out of Dora.

Mountain Harry. By E. V. Hale, Cleveland, O., for harrier dog, whelped Oct. 3, 1885, by Sankey out of June.

Nellie Bow. By E. V. Hale, Cleveland, O., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 5, 1885, by Jacob out of Lady Bow.

Clotilda. By W. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Hornell Ruby (A.K.R. 67).

Blanche. By F. B. Tirrell, Weymouth, Mass., for liver Irish water spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1885, by Barney S. (Larry—Floaty II.) out of Maggie B. (Neptune—Daisy).

Tina. By J. A. Rockwood, West Medford, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped May 22, 1885, by Dashing Berwyn (Dash II.—Countess Bear) out of Dryad (Druid—Nilson).

Foreman's Boy. By D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Newburyport, Mass., for black and white English setter dog, whelped June 5, 1885, by Foreman (Dashing Monarch—Fairy II.) out of Jolly Nell (Prince—Jolly May)

Judy. By H. B. Brackett, Littleton, N. H., for bull-terrier bitch, whelped June 20, 1885, by Snap (Old Paddy—Molly) out of Bettina (Cubb—Sic).

Vida. By Albert B. Wilson, Roslyn, N. Y., for St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov 20, 1887, by Og out of Magog.

Lendime. By Albert B. Wilson, Roslyn, N. Y., for blue ticked English setter bitch, whelped Oct. 23, 1884, by Glen (Frank—Dio) out of Frisk (Joe—Dy).

Emperor. By C. T. Brownell, for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped August, 1885, by Ben Butler (Flash—Chloe) out of Jennie (Cute—Bessie).

Dude. By C. T. Brownell, for fawn body, black points, pug dog, whelped May, 1885, by Dandy (Dandy—Judy) out of Judy (Max—Nell).

Nana. By C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1885, by Little Duke out of Gypsey Queen.

Zephyr. By C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 23, 1885, by Little Duke out of Gypsey Queen.

Cyclone. By C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 23, 1885, by Little Duke out of Gypsey Queen.

Jake. By A. H. Spicer, Westerly, R. I., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Aug. 23, 1885, by Little Duke out of Gypsey Queen.

Frank P., William P. and Noble P. By J. J. Prentiss, Chicago, Ill., for two black and white and one black, white and tan English setter dogs, whelped Aug. 9, 1885, by Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette) out of his Jessica (Count Noble—Nellie).

Bessie P., Daisy P., Flossie P., Juno P. and Nellie P. By J. J. Prentiss, Chicago, Ill., for two chestnut, white and tan, one chestnut and white, one white and tan, and one black and white English setter bitches, whelped Aug. 9, 1885, by Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette) out of his Jessica (Count Noble—Nellie).

Fancy. By Scott Frye, Bath, Me., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 23, 1885, by Rex (Diamond—Quand) out of Edith (Brush II.—Olivia).

Leo. By Fred M. Brasher, New York, for red Irish setter dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1884, by Chief (Berkley—Duck) out of Moth (Larry—Jessie).

Don. By Fred M. Brasher, New York, for black and white spotted coach dog, whelped Jan. 6, 1883, by Dick (Spot—Kittie) out of Nellie (Rover—Dot).

Woody Crest Kennels. By C. N. Boyd, Woody Crest, Jerome avenue, New York city.

Belmont Hunt. By Chas. F. Oat, West Chester, Pa., for his kennels of foxhounds and beagles.

BRED.

☞ Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.

Dora—Pompey. C. M. Whitcomb's (Boston, Mass.) black cocker spaniel bitch Dora to C. G. Browning's Pompey, Dec. 5.

Pug—Treasure. Chas. Steinkamp's (Newport, Ky.) pug bitch Pug (Punch—Judy) to Kentucky Pug Kenuels' Treasure (A.K.R. 472), Nov. 25.

Belle—Chief. Dr. I. A. Temple's (Toronto, Can.) red Irish setter bitch Belle to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231), Dec. 21.

Madge—Chief. W. H. Burr's (Phœnixville, Pa.) red Irish setter bitch Madge (Glencho—Norah) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231).

Grace Glencho—Chief. I. M. Freeman's red Irish setter bitch Grace Glench (Glencho—Flame) to Max Wenzel's Chief (A.K.R. 231).

Swiss Rhona—St. Maurice. Hospice Kennels' (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Swiss Rhona (A.K.R. 3030) to their St. Maurice (A.K.R. 3029), Dec. 12.

Sheila—Otho. Hospice Kennels' (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Sheila (A.K.R. 795) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), Dec. 15.

Belline II.—Otho. Hospice Kennels' (Newark, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Belline II. (A.K.R. 3033) to their Otho (A.K.R. 483), Dec. 19.

Dashing Jessie—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Jessie (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle) to his Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco), Nov. 30.

Armida—Glen Rock. L. Yearsley, Jr.'s (Coatesville, Pa.) English setter bitch Armida (Leicester—Pocahontas) to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco), Dec. 1.

Dashing Belle—Glen Rock. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) English setter bitch Dashing Belle (Dashing Monarch—Blue Belle) to his Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco), Dec. 9.

Midget Dell. Benj. Earl's (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Midget to A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Dell (A.K.R. 319), Nov. 15.

Tilly—Little Duke. Chas. H. Lounsbery's (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Tilly (Smuggler—Little Beauty) to A. H. Wakefield & Co.'s Little Duke (A.K.R. 1094), Nov. 8.

Little Beauty—Little Duke. Chas. H. Lounsbery's (Providence, R. I.) beagle bitch Little Beauty (A.K.R. 2590) to A. H. Wakefield & Co's Little Duke (A.K.R. 1094), Nov. 20.

Ruby—Bragg. P. D. Harp's (Simcoe, Can.) cocker spaniel bitch Ruby to Fleetfoot Kennels' Bragg (Wildair—Little Buttercup), Sept. 28.

Dot H.—Col. Mac. Fleetfoot Kenuels' (Delhi, N.Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Dot H. (Brag—Chipper) to their Col. Mac (Col. Stubbs—Beauty), Nov. 6.

WHELPS.

☞ **No'es must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Brenda II. E. A. Moore's (Melrose, Mass.) mastiff bitch Brenda II. (A.K.R. 2219), Dec. 19, twelve (nine dogs), by his Ilford Caution (A.K.R. 2980).

Jessica. J. J. Prentiss's (Chicago, Ill.) English setter bitch Jessica (Count Noble—Nellie), Aug. 9, ten (four dogs), by Wm. B. Gates's Paul Gladstone (Gladstone—Lavalette); one dog and one bitch since dead.

Lillie. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N.Y.) mastiff bitch Lillie (A.K.R. 2981), Dec. 10, one dog, by J. L. Winchell's Boss (A.K.R. 2218).

Floy. Coffin, Zimmer & Co.'s (Glens Falls, N.Y.) fox-terrier bitch Floy, Dec. 8, four dogs, by their Jim, Jr. (imported Jim—imported Silver).

Nellie. J. Oscar Jones's (New Haven, Conn.) Irish setter bitch Nellie (Doc—Flirt), Dec. 17, four (two dogs), by J. J. Phelps's Rococo (A.K.R. 2182).

Dora. Clifton Kennels' (Jersey City, N. J.) pointer bitch Dora (A.K.R. 1785), Dec. 21, nine (five dogs), by their Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545); all liver and white.

Lady Belle. Wm. Eaton's (New York) pointer bitch Lady Belle (A.K.R. 1788), Dec. 18, six (three dogs), by Clifton Kennels' Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545); all liver and white.

Wallkill Chloe. Archibald Gordon's (Middletown, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Wallkill Chloe (A.K.R. 2901), Nov. 29, four (three dogs), by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432).

Gilt. C. M. Pettingill's (Cummington, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Gilt (Col. Stubbs—Diamond), Dec. 12, three (two dogs), by I. M. Dewey's Pilot (Sam—Daisy Dean).

Music. H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Music (A.K.R. 1411), Nov. 20, nine (four dogs), by his Trailer (A.K.R. 2525); three dogs and five bitches since dead.

Lorraine. J. A. J. Sprague's (Englewood, Ill.) red Irish setter bitch Lorraine (Elcho—Rose), Dec. 13, ten (eight dogs), by his champion Brush.

Pet H. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Pet H. (Col. Stubbs—Beauty), Nov. 16, four (three dogs), by their Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup).

Daisy M. Fleetfoot Kennels' (Delhi, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Daisy M. (Col. Stubbs—Bess), Oct. 1, six (three dogs), by their Brag (Wildair—Little Buttercup).

Nellie Pride. Louis E. Haag's (Indianapolis, Ind.) Scotch collie Nellie Pride (A.K.R. 2819), Dec. 7, eight (five dogs), by W. Wilkison's Frank H. (Gary—Lady).

Flora. Woody Crest Kennels' (New York) collie bitch Flora (Highland Laddie—Beauty), Oct. 11, four (one dog), by their Hero (Kent—Bessie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Fairie Queen. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to C. H. Stevens, Hoboken, N. J.

Ivory. White bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Phillip Raudolph, Phi adelphia, Pa.

Viscount. White bull terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Paul Claystone, Minneapolis, Minn.

Fly. Italian greyhound dog, 20mos. old, by Duke out of Topsie, by Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to C. M. Elmore, Winsted, Conn.

Laone II. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1885, by Czar (Don—Gretchen) out of Laone (A.K.R. 2416), by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. H., to Geo. Wilcox, same place.

Lulu. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1885, by Czar out of Laone (A.K.R. 2416), by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to C. E. Huested, Nassau, N. Y.

Czar—Laone (A.K.R. 2416) whelps. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1885, by Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., to B. Fowler, same place, and bitch to Dr. A. T. Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.

Discord. White, black and tan ticked beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 11, 1885 (A.K.R. 2915), by Coffin, Zimmer & Co , Glens Falls, N. Y., to Wm. H. Peare, Fort Edward, N. Y.

Trailer II. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Jan. 15, 1885, by Bounce out of Myrtle, by Dr. M. F. Young, Littleton, N. H., to F. H. Twitchell, Lancaster, N. H.

Daisy P. Chestnut, tan and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 9, 1885, by Paul Gladstone out of Jessica, by J. J. Prentiss, Chicago, Ill., to J. Delamater, same place.

Niobe. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Bess, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to S. H. Gow, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Mikado. Apricot fawn pug dog, whelped July 18, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to L. Brandeis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elcho, Jr.—Ruby whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped May 10, 1885, by Will G. Simons, Manchester, N. H., a dog to W. B. Hull, Buffalo, N. Y., and a bitch each to Chas. S. Surran, Newport, Ky., and C. W. Roedenburg, Hoboken, N. J.

Donald II. (A.K.R. 2545)—Lady Bang (A.K.R. 698) whelp. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped June 29, 1885, by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., to W. P. Stone, Harlan, Ia.

Tom. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped Dec. 2, 1885, by Ben Butler out of Quail, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to James Symon Fisk, Cambridge, Mass.

Fizzy—Lily whelps. Black, white and tan fox-terrier dog and bitch, whelped Oct. 25, 1885, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to G. H. Sheldon, New York.

Zeulah. Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Dec. 20, 1885, by Dan out of Beulah, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to W. B. Bowen, Rockland, Mass.

Fancy. Liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 23, 1885, by Rex out of Edith, by Chas. E. Taylor, Bath, Me., to Scott Frye, same place.

Aunty Fuller. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped June 9, 1885, by Glen Rock out of Countess Flirt, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. R. Travers, Washington, D. C.

Dash. Orange and white English setter dog, age unknown, by Don out of Belle, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to J. R. Hoffecker, Middletown, Del.

Glen Lea. Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped July 18, 1885, by Glen Rock out of Leah II., by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del , to H. W. Gause, Wilmington, Del.

Glen Nettie. Lemon belton English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 16, 1885, by Glen Rock out of Dashing Belle, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to W. F. Streeter, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.

Countess Flirt. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 9, 1882, by Tempest out of Flirt, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Geo. C. Sterling, New York.

Count Lofty. Fawn English mastiff dog, whelped Oct. 2, 1885, by Count Waldo out of Lofty, by E.W. Jester and J. V. Vail, St. George's, Del., to Dr. J. A. Hartmann, Latrobe, Pa.

Prince. Tawny and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1885 (——Friday), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to David Adams, same place.

Lew. Tawny and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1885 (——Friday), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Thos. Davidson, Summit Bridge, Del.

Julius Cæsar. Liver and white native setter, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nora. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del , to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jane. Tan and white beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dude. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lady. White and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tobe. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

West. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dal. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jean. Black, white and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frisky. Tan and white beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del , to Dr. J. A. Hartmann, Latrobe, Pa.

Ready. Red tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Dr. J. A. Hartmann, Latrobe, Pa.

Babie. Fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, whelped Dec. 27, 1884, by Fido out of Daisy, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to H. C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Critic (A.K.R. 303) whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped July 10, 1885, by W. O. Partridge, Boston, Mass., to A. C. Collins, Hartford, Conn., and resold by him to F. Stengelin, same place.

Bragg—Daisy II. whelp. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1885, by Fleetfoot Kennels, Delhi, N. Y., to Jesse D. Welch, New Haven, Conn.

Bragg—Jess whelp. Liver and white cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 6, 1885, by Fleetfoot Kennels, Delhi, N. Y., to Geo. H. Carr, New Haven, Conn.

Trailer (A.K.R. 2525)—Silver (A.K.R. 2523) whelps. Two beagle bitches, whelped July 6, 1885, by A. H. Wakefield & Co., Providence, R. I., to Wm. Tallman, Tarrytown, N. Y.

PRESENTATIONS.

Flossie P. Chestnut and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 9, 1885, by Paul Gladstone out of Jessica, by J. J. Prentiss, Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. N. Swift, same place.

Bessie P. Chestnut, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 9, 1885, by Paul Gladstone out of Jessica, by J. J. Prentiss, Chicago, Ill., to Samual Findley, same place.

Fly. Italian greyhound dog, 20mos. old, by Duke out of Topsie, by C. M. Elmore, Winsted, Conn., to F. E. Andrews, same place.

DEATHS.

Kate. Lemon pointer bitch, whelped March, 1876 (A.K.R. 917), owned by Chas. E. Coffin, Muirkirk, Md., Dec. 7.

Nelly Blythe. Pointer bitch, owned by Wm. Donner, Green Island, N. Y., Dec. 23; poisoned.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

A NEW TARGET.—Referring to the new target recently proposed by Mr. Farrow, I am surprised that the matter has not been discussed in your columns by many who are well qualified to present intelligent views on the subject. There are too many targets in use. The marksman cannot keep the run of them. It is not a sign of ignorance in any one to be unable to give the several dimensions of the half dozen targets in use at the present time. It is a crying evil which should be remedied at once. The Farrow target is a practical one and I think will meet the requirements of nearly all classes of target shooters. The German sharpshooters will probably still use their ring target for off-hand shooting, and the heavy telescopic hair trigger rest shooter will prefer string measure, but other classes of marksmen will find in the new target all they require for practice at 200yds. Several excellent plans for targets have been proposed, and for the regularity of the increase in the width of the divisions from the center outward reflect great credit on their designers. The main objection I would offer to their adoption would be that they do not preserve the divisions of tne third class Creedmoor target, and the measurements of some are in such small fractions of an inch that it would require an expert to draw the circles. This should not be the case as many shooters make their own targets, and if it be desired to adopt a target that will come into general use, such target must be so simple in its several dimensions that each and every shooter can manufacture his own. It is important that we avoid complicated fractions in the measurement of the circles of the 200yds. target, as many will want to reduce it to half size for practice at 100yds.—E. A. L. (Norristown, Pa , Dec. 20).

BOSTON, Dec. 25.—Many small-bore riflemen, as well as a strong delegation of military rifle shooters, faced the targets at Walnut Hill to-day. The conditions were rather trying, a fickle 12 o'clock wind disturbing elevations and windage, and causing high scores to be few and far between. The directors of the association announce that the Thursday shoots will be discontinued after Jan. 1. The scores:

Military Match (Standard American Target).

J. Francis	7	6	8	9	9	6	8	10	7	7—77
L. Herbert	10	5	6	5	4	8	5	6	3	6—61
W. Henry	3	8	10	6	6	5	2	5	5	8—53
W. H. Oler	5	5	6	1	6	3	5	7	4	7—49

Practice Decimal.

C. E. Berry	5	6	7	8	7	7	7	10	8	7—72
C. B. Edwards	6	5	5	8	7	9	7	8	8	7—70
J. Lemon (mil.)	5	7	8	5	4	8	5	8	5	4—59
J. H. Again	7	7	3	4	9	3	5	7	4	6—57
A. Lawton	7	5	5	5	8	5	5	8	5	4—57

Best Match.

D. Webster, A	8	9	10	9	9	9	8	10	10	10—92
T. Stewart, A	10	10	9	9	10	8	9	10	9	7—91
J. Hurd, A	10	10	9	8	9	8	9	10	7	9—89
W. H. Oler, A	9	8	7	8	10	9	8	8	9	9—85

State Militia Match.

Sergt. F. C. Sheppard	20	20	21	22

Dec. 26.—There was a slim attendance at Walnut Hill to day, and the few present found the worst shooting conditions of the year, the wind blowing strong from 12 o'clock. The scores:

Decimal Match.

J. Francis (mil.) B	10	7	10	7	8	9	8	7	7	10—80
C. E. Berry, A	9	10	9	8	9	10	7	4	6	8—80
W. Henry (mil.) A	9	4	6	7	7	8	10	8	5	6—70
A. Duffer (mil.) B	5	6	6	6	6	8	8	7	8	8—68
Fitzer, A	8	5	5	7	4	4	5	6	7	6—57
H. Spaulding	7	3	4	8	7	4	6	8	8	5—55

SARATOGA, Dec. 24.—The regular shoot at the Glen Mitchell Range by members of the Saratoga Rifle Club took place to-day. The weather conditions were at first tantalizing. The light was so bright and dazzling that the bullseye, when looked at over the rifles, would blink, wink and dance about as if bewitched, the wind seemed determined to be in accord, as it blew from all points of the compass, but from no point sufficiently long for dependence on it. Later in the day everything changed. As the sun lowered in the west the light became good and the wind settled down to a steady point and a half breeze from the northwest. Then good scores began to make their appearance. Massachusetts target, 200yds., off-hand. The following is the record:

W B Gage	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11—111
W H Gibbs	8	11	11	11	11	12	10	11	11	12—108
F A White	12	11	10	11	11	8	10	9	10	10—102
J N Crocker, Jr	10	10	9	11	10	11	12	9	10	9—101
W H Bryant	7	8	7	8	7	11	6	9	9	7—77

The score above, expressed according to Creedmoor rules, reads thus: Creedmoor target—5555555555—50.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Dec. 25.—The strong, fluctuating wind made the making of high scores by the club men to-day a difficult matter, but the sport afforded was none the less attractive because of this. The best single scores by each man out of a possible 100, at rest, were:

C W Lyman	7	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—95
F J Drake	10	9	10	10	9	9	9	9	9	10—94
C D Palmer	8	9	8	10	10	10	10	9	10	9—93
G A Leighton	9	9	9	8	10	9	9	10	20	9—92
E C Paul	9	9	10	6	10	9	10	10	9	10—92
T C William	9	10	8	10	10	9	9	8	8	10—91
Frank Jay	8	9	10	8	9	10	9	10	7	6—86
J Hodge	8	9	9	8	9	9	9	9	7	7—84
C M Henry	6	10	10	9	7	8	10	8	8	8—84
N Johnson	10	9	7	7	8	7	10	7	10	8—83

HILLSIDE CLUB.—The Hillside Rifle Club, of Waltham, Mass., had a shoot Dec. 25, using the Hinman target, at 200yds. In a bad wind, the following scores were made:

Off Hand.

J Foster	7	6	8	7	7	4	7	7	10	7—70
F Wheeler	5	9	5	10	10	3	8	6	7	4—70
W Vaugher	6	5	8	7	10	5	9	7	4	4—65
L O Dennison	4	7	8	8	6	8	6	6	5	9—68
E A Emerson	8	6	5	10	5	7	4	4	5	8—62
W stone	4	5	10	2	10	2	8	7	9	5—62
J R Munroe	6	5	5	6	5	7	5	4	4	5—55
Edward Bassett	6	2	4	4	5	6	5	4	7	4—47

Rest Match.

E A Emerson	9	10	8	7	9	8	10	9	10	9—89
W Mitchell	6	8	6	6	6	6	7	6	6	10—67

A GRATEFUL PIKE.—R. W. Pike is a Chicago lawyer, who signs "Dane" to his articles on rifle ball trajectories. The other day Mr. Pike had occasion to use for his own advantage some of the data determined by the FOREST AND STREAM'S rifle trajectory tests, and he gracefully acknowledged his obligation by crediting the figures to "a report of the late rifle trajectory tests at Creedmoor, which appears in a New York canoe club organ." The compliments of the season to Mr. Pike, and more breadth to his caudal fin. In 1886 may many gudgeons swim into his lair.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB—Dec. 22.—Regular club shoot, ring target; possible, 120; gallery, 100 feet long: M. L. Riggs, 114; L. Flack, 107; B. Zettler, 112; C. G. Zettler, 110; G. Zimmerman, 114; B. Wahlter, 99; M. B. Engel. 109; D. Miller, 114.—N. D. WARD.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Inclosed find scores for Christmas day, rifle, 200yds., Creedmoor target:

Burns, Stevens	4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 5—45
Starr, Ballard	4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 5 4—40
Winslow, Remington	5 4 4 4 4 4 5 5 4 4—43

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 25.—The attendance at the holiday match at Wellington to-day was up to the average. The result of the shooting was as follows: 1. Five pigeons—Bancroft first. 2. Five pigeons—Pond and Blynn first. 3. Five blackbirds—Bancroft first. 4. Five pigeons—Schaffer and Snow first. 5. Five pigeons—Pond first. 6. Five blackbirds—Wardwell and Parker first. 7. Five pigeons—Steele first. 8. Five blackbirds—Pond and Steele first. 9. Five pigeons—Parker and Bancroft first. 10. Five blackbirds—Pond first. 11. Five pigeons—Schaffer first. 12. Five blackbirds—Parker and Wardwell first. 13. Five pigeons—Blynn and Wilson first. 14. Five blackbirds—Snow and Wardwell first. 15. Five pigeons, straightaway—Sanborn, Wardwell and Parker first. 16. Five blackbirds, straightaway—Popanti first. 17. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 18. Five blackbirds, miss and out—Swan first.

The contest for the medals was renewed on the 26th, resulting in Adams taking first with 8 birds, Dickey second with 7 and Wilson third with 5. The other events were taken as follows: 1, Ten pigeons—Adams first. 2. Five pigeons—Pond first. 3. Five pigeons—Nichols first. 4. Five pigeons—Smith and Wardwell first. 5. Five pigeons—Wardwell first. 6. Miss and out—Taken by Pond. 7. Five pigeons—Adams first. 8. Five blackbirds—Nichols first. 9. Five blackbirds—Shumway first.

NEWARK, N. J., DEC. 25.—The Christmas tournament of the South Side Gun Club was the most interesting contest of the year. Seventeen sweeps and matches were shot at clay birds at distances varying from 10 to 18 yards. The shooting throughout was excellent, although a stiff wind was blowing across the shooting field. Among the guests participating in the sweeps, were members of the Elizabeth and Nimrod Gun Clubs. The South Side Club match at 20 birds, 18 yards rise, trap set at fourth notch and both barrels allowed. Seven members contested, with the following result: Hobart, 19; J. C. Day, 15; E. Unger, 15; Pickering, 13; Breintnall, 11; Freeman, 10; D Terill, 10. Day and Unger shot off for second place and the former won. The total scores for the day were: Breintnall, broke 24 out of 40, Philips 64 out of 105, D. Terrill, 17 out of 35 J. C. Day, 18 out of 40, P. M. Day, 16 out of 35, Horbart, 84 out of 105, Stringer 11 out of 60, E. Unger, 15 out of 35, Pickering, 13 out of 25, Freeman, 4 out of 15, Coriel, 8 out of 15, A Wheaton, 33 out of 60, Garrabrant 7 out of 15, Astfalk, 5 out of 15, Dean, 10 out of 15, W. Parker, 15 out of 25, H. Knight, 20 out of 35, Williams, 9 out of 15, Haskard, 11 out of 25 Hedden, 9 out of 20, Glaze, 16 out of 45, Weston, 19 out of 30, Winans, 19 out of 35, W. Wheaton, 1 out of 5, J. Wheaton, 4 out of 10, Whitehead 4 out of 10.

In the side match Philips, Horbat and Terrill were pitted against Knight, Hedden and A. Wheaton, ten birds each, 16 yards, fourth notch. Philips' side won by breaking 14 out of 30, eight breaks being credited to Hobart. The other side broke 13. The South Side Club is negotiating for a supply of crows for the annual crow shoot.

TORONTO, Dec. 22.—A pigeon shooting match between N. Rodgers and J. Tyng came off at John Oulcott's, Eglinton, this afternoon. The weather was fine and helped to bring out a large number of sportsmen. The birds were all flyers. The match was shot under Toronto Gun Club rules, 25 birds each, 26 yards rise. As will be seen from the following score, a very close contest was witnessed:

Rodgers	0111111111100001010110111—17
Tyng	1111110111000001111010111—17

As both had killed 17 birds it was necessary that they should have another trial. They went back three yards from the original position and shot at five birds each, 29 yards' rise. The following was the result:

Rodgers	11001—3
Tyng	10011—3

In order to decide the tie they went back three yards further, shooting at 32 yards' rise. Tyng killed the two birds sent up, while Rodgers missed. The match was thus given to Tyng.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Match with shotguns on Christmas day, Peoria blackbirds, 18yds.:

Carnahan	1111111111101111100111101101—25
Burns	1111110110101111010101111111—24
Hitemsoft	1111100100110101001111110111—21
F Pennock	1000011111110010111110011101—20
L Pennock	0011101011110101010111100001—18
Jones	1100101101111010100010101—17
Hitemhard	0101101101000101100100101—14
Gosline	0101000100010111011010001110—14

NEWARK, Dec. 26.—L. B. Campbell, of Little Silver, and J. H. Outwater, of Moonachy, shot a pigeon match this afternoon at Erb's Grounds, on the Bloomfield road, which resulted in a victory for the South Jerseyman, who shot his opponent out in the thirty-fourth round. The match was for $300, 35 birds each, 25yds. rise, one barrel, find, trap and handle. J. Ryan, of Montclair, was referee, and C. Applegate and J. Erb judges. The score was:

Campbell	00111 10111 01101 11010 11111 01011 11110—25
Outwater	10111 01111 01101 10101 00110 11101 11000—22

WILLIAM GILES, an English shot, has come to this country and professes to want to shoot a match with Dr. Carver.

DR. CARVER, having presumably exhausted the match trap shooting mine, has been giving exhibitions of his skill at country fairs. Carver handles a gun in a style worth going a long way to see. Hundreds of silver coins, broken by his rifle bullets, are carried as pocket pieces.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc , of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A., together with the sum of $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the commodore. Money should be sent by *registered letter*, or money order on Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to acknowledge further contributions as follows: Through Henry A. Harrison, Purser Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association:

Mr. Nate S. Smith (A. C. A, No. 153)	$1 00
Mr. James T. Van Dalfsen (A. C. A. No. 561)	1 00
Mr. W. G. Van Dalfsen (A. C. A. No. 562)	1 00
Mr. Grant Edgar, Jr. (A. C. A. No. 563)	1 00
Mr. Henry A. Harrison (A. C. A. No. 620)	1 00
	$5 00
Mr. James Z. Rogers, Peterborough, Ont.	1 00
Mr. E. H. Barney, Springfield, Mass.	1 00
Mr. G. M. Barney, Springfield, Mass.	1 00
	$8 00
Previously acknowledged	64 00
Total to date	$72 00

WM. WHITLOCK, Chairman.

No. 37 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, Dec. 19, 1884.

WIDE AND NARROW CANOES.

THE following letter was received for publication last week, but lack of space prevented its insertion then:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his letter in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 17, Mr. Clapham rather dodges the questions asked of him, and gives only some amusing generalities in place of any definite statements justifying or supporting his attack on the canoe. As far as his new boat is concerned, no matter what relation she may bear to existing canoes or to the A. C. A. rules, if she proves a safe, speedy and comfortable craft that will meet the requirements of any boating men, let us have her by all means, and if she is adapted for cruising and not merely for racing, the Association can do nothing better than to admit her.

I give Mr. Clapham all credit for his honest efforts to improve our sailing boats, but could he not have accomplished as much without starting out, like "Deja," with a wholesale attack on canoes? I doubt whether Mr. Clapham has ever been in a canoe, or whether he knows much more about them than another critic proved to, but this does not hinder him from saying that the two thousand or more who do use such boats do not know what they want. The canoe of to-day is the result of a thorough and complete system of evolution. She has been the subject of careful study by many able men for over twenty years, and for her purpose, including sailing on lakes and wide rivers, she is not surpassed by any boat afloat. I do not mean to say that no other boat can outsail a canoe, but that the latter represents a better average of desirable qualities than any boat of similar size. That she is unsafe, unhandy, cranky, dangerous or uncomfortable in a greater degree than is necessary in any small boat, neither Mr. Clapham nor "Deja" have yet proved. In her place, she is and probably will be for a very long time unsurpassed. The only point to determine is just when to abandon a canoe for a larger boat.

For ordinary racing as at the meets, she answers fully the purpose of hundreds who use her, which is very good proof, taken with her performances at times against much larger boats, of her excellence in that particular. For general cruising on American water courses with the average amount of land transport, beaching and stowage, for carrying one man and his stores, for propulsion by sail and manual labor combined, she is far ahead of any other type of boat yet produced. The work done by the ordinary 15x30 canoe speaks for itself. Cruises down the full length of the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Hudson, St. Lawrence, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, in waters varying from a trout brook to Delaware Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, have been made over again without an upset. Such voyages are on record as established facts, but as soon as a man has a new boat to introduce he quietly ignores their evidence and starts out with the preamble:

"Whereas, all canoes are dangerous, unhandy, complicated, unsportsmanlike, and fitted with such pernicious devices as lug sails, cam cleats, paddles, steering gear, lead keels, patent anchors, aprons, hatches, etc., and do not combine in one small boat the speed of the racing shell, the sailing prowess of the Puritan, the stowage capacity of an ocean steamer, and the seagoing qualities of a pilot boat. Resolved, that all canoeists at once purchase and use So and So's patent brass mounted, copper-lined, combination canoe-cutter-sharpie with automatic sneakbox attachment, built of specially rolled sheet steel and thoroughly fastened with best brown paper, laid in vinegar cement." Now, gentlemen, who wish to reform the canoe, cannot you admit that the men who have devised, built and used canoes, know at least a little as to what they want and the qualities of the boats they use?

There are many open waters for which canoes are too small, but the length and breadth of Long Island Sound is traversed every year by them, and a Class B canoe, in the hands of a fairly expert man, exercising ordinary judgment and caution, as a sailor should, is perfectly fitted for summer sailing on this or wider waters. If, however, sailing in open water is the sole or principal end in view, then the field opens to the larger boat, a better sailer, perhaps, but not to be paddled, and less of an "all around" craft. There is room in this country for an immense fleet of these; large canoes, small sharpies, sneakboxes, canoe yawls, of models to suit all localities; but this does not prove a single fact against the good qualities of the A. C. A. canoes. As to Mr. Clapham's proposed 30-footer, criticise without knowing more about it, but I will venture to predict that, if built to his proposed specifications, as I understand them, 15 feet by 37, or even 42 inch beam, 6 inch draft, and say 115 pounds weight, without other ballast than a 30-pound board, that she will not be in any sense uncapsizable, and that she will not be either safe or handy for a man who has not the skill to handle a good Class B canoe.

To any canoeist Mr. Clapham's insinuations about lead keels on canoes and their other undesirable qualities will carry no weight, but lest they should convey a very false idea to novices, I venture to assert that not 5 per cent. of the existing canoes have lead keels or any considerable amount of fixed ballast, that canoes can be and many are sailed with no ballast, and that a good canoe in cruising trim can be made to float safely herself and load, and lend sufficient aid to her crew. A sailing race only between a canoe and the new boat would prove nothing in regard to the question in dispute. It would be easy to build a sailing machine that would outsail the average canoe, built under many rules and restrictions, in most weathers. Is Mr. Clapham looking for another glorious victory such as he boasts of, in which a large sail-boat, with racing sail, beat a jury-rigged canoe in little more than a drifting match? There is plenty of good work to be done, canoeists are growing up and progressing and some day will want larger boats. They will be glad of Mr. Clapham's aid, but he can accomplish just as much without depreciating and misrepresenting the CLASS B CANOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps, should Mr. Clapham and the other fellow give us a definition of a canoe, it might be able to understand why it is that he uses the term "canoe" to designate his "boat, roomy little cruiser."

If canoes are what they are stated to be—"a disgrace to her ancestors," "an umbrella," &c.—Mr. Clapham should avoid classing his boats with such disreputable craft. The very use of the word "canoe" therefore inplies either that he and the other fellow do not know what a canoe is, or that the canoe of to-day is not a canoe.

Mr. Clapham "whispers" that it was the other fellow. Why is this? Is Mr. Clapham ashamed of the fact that in order to strengthen his canoe he must endeavor to weaken and run down those now in use? He will not likely succeed in making converts from the ranks of canoeists by this method. That there are men who are not fit to be canoeists is well known. Perhaps I am unjust to Mr. Clapham. It may be that the other fellow is also responsible for the second article on "wide and narrow canoes." Should this be the case it might be well for Mr. Clapham to institute proceedings to restrain such articles which to say the least are apt to injure his reputation as a canoeist.

WASHINGTON, D. C. L.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am tempted once more to risk making myself ridiculous by replying to a question which I could hardly have imagined could ever be seriously asked, viz, the second one of "Hal's," "What is the objection to making changes in the A. C. A. rules to meet that class of larger canoes?" To his first question I should say there is no objection in their proper place, though he gives me credit with being too narrow-minded to admit of any merit in a boat for which I have immediate personal use. But the most obvious objection to a change in the A. C. A. rules to admit boats of 42in. beam is, that it would at once cause a conflict of interests: the location for a meet most suitable to the majority of the Association, as at present constituted will not be acceptable to the new comers, as friend "Hal" is bound to admit, seeing he has already proposed a salt water meet.

I fancy, Mr. Editor, that when you used the words "legitimate cruising craft," which "Hal" quotes, yourideas were far from the salt water which surrounds your abode; for, if otherwise, where would this thing stop? If the rules were changed to take in 42in. boats, would not 48in. have an undeniable right to demand admittance? And so the thing would go, like the row of bricks of our childhood, until a certain party I wot of, now on the other side of the globe, engaged in a two years' cruise around the world in a 200-ton schooner, would on their return at once apply for admission to the A. C. A., for are they not "legitimate cruisers?" No, no, my dear "Hal," if your heart is set upon a 42in. craft, don't waste time trying to convince the A. C. A. they need such a class, but go and join the American Single-Hand Cruising Club, if indeed that body has not seen the testimony of "Charis" in that same FOREST AND STREAM to the effect that a 15½x42 "canoe" is not even a single hander, but a yacht requiring two men to manage her.

I should like to review "Hal's" entire article—especially such cool assumptions as that of the weight of a 42in. boat being no greater than one of 30in. beam—but out of consideration for your readers I refrain. But just one question I will permit myself: About those two canoes of the Newburgh Club in "Long Shanks'" lists—does he mean the Dido and Day Dream? And which one is it that is benefited by the change? Also, how does he justify a classification which separates two twin canoes (Sea Bee and Inertia), built from the same moulds by the same man? KATRINA.

A GUTTA PERCHA BOAT FOR "DEJA."—I have sold the Eagle for more than she cost after almost four years' use, and am confidently looking forward to a gutta percha ship large enough to admit of a little cabin without impairing her sailing qualities, and small enough to secure portability by dispensing with ballast. She will be moulded in one solid piece, smooth as glass, and capable of holding together longer than any toggled conglomeration of wood and copper. If canoeists will be kind enough to honor her with the dignified title of yacht I shall feel grateful, and hasten to assure them that I entertain the greatest respect for their good opinion, although a waterline length of 19ft. is rather limited for a "waltzer" of that description. One of the many correspondents who intends to build finds it necessary to limit his draft of water to 2ft. He is a resident of British Honduras, where the mouths of the rivers are shallow; but, like several others who have taken the trouble to write to me, finds my design just the thing for his part of the world, as it promises more comfort than a canoe, without any great excess of expenditure in either time or money. I think if this gentleman will do as several others have done—extend the forebody of my published design enough to secure an extreme length of 17ft. on the same beam and add only 3in. to the draft of water—he will secure the best results obtainable in so small a hull, because the ratio of increase in propulsion, as represented by an added but entirely safe sail area, far exceeds that of frictional resistance. The Eagle has fully demonstrated "a fact" quite as substantial and certainly just as logical as the canoe, namely, that speed results from a proper introduction of concentrated displacement. It is depth and body which tell. These two factors are quite as prolific as length, especially where comfort becomes one of the requisites. However, I have no misunderstanding with canoeists, and if they imagine that I am "a foe," it is simply a mistake on their part. I am only a sympathetic friend, who would aid them in their misfortunes by improving the primitive condition against which they are contending with such unequal odds. The "fighting" may be left to my new convert. "On, ye brave!" In the meantime I will furnish the lines of the gutta percha, which I hope FOREST AND STREAM will reproduce anon.—DEJA.

NEW YORK C. C.—On Christmas Eve two of the club, Mime and Jersey Blue, were out for a moonlight paddle until 1 A. M. On Christmas Day the crew of the Tomboy took their last sail, a pleasant one, in spite of the cold and a heavy east wind. On returning, her moorings were hove up, mast lowered and she was run in on the beach, where she now reclines under the windows of Marmalade Lodge. Next year she will come out with a heavier lead keel and a mizzen. Com. Munroe is now having a 15x28 canoe from Everson's shop, and Vice Commodore Stephens has partly decked a 15x30 canoe with two plate boards, one in the extreme after end. This latter boat, built from the owner's designs, by J. MacWhirter, is fitted with a peculiar arrangement of hatches, similar to those of the Pearl, and with a rudder fastening invented by her owner. A silk flag has been offered by a lady friend of the club for the first race won in 1886. Mr. Vaux has sold the Lark to Mr. Livingstone, also of the N. Y. C. C. The handsome canoe put up at the fair of the Staten Island Athletic Club was won by Mr. Charles Wardell, N. Y. C. C., owner of the Sunbeam.

A LONG CANOE CRUISE.—On July 4, Mr. W. E. Hermance started in a canoe, 15ft x34in., from Livingston, M. T., for a cruise down the Yellowstone, reaching St. Louis after a cruise of three months. In the first 600 miles there are but two towns, while there are nine rapids, all of which were run. At Kansas City Mr. Hermance was joined by his brother, who will accompany him to New Orleans, in a similar boat. The trip on the Yellowstone was enlivened by adventures with cowboys and hostile Indians, but St. Louis was reached in safety.

ROCHESTER C.C.—The annual dinner and election of officers took place on Dec. 8, the meeting being held first at the club rooms. The officers elected were: C. H. Moody, Captain; H. L. Ward, Mate; Geo. H. Harris, Purser; S. C. Eaton, H. J. Wilson and C. F. Wolters, Executive Committee. A new constitution and by-laws were presented, but action was deferred to the next meeting and the members adjourned to the Brockett House, where a dinner was laid for them.

A CHANGE OF PARTNERSHIP.—Mr. F. Joyner, of Glens Falls, N. Y., writes us that he has purchased the interest in the business of his son, E. Joyner, and will hereafter conduct the business alone, building the same line of canoes, light hunting boats and steam launches for which the firm has been so well known.

BROCKVILLE C. C.—This club will receive their friends on Wednesday, Dec. 40, at Victoria Hall, Brockville.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—Mr. H. C. Randolph, Whitestone, N. Y., is a candidate for membership.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.—I.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

THE Pilgrim was floated before daylight, August 15, and with cruising rig, sailed in the third class of the Hull Yacht Club regatta at 1 P. M., the same day, without winning anything but applause from the judges. We did not expect anything, and were rather pleased at the performance of the new craft under the cramps of newness. I had concluded to build a cruiser, late in the spring, having become pretty well posted during the winter by reading the FOREST AND STREAM, in the columns of which I had seen the plans and description of the Mamie. Somehow she just struck my fancy and suited my requirements and finances, and I began a correspondence with the builder which ripened into a specific contract for a similar craft. I gave him carte blanche as to lines, favoring the cutter type.

The boat is 21ft. water line, 25ft. over all, 7ft. beam, 5ft draft, with a slender overhang and a stern 2½ft. wide. The iron keel weighs 3310lbs., and there are 1300lbs. of cast iron ballast under the floor. The rail is 2¼in. high; the cockpit is 4ft. long, 3½ft. wide, six inches below the deck and six above, and has a 9in. wide seat upon the top of its staving. The cabin trunk is 7½ft. long, 5ft. wide and 1ft. high and has rounded corners, a 20in. wide gangway and two oval windows upon each side.

The cabin was arranged according to a plan I hit upon in cogitating over how I could make more sleeping room, and is somewhat unique and just adapted to a small cruiser. The whole interior of the boat was left open from the eyes to the run. An oil stove was fitted upon a shelf in the fore peak; a shelf above and a cross piece below furnished two good storage places. A series of divided and railed shelves for dishes and stores was built upon the right side as far as the starboard transom, yet leaving room for passage between them and the foremast. The port transom was lengthened when necessary by a grating seat that reached past the foremast and furnished a seat for the cook, and bedroom, but when not in use, was buttoned back against the sheathing. A small hatch was placed in the deck over this for ventilation and cooling off. The transoms were 18in. wide, a foot high, and extended from just behind the foremast clear into the run. Their inside space made four large lockers, their tops were covered by 4in. thick cushions for seats, and being 12ft. in length, they made two good beds on each side, end on.

A bulkhead only a foot deep formed the finish of the foward part of the cockpit inside and the after limit of the cabin proper, and, being cut through at each end, it gave a long locker for guns, &c., upon each side of the cockpit, beneath the deck proper. Just below this, close up to the cockpit floor, the square 32gal. water tank was cased in, having a faucet in its anterior face. There was room beneath the tank and between the transoms for a goodly sized ice box, and the gangway steps covered all. The remaining space under the cockpit behind the tank was cased up and made a good locker upon each side, leaving a passage upon each transom alongside of the tank and locker, about 2ft. square, clear into the run, which was lighted by two bullseyes set into the deck. This admirable arrangement not only afforded lots of snug and warm leg room for the two after beds, but left the whole run open to the cabin for stores, sails, &c., without cutting an after hatch. The value of these lateral passages for storing bedclothes and overcoats, &c., temporarily during the day was incalculable, and the amount of camp equipage and stores that little Jack stowed in the run loaded a down-east truck team.

The stern was narrow and the overhang of cutter type, therefore the room behind the rudder post was tongue shaped. At the extreme stern lay a rolled shelter tent which Jack had packed in closely, yet I, a 5ft. 9in. man, weighing 165lbs., and a little stiff from rheumatism, crawled back upon the port transom with arm extended and succeeded in getting two fingers hold of the cloth and pulled it out.

The head room was 4ft. 6in., enough for any one to dress in, and one could also push back the gangway slide and extend his length and caput to the gale if he so desired. More would have been preferable, but when one reflects that it necessitates in such a single hand yacht a higher trunk and more surface exposed to wind and sea, an elevation of the main boom and sails, and an excursion-barge style, one will prefer a little genuflexion.

The store-room, kitchen and reception room having been considered, it only remains to describe the latter when fitted up as a bed room. The cushioned transoms were covered with bed clothes, hauled out of the run, two pillows were placed side by side across their middle, so that the sleepers should lie head to head; a short mattress was laid upon the floor, 2ft. 6in. wide, from the foremast aft, and another bed made upon it. This still left room at its foot for undressing, and the clothes were placed under the pillows to make them higher. Thus this little 25ft. vessel afforded ocmplete and comfortable hotel accommodations for five persons, and when one was kept on watch, for six—unprecedented in so small a craft. There were six on board during the cruise as far as Portland, and five during the balance of the season.

The hull was that of a beamy cutter, the rig that of a sloop. The sails were the jib, mainsail, gaff topsail, and spinnaker. There was a 26lb. working anchor with 20 fathoms of riding rope, and a 42lb. anchor with 30 fathoms of rope for heavy weather, and this latter saved us from going ashore and let us sleep in confidence many nights, for winds and currents are treacherous. A light 12ft. cedar boat towing astern completed our outfit.

Provisions and ship stores were all aboard and stowed; adieux were said; the mainsail was hoisted; the yacht ensign run up to the main peak, and the South Boston Yacht Club signal to the truck; the anchor was pulled up and catted; the jib hoisted; sheets were trimmed down, and, with three hearty cheers from all hands for E. L. Williams, the builder, who was taking notes of our appearance in a boat a hundred yards away we started down Massachusetts Bay August 20, 1885. The wind was light and sea smooth as we crawled past Deer Island, and up toward Nahant, and the four liberated school boys laid around upon the house and deck in the sunshine and resolved that going to sea in a yacht was one of the most delightful things imaginable. Off Egg Rock a skimming dish sloop crept up behind and was about to pass us, when the wind freshened and shifted so that both boats had to trim down flat on the port tack. Then we held our own and ate up to the windward till the skimmer was half a mile to leeward and about abeam. Then the wind died away and we rolled and slatted in a dead calm for two hours, when the wind came out to the eastward, striking our adversary first and giving her a good start, so that she led us into Marblehead, where we arrived and anchored off the Eastern Club House, at 5 P.M. Everything was made snug, the oil stove lighted, the supper started and we amused ourselves looking through the marine glasses at a lawn tennis tournament behind the club house and at the pretty cottages and villas along the neck. There were few yachts in port and nobody took any notice of our little craft and the colors proudly floating up aloft.

Nowhere outside of Massachusetts Bay did any club men show us the least attention, except at Portland, where two gentlemen not only visited us and tendered the hospitalities of the club, but took the trouble to send aboard their craft, bring aboard a set of charts and instruct me upon a difficult piece of water that I had to pass through in my voyage to the eastward. Bless them for their kindness and intelligent sympathy. I wish I could give their names here that they might be known the world over. I concluded after a while that my beautiful, English looking craft excited envy in the minds of club men, and our bold sailing, far beyond the limits of pleasure sailing for little fellows made them green with jealousy, so I did not hesitate to anchor under their noses and blanket them whenever I had an opportunity, and never expected any more courtesies.

An anchor watch was kept, because Marblehead is a rough place in an easterly, but the night was quiet, and the boys had their first opportunity of studying stars and stellar spaces. After the deck was washed down and the ship pumped, breakfast was eaten on the house, and then a stroll was taken through the town, where some hoodlums were disposed to make fun of blue shirts, belts and sheath knives. We returned aboard with some fruit and newspapers, made sail at 11 A. M. with a good wind from the S. S. E., passed Cat and Baker's Islands, and shaped our course for Eastern Point, expecting to go into Gloucester, but up with the point, the weather was so favorable, we kept on our way along the north shore. We saw what we supposed was Thatcher's Island, with its two high light houses, and kept on seeking to open a passage between it and Milk Island, on which of course lay along shore so that we could not separate it from the mainland. So we thought.

Suddenly we noticed that the light-houses were traveling over the island, or, in other words, were going to the right faster than the island, and then, looking at the chart, we were startled to find we had Milk Island on our starboard bow, covering Thatcher's, and were trying to run between it and the mainland directly upon the rocks. There is a passage through here for light draft vessels at high tide to those who know the way, but it is not safe for a stranger. Fortunately we were not too far in, and, by trimming flat down, we headed around Milk Island and soon opened the passage inside of Thatcher's where we found buoys and a clear channel. Thatcher's is a bold, rocky-shored isle with rather level grass land and two magnificent light houses, and the scenery opposite along the coast and up to Straitsmouth Island and around to Rockport is grand and imposing. The southeast sea beats upon the adamantine walls of rock that gird the sea coast with a sullen roar; great streams of water rush far into crevices and crannies, seeking further and further, as they foam against obstacles, to find some place to break the barrier, and then retire quickly to the advancing swell to recruit their force and volume for another attack; huge billows throw themselves against the massive ledges, as if to break them off, and then fly into great sheets of spray which send a rainbow coloring over the cliffs and cover the scant herbage with glistening crystals of salt. The beauties of our coast are rarely seen by travellers, because few indeed skirt along the shore in slowly sailing crafts and have the leisure and love of nature essential to enjoyment.

While admiring the situation and regardless of the shore being a lee one I heard an ominous gulp and noticed that Billy had a pale face and dew upon his forehead, and was holding one hand upon the rail and making profound obeisances and unsavory contributions to Neptune. The other boys were lively and inclined to joking, but I cautioned them to be charitable, for the time would surely come when they would be called upon to do homage to the great ocean sovereign.

We had a free wind after passing Oak Rock buoy, and kept away for Straitsmouth, passed pretty near the island and jibed over for Rockport—one of the blindest harbors upon the coast. A stranger must be careful here. There are several quarries and great piles of broken stone around Rockport shores, and it is very difficult to say where the little haven is. The shore is bold, and it is better to run along shore, coming from Straitsmouth, inside of Harbor Rock buoy until the narrow entrance opens out and the breakwater (merely a high ridge of irregularly piled stones) is seen to starboard, when one can run in boldly, keeping a little to port, and anchor rather close in shore in order to keep clear of the fishing vessels, which frequently seek a harbor here. This is not in the Coast Pilot and may be useful.

We poked along anxiously till we found the way, and arrived at anchor in the inner harbor at 5 P. M.—not a bad run for a small craft, from Marblehead in six hours. We went ashore for milk, bread and newspapers, had a good supper of warmed turkey, succotash, etc., of which our seasick boy partook heavily, and we laid quietly all night.

The sea coast near this place is not yet occupied by summer cottages, but it is one of the finest of any we found.

Rockport is a queer antique sort of a place, and reminded me of Marblehead as it was years ago. I guess there is about one train a day to Boston, which will wait a few minutes for a passenger if he sends word he is coming. The people probably get up very early and go to bed early, and the man who does not go to church regularly is regarded with suspicion. Some fishermen we met were very peculiar in dress and language, but were kind and ready to aid us when in trouble next morning with the anchor. Good holding ground? I should say so. We had down the 26lb. anchor and six men and boys could not start it. One of the oil coated fishermen helped us run out a line to a mooring, warp our craft over and beyond the anchor, and then get it by capsizing and hauling it from the stern. It took all our force even then.

We slept late and, when the anchor was up, it was 11 A. M., and a heavy shower was coming up black and ugly from the S. W., so we held on and took a heavy fall of rain, dryly housed in the cabin, a more preferable place than on deck at sea. Then we had a hasty lunch of tongue, bread and jumbles, and started at noon with a strong S. W. wind for Portsmouth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

VI.

IT was a pleasant morning near the close of November when the Coot slipped her moorings off Fort Morris and filled away for a voyage which promised to be eventful and novel from the manner in which it was undertaken. Other small boats may have voyaged down to Florida waters by the inside route, but none had left any record of their haps and mishaps, none had undertaken the long passage single-handed, and, above all, none had dared to face the storms and icy seas of midwinter. Neither would the Coot, had the terrible weather through which she passed been foreseen. Instead of the usual mild days of December, interspersed with occasional frosts, which the Coot had expected, she found frigid winter coming in butt-end first in such earnest that boat and crew underwent hardships far beyond what either would care to repeat. More than once it looked as though the enterprise would have to come to a standstill and the crew, crying "peccavi," lift sheet for home by rail, leaving the Coot at the bottom for good. Nothing but an ignominious ending to this log could have spurred on the skipper to accept and openly court risks which good sense urgently counselled against, and it is only by hairbreadth escapes that the relater is still in this tearful vale, though now happily below the dreaded ice belt of permanent winter.

With the last stores on board, the five-gallon breaker filled with water, and the crew rigged out in sea-going jersey, rawhide shoes and worsted cap, a last adieu was waved to those on shore watching her departure from the Knickerbocker Y. C. quarters. As sheet was given and the yacht swung gracefully away, the song from which she had tailed for several weeks seemed to heave a sigh at the loss it was about to mourn, for it bobbed down deeply in disconsolate fashion, suspecting that the Coot would soon cuddle up to strangers in its place. And that the faithless Coot did with a vengeance whenever the chance offered. Away from under her stern the rippling waters gurgled in sparkling wavelets, for the sun was shining bright and warm, the sky was clear, and nature laughed in her pleasantest mood. So different from the weeks just passed, when leaden clouds hung sullenly from the vault above, threatening vengeance to aught that dared show sail. The skipper congratulated himself upon the change which wreathed the aspect of things in smiles, and hoped that pleasant days might be in store to see him well along on the watery path leading to the balmy regions of the generous south and her open-hearted people. An almanac lay upon the cabin table with the month of November turned open. There, staring me in the face, at the top of the page, with marble eyes and stony glare, was a naked little wretch ankle deep in snow, trying in vain to warm the tip ends of his fingers in the wool-like flames supposed to proceed from a roaring log fire. Loosely gathered about his plump anatomy, a garment, for lack of pins and buttons, streamed out to the gusts supposed to be blowing from the north pole, while the background was filled with portentous clouds rolling heavily along. This, then, was typical of November. But my November, as a matter of fact, was more like spring, and I laughed at the chilly little urchin and his futile efforts to stay the cold at a log fire, instead of slipping on shoes and pantalettes and clove-hitching that flying blanket about his chubby loins. In charming weather it was that the Coot set out upon her voyage, but alas, as this tale will tell, the almanac was only too near the mark, and my bright hopes were destined soon to be shattered.

Much still remained to be done aboard the yacht to render her a fit vessel for the dangers sure to be met. A score of trifling things still needed attention. A little caulking here and there, a few new cleats, a new peak block, reef nettles in the third row of holes, locker doors each side of the cockpit, a mast coat, painting inside and out and numerous other odds and ends, all of which were deferred to that indefinite period "when weather," which was confidently expected but which has not yet come. And for want of perfect preparation, the yacht and her crew suffered accordingly, for the most trifling omission may assume in critical times, a gravity out of all proportion to one's expectations. Thus it happened that a wretched contrivance in the way of mast bitts for belaying the gear nearly cost me a capsize, and always gave me anxiety. The bitts were so small that a turn or two with the halliards filled them up and gave no chance for a half hitch which would hold. To see the halliards come down and the gear forward in inextricable confusion became the order of the day. For riding to her cable, the Coot relied upon her stem head as a bollard. But the head was tapering and the hitches would slip off in a sea with the likely loss of the ground tackle. Fortunately this had been foreseen and the "bitter end" of the cable was made fast around the mast. When I got a chance I drove an iron pin through the stem head, a simple provision which remedied the defect. There was not a cleat or cavel about deck forward. Nothing but a ring for the painter.

The shabby equipment of the Coot, common to all small American yachts, placed me in sore trouble, and nearly lost me the boat on one occasion, of which this log will speak further on. The tiller, like all tillers, was a rambling fit in the rudder head, and would jump out at odd times. It was lost in a heavy gale, when disaster stared me in the face, and would have put an end to boat and man but for the presence of an old stick, which was made to do duty instead. The rudder had no "lock," and frequently jumped out of the lower gudgeon. It played me that trick in the Delaware River, and drove me high and dry ashore for twenty-four hours. The rudder stock was too small for the hole and wore itself away about the deck collar, thumping frightfully all night in a sea way, so that sleep was next to impossible. The blocks were all too small for the gear, a crazy hobby for "neatness" aloft obtained at a sacrifice of common safety. The sail had to be got down by might and main, and often that would fail to snug down the canvas. The boom would shin half way up the mast, so the luff could never be kept on a stretch, nor the yacht pointed as she ought to go. There was neither shoe nor strap underneath the keel. Frequent grounding had chewed away the wood nearly up to the garboards in places. This I proposed to look after in "warm weather" by outlying the chafed sections and inserting fresh oak pieces, and also adding a hard oak shoe before and abaft as a protection to the main keel. And so on through dozens of other complaints which might here be cited to show the wretchedly inefficient condition in which small yachts are delivered by the builders, whose only aim seems to be to pass off upon beginners a hasty job, half finished in some of the most important details, at consequent risk, even the imperilling of life.

This leads up to the suggestion that our yacht builders, honest enough though they be, have, as a rule, so little experience in yachting life that they cannot be trusted with the outfit of a vessel which is to be put to real service instead of horse play in the Sound or Great South Bay. For the Coot was no worse than a thousand similar boats which are vainly supposed to be very near perfection and whose builders would scout the idea of any deficiency existing. What can a sailorman think of a builder who supplies no means at all for securing the anchor on deck, not even as much as a cleat, and whose rudder unships in a little jump in a river, and whose sail cannot be hoisted to a taut luff or reefed close enough for a hard blow? And if builders are such lubbers that they cannot appreciate the simplest necessities of actual service, who else can the novice look to for advice and supervision in such matters? No wonder that sailing in small yachts in America is still deemed foolhardy adventure instead of growing into common practice. So far as the diminutive size of the Coot is concerned it has never yet been a serious objection to the cruise I have set out upon, but in her slovenly fittings and absence of decent equipment I have discovered such imminent danger that none should attempt to follow in my wake without overhauling their boats in every respect at the instigation of some one competent to supply the omissions. The principal yacht builder in New York at this day is utterly without yachting experience, and but for a few cruises made as a boy in a square-rigger has no claim to rank as a sailor, while the small fry who beget such boats as the Coot can scarcely feather their oars and are not conversant with the rudiments of the art for which they presume to supply the tools. In all the troubles which I have so far met, the want of knowledge, foresight, and care on the builder's part, have been the chief contributing causes, and but for the fact that I may be ranked as a pretty old hand at the business, disaster would have wound up my career ere this with the builder justly chargeable as a party to manslaughter. Yet none of the provisions to which I refer are items of great cost or much labor, for they merely represent contrivances, which, if small and obscure, are none the less essential to the safe management of a boat than the frame and fastening to her strength and lease of life.

To a light westerly breeze the Coot slipped through the water with the last quarter of the ebb horsing her down through Hell Gate, where a board had to be made to fetch clear of the tall electric tower on Hallet's Point, looking for all the world like a skeleton on stilts. Then, with sheet pretty well in, she pointed fair through the western channel along Blackwell's Island and into the East River. The wind was here exceedingly baffling. It came out now and then in strong puffs as if swept down upon the little Coot through the city gulches lined with brick and brownstone houses, then again it would fall entirely and leave the yacht with scarce steerageway, bobbing up and askew to the nasty cross swell kicked up by passing steamers and thrown back upon itself from piers and seawall close aboard. The outlying reef to the southward of Blackwell's Island was cleared on the last of the lee-going tide, and by dint of coaxing to occasional whiffs the boat was tooled along in the slack, by the huge soot-begrimed sugar factories on the Brooklyn side, after which the first of the flood had to be stemmed. Through a maze of ferryboats a devious passage was tediously forced until after drifting astern and forging ahead a dozen of times the Coot's mast was at last brought plumb under the huge flying span of the suspended structure which unites two great cities in the bonds of municipal sisterhood. A lumbering smack had just passed through the bridge a few lengths ahead of the Coot, and, catching a breeze of great strength, was soon away for Buttermilk Channel. But no such good fortune was in store for the Coot. She failed to pass the massive granite towers, and hung pertinaciously beneath the maze of girderwork and roping. After many a futile dart ahead she was obliged to succumb and drift helplessly astern with the flood. For three long hours had the yacht vainly striven to drive through. The Catherine Street ferry had commenced running again, and the Coot's maneuvering had all this time been right across the bows of the double-end side-wheelers, whose passengers crowded to the rail to watch the yacht in her tireless toils. Her bright yellow house and her lone crew with forlorn mien had become familiar marks of recognition to the steamers pilots, whose whistles were each time repeated with additional vigor as the annoyance to them grew more intolerable. But one and all managed to give the Coot a good berth, till at last patience was exhausted to the wheel of one ferryboat, whose captain sung out in a derisive tone: "You can't do nothing on this here tide. What are you bothering us in this fashion for? Better come to and wait for the ebb." He delivered his speech in a deprecating tone, as he took me for one of the many holiday sailors, who wilfully, or through lubberly tactics, make themselves a nuisance to the ferries in the East River. I had come to the same conclusion some time before, but in my anxiety to make an anchorage for the night off Staten Island, had bucked away at it longer than good judgment should have counselled. Indeed, it is at all times a thankless job to attempt beating a light, small boat against a tide of three to four knots' strength, and when the wind backed ahead, the Coot should have given it up at the outset. So helm was put up, boom eased away and the yacht run into Navy Yard Bay, where the Chester folding anchor was hove overboard for the first time in something like eight fathoms of water. The anchor nipped at once and appeared to catch a powerful hold, which impressed me favorably with its capacity. Subsequently I found that it would not serve as well in soft bottom, at least not in a blow, for it came right home to a slight pull on the line. For sand or hard bottom the sharp narrow arms without palms stood in good stead, as the anchor would quickly pry into the bottom. For mud and slime the arms lack enough surface. In such bottom I was obliged to trust to the 25lb. anchor of standard shape and that held the Coot in the softest of ground, through gales of great force accompanied by sea. Possibly a moderate broadening of the fluke ends might improve the Chester anchor so as to serve in all cases. For stowing in the cockpit or on the cabin floor, it is very convenient. An elongated palm slightly hollowed might be made to fay snugly against the shank, even if one palm would overlap the other to that end. They could be on a skew to that extent without impairing efficiency, as one of the palms of my ordinary anchor had been bent to twenty-five degrees without in the least interfering with a tight grip in the bottom.

Although high water was announced for 3 P. M., the flood continued o pour up the East River till 7 P. M. Long before that time patience had ceased to be a virtue, and the yacht was got under way. She drifted up river and down several miles of ground through being in too great haste. All the obnoxious work through the Grand and Houston street ferry with the Hunter's Point, Greenpoint and Roosevelt ferries thrown in, had to be gone through a second time and even a third time, till it appeared as though the Coot had become a fixture in their waters for all winter. Why did she do this useless knocking about? Because the wind would play the deceiver, blowing at one time from a favorable quarter, and with backbone enough to raise hopes of going through, only to settle again in the south and then fall away the next moment. It had been growing dusk. Lights, stray ones, here and there feebly glimmered through the haze of the evening. As it gathered into night they shone out brighter and brighter, while innumerable others sprang into being all around to cheer me up with their company. The brilliant line of piercing electrics arched in graceful sweep along the carriage way of the bridge melted the darkness about and poured a flood of silvery rays upon the heaving tides beneath Red lights, green lights, flickering flashes all about tumbled and danced in gleeful reflections. All was aglow, all looked happy, all pulsated with life as far as the eye could reach. Overhead, the deep blue dome was pierced with sparkling, winking little dots and myriads of pinpoints massed into the unfathomable mysteries of the Milky Way. Yet in all this radiant scene there was one dull, sombre object slinking along in stealthy gloom, carrying one disgruntled being as an offset to the joyful fringe surrounding. It was the Coot and her crew. Neither sidelights nor a ray from the cabin lamp shot forth to announce her inert state to passing vessels. While twilight's last moments still lingered, hope had not quite gone out, and the yacht was kept to her task, without accomplishing a fathom ahead. Back and across the river she stood, gaining a few inches to lose them on the next fling off. When night closed in earnest, an uneasy feeling overcame the crew, and, conscience-stricken, he argued, this sort of thing won't do. Boxing about the East River at 9 P. M. and not a match touched to wick was recklessness itself among the ceaseless travel of the ferryboats and working vessels suddenly cropping up end on, gliding noiselessly, swiftly by, with neither suspicion of the Coot's existence nor notice of her whereabouts. Tired out the skipper certainly was, and sorely disappointed he would have been at the smallness of the first day's results, had he not realized that many like failures would have to be accepted throughout the voyage just begun.

The Coot was slowly swung into her former anchorage abreast of Uncle Sam's old hulk, the ancient line-of-battle Vermont, whose yellow-daubed sides stood out in bold relief against a gray pack of rusty men-of-war out of commission moored inside the Cob dock. Once more the Chester was tumbled off the bows into deep water and its splash gave a period to the first day underway. Sail was stowed and a riding light lit just as the ebb showed first signs of birth, too late to be of any service in my behalf. With light in hand I proceeded on deck, when suddenly a grim phantom hove in sight close on the Coot's quarter. On and at me it rushed like a ghost. A long spar-like jibboom was poked nearly over the rail, then a jeer from the hand at the wheel was thrown aboard as a lumbering schooner was eased away just enough to clear my boat's side. "Say, Cap, got a bad place to stay there all night." This was cold comfort. A whole fleet of vessels bound South followed in the latter's wake, working the eddy in Navy Yard Bay, and gave me much uneasiness for my little cockle shell with her faint glimmer of an anchor light. As matters could not be mended by shifting for another and possibly more dubious berth, it was resolved to remain right there and keep a sharp watch on the anchor light throughout the night. I turned in for a cat nap with one eye open. Just ten minutes or so before rousing out for the first look around, such was the firm resolve.

When I awoke daylight was streaming in at the cabin windows. The Coot was still afloat, I was still alive and the Vermont's brindle coat shone forth in the morning sun with a feverish intensity which suggested warm and pleasant days which had flown. C. P. K.

STOVES AND CHARTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is the time of year when, the pleasures of the summer being over, we live them again beside the stove and in all probability enjoy them more in the telling than in the doing. It is also the time for overhauling and adding all those little kinks which are so small in themselves, but so great in the comfort they give.

"Piscator," in your last issue, relates his experience with stoves. He is evidently a man after my own heart, and I should like to know him. I think, however, I can teach him a thing or two with stoves. After trying nearly everything in the market, I have at last settled on a benzine or gasoline stove (now, don't all pitch into me at once, for gasoline is not half the terror it is supposed to be), and, as it is a gem in its way, it will stand a description. It is what is known as a plumber's pot, used for heating soldering irons, and it will heat an iron red in six minutes. There are several forms of these pots made, most of them of tin. They are unusable for boats on account of liability to breakage, when the oil would escape and might prove dangerous. Mine is of cast iron, every opening to which is closed with a cast iron plug. When lit it can be upset and rolled around any number of times without either going out or danger of setting anything else on fire; and as it weighs twenty pounds, nearly all of which is near the bottom, it is firm on its feet. The oil is forced to the top through a syphon by compressed air, the air being compressed by the bulb of an ordinary syringe attached to the casting. The flame produced is blue and entirely without smoke. It is regulated by a stop cock the same as an ordinary gas fixture. It cost me only $5 complete, and burns two quarts of either benzine or gasoline in twelve hours' burning.

Now, there is Mr. Kunhardt. The idea of a man, usually so practical, fixing his charts in such a half-way fashion as he speaks of in his "Cruise of the Coot." Take, for instance, the coast chart containing our own New York harbor, the Upper Bay is nearly in the center of the chart. If he cuts this chart into quarters, he divides the bay. So in using any quarter he can only get bearings on one side of the bay, and should he want to tack across he would have to get out another quarter. If, now, instead of using an ordinary frame to hold the quarters he uses a frame with two glasses, putting in two pieces of the chart back to back, he has only to turn the frame to see the other side of the bay; and in running a coast line, by putting in the adjoining sections only one-half the number of changes need be made. In single-handed sailing, where one's hands are apt to be full, this is quite an item. W.

New York, Dec. 21.

THE ALTERATIONS IN THE SEA GULL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 10, 1885, I notice a communication headed "Notes from the Delaware," in which the writer of the article criticises the yacht Sea Gull, and attempts to support these views by statements which are incorrect.

As the planning, building and subsequent development of this yacht represents the actual practical experience of a Corinthian yachtsman, with a definite object in view—to obtain a compromise between the keel and centerboard types—and the boat has had some notoriety from being the only yawl rigged yacht on this portion of the coast and the Delaware for some years, besides her rather exceptional experience at sea, I deem it but just that a true history and statement of facts be presented.

The yacht Sea Gull was built some years ago on the Atlantic coast by the writer as a single-handed cruiser. The yawl rig was originally decided upon, the owner having had some personal experience with it in previous years. The length of the yacht was 25 feet over all, 22 feet 6 inches length of keel, 9 feet 5 inches beam, draft at bow 1 foot 6 inches, aft without board 2 feet 9 inches. A heavy keelson and keel, hard woods, copper and galvanized fastenings were used in her construction.

The definite stipulations were safety, room, stiffness, small draft and handy rig. The cruising ground was a dangerous coast, the daily running over the bars of inlets. During the first year after she was built she was catrigged for work in the narrow channels along the New Jersey and Delaware coasts, for which the kind of a rig is remarkably well adapted, but for a heavy seaway the catrig is utterly unfit owing to the weight of the mast in the eyes of the boat, and also the difficulty of managing the large sail and boom. Late in the summer of this first year the owner sailed her single-handed around from Atlantic City to Camden, where he equipped her according to the original plan as a yawl. The next four seasons, with one of my sons, and part of the time with my wife and little daughter, was spent on the coast, where her seagoing qualities were thoroughly tested. On one occasion we rode out a northeaster off Cape May. From experiences of this kind it was decided that an increase of freeboard would add materially to her good qualities. In 1882 she was raised about 14in. by Mr. James A. Collins, of Cooper's Point, Camden. During the year 1883, with almost constant cruising from May until late November, and April and May of 1884, the yacht's performance under every condition more than satisfied me of the advantages of the increased freeboard.

Allow me now to notice the statements of your correspondent, which are quoted verbatim: "It was this excessive freeboard that caused her to founder at sea. I doubt very much if this would have occurred in her normal condition."

This assertion is untrue, and has probably been taken from some of the many exaggerated reports published at the time in the newspapers. The following simple story of the yacht's experience will prove her weatherly qualities through a gale of remarkable violence, when a three-masted schooner went down with all on board not far from her.

The Sea Gull, under reefed mainsail, jib and mizzen, left Chincoteague early Wednesday morning, June 25, 1884, the wind blowing a stiff gale from the south. At about noon, when off Isle of Wight Bay, half way to the Capes, the wind suddenly shifted to the south by east without warning, and was soon blowing the worst gale experienced on the coast for years, and soon there was an ugly cross sea. The yacht wore off shore, when the mainsail was carried away. However, she worked well under storm jib and mizzen, but several seas coming aboard when attempting to lay to, her jib and mizzen were torn from the bolt ropes. A top-heavy boat would have been rolled over then and there. Fortunately, a sea drag had been rigged of spare spars, sail, the cabin steps and a fifty-pound anchor. This was hove over the bows with about thirty fathoms of hawser. This brought the yacht's head to the seas, when she rode comparatively easily. While running off the coast, the seas that came aboard filled the cockpit, but having four scuppers it was emptied immediately. The cabin doors being water tight, the cabin slide and skylight having been battened down, no damage was done. About 3 o'clock on Friday morning the rudder was carried away, having been strained probably at Chincoteague. At daylight a large steamer was sighted, the Richmond, Capt. Crossman, riding to. The storm showed little or no abatement, the two on board the yacht were much exhausted, the sails and rudder were disabled, and it was decided to abandon her. After considerable danger and difficulty, they were taken off by the steamer's cutter.

When last seen on Friday evening the yacht was riding to her sea anchor. On Saturday morning, June 28, the British steamship Kinsale found the Sea Gull riding to her drag, twenty miles from Cape Henry. She took her in tow to within five miles of the cape and there abandoned her, after apparently having stripped her of running rigging, cabin furniture, guns, watches, money and other personal property. July 1 the pilot boat Wm. Graves, of Norfolk, picked up the Sea Gull near Cape Henry and towed her into Hampton Roads uninjured, with the exceptions described.

Quoting again from your correspondent, "With so much weight above her loadline and so little below, it became necessary to place iron outside on her keel. This, from her flat round form, did little or no good, and again the doctor is called upon to save his patient." This statement is incorrect. In the first place, all past experience has proved her to be remarkably stiff. Her iron ballast for years has always been stowed and clamped down along her keelson on her timbers, and when several tons were added to since it was first put in. But to my mind there are great objections to movable ballast. The trim of a vessel, large or small, is everything. Great care is often required in the proper adjustment of the ballast. When unshipped, as it always should be when laying up in the fall, it is very troublesome to get her into trim again in the spring.

Again the difficulty in keeping the run clear, a most important precaution where weeks are spent on board. In the third place the loss of valuable storage room for articles not hurt by dampness. With an iron keel outside, properly bolted through the keelson, the distribution of weight carefully calculated, the writer prefers this mode of ballasting. In the second place it would not be an advisable mode of doctoring for "too much weight above the loadline," "to add a long sightly fantail" which has been done at this date.

The "respectful suggestion that the yacht be lengthened 5ft. forward, with long easy curved lines," is a good one, but not original with your correspondent above quoted, as it was part of a plan, discussed, drafted and decided upon nearly two years ago. The benefit of the last suggestion, and this I grant is original with your correspondent, "that during her doctoring it would not be a bad scheme to sink her down and make her, at least 2ft. deeper in the submerged body." This is respectfully declined, as it would completely unfit the yacht for the work for which she was designed. This principle in the doctoring of yachts is too often overlooked by the partisans of both the deep and the shallow types. Sea Gull.

Philadelphia, Dec. 15.

YACHTING IN CANADA.

WHILE there is not much likelihood of any probable additions of much note to the yachting fleet in the province of Ontario for next season, the sport has suddenly taken a fresh lease of life at the city of Quebec, in the province of that name. The ancient capital several years since possessed an excellent fleet, prominent among which was the centerboard sloop Dauntless, which was purchased by a company of gentlemen in this city in 1874, and has for the past four years been owned by Mr. David Pitreathly, ex-coumodore of the R. Q. Y. C. Yachting went out of fashion at Quebec, and for several years there was no organization among its yachtsmen; but last winter an effort was made to revive the sport, and in February a number of yacht owners sought the aid of Mr. J. U. Gregory, of the Marine Department, in establishing a yacht club in Quebec. This movement resulted in the formation of a yacht club with a membership of forty, which during the year has increased to over 200, with a fleet of thirty yachts. The first race of the season was for prizes given by the Marquis of Lansdowne, patron of the club, and was won by Curlew, Mr. Ritchie, and Guinevere, Mr. Peters. The second race was for prizes given by Com. Gregory and Vice Com. Ritchie, won by the Osprey, Messrs. Thorn and Shaw. The third race, for the club cup, was won by the Iris, Messrs. Grant, Peddington and Heatherington. Several new yachts are now building for next season. The L'Hirondelle, 47ft. over all, is building by P. Jobin for Com. Gregory. She will resemble the Dauntless in model. Mr. Leunbeux is also building a deep yacht, and a 30-tonner is building by Wiseman for several owners.

Belleville, Ont., Dec. 23. Port Tack.

DONALDSON'S "STEAM MACHINERY."—We have received a number of inquiries of late as to some text book on steam launches, and as the only popular treatise on the subject we would reccommend "The Practical Guide to the Use of Marine Steam Machinery," by James Donaldson. The author commences with a short notice of marine engines and with general instruction as to running of machinery. Preliminary preparations, filling the boilers, lighting the fires, oiling, running, laying up, etc., are described in detail; then the author takes an ordinary steam launch as an example, and describes the boiler, gauges, valves, eccentrics, etc. The third portion of the book deals with engines and boilers of various kinds, indicators, injectors and propellers, following which are descriptions of a number of small steam vessels, with full specifications for hull and engines, of an iron launch 65ft. long. The book is extremely practical and contains much valuable information. It can be had at this office.

OIL ON WAVES.—The following account of the use of oil in a heavy sea is given by Capt. H. B. Conby, master of ship Slieve More, in a late issue of the *Nautical Magazine*: "My ship, the Slieve More, outward bound to Bombay with coal, was burnt June 16, 1885, in lat. 2° 40' S., 63° 40' E. We were many days in the boat. On the 18th, 19th and 20th we had a heavy gale from the S. W. with a terrific sea. I never thought boats could live in such weather, and I believe ours could not have done so if it had not been for the oil we had with us (nearly 20 gallons). The boats were hove to for 60 hours, having a good sea anchor of boat sails securely lashed to mast and oars, which formed an admirable breakwater, spare oars, manned, helping to keep the boat end on to the sea. Oil (paraffin) we kept constantly dripping from a tin at the bows, and from stockings lashed to boat hooks, the effect was marvelous. As the boats slowly drifted before the gale and seas, the oil spread and was always ahead, and out past the drogue (which was reeved ahead of the boat about 10 fathoms), leaving a smooth lane and completely preventing the waters from breaking, though, of course, not lowering their height. It was a wonderful sight to see the turmoil of waters on each side of this smooth lane; the seas rushed past with a roar and great white tops breaking astern. The use of a long steering oar helped greatly to keep the boat steady. Boats kept company for four days and nights, each boat hoisting a light by night. Eventually we all reached the Seychelle Islands in good health, my boat having been picked up by a coasting brig."

A NEW GAS ENGINE.—The N. Y. Petroleum Gas Engine Co. have erected a handsome two-story factory at Brown place, mouth of Kills, Harlem River, adjoining William Kyle's boat shop. They will manufacture engines for steam launches, under a patent covering many novelties. Briefly described, the machinery for a 17ft. launch just completed is as follows: At the bow of the boat is a tank containing eight gallons of benzine or naphtha. This tank is connected by two pipes with the engine, which is in the stern. All the working parts of the engine are inclosed in a small iron chest. There are three cylinders: one used to pump the benzine to and from the tank, and two to operate on the propeller shaft. Above the chest is a small stack wherein is a coil of pipe containing benzine, which is vaporized and used in the cylinders, after which it is condensed and returned to the tank. To start the engine it is only necessary to pump a few drops of benzine on a suitable mechanism at the bottom of stack, apply a match, and in one and a half minutes enough power is obtained to start the yacht. The whole thing is so simple that any one can run it after ten minutes explanation. There is no dirt from coal or oil about the machinery. It is extremely light, and occupies only the two ends of the boat, thus leaving the middle body entirely clear for passengers. The hulls of the boats will be built by Mr. William Kyle. For small cruisers, yawls for yachts, it is likely these yachts will become very popular.

GERMAN RACING RULES.—Under the title of "Racing Rules," the *Ahoi* has issued a neat little volume bound in enamel cloth, containing much of practical value to yachtsmen. It contains a table of allowances calculated for the varying strengths of the wind, under four different systems; waterline length, the length and beam multiplied; the sail area and sail tons, sail area multiplied by length and divided by 170. A number of interesting subjects are also fully treated of; measurement, regatta committees, conditions, programme, classification, entries, prizes, courses, sailing rules, etc. The book concludes with tables of weights, measures, specific gravity, etc. It cannot fail to be most useful to the German yachtsman.

THE PURITAN'S CUP.—In accordance with the resolution passed on Oct. 22 by the New York Y. C., a handsome piece of silver has been prepared for presentation to the owners of the Puritan, and was exhibited at the meeting of the club last week. The cup is of solid silver, 22 inches high. On one side is the figure of a workman, in Puritan dress, examining a model of a yacht, which model is a miniature of the Puritan. The inscription on the other side reads: "Presented to the owners of ye Puritan by the New York Yacht Club, in commemoration of her victory over the Genesta, representing the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, in the match for the possession of the America's Cup, sailed September, 1885.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This famous vessel has been sold in England for £26 300 to be used as a coal hulk at Gibraltar. She will take out a cargo of coal and will anchor permanently at Gibraltar, her supply being kept up as it is exhausted.

CARRYING PETROLEUM IN BULK.—In the United States, where wood is plenty, oil is mostly shipped in barrels, but in Russia the scarcity of wood makes it necessary to ship in some other form. For some time steamers in the Volga and Caspian have carried oil in bulk and three new steamers are building in Sweden for a similar use in the Black Sea. The first one completed, the Svet, will be 282ft. long, with 12 compartments for oil, each with a separate pipe. It has been proposed to build similar vessels for the English trade, but Lloyds as yet refuses to classify them.

A NEW SCHOONER FOR THE DELAWARE.—Dr. W. H. Vallette of Philadelphia, is now having built a schooner yacht 67ft. on deck, 20ft. beam, and 6ft. draft with 5 tons of lead on keel. Mr. A. E. Smith of Islip, L. I., is building the yacht which is now in frame. Laid up at Islip are Mischief, Schemer, Theresa, Fanny, Sagitta, Mystery, Vixen and Caprice. Schemer will have a new deck and tops, also new garboards.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—Hudson River Y. C.: Commodore, J. E. Drew; Vice Commodore, William Arndt; Secretary, E. R. Wilson; Treasurer, R. V. Freeman; Steward, J. T. Hufnagle; Trustees, J. Stilger, S. Bridge, L. Wolf, J. L. Kreymer and J. Reisenweber; Finance Committee, M. O'Neill, W. S. Page and L. Wolf.

CARMELITA.—This schooner has been on the screw dock for survey, having been purchased by Mr. Henry Belknap, N. Y. Y. C.

OSWEGO Y. C.—We have received a handsomely printed invitation to a reception of the Oswego Y. C. on Dec. 29.

BRUNHILDE.—Mr. Phelps' schooner was reported at Aden on Dec. 8, having passed Perim on Dec. 6.

Answers to Correspondents.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

Q.—The trajectory report will be printed in pamphlet form.

G. M. F.—From 180 to 200 pellets in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards.

St.—You cannot get any ducks at this season in the region named.

H. B., New York.—You will find deer within a day of the town in Virginia.

J. Q., Maine.—Muskrats should be trapped in February rather than November.

T. M. D.—You may get the pedigree by addressing the club at Babylon, N. Y.

D. R. P., New York.—Try Mayport, Fla., at mouth of St. Johns River for winter fishing.

J. H., New York.—You will find sea fishing at Beaufort, S. C., where there are good hotel accommodations, boats, etc.

A. W. B., Philadelphia.—The atlas contains several maps and plans of Barnegat Bay. We can furnish "Luce's Seamanship."

W. S. L., Niagara.—Would it hurt a gun to do away with the inside shoulder in the chamber? Ans. No, it might be an advantage.

Eaton, Johnstown.—The gauges of shotguns measure as follows: 8-bore, .860 inch; 10-bore, .793 inch; 12-bore, .750 inch; 14 bore, .715 inch; 16 bore, .685 inch; 20-bore, .627 inch.

M. H. B.—You can buy the gun through any of the large dealers, whose advertisements are given elsewhere. If the firm you apply to do not have it in stock they will procure it for you.

Rabbit, London, Ont.—Around this part of Ontario we have the little cotton-tail rabbit, and a larger kind we call hares; both have the brown coat. I have seen both on the same day and as late as Christmas, when there was deep snow on the ground for several weeks before. We have also the white hare here, but have not noticed them around before February or March. Are these different rabbits, or does the large kind change its coat after the 1st of January? Ans.—The cotton-tail (*Lepus sylvaticus*) is a hare different from the common American large hare (*L. americanus*), which changes the color of its coat in the spring and fall. A third species is the great northern hare (*L. timidus*, var. *arcticus*).

J. H. P., Norristown, Pa.—Gentry's "Nests and Eggs of Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania" is more than anything else a catalogue, and gives little or nothing on the habits of birds. Coues's Key is what you want.

C. B. S.—1. The interior diameters of shell and barrel are the same. 2. We have not the measurements at hand. You can procure the shells at the gun stores. The shoulder should be equal to the thickness of the shell.

L. O. B.—Go from Savannah by steamer and stop at a "likely" place. The steamer David Clark makes two round trips from Savannah to Brunswick and back each week and touches for freight and passengers at St. Catherine's Island, Doboy, Darien, Broughton Island, Wright's Island, Cathead, Grantley's Wharf, Battery Island, Chapman's Wharf, Frederica and St. Simons. You can readily change ground if not suited.

Harrisburg, Pa.—I wish to have a gun built, and am unable to state what pattern would be best to order. Will you please answer the following questions: For a 12-gauge, 7½ pounds gun, with 30-inch barrels, loaded with 3½ drams No. 4 Hazard's duck, one No. 11 Baldwin card and two No. 11 Eley's pink-edge wads over powder; 1 ounce No. 9 Tatham & Bros.' drop shot, one No. 12 Baldwin card wad over shot, right and left barrel at 30yds., 30 inch circle, the same with 1⅛ ounce No. 6 shot at 40yds., and the same with 1¼ ounce No. 3 shot at 50yds., what would be the best pattern for an all round gun in the hands of a pretty fair marksman? Ans. From 180 to 200 pellets.

POT LUCK FROM EXCHANGES.

A half-breed Indian in the Dead River region in Maine has domesticated a huge moose, and uses him in the farm work. In the winter when the moose is hitched to a sled and is driven upon the ice, there is no horse in the country round about which can keep up with him. The half-breed turns his big steed into an inclosure with a fence of ordinary height. Once in a while the moose jumps out and goes on an excursion, but as he never fails to return, this privilege is not begrudged him.

Suspicious Circumstance.—Sam Johnsing has been suspected of stealing dogs in order to obtain a reward. A conversation with Judge Pennybunker encourages the idea that he is none too honest. "Ef a man was ter steal dat fine pointer dog ob yourn, how much reward would you gib ter get him back, Jedge?" "About five dollars." "Boss, gimme four dollars and I jess luff that dog alone. Dem am special rates which I ain't offering de general public. Dar's a circus acoming, and I'se got to hab money."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Significant Procession.—At Minnewaukan I saw a long procession of Red River carts, loaded with buffalo bones, and driven by Chippewa Indians and half-breeds, who had come from the Turtle Mountains, about seventy miles distant. Some of the carts were drawn by ponies and some by oxen. The drivers of the oxen walked in front of their teams, instead of beside them as white men do, and coaxed the animals along by constant motions of the whip. How did a band of Chippewa come to occupy the Turtle Mountain country, which lies far west of the old hunting grounds of their ancient enemies, the Sioux? This is an interesting question which could be answered by the Hon. H. M. Rice, of St. Paul, who is the best living authority on the history of the Chippewa or Ojibway tribe.—*The New Northwest.*

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Their Design and Construction, Exemplified by the Ruling Types of Modern Practice.

By C. P. KUNHARDT.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Company takes pleasure in announcing the publication of a magnificent quarto volume, bearing the above title. This book covers the eld of Small Yachts, with special regard to their design, construction, equipment and keep. The opening chapters are devoted to a consideration of the model and the draft, their relations to one another, and the purposes which they subserve. Full directions are given for producing the plans of a yacht with reference to the chief points in design, and the method of taking off the lines of a boat already built is likewise described in detail.

All elements entering into design, such as Resistance, Stability, Balance of Rig, Handiness, Displacement, etc., are dealt with in separate chapters. The rules necessary for the mathematical computations, and a review of theory and practice close the first division of the book.

The second portion comprises the description of the Plates, covering the whole range of type in small yachts, from the shoal catboat and American centerboard sloop to examples of the narrowest and deepest British cutter yet built. These yachts have their lines, build and fittings depicted in the Plates, which are drawn to scale. With their aid and the specifications presented, the reader is placed in possession of accurate information concerning the mould, accommodations, rig and characteristics of all styles of yachts which have received favorable recognition. Sporting boats, combination row and sailboats, and various examples of special form are introduced.

The third division offers a comprehensive review of single-hand sailing, to which small yachts are especially adapted. Directions are given as a guide in selection of type and sail plan, and subsequent equipment and proper management.

The iron work of yachts, their gear, yawls, stearing apparatus, boat building and much other closely related matter is entered upon. The new International Rules of the Road, Signal Service, and a bibliography appear in the Appendix.

The work is profusely and handsomely illustrated with 150 illustrations inserted in the text, besides the sixty-three plates as follows:

LIST OF PLATES.

I. The Sloop Yacht Schemer.
II. The Nuckel.
III. The Windward.
IV. A Newport Catboat—Portable Catboat.
V. An Eastern Catboat.
VI. Keel Catboat Caprice.
VII. Caprice—Sail Plan.
VIII. Keel Catboat Dodge.
IX. Catboat Dodge—Sail Plan.
X. Open Boat Cruiser.
XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
XII. Open Boat Trident.
XIII. A Skipjack.
XIV. The Centerboard Sloop Gleam.
XV. Gleam—Sail Plan.
XVI. The Centerboard Sloop Midge.
XVII. Light Draft Cutter Mignonette.
XVIII. Mignonette—Sail Plan.
XIX. Single-Hand Cruiser.
XX. Light Draft Cutter Carmita.
XXI. The Dart.
XXII. The Boston Sloop Neva.
XXIII. The Boston Sloop Nyssa.
XXIV. Keel Sloop Columbine.
XXV. Columbine—Sail Plan.
XXVI. The Keel Sloop Alice.
XXVII. The Gannet.
XXVIII. A Compromise Sloop.
XXIX. The Itchen Cutter Daisy.
XXX. Daisy—Sail Plan.
XXXI. The Cutter Vayu.
XXXII. The Cruising Yawl Windward.
XXXIII. Windward—Accommodation Plan
XXXIV. The Windward—Sail Plan.
XXXV. The Cruising Yawl Aneto.
XXXVI. The Single-Hand Yawl Deuce.
XXXVII. Deuce—Sail Plan and Construction
XXXVIII. The Cutter Petrel.
XXXIX. The Petrel—Sail Plan.
XL. The Cutter Merlin.
XLI. The Merlin—Sail Plan.
XLII. The Cutter Rajah.
XLIII. The Cutter Yolande.
XLIV. Yolande—Cabin and Deck Plans.
XLV. A Single-Hand Yawl.
XLVI. Single-Hand Yawl—Cabin and Deck Plans.
XLVII. S. H. Yawl—Rig and Construction.
XLVIII. The Cutter Mamie.
XLIX. The Mamie—Midship Section.
L. The Mamie—Sail Plan.
LI. Six-Beam Cutter.
LII. Six-Beam Cutter—Sail Plan.
LIII. The Cutter Surf.
LIV. The Cutter Surf—Sail Plan.
LV. The Cutter Surf—Midship Section
LVI. The Cutter Surf—Cabin Plans.
LVII. The Cutter Spankadillo.
LVIII. The Cutter Madge.
LIX. The Madge—Ironwork.
LX. The Schooner Gaetina.
LXI. The Nonpareil Sharpie.
LXII. The Cynthia.
LXIII. The Cruising Sneakbox.

A folio volume (size of page 14½x12½ inches), printed on paper specially manufactured for it, and with great beauty of execution and finish in every detail, making a volume vastly superior to any other work of the kind ever published. Pages 370, with 136 plate pages additional, or a total of more than 500.

PRESS OPINIONS.

New York Times, Nov. 1.

The author, Mr. C. P. Kunhardt, is well known to all yachtsmen through his writings in behalf of better boats and a higher standard of skill while in charge of the yachting department of Forest and Stream, and his hearty devotion to the sport, backed by a thorough scientific training, fit him peculiarly for the task he has so well accomplished. The conception of the work is a happy one; the subject is treated plainly and practically; fine spun theories and elaborated calculations are omitted, and only such results are given as will be useful to any intelligent yacht sailor or builder.

New York Evening Post, Oct. 24, 1885.

This book fills a blank in American yacht literature, and will be found a valuable addition to the libraries of our American yachtsmen. The subject matter, although covered in a measure by such works as Dixon Kemp's "Yacht Designing" and his "Yacht and Boat Sailing," is presented in more attractive form, is much condensed, and is procurable at less than half the cost of these volumes. It is practical throughout—practical in the treatment of what is popularly called theoretical. . . . We can recommend the book, notwithstanding its title, "Small Yachts," to all yachtsmen without reference to the size of their vessels, existing or in prospect.

Boston Herald, Oct. 4, 1885.

One of the best publications on small yachts that has came from the press for some years. . . . The volume as a whole commends itself to the yachtsmen or to the landsman who seek information on the subject of building, rigging, fitting out and sailing yachts.

American Canoeist, October, 1885.

To the man interested in boats—building, rig or sail—Kunhardt's book will be as interesting as a novel. It will not be read through once and then shelved, but will be kept in a convenient place for easy reference. It cannot get out of date.

New York Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 6, 1885.

This collection [the plates] is a concise history of yachting with small boats at the present time, and has a value which is not easily overestimated. . . . The many merits of the book will commend it to all who are interested in yachting and to all who want to be.

San Francisco News Letter, Dec. 5, 1885.

The largest, most complete and handsome volume upon small yachts shat we have seen. . . . The whole scope of yachting is ably handled.

The Germantown Telegraph.

It is beautiful in workmanship, abundantly illustrated and proves itself on every page the work of a writer thoroughly conversant with and enthusiastic about his subject. . . . It is to those who love yachting for its own sake and are intent to be their own masters that this work will appeal most successfully, for it shows how to build and run a small yacht, which will give all the sport one wants and make a true sailor of its owner.

New York Herald, Dec. 12, 1885.

There is a growing tendency among those who delight in "a whiff of the briny" to own a small and staunch cruiser, and to sail either single-handed or with a nautical shipmate. To those whose fancy lies in that direction, but who have not yet achieved their ambition, we cannot conceive of a better book than this of Mr. Kunhardt. There are numerous large plates and designs of every kind of boat, which can be recommended as reliable. There are sail plans and rigging plans, and there are also many shrewd suggestions and hints which the old seadog as well as the young tyro may read with advantage. The Forest and Stream Publishing Company issue the book in a style which does them great credit.

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EASTWARD HO!

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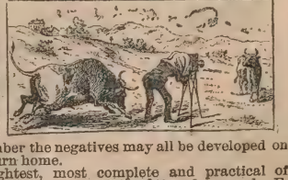
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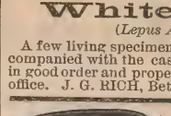
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FOR SALE.—A NUMBER OF WELL BRED and well broken pointers and setters. Also five pointer puppies, 6 mos. old, by Miter (Lort ex Lady Croxteth) out of Flida (Texas Bow—Flight). These dogs will be sold reasonable. For price, etc., address JESS. M. WHAITE, Newton Breaking Kennels, Newton, N. C. dec31,4t

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DOG WANTED.—A FIRST-CLASS POINTER OR setter, thoroughly broken, staunch, steady, moderately fast, good tempered, retrieve well, etc., must be of very best breeding and not over 5 yrs., old. Also water spaniel for wild fowl retrieving. give price and full particulars. SILO, Gedney House, New York City. dec31,1t

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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THE INDIANS' LANDS.

A NEW project for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians is now in high favor. It is a kind of patent plan, which is to civilize the Indian and make him self-supporting—if he survives its adoption. It is advocated with a little qualification by Gen. Sheridan.

It is proposed to allot to each Indian family 320 acres of land and to throw the remainder of the reservation open to sale at $1.25 per acre. The sale of the surplus land, it is calculated, would yield a sum which, invested in Government bonds, would produce an annual income of about $4,480,000—a sum which considerably exceeds the amount now appropriated for the Indians.

The assumptions upon which this reasoning is based are very largely fallacious, and the figures which appear to support them lie as only figures can. It is misleading to say that all or even the greater part of the reservations left over after the best locations have been taken up for the Indians' farms, could be sold. A very small portion of the land—that along the creeks and near springs, where water can be had—could so be sold at once; but the dry uplands, the arid sage plains and the rough and rocky mountain sides, which constitute so large a portion of many Indian reservations, would never be bought up at anything like the price named. It is but a short time since a portion of the land grant of a great corporation—a strip forty miles long by twenty wide—was sold for seventeen cents an acre. This was in a cattle country and the land was bought for range.

Moreover, the income mentioned would not support the Indians. The beggarly appropriation made by Congress sufficed up to two or three years ago, but they are sufficient no longer. Up to that time there were some buffalo left, and a good deal of smaller game, on which the Indians subsisted. Now all the game is gone except a few grouse, prairie dogs and sand rats, and the Indians must have government food or starve. For the last two or three years a great many of them have starved.

The time is close at hand when the friends of the Indians must use all their influence to protect him in his rights. The West is settling up more rapidly than ever, and greedy eyes are casting covetous glances upon the contracted lands which the red men still hold, as well as upon their flocks and herds. The reservations are pronounced too large, and about their borders hover many men who have already selected the claims on which they will settle and file as soon as Congress shall have thrown the territory open to settlement. In the Crow, the Flathead, the Shoshone, the Bannack, the Piegan, Gros Ventre and Assinaboine reservations and a portion of the Indian Territory are choice tracts of land which the white men eagerly covet.

They can hardly wait for these lands to be legally thrown open to settlement. It was only two years ago that the best springs on the arid reservation of one of the Pueblo tribes were boldly claimed by a powerful corporation, the lands about them seized, and the hapless owners of the soil, who depended for their crops on this water, warned off with threats. Invasions of the Ocklohoma strip are continually being made by supposed settlers, who coolly defy the proclamations of the President and the opposition of the United States troops in their endeavors to seize lands owned by the Indians. Now and then gold or silver is discovered on a reservation, and the whites flock in and cannot be ejected.

Their lands should not be allotted to the Indians in severalty unless it can be shown that such a plan will result beneficially to these people. The time will come, and we trust soon, when this may be done; but it has not come yet. The proposition to allot the land in severalty takes it for granted that the land holders would be able to manage farms and to use them at least as a partial means of support. This is not true at present, nor can it be for years.

The average wild Indian is as yet wholly incompetent to manage a farm or to support himself. Until he has acquired at least the rudiments of a farmer's education, it will be mere cruelty to give him one. Since the soil on most of the reservations will not produce crops without irrigation, the allotment of the land in severalty would necessarily scatter the Indians far and wide along the creeks and rivers, and it would be impossible to exercise over them the supervision which they need, unless an army of officials were assigned to each tribe. The labor of teaching them would be enormously increased. Day schools for the children would have to be established in great numbers, or else those living at home would have to go without education, and only such as might be at the boarding schools would receive instruction. And for the present we can only hope to see a very small minority of the Indian children sent to the boarding schools.

These are some of the practical difficulties in the way of the plan to allot the lands to the Indians in severalty. The chief objection to this project, and the one which utterly condemns it, lies in the fact that it would result in bringing the Indians into close contact with the whites. To give the Indians their allotments and then throw the unoccupied land open to sale means that Indians and whites would live together on what are now the Indian reservations. The result of such a mixed settlement would be utterly disastrous to the red man. He is not yet fit to walk alone. He has little self-control. Like a child, he will barter for some trifle which has caught his fancy his most precious possession. He is fond of liquor, and a tin cup full of the vile whisky of the border will purchase his good will and all his secrets.

In a mixed settlement of whites and Indians the latter would in a very short time have parted with all their possessions. They would be sold whisky as long as they could pay for it, and would become hopelessly worthless and wretched. Their women would be debauched and the men drunkards. They would be paupers whom it would be necessary to support or to see starve. If they are to be supported it should be done as now, on the agency, where they are measurably free from contact with the white man, where whisky is not allowed and where for the present they can be taught in a body far more easily than would be possible if they were scattered out over a wide extent of country. There is nothing in the present agency system to prevent the Indians taking up farms as soon as they know how to manage them.

Those who advocate this allotment plan of dealing with the Indian are recommending a step which if adopted now, will result in his speedy extinction. They show little acquaintance with Indian character.

Immediate contact with the white man the wild Indian cannot survive. He must be protected from himself until he has made some progress toward the self-control which is a distinguishing character of civilized people. It will be time enough to turn him adrift to take part unaided in the struggle for existence, when he has learned in part the lesson of civilized life. These savage descendants of barbarous sires are the weaker race. Put into competition with the whites they must perish unless a helping hand is extended to them. In such a struggle the weaker must go to the wall. It is a law of life that the fittest shall survive.

THE TRAJECTORY REPORT.

WITH the present number we bring the report of the trajectory trials of hunting rifles to a finish, and conclude our exhibit of what this class of arms show themselves capable of doing under the conditions as they prevailed at Creedmoor during the pleasant October days used for the trial. We have made the matter as plain and simple as possible, and in the pamphlet form in which it has been placed for future reference will, we doubt not, form a permanent addition to the literature of the rifle.

Taking the trial through, we think the riflemen of the country are to be congratulated upon having the choice of so excellent a selection of rifles from which to choose when they seek to supply their kit with a reliable field arm. Any of the rifles named may with safety be trusted, so far as accuracy is concerned. Some are closer, harder hitters than others, and generally in proportion to the charge employed; but to none of them could the complaint be properly laid that it was an unreliable weapon. Every marksman must habituate himself to the peculiarities of his piece before he can use it with satisfaction. In other word, "get the hang" of his rifle. Because a rifle makes a good showing in one table of trajectory heights would not be evidence *per se* that it was a better arm than another with a few tenths of an inch more height above the line of sight in the track of the moving bullet.

To our friends and readers out after game, we can offer the assurance that when they miss they may in the future know just how far high trajectory and how far bad holding has to do with their bad luck.

In the absence of an international match to mark the year 1885, it has been the privilege of the FOREST AND STREAM to mark this year of our Lord with another event of great interest to the rifle-shooting world. Our report we throw open for discussion, and we shall be pleased to hear what any of our frinds may feel inclined to say.

Already we have had many queries; many of them have been answered in the course of the report. If there are any points which have not been fully covered or clearly understood, we shall be happy to give further information; and in the mean time, until occasion shall arise with the improvement of rifles, our tables of averages will remain, no doubt, the standard on this point of the shooting art.

THE FISH COMMISSION AND THE AUDITOR.—After all the charges of unnecessary expenditure at Wood's Holl, made by First Auditor Chenowith who refused to audit the bill for plumbing, the accounts have been passed by higher authority, which at the same time declined to allow the payment of bills of Auditor Chenowith for new carpets, rugs, brass furniture for his fire-place and other articles of pure luxury. It is evident that the Auditor's objections to extravagance were never intended to be applied to his own case. He was seeking personal notoriety by sending out vague newspaper accounts that there were "irregularities" in the bills of Prof. Baird, which had the effect of making the public think that his keen perception had discovered a very large African in the Fish Commission wood pile. The Washington *Sunday Herald*, an Administration paper, said on Sunday last: "The recent approval by the Controller of the accounts of the Fish Commission tend to show that the startling discoveries heralded with a flourish of trumpets by special correspondents are indefinitely postponed. Any one who was at all acquainted with Prof. Baird's character and standing, or who knew Major Powell, of the Geological Bureau, could not be made to believe, without evidence of the clearest kind, that either had been guilty of anything crooked. As nothing wrong has been discovered, although the desire of finding 'irregularities' has been evident, it is presumed that for a little while calumny by innuendo will cease, so far as these officials are concerned."

SENSIBLE GAME CLUBS.—There are many thousands of sportsmen who cannot afford to own shares in the expensive game clubs owning choice preserves. But it is quite within the power of the gunners, in any given locality, by associating together to provide for the conservation of their game. Our remarks on this topic last week have brought to notice a club working in the manner then proposed. A report of this we hope soon to lay before our readers.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S GRIZZLIES are the most attractive animals at the Central Park menagerie. They are in a great cage out of doors, and tens of thousands of visitors have been interested spectators of their ursine idiosyncracies.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

V.—HUNTING WITH THE KOOTENAYS.

THE morning broke dull and lowering. We were early astir, and cast many longing glances toward the trail down the lake along which the Kootenay would be seen as he rode toward the camp. It was 10 o'clock, however, before any one appeared, and then the two riders who galloped toward us were seen to be a couple of well-grown boys, and not the Indian who had promised to come. By this time it had begun to rain, and it seemed useless to start out, but the boys, when they reached camp, told us that they could take us to the mountain where sheep were plenty, and explained the absence of our friend of the previous day by saying that he had lost some of his horses, and had been obliged to go off and hunt for them. Almost anything seemed to me better than a rainy day spent in camp, and so Yellowfish and I saddled our horses and prepared to accompany the boys. Appekunny preferred to remain in camp.

We started about 10 o'clock, the boys in the lead at a wild gallop, with blankets flapping and quirts flying. Leaving the trail at the big creek which flows into the inlet flat, and keeping to the east of that, we rode for several miles up a narrow, open valley, bordered on either side by spruce-clad hills, and then turning to the left struck into the timber. We had ridden all the way at a fast lope, the Indian boys having no mercy on their horses, and seeming to take a mischievous pleasure in riding them as hard as they could make them go. Every now and then the leader would look back at me and laugh, and then would bring down his quirt as hard as he could on his horse's flank. All this time it was raining very hard, but as I had donned my rubber coat, I was not wet much above the knees. There was but little down timber in the forest through which we were now riding, but the trees often stood very close together, and the ascent was terribly steep. Generally we followed the hog backs, but sometimes we would have to plunge down into a ravine so steep that the horses would set their feet and slide down the slope, and then on the other side have to stick their toes into the ground hard, and scramble up like squirrels, while the rider held on with legs and hands to keep from slipping backward over his horse's rump. Here and there was a faint trail, and I often saw the fresh horse tracks made by the hunters of the day before. The boys, however, were constantly losing this, and only kept on in the direction they wanted to follow.

At length we reached a point near the edge of the timber, where the boys signified that we must leave the horses. We dismounted and then followed fifteen minutes of very steep climbing up a slippery grass-covered slope, which brought us to a level platform covered with dwarf evergreens, whose gnarled and and twisted branches showed the tremendous force of the winds to which they are continually exposed. As we pushed our way through these, I could see by the greater care exercised by the boys, and by the way in which they looked into their guns to make sure that the cartridges were there, that we had reached the hunting grounds, and in a few moments more we looked cautiously over the bushes on to the bare mountain side. At our feet the plateau ended, the ground dropped off sharply for a hundred feet, and a deep naked saddle extended from the spur on which we stood to the main mountain, which had all the boldness and ruggedness characteristic of the range in this region. On the west the saddle broke off sharply in a very steep clay slope, and to the east by a more gentle descent into a deep ravine, in which grew a thick mat of stunted spruces, among which were the fallen and decaying trunks of some very large trees. Above the saddle for perhaps 1,000 feet was the gray talus slope, rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion, just as the fragments had fallen from the heights above. The slope seemed too steep for ascent, but faintly lined upon it in all directions could be discerned the sheep trails leading up and down. Above the talus was the massive vertical wall which constituted the true summit of the mountain. This was black with the wear of the storms of ages, and toward either end was weathered into turrets and pinnacles of curious and fantastic shapes. Away to the west the bare mountain side, rough with vast masses of rock and seamed and broken by cañon and ravine, stretched away toward the shores of the great lake.

Some little time was spent in examining the mountain side before we emerged from our concealment. We detected no game, and creeping carefully down the steep and slippery face of the bluff, gained the saddle. Here there were numerous tracks of sheep that had been made this morning. One of the freshest was that of a great ram, which had passed along but a short time before, whose spreading hoofs had sunk deep into the soft soil.

It had begun to rain with great violence, just after we had left our horses, and now that we were on the bare mountain-side and no longer protected by the forest, we felt the full force of the storm. The wind swept down from the peaks as if it were trying to lift us from our feet and carry us away, and with the wind came showers of cold rain and squalls of snow, and clouds of chilling mist. The sides of the mountain were hidden from view. We gathered under the lee of a huge fragment of rock, and after a few moments' consultation the biggest Kootenay boy girt his blanket about him and set out for the east end of the rocky wall above us. The younger one, who remained, told us by signs that his companion would try to start some game and drive it to us. So Yellowfish clambered a little higher up on the mountain, and sat upon a rock there while the younger Kootenay and I cowered behind a great boulder a little below him.

It was to me a wonderful thing to see that sturdy, bow-legged Kootenay boy march steadily up the face of the talus slope. He never hesitated or paused for breath, but marched ahead as regularly, and apparently with as little effort, as if he were walking up a pair of stairs. Slowly he grew smaller and smaller to the sight, and at length, a mere dot, disappeared behind a pinnacle of rock.

It snowed constantly and blew with great violence, so that it was bitter cold and my comrade and I shivered behind the rock. I found at length a dry spot on my clothing where I could strike a match, and when my pipe got going I felt better. I had taken quite a fancy to the younger Kootenay boy, who had a lot of fun in him and was brimming over with mischief, and as he seemed quite as miserable as myself I passed him the pipe, for which he seemed extremely grateful. So for an hour or two we waited and shivered and smoked. At length we heard a crackling down in the ravine, and saw Yellowfish gathering sticks for a fire, which he soon had going finely. We joined him, and as we did so, saw the other boy making his way slowly down the mountain. When he reached us he reported that there were plenty of sheep on the other side of the mountain, but the snow and fog were so thick that he could not see them and could do nothing with them.

We went back to the horses, and, cold and wet, began the descent of the mountain. This was even more disagreeable than the climb up had been, for now we had not hope to sustain us. We wound in and out among the tree trunks, slipping down steep places and then scrambling up others as steep, keeping as far as possible on the ridges, but often being obliged to cross deep ravines. Once or twice we tried to follow one of these down toward the lower ground, but in each case we found our passage barred by a network of fallen timber, or else by the narrowing of the gorge, which thus became impassable on account of the soft bottom. The only incident that varied the monotony of this climbing was a tumble which I had. Jerry was larger than the Indian ponies, and not nearly so agile, and in attempting to follow the boys up the side of a very steep ravine he tumbled over backward. When I felt him going I jumped from the saddle, and horse and rider rolled down the steep bank side by side. Neither suffered any injury, but I was very well pleased that I had got out of the saddle in time to avoid being struck by the horse. A more successful attempt to mount the bank was made at another point, and I followed the tracks of the boys until I overtook them at the edge of the timber.

In camp that night after dinner I was grumbling at the bad luck which seemed to follow us, which was due largely to the wretched weather, when Yellowfish suggested a remedy which had not previously occurred to me. He said: "Why don't you promise to make a present to the Sun if you get a sheep, when you hunt to-morrow?" The idea seemed a good one, and the vow was accordingly made; the terms being that if I killed a sheep on the morrow I should give the Bear-pipe—*i. e.*, the medicine pipe which is sacred to the Sun and the other gods—a dance on my return to the agency.

Like other superstitious people, the Piegans endeavor to avert threatened evils by presents to their deities. When the gods are ill-disposed toward them, their favor may often be purchased by a gift, or even by the sacrifice of something, which, though precious to its possessor, can scarcely be supposed to have any value to the being to whom it is offered. This belief is common to most, if not all, Indians, and I have seen striking examples of it in several tribes. One grizzled old Ree warrior, with whom I once campaigned for several months, had cut off four or five of his fingers in order that he might succeed in killing his bitter personal enemy, and he related to me with infinite satisfaction the story of his plotting and waiting for seven years, and how finally his prayers and his sacrifices were crowned with success, and having killed his enemy he took his heart home to his lodge and then cooked and ate it. I have been told of an instance in another tribe where a man attempted to purchase the favor of the gods by killing his only son, a young boy to whom he was deeply attached.

The Sun being the chief of the Blackfoot gods, it was natural that he should be mentioned by Yellowfish, but it is probable that this was only a figure of speech for all the gods, and that the offering was not to be confined to him alone, but would be shared by *Napi* (old man), as well as by all "above people," for when a Bear-pipe dance takes place the prayers are addressed to all of these. Yo.

THE FORESTRY COMMISSION REPORT.

THE pressure brought to bear on the New York Legislature to take some measures to arrest the destruction of the forests of the Adirondacks, proceeding as it did, from the most influential citizens of the Empire State, was too determined to be ignored. Every obstacle was placed in the way of immediate legislation by the lumbermen of the region, who saw themselves charged with the reckless destruction of the forests, and the conversion of the pine-clad hills into a bare rocky wilderness, and who feared that popular clamor might result in the imposition of undue restrictions upon the lumber industry. Several bills were brought before the two houses in the sessions of 1884-85, none of which became law, but a compromise satisfactory to all parties was effected by vesting authority in the Comptroller to appoint a commission to examine and report upon the condition of the forests, to investigate the causes of their destruction and to suggest measures for the future administration of the State lands, and for such control over operations in private lands as might be deemed essential to the public interests.

Acting on the authority thus vested in him the Comptroller appointed a commission composed of Prof. Sargent, of Harvard; Messrs. D. Willis James and E. M. Shepard.

These gentlemen visited the region personally in the summer of 1884, appointed experts to determine the areas of the timber lands and waste, which were indicated by shading in a map prepared for the purpose; investigated the several points at issue for themselves, secured information from every possible source, and at the close of the year submitted to the Comptroller a report which may be fairly characterized as a model of clearness, conciseness, and impartiality; at the same time it affords abundant evidence of the conscientious thoroughness with which they executed a public trust gratuitously undertaken.

The total area of the Adirondack territory registered as State property is 781,000 acres, but the Commissioners found the boundaries so ill defined that a considerable amount of survey work will be required to secure the State in its possessions. The amount of destruction by reckless felling and firing is described in language studiedly temperate, but the Commissioners illustrate this part of their report by an admirable series of photographs, depicting deserted fields, with their exhausted soil, and stony hillsides divested of their forest floor, in language more eloquent than pen could tell. Contrary to general anticipation, and perhaps contrary to the preconceived opinions of the Commissioners themselves, the lumbermen are not found to be the prime offenders in this work of devastation, although they too come in for a share of public censure. The chief offenders are the farmers, who, tempted by the cheapness of the land to carve out homes for themselves in the wooded wilderness, defy the hard climate, make light of the thin soil, and clear field after field, only to desert them as soon as the thin coat of humus is exhausted. This continual clearing, say the Commissioners, involves frequent firing, purposely undertaken when the forest is driest, and generally resulting in the spread of the conflagration to the neighboring woods. The lumbermen are let down easily. The Commissioners satisfied themselves that felling operations are restricted to the pines and spruce, which appearing mostly as isolated trees or small clumps in the midst of hardwood forests, their removal does nothing to destroy the forest character of the scenery, nature exerting herself immediately to fill up the blanks with saplings from the surrounding forest. It is nevertheless pointed out that the amount of top lops and branches left on the forest floor to dry, are fatally instrumental in spreading fires encroaching on the forests, and that these fires are frequently due to the culpable negligence of men in the lumber camps. They observe further that the hard woods of the region are likely ere long to come in active demand, and unless (as seems improbable in private hands) these forests shall be worked systematically for the maintenance of a permanent yield of timber, wholesale denudation must be looked for as a matter of course.

Nevertheless the Commissioners, while holding the view that it is desirable in the public interests that the whole region be controlled and its forest character maintained by the State, deprecate resumption by law of eminent domain, as certain to result in the creation of artificial values, and in committing the State to an extravagant outlay. They usually deprecate all attempts at State interference with private management, as opposed to the general sense of the community, arguing with some justice that the State has not yet evidenced any such capacity for the economic management of its own forests, as would justify any interference with private owners. The spirit of their recommendations on this head is, "Let the State show what it can do with its own forests first in the matters of arrest of destruction, restoration of denuded area, and economy of management. The State owns one-fourth of the region, and if destruction continues to spread in the other three-fourths it will rapidly pass into State hands for taxes due."

In this connection the Commissioners recommend one measure as politic as it is just, that State lands be chargeable with their proper quota of local taxation; the fact that they have not been assessed in the past has proved a temptation to adjoining owners to buy up the lands in the market, on speculation, as the burthen of added taxation would fall on them equally if they let them pass to the State.

After suggesting some general measures for the suppression of forest fires, the Commissioners recommend that the management of the State forests be vested in an honorary commission of three members, to be appointed by the Governor, with the approval of the Senate, one of them retiring at two years, the second at four, the third at six years, the vacancies thus created being filled by the same authority as they occur, so as to create a permanent commission, with a periodical infusion of new blood. On this point only was there a want of perfect unanimity among the members of the Commission, Mr. Poucher expressing his preference for vesting the independent control of the forests in a forest warden or commissioner, subordinated to one of the public departments; but all are agreed that the chief forest executive should retain office during good behavior, and not be liable to removal with change of political party.

Armed with this report, so well calculated to allay all anxiety as to attempted undue interference with private interests, the Legislature was able to put through a bill in the sessions of 1884-5. This bill, which received the sanction of the Governor, vests the care, custody, control and superintendence of the State forests in the Forest Commission, together with charge of the public interests of the State, with regard to forests and tree planting, and especially with reference to forest fires, in every part of the State; and invests the Commission (subject to the provisions of the Act) with "all the powers now vested in the Commissioners of the Land Office, and in the Comptroller, as to such of the said lands as are now owned by the State," and leaves them untrammeled in their selection of the warden and his staff, and in their distribution of the sanctioned annual expenditure among all heads, stipulating only that the annual grants shall not be exceeded. Everything has in fact been done to render the new department independent of the control of political party.

The supervisor of every town in which State wild lands are situated is made *ex-officio* protector of such lands, and is subordinated to the Forest Commission in respect of them. It will be the duty and, we suppose we may say, the privilege of the supervisor to appoint the forest guard or guards for his own township. The Forest Commission will determine the duties and pay of the guards. The supervisors of every town in the State have also authority to appoint fire wardens, who must be local residents, and to execute a map of the fire district of their several towns at a cost not exceed-

ing $5. But within the principal forest region of the Adirondacks the fire wardens will be appointed directly by the Commissioners.

Finally, the act provides that the Forest Commission shall take necessary measures in concert with the Department of Public Instruction, regents of universities, etc., for awakening an interest in behalf of forests in all State educational establishments and for imparting elementary instruction in forestry. They shall, further, and as soon as practicable, prepare tracts or circulars giving plain and concise advice for the care of woodlands upon private lands, and for starting new plantations on areas that have been denuded by fire, erosion, or in any way exhausted or laid waste; and shall distribute such tracts without cost to all applicants and take measures to bring them to the notice of persons who may be benefitted by such advice.

To enable the Commissioners to give effect to all these important measures the Legislature sanctioned an expenditure of $15,000 for the year, and Messrs. D. Willis James and William Dowd, of New York, and Mr. Basselin, who is an an Adirondack lumberman, were appointed Commissioners. The two former declined to serve; they probably thought that one Commissioner would be equal to the disbursement of $15,000.

Nothing was, consequently, done during the summer of 1885, but in the autumn of the year the Governor appointed Messrs. Townsend Cox and Arthur Knevals, of New York, to the vacant places on the Commission. It is understood that these gentlemen have accepted, but it is simply absurd to suppose that they will throw themselves with any energy into the work unless assured of adequate means and opportunity of carrying out such measures of conservancy and restoration as shall reflect credit on their management of the public reserves.

The public interest must not be allowed to flag, or it may turn out that the passage of a forest bill and appointment of a Commission are merely temporizing measures, inoperative to arrest the destruction of the remaining forest area or to effect the restoration of the denuded State lands.

All the pamphlets that may be written, with all the interest that may be awakened on the subject, will be of little avail to arrest the course of forest destruction. Teaching by example is more effective than by precept. We want a competent forest department, administering the State forests with economy. The establishment can be secured at small cost, but it would be worse than useless without means to keep it profitably employed.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A PLAINT.

I'T'S an oyster boy I am,
And work at an oyster bar;
I have an austere boss,
Also a clamorous ma.

I have a fishy dad,
It's skinnin' eels he does,
'Cept in season scalin' shad,
Or countin' crabs by the doz.

The old folks drink like fish,
And are barnacles on my pay;
It's for better times I wish.
Or else I'd run away.

My life is like a ragged net;
Luck has all run through;
The poles druv wrong, in a bad place set.
Oh, dear! what shall I do?

BOSTON. REIGNOLDS.

A NEW ATLANTIS.

SITTING by an open fire this afternoon, with the thermometer outside close to zero and a blinding storm driving the snow through the very crevices of the window sash, my thoughts have gone to "Nessmuk" and Dr. Neidé in their present balmy quarters, and to the Coot, bound thitherward; and thence to the pleasant spot I have found for my own annual vacations. That your readers may know what is obtainable nearer home I propose to tell them of my discovery.

The Happy Island is distant only ten hours from New York and less than five from Boston. Unfortunately there is a summer "watering place" at one end thereof, but the presence in it of divers neatly dressed people exerts no deleterious effect on the more rational wearers of old clothes who inhabit the remainder of the island. Providence has fixed a great gulf between them, first in some miles of sandy road, and secondly in the "Oak Barrens." This scrubby successor to the aboriginal pines forms a most excellent abattis against the advance of civilization, and only the wise ones know the number of gray rabbits who dwell therein, or that it is one of the few remaining eastern homes of the ruffed grouse.

After traversing this miniature forest you come to miles and miles of high rolling hills, without a tree or bush upon them, being covered chiefly with crisp, slippery moss and occasional patches of real heather. After repeated dressings of seaweed this changes to a fine short grass, the pasturage of many sheep, whose teeth can cut it, though a scythe could not. The glacier ice which made these slopes has left no successor, even in winter, but the sides are steep enough to yield summer coasting for the boys, who, piled in layers on smooth boards, glide down several hundred feet with a velocity not unworthy of St. Petersburg or Montreal.

The wind blows keenly over this bare ground and is a glorious companion for one of the finest tramping places of the continent. The moss is a soft carpet that takes the impress of each footstep; the air is ozonized by the surrounding sea, and every hilltop gives an ocean view where the horizon is broken only by occasional white sails. Add that the easterly storms of August bring the plover in their train and that the spring-fed hollows hold many a woodcock, and then imagine how your setters range over the unbroken ground until brought to a picturesque point before some clump of sweet fern or patch of blue berries.

The coast line is indented here and there by pretty harbors into which the trading schooners flock for temporary anchorage when wind and tide are contrary, and occasionally appears a trimmer craft flying the triangular pennant with the starry cross or diagonal bar of our two leading yacht clubs. Here the bonita and the bluefish chase the young herring, and, by the swift collection of screaming gulls overhead, call the shore boats to the spot. Then a light spoon, a Henshall rod and good multiplying reel can be depended on to give you a four to eight pound fish, whose large flaky muscles will be appreciated no less when boiled for supper than in the recent struggle to draw them from the water.

The tide flowing each way over the shoals south of the island, breaks into great fields of white, whose curling billows, just before they edge out into foam, are the paradise of the bluefish and of that other anti-type of Eden called the shark. Starting at the proper hour in one of the roomy, staunch and swift catboats used by the local fishermen, a sail of some six miles brings you to the place. On each side of the centerboard stands a great tub and the two are the measure of your expected catch. Before reaching the "Rips" the lines are over-run, fresh eel skins slipped upon the jigs and the outriggers put in place which enable one or two men to tend four lines. At last you strike the fish and for an hour or two it is a question only of how fast you can take in the lines, replace a chance jig carried off by sharks, or keep the hooks clear from the floating grass that forms the only drawback in this noble sport. I say the only drawback, but there is one supreme moment in the experience of each new comer, old sailor though he be, when after some twenty rapid courses back and forward in the trough of the breakers, a tribute must be paid to Neptune for his gifts to you. However, the loss is soon replaced, for slack water comes quickly when time is so fully occupied, and no sooner are the sheets loosened and the bow turned homeward than the skipper produces a basket and a stone jug from the little locker underneath the tiller. The one contains only ship's bread, cheese and home-made doughnuts, and the other nothing but fresh water, yet how good both taste.

This, however, is only a common seaside experience, and the same may be said of the shooting on the numerous sandy points beloved of snipe and curlew. But beyond ringnecks and yellowlegs in abundance, there are many strangers on the island whose acquaintance is gladly made through the introduction of FOREST AND STREAM. More than one sportsman there always carries your "Shore Birds" in his pocket.

Far as the land permits from the hotels of the tourists stands a certain club house, to which sundry gentlemen resort who spend many days, with hired assistance, in casting the heavy Cuttyhunk line for still heavier bass. Great tales have these same bass, but doubtless veritable ones, although little reliance can be placed on photographs, as those showing a fish larger than the fisherman may be produced by apt perspective and fore-shortening. The writer has never been within some miles of the club domain, but knows various members whose business credit is unimpeachable and general character for veracity good, and therefore feels that the bass themselves may be believed in. Also he is glad to avouch his conviction that the rubicund faces with which those gentlemen return to civil life are not the result of the club dietary, but of hours spent on their casting pier in face directly of both the Atlantic Ocean and the midday sun.

My own club consists of wife, six children, two servants and myself. The club house I bought four years ago when first permeated by the atmosphere of the Happy Island. It stands right on the shore of one of the little inlets above mentioned, and has no neighbor within sight except across the water. The walls are about eight feet high, the double pitched roof three times as much; in fact the house is chiefly roof, with one great predominating chimney made of the smallest bricks imaginable. The frame is of hewn oak, about ten by fourteen inches section, and must have been put up near the beginning of the last century, and it will stand apparently when all the modern seaside cottages have gone back to *humus*. House and roof alike are covered with warped shingles of a sheeny gray color that art could not duplicate, any more than it could the green and brown lichens thereon. The ceilings and most of the partitions are of paneled oak. There are thirteen rooms and four open fireplaces, with the original iron cranes and pot-hooks still in them.

Now, for this house with six acres of land, a barn, a large shop—once used for building whaleboats—a smoke house and two fish houses, I paid for fee simple less than one thousand dollars. A little pier reaching out to deep water has since been added, and a large double bathing house. The latter serves in winter, by taking out a movable partition, as a storehouse for the Skip Jack (which we consider the neatest eighteen-foot boat in those waters), her mooring, anchor, the lobster and eel pots, etc.

For subsistence the club has to depend pretty much on what itself can shoot or catch, though fresh meat can be obtained by going some distance in the boat on Saturdays. There is no danger of starvation, for a good mess of panfish can always be taken in a few minutes from off the little pier, and there is a box under the same which holds ten bushels of "quahogs" (most toothsome of clams) and which, like the Irish widow's cruise, is always filled when it is empty.

From these headquarters the club radiates, sometimes on foot, starting betimes, carrying frying-pan and condiments, lines, rods and guns, and keeping a sharp lookout for mushrooms, which grow there abundantly. Sometimes in the Skip Jack, when a wall tent and blankets form part of the cargo, and if luck is good at the distant spot where the tent may be pitched, there is no saying when the party will return. Sometimes in a hired conveyance, being the only one in those parts of sufficient capacity for our number. In fact at other times the same is used for distributing coal among the fishermen and farmers, but by scrubbing it out the previous day with salt water and using very thin boards for seats it does admirably.

A charming feature of the island is the so-called "ponds" wandering everywhere for miles up the deep valleys. They furnish vistas hardly less picturesque than the Adirondack lakes, while they support a fauna different both from that of the fresh water territory above them and the sea life just across the narrow beach that separates them from the surf. Especially to be mentioned are the great vicious snapping turtles, whose capture is a triumph to the small boy, and innumerable large white perch, wanderers from the sea, but developed if not changed by their new circumstances. These take the fly most greedily, and no better practice could be imagined than to stand on a clean white beach and have a rise from two or three active 24-ounce fish every time the leader reaches forty feet from shore.

The island lies far enough to eastward to intercept most of the migratory waterfowl who journey along the coast. Many a northern goose stops for his breakfast in one of the clear ponds alluded to, and more than one group of ducks is so much pleased with the place as to remain there all summer. And with a story of the opening of the present season for the latter I shall close, as I would not make my beloved island too attractive lest it become too populous.

One of the surest places there for ducks is No Bottom Cove, but Jack Green, the best shot and fisherman on Happy Island, lives hard by and there is a poor chance for picking up anything behind his gun. This year two of my boys, chips of the old block, but rapidly surpassing their father in woodcraft if not stature, determined in concert with their cousin to circumvent Jack Green. The lot was cast by "thinking of a letter," and it fell upon the oldest, Harvey, to go out the night before, take possession of the only good blind upon the point and hold the fort against all comers and especially said Green, until the boy's comrades appeared at daybreak of Sept. 1. He knew the route well, but going through oak woods in a dark night is quite different from the same thing by day, and after some hours' wandering he was fairly lost. At last he saw a light and working his way to it, knocked at the door of a little house. Alas, it was opened by Jack Green himself! Harvey is quick, and at once asked the way to Nancy Looks, a widow who sells eggs and lives not far from his objective point. Jack gave the directions, but the lad's rolled-up blanket and Greener did not exactly look like buying eggs. Finally Jack said, "You are going to No Bottom Cove, aint you?" and Harvey answered meekly "Yes." According to the latter's account both stood silent for nearly a minute and then broke into hearty laughter which lasted much longer. In the end Jack asked him into the house, said he had built a new blind in another place this year, and they parted the best of friends. Next day the three boys contributed eight brace of ducks to the mess chest of the club. M. V.

P.S. In honesty it must be confessed that several attempts have been made to connect the fashionable end of the island by a telegraph cable to the main land, but some good collier always anchors over and breaks the wire. As a business man I am glad to say it takes 36 hours for a message from my office to reach me when at my summer home. V.

AMONG THE CORAL REEFS.

IT was a lovely morning in December; flowers were in bloom, birds were singing, a light breeze was stirring, wafting the odor of the cedars, and the general condition was one of serene comfort.

December, was it? It was, and that is the way it is in Bermuda. It was the delightful interim between seed time and onions, when the ambient air is not troubled by the tearful fragrance of the numerous bulb, when the oleanders still bloom and are glad of it, and the showy hibiscus lifts its trumpet to the morning sun.

The wee ground doves fluttered about there and there in the streets in trustful confidence, the pretty little songster called the chick of the village sang sweetly among the orange and lemon trees, and redbirds and bluebirds added their jubilant notes by way of matin greeting. Earth and the fullness thereof, the mellow sky, the beautiful waters, the fragrant air and all that is delightfully novel in these wonderful islands, contributed in making a morning that would have elicited comment in paradise.

I wended my early way down to the wharf near the Parliament House, eager for a sail, and not averse to catching an occasional fish. Though it was seven by the clock there was not much astir; not a store was open, not a wagon or cart to be heard, and never a "Here's yer mornin' paper!" affrighted the peaceful air.

"Hello, Johnnie! is the Bride of the Sea all ready?" I said, addressing a 16-year old colored boy, small of frame, scantily dressed, master of the sailing art, limber-tongued on occasion and as confident as a Congressman.

"Ay, ry, sir! she's waitin' for ye, ribbons on and all fixed up and isn't she pretty, though?" he replied, pointing to a little craft with a very high mast, mainsail and jib spread, and rolling gracefally at the end of her painter, which was attached to a buoy a short distance away in cozy Hamilton harbor.

In miniature the boat would have looked like the half of an English walnut with a broom-straw mast and "jib accordin'," rolling about in a tub of water. But it was quite stanch, not altogether ship-shape, as will appear, but a boat of local development that weathers great gun gales and comes back perspiring from pennant to waterline and with a real air of defiance.

Another small native took us out to the sailboat in a dingy, with our tackle and bait, lunch and rubber coats, and soon we were off, headed toward Great Sound, and the reefs beyond. And what a delightful sail it was! Now in a narrow channel between verdant islands, luxuriant with cedars, palmettoes, blooming lantanas and flowery plants that have no regard for the calendar, now gliding over the roof of a coral temple studded with glittering points in settings of the exquisite blue and green of the sloping shingle, now close to the corrugated shore of a submarine hill peering above the waves, now by a shelly reef pointing like a jeweled finger to the distant horizon, and so on to the reefs outside, among which we had to thread our way with great care to avoid getting fast on some treacherous shelf of coral.

But Johnnie understood his work; with wonderful skill he manipulated the sheets and the tiller, neither being in one position a moment, going before the wind, cutting the wave crests and throwing showers of aqueous diamonds to the right and left, close-hauled, speeding like a prizewinner, and again brought about to examine locations and indications, while the boat hardly moved more than to roll with an appearance of restrained impatience.

In the course of two hours we reached the desired place, five miles from the mainland, tossed over the anchor and prepared for a contest with sheepshead porgies, yellowtails, bonitos and other fishes of those waters. There was some danger of striking a red snapper, a long, lithe, powerful fish that could tear the boat from its cable if the tackle didn't give way; and also of hooking a maray, a vicious eel that is snake and wolf in inclination, a very pirate in chasing a crew overboard when he once gets on deck and takes active command. For the latter a club is kept handy, the line is drawn quickly through a scupper-hole and maray is pounded on the head with great energy as soon as he can be reached. Fortunately we didn't bring any in, and red snappers did not engage our attention.

While Johnnie was furling the sails and opening clams I unwound the lines, and at the same time looked with unfeigned admiration upon the rare scene that lay about us. Straight away to the south was Ireland Island, with its great docks and forts, its big guns and munitions of war, armed redcoats pacing the outer walls, and the picturesque lighthouse on Gibb's Hill looming over all. To the left eight or ten miles was Bailey's Bay, with its bright, curving shores and billowy foam piled up along the coralline rocks, and the gleaming water of Harrington Sound beyond, while to

the east and north was the distinct round of the ocean, its clearly-defined limit traced against the blue sky.

It was almost too nice a place to fish, almost too much of a jar upon human sensibilities to come suddenly from a view of land and water quite unsurpassed in all the world, from the sight of a sub-tropical paradise on the tip of a mountain down in the sea, from a rare display of the grand and beautiful in nature and art to—the consideration of clams for bait, and the best place to put out hooks and lines.

The fishes are graceful in form, and very pretty in colors and tints, the iridescent hues being wonderfully brilliant, while cloudings and sharp tracings of yellow and orange, and delicate transverse lines make live pictures that must be studied to be fully appreciated. Seen in schools in the deep, sky-clear water along shore, the effect is charming beyond description, the sheen of the agitated surface coming and disappearing and coming again, and the direct light of the sun seeming

"To blend in beauteous tint the colored mass."

We used coarse hand lines, with a heavy sinker and one hook to each, and fished in twenty or thirty feet of water, the tide carrying the lines some distance astern. The fishes take hold daintily, and one must be on the alert or his clam will be gone in a twinkling. I missed a half dozen times, and then got something prodigious, or at least that was the impression. It pulled and hauled, and held on stubbornly, and made it necessary to skirmish about lively on the unsteady deck, holding to the naked mast, kneeling down among the halliards, venturing out on the jibboom, and finally I brought up a great branch of lattice-like coral, which swayed about in the waves like a thing alive. Don't say that any one could tell whether he had on something alive or a fossil curio, for you know when one is in a strange place, isn't acquainted much, so to speak, he may be taken unawares, when under wonted circumstances he would be equal to any emergency. It is well, therefore, to avoid hypercriticism, and pay deferential attention to the gist of the story.

This difficulty occurred several times, and then I learned that I had to see by the sense of touch, and while keeping the sinker at a good depth not let it catch in the vast thicket of coral at the bottom. One after another we took a dozen yellowtails and sheepshead, weighing from three to five pounds each, and some smaller fishes that went for the bait as soon as it touched the water.

It was not great sport. It was more of a test of patience and muscle, standing in the narrow cockpit, balancing to the motion of the rocking boat, casting with difficulty, and now and then pulling in a fish hand over hand. Still it would do. The fishes flopped about pleasantly in the bottom of the boat, among two or three empty cans down there, and the great expectations of getting hooked to something that would serve as a tug, or of bringing some wonderful piece of coral structure to light, kept anticipation at par till lunch time, when there was needed relaxation.

At 1 o'clock I noticed that the wind was increasing, and saw several cat's paws chasing each other over the surfaces that were comparatively smooth in consequence of the deep water between the nearly exposed reefs about us; also that the sky in the northeast was rapidly thickening. Johnnie remarked with the *sang froid* of an old salt that there would likely be enough of that to belly the canvas, and I came to the poetical conclusion that

"The rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking seabirds warned us home."

"Come, Johnnie, we've got to get out of this."

"Ay, ay, sir; and I think your little cedar Bride of the Southern Seas is going to have a lively walk up to the Sound."

In a very few minutes, and none too soon, the sails were hoisted, and we were skimming over the rapidly rising waves at great speed. It required consummate skill to avoid the reefs, keep in the tortuous lines of clear water, and at the same time give due attention to the breaking swells that rolled shoreward with immense power. But the boy's practiced eye saw by the differing waves and constantly varying hues, green and dark green, where the water was shallow and where it was perhaps a hundred fathoms down, just where to go. The sea quickly became very rough, clouds of mist and three-minute showers swept by, sometimes almost hiding us for the time, and the boom of the surf came like signal guns over the sea. In spite of every care in bounding over the crested waves, sheets of salty spray washed the deck, compelling us to close the hatchway, excepting space to stand in, and take frequent dashes with such equanimity as we could command.

The unexpected is always happening, and so it came about this time. The mast was not well placed, and there was room between it and the deck to admit considerable water whenever a big wave broke over the bow, which was taking place with considerable regularity. Already it was beginning to show in disagreeable quantity inside, where there was a large and sufficient quantity of iron ballast. The wind increased to a gale and the boat attained immense speed, while perhaps one-third of the little deck was at times submerged as we plowed the turbulent brine. It was impracticable under the circumstances to attempt to reef or bail; there was nothing to do but to trim the boat as best we could by our own weight and let her go. And go she did, keeping her head well up, in spite of the weight and plunging motion of the surging water now in the hold.

Two miles from the shore of Great Sound, the nearest land, we passed a British steamship at anchor, an officer of which seized a trumpet and called out:

"Ho! bo—log—oh! Come abo'!" or something equally intelligible.

"Johnnie, shall we climb up here and let the Bride of the Sea rest a little?"

"It's only two miles, sir. She'll not fall short."

"All right, but I'll take this hatch cover and you can have that board floating around down there if the Bride gets discouraged and goes under."

Even two miles is a long distance under some conditions, dismal to contemplate and cause of impatience. The water is merciless always, the winds never care for consequences, and there is a total depravity of inanimate things that excites exasperated comment, if the solemnity of the occasion does not forbid. The situation was rather hazardous to be regarded in the light of adventure. The island scenery was beautiful, the sea was imperiously grand, and there was much to engage the attention of those who love to wrestle with excitement; but these points were mostly ignored at this time; they did not engross thought to the exclusion of the still-distant shore and a cranky boat.

Conversation had now died out; there was no necessity for questioning; we had reached the buoy-marked channel in which the steamers come and go, and had plenty of room. But here the sea was still more violent, the boat plunged badly, like a fox-hunter in a bog, and then it settled down until it was a good deal like a dilapidated catamaran.

The boy was cool, and attended to his duty without a quailing eye or a trembling muscle. It seemed as if the little craft would have to go down; the jib was splashed to the top and half the mainsail, while the crazy boom knocked whitecaps into smithereens. It was a problem of distance and quantity—for instance: will this dumpy boat take in three more barrels of water, and disappear before it goes a mile and a half? and if so what will be the remainder?

In spite of the big cargo of salt water, our speed was kept up, the jib-boom did not go under, and the boy stood on the slippery deck with the resolution of a hero. In a tremendous surf along a coral point the little ship seemed to have lost its brave demeanor; it trembled and wavered on a huge crest, hesitated, careened, then settled down to one more determined effort. Johnnie took advantage of the moment of life, ported his helm skilfully, and the Bride of the Sea with a sigh at the mast head and a groan at the keel, gave up the ghost, and the crew sprang to land!

The boat was barely submerged, and it did not take long to work her up to a friendly ridge of coral, into a position that enabled us to bail out most of the water, which we did by disrobing and careening the boat, and using a tin bread-box.

"She didn't want to go down," said Johnnie; "you don't know, sir, how one of these boats hates to give in. It's the first time ever one got out from under me, and I've almost lived in 'em."

Then we had a comfortable sail, winding about among the pretty islands of Great Sound, over into Puget's Port and finally to the mirror-like sheet of water at the tranquil little town of Hamilton JEROME BURNETT.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XVIII.—IN THE WAKE OF THE NETTER.

THE first week was nearly gone and we had tried the fishing but once. Into that brief period enough of tragedy had been thrust for a summer, and our thoughts had been little turned toward sport. Besides, the days had been of alternate storm and camp building with the first predominating in the ratio of three to one. From a drouth of six weeks duration in the vicinity of New York, with no signs of the end, we had come, to find in the great lake basin, an era of almost daily rain. There is, however, nothing unpleasant about a camp in the rainy season—at least there should be no discomfort in a well appointed one—and the fishing goes on about as usual. This enjoyed to satiety, we prefer the warmth of a camp and the drawing of a book, though it be in the presence of mountains, to rushing Lear-like through the forest aisles, defying the storm and coming in forlorn and bedraggled.

In the early forenoon of the day after the arrival of the Colonel and Captain, we were caught in a sharp rain, in the open lake, on our return from a visit to their camp. Everything looked propitious for sport, so dropping in at our landing for a rubber coat and blanket and securing a rod, we headed down along the island. Not twenty rods from our camp a small-mouth took the Canada just as it struck the water, and went off with a grand rush. We had just brought it to when another took the Professor, and there was a circus on the starboard for a minute when the gut snapped and the Professor and fish were lost together. The Canada held its own and soon, with much splashing and leaping, the landing net was holding a two-pounder. As if in salutation of the event the rain broke out once more with a double header, and, not wishing to open a fly-book in such a deluge, we tried the Canada alone. Another strike greeted it as it dropped, the old battle was fought over and a mate to the first with a severed vertebræ was quivering in the boat. Another cast, another rush and strike, a sudden feeling of goneness on the Mitchell rod and the Canada fly had followed the other, perhaps to grace with it some hall of the Microptera, in the depths below, where the trophies of escaped bass are preserved, mementoes of the cunning and vigor of the heroes of their race. Then, in spite of the rain, we tried a new cast, this time a great king and scarlet ibis, for not a light fly could we find about us, all having been left in camp. With these we kept on our course, following the edge of the great weed bed where last year we took many a lusty beauty. It was soon evident that the light flies were the killing ones for the morning, but, by the time we had made a circuit of the island, we had added eight to our stock, taken two big pike without injuring a snell, besides throwing back half a dozen small-mouths of a pound apiece. A little after noon the sun came out and it grew clear and warm, so we started for camp. As we turned into the bay toward the landing, we caught sight of Sabattis working along the point below. In answer to our hail the old man pulled up to the camp and was refreshed with something from the Madame's medicine box, which he appeared to relish greatly, after which he entertained us with the account of his winter's trapping, and promised his hostess a dozen mink skins from his next winter's catch. Dinner over we sat through the afternoon watching the sunlight shift on the treetops along the southern hills, and the waters turning to gold under its setting. That night we missed the fragrant smudge, for the song of the mosquito was hushed; the camp fire burned brightly and all the glamor and poetry that comes from the wilderness and the lake gathered around us and, more than once, we found ourselves wishing that it might last forever. Our sleep that night was haunted by a miserable dream, a nightmare, which for years has mingled itself with our slumbers in camp, a dream of finding ourselves at home with our outing suddenly and mysteriously at an end. It is happiness to awake and be assured by the sound of the water upon the beach, by the rustling of the night wind among the trees and by the cry of the loon, that the treadmill of life is wearying other souls and its Juggernaut rolling over other bodies than your own. You are free, the soft flicker of the patch of moonlight on the canvas tells you so, you turn toward the dying camp-fire, close your eyes, and an adamantine wall rises between yourself and care.

In the morning a heavy wind was blowing from the southwest, beating up the whitecaps in front, and the waves were running high up on the sand beaches and dashing against the rocks. The signs were not promising. Nevertheless, we started out to cast over the ground where, on the first day, we had broken the rod. A few small-mouths took the fly from sheltered stretches of water, but it was hard work to lay a fly anywhere, so we soon gave it up and headed over toward Sabattis's for a visit. The great head of the house had seen us approaching and was waiting at the landing to receive us, and while the Madame proceeded to the cabin to pay her respects, we were initiated into the mysteries of birch bark canoe building and given an exhibition of how a canoe could be handled in rough water. We served an apprenticeship of an hour or so and then sounded the signal for the Madame, who made her appearance, followed by the niece of the old Long Lake guide, Mitchell Sabattis, and her daughters. At the boat one of the latter presented the Madame with a curiosity in the shape of a loon's egg, which hangs in the den among our Canadian souvenirs, an inspiration like that of the great roc's egg in the palace of the Genii. Before we left, the old man set us agog with a story that seven salmon (*S. namaycush*) had been taken above the bridge, about ten miles away, within a week, and we thought with a thrill of joy of the two trolling gangs which we had brought with us, the generous gift of "A. N. C.," that we might be properly prepared for the sport of which he is a master.

There was yet one thing wanting to make up our camp. A flock of chickens had not yet been secured, although many fruitless inquiries had been made. But from Sabattis we learned that in the spring he had seen some fowls in passing the house of a dweller on the lake, about four miles from camp, and it might be, he said, that we could procure a few from him. There was too heavy a sea on to undertake the voyage that day, so it was postponed to the morrow. In the morning the sky was without a cloud and it was like a mellow October day. The air was fragrant with the breath from the pines, and the faint, delicious odor from the Colonel's fire was wafted to us across the water. Slowly we pulled down the lake on our quest, keeping close to the eastern shore and halting now and then to cast over a suspicious looking place. But nothing rose to our flies, and after a couple of miles we crossed the main water to the north shore. Here, among the islands, the bass rose eagerly to the Lord Baltimore and Professor, and twice we took two at a cast, but the run was small and we threw them all back, for we were really after chickens and not bass. Two miles further on we found the alleged poultry dealer, or rather his wife, but no chickens. "The spring," she said, "was late, and it would be two weeks before any would be large enough for the table." Promising to call at the end of that time, we put off for a log house a mile further up, but here nothing could be found, so we dawdled away a couple of hours in casting and taking in small bass and returning them again to the water. We followed the ins and outs of the north shore through a long strait which was separated from the main water by a chain of islands on our left, with here and there a spring brook tumbling over the rocks. Keeping in the shade of the trees on the islands, we kept slowly on, indulging in an occasional cast, which was certain to come home weightless. The rocky shore, with its wealth of fallen trees and coating of ferns, with slender cardinals looking down upon congregations of white-robed lilies, brought back the memories of many a day on the Ramapo and among the beauties of the upper Delaware. Mingled with these came the memory of escapades from the teacher's rule when in the old scow on the mill pond, we sat under the big oak and tempted the sunnys through the long afternoon, with never a thought of the bitter accounting in store for us at eve.

At a point of rocks off the upper end of the last island of the chain, and where the strait opened into the lake, we had a short, sharp contest with a two-pound small-mouth, which terminated greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. A boat-length further a big-mouth, wrapped in admiration of the Professor, involved himself in a difficulty from which we extricated him in the boat. Before we reached the deep water three small-mouths and another big-mouth had joined their brethren at our feet, and we felt that, after all, chickens were not the all-in-all to a camper.

It was well toward evening before we were back in camp, and night was settling over lake and forest by the time dinner was over. The Colonel and Captain were soon on hand, and we reviewed the career of FOREST AND STREAM and sat in judgment on many a correspondent, from the self-willed "Nessmuk" to the gentle angler who made his exit with the storm at Carp Lake. The Canadian netter and fish hog was discussed in various lights, together with the future of fishing over the border. One thing is certain: unless more active measures are taken to enforce the laws and protect the bass by further legislation, the day of good fishing in every inland lake within reach of market will soon be over. Lake after lake has been skinned of bass by means of hoopnets, set pretendedly for catfish under a license, but in reality for anything that can be taken. The wonder is—and the wish is its father—that some Indian or settler in the backwoods does not dispose of the netting difficulty by a charge of buckshot applied at the proper time. The netting in Rice Lake, though under a license, was quickly broken up by the Indians, and it requires only a little backbone on the part of residents along the lakes to put an end to the calling of the netter. Why the few residents on the backwoods lakes of Canada, who themselves only take enough fish for their immediate wants, should be expected to stand quietly by and see a stranger net their waters for his own gain, whether with or without a license, whether the netter be "from the island" or elsewhere, is a question which we think they will soon answer for themselves, and, probably, with something harder than protests or petitions.

With us, in the thinly settled localities, the solution must needs be more heroic; kill off the game, net the last fish and put the pot-hunter and netter at rest by depriving him of his means of livelihood. It is useless for decent law-abiding sportsmen to attempt the protection of fish and game by legislation or to stock waters. The effect of the law is, to prohibit them from enjoying the fruit of their own labors, while every hoodlum and gutter-snipe reaps where they have sown. No, clean out the game and fish, and let the pot-hunter and netter philosophize over the cause and effect of the silent woods and barren streams upon his vocation, and let the sportsman, since he must pay, seek his preserves or the backwoods, and the pot-hunter and netter, deprived of his victims, will soon drift into some other occupation, equally fitted to his nature and tastes, but for which the laws of men and civilization have provided the penitentiary, and thus he will have his reward.

With dissertations such as these we sat the week out—for it was Saturday night—the Colonel beside us on the low bunk with the "ki"-dog between, the Captain in front grave and meditative over his pipe, and the Madame perched upon her high couch opposite, while on the right the remnants of the well-discussed banquet "did coldly gleam" in the shape of canned shrimp, sardines, and cheese. When at last they took their leave we could hear their voices in conversation during the whole of their homeward trip, and after they had reached their camp, a full half mile away, the tones of their voices came plainly to us still.

On Sunday morning, the camp put on its holiday attire and took a rest. The week had furnished enough of sport, although never was there a brighter day or a more glorious ripple on the water. Before the day was over, our student friend of last year, whose entertainment of us at the bridge was one of the red-letter days of the camp, had taken our hands in his and greeted us with his olden smile and welcome. He was now a Senior in Queens University and was spending his vacation at his home, six miles up the lake, from whence he had that morning run down in his sailboat to revive to us the pleasant acquaintance of last year. The flame of the ancient friendship was ablaze in a moment, and he in turn was welcomed with all the welcome which the American camp could extend with all its arms. Through the remainder of our outing our meetings were frequent, and to him we became indebted for much that made it what it was, for kindnesses which it is our regret that we can never repay.

The Colonel and Captain joined the group, which well nigh filled the tent to overflowing, and the afternoon went quickly and merrily by, to the time of the departure of our visitors.

In the middle of the night the wind rose, and the heavy waves began to pound on the beach below, while the canvas tugged and strained at its fastenings with a violence that threatened to pull the tent pegs and hurl it into the woods. Soon a pouring rain added to the rumpus without, which, with the fall of a slab every now and then from the cook's breakweather beside the range, made our sleep one of fits and starts. But our covering held its own, the roar settled into a steady monotone, and "great nature's second course" at last settled upon us all. WAWAYANDA.

SOME POINTERS ABOUT DUFFLE.

I HAVE read "Woodcraft" and in the main agree with the veteran camper, its author, upon the essentials for a trip in the woods. I, too, believe in "smoothing it" as much as possible. I can see no virtue in a man's making a martyr of himself, going without the things he needs when he can have most of them at least, with a very little extra labor.

One's outfit should always be made up with a view to the locality of the camp.

Were I going an hundred miles beyond mule road, I should go as light as "Nessmuk"—think I should even throw away the "ten cent tin"—but if one is going to a camp accessible by team and boat, I see no object in limiting one's cooking and eating tools to four or five pieces of tinware and other articles in proportion. For five successive seasons I have camped in the Adirondacks of New York, in a camp within five miles of which a team can be driven and there is good boating by river and lake the rest of the way. I have studied the matter of duffle not a little, and as I think to some purpose, yet after all has been said upon the subject, each one will decide for himself after a trial and govern himself accordingly.

Many of the Adirondack guides furnish everything except the personal property a person needs. I prefer to own my traps—there is a deal of pleasure in looking the things over during the January days with the mercury gone on a winter trip down below zero. And then I don't like the average guide's profanity, if his rusty kit gets smashed. There is a heap of fun in smashing one's own furniture.

My cooking kit, when packed up for a start for camp about July 28, 1885, had the innocent look of a large tin pail with cover. There is the large pail, that's for water or fish, or packed full of venison steaks it goes in the cool of the spring. In the bottom of the pail aforesaid we find a dozen tin plates just fitting the pail; four palls are taken out, each nesting so that no room is lost. In the smallest pail is a large coffee pot of sheet iron, riveted together and rigged with a bail to hang over the fire; in the pot are a dozen tin cups, two sizes of spoons, knives and forks for the party. Inverted over the tinware in the large outside pail, and just beneath its cover, I have a four quart basin and a sheet iron frying pan with a detachable handle. This handle is five inches long and made with a socket to receive an extension of wood when in use.

With this line of crockery I can spread a table for ten persons, give each a knife, fork, spoon, plate, cup and sauce dish (don't laugh, the sauce is only maple syrup), thus removing from the woodland meal most of the signs of roughing it. The tin baker is next in order. This I utilize on the way in and out of camp, as a tin trunk. In it I pack cartridges, tools of various kinds, extra clothing perhaps, put a strap about it, and it handles as well as a drummer's sample case. Some campers have not caught up with this tin baker perhaps. Mine is made of heavy tin of the following dimensions: 17 inches long, 11 inches wide in front, and 5 inches wide at back. The art of making is in getting the proper angle of the upper tin surface to the lower. Made in this way with sheet-iron pan one inch deep hung in the center, I'll warrant it to bake a mess of biscuit in ten minutes by the watch, or cook a roast of fish or fowl or venison, as quickly as the modern range. After the meal it makes a good dishpan, a minnow crate, or pork barrel.

I like the shelter tent pretty well if I cannot get a bark lodge, but of all the habitations man hath yet made with which to cover his devoted head upon a summer outing, give me the bark lodge both now and forever. A little experience will enable any man of gumption to build one that will not leak in a pouring shower, and you can build your fire near home and go to sleep without fear of a conflagration before morning. And I like a place where I can drive a nail and dispose of my effects in a convenient if not picturesque way; the rafters of the bark lodge are just the thing for this.

If you are going to the Adirondacks don't omit the pack basket, "Nessmuk" to the contrary notwithstanding. Do you think that every guide in that glorious region would carry one if the wisdom of man had yet discovered a better thing for the purpose?

A knapsack will do for blanket and rations, provided you want hash made of the latter before you find the hither end of the carry. A very common cargo for the basket is the meat of a deer, a blanket, extra coat, hatchet, rations, jack, oil and whatever else guide and sportsman think necessary for a three-days' tramp for the home fire.

A basket properly made and strapped will not chafe nor hurt the back. It puts the load where it is least in the way and upon the muscles best able to carry it, and it won't wobble about and churn its contents like the knapsack.

Upon my last trip I had a bit of experience with a piece of duffle that may be of use to some one. Every outer has found difficulty in finding the proper covering for the feet. I had tried all the anti-friction-easy-for-the-feet boots and hoes on the list. I concluded to try a pair of "oil-tanned moccasins." I bought a pair. They were not beautiful to look upon, but were well made and according to order. I stoically endured the jeers of the boys over my "hen-skin" shoes on the way to camp. Arrived there I hung them on a nail in the lodge, and soon turned in. About the first sound I heard after that was a shout from Bill, "Say, boys, look at the hen skins." I opened my eyes and looked. My beautiful moccasins had turned two shades darker in color, and had the appearance of having been soaked for a week in strong brine. Moisture stood in drops all over them; in the hot sun it dried off, but those things were wet whenever they were left in the shade or a place at all damp, wet inside and out, wet all the time of a three weeks' trip, and are wet yet when not in a place hot enough to bake. I vote oil-tanned moccasins a delusion and a snare to the outer of the Adirondacks in the month of August. If any one is disposed to question this I have a pair upon which he can experiment by paying the freight. The best foot gear for all kinds of weather and all kinds of tramping that I have found is a pair of French kip boots, hand made, and fitted over two pairs of socks to insure their being large enough.

An outer is likely to be a lover of boats. Upon my last trip I took in one, a description of which may interest. She is of the lapstreak class, built of best quality of cedar clapboards, elm ribs, oak keel and stems, spruce gunwales, decked over at bow and stern twelve inches. She is 10½ feet long, 29 inches beam, 9½ inches rise at center and 17 inches at the ends. With yoke and paddle she weighs an even thirty-five pounds. She carries her skipper and a friend in the bow, and if necessary a hundred pounds of duffle; or trims beautifully and handles nicely with one person. The boat is of fine form and her lines are elegant. Her workmanship is superior to any of Rushton's boats that I have yet seen. For a boat for many purposes in the woods she comes as near the ideal as any I have yet seen. She got some hard knocks, but came out solid as when she went in, and now hangs in the woodshed patiently waiting the coming of another summer vacation. A man of ordinary muscle can carry this boat anywhere in the woods, and take on some extra duffle besides. When he gets to navigation the boat takes all on board, is big enough to float in, and small enough to carry.

Speaking of what a small boat can do in the way of cargo reminds me that in August, 1884, myself, guide and two other men, with three packs and two guns, made the length of Albany Lakes, Brow's tract, through the Beaver into Smith's Lake in a boat weighing only 35 pounds. This was a case of necessity, but it involved no danger and no especial inconvenience. I have that boat yet. The only thing about her that is peculiar is her great width of beam in proportion to her length—length, 10 feet 8 inches; beam, 36 inches. The load referred to could not have weighed less than 700 pounds. Neither of these boats is fast; they are not racers. Time is of no account with the camper, at most, not so much as the ease he seeks and the recreation he goes to find. I don't quite like the double-bladed axe, but I'm not sure that I have anything better to offer. Surely not now. NITRAM.

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE VAMPIRE OF THE OCEAN.

THE articles in your issue of Dec. 10, "Capture of a Sea Devil," and Dec. 24, "The Devil Fish of Estero Bay," induce me to contribute my mite of information concerning this curious sea monster, whose very existence is regarded by many who live beyond the smell of the salt sea foam as mythical.

Few are they who, on looking at the chart of the Carolina sea coast, would not be struck by the magnificent expanse of the harbor of Port Royal, crowded on either side by innumerable small islands, once the pride of their old possessors, the Sea Island cotton planters. The thousands of small creeks and inlets formed by these densely wooded islets are a favorite resort of immense varieties of fish, which have always repaid with good sport the assiduous attentions of the gentle art. To find subsistence easily and abundantly is an impulse that pervades all animal life. So hither came the devil fish to get his fill of the small fry that crowd these waters. I use the past tense, for, *mirabile dictu*, the fish has not been seen in the neighborhood for several years. He is a great lover of quiet and solitude, which this harbor afforded until Dupont aroused the slumbering echos of this mimic sea with his screaming shot and crashing shell, from which time dates their gradual disappearance, thereby expressing supreme dislike to a home obstructed by the cables and rendered disturbing by the noise of crowded shipping.

After satisfying the cravings of his appetite in the smaller and more inland waters the devil fish would betake himself to the broader waters of the bay and there disport himself on the surface, probably by way of a "constitutional." It was here that the gentry from the plantations would seek them for the indulgence of that favorite but dangerous sport, devil-fishing.

Elliott, in his "Carolina Sports" (1854) claims to have been the inventor of this sport of harpooning devil fish, and to have been the first to capture any number of them, which is probably true, and indeed it could not have originated from the hands of a more worthy sportsman than

> "Elliott, early trained, with easy skill,
> Old Walton's various offices to fill,
> The sport to lead, the willing ear beguile,
> And charm with rare felicity of style."

To all who are so fortunate as to possess this rare and valuable addition to their library—"Carolina Sports"—he is the ideal of the gentleman sportsman, although the moss of thirty years covers the stone beneath which he rests, and the crack of his Manton among the oaks and palmetto thickets of the Sea Islands have ceased "lang syne."

The mode of capture was as follows: Harpoons somewhat smaller than those used for whaling purposes were the weapons used. These were charged at the butt with a wooden shaft six or seven feet long. The line attached to the "eye" on the "shank" of the harpoon may be at least one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards long, according to the size of the boat. With his lines carefully coiled in the bows of his boat, and harpoon in hand the "Piscator" would sally forth to the favorite play grounds of this sea vampire, rowed thither by four or six stout oarsmen if the barge is as it should be, twenty or twenty-two feet long. The first sight of the game is a black bat-like wing thrust four or six feet above the wave, like the mystic arm that reached out to grasp Excalibar, when thrown into the water by Arthur's dying request. Anon he skims along the surface of the brine like a huge inverted dish cover, turning over and over in his gambols. We see for a while his shining mottled stomach, then his dark and slimy back. You are now near enough to strike. Straighten yourself. Throw your arm well back with weapon grasped a little back of midway and at an angle of forty-five. Then pitch it point foremost with all the force you possess directly at his back. Or better still—we have come upon "him haply slumbering on the Norway foam," stomach up and back down, spread out like an immense dirty blanket on the surface of the deep. Now is your time. Grasp the shaft in both hands and plunge your steel deep into his vitals until you feel it go through. Step carefully down from the forward thwart, bearing in mind that your foot must not get entangled in the line, and laying hold of the line, but not too tightly if you value the natural covering to your fingers; seat yourself down firmly, for directly you are going to move. All this in a few seconds.

The fish has recovered from his momentary shock. With a gurgle and a splash he starts off at lightning speed. The line is run out with frightful rapidity. Mark how the smoke rises from friction of wood and hemp. Increase the strain on the rope if the toughness of your hand will allow you; he is out far enough, and it is time to make fast. Call on Scipio Africanus (begging the shade of that warrior many pardons) behind you to lend a hand and wind the slack around the cleat. Away you go, twenty miles an hour, right out for sea. He appears near the surface with harpoon well fixed; floundering and splashing for a moment he disappears in a bed of foam, straight downward, dragging the bow a foot under water. The line again slackens and he again rises, this time not in front of you, but right under you. You see five feet of reeking wing spread out on either side of your craft, deliberately flapping in water by the barrelful. Well for you that it does not last long, before he is off again, with a few more wounds from your rifle or else from the old bayonet you have attached to the end of a pole. At last he has given up, after pulling you ten or fifteen miles outside. On the approach of flood tide he is towed toward shore and beached at high water mark.

We now measure him and find he is 17 feet from tip to tip of his wings; length to base of tail, 10 feet; to end of tail, 16 feet. This was about the measurement of the last one seen by the writer just two years ago. The scientific description of this devil fish is given in the "Zoölogy of New York," by James E. DeKay. Albany: 1842:" "Family Raiidæ, genus *Cephaloptera*, Dumeril. The pectorals produced into long processes at their anterior extremities, presenting the appearance of two horns; teeth slender, with a serrated spine." This latter description is somewhat wrong, as the devil fish has no serrated spine, like a sting ray or a whip ray, but only a socket which looks as if made to recieve one of these formidable weapons. "The Sea Devil (*Cephaloptera vampirus*). The vampire of the ocean, Mitchell. *Cephaloptera giorna*, Lesueur." Then come the characteristics which state that the tail is longer than the body, which is another error. Of all the specimens caught in this section, the length of tail compared to that of the body was as six is to ten. The color is a blue-black above and white varied with dusky opaque clouds beneath. Thickness, between three and four feet. The two horns, or rather feelers, with which he sweeps his food into his mouth, grow from near the eyes, which are on top, tail coming to a blunt point.

An article which came out in some of our American papers concerning one of these fish which had been caught near Galveston, I think, and stating that it was one of the few ever caught, caused some amusement among our native sportsmen. The father of the writer has captured some twenty or thirty himself, as have several other gentlemen of this vicinity. The sport could not be placed under the head of willful cruelty, as the fish were always cut up in lumps about four feet thick and carted up into the cotton fields by the planters, and there used as manure. The liver furnished an excellent lubricating oil. The devil fish is no longer an object of sport here, for, as I have said before, he has entirely disappeared. He may yet be caught probably on the west coast of Florida. I should dislike to try that gastronomic feat of eating steaks cut from one of these creatures, as performed by one of your correspondents.

The last one was seen here two years ago. This individual got entangled in the piles of a wharf and was taken. The same waters are here, the same swarms of small fish come and go with the tides; but for us the *Cephaloptera vampirus* has vanished beneath the waves of bygone years and his wake is no more seen. *Sic passim.* WILD DRAKE.

A SHAMEFUL FASHION.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever, is an accepted saying, and yet a thing of beauty, when distorted and out of place, becomes an actual source of distress to thinking people, and people of fine sensibilities. It is customary to compliment the fair sex under all possible conditions, but for the present distorted taste or fashion, which trims nearly every woman's hat with some form of a dead bird, there is no word of commendation or excuse. A bird's wing is beautiful as it cuts the air, bearing a joyous bird in freedom among the trees. A live bird is beautiful, but ten thousand dead birds with glass or waxen eyes, withering beaks and shrunken skins, perched above the noses of ten thousand women are anything but a source of joy.

Look at the display of the millinery windows of to-day—dead birds to the end of the chapter! An importer of millinery informs me that the demand for some form of dead bird is enormous. A thorough system of collecting tropical birds is in operation abroad, extending even into Africa and Australia. Besides, the killing of sea swallows and other handsome plumaged but dull-colored birds in this country, and sending them to France to be dyed, is appalling, to say the least. "Look about you," he says. In doing so what do I see? Six women out of every ten have some form representing a dead bird on their hats. It is natural to fall to calculating. There are over 50,000,000 of people in this country alone, and fully half of them are of the dead bird wearing gender. But few are too young or too old to wear dead birds. Allow us only 10,000,000 females wearing bird corpses in the United States. Give us 10,000,000 for England and 10,000,000 for France, and take all the rest of the fashionable world to make our estimates good. What have we found? That 30,000,000 forms of bird life have lately been taken to deck out the hats of women. How long can the bird life stand such a strain? Does not utter extermination stare it in the face?

No wonder an anti-plumage society has been formed in

England. But the London *Telegraph* makes light of it, declaring that such movements are only vapid and soon disappear, as the vanities change, and flowers and grasses take the place again of bird plumage upon clothing. In its stilted wisdom, that paper asks, "What is a bird after all, any more than any other form of animal life?" Nothing to a paper or an individual destitute of a love for the beautiful. If the bird hunters would turn bird raisers and propagate the beautiful forms they traffic in, then the lover of bird life would have no right to complain of his taking the lives of such as he had caused to multiply. But when his nefarious business is exterminating the beautiful forms nature has placed in the groves and fields for the good of everybody, then it is time for an anti-plumage league in America.

"If ladies chose to wear sparrows would anybody protest?" asks the London *Telegraph*. Is a sparrow—an English sparrow is doubtless as far as the *Telegraph* ever looked—is an English sparrow a thing of beauty, a bird of song? To the lovers of bird life, beautiful and tuneful birds, this wholesale destruction of fashion is something wicked and terrible, and the sentiment which fosters the London *Telegraph* would send us nothing but dirty, querulous English sparrows in return.

But to one who has made a study of bird life—its forms—none become more exalted. No form of animal life, with the possible exception of the dog, comes so near the highly-organized human. Listen to the bird song! Is there anything gross there? Does it not rather point even higher than the human? Take the little bulfinch, for example, trained by the German shoemaker to pipe a tune, note by note, with perfect accuracy. Note how he raises every feather, quirls his little tail to one side, hops coquettishly from side to side, strikes his note and pipes away, and then answer me if his little life is not a higher one than that of the seal, whose blubber case is so much sought by Fashion's votaries.

I have a parrot which invariably salutes me with a pleasant "How are you!" whenever I enter the room. When I put on my coat to go out he says, "Good-bye, good-bye!" There is owned a parrot in Brockton, Mass., which speaks some 200 words and uses very many of them in the right place. "Oh, but," I hear you say, "that is all imitation; somebody taught them to do it." Very well, how did your little son or daughter learn to talk? Was it because somebody taught them or by sheer imitation, or both? The mere power to imitate to such an extent as mentioned above, shows a nearer approach to a human soul than there exists in the lower forms of animal life. I believe the bird life, for which I plead to be as high and noble as its powers of imitation indicate; as its plumage is beautiful; as its wonderful mechanical powers exhibited in nest building show; as its song is charming, so does its little soul extend—then who can blame me if I deprecate the vain, soul-lacking fashion which takes bird life by millions and attaches the withering skins to her dress, thinking it to be an ornament. SPECIAL.

THE RABBITS OF ONTARIO, CANADA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the column devoted to "Answers to Correspondents" in FOREST AND STREAM, of Dec. 31, 1885, occurs the following: "Rabbit, London, Ont.—Around this part of Ontario we have the little cotton-tail rabbit, and a larger kind we call hares; both have the brown coat. I have seen both on the same day and as late as Christmas, when there was deep snow on the ground for several weeks before. We have also the white hare here, but have not noticed them around before February or March. Are these different rabbits, or does the large kind change its coat after the first of January? Ans. The cotton-tail (*Lepus sylvaticus*) is a hare different from the common American large hare (*L. americanus*), which changes the color of its coat in the spring and fall. A third species is the great northern hare (*L. timidus*, var. *arcticus*)." The above reply, though non-committal, is misleading, because it certainly implies that the white hare mentioned by the correspondent might have been the Arctic hare, which species has not been found within many hundred miles of London, Ontario. It is not known from Lower Labrador even, and Newfoundland constitutes the southernmost limit of its range. The white hare of Ontario is the common varying hare (*Lepus americanus*) in winter pelage. —C. HART MERRIAM.

ALBINO SQUIRRELS.—During the years 1875-6-7-8, in the southwestern portion of Waupaca county, Wisconsin, there was quite a colony of albino squirrels in a somewhat flourishing condition. These were about the size of the black variety, from which I think they originated. It was a common occurrence for the sportsmen in that locality to shoot white squirrels while hunting. Several were kept in confinement as pets near where I resided. A nest of them was found in 1876 which contained three young—all pure albinos. The entire family were captured and kept in confinement for some time. Their color made them so conspicuous that they were noticeable for some distance, and were constantly shot by the gunners, that now I believe they are exterminated. The last one I have any record of was captured in October, 1880. In a letter from Prof. Baird, in 1882, relating to the above he says: "It is not impossible that by a sort of natural selection among the descendants of a single white parent, a white race may be established that will be white for a time and populate quite an extensive territory." The above is undoubtedly the true theory of the origination of this colony. It is a pity that this colony was exterminated so soon, as the chances are that quite a territory might have been populated from them.—C. F. CARR (Madison, Wis.).

THE GROUSE'S DRUMMING LOG.—Ferrisburgh, Vt., Dec. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to "Keouk's" inquiry, I will say that of the few drumming logs I distinctly remember the position of, one lies nearly east and west, one northeast and southwest, one about north and south and another a little west of north and east of south. One rock was a favorite drumming place for one cock that I watched, and I remember flushing another from a rock when he was drumming. The strike of the ledges here is nearly north and south, but the rocks on which these two were drumming were considerably higher than the ledges in which they were situated, knobs in the ledge.—AWAHSOOSE.

A SWAN IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, Dec. 27.—The passengers on the Cape train were much interested over a wild swan shot in one of the Middleboro ponds. The bird was a fine large specimen, though a young bird, and made the Canada goose by the side of it look quite small in comparison. Is it not a very unusual occurrence to find this species so far east?—T.

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Two macaque monkeys (*Macacus cynomolgus*), two cross foxes (*Vulpes fulvus decussata*) and one gray-breasted parrakeet (*Bolborhynchus monachus*); purchased. Four opossums (*Didelphys virginiana*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulves*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), one golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetus*), one great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), two screech owls (*Scops asio*), one coot (*Pelionetta perspicillata*), one jackass hare (*Lepus callotis*), and four green lizards (*Anolis principalis*); presented. Two lions (*Felis leo*), and five dingos (*Canis dingo*); born.

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

STRAY SHOTS FROM AN OLD RANGER.

DO I love to hunt? Well, I am now sixty years old, and have been quite intimately acquainted with myself for fifty years, during which time I have handled a gun and lost few opportunities to follow a dog in the proper season, in whatever locality my devious path of life found me; and without any reservation I cheerfully affirm that, outside of my own family enjoyments, this has been the keenest pleasure of my life; and I enjoy it to-day, with as keen a relish as at any time during the years that are past.

Why is this? can any one tell? Is it because I am cruel and brutal in my nature? I do not think so; and no one ever accused me of possessing these traits of character in all my life. My experience has been that of a true sportsman—he who enjoyed this sport in the most rational manner till every fiber of his being thrilled with a delight unknown and unfound in any other pursuit, was always a whole souled man, possessing the kindliest of natures.

Neither is it because I can get my birds cheaper in this way than to buy them in the market. The man who shoots for profit is no sportsman, and should not be countenanced as such, or in fact, any way, except under extreme circumstances. A man may be so placed, that there seems no other way before him in which he can earn a few dollars; in such a case I do not blame him for embracing this; but when a market-man, or a dealer in sporting goods, hires a gang of men as he would so many wood-choppers, and sends them out to follow up the various varities of game, and sweep over section after section of the country till there is hardly a bird left, simply that he may make a few dollars by their indiscriminate slaughter, he is no sportsman, but the worst enemy a sportsman has, and is pursuing a course that will soon entirely exterminate several varieties of game birds. Such men should not be encouraged in any way, but should be shunned by all true lovers of the sport. A sportsman's birds will generally cost him two prices, and often more. Although delighting in a good bag honestly won, he does not shoot alone for the quantity of game he can get.

I have been in a wild pigeon roost, and watched the birds fluttering and hovering among the branches of the trees until their weight would absolutely break them, without ever discharging my gun. I could have killed dozens at a shot; but that would have been no sport for me—I should have felt guilty of bird-murder in the first degree. I have had some of the most enjoyable trips of my life, when our daily bag would not exceed a dozen or fifteen woodcock, quail and partridge all told; and have been where I could load myself down with game, but found very little real sport. Like all good things in this life, it is, in part, the effort and labor in their acquirement that adds much to their enjoyable value.

I have hunted in various sections of our country, but nowhere have I derived so much unalloyed enjoyment as in a week's tramp among the rugged hills and vales of New England, where one has to work like a beaver to make a respectable bag. I firmly believe that if a stop can be put to the shooting of woodcock in all the New England States in July when the birds are half grown flabby, and not good, and when the hunter and dog both suffer from heat almost intolerable, and the birds he gets will turn green or get fly-blown before he gets in; and if the shooting of woodcock, quail and partridge can be rigidly confined to the months of October and November in all these States; and if the boys can be persuaded or prevented from trapping quail and partridge at any and all seasons, those States will in a few years afford the finest sport for these three game birds to be found in the land. There are a great many "ifs" in the way of producing my "happy hunting ground;" but when these changes are brought about, as they certainly should be for the preservation of game and the real benefit of all concerned, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, particularly the first named State, will come as near the ideal shooting country as any I ever expect to find. A.

CHICAGO, Ill.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE shooting season just closed like that of the year before has been very destructive to the birds. In this climate cold weather and snow generally put an end to shooting soon after the middle of November, making the time for pursuit of game practically but two months and a half. But the past two seasons for the most part have been open and pleasant up to the very close. The entire open season of '85 furnished no more beautiful day for field sports than Dec. 30. The ground was bare while the magnificent floods of sunlight and the hazy atmosphere made it seem like a perfect day in an Indian summer instead of mid-winter. Every sportsman must have felt the influence of the day. The frequent booming of guns showed that many were out for a farewell shoot. The result of it all is that many birds have been killed that would have been left over under ordinary circumstances. Grouse shooting has been wonderfully good but it seems impossible that it can continue so much longer. So many guns are now directed against them and with such relentless persistency that the effect must soon be felt in a comparative scarcity of these splendid birds. It seems likely that the greater portion of the game is shot for market. There are a good many men in the county who shoot for the market, perhaps a dozen or twenty, including one or two of the best game shots in the country. They get all the way from fifteen to twenty-five hundred birds apiece according to their skill and the amount of time devoted to the business.

It is reported that lots of grouse are left in certain localities while other places are just about stripped. Early in the season excellent sport was to be had within three or four miles of the centers of Holyoke, Chicopee or Springfield, while from twenty to forty miles out, about as good shooting could be found as any one need wish.

Quail are not very plentiful about here and are regarded as a side issue. A fair flight of woodcock came about the last of October with the birds in splendid condition.

NONOTUCK.

HOLYOKE, Mass, Jan. 1, 1886.

"Forest and Stream" Trajectory Test.

(*Concluded from page 448.*)

WE have now set forth all the facts touching the several rifles placed in competitive test in the trajectory trial undertaken by and carried through under the auspices of the FOREST AND STREAM. There are a few other weapons which we would gladly have seen making a record side by side with those already in, but circumstances prevented us from securing them, and besides it was the intention, departed from in but few instances, to confine the trial to bona-fide hunting weapons. What those weapons will do, what may fairly be expected of them under similar or like conditions prevailing in the trial is now within the knowledge of all our readers. We feel certain that there will be a period put to much of the imaginative writing which has been so much the fashion on this subject. Here in our tables may be found a body of facts deduced from actual experiment. They are worthy of much study. To look at the trajectory averages and them only would be very misleading. They should be looked at in connection with the table of powder charges and proportion between powder and ball. We expect a flat line of fire from a charge where the proportion is 1 to 1 or 1 to 2; but is it after all worth the punishment of person and the waste of material to get the very slight advantage in accuracy and flat fire line? To make practice and theory come together may be intensely interesting to the rifle virtuoso, if we may use the term, who finds a certain keen pleasure in using the experimental range to verify his theories, but when it comes to the practical question of buying a rifle for use, there are other matters to be considered, and it is to afford some light to this large class that our trial was started and carried through. We have found that our results correspond with those reached by theory, but it was manifestly impossible to subject each of the rifles offered to the tests necessary to get the elements of the formula used in deducing the trajectory heights. The simplest method and most satisfactory, we feel sure, to the majority of our readers was that which we pursued, taking the weapon, loading and firing, catching the record of the fleeting bullet upon the gossamer tell-tale screens interposed. It is interesting in this connection to make up a series of supplementary tables from those in the 200-yard test. Here between the 50 and 150 yards screen we have a 100-yard range with a midway screen. A new 50-yard height of the bullet in progress can readily be calculated, and only serve to verify the results at the lower range.

Take for instance the Winchester .50 solid ball. In shot No. 1 at 200 yards, call screen at 100 yards the target: 11.305+3=5.652=base line on 50-yard screen. 7.727—5.652=2.075, which is the curve for that shot. The other four shots show the following curves on 50-yard screen by same method of calculation: 2.296, 2.583, 2.243 and 2.480. This gives average for the five shots 2.335 and this may be used as a basis of comparison, in place of the figures actually obtained in the 100-yard test. The same computation with the Winchester .50 express bullet, taking the 100-yard curve from the 200-yard test, shows an average for the 50-yard screen of 2.351, which almost exactly coincides with the result of the 100-yard test, and is a further proof of the steady shooting of the rifle in both tests with express bullet, so far as the 50-yard screen is concerned.

Taking the Whitney-Kennedy .50-caliber solid ball and computing the 100-yard curve from the 200-yard test, we get an average of 2.004 for the 50-yard screen, and so on with any rifle.

Incidental to the test of rifles it will be seen that we have made it a test of cartridges as well. In turning out the powder from the shell after the bullet had been carefully drawn, a note was made of the condition of the charge, if the powder grains were bright and unbroken and seemingly in first-class condition, it is entered as fine, while below this other grades of good and fair are entered. In this the same classification has been followed as that employed by the U. S. officer in making inspections of cartridges sent out for the use of the arms or for experimental purposes. How close the tested cartridges come up to the labels our report in each instance shows. We think that upon the whole the factory makers of cartridges have reason to be congratulated upon the great accuracy with which, assisted by fine machinery and great care in all stages, they have been enabled to turn out in such large quantity, fixed ammunition at such cheap rates. We have noted at various points the powder used by the various companies. The U. M. C. Co. employed the FG brand from either the Laflin & Rand or Dupont works; the Remingtons draw their supplies from the Hazard mills, while the "Rifle Cartridge Powder" of the American Powder Mills product is used by the Winchester Co. One part tin to twenty of lead is the general proportion, the bullet in a few cases being of pure lead. This last condition was true in the case of the three rim-fire cartridges from the Bridgeport factory and in the Bullard solid .50-115-346 and in the Winchester .40-60-210 from the same works.

The weather observations taken during the tests were intended to cover everything which in any way might tend to have an influence upon the rifle during the test. Generally the conditions were very favorable to the weapon. The wind ran through the Signal Service scale from light wind through gentle and fresh up to brisk. In direction, of course, being at Creedmoor every point of the compass or dial i-

TABULATED SUMMARY OF TRAJECTORY TEST.

No.	NAME.	Weight of Rifle.	Weight of Barrel.	Length of Barrel.	RIFLING. Twist—Uniform or Gain.	RIFLING. One turn in	RIFLING. No. of Grooves.	RIFLING. Depth of Groove.	RIFLING. Width of Groove.	CARTRIDGE.	100-Yard Trajectory. 25 Yards.	100-Yard Trajectory. 50 Yards.	100-Yard Trajectory. 75 Yards.	200-Yard Trajectory. 50 Yards.	200-Yard Trajectory. 100 Yards.	200-Yard Trajectory. 150 Yards.
		lb. oz.	lb. oz.	in.		in.					inches.	inches.	inches.	inches.	inches.	inches.
1	Marlin .45	9 11	3 11	28	U	20	6	.003	.158	.45-85-285, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	1.131	2.125	1.612	7.596	11.236	9.019
2	Marlin .40	11 1	5 1	28	U	20	6	.003	.153	.40-60-260, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	1.991	2.453	2.104	8.120	11.625	8.967
3	Marlin .38	9 1½	4 8	28	U	20	6	.003	.138	.38-55-255, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	2.134	2.610	2.202	8.256	11.617	8.962
4	Marlin .32	8	3 1	28	U	16	6	.003	.102	.32-40-165, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	1.773	2.128	1.868	7.163	10.135	7.850
5	Ballard .40-70	10 3½	6 0	30	U	20	6	.003	.153	.40-70-330, Patched, C. F., Winchester	1.999	2.452	2.116	7.912	11.069	8.344
6	Ballard .40-85	10 15	6 11	32	U	20	6	.003	.153	.40-85-370, Patched, C. F., U. M. C.	1.708	2.061	1.821	7.637	9.893	7.450
7	Remington-Hep. .40	11 3	7 ½	30	U	20	5	.0035	.160	.40-65-325, Patched, C. F., Remington	2.113	2.620	2.260	8.629	12.117	9.159
8	Remington-Hep. .38	9 7½	6 8	30	U	18	5	.0035	.150	.38-50-320, Naked, C. F., Remington	2.226	2.774	2.289	8.852	12.408	9.371
9	Remington-Hep. .32	7 11½	4 8	28	U	16	5	.003	.110	.32-40-120, Naked, C. F., Remington	1.468	1.803	1.525	6.298	8.890	6.964
10	Remington .32	7	4 8	26	U	20	5	.003	.110	.32-13-90, Naked, R. F., U. M. C.	3.154	3.968	3.245	12.937	18.237	13.974
11	Remington (Mil.) .50	8 12	.....	36	U	42	5	.006	.170	.50-70-450, Naked, C. F., Winchester	2.332	2.986	2.469	10.050	13.635	10.530
12A	Winchester .50	10 1	3 2	26	U	60	6	.003	.160	.50-95-312 (Solid), Naked, C. F., Win.	1.740	2.203	2.210	7.966	11.262	8.513
12B	Winchester .50	10 1	3 2	26	U	60	6	.003	.160	.50-95-300 (Express), Naked, C. F., Win.	2.096	2.388	2.156	8.002	11.306	8.492
13	Winchester .45	10 8	3 10	30	U	20	6	.003	.142	.45-75-350, Naked, C. F., Winchester	1.997	2.532	2.159	8.592	11.979	9.359
14	Winchester .40	10	3 14	28	U	40	6	.003	.125	.40-60-210, Naked, C. F., Winchester	1.903	2.290	1.973	8.063	11.511	9.026
15	Winchester .22	9 3	3 9	24	U	20	6	.003	.070	.22-5-40, Naked, R. F., U. M. C.	3.256	4.209	3.478	13.490	18.922	14.614
16A	Bullard .50	10 ½	3 8	28	U	72	6	.006	.175	.50-115-350 (Solid), Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	1.598	1.817	1.657	7.261	10.289	7.968
16B	Bullard .50	10 ½	3 8	28	U	72	6	.006	.175	.50-115-300 (Express), Naked, C.F., U.M.C.	1.630	2.047	1.878	7.206	10.493	8.189
17	Bullard .45	9 14	3 6	26	U	30	5	.004	.160	.45-85-290, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	1.791	2.210	1.891	7.726	11.127	8.727
18	Bullard .40	10 1	3 11	26	U	20	5	.005	.170	.40-70-230, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	1.740	2.157	1.888	7.341	10.503	8.253
19	Bullard .38	8	3 0	26	U	22	5	.005	.140	.38-45-190, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	.....	.....	.....	8.954	12.691	9.851
20	Bullard .32	8 8	3 5	26	U	16	6	.004	.080	.32-40-150, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	2.047	2.443	2.087	7.933	11.342	8.673
21A	Whitney-Kennedy .50	8 11	3 8	26	U	30	6	.006	.160	.50-95-312 (Solid), Naked, C. F., Win.	1.477	1.178	1.229	7.517	11.024	8.665
21B	Whitney-Kennedy .50	8 11	3 8	26	U	30	6	.006	.160	.50-95-300 (Express), Naked, C. F., Win.	1.723	2.530	1.629	7.800	11.569	9.105
22	Whitney-Kennedy .40	10 6	3 15	28	U	22	6	.006	.140	.40-60-210, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	1.964	2.423	2.107	8.399	12.044	9.390
23	Stevens .38	7 2	4 5	26	U	18	6	.....	.....	.38-40-145, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	2.065	2.619	2.261	9.419	13.588	10.692
24	Stevens .32	8 9½	4 2	32	U	18	6	.....	.....	.32-13-90, Naked, R. F., U. M. C.	2.932	3.746	3.108	12.788	18.018	13.927
25	Stevens Hunters' Pet.	5 2½	2 12	18	U	18	6	.....	.....	.32-9-85, Naked, C. F., Winchester	3.837	4.955	3.976	15.535	21.987	16.995
26	Stevens .22	8 7	5 0	26	U	20	6	.....	.....	.22-5-40, Naked, R. F., U. M. C.	3.534	4.495	3.651	15.038	21.070	16.342
27	Maynard .40	8 6½	5 4	29	U	28	6	.003	.140	.40-70-240, Naked, C. F., Maynard	1.758	2.155	1.895	7.957	11.087	8.843
28	Wesson .44	8 6	.....	30½	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.44-28-214, Naked, R. F., U. M. C.	3.499	4.532	3.730	13.979	19.213	14.628
29	Colt .32	7 4½	3 6	26	U	24	6	.004	.070	.32-20-100, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	2.316	2.899	2.453	9.683	13.550	10.773
30	Springfield (Mil.) .45	8 8	3 9	32	U	22	3	.005	.235	.45-70-500, Naked, C. F., U. S.	2.325	2.894	2.454	9.406	12.987	9.956
31	Sharps .45	10 3	5 4	30	U	20	6	.003	.120	.45-70-405, Naked, C. F., U. M. C.	2.081	2.620	2.230	8.533	11.659	8.893
32A	Bland .45	8 13	5 8	28	U	36	6	.007	.200	.45-110-310 (Solid), Patched, C. F., Eley	1.052	1.410	1.283	5.036	7.530	5.793
32B	Bland .45	8 13	5 8	28	U	36	6	.007	.200	.45-110-275 (Express), Patched, C. F., Eley	1.175	1.334	1.283	.....	.....	.....
33	Merrill (Muzzle) .42	11 6½	8 6	28	G	34	6	.010	.105	.42-100-213	1.130	1.306	1.273	.....	.....	.....
34	Romer (Muzzle) .42	14 12	11 12	27	G	34	6	.010	.105	.42-130-270	.....	.....	.....	4.499	6.399	4.993

represented in the table of wind quarters. The barometric readings are, of course, familiar to all, and the object in having observations taken with both wet and dry-bulb thermometers was to determine the dew point and then the humidity of the atmosphere. The dew point is that at which the density of the vapor in the air becomes equal to the maximum density corresponding to the temperature. This temperature is called the dew point of the given mass, and any further reduction of temperature will be accompanied by the condensation of a portion of the vapor which will take the form of dew, rain, snow, or hoar frost, according to circumstances. The humidity is that condition of the air, as regards moisture, which gives the ratio of the amount of vapor present in the air to the amount which would saturate the air at the actual temperature. It is upon this that our sensations of dryness or moisture chiefly depend. It is sometimes called relative humidity, and it is usually expressed in a percentage. For instance if the weight of vapor present is seven-tenths of that required for saturation, the humidity is said to be 70 per cent. It will be seen that this has an important bearing upon the condition of the interior of the rifle barrel, especially when, as in these tests, the firing was done with a dirty barrel likely to be clogged by caking powder scum. All the calculations in connection with the meteorological conditions surrounding the test were made by an officer connected with the U. S. Signal Service, and may be relied upon.

We wish in closing to again call attention to the fact that we were in no wise making a trial of the accuracy of the rifles kindly placed in our care. Had we been inclined to make any such, which we were not, an entirely different plan of operations would have been adopted. Hence it is that there are no targets published. It would have been not only unfair and misleading to make such exhibits, but they would have needlessly encumbered the record. Each rifle is undergoing a continuous test for accuracy. Our rifle scores, published from week to week of what is going on upon scores of ranges, are simply returns of accuracy tests, of course with a test of personal marksmanship attached, and without this latter we know of no satisfactory machine for making such a test. Nothing has yet been devised which can take the place of the human rifle holder. There is a nice poise and counterpoise in a rifle held to the shoulder, firmness and steadiness before the discharge, give and balance after recoil sets in, which it is impossible to simulate by any combination of swinging frames and slides and springs. All this is essential when an accuracy test is carried on, and these each marksman must conduct personally for his own information if he would get any knowledge of value to himself.

The tables which we present bring the list of trajectory heights into convenient form for immediate comparison, and many other facts are there set forth in a shape for ready reference.

In concluding, we tender our thanks again to the several rifle companies who have so kindly sent arms for the trial, and in some cases, we regret to say, got them back rather the worse for wear; to Gall & Lembke, opticians, of Union square, for the several instruments by which the scientific observations of the weather were taken; to the Fairbanks Scale Company, for a pair of balances by which the weights of the rifle, complete, were taken as tested. The officers of the National Rifle Association placed a portion of the Creedmoor range at our disposal, and we were thus enabled to carry on our trial, which is of world-wide importance in many respects, upon a range which has been in the past the scene of many international contests.

OUR GRIZZLY CUBS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing an invitation extended by you to your friends to advise you as to the disposition of your bears, and trusting I have the honor to be numbered among your friends, I beg to suggest that you send them to me. I would confine them in a natural rock-walled basin of several acres in extent, from which it would be impossible for them to escape. When they are old enough to appreciate such favors, I will engage to feed them a man a month, or oftener. We have some deerhounders here whose occupation is gone. They would gladly be fed to respectable bears, and are good for nothing else, hardly for that, for they have grown wretchedly lean since the law took effect. When the bears have grown old enough and savage enough to be worthy foes, we will turn them out with Mr. Roosevelt and his critics, and let the best man or bear win. To give the bears a perfectly fair chance, I will agree to keep out of the fight myself. Hoping that this suggestion may open a way to you of relieving yourself of the care of such troublesome pets, I have the honor to be very truthfully yours, JOSEPH VERITY, Maj. U.S.H.M.

ADIRONDA, Jan. 4, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the grizzlies crossed with Holsteins would produce good milkers, they could be used to advantage in the war between the farmers and the milk exchange. If otherwise, hold another trajectory test at once, and without regard to barometer, thermometer, dew point or wind, try a Winchester on them over a three-yard range. WAWAYANDA.

A BEAR SCORE.—Cheboygan, Mich., Dec. 28.—Your article in last issue on the bear question has almost persuaded me to try my hand at it. I now have thirty-four bears to my credit, all within the last four years.—COOPER.

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was glad to learn by your correspondent "Musset" of the working of the hounding law in some parts of the Adirondacks. Perhaps my own observations will be of interest to you. I have recently returned from a five months' stay in Essex county. When I arrived there in June, as it was known that I had advocated the law, I was attacked on all sides by the owners of dogs. Their ideas on the subject were amusing at times and often exasperating. They seemed to think that the law was framed especially to deprive them of their rights and said that hounding could not be stopped, and if it was they would crust-hunt every deer in the woods; that if any one should dare send detectives into the woods, they (the detectives) would be shot on sight, and it was not long after that the story was reported, with every detail, of the shooting of the game constable from Malone for having killed a dog near the Saranac. A few weeks later we were told of the detection of his murderer.

At the Saranac much the same story went the rounds, but was located in the Raquette country. But through the summer the dogs were kept tied up much more than usual, and until late in the fall no hunting was done. Then one or two small parties sent the dogs into the woods before daylight and later in the day started out still-hunting.

Late in the season hounding was practiced more openly. But the slight observance of the law that there has been, showed how much good will be accomplished if it is strictly enforced. The deer were much tamer this fall than usual and fed nearer the clearings. And the men who took advantage of the early snow, and went out still-hunting, were very successful.

I think there will be a strong effort to have the bill repealed this winter. The dog men urge, and I think justly, that floating is doing quite as much harm as the hounds. I think the law should be amended to stop night-hunting, and perhaps restrict all deer hunting to two or three months of the year.

I think there is no question but that jack-hunting is doing great harm, from the fact that many deer are wounded, and get off to die in the woods, and many does are killed, leaving fawns, that either die, or suffer so much for the proper nourishment, that they are never of much account. The law against hounding or jack-hunting will never be properly enforced until detectives are sent into the woods to make complaint against the violators of it, for the inhabitants do not like to get their neighbors into trouble. And if we have societies for the protection of game, that are in earnest, they should see that the law is enforced.

R. M. SHURTLEFF.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of the 11th just received. In answer I can say that the law was strenuously lived up to in and around the Fulton Chain, with a few exceptions around Raquette Lake. Still, I regret to say, the deer have received a severer blow than usual, and if the slaughter of 1885 was to continue for ten years it would annihilate them. Fully two-thirds of the deer killed this season were killed in November and shipped to market. Of course it is much greater on account of the Pennsylvania prohibitory law, which sends many of their professional pot-hunters to this region, some of whom kill twenty and thirty per man and some even more. Now, the only way to prevent this and preserve the deer is to shorten our season to Oct. 15, as the warm weather previous to that date would be sufficient protection against any more being killed than would be consumed on the spot. Of course the pot-hunters and those who buy and sell venison would "kick;" still, I go for the greater good to the greater number, and above all to make the deer in the Adirondacks a perpetual supply. It is a mistake that the guides are killing off the deer for market, as a canvass would show that at least two-thirds of them would favor a short season from Aug. 1 to Oct. 15, with no other clause than a fine for killing or having a doe or fawn for the next three years at least, and better to make it five. E. L. SHEPPARD.

BOONEVILLE, Dec. 24.

AN OFFICIAL SLAUGHTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seated under a gracefully curving pair of elk antlers, a trophy of a fall hunt in the mountains of Wyoming, with a pair of twelve-pointed antlers of a mule deer—commonly called blacktail—trophy of the same hunt, suspended on the wall to the right, and one of eight points on the left, and a pair of horned owls looking grimly down from their rustic perches in front, while a forty mile blizzard from the west is sending the snow whirling in millions of frozen pellets pounding against the window panes without, the writer proposes to tell, in brief, the FOREST AND STREAM something about a law-breaking, game-murdering hunt indulged in not long ago by a sleek, lusty old gentleman (!) not unknown to fame as a hunter, pioneer, author and an officer of prominence in the army in the late war, but whose name for shame shall not be told. He was accompanied by several friends, a detachment of U. S. soldiers, about a dozen citizen teamsters and packers in Government employ, and three guides employed and paid by himself, so it is said. For transportation, he had several Government teams and a pack train of mules, and was further supplied at public expense with tents and other camp equipage.

It is not necessary to trace in words the trail made by this hero in going to his hunting grounds; it is sufficient to say it was well marked with a varied assortment of empty bottles, cans, boxes, etc., showing that "victuals varied well in taste and other junkets," were liberally used. I will pass quickly over the trail from Rock Creek station, U. P. Railway, thence across the Medicine Bow Plains in a northwest direction to his camp in the Caspar Mountains, located at a point about sixty miles west and a little south of the now rapidly vanishing military landmark known as Fort Fetterman. The camp was in a little valley, surrounded by mountains extending miles in all directions, whose summits and rugged slopes are crowned and adorned with hundreds of beautiful park-like openings, forests and evergreens and patches of the *Populus tremula*. Here, in season and out of season, for days and weeks, this poacher and his unchristian crowd radiated from the camp in all directions, killing elk by the score, deer and antelope by dozens, and, in nearly all cases, leaving the flesh to rot where the murdered animals fell and died to pollute with its decaying taint the crisp mountain air as a reminder of their unsportsmanlike and unholy work, and the bones to bleach in everlasting monumental piles in memory of the outrages they thus perpetrated. Over sixty elk, and about seventy-five deer and antelope were killed by this doughty hero and his followers. Some of the elk were killed for their antlers, some for their tusks, but most of them, as well as nearly all of the deer and antelope, were shot down in a spirit of unadulterated cussedness, pure and simple. I leave comments to abler and more worthy hands, adding here the hope that some one will hold this gentleman up to the public gaze and contempt for the unparalleled meanness he displayed in thus wantonly killing and murdering more than one hundred elk, deer and antelope. Who will rise to the occasion? Where is Captain "Nessmuk"? A. P.

DEER NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was about one week since one Lua Leopold was out hunting deer (out of season) when he saw something move which he shot and killed. That something proved to be a man who was at work for his bread. I am told this same Leopold shot an ox not long since in the same way. I think he should be punished the same as though he killed the man willfully, as he was engaged in an unlawful act at the time (aside from shooting the man).

I see that "California" says deer range from 100 to 350 pounds in the Upper Peninsula, and that he bagged a deer that weighed 200 pounds. I will foot it twenty-five miles to see one that turns honest scales at 350 pounds. The doe he killed was sixty pounds heavier than I ever saw, *i. e.*, with insides taken out. Your correspondent falls into an error when he gives the name of the river as Manistique where it enters into Lake Michigan. The name of the river is Monistique. The town at the mouth (through a mistake at Lansing) is Manistique. It is only an a or o. BLANK.

ESCANABA, Mich., Dec. 25.

TURKEY HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

WEARIED with the cares of the work day world, I gladly accepted the invitation of the Judicial Mind (of whose prowess anent the red drum at Anglesea, N. J., I have, hitherto, enlightened your readers) for a few days' shooting down in Old Virginia. We took the ordinary chances for discomfort in bowling over bad roads, where the trains seem to emulate the Georgia conductor's definition of a tri-weekly train, when he said, "We try half the week to reach Squedunk, and the other half of the week we try to get back again." Our point of departure was a station on one of Mahone's many railroads, where the Virginia localities, contending for the name of the railway station, some "mute inglorious Milton" cut short the Gordian knot by calling the stopping place for the steam horse Disputanta, and so the station is called even unto this day. I could take a page in FOREST AND STREAM to do justice to the generous, wholesouled hospitality of our Virginia friends, whose latch strings, figuratively speaking, hung on the outer wall. The country for miles around Disputanta resembles the pine woods between May's Landing and Millville, New Jersey. The farmhouses are a mile apart, and the deer frequently invade the farmers' turnip patches, and with wild turkeys frequent in the cypress swamps whence the cunning hunter calls the wily turkey with a call made out of a three-inch piece of dogwood in which is inserted a piece of turkey wing.

My friend, Tobe Hodge, of whose sketches of hunting and fishing in West Virginia the literary world will say, with Father Paul, *esto perpetua*, wisely and truthfully hits off the sportsman's rabies in his "Fishing in Elk River." He says:

"When a man once has absorbed into his system a love for fishing or hunting, he is under the influence of an invisible power, greater than that of vaccine matter or the virus of rabies. The sporting fever is the veritable malady of St. Vitus, holding its victim forever on the go, as game seasons come, and so long as back and legs, eye and ear can wrestle with Time's infirmities. * * * The gold seeker stakes his claim, the wild-catting oil borer boards up his lot, the inventor patents his invention, and the author copyrights his brainfruit, but the sportsman crazily tells all he knows. That's us." Then! I never knew before what impulsive power it was which caused me to shake with the spirit of *cacoethes scribendi* as soon as I caught a big fish or bagged a score of squirrels.

This is not a paper on deer or squirrels else I would tell you how six deer were killed in two days, while the rabbits and long-tailed rodents were too thick for a Virginia hunter to waste his ammunition on. Judge Miller, almost born at old Cape May, with a rod and reel in one hand and a shotgun in the other, had come to old Virginia for two weeks' sport.

He was anxious to begin with the wild turkey, and Crafford, one of the best shots in all the country round, assured him that about nine miles from Disputanta was a cypress swamp where the turkey "yelped" in comparative seclusion, almost unmolested by the busy farmers in that locality. So, on a bright November morning the Judicial Mind gathered his traps (duffle "Nessmuk" calls it) and, with Crafford, jolted over the bad roads till they struck the latitude of the cypress swamp. The turkey hunter of Virginia believes in a good setter dog as the proper accompaniment to every successful turkey shoot, and no sooner had we hitched our team than we let the "courser" loose. He soon had a flock of turkeys on the wing. The Judicial Mind looked sadly as they flew into the swamp swift as greased lightning, and said, "That cooks our goose."

"You just wait," replied Crafford confidently, "and you'll soon be a hearin' something."

Nobody knew better than this "Old Virginia Never-tire" hunter of thirty years' practice that there is nothing a wild turkey is so likely to do as to come out at the same hole he goes in at; *i. e*, if you scare up a flock of turkeys, build your blind and call in your dog, and then skillfully sound your turkey call, and ten to one you will bag two or three in less than an hour. Well, I was only a looker-on in Vienna, and I had the laudable curiosity to see how the Judicial Mind would work on the turkey call. I had heard him call the "list" in court, with judicial severity.

The blind was hastily put up by piling up logs about three feet high and covering these with brush, then Crafford gave them three or four calls. No answer. We lighted our sweet-briar pipes and talked deer fifteen minutes, while the gray squirrel was nimbly skipping above us, with a semi-occasional and rasping bark, as if to proclaim his proprietary rights in that ante-bellum forest. But when one goes for turkey, rabbits and squirrels don't count.

The Judicial Mind had exchanged his pipe for a ten-cent Havana, when Crafford gave another yelp or call, which was answered by a rousing big gobbler apparently half a mile away in the bowels of the swamp.

"Get ready, quick!" whispered Crafford; "don't you yer him?"

One more soft call, as if the amorous hen turkey sighed, like Cleopatra, for her lord (and gobbler of the forest) Antony, and the big gobbler himself came running toward our improvised blind as a Philadelphia lawyer would run with the devil after him.

"Now," softly said the old sportsman, "no time to lose!"

There stood a magnificent he-turkey, with neck glistening in the sun like the sheen of the minarets of an Oriental temple (metaphors come free in the woods). As to the judicial Miller, as the darkies say, "What make his eyes shine so?" He looked as glad with excitement as the robber chieftain Hernani when he scooped his Donna Zanthe from the arms of the fiery Don Carlos, in Hugo's drama.

But swifter than I am telling all this to the FOREST AND STREAM Judge Miller had drawn a bead on the gobbler and he bit the dust *eo instanti*, head and neck riddled with double BBs, for he was not twenty steps away from the blind. Swift as the wind the setter sprang over the log barrier and had the turkey by the neck.

It was the work of a moment to drag our trophy inside of the blind and prepare for offensive action against the rest of the flock. This time it was a hen-turkey which, wearying of solitude, answered Crafford's seductive call, only to be bowled over ten steps off.

This satisfied us for the day, and, with dog and guns, we were soon jogging along behind a pair of mules toward Disputanta, where, as the "looming bastions fringed with fire" slowly followed to rest the sinking sun in the pillared firmament, we sat down at Crafford's table, and if it did not groan, we did from too much fat venison, fried chicken, Virginia hoe cake and stewed rabbit, cooked with the delicacy which distinguishes Delmonico's French cooks. I may tell yon more about this paradise for hunters. J. M. S.

THOSE CITY FELLOWS.

Mr Editor

Some gentlemen have been to home with our folks and they left your paper and as I see such a lot of letters about shootin I calculated I would right your paper one as how we have such a right smart lot of game hereabouts but not so plenty as used to be I reckon for pap says that there was a time when a heap of deer could be killed hereabouts I reckon them must been mighty good times besides these for we dont find nothing with four legs bigger then a fox and mighty scerce they be to, but we get right smart of rabbits and possom, but we dont hunt rabbits the way the city fellows do becanse we cant get many that way, they had nice dogs but they did not do much good because they wouldent run after them, they would only stand and look at them when they would jump up the same as they would when phesents and partriges would be near them, I never took a liken to a dog that wouldent go after rabbits, but the gentlemen said that was the way for them kind of dogs to hunt and they said as how we ortento hunt with feritts but if we dident we wouldent get much more than the city fellows with there new kind of guns as paps gun is a mighty good gun but only shoots one bulit, and when we told them as how we always went after birds without a dog they dident think we could get so many but you see they dident know we took paps gun, and they take there dogs and always have to shoot when the birds fly, but we have a better way than that we always slip up to them and shoot them before they fly away but we never get more than one at a time with paps gun and I guess them fellows when they went home wished theyd taken our pattern for I herd one say to tother that fine dogs and guns and fixins wouldent get right smart of game, but I always like the fellows that comes from the city as they be mighty clever and by all the rabbits and birds our boys shoot and give us right smart for them to, and we always like to show these fellows were to find the rabbits and birds but somehow rother they don't get many and so we sell them ours, but city men be not all alike for last year there come a little fellow with a kind of fancy cloths and sort of red face with red hair on the sides and with 2 dogs same coler and when I asked him if he wanted me to show him were the game was he said he guessed not and he went by his self and come back to home with such a lot of birds as I says to myself he must have had as good a gun as paps, anyhow I kinder thought he wasent a regular city fellow and asked him bout it and he said he used to be a gamekeeper for lord somebody in England, anyhow I dont want to see any more little fellows bout here with face and hair and wiskers and dogs all alike, I wish all the gentlemen as comes this way would bring your paper with them Yours truly HEZEKIAH WILSON.

BUTLER COUNTY, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

IT is told by Ed Lynch, who shoots for the Maxwell's Point Ducking Club, that on one occasion, having two New York gentlemen with him and succeeding in taking in a large flock of canvasbacks and redheads, the result of the combined fire of the three guns made such slaughter and so much blood was visible on the water after the discharge that one of the sportsmen could not stand the sight of it and fainted dead away and did not recover for fifteen minutes. Much is learned in talking with such men as Lynch and McComar. Lynch tells me "never undertake to crawl on a flock of ducks when the wind is off shore; it is no use and can't be done." Both McComar and Lynch state that duck-shooting from points where artificial points have been built out is not so good as that from points where only the natural extension into the water is relied upon. Tub shooting is doing as much damage as the battery shooting. The Delaware still seems favored with both mallard and black ducks, and not a day passes but reports come from below that they are plentiful.

The snow in the interior parts of the State has entirely disappeared, and at no time since winter set in has there been a damaging crust. Very few quail have been killed in our State this winter, and it is hoped the season may continue open to aid their increase.

Rabbits have been unusually plentiful in Pennsylvania this year, and more black bears have been killed in Pike and Sullivan counties than at any time for many years.

On Dec. 29 one of the largest fox-chases, as to number of horsemen and dogs, took place at Lionville, in Uwchland township of Chester county, the occasion being what is called a bog hunt. The fox was dropped at 2 o'clock, and a few minutes later over two hundred hounds and over one hundred horsemen set out in vigorous pursuit. Among the riders were two old hunters from Charlestown, John Kugler and Charles Fetters, aged respectively eighty and eighty-

two years, and none entered into the spirit of the occasion with greater zest than they. The other hunters represented Lionville and vicinity, West Chester, Pottstown, Malvern, Wagontown, Sadsburyville Gap, Glen Moore, Churchtown and portions of Delaware county. The fox proved a wary and lively one and kept up the chase until evening, when he took to the rocks and escaped. HOMO.

HUNTING TROPHIES FOR THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.—Knighton, Buckhurst Hill, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you are no doubt aware there is to be an American exhibition on an extensive scale in London. I have suggested to the directors that it would be a favorable opportunity to get together a collection of American hunting trophies. The idea has been very warmly received by them and by many sportsmen in this country. There is the nucleus of a very fine collection of heads of wapiti, sheep, moose, etc., which are in the possession of sportsmen on this side of the Atlantic, but I am sure that there are many on your side, as well as professional naturalists, who would be glad to contribute the loan of fine specimens. It is proposed to extend the exhibition to the fur-bearing animals and game birds. If you would publish a brief editorial on the subject it would no doubt bring us many valuable and interesting exhibits. Mr. Whitley, of Poultry, London, is the director general of the exhibition. Mr. Pendarnis Vivian, M. P., Mr. Moreton Frewen and others have associated themselves with me as a committee for the purpose of making the collection.—E. N. BUXTON.—[Communications respecting the exhibition may be addressed to J. G. Speed, 32 Nassau street, N. Y.]

VIRGINIA SHEEP, DOGS, WILD CATS AND PARTRIDGES.—Nearly all the lazy, shiftless, cranky old farmers, reinforced sometimes by a shrewd nutmeg Yankee, often relieve their pent-up feelings by shooting off their chin at the worthless curs that yearly destroy 40,000,000 of sheep. Yet in eastern Virginia good stock sheep are selling at 85 cents a head by public auction. Does that look as if the demand was in excess of the supply? A dog's hide will fetch 85 cents at the tan yard. The truth is many of our best farmers are ardent fox hunters; but they are men of industry, and look after and take care of their sheep. Then again there are farmers along the foothills of the Blue Ridge, who think it is very smart to poison dogs with strychnine, and for their pains, since the dogs have gone out the wild cats have come in, and made it very bilious for the poor little lambs. And but for the foxhunters, the red foxes would be masters of the situation all over Virginia and kill nearly every lamb that is dropped. In a few years it may be said of the Virginia partridge, all north of the James River, "Ilium fuit."—KILLBUCK (Jan. 1, 1886).

MISSISSIPPI.—Aberdeen, Jan. 5, 1886.—On Monday last the Aberdeen Gun Club had their annual side hunt. The club was divided into four teams of four and hunted one day. Their score footed up 351 quail, 33 hares, and 3 squirrels. Two members of one of the teams failed to hunt, so the above represents the score of 14 guns. With a friend who like myself does not approve of wholesale destruction of game, I took an outing on Monday and Tuesday, spending Monday night with a friend at his prairie plantation. While our bag for the two days was not a phenomenal one, numbering only sixty-eight quail and three hares, we had enough for ourselves and some to spare for our non-shooting friends, and can return to our wonted occupations refreshed and without the burden of game butcher on our consciences. The best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year to the FOREST AND STREAM and its numerous readers.—WILL.

LIGHT RIFLE LOAD FOR SMALL GAME.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having a .40-60 Winchester rifle and the regular cartridges being loaded heavier than necessary for squirrel and other small game, I filled ¾in. of my shells with lead, having placed a pointed stick up through the primer seat so as to leave a small hole through the lead. I load with 30 grains of powder and a round ball of my own casting, using a lubricant composed of four parts beef tallow and one part beeswax. With a shell loaded in this manner very accurate shooting may be had up to 150 yards, while the cost is less than half that of the regular .40-60 cartridge. Of course the gun must be used as a single loader when using this shell, as it will not work through the magazine.—EN AMI (Macomb, Ill.).

ARKANSAS.—Kerr Station, Lonoke County, Jan. 1.—We are having lots of fun squirrel and quail shooting. Both are very plentiful here. Ducks and geese are very scarce on account of the open winter. Fairest weather up till now for years. Deer are scarce. I and my partner, Bud, killed 35 squirrels yesterday, he using a Ballard .22 caliber and I using my Winchester .22 caliber, 25 shot. That is my favorite squirrel gun, with a Lyman rear sight and almost any good front sight. I also have a Sharps .45 caliber, with Freund's more light sights on it, which style of sights I greatly prefer to many patent sights.—G. H. C.

QUAIL SHOOTING.—All who are intending to take a shooting trip south will do well to read the advertisement headed "quail shooting" in another column. In addition to an abundance of quail, there are some wild turkeys, a fair amount of gray squirrels, and plenty of cotton-tails. The climate is healthy and the weather is fine with no snow so far this season. The best quail shooting is from the middle of the present month until the close of the season.

CERTIFICATES OF CLUB MEMBERSHIP.—In another column Mr. W. C. Hinman calls attention to his illuminated certificates of club membership. We should think that at the low prices at which these are offered there would be a good demand for them, as most club members would be glad to have some visible token of membership in their organization.

THE old and popular firm of J. Stevens & Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Stevens Fire Arms and Fine Machinists' Tools, have sold out their business to the new corporation just formed under the name of the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., with the following officers: Joshua Stevens, President; William B. Fay, Joshua Stevens, George S. Taylor, Directors; Irving H. Page, Secretary; James E. Taylor, Agent and Treasurer. The above took possession of the business January 1, 1886.—*Adv.*

S. W. FREUND, Esq.—Dear Sir: The set of sights received from you not long ago are all that you claim for them, and I think the best of open sights. Respectfully, ALEX. T. LOYD & Co.—*Adv.*

FORT BOWIE, Arizona, Dec. 14, 1885.—*F. W. Freund.*—Dear Sir: I consider your sights the finest made, and am well pleased with mine. They are perfection in every respect. Yours respectfully, JAMES C. HANCOCK.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

THE STATE OF THE ART IN ENGLAND.

WE have before us two books on fishing recently published in England, each of some 450 post octavo pages. One is devoted to salmon and trout fishing; the other treats of angling for "Pike and other Coarse Fish."

These books form part of the "Badminton Library," a collection designed to consist of a number of volumes, which, taken as a whole, will form an encyclopædia to which the inexperienced Briton may resort for such information as he may desire in reference to any branch of out-of-door sport.

It is our purpose at present to consider the volume on salmon and trout fishing only. Of this Mr. H. Cholmondely Pennell appears as the editor, and in part as the author. A happier selection of an editor would have been difficult. Mr. Pennell has not only the power of expressing his ideas in an unusual degree, but he is also even more unusually fertile in ideas to express. Few, if any, have written more real common sense in reference to angling than he. His personal equation leads him to the practical side of angling, and he habitually examines each point he discusses solely upon what seems to him its intrinsic merits, altogether uninfluenced by prejudice, and very little by tradition.

But let us proceed to the book.

It opens with 109 pages on "Tackle and Fishing Gear" written by Mr. Pennell himself.

Perhaps no part of the book will interest the American fly-fisherman more than this. However doubtful he may be as to the value here of directions intended for the use of anglers upon the other side of the Atlantic, he recognizes the fact that the birth-place of his art was there, and that at all events the appliances there in use are the same in kind as those he employs. Which are the better of their kind, theirs or ours, is a question of unfailing interest—a question which an examination of the pages under consideration will go far to answer.

Mr. Pennell first discusses the subject of fish-hooks. Here he speaks with the voice of authority; and, as far as the American reader is concerned, to those sadly in need of the information he gives. The Sproat hook may be safely assumed to have ranked as the best attainable in our esteem for many years. But that form of hook which made the reputation of the Sproat appears to be a thing of the past. Each manufacturer now makes his own distinctive pattern of Sproat, differing not only from those of every other manufacturer, but from the original form as well. Indeed it would be hardly too much to say that in the goods now sent to this market under that name, they retain every defect, and lose sight of every merit which gave to the original form its enviable reputation.

Actuated possibly by some such considerations as these, and guided by his sound knowledge of the laws of mechanics, Mr. Pennell designed a hook some years ago which he regarded as an advance in the art. He took the Sneck bend—that square-bent hook, with the point curbed or turned to one side—obliterated the curb; inclined the point inward toward the shank after the manner of the Sproat; provided it with a long conical point that it might penetrate easily, and at the same time render a good barb possible without making it "hollow" and without excessive cutting into the wire; made it deep on the barb side that the fish might play at a distance from the point of escape; and reinforced the weak point of the Sneck—the almost rectangular bend at the bottom of the shank—by thickening the metal at that part. This hook for some reason never seemed to make itself felt in this market. Notwithstanding, it was theoretically nearly a perfect hook; and, after three seasons of severe trial in actual fishing, we feel assured that its practical are in no degree inferior to its theoretical merits. Indeed we consider it altogether the best hook we have ever used. But Mr. Pennell was not satisfied with this. Clearly the more or less rectangular bend on the shank side of the hook weighed on his mind as an element of weakness. He has recently designed what he calls his improved "Limerick" hook. While to the casual observer it does seem closely to resemble the ordinary "Limerick," still the critical eye will at once recognize that it is really his old form, embodying all the features upon which its excellence depended, and only resembling the hook which gives it name in that the shank is united to the barb side by a long and easy curve. This increases the strength at that point, and for that reason, we suppose, Mr. Pennell recommends its use where large hooks are required, in preference to his Sneck form.

But this is by no means all of value in reference to hooks in these pages. We are in the habit of providing our flies either with a length of gut terminating in a loop, or with a small loop of the same material located next to the head of the fly. Our leaders also terminate in a loop, and the fly is attached by uniting the loop of the fly to that of the leader.

It would seem that we are in this practice a trifle behind the times.

No one will question that inconveniences attend the use of the long gut appendage to the fly. If a strand of the full length is employed, it must be carried in a coil and straightened before use, while the removal of one fly from the book usually drags a small swarm of other flies in its wake. On the other hand if the gut is made sufficiently short to be carried stretched to its full length in the fly-book, as is now the custom, we disregard one of the cardinal rules of the art of war against timid fishes. We place near what is designed to attract, something well calculated to alarm and repel. Only he who has actually tried the experiment will fully realize how conspicuous these two united loops really are, imprisoning as they almost always do each its own film of air, which glitters like polished silver when submerged.

If we use a short gut loop at the head of the fly instead, (as in salmon flies) after the fly has once been wet the gut loop is apt to twist on itself. Thereafter the fly no longer swims upon an even keel, but wobbles through the water in a manner equally demoralizing to the fish and the angler.

A letter received from one of the highest authorities on fly-fishing in the United Kingdom assures us that the better class of fly-fishermen throughout Great Britain have abandoned the use of all gut appendages to the fly, the imitation insect being built upon a naked hook the shank end of which terminates in a small eye, into which the end of the leader—or casting line, as our English brethren seem to prefer to term it—is tied. Might we not imitate them in this to advantage.

It is quite true, as Mr. Pennell frankly states, that the eyed hook is old, and that it had been tried and found wanting. It is but another example of how slight a change of structure will often convert a mechanical failure into a brilliant success. The change in this instance consisted in giving the eye a bend upward of something more than half a right angle. The leader then, if the knot is properly tied, leads from the hook in a continuation of the line of the shank, causing the fly to swim perfectly upright and on an even keel, while the useful life of fly the depends on the cohesion of the material of which it is composed, rather than on the integrity of the gut upon which it is tied. Some authorities claim that a fly so constructed lasts five times as long as one made in the manner usual here; but however this may be, there can be no question that it will last much longer, be less likely to snap off on the back cast, swim straighter, and that the connections between the fly and the outside world is much more closely disguised.

Mr. Pennell has improved on this form of hook by turning the eye downward instead of upward, thus, as he claims, improving the draft-line of the hook, and causing the leader to lead straighter from the fly with a consequent improvement in its swim. These claims seem to us well founded. In the pages under consideration he figures both forms of hooks, and gives full, explicit, and easily comprehended directions as to what knots should be used, and how they may be readily and infallibly tied.

We have dwelt at length on this matter, since it seems to us a decided advance in the art, and one well worthy of the careful attention of American anglers.

But if we are somewhat behindhand in the matter of hooks, it would certainly appear from the pages under review that in the matter of rods "the boot is on the other leg;" and that they, our English brethren, are really quite benighted in this respect.

Mr. Pennell has too sound a knowledge of mechanics to lose sight of the advantages which a short rod offers over an unnecessarily long one. He uses a rod of ten feet seven inches in length, but though it weighs no less than ten ounces he calls it a light rod. We should call a rod of this length light only if it did not exceed six ounces; whereas if it weighed eight or eight and a half ounces we should call it a fairly heavy rod, and quite adequate for any use to which a single-handed fly-rod can be put. Indeed we have known in a number of instances of salmon of fifteen pounds and over being taken with such a rod.

Mr. Pennell speaks of fly-rods for ladies' use as follows "Eight feet and a half, or so, is ample for a ladies' single-handed fly rod, and such a rod need not exceed eight ounces in weight." Every American angler will agree with Mr. Pennell as to this length, but as to the weight we should consider four, or at most five ounces, quite sufficient for all purposes.

However, the weight of a fly-rod and its length are a good deal a matter of taste, a taste with the free exercise of which we are by no means disposed to quarrel. But when we come to the means by which the lengths of a fly-rod are joined together it is quite another matter. We are then dealing with a question of pure mechanics. Mr. Pennell figures screws, bayonet-catches, and other devices for locking the ferrules of fly-rods together to prevent them from throwing apart. Now it would be safe to assume that, with our fifty-five millions of people, full as many ferruled fishing rods are in use in this country as in Great Britain—nay, if we remember that practically nothing but ferrules are here used for this purpose, it seems probable that we have considerably the greater number. How is it then that on one side of the Atlantic some device for preventing the ferrules of a rod from throwing apart is deemed absolutely necessary, while on the other side such a device is thought absolutely useless.

We believe we can suggest a reason. It would seem that in England the notion prevails that ferrules must be "hammer-hardened" to give them the requisite stiffness. It does give them this stiffness, but at the same time it renders a proper fit almost impossible, certainly impossible unless the inside of the outer ferrule be refinished in some way other than by grinding after the hammering. The same stiffness can be obtained by drawing the tubing "inside and out"—that is between a mandrel and a die—while a ferrule so made is smooth within and cylindrical in bore. The entering ferrule can then be readily so fitted that the joints will never throw apart—at least they never throw apart in America unless badly fitted, or unless the rod is carelessly joined and without inserting the entering ferrule to its seat.

Another thing will amuse the American angler in this, as well as in almost every other English work on fly-fishing. He will find the very same arguments in vogue against split-bamboo rods that were current here some fifteen years or so ago. The split-bamboo has with us so lived down all defamation, that no one any longer questions its superiority. Analogy would lead us to believe that the same result will follow in time in Great Britain.

We have dwelt so long on the first part of this book that lack of space, rather than inclination, will compel us to do the rest but scanty justice.

Mr. Pennell follows his chapter on "Tackle and Fishing Gear" with 67 pages on the "Natural History of British Salmonidæ," in which he distinguishes between what is known and what is surmised with his usual discrimination.

Next follows a very valuable paper on Salmon Fishing by Major John P. Traherne, a gentleman whose name and fame as a brother of the angle is by no means restricted to the Sea-Girt Isle. This paper is of a strictly practical character. The Major knows just what he wishes to say, and he says it with military directness, and in a manner which would seem to render it next to impossible for the reader to fail to grasp his meaning. Should we begin to praise all in it that merits praise, we should be obliged to consider it page by page. We will allude to but one point—the admirable illustrations of a dozen or so of the more meritorious varieties of salmon flies. Each fly is given full size and with a page to itself. Subjoined is a full description of its component parts, and a history of its origin. We regret to be obliged to dismiss this admirable paper in so summary a fashion. If we have met with its equal in the literature of salmon-angling, we certainly have never encountered its superior.

"Fly-Fishing for Trout and Grayling," by H. R. Francies, follows. It is charmingly written throughout—the introduction especially so,—and cannot fail to prove of great value to the British, and of interest to the American angler.

Other papers on methods of fishing peculiar to Great Britain are included, all seemingly excellent. Lack of space compels us to dismiss them with this mere mention.

In conclusion we feel assured that every reader of this admirable book will join us in congratulating its editor and the contributors thereto, as well as the promoters of the Badminton Libery, in having added so valuable a contribution to the literature of angling. It is published in London by Longmans, Green & Co. and in Boston by Little, Brown & Co.

HENRY P. WELLS.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1886.

A SECOND NEW YEAR TRIP.

SINCE the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM appeared containing my reminiscence of fishing in Minnesota on a New Year day long ago, an old friend dropped in on me and said: "You have either a very bad memory or you think others have, to try and work off a story like that on them, I just laughed when I read it, because I knew nothing of the kind ever happened." His proffered cigar was accepted, as they always are, and all the reply he got was a look of inquiry which was intended to ask why I was to be guyed in this manner when there was no point visible. "Yes," he continued, "I read it to my wife and explained to her how no such thing could have happened, and how I knew better." By this time my tongue unloosened and said: "Well, may I ask how you knew better? I will assure you that not only are the facts just as I stated them but the real names of the entire party were given. I never wrote a truer thing in my life." Now be it known that very often, when he wishes to be particularly impressive, he descends to the use of cant phrases, such as are common among the street arabs, and on this occasion bid me "come off the roof," adding, as he took up the paper, "the first line condemns the whole thing. Here you say: 'The first day of January, 1877, found me in what is now Aiken county, Minnesota.' Now, I happen to know that during that winter you were in the New York Aquarium, and on that particular day were in Pike county, Pa., fishing with our lamented friend Fred Jones, who was drowned some years ago on the outskirts of civilization." I saw it! The fact was that either the printer or I had made an error of twenty years. The affair occurred in 1857 when that country was indeed a wilderness, and my friend was afterward convinced that such was the case. "Well," said he, "how was it about that New Year fishing trip with Fred Jones just twenty years, to a day, after the one you related? I often asked Jones about it but he always branched off on something else. How was it any way, did you have any sport in mid-winter?"

There was no dodging him, so I settled back in the chair, cut off more from the end of the cigar to make it draw freer and gave him what he would have called the "straight tip," which was something like this: Jones often came to the Aquarium and as often said that we ought to have some of the big pike from his lake: you know he owned a tract near or adjoining the grounds of the Blooming Grove Park Association. He said we could get monsters there, and if I would only go and stay a week we would have good sport, plenty of big fish and it should not cost either the Aquarium or me a cent. Now in my younger days I had fished for pickerel through the ice, but had long ago abandoned it and did not enthuse over the promised "sport." He talked with the proprietor, Mr. Coup, until the latter urged it and late in December we went. At Hawley we loaded the sleigh with provisions and listened to the bear stories, for which that place is celebrated, as told by the old whisky-soaks, for which it is equally celebrated, who kill more bears around the stove in the groceries than are to be found in all North America. Here we were met by "the General," Jones's game keeper, a garrulous old duffer who would swear that game and fish never were as plenty before, "more deer as hever hi seed in the park of the Marquis of ——, when hi was 'is 'ed game keeper," etc. It was cold and the snow was deep and had drifted. The "General" managed to upset us once, on purpose as I thought, to repack the sleigh in order to inspect the contents of some jugs which might have contained either vinegar or molasses, or both, but Jones was equal to the emergency and made him attend to the horses while we repacked the goods. We did not upset again. The lodge was reached and the General's "missus and kids" welcomed us with stares and a warm supper. In the presence of his "missus" the "General" took a back seat and one did not need to be under the roof long to learn that the gray mare was the better horse.

The last day of the year came in with a blow, and the drifting snow forbade any fishing, so we drove over to a wagon maker's to see the sporting wagon he was building for Jones. It had racks for rods and guns, kennels for dogs, lockers for clothing, refrigerators for provisions and refrigerators for game—and I noted that these were of equal size, though I would have made the former largest—and ammunition chests and perhaps other things which I have forgotten. I thought it complete, and if called upon to suggest an addition could only have recommended a shot tower, wherein she sportsman might furnish himself with a necessary article in case he needed it and should be near a lead mine, but I thought this too valuable a hint to give away, and reserved it until it could be patented. Back at the lodge we found that the General had caught some minnows for bait and had them alive in a perforated bucket in the spring. We supped, smoked, told all the stories that we knew (chestnuts most of them), yawned and went to bed.

New Year's day was cold, some wind and a little movement of fine snow on the surface in exposed places. Although the lake was in sight of the house we took our lunches, for, as the "General" said, "If they be a-bitin' we haint a-goin' to leave um for a bit to eat." There was too much snow on the ice for skates to be useful, and we went to the further end of the lake, where the "General" said "the big ones be," and he cut holes while we baited hooks and rigged tip-ups. The wind raised a little snow-dust from the surface, as I have said, and this covered the holes and froze the tip-ups so that they would not tip up if a fish took hold. We ran round, stamped our feet, blew our fingers and cleaned out the holes. After about an hour of solid sport of this kind Jones gave a "whoop!" and pulled up a fish. It was a perch of about four ounces. We celebrated the event. Just how we celebrated it I leave you to judge. What would you have done in such a case?

My friend had no idea what would be the proper thing, and when I told him that we ate a snow ball to cool us off, he said: "Yes, I think I would have taken a ball too." He put an emphasis on "ball" that I did not clearly understand, but as I am not up in all the slang of the day these things pass without question. After this interruption the narrative was resumed.

We found that we were cold and agreed to go to windward in a cove and start a fire. On the way along shore I killed a rabbit with a revolver and the "General" dressed it and hung it up. By the time the fire was well under way the rabbit was nearly frozen, and we cut it up and roasted it in detail to add to our lunch. Then we took a ball (my friend, of course, understood this to mean a snow ball, as there was no chance for fish balls) and after a hearty lunch and a smoke we went to inspect the tip-ups, which, being frozen, would not tip. Jones attempted a pun about not getting any "tip" from them, but the day was cold and levity was not in order. The lines were cut out and yielded a pickerel of about two pounds. We looked toward the lodge and knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled, etc. (see the "Third Reader"), and without consultation we started in that direction. We had the two fish cooked for supper, and then sat down and talked fish. I don't know whether he told any untrue stories or not, if he did they were believed, and as he is dead I hope he has forgiven me for all the fishing lies I told him.

"I always regarded Fred Jones as a much more truthful man than you," said my candid friend (how can people be so confoundedly candid? Doesn't it pain them?). "For," he added, "he used to shoot as well as fish, while you know you only fish."

"Certainly," I retorted, "but when I went out with a gun I used to lie a great deal more about what I killed than I did in after years about what I caught, because when we are young we want to kill things and are sensitive on the point of our destructive ability. We have not the courage, which comes of experience, to say that we have hunted all day and brought home no game. As we grow older we are not ashamed to come home with an empty creel, for have we not the example of one of the earliest of fishermen, who said: 'We have toiled all night and caught nothing'? We come home or into camp and state the facts. The professional funny man of the daily newspaper has been trying his hand at the angler whom he has seen fit to call 'the trout liar;' but the slander, like that on the mother-in-law and the traducing of the goat, does not really injure the genial fisherman, the abused mother-in-law nor the hilarious goat.

"Well, what did Coup say when you went back to the Aquarium with nothing?"

"Jones went in to square it, and among other things told him that if we had been there a week before we would have taken some huge pike. This was a 'chestnut,' and awoke memories in Coup of the days when he was managing the 'greatest show on this or any other planet,' and he simply said, 'Mr. Jones, when I struck a town where the receipts were less than the expenditures every man in the place would tell me that if my circus had only been there a week before we would have to hire extra teams to take away the money.'"

Jones felt the worst about it, and never missed an opportunity to declare that fish of great size abounded in his lake, but that we struck it in just the wrong time. This may all be so, but as I went fishing through the ice on that occasion partly under protest, it is the last time that I ever will try it for sport. My friend who thought he had me cornered, accepted the amendment of putting the Minnesota New Year story back twenty years and buried the hatchet.

FRED MATHER.

MY FIRST TROUT.

LAST July, a year ago, I took my first trip to the trout regions of the Northwest. Our course lay by way of St. Paul over the line of the Northern Pacific Railway. After the necessary arrangement about transportation, etc., we started on our journey of some seventeen hundred miles. Our party consisted of Col. J., wife, son and three daughters, myself and daughter and two servants, all comfortably housed in a special car kindly tendered the Colonel by the railroad officials. Our first stop was made at Lake Minnetonka, where you can have all the expensive luxuries of a great watering place, with little of the element of sport. From here we went to Brainerd, Minn., and were sidetracked for a few days' bass fishing. Next day we went to Deer Wood Lake and had a splendid day with the bass. We were fortunate in securing good skiffs and rowers and soon had all the party busy landing the bass and pickerel from the clear deep waters of the lake. All did well. The young girls enjoying the sport hugely, but the Colonel proved the champion of the day. From this point we moved on west, our next halt being Ft. Keough, M. T., here we met a regular blizzard. Remained one day to refurnish our car and then moved on.

We next halted at Ft. Missoula, M. T. Here expected to capture our first trout. After a day's rest we started bright and early for the Rattlesnake, a small bold mountain torrent that empties into the Missoula River at Missoula City. The Colonel, although an invalid, was eager for the fray. We had a pleasant time but caught very few fish. We next started for the Jocko and Thompson's River. Magnificent trout streams and literally teeming with trout. Here we took all the trout we could use and felt refreshed by the pure air and mountain scenery, which, to most of our party, was something entirely new. After remaining one day in this grand but solitary region, we went back to Missoula City, stopping at short intervals, where the streams neared the railroad, and cast our flies for trout, generally with success.

We concluded, after a day or two, to explore further west. Accordingly orders were issued to hitch on to No. 1 and take her to Lake Pen D'Oreille. The journey was through extensive pine forest most of the way, and in places—it will sound incredulous to persons who have no idea of this country except through the current literature of the day—the road was literally walled on either side by the heavy timbers removed from the roadbed. We were, in respect to fishing, sadly disappointed in these lakes; but then it was worth the trip to see this beautiful sheet of water, extending for seventy-five miles and from five to ten miles across. Some as lovely pieces of scenery as mortal eye ever beheld lie nestled in this secluded natural retreat. But as for the fishing, there was no use trying. We found encamped upon this beautiful water about five or six hundred Indians, who had fished the lake for all it was worth since the ice disappeared. We were told by some one that the way most of the fish were captured was by dynamite. While walking along the beach we could see great numbers of dead fish washed ashore by the action of the waves. The Indians were preparing, so we were informed, to break camp, as they considered it unprofitable to stay, as the supply of fish was exhausted. The fish captured were all shipped to Portland and other places on the coast. We experienced the hottest weather at this place of any during our trip. The thermometer, hanging in the car with windows and doors open, showed about 110°. In fact, I thought that we would suffocate during the night.

Late in the evening we noticed some excitement down about the station house, so I went down to see what was up. I found chained to a telegraph pole a young cub bear, which had been captured by some of the railroad men that morning and over which they were having some amusement. I went back to the car, as it was about night, and had no more than got to the car when I heard the crack of a rifle and the urging on of dogs and almost at the same instant the cracking of the brush at the end of our car, when a large black bear rushed by and made for the border of the lake and soon disappeared from view behind the bank. It was supposed that this was the mother of the cub, who probably hearing the cry of distress from her captured child, thought she might rescue it from bondage. We were delighted when the express train arrived with orders to remove us back to Missoula City. Here we found pleasant air and lovely scenery and feeling that in our experience it certainly was the trout country.

After a day's rest we concluded to take a trip up the Bitterroot Valley. When our coachman arrived we found out that we were expected to have the honor of sailing up this beautiful valley in the old Villard coach. The Colonel, who was the moving spirit in all our enterprises, rather objected to any such notoriety; but after being told that there was no other wagon, other than a common road wagon, that would take a party of eight exclusive of driver, the Colonel gave in and we started for the Lo Lo. Here we had good trout fishing, and the girls enjoyed themselves gathering flowers and ferns. However, we had but a short time to stay, as we purposed going back to the car that evening. We intended resting one day and then make a tour of the National Park. That night, just before bedtime, a physician called and said that he had just learned of our presence, and insisted on a regular trout fish the next day. The Colonel, being pretty well tired out, did not care to make such a trip, so it was arranged that the Doctor and I should go back to the Lo Lo next day after he had attended to his professional business in the morning.

It was near twelve o'clock before the Doctor drove up in his gig for our trip. The Doctor insisted upon our taking the guns and his pointer, so with this outfit we were soon on the road. The Doctor's horse proved to be a good one, and by 2:30 we were on the ground. We soon arranged our tackle and started for the stream whose roar, as a great waterfall, could be heard through the great growth of timber about one hundred yards from where we hitched our horse. The Doctor is an expert fly-fisherman, and kindly selected my fly and gave me the necessary information how to manage when I got a strike, etc. We now went down to the stream and fished about one hundred yards apart, but on account of meandering channel and the high mountains and thick undergrowth, we were out of sight of each other. My first cast fastened on to a twelve-inch fish—about three-quarters of a pound. I landed him safely, and repeated the luck next cast. We fished for about an hour and the Doctor thought we had better start home. When we got to the buggy the Doctor emptied his creel and I emptied my hunting coat pockets and found that the catch footed up, for the Doctor 32, for your humble servant 30, making 62 fish all told. We started for home taking our time and eating our lunch as we went along. We got home after dark and found our friends very anxious about us as we expected to leave that night for the Park, a history of which trip I will give you in my next. OCCIDENT.

SEDALIA, MO.

THE "KINGFISHERS" AGAIN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was recreating at Cheboygan in 1884, when the "Kingfisher" letters, descriptive of the Black Lake trip, appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. A Cheboygan editor deemed these letters of sufficient interest to reprint them, and I was present when Merrill first saw them. After reading the one wherein he is styled a "mossback" and furnished with an overdrawn mossback dialect, he exclaimed in anger in the presence of half a dozen persons, "I may be a mossback, but I don't hire mossbacks for $5 per deer to drive deer into Black Lake for me to kill out of season, and then abuse them behind their backs." Of course I cannot say whether Merrill spoke maliciously in his anger or had confounded the two Cincinnati parties and supposed he was delivering a righteous judgement. "Kingfisher" says: "We had no special grievance against Merrill, and were treated at least fairly by him." Such having been the case, Merrill would not look in this direction for ridicule or unfair treatment, but natually attribute the "Kingfisher" letters to the parties with whom he had had trouble. Previous to this time I had heard nothing against the "Kingfishers," but immediately afterward the subject became an open secret, especially as the writer of their annuals scourged game law violators. Mr. Miner was doubtless induced to attempt an exposé by the belief that "Kingfisher" did not practice what he preached, but of this he had no knowledge until he saw the Black Lake letters. If Mr. Miner received information in July, 1883 (while he and they were there) that the "Kingfishers" were the violators, there is a greater certainty of the report having originated in malice, and a sudden collapse of the theory that the October party of Cincinnatians had been mistaken for the "Kingfishers." It is against reason to suppose that this slander was circulated before October, 1883, but in my opinion nothing was known of it until the publication of the Black Lake letters, and then it was given out by Merrill as I have described. It is not likely that the "Kingfishers" advertised themselves in July, 1883, as the original and only "Kingfishers." Had they done so, they would not have thought it possible for party No. 2 to have palmed itself off for the "Kingfisher" party. My theory is that Mr. Miner was at Cheboygan during the stay of the second Cincinnati party, and was told of their misdeeds; that after the appearance of the Black Lake letters and public utterances of Merrill, he was informed by letter or otherwise that this was the party with whose unlawful actions he was familiar. Hence his attack in good faith one year after the occurrence. —ONYX.

FISHING TACKLE.—On the principle of preparing for war in time of peace now is the time to overhaul the fishing tackle and put it in readiness for the spring campaign. The rods should receive careful attention and the ferrules tested to see if they have loosened by any change of temperature or by the strain of last season's work. The whippings should be replaced if frayed, and, if necessary the rod should be varnished. If the angler is not expert at this work he should send it to his rod maker whom he knows to be the most expert of all, at least he believes him to be, which is just as well. Reels should be cleaned and oiled, lines and leaders should be tested and if there is any frayed gut in the leader or among the fly snoods cut it out and tie it anew. Fly snoods should be free from all cracks where the gut joins the fly, the most usual place for them to break, and the fly should be re-tied or the gut cut and whipped on tight, with silk. This is pleasant work for winter evenings and brings its reward in finding all things in readiness for the first trip to the streams.

DERIVATION OF "MASKINONJE."—New York, Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the foot note to the article entitled "A New Year Fishing Trip," Mr. Mather ventured an etymology of the word *mascalonge*. He might safely have gone further. It is hardly necessary to remind so accomplished an Ojibwa scholar that *mas* means "spotted" or "speckled." Thus: the Nipigon Indians (Chippewas) call

the lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*) "namaycush;" the brook trout, "mas-namaycush" and they assured me that *mus* had the meaning above given. If the distinct spots of the mascalonge be compared with the broken-line markings of the northern pike the reason of applying the adjective will be evident. "Maskinonge" is said by the "Encyclopædic Dictionary" to be the Algonquin name, and in "Hiawatha" "kenozha" and "maskinozha" are used as synonymous. I can have little doubt that "mas-ki-nonge" means simply "spotted pike." But like Mr. Mather I have learned the difficulty of expressing Indian sounds in our usual notation.—X. [This opens a new mine for etymologists who have always looked to the French and have concluded that the name was derived from *mask allonge* or long face. It seems more probable that the French twisted the Ojibwa name into their vernacular and made *maskinoje* into mascallonge, maskanonge, etc. We will be pleased to hear further from our Ojibwa scholars.]

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A VALUABLE SITE FOR A HATCHERY.

BY permission of the U. S. Fish Commission we publish the following communication to Mr. Livingston Stone of the U. S. Fish Commission:

I have just finished reading in the *Oregonian* your valuable and interesting report entitled "Salmon Hatching." May I call to your notice a stream not mentioned by you and which may possess some advantages for propagating several varieties of the salmon family. The stream to which I refer is called Hood River (Dog River of Dr. Suckley) and falls into the Columbia on south side about twenty-three miles west of the Dalles. This river receives the drainage of the north and east sides of Mount Hood, and is for its entire length, some 30 miles, a rapid mountain torrent, carrying a large body of water nearly equal in volume to that of the Kilkitat. I wish to speak more particulary of the west fork of this stream, which has its source in and forms the outlet of what is known as Lost Lake, a triangular shaped body of water, some ten miles due north-west of Mount Hood. This lake is not less than three miles in circumference, very deep and abounds in mountain trout. About twelve miles from Hood River Railroad station this fork unites with the main river. The waters of the west fork are at all seasons clear and cold, while the other branches of the Hood River late in summer are colored with volcanic detritus. About eighty rods up the west fork above the main river is a perpendicular fall of say fifteen feet and immediately below the fall a large circular basin of unknown depth. A few feet below this basin a bold mountain stream falls into the west fork, falling several hundred feet in a few rods. Salmon, mountain trout, red spotted salmon trout (*Salmo spectabilis*) and Hood River silver trout find their way in large numbers to the foot of the falls where their further progress is impeded, except at times of extreme high water. I have fished in many streams—fished in Northern Vermont thirty years ago; in many of the streams of Oregon, Washington and Idaho as far north as the 49th parallel, and have yet to find any stream superior to the west fork of Hood River for the varities and size of its trout.

The *Salmo spectabilis* is found of very large size, probably ten pounds or more in weight, but the fish most plentiful is what is known as the Hood River silver trout. This fish exters the river about August, I think, and is found there until next spring. It resembles a small silver salmon, of the average weight of say two pounds, some much larger, very fat and most excellent for the table. It is singular that this fish is not found in any of the neighboring streams—the White, Salmon, Klikitat, &c. It was not supposed that they would rise to the fly, but last September I had excellent sport taking them in that manner. Many were so large as to carry away my tackle at the first onset. It seems to me that they would prove to be a most excellent variety for stocking many small rivers. They are very abundant and full of spawn in August and September. As to the supply of large salmon I am not certain. I saw the back-bone of one over three feet in length on the bank and saw them jumping in the river, but cannot speak as to the variety or quantity. With this exception the locality I speak of posses every requisite mentioned in your report. With slight improvement the road would be hard and excellent the entire year. There is abundance of water on the ground and water can be conducted if necessary two hundred feet above the stream. There are no settlers above and none to interfere below the falls. It is an ideal place for a hatchery for several varieties of trout and salmon, but as I stated before am not certain as to the numbers of larger salmon. The climate is all that could be desired with the exception of considerable snow during some winters. With this exception I think it is as good as any place in Oregon. I would like to see a Goverment hatchery at that place, but if not desirable for that purpose, may I ask your advice as to whether a private hatchery could be made profitable? I would like to undertake such an enterprise in connection with some one of practical experience, provided the outlook was favorable. When I was at the falls last season the silver trout were trying to jump from the pool to the river above, but all that I saw failed in the attempt and fell back again. Dr. Suckley does not describe this fish in his report. If you have the patience to read this hasty letter and think its subject matter of interest I shall be pleased to furnish any further information.

I note your remarks relative to the Pen d'Oreille River. Eleven years ago I assisted in running the "boundary line" between Idaho and Washington Territories from Lewiston north to the 49th parallel or International boundary. Our line crossed the Pen d'Oreille in plain sight and a little below the falls you mention, which are about eight feet height. Below the falls the river runs slowly for not less than twenty miles as near as I can judge before it forms a cañon. The head of the cañon must be some ten miles below the old St. Ignatius Mission. At the point of crossing we caught trout and a slender white fish, but saw no signs of salmon. About the old Mission, now abandoned, were fine meadows of timothy and red top, but the Indians are not to be trusted. From the Little Spokane to the Pen d'Oreille River following up the first named stream is a natural route for a wagon road. Lake Kaniksee, the waters of which flow into the Pen d'Oreille above the fall mentioned is a very beautiful body of water, estimated at twenty miles in length. The Indians have a horse track; from the Old Mission to this lake where they dry and smoke large quantities of trout. If you have any ambitious tourist in mind who is desirous of exploring unknown lands, I know of no more interesting locality than this lake. Hon. M. C. George, Senator J. N. Dolph at Washington, or Gen. Moody of Salem will, I think, vouch for the correctness of any statements that I may make. E. L. SMITH.

THE DALLES, Oregon.

THE NEW YORK COMMISSION.—The dam built to supply the Adirondack hatchery at Little Clear Pond, now called by the Commission Lake Brandon after the township in which the greater part of the lake lies, broke away last week and let the water down with a rush. The hatchery floor was flooded and the men got about in boats. After the flood subsided Supt. Walters placed his trays of eggs in the creek where they will hatch if no freshet sweeps them away. It is not known what caused the break but it is thought that there is a bed of quicksand under the dam which made the trouble. Only the western end of the dam gave way and it can easily be repaired at the proper season, but it happened at a very bad time, when the troughs were full of eggs. We do not fear for the safety of the eggs unless a sudden thaw, which is unlikely in that region, sets in before they are hatched and able to swim. It is just such emergencies that a competent fishculturist usually meets with a device or shift of some kind which tides him over an accident and Mr. Walters has done the only thing possible at this time. At Cold Spring Harbor the hatchery is just filling up. There are now in the troughs 100,000 eggs of brook trout belonging to Mr. John D. Hewlett, which he purchased from Mr. James Annin; 15,000 of the same taken from the few fish in the ponds; 150,000 eggs of the lake trout from the U. S. F. C., at Northville Mich. This week 500,000 salmon eggs will arrive from Maine for the U. S. F. C., the fry of which will go into the Hudson and elsewhere. 32,000 eggs of the brown trout are expected from Germany and 1,000,000 whitefish from Michigan. Smelt hatching will be continued in March. In the salt water department there are 1,200,000 eggs of the tomcod and a few codfish eggs which are developing.

BROWN TROUT.—Plymouth, Mass., Jan. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received in February 1882 from a gentleman in England some four thousand English trout eggs (*S. fario*). They were exposed to heat while in transit, and not over thirty good eggs in the whole lot. I got about twenty-five good fry from them, and when old enough, I put them into a vacant pool. They received very little attention until last year, when I found there were some ten or a dozen of them, some of which were eight inches long. I put them into a larger pool with a lot of brook trout of about the same size, and now some of them will weigh a pound or more. During the past week three of them have spawned, and I succeeded in getting about three thousand eggs from them. They are nearly twice as large as brook trout eggs, and of fine color. I think these are the first English trout eggs ever taken in this country.—W. L. GILBERT. [Eggs of the brown trout have been taken this year at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; Caledonia N. Y., both at the State works and by Mr. James Annin; and at Northville, Mich. We cannot say who was actually the first and as they all took eggs within the same month it is not important. We think that Mr. Gilbert will find this fish is a most valuable addition to his ponds.]

CODFISH HATCHING AT WOOD'S HOLL.—The work with codfish eggs at the U. S. Fish Commission station at Wood's Holl, Mass., has been very successful. Col. McDonald has been down there for a few days and between him and Capt. Chester they have arranged the proper apparatus. Prof. T. J. Ryder is also there attending to the embryology of the fish. The specific gravity of the water there is 1.025 and the eggs float at the surface for the first few days and afterward sink. At Cold Spring Harbor the water is 1.022 and the eggs will sink if the water is perfectly still, but at first are suspended in a very slight current.

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 5 to 12.—First annual exhibition and dog show of the Central Indiana Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Indianapolis. J. W. Elliott, Secretary.

Jan. 19, 20 and 21, 1886.—Annual Exhibition and Bench Show of the French Creek Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. A. L. Braden, Secretary.

Jan. 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Fourth annual dog show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at Fall River, Mass. R. G. Mosher, Secretary.

Feb. 8, 9 and 10.—Fourth annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25, 1886.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2, 1886.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 14, 15 and 16. First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **3092.**

THE CHATHAM DOG SHOW.

THE Peninsular Dog and Pet Stock first annual show was held at Chatham, Ont., Dec. 29 to Jan. 1. Chatham is forty miles east of Detroit and has always been to the front in the dog line, as notable Dido and Dido II., whose names are quite enough to stamp the place in the memory of dog lovers.

The show was held in a suitable building, very comfortable for the dogs and poultry but very much too small to render it possible to see the exhibits with any comfort.

The Secretary, Mr. Macpherson, we welcome as a new and most enthusiastic dog man, and from the character of the dogs he has and is importing I prophesy a brilliant show career. His management was good, and everything ran smoothly, even to disappointed exhibitors. The judging was done by Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, and there was little to grumble about after his decisions were made.

Among the dogs which we noticed chiefly was Mr. Platt's English setter London II., who, though rather too young and out of condition, shows many good points, especially head and ears, which are excellent. Mr. Wells's pair of puppies by Dover out of Star, will be heard from later. In collies there was rather a surprise in Gibson & McEwen's pair Gilderoy and Nameless, which far exceed, in my mind, anything that has been exhibited in America; but I trust they will be seen at New York next spring, when I think FOREST AND STREAM will give them an extended notice. Mr. Gibson's fox-terrier Fennel never looked so well and is a terrier all over. Mr. Macpherson's St. Bernard Rudolph II. has the best feet and legs I have seen on one of his size, but his markings, brindle and white, I don't like. The same owner's great Danes Siegfried and Lady Sawtelle were a great addition to the show. Below is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. E. Platt's London II.; 2d, S. Holmes's Duke. High com., Ontario Kennel Club's Ben. *Bitches:* 1st and special, Jos. Kyme's Lucy Bee; 2d, Jos. Kyme's Lady Thunder. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, W. B. Wells's Star II. and Dover. Very high com., Jos. Kyme's Blue Joint. High com., R. J. Day's Romp.

GORDON SETTERS.—1st and special, F. W. J. Ball's Lottie; 2d, Chas. Northwood's Tory. Very high com., G. V. Atkinson's Jim, Jr.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and special, W. E. Rispin's Shot. *Bitches:* 1st, Jos. Kyme's Dart; 2d, S. Holmes's Molly. *Puppies:* 1st withheld. 2d, S. F. Pierce's Don.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st and special, Andrew Laidlaw's Belle; 2d and special, Chas. Shot's Niagara Maid. Com., Andrew Laidlaw's Don.—OTHER THAN COCKERS—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Young Bob.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st and special, T. Goodland's Belle.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st and special, Proctor, Hadley & Roche's Snowflake.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st and two specials and very high com., Mc Ewen & Gibson's Fennel and Nick; 2d, J. M. Macpherson's Avenger. Very high com, reserve, and high com., Thos. Holmes's Rattler III. and bitch puppy.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st and very high com., Wm. McNeil's Magar and Magar II.; 2d, D. Holmes's Pussie.

COLLIES.—1st and special and 2d, McEwen & Gibson's Gilderoy and unnamed. Very high com., Fred Goodland's Ned, Jr. High com. and com., R. J. Hallinan's Peggy and Larrie.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and special, John McCann's Bruno; 2d, A. Northwood's Rex.

ST. BERNARDS.—1st and special, J. M. Macpherson's Rudolph II.

BULL-TERRIERS.—1st, W. A. Shaw's Miss Norah; 2d and specia Proctor, Hadley & Roche's John C. Heenan.

IRISH TERRIERS.—1st and speciat, J. E. Thomas's Pat.

TOYS.—1st, Geo. Webber's Tip; 2d and high com., John Watson's pug dog and bitch. Very high com., Thos. Blake's Yorkshire terrier bitch.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, J. M. Macpherson's Great Dane dog Siegfried; 2d, W. B. Wells's harrier bitch Fairy.

CHATHAM.

BROOKLYN FANCIERS' CLUB'S DOG SHOW.

THE first annual exhibition of the Brooklyn Fanciers' Club was held in Brooklyn, Dec. 28, 29 and 30. In addition to the poultry and pigeons there was quite a dog show and some good specimens were exhibited.

Following is a list of the

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Mendike's Sir Rolf. *Bitches:* 1st, F. Mendike's Juno; 2d, O. Lehman's Turk. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, G. R. Gildersleeve's Major and Leo.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, W. Hanrahan's unnamed.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Schaengan's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, G. R. Gildersleeve's Lillie. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Grerol's unnamed.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—1st, G. R. Gildersleeve's Dawn.

IRISH SETTERS.—1st, G. R. Gildersleeve's Nelly.

BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.—1st, G. R. Gildersleeve's Queen Bess.

FOX-TERRIERS.—1st, G. R. Gildersleeve's Tiny. *Puppies:* 1st, G. R. Gildersleevs's Browny.

DACHSHUNDE.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Rover's Erdmann. *Bitches:* 1st, G. R. Gildersleeve's Bella.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. W. J. Burkart's Punch; 2d, G. R. Gildersleeve's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. W. J. Burkart's Judge. *Puppies:* 1st, P. Buerlin's unnamed.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, P. Opp's Garibaldi.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Burkart's Spider. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Burkart's Fly; equal 2d, J. H. Burkart's Nellie and G. R. Gildersleeve's Lillie.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, J. N. Braley's unnamed; 2d, J. H. Burkart's Nibbs.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, W. J. Stanton's Jennie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Slater's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, G. R. Gildersleeve's Nellie.

IRISH TERRIES.—1st, E. C. Mohr's Clip.

BEAGLES AND COTTON TAILS.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I was invited on the 18th of November by Mr. John Davis to meet his guests, which were invited to take a rabbit hunt, I to furnish the music. So by dawn of day I was busy getting things in shape, feeding my little pets, and putting them in a cage, which I have to fit in the hind part of my wagon. As I was to furnish the music, I put in twelve of my best muscians and was off to the grounds—and you bet they played. By a little after sunrise I had driven to the grounds, and the party was in readiness when I arrived. So after the salutations of the morning, the tail gate of my wagon was let down, and out scrambled my little pets, of an average height of about 14 inches; over the fence—low it was—and in the swamp they were soon giving tongue and in a few moments up they bounced a "cottentail." Then I exclaimed the band will play, and off they went in full clash, through the swamp, over the hill, back in the swamp and out in some open ground, sometimes by scent and sometimes by sight. Soon the excitement got up to an enjoyable pitch. One race after another in quick succession, and soon three were bagged, the third rabbit was caught close to the house of Mr. Davis's brother—one of the party—we all went up and cleared our throats. Then off we went in another direction and soon there was another bounced. Across the field dogs and rabbit went by sight, down to a little swamp and at the close of the chase, up the dogs jumped another, and up and down the thicket went rabbit and dogs and soon there were two more added to our bag. We then crossed over to another swamp and were no sooner there than up the dogs bounced another; through the bushes down the road by sight, back in the bushes again. Then across the road rabbit and dogs right through the whole party of huntsmen who were grouped in the road; in the swamp they went and suddenly the dogs stopped and commenced baying at a hole in a tree. The rabbit was in reach, pulled out, and was nicely bled and bagged. Then we moved off for some thick pines, killing two on our way. Here we had some fun. Up jumped a rabbit near the pines, and in it went, but the little chatterboxes made it so hot for poor Molly, she had to come out and try to make for the weedy field, but before she could reach the thick woods, she felt the ivory hackles of my pack. Then we formed a ring, and while passing the cup around, up one of the dogs started another; the cup had passed me, so off I went, the dogs in full chase, sometimes by sight and nearly all the time close to the rabbit; under a rail pile it went, but before we could get there out it came, with the dogs in full sight and they soon closed in on poor cottontail. So the day went merrily on, until we had bagged sixteen rabbits out of seventeen starts, and the missed one run under an outhouse. The last rabbit was bagged about sunset, near the house of Mr. Davis and the ladies of the house had the pleasure of hearing the last chase. We were then handsomely entertained, and our parting admission was, we have had sport enough for one day.

POTTINGER DORSEY.

THE FOX-TERRIER CLUB.—There was a meeting of the American Fox-Terrier Club at Delmonico's, New York, on Friday evening, Dec. 30. Several gentlemen were proposed for election as members of the club. Messrs. E. Kelly and F. R. Hitchcock were appointed to confer with the bench show committee of the Westminster Kennel Club, with the view of obtaining special facilities for the exhibition of fox-terriers at the forthcoming dog show. The treasurer's report showed a satisfactory condition of the finances of the club. It was voted that all terriers competing for prizes given by the club shall be registered with the secretary, with age, markings and pedigree, and that a fee of fifty cents be charged for such registration. Two members of the club offered a handsome cup each as a prize to be competed for under the following conditions: The stake to be known as "The American Fox-Terrier Club Produce Stake." Free for all. The cups to be added to a sweepstakes of $1 each, for dogs and bitches, the produce of fox-terrier bitches to be registered with the secretary on or before July 31, 1886. To be competed for in 1887. Entries to be made previous to whelping. The Secretary's address is Edward Kelly, 135 Fifth avenue, New York.

THE GRAPHIC CHALLENGE.

Oh wa'd some god the giftie gie us,
To see airselves as ithers see us.—*Burns.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my last letter relating to "Graphic's Alleged Flush" I stated that I had no intention of allowing myself to be dragged into such a "tempest in a teapot" as Mr. James L. Anthony is trying to foment, and I endeavored to show that it is the duty of dog owners to protect their reputable judges from clumsy abuse and vulgar innuendo. A man naturally feels some reluctance in alluding to anything that has been universally condemned, but there are one or two points which should be carefully noted before this Graphic business is effectually disposed of.

By keeping a close watch on Mr. James L. Anthony we find ample evidence that he is not the heaven-installed rectifier of abuses he professes to be, and we also find some evidence tending to show that Graphic was withdrawn for other reasons than those advanced by his owner or owners. His withdrawal was a blunder; the smarter plan would have been to have instructed his handler to get lost. I would especially call the attention of your readers to the following:

(1) "I have not yet seen it stated in print, but I am, nevertheless, assured most positively, that after Beaufort had been awarded the heat against Lucia, Mr. Anthony did his utmost to get a protest made against the decision, but without success."—"Porcupine," in the *Sporting Life*, Dec. 30.

(2) "As he (Graphic) had not retrieved in either heat, they (the judges) decided to see how he would acquit himself in this * * * and ordered them on, when Mitchell very foolishly protested, but after a few words sent on his dog. Graphic soon pointed, when a dead bird was thrown and Mitchell to order fired a shot and Graphic was sent to retrieve, he went to the bird and picked it up, mouthing it badly, but Mitchell was close by and took it from him."—FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 4.

(3) "We will match Graphic against Mainspring * * * for an all day's race * * * during the second week in March, 1886, Capt. McMurdo to handle Mainspring * * * Mr. B. F. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, to be the sole judge, and retrieving not to be counted * * * If Graphic or his progeny are fairly beaten in either or all the contests, as they may be," etc.—Chas. Heath, James L. Anthony.

(1) If "Porcupine" has stated facts—and he seldom goes wrong—there is evidence that in the early part of the trials Mr. James L. Anthony wished to get rid of a certain dog and took cowardly advantage of the owner's absence to get a protest made. (2) Proves an attempt to coerce the judges into a decision in favor of Graphic before they had an opportunity of testing him as a retriever, and of course shows that after Graphic's wretched display Mitchell's hand was exposed and that the dog's chances of winning another heat were hopeless. (3) *La crême de la crême*, and finally settles the whole business. The owners of Graphic clearly admit the dog had no chance of winning when retrieving did count, and they acknowledge that after they have fixed the date for the race, named the handler of their opponent's dog, selected their own judge, etc., Graphic "may be fairly beaten." That is Mr. Anthony's case, and in pathetic terms he appeals for support from "the public and all fair-minded sportsmen who love a good dog for the pleasure he can derive from his ownership." (Stud fee, $100.) It is not quite clear to me why a dog that "may be beaten" after his owners have excluded from consideration his weak points, named the handlers, appointed the judges, etc., was ever entered for competition at a field trial. This shows lamentable ignorance on the part of somebody.

Messrs. Anthony and Heath's statement that they "did agree to Mr. Donner, but on the mistaken idea, so far as Mr. Anthony was concerned, that he was not a member of the Westminster Kennel Club," is exploded by the fact that Mr. James L. Anthony entered his dogs to be judged by Mr. Elliot Smith, another prominent member of the W. K. C. and known to be such by Mr. Anthony. I again assert that Mr. Anthony had no business to be riding with Mr. Coster, and the rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club prove I am right. It is to be hoped that we shall hear no more about Graphic's alleged advertise—I peg pardon—flush. To show Mr. Anthony how thoroughly disgusted are some of his countrymen, I will quote from a letter received this morning from a prominent member of one of the most influential clubs in this country. To my knowledge I have never seen the writer, certainly I have never conversed with him: "I wish you would favor the public with more of your entertaining letters, like the one in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. It is quite refreshing after reading the 'blow' of Dog Broker —— * * * This Graphic trouble is not doing much toward convincing the general public that a man can take an interest in dogs and still be a gentleman."

Now for the new ad., *i. e.*, the challenges. They are without exception the funniest things I have ever seen or heard. I hope this statement will not result in an action for libel. The law has grown very elastic since the hydrophobia scare spread its wings over Newark and certain parts of your city. Still it is hardly probable that because a man has bought and sold a dog, the laws, especially the laws of nature, will be revoked.

"To the public and all fair-minded sportsmen who love a good dog for the pleasure he can derive from his ownership, we will say, we decline to discuss through the FOREST AND STREAM or any other paper, any question affecting dogs, field trials or bench shows with any professional dog dealer or handler. We, however, value the good opinion of all honest men, no matter what their vocation, and that the latter may know the truth, make the following statement." By your courtesy I will put the dissecting knife to work on the above, and I hope it won't cut deep. A man who knows nothing about dogs would be a fool to discuss them. Do fair-minded sportsmen make such challenges as Mr. Anthony has presented? What is the difference between an amateur dog dealer and a professional dealer? One understands dogs, I suppose, and the other does not. Is Mr. Anthony's challenge to Mr. Perkins consistent with his ambition to be considered a lover of dogs for the pleasure he can derive from their ownership? Is Mr. Anthony aware that his insinuation that dealers and handlers are dishonest will recoil on his own head? Mr. Anthony has a handler of his own. I never knew before that a fashionable cut coat and a long purse are the adjuncts by which honesty is measured.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

One morning of last year an individual strangely resembling Mr. James L. Anthony called upon me and asked the price of Beaufort, where he could be seen, what his stud fee was, etc., etc. "Not for sale; stud fee $50," was the reply, and the individual disappeared. Some time before this early morning call a gentleman who had seen Beaufort was asked to purchase Graphic if in his opinion he could beat Beaufort. This gentleman went to see Graphic, and after looking him over very carefully told his owner that he would not do, as there was a better dog in America. Not long after this the Knickerbocker Club sent to England for Graphic's price, and they could have purchased him for $600. Finally Mr. Anthony purchased the dog for about $700, and after keeping him a few weeks sold him to Mr. Heath for $2,000. At least this is what he says. If Mr. Anthony "loves a good dog for the pleasure he can derive from his ownership," why did he sell Graphic, and where is the evidence that he is not a dealer? *L'argent, Monsieur Anthony, toujours l'argent!* Either Mr. Anthony sold Graphic to make money out of him and is a dealer, or Graphic is not a good dog and Mr. Anthony does not love him. Sit on either horn of the dilemma you like best, Mr. Anthony, but I will pin you down to one of them. My own impression is that Mr. Anthony discovered at the Philadelphia show that a large majority of the pointer men present preferred Beaufort to Graphic, and so he sold the dog. Mr. Green, of the Knickerbocker Club, told me he was very pleased Mr. Anthony and not his club had purchased Graphic, and when I asked why he replied, "You know why; Beaufort can beat him."

I could have purchased Graphic long before Mr. Anthony got him, and at a much lower price than he paid, but he was of no use to me when I owned a better dog. Wagg, a very much better specimen than Graphic, was offered to me for £100, and I should have taken him at the price if I could have satisfied myself that he was of any value as a stud dog. Mr. Price paid £100 for him and would pay £100 again for such a dog; but I am not aware that he ever paid £100 for a bench dog that was not somewhat better looking than Graphic. While the latter is undoubtedly a grand dog—much superior to Bang II., for instance—he is not a Wagg or a Beaufort. If Mr. Anthony knew anything about English pointers I would go into particulars—"take up the running"—but my doing so would be useless until he has learned something of the characteristics of the breed.

Mr. Anthony says he paid $1,000 for Revel III. The bitch was catalogued at Birmingham, 1884, to be sold for £110, but nobody claimed her. At the Crystal Palace show of 1884 and 1885 she was catalogued at the same price, and again there were no buyers. She was offered to a gentleman in this country for something less than $400 and I have seen the letter. These are undeniable facts and I would ask are they consistent with Mr. Anthony's statement that he "loves a good dog for the pleasure he can derive from his ownership." There is something very unsportsmanlike about all this and it is certain to be condemned. If Mr. Anthony paid $250 for Revel III. what is his object in saying he paid $1,000? The public and "all fair-minded sportsmen" will soon assign a reason for it. If on the other hand he really did pay $1,000 for the bitch, what does he think of himself as a judge of dogs? It is not quite clear why Mr. Anthony wishes to match Graphic against "the best pointer living" unless it is for the sake of advertising his or Mr. Heath's dog. The "acknowledged best pointer living" will never be placed behind Graphic by a judge of pointers, and his owner will take chances when showing him under incompetent judges.

I submit the following for Mr. Heath's consideration: (1) If Graphic is owned by Mr. Heath I will show Beaufort against him for a piece of plate, value $100, and if Graphic wins, Mr. Heath may claim for his dog the title of champion of the world. (2) I will show a brace of pointers against a brace of Graphic's progeny for a piece of plate value $100. (3) I cannot recognize that little "we." (4) No arrogant "deputy" of Mr. Heath's to be allowed in the ring while the dogs are under judgment. (5) Three or five honorable and qualified men to judge. (6) The owner of Beaufort as well as the owner of Graphic to have a "say" in the appointment of judges. (7) Graphic's structural faults, his ringtail included, to count against him. No points to be exempt from judgment (*vide* condition 3 of challenge to owner of Mainspring). (8) If the owner of either dog sees he is getting the worst of it he shall not withdraw his dog (*vide* report of Eastern field trials and subsequent correspondence thereon). (9) All correspondence pertaining to the match to be public. (10) The contest to take place in New York city during the month of May 1886. (11) No such tomfoolery as a "record of points" to be attempted. (12) Guns, powder, shot and vicious handlers not to be allowed within the judges' ring.

Messrs. Heath and Anthony conclude their one-sided challenge as follows: "If Graphic or his progeny are fairly beaten in either or all the contests, as they may be, we shall not be found wanting either in good nature or generous praise for the owner, breeder, or handler of the opposing dog or dogs." I don't quite see how these gentlemen are to know whether the dogs are "fairly beaten" or not, as neither of them is a judge of pointers. CHAS. H. MASON.

Bay Ridge, L. I. Jan. 5, 1886.

IS THE A. K. C. TO LIVE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I asked the above question in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM some months since, it seemed to me that an affirmative answer could not be given. The dead weights on the club seemed too many and weighty ever to be rid of. The late meeting at New York, while not conclusive that the association was certain to rise to the situation and make itself all that a central, governing and respected body in kennel affairs should be, still gave promise that the reign of blunders and "you tickle me, and I'll tickle you" principle has run its course. The so-called "Sensation" amendments were certainly the most gigantic blunder that has marked the course of the A. K. C. on the face of it, and as far as the public is informed, there was no earthly object to be subserved by them except making Sensation eligible to the champion class; if there was any other reason for their proposal, if they were based on any sound principle, it is the duty of the proposer, to himself, to the A. K. C. and to the public to state what that was; until this is done there seems no other conclusion open but the very disagreeable one that they had a private end in view. The whole question of a governing kennel club is surrounded with difficulties, the idea of one of clubs will probably work as well as any other for the present, and has the advantage of being easily started and run, but to be a success it must of all things impress on the dog public that it is above all narrow, selfish exclusiveness, and unfortunately this is just what the A. K. C. has not done. The immense stupidity of making wins count only at shows held by members of the A. K. C. is unique; just take a case. The Winnipeg club held a show, the club was a member of the A. K. C. Mastiffs were judged by "Lord knows who," I am sure I forget, and am also sure that the opinion of the judge would be held by mastiff men as about as weighty as that of the patron of "true cockers." Some dog won, and that win counts toward eligibility in the champion class. Now at the Breeders' show, mastiffs were judged by the breeders of such famous cracks as Victor, Bosco, Norma, etc., yet these wins do not count. The dictum of "Lord knows who" is weightier than that of the one eminent authority we have in this country, "Oh!" says "Yellow Plush," 'that was a private speculation." Who cares what it was? The thing that interests the mastiff man is, were the classes full and did the judge know his business and honestly do it? Are none but sacred members of the A. K. C. to indulge in the privilege of "speculation?" Did no member of the A. K. C. ever make any money by a show? and did a member of the A. K. C. ever hold a show and diddle the Superintendent out of part of his pay, or did no one ever bilk the exhibitor out of special premiums won? What is the sense of elevating A. K. C. members so high? I venture to say, that for one piece of dirty business done by a "private" show, I can name ten done by an august member of the A. K. C., august in its membership if in nothing else. The "private" shows that I can recall as of moment were those at Washington (the first) and the Breeders'; and with the exception of New York, Boston, New Haven and Philadelphia, there have been no other shows in the country the equal of these in quality of exhibits and in calibre of the judges. Yet wins at Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, or that grand fiasco at St. Louis, are entitled to more weight than at the two "private" shows! Until the A. K. C. can get such dunderheaded foolishness as this out of its head, it can never be a success, nay, more, it cannot live, abortive twitches of the limbs, resulting from galvanic applications, are no more living in the case of the A. K. C. than they are in the case of a dead frog, and flusters about twice a year productive of more fun in the newspapers than of practical service to kennel interests, are only twitchings of the legs after the body is dead.

I am *sure* that the members of the A. K. C. are above such small business, and if New Jersey may not be added to the number, I miss my guess. An enormous gain to the A. K. C. was the disappearance of the western "Mrs. Harris" clubs from the late meeting. They and their proxies have been terrible drags on the Club, as there was no interest in fighting for better things, when one had to fight one living man and five proxies. If the A. K. C. is to succeed, let their first duty be to prepare a list of shows in the past conspicious by good management, good judging and good classes, and let these count for champion honors; such a course will do more to elevate the association in public esteem than any amount of drivel about "private speculations."

Such a course will do much to relieve the club from the "holier than thou" idea that has been so mischievously prominent in the A. K. C. in the past. The idea that any club is one mite more discreet, reputable or wise than the material it is composed of, or of the doggy public in general, is rank nonsense. The experience of the A. K. C. in the past has demonstrated as clear as the sun in noon day, that it cannot make headway against the general feeling of contempt it evoked by its course in the first year or so if its existence, so what in the world is the sense of longer masquerading in the robes of the pharisee? The fact is, that it will require exceedingly nice steering to save *all* show interests from shipwreck this coming year. It really seems to me, that the more an owner pays for his dogs, and the higher he values them the less he cares for dog shows. One prominent exhibitor who about swept the board last year, has practically retired. I can name several of the old time pillars of shows, who are saying "Oh be hanged to your shows." Why this is so would be a lengthy matter for investigations, and perhaps no satisfactory solution could be given, but that it *is* so, is beyond dispute.

Then "the kicker" is around, and more defiant than ever; he has even invaded the sacred shades of the field trial, where all used to be as demure as a Quaker meeting. "Porcupine," with a singular lack of his usual acumen, proposes to change this by a tighter gag law than that of old, but if he thinks *any* gag will shut the mouth of the *true* kicker, when he feels he has been wronged, his wits are sadly deserting him; of course I am not expressing any opinion as to the merits of the "unpleasantness" at the late Eastern trials. (There has been lots said about "a flush", is that any relation of the flush that beats four of a kind?) We will always have kickers of the sorehead variety, and like all other disagreeables, we must put up with him as best we may, but it is suicide to elevate him to undue prominence by any gag games that will put him on the same footing as the *true* "kicker," the mugwump who will renovate canine affairs, if they be renovated, and if clubs think that the true American is going to pay any respect to high sounding professions, and "associations of all the clubs in America" without some better ground for reverence than has yet been afforded, they are mistaken, that is all. We are not alone in this state of affairs; the same feeling is abroad in England. Look how the O. E. M. Club got scored for their handling of the Crown Prince inquiry case; look at the hot water the Collie Club have gotten themselves into, and note the disposition to scout even the mighty Kennel Club itself, when it has come short. One doughty warrior told me that he was just waiting for a chance to mingle in the fray, and tumble from their tinsel thrones the shams and humbugs that have so enveloped themselves around canine matters. Let us devoutly hope that such glorious fun will not be lost, and meanwhile, treat with contempt all the self arrogations of supreme wisdom that we have been so dosed with in the past, such as that precious rot, that "the interest of clubs and exhibitors are so bound up, that no club can possibly afford to neglect justice to the exhibitors." What an elegant preventive of bankruptcies this would be if it could be established as part of our business and social life. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Dec. 30.

The following reply has been brought out from Mr. John W. Munson, according to the *Sporting Life:* "St. Louis, Dec. 31.—Assuming that the recent challenges of Graphic's owners are sincere and not made to advertise the dog, and assuming that they are willing to show him at such bench shows and under such judges and rules as are satisfactory to the men who own pointers, and with the hope of drawing him (Graphic) into public competition where he can win something more in America than newspaper notoriety, I make them the following offers: I will show a pointer dog against Graphic, in the same class, at the Westminster Kennel Club's spring show in New York. I will show a large pointer bitch against one of Graphic's get, same class. I will show a brace of pointers, sired by the same dog, against a brace of Graphic's get. I will show a dog or bitch, sired by the same dog, against a dog or bitch of Graphic's get. I will show three pointers, sired by the same dog, against Graphic and any two of his get. I will show five pointers against Graphic and any four pointers his owner can show of their own." Mr. Munson would prefer that these challenges should be taken up for the honor of winning, but if this is not acceptable to the owners of Graphic, he will bet $100 on each event, or will make each of them sweepstakes at $100 an entry. To this the following has been returned under date Jan. 4: "Mr. J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo. Dear Sir: We beg to inform you that our challenge as to Graphic and his get on the bench was made in perfect good faith and solely in the interests of good fellowship and for the improvement certain to result to the breed, as a breed from such a contest. Both of us are gentlemen, as you can most readily ascertain, and therefore we will meet you literally under the terms of our challenge and solely for the honor. We should have preferred receiving the communication from you direct instead of through the papers. We made a challenge. If you will notify us of its acceptance we will meet you at some time to be mutually agreed on during the month of May, 1886, provided we can also mutually agree on judges, but the Westminster Kennel Club can appoint no judges for us, besides they might be equally unsatisfactory to you or to any others accepting the challenge. Therefore we think when Feb. 1 comes, we had better meet and agree on time and place in May, 1886, and as to the judge or judges, as we might all conclude to let the Westminster Kennel Club show go and exhibit our dogs at some other place in the city of New York. Very respectfully yours, JAS. L. ANTHONY, CHAS. HEATH."

EARLY FOXOUND DEVELOPMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a number of years I have bred and hunted foxhounds of nearly every known variety, and have carefully noted their average period of maturity as based upon the development of useful hunting qualities. Two years is about the average age of dogs heretofore bred in New England, when they exhibit qualities worthy of being called useful; but the introduction of the Byron hound has materially changed this date, and not unfrequently now, dogs of a year old will drive a fox squarely from daylight till dark, though of course they do not reach perfection till they are three or four. A striking instance of this early development of the Byron breed was witnessed by me the other day. I was foxhunting with an old New England bred hound, and my Byron puppy Bugle, seven months old. The old dog was working up a cold track some distance off, when the pup, while running a thick cover, and working in grand style, suddenly threw up his head, snuffed a couple of times, and rushed into the cover. Immediately he began baying excitedly, and went off at a tearing gait straight away from me. There was just enough snow for good running, and when I reached the point where the dog started, I found a fresh fox track, and a place hollowed out in the snow under pine tree, where brother reynard had been ruthlessly aroused by the infant Bugle from his morning's nap. The pup ran rapidly and was soon out of hearing, and it was not till after an hour's hard tramp that I came upon him in a

swamp still driving the fox furiously. The old dog at this time joined in the chase, but was always from half a mile to a mile behind the pup. At one time I saw the fox in a field with the pup nipping at his hind quarters, but as soon as cover was reached the fox slipped away from him. The chase was in hearing after this most of the time till 3 P. M. when I broke through the ice in crossing a large brook, getting my rubber boots full of ice water, and consequently had to go home. The old dog turned up that night, but the pup did not, and was found the next day at a farmhouse eight miles from home, where he had tied up at dusk the evening before. This I call phenomenal running for a seven months pup, because he started the fox, and practically drove him the entire day, for he was always a good distance ahead of the old dog after the latter joined in the chase. Bugle was bred by Rhodes Bros., of Pioneer, Pa., and his sire Drive has a record in the FOREST AND STREAM of last winter of having run down, caught and killed two red foxes in one day. I consider the Byron hounds not only the earliest in development, but the surest and quickest drivers we have in this country. FOXCRAFT.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

A GOOD BRACE OF PUPPIES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I was out to-day with my eight month old puppies, Nan, by San Roy ex Drane's Cora (Mark—Jennie) and Lock, by San Roy ex Queen Bess (Gladstone—Donna J.) after the quail (or partridges, if you prefer). In a bunch of sedge Nan dropped to a point, and I knocked down one with my right and missed with my left barrel. She was steady to shot. Lock was ranging in another part of the sedge when the birds got up (which they did wildly), but I called him up and dropped him. The birds seemed to be scattered as only four got up. I put the puppies out again and Lock came to a point with Nan backing him beautifully. It was a single bird and hard to flush, but I finally kicked him up and grassed him. I tried to get Nan to retrieve the bird, but the puppies have had no education in this branch, and I was only partially successful after a quantity of coaxing. Lock soon made another point on a single bird, with Nan backing—both puppies dropping to point. Upon flushing this bird and shooting it, Nan showed some inclination to break in, but she dropped at the word and remained steady. The next point was made by Nan, with Lock as a backer. Both puppies dropped to shot, and I knocked the bird down but failed to find it. After sending the puppies out again, I heard a bird flush to my right and supposed it had been flushed by Lock who had gone in that direction. I found him dropped on a point. Possibly he had dropped to wing, but I saw that he thought there was a bird still there. Nan, coming up, backed him, and I flushed the bird and killed it. Another bird got up some little distance off when I fired, but I missed it, or at any rate failed to get it. Nan then made a beautiful point under an oak bush growing among the sedge, Lock backing staunchly, and this bird I also brought to bag. Several other points were made by the puppies, and in every instance they were perfectly staunch on back and point, never failed to drop to wing or shot, and showed no inclination to break shot, except in the single instance already mentioned. Going on, Lock pointed a bevy in a stubble field and Nan promptly backed him. I could see the bird on the ground within three feet of Lock's nose, yet he showed no inclination to move. On flushing and firing, Nan dropped to shot—Lock had dropped to point—and both puppies remained perfectly staunch. These birds flew into the woods and flushed wild so that I got little shooting. I returned home at noon, having killed nine birds out of the two covey. These puppies have had very little handling and almost no experience. They were whelped on March 26 and March 30, 1885, respectively. They are quite fast and stylish and for their age are hard to beat. As they are not for sale, it may not be improper for me to say they are the best I ever saw.—AH-PE.

THE IRISH SETTER PRIZE.—Progress, N. C., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just seen an article headed "Irish Setters," wherein Mr. L. W. White, Secretary and Treasurer pro tem. of the Irish Setter Club, says: "Messrs. Hitchcock, Donner and Coster, judges at the Eastern Field Trials, on being requested by me to decide which Irish setter shown at the trials was entitled to the Irish setter special awarded by Mr. William Dunphy, of Peekskill, N. Y., and Dr. William Jarvis, of Claremont, N. H., concluded that it should be equally divided between Elcho, Jr., Blarney, Rose of Killarney and Glenclaire." Now, as I was one of the handlers of Irish dogs at that trial and the only one that won a heat, allow me to ask Mr. White through your paper a few questions about that special, as the gentleman who owned the dog I ran would like to know how it was decided; and as this is the first I have ever seen in any paper I was somewhat surprised at it. My first question to Mr. White is, Why, as Secretary and Treasurer of the Irish Setter Club, didn't he give the money put in his hands for that purpose to the Eastern Field Trials Club, so that they would have decided it on the field? He must have known that they would not decide it unless they had the prize to show, as they have given two or three cups which have never shown up, and they had to make a strict rule not to notice anything unless they had it in their hands. My second question is, How came he to give part of it to the Derby? as he publicly claimed the Derby had nothing to do with it, it being a prize given to encourage Irish setter men to run dogs and given after the Derby entries had closed. My last question to Mr. White—but not least—is, What business had Mr. J. O. Donner to decide the Irish setter special? If he was a judge of that class it is the first I ever knew of it, and how he was brought in to decide the Irish setter special and Mr. Wilson left out is more than I can see, and I would like Mr. White to tell me through this paper. It also looks very queer to me that Mr. Coster did not know anything about it, as I saw him a number of times after the trials and he said he believed they had decided it in some way, but did not seem to know anything about it. It looks to me as if Mr. White had put himself in a rather awkward position, and one which he should clear up as soon as possible, as I have talked with a number about it, and every one, like myself, seems to think the money belonged to Blarney or his owner, and when they divided it they were dividing that gentleman's money.—T. M. ALDRICH.

WHERE DOGS ABOUND.—Colorado is probably not so much cursed in this respect as some of the other States. But in some parts of Southern Missouri, for instance, or Northern Arkansaw, the wonder is as to how the country can sustain so many children and dogs and so little of anything else. If a stranger goes up to a cabin in Crawford or Maries county, Missouri, he stirs up enough dogs to supply a whole State like Delaware or Rhode Island. They are nearly all hounds, and they are of no account whatever. But the determination with which the owner of one of those dogs would protect him, illustrates the difficulty that would always attend the enforcement of a law for their extermination.—*Denver Tribune-Republican.*

"GRAPHIC'S ALLEGED FLUSH."—In the communication in last issue by Messrs. Anthony and Heath, page 452, section 10, for "We did not agree to Mr. Donner," read "We did agree to Mr. Donner."

JIMMIE.—Mr C. J. Peshall, of New York, writes us that the reported death of his pointer dog Jimmie from distemper was a mistake, and that he is alive and well.

BRACKET, the pointer mentioned in last week's issue, was bred by Mr. Leach, not by Mr. Norrish, as stated.

THE HARTFORD KENNEL CLUB'S DOG SHOW.—Hartford, Jan. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Hartford Kennel Club claim April 14, 15 and 16, 1886, for their bench show. As far as possible we shall allow our exhibitors to choose their judges, and if any one wishing to exhibit will kindly favor us with first and second choice for their specialty it would confer a favor on HARTFORD KENNEL CLUB (per A. C. Collins).

AMERICAN ENGLISH BEAGLE CLUB.—It is proposed by a member to have the beagle judge appoint two members to assist him in the ring when judging, to have all the dogs scored openly by them. No doubt that plan would be most satisfactory to all parties. Of course the two members selected are not to have any dogs entered for competition. It is proposed to fix the initiation fee at $1 hereafter.

THE GRAPHIC KENNELS.—Messrs. Heath and Anthony announce that hereafter they will own together a kennel of dogs to be known as the Graphic Kennels.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Freckles. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct. 12, 1885, by Duce (Rattler—Sprightly) out of Juno (Ringwood—Mary).

Neva, Velvet, Vashti, Voxer, Vega and Vic. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for white and tawny St. Bernard bitches, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno (Harold—Judy) out of Bertha (Bruno—Elso).

Asso. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno (Harold—Judy) out of Bertha (Bruno—Elso).

Vico. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for white and tawny St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno (Harold—Judy) out of Bertha (Bruno—Elso).

Lady Bergen. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for orange and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno (Harold—Judy) out of Bertha (Bruno—Elso).

Echo. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1885, by Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice) out of Norah (champion Bayard—Stella).

King Lear. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug. 21, 1885, by Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice) out of Norah (champion Bayard—Stella).

Duke of Leeds II. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for orange, brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped Aug 21, 1885, by Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice) out of Norah (champion Bayard—Stella).

Nina. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 21, 1885, by Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice) out of Norah (champion Bayard—Stel'a).

Else. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for white and tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 21, 1885, by Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice) out of Norah (champion Bayard—Stella).

Friza. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for orange brindle and white St Bernard bitch, whelped May, 1885, by champion Duke of Leeds (Mount Sion II.—Novice) out of imported Dido II. (Bang—Dido).

Myrtle. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for sable and white collie bitch, whelped April 21, 1885, by Robin Adair (Guy's Cliff—Tyne) out of imported Lassie (champion Mi, E. 5,442—champion Hamish, E. 2,854).

Rose Terry. By Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., for golden sable collie bitch, whelped July 14, 1885, by champion Robin Adair (Guy's Cliff—Tyne) out of Flora (Tweed II.—Elsie).

Gus Edwards. By W. S. Diffenderfer, Baltimore, Md., for white, black and tan ticked beagle dog, whelped Sept. 30, 1885, by Ringwood (A. K. R. 2302) out of Gay (Ringwood—Bunnie).

Corabel. By D. N. Hebron, Vicksburg, for white and black ticked English setter bitch, whelped July 25, 1885, by Count Glickstone out of Ruth (A.K.R. 827).

Pearl Blue II. By W. M. Rankin, New Haven, Conn., for English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 12, 1885, by Yale Belton (Belton—Blonde) out of Spot Blue (Gun—Pearl Blue).

King Leo. By Ernest F. Thomas, Hoboken, N. J., for black, white and tan Llewellin setter dog, whelped July 29, 1885, by Count Noble out of Ruby.

Miss Elsie. By Ernest F. Thomas, Hoboken, N. J., for black, white and tan Llewellin setter bitch, whelped July 29, 1885, by Count Noble out of Ruby.

Meco. By Mrs. Dr. Mason, Calais, Me., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1885, by champion Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Althea (A.K.R. 542).

Nellie Grey. By Western Reserve Kennels, Palmyra, O., for light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1885, by Cæsar (A.K.R. 12) out of Oma (A.K.R. 201).

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Linda—Glen Rock. Thos Blythe's (Peale, Pa.) English setter bitch Linda (Dashing Monarch—Peggy), to E. W. Jester's Glen Rock (Druid—Princess Draco), Dec. 30, 1885.

Surrey Nan—Flippant. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicot City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Surrey Nan (A.K.R. 1902) to their Flippant (A.K.R. 528), Dec. 27, 1885.

Jill—Regent Vox. Surrey Kennels' (Ellicott City, Md.) fox-terrier bitch Jill (A.K.R. 529) to August Belmont, Jr.'s Regent Vox (Tacker—Sandy Vic), Dec. 26, 1885.

Bess H.—Change. S. H. Socwell's (Indianapolis, Ind.) English setter bitch Bess H. (Count Fritz—Becker's Nellie) to his Change (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight), Nov. 21, 1885.

Queen—Change. G. Ballard's (Indianapolis, Ind.) English setter bitch Queen (Bergundthal's Rake—Fuller's Lady) to S. H. Socwell's Change (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight), Dec. 24, 1885.

Bessie—Change. Lewis Osborne's (Stockwell, Ind.) English setter bitch Bessie (Bergundthal's Rake—Meg Merrilies) to S. H. Socwell's Change (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight), Oct. 9, 1885.

Lucy V.—Change. C. Valentine's (Edinburg, Ind.) English setter bitch Lucy V. (Dashing Lion—Queen Anne) to S. H. Socwell's Change (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight), Dec. 28, 1885.

Floy—Change. C. M. Munhall's (Cleveland. O.) Llewellin setter Floy (Rob Roy—Blanche) to S. H. Socwell's Change (Dashing Dan—Daisy Starlight). Oct. 13, 1885.

Daisy—Bradford Ruby. J. F. Schorer's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy to City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny), Nov. 10, 1885.

Norah—Verone. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) St. Bernard bitch Norah (champion Bayard—Stella) to their champion Verone (Rex—Alma), Dec. 28, 1885.

Gypsey—Carlo. Mill Brook Kennels' (Bergenfield, N. J.) collie bitch Gypsey (imported Garry—imported Lassie) to N. B. Sinclair's Carlo, Dec. 22, 1885.

Trix—Ranger Croxteth. R. S. Rockwell's (Columbus, Wis.) pointer bitch Trix (Vandevort's Don—Jean Royal) to S. B. Dilley's Ranger Croxteth—Royal Fan), Dec. 2, 1885.

Fannie Obo—Obo II. H. C. Bronsdon's (Boston, Mass.) cocker spaniel bitch Fanny Obo (A.K.R. 1311) to J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 433), Dec. 26, 1885.

Pug—Treasure. Chas. Steinkamp's pug bitch Pug (Punch—Judy) to Chas. A. Leonhard's champion Treasure (Fritz—Banjo), Nov. 25, 1885.

Lady Gordon—Moss. R. Blackwood's (Minneapolis, Minn.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Gordon (Major—Young Flora) to W. A. Van Brunt's Moss (Rupert—Queen B.).

Kelp—Pride of Dixie. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Kelp (A.K.R. 110) to Wm. Fisher's Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid), Dec. 22, 1885.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Daisy. John Obrien's (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Daisy, Oct 3, 1885, five (two dogs), by City View Kennels' Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Beauty. City View Kennels' (New Haven, Conn.) pug bitch Beauty (Heckshier—Daisy), Oct. 7, 1885, three (one dog), by their Bradford Ruby (Lovat—Jenny).

Lulu II. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Lulu II. (Berkley—Lulu), Dec. 5, 1885, ten (five dogs), by W. H. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen).

Lulu III. J. J. Scanlan's (Fall River, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Lulu III. (Glencho—Lulu II.), Aug. 22, 1885, five (one dog), by J. A. J. Sprague's Brush (Elcho—Rose).

Daisy Dean. Fishel Bros. (Hope, Ind.) red Irish setter bitch Daisy Dean, Dec. 22, 1885, eleven (six dogs), by Lamar's Swing.

Jersey Beauty. Thos. Lindsay's (New York) collie bitch Jersey Beauty (A.K.R. 2943), Dec. 26, 1885, three (one dog), by J. Lindsay's Craft (A.K.R. 2629).

Ruby Croxteth. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Ruby Croxteth (Croxteth—Seitner's Lass), Dec. 12, 1885, eleven (five dogs), by their King Bow (A.K.R. 83); six since dead.

Bess. J. L. Dinckel's (Fair Haven, Vt.) mastiff bitch Bess (A.K.R. 2217), Dec 22, 1885, eleven (ten dogs), by his Boss (A.K.R. 2218).

Sue. Detroit Kennel Club's Detroit, Mich.) pointer bitch Sue (Hindoo—Princess Bow), Dec. 17, 1885, eight (two dogs), by their King Bow (A.K.R. 83).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Glen Mona. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by Glen Rock out of Dashing Jest, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del, to Mr. ——, ——, Mass.

Nell. White and tan beagle bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sport. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe. Black, white and tan beagle dog, age and pedigree unknown by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ned. Tawny and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1885 (—— — Friday), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to B. McCoy, Kirkwood, Del.

Shep. Tawny and white collie dog, whelped Aug. 30, 1885 (—— — Friday), by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to E. C. Collins, Elkton, Md.

Bounce. Solid fawn Italian greyhound dog, whelped Feb. 2, 1885, by Duke out of Nellie, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del, to L. Williamson, Kingston, N. C.

Surrey Patch. White, tan patch, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 15, 1884 (A.K.R. 1706), by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to Jos. R. Trissler, Lancaster, Pa.

Fanchette. Liver and white ticked pointer bitch, age and pedigree unknown, by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., to J. H. Robertson, Mobile, Ala.

Carlo—Yolande whelps. Black and white collies, whelped Oct. 24, 1885, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., a dog each to Monroe H. Green, Southampton, L. I.; Maitland Armstrong, Marlborough-on-Hudson, N. Y., and Wm. Wilkeson, Youngstown, N. Y., and a bitch each to N. B. Sinclair, Winterton, N. Y., and Isaac Keator, Rosendale N. Y.

Carlo—Gypsey whelps. Collies, whelped Aug. 5, 1885, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., a black, white and tan dog to W. W. Tucker, New York; a black, white and tan dog to A. W. Cambell, Belleville, Pa.; a sable and white dog to Thos. J. Susade, Englewood, N. J., and a sable and white dog to George Noyes, North Falmouth, Mass.

Young Toby—Fanny whelp. Fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 5, 1885, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to R. H. Trimble, Napanee, Ont.

Lorenz. Dark brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped April 13, 1885, by Alp II. out of Alma I., by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to W. C. Freeman, Cornwall, Pa.

Luzern. Dark brindle and white St. Bernard dog, whelped April 13, 1885, by Alp II. out of Alma I., by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to Thos. Richardson, Ilion, N. Y.

Whip. Black, white and tan collie dog, whelped July 1, 1885, by imported Bobbie out of imported Nellie, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to Wm. A. Conklin, New York.

Yellow Pine. Black and tan collie dog, whelped June 20, 1885, by Bobbie out of Re, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to E. C. Corawall, Pa.

Neva. White and tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno out of Bertha, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to Geo. Schenck, Burlington, Ia.

Vico. White and tawny St. Bernard dog, Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno out of Bertha, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to G. J. French, Rochester, N. Y.

Velvet. White and tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno out of Bertha, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to Jos. H. Wright, Trenton, N. J.

Vashti. White and tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 17, 1885, by Zeno out of Bertha, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to Chas. Bassini, Newark, N. J.

Voxer. White and tawny St. Bernard bitch, whelped Sept. 17, 1885, by Zeno out of Bertha, by Mill Brook Kennels, Bergenfield, N. J., to Arnold Thayer, Roslyn, L. I.

Jewel. Fawn pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to F. D. Gadsby, Mansfield, O.

Mikado. Fawn pug dog, whelped Suly 18, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to L. Brandeis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Niobe. Fawn pug bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1885 by Bradford Ruby out of Bess, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to S. H. Cone, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Ruby F. Fawn pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to George Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.

Hazel. Fawn pug bitch, whelped July 18, 1885, by Bradford Ruby out of Flossy, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Chas. A. Leonhard, Newport, Ky.

Flossy. Silver fawn pug bitch, whelped March, 1882, pedigree unknown, by City View Kennels, New Haven, Conn., to Geo. Gillivan, West Jefferson, O.

Marlborough. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard dog, whelped July 20, 1885, by champion Hermit out of Daphne II., by Strawberry Hill Kennels, Leicester, Mass., to Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass.

Nellie Grey. Light fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 26, 1885, by Cæsar (A.K.R. 12) out of Oma (A.K.R. 201), by Western Reserve Kennels, Palmyra, O., to F. R. Rowley, Dallas, Tex.

Carl. Light fawn pug dog, whelped May 27, 1885, by Don Juan out of imported Mollie, by Western Reserve Kennels, Palmyra, O., to S. H. Wilson, Cleveland, O.

Cæsar. Light fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped May 27, 1885, by Don Juan out of imported Mollie, by Western Reserve Kennels, Palmyra, O., to S. H. Wilson, Cleveland, O.

Gyp. Fawn, black points, pug dog, whelped May 27, 1885, by Don Juan out of imported Mollie, by Western Reserve Kennels, Palmyra, O., to S. H. Wilson, Cleveland, O.

Peter II. Bull-terrier dog, age and pedigree unknown, by Alfred George, England, to T. R. Varick, Manchester, N. H.

Countess. Lemon and white English setter bitch, age not given, by Neptune out of Ruby, by Dr. Evans, Washington, D. C., to T. J. Flack, same place.

Lexington—Victory whelps. Black, white and tan English setter dog and bitch, whelped April 8, 1885, by Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., to Dr. J. G. F. Holston, Zanesville, O.

Donald. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped February, 1883, by King Bow out of Grace, by Dr. J. G. F. Holston, Zanesville, O., to Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Berneta. Brindle and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 20, 1885, by Hermit (A.K.R. 23) out of Daphne II. (A.K.R. 486), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Geo S. Tucker, Peterboro, N. H.

Hermita. Orange, white markings, St. Bernard bitch, whelped July 20, 1885 (A.K.R. 3018), by Essex Kennels, Andover, Mass., to Geo. S. Tucker, Peterboro, N. H.

PRESENTATIONS.

Loyos. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped Sept. 12, 1884 (A.K.R 2355), by Victor M. Haldeman, General Wayne, Pa., to Howard B. Stauffer, Mt. Joy, Pa.

Beaufort—Lady Maud whelps. Pointers, whelped June 28, 1885, by Surrey Kennels, Ellicott City, Md., a lemon and white ticked dog to Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md., and a lemon and white dog to A. M. Benzinger, West Friendship, Md.

Earl Leycester. Fox-terrier dog, whelped March 30, 1883 (Spice—Dame), by Luke Turner, Leicester, Eng., to Clovernook Kennels, New York.

IMPORTATIONS.

Turk. Smooth-coated St. Bernard dog, 2½yrs. old (Barry—Flora), by Wm. J. Ehrich, New York, from Switzerland.

Flora I. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, 13mos. old (Lebeau—Belline), by Wm. J. Ehrich, New York, from Switzerland.

Flora II. Smooth-coated St. Bernard bitch, 17mos. old (Leon—Belline), by Wm. J. Ehrich, New York, from Switzerland.

Ruth. Rough coated St. Bernard bitch, 18mos. old (Barry— ——), by Wm. J. Ehrich, New York, from Switzerland.

Stella and Lulu. Rough-coated St. Bernard bitches, 8mos. old (Turk—Belline II.), by Wm. J. Ehrich, New York, from Switzerland.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WERE LOST by men who were accidentally injured in 1884, and not insured in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn. The wise ones insured and drew $949,000 in cash benefits.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

BOSTON, Jan. 2.—The attendance at the range at Walnut Hill today was larger than usual, and good weather conditions were had, with the exception of a 12 o'clock fish-tail wind, which gave some trouble. On the 12th inst., the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association will be held at the Quincy House at 6 o'clock, and the annual dinner will be served at 7:30 P. M. Business of importance is to be transacted. The results of to day's shoot were:

Decimal Off-Hand Match.

E F Richardson, D	9	8	10	9	9	7	10	5	9	9—87
W H Oler, D	9	9	7	7	10	10	8	10	7	6—83
R Read, D	4	10	9	10	10	6	9	7	9	7—81
J N Frye, C	9	10	10	8	5	7	6	8	7	10—80
J Again, C	4	8	7	10	5	9	9	7	7	8—74
A C Gallant, A	7	7	5	10	5	7	10	7	10	5—73
H Withington, C	7	10	5	7	5	4	9	9	4	4—65
John Mulford, C	8	2	3	8	7	6	4	6	9	2—55
H Newhall, A	5	4	8	4	6	3	3	4	7	6—50

Military Match, Standard American Target.

J Francis, B	8	8	7	8	7	9	9	10	9	9—84
J B Fellows, B	9	6	9	9	8	9	5	10	5	10—80
A Duffer, B	7	8	8	7	8	8	9	10	9	6—80
F Carter, B	7	9	4	9	6	5	5	5	7	5—62
R Davis, B	7	3	5	7	8	5	3	7	7	7—57

Rest Match.

R Graham	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10—99
G Roberts	10	9	9	10	10	10	9	10	10	9—97
S Wilder	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10—98
N Washburn	10	8	9	9	10	9	10	10	9	10—94
F Carter (mil.)	9	7	10	7	8	10	10	8	7	7—83
C W Hodgdon	8	10	10	6	9	9	10	4	8	7—81

THE CHAMPION MILITARY SHOT.—Major Andrew S. Burt, Eighth Infantry, who has a national reputation as a crack shot, and is now stationed at Fort Bidwell, Cal., has made the best individual score thus far reported during this season. The records show that he has made a perfect score (100) at each of the 200, 500, 600 and 800-yard ranges, 96 at the 300 yard, and 98 at the 1,000-yard range, making a total of 594 out of a possible 600, or 99 per cent. The total is slightly in excess of the score made last season at Fort Missoula, Mont., by Lieutenant M. C. Wilkinson, Third Infantry, who headed the list of sharpshooters with a percentage of 93.22.

MILITARY MAGAZINE ARMS.—Brigadier General S. V. Benet, Chief of Ordnance, has tabulated the company reports on the three magazine arms issued to the army, and under date of Dec. 15 transmits them to the Secretary of War. In his note of transmittal he says: "These guns—the Lee, Chaffee-Reece and Hotchkiss—were recommended for trial in the order named by a board of officers convened in 1881 under authority of law, and were distributed to the Army for the purpose by the Lieutenant General of the Army. The reports from 145 companies have been received, examined and tabulated. Comparing the three magazine guns with each other the reports are, for the Lee, 55; Chaffee-Reece, 14; Hotchkiss, 26. As magazine guns, therefore, the reports are largely in favor of the Lee. Comparing the magazine guns with each other and with the Springfield service rifle, as single loaders, the preference is for the Springfield, as follows: For the Lee, 5; Chaffee-Reece, 0; Hotchkiss, 1; Springfield, 21. Comparing the magazine guns and the Springfield for all uses the preference is: For the Lee, 10; Chaffee-Reece, 3; Hotchkiss, 4, and the Springfield, 48, being largely in favor of the Springfield. After a careful consideration of these reports I am satisfied that neither of these magazine guns should be adopted and substituted for the Springfield rifle as the arm for the service. I have been, and am, an advocate for a magazine gun, but it would seem the part of wisdom to postpone for the present any further efforts toward the adoption of a suitable magazine arm for the service. The Springfield rifle gives such general satisfaction to the Army that we can safely wait a reasonable time for further developments of magazine systems."

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 1.—Rifle shooting in this city has suddenly taken a drop. During 1884 there were seven organizations in the field, and now only two that may be called permanent exist, namely, the Frelinghuysen and Essex clubs. The Celluloid Association disbanded in February last and shortly after the Domestic Rod and Rifle Club followed suit. The Washington, Plymouth and Western clubs disbanded in 1884, the members joining the remaining associations in the city. It has been extremely difficult to open a tournament, as little interest is manifested in gallery shooting, and not only this, but the majority of members—who are mostly mechanics and out of employment—find it difficult to retain their membership, as money is scarce. During the year 1884 the Newark Rifle Association, which comprises all the clubs in the city, numbered 470 members. Since that time it has dwindled down to about one third, and at a special meeting of the Association it was unanimously voted that the clubs discontinue their annual tournaments and confine all gallery shooting to their individual ranges; also, that the clubs entertain all challenges from outside associations. The Frelinghuysen Rifle Club, organized on May 16, 1879, consequently is the oldest in the city. The officers elected at the last annual meeting are: J. K. Walsh, President; John Rose, Vice-President; A. C. Neumann, Secretary and Treasurer; Rifle Inspector, S. H. Shackelford; Delegate to the N. R. A.—J. K. Walsh and A. C. Neumann. The Essex Rifle Club still continues at its range corner Lush and Bank, with at present 47 members. All communications to the Newark Rifle Association should be addressed to A. C. Neuman, 203 Mulberry street. The Newark clubs have shot only two matches outside since the defeat of the Zettlers, viz., Essex, of Newark; Washington, of New York.—A. C. N.

THE NEW YORK STATE ARM.—Adjt.-Gen. John G. Farnsworth, in his annual report, made during the past week to the Governor, speaks of the plan to supplant the present .50 caliber State model arm with the Springfield, as follows: "The arms of the Guard are in serviceable condition, but a change in the caliber of the Remington rifle in use to conform to that of the piece used by the United States Army becomes more apparent each year, and the recommendation of the Adjutant-General of the Army in his annual report, that a general act of Congress should be passed in the approaching session providing for immediate exchange of all obsolete arms in the hands of the militia of the several States for improved Springfield rifles, caliber .45, is a step in the right direction which I most heartily indorse. A bill to carry out this recommendation has been introduced in Congress, and I would respectfully suggest that action be taken by the Legislature to urge the Senators and Representatives from this State to use their efforts to further its passage."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 1.—The Rod and Gun Rifle Club had a fair attendance at their shoot at Lake Lookout to-day. The Massachusetts target was used and the scores made were very good, considering the unfavorable wind which blew throughout the afternoon. The scores:

E T Stephens	10	10	11	9	11	12	10	9	10	12—105
J Allen	11	11	11	9	11	9	12	11	9	10—104
H K Hindley	10	10	12	10	11	12	9	9	10	10—103
J Town	9	12	8	7	8	10	8	11	12	6— 91
E S Field	7	8	7	9	4	12	12	10	11	8— 88
Sterling	12	7	9	10	10	8	6	9	6	5— 77
J W Keyes	8	5	8	10	8	8	9	7	7	6— 76

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—Dec. 29.—Regular Club shoot, ring target, possible 120, gallery 100ft. long: M. L. Riggs 114, D. Miller 111, M. Dorrler 112, M. B. Engel 114, A. Lober 113, G. Zimermann 111, H. Holges 110, L. Flach 108, C. W. Karcher 100.—N. D. WARD, Sec.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20.—The habitues of Bird's Point were reinforced to-day by an influx of visitors, and the first match on the list was contested by sportsmen from various states and foreign countries. Mr. Grove, of Texas, took first, $40; W. L. Eyre took $25, second money, and Mr. McAlpine $15 as third on the list. Birds were good and strong on the wing, and some phenomenal shooting was the result. The outcome of the event was more or less a surprise to the betting fraternity, who made Mr. McAlpine a hot favorite. Following is the score:

Grove	1111111011—11	Philips	1011010111101—8
McAlpine	1110111011110— 9	Wilkins	1011110001001—7
Jones	0100111010111— 6	Carr	0001111101110—7
Eyre	1111101110111—10	Parrott	1110010011111—8

THE NEW JERSEY CHAMPIONSHIP.—B. S. Payne, of Jersey City, holds the New Jersey State champion badge, having won it at the last tournament, Sept. 19, killing all his birds, 15 straight. But by all odds the best and most reliable wing-shot of the State is John L. Brewer, commonly called Jack Brewer, of Hammondtown, Atlantic county.—ONE WHO KNOWS.

BOSTON, Dec. 30.—The pigeon shooters had possession of the range to-day and with good weather conditions had a fine day's sport. The scores ran: 1. Five birds—Curtis first. 2. Five birds—Adams and Curtis first. 3. Five straightaway birds—Nichols first. 4. Novelty Match—Curtis first. 5. Five birds—Lovejoy and Adams first. 6. Five birds—Robinson first. 7. Three pairs double—Snow first. 8. Five birds—Curtis and Adams first. 9. Five birds—Curtis and Lovejoy first. 10. Novelty match—Curtis first. 11. Five straightaway birds—Snow first. 12. Three pairs double—Robinson first. 13. Five birds—Snow and Lovejoy first. 14. Miss and out match—Curtis and Faulkner divided. 15. Miss and out match—Curtis, Faulkner and Adams divided. 16. Three pairs doubles—Faulkner and Robinson. 17. Five birds—Robinson first. 18. Five straightaways, 27yds.—Lovejoy first. 19. Five birds—Curtis first. 20. Five birds straightaway, 33yds.—Nichols first. 21. Team match, 5 birds from 5 traps—First team: Lovejoy 4, Adams 4, Snow 2, Allen 4, Slocum 3, Francis 2; total 19. Second team: Curtis 4, Faulkner 4, Nichols 1, Robinson 4, Hart 3, Draper 1; total 17.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 2.—The first shoot of the Wellington Gun Club for 1886 occurred to-day. The various events resulted as follows: 1. Five pigeons—Stanton and Bancroft first. 2. Five black birds—Bartlett, Williams and Crosby first. 3. Five pigeons—Sanborn first. 4. Five blackbirds—Sanborn first. 5. Five pigeons—Olys and Pond first. 6. Five blackbirds—Shumway, Swift and Bartlett first. 7. Five blackbirds, straightaway—Olys first. 8. Three pair pigeons—Snow, Shumway and Stanton first. 9. Three pair blackbirds—Bartlett first. 10. Five pigeons—Bartlett and Parker first. 11. Five blackbirds—Olys, Stanton and Bartlett first. 12. In the medal match the ties were shot off, resulting in Evans taking trophy No. 1, Buffum No. 2 and Wilson No. 3.

TORONTO, Dec. 30.—The continuation of the pigeon tournament at D. Beldam's, Malvern, commenced yesterday morning, the first item on the programme being the finish of the individual shoot, which brought out the fourth squad. This squad included the marksmen who did not shoot during the last day's meeting. Following is the score, 15 birds each, 29yds. rise, Toronto Gun Club rules:

J Jennings	001111100111101—10	Emo	001000 retired.
Hetherington	111001110111010—10	J Brown	1000011011 retired.
J Simpson	010111010000 retired.	J Bell	001011101101retir'd
R R Wilson	00000 retired.	D Beldam	110111001001111—10

This concluded the individual shoot. The first prize of $35 going to J. Townsend, second, $25, to C. Small, who killed all his birds; two of which unfortunately dropped dead out of bounds; third, $15, to J. Gould; fourth and fifth were divided between J. Wilson and J. Douglass; the sixth and seventh prizes were divided.

After lunch the team shoot commenced. It brought out representatives of four clubs. The Toronto Gun Club, No. 2 squad, killed 16 birds: Owl Gun Club, No. 2 squad, 15 birds; Toronto Gun Club, No. 1 squad, 22 birds; and Owl Gun Club, No. 1 squad, 21 birds. The Bingham Gun Club retired after shooting at five birds each. The Toronto Gun Club, No. 1, thus won the five gold medals, winning by one bird.

A match has been made between J. Bell and J. Townsend for $100 a side, at 50 pigeons each, the trial to be made on Jan. 29. A match has also been arranged between J. Wilson and D. Beldam, for $20 a side, at 10 double birds, to come off on the same date.

CLUB SCORES.—*Correspondents who favor us with scores are requested to send them in as soon as possible after the matches described. We go to press Wednesdays; and it is necessary that matter for publication should be in hand by Monday, or Tuesday at the latest.*

NEWARK, N. J.—The wing shots hereabout are very busy just now and there are many enjoyable little meets. On New Year's Day the Norfolk Gun Club held a match on the South Orange road. The conditions were 9 birds each, 25yds. rise, one ground trap. The scores were: Dr. Kearney 9, Weigand, Meisel and Oschwald each 6, Doersbacher 2, and Maybuss 2.

In the match of the Vailsburg Gun Club on the same day, H. Hartenstein was declared winner with a score of 8 out of 10 birds at 21yds. rise. The other scores were: Reibold and C. Hartenstein each 7, Waag 6, McElroy 3.

On Jan. 2 A. J. Rust, of Philadelphia, and L. B. Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., shot a pigeon match at Erb's grounds for $200, which resulted in a victory for the Jerseyman by three birds. The conditions of the match were: Thirty-five birds each, 25 yards rise, one barrel, find, trap and handle. James Van Brockel, of Matawan, was referee, and Frank Klintze, of Philadelphia, and D. Applegate judges. The attendance was the largest seen on a pigeon shooting ground in many years. The score is as follows:

Rust	1000111011011110011011011111100111100—21
Campbell	1101111111101001001111111110101001—24

After the match a number of sweepstakes were shot off, which were won by Mr. William Graham, of London, who has just come to this country to answer any challenge.

A CHALLENGE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We the undersigned would like to shoot a friendly match, at clay-pigeons, clay-birds, or any other target, against any two young men under twenty-one years of age, in or near New York. Answer through FOREST AND STREAM. We are both under twenty-one years of age.—S. AND L.

LOGAN'S MARKSMANSHIP.—General Logan is very fond of out door sports. He is an admirable horseman and swordsman, and knows how to handle a rifle. He is one of the best pistol-shots in the country. He has the handsomest dueling pistols in Washington. But he is the last man to brag of his strength or skill. When down at the Hot Springs of Arkansas a few years ago trying to throw off a peculiarly severe attack of rheumatism he astonished the pistol experts of that pistoling country. On one occasion a dozen of young men were practicing from the piazza of the General's hotel at a bottle laid on the broad crotch of a distant tree. The bottle was round. Unless it was hit plumply in the middle it spun round and round like a top. The young men were good shots, but now and then they would miss the somewhat difficult mark. Then the invalid Senator would chaff them. The young men finally became irritated and asked the General if he could improve upon their skill. After a little more chaffing the General said: "I'll tell you fellows what I will do. There are twelve of you, but I'll promise you each a box of cigars every time you hit the bottle if you'll promise me a box every time I hit it." The boys accepted the proposition instantly. "I'll shoot first, and, if I hit, I'm to shoot again until I miss." They had no objections, so the General fired twelve consecutive shots, each one breaking a different bottle, while the young men's eyes opened wider and wider. "Do you want any more?" he asked, after the twelfth shot. "No," said the young men, hastily, "I guess not." "You can send those twelve boxes to my room whenever you're ready, gentlemen," said the General, as he lounged away. "Some day when I have more leisure I'll give you an hour's instruction in target-shooting." But the boys never held him to his promise. They paid their bets, however, and did their practicing when the General was not around.—*Washington Correspondence Chicago News.*

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

WM. S. KIMBALL & Co., the well-known proprietors of the Peerless Tobacco Works, at Rochester, N. Y., have brought out a "straight cut" cigarette which promises to win the popularity of the famous and standard "Vanity Fair," known, tried and approved for so many years. The Kimball "Old Gold" smoking tobacco is one of the choicest products ever put out by the Peerless Works, and its many excellent qualities will be appreciated by every smoker of taste and judgment who uses a pipe.

IT IS WORTH BINDING.—Gorham, Me., Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a subscriber of your paper since about 1878. I find it one of the best papers of the dozen which I take regularly. Having handled a rifle, gun and rod since my sixth year, I have appreciated the sere and gray time when failing eyesight warns me that my shooting days are most past. I still love to fish, and as well as ever I much enjoy your clean sheet. No need to caution my only daughter not to open your regularly welcome pages.—McL.

TO BE healthy and happy people, we have got to take care of our diet. What we eats and what we drinks should be the most important subject of a man's consideration; for, if his digestion is in good condition, his morals are the same. In America, people are in such a hurry to get their work done and their money made that they neglect their food, and when they have accumulated their fortunes they haven't the health to enjoy them. They have kept up their worshipping on stimulants, tea or coffee, that ruin the digestion and play the mischief with the liver, instead of drinking Baker's soothing and wholesome Breakfast Cocoa, which digests itself while it nourishes the body.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE SNEAKBOX FAMILY.

I.—THE BARNEGAT SNEAKBOX.

OF the many and various small craft found on the coast and inland watercourses of the United States, none possesses a more marked individuality or more peculiar features than the little boat commonly known as the Barnegat Sneakbox. Confined almost entirely to the locality where it originated, the long, narrow stretch of water cut off from the Atlantic by the low sand beaches of the east coast of New Jersey, it is chiefly remarkable for its difference from other American boats and its special adaptability to the purpose for which it is built. The sneakbox was first brought to general notice by the cruise made in one, in 1876, from Pittsburgh, Pa., to the Gulf of Mexico, by Mr. N. H. Bishop, and so well described by him in "Four Months in a Sneakbox," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. At the time of Mr. Bishop's voyage but little cruising of this sort was done; but the wide growth of canoeing and the work of the American Canoe Association, of which he was the founder, have since attracted hundreds to this most fascinating sport, and has stimulated the improvement and development of all varieties of small craft that are suitable for cruising. Among the many craft of late appropriated by the wandering cruiser, the sneakbox has come in for a fair share of attention, and a great interest has been awakened in the hitherto little known and insignificant boat. There are many who will prefer a larger boat than a canoe, and there are many purposes for which the latter is safer and more comfortable. To say that a canoe is better than a sneakbox, or vice versa, is absurd; the two have each their special features which do not clash and which must be carefully weighed before a choice is made between them.

In this connection it is interesting to examine the reasons given by Mr. Bishop for his change from a canoe to the larger boat, which we quote by permission of Messrs. Lee & Shepard from "Four Months in a Sneakbox." "The sneakbox offered ample stowage capacity, while canoes built to hold one person were not large enough to carry the amount of baggage necessary for a voyage. A Nautilus or any improved type of canoe, would have been lighter and more easily transported, and could have been paddled at a higher speed with the same effort expended in rowing the heavier sneakbox, but the canoe did not offer the peculiar advantages of comfort and freedom of bodily motion possessed by its unique fellow craft. Experienced canoeists agree that a canoe of 14ft. in length, which weighs only 70lbs. if built of wood, bark, canvas or paper, when out of the water, and resting upon the ground, or even when bedded on some soft material, like grass or rushes, cannot support the sleeping weight of the canoeist for many successive nights, without becoming strained. Light indeed must be the weight and slender and elastic the form of the man who can sleep many nights comfortably in a 70lb. canoe without injuring it. Cedar canoes, after being subjected to such use for some time, generally become leaky; so to avoid this disaster, the canoeist, when threatened with wet weather, is forced to the disagreeable task of troubling some private householder for a shelter, or run the risk of injuring his boat by packing himself away in narrow coffin-like quarters and dreaming that he is a sardine, while his restless weight is every moment straining his delicate canoe, and visions of future leaks arise to disturb his tranquility.

"The one great advantage possessed by a canoe is its lightness. Canoeists dwell upon the importance of the light weight of their canoes, and the ease with which they can be carried. If the canoeist is to sleep in his delicate craft while making a long journey, she must be made much heavier than the perfected models now in use in this country, many of which are under 75 pounds weight. This additional weight is at once fatal to speed, and becomes burdensome when the canoeist is forced to carry his canoe upon his own shoulders over a portage. A sneakbox built to carry one person weighs about three times as much as a well-built cedar canoe." We quote Mr. Bishop's comparison at full length, as the argument has been advanced by others against the canoe. It must be considered, however, that his canoe was a 28lb. paper boat, and that all this was written ten years ago. To-day it is possible to obtain a canoe of medium weight that will give much more room for sleeping, a wide flat floor, and that will stand unlimited use under a heavy man without leakage, while the modern models have a stowage capacity equal to any requirements of one man. Mr. Bishop's route has since been traversed successfully by a 15ft. canoe. The sneakbox, while heavier, offers more room to move about, cook and sleep than a narrow canoe, and where sailing is the main object, especially in cold weather, and where land carriage and housing are not considered, she is superior to the canoe.

In this series of papers we shall describe first the ordinary sneakbox of the Barnegat baymen, then a modification of this shooting boat to the wants of the cruiser, named by its designer, Mr. Bishop, the "Barnegat Cruiser," and lastly a still more advanced stage of the development into a cruising and sailing boat built from designs specially prepared for the FOREST AND STREAM and which we propose to test with a view to its further improvement and adaptation to the wants of our readers. All of these plans will be accompanied by complete details and accurate tables of offsets, so that they may be used by any one to build from.

The sneakbox was originally a gunning boat, built and used for ducking on Barnegat Bay, and its history has been thoroughly studied by Mr. Bishop, and is given in his book as follows:

"Captain Hazelton Seaman, of West Creek village, New Jersey, a boat builder and an expert shooter of wildfowl, about the year 1836, conceived the idea of constructing for his own use a low-decked boat or gunning punt, in which, when its deck was covered with sedge, he could secrete himself from the wildfowl while gunning in Barnegat and Little Egg Harbor bays. It was important that the boat should be sufficiently light to enable a single sportsman to pull her from the water on the low points of the bay shores. During the winter months, when the great marshes were at times incrusted with snow, and the shallow creeks covered with ice, obstacles which must be crossed to reach the open waters of the Sound, it would be necessary to use her as a sled, to effect which end a pair of light oaken strips were screwed to the bottom of the sneakbox, when she could be easily pushed by the gunner, and the transportation of the oars, sail, blankets, guns, ammunition, and provisions (all of which stowed under the hatch and locked up as snugly as if in a strong chest) became a very simple matter. While secreted in his boat, on the watch for wildfowl, with his craft hidden by a covering of grass or sedge, the gunner could approach within shooting distance of a flock of unsuspicious ducks; and this being done in a sneaking manner—though Mr. Seaman named the result of his first effort the 'Devil's Coffin'—the baymen gave her the soubriquet of 'Sneakbox,' and this name she has retained to the present. Since Captain Seaman built his 'Devil's Coffin,' forty years ago, the model has been improved by various builders until it is believed that it has almost attained perfection. The boat has no sheer, and sits low in the water. This lack of sheer is supplied by a light canvas apron which is tacked to the deck, and presents, when stretched upward by a stick two feet in length, a convex surface to a head sea. The water which breaks upon the deck forward of the cockpit is turned off at the sides of the boat in almost the same manner as a snowplow clears a railroad track of snow. The apron also protects the head and shoulders of the rower from cold head winds. The first sneakbox built by Captain Seaman had a piece of canvas stretched upon an oaken hoop, so fastened to the deck that when a head sea struck the bow the hoop and canvas were forced upward so as to throw the water off its sides, thus effectually preventing its ingress into the hold of the craft. The improved apron originated with Mr. John Crammer, Jr., a short time after Captain Seaman built the first sneakbox. The second sneakbox was constructed by Mr. Crammer, and afterward Mr. Samuel Perine, an old and much-respected bayman of Barnegat, built the third one."

The accompanying design shows clearly the peculiar form of the boat. The lines were taken by Mr. J. H. Rushton from a 14ft. boat built by him, an enlargement of Mr. Bishop's original boat. This form of the boat is the best for gunning and sporting and the usual size is 12ft., the same as the Centennial Republic. The two scales given are for 12 and 14ft., while the following tables of offsets are for the same boats. In the first table the 12ft. boat is reduced in beam as well as in length, being 12ft. long and 43in. beam, instead of 14ft. x60in. If a larger boat is desired the offsets in the second table may be used, but the stations will be spaced closer together, thus the length, 12ft. or 144in., will be divided into 14 parts, or 10 5-16in. nearly. The lines of the boat are so peculiar that the stations are given at intervals of 1ft. only for greater accuracy in laying off. In building, the first step will be to enlarge the lines on the floor from the table of offsets selected, as described on page 21 of "Canoe and Boat Building." The stations or sections will be 1ft. apart, or for a boat 14ft. x 60in., as mentioned above, 10 5-16in. It will be noticed that the fractions given in the table are eighths of an inch, the denominator 8 being omitted, thus 1.5 signifies 1ft. 5in. and four-eighths or 1/2in

This form is used as the fractions are much more easily remembered than if halves, quarters and eighths were used together.

DIMENSIONS OF SNEAKBOXES.

	12ft.	14ft.
Length over all	12ft.	14ft.
Length waterline	9ft. 6in.	11ft. 1in.
Beam	3ft. 7in.	4ft. 2in.
Depth amidships	10in.	11¼in.
Sheer, bow	5⅝in.	5in.
Sheer, stern	1in.	1 in.
Draft	5in.	6in.
Fore side of stem to—		
Mast	2ft. 3¼in.	3ft. 3in.
Trunk	3ft. 11in.	4ft. 7in.
Well, fore end	5ft. 2in.	11ft. 6in.
Well, after end	9ft. 10¼in.	9ft.
Well, width, extreme	1ft. 9in.	2ft. 1in.
Rowlocks	7ft. 9in.	9ft.
Thickness of plank	7-16in.	½in.
Thickness of deck	7-16in.	7-16in.
Timbers	1x½in.	1x9-16in.
Spacing of timbers	10in.	10in.

TABLES OF OFFSETS.

TWELVE FOOT SNEAKBOX.

Station	Heights.		Half-Breadths.							
	Keel.	Deck.	Deck	No. 1.	LWL	No. 3.	No. 4.	Keel.	Diag.	
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft In	Ft In	Ft In	Ft. In.	
0	1 3²	1 3⁶	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1⁴	0	
1	8¹	1 2	8	.....	.....	.....	.....	1⁵	7⁵	
2	4⁴	1 0⁵	1 1⁶	8⁵	5³	.....	.....	1⁸	1 0⁴	
3	1³	11⁴	1 5⁵	1 1⁶	11²	7⁵	1⁶	1⁷	1 3³	
4	0³	10⁵	1 7⁷	1 4³	1 2	11	6³	2	1 4⁷	
5	0	10¹	1 9	1 5⁶	1 3⁴	1 0⁵	8⁴	2²	1 5⁴	
⊠	0	10	1 9⁴	1 6³	1 4	1 1²	9¹	2⁴	1 5⁵	
7	0	10	1 9¹	1 6³	1 4	1 1¹	8⁷	2²	1 5⁴	
8	0³	10	1 8⁵	1 5⁵	1 3²	1 0³	7⁵	2¹	1 5³	
9	1²	10¹	1 7⁶	1 4³	1 1⁶	10³	3⁷	2	1 4⁴	
10	2⁶	10²	1 6⁴	1 2³	10⁶	5¹	.....	2	1 3	
11	4⁴	10⁴	1 4⁶	10³	3⁷	.....	.....	2	1 1¹	
12	6⁶	11	1 2⁶	0⁵	.....	.....	.....	2	10⁵	

FOURTEEN FOOT SNEAKBOX.

0	1 6	1 6⁴	0	.....	.....	.....	.....	1⁴	0
1	10⁶	1 4⁷	8²	.....	.....	.....	.....	1⁵	7⁶
2	6	1 3³	1 2³	7⁴	.....	.....	.....	1⁶	1 1¹
3	2⁷	1 2	1 6⁷	1 1⁴	10⁵	5⁴	.....	1⁷	1 4⁴
4	1	1 1	1 10	1 5⁴	1 2⁶	11	5³	2	1 6⁷
5	0²	1 0³	1 11⁵	1 7⁶	1 5¹	1 1⁵	8⁵	2¹	1 8¹
6	0	11⁶	2 0⁶	1 9¹	1 6³	1 2⁷	10¹	2³	1 8⁵
⊠	0	11⁴	2 1	1 9⁴	1 6⁶	1 3⁴	10⁵	2⁴	1 8⁷
8	0	11⁴	2 0⁶	1 9⁴	1 6⁶	1 3³	10⁴	2⁴	1 8⁷
9	0²	11⁴	2 0²	1 9¹	1 6²	1 2⁶	9⁵	2⁴	1 8⁴
10	0⁶	11⁴	1 11⁵	1 8	1 5¹	1 1³	7	2³	1 7⁷
11	2	11⁶	1 10⁴	1 6³	1 2⁷	10¹	.....	2²	1 6⁶
12	3⁵	1 0	1 9²	1 3⁷	11	3²	.....	2²	1 5¹
13	5⁶	1 0⁴	1 7³	11³	2⁶	.....	.....	2¹	1 3
14	8	1 1	1 5⁴	0⁵	.....	.....	.....	2	1 0⁴

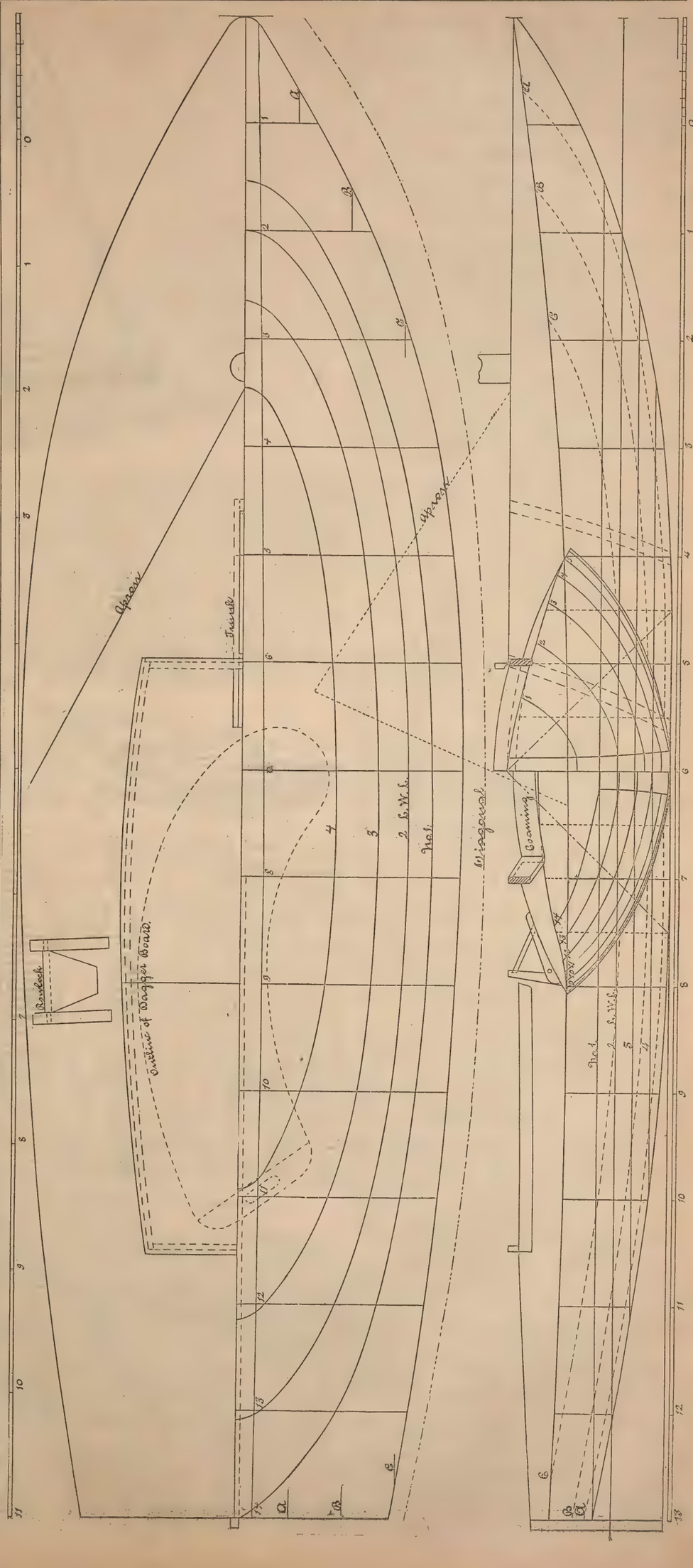
Note.—The fractions in this table are all eighths of an inch.

When the lines are laid down the stern piece or transom is marked off and three moulds are made—one at the midship section, No. 6 or 7, and the others between it and the ends. The keel is flat, usually 4 to 5in. wide and ½ to ⅝ thick, the half breadths in the design being given in the ninth column of the tables. The stocks must be built up at each end to represent the curve or rocker of the keel, column second of the tables; being straight amidship but rising at the ends. The keel is screwed down on the stocks, being wet with hot water, if necessary, to aid it in bending, and the transom is nailed to it at the after end. The centerboard and slot are left until the boat is planked. The three moulds are now fixed in place and firmly braced, after which three ribbands of some straight-grained wood, each about 1×¾in., are bent around on each side and screwed to the moulds, transom and fore end of keel, which latter takes the place of a stem. The oak timbers are next steamed, bent into their places and held by nails through the ribbands. The method of planking will be described next week in connection with the "Barnegat Cruiser."

The builders at Barnegat usually timber their boats with sawn frames of cedar, each 1¼in. square, spaced 1 foot apart; but we give the method with steamed timbers, as stronger and better. If sawn frames are used, each is laid off from the lines on the floor and two pieces are sawed—one for each side. These meet at the middle of the keel and are joined by a short floor. In the regular sneakbox the cockpit is narrow and rectangular, and may be completely closed by two hatches. The coaming has a small bead around the outside, at the top, and the sides of the hatches have similar beads around the inside, at the bottom. Each half-hatch is slipped on from the end, and the beads engage each other so that the hatches cannot be lifted off, but must be slid back. A padlock and hasp holds them together.

The centerboard is one of the most peculiar features of the craft. It is of the form termed "dagger board," somewhat like a scimeter, and is not pivoted but simply slides up and down in a narrow case, being lifted out entirely and laid on the floor when not in use. Its form is shown by the dotted lines in the drawing, it being there represented, for economy of space, as lying on the floor in the cockpit. This board is simple, and throws the center of effort aft instead of forward, as with the pivoted board, thus allowing the trunk to be well in the bow and out of the way. With the stem so much cut away and the board so far forward, the balance of the boat is badly distributed, and must be partly remedied by the sail plan if the boat is to handle fairly well, both with and without board. The consideration of sailing trim would place the board much further aft, but it would encroach too much on the space required for sleeping, etc., so a compromise, as shown, is necessary. The boat is sometimes sculled with one oar, and in sailing the oar is used for steering, but a rudder is usually preferred for the latter purpose. The usual form of rowlock is shown in the design. Two cleats of oak are screwed to the deck about 6in. apart. Each has a ⅝in. hole bored near the outer end in which an oak crosspiece turns. To this crosspiece a block is screwed in which is the socket for the rowlock. This block may be folded down on deck or swung up and held in position by a wooden brace.

Partly to compensate for the low freeboard and partly as a convenient stowage place for oars, guns, decoys, etc., a washboard 4 or 5in. high is built entirely around the gunwale and stern, as will be shown in the Barnegat Cruiser. This washboard is sometimes fixed and sometimes movable at will, and some boats it only incloses the stern and after half, from the rowlocks aft. The outline of the apron is shown in the drawing. It is of canvas, tacked to the deck, and may be propped up with a small stick. The usual rig of the gunning box is a small sprit sail, that on Mr. Bishop's boat being 7ft. 8in. on foot, 6ft. 6in. on luff, 4ft. on head, and 9ft. 2in. on leach. Of late the balance lug has been used with success on sneakboxes, and we shall give plans in connection with the other boats, as this sail is a very convenient one. In 1879 a 16ft. box was built by J. Kilpatrick, of Barnegat, for sailing only. This boat, the Snark, and her successor, the Bojum, have been used on Long Island Sound ever since for



pleasure sailing. Other boats of the same type have been built and used in various parts of the country for the same purpose. The plain sneakbox, built by baymen at idle times, may sometimes be had as low as $25, but a well built craft, completely fitted, will cost from $85 to $125. Among the leading builders are J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., who has made a specialty of finely finished sneakboxes, and J. D. Gifford, of Toms River, who is building for Mr. Bishop the improved form, which we shall illustrate next week.

BROOKLYN C. C.—The first annual dinner of the Brooklyn C. C. will be held on Jan. 12, at 6 P. M., at the Clarendon, Brooklyn.

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

VII.

WHAT the feelings of the guiding masters in the pilot houses of the ferryboats were, as they peered through the morning mist and beheld the yellow-topped catboat still within hail, I cannot say. Probably they had no good will toward the little plague which had harassed them so much the previous day, with another dose in prospect. We soon shook company, for the tide was on the ebb and the wind from the west, much to the joy and relief of the solitary inhabitant of the Coot. The atmosphere was warm, the day bright and the waters smooth. A timely start quickly carried us beyond the familiar scenes of the day before. A bold rush sent us through the bridge, and then a long and short leg lifted the yacht around Diamond Reef and Governor's Island into the open bay. Here the wind had enough southing to lay a straight course for the Kills, passing over the shoals inside of Robbin's Reef. Great vessels lay majestically ahead and on both sides, structures of Titan strength and towering above the sea like massive castles in comparison with the diminutive Coot, a mere fly to such elephants. While she rose and fell to a long swell and tossed about her boom in ceaseless toil with the skipper intent upon keeping a course, the fleet of merchant vessels wholly ignored the commotion there was in the bay, and stately, steadily floated oblivious to the turmoil the Coot was passing through. To the rail of an imposing square-rigger crowded the crew to watch the little cat drive by. A hail from the mate in deep basso tones, "Rather cold to be out for a sail," brought forth the reply: "Ay, ay: bound to Florida." Again from the square rigger: "In that thing? Well, by ——!"

Those words, as if by magic, suddenly shifted the scene and per force thrust before my mental gaze the reverse of the pleasing picture conjured up with the life and brightness of the new born day. Like a cold chill down the back, it brought on a shudder and the spiritual barometer took a sudden drop clear down into the bulb. "In that thing?" So the Coot, my cherished little ship, was to other eyes only a thing! And my venture to a professional the spleen of a crank! Was it possible that I had been dreaming rosy air castles until the mere persistence in those dreams had led me astray from stern reality into a realm of impracticable myth? Should I stop to reconsider? Was I running on to ignominious failure, perhaps even to destruction? If the boat should not survive, would I? Would I care to? Could I trust my senses in anything at all, if in this, my particular sphere, all experience, all induction was to fail, and I to find myself floating helplessly about upon the hazards of flighty fancy? Had the cruise proposed been built upon the sands of reckless chance, and not as I had flattered myself, upon the firm rock of life-long experience and close observation scarce attained by any one else.

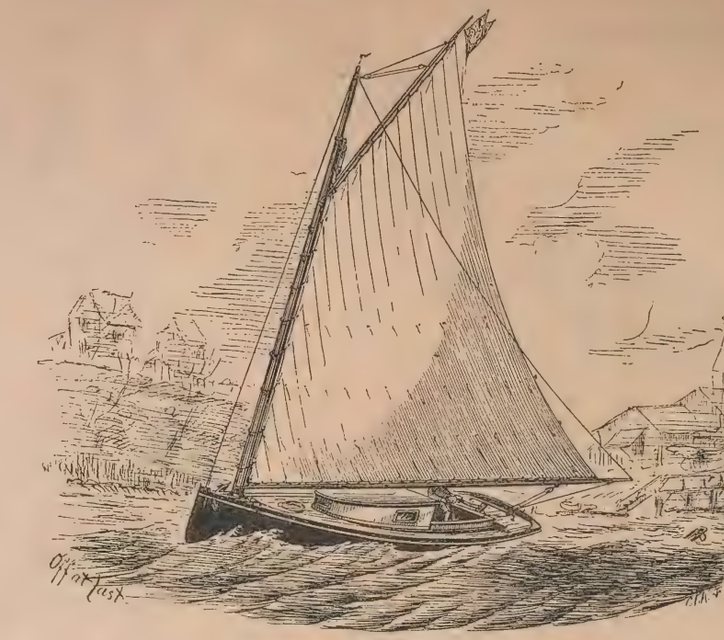
The roseate hue had dimmed and sombre thoughts now crowded to the fore. The voyage was a long, long one, true. But mere length constitutes no danger. It was to be in unknown waters, with all the risks of strange navigation. But then I had charts, a compass, binoculars, the remnant of a lead line and oh! a centerboard to furnish all the desired information on the spot as to the whereabouts of rocks and shoals, mudflats and gravelly bars. Surely there was no more trouble to expect in hitting a good, hard obstacle one thousand miles from home than in hitting it right before your garden gate. But hold a bit, the perplexity now begins. What sort of boat had I under my feet? Through the rivers she might serve well enough, but how about the broad reaches of the lower Delaware, and worse than that, what was I to meet in the wide sea-like waters of the great Chesapeake? An ocean in itself, for any small boat and a sea 225 miles long, which "easily bothers the biggest of ships," as a condoling friend had vouchsafed before my departure. A vast stretch of salty expanse, which if "inland" by courtesy, could display its wrath in storm-capped rollers nevertheless, against whose rude assault with tons upon tons of momentum, the little Coot would collapse like flimsy paper, to be swallowed at a gulp without a vestige left to tell the tale of destruction ashore. It was enough to keep her right-side-up-with-care with Boreas in mood benign, but if that ruthless fellow should open the bellows to full blast and back the Coot on a lee shore, what then was I to do alone in a little trap which could not be forced to face a steep sea, but would chop off and bounce away to the lee with her model and rig wholly unadapted to cope with adverse gales and wave upon wave crashing over the bow? To this the answer came slow and not over assuring. Slink alongshore in short spurts with a harbor within reach. Take no desperate chances in the wish to make long runs for display. Study the charts well beforehand and scheme out a plan of operations with the wind from each of the four quarters. Leave a loophole astern for which you can cut and run under the peak of the mainsail should it come to the worst, and for the rest trust to luck, for bad as such advice may be, something had to be left to the little cherub up aloft in the cruise of the Coot singlehanded. Once we make Norfolk in good shape, the most serious portion of the work will have been overcome, for though Pamlico below is broad open water, in places three times the width of Long Island Sound, its length is only half that of the Chesapeake and much of it is too shoal to nurse very high seas. Beyond that I cared not to look. Regions further south were so far away that they rose not upon my horizon till a later stage in the cruise.

That I could live, eat, sleep, work and be merry on board the little Coot was settled the first day to my satisfaction. If plain, her quarters were at least cozy and fully supplied with all I could want for pastime or study. Life would be more than bare existence. It would be enjoyable and profitable to body and mind to the extent I cared to contribute to those ends.

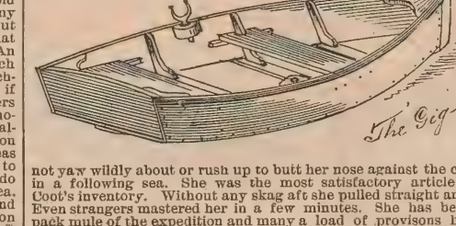
One cause of sore trial and tribulation of dire discomfiture which near wound up the Coot and her sailer at the start. I had not and scarcely could have foreseen. It never entered into my reckoning. Yet so far it has proven the most dangerous foe I have had to grapple. The Coot bears the scars of the terrible war waged upon her sleek sides by cutting, rasping, grinding, crunching, punching ice. Ice solid, ice in floes, ice in chunks, ice in slivers, ice stacked four feet deep, ice swept up and down each tide, ice driven by the wind, ice grounded hard and fast, ice thrown at the Coot in a sea, salt-water ice and fresh-water ice, ice in the river and ice in the canal, ice which threatened our destruction and caused my heart to sink in despair; ice which froze me out and nearly starved me out too, ice which I cordially detest and hate as an arch enemy to me and my boat, cunning, coarse, hard of heart, brutal and cowardly withal. Ugh! Now that I am below the belt of permanent cold, villanous ice! out upon you, let me kick you a farewell in contempt! Foiled in your dastardly attempt, we are beyond your devilish embrace, neer to enter the limits of your chilling domain again, till warm Sol pours down his stinging ray next spring, before which you will quail and dissolve, unhonored, unsung.

The difficulties of the cruise, I knew, would be aggravated by my being alone. There would be no such thing as relief at the stick, no warm lunches sent up from below, and often no lunches at all. There would be no one to cast the boat in getting under way while I catted the anchor, nor to fetch articles from the cabin as they were wanted. No one to suggest or approve, nor extra eyes to ferret out marks along shore. No one to keep the boat under control while tying down a reef, nor help in hauling out earings. All the work, all the wear, the management of affairs and every detail would devolve upon one pair of hands and one head instead of upon two or more. Risk and responsibility could not be lightened by being divided. I would have to face the music and dance to any tune it might play. But this was of my own choice. I knew from other similar cruises that to thoroughly enjoy the sweets of victory wrung from the elements in open battle, the challenge must be fought in individual capacity, without division of honors at the end of the day.

Thus the Coot drove along, till the passing cloud of dismay gradually cleared and the proposed exploit once more assumed the garb of downright reality. Closing in upon Constable Hook, a sharp line of rips indicated the edge of the ebb flowing out of the Kills. No sooner had this been crossed than the wind fell flat and drew out ahead in fitful catspaws. Through these the Coot was tacked back and forth, and when, by working eddies close in along the petroleum docks, she managed to beat a clumsy lighter bound the same way, the first victory for the Coot under the new *régime*, spirits had risen again to their wonted top notch and the mate aboard the square-rigger had been dropped and forgotten. Several boards weathered the Sailors' Snug Harbor and then a close haul slowly took the Coot along to her destined anchorage off Mr. W. P. Stephens's nautical headquarters at West Brighton, on the Staten Island side of the river. Here we rounded to, stowed mainsail and awaited events. They were soon forthcoming in the shape of a yawlboat with Mr. S. at the oars, and in company we pulled for the shore for the rest of the day.



On the island I cast about for a small boat to take along. A voyage without a tender could not be thought of. Nothing fitting coming under notice, it was determined to have a skiff built without delay. Fortunately Messrs. McWhirter & Son, recently from Erith, near London, England, had established themselves in Stephens's shop, ready for anything that might come along. As builders of all sort of craft they had a varied and rich experience which stood me in good stead. Three days of calm weather set in so that nothing was lost by the delay. The way these two craftsmen set to work and the deft manner in which they handled their tools was a pleasure to behold. A few words of explanation as what was wanted and both hove smartly ahead at the job contrary to prevailing notions that English mechanics are slow to comprehend and execute. In two days the skiff was completed and painted, a light, sightly and serviceable tender in every respect. Having put her to severe trial I can indorse the model and construction as superior to the usual run of skiffs attached to small vessels. She was light as a feather, rode the heaviest seas like a bird, was a stiff and buoyant carrier, and above all the easiest boat to tow I have ever seen. She would scarcely tauten the painter, and did



not yaw wildly about or rush up to butt her nose against the counter in a following sea. She was the most satisfactory article in the Coot's inventory. Without any skag aft she pulled straight and true. Even strangers mastered her in a few minutes. She has been the pack mule of the expedition and many a load of provisons has she ferried alongside in good shape. I do no hesitate to put off in her in any weather, small as she is. Her length over all is 7ft. 8in., beam across top 3ft., and 2ft. 6in. across the floor, giving 3in. flare to each side. The bottom has a slight camber forward and but little aft, the sternboard being immersed when pulling. This, with round lines forward, preserves large area of floor and accounts for some of her good points. At the stem she is 12½in. deep, amidships 11½, and the sternboard is 12in., with slight rake. The siding was run through the mill to ⅜-in. scant, and the bottom boards to ½-in. scant. Total cost, with 6ft. spruce oars and rowlocks, was $15. She was fastened with brass screws. As soon as the Coot looks into that eagerly sought "warm weather," diagrams to scale will be forwarded to FOREST AND STREAM. Wherever we went the skiff was an object of interest and many a sly jest. To the juvenile world she was a perfect delight, and more than one red-cheeked shaver thought the height of his ambition in life would be reached should he be able some day to possess her counterpart. Under way the skiff was always in tow. In harbor she was hauled across the counter, ready to slip overboard as wanted. A stop was rove through a hole in the thwart each side, by which the oars were hitched to prevent getting adrift. This little precaution was taken after losing one pair during a gale. Rowlocks were secured by short lanyards. The portability of the skiff was a strong recommendation. Upon landing in Philadelphia she was carried up street half a block and turned bottom upward within the welcome portals of a coal yard, where she rested in safety from the contaminating touch of outside barbarians likely to overlook her delicate constitution and waive strict proprietary rights. I consider her preferable to collapsable boats of any kind. She excels them in stability, durability and capacity for service and is ready in an emergency. With her astern I felt as independent as a lord, for I could come and go as I pleased in "my gig," and even tender her with a generous flourish to less fortunate acquaintances found knocking about without such useful appendage.

C. P. K.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.—II.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

IT is only twenty-five miles from Cape Ann to Portsmouth Light, and a small yacht can run it in four or five hours; but there are great possibilities of wind and storm in five hours, and it is not comfortable to reflect that there is not a harbor of refuge to leeward after leaving Andrew's Point that a stranger can run into safely in an easterly gale without a pilot, and only one or two with; and who would find a pilot out in the bight in an easterly? If I were caught out there I should run to Portsmouth or Rockport, even though I had to beat to windward, and not trust myself anywhere near the shifting, treacherous sands of the coast from Halibut Point to Whale's Back. And here a cutter would save her crew while a shallow skimmer would go ashore; and, because one is liable to be caught in just such a pinch some time, it is, in my opinion, necessary that all small cruisers should be very strong, narrow, iron-keeled boats. I shall tell after a while what a scrape we got into and got out of safely.

We had a fine run across the bight, made the Isles of Shoals and Little Boar's Head, and kept closer inshore to avoid the sea and the heavy puffs which came off every few minutes and buried our lee rail several inches. We passed the yacht Echo, going south, and hoisted our club signal and the yacht ensign; but the two sleepy fellows aboard evidently did not understand sea etiquette and did not change their lounging attitudes. It was well we carried on during the squalls, because the wind died out toward sunset and we barely got inside Portsmouth Light at 6 P. M.

The mouth of the Piscataqua is wide and roomy, and it is easy to enter after dark because of the two excellent lights and the simple courses to run. One should have a good wind on full ebb tide, as this is augmented by the river current and is very strong.

Where to anchor was the question after we passed Portsmouth Light—we supposed Portsmouth; and sailed on against an ebb tide, the wind having freshened somewhat. Buoys were passed upon either hand and we felt quite confident. We went around Full and-be-damned Point, upon the left bank, struck a frightful current and eddy, the rudder and sails ceased to act and the Pilgrim turned completely around upon her heel and was almost swept upon the rocks. Frank, my yachtsman assistant, tried to steer and became pale and demoralized. We headed toward the other bank and then reached by the profane point and made way slowly through a tumult of waves and mimic maelstroms in trembling apprehension of another whirligig; but arrived near a beacon, and, as there were no vessels in the river in front of the city, we kept to starboard and anchored close up to the Navy Yard, where we knew there was shelter from the river current below an island. The yard had two hulks and a tugboat at the docks; the houses below it were windowless and deserted; there was only a gruff shipkeeper ashore who forbade our landing and said we would probably get our anchor caught in the large ship's moorings around us. The river raged between us and the city we wished to visit, where a few vessels were seen tied up to the wharves, and we saw that we must trust only to an anchor in the broad expanse of rushing waters, and that the anchorage for the city was really down river.

I must confess that I felt homesick when I looked around upon desolation and danger, and the prospect of spending Sunday near the vacant piers and the great ghostly ship house, and this was not lessened by the conclusion that we would be obliged to do without fresh milk and bread, and the pleasant run ashore. So when Frank said, "Let's go down river again while we can," I concluded to have the danger of going down river over before we slept, that we might have restful slumber, and to seek a more hospitable and peaceful anchorage. The anchor was raised by willing hands and the dangerous point was passed safely by following the example and the shouts of a boatman, and we reached a broad, shallow cove in the right bank, a little distance above Cod Rock and in front of New Castle village, and anchored by lead in three fathoms, about 8 P. M.

Two boys started immediately upon a foraging expedition, and returned in an hour with milk, bread and pies; the delicious Java, fried flitch and hot beans were ready, and we had such a supper upon deck at 9 P. M. as makes my mouth water even now. Then we elders smoked and talked, while the boys grew sleepy. Frank said, "I would not have stayed up in that hole over Sunday for a hundred dollars. It is the meanest place I was ever in, and I wish never to see it again." I agreed somewhat with him, and we all turned in, happy that the wind was low, the water quiet, and the little Pilgrim sheltered by jutting points from the wild currents.

Sunday, our first aboard, was a beautiful day, and we exposed all the clothes and bed-clothes upon the deck to the breeze and sun for hours, and gave the cabin a good cleaning and airing. I took three boys and went up the river on the flood tide about ten o'clock, inspected the Kittery navy yard from the boat, had a little walk in Kittery Foreside and in Portsmouth, and returned upon the ebb tide to the yacht at 4 o'clock. Then we had lunch and Frank and Bert took the boat and visited the shore and the ruins of Fort Constitution, and brought back several hermit crabs, mussels, whelks and curious pebbles and stones.

I always supposed the Kittery navy yard to be at Kittery, but the little village behind the yard is called Kittery Foreside, while Kittery proper is near the mouth of the river fronting on Pepperell's Cove. The banks of the river and its estuary are rocky, and the land rolls back in grassy hills, fringed and broken by lines and groves of trees. There are many pretty houses scattered over the landscape, and an immense summer hotel looms up across the cornfields to the south, located upon a little arm of the sea called Little Harbor. Kittery has several summer hotels and a very picturesque appearance and location, and New Castle, near the old fort opposite, is a primitive little settlement, having a fine outlook seaward. There is quite an area of water from the bridge above Portsmouth to the outer buoys of the river, and the shores furnish sufficient fine scenery and points of interest to make it a pleasant cruising ground for a small boat for one season. It would not take long to learn to take advantage of the currents and tides. One should always remember in going against the tide either way to give the profane point a wide berth.

I was up at 5 o'clock the next morning to take advantage of the tail end of the ebb tide, and shouted down the gangway, "All hands make sail!" then while the sleepy fellows were rubbing their eyes and getting into their clothes, I hoisted the mainsail and jib, got up the light anchor and catted it, and trimmed sheets to the light land breeze to the right bank of the river. The tide helped us by the fort and inner light, when the breeze freshened and we began to beat out in company with the cutter Iris, of Boston, which started out from Pepperell's Cove. She had her sails all set except the jibtopsail, yet we gave her a square race and beat her badly out to the outer buoy, where we turned north and she turned south. This gave us a good appetite for breakfast, and then we went bowling up the coast in a lively manner. It fell calm toward noon and we had barely crept up to Wells, when the wind came out northeast and threatening, and we headed for Kennebunkport, not being able to get up to the harbor near Cape Porpoise.

We steered in shore toward the hotels until it became a flat calm then we took the boat ahead and towed the little cutter to prevent her drifting toward Fishing Rocks, which are very dangerous, till a breeze sprung up and we could steer toward the obscure entrance. After passing a rocky promontory (Kennebunk Point) we could see the great Government piers, which are granite walls 40ft. high and 200ft. long, one upon each bank of the opening, to confine the river to a fixed channel and keep it deep enough for light draft navigation. When we were heading for the entrance between the piers, a very heavy squall came upon us off the land. The sea had floated us almost in line with the western pier, but the squall filled our sails upon the port side, and we were steering toward the eastern or right pier, when a boat with two men came alongside and one of them, a pilot, shouted, "Port your helm, quick! Give her sheet! You are almost ashore on the sand bar." The wind blew and the rain poured in torrents, but we sped from the danger and found good anchorage between the eastern pier and the point to wait for high tide. We were within ten feet of going ashore in a long, lazy sea, when the pilot spoke, and would have grounded between the piers had we attempted to run in then. The squall subsided into a drizzling rain, we rolled about outside two hours, and then the pilot took us in safely and tied us up to a wharf upon the left bank. It is safest to hug the right side and eastern pier till abreast of the outer head of the western pier, then run up the middle of the passage, and, after passing the piers, keep well over to the left bank (right hand) and tie up to the wharf.

It is impossible to lay at anchor in the channel; the tide rises and falls with great rapidity; the current has absolute control except at slack water; boats can not pull and vessels cannot sail against it, and one must tie up with all the rest or run up the river. It is a crooked, shallow river. The town is three-quarters of a mile up on the left bank, and pretty villas line the bank all along to the half dozen

hotels overlooking the sea. I thought the river and surroundings beautiful, but if there is any place where a 5 foot draft can lay and not ground at low tide, it must be a recent excavation. Yet, large vessels have been built here, launched and sailed out on high tide. At the wharf a half dozen sailboats, some fishing boats and one steamer were tied up. I counted a hundred small rowboats at the floats for the use of hotel guests. At slack water many go out to row, both ladies and gentlemen. I saw many ladies pulling single sculls, and saw better rowing done by them than I ever did by the sex anywhere. One lone canoeist paddled up and down in his birch bark, kneeling upon a buffalo robe, but he seemed not to attract attention, for which he was evidently aching. The parties were evidently all made up, and the girls preferred to paddle their own canoes.

The rugged hills and wild rocky coast, the masses of parti-colored herbage and extensive groves of evergreens; the grand outlook seaward from Cape Porpoise to Cape Neddick: the silvery river and pretty houses all along its banks; the fish-curing houses and flag-decked boats with their merry crews, united in making Kennebunkport one of the finest summer resorts upon the coast. There seemed a hilarity, heartiness and vigor in the visitors greatly in contrast to that of the other fashionable places, and one could not help but feel that the guests of the hotels came here for health and frolic, found the elements of both and used them. This was not paid for by courtesies shown. We paid cash for all we got; cooked our meals regularly aboard the Pilgrim, during the two days we were detained by the storm; answered all our visitors' questions courteously, and spent the time exploring the river, sauntering about the hotels and shores, visiting an Indian camp, and catching sea-perch, cod, hake and haddock. One old Indian upon the wharf had a special spite against sculpins and speared a great many daily. The larger fish were taken from trolls outside, and boats came in loaded every forenoon. They went out the second day of the N. E. gale and brought in plenty of fish. I heard the following conversation on the wharf:

"Bin out this mornin', Jim?"

"Yer."

"Did yer get a good catch?"

"Caught a few, lucky I saved my gear."

"What was the matter?"

"Matter? Rough out thar. Nobody but a fool 'd ever go out a mornin' like this ere."

The fellow had on oilskins and stood in his boat with a pitchfork, jabbing it into the fish, which nearly reached the thwarts of the craft, and pitching them into a tub upon the wharf. From this tub two men took them, cut off the heads, took out the insides, gave them a quick wash in a tub and pitched them into another tub upon the scales, where they were weighed. I was surprised to see many hooks and pieces of line in the fish, and the cleaners had to be careful not to get hooked. One told me the hooks cost so little they were not worth the trouble of cutting out. The bulk of the fish was haddock, the remainder hake and codfish. The cod were carefully laid aside for hotel use.

The morning of Aug. 26 was clear and cold and the wind was strong from the N.W. We put to sea about 10 o'clock, with many people looking at us from the hills and piers, and made a fine run under jib and mainsail past Cape Porpoise and Wood Island, across Saco Bay, in sight of Ferry, Old Orchard and Scarboro beaches, where the wind came in stormy squalls and buried our rail many a time in the sparkling, rushing waters, and we attracted the admiration of several Gloucester fishermen that had all the wind they could stand up under.

We passed Richmond Island before sunset, hoping the wind would die out after the sun went down; but it increased more and more, and hauled around N.N.W. just as old Sol sank and the lights of Cape Elizabeth shone upon our beam. There we met a short, choppy, ugly, English Channel sea that gave us trouble. We should have reefed, but the little yacht was pitching her bowsprit under every jump, the lee rail was awash all the time, and I was anxious to get fairly pointed toward Portland Head Light and past several buoys before darkness came.

The boys kept much below and seemed rather frightened, except Bert, who lay to windward of the cockpit and hung on to its seat. Frank had yachted as far as Portland before, and was my stand-by this perilous night, but even he seemed a little doubtful of our ability to get onward, and suggested we should run back under Richmond Island. I reflected that we did not know the anchorage or shelter there, could not reach there before dark, would probably roll and tumble without a warm supper all night, and might get blown out to sea; and then I shut my teeth hard, clutched the tiller firmer, said, "No, she shall go into Portland to-night or go to the bottom! We are all right as long as nothing breaks," and kept her on her course. Frank stiffened up as soon as I had decided, and took a position forward of the mast to clear the jib sheets, which sometimes caught in the cleats, and kept a good lookout. The little yacht pitched and plunged, dashed the seas aside, and dipped under them and darted over them, firmly eating her way to windward, apparently making no leeway, and not a rope yarn or bolt gave way. In the very worst seas one slopped up the windward side and over the house, rolling her deeply to leeward, and washed overboard thirty fathoms of spare riding rope that was in a Flemish coil and unlashed, at the same time wetting us pretty thoroughly, especially Bert, who remarked, "There's lots of fun yachting on the coast of Maine."

Frank hauled in the snarl with difficulty and lashed it upon the house, and we kept on, gradually working away from Cape Elizabeth on a N. E. course—for the wind had hauled to the north—past Trundy Reef and Witch Rock buoys until we passed, tacked and stood directly for Portland Head Light. As we got away from the land the sea was not so heavy, and we began to breathe easier and believe we might get inside. The lights were there to guide and cheer us, several vessels' lights and sails could be seen near Bangs' Island, and the boys came up and took more interest in things. We did wisely in standing off shore, as the wind drew along the land and the tide was flood against it, and we would have had rougher work closer in. Old sailors say "Cape Elizabeth is a nasty place to get past, and it is better to stand well out when one has a head wind."

The wind howled as we worked into the channel inside Portland Head, and we had sharp work in stays and to make out when we were getting near shore. The little cutter plunged into the seas and threw spray over us, and now and then buried herself a foot deep forward of the house, causing Frank to cling to the mast; but the water went right over the low rail, and we were only sprinkled in the cockpit. We heard the bell buoy of Bangs' Island tolling above the tumult just in time to go about, and then a smart little schooner passed us and led us up the channel. By watching her movements and tacking as nearly as possible in her wake, we were able to keep off the rocks; though when I looked at the chart afterward, and remembered how near the shore we often went, it seemed a miracle we had not knocked a hole in our pretty craft.

A vessel ahead as a guide is a very good thing, but one must remember that fishermen know every rock and every gap in a reef, and often run close to one and through the other, when a stranger in attempting to follow might be wrecked.

Our little craft went in stays and around like the crack of a whip, and I hardly had the helm alee before I was obliged to haul jib and trim down. She never missed stays, and I never saw a craft go around so quickly and reach so much. She turned no corners, but made a big curve as quick as a flash, all the time going to windward. It was comforting to see how she gained upon the lights of Portland, how little weather helm she took, and how nobly she battled with the sea and wind. Grit and Providence were on our side, and our spirits rose when we found the little boat was as good as a big one, and we passed some three-masted schooners bound in. All in the darkness, and hissing wind, and obstinate sea, without side-lights, in fear of being run down by outward bound craft, keeping a sharp lookout upon sails and seas and dark shadowy shores, we worked that twenty-five foot boat steadily and safely to windward, rounded the light upon the breakwater, and dropped our anchor in smooth water opposite the Portland Yacht Club house, at just 9 P. M.

Weren't we happy? Any one who has stormed a fort without a scratch, or been victorious in a college rush, knows how we felt. Then we found out something that made the shivers run down our backs. The little hatch on the port side forward was gone. There were two ½in. broken eyebolts and the lashings all right, but the hatch was not to be found, and Frank, who had been dancing around it did not know when it had disappeared. The water had been coming into the cook's quarters freely, but we supposed it was from a leak around the bitts; yet some must have gone down the hatchway. The hatch had probably been torn off by one of the ugly seas off Cape Elizabeth, and after that none had come in sufficient quantity and in just the right way to pour down the hole and drown us. That its loss was not discovered sooner shows what an earnest fight we had with the elements to get into port. Had we known of its loss, we should have turned back to Richmond Island—anywhere out of the nasty sea.

We made things snug, dined sumptuously off of hot canned turkey and tomatoes, fresh bread, and peaches, with the usual coffee, talked over our cigars awhile, hung up the anchor light upon the clew jig, and then slept the sweet sleep of tired yachtmen.

WINTER CRUISING ABROAD.—The following English yachts are at the present time cruising in foreign waters:—Fortuna, schooner, 366 tons, Mr. Adrian Hope; Australia, schooner, 212 tons, Hon. E. Dugmore; Diana, schooner, 77 tons, Captain Lyons; Marchesa, s.s., 377 tons, the Countess of Dudley; Rosalind, schooner, 98 tons, Hon. E. Dugmore; Maia, schooner, 118 tons, Captain J. Wilmore Smith; Mirage, schooner, 195 tons, Mr. A. H. Longman; Cambria, schooner, 193 tons, Mr. P. A. Rall; Sans Peur, s.s., 395 tons, the Duke of Sutherland; Siesta, schooner, 127 tons, Captain H. Turner; Lady Beatrice, s.s., 205 tons, Captain Townley Parker; Juno, s.s., 344 tons, Mr. Cross; Ada, yawl, 153 tons, Mr. W. A. Slater; Franziska, s.s., 201 tons, Mr. J. Wylie; Coralie, cutter, 40 tons; Lelie, s.s., 143 tons, Mr. W. F. Windsor; Cushie Doo, s.s., 358 tons, Mr. W. H. S. Osmond. Among the yachts flitting out and under orders for Southern voyages are the Elmina, schooner 344 tons, Sir Richard Sutton; Ariadne, schooner (*née* Boadicea), 380 tons, Mrs. Meynell Ingram; Ianira, schooner, 202 tons, Captain T. Hargreaves; Otterhound, yawl, 70 tons. The Ptarmigan, schooner, 176 tons, Mr. S. Gardner, has put back to repair damages sustained in a gale in the Bay, and the Maia, schooner, Captain Wilmore Smith, and Cushie Doo s.s., Mr. W. H. S. Osmond, have been spoken, homeward bound.—*Land and Water.*

THE BALL OF THE OSWEGO Y. C.—The social event of the winter in Oswego was the Yacht Club ball, held at the Armory, on Dec. 29. The bare and empty hall had been especially fitted up until its entire appearance was changed. The floor was covered with a dancing cloth, the ceiling was draped with red cloth, and the room was fully furnished. Near the door was the boat from the Lifesaving Station, from the roof were hung pennants and ensigns, while on each side of the entrance to the supper room, curtained off by flags, were the bright yacht guns. The attendance was very large and the entertainment was in every way a great success. The Committee were Messrs. R. S. Sloan, C. C. Norton, W. Gordon, J. F. Herrick, W. P. Judson and G. T. Clark. The Reception Committee were Commodore and Mrs. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Swits Conde, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pardee, and Mr. and Mrs. Sloan.

THE NEW BOSTON SLOOP.—Commodore Forbes denies the report circulated lately by a daily paper, that he intended to take Puritan abroad this year to race for the Brenton's Reef Cup. He will use her for racing and crusing this season. The contract for Gen. Paine's new sloop has been signed by Lawley and Son, and work will commence at once. The boat will be similar to Puritan, but 85ft. long with no more beam. The length over all will be 98ft., on waterline 85 ft., beam 22ft. 4in., depth of hold 9ft.; and draft 8ft., 4in. She will have the same amount of lead on keel as the Puritan, about 27 tons.

ANOTHER FLORIDA CRUISE.—On Dec. 22, the catboat Bonita, 25 ft. 6in. long, left Newport, R. I. with Captain Ned Long and a friend on board, bound for Florida. A third member of the crew is a black cocker, Black Bess. We hope to hear further from the cruisers as they work their way after the Coot.

GITANA.—This schooner is still at Fiske's Wharf, Boston, preparing for sea, and will sail about Jan. 15, for the West Indies.

YACHT STOVES.—Will "Piscator" send us a rough sketch of his stove as described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 17?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

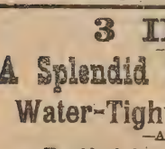
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J. S., Kingston.—You can put 1,000 or 1,200 pounds on keel with advantage. You will find the question of rig discussed in our files for the past year. In some waters the jib is better, in others the two headsails. You do not state where the boat is to be used.



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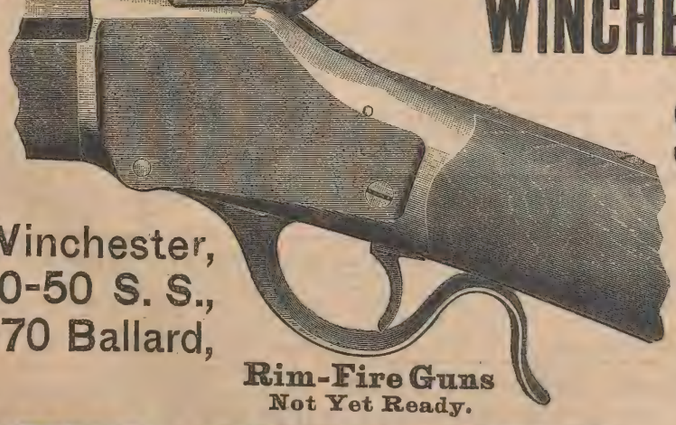
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All elements entering into design, such as Resistance, Stability, Balance of Rig, Handiness, Displacement, etc., are dealt with in separate chapters. The rules necessary for the mathematical computations, and a review of theory and practice close the first division of the book.

The second portion comprises the description of the Plates, covering the whole range of type in small yachts, from the shoal catboat and American centerboard sloop to examples of the narrowest and deepest British cutter yet built. These yachts have their lines, build and fittings depicted in the Plates, which are drawn to scale. With their aid and the specifications presented, the reader is placed in possession of accurate information concerning the mould, accommodations, rig and characteristics of all styles of yachts which have received favorable recognition. Sporting boats, combination row and sailboats, and various examples of special form are introduced.

The third division offers a comprehensive review of single-hand sailing, to which small yachts are especially adapted. Directions are given as a guide in selection of type and sail plan, and subsequent equipment and proper management.

The iron work of yachts, their gear, yawls, stearing apparatus, boat building and much other closely related matter is entered upon. The new International Rules of the Road, Signal Service, and a bibliography appear in the Appendix.

The work is profusely and handsomely illustrated with 150 illustrations inserted in the text, besides the sixty-three plates as follows:

LIST OF PLATES.

I. The Sloop Yacht Schemer.
II. The Nuckel.
III. The Windward.
IV. A Newport Catboat—Portable Catboat.
V. An Eastern Catboat.
VI. Keel Catboat Caprice.
VII. Caprice—Sail Plan.
VIII. Keel Catboat Dodge.
IX. Catboat Dodge—Sail Plan.
X. Open Boat Cruiser.
XI. The Cruiser—Sail Plan.
XII. Open Boat Trident.
XIII. A Skipjack.
XIV. The Centerboard Sloop Gleam.
XV. Gleam—Sail Plan.
XVI. The Centerboard Sloop Midge.
XVII. Light Draft Cutter Mignonette.
XVIII. Mignonette—Sail Plan.
XIX. Single-Hand Cruiser.
XX. Light Draft Cutter Carmita.
XXI. The Dart.
XXII. The Boston Sloop Neva.
XXIII. The Boston Sloop Nyssa.
XXIV. Keel Sloop Columbine.
XXV. Columbine—Sail Plan.
XXVI. The Keel Sloop Alice.
XXVII. The Gannet.
XXVIII. A Compromise Sloop.
XXIX. The Itchen Cutter Daisy.
XXX. Daisy—Sail Plan.
XXXI. The Cutter Vayu.
XXXII. The Cruising Yawl Windward.
XXXIII. Windward—Accommodation Plan
XXXIV. The Windward—Sail Plan.
XXXV. The Cruising Yawl Aneto.
XXXVI. The Single-Hand Yawl Deuce.
XXXVII. Deuce—Sail Plan and Construction
XXXVIII. The Cutter Petrel.
XXXIX. The Petrel—Sail Plan.
XL. The Cutter Merlin.
XLI. The Merlin—Sail Plan.
XLII. The Cutter Rajah.
XLIII. The Cutter Yolande.
XLIV. Yolande—Cabin and Deck Plans.
XLV. A Single-Hand Yawl.
XLVI. Single-Hand Yawl—Cabin and Deck Plans.
XLVII. S. H. Yawl—Rig and Construction.
XLVIII. The Cutter Mamie.
XLIX. The Mamie—Midship Section.
L. The Mamie—Sail Plan.
LI. Six-Beam Cutter.
LII. Six-Beam Cutter—Sail Plan.
LIII. The Cutter Surf.
LIV. The Cutter Surf—Sail Plan.
LV. The Cutter Surf—Midship Section
LVI. The Cutter Surf—Cabin Plans.
LVII. The Cutter Spankadillo.
LVIII. The Cutter Madge.
LIX. The Madge—Ironwork.
LX. The Schooner Gaetina.
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PRESS OPINIONS.

New York Times, Nov. 1.

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New York Evening Post, Oct. 24, 1885.

This book fills a blank in American yacht literature, and will be found a valuable addition to the libraries of our American yachtsmen. The subject matter, although covered in a measure by such works as Dixon Kemp's "Yacht Designing" and his "Yacht and Boat Sailing," is presented in more attractive form, is much condensed, and is procurable at less than half the cost of these volumes. It is practical throughout—practical in the treatment of what is popularly called theoretical. . . . We can recommend the book, notwithstanding its title, "Small Yachts," to all yachtsmen without reference to the size of their vessels, existing or in prospect.

Boston Herald, Oct. 4, 1885.

One of the best publications on small yachts that has came from the press for some years. . . . The volume as a whole commends itself to the yachtsmen or to the landsman who seek information on the subject of building, rigging, fitting out and sailing yachts.

American Canoeist, October, 1885.

To the man interested in boats—building, rig or sail—Kunhardt's book will be as interesting as a novel. It will not be read through once and then shelved, but will be kept in a convenient place for easy reference. It cannot get out of date.

New York Commercial Advertiser, Oct. 6, 18 5.

This collection [the plates] is a concise history of yachting with small boats at the present time, and has a value which is not easily overestimated. . . . The many merits of the book will commend it to all who are interested in yachting and to all who want to be.

San Francisco News Letter, Dec. 5, 1885.

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The Germantown Telegraph.

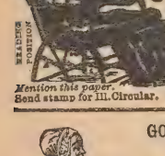
It is beautiful in workmanship, abundantly illustrated and proves itself on every page the work of a writer thoroughly conversant with and enthusiastic about his subject. . . . It is to those who love yachting for its own sake and are intent to be their own masters that this work will appeal most successfully, for it shows how to build and run a small yacht, which will give all the sport one wants and make a true sailor of its owner.

New York Herald, Dec. 12, 1885.

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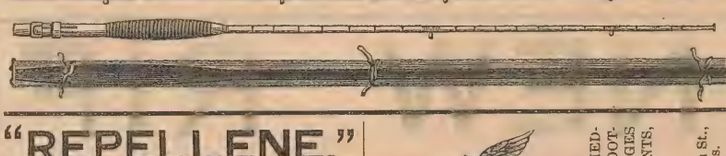
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Trade-Secret

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Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table. We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

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GOOD THINGS IN STORE FOR 1886.

Among the papers and sketches to appear are the following:

Sam Lovel's Camps.

An account of Sam Lovel's experiences when he took Uncle Lisha's advice and went trapping on little Otter. By THE AUTHOR OF UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

To the Walled-in Lakes.

Sketches of exploration and hunting in the Northwest with the Blackfeet and Kootenays. By "Yo."

Cruise of the Coot.

An account of a voyage alone in a single-hander from New York along the Atlantic seaboard to Florida. By C. P. KUNHARDT.

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Scenes and incidents in the life of an Indian forester. By "SHIKAREE."

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An introduction to the sport of hawking, with illustrations, drawn from nature. By R. W. SEISS.

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Scrimshawing.

A popular account of how a whaler spends the idle hours aboard ship. By JAS. TEMPLETON BROWN.

The Lower Forms of Life.

A continuation of the admirable series of essays on the beginning of animal life. By JAMES STOLLER.

Studies in Botany.

New chapters on plants and plant life, written and illustrated from nature. By A. W. ROBERTS.

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New chapters of experience on the Gulf Coast. By "NESSMUK."

Cruise of the Pilgrim.

A delightful description of a summer voyaging on the Atlantic in the cutter yacht Pilgrim. By W. H. WINSLOW.

Days with the Barmacide Club.

A vivacious account of angling luck, good and bad, in Adirondack waters, whose name, latitude and longitude the author refuses to disclose. By MILLARD

Camps of the Kingfishers.

A further relation of what befel the Kingfishers in their sojourn at Carp Lake, Michigan.

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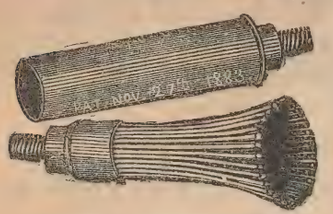
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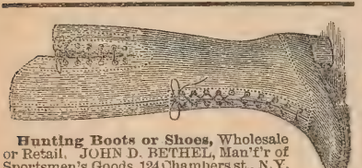
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NEW NATIVE TROUT.

IT is quite possible that those anglers who like novelty will have a chance to test the merits of a newly-discovered trout before long. At this late day, when our waters have been so thoroughly fished by intelligent anglers who send any strange catch that may fall to their lot to some competent ichthyologist to pass judgment upon it, it is strange that a new species of trout could have existed in New Hampshire without discovery. Doubtless thousands of them have been caught and dropped into the creel without further comment than an observation on their peculiar form or color, such as is often seen in trout from different waters, and without a suspicion that they might be a different species. Perhaps this state of things has been caused by the fact that anglers have become accustomed to a very great difference in the appearance of our brook trout, and have come to regard it as settled that there is but one species east of the Mississippi River.

At present the genus *Salvelinus* in America contains eleven species, according to Jordan and Gilbert; two of these are the lake trouts, *namaycush* and *sicowet*, if the latter is more than a variety; the "blueback" (*oquassa*), the *fontinalis*, the Dolly Varden (*malma*), and six Arctic species; and as our anglers have no particular need of a knowledge of the latter, like Dame Julianna, we "write the less of them." In fact, *fontinalis* and *namaycush* are the only two that they often come in contact with, the blueback being of such retiring habits and small size that it is not fished for in the deep waters it loves in summer, and only shows itself in October, when spawning. But a brand-new trout which so closely resembles *fontinalis* as to be mistaken for it is another thing, and appeals to the angler as well as the ichthyologist and excites his curiosity as to its habits, game qualities and table merits. It is an important event in the angling world.

Our attention was called to the fish by our correspondent Elliott B. Hodge, Esq., one of the Fish Commissioners of New Hampshire and the superintendent of the hatchery at Plymouth, in that State, who discovered the fish. Mr. Hodge came across a peculiar trout last fall in one of the New Hampshire lakes that he was confident he had never met before and sent specimens to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., where they were pronounced to be *fontinalis*. This did not satisfy Mr. Hodge and he sent a six-pound specimen to Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the distinguished ichthyologist of the Smithsonian Institution, who after a casual inspection, found no difference in the fish from the common brook trout. Mr. Hodge then sent him another box of specimens, together with some of the latter fish from the lakes, and Dr. Bean went over them more carefully and wrote in answer: "There is no doubt whatever in regard to the trout, you were right and I was wrong." Dr. Bean says they are a *Salvelinus* of the *oquassa* type, but of such enormous size that at first he did not for a moment suspect their relation to that species. Prof. Baird thinks that it may prove to be one of the two or three species already described as found in Greenland or Labrador, and referred to above as Arctic species.

Mr. Hodge writes us that they are found in Sunapee Lake, where he saw them on the spawning beds last fall in large numbers, and "ranging from one to ten pounds in weight." They differ from the common brook trout in many ways: "In color, the females have a brownish back, sides lemon color; males, small ones, blueish-black back, large ones much lighter, in fact almost cream color, some a very light olive; sides a beautiful golden orange. They are the most brilliant colored of any fresh-water fish that I know. The fins are very large, much larger than the common trout, and the fish is entirely destitute of mottling on the back; in fact, there are none of the usual characteristic markings of brook trout." We presume, however, that Mr. Hodge found the red spots, as the *oquassa* has them, although small. Mr. Hodge has a few of the eggs of this fish, and kindly offers to send a few to Mr. Mather to hatch at Cold Spring Harbor.

While it is highly probable that, as Prof. Baird suggests, the species may not be new to science, still the habitat is, and Dr. Bean's diagnosis will be looked for with interest.

HYDROPHOBIA VERSUS DELIRIUM TREMENS.

BY some of the editors who are suffering from mad dog on the brain, great stress has been laid upon the alleged fact that a well-known dog dealer who professed not to believe in hydrophobia finally himself died of the disease. Is there any sufficient evidence to prove that he did not die of delirium tremens?

The physician's certificate of death would not be satisfactory evidence. Doctors sometimes allege that a death ensues from hydrophobia, when they perfectly well know it to be the result of delirium tremens. The false report is given out of pity for the drunkard's family, who would rather believe that the husband and father was killed by a mad dog's bite than that he drank himself to a horrible death. These are not random statements; were there any occasion to do so, we could give name, place and date of more than one instance to prove them.

The New York City Health Department records show that in the last sixteen years there have been reported forty deaths from hydrophobia. What is there to prove that of these a majority should not have been assigned to alcoholism?

It is perfectly proper to regard the feelings of the bereaved family, so far as this can be done within the bounds of truth; but it is not right to charge the work of the bar-room to the kennel, nor to make the dog bear the burden of the bottle.

The next time a physician wishes to conceal the true cause of a drunkard's death, instead of putting it to the score of hydrophobia let him for a change charge it to the gas burner and make it a case of asphyxiation.

DEATH OF "HOMO."

THE readers of this journal who have been for years familiar with the signature of "Homo," the pen name of Mr Chas. S. Westcott, of Philadelphia, Pa., will learn with regret of the death of that gentleman last Saturday, Jan. 9. He was fatally injured by a fall, Saturday morning, and was removed to the Homeopathic Hospital, where he died in the evening. His age was forty-two; he leaves a widow.

Mr. Westcott was widely known as a sportsman, and enjoyed the esteem of a very wide circle of friends. He was a contributor to the sportsman's press for many years, writing usually of game, a subject upon which he was at all times well informed. His reports of the movements of the birds, and his directions to desirable shooting grounds have been of great value to the readers of his "Philadelphia Notes." In the summer of 1876 Mr. Westcott imported the Laverack setters Pedigree and Magnet, and in 1877 he bought Fairy II., and bred from her the famous setter dog Thunder. On several occasions he served with much satisfaction at bench shows and field trials.

STOP ADIRONDACK MARKET-HUNTING.

THE law forbidding the hounding of deer in the North Woods has been given a short trial. Everything goes to show that the law is wise and salutary. It is sure to be beneficial just so far as it can be strictly enforced. The total abolition of hounding will be a blessing to the Adirondacks. The residents and guides may not unanimously and immediately recognize the wisdom of the law, but if fairly tested the new order of things will surely command their support.

Complaint is made that since the hounding law has gone into effect many still-hunters have flocked into the Adirondacks to kill deer for market. The number of these hunters has been grossly exaggerated, and the results of their campaign have been overestimated. This has been done for the purpose of misleading the public. The design is to make still-hunting appear more destructive than hounding. All sorts of foolish and absurd and false statements have been made to bolster up this notion. To any one who is at all familiar with the Adirondack country and the ways of the game there, these propositions and the alleged facts given to support them are alike ridiculous and fallacious.

But accepting the statement that there has been a great and destructive influx of still-hunters into the woods, who have killed great numbers of deer and shipped the meat to market, what is the remedy for it?

Put an end to market hunting. Forbid the shipment of game out of the county in which it is killed.

We can conceive of no possible objection to such a step. It is universally conceded that a deer will bring more revenue to the guide than it will to the market-hunter, ten, twenty and thirty times over. It is to the same degree more valuable as an object of pursuit to the sportsman than as food to the consumers of the venison.

Adirondack guides and hotel keepers and all others who depend so largely upon the sportsman's patronage, will be benefitted by the abolition of market-hunting.

Has not the time come when such a law should be added for the better protection of deer?

MAINE MALCONTENTS.

THE malcontents in Maine who are never tired of growling about the non-export game law of that State, are principally of the Jonathan Darling stripe, that is to say men who have for years waged a war of extermination against the game, killing it on land or in the water as they had opportunity. It is a hard tax on patience to see these men pose as moralists and profess to criticise the present law solely because they think it a burden to the public. The true ground of their objection is that they can no longer send to the Boston market the deer they have clubbed to death in Maine waters. Their constant howling about the injustice and oppression of the game law will have about as much weight as the soughing of the wind in the treetops. They have only their own selfish ends in view: they want the market opened so that they can go to deer clubbing again; and this is just what they will not get.

In game protective methods Maine is an example for other States. A very instructive parallel may be traced between the course of events in Maine and in New York with respect to the attitude of sportsmen, guides and residents toward the deer and the measures taken for their conservation. When the non-hounding law was proposed for Maine it was met by the same opposition afterward encountered by the measure in New York. But in spite of the railings and threatenings of the professional game butchers and others who thought that the law meant ruin, the measure was passed, the dogs were banished, and the marketing of game prohibited.

MINNESOTA FISH AND GAME.

WAGONLOADS of netted fish are carted away from Big Sauk Lake, and the local press is urging that somebody wake up and enforce the law before the lake has been depopulated of fish. The Sauk Centre *Tribune* suggests with much pertinency that "it is nonsense to stand around and talk. The thing needed is to clap the law on to the men who wilfully do contrary to the statutes provided for such things."

The fish netters of Stearns county are not behind the Todd county deer slaughterers, who haul their loads of venison to market before the season opens. The situation should stir up the residents of that locality, but it is pretty safe to venture the prediction that the law's restraints will not seriously interfere with the deer hunters' pursuit. Minnesota venison will find its way to Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Boston as long as any deer are left to be hunted.

BIRD DESTRUCTION.

THE slaughter of our small birds still continues to be appalling. Every day in the year, from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, somewhere within the boundaries of our country, men are shooting the beautiful white and gray sea fowl, whose graceful forms used to beautify our shores and our larger inland waters, and our singing birds, the destroyers of noxious insects.

When is this to end? What remedy shall be devised to put a period to this destruction, which is so repugnant to every lover of nature, and is such a serious injury to our agricultural interests? Thoughtless people, who believe that it is possible to reform abuses by act of Legislature, say that there ought to be a law against this bird murder. We have laws against it now, but they are regarded by no one. To make them more stringent would only be to bring further contempt upon our statutes. A law is useful only when it has the support of popular sentiment, and up to the present time the number of people who care about the slaughter of our small birds is very limited.

The only way to change the present state of affairs is to educate the people. Many years ago, while yet the buffalo blackened the plains of the West, we tried to convince the public that measures must be taken to protect them or they would soon become extinct. Time passed. The buffalo were a long way off. Nobody was much interested in the subject. Now the race is extirpated. As with the buffalo so with other large game, though extinction will not follow so rapidly; so with our gulls, and terns, and herons, and even with our swallows and native sparrows, our orioles and thrushes. Nothing will be left alive.

Along the Long Island shore the seafowl are no longer found. Slaughtered without intermission during their stay with us, their nests plundered when they attempted to breed, the few survivors of the multitudinous host that once gave life to the dancing waters and to the long brown sandbars, have disappeared. Some few of them may have winged their way up or down the coast, seeking some spot where their ears should not be saluted by the roar of the shotgun; others adorn the hats of women, and we may recognize them in the streets of New York, of Chicago, of Memphis and of New Orleans.

Ah! if only the women would think a little; if they but realized the incalculable harm that they are doing; if they but reflected that for each plume and cunning head that adorns their apparel, a bright joyous life has gone out, and remembered how easy it is for any one of us to take life, but how impossible it is to give it—if they thought of all this—we believe that the fashion would change so quickly as to bring to bankruptcy those who make their living out of this traffic in bird skins.

It is natural to say that the ornament to be purchased is now dead, and cannot take its place among the creatures of our shores and our forests, and that the purchase of this single one can make no difference. A hundred thousand women reason in this way and it is easy to see how the demand keeps up and why the fashion continues.

It lies in the power of our women to change this barbarous fashion, and to save our small birds now remaining, from the gun of the bird butcher. Let them refuse to countenance the wearing of hat birds, and the slayer's occupation will be gone. Then when they shall have fostered a healthy public sentiment against the destruction, laws far more stringent than those we now have may be made and enforced. The first thing to be done is to create a healthy public sentiment which shall frown down the present absurd and brutal fashion. Further legislation will come later.

SAND, SAND, SAND.

FLORIDA rejoices in the possession of vast stretches of barren sand, which to the uninitiated eye appear utterly worthless. But there is money in them. They can be made to yield a profit by one of three ways. The first is to let them severely alone and put your capital somewhere else. A second is to spend a small fortune in fertilizers and wait ten years for returns. The third way, speediest, easiest and dead sure, is to divide the sand wastes up into "town lots" and sell them to Northern gulls. Great fortunes may be made and great fortunes are made in this way. A Florida sand paper town is worth more than a hole in the ground. The public after a while grows weary of sinking money in a mine; it never tires of buying "town lots" in Florida.

This sort of thing has been going on for a long time. Florida sand swindles are older than any other land swindles in this country. Paper towns were surveyed, plotted and sold away back when the peninsula belonged to Great Britain, and the thievery was engineered by London landsharks. In the old books of Florida travel you may find glowing descriptions of great towns that were to be, but never a pine was felled for the first settler. The sand swindles in those days were no meaner than they are now. Simple men and confiding women were no more eager to plant their savings in the pockets of the town promoters then than they are now. Florida sand wastes have never yielded more enormous profits than they are yielding now, and on the other hand the mortification, regret and hardships of the sand sharks' victims were never more poignant than in this year of grace 1886.

If a person contemplates investing in Florida real estate, the cheapest way is to purchase the plant of some one else who has put time, capital and hard work into a piece of ground and now wants to sell out for about a quarter of what he has spent. Florida is full of such people.

THE NEW YORK SYSTEM.

IN another column will be found abstracts of the annual reports of some of the New York State game protectors. They are not all so satisfactory as might be wished, but on the whole the statements of work undertaken and accomplished are encouraging. They show that New York is on the right track. The system is a good one. The lawless individuals who make a living by unlawful practices have not in every instance been brought to book; but in a large number of cases they have failed to elude the officers and have paid their fines. This never could have happened under the old order of things, when game law enforcement was the business of enthusiasts in general and nobody in particular.

The force now employed is inadequate to perform the work as it should be done. The number of protectors ought to be increased.

THE MAINE WOODS are unusually full of lumbermen this year, a large share being "Canucks;" and the crews go far back to remote localities where moose are said to be found. The slaughter in crusting time will be great. Many hides will be taken out in the spring by way of the back lanes and roads; and they will not all be hides of animals which have been used for food.

MR. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT is not one of the despondent pessimists who croak that "the shooting is played out," and he is just wise enough to keep himself free to go for the birds whenever the flight is on; and it was presumably on that principle that Mr. Roosevelt last Monday declined an appointment as Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York.

NEWSPAPER LYING.—President Cleveland recently delivered his mind on the subject of newspaper lying. We notice that some of the editors who are scurrying to the front to indorse his remarks are the very ones who last summer filled their columns with the rubbish about the President of the United States hounding deer in the Adirondacks.

IF THE DEER HUNTER who was out after unseasonable game on Jan. 1 in Northern New York had not been engaged in that unlawful pursuit he would not have compassed his own destruction; but as it was he was drowned.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION'S annual dinner will be held at the Parker House, Boston, Tuesday evening, Jan. 19. The secretary is Mr. Henry J. Thayer, 246 Washington street, Boston.

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

VI.—STRONG POWER, SUN.

THE next day two Kootenays, one of them the man who had promised to come the day before, rode up to the camp and proposed to go hunting. No one seemed to care to go except myself, and so saddling Jerry, we were soon on the way toward the mountain which we had first climbed, the one on the west side of the upper lake.

As I rode along behind the Kootenays I rather wondered how I should communicate with them in case I should have anything special to say. One of them could talk Piegan, it is true, but my knowledge of that tongue was confined to about half a dozen words. A good deal could be said by signs, but I am not especially proficient in this language, and there is always a chance for a misunderstanding of the particular sign on which the sense of the whole communication depends.

We did not follow the trail taken by our party in previous climbs, but rode toward the shore of the upper lake and crossed the Inlet just below where it leaves that body of water. As we passed over the Inlet flat the Kootenay sang a little song to the Sun, in which he told that luminary, as I gathered from his gestures, that we were going to climb the great mountain before us, and there among the peaks kill plenty of sheep. He then made a prayer asking for good luck, and that our arms might be made strong and steady, so that we could shoot straight.

After crossing the Inlet we climbed the hills, not taking the trail, but making a new one, along which the Indians broke branches to mark it for future use. If I had been sure just where they were going, I should have taken them over to our trail; but I reasoned that they probably knew what they were about better than I did, and so I followed behind. When nearly at the edge of the timber line we crossed our trail, and on seeing it and the recent tracks which we had made, the Indians seemed surprised, and after speaking together, the older one turned in his saddle and asked me by signs if the trail had been made by us, to which I replied in the affirmative. Pushing on, we left our horses at the same point as on the two previous occasions when I had ascended the mountain, and started on over the rocks.

While we were preparing for the climb I endeavored to convey to the Indian the information that I was a poor climber and easily got out of breath and had to stop and rest, while he and his companion were strong and could go right on; so, I said, they must wait for me and go slowly. Whether he comprehended the polyglot mixture of talk and signs by which I endeavored to express my meaning I do not know, but I am sure that he did not act as if he did, for by the time I had reached the top of the first bench he and his comrade were far ahead of me, and were disappearing over the point of the mountain to the northwest. It is impossible for a man whose occupation for ten or eleven months of the year is sendentary, to start out and follow these mountain Indians over the rocks. I do not pretend to do it. I can scramble around pretty well after having been a few weeks in training, but when I am at my best I yield to a mountain Indian, and am content to follow him.

By the time that I had reached the point where they had disappeared, the Indians were nowhere to be seen, and I was unable to tell whether they had descended into the deep cañon, or gone around the point of the mountain on this side of it. Just then it began to blow and snow furiously, and I waited for the squall to pass over. While I did so a sheep snorted somewhere above me on the steep mountain wall, but though I strained my eyes in the effort to discover it, the snow was so thick and blinding that I could not make it out. After a while the snow ceased falling and I started on around the point of the mountain, but before I had gone very far, three shots sounded quite a long way up the cañon. The Indians had evidently found game.

I had gone perhaps a mile further and had stopped to listen and look, when suddenly I saw, three hundred yards ahead of me, two tiny points rise over a ridge and then a sheep's head. At the first warning I had sunk down beside the rock against which I was leaning, but not soon enough to escape the animal's keen eye. It stopped as soon as it had come in sight and for a moment or two we looked at each other. It had evidently been alarmed by the shooting up the cañon and did not care to go back, and so turning up the slope toward the wall of rock, it tried to run along by me on the upper side. Just as it started, another snow squall began, and for a moment the flakes flew so thickly that it was difficult to follow the animal's course. Twice it stopped to look, once at 200 yards and once at about 100 yards, and on each occasion I tried to shoot, but the snow was flying so that I could not see the foresight of my rifle. It ran swiftly by me and then stopped again, this time at about 150 yards; but, as bad luck would have it, directly behind a pile of rocks, over which I could just see the line of its back, and between two of which its head and neck were visible. I knew that it was now or never, for if it once got fairly by me, it would not stop again within shooting distance. So I drew a fine bead on the neck just below the head, and the old gun spoke out. In that wind there was no hanging of the smoke, and as I lowered the rifle and before the sound of the report could have reached it, I saw the animal give a wild bound and start at headlong speed down the mountain. I knew from these signs that I had hit it, but where? Possibly my ball had merely grazed the skin, but the creature acted as though hard hit.

I did not stand still and reason about the matter, but seeing that the sheep had taken a course which would at once carry it out of my sight, and that therefore there would be no opportunity for a second shot, I had thrown another cartridge into my rifle and dashed off for the point where the animal had disappeared over a ridge. Springing from rock to rock, I hurried along the mountain side, and was soon near the spot where I had last seen it. While yet some yards distant my eye caught the deeply-plowed imprints of the wide-spread hoofs, and as I cast a glance ahead down the slope, there was a patch of old snow, on which were two or three tiny dots of blood, confirming the story already told.

The trail was an easy one to take, for it led down over loose shale interspersed with rocks, and I followed it at a run down the mountain side. Once or twice when the animal had made a sudden turn I overran it, but a glance backward always gave it to me again.

There is something rather horrible in the wild and savage excitement that one feels under such circumstances as these; the mingling of exultation over the apparently successful pursuit, tempered by the doubt about securing the prey, and then the fierce delight, temporary of course, when the capture is assured. These feelings seem to be those which the wolf must have when he is pulling down the exhausted deer, or the hound when the tired fox pants along just ahead of him, and the fierce triumph of success is heard in his exultant mellow bay. It seems shocking that a respectable civilized and well-ordered being, such as a person of ordinary cultivation living in the nineteenth century may be supposed to be, should, under any circumstances, indulge in such brutal feelings. It shows how thin is the veneer of civilization which hides the brute in our nature and how easily this veneer is rubbed off, showing underneath it the character of the animal.

As I kept on down the mountain side, the blood on the trail became more abundant, and soon I felt sure that the sheep would be found within a short distance. A little further on there was a patch of low willows a foot or two in height, over which was a broad smear of blood as though some large object had been dragged across them, and looking beyond them and down over a ledge twelve or fifteen feet high I saw the game stretched on its side. It was quite dead.

The animal was a yearling ewe and was in very fair order. My ball had struck the neck about three inches below the

head and had cut the windpipe and the principal artery. On the whole the shot was a very lucky one.

Standing my rifle against a rock, I drew my knife and began the work of preparing the game for transportation to camp. While engaged at this a problem presented itself. How was I to get my meat to the horses? The distance was perhaps three miles, and the return necessitated a climb of 1,500 feet up the mountain side, a long journey over its rough face and then a descent of about 2,000 feet to the horses. The sheep would weigh dressed from 80 to 100 pounds. Now I am a little man, slight, and rather feeble than athletic, and usually find my own weight quite enough to carry, and I was perfectly well convinced that it was useless for me to think of getting this entire animal to the horses. As I continued my work, I kept hoping that the Indians would pass along within sight, so that I could call them down and induce them to pack the load for me, but they did not appear, and when I had turned the creature over to drain, I smoked and prepared to face my task unaided. If we had had any meat in camp, I would have taken the hams and saddles, which I could perhaps carry, but I did not like to leave the forequarters, for it was evident that as long as the bad weather lasted, one might go hunting a good many days without killing any meat.

Finally I thought I would see how far I could carry the animal, and so, with some difficulty, I threw it on my back, and with my rifle resting across the legs in front, started very slowly and tremulously up the mountain. It was a terribly hard ascent, bad enough when I had only myself and my gun to carry, and now weighed down by the load on my back, it seemed at first as if it would be impossible for me to go 100 yards. It was necessary to stop every few steps at first to take breath, for the weight on my shoulders made it seem impossible for me to fill my lungs with air; but at length I had made half the ascent, and then placing my burden on a high rock, I sat down and took a long rest and a refreshing smoke and started on again. Once, when going slowly along over the loose tipping rocks, I fell, and it seemed to me as if a dozen holes had been punched in my ribs and my legs and arms broken, but I was "getting mad" now, and shouldering my burden again pushed on. Four times during my journey I threw off my load and rested, but at length I reached the top of the long steep hill at the foot of which I could see the horses. I tossed the sheep down the hill, and as I turned to stretch and look back, saw appearing over the mountain point the two Indians, bowed down beneath their load of meat. It was not difficult to drag my load down the hill by a foreleg, and when the Indians reached the horses I had already been there some little time. When they threw off their loads I saw that between them they had only one animal, so that their loads were really lighter than mine had been.

While we were packing the meat on the horses the thought occurred to me that I would try the Chinook jargon on my friend the Kootenay, for this tribe ranges over into Oregon and British Columbia, where this barbarous tongue—if it can be so designated—is spoken, and to our mutual satisfaction we found that we could converse quite easily, though long disuse had made my vocabulary rather limited. As we started down the mountain the Indian again asked me about the trail, and whether it was a good one, and on my replying that it was much better than the one we had taken coming up, he asked me to go ahead and take them down by it. This I did, deriving as I rode along not a little of amusement from the fact that I was guiding the Kootenay Indians around through their own mountains.

That night in camp I told the story of the day to my companions, and after I had ended it Appekunny said: "That mountain shall be called Singleshot Mountain from this day forth, in memory of your single shot." And Yellowfish, who was stripping the fat meat from a sheep's rib, said, "It is good;" and then, turning to me, added: "Now the Bear-pipe will have a dance." "*Ah,*" I replied, "*skoon-a-taps nat-ose.*" (Yes; strong is the Sun). Yo.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

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SOME of your readers in Ogdensburg, N. Y., may perchance remember Mike Daniels, whose habitat some twenty-five years agone was in that burgh.

He was one of a party of hunters who made their camp one night on the Oswegatchie (locally known as the Oshegoshy), and had for his rifle a new wiping stick, in those days commonly called a "limber." This fitted the bore of the piece with great accuracy, and that night, before turning in, he chanced to leave it exposed to the weather. There was a slight shower and a mist that evening, and when Mike, who was an early riser, went forth at gray daybreak, and attempted to swab his rifle with the stick aforesaid, it refused to enter his gun, being swollen with the wet. Mike, not fully appreciating the situation, dropped gun and limber, bolted into the camp, gave the nearest man a kick in the ribs, and waving his hand in his own peculiar fashion, shouted, "Git up, git up,—got to leave this cursed place to-night." "Wha' for"? (sleepily) from the recumbent form: "Git up, I tell you, there's witchcraft here; the —— raffle (rifle)'s *shrunk* in the night." It was a long time before Mike heard the last of his shrunken rifle.

I was relating this incident the other evening to Josephus, who was half asleep, and he roused himself sufficiently to say that it was a good yarn, and added: "Had'nt you better send it to the Flickfire camperings?" KELPIE.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XIX.—THE PIZEN ANN.

THE morning broke with a cold, battering rain and the thermometer at 60°. The camp fire had been drowned out during the night and everything within was in a state of dampness. The little camp stove, however, soon put the interior in living condition, and by noon the rain had ceased. With the first signs of a let up, we were in the boat and making our way around the foot of the island to try the fly once more. It was a solemn task, and we went over the weed beds and rocky bottoms across to Burnt Point, without the sign of a scale. Then we turned short to the left and skirted Pensel Island, with as promising a looking bass ground beneath us as one could wish, passed Devil's Oven and came into the open lake without having had a strike. The netter had done his work well. On the shoal behind Lost Spring Island, a calamity overtook a pound and a half small-mouth which became enamored of the dropper, and came into the boat after a smart fight. At Knapps Point we found the Colonel trolling over the shoal with no better luck than our own. Just beyond, at the extreme point of the shoal, we took a pound small-mouth and then pulled over to the bay in front of the tents and began the course anew. Here we had a fight with another small-mouth which took the Canada fly with a strike which savored of a five-pounder, made a long swirl of six feet or so, and struck for the bottom. We knew in a moment that we had a good fish, and a quick gesture caused George to put the boat broadside on in readiness for a fair fight. Up and down the length of the boat, in to the base of the rocks which lined the shore, across the stern to the edge of the weed bed, from entering which the whole leverage of the rod was barely more than enough to restrain him, the fish rushed not once, but half a dozen times, until the fear came with each turn that he would tear from the hook or escape by the parting of the snell. When at last he was lifted in, lo, a pound and ten ounces was all that the scales could be made to show. Never before had we seen a fish of like weight fight as this one fought, except that it never once broke water. A few rods further on, we took another of the same weight which made but a single rush or two and gave up the struggle, when we turned into camp with our four fish. Before we were through dinner another rain set in which furnished music for us until far into the night. The next day we tried still-fishing for the first. Hitherto we had used only the fly, and were quite willing to have an old-fashioned time with bait and bobber. Our bait was "chunk," the favorite of the Canuck, that is, pieces of perch with a pectoral or anal fin attached. We preferred small live perch, but these were hard to get, and on this particular morning none were on hand. A small perch was taken near shore with a fly, and with this for our entire stock of bait we started out. Anchoring between two rocks which rose from the water a couple of hundred feet apart, the choice cut of the bait—the "throat latch," as the natives call it—was put on the Madame's hook, while we tried the virtues of a Ferguson in casting. The first fish fell to our lot; then, after the Madame had taken two, seeing no signs of further luck with the fly, we joined in the "chunk." It was a pleasure to handle the little Mitchell, and when the first bite came there was a circus. In an hour, with three rods, we took eleven bass of two pounds average weight, the majority of which were big mouths.

The difference in the gameness of the two varieties was never more apparent. We marked each strike and the resultant fight with a care born of the desire to test the matter once again and to discover, if possible, in what respect we had done injustice to "the under dog" in the great bass controversy. We entered into the test doubtfully and humbly, for we were fresh from a "hetcheling" on the subject at the hands of the Cold Spring boss, and felt like the boy sent back to his seat to "try his sum over again." No, there was no mistake about it. Each would start off with about the same rush, but the fight of the big-mouth would be over in a couple of minutes. It was seldom that the small-mouth would make the leap that characterizes him in New York and New Jersey waters, while not a leap did we get from the other, but for a long, steady, stubborn under-water fight with tactics tending to an entanglement with the other lines, the anchor, or a stick on the bottom, the former was far ahead. And we will venture to re-assert what we said in an article of a year ago, that he who can see no difference in the gameness of the two varieties, has never seen the small-mouth in his perfection, and furthermore, we will agree with our friend of the Bigosh to name the variety after ten seconds play, under the conditions which he proposed to his friend Mosely on the James River, and not hedge, or we will give him a *carte blanche* order on William Mitchell for the best rod which that gentleman can devise. It occurs to us just here, to allude to a subject, mooted by us in the article referred to, and which was the cause of the aforesaid "hetcheling." We there said in substance, that it was our belief that the small-mouth was gamier in waters to which it was not a native. At the time of writing the article mentioned our observations, with this question in mind, had been limited to a single season. Beyond that, we could only recall and compare the difference between the transplanted and the native in memory. The experience of another season had left us somewhat in doubt, although we are inclined to coincide with the theory of Mr. A. N. Cheney in his paper upon that subject, suggested we believe by us, and read before the American Fisheries Society. Given the conditions of improved water and food, we are convinced that the gameness of the small-mouth, so far at least as the same is indicated by leaping, is increased by transplanting, but whether anything is added to the length, strength, cunning and dash of his under-water fight, of that we are in doubt; still it may be so. Perhaps there is no more appropriate place than this to answer the query put at us by our Bigosh friend, viz., "What effect does transplanting have on the under dog in this fight, the derided big-mouth?" Our answer must be, none that we have ever observed. We are not "after a rise" this time, and if our friend still insists on offering his scalp, we will pass the knife over to "A. N. C.," that the "raising" may be done in an artistic way.

In the afternoon, the camp indulged itself in a little piece of extravagance. The long stretches of water about us and the continuous winds had for some time suggested a sail boat of some sort, and we had seen a new cedar clinker built boat, rigged with mast and sail, at the outlet, and with which we had fallen in love. Negotations had been pending for a week toward her purchase, and on this day were closed and at 3 P. M. she bore down on the camp, lowered her sail and was formally delivered over to us, to have and to hold, to run on the rocks or capsize, just as we might manage her. She was christened right then and there, and before a week the Pizen Ann was known for miles up and down the lake and had carried her ensign into waters far from Loughborough.

That night we worked her to the outlet under sail, and got back with an ash breeze, but compensated for the toil of the latter by a sample of Cheney and oriole flies which came through the mail from our kind friend whose name the former bears. There had been a dearth of yellow in our fly-book, and an article in FOREST AND STREAM on the most killing fly had suggested an order for that color, but a mistake in filling it made by a New York house on the eve of our departure for camp, left us in the cold, and we had poured out our troubles to the veteran of Lake George, who promptly helped us out. We tried those flies faithfully and well, both in casting and trolling, and never had a strike on either; a sad commentary on the æsthetic taste of Canada bass. Nor did we find any one fly, unless we except the white Canada, which seemed more killing than another. The rule was, light flies for dark days and toward dusk, and dark ones for bright days. For the first we used the Canada, Professor or Ferguson, for the latter, the great king, Lord Baltimore and Montreal, with a scarlet ibis for either.

During our trip to the outlet, we found the native in all the excitement attending the berry fever, for various individuals had been "in the bush" and returned laden with pails of blackberries. A party of three or four were at the landing discussing a proposed expedition by water to a place in the woods, some twelve or fifteen miles distant, and we soon learned that it was near the border of Hart Lake, which water with Truthful James and Sabattis we attempted to reach last summer and failed at the lower outlet—eight miles from camp—for want of water in the stream which connects it with Loughborough. Here was our opportunity. There was now plenty of water, they said, and only one carry, but a bad one, to get over, and here were our guides to order and help for the carry. We wormed ourselves at once into the affections of that party and found that we would be welcome. We would probably be away from camp for two or three days, and a tent and supplies with a frying pan and coffee pot would come handy. The latter would only be needed by ourselves, for the Canuck drank tea, and strong at that. The arrangements were soon made and we were to hold ourselves in readiness to start at any moment within the next two days, when we should be notified that the party was ready.

Through the whole period of our last year's camp, we had longed to get into the chain of waters to the north. We had studied the map and it seemed as if the whole northern country was a series of lakes and streams. But we were told that with the exception of deer hunters in the fall, few ever visited them, and none of our proposals to make our way thither had met with any encouragement from the native. It was a half *terra incognita* to them, and the mosquitoes and like pests were a terror. As we were enjoying quite a season in our own camp with some of these, we flattered ourselves that we were skin-hardened, and so determined to make the venture and go as far as we could. There were miles of the lake about us which we had not explored, but we wanted new waters, and we got them.

It would be necessary to dispose of the Madame somewhere at the outlet or else leave her with the Indian girls and one of the boys to take care of the camp. She chose the latter, so the proposition was broached to the oldest girl, who was in a state of delight at the idea. But a single night passed in thinking of it, filled the head of the Madame with all sorts of imaginary scalpings, and in the morning she announced her intention of "going ashore." She might have been hurried to her conclusion by finding, upon awaking, one of the Indian boys standing in the tent, which he had entered without disturbing her and where he was waiting to find out when we would start.

In the course of the day word was sent us that the berry pickers would set out the next morning. A good sized boat which had seen its best days on the Rideau but which had a sail and centerboard and would carry eight persons, was being caulked and prepared for the journey. She bore the somewhat doubtful name of the Sabbath Breaker, and, should there be a sufficient breeze, the run to the lower outlet would be made in her, at which place she would be left and the trip finished in a couple of skiffs which were to be taken in tow. There was considerable good-natured chaffing between us and our Canadian friends, and we were warned that with anything of a wind the Pizen Ann and her crew would be left so far behind that they would have to get over the carry alone and find their way further as best they might. We were not over-confident in the qualities of our craft as a sailer, but we inwardly determined that, come what might, we would, by hook or crook, get to that carry in time to see the Breaker lower her sail, or that there would be a regatta, the like of which had never been heard of on the nether side of the border. In one respect, at least, we knew that we had the advantage, and that was in our sailing master, for George was an old tar and an expert with the sails. So we thundered back our defiance and struck out for camp with the prospect of a lively scrimmage before us on the morrow.

Once more the mosquitoes enveloped us on our way home and, without a breath of air stirring to aid us in the one-sided fight, we fanned and brushed until camp was reached and the smudge pail brought in and fired up. Then as the air grew thick and stifling, we rubbed on the killer, dropped on the bunk, and were soon dreaming of the ordeal awaiting us on the morrow, when we were to sustain the honor of America against the haughty subject of the woman who reigned by the grace of God. WAWAYANDA.

MICHIGAN'S SHIFTLESS LAW ENFORCEMENT.—Escanaba, Mich., Dec. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We read a good deal about killing game out of season. I do not believe any one has told one half of the true state of the case. It is terrible the way they are killing deer in and out of season, and shipping it out of the State in the legal killing time. I don't think shippers dare run the risk of shipping since one of the C. & N. W. Railway agents was fined $50 last winter for shipping out of season. I was told he could have been fined $1,000 if they had wanted to do so. One Al Moore (a Canadian) has for years been shipping trout in the winter as well as venison. This year our butchers bought all the saddles of venison they could get, and shipped them without any special care for the law. At one time I saw three small fawns (all spotted) in front of a butcher shop. The express company took all that was offered for shipment, without asking foolish questions so far as I can learn.—BLANK.

Natural History.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

WINTERING BIRDS.

A RECENT request from the editor for some notes under the above caption, and several inquiries from private correspondents constitute the "reason of being" for this article; hence no apologies. But the writer by no means intends to set himself up as an authority on the subject named, and the suggestions herein, drawn largely from his own experience, are tendered for what they may be worth.

It is safe to assume that in a majority of cases persons procuring live quail to winter, have come into possession of birds lately captured. These are forced to undergo a sudden and violent revolution in their habits, and in the hands of dealers are, for the time, huddled into cramped and insufficient quarters. It is not to be wondered at that, under the two causes combined, the quail suffer a most serious decimation, and contract ailments which a few weeks later break out in the most unaccountable way, to plague andgrieve the man who has fondly planned to stock a favorite shooting ground. It goes without saying then, that it is highly desirable to buy birds at first hands, and to obtain them as soon as possible after they have been taken. In this way the evils which arise from crowding large numbers of birds together may be reduced to a minimum, if not altogether avoided.

Having got our birds, where shall we put them? If at all practicable they should go outdoors, with the ground for the bottom of the inclosure. Outdoor air and ventilation are very greatly preferable to any arrangement possible indoors, and if we are to have strong, healthy birds to turn out in the spring, they need the tonic of the winter air. So far as temperature goes, it makes little difference how much (dry) cold the birds have to undergo, if they have shelter from the cold rains. It is difficult to freeze well-fed birds (unless they chance to be imprisoned by a sleet storm), but it is the coveys that have been gradually weakened and enfeebled by starvation that fall an easy prey to the cold and snows. My own coops (of which there are three) are four by sixteen feet each on the ground, and from two to four and a half feet in height—the sides and top inclosed by galvanized wire netting, with a portion of each roof tightly covered with boards so as to make a watertight shelter. The lowest coop has the entire top hinged with heavy strap hinges, so that it can be lifted and folded back for convenience in cleaning. All the coops are connected by apertures which close or open at will from the outside, and in this way it is easy to transfer the wildest birds from one coop to another whenever it is desirable to vacate either of them for any purpose.

The base of these coops is made by digging around the space to be inclosed a trench one foot in width and eighteen inches deep. In the bottom of this trench is packed six inches of tin clippings, the refuse from a tinshop, and upon it is placed a board a foot wide on edge, bringing the top of the latter level with the surface of the ground. On the upper edge of this board strips of tin are tacked, and a second board—also on edge—placed upon it. Now if the wire netting is carried up from a line an inch below the upper outside edge of the second board, you have a bottom for the walls of your coops which will defy all the rats or other vermin that may be in the neighborhood.

When I first built my coops I made the walls of heavy half-inch mesh and the tops of lighter netting with a mesh of an inch and a half. In building again I should make the roofs of mesh not larger than half an inch, solely for the purpose of keeping out the miserable thieving English sparrows. It is no exaggeration to say that last winter and this I have been obliged to feed six of these worthless tramps for every quail or other game bird in my coops. But all this will be stopped this week by the substitution of finer mesh for the tops.

It may be urged as an objection to the style of coop that I have described that they are too expensive. I am frank to say that mine are built for use all the year around. As to height, four and a half feet is none too high for convenience in entering and cleaning, and wild birds do not pound themselves so badly by flying against the top as they would by jumping against a lower roof.

Next as to food. Cracked Indian corn, buckwheat, German millet and rejected wheat and wheat screenings are valuable in the order named. The first two are especially desirable in cold weather. Of hemp seed the birds are very fond, and a little now and then is greatly relished, although it is too expensive to be used very freely. I was fortunate enough this winter to find a mill in Toledo where I can buy cracked corn delivered at my house at about fifty cents per bushel. Each kernel is broken into pieces about the size of a grain of wheat, and as a winter food for quail it would seem to be unequaled. At first I tried various forms of ground and cooked food, but came to the conclusion two years ago that for adult birds they are hardly ever desirable, and in some cases injurious. A little green food at occasional intervals is an excellent thing for quail in confinement—a leaf or two of lettuce, a leaf of cabbage chopped fine, or a bit of apple answers the purpose. During the summer and fall my birds generally got a little bunch of chickweed every day, and seemed to prefer it to all other green food. But they have very little food of this character during winter; it is scarcely necessary to furnish it more than two or three times a week (if so often) in captivity.

In mild weather the birds should have fresh water once a day, given in such a way as to prevent them from fouling it. But in severe weather, when water freezes as soon as put out into the open air, the quail seem to get on very well without it.

Perhaps, however, there is nothing quite so essential to the health of quail in confinement as plenty of coarse sand or fine gravel. It insures good digestion and per consequence healthy and vigorous birds in the spring. Ground bone, burned oyster shells and seashells (such as are sold for poultry by the barrel) come under the head of luxuries, which the birds can do very well without, though they are undoubtedly beneficial. A box of road dust in the driest corner of the coop I have found to be the best possible preventive against lice, and as road dust is not very plenty at this season, a supply of dry coal ashes furnishes a good substitute. Even the wild birds soon learn to use it and are extremely fond of rolling and scratching in it. Last but not least in this connection, two or three inches of wheat or oat straw, under the covered portions of the coop, make an excellent place for the birds to pick and scratch in, and a warm and comfortable bed at night.

There are a few diseases to which quail in confinement seem to be especially liable, and among these are cholera, roup and inflammation of the bowels. The first of these is the quail keeper's worst enemy, since it not only works sad ravages among birds fresh caught, but is apt to attack birds that have been caged for years, and partly domesticated. Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will recall a case of the latter kind cited in these columns some time ago, and another has come under my own notice this fall. Cholera is evidently caused by overcrowding, bad ventilation and improper feeding, and when it breaks out in a coop of birds it is reasonably certain to finish the whole lot. I believe it to be highly contagious, and even though birds apparently well are separated from the affected ones, they soon succumb. Its approach is marked by a drowsiness, which soon passes into a heavy stupor, from which the bird can scarcely be aroused, and the disease runs through an entire covey in from two to five days. Perhaps some one has a better name than "cholera" for this disease. I can only say that in my experience it has proved sufficient for all practical purposes.

Roup and inflammation of the bowels are wet weather diseases and pertain more particularly to spring and fall and to young birds. Since wet is the principal cause of these difficulties, perhaps it is sufficient here to suggest that if due care be exercised to keep the birds dry no trouble need be occasioned in the winter time. But this leads me to say that if the editor does not enjoin me, I should like later to write a second paper on "Breeding Quail in Confinement."

Perhaps it may be pertinent to say in closing that I am not a dealer in birds and have none for sale, and that I never shot a quail in all my life, though I have been a hunter for twenty-five years. But my telephone has just rung up a message from the express office announcing the arrival of another box of live quail, and I must go to look after them.

JAY BEBE.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 6.

ARIZONA QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Herbert Brown's article in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM is a very welcome contribution to our knowledge respecting the habits and distribution of the different species of quail found in Arizona, embodying as it does information which has been eagerly and more or less impatiently awaited by the ornithologists of the United States. I do not think, however, that Mr. Brown has demonstrated the specific identity of *Colinus ridgwayi*, Brewst. and the pair of birds, sent by Mr. Brown to Mr. Grinnell, which I identified as *Ortyx* (now *Colinus*) *graysoni*, Lawr. To make the matter perfectly clear it will be necessary to review the history of the subject, somewhat as Mr. Brown has done.

In FOREST AND STREAM for March 6, 1884, was copied from the Tucson *Weekly Citizen* an article stating that *Ortyx virginianus* occurred in the Barboquivari range, Southern Arizona. This record I questioned in the following number of FOREST AND STREAM, basing my objection on the well-known geographical distribution of *O. virginianus*, the most western form of which (*O. virginianus texanus* Lawr.) "not having been traced further west than Central Texas," as stated in my note, which further explained that, "if not the Massena quail, the bird referred to must be one of the Mexican species of *Ortyx* (perhaps *O. graysoni*), none of which, however, have been taken on our side of the boundary line."

In the same note I stated that "in order to settle the question, it is very desirable that a specimen be sent for examination." Unfortunately, however, I added that "merely a wing, with a portion of the breast with the feathers attached, would be sufficient to insure identification," for it did not occur to me that there might exist in Arizona a species, as yet unknown to naturalists, so closely related to *O. graysoni* as to be distinguishable by the coloration of the head alone. Hence these tedious explanations.

It was not long, however, before Mr. Grinnell received from Mr. Brown, in response to my suggestion, fragments ("portions of wing, breast and tail") of a male, and the dissicated carcase (not "almost perfect skin") of a female, both rescued from the street, alley or vacant lot,[2] long after they had been thrown away. These imperfect specimens were sent me by Mr. Grinnell for inspection; and upon comparing them with examples of *O. graysoni* from Western Mexico, they were found to correspond exactly so far as they could be matched "part for part." Obviously, therefore, the only thing which could under the circumstances be done was to report to Mr. Grinnell, as I did, the result of the comparison. *O.* (or *C.*) *ridgwayi* was at that time an unknown species to naturalists. It is (scientifically) a more recent discovery, with which my identification of Mr. Brown's specimens could not possibly have anything to do.

It has been stated above that, the only obvious difference in plumage between *O. graysoni* and *O. ridgwayi* is in the coloration of the head in the adult male. The former has the throat and a bold, superciliary stripe, pure white; while the latter has the head entirely black. It should therefore be unnecessary to state that had Mr. Brown sent an entire specimen of the male there would have been no occasion for any mistake—granting that one has been made, which I cannot without further evidence concede.

In Southern Mexico are found in nearly if not quite the same districts two species of quails—*Colinus pectoralis* and *C. coyolcos*—wich exactly represent the more northern *C. graysoni* and *C. ridgwayi*, respectively, the former having the bold white head markings and the latter with the head entirely black, both likewise having the under parts uniform rufous or cinnamon. These two species are much smaller than their northern representatives, and differ from them in some other particulars. *Colinus graysoni* being a common species in the vicinity of Mazatlan, some 600 miles south of the United States boundary, and the intervening territory almost a complete *terra incognita* ornithologically, it is not at all impossible, or even improbable, that it should extend its range northward to across the border, just as several other Mexican species, previously observed no further north than Mazatlan—and some of them not nearly so far north—have been found to do.

In conclusion, I would state that much additional material, including specimens in better shape than those already examined, is necessary to determine the question of whether *C. graysoni* occurs in Arizona, and also that of its relation to *C. ridgwayi*[3]; and to assist observers who have not the opportunity or "knack" of making specimens, I give the following artificial key (based on the males alone, the females being practically undistinguishable from one another) of the species of *Colinus* found along our southwestern border, including the *C. graysoni:*

A. Lower parts whitish varied with bars and v-shaped marks of black....1. *C. virginianus texanus.*

B. Lower parts uniform rufous or cinnamon-color—

a. Head with the whole throat and a broad superciliary stripe pure white.....2. *C. graysoni.*

b. Head uniform black.....3. *C. ridgwayi.*

ROBERT RIDGWAY.

[1] This last statement of course refers to specimens taken by naturalists or professional collectors, and duly recorded in some publication.

[2] The exact circumstances of their recovery were stated in Mr. Brown's letter, but I have forgotten the details. These fragmentary specimens are still preserved in the collection of the U. S. National Museum, where they are numbered 96,763 and 96,764, respectively.

[3] There is a bare possibility that *C. coyolcos* and *C. pectoralis* may be individual color-phases of one species (*C. coyolcos*), and that *C. graysoni* and *C. ridgwayi* bear the same relation to one another. But this is merely a suspicion which I have been from time to time led to indulge by certain circumstances which it is not worth while to mention here.

A FLORIDA MUSEUM.

WALKING along the sea wall at St. Augustine the other day—or perhaps I should say river wall, for the people of the quaint old town insist on calling the beautiful sheet of salt water in front of the place a river—I caught sight of a little old display window full of curious things. It had an air different from that of the ordinary curiosity store, and I crossed over to it. A genial gentleman, Dr. J. Vedder, met me and talked to me about his wonders. Perhaps the most interesting of them all is his collection of Florida snakes, alive and exceedingly well caged for display. Chief among them is an enormous diamond rattlesnake. In the front room, stretched on a board, is the moulted skin of this monster. It measures seven feet and one inch in length and six inches wide, showing the living snake to be twelve inches in girth. If five inches be allowed for the rattles and something for the shrinking of the dried shell, his living snakeship cannot be much less than eight feet long. The Doctor tapped the case and the huge reptile threw himself into position to strike. The head was drawn back in splendid pose, and in the center of the swelling coils of his body the end of the tail was thrust up, the rattles quivering in rapid vibration and sending forth the ominous sound which has caused many a hunter to check his course through thicket or meadow. There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to how the rattlesnake produced his warning signal. The whole process was visible. If you go to St. Augustine it will be worth your while to see this process, though you may feel as I did—like standing back a little lest the snake should crash through the glass and reach you.

In another case were two chicken snakes. The Doctor put a live mouse into the den and both snakes started for it. One seized it and in an instant had wrapped it in his coil. A moment's struggle and the little rodent was dead. Cautiously the reddish brown folds loosened their grip, and then the mouse soon disappeared down the snake's throat. Plainly the chicken snake, which is not large, and would be more valuable about a house than a cat, is a true constrictor. There were glass snakes, moccasins, coach whips and gopher snakes, all interesting in their way.

A fine glossy coated otter, fully four feet long, roused himself from his noonday nap to eat a fish thrown in to him, beginning, as the keeper said he invariably did, at the tail. The whole museum seems to be kept on fish—"yellow tails"—caught easily in the river with net or hook. The pelicans would catch the fish in their huge mouths, carefully turning them so that the heads would go down first. The whooping cranes, vain birds and fond of notice, dancing in a fantastic fashion at their master's command; the little white egrets running about under everybody's feet; the darter or water turkey, a shy bird with long beak and neck, the latter held much in the shape of a figure 2, all begged for fish and caught them dexterously in their bills.

A great horned owl hooted mellowly at command. A black vulture went tilting from one end of his cage to the other, acting precisely as if he were ashamed of himself and were trying to hide. That rare bird, the monkey-faced owl, stood solemnly asleep on one foot, and when roused began a curious weaving, swaying motion which made it look weird and strange.

There were bears, wildcats, alligators and other strange creatures to complete this interesting and altogether unique museum, to which a visit may very profitably be made by any one interested in animal life. RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

HARE AND FISHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent "H. R." in your issue of Dec. 31, thinks he saw an otter chasing a hare on the ice, making, as he says, quick, clean jumps, about the same as the hare. Now the otter does not make clean jumps, but just gathers speed by one or two short jumps or gathers, and then slides—sometimes quite a distance—say from ten to twenty feet, then gathers for another slide. I never in all my hunting life of twenty-five years saw where an otter made clean jumps in running. I have frequently followed them in light snows, and sometimes on top of four feet of snow, over mountains from one stream to another—they making a straight course, as if they knew the way. Neither have I ever seen where an otter chased a hare. They subsist on fish alone, I think, as any one may observe by the fish bones and scales on and about their slides—I never observed any other bones in their signs.

What "H. R." saw following the hare was doubtless a fisher (*Mustela pennantii*, Erxl.). They subsist chiefly on the hare, and they are very adept at capturing them. I once saw a hare come out of the woods on to Lake Mollychunkemunk, running at great speed, and immediately after a fisher on his track. They followed down the lake about a mile, when the hare commenced to circle—quite large at first, and continually making the circle smaller—the fisher always keeping inside the circle of the hare, and so gaining quite a distance in every round, or rather not having to run so fast to keep the hare on his speed, the fisher seeming to take it very leisurely, until the circle became so small as to end at a point—and the fisher was there as soon as the hare, and made short work of him. I had followed down the lake as fast as I could, in hopes of getting in a shot, and so had an excellent chance to see the whole maneuver, but the fisher saw me, and dragged his prey ashore and fled into the woods.

J. G. R.

BETHEL, Maine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The animal that "H. R." saw chasing a hare was without a doubt a fisher, or, as they are called here, "black cat." They are rabbit hunters.

STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Jan. 2.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY TRAMP.—On Friday last we took our usual New Year's tramp, and as we always look into birds' nests when they are within reach, we did so on this occasion. While passing through a piece of woods we had stopped to gather some beechnuts, with which the leaves on the ground were strewed. We have not had any snow for the past two weeks, and the ground is as bare and soft as in April. On looking up we noticed a red-eyed vireo's nest, and on examining it found that it was full of beechnuts and fragments of the shells. I filled the nest with cotton, cut off and trimmed the twig on which it was suspended, put into a paper bag and packed them in my collecting bag and now have them among our collection of birds' nests and eggs. I do not suppose that this is the first bird's nest that has been found to be utilized as a storehouse, but as the nest of *Vireo olivaceus* is one of the most beautiful and best constructed of birds' nests, and as it was so well filled it was very interesting to me. And now the query, By what bird or animal were the nuts stored? I found both the downy and hairy woodpeckers in the same woods a few days before, but have not seen the red headed woodpecker, which is known to feed on beechnuts, and I hardly think that it was done by the red squirrel, as the nest is in perfect condition and the limb so small—not over $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter two inches back of the nest—that it seems impossible that a squirrel could sit there and eat the nuts, which must have been done. I have just turned the nuts out of the nest, and find there is a good handful, containing 33 perfect nuts and the balance shells. I find there are no marks of teeth, as there probably would be if it were the work of a squirrel. During our tramp we also saw a frog, which we tried to capture but without success. We saw quite a number of crows, a red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), a few red-bellied nuthatches (*Sitta canadensis*), tree sparrows (*Spizella monticola*) and common juncos —*Junco hyemalis* I presume is the correct name now and is very appropriate at present, as we have no snow. As an indication of the weather I inclose a twig of honeysuckle in bud.—J. L. DAVISON (Lockport, Jan. 4).

THE MILD WINTER.—It is not often that we see shrubs in blossom at this season of the year in this latitude, but there is a *Spirea prunifolia* on the estate of John W. Mason from which the writer picked a flower, quite well developed, on the 3d inst., and several twigs that appeared just ready to bloom. Robins have been around in unusual numbers up to the present time, and bluebirds can be heard almost any day. Will some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM tell us what the mild fall and winter has developed in their region?—A. H. G. (Scarborough, N. Y.)

DOMESTICATED WILD DUCKS.—I have some tame American mallards and hybrids between mallard and dusky ducks. The dusky drakes which I originally had died, and unable to get others the ducks, only two, mated with mallard drakes, and the hybrids are fertile *inter se* to the sixth generation. The birds mate for life and very seldom quarrel, running together in peace and harmony. The only restraint upon them is an annual clipping of the flight feathers on one wing. They rarely try to get over a stone wall four feet high.—E. S. (Somerset, Mass.).

ANOTHER ALBINO GROUSE.—Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 7.—In your paper of Dec. 31 I notice the note on the albino ruffed grouse. I mounted one for Merrell Ryder, of St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 26, that was pure white. The only markings to be seen were the bars in the tail, which were of a very pale pink or pinkish gray. I also mounted an albino deer (whitetail) in the winter of 1884 for A. W. Ehle, of this city. This specimen was pure white as snow and not as large as the usual size of white-tail deer.—WILLIAM HOWLING.

LIVE RUFFED GROUSE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nobody seems to be able to catch ruffed grouse alive "on purpose," though frequent cases are reported of their accidental capture. Should any such instance occur to any reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, I should be greatly obliged if he would communicate with me, as I am desirous of procuring a live male bird for some interesting experiments now in progress.—JAY BEBE (Lock Box 110, Toledo, O.).

ACAPULCO DEER.—Mr. E. A. Samuels, president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, has a pair of deer from Central America, which we understand he wishes to dispose of to some private deer park.

HERONRY.—A Philadelphia correspondent wishes to know of a heronry within 150 miles of that city.



THANKS TO DR. PASTEUR.

"Sick him on me, Jimmie; I want to go to Paris!"—*From Life.*"

Game Bag and Gun.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE TRAJECTORY TRIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your work has been well done. The spirit of fairness and impartiality which has characterized it from first to last will command the respect of all, and the consciousness of this fact will be your greatest reward. E. A. LEOPOLD.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The last shot having been fired and the bullet sped on its way to make its record of good or ill, it, together with the few scores that have preceded it through the tell-tale screens, have, I predict, done more for the hunting rifle than all that has been written on the subject since the dawn of time.

I would like to call the attention of the rifle manufacturers to one of the many interesting facts that this trajectory test has brought out. It is this: We have heard a great deal in years gone by about light bullets and their flat trajectories. The old riflemen have laid down the law, and it has been accepted without a protest by nearly all riflemen.

Let us look at the figures. Starting with the first on the list, we find that the .50-95-312 has a rise of 11.242 inches, while the .50 95-300 Express gives 11.306 inches under the same conditions. Rifle No. 2, .50-112-350 has a rise of 10.289 inches, while .50 112-303 Express is 10.493, higher again. No. 3, .50-112-350, and .50-112-303 gives half an inch in favor of the heavy ball. The English rifle gives the same result. These being the only Express balls that we have an opportunity to compare let us see how the solid balls compare with each other. First comes the Government .45-70-405, which gets a shade ($1\frac{1}{4}$ inches) under the .45-70-500 by being helped down the range by a twenty one mile wind. The Remington .38 51-822 is ahead of the .38-52-255, and both ahead of the 38-45-118. And in the .32-cal. we find the same thing. Now, with these facts before us, is it not high time that we knew more upon this subject? I very much regret that the FOREST AND STREAM did not extend further into this subject, as for example the Ballard rifle of .40-cal. has no less than five different weights of bullets adapted to it, only one was tried, and the same is true of most of the other makes. I.

AKRON, Ohio.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would have liked your "Tabulated Summary of Trajectory Tests" better had it given the actual average weights of powder and of bullets used in the firing of each gun; and yet I do not know as I ought to say this, for it does not seem the right thing to "look a gift horse in the mouth."

If one thing is demonstrated more clearly than another in these tests, it is that the trajectory of a bullet depends upon the weight and shape of the missile and the weight and quality of the powder, other things being equal.

And it seems to be as clearly proved that the twist of the rifling does not affect the flight of the bullet for any distance. In practice, the smaller the bore the more abrupt the twist, seems to be established, on the principle of the smaller and lighter the top the shorter time it will revolve, and *vice versa*. This knocks the bottom out of the old theory that special rifling is required for every change of charge in the same gun. When that criticism was made of the "new gun principle," my old muzzleloader broke into a broad smile to see the FOREST AND STREAM sitting down on that crooked pin.

In the tests of the .50 calibers the Winchester and the Whitney-Kennedy guns, both loaded with ammunition from the same box, powder 90.9 grains, bullet 312.27 grains, produced the same trajectories precisely, allowing for the corkscrew motions, and yet the twist of the former was one turn in 60 inches and that of the latter one turn in 30 inches.

In the .45 caliber class the same proved true as between the Martin and the Bullard guns, though the former had a twist of 20 inches and the latter of 30 inches.

The irresistible conclusion is that had all the guns of like caliber been chambered to receive the same ammunition, there would have been no practical difference in their trajectories, though the amount of their twist might vary from 72 inches up to 16. The only principle involved is to give such an amount of twist as to insure a revolution of the bullet during its longest time of flight with its minimum charge of powder, according to the caliber of the barrel.

The gyratory motion of a bullet in the air, I think, is fully illustrated by a revolving top on the floor. The bullet is probably canted as it leaves the muzzle, which may not be quite square, and the pressure of the powder gas not being exactly even on the base of the bullet. In the larger bullets this would be liable to show the most. Recognizing this tendency, the gunmakers cut off the tips of their bullets to insure accuracy, as the bullet revolves upon the edge of the small circle so left while it is recovering its true position.

COMMON SENSE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many of your readers would no doubt like to be able to figure out the trajectory of their rifles on a 5-yard range, if so it can be found very nearly by subtracting half of the rise at 50 yards from total rise at 25 yards; for instance, in one of your 100-yard tables the rise at 50 yards is 3.746 and at 25 yards 2.932, now if the rifles were sighted for 50 yards instead of 100 its highest flight at 25 yards would be 1.059 inches. J.

CLEVELAND, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with much pleasure the experience of the trajectory test and see that the old-time muzzleloader has marched to the front, both in accuracy and trajectory, but this is just what I had expected, and now for a little principle on breechloading rifle chambers that I will now explain and hope the readers will understand what I mean. I don't want your readers to understand that my rifle chamber principle is correct and the only way to chamber a breechloading rifle, but I only give my idea and say has it ever been tried? And now for what I mean. To get the truest shooting out of a muzzleloader we must have a false muzzle and a bullet starter to set the ball in the grooves, and so we get good shooting, and right here is the whole thing. Now can't we use this false muzzle and starter on our breechloader? Let us see, the starter we can not use, but the false muzzle we can, but we must change its place and instead of putting it on the muzzle we will put it in the breech of the rifle in the shape of a smooth and tapered chamber three or four inches in length right in front of the shell chamber. This second chamber, that end toward the breech, should be a trifle wider than the end toward the grooves, this end to be the exact size of the bore and be flush with the lands of the rifling, the grooves being lower. With such a chamber in the breech the bullet would have a smooth place to travel over of some three or four inches before reaching the grooves and would go over the grooves without any jumping and jarring. Now if this principle has never been tried before some one ought to try it. J. W.

MOLINE, Illinois.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder what double rifles, American made, your London correspondent "J. J. M." has ever seen? I think there are rifles in this city that would not have suffered in the trajectory trial. Hope your trouble and expense will be rewarded. JOHN BOYDEN.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I like the way you are reporting the experiments, giving every detail. That is what is needed, and then every one can form his own conclusions. The experiments evince great care and will be very valuable. P.

MEE-TEE SEE, Montana.

NICK ON THE TRIAL.

Now that the tests are over I suppose that the report is a fair object of attention on the part of all us riflemen, and surely it is extensive enough to stand a great many rounds. First of all, I would aim a double-shotted round of thanks at FOREST AND STREAM for its enterprise in undertaking and carrying through such an exhaustive series of tests, all the better because they afford us comparative readings of the doings of the great bulk of American arms as now offered to the hunting fraternity. I cannot see how they could have been much bettered, unless perhaps there was something about that fixed rest which would influence the shooting of the rifles. I have my own theories on this question, and would like to hear from others who have had more experience in test-shooting. It must have been a very severe trial of some of the magazine guns to place the butt-plate against an immovable base and then pull the trigger. A glance at the construction will show how this must be so. In some of them the force of the enormous blow dealt in recoil by the discharge of the arm is carried back and transmitted through the stock to the shoulder of the shooter through the very thin side plate of the breech action into which the breech-block pin is inserted. When there is ample chance for the swing back, such as takes place in off-hand shooting, these side plates get no undue strain; but with the butt fixed, the tendency is to buckle these plates, and so the breech action refuses to work, the carrier block jams, and a general hitch results. It may be an unfair test to put a gun to, but it strikes me that a weapon so constructed as to stand this test is preferable to one which shows a weakness at this point. I think that some of the cases where your report speaks of obstreperous arms and obstinate weapons could be explained on this ground.

The grand hoop-la which I expect to see rise up after the report is fully understood will come from the muzzleloader fraternity, who will find great comfort in looking up and down the column of trajectory averages, and when it is seen that the figures opposite the muzzleloaders are the lowest there will be a chorus or "I told you so," and they will at once proceed to put another feather in that old antiquated headgear which the "has beens" delight to wear. Just the same, however, let the muzzle men load up their ancient weapons with the trifle of powder which the breechloaders find amply sufficient, and then we shall have a comparison of some value. Your determination to impose no restriction whatever was the opportunity which the muzzlers wanted, and what did they bring? Great ungainly weapons, in the nature of metal freight, and into these bits of armament they poured enormous doses of the sharpest, quickest powder obtainable, and then putting atop of it a mere pellet of a bullet, they fire it off and then expect practical riflemen to close their eyes to all this preparatory manipulation—to everything, in fact, but the record as shown on the screens.

Nobody for a moment supposes that, other things being equal, the trifling superiority of the muzzleloader in accuracy and flat fire line is anything like a compensation for the nuisance of having to put charges in at the muzzle and the general botheration of this class of arm, as compared with the convenient breech arm with its fixed ammunition.

At another time I hope to have opportunity of saying more, after my brother riflemen have had their say upon the subject. I would particularly like to hear from "P." and from the erudite and always interesting Major Merrill. At present I will content myself with another hearty "thank you" for what the report takes out of the domain of surmise into the clearly-defined space of absolute fact. NICK.

FOREST AND STREAM'S GRIZZLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the moral training of your bears is most desirable, I think you would better box them up and send them to me. I will turn them in with a tame deer, and teach the three to bear and forbear. Considering the tutor and everything, the educational opportunities are excellent. They might be trained to agricultural pursuits, perhaps taught to dig potatoes or run a power churn with the effigy of a tenderfoot suspended just out of reach before them. And they would be good things to have in the melon patch when off these duties o' nights, or among the early fruit trees. It would be comforting to the fruit grower to find scattered about his grounds in the morning the remains of a dozen or forty naughty boys; so comforting that if the bears objected to his gathering his melons, apples and pears, he would be almost willing to forego the pleasure and profit thereof.

If they were turned loose anywhere in the Eastern States they would be a perfect godsend to the editors of country papers in affording items. Each might have a column devoted to them, and how much better reading than the reports of the latest wooden wedding or surprise party, would be such items as, "A reliable informant says that the FOREST AND STREAM grizzlies were seen on Bald Mountain yesterday." (There is a Bald Mountain wherever there are any mountains.) "We are pained to announce the loss of a valued subscriber by the F. & S. grizzlies." (Desperate fight, mangled, etc.) "Numbers of armed men have turned out to do or die, and exterminate the monsters. P. S. As

we go to press we learn that the maligned grizzlies last night killed two tramps, a book agent and a lightning rod man. Warlike demonstrations against them are stayed, and it is proposed to open a subscription for the purpose of introducing more bears of similar proclivities."

Does a grand advertising scheme dawn upon you? to letter the bears "FOREST AND STREAM, $4 per year!" and turn them loose? But then would those who ran stop to read?

FERRISBURG, Vt. AWAHSOOSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Wait till they grow enough to be big and wicked, then turn 'em loose among the foolish Newark doctors, who have raised such a silly scare about hydrophobia. SENECA.

RAHWAY, N. J.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let the grizzlies stay at Central Park, where they will do the "greatest good to the greatest number." A Happy New Year, an' lashins of 'em, to dear old FOREST AND STREAM.

CASSELTON, D. T. H. P. U.

GAME PROTECTORS' REPORTS.

FROM the annual reports of the New York Game Protectors, sent in to Gen. R. U. Sherman, secretary of the Commission of Fisheries, we take the following extracts:

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Francisco Wood, protector for the fourth district, in his annual report, writes: "I spent considerable time during the year inspecting the markets at Schenectady, Albany and other places. Also made tours through the counties in my district to look up cases of illegal fishing. In May I captured a net in Schoharie Creek. In August secured the conviction of five persons for illegal fishing; they paid fines of $25 a piece. In October I obtained a judgment of $25 against an offender for owning an eel rack. At present I have no complaints and no business."

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Peter R. Leonard, of Ogdensburg, protector for the seventh district, in his annual report, says: "I visited a number of lumber camps last winter, and found that, as heretofore, many deer had been slaughtered in the deep snow. In the summer I spent several weeks in the woods of Franklin and St. Lawrence counties, where annually large numbers of deer had heretofore been killed prior to Aug. 1. Last year, however, I found that very few were so taken. After Aug. 15 I devoted my time to looking out for violations of the anti-hounding law. St. Lawrence county was comparatively free from dogs from Tupper Lake down the entire length of Raquette River. The Grass River country and Cranberry Lake region were also free. On the west and middle branches of St. Regis River to McDonald Pond and Bog Pond crossing the deer were well preserved. The only hounding I learned of was done on Bog River, at Little and Big Tupper Lakes, and in the Saranac region. Guides, hotel keepers and some others seemed determined last fall to put the game laws and the protectors to a severe test. Men who at Alexandria Bay were anxious to have the laws enforced, as far as fishing in the St. Lawrence River was concerned, went into the woods with their hounds and broke the game laws as recklessly as any fish pirate. There are other matters that are grievous. The still-hunter who visited the woods last fall and met with good success in shooting because the game had been protected from the dogs, was loth to leave even on Dec. 1, after having killed from ten to forty deer. I think there were more deer killed for market in St. Lawrence county last fall than in four or five years before.

"Hunters are not willing to leave their hounds at home even in the month of June. On Bog River, June 1, I met a party of eighteen men with seven boats going in, as they said, for a three weeks' trip. They had their hounds along and were loaded down with shotguns and buckshot. Until such people are made ashamed of their nefarious doings and have a better idea of the necessity for game protection, the present force of officials in this district will be found too small to do the work required.

"During the past year I have traveled over 3,629 miles and my individual expenses were $374.73. Judgments were recovered as follows: Barker and Whitby for unlawfully killing deer, $50; M. P. Phillips, netting fish at Chippewa Bay, $25; Cross and Burners, killing deer, $100; Geo. Hunter & Co., same offense, $100; Benj. and Louis Petrie, $75; James Petrie and L. Plantz, illegal fishing, $25; Mrs. Simeon Plantz, same offense, $30; Dr. Chattuck, same offense, $50; total $455."

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

Following is a summary of the annual report of State Game Protector Thomas Bradley, of the eighth district: "John Pauley convicted of killing deer out of season, in Hamilton county, was fined $50 and $23 23 costs, which he paid. A set line 1,200 feet in length was captured at Piseco Lake and destroyed. Two night lines were destroyed at Caroga Lake, and many others on the Mohawk River in Montgomery county. At Llewic Lake, seven gillnets valued at over $600, were captured. In the town of Mayfield two seines, valued at $85, were taken, and the owner, M. Ferguson, prosecuted. The case is still held open. The case of Elijah Camp, arrested for shooting deer out of season, is also pending."

Protector Bradley has commenced action against Charles Blanchard for hounding deer near Beaver Lake, and against Peter J. Casler and another of Little Falls, for robbing spawning beds of trout and using dynamite in one of the outlets of Pisco Lake. He also has evidence for several other suits.

In the northern part of Hamilton county he shot three dogs which were running deer. The protector thinks the anti-deer hounding law requires amendment to make it effective. He says: "I frequently find dogs with hunting parties in the woods. I think the presence of dogs with a party should be deemed evidence against the hunters and an amendment of the law to that effect would be a great help to the protectors. The season for woodcock and partridge shooting should open on the same day. The Board of Supervisors of Fulton county passed a law prohibiting market hunting."

TENTH DISTRICT.

Nathan C. Phelps, of Remsen, State game protector for the tenth district, in his annual report states that during the past year he obtained two judgments of $5 each for violation of section 13 of the laws of 1879 (killing songbirds out of season), a judgment of $50 in Herkimer county for the unlawful killing of deer, also one of $50 in Oneida county for hounding deer. He also had a suit for polluting streams in Herkimer county, which was settled by the payment of $40. Speaking of the deer-hounding law, Protector Phelps says: "I am of the opinion that the law has been generally observed, though I have heard of a few violations. The floating season was very poor, and as far as I have been able to learn but few deer were killed in front of the 'jack.' The weather was cold and damp, and consequently deer did not come to the water as much as usual.

"The still-hunting was better. The deer were quite tame, not having been run with dogs, and were easily approached. Many were killed in this way. The pot-hunters were in the woods in force, the Pennsylvanians taking the lead in this respect. More deer were killed in November than all the rest of the season, and the most of them were shipped to market. Regarding the anti-hounding every person has ideas of his own. Those who like hounding and own dogs are opposed to the law, as are the hotel men, who make money from the parties who go into the woods to hunt deer with hounds. The guides who have had good luck still-hunting are in favor of keeping the dogs out of the woods and will help to do it. In fact, every one has a different idea of how the law should read, and it is impossible to please all. The most effectual way of preserving deer would be to cut off from the shooting season one month in the fall, as this would prevent parties from other States coming here and hunting for the market.

"While on the south branch of Moose River last fall I met Frank Hall, William Leight, George Barber and Nelson Chandler, all well-known guides. They reported having found the skeletons of seventeen deer in the vicinity of the outlet of Canachagala Lake. They thought from the appearance of things that the deer had been killed by wolves. A wolf was killed at North Lake last winter and I saw tracks in that section last month. The wolves should be hunted out before they get too numerous. If the State bounty on wolves were raised to $50 I am of the opinion that it would start new hunters out after them. The old wolf hunters who did such good work in the Adirondacks several years ago are all gone."

FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.

State Game Agent Geo. M. Schwartz, of Rochester, protector for the fifteenth district, in his annual report says: "I was employed 134 days, and during that time seized and destroyed 88 nets, 2 seines and three spears. Their aggregate value was $1,230. I have instituted legal proceedings against 25 persons for violations of the fish and game laws. Judgments amounting to $228 have been obtained and the following suits are still pending: Against Melvin Fisher and A. Dunham, of Orleans county; Robt. Breeder, Wm. Carson, Henry Andrews, F. Ridgeway, Chas. Howard, Daniel Tompkins, Daniel Clump and Robert Scott, of Wayne county, all for illegal fishing; also against the Rochester Paper Mill Company for polluting the waters of Genesee River."

SIXTEENTH DISTRICT.

State Game Agent Stephen A. Roberts, of Buffalo, protector for the sixteenth district, reports as follows: "During the past year I traveled 2,823 miles and my expenses were $138 39. I seized and destroyed four fyke nets valued at $55 and two seines worth $80. J. B. Stafford & Co. were fined $50 and $20 costs for having venison in their possession out of season. Fred Janner, for drawing a seine, paid a fine of $100; W. L. Chamot, his assistant, was fined $10. John Roberts, whom I sued for killing deer out of season, died before the case was tried. I have requested District Attorney Ottaway to commence action against Gilbert W. Smith, of Irving, for fishing with pound nets. The season for black bass fishing opens here May 20. This is wrong, for these fish do not go on their beds in Niagara River until the forepart of June, and poachers have everything their own way as things are now. If the season for bass opened June 20, or better still July 1, the poachers could do nothing, as the bass would be off their beds and in deep water. In addition to this, the weeds would be so grown that nets could not be used."

STRAY SHOTS FROM AN OLD RANGER.

II.

HAVING been born and raised in Connecticut, of course my earliest education in regard to game and the delights of its capture began there; and I assure you it was not neglected for any fault of mine. I must plead guilty to the charge of trapping birds, especially partridge, when a boy. I did it, and that too successfully; so I know how surely one can sweep the woods of the last unsuspecting partridge by appealing to his crop, and then encircling his neck with the deadly snare. I have often caught the last one of a brood of ten or twelve, taking one each day till they were all gone. I will not say I derived no pleasure from this, for I think I had a boyish pride and satisfaction in going to my snares and finding a poor fellow hanging there by his neck, a victim to his appetite and my craft and deception. But as soon as I became the possessor of a gun, I abandoned this process, which was literally a "delusion and a snare," not because there were laws against it—for at that time there were none—but in some way I happened to see it was wrong, and I have never ceased to regret that I was ever guilty of the murderous practice. Ever since I have "taken unto myself a law," which made me kick to smithereens every trap and snare I have found in the woods. This probably is a high-handed procedure on my part, but it is quite certain I have done my share toward breaking up the trapping of this kind of game.

Since I have "gone out into the woods," it has always been my greatest delight to get back during the fall season among the rough and rugged old hills and valleys where I spent my early life, and with dog and gun to wander and dream, occasionally having my reveries broken by the announcement of my dog that "there's game near here," when I would get down to business—steady the old dog's eagerness (for in the usual thick underbrush of this locality one has to work very carefully) until he made his point, when I would renew the acquaintance of a woodcock, quail or partridge that it seemed to me I had known in the years that are gone. For me, there is more delight in seeing the dog carefully work up and point, and then in bagging this one bird, than there is in slaughtering and slashing dozens in other localities.

I have never failed to visit the old stamping ground during the fall season when I have been within a reasonable range of it, and my recollections of those trips are among the most cherished of my life. The picture of the whole country is now fresh in my mind, and will remain there as long as memory lasts. I can see the broad landscape of hill and valley, whose foliage was painted with a wealth of colors which none but nature's artist can produce, and in no place on earth in such exquisite profusion as there, while the whole was covered with the soft dreamy atmosphere of an Indian summer. Here and there at long intervals nestled the quaint old dwelling of the farmer, whose inmates seemed unselfishly glad to know that the little patches of stubble where they had cultivated buckwheat and rye were the means of affording us so much pleasure. I say "us" because poor Comf, an old chum of mine who was "to the manor born," and who never strayed or left it till "called hence to be here no more forever," was ever ready to join me in my week's sport, and I had seldom spent it without him. He was the best shot and hunter for the three game birds of that locality I ever met. He was a tough wiry little fellow, as quick as a cat; and the only fault I could ever find with him was that he would shoot for a market, but never till after we had taken our annual tramp; and I think even then he hunted more for sport than profit. He knew where every bevy of quail were raised and the stubble on which they fed, and the cover to which they restorted after satisfying their hunger—he knew the haunt of the partridge and the location of the purple grape and the wintergreen berries on which he fed; and he knew which way and just how far he would go if flushed before we were near enough for a shot; and many a time has he said to me as we were approaching a thicket of alders, "You go round and stand in that opening on the other side, while I work the dogs carefully up on this side, and if he gets up give it to him," and I have tumbled many a partridge in this way. He knew all the soft springy spots among the alders, and the smooth grassy patches under the white birches where the woodcock, while on their journey from the north, plump, solid, strong and fat, delighted to stop and linger till the cold and frost of approaching winter bade them resume their journey south. Knowing these things, we did not have to hurry and range in an aimless way, but could lay out our day's jaunt and go over it in a quiet and pleasant way, bagging a few quail here, and a brace or two of woodcock and partridge there, which with our lunch at noon—these intermingled with the jokes, stories and honest friendly chat, would fill the day with unalloyed delight.

This may not seem like sport to the dash and push of many sportsmen of the present day; but I have tried many a field where one could warm the barrels of his gun by the frequency of his shooting, but none warmed and satisfied the yearnings of my inmost nature like those tramps over the old stamping ground of my early life. A.

"A WILD GOOSE CHASE."

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfalls on the river,
A moment white, then gone forever."

—*Tam O'Shanter.*

IS there a man who has not, at more times than one in his life, realized the full force of the language which I have quoted? Can a sportsman be found who has not had the most glowing anticipations "turned into ashes," and instead of "a good time" had bitter experience of the fatality of human hopes? At all events, I have met with the saddest of disappointments, and expect, if I live even a few months longer, to have a repetition of them. But hope is an important factor of life, and in itself affords much pleasure.

About the first of the present month I had an engagement to visit Chatham county and try the birds in the neighborhood of my old and hospitable friend Mark Bynum, who has given me a standing invitation to make his house my home during my hunting expeditions. When the day came my companion, Mud, and myself and my little pointer Argo—who is as active a fellow "as ever lap a slough or dyke"—started on foot to make the journey of six miles from Egypt, on Deep River. On the route we bagged about a dozen birds, and these helped somewhat to give variety to our morning's meal. They were not needed at all, for Uncle Mark's first salutation was, "I'm glad to see you. I killed hogs to-day and can give you plenty to eat." This was joyous news to Mud, whose capacity at the table is well known, and it was by no means offensive to me. The next day we bagged thirty-three birds, and the following morning bade our entertainers farewell. Ten birds at Egypt before we took the train for Sandford completed our trophies. Game was not abundant.

We should have remained another day and tried some fields which had not been hunted, but for the fact that I had accepted an invitation to join some friends, within a few days, on an aquatic excursion along Topsail and Stump sounds to the waters of New River, in the county of Onslow.

On Sunday morning, the 6th of the present month, the writer, with Tecel, Wat M. and Crickett of Saint's Rest, with his dogs Jack and Dot, and Murchison's Old Mark, left the Orton House in Wilmington, for Stokley's, on Wrightsville Sound, where M.'s sharpie, Nina, and a pilot boat were to meet us, so that at an early hour on Monday we could set sail for what we were told was a sportsman's paradise. We had a bountiful supply of coffee, sugar, crackers, bacon, bread and other things in that line, and plenty of blankets. We had also provided ourselves with an excellent tent, 12x9, our guns were in capital order, and we hoped to enjoy ourselves with a quantity of sport rarely falling to the lot of mortals. It had been reliably reported to our companion Wat that the waters near the mouth of the river were swarming with geese and ducks, and that we could shoot until we became disgusted with the abundance. We knew that oysters, as fine as ever grew, could be had. However, we expected that our menu would certainly consist of ducks, curlew, willet, plover and the Fullard's Creek bivalves. With such anticipations Crickett and Wat carried each five hundred loaded shells, fitted for all kinds of game. Tecel had about three hundred and fifty, and I, being more moderate, only took two hundred and seventy-five.

The trip might, very probably, be justly characterized by the lines:

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again."

But to please all anxious friends I am inclined to give your readers a more particular account of our ever-to-be-remembered "wild goose chase."

With a rising tide, on Monday morning, the 7th of December, A. D. 1885, our luggage was safely stowed on the sharpie and we and our dogs comfortably seated on her sides. Pinner, of Smithville, took the helm, and Owen Jones, a gentleman of color, stood at the prow. Gus Latow, a native of Oporto, manned the pilot boat. After cruising toward all points of the compass and often against both wind and tide, sundown found us just nine miles from our starting-point. The fruits of this day's labor could have been put in a gallon measure. A dry spot in a forest o

pines was selected as our camping place, a roaring fire soon lighted up the darkness, the kettle was steaming, some bacon was broiled, the coffee made, and a hearty meal followed. Young pines were cut down and a wind-rampart was made to shield us from a biting northeaster which had sprung up. We declined to set up the tent. In a short while our blankets were spread and we "sank on the ground; overpowered;" sleeping soundly until the cheek of the east showed its first blush. Then after a substantial breakfast, in which neither duck nor plover was found, we left, hoping for "far greener fields, far fresher flowers."

This day was but a counterpart of its predecessor. The distance made was about the same. The sun was rapidly donning his night dress when we drew up to Sloop Point. A part of our forces made a virtue of necessity and camped upon the floor of a rude shanty, while Teceel and I sought the hospitality of an old friend of mine, who lived a few hundred yards from the water. Here we found a warm welcome and the comforts of an excellent bed. Next morning we left before the family had risen, went down to the water, got breakfast, and spread our canvas to the inviting breeze. Soon after leaving, Gus, who has been a whaler, told us that it would "rain bucketsful" in a short while. As Owen was a stranger to a part of our route, we engaged Blake, the tenant of the shanty, to act as our pilot to the "haven of our hopes." Low water and adverse winds retarded our progress, the rain fell in torrents, and our guns, shells, blankets and provisions, not to speak of ourselves, got rather damp. My little leather box saved most of my shells. About midday, while the wind and rain vied with each other in their efforts to make us uncomfortable, our new pilot informed us that he had never gone all the way, but thought he could now find it. This communication startled us. We hauled up at a fishing house which was locked; somebody ripped off a few planks, and we got in to shield us from the "pitiless storm." There was no chance to camp at that place. Gloom was on the countenances of all. As yet we had no geese nor ducks. How and where would we pass the night? Just then two darkies in oiled clothes came up and offered their services as pilots. We traded in a hurry. Back to the boats we went, our luggage was replaced, and we were ready for the perilous voyage to the happy waters ahead. Our friend Wat by accident got into the water and was thoroughly soaked. But on we went. The channels were as tortuous as possible. Unaided we could not have gone through. At last, however, we hove in sight of a small house, near the edge of the water, on Fullard's Creek, and on inquiry learned that we could get shelter—but no beds. This was much better than nothing, and we gladly entered the habitation. A bright fire soon warmed us. Those of us who had dry clothes changed our garments, and soon repaired to the kitchen, where some excellent Java, good bread and butter, and a gallon of Fullard Creek's best oysters made a repast to which all of us did ample justice. Pretty soon we were in the "loft" ready for sleep. Our host let us have the use of a mattress, on which Crickett, Teceel and I stretched, crosswise, our weary limbs. We enjoyed refreshing repose.

Next morning Crickett and Wat got boats, went up Fullard's Creek to some eligible points, and wasted quite a number of shells at sharp-bill ducks on their way to and from their fishing grounds. Teceel and I remained at home. These sportsmen returned with about fifteen sharpbills and one loon. In the afternoon we all went to the Banks, where, we were assured, we should find plenty of black ducks in some fresh water ponds. But, though we saw the ponds, we did not see the ducks. A bountiful supply of oysters at supper and we went to the loft again and dreamed of geese, ducks and brant to fall before our guns the following day. That day came, but at noon we had only five sharpbills. Then we weighed anchor and directed our course to Cedar Point, at which place lives Dr. E. Ward, in whose house we expected to find comfortable quarters. In this we were not disappointed. There we had good fires, good food and good beds, all of which were enjoyed. Reaching his house at 2 P. M., some of us went into his fields for Bob White. We killed about a dozen, and doubtless would have bagged more, but our poor dogs were so punished with sand spurs and cactus that they would not hunt. Next morning we tried the ponds on the Banks for black duck, but black ducks were somewhere else. The fields afforded a few Bob Whites, and night came on.

After we had retired to our room I informed my companions that my business at home would not tolerate the return voyage by water, and that if Dr. W. would furnish even a blind ox and an oyster cart I should try the sandy road. So after breakfast the others "plodded their weary way" to the landing where the Nina pressed the rugged bosom of the waters, while I waited for our host's "gallant gray" to be hitched to the buggy. High winds prevented me from crossing "the dark and stormy water" during that day, and I had to return to the house of my friend and host, and trespass further on his hospitality. The following morning I got across New River at Sneed's Ferry, and sought the house of an old friend who lives near Scott's Hill, in Pender county, thirteen miles from Wilmington. I was warmly welcomed by the Major and his family, and spent a pleasant night under their roof. He and his wife, son and daughter did all in their power to make my unexpected visit an agreeable one, and in this they were entirely successful. The "gude man" is one of the most intelligent men in our State, a good farmer and an eloquent speaker, his son is a promising lawyer, and the wife and daughter are pleasant and genial and hospitable. In a few hours after I bade my kind friends farewell I was in the office of the Orton. Where were my companions? How were they faring?

Soon after I entered the street. My trip was well known. The *Daily Morning Star*, which peeps into everybody's business, had duly advised its readers that our party had gone on a destructive expedition and would return with our crafts well loaded with geese, ducks and waterfowl, some of which, no doubt, would be left in the city to gladden the hearts of our friends. Alas! I met too many of the anxious expectants, and among others the editor of the paper. All wanted to know the result of the campaign. Some even went so far as to suggest that a black duck or a mallard was not an unacceptable present. I was forced to tell the tale, so far as I could relate it. Then, as I went hurriedly down the sidewalk, another would greet me with officious pleasantness, and propound the suggestive inquiry. At last I saw on a corner a group of the good citizens, including the Lieutenant-General of the State, all looking inquisitive—painfully so to me. As I approached them and received their greetings the stereotyped interrogatory was propounded. I was forced now, in desperation, to exclaim in my agony the well-known lines of Virgil, "*Infandum, O Regina, jubes me renovare dolorem,*" and to say to them that I had Lucy Green in good shooting order, and 250 loaded shells, ready to be used on the next scamp who dared to allude to that glorious hunt. They smiled pityingly upon me and I did not shoot them. Such a hunt! How gorgeously painted in imagination; how sombre and gloomy in reality! Reader, do you desire to know the trophies of my struggle? With sorrow I state that one sharp-billed duck, eight Bob Whites, and, to me, an unknown shore bird, were all which I could claim! Your correspondent who asked, some time ago, for a report of an unsuccessful tramp, I trust is now gratified. But, with all the ill luck, I got something of value—I gained experience.

I have said that my companions left me on Sunday morning, the 13th, at Cedar Point. After that I heard nothing until the Friday following, when one of them made his appearance at home. He told me that I knew nothing and was fortunate in my ignorance. In this case it was "bliss." There was on the return voyage a simple repetition. If possible, it was far worse in its accompaniments. On the whole, the journey was a complete "bust." Rasselas, after he left his happy valley, had no disappointments compared with ours. He and we "listened with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursued with eagerness the phantoms of hope." Happy Rasselas. Prince of Abyssinia!

It may be that at no distant day I may be able to narrate the incidents of a more pleasant performance in stubble, grass, sedge and brush, all around a blazing ingleside, in close proximity to a table and a bed of down. Possibly I can tell how Argo and Eck ranged the fields, how gallantly they pointed the game, and how clearly little Lucy Green made the hills and valley echo her musical voice. My friend Mud may come in for a share in the picture and Crickett may have a place in the foreground, while his melodious voice is singing the "Boatman's Song," as he asks "Enoch to drive dem ponies in" preparatory to crossing the Great Pee Dee.

WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., Dec. 19, 1885.

A FLINT-LOCK TRIED AND TRUE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your London correspondent "J. J. M.," who under date of Nov. 30, in your last impression, writes a very clever and interesting article on "Rifles and Shooting," has totally misapprehended my intention in the matter you printed Sept. 17. Certainly he is very right in saying, "considering the distance was only 40 yards there was nothing extraordinary in a heavy small-gauge gun hitting a 2½-inch disc with every bullet when fired from a dead rest." Nor is there. But the rifle with which this shooting was done was a flint-lock made in 1787, ninety-nine years ago. It was used at Mad Anthony Wayne's victory over the Indians a few yeas later, in all the Indian wars of the then Northwest Territory, now the States of Ohio and Indiana; at Harmer's defeat; and was handled by an ancestor of mine at the battle of the Thames and the battle of Tippecanoe, and finally it was among those handled by Carroll's Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen that foggy morning, early in January, 1815. "when a crackling, blazing volley ran all along the line," and 2,100 of Packenham's and Keane's British veterans, fresh from the peninsula, commanded by a brother-in-law of the Iron Duke, went down before the "buckskins'" rifles. That a weapon of this great age, absolutely unchanged since it left the workman's hands except to be cleaned, should shoot so well, and that the flint-lock should retain the silkiness of its youth, seemed to me to be worth recording. Hence my mention of it at all. This weapon is only curious and interesting because of its great age and because it is a finely preserved specimen of the sort of arm with which the hardy Southwestern pioneers subdued the wilderness and overcame wild beasts and wilder men nearly a century ago.

In the other rifle tests, with Ballard and Sharps .40-calibers, we used the factory ammunition. The officer of the U. S. Engineers who was with me and did part of the shooting is an excellent shot, and the writer shoots fairly well himself. My own experience is—after a pretty thorough test of them all—that no breechloader, American or English, ever made will equal the shooting of the best made muzzle-loading rifle in deadly accuracy, at from 40 to 100 yards. I am no enemy of the breechloader. It is a very great improvement, especially in double guns, for birds and ducks; and the art of war has been changed entirely in the introduction of a quick-loading military arm of precision that is deadly at 2,000 yards. But where absolute accuracy is indispensable, and unusually neat shooting is required at short range, say 60 to 100 yards, I would rather have in my hands a 9-pound 60-to-the-pound rifle I know of, made by a famous New York interior maker, now dead, than the best breechloader that was ever devised. "Sich is my apinium." Has the late Geo. H. Ferriss, of Utica, left any successor who has his skill and workmanlike knowledge in rifle making?

MISSISSIPPI LOWLANDS.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "Nonotuck," from Holyoke, Mass., "cuts it fat" when he writes you that there are men here in this county (Hampden) who, shooting for the market, "get all the way from fifteen to twenty-five hundred birds apiece" in a season. I do not like to impugn the veracity of "Nonotuck" or any man, but I believe the statement to be not only an absurdity, but impossible. I have shot in this county for twenty-five years and so has Mr. Hammond. I know the best shots in all this county, and I venture the assertion that no man in that time has killed legitimately with his gun, one half of fifteen or twenty-five hundred birds. It is true, as "Nonotuck" says, that grouse shooting this past season has been good. I know and for fifteen years have shot with the best all-around brush shot here, and who shoots over dogs more days in the season than any other man in Western Massachusetts, and his maximum this year is less than six hundred birds. I should like "Nonotuck" to give your readers the name of any man in Western Massachusetts who has even approximated the above score. If he can do it he will reveal to the sportsmen in this vicinity a prodigy heretofore unknown.—E. H. L. (Springfield, Mass., Jan. 10) Holyoke, Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The printer or somebody else was rather hard on me in publishing my little communication last week. I wrote that the shooters gather from fifteen grouse to five hundred each, the exact truth. Not fifteen to twenty-five hundred, an outrageous falsehood. —NONOTUCK.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec 27.—Wildfowl more plenty than when I wrote. Bagged fourteen ducks Saturday, mostly teal. Sloughs are full of water and ducks now.—C. B. W.

F. W. FREUND, Esq.—Dear Sir: The set of sights received from you not long ago are all that you claim for them, and I think the best of open sights. Respectfully, ALEX. T. LLOYD, JR. (Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2, 1885).—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE KINGFISHER'S LAMENT.

A KINGFISHER sat on a cedar tree
Absorbed in sad reflection—
Unfolded at length in soliloquy
The cause of his dejection.

"The meadows are black with the frost," quoth he,
"The leaves are slowly dying;
A pitiless wind from the Northern sea
Has set the pine tree sighing.

"The last of my race to the South have flown,
To lands more warmly lying,
To mourn for the brook I am left alone,
And I must soon be flying.

"Each spring where the lilies at anchor ride
Or where yon whirlpool gushes,
I've fished, and I've slept, every want supplied,
Above the rustling rushes.

"The trout and the perch and the slippery cat
My morning menu furnished;
I dined upon pickerel fresh and fat,
And dace in armor burnished.

"But now 'twere less idle to fish in rills,
For men our plaints ne'er heeding,
Have poisoned the stream with their shops and mills,
And stopped the fish from breeding.

"Our ancestors scarce could have dreamed, I ween,
When Phœbus scorched their feathers,
Their children would suffer a pang more keen,
On far off western heathers.

"When first we were mated we little guessed,
In yonder pine tree eerie,
They'd drive us at last to the distant West
Like chickens of the prairie.

"But what with ammonia, tar and dye,
We've ruined our digestion,
And whether there's any healthy fry,
Becomes an open question.

"Haste on, ye rash men, your reward ye'll reap,
For forest razed and stream polluted—
Full warm in your fine-woven fabrics ye'll keep,
But deep your recompense is fruited.

"Ye drink in the waters diseases vile:
Ye feed on poisoned fishes;
But are not your riches increasing while
Death crouches in your dishes?

"Adieu thou perverted and noxious stream,
Abode of loathsome *manes*.
I seek the pure waters of which I dream,
Beyond the Alleghanies."

He rose and his course to the westward swung,
That gay and hardened sinner,
The factory bell unrepenting rung
To call the girls from dinner.

F. W. TRUE.

WASHINGTON.

ADIRONDACK FISHES.

THE long looked for report on the fishes of the Adirondack region by Mr. Fred Mather has been issued in the form of an extract in advance of the 12th report of Mr. Verplanck Colvin, superintendent of the Adirondack Survey, of which it forms an appendix. The title page tells us that the researches were made in 1882, and it bears the date of 1886. It is an octavo of fifty-six pages and one plate of two species new to science. There has been some difficulty in the way of issuing Mr. Colvin's last report, although most of it has been in type for some years, and this extract was printed at the solicitation of the author, who feared that his labors would become valueless with time, and a limited number of copies were printed for him, this being the only compensation he received. We are surprised at the small number of species (twenty-five) which were found there, and that these represent eight families and sixteen genera.

This report contains a great deal of information about the habits of some of the fishes, especially of the land-locked salmon, and is not too densely scientific for the understanding of the well-informed angler. Synonyms, both popular and scientific, are given, and also translations of the systematic names, which will help many people to remember them. The distribution of the fishes received as much attention as time and correspondence would permit, and while not at all complete, shows what lakes do not contain brook trout, where black bass are found, etc. Among the invertebrate life found was De Kay's "living trilobite," which puzzled the author so that he labeled it "the queer animal" and sent it to Mr. Richard Rathbun, of the U. S. Fish Commission, for identification.

It seems from this report that there may be two members of the pike family in the Adirondack region, but the mascalonge is not found there. The eel is thought to be more plentiful than is generally supposed, while the yellow perch exists only on the borders of the wilderness, and one species of catfish is quite common. Of the two species of suckers claimed to be new, it may be said that both Dr. Bean and Prof. Jordan incline to think that they may be dwarf mountain forms of the other two species found there, and Mr. Mather says that at first he inclined to this view, but the fact that the small specimens were adult and spawning at a different season from the allied forms, in addition to some structural differences, satisfied him that they were entitled to specific rank. No pretense of having exhaustively worked the field is made, and it is very possible that other fishes not included in the report will be found by those disposed to look for them; and the investigations will form a valuable basis for future wonders in this field, as well as being of general interest to anglers.

THAT IS OUR MISSION.—Your editorials on the hydrophobia question, short though they be, are to the point, most direct and timely. This every day press has too much "rabical rubbish" on more subjects than this, that wants a well conducted FOREST AND STREAM, to correct for the people these many outputs of ignorance on subjects beyond their reach.—DR. E. STERLING.

CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAMS.

I DOUBT if there is any place in the U. S. where better trout fishing can be had than in California. But the great drawbacks are in the long distance and the hard road getting to the streams. Just before the law was up in this State I went trouting with a chum on the San Gabriel River, which is about fifteen miles to the mouth of the cañon from Los Angeles. When one gets to the cañon he must go ten miles up the cañon before reaching the good fishing. And what a road; boulders two and thee feet in circumference often block the tortuous and hilly way. The only way to get there is to go on horseback from the mouth of the cañon. But when you reach the fishing grounds there are abundant fish and a lovely stream. We camped there two weeks. During that time we took 976 trout, all over six inches; we could have caught as many more but could not have used them. I caught over 100 in one day. We also took guns along for the quail, and altogether had a grand time.

San Antonio Cañon is a good place for trout, and is much more easily reached than San Gabriel. The only way is to go and stay for a week or two at a time.

This is a great place for campers; over 400 tents were on the beach at Santa Monica this year. They made quite a town. C. B. W.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 29, 1885.

CAMPING CLUB RULES.

FOLLOWING are constitution and by-laws of the Jolly Hunting and Fishing Club of Hites, Pa.:

Article I.—This club shall be known as the Jolly Hunting and Fishing Club of Hites, Pa.

Article II.—Night of Meeting—First and third Monday of each month.

Article III.—The dues shall be fifty cents per month.

Article IV.—Sec. 1. All officers shall be elected annually on the first meeting night in June. Sec. 2. Nominations for officers shall be made at last stated meeting previous to night of election.

Article V.—Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the club, preserve order and enforce the by-laws of the club. He shall decide all questions of order, act as judge of elections and declare the result of the club. He shall sign all orders on the Treasurer for such money as by a vote of the club shall be ordered to be paid. Sec. 2. The President shall, on the last night of the term, appoint a committee of three to audit the accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer, whose duty it shall be to make a financial and statistical report at the next stated meeting. Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to assist the President, and in his absence preside at the meetings of the club and perform such other duties as are enjoined by the regulations of the club. Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep accurate minutes of the meeting of the club; also make a monthly report of each and every member, which report shall be read in open club meeting on the first meeting night of each month. Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Assistant Secretary to aid the Secretary in the performance of his duty, supply his place when absent and perform such other duties as are enjoined by the by-laws. Sec. 6. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to pay all orders drawn on him attested by the Secretary and none other; he shall receive all money of the club and hold the same until the expiration of his term of office. He shall keep a correct account of all money received and expended, and shall perform such other duty as may be required of him by the club or his office. Sec. 7. It shall be the duty of the Camp Sergeants to see that the tents are properly pitched and attended to; see that there is always a sufficient quantity of provisions and attend to the camp in general.

Article VI.—Sec. 1. Any officer may be removed from his office for conduct unbecoming his station; for absenting himself for three successive meeting nights, unless his absence is satisfactorily accounted for.

Article VII.—Sec. 1. Every person admitted into this club shall pay the sum of $2; also sign the agreement card of the club.

Article VIII.—Any member of this club who is more than three months in arrears for dues shall consider himself suspended until payment of same, if satisfactory to the club

Article IX.—Sec. 1. No member shall speak more than once on the same subject or motion, until all who desire shall have had an opportunity of being heard; nor more than twice without permission from the chair. While speaking, each member shall designate the person spoken of by his proper rank and title. Sec. 2. No member shall be interrupted while speaking except to call him to order, when he shall take his seat and the question of order is determined; when if permitted, he may proceed with his remarks. Sec 3. If two or more members rise to speak at the same time the President shall decide who is entitled to the floor.

RULES.—Article I.—Any member not present at roll call shall be fined the sum of ten cents unless satisfactory excuse be given.

Article II.—Sec. 1. Any member who shall misbehave in the meetings of the club by disturbing the order or harmony thereof, either by personal, abusive or profane language, or disorderly conduct or who shall refuse obedience to the President shall be fined the sum of ten cents. Sec. 2. Any member or members behaving in a manner unbecoming a gentleman while in camp or in every day life, shall be fined the sum of one dollar for the first offense; and for the second offense shall, by a two-third vote of members present, be expelled from the club. Sec. 3. No member or members shall be permitted to enter the club room on the Sabbath day.

Article III.—Sec. 1. No hunting, fishing, playing any kind of games shall be permitted on the Sabbath day, nor swearing or any other immoral conduct while in camp; any member violating this section shall be fined the sum of fifty cents. Sect. 2. Any member known to indulge in any intoxicating liquors while in camp shall be excluded from the club by a majority of votes of members in camp. Sec. 3. No member or members shall be permitted to do any foraging while in camp under penalty of expulsion from the club by a majority of votes of members in camp.

TOWED BY A WHALE.—The steamship Advance of the United States and Brazil Mail Line, which arrived yesterday from Rio Janeiro, brought six men belonging to the whaling schooner Mary E. Simmons. They were rescued on Dec. 1 in an exhausted condition, after having passed two days in an open boat without food or water. The Mary E. Simmons is a New Bedford whaler which late in November was cruising along the South American coast. On the morning of Nov. 29, when the vessel was off the east end of Pernambuco, a school of whales was sighted. Capt. Manly soon brought his vessel close to the whales and gave the order to lower away the boats. The first and second mates got into their boats, and soon each had killed a whale apiece and had fastened on to another. As the first mate's boat had been smashed a few days before, that officer had taken the boat usually handled by the third mate. Capt. Manly ordered John Praro, the third mate, to take a spare boat and join the first and second mates. Praro took with him five men, and was soon among the whales. Selecting a large one, he buried his harpoon in the back of the monster, which immediately dived under water and started off at a frightful rate of speed, pulling the boat after him. Praro kept the harpoon line fast, and the whale sped on until it was eight or ten miles from the schooner. It then suddenly came up under the boat, which it nearly capsized. The boat filled, but by hurriedly bailing her out the men kept her from swamping. The harpoon line was let go, and the oars were lashed to the boat in order to prevent them from being washed away. The men looked around for the schooner. She was miles away and evidently not following them. The sailors watched anxiously, and shortly before dark they saw the schooner heading toward them. She was, however, proceeding slowly. When darkness settled down over the distant schooner it revealed one of her lights, which seemed to be coming nearer for a while and then appeared to stop. Then it slowly grew smaller and at midnight disappeared. There was neither food nor provisions in the boat, and the next day the men began to suffer from thirst. In their longing for water they scarcely felt the want of food. During the afternoon a sailor named Tony, who appeared to be suffering from thirst, sprang up and began to shout in a delirious manner. He fancied that he saw vessels approaching from all directions. He cried to the people on these phantom crafts to save him. Finally he made a spring as if he would plunge overboard. He was seized by two of his comrades, who threw him down in the bottom of the boat and lashed him there. The poor fellow raved wildly, but he was too weak to free himself from his confinement. No vessel hove in sight that day. Thirst kept the weary men from sleeping, and they lay on their seats listening to the sound of the waves and the cries of their raving shipmate. When at length day broke over the ocean two sails were in sight, although many miles away. One of the vessels proved to be the County of Clare, Capt. McNell, which picked up the suffering sailors about noon. The boat's crew comprised Third Mate Praro, Manuel Hommem, Antonio Perrira, Lawrence Lodreviner, Antonio Manuel Lima, and Alexander G. Wood. The latter is a Connecticut negro, but the others are Portuguese. The Consul at Pernambuco secured passage for the men on the steamship Advance.—*Times, Jan. 7.*

THE CHARMS OF RAINBOW TROUT ANGLING.—The law now permits fishing for rainbow trout in the State of New York, and to those of our readers who propose to try it this week, we suggest that outside of the three or four pairs of stockings, they draw on a pair of woolen leggings, which will not at all interfere with locomotion. A little practice with snowshoes may be necessary to the novice, but he will soon master the art of walking on them. Kerosene is said to be good for frost bites and chilblains, a gallon will be sufficient for the day. A heavy pair of fur gloves are just the thing to use in tying on flies and splicing leaders, while a buffalo skin overcoat will keep the body in a pleasant glow. The new combination of camp stool and stove will make an agreeable seat, and axes and ice chisels may be found in any hardware store.

SOLACE FOR ZERO WEATHER.—I have taken the FOREST AND STREAM for nine years, and have every copy filed away to look over on just such zero weather as it is here to-day.—H. C. N. (Ashburnham, Mass., Jan. 10).

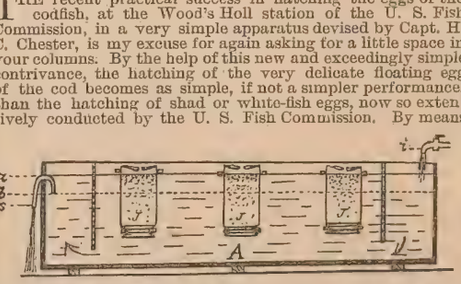
Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

HATCHING CODFISH EGGS.

BY JOHN A. RYDER.

THE recent practical success in hatching the eggs of the codfish, at the Wood's Holl station of the U. S. Fish Commission, in a very simple apparatus devised by Capt. H. C. Chester, is my excuse for again asking for a little space in your columns. By the help of this new and exceedingly simple contrivance, the hatching of the very delicate floating egg of the cod becomes as simple, if not a simpler performance, than the hatching of shad or white-fish eggs, now so extensively conducted by the U. S. Fish Commission. By means



of the new method it is possible to hatch out one hundred millions of young cod at a cost for apparatus not exceeding one dollar per million embryos.

During the four seasons of experimental effort in practically solving the problem of cod propagation, not less than forty forms of apparatus had been devised and operated by different persons connected with the work. Yet in spite of all this variety of devices, until now none have fulfilled the required condition even approximately with such complete success as the apparatus devised by Capt. Chester, and now to be described.

The contrivance is essentially automatic and needs so little attention that one man will readily look after 100,000,000 eggs without any difficulty. As in operation at this moment, it consists of a trough 7 feet 6 inches in length, 2 feet in width and 2 feet 4 inches in depth. At about one foot from either end a wooden partition extending within four inches of the bottom is secured. This leaves a space about five feet six inches in length between the partitions, in which six or eight large glass jars are supported with their mouths downward. The jars used at Wood's Holl are ordinary cylindrical, four-gallon glass specimen jars, with a half inch hole drilled in the center of the bottom. The stoppers of the jars are removed and a single thickness of coarse cheese cloth is secured over the mouth with strong twine. The jar is then inverted and lowered into the trough so that the bottom is about even with the top of the trough, and is supported on a rack-work of transverse strips nailed to a ledge near the bottom of the trough. Strips nailed across the top of the trough serve to keep the jars upright.

A still better idea of the apparatus may be gathered from the accompanying figure showing the device in longitudinal vertical section with the jars in place. The trough *A* is filled with unfiltered sea-water through the faucet *i*, the water rising to the level of the line *a* before the outlet siphon *s* begins to operate. The siphon will then empty the trough to the line *b* when it ceases to flow, the water then slowly rises again to the line *a*, and so on repeatedly. It requires ten minutes for the water to rise or fall from the one level to the other, and, since the jars have only a cloth tied over them below, the water rises and falls to the same extent in them. This very slow and gentle rise and fall of water in the jars and trough, has been found sufficient to aerate the eggs and give them all the movement they need.

The majority of the eggs in this contrivance float at the surface, some of course remain suspended below the surface, but an exceedingly small percentage of the eggs ever sink and die as in almost all of the other forms of apparatus hitherto used. The result is that the mortality is probably under five per cent.—a percentage of loss not greater than that experienced in the most successful treatment of shad eggs.

The freshly fertilized eggs, treated with an abundance of good milt, are introduced through the hole in the center of the bottom of the jars, by means of a glass funnel. Beyond an occasional siphoning off of the sediment on the bottom of the trough and the cloth covers of the jars the eggs require no attention until hatched.

Heretofore great mortality has been caused by the use of metal in the construction of the hatching vessels and strainers. Since the adoption of glass, wood, and cloth as the only materials used in the construction of the hatching apparatus, combined with the very gentle movement to which the eggs are subjected, complete success has been attained. The embryos oscillate up and down through a space of only five inches, from the level of *a* to that of *b*, and withal so gently that they suffer no shocks or concussions of any kind whatever. Capt. Chester's device will doubtless be used with great advantage in the propagation of the Spanish mackerel. In twenty-four hours the latter would be ready to be set free from the apparatus, whereas it requires eleven or twelve days to hatch the eggs of the cod, with the temperature of the water ranging from 45 degrees Fahr. to 48 degrees Fahr.

Each of the jars, which are 17 inches high by 9 inches in diameter, will hold from one-half to one million cod eggs, so that an apparatus of the size shown above would accommodate from three to eight millions of ova, contained in six to eight jars, the largest number which could be accommodated in a trough of the size of the one here described.

These experiments show that a violent movement of the eggs of the cod is of no advantage, that such movement is on the contrary injurious, if not mortal, when continuously maintained. The requisite conditions for successful hatching of this important food-fish having been settled, the great station at Wood's Holl affords unlimited opportunities for conducting the work for at least three months of the year, during which time from 500 to 1,000 millions of eggs might readily be hatched and set free with the help of the new hatching apparatus.

WOOD'S HOLL, Mass., Dec. 21, 1885.

THE GERMAN FISHERY ASSOCIATION.—It is with pleasure we note the fact that at a recent session of the Reichstag, the Deutsche Fischerei Verein was given an appropriation to enable them to carry on their work. Heretofore this Association, of which the renowned Herr von Behr, Schmoldon, is president, has done all its work from funds contributed by its members, and has had no government recognition whatever. They have stocked lakes and streams, exchanged eggs with America and other lands, and printed their own reports of work and discussions. Under their auspices the great International Fisheries Exhibition of 1880 was held, and they have done a great deal of good work, finding their reward in doing it. The appropriation is not a large one to begin with, but it is the fact that the German government has begun to take an interest in it, that is cause for congratulation. No doubt the government will be more liberal in future years as the work increases.

SOLES ARRIVE FROM ENGLAND.—On Monday last a few soles arrived on the White Star steamer Britannic, being one lot in a system of exchanges between Mr. E. G. Blackford and Mr. T. J. Moore, curator of the Derby Museum at Liverpool. The fish were so stiff with the cold when they reached Fulton Market, that it was difficult to tell whether they were alive or dead. They were sent to the State hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, where, if alive, they will be cared for.

FISHCULTURE IN TASMANIA.—Several of the favorite fishes of Europe, such as the turbot, sole and brill, as well as crabs and lobsters, are to be taken to Tasmania, with a view to acclimatize them. The eggs of some of the British fresh water fishes will also be sent there. If they have none of the species mentioned, there is evidently a broad field for fishculture in that land.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON, MASS.:

Tell Your Wife. Paper, 50 cents.

The Globe Drama: Original Plays. By George M. Baker. Cloth, $1.50.

Parlor Varieties. Part II. By Emma E. Brewster and Lizzie B. Scribner Paper, 30 cents.

The Reading Club. Parts XV. and XVI. By George M. Baker. Paper, 10 cents each.

Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road: From Long Ago to Now. By Jane Andrews. Cloth, $1.

The Popular Speaker. Selections by George M. Baker. Cloth, $1.

The Dawning. A Novel. Cloth, 382 pages, 50 cents.

Five-Minute Declamations. Selected by W. K. Fobes. Cloth, 196 pages.

Five-Minute Recitations. By W. K. Fobes. Cloth, 200 pages, 50 cents.

DID YOU EVER HEAR THIS BEFORE?—Jo Badger used to tell a good story. It may date back to another "Jo," surnamed Miller. I am not going to vouch for the originality of any story that I did not make up myself, and even then I should expect to unearth it in some old almanac, or other joker's cemetery. But, Mr. Badger's story, whether old or new, always produced its effect. Jo would gradually insert himself into a crowd of sportsmen engaged in the popular amusement of proving Ananias to have been but an unsophisticated bungler in his business; and, after listening to their accounts of slaughter wrought among the birds and beasts as to make one wonder that the entire fauna of the region was not exterminated, he would begin in that easy drawl that pertains by right to the acknowledged *raconteur* of the corner grocery: "Speaking of shooting, the longest shot ever I made was back in New York State, when I wasn't much more 'n a boy. I'd been used to handlin' a gun some, but nothing to speak of—wasn't considered no kind 'o shot. Well, it was a Sunday mornin'; I happened to look at an old dead tree away off, most as far as I could see anything. There was one limb left, and a crow was sittin' on it. It was so far off that I couldn't 'a' seen the crow if he hadn't been black and the old tree so gray. I could just see it was a crow and that's about all. The old shotgun stood behind the door, loaded, and I took it up and, just in fun pointed it at the crow. I didn't have no more idea o' hitting that crow than I have now o' shootin' you. But, I sighted him, and without thinking what I was a-doin' I pulled the trigger and bang she went." Here Jo would stoop down, looking for another piece of shingle or something to whittle on; and after a second or so, some impatient auditor would be sure to ask: "Well, d'ye hit 'im?" The surprise and innocent look on Jo's face would be a study, as, with the air of one who had utterly forgotten that any denouement was expected, he would slowly answer: "Hit 'im? Bless your heart! no; didn't come within a mile of him!"

The Kennel.

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FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 19, 20 and 21, 1886.—Annual Exhibition and Bench Show of the French Creek Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. A. L. Braden, Secretary.

Jan. 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Fourth annual dog show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at Fall River, Mass. R. G. Masher, Secretary.

Feb. 8, 9 and 10.—Fourth annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1886.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25, 1886.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2, 1886.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club, E. S. Porter, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1886.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club, Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 14, 15 and 16. First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **3092.**

MASTIFFS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to add a few notes on Mr. Mason's article in yours of Dec. 31, and I am not going to pass any encomiums on it either. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are not fools, and furthermore, some wise genius (a "Mrs Harris," I suspect) has discovered that Mr. Mason and I have constituted ourselves a mutual admiration society, and I don't encourage any such organization.

First, as to Mr. Wynn's "History of the Mastiff." It has been published in England, much enlarged from its appearance in *A. K. R.*, with more anecdotes, etc., and should be in the hands of every mastiff man.

As to Hodson and Vero Shaw, the dictum of the former as to undershot dogs, has long been laughed out of existence, and it is strange how many dogs are so formed of whom it would never be suspected. My De Buch, with a long taper muzzle, is undershot, and very few dogs with blunt muzzles are level-teethed. Of course, like everything else, it becomes a blemish, but if the dog's lips have to be drawn back to discover it, there is no sense in blathering about it. The cowhocks was not so very bad, a badly cowhocked dog is certainly not a good specimen, although I would prefer moderate cowhoeks to those nasty, straight ones that many dogs have. With cowhocks a dog can spring, with straight ones he can only rear up and tumble forward, and if a mastiff cannot spring what is he good for?

Vero Shaw, however, makes a greater blunder than this when, after damning the Lyme Hall strain with the faintest of praise, he hedges by saying: "They have often been the saving of a failing line." This is the worst rot I ever came across. The inference from it is that many closely bred lines had begun to run out, when a cross of Lyme Hall blood restored their vigor. Now the fact is that no such cross was ever made. Thompson and Lukey never used Lyme Hall blood. Mr. Wynn got a dash of it once, from Kingdon's Alp, a reputed Lyme Hall bitch, and was glad to get out of it. Mr. Hanbury got a strong dose of it in his Peeress, who was by a proved Lyme Hall dog out of his litter sister, but it will be seen by a glance over the pedigree of what may be called "Hanbury" mastiffs, that he dropped the strain at once. Mr. Nichols used it once or twice, but bred it out with better blood as fast as he could. Kingdon was the only breedor that ever relied on it, and he produced a choice lot of long-legged, long-faced, snipy brutes. He and Wynn had a very sharp encounter over this, and Mr. Wynn so flattened Kingdon out, that whenever he began his interminable prosings about "Lyme Hall," the blood in King, etc., some bored listener would say: "It's nearly Wynn's time to be here," when off would shoot Mr. Kingdon. So, to sum up Mr. Vero Shaw, he was writing about something that he knew nothing of, and made a nice mess of it in consequence.

"Aper," in *Stock-Keeper*, thoroughly ventilated this Lyme Hall business some months since, showing that they were simply a long-legged, ring-tailed lot of red boarhound-like brutes. As to "the hat," Mr. Mason must inquire of "Lillibulero," he is the hat fancier of England. Mr. Mason is quite right as to Ilford Cromwell, it is true that he was always shown low in flesh before Dr. Perry got him, but still it was ridiculous to put him vhc. in the classes he was shown in. The photo from which the head of Duchess was copied was borrowed by Billy Graham of Mr. Nichols as that of Hanbury's Duchess, copied and copy sent me, but I have suspicions that it really was Mr. Nichols's Duchess, but as Mr. Mason says, the purpose of the illustration is fully served, be the bitch who she may.

The artist has given Governor a much better head than the photo shows. By the way, it is curious that Adam and Eve, the parents of Lion, sire of Governor, lived and died in this country, having been brought here by Lieut. Garnier, when he was stationed at Montreal. One of their progeny was owned by a Mr. La Fontaine of Charlestown, Mass., and others went to St. Louis; I have several times tried to trace them, but without success.

The artist has completely ruined the likeness of Turk; the outline is excellent, but the filling in is dreadful—I cannot just say what it is in, but the marked characteristic of the photo it was made from is a calm, gentle majesty, that I have never seen so strongly marked in any other dog, in picture or in life, and I am much pleased to learn from Mr. Mason that the dog had the same expression as my photo of him shows.

Colonel is a Lyme Hall dog, that is homeopathically. I think it was Victor's great grand dam that was out of Hanbury's Peeress referred to above; so if any one wants a pure Lyme Hall dog get one of the progeny of Mr. Smeton's Zulu, or Mr. Morgan's Duchess of Connaught, or of Salisbury, Hero II. or Mr. Exley's Venus, and they will get as near there as there is any use in coming.

There is a little bit of history about Victor and Bosco. Venus, the dam of Bosco, visited Victor in his extreme old age; he was so feeble that Mr. Exley feared the visit would be useless. At last, by great pains and trouble, it was effected, and the result was one pup, and that pup Bosco, way the best Victor ever got.

The priuts of Elaine and Pontiff are exact likenesses of the photos they are copied from, but I rather think Mr. Mason is wrong as to Pontiff. He evidently refers to one of Mr. Hanbury's "Pontiffs" (he had several), while I think this photo is of Mr. Beaufoy's Pontiff, a son of Beau, if my memory serves me right; still, I am not at all positive as to it, but I think that old Ameer in England, and Dr. Alsop's Bardicea, in this country, were the last of Rajah's get.

Mr. Mason probably forgot to say that the picture of Colonel robs him of the bright, earnest expression belonging to his face, the illustration in *A. K. R.* a year or so since is better in this respect.

I agree with Mr. Mason as to his estimate of Prussian Princess, and I vigorously defended Mr. Dalziel in putting her ahead of Rosalind, in spite of "Porcupine's" wrath, but for all of that, if a perfect mastiff bitch head is wanted, take that of Lady Gladys. It would seem impossible to produce a more perfect one, and except her brother Orlando, I have never seen a dog head to equal it. It will be a great loss to American mastiffs if she does not leave progeny by some such dog as Nevison or Hero or Cromwell.

Mr. Mason's account of the love scenes with Colonel reminds me of mme with Ilford Cromwell and that puppy Duke at New York shows. Poor Crom. was badly down-hearted when he first appeared there; he is an exceedingly affectionate dog, very solicitous of fond ing and attention, and his then owner, Mr. Lee, was in extreme bad health and unable to pay any attention to the dog. As I had been a correspondent of his English owner, I took notice of the dog, and patted him somewhat; this touched his "heart bowed down", and every time I passed his box there was a demonstration, and I had a dozen holes in my coat sleeve, and a spoilt pair of gloves as souvenirs of our acquaintance. The same was the case with Duke last spring. In fact, mastiffs, as a rule, are exceedingly easy to make acquaintance with at a show, and pretty much the reverse at home—Crom. was very distant when I called on him at Mr. Lee's. Hero was quite accessible at New York show, but bristled up and growled when I presumed on former intimacy and went straight up to him at Ashmont. Sometimes the reverse is the case. Turk growled at me at Boston show, and Mr. Lee, his owner, had never heard him growl. Cleopatra growled at a stranger at Cleveland show, and I had never heard her growl before, but if a mastiff allows you to put hand on its head, you are safe to pet and fondle him to your heart's content.

It must be remembered that all I have said as to looks of dogs, is derived entirely from their photos from life (except those dogs that are in this country), so due allowance must be made for inaccuracies. In a general way, I may say that the fault in the pictures is the shading on the nose, making them look like wrinkles, an appearance shown by none of the photos, except that of Pontiff. W. WADE.

HULTON, Pa., Jan. 4, 1886.

[In my communication last week, for "I am sure that the members of the A. K. C. are above, etc.," read, "I am sure that three members, etc."—W. WADE.]

ENGLISH KENNEL AFFAIRS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The bonds that unite our countries rapidly grow larger, firmer and more enduring as the threads of the web are compacted by the weft of mutual interests and pleasures; and sports, in which the dog figures so largely, make no mean show in the weaving.

From what I see in FOREST AND STREAM I conclude that the American Kennel Club has not been very successful in its attempt to get a description of the points of each breed acceptable to a majority and by which these breeds should be judged.

Unaffected by the controversies on the subject, I think the failure to be deplored, for it was evidently a step in the right direction.

Our English Kennel Club took no such action, and the consequence is that the style of dog that wins is ever varying, as different judges give their decisions. To illustrate the chaotic state of things, there are some who judge Gordon setters that will throw a dog out, however good, if he has a speck of white on him, and this at shows under Kennel Club rules, although no edict of the club has ever been issued against white on a specimen of the breed.

Again, a short time ago a poodle dog, admitted to be a very fine specimen of the black corded variety, was ignored—that is, practically disqualified—by a judge because there was a little white on his chest. A short time afterward a new owner exhibited the same dog and took a first prize with him, the white on his chest having disappeared!

Now if there was a publicly recognized rule, sanctioned by the kennel clubs, that no poodle with a white speck on him could win in a class for blacks, no one could complain; but in the absence of that the dog wins or loses, at the whim of the judge.

The result is, men dye their dogs. The result of a clear rule would be that as there are far more black dogs whelped with than without white on the chest, we should soon have classes for the former. It is childish, silly and utterly contemptible to make the honor or condemnation of the philosopher of the canine race depend on the presence or absence of a few white hairs.

But mark the absurdity and inconsistency of conduct of our kennel rulers. The man who got the kennel clubs to disqualify this poodle for being dyed was the Rev. Greenhill Bolton, the owner of the poodle Styx, which a month previously the Kennel Club had published an engraving of, in which the poor beast is represented shaved in a most fantastic manner, and writing of it the Kennel Club's organ tells us the reverend gentleman had purchased the dog at the Brussels show when in a very ragged state, and that after "some hard work" at the dog's coat the dog won at Brighton, and "fresh from the hands of Madame Feilx," Styx took first at the Crystal Palace. This clipped, shaved and pomatumed animal is in that state, says the *Kennel Gazette*, "a thoroughly representative specimen of his breed." It would be as reasonable to say that a clown as he appears in a pantomime is "a thoroughly representative specimen of humanity." To encourage the removal of the natural covering from the loins and other parts of a dog where it is so much needed, and that at the dictation of a vulgar and degraded fashion, is unworthy of a national kennel club. In purely fancy articles, such as toy dogs, no doubt considerable license is to be allowed in the value put on certain arbitrary points, but when these are so overvalued that natural features are effaced, and, as in some breeds, the well-balanced physical development is sacrificed to a craze for some non-essential point, it is evident the authorities should moderate such tendencies to prevent the evil results which follow them; but instead of doing so they practically encourage the breeding of ill-formed and weak constitutioned dogs; and the judges are bound and trammeled by the canons of the fancy, most of the formulators being ignorant of the laws governing animal construction.

Your readers were informed fully concerning the "Brighton incident" by "Lillibullero," and doubtless he has also dilated on the enormity of the "Colley Club incident," which has a far more serious significance than the chaff of one dog dealer by another being turned into a grave charge of dishonesty.

If "Lillibullero" has not done so I will, and perhaps whether or no, for it is not improbable my views of the case and his may be very different except in the stern denunciation of making a charge against named members of a club anonymously.

We have, metaphorically speaking, that which the doctors of the early eighteenth century believed in as a physical fact—hydrophobia in the air. We have had mad dog scares before, but never one that had such a basis of fact to justify it. The statistics of the death register are expected to show one death per week during the present year in London from hydrophobia.

It is about two years since Dr. Roy, of the Brown Institute—where the animals of the poor receive the attention of eminent veterinary surgeons gratis—published a warning of the great increase of rabies in the southwestern district of London, and Mr. A. J. Sewell, a veterinarian whose immense practice is largely with dog ailments, confirmed the warning, and has repeated it from time to time. These warnings and others from persons of less importance went unheeded, until the constantly repeated cases revealed by coroners' inquests, confirmed by the great increase of rabid dogs taken to the "Home for Lost Dogs," amounting to over forty in the first nine months of the year, roused the public to the reality of the danger and stimulated the authorities to action. Action in this matter means the putting in force of certain clauses in an act of Parliament called the dogs act, which clauses ordinarily are in abeyance. This act enables the authorities named in it to order all dogs in their respective districts to be muzzled or confined, and dogs not under the control defined by the order may be seized and after three days, if not claimed, destroyed.

The Chief Commissioner of Police in London has ordered all dogs not led to be muzzled, and he has set apart a number of officers in each district for the special duty of apprehending stray dogs not muzzled or under the control of their masters. These officers are armed with strong leather leggings and gauntlet gloves, and a rod with loops of leather at the end by which to lasso the dog and at the same time keep him at a respectful distance.

The bitter cry of London dogdom rises in wails loud and long in the daily press; every phase of the subject of rabies and hydrophobia is being dealt with, and the amount of ignorance it brings to light is truly astonishing, and proves nothing so clearly as the fact that a majority of the writers require muzzling more than the dogs do, for the former give unmistakable evidence of being rabid, whereas in the case of the dogs it is only a case of grave suspicion.

Scores of men are flogging away at the dead horse spontaneous generation, and some of them with a gravity provoking to the risible faculties demand to know if mad animals only can impart to or create madness in others, where did the first mad dog contract it? That is considered quite a poser by the class of mind that cannot be satisfied with this world without a Mosaic cosmogony to account for it; they won't drink the milk in the cocoanut because they do not know how it got there; they do not deny turkeys are hatched from eggs laid by turkeys, but cling to it that the first turkey must, like Topsy, have "growed" spontaneously, and if one turkey why not flocks of turkeys, argue this logical brotherhood of blockheads.

The gravest mistake made by the general public is the confusion of mind which makes rabies a disease affecting the brain—a brain disease in the same sense as lunacy. Scores of people are every day writing that the irritation of the muzzle and the continement of the dog will drive him mad.

Parallels are drawn between men violently insane and the furious conduct of a mad dog as though they were the same disease. This is doubly evil; it causes dogs excited from fear or ill-usage to be still further cruelly treated and done to death, and frightens those who have been bitten into illness, in which the symptoms of hydrophobia are simulated, and secondly it ignores the truth, one that every dog owner should know, that the early stages of rabies exhibit a benignant disease; the dog may be unusually affectionate, and the fits of petulance he indulges in credited to any but the right cause, and it is during this stage when there is no suspicion of his real state that there is most danger to members of the family that nourish the dog. Rabies is never initiated by a fit of fury; and the fits, in which there is involuntary muscular action, champing of the jaws and frothing at the mouth, to which dogs when teething or suffering from worms, or when greatly excited on game, are so liable, and which are so often accepted as evidence of madness, are in reality clear proof that the dog is not rabid, and on the contrary, perfectly harmless.

We cannot, however, hope to get rid of rabies in this country by stamping it out in a limited district such as the metropolitan area, nor can we in that so long as dogs are freely brought into it, any one of which may have the rabific virus lying latent in him, and which on development will make him a center from which the disease is distributed.

Our rural magistrates and some urban ones regularly put the restrictive clauses of our dogs act into force during the dog days, in the belief that the disease is generated in consequence of the high temperature of that season; I presume your municipal and other authorities are too intelligent to act on such an effete superstition.

The latest crank—but no, I am not happy in the use of American words, I will say craze, is for Welsh terriers. Taffy has discovered that Wales is the home of a hard-coated black and tan terrier, with the distinctive marks of white on the chest and white forefeet. It is a mystery to me that the discovery should not have been made and published to the world before the year 1885.

The claim is disputed by some Englishmen who say the dog is not Welsh, but the genuine and real old original English terrier. This did not prevent the latter exhibiting at Birmingham show their English kennel terriers as Welsh. The class was a very mixed lot, many being little cross-bred curs with soft coats, and that is a very common feature and it is not the great fault that fanciers with little or no experience with working terriers make it out to be; a soft coat is not an index of a soft heart, and many of the most courageous and enduring dogs are soft-coated.

I have have not in this letter said anything about the Birmingham show, as you will have had a full report of it, and for the same reason I will say but little about the St. Bernard show which closed last Friday, Dec. 11. The St. Bernard Club, having been safely towed through some very troubled waters by the tugs Justice and Ability, is sailing along before favoring breezes. This, their fourth annual show, is admitted on all hands as the largest and best yet held, the young dogs (rough-coated) between twelve and eighteen months old being a class of marvellously high quality. The entries numbered 303, divided into twenty-five classes. The catalogues issued by the club are models worth copying, the pedigree of each dog being displayed in tabulated form, rendering it clear even to those people, not few in number, who find genealogies puzzles hard to unravel. This renders these catalogues useful stud books for after reference. A plan long ago advocated by me as well as others, and occasionally adopted in years gone by, that of giving to each person leading a dog in the judging ring a card bearing in bold figures the catalogue number of the dog, was adopted. This enables spectators to identify the dogs, and is of very great assistance to them in comparing merits and forming individual judgments.

Our spirited little doggy paper, the *Stock-Keeper*, calls this "an extremely well devised, useful and practical innovation," but the *Stock-Keeper* is in some things like David Copperfield—very young.

The great success of the show is a credit to the management, and the very large entry—many had to be refused—a high compliment to the judges, Mr. L. C. R. Norris-Elye and Mr. Frederick Graham. The latter gentleman is one of our oldest breeders of St. Bernards, and admittedly one of the best judges of them we have.

I had something to say on the topic of special clubs and special judges, but this letter has spun out more than I expected and I think the subject is quite hot enough to keep warm for a month.

In last copy of FOREST AND STREAM to hand I find a quotation from the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* respecting a marvelous fox hunt lasting ten hours and covering 130 miles. How were the sixty hounds bred? What horses did the Baker county men ride? or did they have a special train? How many of them heard the *mort* sounded? And lastly, Who is the editor of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*? Has Ananias been resurrected? CORSINCON.

LONDON, Eng., Dec. 11.

THE BIRMINGHAM NATIONAL DOG SHOW.

THE National Dog Show Society held their twenty-sixth annual exhibition in Curzon Hall, Birmingham, this year under Kennel Club rules, with a total entry of 1,053, which is in our opinion about 100 more than the hall can accommodate with anything like comfort or safety. In many cases they were so close together with their chains twisted round each other, that while taking notes we found we were putting our remarks to the wrong number. It was arranged that the judges were to commence their duties at 8 A. M. to have the awards all made by 11:30, when H. R. Highness the Prince of Wales was expected to visit the show. However, the judging was not finished at the time, so that as the public was admitted at 11:30, the judging at Birmingham for the first time was finished publicly. Of course owners were not allowed to lead their own dogs, which was anything but satisfactory to exhibitors, who had to stand at a distance and see their dogs led about before the judge by a keeper who might never have had a dog on a chain before, and in one case a certain bitch was entered in two classes and won first in one and second in the other, and upon being led out and shown for a special for the best of the variety in the show, she, we understand, won the special, but upon the facts being noticed, the award was altered. Her owner was not under the circumstances more than satisfied and had the private judging been carried out, his feelings would not have been affected in the same way, as perhaps he never would have known anything of the matter.

The deerhounds were two very good classes, but we could not agree with the awards. In dogs we considered Clansman much the best in the class. Acalia won well in champion greyhounds. In open dogs first went to a fair black dog, but for quality we fancied Balkis, third prize, with his kennel companion Cassells as good as any of the others. The winner in the bitch class also won the cup, which decision we did not agree with as we considered her about as moderate an animal as any in the class.

Otter hounds were the best collection we have yet seen together.

There was only one entry in beagle dogs, a moderate animal, very heavily marked, and four entries (one absent) in bitches. We liked the commended Myrtle much better than her kennel companion, Abigal.

Fulwood Spark won in champion fox-terrier dogs, but was afterward disqualified, being under weight when competing for the special cup. Mr. Foreman's Farndon Street Sailor was also disqualified, after having a good win in open dogs. Dudley Crash, second, a good terrier, but rather weak in muzzle. Frank, hc., is cheeky and throaty; Crabstick, third, is too heavy in skull; Jack Clinker is a good sort, but too large. In large-sized bitches, Freya, first, was rather thin in coat. Second prize, Westbourne Trellis, is weak before the eye. Rarity is a good sort, but too large. In small-sized champions, Meersbrook Model, looking well and always a favorite of ours, won well. In the open class, small-sized dogs, Randolf is weedy; Fulwood Squire is a good terrier, but thin in coat; Brokenhurst Risk is plain in face; Veni is a good terrier, but weak before the eye; Valet is a good sort, with good head and eye, is of good size, but was shown thin and is a lemon marked one; Spice Dick is rather heavy in skull and too short in head and neck; Mount Trap, unnoticed, is a fair good stamp and should have been noticed; Doric is loaded in neck and shoulders; Raby Trick is leggy and soft in coat. In small-sized bitches the second winner was looking much better than we have seen her lately. The third prize is a very nice lemon-marked bitch. Satellite, unnoticed, is a very good stamp of little terrier, with good head and expression, possessing plenty of bone and good quarters, with the best of feet and legs. Safety, the winner in this class, is a good stamp; she might be better in head and have more expression.

In champion wire-haired terriers, the tight lay between Tack and Wonder. The latter just managed to get first. They are both good ones. Tack has rather the pull for size, but Wonder is a real good one, and always on her legs and showing herself well. In open dogs, Barton Clinker won; he is another good one, possessing character with good feet and legs and a good coat. Raleigh is a very good lemon marked dog, but not shown to the same advantage as the winner. Ronald Broad is too light in eye. Mr. De Trafford was again to the front in wire-haired bitches with Barton Marvel, and won the cup for the best wire-haired terrier in the show, and, we think, rightly. She is lemon marked, and her ear is just large enough, but in size, style and coat she is a marvel. Second prize, Woolaton Thistle, is weedy. In fox-terrier puppies the first is too high on legs and weak in head. Bolt, unnoticed, and claimed at £5, was as good as any, but too fine in coat.

The pointers were a grand collection. Five turned up in the challenge class, and it was a close shave between Nan and Belle of Bow; both are good ones and were shown in the pink of condition. The open dogs introduced us to another new one—Naso of Upton, by Naso of Kipping ex Nan. This young dog won first and special for the best pointer in the show; and, we think, correctly. He was shown without an ounce of fat on him, and we never saw muscle developed to a greater extent on any young dog. He possesses good feet and legs, the best of shoulders, very clean neck, and his quarters are perfection. His head is also good, but we have seen dogs possess more character in head. However, we think his worst point is his eye, which is too light in color. Earl of Croxteth is not so fine in shoulders or long in head as the winner. Devon Sancho made a good second, but is not up to the form of the winner in quality or condition. In large size bitches, we liked the second prize winner. She is full of quality, and possesses more bone than the winner, who was in the best of form and is a good bitch, full of quality. Nannie, sister to Naso of Upton, made a good third. Young Wagg, showing age, won in small-sized champion dogs. In small-sized dogs, Mr. Norrish won well with a very nice one, Bracket, shown in his usual good form. He was closely pressed by Naso of Kipping, another good one, full of quality. Third went to Kingsbridge Bang, showing quality, but very bad in shoulders and weak in quarters; catalogued at £10 and claimed. Dagmar vhc. reserve in small bitches, shows quality, but is rather light in bone. Lady Jane is much the same stamp as the winner in large bitches. Larkspur shows quality, but is rather short in face. Pease is another good bitch, rather long in coat. Arizona is of good stamp, but rather throaty. Pardon is another good one with the same fault. Pointer puppies, bar the winner, were a poor lot. In the class for field trial winners there were twelve entries and a real good collection, the small-sized dog Naso of Kipping winning.

In setters, the class for field trial winners, the Irish setter bitch Wee Kate won, closely pressed by the English Wild Rose. In the challenge class for English setters, first went to Royalty, looking well and in good coat and condition, but too heavy all over. We certainly preferred Sting, although he was not just up to his usual form. In open dogs, Osman VI. is a nice sort of dog. He wants more quality in head and quarters. He was very lucky to get third in such company. Prince Rupert, the winner, we think ought not to have received more than vhc., but he was afterward awarded the special cup for the best in the show. He is only a puppy, and won in the puppy class here. We consider him weak in loins and not good in feet. Royal Gem is of the same stamp as Royal. Tycoon, c., is a good dog and much better than those placed over him. King Ned, the Sheffield winner and about best in the class only received hc. We noticed Sir Wyndham, c., a young dog out of form but a good setter, and sure to render a better account of himself again. In bitches, Mr. Cockerton won first and second with two very good ones. We preferred the second as being younger and showing more quality. Empress Bess is very bad in coat. In the challenge class for black and tan setters, Heath Beauty just beat Czarina. Open dogs were a good class so far as numbers went, but there was not much quality. The winner is a good dog, with plenty of substance. Second went to a strong dog, but coarse. We prefer the third prize winner. In the bitches the winners were finer and of a different stamp from the winners in the dog class.

In the challenge class for Irish setters Loo VII. beat Nellie. We preferred the latter, although she is not so good in skull as the winner, but better in body and bone. In open dogs, the winners were coarse and carried too much coat and feather. We thought Kildare about the best in the class, with more of Irish setter type and character, and at the same time being well made, with good feet and legs, good coat and correct in color. Grouse XIII. is rather thin and light in body, but ought to be further forward. In open bitches, the winner is of good stamp. She is greatly improved in coat and her color is better than at Hull and Sheffield, but she is too small. Wee Kate, second, is well-known. She is a good bitch, just a trifle out at elbows. The third winner is plain in face. Nellie IX., out of coat, was about the best in the class, possessing good head, good ears, and the best of body, feet and legs, with shoulders running in the right direction. In setter puppies, all breeds, first went to the winner in open dog class. Second, a moderate animal, but was claimed at the catalogue price, £30. Monk of Furness, a dog almost white in color, we considered about the best young setter in the show, standing on the best of feet and legs, with good loins, plenty of coat and beautiful head and ears.

In the challenge class for any variety of spaniel, our old friend Solus won, looking as well as we have ever seen him, while at Edinburgh and Hull he was quite out of form; the small, party-colored Fanciful coming second. In water spaniel dogs only two put in an appearance, and The Shaughraun won; but he is coarse and not what a Birmingham winner should be. Only one bitch was entered—a very moderate specimen. Some very nice Clumbers were shown, and we think they were correctly placed. The winners were good, large, well-bodied animals, of very good type. Cherie is a very good bitch, full of quality, but lacked the size and body of the winner. Mr. Holmes's entries were absent. The winner in the Sussex or liver-colored variety was, in our opinion, a clear winner and a good typical spaniel, with good coat and color, with a lot of improvement in him, as he was exhibited here too light in flesh. There was very little to choose between Easten's Bee and Newton Abbot Russet, the latter having the pull in condition, the former being out of coat. In black dogs, Furse is coarse and bad in eye. The winner, Newton Abbot Victor, is a good spaniel, but too high on leg. Darkie, from the same kennel, is lower, but coarse in head. Beverley Rollo is also a little high on the leg and wants more quality in head and shoulders. In black bitches, Flame is a good spaniel, but out of coat. Newton Abbot Bess won well, being good in type and with beautiful ears. Una is small before the eye and her ears are too high, but she was the longest and lowest in the class. In spaniels other than black, first prize went to a coarse, leggy, bad-coated liver and white, the worst in a class of three entries. Counsellor was a good way the best, and this was the only mistake we could see in the spaniel classes. In the corresponding bitch class there was little between Corty and Winifred II. Only one cocker turned up—a very moderate one. The well-known Freda won first in bitches. We understand she was over weight, but as no person protested the awards held good. Second went to the winner at Hull and Sheffield.

Basset hounds were two good classes, and the competition was keen and satisfaction not more than usual under the circumstances.

In mastiffs, Montgomery won for the second time at Birmingham; he is short in face, but too much turned up in bulldog style. Third went to the Sheffield winner, coarse and long in head. Prince was out of condition, but with the best face in the class. A very nice bitch won, Griselda; she is good in skull, but might be squarer in muzzle; she is of good size and good type. Cambrian Princess coming second, with Princess Ida third, to which we preferred the vhc. Vivian.

In the challenge class for St. Bernards, Plinlimmon won, with Lady Eva, from the same kennel, reserve. In open dogs, the much improved Merchant Prince won easy, the Silver King coming second and the well-known Musgrave third. We thought Bernadine won well in bitches, being a very showy bitch, and except that she is a little light in bone, one of the best. Second went to the Duchess of Leeds, a good-bodied bitch, good in size and with the best of feet and legs, her fault being a trifle too much length in face. Crevassee II. made a good third.

Champion Rutland, looking well, won in the challenge class for sheep dogs, yet we preferred Charlemagne. The open dog class was not so good as we have seen at Birmingham. We consider Claudian only a moderate dog, and prefer Blister, from the same kennel. He possesses a good head and well-carried ears, and is of good size. Angus Craig is a good collie, but carries his tail too gaily. Rankin got more than he deserved. Oakham Fifth is as good as any in the class, although one ear is not correctly carried. In bitches, Easemore is of a good stamp, but small, possessing good ears and coat. The black and white Sweet Lassie we admired very much. She looks like galloping and possesses good head and ears and good coat Mint is short in face. Blue Ruin, looking well, won, and has been often noticed; second a good way behind the winner. The puppy class was large and contained some very promising youngsters, but the majority were very moderate.

Rustic King won easily in bulldogs, Grabber being absent. The open class was moderate. Mr. Layton showed a very nice small dog, by Monarch, and won well in the small-sized class.

Cairo won in the challenge class for bull-terriers easy, having nothing against him. In open dogs first went to Trenthan Dutch, a good large dog, coarse in head; Paradox shows quality; King Dick II. is cheeky; Neville was badly treated, and so were several other good dogs unnoticed. Queen of the May won easily in bitches and we considered her about the best bull-terrier in the show; second went to a very nice medium-sized bitch, and we fancied Kettering Maggie as about the next best. In small-sized dogs first went to a young one; his sister won in small bitches and beat her brother for a special; they were both young, being under twelve months old, and will be sure to alter. Leading star won easily in white English dogs; a very fair young bitch winning in the bitch class.

In the challenge class for black and tans Wheel of Fortune just beat Burke, the latter was shown too fat. The winner in open dogs was a youngster that looks like growing too large; Hero made a good second and might have won altogether. Kenwood Queen had nothing against her in bitches. In small-sized dogs the winner is too fine and bitchy, the others were too young. The small class bitches were a good class and contained a number of good ones. We preferred the second to the first.

Prince Charlie II., well known in Scotland, won well in prick-eared Skyes, and Claret, that we have not seen for so long a while, won in bitches. In Skyes, other than prick-eared, Maggie is short in face, but good in coat. Benmore, rather light in color, won easy. Strathmore is too large and out of form. Kirkwood had nothing against her. She is a good bitch and well-known. Dandie dogs were a good class. Border King winning well, we preferred Rhoderick for second place. Pepper is a good dandie, but light in color. Cairngorman is young and small in skull. Jennie Deans won again in bitches. In Bedlingtons, we preferred Hairdresser to the Bishop. Only two turned up in open dogs, Scotch Mist winning easy, the other was a liver. In bitches the winner shows style. Clyde, unnoticed, was good in style and size, but we did not like her coat.

Play Boy had a walkover in the challenge class for Irish terriers, only three dogs were entered, the winner a good way ahead. Greymont being shown in bad form. Mr. Graves won easily with Pretty Lass in bitches, and in the uncropped division we liked Nora Tatters, bar her size, as well as any. Airedales were moderate, but the winners were well placed.

In Scotch terrier dogs, Dundee won well and we preferred Tyrant for second honors, being nice in size and good in coat. We preferred Ashley Nettle to the winner in the bitch class, the latter being best in skull, while the former was much the best in coat. Welsh terriers were a very poor lot. Mrs. Foster won first and second easily in Yorkshire terriers. Pomeranians first and second went to two small blacks; the white, Charley, was only vhc.

The winner in poodles was a grand dog, shown naturally.

Pugs were a good collection, but we fancied that some of the unnoticed were as good as any in the class—for instance, Lion, Gaiety and King of Diamonds—while the third class dog was very plain.

In Maltese there was only one, and it very moderate, and marked on ear and tail.

In the challenge class for toy spaniels, Bend'or and Jumbo II. had a walkover, and we considered them correctly placed.

Blenheims were the best class of toy spaniels, with very little to choose between the winners. Only two King Charlies—the winner much the best.

Mr. Alf George won in smooth toys with a very good one, while Mrs. Foster won first and second easy with a pair of good Yorkshires in rough toys.

The attendance during the show was better than we remember, and Birmingham shows have always been well patronized. During the show there was a petition drawn up by some exhibitors to present to the committee in favor of private judging.

MAHARG.

[A list of the awards will be found in the *American Kennel Register*.]

THE NEW ENGLISH SETTER STANDARD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several weeks have passed since the publication of the proposed new English setter standard. The paper is signed by eminent authority, and, for this reason perhaps, is already accepted without criticism by the majority of setter breeders. When offering the following remarks I likewise decline to criticize, but ask for elucidation of doubtful or not well-expressed language.

If one knows the dog the framers of the standard have in their mind, or if the description were accompanied by a few drawings, there is no doubt that the best exponent of the modern English setter can be brought within the meaning of the words as used, even by others.

My objection to Stonehenge's standard, even in regard to the dog to which it applies, is that it is too broad for all but the direct pupils of its writer, who have received the proper interpretation from him. As a result, forms of the most radical variation are often placed as under the standard in good faith, and to avoid this as much as possible under the new standard, all the information we can possibly obtain now should prove of advantage.

But before I touch upon any special points, I must have the admission from the framers that what they offer is not merely a new description of the same dog described in the old standard, but that they actually wish to describe a different and improved dog. This granted, I offer you a few pen pictures, poor enough to be classed as caricatures; but like these, intended to illustrate by exaggeration either the strongest or the weakest points of the subject. As I do not expect any of your readers to recognize the dogs from these illustrations as intended—the first (A) for Laverack's Blue Dash and the second (B) for Count Noble's son Gath, clipped of all feathering, as near as I can recollect him from the field trials of 1883—I herewith offer their names to the public and my skill to the ridicule of friend Tracy. As they are, I hope that they will illustrate my meaning when referred to hereafter, and that all defects in the drawing will be excused. (My own impression is, though, that my attempt at Gath is shorter in loin and with less drop from hip to stern than the dog really had.) The first and general questions I wish to ask are:

a. Were dogs of the type of Blue Dash admissible under the old standard?

b. Is his type admissible under the new standard?

c. Was the type of Gath contemplated under the old?

d. Is his type contemplated under the new standard?

After a careful comparison my own conclusions lead me to answer Yes as to the questions *a* and *d*, but No to *b* and *c*. If I am right, wherein lies the difference?

In general, the new standard requires a lighter dog throughout, stating, when speaking of the head, "this type is desirable, since it is in accord with the general type of the dog, the demand being for more length and less weight throughout." Although I am in harmony with this proposition, I should be glad to have a definite desirable weight given or an expression used admitting of dogs like Plantagenet, Sportsman, Gladstone's Boy, Buckcllew, etc., upon the bench.

If I may define "quality" as standing for "the greatest strength in the least weight," there is no reason why dogs of a weight within certain limits should not be as handsome or as desirable for stud purposes as smaller ones, provided they have the requisite lightness, are free from lumber and full of "quality."

Beyond this indefinite expression of weight, nothing is said in either standard as to size, length or height, but I take it as an axiom that (with a given size) the lighter a dog looks for his weight, the better is his weight distributed and the greater his quality. Long flat muscles, though lighter in appearance, are preferable to shorter ones. But longer muscles require longer bone for attachment, hence, "more leg" and the abandonment of the low spaniel type of Dash for this reason alone.

But this is not the principal distinction. Leggy dogs have always existed without being an improvement in either looks or action. Wherein, then, is the improvement? Legs or feet are described in the new standard as understood heretofore, and I have only to add that, in my opinion, no naked foot should ever be a harefoot; furthermore, a harefoot requires a sloping pastern.

Nearly everything else, although more explicit in the new standard, is descriptive of practically the same demands as in the old, even to the indefinite description of "thin enough, wide enough," etc., until we come to an expression incorporating almost the only radical change in conformation—a change which, with the subsidiary changes it necessitates, is the fundamental principle of the new type.

I quote the following from the description of shoulders and chest:

"The chest should be thin enough to allow the shoulders to lay flat and move with freedom. Great depth at this point is objectionable, since it puts too much weight on the shoulders and forelegs. The weight should be distributed as evenly as possible between the forward and hindparts; the tendency is too much forward. By placing the greater volume of chest back of the shoulders the foreparts are relieved of weight that should be in part supported by the hind parts. The droop in the chest should be just back of the elbows, sloping upward toward the neck, permitting the dog to carry his head and neck up with more ease."

We have hitherto heard a great deal in regard to depth of chest and its dropping below the elbow; its being thin enough, ribs well sprung behind the shoulders, deep in back ribs, etc.; but this is for the first time that I have seen its relative position described as above in the words: "The droop in the chest should be just back of the elbows, sloping upward toward the neck." Of course I take this as describing the position of the breastbone, to which the full or true ribs are

attached, and as these run upward and backward to the spine, a sufficient length of ribs and measurement (avoiding the expression depth) of chest can only be obtained, with this position of the breastbone, by an equal and early rise of the spine from back of the top of the shoulders, with a graceful curve into the neck. What the chest loses in depth it should gain in height, sacrificing none of its volume, girth or measurement. Whether this conformation of the spine is secondary to that of the position of the breastbone, or whether the reverse is the truth, appears to me unimportant, though I should prefer to describe the spine first and the position of the breastbone as a resultant.

To give full expression to my conception I here insert sketches of the chest conformation of Dash and Gath—A′ and B′. The radical distinction between the two is in the rise of spine, that of the former evolving abruptly from a level back, from in front of the top of shoulders, and in the latter from behind the shoulders. This apparently unimportant requisite does, nevertheless, carry with it almost every other feature involved. The entire chest receives a partial evolution, the breastbone tilts forward and upward, and the ribs, instead of simply downward, slope downward and forward from spine to breastbone. Further, as the shoulder blade, whether long or short, is attached to exactly the same ribs in every dog, its position and slope depends entirely upon the slope of the ribs underneath.

Furthermore, inasmuch as the three upper bones of the forelegs, viz, the shoulder blade, the upper and the lower arm, are placed at compensating angles to each other, the greater slope of shoulder naturally resulting from the altered direction of the true ribs also necessitates a less inverse angle at the elbow. The dog stands straighter on his forelegs from point of shoulder to foot and carries no more weight in front of the perpendicular line of his forelegs than is necessary; how much this is I am at a loss to define, except after seeing an individual dog's balance when in motion. This conformation also increases the apparent length of the neck and facilitates its high carriage. Length of neck alone does not do this, as I can recall many dogs with a very long clean neck, but with a horizontal back, to whose bad field form but little would have been added by cutting it off altogether.

I have given the above personal views simply for the purpose of elucidating the few questions I wish to ask of the framers of the standard, with whom I think it is clear that I am in almost entire harmony as to results, if not as to causes.

As I have explained, I regard the paragraph relating to shoulders and chest as involving the most important change; and it is right here where I ask for information. The older spaniel form of the setter was hung too low in the brisket, and too much of the dog was in front of his forelegs; there was as much inverse crook to the elbow as there was converse crook to the stifle. The whole dog was hung low, and more than half was hung in the elbows. The part of this paragraph already quoted appears to do away with this, stating that "great depth at this point [chest] is objectionable, since it puts too much weight on the shoulders and forelegs." And I might here add, "and as it causes the dog in his gallop to dwell too long on his forelegs before taking them off the ground." The standard further requires relief of the fore end "by placing the greater volume of chest behind the shoulders."

As I agree to all this I am obliged to ask for a measurable degree of the angle required "to bring the forelegs well under the dog," as described in the first sentence of the same paragraph.

Is anything short of stiltiness, avoiding the perpendicular line from point of shoulder to toe, enough? or is a straight line from point of shoulder to toe sufficient as long as its direction places the feet well under the body? or lastly, is more or less of an inverse angle between the upper and lower arm required at the elbow to withstand any shock, regardless of the increased slope of the shoulder? Are the forelegs in the sketch properly placed or too straight?

The dog is often compared to the race horse, and although they have much in common, a flat racer offers but a poor comparison, as a hunting dog is a much better steeplechaser than any horse that ever won the Grand National. In proportion to his size the most ordinary hunting ground offers obstacles at almost every stride, and that for days, greater than any horse has ever to overcome for a race lasting but a few minutes. Liberty and elasticity in every part of his locomotive organs, an untiring balance in his working gallop, but not the essentials of a short-coursed greyhound or race horse, are the requisites of the hunting dog. His action should move the body as little up and down as consistent with the ground he runs over; the legs should work as much forward of their own perpendicular line as possible, the feet striking the ground well forward and on their soles, reducing the chances of stumbling. As the hindleg is provided with a good bend in stifle and large crook in hock, they also are well adapted to the required forward action, and I regard a dog which extends the hindleg too far backward when galloping as faulty in conformation, the fault being often found in a weak or flat loin.

I have but one more point to refer to.

The paragraph describing quarters and stifles, calls in one line for stifles "well bent." In the next line it says, "a little bow at stifles is a point of merit," etc. I take it that the "bend" is to be observed in the side view and the "bow" in the rear view, meaning "stifles spread to clear the body, but not to an extent to cause cowhocks."

Am I right in this?

ANTWERP.

THE JESSICA WHELPS.—Memphis, Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 31 I notice in "Names Claimed" and "Whelps" that Mr. J. J. Prentiss, of Chicago, Ill., claims certain names and publishes the whelping of puppies by my dog Paul Gladstone, out of Jessica (Count Noble—Nellie). These same puppies were advertised for sale by the Lake Shore Kennels some months ago. I immediately wrote to those kennels that if these puppies were not killed I should give the facts concerning them to the public, which would place those kennels in a very unsavory light. The advertisement was withdrawn, with the promise that the puppies should be killed. You can, then, imagine my surprise in reading the notice in your paper. Mr. Prentiss was perfectly aware of the facts connected with these puppies, and also of my letter to the Lake Shore Kennels. The facts in the case are as follows: I had arranged with Mr. Prentiss—not the Lake Shore Kennels—to let Paul Gladstone serve Jessica when she should come in season. Both were at the Chicago show last June; Jessica was in season, got loose from her stall and was served by a liver or orange and white setter of no known pedigree; preventive measures were taken, so they say, with water, and the next day she was served by Paul Gladstone. I was not notified of what had happened till I received a letter from Mr. Prentiss and the return here of the gentleman that had Paul in charge, or I should not, under any circumstances, have allowed Paul to serve her. I feel it my duty to give these facts to the public, and shall protest the breeding of these puppies to the bitter end. I cannot understand how any persons or kennels valuing their reputation could claim puppies as purely bred under such circumstances. —W. B. GATES.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is white on the breast of a Yorkshire terrier admissible? I have always rejected one with it. I have Vero Shaw's book, also Stonehenge, neither of whom say anything regarding it. Is there any work which gives the colors admissible for show dogs?—R. S. RYAN. [There are blue and tan and silver Yorkshire terriers. White is not admissible on the former but would not detract from the value of the latter].

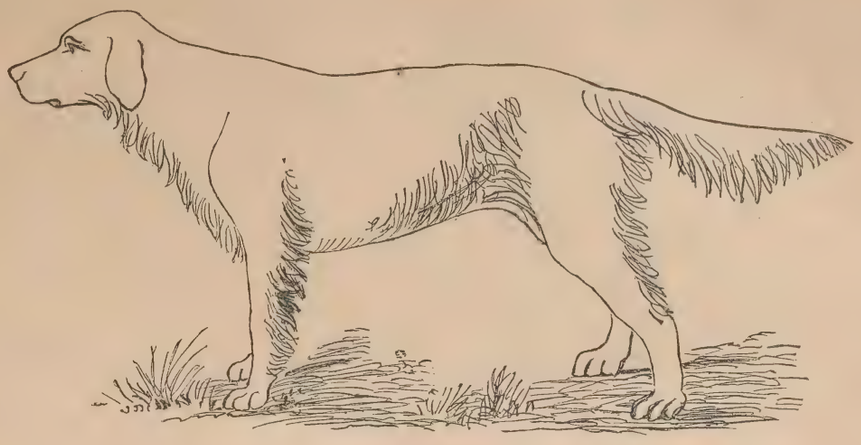


Fig. A.

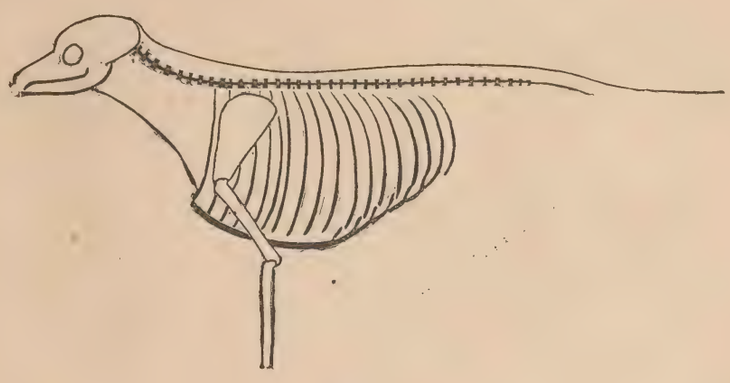


Fig. A′.

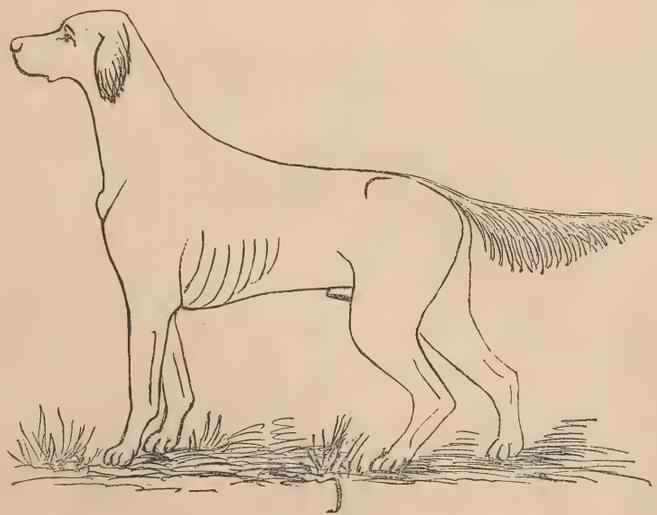


Fig. B.

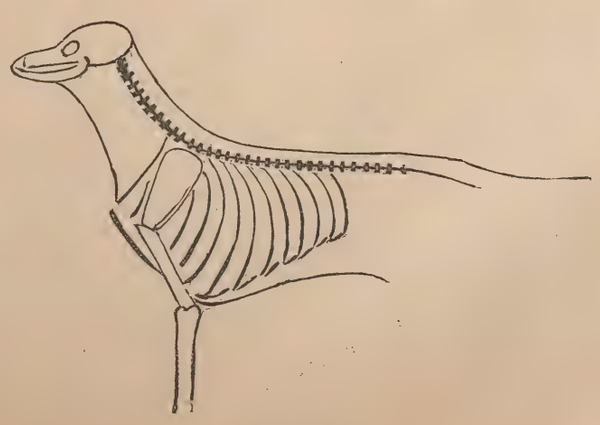


Fig. B′.

THE GRAPHIC CHALLENGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. Anthony "declines to discuss through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM or any other paper any question affecting dogs, field trials or bench shows with any professional dog dealer or handler," I would like to ask if any of the gentlemen present saw Graphic when he was "quartering out the whole ground in front of Beaufort on the right?" Would it be like Mitchell to bring his dog back when he was quartering his ground ahead of his competitor, especially when one part of the field was as likely to hold birds as the other? He cast him to the left for the simple reason that Beaufort was ahead at that time and would certainly work out the stubble to the right ahead of him. It was proved that Mitchell was right in casting him to the left as (unfortunately for Graphic) that was where the birds were. I would not have taken the trouble to write this had not Mr. Anthony made the statement after refusing to discuss anything with a handler. As if the columns of the "FOREST AND STREAM or any other paper" are not as free for a man who is not wealthy and has had experience with "dogs, field trials and bench shows" as they are for one who is wealthy and has not had that experience. I do not think that being a handler should debar a man from discussing any question with Mr. Anthony any more than it should prevent a man from being a gentleman.

After reading the one-sided challenge to Mainspring, Croxteth and Drake and bringing to mind the sale of Graphic for several times what he cost, I made up my mind that as an amateur dog dealer the debut of Mr. Anthony had been, to say the least, brilliant, and wondered how long before he would be considered a professional. W. TALLMAN.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my letter relating to this question I wrote "his ring-tail included." This is a mistake, as Graphic has a corkscrew tail. Mr. Green informs me that he has not seen Graphic, and that what he said to me was the opinion of a friend who has seen the dog. CHAS. H. MASON.

THE POINTER CHALLENGES.

THE following reply has been made by Mr. Perkins to the challenge published a fortnight ago:

Messrs. Chas. Heath and Jas. L. Anthony, New York: Dear Sirs—If you are really desirous of running your dog Graphic against Mainspring for a purse, a cup, or a dog collar, you shall be accommodated, though not exactly upon the conditions you name.

I fully recognize the fact that in this match Graphic has all to gain and nothing to lose; yet I promise you as fair a race in all its details as I can possibly give you and yet be fair to my dog.

If your object is the advertising of Graphic through the editorial columns of the newspapers, I must positively decline having anything to do with the matter, and one condition I must name right now is, that all particulars regarding this race shall be kept out of the newspapers; from this time until day of the race, unless such paper be signed by both you and I.

My office is but a short distance from yours, a letter would have reached me by messenger in half an hour or by mail in a few hours, or you could have called upon me. I would have considered it courtesy on your part had you notified me of your desire before advertising your challenge, which is liable to provoke discussion to an unlimited extent. I must therefore positively refuse to take any part in any newspaper discussion on this subject that may hereafter appear.

The details of the race can, I think, be easily arranged, and the sooner we get at them the better. I therefore await your pleasure. A note addressed as below will meet with the desired attention, but newspaper articles will not be noticed.

I am not a member of the Eastern Field Trials Club, Westminster or other kennel club, and have but slight acquaintance among its members. Had I the time to devote to the interests of those organizations I most certainly would endeavor to become a member of both clubs.

As it is, Mainspring was entered in 1884 and '85, and run for what he was worth in the opinion of the judges, whose decision I agreed to abide by when I entered my dog. It was so at the National this year, and though greatly disappointed by their decision, yet no newspaper complaint from me.

The honors conferred upon Mainspring in 1884 and '85 were won by him His grandsire champion Bang won many before him, and his sire Mike won nine field trials more than any dog ever won in England. His dam and grand dam, also several of his sisters, are noted field trial winners, and last year a puppy, Osborne Ale, by one of Mainspring's litter sisters, won the English Derby.

If Graphic beats Mainspring, and I promise to give him as fair play as I ask myself in the details of the race, his owners can feel it a triumph well worth a great effort to accomplish.

J. F. PERKINS.

KENT AVE. AND HOOPER STREET, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., Jan. 7, 1886.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the month of November last, Mr. W. Wade wrote an article to the *Stock-Keeper*, in which the following paragraph occurred:

"May I express satisfaction at 'Corsincon's' vigorous denunciation of the silliness of disfiguring so excellent a dog as the poodle by the stupid fashion of clipping, making one of the wisest of dogs look like a clown at a fair? That such a philosopher should be made to look as big a fool as his barber is a disgrace to canineology. You have clubs for almost every breed, useful, useless and mixed; why not get up one for poodles, the general utility dog? If we were to have but one breed, surely the poodle would be the one entitled to survive. Surely he is better worth a club than those incarnate devils, boarhounds."

Knowing Mr. Wade's love and admiration for the mastiff, I wrote and inquired why this apparent neglect of our favorite breed. He immediately answered in his usual entertaining style, and with his permission I give his reasons herewith:

"I fully expected some mastiff man to pick me up on that poodle business. Yet, I am sure I am philosophically right on it, and am none the less a mastiff man. Remember, I spoke of the poodle as 'the general utility dog,' and it is on this ground that I say, if but one breed was to survive, it should be the poodle, for there is nothing that dogs are used for (except high speed) that the poodle will not readily adapt himself to. He is used in Germany to point game, is naturally and instinctively a retriever, a vermin killer and a watch dog, and could easily be trained to handle stock. He may not be as good a bird dog as a setter or pointer, as good a vermin dog as a terrier, as good a watch dog as a mastiff, or as good a sheep dog as a collie or a bobtail, yet he would fill any place better than any other dog whose specialty it is not, and by selection and breeding a strain of poodles could be established in whom these characteristics would be hereditary. I don't think this can be said of any other dog, so I cannot see any escape from my conclusions. The poodle's intelligence is far more general than that of any other dog; that of the setter or pointer is only marked in hunting, that of the collie in stock tending, and the mastiff hardly seems to have any outside the domain of watching and guarding. I have seen rats run under the nose of my mastiffs, and they seem to have not the remotest intention of following them, while cattle can run over my garden, through my cornfield and over my lawn, and not a whit does Lion or Bertha care, but let a man come on the place and they are alert in an instant. * * * —W. WADE."

The poodle would most readily make the best "general utility dog," being the easiest taught. I firmly believe, however, that with time and intelligent attention dogs could be taught to do anything—the failure to teach I would set down to the stupidity of the master, and not the lack of intelligence on the part of the dog. V. M. H.

LIABILITY FOR A DOG'S BITE.

SOME of the well known principles of law, relating to liability for a dog's bite, were rehearsed by Chief Justice McAdam, of the City Court, New York, Dec. 26. The case, as reported in the New York *Times*, was that of Bridget Laherty against James Hogan, both of whom dwell in a large east side tenement house. Hogan had a son who was not of age, and the son had a pet dog which he kept at home. Bridget Laherty in her work about the halls of the tenement, came across the dog, and for some reason they did not take kindly to one another. The dog got in first, however, and bit Bridget, causing not only a disagreeable sore, but fears of something more dangerous. Therefore Bridget began a suit in the City Court against Hogan for damages, claiming that the dog was vicious and a nuisance. The jury gave a verdict for Bridget, and the case was carried up to General Term. In his opinion, concurred in by Judge Hall, Judge McAdams reverses the decision and orders a new trial.

Judge McAdam says: "The theory on which the plaintiff sought to hold the defendant was that, while the dog was not his, he maintained it because he allowed his son, who lived with him, to keep the dog about the premises. Assuming that the defendant is liable on this theory, he was certainly not liable in the absence of knowledge of the animal's wicked propensities. The dog was not of the species that are naturally savage and dangerous, and the defendant had a right to assume, in the absence of knowledge or notice to the contrary, that the animal was kind and of good character. There was no evidence that the defendant knew of any propensity on the part of the dog to bite mankind. There was no duty imposed on the owner of a dog to ascertain character before he became acquainted with it. Its character was presumed to be good until the contrary was shown. The plaintiff should prove the knowledge of the owner and keeper of the vicious tendencies of the animal, if it be of a domestic nature, and to charge the defendant he must be shown to have knowledge that the animal was inclined to do the particular kind of mischief that had been done. Satisfactory proof of a single instance of the dog biting mankind previously to the case complained of and of the defendant's knowledge thereof would be sufficient." Judge McAdam refers to the case of Fleming against Orr, in which Lord Cockburn said, in reference to an action for a dog worrying sheep, that "every dog is entitled to one worry." The same rule would seem to apply to mankind. Every dog was entitled to one bite and every bull to one gore before the owner or keeper could be made liable for the results of such tricks on the part of the animals.

The court continues: "The dog was not a trespasser in the present instance; he was on the premises of his owner, and there by the permission of the janitor of the building as well. As to the policy and propriety of keeping dogs in tenements and allowing them to play in the yards thereof it is not necessary for us to advise, for so long as the owner is allowed to keep them there they are not trespassers. This dog has been kept about this same tenement for a long time prior to the injury complained of. The occupants had the same means of ascertaining its character that the defendant had, and yet no one seems to have complained of the animal's habits. The plaintiff contends that an idle dog is a nuisance, and that the defendant is liable on the theory of maintaining a nuisance. We cannot subscribe to this as a legal proposition. Many people may believe that idle dogs are nuisances. But they are not necessarily so in a legal sense. An idle man may be a vagrant, but it does not follow that all idle men are vagrants. Some idle dogs may be nuisances, but it does not follow that all are. * * * Mad dogs or dogs reasonably suspected of having been bitten by a rabid animal are nuisances, and may be killed by any person, if at large, or off of the owners premises. Dogs accustomed to bark at night and disturb the neighborhood by their noise are nuisances, and may be killed by any person annoyed thereby. When a dog is ferocious and attacks persons he may be killed as a nuisance.

"The proof does not bring the defendant's dog within either of these definitions, so that we find no legal significance in the suggestion that defendant is liable for keeping and maintaining a nuisance. In short, the plaintiff's case must stand or fall by the old rule that in order to recover scienter must be alleged and proved, and for the failure to give such proof and the error of the trial Judge in charging that scienter might be implied by the affluixon of time the judgment must be reversed and a new trial ordered, with costs to the appellant to abide the event."

FANCIERS' FALLACIES.

MUTILATIONS.

IN dealing with this subject it is my desire to approach it in a fair and practical manner, on the one hand not rushing blindly into the arms of those who maintain the acts I shall discuss are done out of pure wanton cruelty, and on the other not sparing those who do them for mere fashion or appearance, without contemplating the pain or mutilation the animals suffer. In the first place I will take the cropping of ears. This is usually accomplished when a puppy is four to six months old; the ear being sliced off by a sharp knife, the remaining portion is then moulded on cardboard, and pulled up by the hand daily to get the required shape. There is still a worse practice with some, namely, cutting away the hairs at the external canal. We have here not merely cruelty, but the hearing and even the life of the dog jeopardized by taking away one of the principal protections for the delicate and complicated internal auditory apparatus. Among foxhounds and harriers it is customary to round the ear. This is done I am informed, by scissors or instrument made for the purpose, and Mr. Buckland relates that the necessary piece is sometimes chopped off on a block with a chisel and the blow of a mallet. He goes on to state, after the first ear has been rounded in this manner, it is with some difficulty you get the creature to come up and have the second operated on. Let us consider the probable reasons. The ear is removed in fighting, so as not to present a hold for an adversary; as fighting is illegal, this reason may be dismissed at once. Secondly, in some sporting dogs the ears are rounded to save them from being torn when in pursuit of game. This appears reasonable enough, but I am told that one pack at least hunts with the ears as nature fashioned them, and that the master of the hounds has no cause to regret it. Even if it is necessary, there is at least this consolation, that the operation is not attended by the many after-cruelties that accompany the cropping of ears of other dogs. Thirdly, the ear is mutilated for mere fashion or custom. This is simply degrading, when we consider the accompanying penalties. Fourthly, to prevent disease in the ear: this is absurd, and where the hairs referred to above are cut away presents a source of disease. To sum up, then, it appears to me that the practice of *cropping* the ears is as utterly useless as it is cruel, and is done at an age when a dog can appreciate and remember the pain occasioned.

Now, as to docking of tails. This is done when the puppy is only a few days old, and is easily effected by knife, teeth, or even by fingers alone; the pain caused is practically nil, and it is completed at an age when memory is short. The reasons for removing the tail seem to be first to get rid of a member that may be an impediment in hunting; secondly, for appearance, and thirdly, as a prophylactic against certain diseases. The last need only be mentioned to show its extravagance. As regards appearance, I cannot help thinking it does improve some dogs, and certainly in spaniels it is a member which would be much in the way if allowed to remain.

While on this subject I should like to say a word for some young dogs who curl their tails up in the show ring when they ought to keep them down. I have seen many dogs rejected for this reason, who under ordinary circumstances carry them in the orthodox manner; and the reason is easy to find, when we consider that the animals have been chained up for hours on their bed without relief; the presence of other dogs and bitches will also cause them to up-rise the tail. I am sure that many who bear their tails so well in the ring have been subjected to many a blow in their preparation for the show. It may also be interesting to note that only domesticated animals have curled tails.

The next mutilation I shall mention is the clipping of poodles. The actual operation need not be discussed; the reason is fashion. The special point to which I wish to refer is the deprivation of coat from that part of the body—namely, loins and abdomen—which is most amenable to cold and differences of temperature. This may not matter in an equable and mild climate, but in our own country it seems unkind to take away the dog's natural covering, and I am assured the fairer sex, at any rate, if this were pointed out to them, would forego the pleasure of this fantastic trimming for the cold winter months at least.—*Hakim in the Stock-Keeper.*

THE IRISH SETTER SPECIAL.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In compliance with the request of Mr. T. M. Aldrich to answer through your columns certain questions about the Irish Setter Special, I shall now go through the ordeal, and I hope that my answers will be suggestive of some questions which may be answered by Mr. Aldrich, or any one interested in the advancement of the Irish setter as a field dog in a practical way. Mr. Wm. Dunphy of Peekskill, N. Y., and Dr. Jarvis of Claremont, N. H., are the gentlemen who entrusted me with the prize in question, and not Mr. Aldrich. If either of those gentlemen doubt my integrity or wisdom in the distribution of their money, I shall be most happy to give them an account of my conduct. Mr. Aldrich had made no personal sacrifice in the matter and was practically only interested in the winning of the money, therefore I would not expect impartial opinions in the matter from him, nor should he expect me to answer a question that does not seem to me to be pertinent. If Mr. Aldrich or the owner of Blarney want to have anything to say about the manner of giving an Irish special, let them "come down with the dust" as an evidence of good faith, and then they have a right to "put in their oar." I gave part of it to the Derby, first, because an Irish setter ran there whose work was as creditable as any work done by Irish setters in the free for all; second, because, although the nominations had closed in the Derby, before the prize was offered, the entries had not filled; third, because the gentlemen whose advice I sought in the matter thought that the Derby should be considered; and although I at first thought that Derby dogs should not be considered, I changed my mind afterward. The only reason I saw at any time for excluding Derby dogs was the difficulty of judging in separate stakes; and when it became evident that the difficulty existed anyhow, I had no excuse whatever for leaving out the puppies. Mr. J. O. Donner had just the same right to decide the Irish special that Mr. White had to request him to do so; but Mr. Donner's "decision" was not given officially or in the capacity of a judge at all; it was simply a kindly advice which I accepted as a decision; and my action in so doing received the approval of two other gentlemen who were judges at the Eastern field trials. Before Mr. Donner even consented to advise me in the matter he informed me that the E. F. T. Club should not be held responsible for the disposition of the prize, and I urged that I merely wanted him to give me his private judgment as he had done in other cases. He then advised that the prize be disposed of by running separate heats, but Mr. Aldrich would not agree to this, therefore I had no other alternative but to seek advice from capable, disinterested and honorable people, which advice I acted upon as a decision, and I doubt that it would have been questioned had the full amount been awarded to Blarney. The position is awkard indeed, particularly as I have already on hand all the writing I can attend to, and find it impossible to spare time to discuss the matter with Mr. Aldrich, much less to convince him that I did not divide Mr. Clarke's money. There is no doubt that the Irish Setter Club will act in time in future and get this special in through the E. F. T. Club in their regular way.—L. W. WHITE.

THE DOG COLLAR TRADE.—The business now known as the Medford Fancy Goods Co., was started by Mr. I. Bremer in 1880 at Medford, Mass., with a capital of about $10. In 1882 his business had grown beyond his capital and he removed to New York and formed a stock company with a capital of $10,000. They opened at 309 Broadway, and have since occupied stores at 91 Duane street 96 Duane street, and 101 Chambers street, each time being compelled to remove to increase facilities. Their last move has been to organize a company with a capital of $40,000 and to open a store at 707 Broadway, on the ground floor, which will be elegantly fitted up for the proper display of their numerous designs. The wonderful growth of this business is shown by the fact that six years ago there were hardly $4,000 worth of dog collars in the country, and all that were here, were imported goods. When they first started, they made twenty different styles of collars, now they have over three thousand styles for dogs of every size or breed, besides manufacturing everything in the dog furnishing line, which will add to their comfort or adornment. Their goods are handled by the trade from Portland, Me., to Portland, Oregon, etc.

A BROKEN BARGAIN.—Boston, Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am the owner of a bull-terrier dog thought to be of some considerable value. A few months ago Mr. E. B. Wood, of this city, came to me for his services, which I told him he could have (if his bitch was satisfactory to me) by giving me choice of pups. This was well understood and agreed to by him. There were two males only in the litter—No. 1 the image of the father, No. 2 not at all like the other and with marks I judged a throw-back to a previous litter. I saw the pups three times before they were five weeks old and told Mr. Wood I should take No. 1, which he well understood. On going to get the pup at five weeks old, he coolly informed me that he had disposed of No. 1 and I could take No. 2 or nothing. Will you kindly inform me through your columns if I have any redress? Can I claim the ownership of this pup if found?—F. C. HAMILTON. [It is customary for gentlemen to carry out agreements of this kind. Our correspondent should consult a lawyer and reclaim the dog if possible.]

THE HARTFORD (CONN.) KENNEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting held Jan. 5 this club elected the following officers: Wm. L. Matson, President; E. Knight Sperry, Vice-President; A. C. Collins, Secretary; J. A. Butler, Jr., Treasurer. Board of Managers—Atwood Collins, D. W. C. Skilton, Henry T. Sperry, Joseph G. Lane, Robert G. Griffing, Joseph K. Lanman, W. B. Nelson, E. K. Sperry, A. C. Collins, J. A. Butler, Jr.—A. C. COLLINS, Secretary (Hartford, Conn., Jan. 6).

THE NEW HAVEN KENNEL CLUB.—New Haven, Conn., Jan. 7, 1885.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the New Haven Kennel Club, held Wednesday, Jan. 6, the following officers were elected: President, G. Edward Osborn; Vice-President, James A. Howarth; Secretary, S. R. Hemingway; Treasurer, L. L. Morgan.—S. R. HEMINGWAY, Secretary.

THE NEWARK DOG SHOW.—Jersey City, Jan. 8,, 1886.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as judges at the Newark bench show in March: Mr. J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Canada, collies, foxhounds, wire-haired, Irish, Skye, Scotch, Bedlington and black and tan terriers, beagles, dachshunde and Dandie Dinmonts; Mr. H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass., dearhounds and greyhounds; Mr. Edward Dudley, Camden, N. J., mastiffs, St. Bernards. Newfoundlands and Great Danes; Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, Bergen Point, N. J., spaniels. The premium list is now in the printer's hands, and is one of the most liberal that has ever been issued. The total sum of the premiums is about $1,900. In champion large dogs, pointers, setters, collies and spaniels, the prizes are $20, and in the open classes $15, $10 and $5. In other champion classes the prizes are $15 and in the open classes $10 and $5. There will be a class for Caniche poodles. Great interest seems to be felt throughout the country in this show, and the prospects are that it will be very successful.—A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FIELD TRIAL HANDLERS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the National Association of Field Trial Handlers, held at Grand Junction, Tenn., during the trials, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn.; Vice-President, W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.; Secretary and Treasurer, Bernard Waters, Lamar, Miss. Executive Committee, D. E. Ross, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.; Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Charlotteville, Va.; H. M. Short, Middleton, Tenn.; Joseph H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., and B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn. The constitution and by-laws were repealed and J. M. Avent, N. Rowe, H. M. Short, B. Waters and Jos. H. Dew, were appointed a committee to report a new constitution and by-laws. It was voted that it was the sense of the meeting that $150 should be the price for training a dog. There was a large attendance and several new members were voted in.—HANDLER.

A REWARD has been offered by the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club, as follows: Whereas, A newspaper published in the city of New York has created mad dogs in this State, and as this club knows the full pedigree of such dogs to be sired by paper and dammed by ink, therefore be it resolved, That the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trial Club offer a reward of $100 for the production of a living dog with rabies, said dog to be examined by a committee of three veterinary surgeons, and then place such dog on exhibition in the Newark show to be held in March next.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' SHOW.—The fourth annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club, to be held next month at Madison Square Garden, will probably contain quite a display of dogs. The toy dogs and ladies' pets will be benched in a warm room. The judges are: For pointers, setters, deerhounds, greyhounds, basset hounds, dachshunde, mastiffs, bull-terriers, Ulmers, Yorkshire and toy terriers and Italian greyhounds, Mr. Chas. H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I. All other classes (except litters of puppies and miscellaneous, which will be judged by both; Mr. James Watson, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.—The judges for the New Haven dog show, to be held in March, so far as they have been selected, are Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., and Mr. Chas. H. Mason, of Bay Ridge, L. I. We hope to be able to give next week a full list with the classes assigned.

THE RANCOCAS KENNELS.—Mr. Percy C. Ohl has resigned the position of manager of the Rancocas Kennels and is succeeded by his brother. The kennels will soon be removed to Tuxedo Park, in Orange county, N. Y.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Captain Snuff. By Wm. R. Sanders, Cohocton, N. Y., for liver and white English water spaniel dog, whelped Feb. 1, 1885, by Sam (Romey—Jessie) out of E. A. Higgins's Fannie.

Prince Gladstone. By Chas. York Bangor, Me., for black, white and tan Llewellin setter dog, whelped Aug. 13, 1885, by Gem (A.K.R. 1538) out of Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542).

Dunstan. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff dog, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432).

Dis. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432).

Les. By E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., for solid fawn Italian greyhound dog, whelped Nov. 24, 1885, by Silk Socks (Sport—Pearl) out of Tiney (Romeo—Babie).

Royal Maid. By J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass., for white bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 12, 1885, by Mark-Eared Royal (A.K.R. 3100) out of Bartlett's Fanny.

Bob White. By G. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., for liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped July 17, 1885, by Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph) out of Gussie (Beaufort—Maggie).

Chippewa Chief. By Dr. W. Thornton Parker, Newport, R. I., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Dec. 5, 1884, by Watch (Berkeley—Rose) out of Brownie.

Trim. By Julius E. Wilson, Manchester, N. H., for mouse and white Italian greyhound dog, whelped July 1, 1885, by Don (Prince—Mollie) out of Nellie.

Spark Noble. By J. A. Hoffar, Washington, D. C., for lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 18, 1885, by Count Noble (Count Wind'em—Nora out of Sanborn's Spark (Carlowitz—Magnet).

Queen Mab. By E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., for black and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 11, 1885, by Hornell Jack (A.K.R. 1277) out of Hornell Anna.

Barkis. By E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., for white and liver English water spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Romey (Romeo—Juliette) out of Wolf's Jessie.

Sam, Jr. By John Snyder, Cohocton, N. Y., for liver and white English water spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Romey (Romeo—Juliette) out of Wolf's Jessie.

Lady Clair. By E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug. 22, 1885, by Bonivard II. (A.K.R. 474) out of Cassandra (A.K.R. 1158).

Major Fred. By S. H. Pitcher, Cohocton, N. Y., for liver and white English water spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 1, 1885, by Romey (Romeo—Juliette), out of Wolf's Jessie.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Pride—Dictator. Shaw & Bates's (Clinton, Mass.) mastiff bitch Pride (A.K.R. 1516) to their Dictator (A.K.R. 1503), Jan. 4.

Gussie—Joker, Jr. G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Gussie (Beaufort—Maggie) to his Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph), Dec. 6, 1885.

Italie—Snap. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) Italian greyhound bitch Italie (Swift—Fawn) to Dr. E. N. Mosser's Snap (Rome II.—Naughty), Jan. 5.

Pearl—Snap. E. W. Jester's (St. George's, Del.) Italian greyhound bitch Pearl (Douglass—Gipsey Queen) to Dr. E. N. Mosser's Snap (Rome II.—Naughty), Jan. 6.

Victory—Pride of Dixie. Detroit Kennel Club's (Detroit, Mich.) English setter bitch Victory (Count Rapier—Reign) to Wm. Fisher's Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid), Dec. 28, 1885.

Nellie—Bannerman. S. Jacobs's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Nellie to A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), Dec. 30, 1885.

Queen—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Queen (Victor—Lucy) to his Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), Nov. 19, 1885.

Fairy—Bannerman. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Fairy (King—Music) to his Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop), Jan. 5

Nettle—Regent Vox. W. H. Cookson's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Nettle (Gamester—Vixen) to August Belmont, Jr.'s, Royal Vox (Tackler—Sandy Vic), Dec. 21, 1885.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Syren. Herbert Flint's (Haverhill, Mass.) Irish setter bitch Syren (Elcho—Rose), Jan. 7, eight (four dogs), by W. K. Pierce's Glencho (Elcho—Noreen); one dog since dead.

Little Eva. H. A. Saunders's (South Norwalk, Conn.) English setter bitch Little Eva (Mac—Louise), Jan. 7, ten (five dogs), by R. G. Hamilton's Prime (Blue Dick—Pilgrim); two dogs and three bitches since dead.

Kate. Geo. E. Poyneer's (Williamsburg, Ia.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Kate, Jan. 1, seven, by his Gowrie.

Fairy. Kentucky Pug Kennels' (Newport, Ky.) pug bitch Fairy (A.K.R. 2248), Jan. 4, four (two dogs), by their champion Treasure (Fritz—Banjo); two dogs since dead.

Rose Pape. Louis Melchor's (Battle Creek, Mich.) black pointer bitch Rose Pape (Joe Pape—Nellie Pape), Dec. 12, 1885, six (one dog), by Detroit Kennel Club's champion King Bow (Bow—Taffee).

Victress. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Victress (Victor—Lucy), Dec. 29, 1885, eight (four dogs), by his champion Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop).

Lill. A. C. Krueger's (Wrightsville, Pa.) beagle bitch Lill (Warrior—Rowett's Rosey), Oct. 24, 1885, three (two dogs), by his Bannerman (Marchboy—Dewdrop).

Kitty. A. F. Hausmann's (Binghamton, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Kitty (Hornell Dandy—Luna), Dec. 17, 1885, six (one dog), by E. Powers's Kiddlewink (Gloss—Nipper).

Fannie. E. A. Higgins's (Cohocton, N. Y.) imported English water spaniel bitch Fannie, Jan. 4, six (two dogs), by A. C. Eustace's Mack (Hornell Bub, A.K.R. 138—Bessie).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Nelly. White, black and tan beagle bitch, 2yrs. old, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to S. Jacobs, same place.

Flash. Fawn greyhound bitch, whelped Aug. 13, 1885, by Sport out of a Custer bitch, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to James E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.

Streak White, with blue head, greyhound dog, whelped Aug. 13, 1885, by Sport out of a Custer bitch, by E. W. Jester, St. George's, Del., to Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.

Joker, Jr.—Lady Mac whelps. Liver and white pointer dogs, whelped March 30, 1885, by G. H. Nixon, Leesbur, Va., a dog each to Charles R. Squire, Troy, N. Y., and Dr. A. F. Dulin, Baltimore, Md.

Gun (A.K.R 1538)—Pearl Blue (A.K.R. 1542) whelps. Llewellin setter, whelped Aug. 14, 1885, by Chas. York, Bangor, Me., a blue belton bitch to Dr. C. E. Stanley, Middletown, Conn., and a black, white and tan dog to Chas. F. Emery, Rockville, Conn.

Rebel—Georgia whelp. White, black and tan foxhound bitch, whelped Sept. 18, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Hon. A. R. Starr, Marshall, Texas.

Ringwood—Gay whelp. White, black and tan beagle, whelped Sept. 30, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to James McKnight, Poquonock, Conn.

Ringwood—Collette whelp. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 28, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to L. W. Laing, White Cloud, Mich.

Rebel—Georgia whelps. Three white, black and tan foxhound dogs, whelped Sept. 18, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to Hon. H. A. Starr, Marshall, Tex.

Regent. White, with brindle mark on ear, bull-terrier dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1885, by The Earl out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2906), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to W. W. Dudley, same place.

Young Dutch. White bull terrier dog, whelped April 28, 1885, by Dutch out of White Rose (A.K.R. 2903), by Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., to Blair Painter, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ned Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 2, 1885, by Glencho out of Vic, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to E. M. Patterson, Oswichee, Ala.

Hermit. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 31, 1885, by Rush III. out of Flirt, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to Gibbons & Co., West Chester, Pa.

Cat. Lemon and white English setter dog, whelped July 10, 1885, by Sam out of Gloom, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to E. M. Patterson, Oswichee, Ala.

Jag. Beagle dog, whelped Dec. 10, 1884, by Oscar out of Zaney, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to J. K. Woodward, New Albany, Ind.

Countess. Lemon and white English setter bitch, whelped June 16, 1883, by Neptune out of Ruby, by Dr. R. H. Evans, Washington, D. C., to T. J. Flack, same place.

Jurry. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 16, 1883, by Vic out of Flirt Pitzer, by H. A. Saunders, South Norwalk, Conn., to A. Duyree, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chippewa Chief. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Dec. 5, 1884, by Watch out of Rose, by Frank Downs, Newport, R. I., to Dr. W. Thornton Parker, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

Lady Clair. Orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Aug 22, 1885, by Bonivard II. (A.K.R. 474) out of Cassandra (A.K.R. 1158), by Rev. Chas. F. Kelly, Towanda, Pa., to E. A. Higgins, Cohocton, N. Y.

Ina. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 10, 1585, by Glencho out of Flame, by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to Chas. H. Milby, same place.

Clint. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Sept. 10, 1885, by Glencho out of Flame, by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to Chas. H. Milby, same place.

Flora. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped Sept. 10, 1885, by Glencho out of Flame, by John G. Tod, Harrisburg, Tex., to R. J. Pollard, Houston, Tex.

IMPORTATIONS.

Ruth. Rough coated St. Bernard bitch, 18mos. old, by Barry out of Belle, by Wm. J. Ehrich, New York, from Switzerland.

DEATHS.

Lill. White, black and tan beagle bitch, 10yrs. old (Warrior—Rowett's Rosey), owned by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

Discord. White, black and tan beagle bitch (A.K.R. 2915), owned by Wm. H. Pease, Fort Edward, N. Y., Jan. 8, from distemper.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

J. M., Watkins, N. Y.—My pointer dog has been unwell for some time past. His hair looks dead and stands on end; he has a dry cough and his nose is hot and dry, has but little appetite; acts well in field, but is very inactive around the house. Ans. Begin by giving ten grains of quinine in a pill concealed in a bit of meat. If fever be present give five drops of tincture of aconite every two hours until fever subsides. If cough is severe give pills of tartar emetic, each to contain one-twenty-fourth of a grain. As a steady tonic we know of nothing better than Fowler's solution of arsenic in five-drop doses twice daily in the food.

D. H., Jr., Baltimore.—I have a fox terrier whose hair is all the time coming out—so much so that anything he comes in contact with gets full. Ans. Give your dog five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic morning and evening with his food; it is tasteless. After giving the medicine for three weeks stop for ten days and then commence again.

The FOREST AND STREAM, a weekly magazine devoted to the interest of sportsmen, has been a welcome visitor to our sanctum for the past month or two. It is just the thing for lovers of rod and gun. It is always filled with choice matter on hunting, fishing, boating, kennel management, fish culture and every subject interesting to those who love the sports of the field or flood. Its discussions on guns and shooting contain much valuable information, while its stories of hunting adventure, related mostly by the participants themselves, have strong interest for any one who has ever handled a gun in the pursuit of game. One of its special objects is the preservation of game, and this feature alone is enough to win it favor from every true sportsmen.—*Tuscarawas Chronicle.*

MEN HAVE NO RIGHT to expose their families to the risk of being thrown helpless on the world, when they can prevent it at small cost by taking a policy in the Travelers, of Hartford, Conn.—*Adv.*

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE fourteenth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association took place on the evening of the 12th, in the officers' room of the Twenty-second Regiment Armory. There was barely a score of members present, and beyond the routine reports the proceedings were dull and monotonous, except when one of the delegation of "kickers" growled about the "star chamber proceedings." etc. Gen. G. W. Wingate was in the chair, and on calling the meeting to order spoke briefly of the work for the past year.

Gen. Wingate said: "This is the fourteenth occasion upon which the life members of the National Rifle Association have assembled to elect its directors and listen to the reports of the officers. In those fourteen years we have seen the interest in rifle shooting extend from the few who first met to elect themselves as its directors into a universally recognized part of the military instruction of the army, and of the National Guard of nearly all the States. The absorbing interest with which the matter was taken up by the civilian element of the public has not lasted, and in a community like ours could not be expected to last after the novelty had worn off. But among the soldiers it has become too firmly established to be ever disturbed. Now that the excitement of the first years of our existence has subsided, there is but little to report to you at our annual meetings, as the events of one year are much like those of another. Our endeavor during the past year has been to reduce expenses, to omit all competitions which were unprofitable, and to bring the management of the Association down to business principles. In this we have succeeded, largely through the efficient management of the Secretary, Mr. Shepherd. During the past year we introduced the experiment of largely increasing the prize lists in our annual meetings in the hope that it would result in attracting sufficient additional competitors to avoid loss. I regret to say that the result was not obtained. No substantial increase in our entries was obtained and the experiment resulted in a loss of $500, almost all of which was in a single match. The attempts that the Association has been making for the last few years to popularize long range firing with military rifles, do not seem to meet with success. The great majority of riflemen desire to fire at only 200, 500 and perhaps 600 yards, and the number of those who can be induced to practice at the longer ranges is very few, and do not seem to be upon the increase. No competitions having occurred during the past year which interested the general public, the affairs of the Association have not been given much attention by the press. Still, the shooting has been of a high order of merit, the practice at Creedmoor has been up to the average of the last four years and the affairs of the Association are in a healthy condition.

Secretary Shepherd was called on for his report of the doings in detail during 1885. He made his report brief and to the point, saying:

NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1886.

Mr. President, Directors and Life Members of the National Rifle Association:

Your Secretary respectfully submits the following report of the transactions of this Association for the year 1885: The reorganization of the Board of Directors for the year was made on Jan. 13 by the re-election of the President, Vice-President and Treasurer and the election as directors for three years of Messrs. Allen, Bridge, Duane, Shorkley and the undersigned, who was afterward elected Secretary.

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Major Fincke in April was filled by the election of Mr. Kendall.

The Board of Directors has met twelve times during the year for the transaction of business, and I regret to add that on six other occasions meetings were called but were adjourned for the want of a quorum.

The office at No. 102 William street was found to be inconveniently situated and undesirable in other respects, and for a slight increase in rental the present office in Temple Court was secured.

On the 6th of February a communication was forwarded to the secretary of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, inviting a team of British volunteers to visit this country to shoot a match at Creedmoor in September against a team to be selected from members of the National Guard of this country, but the invitation was declined on the ground of the unsettled state of affairs both at home and abroad. I would ask the Association if it would not be well to again invite a team to visit us during the coming season for an International Military match, such team to consist of eight men and two reserves.

In April the lease of the club house to Mrs. Klein was renewed for one year at a rental of $600.

The annual fall meeting was not a success financially, notwithstanding the fact that every effort was made to attract riflemen to Creedmoor by giving an early distribution to the programmes and offering a very attractive prize list, amounting in cash prizes alone to the sum of $2,345. The loss amounted to $600, more than one-half of which was in the President's match. The plan of extending the meeting did not work well, especially for competitors who came from a distance, and who as a rule prefer to end their shooting with the close of the first week. From the experience of last year we should be able to arrange an attractive programme for 1886, by offering liberal cash prizes.

The monthly matches, on the other hand, have been successful beyond our expectations, the entries being greatly in excess of the previous year and amounting to some $2,094, while the expenses were $380, and we paid in cash prizes the sum of $356, leaving a profit to the Association of over $1,350.

The Association is indebted to Col. Church, of the *Army and Navy Journal*, for the valuable prize given by him; to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., for a silver vase, and to Messrs. Benedict Bros., for a handsome clock and side pieces. We also received from Maj. George Shorkley his annual gift of $100, and the thanks of the Association are due to Messrs. Bridge and Kendall for their successful efforts in collecting the full prize list in the Chambers Street match. The Long Island Road Company has accommodated us by an extra train from Jamaica to Queens during a part of the season, when required; but I think it should show a more liberal spirit by granting us a lower rate for excursion tickets to Queens for members of the Association and National Guard. We have sold this year over 1,500 tickets in the office at 50 cents each.

The annual reports since 1881 remain unpublished, owing to the heavy cost of same. The resignation of the assistant secretary, Mr. Vose, was handed in in January, and his place since May 15 has been very ably filled by the present incumbent, Mr. Manz.

The only clubs affiliating during the past year were the 69th Regiment Rifle Club and the Amateur Rifle Club, and at the September meeting a resolution was passed opening the range to all comers free of charge. As this may appear to be contrary to the by-laws, I would suggest that some action be taken this evening on the matter as to the plan to be pursued the coming season, and would recommend that the experiment be tried for another year.

The Hinman ring target, as approved by the Association, has been adopted as the standard by the majority of the Eastern rifle clubs, and will no doubt be used by them during the coming season.

The lease of the West range expired on the 1st inst., and can only be renewed at a greatly increased rental; the range committee have the matter in hand, and will make an early report. The Treasurer's report to Jan. 1, 1886, shows the net receipts have amounted to $6,475.65, exclusive of the fall meeting, and a balance on hand of $556.60, and due in addition from the State of Pennsylvania, $160.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN S. SHEPHERD, Secretary.

There was some complaint about life members failing to get notices of what the Association was doing. Secretary Shepherd gave notice that full shooting programmes from month to month would be sent to any person, member or not, who wished to go to Creedmoor and who would leave name and address at the Temple Court office. The choice of directors for three years resulted in the re-election of the following gentlemen: Gen. George W. Wingate, Col. John Ward, Col. R. C. Ward, Col. Joseph G. Story, Lieut. E. L. Zalinski.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 7.—There was a meet yesterday at the Pine Grove Range of members of the Worcester Rifle Association. The wind was strong and very unsteady. The standard decimal target was used, with the following results:

Rice	5	9	8	6	6	7	6	8	9	8—72
Clark	8	7	7	6	5	5	8	3	8	6—63
Jones	6	8	8	6	7	4	5	6	6	6—62

Practice scores were then made by some of those present, as follows:

Clark	5	9	9	7	6	8	8	8	7	8—75
Burton	6	8	10	8	6	9	4	8	10	6—75
Jones	4	9	10	9	4	8	6	8	7	6—71
Bates	8	8	9	6	9	9	4	6	8	8—70
Rice	4	6	9	7	6	6	7	6	8	10—68
Albert	8	6	8	7	9	7	4	9	6	8—67

GARDNER, Mass., Jan. 6.—At the last meet at the Hackmatack Range the members of the Gardner Rifle Club had present as guests A. C. White, of Worcester, Mass., and H. C. French, of Brattleboro, Vt. During the meet there was a team shoot, five men on a side; each had twenty shots. The results were: G. F. Ellsworth's side, 762; I. N. Dodge's side, 707. The new standard American target was used; two strings were shot, with a possible 100 in each, with the following results:

G F Ellsworth	87 88—175	H C French	80 71—151
I N Dodge	83 88—171	Frank Nichols	73 78—151
George Fay	84 85—169	George Warfield	68 69—137
G C Goodale	79 81—160	Charles Crabtree	68 65—138
A C White	79 79—158	C N Edgell	62 54—116
W C Loveland	72 83—155	Charles Powell	60 53—113

SHOOTING SNOWBALLS.—Rome, N. Y., Jan 9.—Jan 1 and 2 Will A. Parker, of Rome, made quite a good score at wing rifle shooting. He uses a Winchester .32-20 repeating rifle, and—on this occasion—shot at 6 yards rise. He fired 125 shots at snowballs 2½ inches in diameter, the exact size of a glass ball, and 120 disappeared at the pull of the trigger. Before this his best score was 24 out of 25, 6 yards rise. Balls were broken in the air at a distance of about 30 or 35 feet from the shooter, with a run of 100 without a miss. After this was done he shot at 6 leaden discs the exact size of a silver dollar and hit three of them. Later he, with different sights, shot at pieces of brick at 10 and 14 yards, and hit almost every shot. Once he hit a snowball in the air thrown at 15 yards that was thrown nearly from him. When hit it must have been nearly 35 yards from him. It was the nicest shot I ever saw. He has never made any scores with a shotgun; in fact, he says: "I never shot a shotgun at a ball or pigeon or any other flying target. With a shotgun it is not so fine work, although extremely difficult to make some shots. I can hit two bricks halves and have the shots as near together as any shotgun man can make a double from a revolving trap." He has broken three blocks tossed in the air with his rifle in 5 seconds, and five in less than 8 seconds. Hereafter, he says, he will pay his attention to shooting balls at the longer distances rather than fast shooting—I mean 10 to 18 yards.—VIDI.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 8.—In regard to the oldest organization in this city the statement in your last issue by me was an error. I have since learned that the Essex Rifle Club was organized Jan. 20, 1879, this would make them the oldest association, instead of the Frelinghuysens who rank second, and the Warrens third. The officers of Essex as elected at last meeting are: President, Roger Marshall; Vice-President, C. H. Miesel; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Huegel; Financial Secretary, John W. Hoch; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Dion; Captain of teams, John Coppersmith; Rifle Inspector, Godfrey Snellen; Scorer, Albert Lake; Shooting Committee, C. H. Miesel, William Watts, Charles Cooper. Regular weekly meetings are held Monday evening at 326 Bank street. Annual meeting and election third Monday in January.—A. C. W.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 5.—The weekly shoot for the monthly badges of the Rod and Gun Club this afternoon was fairly attended and some fine scores were made. The new standard target designed by C. W. Hinman was used for the first time and gave much satisfaction. The scores are out of a possible 100, and are as follows:

G Browning	10	7	7	10	9	7	6	9	10	7—82
E T Stephens	10	10	10	7	7	9	10	7	6	6—82
J Allen	7	9	6	6	9	5	5	6	10	10—73
S K Hindley	10	9	9	6	4	8	6	6	6	5—69
L H Mayott	6	6	5	6	6	7	8	9	6	9—68
J Towne	8	2	5	8	8	3	4	8	9	4—54
H McDonald*	8	4	4	6	5	6	5	4	9	8—51
J Stirling*	5	5	6	4	3	4	3	6	5	9—50

*Used State military rifles.

WALNUT HILL RANGE.—Jan. 9.—The severe storm kept the riflemen at home to-day. But few scores were finished:

J Francis, D	8	7	4	10	8	7	7	8	10	9—78
C B Edwards, C	9	9	8	10	6	5	8	7	9	6—77
J Missam	10	5	7	8	10	7	6	7	9	7—76
A Duffer, D	7	8	7	9	7	6	8	7	7	8—74
J B Fellows, M	8	8	5	9	9	9	3	8	8	5—72

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—Jan. 5.—Regular Club shoot, ring target, possible 120, gallery 100ft. long: M. Dorrier 118. D. Miller 116. M. B. Engel 114, A. Lober 113, B. Wahiter 92, G. Zimmermann 113. C. G. Zettler 113, B. Zettler 115, T. C. Noone 104, L. Flach 105, C. W. Karcher 110, M. L. Riggs 112, J. W. Plaisted 105.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

WELLINGTON, Jan. 6.—A large assembly of shooters came together yesterday for the purpose of carrying out the programme put forth by the Boston Gun Club. Clay pigeons, Knoxville blackbirds and Macomber metal birds received an ample share of patronage. A northwest wind prevailed above the right hand quarters, with a speed requiring the greatest skill, but shooters could not have been selected who would have handled the birds better. Worcester, Exeter, Brockton, Falmouth, Portsmouth, Clinton, Chelsea, sent their best shooters to contest for the different badges and sweepstakes. Appended is the result of the competition: 1. Seven single Knoxville targets, 18 yds. rise—W. Allen, H. W. Webber, E. Shumway and C. M. Stark. 2. Three pair Knoxville targets—Allen, first. 3. Seven single Macomber metal birds—Bartlett first. 4. Three pair blackbirds, 15yds rise—R. F. Schaefer, Stark and Dickey first. 5. Seven single blackbirds—J. Nichols first. 6. Individual champion match of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association, Knoxville blackbirds being substituted for glass balls. Stark of the Boston Gun Club was the holder, being challenged by Perry of the Worcester, Dickey of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Aldees of the Brockton club, R. Schaefer of the Wellington Gun Club. Stark held the badge, Perry second, Schaefer third and Aldees forth. An independent sweep was held with this match, which was at 50 birds, Eager taking first, Wardwell and Perry taking second. 7. Seven Macomber targets—Bartlett first. 8. Three pair clay pigeons—E. W. Law and Wardwell first. 9. Five clay pigeons—Curtis and Schaefer first. 10. Five straightaways—Wardwell, Schaefer and Swift first. 11. Seven single clay pigeons—T. S. Stanton and W. Simpson first. 12. Five straightaways, blackbirds—Stark first. 13. Seven blackbirds—Law and Swift first. 14. Seven clay pigeons—Houghton first. 15. Seven clay pigeons—Houghton and Stark first. 16. Seven clay pigeons—Swift first. 17. Seven clay pigeons; entries for Boston Gun Club prizes—Wardwell first. 18. Miss and out—Swift first, and also took the pot. 19. Miss and out—Stark scooped the purse. Darkness alone took the shooters into camp and finished one of the red letter days at the Boston shooters.

Jan. 9.—Nothwithstanding the wind whistled across the Wellington Range to-day, and the snow driven by the wind nearly hid the clay-birds, about thirty lovers of the shotgun stood at the traps, and for about five hours blazed away at the birds as they rose in the air. The result of the sport: 1. Five pigeons—Sanborn and Wilson first. 2. Five blackbirds—Sanborn and Schaefer first. 3. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 4. Five blackbirds—Snow first. 5. Five pigeons—Schaefer first. 6. Five blackbirds—Warren and Swift first. 7. Five pigeons—Schaefer first. 8. Five blackbirds—Wardwell first. 9. Five pigeons—Frank Schaefer and Perry first. 10. Five blackbirds—Loring and Warren first. 11. Five blackbirds—Perry, Loring and Warren first. 12. Five pigeons—Snow and Loring first. 13. Five pigeons, straightaway—Snow and Loring first. 14. Five blackbirds—Stanton and Perry first. 15. Five pigeons, straightaway—Snow first. 16. Five pigeons—Wardwell first.

"GRAHAM" IN AMERICA.—Wm. Giles, shooting under the name of Graham and known on all the English grounds, is now in this country and is, he says, very anxious to arrange a match with Captain Carver. He issues a challenge open to anybody to shoot under these conditions: One hundred birds, 21 yards rise, 5 traps, 1¼ ounces of shot, no restrictions as to weight of gun or size of bore. Or Graham will stand at 26 yards and use one hand only while his opponent stands at 32 yards and uses both hands. Either match to be for $500 or $2,000 a side. Graham uses a very light hammerless gun. Several years ago Captain Carver visited England and succeeded in beating the English champion, William Graham, by but two glass balls in one thousand. In the next match Carver was defeated. The coming of Giles has roused Capt. A. H. Bogardus who says that when he went to England in 1875 and 1878 he shot all comers under English rules. He now challenges Mr. Giles to shoot him three matches of one hundred birds each, as follows:—Mr. Giles to name the rules to govern one match, Captain Bogardus to name the rules to govern one match, while in the third match half the birds shall be governed by the rules of each contestant. Captain Bogardus says he will shoot in any city and for any amount for the championship of the world. Dr. Carver, the wing shot, passed through Kansas City a few days ago, on his way to Chicago. He said he intended to duplicate his New Haven record by breaking 60,000 glass balls in six days. He had selected Kansas City as the place for the shooting, and would have men, instead of traps, to throw the balls. Regarding competition with other sportsmen, he said he had been challenged by a number of men who claim to be wing and rifle shots, but, as their challenges have never been accompanied by money, he has ignored them. "I am willing and ready," said the doctor, "to defend my title as champion wing and rifle shot of the world against all comers."

KINGSTON VS. TRENTON.—Kingston, N. J. Jan. 7.—Return match between the Kingston Gun Club and Trenton Gun Club. The day was very cold and windy, the cold pierced through a man before he could shoot five clay pigeons; it was a bad day for shooting, a day to test any man's skill with a gun at the trap. Ligowsky clay pigeons, 5 traps, fourth notch, 18yds:

Kingston Gun Club.

G Snooks	0010111000101001100— 8
C McDonald	0011001000001011001— 7
J Blackwell	1000011100110101100—10
B Gulick	0010100000110111001— 7
B Gray	1000011110001011001—10
E Tiebenor	0111111001001010111—13
J Stryker	1010010000101000111— 7
I Fuller	0111100000101101011—11—73

Trenton Gun Club.

James M Allen	1101101011111011011—14
H Loveless	1000011110101000010— 9
W Barwis	1101001110001101010—11
J Stradling	1101100001010101110—12
C A Neale	0100001010110111111—11
C H Allen	1010000101111011111—14
J Dumont	1110011111000111110—14
A S Leigh	0000011000010001001— 5—90

BOSTON, Jan. 7.—The Suffolk Sportsmen's Club of Chelsea, its members comprising many of the business and professional men of Chelsea, was organized in 1880. Its range is located at the easterly side of Powder Horn hill. The club has leased and elegantly fitted up city rooms, where they have a large cabinet of stuffed rare birds, a collection of over 100. In the main hall is a large eagle which was shot by one of the members in North Carolina. The annual meeting of the club was held this evening. It was largely attended. The following officers were elected for 1886: President, J. E. Simpson; vice-presidents, Benjamin T. Martin and Kimball Easterbrook; secretary, Capt. William R. Swan; treasurer, Noah Blanchard; executive committee, H. N. Blanchard, F. M. Whiting, P. F. McDonald and W. E. Perry. Shortly before 10 o'clock the members and invited guests (the Wellington Gun Club being represented), sat down to a banquet at the City Hotel, the tables being loaded with good things, including rare birds.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—At the annual meeting of the Unknown Gun Club, Jan. 7, 1886, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Henry Knebel, President; John Akhurst, Vice-President; Henry van Staden, Treasurer; Ellis Layton, Secretary. The club having extended the limitation clause in regard to membership from 50 to 75 took in 5 new members. The new prize shooting arrangement for the year is to be a shoot on the second Thursday of each month, 4 cash prizes for each shoot, to be taken out of the club funds and to be competed for on the classified plan, in addition to 4 extra prizes of $10 in cash, a donation by friends of the club to be competed for during the 12 monthly shoots, the 4 members making the best individual scores in 6 out of 12 shoots to take the prizes, but a member must compete no less than six times to have a claim.—H. K.

THE LEAVENWORTH (KAN.) GUN CLUB held its regular annual meeting Jan. 4, and the following officers were elected: President, Col. Thomas Moonlight; Vice-President, A. C. Girard; Secretary, W. C. Hinman; Treasurer, George Goff; Board of Managers, Henry Lanitz, George Biringer and West Gordon. The club is in good standing and has a surplus of funds on hand for a three-days' tournament in the early spring at live birds, and several flying-traps now in use.—W. C. H.

CAPTIVE PIGEONS.—A correspondent of the Toronto *Mail* has discovered a club of marksmen who shoot at pigeons from a trap, but each bird when flown has a string tied to its leg. If killed, all right; but if missed, the string insures the return of the bird for further practice. We can hardly believe that such an unsportsmanlike practice exists.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.—The fourth annual invitation ball of the Emerald Gun Club on Monday evening, Jan. 25, 1886, at Walhalla Hall, 48-52 Orchard street. Invitations will be gladly extended to members of other clubs, and may be had upon application to George V. Hudson, M.D. Pres., 55 Henry street, New York.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

VIII.

SUNDAY before Thanksgiving had been set for the day of departure. Oil can and breaker had been replenished, as also the stock of fresh meat and potatoes. Saturday had come, but wind came not with it. There had been an ominous calm for three days, with a moisture in the atmosphere denoting an approaching blow from off the Atlantic. When I pulled alongside Saturday evening the river was glassy smooth, and nature reposed in tranquil mood, though there was something sullen in the aspect not reassuring. As the Orange Blossom, the cognomen bestowed upon the skiff, shot up under the quarter and I stepped aboard the yacht, an ominous whistle suddenly swept through the gear and as quickly subsided. Not a ripple did it create upon the water, but it came along sharp and decisive, which boded more to follow. A second and a third puff, chilly and damp, initiated the ball, and in ten minutes more the river had been serrated into lines of rushing ripplets, driven before the first impulse of an oncoming gale. In an hour it was down upon us with great strength, and it continued to wax more furious throughout the night. At first the full import of the warning signs had hardly been read, though precautions had been taken, the second anchor being hove over the bow to a short scope. I turned in and slept soundly, as I always do aboard ship. Once in the night, canting over for a fresh launch into the land of dreams, I heard a rattling of gear and whistling of wind, and felt the little Coot rise and fall and pull at her line. But with both anchors out this gave me no concern, and, besides, I had other business on hand just then.

When morning brought sleep to an end an uncomfortable state of affairs met my gaze out of the cabin doors. Heavy clouds of boisterous mien had enveloped the heavens. The shores were draped in gray drizzling mist, and rain began sprinkling. The wind had increased to a furious gale from the northeast. High seas were running, the Coot plunging restlessly about and rolling scuppers under with a lee shore close aboard—not a smooth beach upon which she might have grounded her heel and helped out the anchor, but a menacing line of pile work encircling the Staten Island shore in an endless trestle for the new Rapid Transit railroad. The knotty unhewn trees raised their rough heads six feet above water and were capped by heavy ballis, braced and counterbraced, with bolt heads sticking out here and there, grim and inhospitable, holding out nothing but immediate destruction to anything dashed within reach. To more thoroughly embay the Coot there was a pier jutting out several hundred feet, and a number of small boats at anchor in the angle. Down upon these the Coot was likely to drive and carry havoc among others besides breaking her own bones, should she drag her anchors in the soft bottom. For a time everything went well and confidence was not shaken. By midday it was howling a hurricane as ugly as ever I had seen, and beyond what the imagination can depict. Worst of all, the bottom was proving treacherous.

The Kill von Kull once a fine reach of clear, flowing tides, giving life to countless fish and oysters and boasting many a fine yacht anchorage, has been polluted to a filthy sewer by the oil refining monopolies established on the Jersey shore. Tons upon tons of sludge acid are clandestinely poured into the river every day with an utter contempt for law and common decency, until the once limpid waters of the Kill flow like sluggish slime, contaminating everything that floats upon its bosom and killing the natural wealth of food supply, robbing many a poor fellow of his former means of livelihood. Once in a great while a few Staten-Islanders rouse from their Rip Van Winkle sleep to draw up a set of mild resolutions which are safely pigeonholed in the deepest recesses of the legislative halls in Albany. A shore inspector flourishes and grows fat upon a big salary and accomplishes absolutely nothing, if he makes any earnest attempt at all to abate the crying nuisance. The wealthier and more influential the corporation, the more reckless disregard does it exhibit, caring not a fig for the rights of the public, so a petty sum can be saved by snapping its fingers at the law and the people's faithless servants. Matters have gone from bad to worse, till it is impossible to boat, swim or fish in a great watery highway upon which the relentless tentacles of grasping, conscienceless corporations have fastened; to the destruction of its legitimate purposes. As every means has been exhausted to rescue the Staten Island river from the baleful clutch of the oil refining monopolists, the people, as usual, passively submit to an infamous nuisance which would not be tolerated for twenty-four hours in any other country but our own.

There is no bottom, in the true sense, to the Kills. Drop your anchor and it sinks into filth. Bring a strain on the cable and the anchor hauls home as through so much molasses. The ordinary twenty five pound anchor held as well as could be expected, though the Coot slowly but surely was settling in shore. In 9ft. of water I could not veer to more than 6 fathoms scope for lack of room astern, so this danger of breaking away was thereby greatly increased. It was impossible to get underway and work across for a smooth under the opposite shore. I was alone, and to get the Coot under control with nothing but a close reefed mainsail in a steep jump called for two or three hundred feet of sea room for a safe venture, whereas only a hundred feet could be commanded. It may be said a lee shore should have been forseen, but the yacht had to be anchored inside of the fairway, which compelled a berth close in. There was no choice but to ride it out as things were and trust to the little Cherub who keeps an eye on luckless fellows in a scrape. He attended to business as the sequel will prove, but helped the Coot out only in the very last nick of time. I should prefer a little more margin for safety in the next case. Sunday wore on through anxiety which put nerves to severest tension. The wind screeched and howled, the day was dark and dreary, the sky tempestuous. Shower upon shower of rain would deluge the decks and pour into the cockpit with every passing squall. These came fast and furious. They fairly hit the Coot as they swooped down upon her without mercy. I could feel them strike the cabin house and shuddered in spite of all resolution. Moments seemed to stretch into hours; the hour into ages. The sea was running so high and the air was so cold that communication with the shore was impracticable. Not a being of any kind was to be seen. The far-off houses were bathed in torrents; the bare trees bent and quivered to the terrible scourging. The streets were ankle deep and choked with muddy debris; washed in riotous currents which forced a vent through lots and gutters, with great ferment as they tumbled into the seething breakers of the stream. No voice could have been raised above the appalling din. Signs or signals would not have been seen through the blinding storm, nor could help have been tendered that would have improved the state the Coot was in. Once a man did essay to walk across the railroad trestle, which formed a barrier between myself and the shore. With chin drawn down and coat above his ears, leaning forward, he pressed against the blast, but soon gave up the attempt and was quickly swept out of sight to seek shelter behind a shanty. A buoy a long way ahead was the only possible opening. I measured the distance with my eye and found it twice as long as my cable. Another buoy was some distance astern. This held out some hope, should the Coot drag still further. The rough sea and cold temperature left it an open question whether a line could be taken out, and that remained to be seen. For the present the anchor was holding, as the water had absolutely somewhat. But at each big sea it was certain that the anchor was being lifted, and at any moment it might break out altogether. In the mean time the cable was unbent from the folding anchor, which had been taken aboard and kept ready for use.

Once, late in the afternoon, there was a lull, and hope rose afresh that the blow had been broken. It was only a short-lived respite to the agony. Whizz! Down came the squalls anew with additional vigor. The caps of the waves were swept off and flew in showers against the Coot's cabin. She tugged heavily at her cable. She plunged and staggered. Rain froze into hail so cutting that I could not show head out of the doors and was driven below decks, a prisoner. The seas washed along the sides with hissing venom. The boat groaned under the infliction. The rudder mournfully moaned in its casing. The boom snapped and jerked in the crotch. The keel pounded a doleful dead march astern. The gear slatted a rattling accompaniment like musketry in battle. The timbers wrenched and the beams squeaked in complaint. The crockery clinked, the stores rolled about, the campchair tipped from leg to leg, the lamps swung violently in circles. The oil in the stove slopped over. The decks dripped from underneath. The board in the casing got uneasy. Little things fell out of racks and baskets. The matches slid out of the box and scattered over the floor. Pools of dirty water collected upon the oilcloth. The thermometer tried to break its precious neck. Water in the bilge sloshed round in ugly suggestion. Hail and gale raised an unearthly din, and the skipper—he sat coolly smoking. Let come what will, there was no help for it. Then in all the turmoil and war he broke out some plebeian sausage, peeled a few potatoes, boiled coffee, smoked, cogitated and turned in.

Daylight! Can it be possible! Have I slept? Slept through the whole of the night, through the violence and noise raging all about? But the gale? Blowing at its height, blowing with a terrific force which was sickening. During the afternoon, forty hours after the storm had begun, temporary relief came in occasional lulls. These grew longer, and again I foresaw the breakup of the gale. Streaks of light opened across the sky to windward. The rain ceased. The sea quieted down. So did I. When darkness settled upon the world it was inky black. The storm burst upon the poor Coot with renewed spite, accompanied by a terrific onslaught of hail. All night the howling tempest hurled itself upon the Coot. All night the anchor held. All night I slept. The gale was getting monotonous. Whoop! What was that? Another. How easy the Coot seems all of a sudden. What can it mean? Dragging! Yes, dragging, sure, and only a few lengths away from the hungry ogre ready to crunch the yacht into matchwood! Again she brought up and held all through Tuesday afternoon. She was but two lengths away from the trestle, over which the seas were breaking heavily. On Tuesday evening the gale broke. The Coot was safe.

THE CHALLENGE FROM THE ARROW.

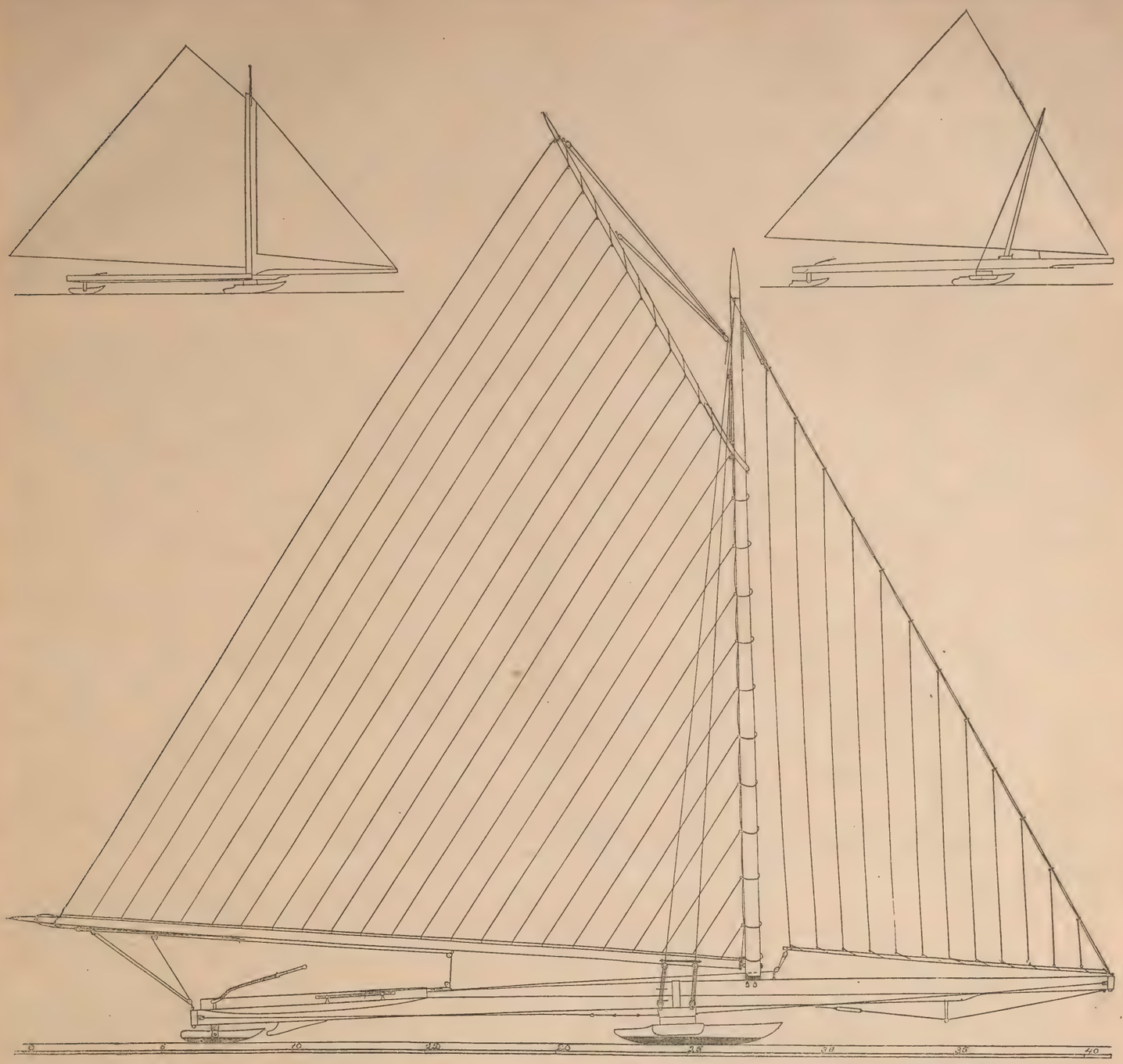
NEARLY two months ago we published a letter from Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, owner of the famous Arrow, inviting a challenge from an American yacht for the Queen's Cup, won by the Arrow in 1852, in which race she beat the America. No answers to this challenge have yet come from American yachtsmen, and in order to draw their attention to this matter Mr. Chamberlayne has sent us for publication the following letter. The manly and sportsmanlike tone of Mr. Chamberlayne's challenge must commend it to our yachtsmen, and we hope, induce some of them to accept it. According to the claims that have been made for the seagoing powers of American yachts, the voyage is easily within their ability, and the advent of an American centerboard sloop in English waters next year, especially if she made a good showing in the races, would of itself be a sufficient refutation of the charges made against them from across the water. True, we have few large single-stick vessels, but it would be an easy matter to alter a schooner as was proposed last year. The Grayling, one of the fastest, is just about the required size, and the passage of such a boat across and back, whether she won or lost, would of itself be a grand vindication of the shoal draft theories held by many, and it would be, what the Puritan's victory was not, a triumph of distinctively American ideas. In the interests of international sport, we hope that Mr. Chamberlayne's offer will meet with a prompt response from this side of the Atlantic and that next season will see two international contests, one for a genuine Queen's Cup. As some alterations would be made in the Arrow in the event of a race it is necessary that a challenge should be sent soon in order to allow full time for preparation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly allow me to call the attention of American yachtsmen to a proposal I lately made in the columns of the London *Field*? I have reason to believe my letter was copied into several of your newspapers, but I should like to add a few words. The cup I offered to make a "challenge" prize was the gift of her Majesty the Queen to the Royal Victoria Y. C., and it was won by my cutter Arrow, then the property of my late father, the vice-commodore of the said club. The America was one of the competitors, and it is worth remarking that the Arrow was considered the fastest English racing yacht of that day, and that she was not beaten by the former vessel in the previous year, having been disabled by an accident and put out of the race. Thus the two vessels may be said to have met only once, and with the result above stated.

The other point of difference is that the cup won by the Arrow was the gift of the Queen, that won by the America was the gift of the Royal Yacht Squadron. I proposed, and now repeat the offer, to hold the Queen's Cup until some American cutter or sloop takes it from me. The best out of three matches in the Solent to decide the contest. I believe one of our crack vessels is likely to cross the Atlantic and try conclusions with you again next season, and if so no doubt your best yacht would have to remain at home and meet her; but the "old Arrow" (as she is called here) cannot claim, under the present system of handicapping, to be quite in the first flight, and there must be several sloops in your waters able to make a bold bid for my cup. Anyhow I hope I may hear from some gentleman among your yacht owners on the subject, and I will then lose no time in giving him all particulars. I ought to add that unless a contest is arranged before the 1st of April, 1886, I shall be obliged to withdraw my challenge till the following year. TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAYNE.

CRANBURY PARK, Winchester, Dec. 28, 1885.



SAIL PLAN OF ICE YACHT "ST. NICHOLAS."

THE ICE YACHT ST. NICHOLAS.

NOT only the construction but the rig of ice yachts has undergone a very great change within a few years past. The old form of boats, shown in the upper left-hand figure, had the mast placed directly over the runner plank, with a very long boom. The new boats have the proportions of sail materially changed, the mast being stepped forward of the runner plank, as in the large figure. A third rig has also come into use, the lateen, shown in the upper right-hand corner. This latter was used some ten years since by Mr. Borden, of Fall River, who rigged two hickory saplings for masts, bending them to meet at the top. Later on it was adopted in a more complete form on the Hudson and Shrewsbury, and now a number of boats are rigged on this plan. The sail, a regular lateen, is hung from a yard supported by two sheerlegs, the latter usually stepped on the runner plank and raking forward at the top, being held by a backstay on each side, leading to the backstays from after end of centertimber to the runner plank. The rig shown in the figure is slightly different. The sheerlegs are stepped in a stout plank laid across the centertimber, and the backstays are led down to the runner plank. The boom is held down by a ball and socket, or similar joint on the centertimber, under the point of suspension of the yard.

The rig shown in the large figure is the one now most used. The mast step is an iron plate, screwed fast to the centertimber, from which a tenon, about 3×¾in. and 2in. high, projects. The mast is fitted with a heel band and is flat on the bottom, with a mortise fitting over the iron projection. There are two shrouds to each side, of ⅝in. wire rope, with 8in. deadeyes. The head of each shroud fits with an eye over the mast and rests on wooden cleats instead of hounds, a similar cleat aft supporting the forestay. The throat halliards lead down on starboard side to the fair leader shown below the mast, thence aft to the cleat over the runner plank. The peak halliards lead to the other chock and cleat on the same side. On the port side is the jib halliard and also the purchase for the throat. The jib tack is made fast to the clevis, *a*, in previous drawing (Dec. 24). The jib sheet leads from a block on the traveler, thence to block on club of jib, thence through the traveler block and aft through a ¾in. hole bored in the heel of the mast, making fast to the cleat just forward of the car. The main sheet leads from block on traveler, thence through block near end of boom, thence through block on traveler through an inner block on boom, thence to a third block on boom over fore end of car, and down through a block hooked into the eyebolt forward of the car. From here it leads through a hole in the car to a cleat lashed to the hand rail. The ends of mast, boom and gaff are worked down to rounded points. The mainsail is laced on the foot, but a traveler and outhaul are used to stretch the latter. The purchase for the outhaul consists of a cleat on boom with a sheave, and a fiddle block on the hauling part of the outhaul. The line is fast to the cleat, leads aft through the large side of the fiddle block, then forward over the sheave in the cleat, and aft through the second part of the fiddle block and to the cleat, where it belays. The canvas used on iceboats is very heavy, some being of No. 4 duck, as the sails must be set very flat. The dimensions of the sails and spars in the St. Nicholas are:

Mast, over all	27ft. 5in.
Mast, to jibstay	25ft. 8in.
Mast, to main rigging	2ft.
Mainsail, hoist	19ft.
Mainsail, foot	26ft.
Mainsail, head	14ft.
Mainsail, leech	35ft.
Mainsail, tack to peak	32ft.
Mainsail, clew to throat	31ft.
Mainsail, area	496 sq. ft.
Jib, luff	26ft. 3in.
Jib, foot	12ft.
Jib, leech	22ft.
Jib, area	131 sq. ft.
Diameter of mast at deck	5½in.
Diameter of mast at rigging	4in.
Diameter of boom	4½in.
Diameter of gaff	3¾in.

The iron work of an iceboat is not galvanized, but in the more expensive boats it is covered with varnish and silver bronze, the latter in the form of a powder, being laid in the varnish as the varnish dries. When not in use the boats are anchored by blocking the runners off the ice. It must be understood that in an ice yacht the boom is never far off the quarter, but that even when going to leeward the sheet is well in so that the stays and sheerlegs of the lateen rig are not in the way. The following are the principal boats owned on the Hudson River:

HUDSON RIVER ICE YACHT CLUB, HYDE PARK.

Yacht.	Owner.	Port.	Sail Area, Sq. ft.
*Ariel	A. Rogers	Hyde Park	187
Arctic	N. P. Rogers	Hyde Park	383
Avalanche	E. W. Sanford	Roosevelt Point	841
*Bessie	N. P. Rogers	Hyde Park	485
*Blizzard	A. Rogers	Hyde Park	634
Borcis	I. Grinnell	New Hamburg	
Cyclone	J. R. Roosevelt	Hyde Park	417
Dashaway	R. R. L. Clarkson	Tivoli	220
Fairy	L. Edwards	Roosevelt Point	448
Flint	Hopkins & Parker	Hyde Park	150
†Flying Cloud	I. Grinnell	New Hamburg	610
Galatea	R. R. L. Clarkson	Tivoli	410
Gracie	J. A. Roosevelt	Roosevelt Point	493
Great Scott	E. H. Sanford	Roosevelt Point	599
Icicle	J. A. Roosevelt	Roosevelt Point	735
Jack Frost	A. Rogers	Hyde Park	714
Northern Light	J. C. Barron	Roosevelt Point	680
Onteora	H. Livingston	Catskill	413
Puff	I. Grinnell	New Hamburg	
Reindeer	Beck & Kane	Hyde Park	731
Snow Flake	E. P. Rogers	Hyde Park	444
Snow Ball	P. C. Rogers	Hyde Park	493
St. Nicholas	A. Rogers	Hyde Park	627
Whistler	I. Grinnell	New Hamburg	375
Zero	I. Grinnell	New Hamburg	750

POUGHKEEPSIE I. Y. C., POUGHKEEPSIE.

Yacht.	Owner.	Sail area. Sq. ft.
Advance	E Harrison Sanford	119½
Avalanche	E. Harrison Sanford	449½
Fairy	E. Harrison Sanford	248
Flash	J. Reynolds	217
Grace	R. B. Suckley	374½
Gypsy	J. Norton Winslow	248
Hare	R. L. Knight	464
Haze	W. R. Innis	668
Jennie	J. M. Strong	242½
Jessie	W. H. Roe	213
Jessie B	Charles Lumb	286½
Northern Light	Dr. J. C. Barron	680
Snow Bird	Henry Bergh, Jr.	182
Viking	C. D. Smith	386
Viva	Dr. J. C. Barron	493½

NEW HAMBURG I. Y. C., NEW HAMBURG.

	First Class.	
†Flying Cloud	I. Grinnell	620
Quickstep	Wm. Le Roy	745
Zephyr	James R. Lawson	528
Zigzag	Harry Higginson	478
Magic	Thomas M. Davis	444
Mischief	William P. Drake	498
Ella	Van Wyck Brothers	439
	Second Class.	
Flyaway	Temple Bowdoin	320
Whiff	Irving Grinnell	309
Flying Dragon	Irving Grinnell	378
Boreas	Irving Grinnell	319
Puff	Irving Grinnell	318
Meteor	J. F. Satterthwaite	349
Comet	J. F. Satterthwaite	387
Halcyon	Charles Le Roy	292
Vision	M. W. Collyer	390
Phantom	William Van Wyck	331
†Sophie	H. H. Hallock	280
Dart	F. R. Collyer	275

* Lateen. † Cat rig.

The following is a summary of the main races between iceboats since 1869:

1869—Haze, Aaron Innis, silver salver, $80.

1871—Ella, T. V. Johnston, silver pitcher, $100.

1872—Haze, Aaron Innis, club plate, $80; Haze, Aaron Innis, Booth Cup; Icicle, J. A. Roosevelt, Poughkeepsie challenge pennant; Haze, Aaron Innis, Roosevelt Cup, $125; Haze, Aaron Innis, ladies' pennant; Arctic, J. E. Buckhout, silver prize, $50.

1877—Restless, O. H. Booth, club colors; Hail, Aaron Innis, club colors; Snow Bird, Henry Bergh, Jr., Poughkeepsie challenge pennant; Gypsie, J. N. Winslow, silk pennant, $15.

1880—Avalanche, E. H. Sanford, silver prize, $50

1881—Gypsie, J. N. Winslow, ladies' pennant; Icicle, J. A. Roosevelt, club colors; Icicle, J. A. Roosevelt, silver tiller, $50.

1882—Avalanche, E. H. Sanford, silk pennant, $15; Gypsie, J. N Winslow, silk pennant, $15.

1883—Gracie. J. A. Roosevelt, silk pennant, $15; Avalanche, E. H. Sanford, club colors; Jack Frost, A. Rogers, silk pennant, $15; Avalanche, E. H. Sanford, silk pennant, $15; Avalanche, E. H. Sanford, silk pennant, $15; Helen, Norman Wright, Poughkeepsie challenge pennant; Avalanche, E. H. Sanford, challenge pennant of America; Haze, Aaron Ionis, Rogers Cup, $100; Jack Frost, A. Rogers, challenge pennant of America.

1884—Gracie. J. A. Roosevelt, silver box, $50; Avalanche, E. H. Sanford, club colors; Jack Frost, A. Rogers, second regatta for Barron Cup.

1885—Northern Light, J. C. Barron; first regatta for silver prize; Northern Light, J. C. Barron, second regatta for silver prize; Haze, Aaron Innis, challenge pennant of America; Northern Light, J. C. Barron, challenge pennant of America; Northern Light, J. C. Barron, Edwards challenge pennant.

As yet the season, usually counted from December 1 to April 1, has not begun, but the boats have been ready for some time and the present weather promises a speedy inauguration of a most successful racing season.

THE BONITA'S CRUISE TO FLORIDA.

AS mentioned last week another catboat, the Bonita, is bound on the same cruise as the Coot, her destination being Jacksonville, Florida. The idea of such a cruise was first suggested last summer in the following manner; We had been trolling for bluefish, and getting well along toward night and coming on to blow southwest hard, Capt. Ned recommended we make for Cuttyhunk. We coincided and Capt. he squared her away. Conditions changed by 9 P. M., we were then half way between Hen and Chicken and Sow and Pigs Lightships and found we would not have a good harbor at Cuttyhunk, so old Charlie suggested that we make Pennikesse harbor; Capt. Ned had never been there but allowed we had buoy charts and we could find our way in through the dark where we would have good harbor. The morning found us well up in the mud, and on going ashore for water we ran up against Capt. Flanders (in charge of the island), who, having lately returned from God's country (California) reckoned we had gone astray, but old Charlie squared him by convincing him that he used to visit his father there when whalers were sighted almost every day and never a hell wagon (steamboat) was around.

Then Captain Flanders opened out, and all Buzzard's Bay knows when he is on deck he has the call. While reclining on the hilltop with the morning sun caressing us, the idea for a winter cruise were suggested for the Bonita, and it was decided to make the trip. The day of starting, Dec. 21, 1885, opened clear and cold, thermometer 20° above, wind W.S.W.

Newport Harbor presented a sight rare to summer yachtsmen, familiar with it under summer conditions. Not a vessel was to be seen in the harbor, and as the Bonita sailed at 11:30 A. M. and fired her battery she looked and acted as though eager to leave this cold clime for softer skies.

She passed out by Permanent dock (Fort Adams) at 11 A. M. Wind settled dead S.W. at 11:30 A. M. and we beat up to and rounded Beaver Tail and made for Narragansett Ferry for anchorage, laid by there in good harbor through the storm of that night, blowing a gale N.W.

Dec. 22. Started at 5 A. M. with wind S.W. and beat to windward and rounded Point Judith and arrived in Stonington at 6:40 P. M.

Dec. 23. Started out and made New London 10:15 A. M., laid by until next morning.

Dec. 24, 8 A. M. Wind light west; beat up to Saybrook at the mouth of Connecticut River, laid by until 5 P. M., then sailed to westward with light wind north and made Falkner's Island light at 3:30 P. M., wind fresh N.N.E. Came up with Sandiedge lighthouse at 10:30 P. M (off New Haven, Conn.); we kept the canvas on her and were abreast Stratford light 12:30 midnight.

Dec. 25. At 1:15 A. M. we were off Black Rock, with the wind freshening. At 3 o'clock A. M. we took in our mainsail and set storm trysail. We ran along up to Great Captain's Island and were abreast of it at 5 A. M., and at 7 A. M. rounded Throgg's Neck and ran up the East River to Brooklyn, and laid until afternoon, when we sailed over to Jersey City at 4 P. M. for mail and waited until next morning for it.

Dec. 26. Sailed from Jersey City at 3 P. M., wind N.E., fresh and clear, and making some ice, laid all night at Red Hook.

Dec. 27. Ran down to Sandy Hook, wind fresh and clear, north. There we dug some clams and had steamed clams for supper.

Dec. 28. Sailed from Sandy Hook 10 A. M., wind N.N.W., fresh. Abreast Squan Inlet at 12 M. Barnegat 6 P. M., wind N.N.W. fresh and cloudy. Lay all night at Barnegat.

Dec. 29. Sailed from Barnegat 5:30 A. M., wind light W.N.W. Made Tucker's Beach Light 11 A. M. and Absecom Light 12:30 M., passed Jumbo 2 P. M. and Great Egg Harbor 4 P. M., made Somer's Point 4 P. M., wind light N.W. Laid all night at Great Egg Harbor.

Dec. 30. Sailed from Great Egg Harbor and arrived at Delaware Breakwater midnight.

Dec. 31. Sailed from Delaware Breakwater 6 A. M. and ran down to Chincoteague Lighthouse, Va., at dark.

Jan. 2. Ran up to Chincoteague Harbor to fit for run to Hog Island in the morning.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.—III.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

THE next morning Frank started home. We were sorry to lose him because he was a willing worker, good sailor and pleasant companion. It left me with the four boys—very ordinary seamen—but still they had picked up some knowledge of sailing principles and ship duty, and I concluded to trust to them for help the rest of the cruise rather than hire a stranger. The departure left us more room and more labor, but the boys seemed to learn faster and work better because of my dependence upon them and their added importance. They were getting very salty. They could tie many sailor knots, tell the points of the compass, shift the sails, balance upon the foot-ropes, steer a little and pull pretty good strokes. So I kept up naval duties and division of labor. Jack often had very greasy pans to wash, but one by one they were accidentally lost overboard. Jamie wished occasionally to postpone his dishwiping, but I did not yield the prerogative of the quarterdeck. He ejaculated one day after a wiping struggle, "I never knew what servants had to do before. I think any one who has to wash and wipe dishes ought to have $10 a week."

It is serious trouble to clean up after cooking on board a small boat, and the work should rotate among the amateur sailors or else all ought to take a hand and finish quickly. When one camps on shore there is more fresh water, more room and a chance to dry the towels. It is difficult to have the towels washed out and dried on board. We never could get them dry between meals, and we left a string of them all the way from Cape Ann to Cape Rosier. Greasy dishes and smoked and rusty tins are destructive to them. Tins are not to be recommended for salt water cruising; the granite ware is preferable for cooking utensils, and porcelain dishes are much easier cleaned and do not often get broken. And clean paper makes excellent dish and wiping towels for cold washing. We found this out by experience—it absorbs grease and removes soot so well. One can't always have fresh water, or hot water, at sea, when the oil stove is cutting capers.

Another thing I will mention. When the cooking, eating and sleeping are all done in a small cabin, blankets are a nuisance. Their wool is sure to get into the food and all over everything. If one must have woolen covers, shawls are better. But neither is necessary. Everybody on a cruise sleeps in his merino underclothes and overshirt, if not in his pants, to guard against the dampness and cold, and to be ready for emergencies. Common cotton quilts are of sufficient warmth and most manageable.

We landed at the yacht club float and were received and escorted by the very polite janitor over one of the best adapted and prettiest yacht club houses in the United States. It is built high above tide upon piles, and has a lauding stage under and in front of it, with steps leading up to a balcony, and an elevator through the middle of the house for taking up all the tenders for winter storage in the broad attic of the building. The main floor is divided into lockers, a toilet room, officers' rooms, and a very cosy assembly room overlooking the harbor. Here they have handsome office furniture, lounges and easy chairs; fine yacht models, photographs and marine views upon the walls, a book for the record of visitors' names, and a fine telescope upon a tripod. I turned the glass upon the Pilgrim and saw Jamie munching hardtack. She lay among two dozen small yachts near the opposite shore, where no other vessels come, and the water either by agreement or command is allotted to the pleasure craft, and a sheltered, shallow, safe anchorage it is, where no one need fear being run down even if the anchor light is forgotten. We left orders for a new hatch, which was sent on board in the afternoon. A wrought iron staple was clinched through the center of the thick oak, and this was lashed to a strong bar beneath the coamings, which kept it aboard ever after.

I was not much impressed by the Portland club vessels. They were mostly old sloops of shallow draft, with broad sterns, clumsy rails, large trunks and deep cockpits. A deep cockpit with high staving always looks to me like a cattle yard—as if the helmsman was breachy. I noticed too much paint, coat upon coat, which made the craft look bad. Scrapers and sandpaper ought to be used freely upon the outside of a boat before she gets her season's paint. The Portland club is young yet, and there is no doubt the members will soon have a handsome fleet to correspond with their beautiful club house.

Portland is a pretty city upon a hill nearly surrounded by water, and the people are proud of Casco Bay and its numerous well-wooded islands. It is a fair, though limited cruising grounds, but has more rocks and reefs to the square mile than any other place known. The islands are too thickly settled for trespassers and campers, and are long and narrow and trend northeast and southwest, so that there are very few sheltered harbors in the region. This formation is peculiar to the coast from Portland all the way to Whitehead and is annoying. Long narrow islands and finger-like processes along a past parallel far to the north, and the long reaches and sounds are difficult and tedious to make progress in with a head wind. I don't like to be penned up. I want a passage onward at least in the direction of the four principal points of the compass, and I would not be cramped for hours by the nearly parallel shores of Middle Bay, Harpswell Sound, the Gurnet, etc., for all the pleasure of seeing new shores. Then it is so difficult to find a quiet harbor in case of need. Potts' Harbor is one redeeming feature of Casco Bay. It is snug, safe and lovely. I don't like Harpswell for a northeaster, and where else could a stranger go in the sound? Then to the eastward it is worse if anything. The Kennebec River is difficult, dangerous and even appalling in a south easter. Booth Bay next is excellent. Herring Gut is rather poor, somewhat difficult of access, and quite a distance from the last place. Tennant's Harbor is a little ways further and will do, then there is not a good safe place for small craft till we reach Rockland. One must make the run from one of these places to the next every day to enjoy life. He had better get inside at anchor every night. The winds are fitful and often fierce along this rough coast, and the few near-by stopping places should make him cautious. Fishermen run in everywhere, but an amateur yachtsman cannot. He must keep in well mapped and clearly marked channels. One trouble is one cannot often recognize the islands when seen for the first time. How can one tell the White Cow from the Brown Bull and the latter from the Little Bull Island. The names are not characteristic; the islands look upon the watery plain almost in a line, and one cannot always take the time to figure out the bearings by compass. It is my opinion these natural landmarks ought to have their names painted upon mammoth sign boards for the instruction of amateur yachtsmen.

Taking into consideration all the difficulties and dangers of a trip in a small vessel along this ragged coast, I am not surprised that so few amateur yachtsmen undertake it.

We got under way—or started to—at 3 P. M., but when the mainsail was up the club signal was hauled half through the upper peak halliard's block. No amount of pulling would help, and Bert said he would go up and clear it. He had never been aloft, and I was dubious of his ability to do anything up there. However, he went up, held on well and worked away. Then he called for a nail and the hatchet, with which he drove out the pin of the block, removed the sheaves, liberated the flag untorn, put the block together again and came down triumphantly. We then made sail and stood up past Fort Georges, Little Hog and Great Hog islands, intending to find a pleasant anchorage near some green and wooded shore; but the wind fell and darkness overtook us just at the lower end of Little Chebeag Island, and we were obliged to anchor, furl sails and hang out our light. It began to blow hard from the northwest after sunset, the sea rose, and we were obliged to veer cable to twenty fathoms and get the heavy anchor ready for an emergency. The evening meal was cooked with difficulty, the wind piped and the little craft pitched considerably, so we passed an uncomfortable night, with the boys one at a time on anchor watch and the captain dozing with his weather eye open. The morning came, the breeze died away, and as I was in doubt of the passage out I sent Bert and Will ashore to a summer hotel for information. The people told them that we could not get through the place we intended to go on account of a bar; I suppose they thought we wished to pass between the two Chebeags. The compass courses that had been given me by the gentlemen of the Portland Club led in the direction of the bar, and when I looked at the Atlantic "Coast Pilot" charts for instruction I found to my astonishment a gap of, perhaps, four miles.

I did not dare to follow the sailing directions alone, because my compass was not lively, and it was a little affected by the iron aboard, besides, without a chart, there would be no means of recognizing the islands, and the rocks were too plentiful to take the risk. I was in a quandary, and felt inclined to swear at the Government for its neglect of so important a survey. I could not find Cow Island—it was not labeled—and I did not know Long Island. I was disgusted at my neglect to buy a good chart of Casco Bay. The "Coast Pilots" are cheap—sixty cents a number—but they need supplementing in places. I did not wish to go back to Portland and go out the main channel. A general chart on too small a scale showed a good passage out of Hussey's Sound, so I abandoned my idea of going through the bay and determined to put to sea. The wind was very light. I steered down along a pretty shore with many summer cottages, and kept a sharp lookout ahead for shoal water. Pretty soon we recognized Peake's Island and Overset upon the larger chart, and steered for Inner Green Island. We watched a schooner pass between the buoys of Outer Green Island and Green Island Reef, and soon after a large iron steamer, bound for Portland, tried to pass to the northward of the buoy, struck on the reef, raised her bow high out of water, backed off, turned aside and proceeded upon her voyage. We passed midway between the buoy and the inner island and shaped our course for Half-Way Rock Lighthouse, which looked like a tall gray pillar upon the horizon. The breeze freshened about 10 o'clock and we changed the course to east, which cleared Webster Rock and Lumbo's Ledge and brought us up to Fuller's Rock, off Cape Small Point. Half-Way Rock is a small barren ledge, with a fine lighthouse and two miserable little huts upon it. It is about five miles off shore, and is a dreary, desolate place for human beings to reside in.

Fuller's Rock is a black forbidding looking object, looking somewhat like a whale upon the water. There is a channel between it and Cape Small Point for vessels with a fair wind, but I did not like to venture into it. I like plenty of sea room, better than dodging rocks and reefs. Small Point is well named, as it is too small to be easily located, and from sea does not look like a point. Bald Head, just west of it, is a much more conspicuous object. It is a bald, steep headland without grass, bushes or trees, and its face appears to be a mass of solid gray rock.

Fuller's Rock is very conspicuous and easily recognized, and when you get hold of one place that you can find upon the chart, it is a guide to many others.

It was a lovely sunshiny day; the wind was strong from the S. W.; the sails were all full and drawing beautifully; the sea was dancing along after us, rolling the cutter now port, now starboard, the sun flashed in the sunlight as it struck against the rocky shore and gave a deeper shade to the evergreen trees that covered the whole islands and prominent hills inland; the boys lay about the deck and watched the gulls, porpoises and passing sail, or slept in the shadow of the mainsail, and I sat at the helm, proud of my little boat, and just soaked in the sunshine and breathed in deeply the air, which seemed to penetrate the innermost recesses of my anatomy like good champagne. I thought how good it was to commune with nature upon the great deep, and how greatly we were enjoying every moment of the cruise. Several times I said, "Boys, you are having a splendid time, if you only knew it. You will look back at this trip, as one of the finest times you ever had, and forget all the hardships which you suffer."

"If there was only a servant on board to wash the dishes," said Jack.

"And some one to wipe them," said Jamie.

"And a boss French cook, though I'm willing to do my share," said Will.

"Oh, get out! You'd rather cook than wash down decks," said Bert; "I'm satisfied to do anything to have such a splendid sail, to see this coast as we never could in any other way, and learn geography. Just think of the places we've visited and learned all about so far. Think what is to come yet."

We were up with the cape and there was Seguin Island high, bold, wooded and crowned by a light-house and the keeper's dwelling. We expected to stay over night in the mouth of the Kennebec, but it was only 1 P. M. We would go outside of the island and try to make Booth Bay. The course was changed, the sails trimmed, and we flew on merrily. I wish to say en passant that the writers who recommend anchoring inside and behind Pond Island in the mouth of the Kennebec ought to be kicked. The current of the river with the ebb tide makes a rush of water between the island and the shore that few ground tackles will hold against, and the holding ground is sandy and not of the best. The place is exposed to the ground swell all the time, and whenever there is a storm, the sea sweeps through with terrific force. The island upon the side is a wall of rock, and the shore of the mainland is one of those treacherous, shoal, sandy shores that we find along the southern coast—a pretty trap for a nice little craft to harbor in. Don't trust it.

Stage Island Bay, upon the right hand, just inside of Whale Back, is a good shelter except when the wind is between west and south. But it is a kind of pocket; one has to come out the same way he goes in, and it is open to the heavy wind and sea. It might do in an emergency, but I do not like it. It would not always be safe, and would not be comfortable for a small craft during a storm.

The mouth of the river is a bleak, rocky, forbidding, dangerous place, and many a good vessel has been wrecked there. In seeking a harbor there, exercise good judgment about the wind, the current, and your vessel; run up river and anchor close in to Phippsburg, and you will find comfort, supplies and the presence of man.

We passed a large wrecking schooner off Seguin, with beams across, chains leading downward, steam pumps and engines and a crew of divers and men, trying to lift some unfortunate vessel that had sunk in fifteen fathoms of water. The people hardly noticed us, but a man answered my question, "How far to Booth Bay!" by 'About twelve miles."

So we sped on the pleasant summer sea with flowing sheets, and after awhile, the low gray bank along the horizon showed many vessel masts that later turned to trees, then a house could be seen here and there, some little hills, sloping banks, a wharf, a sandy shore, and I recognized the characteristics of Damiscove Island. We ran up along the land looking for a lighthouse and saw two. Which was the right one to steer for, as directed in the Coast Pilot? The beacon on the Cuckolds and the compass pointing north to the further one proved it was on Burnt Island, and we steered for it. The one to starboard was upon Ram Island, just north of Fisherman's Island, which marked the eastern limits of the bay. We were soon close to Squirrel Island, which lies in the middle of the bay and has become a noted summer resort, especially for Bath and Portland people. It has bold rocky shores, with one little stretch of sand beach left, one would think, on purpose for bathing; it is high, well wooded upon its southern half, has a good wharf, several cosy hotels and many lovely summer cottages and more pretentious villas. I think I never saw a prettier cooling off spot anywhere, and I have no doubt the place and society are delightful during the warm season. It was August 28, and charming weather, but the place was deserted, and I thought how much the visitors lost by going home so early. September is the most enjoyable month of all the year for vacation, and just when the heat of the sun is toned down by cool sea breezes, the grass turns brown, the evergreens look darker, and the beeches and maples flutter all the colors from flaming scarlet to shining gold, the lovers of nature have fled to put the poor, overworked children into the cram school and themselves into the harness for business. It is the school time, not the business generally, that hurries them away. The people ought to move the beginng of the schools to October 1st, and give the children and themselves a chance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAWS RELATING TO STEAM YACHTS.

ON the 5th inst. the bill amending the revised statutes relating to yachts, which was published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 24, 1885, was presented before Congress by the Hon. Perry Belmont, of New York. The bill has been slightly changed since printed, the definition of a yacht now reading as follows: "A yacht is a vessel of any size, propelled by sails, steam or any other motive power, which is used by its owner for pleasure purposes, and which does not carry passengers or merchandise for pay. Such vessel to be entitled to the privilege of this section must be duly enrolled in a duly incorporated yacht club, the title and certified copy of the act of incorporation of which must be filed with the Secretary of the Treasury."

Steam yachts of all sizes and classes have heretofore been subject to the general laws governing steam vessels, laws passed before steam yachts were in existence, and which, though since amended, do not recognize in any way the vast difference between an expensive and carefully constructed pleasure vessel, run at the sole risk of her owner and used only under certain conditions; and the large fleet of steam vessels used solely for commercial purposes, in many of which the greed of gain induces owners or masters to expose not only underwriters, but passengers to great risks. Whatever restrictions are necessary in the latter class, there is no reason why they should be imposed, as they always have been, on vessels of a totally different nature.

Any abuse of the privileges accorded in the proposed act is prevented by the clauses quoted above, which limit them to yachts as there defined, and make it to the interest of all clubs to protect their members and to extend their guarantee to no vessel used for any commercial purposes.

Under the present laws, steam yachts, which in their cruises call at all ports in the United States, find much annoyance in going from one inspection district to another, while the regulations of some States allow the imposition of unjust and excessive pilotage, harbor and other charges. What is now asked by the friends of the bill is that a yacht, hailing from New York or Boston for instance, and that has complied with all the requirements of the laws in her district, shall be at liberty to enter any other port without undergoing the expense and annoyance of inspection and the imposition of dues which as a pleasure yacht she should not be liable to: and also that an owner or his designated agent, after giving sufficient proof of his competency, shall be licensed to act as master or pilot in all districts. The provision that owners shall give suitable bonds, and the conditions as to incorporated clubs, limit this privilege exclusively to vessels in which the owners take the sole risk. As the property involved usually runs well up in the thousands in value it is not to be supposed that an owner will risk it by the employment of incompetent men. These two restrictions also make it impossible that the proposed changes should discriminate in any way against trading vessels, as they cease to affect a vessel as soon as she is used for any commercial purpose.

The clause in regard to steam launches is becoming each year more necessary as their use on sailing yachts is increasing. The simple launch engines now in use may be safely controlled by a yacht owner or sailing master and one of the crew; but at present an engineer must be carried, an extra and useless man on a sailing craft, whose services are only required at intervals when the steam launch is in use. The management of small boats of this class may be safely intrusted to owners and masters, as a rule far more intelligent and capable men than the cheap engineer whom the law now puts in their place. The bill, if passed, will do much to encourage a branch of sport that has already grown rapidly into a very important industry, and that must exert a large and favorable influence on shipbuilding and naval design in America, which of itself should entitle it to every consideration.

YONKERS Y. C.—At the annual meeting of the Yonkers Y. C., held Jan. 7, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Charles E. Day, Commodore; N. P. Quick, Vice-Commodore; Gabriel Reeve, Secretary; John Nesbitt, Treasurer; John Dickson, Fleet Captain; Wm. H. McVicar, Measurer, and Charles Ryder, Steward. Frank Ford was re-elected Trustee.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C.—A meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was held on Jan. 5, at which the following officers for 1886 were elected; Commodore, G. K. Rosenquest; Vice-Commodore, L. Lefferts; Steward, James Simpson; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. Ringer. Board of Directors, Messrs. W. Potter Jr., J. Tagliabeu, J. Paxson, Harris and Charlton.

SEAWANHAKA C. Y. C.—A special meeting was held at Delmonico's on Jan. 5 to consider the difference between the Board of Trustees and Vice-Com. Stewart. After some discussions a special committee was appointed to arrange a settlement of the disputed points.

A NEW TORPEDO BOAT.—Messrs Thornycroft & Co. tested on Dec. 14 a new torpedo boat 125ft. long, one of fifty lately orded by the British Government. An average of six runs over the measured mile gave 20.9 knots per hour.

Canoeing.

THE NEW YORK C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a committee meeting of the New York C. C. the rules governing the races for the N. Y. C. C. challenge cup were finally adopted. These rules as amended include those covering the international races, and the races by which the American contestants are to be chosen. There has been considerable misunderstanding among the members of other clubs as to the meaning given to "representatives of the N. Y. C. C." as it appeared in former published conditions. This was not intended to be read as meaning members of the N. Y. C. C., as many have supposed, but chosen members of any club representing the N. Y. C. C. in these races with the Englishmen.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RACES FOR THE N. Y. C. C. CHALLENGE CUP.

1. The canoes competing must come within the limits defined by the N. Y. C. C. rules.

2. The cup is to be held as a perpetual challenge trophy.

3. The competition is open to not more than three authorized representatives of any canoe club sailing under foreign colors, as many canoes representing the club holding the cup as the challenging club.

4. Two victories to be necessary to either win or hold the cup, the same canoes competing in each.

5. The races to be sailed on the waters of the club holding the cup.

6. Races sailed in the United States to be contested on waters in the vicinity of New York city under the auspices of the N. Y. C. C.

7. The distance sailed over in each race must not be less than eight nor more than ten miles and within a time limit of three hours. The course to be mutually agreed upon.

8. The races must be sailed at a time mutually agreeable to the challengers and the holders of the cup; but one series of races to be sailed in any one year.

9. The N. Y. C. C. rules to govern the races.

10. The club holding the cup to be responsible to the N. Y. C. C. for its safe keeping. Should it dissolve its organization, the cup will then revert to the N. Y. C. C.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING AMERICAN CONTESTANTS.

11. The representatives of the holders of the cup must be selected after a series of trial races open to all members of canoe clubs in the United States. The regatta committee of the club holding the cup

shall have the right to select the competitors for the international races irrespective of the result of the trial races.

12. Should the cup be won by the American contestants in the International race: First, an active member of the club holding the cup must score one victory to entitle that club to retain it. Second, if a member (or members) of any other club wins two races, his club will hold the cup. Third, should the two races be won by members of two clubs, neither being the holder of the cup, the tie will be sailed off subsequently to determine which club shall take the cup.

C. J. STEVENS, Sec. N.Y. C. C.

THE SNEAKBOX FAMILY.

II.—THE BARNEGAT CRUISER.

THE cruising fraternity of America, whether they use the birch, the dugout, the modern canoe, the common rowboat, or the sneakbox, all who cruise alone or in small parties solely for pleasure, owe a debt of gratitude to one man above others for the work he has accomplished in their behalf. Himself an ardent cruiser and explorer he is never so happy as when engaged in some scheme for the extension of cruising or the improvement of boats. After several long cruises this gentleman, Mr. N. H. Bishop, then of Lake George, started in 1879 to organize the canoeists of America into one national canoe association, with what success is now well known. With the A.C.A. firmly organized and in good hands his labors were at once turned into a new but parallel channel. Residing for a part of the year on the New Jersey coast, Mr. Bishop was perfectly familiar with the boat described in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 7, and recognizing its many excellent qualities he set to work to improve the gunning boat into a craft better adapted for general cruising. As a result of his untiring efforts in this new field the American Single Handed Cruising Club has been organized, with a membership of fifty. The boat herewith described, the Barnegat cruiser, has been designed and for some time past has been undergoing a series of tests as to model, build and rig; and an extensive establishment has been started to build them.

As previously mentioned, the sneakbox is essentially a gunning boat, and many alterations were needed to fit it to the wants of the cruiser. The low sides have been raised, the dagger board has been supplanted by a steel-plate board, the crude fittings, rowlocks, etc., have been replaced by brass and iron work of special manufacture, the primitive rig has been discarded for more improved forms, and the method of construction has been changed in the direction of less weight. The model of the hull is the same as that of the best sneakboxes, except the increased depth; and the washboards, in an improved form, have been retained.

Dimensions of Barnegat cruiser:

Length over all	14ft. 0in.
Length on waterline	11ft. 9in.
Beam	4ft. 6in.
Depth at gunwale	1ft. 1in.
Sheer, bow	8¼in.
Sheer, stern	4in.
Draft, loaded	6in.
Freeboard	7in.
Crown of deck	8in.
Fore side of stem to—	
Mast tube	2ft. 9¼in.
Trunk, fore end	3ft. 1in.
Trunk, after end	6ft. 3in.
Well, fore end	5ft. 10in.
Well, after end	11ft. 0in.
Rowlocks	9ft. 1in.
Bulkhead	12ft. 0in.
Diameter of mast tube	3in.

TABLE OF OFFSETS—FOURTEEN-FOOT CRUISER.

STATION.	HEIGHTS.		HALF-BREADTHS.			
	Keel.	Deck.	Deck.	No. 1.	L.W.L.	No. 3.
	FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.	FT. IN.
0	1 9⅛	1 10	.....	.....	.....	.....
2	11⅛	1 6⅝	1 1	.....	.....	.....
4	3⅝	1 4⅛	1 8⅞	1 3	9 7	.....
6	.....	1 2⅜	2 1⅜	1 10⅛	1 7⅜	1 3⅜
⊠	.....	1 1	2 3	2 0⅝	1 9⅞	1 6
10	.....	1 1⅜	2 2⅝	2 0⅜	1 9⅛	1 5⅜
12	3⅜	1 1⅝	2 0⅛	1 8⅝	1 3⅛	.....
14	9	1 2	1 9⅝	.....	.....	.....

Note.—The fractions are all eighths of an inch.

The stations are 2ft. and the waterlines 3in. apart.

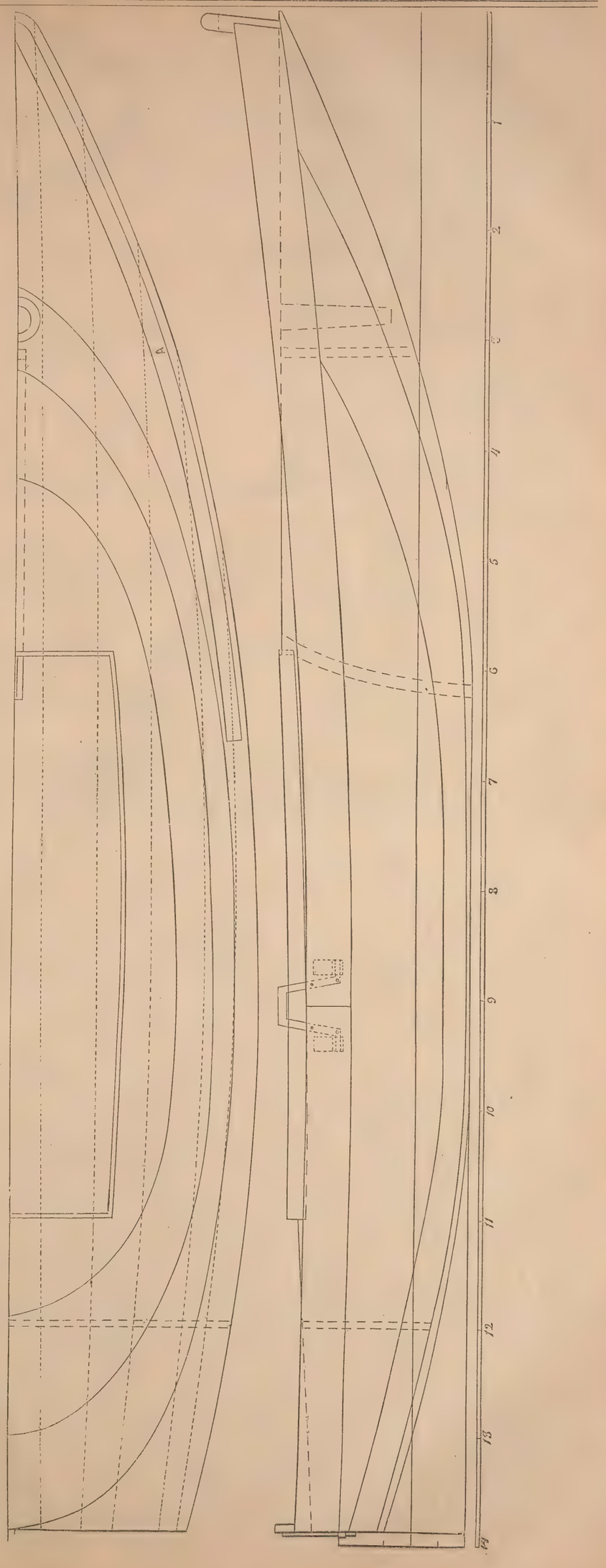
The planking is of ⅝in. cedar, deck of ⅛in. cedar, frames of sawn cedar 1⅛×1¼in., spaced 10in. Ceiling of ⅛in cedar, trunk of ⅞in. worked pine, head ledges ⅛in. thick, of oak. The keel is shaped, bent and screwed to the stocks as previously described, the moulds and transom are put in place and ribbands run over them, three on each side. The framing and planking of all this class of boats are very peculiar. The planks do not end in a rabbet in the stem, but run up to the gunwale. The dotted lines in the body and half-breadth plans show the different planks. The actual breadth of a plank on any frame may be measured on that frame in the body plan. The lines in the half-breadth plan are the projections of the plank on a flat surface, and except for the keel and garboards, they vary more or less from the proper shape. The after ends of the planks are screwed to the transom, as in an ordinary boat, but some support is necessary for the fore ends while building. To secure this two harpens, A, are lined out from the draft on the floor, each fitting the inside surface of the planking at the lower side of the deck. They may be of pine or spruce 1in. thick and 2in wide, and long enough to reach to the straight post near midships. These pieces are now fastened in place, their fore ends being screwed to fore end of keel, while the middle and after ends rest on the moulds, being jogged in to the proper height. When in place the topside of each harpen will coincide with the lower side of deck, while the outer edge, properly beveled, will coincide with the outer surface of the moulds and ribbands or inner surface of the planking.

Now the frames, either steamed or sawn, are put in place, secured to the ribbands, and the heads of the first five or six on each side are fastened to the harpens. This completes the frame for planking. The garboards run along, of course, on each side of the keel, turning up at the fore ends, where they are screwed to the harpens. The succeeding planks are put on in the same way. When all are made and rivetted up the moulds are removed and the deck beams, 1in. wide and 1½in. deep, spaced 10 inches, are put in. The ends rest under the harpen, being jogged out the thickness of the latter, so that the upper surfaces are flush. Knees, as shown, are put under the side decks, then the deck is laid and coamings set, and the boat finished as described in "Canoe and Boat Building." The mast is stepped in a galvanized iron tube. The washboard is in five pieces—two on each side and one (the latter held by two square staples) on the stern.

The side pieces are bolted to an iron casting at the bow which forms a fairleader for the cable. They are held to the deck by small iron catches, shown at *a b*. The part *a* is pivoted, and when turned aside allows the washboard to be slipped back from *b*. The bottom of the boat is protected by two wearing strips of oak. The rowlocks are of galvanized iron. The builder of the Barnegat cruiser is Mr. John D. Gifford, Toms River, N. J. The price of the improved boat, 14ft. long, with rig and oars, is $128. The boat is fitted with a balance lug sail of 118ft., a plan of which will appear later on.

A smaller boat lately completed and now used by our correspondent "Seneca" is 13ft. long, with jib and mainsail, of the following dimensions:

Mast—Deck to hounds	11ft. 2in.
Hoist of mainsail	8ft.
Foot	13ft. 9in.
Head	5ft. 6in.
Leech	13ft. 10in.
Jib—Luff	8ft. 6in.
Leech	7ft. 9in.
Foot	2ft. 6in.



THE A. C. A. TROPHY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to acknowledge this week: M. V. Brokaw, Brooklyn C. C., $1; Charles S. H. Buchanan, New Orleans, $1; previously acknowledged, $72. Total to date, $74.—WILLIAM WHITLOCK.

RIGS FOR THE BARNEGAT CRUISER.

AFTER thoroughly testing the Barnegat sneakbox with her rig of a balance lug sail, I found in going to Fernandina in a blow that she steered very hard, and when close-hauled did not do what she ought in going through the water, and on my return to Jacksonville I made a rude jib of very light sheeting and rigged a rough bowsprit out foward, leaving the mainsail as it formerly was, part forward of the mast. Made a trial of this and saw an immediate improvement. I then estimated the amount of cloth I would need in a jib with the mainsail set entirely abaft the mast with a regular boom and gaff. I made neat little jaws for each, rigged throat and peak halliard in one and had a nice well-sitting jib of proper dimensions made from drilling, and then set up everything in ship-shape order. The effect was astonishing, instead of crabbing off to leeward with a big pocket (all aback) forward of the mast, the Petrel now slides up to windward like a Snake. I have everything rigged very handy now, and can house the jibboom in a second without any trouble at all. My mainsail sits beautifully, and I am much pleased with the very great improvements in the Petrel's sailing qualities. I made the suggestion to rig her this way when she was being built, but objections were raised and I did not insist, knowing that I could soon make the change to suit myself. The little Petrel elicits much admiration by her snug appearance and trim "sea going" looks.

Two of us have been living on board for two weeks—cooking, eating and sleeping. I hope to send for publication soon, diagrams and all detail information regarding my cruising outfit, which I consider very complete and which I trust may do the cause some little good.

PETREL.

[Those who have lately tried the balance lug as fitted to the Barnegat cruiser make the same complaint as Petrel as to the defective balance and failure of the sail to sit flat. No such difficulty has occurred with canoes and much larger boats on which the balance lug is successfully used, and before condemning a sail that has so many advantages it would be well to test it thoroughly. We hope when the weather permits, to put a large balance lug, rigged as for a canoe, on a sneakbox and to ascertain the source of the trouble which others have experienced.]

WIDE AND NARROW CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to say to "Class B Canoe" and others, that the present discussion of beam versus crankiness was commenced by my asserting that "the canoe as now limited in beam is neither safe, handy nor comfortable for sailing purposes."

This statement was made advisedly. It is nothing more nor less than the truth, and is known to be such by every skilled amateur sailer of small boats. However, "Class B" accuses me of "dodging" questions, dealing in "generalities," etc. In reply I will remark that I never could reply seriously to foolish queries, but will add, "returning to our sheeps, "that no boat, be she canoe, sharpie, sneakbox, or what not, can be either safe, handy or comfortable with a length of 15ft., beam 31in., and carrying say 175 to 215 sq. ft. of sail, on a draft of 6in. of water.

The fact that certain little craft are forced to cruise about under such circumstances certainly does not prove them to be safe, and in truth they can not be made to stand up at all in a breeze without constant watching and the most skillful handling. Their dimensions answer the questions at issue, and an intelligent boatman need never have seen one of these little racing machines to decide the matter without hesitation. If my instructive remarks have chanced to burst somebody's bubble, why I suppose he will have to blow another.

Now, my friends, let us clearly understand this question. I do not propose or desire that you give up your cherished and pretty little bath tubs, for if you do so, many an amusing account of capsizing and ducking would be missed. I merely suggest that those who prefer wider and better sailing canoes may be permitted to own and sail them as a separate and recognized class in the A. C. A. To one, who, like myself, has time and again cruised entirely alone in a 48ft. sharpie, it seems amusing indeed to hear a man say seriously that any little 16ft. canoe requires two men to handle her. Just pause and reflect how damaging to your cause is such an admission. Why, the double ender I am now building, 15ft in length, and to carry some 215-sq. ft. of cloth, can readily be handled by a boating boy twelve years old.

A word with "Class B Canoe" in regard to certain unkind remarks of his concerning my little sharpie's race with "Guenn" and, enough said. He speaks of my sharpie as a "large sail boat, with racing sail, beating a jury-rigged canoe in little more than a drifting match. Well, it may have been drifting as to the canoe, but my sharpie (which, by the way, is a small 15ft. sail boat) managed to easily stem a strong tide, and under those circumstances sailed to windward at the rate of five miles per hour. As to her "racing sail," it is the same that I have since used on her without reefing in heavy weather while duck shooting alone on Long Island Sound. If "Guenn" carried a "jury rig," why did he do so? The match was of his own making, and I informed him in advance that my sail was large. If he underrated the sharpie he only made the same mistake that mayhap "Class B Canoe" and "L." etc. are perchance now making as regards the "common sense canoe."

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., Jan. 1, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Katrina," in your issue of Dec. 31, asks a fair question that should in all courtesy be answered. It is in regard to the canoes I referred to in "Longshank's" list. As between the two canoes, I think Day Dream would be benefitted by getting into a class away from the Dido. This is simply an individual opinion, and must be taken as such, for opinions differ, you know. As to the other canoes he mentions—Sea Bee and Inertia—I know nothing personally, further than having seen them in use. How was I to know they were "twins" when the dimensions given were not the same, especially as you know in canoe classification fractions of an inch count as much as feet in larger "yachts"? "Katrina" also says that I have given him the credit of being narrow minded. I think not. I don't like personalities brought into a friendly chat, and if my memory serves, the expression used was "narrow" minded—simply a reference to the "narrow" canoe views so ably championed by himself and others as against the "wider" canoe ideas.

I am afraid "Katrina" must have some "bricks" at disposal, for certainly a big one fell over this way when he says "especially such cool assumptions as that of the weight of a 42in. boat being no greater than one of 30in. beam." The assumption in this case lies with "Katrina." I think if he will take the trouble to look over his file again he will find this: "and I also think that it would not take any more men to handle her than it would to handle a canoe of same weight" I see no reference here to 30in. canoe or 42in. canoe or any other size. I am perfectly willing to father anything that I may say or write, but I confess I don't care to be responsible for another's inferences or assumptions. If I remember correctly the belief I put forward was in reply to a question put by "A. C. A.," which was in reference to handling the larger canoe in transportation. The average canoe of to-day as usually packed, "chuck full," hatches down and locked, will weigh anywhere from 150 to 200 pounds—a light estimate that, too. The larger boat, as suggested, with fittings, masts, sails, etc., I don't think will weigh any more, quarter master's and commissary's stores not included in this last, and taking them weight for weight, it will take as many hands to handle the one as the other.

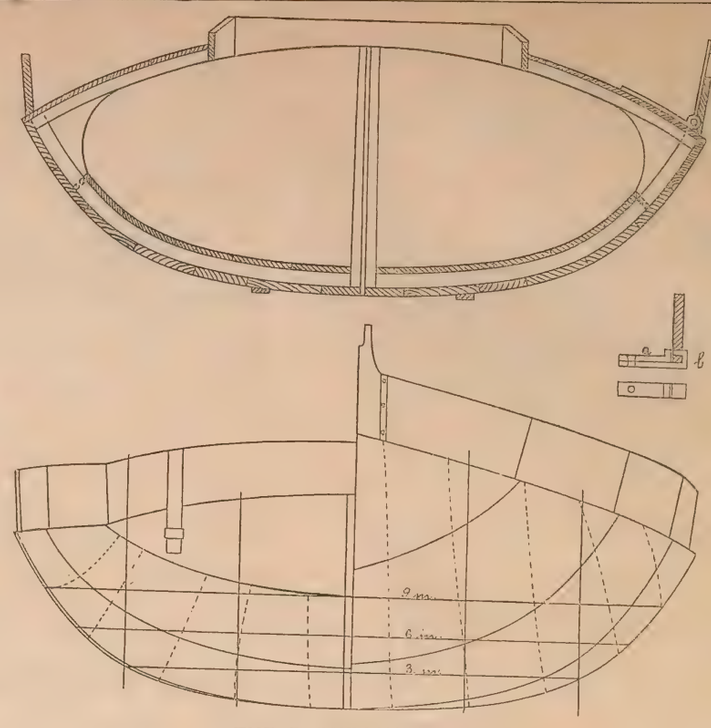
Personally "Katrina" admits in answer to question one that, "there is no objection in their proper place"—referring to the larger canoe or rather wider canoe, for as yet I have heard no suggestion to increase the length limit. The second question simply resolves itself into, why not make a proper place for them within the A. C. A. circle? That is all. On my part, there is no favoring this man's model or that man's model. What I was getting at was this—the objection to enlarging the present limit so as to take the wider canoes—a distinctive class of sailing craft.

Every one has individual preferences. This is so in canoeing as in everything else. One man prefers a small paddling canoe, another's choice falls on the comely class B canoe, and still another might prefer one still larger for his own particular purpose. Good A. C. A. men all, and yet the latter receives no encouragement, except to go and join some single-handed cruising club. Is this generous? Now I have no personal interest other than the interest of fair play. Perhaps I may be all wrong in my view of the matter, but I fail to see why the paddling canoeist, the general all-around canoeist and the sailing canoeist could not dwell together in unity the same as the two former do now,

Lest I should be misunderstood, no thought is further from my mind than crying down the present canoe as unfit for its purpose. I also wish to be understood as not crying up the wider canoe at the expense of the narrow. So, no keelhauling for either of these offenses, if you please.

I do think, however, that there are virtues in the wider canoe that might make it preferable for some to use her; that those who do prefer the wider canoe may be true canoeists at heart, and valuable acquisitions to the A. C. A.; that no harm would arise from such additions from the rolls; that none of the present classes would be injured by adding another class to take in these wider canoes—sailing canoes distinctively; that without compromising any present interest it could be done, and the A. C. A. circle of good will, good fellowship and good canoeists extended considerably.

This is my personal platform on the question. It contains no "Whereas" and no set of resolutions. I have tried to be plain and trust to be understood. As to which is the better boat that is another question entirely, and one, too, that can hardly be settled satisfactorily by the most protracted discussion. Both the narrow and wide



THE BARNEGAT CRUISER.

have their good points and both have their faults. What one person would look upon with favor, another might think a serious fault. To my mind the question of size and model is controlled to a considerable extent by the waters to be sailed on; second, by the purposes for which the boat is to be used. And both of these considerations are wiped out and thrown aside by the canoeist's own sweet will.

Fair play all around and no favor is all that is suggested by HAL.

A CHAT ON SOME CHANCE TOPICS.

ON the evening of Jan. 6 a one-horse wagon slowly entered the pretty village of Toms River. A new sneakbox rested between the "bolsters," and as nearly every boy above twelve years old in this nautical locality can sail a "box," much interest was immediately manifested in the little white boat. The oldest sneakbox builder in Ocean county and his assistant walked beside the horse, and, with a switch in his hand touched up the weary animal. The party had traveled since daylight—twenty-two miles from the southern end of Ocean county. The men and horse were to return home during the night.

As the "box" was consigned to the commodore of the "American Single-Hand Cruising Club," it soon leaked out that this craft was the fast sneakbox ordered by the building committee of the A. S. H. C. C. two months ago. By the time the boat had reached the Commodore's house, on the left bank of the river, inside the town limits, an interested crowd of sneakbox men and yacht owners had gathered to welcome the little stranger. All present expressed strong approval of the possibilities concentrated in the 14ft. of length and 54in. of beam measurements in the well developed hull. The boat was placed beside the water and Mr. Chamberlain, the professional tester of sneakboxes and Barnegat cruisers for the club, promised to rig the boat early on the following morning, and if the wind blew a gale on that day he would "make her sides ache" before night.

This is the first sneakbox of the pure type that has been built for speed only on this part of the coast. The sails, jib and mainsail, have been completed for some weeks in anticipation of the trial of the craft. Another set of larger sails are being made for the purpose of proving the extreme limit of sail area which can be carried by this type of boat.

The improved type of sneakbox, called by Mr. N. H. Bishop the Barnegat cruiser, is built for comfort and safety, and he will not allow the club's builders to sacrifice the best cruising qualities of these staunch craft for racing purposes. He has, however, made contracts with two builders to develop a fast model of the sneakbox and as soon as the winter tests, which are to be made with the craft just received from the builder, have proved her virtues and faults, six 14ft. fast sneakboxes are to be built.

Mr. Bishop has one builder in Burlington county, New Jersey, preparing working plans for two 16ft. Barnegat cruisers and one racing sneakbox of same length. All these boats are to be finished and put into the waters of Barnegat Bay as soon as the ice is out of the bay. South of the Toms River estuary Barnegat Bay is usually free of ice by the middle of March.

The rough weather tests of the able little craft belonging to the American Single-Hand Cruising Club can be made with more dispatch in the early spring months, during which season three days out of every week are boisterous enough for exhaustive trials. As the FOREST AND STREAM has made noble efforts to separate the chaff from the wheat, the sham article from the genuine, in all matters relating to honest boat and yacht building, the members of our amateur clubs now cruising on distant southern waters will cheerfully coöperate in promoting this great and important work. We regret that our former friend, counselor and teacher in safe sailing and honest seamanship should have been beguiled into "cooting" in an ungainly catboat. As we read in the FOREST AND STREAM of his many trials, and even sufferings, while "cooting" southward in that big, unmanageable catboat, now going about the wrong way, now anchoring itself on a mud flat, left there by an ebbing tide when he might have been cruising like a sailorman in a deep cutter off Hatteras, where the water is deep—and all this suffering from the stern fact that cutter owners will not sell their prized craft and catmen will all sell out at 50 per cent. discount. When all this horrible picture is spread before our shoal-draft eyes the deepest sympathy takes possession of our hearts. When we fully realize that our brave leader has thus been imposed upon by the owner of that unfortunate cat, and his voyage of contemplated joys is proving gall and wormwood—with tears in our eyes we implore him to sell out and wormwood—with tears in our eyes we implore him to sell out upon his arrival at any port inhabited by men of feline tastes.

The commodore of the Single-Hand Cruising Club said to the writer of this only yesterday: "The 'Cruise of the Coot' is the best reading of the season; but while 'it is nuts for us,' it must be hard for our old leader." If I had known that the auther of the "Cruise of the Coot" contemplated going over my old cruising ground, I would have insisted upon his accepting my best Barnegat cruiser. He then might haul up on shore at night, or sleep at anchor with the hatch tent set over his decks, as George E. Andrews is now doing in the Barnegat cruiser Petrel in Florida. With light, strong oars the cruiser could have been rowed under the Brooklyn Bridge, and its occupant could have shaken hands with the hermit of Marmalade Lodge that same night instead of anchoring with a Chester anchor in soft mud bottom at the Navy Yard, and in the route of tacking coasters. The author of the "Cruise of the Coot" will prove, however, how unhandy and time-wasting a cruiser is a heavy catboat, too large to be easily rowed out of calms and ebbing tides, and too deep with all her flat floor to cruise in Florida waters. In cruising, first comes the light, easily paddled canoe. In its peculiar field nothing can take its place. Second—the small, beamy, light draft sneakbox, which can be sailed well and rowed easily. On this craft live; it is your home, with all the kits, tents, guns and duffle you choose to carry It is portable. One horse can haul a 16 footer at same expense as a canoe.

Now, oh cruiser, stop! do not run into extremes. Do not build your sneakbox longer and heavier than you can row it with ease. Remember the "bone of discord" we canoeists have been trying to swallow. Remember that we have tried to build a yacht to be called a canoe; and having built it and having found it too heavy for the paddle, we have raised in our peaceful fraternity the question, a sore one: "Is this abnormal canoe, a canoe at all at all?" When your sneakbox or Barnegat cruiser cannot be propelled by oars easily, stop there, and draw your line of limit as to length and weight of model. But you say, "I wish to cruise with companions in shoal and in deep waters. I must have something as comfortable as a scow or canal boat, yet this something of a craft needed must go to windward. A scow or canal boat will not do." Then go to Mr. Clapham. Instead of abusing that gentleman (and he is a gentleman, every inch of him) visit him at Roslyn, L. I. Though a teacher in yachting matters, he is open to conviction. He is a learner as well as instructor. You do not know that this educated gentleman, who has lately adopted his new profession of boatbuilding, has been an experienced amateur of wealth, has owned some very fast boats: has gone boldly to sea in his shoal draft craft, is working out at his own expense, one of the problems which costs money and weary brain-work—the development of a light draft, comfortable, home-like boat, adapted to the constantly changing depths of our seaboard interior water courses.

When we differ from another worker in our chosen field, let us not waste the precious space of FOREST AND STREAM by "going for that fellow" with printer's ink. Let us rather put our hands in our pockets buy a railroad ticket, and "go for that fellow," meet him face to face, examine the work in his shop. Let him explain all his "wheels within wheels." We will return home wiser and happier men. There is nothing like personal contact. When you write your next article for our medium of friendly fellowship, its tone will be friendly and you will praise the efforts your fellow is making, to promote the healthy and manly pastime of boating. Let us, fellow cruisers, work in harmony. Remember what Commodore Longworth said to the twenty-three canoeists gathered in the first camp of the A. C. A. "We have organized the American Canoe Association, it is to be a brotherhood. If any man here has any complaint to make let him free his mind now; after this there is to be no fault finding. We have smoked the pipe of peace. Let us work for the true interests of canoeing." Should not these words of peace apply to the one great brotherhood enrolled on the subscription list of FOREST AND STREAM? We belong to many clubs, but there is one flag that floats over us all, and that is FOREST AND STREAM.

SKIPPER.

MOHICAN C. C. ANNUAL MEETING.—At half past eight on Jan. 4, fifteen Turtles met at the residence of Commodore R. S. Oliver, 42 Willet street, to consider the annual reports of their officers for the year just elapsed, Captain Thatcher in the chair. The club is in a fairly flourishing condition, having twenty-eight members with twenty-three canoes, owning one club canoe and the finances in good shape. The official business of the evening was the election of club officers for 1886, which resulted in 15 votes for R. S. Oliver as captain, 13 for H. R. Pierson, Jr., and one for R. W. Gibson as mate, 14 for B. Fernow and 1 for R. W. Gibson, as secretary, 10 for W. H. Brown and 6 for H. Cushman as purser, and 15 for H. L. Thomas as member of the executive committee. Messrs. W. Baden Powell and E. B. Tredwen, the English canoeists, expected for the 1886 meet, were elected honorary members. R. W. Gibson produced a drawing of his newly to-be-built canoe, with which he intends to contest for the Cup against the visitors. The lines of this new craft met with general approval. An equally enthusiastic applause was accorded to a brown paddler named Turkey, who tried to float on a liquid commonly called cerevisia, but he had evidently forgotten the old saying: "*Cerevisiam bibunt homines, cetera animalia fontem*" (Men drink beer, the other animals water), for he disappeared rapidly under the brown waves. Singing by the accomplished president of the Ridge field Athletic Club and Winne's Newburgh Whistling Song with "Roll the Man Down" filled up the rest of the evening.—FERNOW.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H., W. B.—Casselton, Dakota.

R. C. M.—Any one of the larger calibers named in our table of last week will do.

E. A. S., Bottleboro, Vt.—Nearly all well bred beagles have very musical voices.

E. T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bang Bang is owned by the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I.

W. H. B.—The rifle is pushed to make way for the newer magazine gun with a different action.

G. S. K., Oregon.—Van Dyke's book on still-hunting is a reliable and practical work, the best of its kind.

SILVER BULLET.—The Yellowstone Park is in Wyoming and Montana Territories. It contains 3,575 square miles.

WYOMING, Pa.—The fact that your dog has no known pedigree does not preclude registration in the *American Kennel Register*.

A. L. O.—You can probably have your gun polished so that it will shoot all right. If you are not within access of a reliable gunsmith, send the arm to some of the firms advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM and get an opinion on it and estimate of cost.

W. L., Carlisle, Pa.—I would like to have a book which would give a description of different birds and birds' eggs. Ans. We know of no satisfactorily completed work on the nests and eggs of birds. We would suggest your getting Gentry's "Nests and Eggs of Pennsylvania Birds." 2 vols.

H. H., New York.—Will you kindly inform me or let me know where the largest ranches are situated, how many head of cattle, owners, etc. Ans. Large cattle ranches are confined to no particular section of the West. Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Nevada all contain them. Some companies own over 100,000 head.

J. T. W., Waterbury, Vt.—1. At what age does a cocker spaniel weighing from 15 to 25 pounds reach maturity? 2. At what age should a cocker pup's tail be docked and how much should be taken off, and how should it be treated? Ans. 1. At about two years. 2. When one or two weeks old take off about one-third. No after-treatment is necessary.

X. Y. Z., Havana, Cuba.—I send you by to-day's mail a sea duck about the size of a green teal. Please to say to what species it belongs. Ans. The bird is a female lesser scaup duck or little blackhead (*Fuligula affinis*). It is found throughout North America, breeding from the borders of the United States northward, and migrates as far south as Central America and the West Indies in winter.



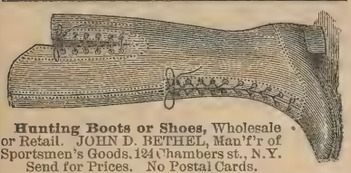
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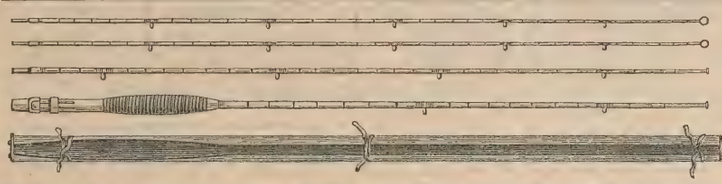


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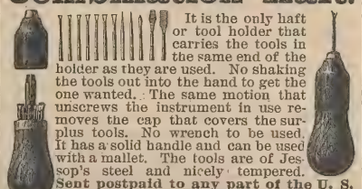


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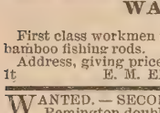
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to secure the repeal of the non-hounding law. Unless the friends of the deer rally to support the present statute it is quite probable that the change will be made. The condition of affairs this winter at Albany may be said to be favorable for the success of those who are plotting the destruction of what deer are left in the North Woods. Speaker Husted, as our readers have had occasion to learn, is out and out an advocate of deer hounding. He has made up the game law committees in a way favorable to the hounders. The members intrusted with the task of repealing the law are already hard at work pledging the members to vote in favor of their bill when it comes up. Everything goes to show that a well-planned attempt will be made to loose the hounds once more.

The strongest possible proof of the wisdom of the law is found in the character of the opposition provoked by its operation for a single season. While all intelligent and unselfish Adirondack residents and visitors are pleased with the measure and rejoice that a period has been put to the disastrous and brutal water-butchery, there is a small class of guides who are the enemies of the law because it temporarily reduces their income, and these men are joined by equally improvident hotel keepers and stage drivers, who have in the past depended on the water-butchers' patronage. These men have nothing to offer against the law, except that it does actually do what was intended, namely, protect the game. So they have resorted to misrepresentation and falsehood to bolster up their cause, as, for instance, the grotesque assertion that more deer were killed in 1885 by still-hunting alone than had been killed in any other recent year by still-hunting and hounding combined.

The actual dissatisfaction with the law is not widespread nor shared by a class of men whose knowledge of the subject and honesty of intention give them a claim to consideration. But there is a possible danger that by their activity they may induce the Legislature to grant their demands and repeal the present law. This scheme must be defeated. We repeat what cannot be too strongly urged, that each friend of the Adirondack deer law must make individual exertion to influence his representative at Albany, if the present wise law is to be maintained.

We hear of a number of new deer laws which are to be introduced at Albany. Some propose one thing and some another. But the evident purpose of each one is to put the hound again on the trail and the boat on the lake. The abolition of jack-hunting would be a capital measure, but it must not be done at the cost of the present non-hounding law. To forbid the marketing of venison would be another most excellent provision, but it must not be made at the sacrifice of what we have now. To shorten the season is well enough, but to shorten the season and turn the hounds loose is what the bill means. No law which does not forbid hounding will be adequate to the needs of the North Woods to-day. Do away with jacking, shorten the season, forbid the killing of deer, stop marketing, but do not legalize hounding and clubbing.

GOOD BUFFALO HUNTING.

A MAN from London, England, came into this office last week to learn where he should go for good buffalo hunting. He was told to go back five years, which was another way of saying that the days of buffalo hunting—good or bad—have gone by.

An occasional report comes to us of a band of buffalo having been seen here or there, but always with the added caution that they are probably not to be found in the locality now, for such and such a party has been after them.

Practically the buffalo has passed from the realm of zoology into that of paleontology; it now belongs to the domain of the closet naturalist.

Here is a bare commercial fact which tells the story: Buffalo robes are now shipped from New York to Fort Benton, where they are sold for $25 and $30 each.

FOREIGN GAME FOR LONG ISLAND.

IT is proposed to introduce hares, pheasants and partridges to the Long Island covers and to restock the island with deer. The country is admirably adapted to such an enterprise. The success which has attended the introduction of these foreign birds to New Jersey preserves is sufficient encouragement for a like undertaking on Long Island. The game will undoubtedly thrive there if it can only be protected from destruction by gunners. The first step then is to secure a law providing for the immunity of the imported game. Such a bill was introduced at Albany last Tuesday by Mr. Huntting, of Suffolk county. It is a wise and very necessary measure and should pass without opposition. Until such a law is enacted no one will be found foolish enough to spend money for foreign birds for the first gunner who comes across them to pot. If Mr. Huntting's bill is made a law, there will probably be little difficulty in securing a subscription large enough to make the importation on a satisfactory scale.

There ought to be a law of similar character to protect such species of large game as may be introduced into the Adirondacks.

THE GAME.

A CURIOUS feature of last autumn's shooting was the almost entire lack of a fall flight of woodcock. This was probably due to the fact that there was up to the close of the season no severe frost to drive the birds south, and it is likely that they lingered about their accustomed feeding grounds until after the season had closed. Their passage would then be unnoticed. As noted already, the fowl shooting has been very unsatisfactory up to the present month, owing to the unusually mild weather. But little was done along the southern seaboard until the great freeze which took place about ten days ago. This closed the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, but for a short time made splendid shooting in Currituck Sound.

The first part of the winter was so mild as to be very favorable for the quail supply. What the effect of the recent cold snap was is not yet fully known, though there is every reason to suppose that the game suffered severely. The extraordinary cold in the South must have been terribly destructive, for the quail of that latitude are not so hardy as the northern birds, and it is probable that great numbers must have perished. In the North the season has been a good one; there have been so far none of the severe storms nor crusting, which is so surely fatal to the birds.

Reports which have come to us from a number of widely separated localities indicate that a fair supply of ruffed grouse were left at the end of the season for the next year's supply. The indications are that a number of sections from which of late this bird has been absent, are becoming restocked, and good shooting if once more the rule. This is true of parts of New England and it is true of the covers of the Western Reserve.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

MOST of the larger and more influential game associations have their headquarters in the cities and find their chief support there. Their work has to do with the country; and it frequently happens that their efforts are in a large measure hampered, if not entirely thwarted, by the jealousy and misunderstanding of country residents. For example, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, as its name implies, has for its field the entire Commonwealth, but they are continually meeting opposition from persons in the country, who are unwilling to believe that the "city fellers" have anything but their own individual and selfish ends in view. Every measure introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature through the efforts of the Association is viewed with suspicion and distrust by the country members, who generally manage to thoroughly misconceive the purpose of the bills and oppose them under the mistaken notion that they are working in the true interests of their constituents.

As a matter of fact, city associations and country residents have the same end to attain. What is for the good of one is also for the good of the other. They are mutually dependent and it is a great pity that there should be between them this misunderstanding and pulling at cross-purposes, which defeat the interests of all. There should be nothing but harmony between them. Might not this be secured by a system of country membership in the city society?

SMALL BIRD DESTRUCTION.—Elsewhere will be found a report of the organization and purposes of the committee appointed by the American Ornithologists' Union to consider the protection of North American birds. The Union has taken action none too soon. We have repeatedly called attention to the magnitude of the destruction of song and insectivorous birds for millinery and decorative purposes, and it is encouraging to see that the subject is beginning to attract the attention it deserves. We hope that the A. O. U. committee will receive in this work the popular support and aid it certainly deserves.

THE NEWARK CHILDREN who went to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur have returned. What the trip amounted to no one can tell, for it is not known whether the dog which bit them was rabid or not. The probability is that the dog was not mad, and the children had their trip for nothing. Meanwhile the effect of the newspaper hydrophobia sensation is daily proving more monstrous and cruel. Cases of alleged hydrophobia are reported, but they are nothing more than the nervous result of the newspaper hydrophobia agitation. For such deaths the editors and not the dogs are accountable.

GAME PROTECTOR J. L. BRINKERHOFF, of the Ninth district, has added his signature to a printed circular alleging that it is impossible to detect the game law offenders. This is exactly the view which was taken by a number of residents of his district last season, with this modification: that it was impossible to stop deer hounding—with Brinkerhoff as game protector. So they hired a special officer of their own, and he did the work. The law may be defective, but it makes a big difference who is charged with its enforcement.

THEY WILL BE POWERLESS THEN.—By lobbying, scheming, trading, misrepresentation and wire-pulling the advocates of Adirondack hounding may secure the license to drive deer into the water and butcher them there. After it is all over and the last unhappy animal has been clubbed to death, no amount of lobbying, scheming, trading, misrepresentation and wire-pulling will restock the woods.

STATE GAME PROTECTOR WM. H. LINDLEY, of Canastota, has made an excellent record for himself and has won the confidence of the citizens of his district. He is a fearless and efficient officer, and should be reappointed for another year.

AMONG THE RARE OLD VOLUMES included in the London book sale of Christmas week were Gilbert White's own copy of "Selborne," with numerous autograph letters, and Izaak Walton's "Lives," with MS. corrections by the author. They brought big prices, but then what treasures they are.

TOMAHAWK THROWING as a winter sport is suggested by a correspondent who thinks that if a war-post be set up in a barn or hall the average young man of the day will prove inferior to his red brother in "accuracy and length of cast."

TO THE WALLED-IN LAKES.

VII.—THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

THE next morning we determined to move camp. Another white man had come into the valley, and established himself on the St. Mary's River just below the lake. We were anxious to make one or two short excursions into the mountains, and did not like to leave our camp unprotected over night while there were so many Indians about. We therefore decided to move all our possessions down to the temporary home of this white man, who would look after them in case of our absence for a day or two. Before leaving camp we cached the boat and oars in the brush, and afterward carefully obliterated all the tracks which we had made in the operation.

By 10 o'clock all our preparations were made, the wagon was packed and we started. We had looked out a road a day or two before, and found no difficulty in taking the wagon along near the shore, over ridges and across water courses. On our way down we met a number of Kootenays, with whom we stopped and gossiped for a while. They were going off into the hills to visit their beaver traps, of which they had a great many set on all the best streams. They are good trappers, and at this time the camp was averaging ten beaver a day.

A mile or two before reaching the lower end of the lake I saw a long, shallow bay, protected by high banks from the furious wind which was now blowing, and taking the shotgun, rode down through the willows nearly to the water's edge, and then dismounting stole down to the shore and peeped out through the brush on to the water. At first no ducks were to be seen, but as I gradually advanced I caught sight of something moving in a little cove on the left, and turned, just as three greenwing teal jumped from the water. By good luck rather than good judgment I caught two of them close together, and dropped them with the right barrel, while the third was stopped with the left as he was crossing a little gravel bar that ran out from the shore. The retrieving of the first two was a tedious operation. The mud was very deep, and I was obliged to build a sort of causeway of brush and sticks to support my naked feet as I waded out to get them. All this took some time, and when I rode out of the willows again the wagon had disappeared, and as I neared the ford I saw it drawn up by a lodge on the opposite bank. I rode toward the place where we had crossed the day before, and where the water was only about up to the horse's belly, intending to cross there, when Yellowfish stepped out of the tent and made a gesture to me. It afterward appeared that it was only a salutation, but I interpreted it to mean that I could cross directly from where I was to the camp, and so I rode down the bank and into the water. It looked deep, but I went ahead with confidence until the water was half way up to the horse's back, and I had my feet tucked up behind me in the saddle. Even then I trusted that we had reached the deepest part, when suddenly Jerry stepped off into a hole and began to swim. I climbed up as high as possible and kneeled on the saddle, but that did not save me from being wet nearly up to my waist. A few yards swimming brought Jerry to his footing and I landed, and was received in the camp with a good deal of merriment by the witnesses of my swim.

We found Dick King, the owner of the lodge, very hospitable and kindly disposed. Indeed, he insisted on our moving our beds and most of our traps into his lodge, which, after some protest, we did, using our tent thereafter only for cooking and eating in.

That afternoon we dined in the presence of six or eight Indians, who, after we had finished, soon demolished whatever was left.

They sat down to eat, and after their food was before them, and when blankets had been thrown back, thongs of quirts slipped from the wrists and sleeves tucked up, each one removed his hat, and, with uplifted eyes, gravely and reverently made the sign of the cross and whispered a prayer.

The performance of this simple rite here in the wilderness was indescribably pathetic and eloquent. Whence came their knowledge of God? Who told them the story of the cross? Had they learned it from the priests of our day, or was it a survival of the teachings to their tribe in the long ago by the old Spanish missionaries?

To these Kootenays it was surely but an empty form, for they worship the sun; but though these prayers have no significance to them, to their forefathers they were full of meaning.

The sight carried my thoughts back over centuries of time, and I followed the holy Fathers, as with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war they entered Mexico with the old Conquistadores. At first they made their converts by the sword; later their unflagging zeal and patient faith subdued tribe after tribe, until at length they reached the western ocean. Slowly they spread along the coast north and south, and to the outlying islands of the sea, and planted the cross deeper and deeper in the wilderness. In trackless deserts, in tangled forests, they preached Christ and His Kingdom. The wild tribes of the parched cactus plains, the more gentle races of the Pueblo villages, the hardy fishermen of the seashore alike yielded to the faith and energy which inspired these ministers of God. Little by little they made their way up the coast—you can trace their progress on the map to-day, San Diego, San Pedro, Santa Barbara, San Luis, San Jose, San Francisco, San Juan—ever fighting the battle of the cross, upheld by their faith. The blazing sun of summer poured down upon them his withering heat; they did not blench. The frosts and snows of winter chilled them; they pushed on. Sky-reaching mountains barred their progress; they surmounted them. Floods stood in their way; they crossed them. Painfully, slowly, on foot, through an unknown country, in perils of waters, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," they held their steadfast way. No danger daunted them; no difficulty turned them back; death did not stop their march. If one faltered and stumbled and fell, another stepped calmly forward and took his place. No need now to look at the means they sometimes employed, nor to remember that among these servants of God all were not worthy. Look only at what they accomplished, and at what a cost. And though their earnest labors failed to establish here in the New World the religious empire for which they hoped, yet no doubt each faithful soul had, in the consciousness of duty well performed, if in no other way, his own abundant reward.

Something of the feeling that must have animated these men is expressed in some lines written in the shadow of an old Spanish mission by my friend H. G. Dulog:

The mission bell is tolling slow
In the still afternoon,
And from the stuccoed front of snow
Reflected sunbeams glare and glow,
While through the cloisters broad and low
A strayed bee drones his sleepy tune.

The Provence roses' attar scent
Comes from the garden's crumbling walls,
And with their heavy breath is blent
Odor of flowers on boughs still bent
With yellow limes, and warm content
Upon the drowsy spirit falls.

A faith outworn, a work decayed,
Show here their ample fortune's trace,
And the brown-featured band arrayed
In worship where their fathers prayed,
Express in tones that fall and fade
The pathos of a dying race.

An old Franciscan wanders by
With sandaled feet and long gray gown,
His head is drooping pensively,
But in his dark and steady eye
There lies a slumbering energy
Which, waked, could win a world's renown.

Why should this Cæsar's vital eyes
Guard a few stolid Indians' fate?
Surely his spirit in him cries
To burst his chafing bonds and rise—
Pants for the struggle and the prize
That crowns the strong and patient great.

Why molder 'mid the living dead
To snatch from fire one worthless brand?
Does the kind sky above him spread
Pour down such peace on that gray head
That he finds sweet the bitter bread
Of strangers in a foreign land?

It must be that he reads the thought.
He stops his walk, and with a smile
He speaks: "My son, our fight is fought
With many arms. If good be wrought
To the great cause it matters naught
Where we must post the rank and file.

"In Orient old; in states yet new,
Whose broad foundations scarce are planned;
In crowded towns; where far and few
The settlers' rough-hewn cabins stand;
On Arctic ice or tropic sand;
Where Holy Church has work to do
God's servants find their native land."

From the coast the Fathers wandered inland almost to the main range of the Rocky Mountains, preaching the Gospel, and among their converts were the Kootenays; and here still the sign of the cross and the vesper bell reminds the wanderer of a time—now long past—when faith was strong, and men were willing to die for God's glory. Here on the shores of the St. Mary's lakes, among the ragged peaks and far from the haunts of men, is still practiced a rite of the church; here still grows, though stunted, deformed and changed, the plant whose seed was first sown centuries ago by that devoted band.

Toward evening two of us rode over to the Kootenay camp, on Swift Current, and called on old Back-in-Sight, the Chief. He is a fine grave old man, of majestic presence, yet with a kindly gentle face which quite won my heart. We found him sitting in his large clean lodge in which burned a bright fire, and at one side smouldered a few coals upon which from time to time his wife scattered a few needles of the sweet pine. The fragrant vapor rose in white clouds toward the smoke hole, and its perfume filled the lodge, and those who entered went to this smoke and held feet and hands over it, and taking handfuls of it rubbed it over heads, arms and breasts, so that they might be purified and evil spirits be kept off. We asked the Chief something about the grand mountain whose solemn peak pointing so steadfastly toward heaven was visible from the flat where we were camped. "Some of my people long ago," he said, "climbed to the summit of Chief Mountain. The Kootenay medicine is very strong, and we can climb bad places. When any animals get on top of this mountain they become crazy and jump off over the cliffs." This may mean that there is but one way to reach the summit, and if an animal is driven up there and its return is prevented, it jumps over the cliffs, and in avoiding capture meets its death on the sharp rocks far below. Yellowfish declares the summit of the mountain to be absolutely inaccessible.

An hour passed pleasantly in friendly, cordial chat with the dignified, gentle old man and his companions, and as we were about to leave, the Chief rang his little bell for vespers, and for a short space there was silence, while with bared heads the Kootenays crossed themselves, and murmured to the Christian's God the prayers that had long ago been taught them by his ministers. So in years gone by, among a kindred race on the other side of the range, I have seen pass about through the camp the clear-toned crier, who summoned the people to their devotions, as when on the shores of the Bosphorus, clambering to the crescent-crowned spire

In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE GULF COAST OF FLORIDA.

OFF for Tampa. How the heart bounds and the pulse thrills at thoughts of the bay of Espirito Santo. There were four in our party, the Colonel, the Professor and his wife, and myself. Arrived at Sanford we found the comfortable cars of the South Florida Road waiting for us, and were soon rolling through that garden of South Florida, Orange county, where every station is an orange grove, and every grove an Eden, if we may believe all the owners and real estate agents tell us. Of course we believe the latter; every one does that and we want to be in the fashion. Through Orlando, the county seat and the home of innumerable land agents, who are never tired of telling us of "big booms" and "tremendous bargains," till we dream of sudden riches in connection with every forty acres, without the mule; through Kissimee, where the big Disston Company have succeeded in building a town and reclaiming the waste places. Here we see the evidences of activity and enterprise. The ship yard and the steamers and the big dredges that have opened new channels and drained off the surplus waters of the big lake with the incomprehensible name. Away we speed and now we are crossing the backbone of Florida. In 1881 Captains Williamson and LeBaron, of the U. S. Engineers, surveyed a line for a canal from Lake Tohapelaliga to Charlotte Harbor via Pease Creek, through this country, and reported that for forty miles they found neither a house nor white man, and saw only a few straggling Indians and one Indian village, situated on Lake Pierce. Now there are over two dozen towns and a few cities scattered round loose, in all of which there are "big bargains" in corner lots and bonanzas in prospective orange groves. And at last we are at Tampa.

Jules Verne has rendered Tampa immortal by starting from here his heroes on their "Voyage to the Moon," which proves that Tampa is nearer the celestial regions than wicked scoffers would have you believe. They will show you the identical hill where his big projectile was shot off, if you find the right man for a guide. He had gone fishing when we were there, so we didn't see it. At present there are steamers here for Key West, Cedar Keys, New Orleans and all along the coast. The Gulf Steamship Company own and run the steamer Gov. Safford from Tampa to Palma Sola and all points on the Manatee River, and thence to Cedar Keys, connecting with the Florida Railroad and Navigation Company at that point for Jacksonville, Fernandina and Tallahassee. The Manatee runs to Punta Rassa and Fort Wyers, and connects at Punta Rassa with steamers for Key West. The Alice Washburn and Cumberland run from New Orleans to Key West, touching regularly at Mobile, Pensacola, Cedar Keys and Tampa, connecting them with the steamer Cochran for Havanna. The Gov. Safford is a fine large steamer; the Manatee is a trim little iron hull, side wheel boat, and makes regular trips. The Gulf of Mexico is generally calm and placid, and the trip on either of these boats is delightful. Then there is the little steamer Erie, which looks like an animated dry goods box, and which will take you to Palma Sola and all points on Manatee River, if you have plenty of patience and a fair wind.

The site of Tampa was first discovered by Narvaez, in 1526. It was rediscovered by H. B. Plant, in 1884, the prince of Florida railroads, who built the South Florida Railroad here from Kissimme, and it has been on a boom ever since. We found little knots of men on the corners of the streets with sticks drawing diagrams of their lots and "additions," and explaining the value of their property to attentive listeners, and the sound of the hammer and saw is heard on every hand. The tourist soon finds he is in a land of the tropics. He sees in the gardens the mango and alligator-pear trees covered with fruit, and finds in the stores and on the street corners swarthy-faced Cubans speaking the Spanish language, and offering for sale these fruits with sappodillos and green cocoanuts from Havana and the keys.

The Colonel and the Professor are anxious to be off down the coast, the former to try his new breechloader on the game that abounds on the keys and the latter to add to his cabinet of shels and specimens of natural history; so we board the steamer Manatee and are soon rapidly steaming down the beautiful Tampa Bay, which looks like an inland sea. We round the point at the entrance to Manatee River and steam up to Palma Sola, situated on the south side of the river, which is here $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile wide.

Palma Sola, "the youngest and largest town in Florida," is a neat-looking little collection of white cottages, with a big hotel, on a high point of land overlooking the river and bay. The hotel and town also belong to Mr. W. S. Warner, who keeps a fine store on the wharf where camping parties can be supplied with all requisites of cruising or camping. We have made up our minds to stop here and charter a sailboat for a trip to Charlotte Harbor, inside the keys. We found at Palma Sola a number of large sailboats fitted up for cruising, and soon chartered the schooner Belle at a moderate price, with crew, and proceeded to lay in a stock of groceries and canned goods for the trip.

The next morning we go aboard and set sail down the

river on an ebb tide and are soon skirting the south shore of Tampa Bay, with Egmont lighthouse ahead and to the westward. We leave the bay and enter the pass between Sarasota and Tampa bays. Leaving the pass and Longboat Inlet on the west, we see stretching out before us for sixteen miles the placid waters of Big Sarasota Bay, a beautiful sheet of water four miles wide, with fine pine lands ten to fifteen feet high on the east side and the west protected from the Gulf of Mexico by Sarasota Key. Crossing the bay, we land near the southern end, on the east bank, at the little straggling settlement of Sarasota and go up to the post office, kept by Mrs. Abbe, for our mail, which we had given directions to be sent here.

In front of this place and across the bay to the westward is Big Sarasota Pass, an outlet from the bay to the Gulf. Our skipper tells us that this is a famous place for fishing, so we run across and are fortunate in arriving at low water. While the rest of us are preparing our lines and bait, the Professor's lady, with the children, go ashore and are soon busy picking up shells, which abound here. The beautiful Panama shell is plentiful here. You find them with their live tenant digging little furrows in the sand just above low water mark; also the handsome red conch, which can be caught imprudently taking an airing in the same locality.

The tide has now turned and is running in, and the waters of the narow inlet seem alive with fish and we are soon busy hauling them in. In many cases it is a question which will be hauled in, the fish or the fisher. The Colonel is trying to catch that prince of fishes, the beautiful silver-sided tarpon, and has baited his hook with a whole mullet. The water seems full of them as they rush about coming regularly to the surface to breathe like a porpoise, but they are wary biters and the Colonel is unsuccessful for a long time. At last, just as he is giving up in despair and thinking of trying for less noble game, his line is suddenly snatched out of his hands and cuts through the water with a zip as if a fish torpedo had been attached to it. Fortunately he has lots of slack line and has taken the precaution to fasten the end to a palmetto tree. We see him scrambling for the line that is uncoiling like lightning and soon he has it again and ties to check it. We know now what is on the end of it, for the noble fish leaps from the water fully four feet, its sides glistening like burnished silver, and shakes its head defiantly in mid-air. But the hook is fast and down he goes again, almost pulling the Colonel into the water, and he has to let the line run. Back and forth the monster rushes as if it would never tire. Such strength and impetuosity is seen in no other fish in the world, not excepting the lordly salmon. For fully an hour the Colonel played that fish, hauling and tugging, now gaining a few feet of line, then himself yanked down into the water up to his waist. We all stop our fishing and look on, offering encouragement and advice. "Pull him in." "Now you've got him." "Don't pull too hard; let him run," and so on. At last the Colonel begins to shorten the line. He thinks he has got him now, but whoop! off he goes again as if but just hooked. This is work I can tell you. The Colonel is getting tired. His face is red and his hands are cut and bleeding. We go to his assistance and the skipper comes with a harpoon. We have the fith now in shallow water and the skipper wades out and after many failures succeeds in striking him with the harpoon or lily-iron. And now he is off again, nearly as vigorous as before, but he has two lines this time to pull against, and faint from the loss of blood he is at last dragged on the beach. A noble fellow he proved—six feet four inches long—and shaped like a large shad. The skipper takes him in charge and proceeds to scale and dress him. The scales are 3x2¼ inches long and some of them larger and they have to be taken off with a hatchet. After this exciting episode the Colonel retires on his laurels and gives his attention the rest of the day to his hands.

The Professor and myself are content with smaller fry, and succeed in catching a *quantum sufficit* of mangrove snappers and the everlasting sharks. Some of the latter are lively fellows. We caught several four to six feet long, and it was only good fortune that saved us from hooking any larger ones. They played sad havoc with our lines, breaking them and straightening the hooks. We found it useless to attempt to fish without having the line well wired from the hook about three feet.

The Professor caught a fish about four feet long that looked like a cross between a haddock and muscalonge, which the skipper called a snoot or ravalle. We did not eat him, as the skipper said these fish had a flavor of turpentine. Well, we had fried fish and baked fish and broiled fish after that, and very nice we found the tarpon and snappers.

We had had enough fishing, so we took advantage of the flood tide and sailed back up the pass and into the bay again, and ran down the lower end, where we dropped anchor for the night on a flat with about four feet of water. In the morning when we turned out of our little cabin we found the crew had been up before us and had procured about two bushels of gigantic clams, which abounded on the flat where we anchored. They were similar to the quahogs of the New England coast, the *Venus solidissima*, and they were well named, for their shells might well be called solid, being fully one-half an inch thick, and they had to be opened with an axe. Many of them measured five inches in diameter, and although so large, we found them very good eating and no tougher than their smaller comrades.

That day we passed down through "The Mangroves," which is a labyrinth of mangrove islets, with overhanging branches, where the channels ended in the bushes, and the boat had to be poled through, the branches sweeping the decks. The Gulf Coast Canal Company will have to cut about half a mile here through the islands, about five feet deep. Then we entered Little Sarasota Bay, which is long and narrow and full of islands, reefs and oyster bars, through which only an accustomed pilot can find the channel. At Judge Webb's, on the east side, we stopped to post letters. This post office, Osprey, is the last post office until Punta Rassa is reached, on San Carlos Bay.

We found an abundance of fine oysters in this bay, and we learned a fact new to the Professor, which was that the oysters here are good at all seasons. That is the oyster is good, except when spawning, and different beds in the same bay have different spawning times, so while the oysters on one bar are poor and unfit to eat, on the next bar we found them fat and luscious. There were a few settlers on the east side of this bay, on the mainland, and the shores looked pleasant and inviting. The islands or keys all along this part of the coast have never been surveyed by the Land Department, and only recently by the Coast Survey, so most maps of the State do not show them, and an entirely new impression is given of this coast. Passing down to the lower end of Little Sarosota Bay we come to Casey's Pass, which is a small outlet to the gulf. Here we will have to go outside and make a run of fifteen miles in the Gulf of Mexico, past Horse and Chaise Point. Our skipper wishes to start early in the morning on this run, as that part of the day is generally best for outside sailing and less likely to be squally, so we anchor close to the bank just inside the pass, and improve the opportunity to go up to Mr. Higle's place on the point. Mr. Higle is an old man-of-war's man, who was for many years a sailor in the Coast Survey service, and has now cast anchor in this out of the way spot, where, with his wife and family of six boys, he enjoys a truly pastoral life.

We found he had a nice new house and a fine large orange grove, the trees covered with the golden fruit. Mr. Higle was a hospitable host and we soon felt at home, and while we were listening to his interesting anecdotes of life in this remote quarter the Colonel took his new gun, borrowed a dog from Mr. H. and started off in the woods, one of Mr. Higle's sons accompanying him. About sundown he returned with two wild turkeys, a raccoon and a wildcat. He reports a fine pine land country and says he was nearly run down by a couple of deer, which, frightened by the dogs, rushed out of a little bayhead thicket and nearly run over him. Of course his gun was loaded with bird shot just then and he had to let them go.

The beach here is sandy, the fine trees growing close to the edge, and the bluff is about eight feet high. Horse and Chaise Point is about a mile south, so-called by navigators from the fancied resemblance to a horse and chaise, when seen from a vessel several miles out in the gulf. On the beach here I found several fossilized bones of the fossil elephant (*Elephas columbi*), and Mr. Higle showed me some monster vertebra of the same animal, on a large Indian mound at the foot of his garden on Robert's Bay. These remains, with the fossil stag, bear, horse and monster turtle and manatee with sharks' teeth of the ancient *Plesiosaurus*, abound in the bed and banks of Peace Creek.

Casey's Pass is small and the water only about four feet deep on the bar. It is not much of a place for fishing compared with the other passes, but the beach is an excellent one for bathing, and we found it very warm and pleasant in the surf on the 25th day of January.

The next morning we are awakened before sunrise by the rattling of the sails and creaking of cordage as our sailors get under way and sail boldly out into the Gulf and steer south along the shore. The morning is bright and clear, and just cool enough to be pleasant and invigorating. The water is clear, and as we cross the bar we see hundreds of sharks rushing about. The Colonel throws out a long trolling line with a white rag on the hook, and soon has a little shark about three feet long which is hauled aboard and dispatched. Then he catches a jackfish which is a handsome, clipper-built fellow, two feet long, but not considered very good eating, so he tries again and this time it is a fine Spanish mackerel.

We get no more fish until just as we are crossing the bar to enter Stump Pass into Lemon Bay. Here the fish are numerous and we put two lines out, and as we rush rapidly through the water, impelled by a strong north wind, we have a lively time hauling in crevalle and also a few salt water trout. The tide is running out but we sail in against it, and are soon in smooth water round the point and anchor against a steep bank on the north side of the pass to wait for a flood tide. While waiting here the Professor and his family go on shore, and return laden with beautiful conchs, calico, Panama and pompons shells. The skipper takes his cast net and wades along the shore of the bars, and soon has a lot of fine mullet and that incomparable fish, the Southern pompano, esteemed by epicures as the best fish in American waters, always excepting the brook trout. The Colonel took the small boat and one of the crew, and rowed up among the Mangrove Islands in Lemon Bay, of which Stump Pass is the outlet, and we hear the report of his gun at frequent intervals. In the mean time I take my doublebarrel and walk up the beach, and soon have a large bag of plover, the godwits and greater yellow-leg snipe predominating, with a few killdeer plover and sandpipers.

When the Colonel returns he shows us two beautiful pink curlews, called by ornithologists the roseate spoonbill—a handsome reddish pink bird as large as a small turkey. He also has a number of herons and ibis, of which there is an endless variety. He saw several flocks of ducks, but did not succeed in shooting any.

When the tide turns we up sail and pass on south through a narrow channel just inside the beach ridge, past Bocilla Pass and Boca Nueva, and through the Narrows into Gasparilla Sound. Lemon Bay, that we have just quitted, is a fine sheet of water, interspersed with mangrove and palm islands, with pine lands, on the east side, and several fine cabbage palm hamak islands. There are only two settlers on the bay. One, Lopez, a Spaniard from Cuba, started, several years ago, a large lemon grove here which is now in full bearing. This bay was formerly known as Kettle Harbor, and it is currently reported that the old Spanish buccaneers buried a large treasure on its shores in olden times. Just where it was buried is unfortunately unknown, so we reluctantly abandoned for the present all thoughts of opening a new bank account and continued on our cruise, passing down Gasparilla Sound to the inlet of that name, which is large and deep. On the south side of this inlet we go ashore at a fishermen's camp on Gasparilla Island to get water. This is known as Cash's fish camp and consists of two palmetto cabins where the fishermen live with their families. They seem to be doing a good business, judging by the fishy smell that pervades the camp and the appearance of their large fishing boats.

Having replenished our water supply at their well, we keep on and are soon in Charlotte Harbor and sailing past the broad inlet for Pine Island Sound.

This harbor is just now assuming prominence. The Florida Southern Railroad are building their road to Punta Gorda, on the east side of the harbor, and intend to have a through line to Key West and the West India Islands, by means of steamers. Peace Creek empties into the upper end of this harbor. This "creek" is a river a hundred miles long, flowing down from Bartow and Fort Meade. Fort Ogden, a thriving town, is situated about eighteen miles from the harbor, on Peace Creek, and two new towns have been laid out on it, called Liverpool and Cleveland. Charlotte Harbor Post Office is situated near Hickory Bluff, at the mouth. Charlotte Harbor is large and spacious and perfectly landlocked, but will accommodate only vessels drawing about nine to ten feet at low water, and the tide rises only one and a half feet.

We are now entering Pine Island Sound. On the left is Pine Island, a long, rather low island on which several large cocoanut groves have recently been started, and the new city of St. James has been laid out there, which will be a great resort when the railroad and canal is completed, and a point for the shipment of cocoanuts. The island is surrounded by a flat salty level, called by the Spaniards the "Salinas." On the north end of the island the Florida Southern Railroad Company are surveying and cutting out the right of way of a branch of their road, which will give them a deep-water terminus. They cross Matlacha Channel to the island. There are several large Indian or pre-historic mounds on the north end and a lemon grove on the mounds. There is also an old pre-historic canal cut clear across the island, east from the mounds. What the purpose of its builders was is not very clear, but it was probably used for boats. There is another of these canals leading from Lake Flirt at the upper end of the Caloosahatchee River, about three miles long, to several large mounds in the pine woods. This canal is about eight feet wide and four feet deep, and the earth is thrown out on each side. There are large pine trees growing up in the bottom of it in places. How the pre-historic men who built these canals made them a financial success would be interesting to the promoters of the great Florida ship canal.

On entering Pine Island Sound we pass by several small but high and fertile islands—Mandorigo and Useppa on the left, the last a corruption of the Spanish Josepha, and Palmetto on the right. On these islands are several families of Dagos or Deigos, of the Spanish race, from the West Indies, who live by fishing and sponging. Their cosy-looking palm-thatched cottages peep out from among the cocoanut trees and oranges and lemons. There is a fine spring of clear water on Useppa, which is resorted to by all the fishing and sponging vessels in these waters. There are several fine little schooners engaged in gathering sponges. They are continually cruising about searching for new sponging grounds. To find the sponges they carry a "water glass," which is a tube a foot or so in diameter with a piece of common glass fitted in the lower end. Putting this in the water they are enabled to scan the bottom and detect the sponges, which are then hauled up by hooks fastened in the end of long poles.

From Useppa we have a pleasant sail of fifteen miles through Pine Island Sound and into San Carlos Bay, which we cross and arrive at Punta Rassa, a corruption of Punta Rosa. This is a low point of sand backed by a mangrove marsh, and has only two dwellings, the house of Mr. Jacob Summerlin, a Florida cattle king, and the house of the telegraph operator and signal service officer, who is also steamboat agent for several lines, postmaster, deputy customs officer, and keeps a store and billiard tables.

Punta Rassa is a shipping point for cattle to Cuba. The water is deep at the wharf, but the bar at the entrance of San Carlos Bay has only nine feet at low water. We see several fishermen's cottages on small islands in front of the landing, and to the westward looms up the tall lighthouse tower on Sanibel Island. This island, by the way, will well repay a visit, for on it are found the finest shells of any place on the coast, and the deer are numerous also, as indeed they are on Pine Island, the southern extremity of which is directly opposite. Several steamers stop at Punta Rassa regularly on their way between Key West and Tampa and Cedar Keys, and the steamer Manatee, of the Gulf Steamboat Company, stops here on her way to and from Fort Myers. The little beach here is covered; yes, actually covered with an army of fiddle crabs, at low water, which are perfectly gorgeous in their bright colors, red, yellow and purple. It is impossible to walk without treading on them. We laid up at the wharf here and had good sport fishing. We caught redfish, groupers, crevallie and jewfish. The first is excellent eating, and all of them are good. The jewfish run from 40 to 400 pounds. All along this coast from Cedar Keys to Punta Rassa there are excellent fishing grounds, off shore on ledges, where rare sport can be had catching red snappers and groupers, the former weighing from 20 to 40 pounds.

Punta Rassa is the southern terminus of the proposed Gulf coast canal, from Tampa, which passes through Gasparilla Sound, Charlotte Harbor, Pine Island Sound and San Carlos Bay, and is 160 miles long.

The Caloosahatchee River empties into San Carlos Bay about two miles above Punta Rassa. The Okeechobee Drainage Company have cut a canal 6½ feet deep and 46 feet wide from its headwaters, through Lake Flirt and Lake Hickpochee into Lake Okeechobee, and a steamer 150 feet long, the Bertha Lee, has passed up through the latter lake to the Kissimme River and up to Kissimme City.

This river has very fine, rich hamak lands on its sides, but they were subject to inundations twelve to thirteen feet deep. The canal of the Okeechobee Company has now stopped these overflows, and the lands are reclaimed and will prove very valuable for sugar cane and oranges, and the river banks are rendered inhabitable.

We all concluded to take a run up to Fort Myers, and on the following day we set sail and arrived there in the afternoon. We found a charming little village of about 500 inhabitants, with large stores, school house, church, masonic hall, etc. The town is regularly laid out and lots are selling rapidly. Schooners drawing eight feet come up to the wharves.

This is the residence of Captain Hendry, one of Florida's great cattle kings, and he and Major J. Evans are the fathers of the place. We were shown here the identical log cabin in which General Sherman lived when stationed here before the war, and a large date palm is pointed out as having been planted by him. This used to be a military post of some importance, but the troops have been long ago withdrawn and the name of the town changed to simply Myers. All that remains to show its former military occupancy is the General's cabin and the little military burying ground, with the headstones of some of the brave boys who were laid here.

We had now completed our trip, and we discharged our vessel and sent her back to Palma Sola, while we waited and lounged in the hammocks under the cocoanut palms for the arrival of the steamer Manatee to take us back to Tampa and the big world.

ARDEA.

A BRAY FROM BOONVILLE.—The Boonville *Herald* urges: "Bury beneath public contempt a newspaper like FOREST AND STREAM that purports to be a sportsman's journal and with a treachery unparalleled betrays the gentlemanly and genuine lover of the woods into the hands of the pot hunters. Their misrepresentations, their title of butchers to all who secured their venison by the chase, and their favorite mythical and farcical 'club' argument are worthy of a place in the library of the Pennsylvania pot-hunters and their coadjutors who have been so merciless in their slaughter of deer for 8 cents a pound. 'Pulverize the paltry pot-hunters' may also apply to such pernicious persons as the pencil-pushers of FOREST AND STREAM." Hi, hi!

CAMP FLOTSAM.

XX.—"WHOSE WATERLOO?"

WHEN we awoke, a hard wind was blowing from the southwest and, as the course to the lower outlet lay straight before it, there was a promise of sport on hand. We soon had breakfast over and the Madame ashore, when we found the preparations for the start well under way. Provisions and cooking implements were being stored on board the Sabbath Breaker and a group of three or four hardy hunters were lounging on the dock as we drew up and unloaded our freight. The kind-hearted skipper of our rival inquired whether we intended, in sober earnest, to attempt to cross the "big water" in our cockle shell, and warned us that with the amount of sail which we were getting ready to spread, we would drive the Pizen Ann under before we had gone two miles on our way. We were a little shaky, with the small gale blowing as it did, but we passed a rope under the sheathing in the stern, coiled the end at our feet in readiness for a capsize and determined to take the chances. Aside from a single rod, our outfit consisted of a pair of woolen and one rubber blankets, a hatchet and coffee pot. Our friends had provided more elaborately for themselves by putting on board a small tent; rent with many a seam and gash, an iron pot and a frying pan. A small basket in each boat contained the necessary groceries. It was close on to noonday before the Sabbath Breaker embarked her crew and pulled into the stream. With a long pair of sweeps she was worked up the creek, for, notwithstanding the tumult on the lake, scarcely a ripple was on the water about us, so completely were we sheltered by the forest on the left. We pulled slowly after the craft in front while we watched to see her come into the wind. Just out of the mouth of the creek her sweeps were pulled in, the sail filled and she stood off toward Burnt Point. She was well down toward the rock reefs before we had succeeded in getting into the wind and we were just beginning to make good headway when we found that my rubber coat was left in camp. We lost half a mile while dropping in for it and by the time we were back on our course the Breaker had passed through the narrow channel off the point and ran under the lee of Pensel Island, where she was waiting for us. Long before we reached this point, we were bowling along at such a rate that our rival thought it prudent to get under way before we came up. When we rounded the point and struck the "big water" she was doing her level best and was being worked by her skipper for all there was in her. The Pizen Ann shied, bucked and kicked like a trick mule at a circus, and for a few minutes we thought that she would resort to the same tactics of rolling over to dismount us, but we helped her by shifting ballast, kept up the peak and every inch of sail and headed right on after the Breaker.

It was a glorious sail, at least it seems so now viewed in the firelight of to-night, but it was nevertheless foolish and hazardous; the only excuse possible was that the water was warm and we were within half a mile of an island or the mainland at all times during the cruise. We shot along the bases of palisades of rock, across the mouths of coves radiant in their wealth of lilies, between close-lying islands crowned with pine which reached to the water's edge, and over wide open stretches of lake, bounding and jumping like a race horse, yet steadily closing the gap between us and the old sea goer in front. At Porcupine Island we were abreast of our rival, and then we steadily drew away, leaving her in our wake. We felt as one born out of due time, and in a burst of prophetic inspiration ventured to estimate how much we would beat her in the next three miles. Had it been six weeks later we would have grappled without hesitation with the conundrum, "Whose Waterloo?" proposed by the yachting editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

Between the high hills below the narrows, the wind failed us, and with a fair trolling breeze we led the Sabbath Breaker over the remainder of the course. In the broad water below, a spoon was put out and, though the rate of speed at which we were going was a trifle too fast for the best of luck, yet we took a couple of good-sized big-mouths, which were carefully put away as they might become our chief reliance for supper. So completely had the wind fallen that it was near the middle of the afternoon before we reached the lower outlet of Loughborough and entered the creek which flows into Hart Lake. On the left was the grassy bank on the trail leading off through the woods, up which with Truthful James we last summer carried our lunch and opened a noonday School of Philosophy, on the day when our journey to Hart Lake ended here on account of low water in the stream. Now, thanks to the wet Canadian summer, the stream was full, and down it we glided for half a mile between rocky shores overgrown with mosses and ferns, and beneath an arch formed by the great trees on either side which interlaced their branches over our heads. It was a grotto of beauty; below us through the clear water shone the white sandy bottom, and almost within reach with the oars hung festoons of green on which the sun never shone. The rocky sides sent back the echo from our boat and our voices sounded as though in a cavern. A short turn in the stream and the roar of a waterfall came to our ears. Through a narrow gorge in front the creek made a downward rush of twenty feet among rocks and boulders, sending up a shower of spray, through which the rays of the afternoon sun made all the colors of the rainbow. On the right, a shelving rock at the edge of the stream made a natural landing and on this we drew up our craft and waited for those in the rear. When they arrived we unloaded our slender baggage and two, taking our boat, started over the carry. There was scarcely the sign of a trail, so seldom was a passage to the upper lakes made. Of the party but one had ever been over it, and for the purpose of fishing no one. It was an easy walk through the woods and the carry ended on top of a high bank fifteen feet above the stream. It required some care to lower the boat while the passengers and carriers slipped and scrambled down by trees and rocks to the shore below. One by one, the three boats were brought over, the luggage followed and soon everything was replaced and we were again afloat.

It was a veritable Treboni—a sea of reeds, upon which we looked. In front was a basin stretching away for miles between high hills, at the feet of which an ancient lake had once rolled its waves. Here the bright waters had flashed in the sunlight and darkened before the storm, with no human eye to drink in the beauties of that strange world which was before the lake dwellers were, and which shone here in royal splendor long before the tertiary period began. On that July afternoon, it was as lonely and desolate as on the day, in that far off primary epoch, when the hills were rent asunder and the pent up waters began their rush to the sea through that mighty channel which but yesterday, as it were, John Cabot saw for the first and which will be the St. Lawrence forever.

On the right hand and on the left loomed up gray old islands, with tracings formed and worn by the waves of the old azoic. There was no beauty in the landscape, all was silence and desolation, we seemed to be journeying "in a waste land where no one comes or hath come since the making of the world." We pushed our way through the tall rustling flags, keeping a close lookout forward for the open channel which seemed to turn in every direction. The boats soon lost sight of each other, and shortly we were in the midst of fallen trees and driftwood which barred our passage. Standing in the boat, nothing could be seen but the expanse of reeds and rushes in front, behind and around, with the desolate hills looking down on either side. Our shouts brought no response, so we forced the boat backward for fifty yards and turned off to the left, where there seemed to be a sort of channel through the flag. Following this for a hundred yards, we again turned to the right and entered a channel of open water a trifle wider than the boat. For three miles we labored, before open water was reached; then, as we turned a headland, Hart Lake spread out before us. The other boats were far in the lead and the foremost one was making over to the western shore, in search of a camping place. When we joined them the traps had been unloaded and the tent was being set. It was on a long rocky point, overgrown with bushes, and a miserable place for a camp, but it seemed the only one within sight, so we deposited our bundle with the rest and dropped on the nearest rock to watch the process of camp building. Ye Gods, what a camp it was. A pile of sumac bushes were spread for the bed within the tent, a long pole was projected over a rock, the pot hung on its end, a place was made for a fire beneath and the Canuck was content. It was within two hours of darkness and every one was hungry to a degree that made the thoughts of a cold supper exasperating, so we softly jointed the fly-rod and started for something warm. A couple followed, and while they trolled we tried the fly. At the end of an hour we came together and took an inventory of the catch. Two small rock bass had fallen in our way, while a ten-inch pike, a half-pound perch and a sunfish, in the boat of our friends, made us haug our heads. These, with the two bass taken on our way, made a scant meal, but with the coffee and boiled potatoes we fortified ourselves for the night. Then a camp fire was started, and as the neighboring mosquitoes dropped in, one by one, to enjoy themselves, it was supplemented by a smudge. When the delegation from over the lake arrived, two more smudges were started in their honor and a plainly discernible reinforcement prompted some one to start another. We spread our couch on a rock with the sail of the Pizen Ann for a base, and half of our double blanket over it, applied the killer and sat up to take in the situation. The Canuck threshed his head with sumac branches, sat in the lee of the smudge and expressed his sentiments in florid rhetoric. The hills stood out dark against the sky, and limned themselves into a horizon like the rim of a huge bowl, within whose concave we seeemed isolated from the world. The fire light flashed and glared on the strange scene, shone in long trails of light across the water and threw in bold relief the uncouth figures against the rocks. For a long time we watched it all and until drowsiness came, when we rolled into the blankets, turned our face toward the stars and slept. Not so the Canuck; he tossed restlessly upon his sumac boughs in the tent, courted sleep in vain, wandered aimlessly about the fire which he kept replenished through the night, and, with the first signs of dawn, was off in search of berries. Never shall we forget the radiance of that morning. How the deep breath of the great wilderness came to us, laden with all he fragrance that it had to give. Our opening eyes rested on the glittering waters in front and below, with the great loons wheeling in the air over the broad bay which stretched on the left down to Opinicon, while the eastern hills were burning with the glory of the resurrection of another day. And that morning meal with its coffee, pilot bread, bacon and fried potatoes, how its recollection throngs foremost among the many bright recollections of the summer.

Leaving our friends to gather berries we again got under way and headed toward an opening in the hills to the north where we knew we would find a passage to the lakes beyond. Nothing rose to our repeated casts as we followed the western shore, the waters seemed as barren of dwellers as the hillsides around. In a couple of hours we were at the foot of Hart Lake, where we entered a narrow stream which wound its way, without the sign of a current, through a wilderness of rushes. As far down in front as we could see reached the vast expanse, with bays to the left and high rocky islands standing in a sea of brown and green. There was undoubtedly water everywhere about us, but none was visible save in the narrow stream which we were threading The far away shores of this great sea of rushes rose grim and steep and rocky, barriers which once had withstood the wild dash of waves, but against which they would wash no more forever.

For three miles we held on a straight course and then, as we approached the great northern barrier of hills, the channel turned short to the right, made a sweep around a headland with another right hand turn, and the bow was pointed in the direction from which we had started. A half mile further we found an immense pine lying across the stream and we were compelled to land in the ooze and drag the boat around the obstruction. A short distance beyond, the channel widened and we came into an open sheet of water with an island in front which, robed in pine and hemlock, towered in primeval beauty. As we rounded its eastern side, Crow Lake opened before us, a magnificent sheet of water without an island to break its broad expanse. With its shores of rock, and lined with the green forest, it reminded us of some of those lovely mountain lakes of Northern New Jersey, before the hand of the vandal had reared his summer hotels and boarding houses, and brought it to pass that they who fished must surely come into his net. Fairer than Greenwood or Hopatcong, rivaling Double Pond and Truxedo in the purity of its waters, Crow Lake is as beautiful a sheet of water as has ever been permitted to us to behold.

As we entered the lake, a loon rose with shrill screams, a hundred yards away and, churning the water into foam as he came, made a circuit of the boat within easy pistol range, and standing upon the water, flapped his wings and greeted us with a series of shrieks. Then, diving beneath the surface, he reappeared in the same spot and repeated the performance half a dozen times. Twice we cocked and raised a revolver to fire, but could not find it in our heart to kill, wound or terrify the graceful bird which, in apprehension for the safety of its young which were probably somewhere close at hand, was endeavoring to entertain us at the risk of its life that they might go unnoticed, and the Madame's longing for a loon skin went unsatisfied for that day, at least. While no bird is more wary, none is more bold when the safety of its young is at stake. Twice we have known the mother bird, when pursued, with a young one upon her back or by her side, to refuse to dive and leave it upon the water or desert it until the boat was fairly upon her. In both instances, after the young one had been captured, the mother would follow and circle about the boat with cries that were almost human, until the captor in sheer pity dropped her treasure overboard, when she immediately rejoined it. Only two attempts to our knowledge have been made to keep the grand old bird in captivity, and they were mournful failures. Last spring, as Sabattis told us, one of his boys found a loon fastened in a trap which he had set for mink. The bird was tied by one of its legs to a line, two hundred feet long, and put out on the lake. For two days and nights the wail of the poor bird wrung the heart of old Sabattis sore, and he ordered that it should be killed or set free. But the boy plead for another day, and on the morning of the next, it was dead. We left the loon which had so entertained us, in a state of apparent content as it saw the boat draw slowly away, and then, as it turned toward the island where it probably had left its young, we faced once more to the front, jointed up the Mitchell and prepared for work.

WAWAYANDA.

CLIMATE OF THE WEST.

SANTA BARBARA, California, Jan. 2, 1886.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of your issue of Dec. 17, and in it find "A Special Correspondent's" second article upon the "Climate of the West," which he claims is in reply to my comments upon his first article on the subject. Unfortunately my copy of the paper is an imperfect one, a folding of the sheet when passing through the press having somewhat curtailed Mr. Correspondent's article. However, I am enabled to follow his arguments pretty clearly, and I am gratified to observe that he entirely abandons his former position, although he does so without admitting the fact. In my former letter I was too generous by half in explaining to Mr. Correspondent, and to your readers, how and by what process his informants became possessed of the belief that the seasons were changing —changing rapidly—from dry to wet. Mr. Correspondent now adopts the substance of that explanation as the basis of his theory. How much better it would have been if he had pursued that course in the first place (if he had only thought of it), instead of stating, as he did, that a great and rapid change was going on in the character of the seasons. Why mislead and deceive badly informed or unthinking people into the belief that the peculiarities of any country or any climate will change just to suit or accommodate them?

Mr. Correspondent pretends—it is only pretense—to think that the table of figures I gave was for the purpose of proving that the seasons were steadily growing dryer. Why did he not say plainly and bluntly that I was a fool? It would have been quite as complimentary. The figures were given simply to show that Mr. Correspondent's statement that the rainfall was rapidly increasing year by year, or that it was becoming far greater, was not true. This was the exact thing in his article which was calculated to work harm. Now, since seeing my explanation of how his borrowed opinions were reached, he admits that the change may be more apparent than real; that application and economy of water, just as I explained, may and do secure the results that have by many been wrongly credited to a vastly increased rainfall. Now let Mr. Correspondent pursue his argument from the new departure; show people how they can adapt themselves to new countries and strange climates; that by good judgment, industry and perseverance they can reclaim naturally arid wastes and make even deserts blossom with roses. By so doing he will secure good settlers for his chosen region in the Great West instead of a horde of unthinking people who might come upon the strength of promises held out in his first letter, and who themselves must inevitably be disappointed and will then hold him responsible for their misfortunes.

It is true that I did remind Mr. Correspondent in the latter part of my former article that no arid climate had ever changed to a humid one; that the tendency of all such is to grow dryer. I cited the evidence of all human history, the geology of the earth, the shrunken streams, etc., and asked him to prove the contrary in support of his position. He conveniently omits to answer except by citing my figures to disprove my assertion, which had no reference to the figures. I did not claim that this gradual change was noticeable from year to year, from decade to decade, from generation to generation, nor from century to century. I doubt if the observations of a hundred years will prove the fact and its exact dimensions. But the face of the earth proves it. Our shrunken river beds prove it. Fossil and other traces of vast forests, where none do or can grow now, prove it. Thousands of miles of gravel beds where there is now no water to make gravel, prove it. The ruins of great cities and other evidences of dense human populations where such cannot be now supported by the products of the country, prove it. The fact is the earth of this Earth is growing dryer. Arid portions are changing from dry to dryer with the other. Man cannot change or check it. Newspaper writers cannot prove the contrary. Man can improve his methods and modify in some degree his surroundings. That is the best he can do.

Perhaps Mr. Correspondent can torture some portion of this article into evidence that Palestine, and Egypt, and Assyria, and the "back counties" thereabout, once the granary of the world and the great center of human life and industry and prosperity, lost its prestige and its people by a change of climate from just right to too humid, by reason of too much irrigating and plowing, and consequent dew on the grass. According to his reasoning it could hardly have been the other way—become too dry—after the first Egyptian began scratching his corn patch with a forked stick. Perhaps he can tell why the ancient cities of southwestern Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona were abandoned. Their great canals can yet be traced, but there is no water to fill them. Perhaps he can tell why Mexico has not changed its climate from arid to humid in accordance with his theory; or why this region, where I now write, with its three hundred years of civilization, has not done the same. Per contra, I find Spanish traditions here say that when their people first came hither the Santa Ynez range of mountains, which rises about six miles distant to the northward, and stretches sixty or seventy miles southeast by east and northwest by west, was covered upon the seaward slope with a luxuriant growth of forest timber. Now it produces

nothing but chapparel, and the drouth is such that tress cannot grow.

Mr. Correspondent says: "One fact, worth any array of figures, is that land formerly dependent on irrigation for a crop, will now produce good crops by dry cultivation." He states this as a fact—emphasizes it as "a fact"—just as he stated in his first article that the amount or annual rainfall was largely increasing, yet in the broad significance of the words used it is not a fact—no more a fact than was the other. Let him substantiate his assertion by the evidence of one State, one section, one county, one farming settlement, or one farm in the truly arid regions of this hemisphere, where irrigation once practiced has been abandoned and "good crops" are yet produced year after year. In an exceptional season when plowing and planting are done just right and at the right time, and the scanty rainfall comes at the right periods and with the best distribution, a good crop may be produced by dry cultivation upon ground that has been previously irrigated. It may also be done on ground that has not been irrigated. It may be done upon ground that has neither been plowed or irrigated previously. I have seen it done. I have done it—once. I make these admissions in full knowledge of the danger of admitting anything to my disputant. Upon this evidence he may claim that irrigation is always unnecessary—that the mere presence of a man and a plow, with faith, will make the country fruitful and the climate humid.

WM. N. BYERS.

Natural History.

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BIRD PROTECTION BY THE A. O. U.

BIRD destruction in this country is every year assuming a more and more serious aspect. The startling decrease in the numbers of many of our birds, brought about of late years by the unceasing persecution waged for the sake of fashion, has aroused the American Ornithologists' Union to a recognition of the necessity for instant and decided effort in behalf of our birds. To answer this imperative demand the Union has appointed a "committee on the Protection of North American birds." This committee was lately organized in this city with the following membership: Mr. George B. Sennett, Chairman; Mr. Eugene P. Bicknell, Secretary; Mr. J. A. Allen, Dr. J. B. Holder, Dr. George Bird Grinnell, Mr. William Dutcher and Mr. L. S. Foster, all of New York city; Mr. William Brewster, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Montague Chamberlain, St. John, N. B.; Col. N. S. Goss, Topeka, Kansas.

The objects of the committee are as follows:

1. The gathering of all possible information bearing on the subjects of the destruction and the protection of North American birds.

2. The diffusion of information among the people in respect to the extent of the slaughter of birds for millinery and other mercenary purposes; the wanton killing of birds in sport by men and boys; the robbing of birds' nests; the destruction of the eggs of rails, terns, gulls and other birds for food; and the marked recent decrease of many species resulting from this general destruction; the spreading of information, also, in respect to the utility of birds as a natural check upon the increase of insects injurious to vegetation, and with reference to their interest and value from an æsthetic point of view. This with the object of developing a public sentiment in favor of the rigid protection of our native birds, a sentiment that will naturally spring up strongly and widely as soon as attention is called to the subject.

3. To encourage the formation of bird protective associations and anti-bird-wearing leagues.

4. The perfection of a statute for the protection of birds, drawn with regard to its availability for enactment by all the States and Territories, leaving, however, the game birds, properly so considered, to the care of the game protective associations.

5. The prevention of the collecting of birds and eggs for pseudo-scientific purposes, and the development of a system of co-operation between this committee and the various authorities to whom may be assigned the power of granting permits for the collection of birds in the interest of science.

6. The consideration of the best means for securing the enforcement of bird protective statutes. The committee are desirous of collecting facts and statistics bearing upon the subject of the destruction of our birds, and will welcome information from any source. It also extends the promise of its hearty co-operation to all persons or societies who may be interested in the protection of our birds.

The headquarters of the committee are at the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, where the officers or any of the members may be addressed.

A SCHOOL OF SEA DEVILS.—Your issue of the 7th, containing account of the sea devil, calls to mind an interesting sight which I once witnessed off the mouth of the Tabasco River on the gulf coast of Mexico. A cry of "Manta, Manta" from the natives drew our attention to a great number of black "bat-like wings" cutting the water in all directions, very like the dorsal fins of sharks and we at once recognized the sea vampire, or as it is called in Spanish, "Manta." Occasionally one would leap into the air, showing his entire form, and falling into the sea with a resounding splash. Others approached the ship within a few yards. The display lasted nearly an hour, and at one time we counted over one hundred. Tabasco River is as noted for these monsters as is Progresso on the same coast for the vast number of sharks which infest its waters.—E. W.

A MIDNIGHT BOTANICAL EXPEDITION.

GREAT was the excitement at the New York Aquarium, one night in the summer of 1880, when Mr. Reiche gave the order that all hands must be on deck to assist in handling a fifteen hundred pounds manatee, the largest, longest, fattest and heaviest ever captured in Florida. I had never seen a living manatee, nor for that matter a stuffed one, and it was but natural that I should feel deeply impressed by the announcement of the expected arrival of one of nature's most grotesque looking children.

About 9 o'clock a loud pounding at the back entrance of the building announced the arrival of the monster, and all hands quickly assembled to assist in the safe introduction of this strange visitor from the sunny South to his new home in the great city of the North. On one of the largest of trucks, placed crosswise, and securely fastened with ropes, rested a long tank, built of heavy pine timbers, and in this tank was the sea cow or monster manatee over ten feet in length, packed in some dark, grayish colored material. The tail or fluke was securely held down by a piece of cross timber. Examining the packing material, I concluded that it was composed of vegetable substance, and that it was used as a packing to prevent the manatee from becoming chafed, and as food, and also to cover him with so that his skin might not become too dry and crack. The vegetable substance or packing perplexed me greatly, for it had become much decayed, and ground up fine during the long journey from the Indian River, Florida, so much so that I had but little hope of determining it. However, I secured a good quantity of this puzzling material in hopes of determining what herb or alga it might be.

After the sea cow was safely landed in the seals' tank, I questioned the two Germans, who were the joint owners and captors of the "cow," as it was familiarly called in the Aquarium, if they knew the common or scientific name of the plants on which they fed the animal; but either they did not know or cared not to tell me; perhaps they were suspicious and looked upon me as a Yankee. When the cow was lowered into the water it sank instantly to the bottom, and it was some time before it came to the surface to breathe. The Germans looked very anxious, for it must be understood that the manatee cannot remain under water as long as the seal; but at length, after a long wait, the creature's curious looking nose broke the surface of the water and every one experienced a great sense of relief, but I made up my mind that it was either a very sick or a very tired out and weak sea cow. Carefully the Germans gathered up every particle of the decayed vegetable substance and deposited it in the tank. I felt guilty as I thought of the double handful of the puzzling stuff I had so carefully placed in my room, but still determined to hold on to it. The Germans now held a conversation in low and serious tones, looking so solemn all the while that I felt almost positive they were trying to determine how and where the next meal for their aquatic pet was to be obtained, for the cow must have a bountiful supply of food very soon, or there was great danger of its collapsing.

Every one seemed to take in the situation. The "hippo" keeper said give it bread and vegetables; the giraffe man said give it hay and oats; the chimpansee man said dates and bananas; the sea lion man said give it herrings, and the white whale man said give it live eels. I kept silent and was wishing most heartily that the others would do the same, for what's the use of talking when you don't know what you are talking about? At last one of the Germans started off with a basket, and returning in two hours, emptied on the floor a large mass of purslane (*P. oleracea*). Hastily the water in the tank was lowered to within a foot of the sea-cow's nose and one of the Germans entered the tank and placed a quantity of the purslaine just above the animal's nose, but not a motion did it make. Then the German lifted up its head, and patting it kindly, spoke to it in German, trying all the while to coax the cow to eat, but it was of no use. The cow was either very sick, or purslane was not what it wanted, and it seemed to me the Germans looked still more sad and gloomy.

It must be borne in mind that it took these two brothers six months' watching at night and working with an immense seine made of rope before they captured this pet of theirs. Twice they had it in the net and twice it got away from them. The time and money spent in its capture and the cost of transportation North had nearly exhausted their funds. If the cow should die on their hands, how would they get back to Florida?

All next day one of the Germans was off looking for the proper kind of food, but returned at night empty-handed. If they had been possessed of only a little botanical knowledge how quickly their trouble would have ended.

I deeply sympathized with these two Germans who had worked so hard to get this ugly looking brute of a sea cow to this Eldorado—New York city—and then to see their dream of wealth slowly passing away. I know what it is to work hard night and day to get together a collection of fishes, and then by some mishap or mistake lose them all when within a few miles of your destination. 'Twas past midnight, and still the brothers hung about their pet. The sight being painful, I retired to my room for the night, but could not sleep.

Once more I closely examined the mass of rotten vegetable matter and this time with a strong hand glass. By rare good luck I found a fragment of a leaf hardly an eighth of an inch square. Washing it carefully, I placed it under a microscope which plainly showed up the fractured ends, and the perfect sides of the leaf were determined by the natural termination of the cellular structure. Using a higher power objective on the microscope, out came the cellular structure in all its beauty, and had that insignificant, dryed out, uninteresting looking fragment of nature been green and possessed of life, it would have displayed one of the most wonderful of all nature's wonders, one over which the scientific world is still in the dark, the cyclosis that is so beautifully displayed in the leaves of *Vallisneria spiralis*, or as sportsmen call it, "wild celery," the aquatic herb that is supposed to give that delicate flavor to the canvasback duck. Now then, here is a streak of daylight at last. Where is this *Vallisneria* to be had in sufficient quantities, and in time to do the sea cow any good? I might go to New Jersey and gather it from the numerous drains along the Midland Rail road, that empty into the numerous small creeks and branches of the Hackensack River. There is some of it there, but hardly enough, even if I worked hard all day, to fill a barrel. No, that would not do; there must be some other way out of this difficulty. Let me see. What herb is there that lives in the water which closely resembles the *Vallisneria* both in form and habit? Oh, I have it; I have the secret of the small bits of black and shining roots that I found in the packing. No, not to New Jersey, but to Brooklyn as fast as I can go. But first I must tell the Germans of my discovery.

Finding one of them awake, I asked him how much would he pay me a barrel for the right kind of plants if I could procure them. He awoke his brother, and they consulted together and presently informed me that for closely packed flour barrels they were willing to pay all railroad freight and five dollars a barrel. "All right," I replied, and shaking them by the hand wished them good night and started off on this novel botanical expedition. How fearfully slow the horse car seemed to drag along on its way to Fulton Ferry, and the ferryboat wheels to go round, but at last I did get to Brooklyn, and stopping at the house of a friend who had often accompanied me on various expeditions, I rang him up, told him to dress quickly, and come with me. On the Greenwood cars I recounted all that had happened at the Aquarium within the last twenty-four hours, and the consequence was that he got into as excited a state of mind about the sick cow as I was. After a very brisk walk of four miles we reached our destination. "Now for the sea cow's staff of life by the barrel full," I remarked. I was somewhat disappointed to find the water so high. Well, what of it? I am a good swimmer, and as for diving and being long-winded under water, I think I am there too. High water or low water, that cow must have a good half bushel of special diet within three hours' time.

Off went my clothing and in went I head first. The water was beautifully warm, the moonlight clear and strong and I was happy. Wasn't there five dollars a day ahead of me? or, if I preferred to have it so, a kindly act performed? something to remember all my life? After swimming out a short distance, I thought I had about reached the spot and was in hopes that directly under me was to be found this much-desired manatee medicine. Taking a strong dive and quickly reaching the bottom, I moved about rapidly, but failed to find a particle of the plant. Coming to the surface of the water, I swam off in another direction. Again descending to the bottom and groping about with one hand and swimming with the other, I struck a large mass of the plant. Holding on to the plant with my left hand and passing my right hand close down to the roots, I quickly broke off handful after handful, well knowing that it would rise to the surface and float where I could gather it at my leisure. It was glorious and novel work, this being five feet under water, gathering food for a sick sea cow. When I thought I had collected nearly a bushel of it, I swam back to the shore, and was much pleased to find that most of it had already got there ahead of me. When all the plant was put together I placed it in a bag, and leaving my friend behind to collect all he could till my return, I caught the first dummy train to Greenwood Cemetery and was soon back again to the Aquarium. Handing the bag to the Germans, I sat down to watch the result. They glanced at the plant for but an instant, but in that instant a wonderful change came over their faces, and before I knew it they were grasping my hand. A large bunch was offered to the cow. She aroused herself and eagerly devoured it, and then she took more till all was gone.

They urged me so earnestly to go right back that at last I consented, and surprised them beyond measure when I asked one of them to accompany me so that in future they would know where to obtain the food in large quantities, every day. After that the sea cow improved rapidly, so that the lighter German of the two, when exhibiting, it used to walk on its flat back as it lay in its tank, and they were making arrangements to go to England, when suddenly and most unexpectedly the sea cow died. The skeleton was sold to a museum in Cincinnati for $50. The Germans retired from the manatee business forever, sadder but wiser men.

Now for the botany of this narrative. The Germans had told me that the manatees often descended the rivers to their mouths to feed on a plant that they were very fond of, and that they were often driven out to sea, and being very poor swimmers, perished. To confirm this statement, an acquaintance, who had spent over thirty years on the coast of Florida, dredging and collecting corals, informed me that is was no uncommon thing when working the dredges near the mouths of rivers to find the bones of the manatee in the dredges. I asked him if he could account for the manatee, a fresh water animal, leaving his fresh water feeding ground and preferring one so near the ocean, particularly as the manatee was a very inferior swimmer, in fact, was hardly more than a diver. He immediately answered that without doubt there was some particular family of plants that grew in brackish water near the mouths of the rivers of which the manatees were inordinately fond, and, perhaps, venturing out too far, they were driven to sea during a blow and were drowned. Putting these statements together I formed a theory. I placed an imaginary manatee in one of the drains that empties into a branch of the Hackensack River. The drain and the branch constitute the Indian River, the Hackensack River is the ocean. The most abundant plants that grow in my Indian River at its source (the drain) are *Vallisneria* and the Potamogetons. The fragment of *Vallisneria* leaf found in the packing from Indian River corresponds with the *Vallisneria* in my Indian River. I will place an imaginary manatee in my river. He wanders in search of "pastures new," or perhaps winds blowing in from the ocean (the Hackensack) have driven a few masses of the floating leaves of a marine plant into the manatee's feeding ground. He tastes it and is charmed, determines to seek it out, follows the drain to its mouth, enters the branch and finds a new family of plants, the *Zostera marina* and *Rupia maritima*. My manatee is delighted and concludes to feed on them for the rest of his life, and so he goes on and on till he is at the very mouth of the branch. A storm comes up and he is driven into the Hackensack River (my imaginary ocean) and is lost.

When *Zostera* dies its roots dry up and become in color an intense shining black. The bit of black and shining root I took to be that of *Zostera*, of which the Germans had taken in large quantities near the mouth of the Indian River before entering the ocean and taking steamer to New York, and the bit of *Vallisneria* leaf plainly indicated that the food of the manatee during the early stages of its journey down the Indian River consisted entirely of this plant.

It took me some time to get all these facts, conclusions and guesses together, but when I did get them together I made up my mind positively that the Germans had been looking for *Zostera marina* either in Newtown Creek, New York Bay or places where it did not grow. If they had gone straight for Gravesend Bay, as I did, they would have been all right, or if they had been possessed of but "a little botanical knowledge," an immense amount of anxiety and trouble would have been saved them.

Zostera marina, grass-wrack. Grass-like marine herbs, growing wholly under water from a jointed creeping stem or

root stock, sheathed by the bases of the very long and linear, obtuse, entire grass-like, ribbon-shaped leaves. Common in bays along the coast in water of five to fifteen feet deep (Gray).

The *Zostera marina* and the *Rupia maritima* are the only two herbs that inhabit the salt waters of our bays and rivers and that bear perfect flowers and seeds. All other vegetable forms belong to the grand division of cryptogamic plants known as alga or sea weeds.

The farmer fishermen of our coast use the *Zostera* for composting and bedding down cattle. Several attempts have been made to use it for paper stock, but without success. Previous to the introduction of the Spanish moss hair and excelsior, it was very extensively used by upholsterers, but at the present time has nearly passed out of use. Its grandest use of all is to afford shelter and protection to myriads of the fry of the blackfish, kingfish, weakfish, sea bass, etc., etc. In its beautiful emerald green labyrinths constantly lurks the voracious eel, seeking the helpless fry whom he may destroy—hence the common name of *Zostera marina*, eel-grass. A. W. Roberts.

Cats as Bird Destroyers.—We are friends to the birds. Before the snow has disappeared from the pastures our hearts are cheered by the unseen musicians. Soon we hear them in every lane and valley, and their twittering and warblings seem to hasten the departure of winter. Still later the robin appears in his former haunts, then the swallow and the phœbe birds, and lastly the oriole. The bluebird that in old times was first to arrive, is scarcely ever seen now. Possibly the cat can explain the cause of his absence. Certainly the birds have no worse enemy. As he folds his wings in peaceful slumber at night, the cat prowls about with fiendish intentions. The birds build their nests in the arbors, the tree tops, in the swaying boughs that bend with every breeze, in the vines, and turfs of grass, in the twigs of the berry bushes and among the thorns and briers of hedge row, but nowhere can they escape the sharp claws of the cat, which tears the little fledglings ruthlessly from the nest, and disappointment and sorrow reigns among the songsters of the spring-tide. There are people who glory in destroying birds. They complain that they prey upon cherries, strawberries and grapes. If their ripe peaches are punctured, or the blossoms blighted on their fruit trees, they charge it on the birds. Hence with revengeful spirit they shed the blood of the innocent songsters, little dreaming that the good the birds do in destroying myriads of destructive insects overbalances far their destructiveness. If the reader is an enemy of birds let him keep cats by the dozen. Every step you take you should tread upon the tail of a cat, or disturb him in his stealthy search for a victim. I do not doubt that one able-bodied cat will destroy 500 birds in one season, if at all inclined that way, as most cats are. When we consider that one bird will destroy 10,000 insects in one day, which is probably more good than a cat can accomplish in its "nine lives," I cannot be enthusiastic on the cat question.—*Green's Fruit Grower.*

Heronry Near Philadelphia.—Bethlehem, Jan. 14.—A Philadelphia correspondent would like to know of a heronry within 150 miles of that city. I know of a heronry within six miles of this place; 50 to 100 birds nest there regularly every year, but the proprietor will allow no trespassing.—John F. Rauch. Wilmington, Del.—There is a heronry of quite large proportion within an air line of less than fifty miles of Philadelphia. The birds have frequented the same place for a number of years, and I have taken quite a number of birds and eggs for different local naturalists. I propose visiting the place the coming spring, and would be pleased to take any one there—that is for a good purpose—but positively refuse to take any one but a person interested in natural history. I scorn the idea of having it disturbed by bird fanciers or pot-hunters.—R. B. Gilmer (100 Maryland avenue, Wilmington, Del.).

Meadow Lark.—Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 10.—While J. F. Wallace, of No. 206 Alvord street, was gunning Jan. 6 (last Wednesday) at East Syracuse, a distance of some four or five miles east of here, he shot a meadow lark in beautiful plumage, and the same is in the hands of T. H. Bex, taxidermist. It is a rare occurrence to find them here this time of the year.—Ed. Collins.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

179.

"SOME of the biggest lies told about hunting and fishing are true," said Mr. Less, who in his younger days had been a persistent "proguer," to the company lounging in the store. "For instance, I once had a catfish go into a box trap, take the bait and spring the trap, and I caught him, and the trap was on the upland, too." It was intimated by the party that their credulity was sufficiently strained, and that an explanation was in order. "Well, the facts were these. One afternoon I set a box trap for mink near the edge of the Cohansey, baited with a piece of muskrat. During the night there was a very high tide which flooded the trap, and when I visited my traps the next morning I found the trap sprung, with the catfish inside of it, and the bait inside the catfish." F. S. J. C.

POINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

1. Because of the compact style of its typography the Forest and Stream actually contains, weekly, more reading matter pertaining to its chosen field than is found in any similar publication in the world.

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The *Transcript* speaks of the Russian knout when applied to the Pole as a Pole cat. This is an knoutrage on common scents.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Game Bag and Gun.

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ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am pleased to note in your issue of the 31st ult. the general good feeling from different sections of the Adirondack woods in regard to the working of the non-hounding law for the past year. The report so far is fully up to my expectations. Of course it was vain to expect the hounding community to relinquish their pet mode of hunting without a struggle. But the idea of trying to bolster it up by untruthful tales spread broadcast, and that would be of no value to their cause if true, shows bad taste if not weakness in their cause. Your Booneville correspondent "D. C." thinks "to save the deer, we ought to have open season from Aug. 1 to Oct. 15, with the privilege of hunting with dogs." He does not give his reasons. If he should one might judge of their soundness or reasonableness. I am at a loss to understand how his plan would help preserve the deer. Of course it would shut out nine-tenths of the still-hunting, as no still-hunter would try to kill before the leaves fell, for he would stand no show whatever. Neither would he kill at that season of the year if he could, as he could not keep it, nor ship it to market. That would give the hounders and jack-shooters living in that section full sway, in fact, monopoly of the whole business, while the sportsmen of the balance of the State could sit and look on. All we still-hunters ask is a fair and equal show. They claim that we could hunt during the open season as well as they. But such is not the fact.

Furthermore, if the open season is to be shortened, it should be cut off from the first end instead of the last end of time. The month of November is all the time that should be allowed to hunt deer, as at this season the fawns are all weaned and able to care for themselves. The season is usually such that venison can be kept or shipped without spoiling. Furthermore, the hunter on snow can follow up a wounded deer and secure it, where he would lose it on the leaves. But if the open season is to be cut off from Oct. 15 to Dec. 1 and the dogs let loose again, then I can see no reason for passing game laws, or for game constables to bother themselves in trying to preserve the game left in the Adirondack woods, as a few seasons' hunting with dogs like that of 1883 and 1884, would reduce the stock so that the dog would be the only resort left to chase down the few that remained. In fact the Beaver River country in the fall of 1884 had been nearly stripped of its game by driving, so much so that it was hard to start a track on the north side of the river in November, by a still-hunter. Hounding parties had camped on the north side of Beaver Lake and run in deer all through September and October, killing as high as six or eight in a single day, until a deer could not be started within three or four miles of the lake. The Fentons had two camps on the north side of the lake that they occupied in November still-hunting. But that fall finished their hunting in that locality as they could do nothing and had to move camp to other more remote sections where there were no lakes within reach or waters that a deer would run into when pressed by the hounds.

Last spring and the early part of summer it was found out that unless something was done more than could be expected from the game constable of that section (Mr. Brinkerhoff), he being in sympathy with the hounders, the latter were going to run deer regardless of the law. So the residents chipped in around and hired a man, whom they could trust, to watch the whole upper Beaver River country. He proved to be the right man in the right place and completely shut off all dogging. Its effects could be plainly seen, as the deer came back around the lake and became so plenty that it was no uncommon sight to see two or three most any evening last fall out in the edge of the lake fighting flies and picking lily pads. Many of the guests at the Fenton House, especially the ladies, became much interested and used to go out riding toward evening on purpose to take a look at the deer. Mr. C. Fenton and also Mr. Dunbar, who keeps a hotel eleven miles above, are both trying by every means possible to save this slaughter of deer by jack-hunting and driving with dogs. They saw that it was a question of only a few years more, at the rate the slaughter was going on, when there would not have been a deer left in their section. The residents of that section pretty much to a man seem to fall in with the new order of things and consider it as a good law. I can but think that the same would have been the case (had some good and active non-hounder been chosen in the place of Mr. Brinkerhoff) all through the Moose River country. It seems to me very essential that our game keepers be chosen from men that are in sympathy with the law. A man acting against his will is quite liable to cast a wrong influence. When any one states that more deer have been killed by still-hunters the past fall than by all other methods any season heretofore, I for one do not believe it. Nor do I believe that the still-hunters are going to annihilate the game, or that the dogs must be let loose again to preserve it. If the law can only be left to stand as it is, a few years will suffice to convince all that our Legislature did a good thing in passing it when they did. Adirondack.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The majority of the people living in this section of the country are satisfied with the non-hounding law. The hotel owners, club house owners and guides are pleased with the law.

The men who are not pleased are the ones who have rented a hotel for a year and want to kill the last deer before the year is up; also the outsiders who want to go into the woods in the fall and camp out for a couple of weeks, and with the aid of a dozen hounds kill or drive every deer off the range.

None of the old-time hounders have indulged in the pastime here this season. I don't think a dozen races were made at this lake the past fall, and we have seen the good effect of it. The deer come to the water late as well as early, and are now yarding within a mile of where I write this at my office desk. Bears also were very plenty around the lake all the fall, owing—without any doubt in my mind—to the fact that no dogs were run, as bears do not like the barking of dogs. A little hounding was done ten miles southwest of here by parties who went from Malone and Loon Lake; but, judging from the inquiries made of the writer and letters received, they lost more dogs than they got deer.

This season has been the best one for still-hunting we have known for a score of years, and yet very few deer were killed—only twenty at Chateaugay Lake, and these by five different hunters; three were killed from this house, two from the Merrill House and fifteen from a hunting camp four miles south of here.

If there is any legislation this winter in regard to the game of our State, let them provide a game protector for each town where needed, appoint good men and true and pay them for their services. If they serve the State, keep them; if not, discharge them and appoint others. Keep a good man at each game center and game will increase.

R. M. Shutts.

Indian Point, Chateaugay Lake, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have no doubt that every reader of the Forest and Stream will be greatly interested in its late acquisition of a pair of pet bears, and grizzlies at that. Still, notwithstanding the fact that all are aware how deeply you are interested in the study of wild animal life, it is not quite clear whether you have lost any grizzlies or not. It seems to me that a pet of this kind, under certain judicious retrictions, might be a valuable adjunct to the office in case any of the pot-hunters, close-season butchers and trout hogs, who from time to time have been so scathingly rebuked in its columns, should make a descent upon it with hostile intentions. The presence of a full-grown grizzly, as an auxiliary persuader on the side of the defense, would have a wonderfully soothing effect upon any irate individual of this class entering the sanctum with belligerent intentions, and enable him to argue the matter with a decidedly more delicate appreciation of the feelings of the party he was interviewing than would be possible under less mollifying circumstances. I suggest that at least one of the little jokers be assigned a place upon the editorial staff to preserve the balance of power and give tone to the establishment. Forked Deer.

San Francisco, Jan. 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to a pernicious attack made on the Pennsylvania hunters by some narrow-minded correspondent of the Booneville *Herald*, I beg to submit that, take them as a class, the hunters from our State will compare very favorably for morality and honor with those of New York or any other State in the Union, and may possibly eclipse some of them in the hunt. But this probably is where the shoe pinches. Wm. Williams' party, while hunting in the mountains last season, killed thirty-seven deer and one bear, while several other parties, mostly residents of Herkimer and adjoining counties, located in the same vicinity, hardly succeeded in bagging a single deer. This is what caused green-eyed envy to creep into the bosom of the sylvan scribe, and in order to get even, he sought to vilify them by calling hard names such as "vagabonds" and "pot-hunters." But there may be other grievances gnawing at the heart of the author of the *Herald's* impertinent attack. Wealthy sportsmen going into the woods for a hunt usually hire guides to pilot them in pursuit of the "little cervine creatures," as the *Herald* correspondent tenderly puts it; and as the "law-breakers" feel capable of taking care of themselves, the scribe howled that our boys lived very "scantily" and spent but a "pittance." G. W. Casper.

NOTES FROM A WINTER CAMP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As long ago as July when we pitched our tent on the shores of Brassua, we promised you as well as ourselves to write a series of letters for your excellent journal; but it is no easy task for a man of the woods to take his pencil and ponder over the phrasing of sentences for critical eyes to read. He may not hesitate, nay, he enjoys to take his corn cob pipe between his teeth, and after locating himself in good range of the hindmost log of the fire-place, a half dozen old mountain salts as his companions, and spin out lies about the size of the trout he caught the day before, or the height of a windfall that a buck deer that he was chasing last winter jumped over. Should he now and then in his narrative stray away from his old-time teachings of Lindley Murray, there is no unkind comment, nothing confronts him at the finish but gaping mouths and dilated eyes, for it is almost a religious dictum among these big-hearted men of the forest to believe, or pretend to believe, every lie that's told them; and the bigger the lie the more unbounded this seeming credulity. But when one puts himself in print he calls forth, not alone criticism on his literary effort, but the wrath of the conflicting witness. With this fear before our eyes we have postponed our advent into your columns until a sufficient number of incidents should really occur to build up a letter that should at least be free from parry and thrust from the latter.

Our cabin is on the south shore of the lake, Norway Point, with its rugged pines, affording excellent shelter from the north winds. The famous deer park, extending from Lower Moose River to Brassua Stream, is within five minutes' walk of camp. This territory, six miles square, presents a sight at present that could not fail to enrapture the eye of any lover of a deer chase. The fall of snow is not yet sufficient to drive the deer to yarding, and their roamings have literally beaten down the snow covering nearly the entire park. The tracks are so numerous that it is impossible to select any particular one and follow it. Reports from all parts of the lake region, however, proclaim deer to be more numerous this season than ever known before.

The fact that deer are plentiful and trout scarce in this section is not a hard one to understand to any one spending a year here in camp. Just as soon as the spring season opens for trout the boats plying the lake are crowded with sportsmen, and the Mount Kineo Hotel, which affords accommodations for five hundred persons, is soon crowded to overflowing. Not a day is to be wasted. On the evening of their arrival they arrange their rods and tackle, and, although many of them make a three-months' stay of it, the next morning bright and early finds them en route to the alleged best fishing grounds. The waters of the different streams are kept in a foam by constant fly-whipping until the law kindly interferes and leaves barely enough grown trout to carry on preparations for the next season's sport. And even the law has no terrors for some of these men, as a neighboring magistrate's docket will bear witness. Many of these self-styled sportsmen catch as many as one thousand trout in a season, and they are proud of it, too; but it costs them persistent hard work every day.

Mount Kineo is the beast center for nearly all sportsmen intent upon the streams and forests of Northern Maine, affording as it does, large facilities by steamer and canoe for fifty miles in any direction. It is curious to note how the preference runs toward summer, rather than winter sports. During the summer Mr. Dennen, of the Kineo House, is con-

stantly at his wits' end to know how to provide for his great number of guests. Yet, almost the first blast savoring of winter that comes from the north overcrowds the homeward bound steamboats, and within a week all is solitude. During the summer a dozen canoes might be seen on Brassua Lake any day, and its banks were dotted with tents, while now, just at the zenith of the real sport of this section, Camp Annie contains the only remnants of the summer boarder. Why is this? Do sportsmen really not care for the larger game? It is certainly more conducive to health, more pleasurable to spend a few weeks of a winter in the woods, especially where game is so abundant and deer can be had for the going for them, than to sit in a canoe with the thermometer in the nineties, engaged in constant battle with black flies, midgets and mosquitoes, with the phantom hope of an occasional trout. And this is the same thing day after day, while in the winter woods, with trapping and shooting, there is always an occurring novelty.

We have, thus far, killed one moose, one caribou and two deer—just enough to satisfy our fancy in the way of hides and horns and supply us with fresh meat. We do not exaggerate when we say that with persistent hunting we believe we could have killed fifty of these animals since the open season came in. Our moose weighed 1,100 pounds and had a fine pair of horns, as did our caribou, which weighed 550 pounds. The deer were small.

Although we have all the romance and solitude pertaining to a howling wilderness, yet we are not, as the uninitiated suppose, shut off from civilization, by any means. Mt. Kineo, our post office, affects a telegraph office and a very good store where all articles necessary to camp life are purchasable. It is a ten-mile trip, on snowshoes, from camp, and is taken fortnightly. We append a bill of fare for our Christmas dinner. Of course we brought many of the delicacies from New York, but most of the articles were obtained here. It will prove to many of your readers that winter camp life is not all bacon and beans, as Nessmuk would lead them to suppose; bat that with a little care exercised in the selection of a location and the forethought to lay in a varied supply, much solid comfort may be experienced within the logs of a winter cabin. Our thermometer has registered 15° below zero, and for a month has clung constantly near the dividing line; yet we have never experienced a day when the closing of our cabin door has been essential to our comfort, so perfect is our shelter. We are comfortable and happy in our seclusion.

CAMP ANNIE—CHRISTMAS, 1885.

MENU.

OYSTERS.

Canned. Cider.

SOUP.

Vegetable. Claret.

FISH.

Baked Trout. Boiled Togue. Herring, Smoked.

GAME.

Caribou, Cranberry Sauce. Rabbits, Champagne.

ROAST.

Deer. Turkey.

ENTRÉE.

Giblets à la Allison, Camp Annie Fritters.
Stewed Kidneys. Huntingtonian Maccaroni.

VEGETABLES.

Onions. Corn. Peas. Tomatoes. Cabbage.
Rice. Hominy.

PASTRY.

Apple Pie. Raspberry Tarts. Plum Pudding.
Ice Cream.

FRUITS.

Frozen Grapes. Oranges. Peaches. Apples.
Nuts and Raisins. Cheese and Crackers.

Coffee.
Whisky and Cigarettes.

RELISHES.

Chow Chow. Worcestershire Sauce.
Tobosco Sauce. French Mustard.
Piccalily. Olives.

H. AND A.

CAMP ANNIE, Brassua Lake, Me., Dec. 26.

THE LYMAN SIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that my article of Dec. 17 has been answered by Mr. Lyman, and also by "L." of Akron, Ohio; both take issue with me. I do not think, however, that Mr. Lyman and I are far apart in our views. Recognizing the force of all he says, I still think a middle sight an advantage in some cases, and not in the least in the way, except perhaps in shooting with both eyes open. I do not shoot that way, and will leave it for others to decide that point.

Mr. Lyman speaks of shooting when it is too dark to see the rim of this sight. Now, I have shot and killed at least one deer when I am sure it was too dark to see the hole in his sight. I have also fired at stumps and logs, and am sure I can hit a large object when it is too dark to see through the Lyman sight at all. My experience, however, in night shooting is that I am liable to shoot under rather than over the object. I believe a fair trial with the sight which I recommend, when it is very dark, will show its value if used with a coarse ivory front sight.

Mr. "L." says that my statement that the range of a rifle can be increased by looking high through the Lyman sight "calls for explanation." What explanation? I should like to ask. I said that the range could be increased as much as one lift on a common middle sight, and I say so still. As to how much, that depends on how well the gun will carry up, and from the standpoint of the hunter, who can only guess at his distance, this can best be ascertained by the practice which Mr. "L" speaks of—shooting at objects in the woods and learning how to aim at them. He says the large aperture in a Lyman sight is $\frac{3}{32}$ of an inch. Now with a .40 60 Winchester, 28 inch barrel, the distance between sights is about 26 inches. Suppose your rifle is sighted at 100 yards. The trajectory tests show that at 25, 50 and 75 yards the bullet will rise only two inches (leaving out fractions) above the line of sight, which is near enough an exact level for all ordinary game shooting. At 150 yards, if I understand the trajectory tables, the bullet would fall about $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches below the line of sight. If you look $\frac{1}{5}$ of an inch higher through the Lyman sight the difference in elevation at 150 yards will be $\frac{1.65}{16}$, or $9\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

Assuming the above reckoning to be correct, I will do now what I did not attempt to do before, that is to give a rule for varying the range of any good rifle which is sighted for 100 yards. At all distances under twenty rods make no allowances, and what appears fairly over twenty rods up to thirty rods, look through the upper part of the Lyman sight. At a partridge's or squirrel's head at short distance, look through the lower part of the Lyman sight.

I did not, of course, claim anything original in the middle sight recommended in my previous article, but wished mainly to call the attention of deer hunters to the advantage of that form over the buck-horn sight in common use, which takes away almost all the advantage to be gained by the use of the Lyman sight.

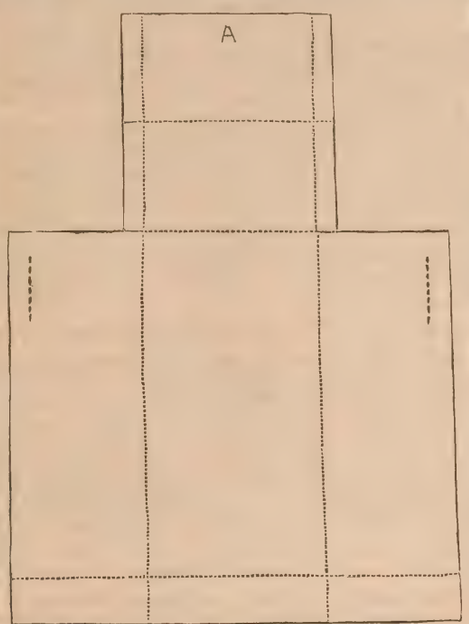
In conclusion let me say that I think the trajectory tests will be of great value to sportsmen, and that every hunter should study them carefully. BACKWOODSMAN.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Jan. 5, 1886.

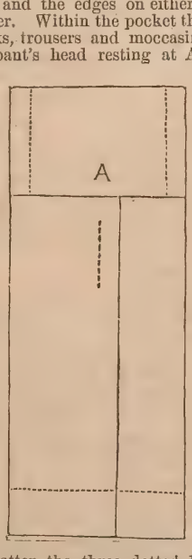
COLD-WEATHER CAMP BED.

THE brief description of a sleeping bag, which appeared in a recent issue, has brought us several suggestions with regard to cold-weather beds. The main advantage of the sleeping bag is that it is to all intents and purposes air tight except at the mouth. When once within his bag, it is impossible for the sleeper to kick the clothing off, nor can the wind find its way in at the foot of his bed and chill first the soles of his feet, then his ankles, and then his knees. It will be readily seen that these sleeping bags may be endlessly modified, until finally they cease to be bags at all. Many, many years ago when we first went into the Western country, we were taught to sleep with our feet to the wind, folding the buffalo robe which constituted the outer covering of the bed so that the sleeper reclined on the side flaps, the foot end being snugly tucked far under the feet.

The accompanying diagrams show a camp bed which has been used by Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, Canada, in his caribou shooting expeditions, and which, he informs us, answers every purpose. The larger of the two diagrams shows the bed open, and in the smaller one it is ready for occupancy. Taking first the larger diagram, the solid lines



denote the margins of the bed, while the dotted ones indicate the folds. When the bed is made up the wings on either side turn over, lapping over each other above the sleeper, and either buckle or button together until about half way up the breast, where there are eyelet holes for a lacing, which can be drawn snug and tight after the occupant has got into bed. The wings having been folded over so that they lap, the bottom of the bed is turned under, following the dotted cross line nearest the foot of the diagram. Then the headpiece is folded from above down to meet the wings and the edges on either side of the headplace turned under. Within the pocket thus formed can be stowed extra socks, trousers and moccasins, which make a pillow, the occupant's head resting at A in the small dia-



gram. In this latter the three dotted lines represent the turned under edges of the folds at foot and sides of head. The bed here described is made of canvas, lined with sheepskin. When it is to be packed in the morning, all superfluous articles are tucked into the pocket, which at night serves for a pillow. This is folded over and over, and the whole bed becomes a small, flat package, which makes only a part of a man's pack.

It has been suggested that such a bed, made of waterproofed material and lined, might be very useful to campers anywhere. The flaps might be separate, except at the dotted lines (in large diagram), so that they need not be used as covering except in cold or wet weather. Or such flaps might be put on either edge of an ordinary sleeping bag, and used indifferently as a covering or to sleep on.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Bird shooting in this locality during the past season has been tedious, and could scarcely be termed a pastime. It is the opinion of local sportsmen, however, that the poor shooting is attributable to a general decrease in the number of birds rather than to anything unfavorable in the weather or nature of the season. In 1884 the season was dry, and though the flight of woodcock was much smaller than the year previous, hunters acquainted with the habits of the birds concluded they had sought more prolific feeding grounds for the time being, and would return to their former haunts the following season. Unfortunately the hunters in their calculations shot wide of the mark, for in spite of the fact that the season, which in Oneida and Delaware counties opened Sept. 1, was remarkably wet and consequently favorable for woodcock, these birds were never scarcer in this part of the State, and the isolated specimens flushed by the sportsman or his dog were unusually wild. The unwelcome inference to be drawn from this state of things is that woodcock are rapidly decreasing in Central New York, and that their utter extermination is threatened if measures are not taken to check the destruction of the birds in some manner. Even in the counties bordering on the great northern wilderness the scarcity of woodcock has been noticeable.

Partridges have also been very scarce in this part of the State, and it is feared by sportsmen that these birds may become extinct. Their greatest enemy is the snare, and near Oncida Lake, Camden and Taberg many of these birds are annually taken in this way. A man who resides near Cleveland, Oswego county, is said to have captured between 500 and 600 partridges with snares during the past season. Other parties, who are known to the Utica Fish and Game Protective Association officials, have also been concerned in the business and will doubtless be called to account. Utica sportsmen say they never knew partridges so scarce in this county before. The only way to protect the few remaining in this vicinity seems to be to shorten the shooting season. In the Adirondack region grouse have been comparatively plenty and many goods bags have been made by Utica sportsmen visiting the woods; but even there the shooting is not what it was five years ago.

There are few if any quail in Central New York, although some have been killed between Syracuse and Manlius within two or three years past. In 1878 about fifty pairs of quail were released in the woods of Deerfield, in this county, but they were never heard of afterward, and it is generally conceded that our winters are too severe for these birds.

PORTSA.

DEER IN ARKANSAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your columns a sorrowful wail from the deer hounders of your State, drawn forth by the sad fact that the new anti-hounding law has been partially successful in its object, and the still-hunter in the Adirondacks has been allowed to slaughter a few hard-earned deer in the old legitimate way. No doubt the friends of the shotgun and hound are terribly aggrieved at this fearful state of affairs—I can immagine the feeling of our own local deer drivers under similar circumstances, but if they can be persuaded to submit to the inevitable, it will be best for them to remould their buckshot into rifle balls, and dispose of their dogs to the highest bidder. Send them to Arkansas or to some other unenlightened region, where public sentiment has not as yet learned to discriminate between the true sportsman and the avaricious and unscrupulous pot-hunter, who, for a trifle of gain or a little added reputation, would gladly connive at the extermination of all the deer in the country; or, if you can spare them best, please retain the dogs and send us a few of the Albany legislators who aided in forming the law which is the cause of all your sorrows. They would be gladly welcomed by at least a few of our resident hunters.

We need anti-hounding legislation, and need it badly. Deer are quite plentiful here as yet—in fact, they are numerous anywhere in Arkansas east of the Iron Mountain Railway—but nearly every farmer has one or more deer dogs; town sports are supplied fully as well, and the poor deer, like the "Heathen Chinee," must eventually go unless something is done to put a stop to this murderous style of hunting. If there was nothing else about the noble art of deer-driving to render it obnoxious to those whose feelings of common humanity have not been blunted by constant participation therein, the common practice of allowing a deer to escape after being filled with shot would be more than sufficient. Perhaps nine-tenths of the deer in this neighborhood have "retreated under fire" since the season opened in September, and a fair proportion of those old veterans carry mementoes of the fall campaign in the shape of various sizes of shot, ranging from No. 6 standard up to the largest buckshot. A friend from Peoria, Ill., who hunted with me this fall, killed a yearling buck whose sides were filled with squirrel shot, and last week I shot a large deer and found a handful of No. 5 distributed up and down his hindlegs, from the backbone to within an inch of his hoofs. No doubt the number of deer that die a lingering death from the effects of so-called "misses" amounts to nearly as many as those secured by the hunters.

Last year our game for the first time was thought worthy of protection by our Legislature. Killing deer was prohibited until Dec. 1. As a natural result on the first day of the open season the woods were filled with hounds and their masters, and the deer have been kept on the *qui vive* ever since. Old hunters have declared the "kill" this season to be the largest for many years. Hence the law is pronounced a failure by most of the population, and there is danger that it will be repealed by the next Legislature. In that case we still-hunters will be compelled to resort to the mode of precedure that has wrought good results in former years—in your State among others—simply allowing the deer to pass, and bestowing our full attention and something else upon its canine pursuers. It is a harsh remedy for hounding but is generally found effective.

By a combined effort, however, I believe that the sportsmen of this State might influence the Little Rock lawmakers into trying the anti-hounding law as an experiment for a couple of years, and I think it is the duty of my brother still-hunters to exert themselves to the utmost with this end in view. I could easily procure in this county a half hundred signers to a petition to that effect, and will gladly join in any combined effort to procure such legislation as may be best suited to secure protection to our game.

S. D. BARNES.

BEEBE, Ark.

FOREST AND STREAM'S GRIZZLIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You invite the counsel of your friends as to the disposition to be made of that valuable gift, the two grizzlies. I fancy FOREST AND STREAM is in much the same situation as the unfortunate and too enterprising Paddy, who in an evil moment having caught a coon, bellowed lustily for his mates to come and help him "turn the dom baste loose." Still there are several uses to which grizzly bears might be put. For instance, if the editor of FOREST AND STREAM had an idea of going into stock speculations, he might take the grizzlies into partnership, and by introducing them upon the floor of the Stock Exchange he would obtain complete control of the market, in spite of the horny-headed bulls; in fact he would find himself master of the situation. It is said that Vanderbilt did not himself speculate, but controlled the market in which others speculated. FOREST AND STREAM might take a hint from him and bear the market. Or the grizzlies might be commissioned as game wardens and turned loose on Long Island to preserve the few remaining deer that still languish there. Or they might be used as patterns of deportment for the guidance of dudes who travel on street cars. Or they might be chained to the portals of churches in rainy weather to prevent too large crowds from assembling. There are times when they might be highly useful about the White House in Washington, or in the editor's sanctum when spring poets are wont to assert themselves. But none of these suggestions seem to rise to the dignity of the occasion, and as the last shot in his locker, "Coahoma" suggests that brass tags be appended to their ears, with names and dates inscribed thereon, and perhaps the American flag painted across their backs, and that they then be turned loose in the National Park. COAHOMA.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

NEW ENGLAND GAME.

IF all reports are true, the Maine and New Hampshire open season on moose, caribou and deer, which closed Jan. 1, must have been a losing one to the hunters, and a good one for the increase of those animals. Hunters and trappers in Franklin county, Me., who usually spend the months of October, November and far into December in the woods, come out this year with but little fur and report the season miserable for tracking large game. The same report comes from New Hampshire and Western Maine. It is certain that deer from those sections have not reached the Boston market in anything like former qualities, as has already been stated in FOREST AND STREAM, though Western deer are being received—fifty more saddles being received from Minnesota the other day.

A gentleman from this city, of a good deal of experience in the Maine Woods, left for the Upper Moosehead Lake region the last of November and was absent some four weeks. He killed one caribou, but no moose or deer, though he heard of moose being killed still further north. He reports the deer wonderfully plenty, as indicated by their tracks, but he found them very hard to approach. The ground was either half covered, or with the snow carried away by frequent rains. Such weather made very poor tracking, and he found the deer very shy. He has visited the same sections before, and thinks the increase of deer has been very great. Caribou have also multiplied in his opinion, though he suggests the impossibility of certainty in this direction, from the fact of the roving habits of the animal. Dog hunting he is glad to find to be dead in Maine. But, alas, for the lumbermen. Lumber camps are numerous in the north woods and nearly every camp has its hunters. They are encouraged by the proprietors of the camps in many instances to kill more than one moose, two caribou and three deer, as the law allows every man to do. It affords cheap, fresh meat. These proprietors will pay the hunters rather less for venison than what fresh beef would cost. These logging crew bosses have, as a rule, no interest in the protection of fish and game. Many is the big trout which gets "hooked by the oxen when drinking" from the watering place on the lake. But, alas for the truthfulness of human nature where the appetite is concerned! The "hook" is usually baited with live bait the night before and the watering place is cut where trout most do congregate. In one instance, two years ago, a teamster swore that the "oxen hooked the fish." But he tied the line to the yoke, and as the cattle moved away, the trout, a four-pounder, was drawn out. The lumbermen and loggers, too, must be converted. SPECIAL.

ANTELOPE HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had considerable experience with the rifle out here in the Far West, having killed almost every kind of game that is to be found out here. I notice an article in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM which treats upon the excitement there is in antelope hunting; it is signed "Ex-Cowboy." I cannot agree with the writer when he makes the statement that there is more excitement in antelope hunting than any other, and if he could be with me a few days I think I could convince him that in shooting and hunting the blacktail deer—especially the old bucks that have horns almost as large as an elk—there is more excitement than in any other shooting outside of grizzly bear hunting. To show what a very little amount of cunningness is required to kill an antelope I will relate one of many instances where I have killed them without any trouble. One afternoon early last fall I was out a few miles from our little city, and not finding any game I thought I would try a scheme to get a shot at a coyote. I knew where there was a coyote's den under some lava rock. Shooting a jack rabbit, I placed it near the mouth of the den, and hid myself and waited for the coyotes to come out. I had been waiting only a short while when I caught sight of a moving object in among some rocks fifty yards from the coyote den, to the right. I kept a close watch, and in a short while out stepped a huge lynx. I drew aim on him and downed him in his tracks. As I rose from my crouching position I saw a band of eight antelope that had been startled by the report of my gun and were running directly toward me. The moment I saw them I fell back into my crouching position, and as I did so they discovered me and immediately came to a halt about 200 yards from me. I had only a small .44-40 Winchester with me, and was afraid to try them so far. One who has hunted antelope knows that they possess a greater amount of curiosity than a woman, and if they once see you they will not run away until they have made out what you are. I was well aware of this fact, and soon noticed a disposition on their part to pry a little further into the hidden mystery behind the rocks. They soon began to circle and gradually drew nearer and nearer to me until they had worked up to within fifty yards of me, when I rose and succeeded in killing three of them before they could get out of range. I could relate several instances of a similar nature, which show that any one experienced in antelope hunting can kill them with very little trouble. But it is not so with the black-tailed deer, I assure you. A friend of mine who has a ranch on Snake River, about fifty miles from here, told me that he was out hunting several weeks ago and got into a band of about a hundred antelope, and after they had fed up to within shooting distance of him he killed eleven before they could get out of range. I have this statement direct and can vouch for its truthfulness. I am killing a great many deer just now and hope to be able to give an account of some of my many hunts through the columns of your appreciated paper. CAL.

SHOSHONE, Idaho.

TO PROTECT LONG ISLAND.

THE following bill was introduced into the Assembly at Albany last Tuesday by Mr. Huntting, of Suffolk county. Our comments on it will be found elsewhere:

AN ACT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF WILD DEER, [AND OF EXOTIC SPECIES OF] PARTRIDGES, PHEASANTS AND HARES.

The people of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

Sec. 1. No person shall hunt or pursue any wild deer [*Cariacus virginianus*] in the counties of Queens or Suffolk, with dogs or otherwise, or cause to be killed any wild deer in the counties of Suffolk or Queens at any time within five years from the passage of this Act. If any dog or bitch shall be found so hunting or pursuing in the counties of Queens or Suffolk, it shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of the foregoing provision of this section by the owners of or person or persons having or harboring such dog or bitch. Any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each and every such violation, to be sued for and recovered as provided by Chap. 534, of the Laws of 1879, as amended for the recovery of the penalties thereby imposed.

Sec. 2. No person or persons shall kill or cause to be killed any [gray] partridge [*Perdix cinerea*], [English] pheasant [*Phasianus colchicus*], or [European] hare [*Lepus timidus*] within five years from the passage of this Act, except such persons, associations, or their agents as shall turn out and stock such gray partridges, English pheasants, or [European] hares, and then only upon the preserved lands. Any person offending against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each and every such violation, to be sued for and recovered as provided by Chap. 534, of the Laws of 1879, as amended for the recovery of the penalties thereby imposed.

To the Honorable, the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

We, your petitioners, respectfully represent that the Legislature passed a law permitting deer to be killed on Long Island with dogs also during the months of August, September, October and November. Your petitioners further show that the deer on Long Island are nearly extinct, and can only be found within a radius of a few miles, and in one or two towns in Queens and Suffolk counties. Your petitioners further show that a subscription has been started and can be raised to restock the whole island with deer, provided they can be protected for five years. That the subscription will extend to the stocking the island or a part of it with English partridges, English pheasants and European hares, if such game can be protected by an act of the Legislature of this State. Your petitioners thereupon request that your honorable bodies will be pleased to enact the necessary laws for the purpose afore said.

[The matter of this bill is excellent, but it is somewhat loosely drawn, so that its meaning is likely to be wholly misunderstood. We have therefore introduced in brackets a few words showing that, except in the case of the deer, the bill is intended to protect exotic species, which do not now exist on Long Island, but which will no doubt be introduced in case their protection can be assured.]

THE ILLINOIS GAME WARDENS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our new game law seems to be a success. C. M. Hardy, the warden for this part of the State, has made a very thorough search of the premises of all the Chicago dealers without finding a feather. Last year game was shipped east as late as the last of February, but the new law gives dealers only until Jan. 6 in which to dispose of their stock. Any game found in their posses sion after that date is confiscated. To punish both consignee and consignor by fining the one and confiscating the property of the other—who is pretty sure to be a market-hunter—is what the law aims to do. I purchased a coop of live quail in Chicago last month, but before they could be got into their present comfortable quarters a number of them died. There are nine left, however, and they seem to be as lively as crickets. If they survive the winter I shall turn them out in the spring. Quail were fairly abundant here a few years ago, but cold winters and market hunters have cleaned them all out. If this experiment succeeds I propose wintering over next year as many as I can buy.—HARRY HUNTER (Highland Park, Ill.).

WILDFOWL IN CURRITUCK SOUND.—The month of December and the first few days of January gave no sport at all in Currituck Sound, and it was reported that the house of the Palmer's Island Club was to close for the season about Jan. 8. With the bitter cold weather which spread all over the country about that date, those who were familiar with Currituck Sound predicted grand sport for those who should be there. That the event justified these predictions we have just learned. Two members of the Narrows Island Club, shooting from the same blind, killed in four days 600 fowl, principally canvas and redheads. We give the score of one of these gentlemen for nine days: 25, 26, 10 (a warm, still day, did not go out till afternoon), 29, 19, 62 (44 of them canvas), 135 (92 canvas), 72 (47 canvas), 36 (14 canvas). This gives an average of a little over 45 birds per diem for nine days' shooting, a record that stands very high. We hear occasionally of early autumn shooting at fresh water ducks which is better than this, but it is rarely equalled at sea ducks in winter.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Jan. 11.—Deer are unusually abundant in this vicinity this season, and sportsmen are having good success. Mr. Samuel Charis killed nine in a two days' hunt, the Hopkins brothers four, and A. J. Crichlow one. Large numbers have been killed by other parties not known to the writer. The weather has been too dry to make quail shooting as good as it usually is here, but nevertheless some large bags are made daily. A few miles from the city wild turkeys are abundant. Owing to drought waterfowl shooting has been below par inland, but on the coast, twenty miles distant, it is excellent.—H. A. KLINE.

A MATCH HUNT.—New Orleans, Jan. 11.—The annual match hunt of the members of the Southern Sportsmen's Association has begun and ended during the blizzard that struck the Crescent City a few days ago, and which as yet shows no signs of abating. The teams consisted of fourteen men, headed respectively by Capt. Bickham and Capt. Lewis, though both Captain's failed to take the field. The points were as follows: Quail 10, snipe 10, hawks 25, owls 25, woodcock 25, chickens 25, robins 3, doves 5; other game than that named not being counted. The reports were handed in at Febiger's gun store to-day, those not in by noon not being counted. The points scored were as follows: Capt. Bickham's team—H. Fontaine 800, John T. Brodnax 105, L. H. Jury 365, G. H. Green 120, Wallace Wood 130, R. C. Nicholson 620, E. T. Leche 660, E. Dupre 581; total 3,381. Capt. Lewis's team—W. D. Wallace 250, John K. Renaud 420, E. T. Manning 220, F. B. Hoffman 130, R. Frotscher 375, H. Barton 702, total 1,465. From the above it will be seen that Capt. Bickham's team was victorious by a majority of 1916 over Capt. Lewis's team. Mr. H. Fontaine heads the list of points scored with 800, having made them on snipe alone, and, therefore, takes the gold medal offered by the Southern Sportsmen's Association. These snipe were killed at Lafayette, on Mr. R. C. Nicholson's grounds. Mr. Nicholson himself made his score of 620, the third highest, on the same ground, on Saturday, but he had fatigued himself by hunting all day in other places without any luck, and was too tired to bag more than the figure named. Coming up to town the same night he met Mr. Fontaine and referred him to the spot in question, whither that gentleman betook himself Sunday morning, and by hunting all day bagged 80 snipe and secured the gold medal. Mr. Leche, who hunted at Payne Station, scored second highest, with 660. Most of the hunting was done along the Morgan Railroad, the principal points being Lafayette, New Iberia and Payne Station. The cold weather drove the quail to cover and more points were made on snipe than anything else, quail ranking next. About ten woodcocks were killed and a few robins, hawks, etc. Considering the severe weather the scores are deemed excellent, of course ranking much below those of last year, which were made under far more favorable circumstances. It was hard work hunting over the swampy snipe grounds, a thin crust of frozen earth often enticing the sportsman into a knee-deep bog. One or two members of the opposing teams wandered as far away as Orange, Tex., in the hope of killing chickens, but very few chickens died. Mayor Guillotte made a score that would have ranked second—690, but unfortunately could not conform to the conditions and report before 12 o'clock, his achievement being therefore uncounted. Capt. Lewis' team having lost, give the annual hunt dinner. Jan. 14.—The rival teams enjoyed their banquet to-night, and the affair passed off most agreeably. The return hunt which grew out of a challenge by the defeated team, will be shot Jan. 23 and 24, under the same rules as the previous hunt.

FASHION VS. SPORTSMEN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a common habit of women and non-sporting men to cry out against the killing of birds and animals by sportsmen. On several occasions in my own somewhat limited experience I have heard ladies remark that they did not see how sportsmen could be cruel enough to deprive the poor little inoffensive things of their lives, but when I would point to their gorgeously bedecked bonnets or their elegant fur-trimmed cloaks and ask, "How about these trimmings? They were alive once, and were sacrificed upon the altar of fashion." The answer would be, "Oh, well! that is altogether a different thing; we must have birds for our bonnets." If the fair sex only knew how exceedingly small the number of birds which fall before the sportsmen's guns is, when compared with the victims of the man who makes it a business to kill our most beautiful native birds for the fashionable world, there would be less blame laid at the sportsman's door. Sportsmen of the genuine type kill the birds for food, or more generally for the sake of the invigorating pleasure which a day in the field with gun and dog affords them. Sportsmen never kill birds which are not of the game species and whose flesh is not edible, and they only shoot these in certain seasons. Their guns are never brought to bear upon the songsters, whose presence goes so far toward making the world beautiful. Many people wonder where our native birds have gone. It seems but a short time since they could hear the whistles or songs of a great variety of birds right in their door yards, but now they hear only the incessant chatter of the sparrows. Let these people glance into a milliner's window, and they will quickly see the cause of this disappearance. Imagine for a moment the immense number of birds which are daily used in the making up of artificial breasts and those abortions called fancy birds found in the milliners' shops. Just step inside of one of these shops for a few minutes and you will see the feathers of nearly every bird common to this country, and you will also see great numbers which are so changed and disguised as to be unrecognizable, and still others that you have perhaps never seen. I have noticed upon the bonnets of ladies at a public gathering, the wing or breast of some of our most common birds, such as the bluejay, crow and redwing blackbird, meadow lark, brown thrush, swallow, yellowhammer and others, too numerous to mention. Even the domestic pigeon is slain for the sake of its pure white feathers. Some of the tricks resorted to for obtaining these birds are cruel in the extreme.—WATT (Cleveland, O.).

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Last year ducks were here by the millions; this year there are scarcely any. Hunters in the mountains report quail as being very scarce also. The dry season is probably the cause. This part of California cannot compare with the north in the game line, although we have a few quite fair hunting grounds. Nigger Slough, six miles from here, is the favorite resort for hunters. One does not need rubber boots nor a boat there, but can get a fair bag on dry land by shooting as the ducks fly over. The flight of ducks lasts only about two hours morning and night. A great many of the small ponds near here are very offensive in smell, owing to dead waterfowl shot by dude sportsmen who are too lazy to gather the game after shooting it.—C. B. W.

RIFLE LOADING.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think "En Ami's" method of loading his .40-60 repeater can be improved. Let me give my way. I use a Ballard .38-55. Load the shells full of powder, and put a cardboard wad on top. Insert the loaded shell into the rifle chamber. Then place a round ball (90 to the pound), patched with a linen patch, on the muzzle of the rifle, and push it down to the shell; the ball is left in the rifling just as in a muzzleloader. As a result I get a flat trajectory and no recoil—an excellent thing in squirrel hunting.—TAMARACK (Cargill, Ont.).

TAUNTON, Mass., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This year J. C. C. and myself spent two weeks among the shore birds on Monomoy Island, two weeks among the quail, snipe and teal at Harwich, Chatham, Brewster and other towns on Cape Cod, and now and then a day with the quail, partridges and rabbits here at home. We have very good duck and goose shooting among the large ponds here. Our city has probably as many gunners and fishermen as any city of its size in the country. The Sportsman's Club is composed of sporting men and not sportsmen, but the American Fur Company is a body of our best citizens who make a practice of spending their vacations at the Cape. As most of them hunt only fur, however, there is a lack of interest in game protection here. We have four gun clubs in the outskirts, but none in the center of the city.—COHANNET.

A MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY SHOOTER IN THE TOILS.—The complaint of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association against Orville D. Lovell, of New York, and Nathan E. West, of Osterville, for illegally shooting wild fowl by the use of a battery in Waquoit Bay, was heard last Thursday before Trial Justice Hopkins at Barnstable. Judge Harriman, of Barnstable, appeared for the defense and J. R. Reed, counsel of the association, for the prosecution. The defendants were both held and bound over to await the action of the grand jury.—HUB.

DIDO OF A SPENT BULLET.—Cleveland, Jan. 15.—A relative being requested to kill some chickens one morning, he brought into play a small rifle of the "Hunters' Pet" model. He shot at a young pullet which was perched upon a cock of hay in the upper floor of the barn, and the ball, after killing the chicken, passed through the side of the barn, which was of one-inch pine, and, flying 150 yards, it wound up by crashing through a neighbor's window and falling spent upon the floor. Pretty good performance for a .22 short.—WATT.

THE ADIRONDACKS IN WINTER.—From a letter from Mr. F. A. Walters, Superintendent of the N. Y. State hatchery at Lake Brandon, Essex county, we learn something of the temperatures which prevailed there last week. He writes under date of Jan. 11 and gives the following, all the figures being below zero, Fahrenheit: Jan. 6th, 3°; 7th, 10°; 8th, 14°; 9th, 4°; 10th, 5°; 11th, 8°, and 12th 40° at 9 A. M. He adds: "Although it was four degrees below zero on the 9th, we had a fall of snow which piled up thirteen inches in four hours."

NEW JERSEY GAME LAWS.—At the annual meeting of the West Jersey Game Protective Society at Gloucester City, on Thursday morning, it was resolved to petition the Legislature for the following changes in the game laws: Opening of reedbird season, Sept. 1; squirrel season, from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1; to close the deer season for three years; and to pass a law making it finable for any person to have game in their possession killed or caught contrary to law.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME.—Watsontown.—The past shooting season has been a very good one for deer and pheasants. Many bears have been killed in the mountains close to Watsontown. We look for a great increase in the number of pheasants for next season, the mountains are full of them. During the past season it was not unusual to put up thirty or forty in a morning's hunt.—J. R. H.

A MASSACHUSETTS WILDCAT.—A large wildcat was killed in Taylor's Notch on Mt. Holyoke last Saturday morning. The beast measured 3 feet 10 inches in length, and, from looks, was apparently in a starving condition. A foxhound was so torn by the animal that it had to be killed.

LONG ISLAND.—Atlanticville, Jan. 13.—I killed two frost snipe to-day, which is about four months too early for snipe. The bay is all frozen up now, and there are very few ducks here, though there have been a good many. Think there will be good battery shooting this spring.—H. E. L.

PANA, Ill., Dec. 28.—Game is very scarce here this year, especially quail and rabbits; they seem to have been frozen out last winter. Chickens are collecting now in great gangs, and if nothing happens to them during winter and spring we will have good shooting next fall.—F. A. N.

NEW YORK.—The game committee of the Senate are: Messrs. Vedder, McMillan and Wemple. In the Assembly: Messrs. Hadley, Titus, Berry, White, Demers, Kraus, Haggerty of New York, Doyle and Giese.

NEW JERSEY.—A few of the residents of Seabright and Rumson, Monmouth county, who are interested in shooting, have procured a lot of quail which they will release in spring.

The Cloverdale (Cal.) *Sentinel* reports another danger to which hunters are subjected in that region. It states that about two weeks ago, when the fire, which was plainly seen from Cloverdale, was raging in the mountain back of Mr Allen's place, John Hixson had a narrow escape from death. On the day the fire started, John was out hunting, and, having just killed a deer, lay down in the brush to rest. He presently discovered that the air was quite smoky, and thinking there was fire near by, he picked up his game and started to make his way out of the brush, when, to his horror and surprise, he found he was completely surrounded by the fire, which was making rapid headway with a high wind. Escape seemed impossible; he considered himself a "gone coon," when he came to a deep canyon with water in it. He lost no time in getting to the bottom of it, and by throwing his deer in the water and lying in it himself so as to cover his body as nearly as possible, he managed to save both himself and venison. He was there over two hours, and once during that time he became insensible from heat and smoke. The upper side of the deer carcass, which was out of the water was burned almost black. John says it was the hottest place he ever was, or expects to be in. After the fire passed over, Mr. Hixson made his way home as best he could, and was confined to his bed for four days by sickness, caused by the heat and smoke. It was indeed, a narrow escape.

Another fatal accident has occurred through a hunter being mistaken for a deer and receiving a bullet in the body. In order to avoid these fearful mishaps it would perhaps be better for our hunters to take to dark-colored clothing instead of using the tawny shades now so much in use, and that so resemble the deer skin in color.

NEW RIFLE SIGHT.—The kind you have been looking for. See Fremd's advertisement elsewhere.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

IS IT A MATTER OF TASTE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Jews were clean feeders. Why they abhorred a slice of nice ham I don't know, unless their hogs were fattened on beech nuts. In this case I agree with them.

The ducks we get here in the spring are poor, dark in flesh and fishy. On their return in the fall fleshy, fat and juicy.

A grouse in the winter is dry and bitter.

A speckled trout out of a muddy pond is not fit for the table.

Mascalonge, pike, bass or pickerel, if killed in our marshes and bays, are the same, providing they have been there some time and it takes not long to effect the change.

Eggs, no matter how fresh, depend on their mother's gastronomics. I speak from experience. How is this? Simply the food they live on. On a ducking expedition I stayed at a log cabin on an island. They had no meat but lots of fresh eggs. The very thing I craved for, more particularly as the surroundings were anything but clean, and I felt sure they could not foul the inside of a boiled egg. The eggs came on in due course, fresh and done to a turn. My appetite was ravenous. Oh, the vanity of human wishes. I hastily knocked off the top of one. "Pish! The smell—rats!" I exclaimed. And so it was. The old man was a "musk-rat" hunter and fed his hens on the carcases. I went supperless to bed a wiser if not a happier man.

Once on a time I bought in the market a dozen of the finest speckled trout I ever saw; none of less than a pound weight. What a treat I had for my friends. The party sat down with juicy mouths, yet, alas, no wine I could pour down their throats could wash out the mud. I found out later that the fish had been caught in a pond. I never knew of a fish taken in a rapid stream that was not to be relied on as food. I have taken the mascalonge in Pigeon Creek, that runs ten miles through a marsh, and were not worth the trouble of landing, and yet in the lake below, where the bottom was rocky, it was the king of fresh-water fish. No fish that swims in the clear and rapid waters of the St. Lawrence but is worthy of a place in the frying pan.

Just as I was closing this letter I remembered an instance that I think worthy of record as a warning to brother piscatorials. A friend and I discovered a trout pond near the head of the stream (no muddy bottom). We arrived late in the evening and caught enough for supper. The trout were prime. Next morning we fished and fished on till evening, making the largest catch known in that quarter, and the best average. We filled a champagne basket containing nearly 400. We packed them in new pine sawdust, and by the way, a boy showed us a new way of cleaning them. Thus: cutting out the gills and pulling out therewith the entire intestines, thereby not disfiguring the fish by cutting it open. When we arrived in town next day, no such show as the one we exhibited in a restaurant window had been seen before. Our many admiring friends rivalled with each other for their share. After the exhibition we divided up. The next day our friends "soured" on us. They told us the fish were not fit to eat. They all cried turpentine.

Take a lesson my dear friends. Don't use pine sawdust.

R. P. I.

PROTON, Ontario.

AN INGENUOUS RELATION.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Having often read with pleasure the very many interesting accounts of fishing and hunting expeditions contained in your FOREST AND STREAM journal, but never having found one written by a lady, I wonder if a few lines from one would be acceptable?

Although of the "weaker" sex, I have enjoyed many a fishing expedition. The very first one I participated in I shall never forget. Being city bred, my ideas about fishing were very vague and consequently, when this one was proposed, I enjoyed that keen delight with which the young always anticipate a new pleasure. On a bright July morning, a party of sixteen, with two married couples as chaperones, started to camp out on a little island, in the midst of a very lovely lake called Brome, in the eastern townships of Canada. After enjoying a most beautiful drive over hills and on a road as well kept as any city street, we at last reached our destination. It was proposed that we have breakfast and then literally "fish" for our dinner. Never will I forget the pride with which I surveyed my rod and line, for of course, being a verdant one at the sport, the others were all anxious that I should take part in it. After receiving a few instructions, I cast the line into the water, feeling sure of success. Shortly afterward I gave considerable amusement to my companions, by innocently asking "how I should know when a fish was on my hook?" Well, for all my verdancy, I was the first one to catch a fish, and when I drew it in, fully expecting to see it dead, as I thought the hook killed it, I will never forget the terror that seized me, when I saw the nasty, snaky thing wriggling in the air, and as I was too excited to lay the rod down, but held it straight up in the air, the struggles of the fish sent it whirling round my head. I became perfectly agonized with terror and very nearly jumped out of the boat. The screams of laughter from my companions, however, reassured me, but nothing in the world could induce me to touch that fish. After it was taken off the hook and lay quiet in the bottom of the boat and I saw that it was quite a large pike, pride conquered terror and I cast my line into the water again. Success attended my every effort and when the pangs of hunger had made an aching void that only dinner could fill, my string was the largest in the camp. Shall I ever forget our dinner cooked in the woods? It seemed to me, then and always will, a feast for the gods.

The gentlemen of our party then put up our tent and arranged everything for the night. The remainder of the day was spent in boating and fishing as suited our fancy. After supper, while we were enjoying the balmy air and talking of our day's sport, a most terrible storm suddenly arose. The thunder and lightning were truly awful and soon our tent became soaked and we were all in a pretty drenched condition. It was thought advisable by the elders of the party to seek the main shore. Well, we set out, but the night was so intensely dark, we could only guide our boats by the flashes of lightning, and reached land after what seemed to me to be an interminable time. Just as we reached shore a lightning bolt seemed to strike the earth at our very feet, causing two of our party to spring backward into the water. Immediately a tongue of flame shot upward a short distance from us. The gentlemen of our party having seen us safely landed at a hospitable farmer's near by, went to the fire and found a large house completely in flames. They were just in time to get a poor sick woman and her children out of danger, when the whole building collapsed, leaving the owners completely ruined. As the bad weather continued next day and seemed likely to do so, we thought it wisest to return home, which we did next evening, and so ended my first expedition of the kind.

DIANA.

CANADA, Jan. 6, 1886.

THE CHUB AS A GAME FISH.

IN England many of the cyprinoids grow to large size and are counted among the game fishes. In America this family of fishes is a very large one, but as a rule the species are small in size. One, however, the "fall fish," *Semotilus bullaris*, is really worthy the attention of the angler. It grows to a good size, takes the fly readily and is eatable. Its range is given by Jordan and Gilbert as "abundant from Massachusetts to Virginia, east of the Alleghanies." It bears the name of "chub," which is applied to half a dozen different fishes. The only one it might be confounded with is the "horned dace," *S. corporalis*, which, by the way, confines its "horns" to the male in the breeding season, but the latter fish has a larger head, is not as shapely as the fall fish, and has a dark spot on the dorsal fin where the first few rays join the body.

The name "fall fish" comes from its habit of lying below rapids when practicable. We have taken them with the red ibis in Virginia waters and found them to be good fighters. Of course they cannot be expected to equal the black bass or the trout in vigor and staying qualities, but they afford sport.

That they grow to great size in some waters the following extract from "Adirondack Fishes" will show. It is a letter from Capt. L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., to the author. He says: "Piseco Lake is, or was five years ago, infested by 'Mohawk chubs,' which lie in just the waters that big trout like, and used to rise and strike at anything that a trout will. They have utterly ruined the trolling in the narrows and across some bays, for a chub of from one to three pounds is sure to strike every spoon at about the same time. These fish are the descendants of a pailful of minnows that some twelve years ago were carried to the lake by men who fished through the ice and threw in their surplus bait, hence these chubs, which average much larger than in their native river."

We understand that Capt. Beardslee was trolling for lake trout and these chubs were in deep water. Had they been in shallow water he might have tried them with the fly, in which case he would have found that a chub "of from one to three pounds" was considerable of a fish on light tackle. A trolling spoon, leaded for lake trout, reduces the fighting capacity of any fish, and the good Captain's disgust at the impertinence of a plebeian chub's presumption in coming between him and a trout prevented him from noting any possible game qualities in the despised fish.

Mr. W. T. Loomis bears testimony as to their size in the following extract from a letter: "The last time I was at Piseco, ten or fifteen years since, I took three 'Mohawk River chubs,' *S. bullaris*, I suppose, with a fly while fishing for trout. One of them weighed a pound and a half, I should think."

PROTECTION IN CANADA.

AT the annual meeting of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, on the 9th inst., the secretary read the twenty-seventh annual report as follows:

"Your executive committee in reporting the work done by the club during the past year, have much pleasure in here stating that only fifteen actions were taken during the year and all of the accused found guilty and accordingly fined. Out of the fifteen actions, only two were particulary important, one for killing fish with dynamite, in which two persons were engaged; they were fined $20 and $10 respectively and costs, amounting altogether to $56.80. The other case was for killing one deer out of season; two persons were also engaged in this case; one was fined $30 and the other being poor and having no money to pay a fine, however small, was jailed a few days, when, on inquirening as to particulars concerning him, your committee judged fit to concur in his release. The remaining thirteen cases were for petty offenses. If we have no more cases to report it is through no lack of care on our part, or that of the guardians, but that the fish and game laws now appear to be well known, not only to traders, but the public in general. Some of our game keepers seem despondent over it. Altogether the year just past has been an unusually fruitful one. Partridge, our national bird, has been added to the list of birds 'not to be exported.' This has been done through the exertions of your committee, who waited on the Minister of Customs at Ottawa last winter, and with the aid and recommendations of our city representatives in the House, the matter was soon settled. The Deputy Minister of Fisheries and his able assistant, Mr. Beauset, we have also to thank for backing all our efforts. Your secretary during last spring visited and reported on the following rivers, viz., Pamaska, Chateauguay, Richelieu, Beaudet and De Lisle, after which Mr. Beauset made the same round; the consequence is that fish ways have been made in the Chateauguay River at the Nun's Mill, also at St. Martine, so that the breeding fish will now have a fine run, and your committee have the promise of the Deputy Minister of Fisheries that if this proves as successful as expected passes will soon be made in the dams of Howick and Dunham. As regards the other rivers above referred to, they are to be attended to the coming season. A club such as ours should boast of a membership of 1,000, which is considerably above double of our present number. The dinner last year was as usual well attended—*ce va sans dire.* To the incoming committee will be left the management of this year's dinner. We have to deplore the death of several members during the year just ended. Among others, Mr. W. S. Macfarlane, president of our rooms, and who presided at our annual dinner last year, a genial friend and a keen sportsman, also Captain de Montenach, widely known and much respected. Both will long remain in our memory. Before closing we would ask the incoming committee to do all they can to induce the local government to pass a law prohibiting the snaring of partridge. An annual report would not be complete without this. All of which is respectfully submitted. JOHN NELSON, Jr., Hon. Sec."

The election of officers then took place, resulting as followers: President, George H. Matthews; Vice-President, Selkirk Cross; Secretary-Treasurer, John Nelson, Jr.; Committee, W. H. Rintoul, Robt. McKay.

GAME QUALITIES OF THE BASSES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that "Wawayanda" is not content with the scalp he took from me last summer, but is now after the ears which grow below it. In your last issue he throws down the gauntlet to me and invites me to a contest, Marquis of Queensberry's rules, to see if he cannot name the species of black bass that is hooked, the rounds to be ten seconds. I had thought that he would give me time to get my wind while he was putting on the gloves with "Nessmuk." If I decline he threatens me with "A. N. C.," who he thinks can raise my hair in an artistic manner. Of this I have not the slightest doubt.

I will still claim, however, that the big-mouth has been badly maligned by anglers generally. My old Virginia friend, Alexander Mosely, always spoke of him as a "vulgarian," against which term I invariably protested. I have conscientiously done my duty to the big-mouth in speaking of him as I found him, a strong, gamy fish, which when under two pounds weight is at his best, and very little, if any, inferior to his congenor. In the matter of reliability in accepting the fly I am on record as declaring the big-mouth to be much superior to the other. The first part of this "Wawayanda" does not believe, and is silent as to the second claim.

It is my present notion that if I wished to stock a pond with black bass for fly-fishing exclusively, I should choose the big-mouth. I have gradually dropped out of bait-fishing and have not done any of it in two seasons, and therefore I prefer the fish which I think is the most likely to take the fly. Further discussion on my part seems useless, for I have said all that I have to say and can add nothing more. I read with great pleasure the "Camp Flotsam" stories and smiled when I saw that the genial author was trying to take another rise out of me, and I thought at first that I wouldn't rise to that lure, but afterward concluded to nibble a little and see if he could get any sport out of it. He is as confident and firm in his belief as I am—perhaps more so—but I cannot see just why he left "Nessmuk" to stir me up. "Insatiate archer, would not one suffice?" F. M.

TIP-UP FOR PICKEREL.—Springfield, Mass.—Will some of your readers give instruction in FOREST AND STREAM how to make some first-class tip-ups for fishing through ice? —PICKEREL. [There are several forms of tip-ups in use. Some have spiral springs and triggers to hoist the flag when a fish is hooked. A great deal of ingenuity is displayed in some of these, while others are simple and equally effective. We prefer to let our correspondents tell how they make them and thus bring out different methods.]

TWO HOOKS FOR BASS.—Kansas City, Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a constant reader of your paper and have never seen anything relating to fishing for small-mouthed black bass with two hooks, either with the same bait or different. Will the additional amount of tackle increase the fear and reduce the chances, or will an assortment of bait (live) tempt more fish? I wish some of your learned fishermen would give some light on the subject.—F. W. O.

BLACK BASS IN WINTER.—Kalamazoo, Mich., Jan. 13.—For the benefit of Dr. Henshall and others I would say that the small-mouthed black bass are now running quite freely and a good many are being caught. The ice is about eight inches in thickness and the average temperature of the weather is about zero.—BEN O. BUSH.

QUEBEC.—Aylmer, Jan. 6.—The *Times* of this place reports that Mr. Edward Gravelle and Capt. Noel, his brother-in-law, went to Lake Constant on Monday last, on a fishing expedition, and returned home the same evening with over 100 pike. They were all large ones. They say the fish bit well.

STRIPED BASS IN NEW YORK.—In the Albany Senate last Tuesday Mr. Pierce introduced a bill to exempt striped sea bass from the provisions of the law applying to the fresh-water fish bearing that name.

DECORATION DAY IN NEW JERSEY.—An attempt will be made in the New Jersey Legislature to change the opening day for black bass to May 30 instead of June 1, to provide legitimate recreation for Decoration Day outers.

Fishculture.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

THE WISCONSIN FISH COMMISSION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This season will be the most successful of any for the Wisconsin Commission, as far as hatching the largest number of fish is concerned. The commission will have for distribution to the public streams of this State some four millions of brook trout fry, five hundred thousand rainbow trout, three million lake trout, fifty million whitefish fry for the great lakes, and the expectation is that we will have some forty millions of wall-eyed pike for inland lakes.

The first mountain trout eggs were taken this year on the 2d of January; last year the first eggs were taken on the 20th of January; in the year 1884 the fish commenced to spawn on the 20th of February, which goes to show that these fish will, in course of time, become autumn spawners. On Monday, the 4th of this month, one large male rainbow trout was taken from the creek below the fish ponds that weighed some five and three-quarter pounds, this is the largest fish of this kind that has been seen or caught in the neighborhood of the fish hatchery.

The Fish Commissioners of this State have taken great pride in their work and have spared no expense in putting the ponds, buildings, and grounds in first-class order. Through the zeal of the Hon. Philo Dunning, president of the Commission, an appropriation of $24,000 for two years was secured to carry on the work. The past summer there was spent at the Madison hatchery some $6,000 for permanent improvements. The superintendent's residence was moved from its former location to a more suitable one upon the rise of ground, surrounded by a beautiful grove and in full view of the grounds, fish ponds and hatchery houses below. The residence also received a touching up and looks more modern in appearance.

The ponds here when first built were put together in a clap trap kind of way and were out of keeping with the times. This past summer they have most all been rebuilt with two-inch matched planks and made water tight, so there are no cracks nor crevices for little fish to get in and hide and starve to death and die for the want of pure water. The Commission has put up this past season a building the most convenient of its kind of any in the United States. This building is one hundred feet long by twenty-five wide, is built in gothic style and to answer four purposes, feed house, hatching house, aquarium show, and spawning race; all spawning races heretofore known are out of doors. The men that have worked here for years taking spawn know how to appreciate it this winter when they think of times, for weeks on a stretch, when they have, day after day, had to go and handle fish from the spawning race when the mercury was from ten to twenty-five below zero. Now it is all done within six feet of the stove.

The first twelve by twenty-five of the building is used for a feed house where the liver is kept in a box with fresh spring water running through it to keep it fresh and cool. In this room is the chopping machine and meat block for cutting the coarse food for the larger fish. Troughs are arranged with fresh water running through them where the pans are kept with the fine food in them for the young fish. All young fish less than a year old are fed twice a day, and for the first four months three times a day. Underneath the feed house is the wheel house where there is an over-shot water wheel used for driving the chopping machines and the grindstone for sharpening the tools about the place. Along one side of the next room, eighty-eight feet, is a row of glass aquariums with all the different varieties of fish in them, with an aisle of four feet the full length of the aquariums. The next twelve feet in width and seventy-four feet in length is taken up with hatchery troughs running lengthways. On the opposite side of the room from the aquariums is the spawning race, one hundred feet long and six feet wide, underneath the floor. The race is built of two-inch matched planks, bottom and sides, with about six inches of gravel on the bottom. The water at the mouth of the race is eighteen inches deep and runs to a gradual slope up the water wheel to six inches of water. All the water from the ponds above runs through this race and makes a good current of water, and the fish in the pond below are bound to find their way up stream.

Part of the floor of main room for six feet wide makes a covering for the race by means of trap doors eight feet long with strap hinges next to the outer wall, so that when the race needs to be uncovered these trap doors are turned up and rest against the wall. The pond at the mouth of this race is four hundred feet square. All the spawning fish that are in the ponds above during the summer months are let down through the gates to this large pond at spawning time, and when they want to spawn they have to run into this race as the pond is of a mud bottom. When there is any spawning to be done the men go inside the building to the mouth of the race and drop a gate made of perforated zinc. All fish that are inside will have to remain. The trap doors are then turned up, one man with a pair of rubber boots on goes to the head of the race with a gate also of perforated zinc the width of the race and walks down the race with the gate in front of him and drives the fish all before him till he gets them down to where he wants them. He then makes the gate fast, turns down the doors with the exception of the two lower ones, takes his scoop nets and dips what fish he wants into tanks on the main floor where they remain till they are handled over and the spawn taken from them. To feed the vast army of fish that is gathered together here costs from $75 to $125 per month. BADGER.

MADISON, Jan. 3.

LOCAL MOVEMENTS OF THE SALMONIDÆ.

THE following paper was read at the half yearly meeting of the Scotch Fisheries Association, Edinburgh, Nov. 3, 1885, by W. Anderson Smith, Ledaig, Argyllshire:

The general movements of the Salmonidæ, in sea-water more especially, are so little known that it may help the subject if I endeavor to bring together a few facts concerning those frequenting the waters of this part of Lorn. Even should the facts in themselves not be absolutely new they may corroborate, or suggest new departures for, the facts gathered by, or the observations still to be made by, other inquirers.

The great water-way of the Linnhe Loch furnishes an admirable ground for the student of this particular class of fishes. For the lochs that form sub-waters are so extensive, and so wide apart, that the various fishes have ample range and sufficiently diverse conditions to differentiate to a remarkable extent, quite enough to be readily distinguished one from the other by unscientific but otherwise skilled and practical observers. If, in the case of the herring—as is assumed on presumptive evidence—the varieties are mainly produced by variety of feeding provided by each loch or range of feeding ground, this can scarcely be the case with salmon, as this fish cannot be said to feed to any practical extent in fresh water except in its early stages as parr and smolt, when it is just possible the peculiar characteristics may be given, however difficult it would be to distinguish them at that stage.

At any rate the salmon of the various rivers from the Lochy to the Nant gradually find their way into Loch Linnhe, and thence apparently proceed in a great body out to sea beyond Mull. What they do there it would be difficult to assert positively, as facts are greatly wanted in this connection—but the probability is that they go to fatten upon the herring, as most other fishes do that are greatly voracious. That the salmon must be of such a character, is abundantly evident from its rapidity of growth when it once gets to salt water.

These fish go, not in one, but in various shoals through the season, and commence returning early, striking Mull near Lochbuy, and thence advancing by Kerrera toward Loch Linnhe. The consequence of this is, that the man who some years ago commenced a fishery on the island of Kerrera, levied virtual blackmail on the shoals that passed on to all the higher rivers, and made a marked difference on the fishing of such rivers as the Awe.

As the shoals passed up Loch Linnhe the fish of the Loch Etive streams first left the main body, and then those of Loch Creran, Loch Leven, &c. Those of Loch Etive had thereafter to divide as they reached the Nant, the Awe, and the numerous other salmon streams that enter that noble Loch. Now a remarkable but recognized thing is, that while the mouths of the Nant and of the Awe are close alongside, the fish of either will not enter the other beyond a certain point. Thus, those of the Nant may enter the mouth of the Awe should the water of the former river be too low to permit their ingress at all—but they will not proceed beyond the mouth. Again, the Awe fish have been caught at the head of Loch Creran but not in the Creran river. They may blunder so far as to miss the mouth of Etive, but they apparently soon discover their error, and return again upon their course. The difficulty of finding the entrance to Etive or Creran is not little, and it cannot be wondered at that a few fish occasionally fail to leave the main body along with their comrades. But it is to be wondered at that, finding out their error, they should start off again to repair it.

When the fish come in toward the shore, they may be taken in the nets at Dunstaffnage Bay before entering the Etive Loch, and again in Aird's Bay before entering Loch Creran, but once they have entered these lochs their course seems to be straight up toward the head in the case of Creran, or toward the Awe and Nant in the case of Etive. We are not aware of any case (except one) in which salmon have been taken in these lochs in shallowish water or near the shore. Those who "scringe" or seine for sea-trout do not find the salmon among their prey, nor do we believe that the salmon delays in ordinary cases between the mouth of the loch and the mouth of its own river. A friend informs us that only twice in twenty years has he seen a salmon leaping in play in lower Loch Creran, and we have frequently observed the swift course of a salmon near the surface of the water in mid-loch, going straight toward the head of the loch without halting.

The sea-trout, on the other hand, keep close inshore, comparatively speaking, and lay themselves open to the operations of the scringers. At regular intervals, more especially at spring tides in June and July, the sea-trout pass slowly upward along the shore to their various rivers, continuing to do so on till October. By the middle of November they have mostly left the fresh water.

These shoals of sea-trout open up questions of great interest most difficult to answer. "Sea-trout" they are all roughly called in the west of Scotland, but they undoubtedly represent several species, and perhaps many varieties. Not only have the fish of each several stream a character of their own, but they are found intermingled with the *Salmo fario* from the smaller streams, that have taken to the sea, and in consequence donned a livery of silver more or less pronounced. These include the common *Salmo fario*, as well as the species *estuarius*, which may be considered as intermediate. We have little doubt that the *Salmo fario* takes to the sea at certain seasons, when we cannot find a single representative in the small streams that enter the Western Highland lochs. We have found them among the shoals of sea-trout and their dark-colored congeners in the burns. It has long been well known and throughly proved that the external coloring and superficial characteristics of fishes alter readily under changed conditions; and the marked differentiation evident among the various fishes in the different streams, as well as between the same fishes in the said stream or off them in the salt water, point to great facility of alterations and mobility of physical characteristics.

We have also taken in certain streams fishes that we would have called sea-trout but for their complete absence of silver coloring, the marking pointing to them as bull-trout.

These we are disposed to consider sea-trout that have remained long in fresh water and lost their silver coat as the *Salmo fario* acquires it in the salt water.

These sea-trout shoals are most voracious; we have taken young herrings in quantities, and squids also, from their stomachs, and this may be the reason they keep toward the shore in this progress riverward, in place of rushing thither in mid-loch.

The salmon, on the other hand, when it approaches the shore, is not bent on feeding, although we have heard of them being taken by boys with line baited with sand-eels for flounders. They are like our best herring, which are no longer on the feed when they approach the shore for spawning purposes. It is extremely difficult to obtain facts regarding sea-salmon proper, or to distinguish them from the fish of the rivers in the vicinity of the coast where they are captured. Mull and the other islands have rivers and plenty of fish of their own, or else we might seek to ascertain what food they are supplied with when they first make the shores of Mull on their way to Loch Linnhe. These fish are sent to the South untouched, and therefore the question remains unanswered so far as we are concerned. But we wish to direct special attention to the point, believing as we do that the salmon goes to sea in pursuit of the herring, whose oily nature supplies the rich body of the salmon with its heavy juices, until the fish becomes so gorged and plethoric with its wealth of feeding that it becomes a prey to the parasite that is ever ready provided to prey upon any rich constitution. This parasite, and its instincts of reproductions, drive the body of fish from the rich feeding grounds of the outer waters in toward the rivers, in which, although they may swallow some trifling article of food, they may yet be said to live upon their plentiful fat until—reduced to famished and voracious skeletons—they once more, as kelts, seek the outer waters, and the abundant herring harvest that awaits their onslaught.

The fact that a fish will return in six weeks to its native river many pounds inweight additional, points to a rich and plentiful supply of nourishment, that only this "rabbit of the sea," as it has been termed—the herring—prolific and nutritious, could possibly supply to such vast shoals of large and voracious fish.

Had the salmon hunted in isolated bodies like the small shoals of sea-trout, that do not apparently go very far out to sea, and are more readily supplied with an omnivorous diet, it might have been possible to understand their living on a mixed and widespread table. But their coming together in such important bodies, increasing as they pass seaward, points to an important food supply, that only the herring shoals, never absent from these outer waters, can well be supposed to constitute.

The study of the food of most animals goes a long way to elucidate the principles that actuate their movements, and we wish to direct attention to the apparent fact that the salmon returns to the rivers and streams with such a store of vitality that it virtually carries them through the period of gestation and spawning, and consequently what it may or may not eat in these waters is a matter of trifling economic import. What we wish to discover is whether facts have been or are forthcoming to settle if this noble fish preys, like the bulk of our food fishes, upon the herring, as thereby we would arrive at another definite principle whereby its movements could be somewhat calculated,

For the division of salmon in most rivers into spring, summer and autumn migrations may be necessitated by the difficulty of procuring nourishment for the whole salmon population of a river in one great body, and through our modes of fishing out certain migrations we may really be lessening the power of a river, not by lessening its fish capacity, but by too great concentration of the fish shoals, that ought naturally to be spread over the year. We have looked upon the sea as inexhaustible, nor troubled ourselves about how or where the sea-salmon can derive nourishment, but the salmon will doubtless have arranged this to its own satisfaction long ere we set about altering the condition of the problem by unwise and inconsiderate fishing.

In this connection it may be well to add that the sea-trout, while freely devouring herring-sile, does not apparently return so plethoric, nor so capable or willing to starve in fresh water. It is one of the most formidable enemies of the salmon, eating it in quantities in the early stages; and while the youngsters can escape the voracity of the kelts by seeking shallow waters, the sea-trout is too well fitted to follow them thither. The undue protection and cultivation of the sea-trout is a matter to which careful attention should be given. It can people streams to which the salmon cannot aspire, but it levies heavy tribute from the nobler fish, and it may be well to ask ourselves whether the cultivation of the sea-trout conterminously with the salmon in some water is not an attempt to "eat our cake and have it." In the smaller rivers and streams the sea-trout is probably the more valuable economic inhabitant of the two, but in larger rivers it may be found that its presence is purchased at too great a price. At any rate we are satisfied from our observation that the habits of the two fishes are markedly different, and that in the case of the salmon the estuary of a river in such a water system as Loch Linnhe may really and truly extend beyond the island of Mull.

THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—The statement of this company, published in another column, well deserves the inspection of all those interested in insurance. The net surplus of the company is about a million and a quarter dollars. The total assets amount to $7,618,116.08, of which over $3,100,000 consist of cash in bank and United States bonds. Bond and mortgage first liens on real estate held in fee, make up two millions of dollars more, and the remainder consists of railroad, State and city bonds, bank and railroad stocks, and call loans. The statement speaks well for the management of the company.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Jan. 19, 20 and 21.—Annual Exhibition and Beneh Show of the French Creek Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. A. L. Braden, Secretary.

Jan. 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30.—Fourth annual dog show of the Southern Massachusetts Poultry Association, at Fall River, Mass. R. G. Mosher, Secretary.

Feb. 8, 9 and 10.—Fourth annual exhibition of the New York Fanciers' Club, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Chas. Harker, Secretary, 62 Cortlandt street.

March 16, 17, 18 and 19.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Dog Show, at Pittsburgh, Pa. C. B. Elben, Secretary.

March 23, 24 and 25.—First Annual Dog Show of the New Jersey Kennel and Field Trials Club, Newark, N. J. A. P. Vredenburgh, Secretary, Bergen Point, N. J.

March 30 to April 2.—Third Annual Dog Show of the New Haven Kennel Club. S. R Hemingway, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

April 6, 7, 8 and 9.—Second Annual Dog Show of the New England Kennel Club. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary, Boston, Mass.

April 14, 15 and 16. First Annual Dog Show of the Hartford Kennel Club. A. C. Collins, Secretary, Hartford, Conn.

A. K. R.—SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, for the registration of pedigrees, etc. (with prize lists of all shows and trials), is published every month. Entries close on the 1st. Should be in early. Entry blanks sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope. Registration fee (50 cents) must accompany each entry. No entries inserted unless paid in advance. Yearly subscription $1.50. Address "American Kennel Register," P. O. Box 2832, New York. Number of entries already printed **3185.**

THE A. K. C. CHAMPION RULE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is there not a trifling inconsistency in Mr. Wade's production in your issue of Jan. 7? The amendments which he calls the "Sensation" amendments are no more than what he advocates in that letter? It strikes me as a little odd that he should advocate the preparation of "a list of shows in the past conspicuous by good management, good judging and good classes, and let them count for champion honors;" and yet when I suggest the recognition of the three clubs most conspicuous in the past for just such qualities, that he should impugn my motives.

There was no American Kennel Club in 1877, but I have heard that the Massachusetts, the Baltimore, the St. Louis and the Westminster Kennel Clubs agreed to adopt the same rules, and that the rules thus jointly passed have, with trifling alterations, prevailed till to-day, or at least till the forming of the American Kennel Club.

These clubs were the leaders of the pioneers in bench show matters in America, and to their joint action and the spirit of friendliness and amity that existed between them is due much of the success of such matters in this country to-day. Three of them have practically gone out of existence, but I see no reason why the trifling tribute to their memory that a recognition of their awards implies should not be accorded them.

When the A. K. C. was formed I advocated the recognition of such shows as had formerly appeared in the W. K. C. list, for the reason that up to that time as far as I know, no question had been raised as to the appropriateness of their selection. I went further and asked that several of the most prominent English shows be included. I had no particular dog in mind; but I thought that an aged animal that had won in his youth should not be turned back to contend with the younger and newer comers. A three-win rule would have kept from the champion class all these accidental brutes that had jumped into the champion class through the inferiority of the class they had won in, or through the incompetence of a judge, and I have seen no reason to change my views since. My views, however, were not indorsed by the majority of the meeting, and the much criticised champion rule was adopted.

If Mr. Wade would forget for a moment that Sensation existed I believe he would agree with me that the amendment I proposed was a step in the right direction and should have been carried. Why, he goes much further than I did and advocates the recognition of every show that had good judges, etc. A fine mess that would get us into. Has he ever heard that shows were held not many years ago at Mineola, Springfield, Watertown, Syracuse, St. Paul, and many more places besides, not bad shows in their day, and where the judging gave at least equal satisfaction with that we have since seen at more pretentious and better exhibitions? Who, if his rule were adopted, would weigh such in the balance? The suggestion is absurd, at least impracticable. Suppose a show held at Podunk. The judges in half of the classes were men of standing and knowledge, in the balance of no position and of dense ignorance. Shall that show be recognized or would he divide the classes according to the judges? If good management, classes and judging be all required, how many shows would reach the standard? No, Mr. Wade's suggestion is not a feasible one, and till a better plan is forthcoming I shall continue to advocate the recognition of all important shows held under the auspices of a club in good standing before the formation of the A.K.C., the awards of the members of the A. K. C. and none others (unless, perhaps, some of the principal English ones), though the result would be that several private shows of real merit like Washington would be left out.

ELLIOT SMITH.

FIELD AND COCKER SPANIELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago you published a letter signed "Cave Canum" asking the question whether a cocker, winner in the champion class, if he became over weight, would go in the champion class for field spaniels, or have to go in the open class and work his way up again. It seems to me that this question involves a still more important one, and that is, should a dog which is capable of winning champion honors as a cocker, be considered worthy of honors in the field spaniel class? It is certain that the rage for blacks has not worked unmixed good by any means, and that the American Spaniel Club's standard allows a loop hole through which dwarfed field spaniels can creep into the cocker class, that is, allowing that there is any fundamental difference between the two.

Any division by weight alone must fail in its object, for typical cockers will occasionally appear, of more than the specified weight, in spite of all the standards ever laid down, and at the same time dogs of the field spaniel type will occasionally be found under the limit, which, if shown as field spaniels will be protested under weight, and if as cockers as not of cocker type, but in the words of Boss Tweed, what are you going to do about it? It is, or should be, admitted that there is a distinction of type between the two, but either this distinction is not made plain enough by the A. S. C's. standard or judges have not followed the standard very closely in their awards. The former is this much true that a muzzle "tapering gradually from the eye" (I don't know whether this is the exact wording, but it is the sense of the passage) is called for. Every dog's muzzle tapers a little, that is, is narrower at the end than where it leaves the skull, and I think the allusion to it a mistake. It makes it possible for owners of sharp-muzzled cockers to say, "Well, the standard calls for a tapering muzzle!" and I do not think this was the intention of the club. The model taken was the head of an English setter, that is a good-headed English setter, only that the muzzle should be shorter, but unfortunately, this is not stated in the standard, and the attempted description of such a head, part by part, is not a complete success—so little so, that a small field spaniel can be nearly correct, since the only distinction made is that "there should not be the heaviness of the field spaniel," which (the mere heaviness) might and in fact would most probably be almost entirely absent in the head of a small, dwarfed specimen.

An evidence that this difficulty exists is found in the fact that Pluto (Obo II.—Critic) won in the open class for field spaniels at the Philadelphia October show, a dog of thirty or thirty-one pounds weight (and perhaps more) but of as good cocker type as any black I know. His dam Critic is another of the same kind, of good cocker type, a producer of dogs of good type, and yet shown and awarded prizes as a field spaniel. Is not this rather absurd?

A weight limit is all right enough as far as it goes, for it will not do to allow dogs to be called cockers which are as big as mastiffs, but I claim that if there is any difference in type, cockers should not be allowed to win in the field spaniel class, simply because they are twenty-eight pounds, or field spaniels in the cocker class, because they are under that weight. If there is not a difference, "Cave Canum's" suggestion should be taken, the standard thrown to the winds, and the breeds divided as bulldogs and pointers are—spaniels over and under twenty-eight pounds. If this is done, no great harm will result, any more than has already resulted from the field spaniel cross, which has certainly been used by most breeders, to get color, substance, length and other desirable points. Fashion has already condemned the sharp muzzle type, both in cockers and field spaniels, and rightly, for it is a most unspanielike formation. I doubt very much whether the field spaniels showing it would be considered good specimens in England. It is certain that Newton Abbot Lady has not a "chisel-face," yet she is considered a very good field spaniel; and more certain still that the brothers in blood and sister of Benedict, which did not come to America, had much blunter, squarer muzzles than he has. Those who remember that English breeders do not usually sell the choice of their young stock to foreign buyers, will perhaps understand how this is.

To conclude, the American Spaniel Club have a task before them, on the performance of which will depend the estimation in which they are held by the general public and the interests of the breeds they patronize, and that is, either to define strictly the difference between these two breeds and insist on the disqualification of specimens of either which are ineligible for their own class on account of size, or to decide that there is no difference, and take measures accordingly. Let us know where we stand. RAVEN.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Jan. 11, 1886.

THE INDIANAPOLIS DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considering the season of the year and the inexperience of the managers of the Central Indiana Poultry Association in dog shows, their show here was quite a success. There were about fifty dogs on the benches, besides several litters of puppies, and a great many parties expressed regret at not having brought more in. In all probability they will have a much larger show next year. The quality was only fair, with three notable exceptions in the puppy classes for Irish setters, mastiffs and rough-coated St. Bernards. The puppy in the last class also won in the open class and can hold his own in exceedingly good company. The judging was performed by Mr. T. B. Dorsey, of Ellicott City, Maryland.

AWARDS.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, S. H. Socurie's Change; 2d, W. T. Christian, Jr.'s, Colonel. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Valentine's Lucy V.; 2d, H. Bradshaw's Flora Glen. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Bradshaw's Tramp Glen. *Bitches:* 1st, E. G. Clark's Kate H.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. A. Comstock's Royal C.; 2d, U. S. Kennel Club's Dude. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, U. S. Kennel Club's Flipper and Dimple. *Puppies:* 1st, J. M. Freeman's Grace Glencho; 2d, M. Bowman's Joe.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, M. B. Hitchcock's Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, M. B. Hitchcock's Harry.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Seifert's Dan; 2d, C. M. Foster's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, N. Lanty's Queen; 2d, A. Edmund's Queen. *Puppies:* 1st, H. Coburn, Jr.'s, Tom; 2d, M. R. Williams's Topsy H.

BLACK SPANIELS.—1st, B. D. Walcott's Guardo.

GREYHOUNDS.—1st, W. F. Christian, Jr.'s, unnamed.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs and Bitches:* No entries. PUPPIES.—1st, G. E. Townley's Ashmont Victor; 2d. K. M. Hood's Duff.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Talbot's Rajah; also 1st in puppy class. *Bitches:* No entries. SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs and Bitches:* No entries. PUPPIES—1st, Mrs. M. D. Lyfer's Romeo.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, T. Lewis's Creo.

COLLIES.—*Bitches:* 1st, L. Haag's Nellie Pride; 2d, W. Haag's Frank Belle.

TERRIERS.—ROUGH-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, T. Lewis's Fret. SKYES—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. A. Dorland's Major. YORKSHIRES—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Morrison's Grail.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, W. C. Dickson's Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, E. L. McKee's Trust; 2d, E. Zoller's Nellie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, J. W. W. Sanman's Nippy; 2d, George Vandyke's Tuft. S. K.

THE NEW HAVEN DOG SHOW.

THE third annual dog show of the New Haven Kennel Club, to be held at New Haven, Conn., March 30 to April 2, will undoubtedly prove to be the best given by the club. The premium list will be liberal, and the management have the confidence of exhibitors. A large entry list may confidently be looked for. A new departure will be made in the care of the dogs; the feeding being intrusted to Spratts Patent, who will undoubtedly put forth their best efforts to please the exhibitors as this is their first attempt in this country, though they have had large experience in England. The management have been very fortunate in the selection of judges, selecting gentlemen whose reputation for ability and honesty is such as should insure full classes. The list of judges with the classes assigned to each, is as follows:

Setters and pointers—Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.

Greyhounds, deerhounds, spaniels, mastiffs, Newfoundlands, bull-terriers, Yorkshire and toy terriers, toy spaniels and Italian greyhounds—Mr. C. H. Mason, Bay Ridge, L. I.

Foxhounds and beagles—Mr. L. C. Sloan, Philadelphia, Pa.

Basset hounds, dachshund, St. Bernards, collies, bulldogs, fox terriers, poodles, black and tan and other terriers—Mr. R. H. Barlow, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miscellaneous—Messrs. Mason and Barlow.

EXPRESSAGE ON DOGS.—Wellsville, N. Y., Jan. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some months ago I wrote you of the difficulties and expense attending shipping dogs over the lines of the United States Express Company. You published my letter, together with the release which the agents of that company compelled the shipper to sign before accepting the dogs for shipment. But the United States Express Company to-day carries dogs at regular freight rates—just one-half their former rates. I believe this rate applies to breeders only, but the buyer derives the same benefit as the breeder. This is one step in the right direction.—BURR HOLLIS.

SENSATION.—The Westminster Kennel Club have presented their well-known pointer dog Sensation to Mr. Robt. C. Cornell.

MERCHANT PRINCE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Americans seem to go in for big dogs, they bought the giant St. Bernard Rector, and now they have not been beaten off by a stiff price and have bought Merchant Prince. Rector may be said to have been the biggest dog ever known, being 35 inches at the shoulder, and Merchant Prince is only one inch less. To convey an idea of what this means, supposing he entered into one's room, he would considerably, at the shoulder, overtop the dining room table, and his head carried high would be on a level with our mantel piece, and his weight 190 lbs. just as heavy as a big Yorkshire farmer. The spirited purchaser of this grand dog, Mr. E. Moore of Boston, is to be congratulated, for Merchant Prince will be sure to leave his mark for all future time upon the giant race of Yankee St. Bernards yet to come, for as a stud dog he combines the direct blood of our two oldest champions, Barry and Bayard. He is only two years nine months old and has won over twenty prizes, or an average of one in a fortnight all through the year. In January he took first and cup, at Crystal Palace; in June first Glasgow; in July first, Darlington; in August first at Bangor and special, beating Bayard; in December, first Birmingham, and the same month he crowned all by taking first and cup in the open class at the last St. Bernard Club show, and this we consider a wonderful feat, because it was admitted on all hands that there never was such a collection of high class dogs brought together. We bid our noble friend adieu, and much luck to his new owner, in the new country. We will not say that we shall never look on his like again, for such are the strides made by St. Bernard breeders in England that they go on from excellence to greater excellence, and no sooner does one champion vanish from the scene but another grander and more beautiful steps into his place.—SYDNEY W. SMITH (79 York Road, Leeds, Yorkshire, England).

HOW TO APPROACH A DOG.—"Dan Browne," who is probably "Seneca," says in the Rahway, N. J., *Advocate*: Mad dogs are scarcer than hens' teeth, and always have been. I have doctored and bred dogs, hundreds of them, and have been sent for perhaps a dozen times to see a real simon-pure mad dog. The first question I would put to the dog's owner would be, "Does the dog froth at the mouth?" Each owner invariably replied in the affirmative, and would manifest the utmost concern when I thereupon walked straight up to the animal, let it smell my hand, and then loosened its collar or removed its muzzle as the case might be. A mad dog never froths at the mouth, but nearly every man, woman and child in the world believes to the contrary. And the worst of it is, that the belief has become so rooted through its constant repetition by ignorant persons, that it is well nigh impossible to make people believe otherwise. A man who signed his name with an "M. D." after it not long ago wrote to a New York journal about his adventure with a mad dog, which he saw coming along a country road at great speed. The "M. D." took to his heels when the dog got near, and as the dog immediately changed its course and pursued the frightened doctor, he therefore immediately concluded the dog had rabies and managed to shoot it with a revolver. Now if this poor foolish "M. D." had only possessed sense enough to stand stock still in his tracks, or to walk along quietly minding his own business, the dog would have passed without taking the slightest notice of the man. I have handled strange dogs a good deal in my life, and I have yet to receive my first bite from one of them. Walk up to a strange dog as you would to a strange man, as if you wanted to talk to him about the weather, and he won't bite you; but sneak up to him as though you are in imminent fear that his intentions are dishonorable, and the strange dog, if he is ugly, will nab you in a jiffy—and you deserve to be nabbed. Turn your back and scuttle away and the dog will chase you; but walk right up to him as if you had as much right there as he—not threateningly, however—and he will not molest you, no matter how ugly his disposition.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of those persons who have occasion to use a number of our Kennel Note blanks, we have prepared a special series of 200 blanks of each class, bound in convenient form, and so arranged that a duplicate of each blank sent us may be kept by the sender for his own future convenient reference. These pads will be sent on receipt of 30 cents, including postage.

DEATH OF RABY TYRANT.—Hillside Kennels, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had the misfortune to lose Raby Tyrant to-day. He got through the wire fence into the deerhounds' yard and caught Lance by the throat. The others cut him to pieces in a few seconds. I feel as if I had lost an old friend.—BAYARD THAYER.

THE NEW YORK FANCIERS' SHOW.—The entries for the New York Fanciers' dog show close on Tuesday next. The managers will spare no pains to make this department of their annual shows as successful as those devoted to other exhibits, and it is to be hoped that exhibitors will second their efforts by a liberal entry.

WANDA T.—Hoboken, N. J., Jan. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My cocker spaniel bitch Wanda T. has been booked under a wrong pedigree. She is by Don instead of Col. Stubbs. —E. F. THOMAS.

KENNEL NOTES.

KENNEL NOTE BLANKS.—For the convenience of breeders we have prepared a series of blanks for "Names Claimed," "Whelps," "Bred" and "Sales." All Kennel Notes must be sent to us on these blanks, which will be forwarded to any address on receipt of stamped and directed envelope. Send for a set of them.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Compton. As a prefix to the names of all spaniels owned and bred by Arthur E. Rendle, the following in particular: Champion Compton Brahmin, Compton Gladys, Compton Bedouin, Compton Zelda and Compton Sheila.

Belle Meade. By Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1885, by Czar (Don—Gretchen) out of Laone (A.K.R. 2416).

Donna. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432).

Dorcas. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432).

Duva. By Shaw & Bates, Clinton, Mass., for fawn mastiff bitch, whelped Nov. 17, 1885, by Agrippa (A.K.R. 449) out of Delph Viva (A.K.R. 1432).

Dina Stubbs. By A. F. Hausmann, Binghamton, N. Y., for chestnut and tan cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 15, 1884, by Colonel Stubbs (Captain—Flirt) out of Daisy Coon (Racer—Nellie C.).

Flossy Stubbs. By A. F. Hausmann, Binghamton, N. Y., for liver and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Nov. 15, 1884, by Col. Stubbs (Captain—Flirt) out of Daisy Coon (Racer—Nelly C.).

Hilda. By A. F. Hausmann, Binghamton, N. Y., for black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped May 4, 1885, by Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie) out of Beauty W. (Obo II.—Lofty).

Putnam. By F. C. Moore, Ashtabula, O., for white and black English setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid) out of Prue (Perfection—imported Beauty).

Don of Dixie. By F. C. Moore, Ashtabula, O., for black and white and ticked English setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid) out of Prue (Perfection—imported Beauty.

Dick J. By F. C. Moore, Ashtabula, O., for white and chestnut ticked English setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by Pride of Dixie (Gladstone—Countess Druid) out of Prue (Perfection—imported Beauty).

Harry Obo. By A. F. Hausmann, Binghamton, N. Y., for black

cocker spaniel dog, whelped April 30, 1885, by Obo, Jr. (Obo—Nellie) out of Phonsie (Obo II.—Blackie III.).

Wanda. By A. F. Hausmann, Binghamton, N. Y., for black and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 15, 1885, by Colonel Stubbs (A.K.R. 302) out of Daisy Dean (A.K.R. 304).

Anita. By A. F. Hausmann, Binghamton, N.Y., for liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Oct. 15, 1885, by Col. Stubbs (A.K.R. 302) out of Daisy Dean (A K R. 304).

Sonsie. By W. G. Simons, Manchester, N. H., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 10, 1885, by champion Elcho, Jr. (Elcho—Noreen) out of Ruby (Berkley—Syren).

Shady. By Fred H. Perrin, Boston, Mass., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1885, by Obo II. out of Darkie.

Cathcart's Echo, Albert, Dude and Wonder. By J. A Cathcart, Atlantic City, N. J., for four red Irish setter dogs, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by champion Chief (A.K.R. 231) out of Lady Bess (Dash Elcho—Bess).

Count Rapp. By P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Oct. 28, 1885, by Black Knight (Obo II., A.K.R. 432—Darkie, A.K.R. 250) out of Bessie C. (Obo II., A.K.R. 432—Darkie, A K.R. 250).

Black Spectre. By P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of D rkie (A.K.R. 250).

Sparrow. By P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., for black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 29, 1885, by Obo II. (A.K.R. 432) out of Darkie (A.K.R. 250).

Mac Kavett. By A. C. Pickhardt, New York, for liver and white pointer dog whelped Feb. 17, 1885, by Hecksher's Dan (Strong's Pete —a bitch of Gen. Wade Hamptou's) out of Johnson's Polly (Croxteth —Dolly Varden).

Hector. By J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass., for white bull terrier dog, 8yrs. old, by Keily's imported Brick out of Doyle's Bessie.

Lee II. By John Kaschenbach, Wilkesbarre, Pa., for black, tan and white beagle dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1885, by Dodge's Rattler (Turner's Warrior—Rowett's Rosey) out of Dodge's Spider (Rally—Dodge's Dolly).

Laone II. By Coffin, Zimmer & Co., Glens Falls, N. Y., for orange tawny and white St. Bernard bitch, whelped Oct. 7, 1885, by Czar (Don —Gretchen) out of Laone (A.K.R. 2416).

Fritz. By S. M. Young, New York, for red Irish setter dog, whelped Jan. 1, 1885, pedigree not given.

Minnehaha. By Walter A. Lovering, Nashua, N. H., for rich brindle, white breast, bull bitch, whelped Oct. 31, 1885, by Guillermo (A.K.R. 671) out of Patti (A K.R. 2528).

Dido. By Walter A. Lovering, Nashua, N. H., for white bull bitch whelped Aug. 1, 1885, by Guillermo (A K.R. 671) out of Lilly Langtry (A K.R. 2453).

Nimrod, Jr. By Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by champion Nimrod (champion Elcho—Lorna) out of Bizorah (A.K.R. 1388).

Doctor Tryon. By Freestone Kennels, Middletown, Conn., for red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 28, 1885, by champion Nimrod (champion Elcho—Lorna) out of Bizorah (A.K.R. 1388).

Rose Bud Kennels. By F. E Lee, Southington, Conn., for his kennels of sporting and non-sporting dogs.

Boston Kennels. By J. W. Newman, Boston, Mass., for his kennels of bull terriers, Newfoundlands and fox-terriers.

BRED.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Titania—Sam. Essex Kennels' (Andover, Mass.) pug bitch Titania (A K R. 471) to Forest City Kennels' Sam (Young Toby—Judy), Jan. 6.

Nellie—Dutch, Jr. By George W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Nellie (A.K.R. 2194) to R. H. Dudgeon's Dutch, Jr. (A.K.R. 1887), Jan. 11 and 12.

Posey—Fly. Jas. E. Hair's (Bridgeport, Conn.) Italian greyhound bitch Posey (Prince—Gypsey) to his Fly (Duke—Topsie), Nov. 6.

Darkie—Toots. H. Goodwin's (Manchester, N. H.) pointer bitch Darkie (Nat—Lill) to Julius E Wilson's Toots (A.K.R. 21), Jan. 7.

Gala Day—Duke Royal. H. A. Saunders's (South Norwalk, Conn.) pointer bitch Gala Day (Vic—Flirt) to A. A. Raymond's Duke Royal (Nat—Susie Royal), Jan. 4.

Lady Charm—Royboy. Associated Fanciers' (Philadelphia, Pa.) collie bitch Lady Charm (Wolf—Eva) to their Royboy (Roy—Nellie), Jan. 6.

WHELPS.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Posey. Jas. E. Hair's (Bridgeport. Conn.) Italian greyhound bitch Posey (Prince—Gypsey), Jan. 8, three (two dogs), by his Fly (Duke—Topsie).

Mystic. Dr. J. J. Board's (Lynch's, Va.) beagle bitch Mystic (Ringwood—Myrtle), Dec. 1, five (three dogs), by A. C. Krueger's Bannerman (A.K.R. 1709).

Miss Nance. S. R. Hemingway's (New Haven, Conn.) cocker spaniel bitch Miss Nance (A.K.R. 1313), Jan. 1, seven (four dogs), by J. P. Willey's Obo II. (A.K.R. 432); one white dog, the others black.

Hazel. Dr. C. B. Hammond's (Nashua, N. H.) fox-terrier bitch Hazel (A.K.R. 1987), Dec. 21, six (three dogs), by John E Thayer's Mixture (champion Spice, E. 9,859—Fairy III.); one since dead.

Lady Mac G. H. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) pointer bitch Lady Mac (Faust—Gertrude), Nov. 5, seven (five dogs), by his Joker, Jr. (Beaufort—Nymph).

Daisy Dean. Fishel Bros.' (Hope, Ind.) Irish setter bitch Daisy Dean (Sancho—Queen Astoria), Dec. 22, eleven (six dogs), by B. B. Jones's Swing (Rufus—Fan).

SALES.

☞ **Notes must be sent on the Prepared Blanks.**

Obele. Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1885 (A.K.R. 3067), by Harry A. Fletcher, Portland, Me., to Charles A. S. Holland, same place.

Dick J. White and chestnut ticked English setter dog, whelped Sept. 11, 1885, by Pride of Dixie out of Prue, by F. C. Moore, Ashtabula, O., to R. P. Jones, Fayette, Mo.

Topsey White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped April 10, 1885, by Duce out of Juno, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Campbell Brown, Spring Hill, Tenn.

Bell. Black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Aug. 18, 1885, by Grand Duke out of Gipsey), by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Arly White, black and tan beagle bitch, 1½yrs. old, by Bluecap out of Lill, by A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa., to Associated Fanciers, Philad. lphia, Pa.

Bessie Obo. Black cocker spaniel bitch, whelped April 1, 1885, by Obo II. out of Hornell Ruby, by T. W. Watkins, Boston, Mass., to W. H. Beede & E. A. Haight, Lynn, Mass.

Rattler—Spider whelp. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped A g. 20, 1885, by J. N. Dodge, Detroit, Mich., to John Kaschenbach, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Colonel Stubbs—Daisy Dean whelps. Cocker spaniels, whelped Oct. 15, 1885, by A. F. Hausmann, Binghamton, N. Y., a black, white and ticked dog each to F. I. Bayless ond Cyrus T. Strong, same place, and a liver, white and ticked bitch to Leveret Barnes, Washington, D. C.

Dude (A.K.R. 1842)—Dimple (A.K.R. 1841) whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped Oct. 12, 1885, by U. S. Kennel Club, Lafayette, Ind., a dog to John Singley, same place, and a dog and four bitches to Jas. A. Hill, Mechanicsville, Ia.

Dunrobin—Shellock whelp Deerhound bitch, age not given, by Geo. Shepard Page, Stanley, N. J., to R. M. Boyd, Racine, Wis.

Judge—Lucy whelp. White, black and tan beagle, whelped Jan. 28, 1885, by N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., to J. K. Roe, Newburg, N. Y.

Saxon—Zook whelp. White bull-terrier, whelped Oct. 10, 1885, by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., to Arthur Readle, Pawtucket, R. I.

Young Obo—Hazel Kirke whelp. Brown cocker spaniel dog, whelped Aug. 31, 1885, by Herbert Flint, Haverhill, Mass., to Henry Macomber, Taunton Mass.

Obo II. (A.K.R. 432)—Darkie (A.K.R. 250) whelps. Black cocker spaniel dogs, whelped Aug. 29, 1885, by P. Cullen, Salmon Falls, N. H., one to Fred H. Perrin, Boston, Mass., and one to James M. Courson, Dover, N. H.

Mixture—Nettle whelps. Fox-terriers, whelped Aug. 19, 1885, by W. H. Cookson, Hudson, N. Y., a black, tan and white dog to Chester A. Miller, same place; a black, tan and white dog and lemon, tan and white bitch to J. M. Overton, Cambridge, Mass., and a tan and white bitch to Horace Ketchum, Albany, N. Y.

IMPORTATIONS.

Ananias. Bedlington terrier dog, whelped May 13, 1884 (Quayside Lad—Jean), by W. S. Jackson, Toronto, Ont., from J. S. Watson, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.

Sentinel. Bedlington terrier dog, whelped Aug. 31, 1883 (Pioneer—Dusky), by W. S. Jackson, Toronto, Ont., from J. Corrforth, Leiston, Eng.

Beatrice. Sable and white collie bitch, age not given (Wolf—Eva), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., from I. J. Steward, Clifton, Eng.

Lady Charm. Sable collie bitch, age not given (Champagne—Brenda II.), by Associated Fanciers, Philadelphia, Pa., from I. J. Steward, Clifton, Eng.

DEATHS.

Donald II. Liver and white pointer dog, 3½yrs. old (A.K.R. 2515), owned by Clifton Kennels, Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 17.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ **No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.**

M. T. M., Easthampton, Mass.—A pointer, 8mos. old, is paralyzed in foreleg. Ans. It will be impossible to give advice without further facts as to cause, duration, symptoms, etc.

S. A. B., Fond du Lac.—My young Irish setter, four months old, has one of his legs bent at the knee. Do you think it was caused by a sprain? What shall I do to straighten it? Ans. Consult a surgeon. It might be straightened and put in splints. The bones of puppies are very pliable.

J. C., Madison Avenue.—I have a fox-terrier nine months old, apparently in good health, with hearty appetite and regular in bowels, but its coat is shedding too freely, apparently, for this season of the year. Are worms the cause? Ans. Shedding hair is not a sign of worms. Keep his bowels free and give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily in the food.

E. B. B., Hartford.—Will you kindly inform me what is good for weak eyes in a dog. Every morning there will be quite a collection of matter in the corners of them which I conclude is caused by weakness. Otherwise the animal is well and lively. Ans. Drop a weak solution of zinc sulphate into the eye night and morning. The strength should be one grain to the ounce of water and only a few drops used at a time.

Miss C. R., Warrensburg.—What shall I do for Irish setter, 3yrs. old, that has distemper for second time? Ans. Commence treatment by giving 10 grains of quinine. Keep the fever down, if present, with three-drop doses of aconite tincture. You may use alum water for running at the eyes, or borax and glycerine, sponging carefully as often as is necessary. Inhalations of carbolized steam are exceedingly beneficial. If exhaustion be present, you must depend on brandy and whisky. Repeat quinine once.

C. F. C., Waterbury.—For the past year my dog has been sick at stomach a great deal, throwing up phlegm continually. For the past two weeks he is much worse, with two large lumps in his throat, being very weak, hardly able to stand up. Aus. From description should say that your dog has chronic indigestion. He also seems to have enlargement of thyroid gland. Be careful with his diet. Feed on milk and fluid food; give a little raw meat each day minced and mixed with the white of an egg. Add five drops of Fowler's solution to the food once daily.

W. O. M., Erie, Pa.—About two years ago you gave me valuable information as to the treatment of an abscess on my setter dog's ear, and by your directions I cured him. A tumor on my pup's neck, immediately below the right ear, is swelling toward the front part of the neck. Possibly it was caused by a blow from a hard snow ball. The pup is 8 months old and lively as a cricket; the lump on his neck is round and quite hard, about as large in circumference as the top of a tea cup, does not stick to the skin, I think, but seems attached to the meaty part of the neck. It does not pain him any. We noticed it a week ago; it seems to be growing rapidly. Ans. We should say that the swelling was an abscess. If a hypodermic needle brings pus from it, it proves that it is such. An abscess should be opened at once. If it is a solid tumor it should be removed. See a good surgeon.

K, Wrightsville, Pa.—It looks decidedly as though in the case of your puppies there was some form of twisting or strangulation of the gut, and as a result of this, inflammation was set up and the fluid was partly inflammatory and partly from obstruction to the circulation in the part. If this diagnosis is correct the treatment would be to try to straighten the gut. Holding the animal by his hindlegs and shaking sharply while inverted will sometimes overcome a twisted gut (volvulus) or an invaginated intestine (intussusception). An enema may be given, but never a cathartic. When inflammation is present (swollen, painful abdomen with fever) aconite tincture in one drop doses every two hours to a puppy. Hot cloths to the abdomen with a few drops of turpentine mixed in, gives relief, opium hypodermically, two or three minims (drops) every three or four hours or a few drops of laudanum modifies the pain and the inflammation. The outlook in such cases is always bad.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 16.—Inclosed find regular medal score of yesterday, 200yds., off-hand, Creedmoor target. The day was bright, with a very light wind from four o'clock:

Ward, muzzle-loading rifle	3	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4—38
Norton, Ballard .32	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	4—43
Brown, Ballard .32	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	4	4	4—44
Burtis, Stevens .38	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4—44
Burns, Stevens .32	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	5	5	5—45

Jan. 13.—Printers' annual rifle match in R. H. Burns's gallery:

Daily Journal.

Ciary ..... 5 5 5 4 4—23 Yates ..... 5 4 5 4 4—22—44

Sunday Sun.

LeRoy ..... 5 5 5 4 4—23 Johnson ..... 4 4 4 4 5—21—44

Chautauqua Democrat.

G Fletcher ..... 4 4 4 4 5—21 C Fletcher ..... 4 5 4 4 4—20—41

Jamestown Standard.

Dean ..... 3 4 4 4 5—20 Walker ..... 4 4 3 2 3—16—36

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 8.—A goodly number of sportsmen went out to the Pine Grove Range yesterday to the regular meet under the auspices of the Worcester Rifle Association. Only a few records were made. The American target was used with the following result:

	Record Match.									
Rice	9	10	6	8	5	8	9	6	4	6—71
Jones	5	6	6	8	5	10	7	9	6	8—70
Fuller	3	9	6	9	4	7	7	3	6	6—66
Clark	8	7	5	6	3	6	7	4	4	7—57
	Practice Shots.									
Fuller	10	8	7	8	6	8	6	10	7	7—77
Jones	8	10	9	2	10	10	6	8	7	7—77
Rice	9	9	5	4	5	7	7	9	9	8—72
Clark	6	8	10	5	6	7	6	6	9	5—68

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 12.—The weekly shoot of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club to-day did not bring out many marksmen, the severe cold keeping them away. The shooting was very poor, the day being one of the very worst for rifle shooting. The scores were:

T T Cartwright	6	8	9	5	6	6	10	6	6	5—67
S K Hindley	5	4	7	7	5	5	4	6	5	9—57
H M McDonald	8	3	9	5	6	4	6	6	3	3—53
J Sterling	3	4	6	8	4	3	4	4	4	5—45

A 10-shot match between McDonald and Cartwright, Creedmoor count, with the State military rifle, was won by McDonald. The score:

McDonald	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	4	3	3—38
Cartwright	3	5	3	4	4	3	3	4	3	3—35

BULLS HEAD RIFLE CLUB.—At the annual election, Jan. 8, the following were chosen: M. Dorrler, President; J. H. Brown, Vice-President; D. Holland, Treasurer; A. Lober, Secretary; G. Zimmerman, Captain. Gallery class shooting, 10 shots per man, 3lb. pull, 12-ring target, possible 120. Jan. 8: G. Zimmerman 117, E. Holzmann 116, L. Flach 112, A. Liss 103, M. Dorrler 117, J. Shutz 114, J. F. Schrader 112, H. Lindlinger 103, C. Rein 116, C. F. Gensch 113, C. W. Karcher 105, H. Gunther 108. Jan. 15: M Dorrler 117, J. H. Brown 116, D. Louitzki 106, H. Wasmuth 104, G. Zimmerman 117, J. Jordon 107, J. Shaw 96, V. Steinback 108, C. Rein 113, D. Holland 98, E. Holzmann 114, H. Lindlinger 109, J. Shutz 112, A. Liss 103, E. Schneckenberg 90, C. Karcher 110, D. Holland 98, C F. Gensch 116, L. Flach 114, J. F. Schrarder 112.—A. LOBER, Secretary.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—Jan. 12, regular club shoo. ring target, gallery 100 feet, possible 120: D. Miller, 110; M. Dorrler, 114; M. E. Engel, 110; W. Kline, 109; A. Lober, 118; B. Walter, 109; G. Zimmerman, 115; C. G. Zettler, 117; B. Zettler, 111; H. Holger, 117; T. C. Noone, 108; L. Flach, 103; C. W. Karcher, 101; M. L. Riggs, 112.

RIFLE AND TRAP.—Rome, N. Y., Jan. 12.—I would like to shoot a friendly match at glass balls with any one under twenty-one in the State of New York, at rises from 10 to 18 yards, to use rifles. Will shoot doubles or for speed, using repeaters; don't wish to shoot less than 10 yards; prefer 12. I would be glad to hear from shooters.—W. A. F., Box 982, Rome, N. Y.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Jan. 13.—The Haverhill Rifle Club held its annual election on Jan. 12: J. E. Brown, President; H. H. Poor, Vice-President; L. W. Jackson, Captain; S. E. Johnson, W. Worthen, F. R. Merrill, Executive Committee; J. P. M. Green, Secretary and Treasurer. The club has thirty members, and has matches Saturday afternoons and holidays.

AT CONLIN'S GALLERY a go-as-you-please rifle match for a gold medal will commence on Jan. 21 and continue one week.

ELIZABETH, N. J.—The New Jersey Schuetzen Bund is just now discussing a change in uniform, and the proposition for a new garb is meeting with much favor from the marksmen. The financial report just made shows $11,850 in the united treasury, being an increase of $,400 in three months. There are eight batallions in the bund, divided as follows: Jersey City 2, Newark 1, Hoboken 2, Paterson 1, Orange 1, Elizabeth 1. The total membership is over 1,000. The benefits paid to sick members are $6 per week and medical attendance free. Elizabeth has the strongest battalion numerically in the State. It comprises four companies, with a constantly increasing membership.

THE TRAP.

Correspondents who favor us with club scores are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

HOW TO HOLD ON FLYING TARGETS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I propose to give my experience with these targets, not so much for the benefit of old veterans at the trap as for that class of sportsmen who do not have the time—and in many cases the cash—to spare for the necessary practice required to become an average good shot at the Peoria blackbird or Macomber targets. I will travel with you from twenty straight "goose-eggs" to twenty straight hits, and will try to touch all of the important points of interest.

When our club commenced—last April—using the Peoria blackbirds, we had in the club what we supposed to be some of the best shots in our State at glass balls and clay pigeons. I have at different times broken fifty straight glass balls, also thirty straight clay-pigeons, and have repeatedly made twenty-five straight hits, and have killed thirty-five straight prairie chickens; but when it came to hitting the blackbirds and metal targets, I was "terribly off" that day. I believe the club shot at twenty blackbirds each, and the highest number of hits was eight. As I said, we commenced shooting at the new targets in April last, and it was so until August that we commenced making any marked improvement in our scores. We tried different brands of powder, all sizes of shot from No. 10s to 6s, both soft and chilled; but with about the same results. I thought surely that I must have "lost my grip," and as a test I decided to take out twenty-five glass balls, and I succeeded in making a clean score of hits. This I repeated three different times, which again gave me confidence in my shooting, and I then determined to go to work in earnest; and at once bought 25lbs. of American FFG Deadshot powder, five sacks of No. 8 chilled shot, five boxes of pink-edge wads and one dozen boxes of the black-edge, and 1,500 shells, which cost me $18. I used paper shells because they were not as much trouble to load as brass ones, but in a match of any importance I always use the brass shells, as all of my experiments have taught me to do. I then commenced a series of experiments every fine day that I could spare the time, and found as a result that I had been shooting from one to four feet "behind" my birds, and always "over." Now, say your blackbird trap is screwed up to throw an outgoer 35yds. (which it should do to be according to the rules, and this is an important point in practice), if the weather is pleasant, with but little wind, I found that in shooting at birds thrown at the five angles, the outgoer needed the most careful handling of any of the angles. If I shot before the bird was done rising (which takes quick work), I would shoot under or get a piece of the lower part; and if I aimed until I thought the bird was on the turn, I would invariably shoot over, often getting a piece of the upper part. How I succeed in hitting outgoers now is by waiting until the bird is done rising and then hold from 6in. to 1½ft. under, according to the distance and the speed at which the bird is falling, at the same time being careful to note if the bird is "drifting" the least bit with the wind, which is often the case, and then I hold from 1ft. to 18in. ahead for windage. Unless the shooter has a gun that will pattern at least 400 No. 8 pellets in a 30in. circe at 35yds, he dare not take the chances of waiting for the bird to turn, but must blaze away as soon as possible to save his inferior pattern, and then perhaps undershoot or straddle the bird. Pattern is everything with these targets, and one of the first things to be looked after is selecting a gun.

The gun that I am now using is a 10-gauge, made by the American Arms Co., and weighs 9¾lbs. and patterns 430 No. 8 pellets in a 30in. circle at 35yds., and 201 pellets in a 24in. circle at 45yds. with 4½drs. of Miami FFG powder and 1¼oz. No. 8 soft shot, with three black-edge wads on the powder and one on the shot. I would have it choked more if I was sure of an improvement in pattern, but I have seen so many good guns tampered with in trying to improve the pattern that I am contented with my 430 pellets at 35yds, and will use it as it is; for every shooter must make it a main point to hit these targets within 35yds. of the score, and in so doing he will perforate them with at least from 6 to 10 pellets (if his gun patterns 400) and when hit with that number of pellets there is but little use for judges or referee; bear in mind that in order to do all this (after he has such a gun) he must get the gun up on the word "pull" and not wait to see the direction or angle of the bird first.

But to return to some of the other angles, say a half quartering bird. I always make the best breaks by holding from 18in. to 2ft. ahead, and 6in. to a foot low, never holding on a level with the bird under any circumstances, for if the trap is properly adjusted you will shoot over every time by so doing. By the time the marksman has taken the pains to catch the flight of the bird and fall in ahead, as described, and a little under, the bird will always be on its downward flight, unless going against the wind, and then I find it pays to take a little time and see what the bird is going to do. Sometimes it will stop perfectly still, apparently, but don't be deceived, as it is then commencing the "drifting dodge," and windage must be allowed as well as holding from a foot to 18in. under.

With the full quartering bird or the sharpest angle of the five, I always hold not less than 3ft., and sometimes 4ft. ahead and 1ft. under, or more if the bird is falling fast, and it gives lots of satisfaction to see how the bird gracefully sails into the pattern of the load and is completely demolished.

With the Macomber metal target I find that I have to hold much the same with the exception that it falls faster and requires more care on the part of the shooter about holding under. I have made several scores of fifteen and eighteen straight on these targets, holding about as I have stated, but I will confess that I burnt over thirty pounds of powder in finding out what I claim is "how to hold on." Just as soon as a shooter begins to know how he came to miss a bird, just then he has confidence in his holding. If I step to the score and miss a bird, I know instantly why it happened and can give the cause, and have often asked to have a certain bird gathered (which did not break in the fall), when I was sure that I held right in my own judgment, and have found as high as five holes through a single blackbird; while on the other hand when not hit, I was satisfied that the shot had straddled it. I consider the Macomber target the hardest one to hit, but much the cheapest, and as to a sure counting target when hit, there is nothing that compares with the "globe flight," but the Peoria blackbird is my favorite, when thrown at the proper height, but when thrown too high they can be shot through without breaking, which is a detriment to the shooter's score as well as to the manufacturers.

I have now before me a model of a new bird of my own get up. It is made of light galvanized iron, and is the shape of a bird; has wings, head and tail, which will (when either part is hit squarely) cause the wings to flop forward and the bird at once turns over in the air and fall to the ground. To adjust the wings, the trapper simply pulls them back and they snap into place. In showing the bird to some prominent sportsmen, several of them objected to the tail counting a hit, as they claimed the shot would not prove fatal in the case of a live bird; but as a piece from any part of a composition target counts, I have decided to have the tail count when hit. I will forward a specimen of the new bird for your inspection just as soon as I am fully decided as to the proper size and weight to make it, and I would be pleased to hear from some of my brother sportsmen on these two important points in its construction. I am also inventor of the Monarch, single, double, rotary and stationary glass ball trap, and of the Hinman national ground trap, with rotary flusher, for live birds. I merely mention these facts to show that my mind and experiments are continually running in this direction and relative to the gun.

During my experimenting campaign, I would actually wake up at midnight and begin thinking where the fault could be by which I would miss certain birds continually, and I have gone out the next day alone, time and again, and blazed away at some certain bird until I was fully satisfied how I had to hold, and I often found that I had been shooting behind and over. I have tried almost every brand of powder made, costing from 14 cents to $1.50 per pound, and have had the best results from using the American Deadshot and Miami (FFG grade); having these brands frequently side by side, I do not find enough difference to favor one more than the other; but this I will say: they are the only brands with which I can feel assured of a clean gun when using for any number of shots. I also have a point here to be considered, as well as remembered, viz.: don't change powder—stick to one brand and size of grain, as quick powder is a necessity in hitting these fast-flying targets, and a change is liable to throw a shooter off two feet or more. I found by experimenting that No. 7 shot was just the size for the Macomber targets, and No. 8 chilled for Peoria blackbirds, and No. 9 soft for globe flights.

I have seen a friend break 50 straight glass balls from a rotary trap and have seen him shoot at 15 Macomber targets and never score a single hit, which goes to prove that the difference in holding as well as loading amounted to several "goose eggs" on his score. Amateurs (for every shooter is an amateur when he commences at those targets, I don't care how many glass balls he has broken or

can break) have three important points to look after if they ever expect to be a success at the trap with the present flying targets, viz.:

First—If your gun does not pattern 400 or thereabouts in a 30-in. circe, as heretofore referred to, trade it off and get one that will.

Second—Practice the National rules on getting your gun up on the word "pull," which will enable you to make a bit within 35yds. of the score and this is what tells.

Third—Drop in ahead of all quartering birds from 2ft. to 3ft. and sometimes 4ft., a little low (and never on a level), just as quick as the old scratch will allow you and pull, and in this way you will hit your bird with a dozen pellets of shot instead of two or three pellets. In making my last score of 25 straight blackbirds, I can truthfully say that I did not hold squarely on a single bird out of the whole 25. All shooters may not hold alike; some shoot with a moving gun, while others fall in ahead and stop to pull. My method is to follow up and pass ahead of a quartering bird (holding low) and pull as soon as I am satisfied with my lead. I have endeavored to describe as near as possible my manner of hitting the new targets.

N. B.—After once learning how to hold, stick to one brand and grain of powder, or you will be making lots of those "unaccountable misses" again. W. C. HINMAN.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas.

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—The range at Walnut Hill to-day was crowded with trap shooters from all over the State, to witness the team match for the Massachusetts Glass Ball Association champion badge, which was won by the Worcester Club by one point. The result was not determined until the last shot had been fired by the Massachusetts Rifle Association. Appended are the results of the different sweeps: Team match for the challenge team badge of the Massachusetts State Glass Ball Association, 20 Knoxville blackbirds per man.

Worcester Sportsman's Club.		Massachusetts Rifle Association.	
Eager	11111100111111111011—17	Dickey	11111101100111111111—17
Houghton	01111010100111101110—13	Curtis	01010101110111111001—12
Davis	00101110001001000101— 8	Nichols	01100011100101111100—10
Gilman	11100111111010110111—16	Russell	10101110001100111010—11
W S Perry	11001010010001011111—11	Law	11110100111011111100—14
	65		64

Suffolk Sportsman's Club.		Wellington Gun Club.	
Robinson	10011111101101001010—12	Snow	00011100110100101000— 7
Sampson	10001110010101011111—12	Shumway	10001000111011111110—13
Warren	10110110001010011001—11	Bullfinch	01001110101011111000—11
Libby	10010001111100011111—12	Sanborn	11011010000000100111— 7
W S Perry	01111010100110111111—13	Schaefer	01111111111101111111—18
	60		56

Sweepstake matches.—1. Five clay pigeons—Warren, Shumway and Snow first. 2. Three pairs double—Dickey first. 3. Five straightaway blackbirds—Stark first. 4. Seven clay-pigeons—Dickey first. 5. Five pairs clay-pigeons, double—Dickey, Davis and Stark first. 6. Seven straightaway blackbirds—Stark, Schaefer and Tirrell first. 7. Twenty Knoxville blackbirds, all angles—Schaefer first. 8. Novelty match—Pond, Clark and Jones first. 9. Three pairs clay-pigeons, double—Schaefer first. 10. Five straightaway blackbirds—Dickey first. 11. Seven clay-pigeons, all angles—Dickey and Eager first. 12. Two pair clay-pigeons—Stark first. 13. Five clay-pigeons—Curtis and Eager first. 14. Five clay-pigeons—Stark first. 15. Five blackbirds—Nichols first. 16. Miss and out match—Stark first.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—Jan. 16.—Match at 10 live birds each, 21yds., 80yds. boundary, both barrels. There has been considerable talk about the respective merits of the contestants and the end is not yet, as the following score will show:

Disbrow	11111111111111111111—20	Harrison	11111111110111111111—19
Terwilliger	11111110111111111111—19	Fountain	11111111111111111111—20
	39		39

Sweepstake at 5 birds: C. R. Terwilliger 3½, Montgomery ½, Dunseth 4½, Brenner 4, Cromwell 1½, Male 4, Ball 2, Roe 3. Second sweepstake at 3 birds: C. R. Terwilliger 2, Dunseth 3, Brenner 2, Cromwell 3, Male 2½, Disbrow 1½, Roe 2.

SINGLE-HANDED SHOOTING.—With the thermometer at twelve degrees, and strong westerly wind whirling the dusty snow about Mr. William Giles, better known as English pigeon grounds as "Mr. Graham," started his match "gun vs. birds" at Erb's grounds, Bloomfield Road, near Newark, N. J., on January 13. The match was for $200 a side, Graham backing himself to kill 35 birds out of 50, five traps, 27 yards rise, eighty yards boundary, the shooter to use but one hand but having the privilege to use both barrels. As was expected, the gun won with two birds to spare, killing 37 birds. As Mr. Graham is well known in America from his shooting contests on the London Club Grounds, England, with Dr. Carver, the announcement of a match secured an attendance of about six hundred persons. Mr. Graham is a very thick-set man of medium height, with abundant self possession to hold his own in first-class company. There is no doubt that he is a very steady shot. When he went to the score he waved his gun about with one hand much after the manner of Theodore Thomas when he leads his famous orchestra. Then he sights his gun at the end traps, his left hand being just in front of the trigger guard. Dropping the heel plate to the pit of his stomach he retires his left hand to the back of his coat tails, as distinguished orators do when making an oration. He calls "Ready," then "Pull" and the instant the bird leaves the ground he raises his light hammerless gun to his shoulder and shoots very quickly, at times his first barrel is a brilliant snap shot. He began his shooting at half past one o'clock, John Erb tapping the birds. The match was concluded at ten minutes past two o'clock. Mr. Graham used Shultz powder and its performance at long distances was remarkably quick and powerful. The birds were retrieved by Erb's Irish setter Nick. Summarizing the shooting it may be said that 16 of the birds were drivers 20 right quarters, 10 left quarters, 2 towers, and 2 incomers. Birds killed with two barrels 10; clean misses two barrels 2; these were the 27th and 37th birds, both low drivers. The misses with the first barrel were the 17th and 21st birds. All the others were hit, some of those which escaped being badly hit. The score is as follows: Graham 11111, 00011, 10111, 10111, 10110, 10111, 11110, 10111, 11010, 11011. Killed 37, missed 13. Referee, C. M. Hedden. Judges, Al. Heritage and Miles Johnson. The attendance included many well known shots, among whom were L. B. Campbell, W. W. Lever, Sam Castle, Dad Applegate, Tom. Badgier, Miles Johnson, Canon, Hughes, Cavanagh, Speir and J. Ryan. After the match two sweepstakes were shot, each containing twenty-two entries. Entrance $2. The first was won by Cavanagh, Graham and Lever, the second unfinished. A $250 cup open to the world has been offered for the championship of the world. Entrance $50; money and cup to go to the winner. Conditions, Hurlingham rules, 50 birds each. Ties to be shot off at 100 birds. The match will take place at Erb's ground and will be shot in heats. This match it is supposed will attract the attention of both Dr. Carver and Capt. Bogardus.

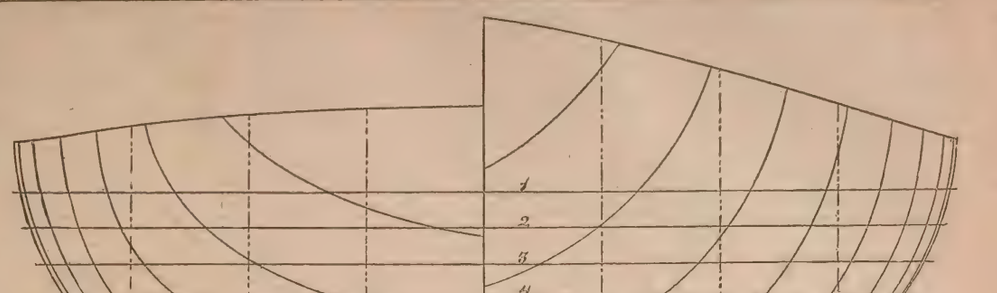
The British visitor is experiencing a storm of paper challenges and the gale is increasing in volume each day. Capt. A. H. Bogardus writes that he will meet Mr. William Graham, the English pigeon shooter, in a match for $250 a side and the championship. Capt. Bogardus stipulates the following conditions: Fifty single birds, 5 traps, 5 yards apart, 25 yards rise; and 25 pairs birds, 21 yards' rise from d hand T ground traps, use of one barrel only for single birds. Graham is firing back the paper pellets and wants a match after his own heart, with Hurlingham rules only to govern. There seems very little chance that any match will result.

NATIONAL GUN ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENTS.—Special Notice.—Members desirous of organizing tournaments in their vicinity, under the auspices of the Association, are requested to notify the undersigned. All the expenses of the same will be paid by us. Make your arrangements for 1886. We propose to establish a circuit of tournaments annually. Claim your dates now. General office and headquarters, Macon, Ga.—MATT R. FREEMAN, Vice-President and General Manager; F. C. ETHRIDGE, Secretary, Macon, Ga. Send 10 cents for hand book containing rules, constitution, etc. "Fairly started and its future depends entirely upon the manner in which the sportsmen throughout the country respond."—C. M. STARK, April 18, 1885.—*Adv.*

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

ANOTHER LEGAL OPINION.—Office of Edward W. Sturdevant, Attorney at Law, Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please find inclosed post office order for $4, for which please send me the FOREST AND STREAM for one year, beginning with the number issued this week. I have been buying the paper for several years at a bookstore, and have come to the conclusion that I may as well subscribe for it regularly. I don't suppose you care much for the opinion of a man of whom you know nothing; but, all the same, allow me to say that I have always liked the FOREST AND STREAM, but I think it is a better paper now than it has ever been before. It is very much the best thing of the kind published. Yours truly, EDWARD W. STURDEVANT.

NEARLY EIGHTEEN THOUSAND MEN were paid cash benefits in 1884 by the Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., for losses by accidental death and disabling injury.—*Adv.*



BODY PLAN OF "FOREST AND STREAM" CRUISER.

Canoeing.

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CANOEISTS *are invited to send us notes and full reports of cruises, club meets, information about canoeable waters, and other communications of interest.*

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signals, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and reports of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.



AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

SECRETARY—Dr. C. A. Neidé, Schuylerville, N. Y. Candidates for membership must forward their names, accompanied by the recommendation of an active member of the A. C. A., together with the sum of $3 for initiation fee and first year's dues, to the secretary, who will present the names to the commodore. Money should be sent by *registered letter*, or money order on Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.

THE annual meeting of the Knickerbocker C. C. was held on Thursday, 14th, at the Harvard Rooms. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Commodore, Edwin Fowler; Vice-Commodore, Robt. P. Martin; Secretary, Edward W. Brown; Treasurer, M. George Foster; Measurer, James L. Greenleaf. These form also the Board of Trustees, the office of Lay Member having been abolished. On the House Committee were appointed R. P. Martin (chairman *ex-officio*), J. L. Greenleaf, P. W. Foster; on the Regatta Committee, H. T. Keyser, H. Stanton, M. G. Foster.

A number of other matters of importance were discussed, among them the question of camp-fires during the winter months. It was strongly the sense of the meeting that those of last winter were so interesting and instructive that there was every encouragement for the organization of another series. This was felt to be especially important at present, in view of the unusual activity in canoeing circles in devising improved models, rigs, etc., and the great importance of making effective preparation for the distinguished visitors who will try the mettle of American canoeists in the international and interclub cup races of next summer. A provisional committee, consisting of the commodore, Mr. Stanton and Mr. Seavey, were appointed to confer with the officers of sister clubs of New York and its neighborhood and endeavor to secure their co operation, either as bodies or in the persons of individual members, as might seem most advisable.

The Commodore placed at the disposal of the committee his large assembly hall, known as Harvard Rooms, 729, 731, 733 and 735 Sixth avenue, corner of Forty-second street. This is 60x45ft., well lighted and heated and furnished with accommodations for 500 persons if necessary. The floor can be left entirely clear for the exhibition of canoes, rigs, etc., and the height of the ceiling—18ft., with 6ft. additional in the center—give ample room for the tallest masts and sailpeaks. There is ample blackboard space for diagrams, and the central location of the hall, easily accessible by the Sixth avenue and Third avenue elevated roads, as well as by the Broadway, Sixth avenue, Seventh avenue. Fourth avenue and Forty-second street surface roads, renders it very convenient for the canoeists of Manhattan Island and vicinity.

There is a mighty stirring among the dry bones of the K. C. C. club house. Many new canoes are being built—chiefly of the Sunbeam and Ideal types—and unheard-of rigs and sailing devices are evolving from the inner consciousness of the members. The late dinner of the club at Morello's was a decided success. Many members of other clubs were present, among them Com. Munroe and Messrs. Vaux and Burchard, of the N. Y. C. C., and Com. Newman and Messrs. Wilkin and Schuyler, of the B. C. C.

AN INLAND VOYAGE.—It is perhaps natural that when a canoeist is impelled to write, his efforts take the form of technical treatises and discussions, rather than descriptions of what he has seen and enjoyed. Any one can argue over lines and quarrel over reefing gear, but how many are there who can properly describe a canoe cruise? Once in a while an ideal canoeist turns up, not one of your energetic sailors and muscular paddlers who are found everywhere, but one of the lesser number who uses his canoe solely as an introduction to a new side of life, who rejects the element of time, and has the resolution to loaf along slowly, seeing a thousand things that escape the average canoe traveler. Such a one is Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Inland Voyage" was made on several Belgian and French rivers, and whose story makes the most interesting reading we have met since Mac Gregor wrote of the same phase of canoeing. The book is published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

KNICKERBOCKER C. C.—At the regular annual meeting of the K. C. C. Jan. 4, the officers elected for 1886 resulted as follows: Commodore, Edwin Fowler; Vice-Commodore, Robert P. Martin; Secretary, Edward W. Brown; Treasurer, Macomb G. Foster; Measurer, Jas. L. Greenleaf. Committee on boat house, Vice-Com. R. P. Martin, chairman (*ex officio*), Pell W. Foster and Jas. L. Greenleaf. Committee on Regattas, H. T. Kyser chairman, Macomb G. Foster and Henry Stanton.

THE CANOE CUP FUND.—Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to acknowledge this week: From the Brooklyn C. C., at their dinner, through "The Alligator," $20; Royal Mil. Col. C. C.—J. A. Gunn (A. C. A. 882), $1; H. A. Morrow (A. C. A. 376), $1; previously acknowledged, $74; total to date, $96.—WM. WHITLOCK.

BAYONNE C. C.—The annual meeting of the Bayonne C. C. was held on Jan. 11. The officers elected were: Commodore, E. R. Smith; Vice-Commodore, G. W. Heard; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Verner Vienot.

PHILADELPHIA C. C.—The Philadelphia C. C. will hold a camp-fire on Jan. 30 at 8 P. M., at the northeast corner of Broad and Cherry streets. All members of the A. C. A. are invited to attend.

WIDE AND NARROW CANOES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been an interested reader of the controversy, resulting from Mr. Clapham's suggestion of adopting a wider canoe than now recognized by the A. C. A. rules, for cruising, sailing, etc. As I am able to speak from experience, pardon me if I intrude a word or two more on this well worn subject to give my fellow canoeists the benefits of a practical test. I have had a lapstreak, the Zephyr, 14ft. by 29in. beam, about ten years. She was built by a New York man (MacDonald I think). Very light and well modeled, she has proved very swift under sail or paddle, and weatherly too in all sorts of sea or wind. I fancied, however, as did Mr. Clapham, that a little more room would not hurt, so about eighteen months ago I had the Mystic built, 15ft. long, 30in. beam, with a good flat floor, carried well forward and aft. I can carry three adults comfortably; one or two luxuriously. If anything is wrong with the rigging, can stand up to fix it without fear of a capsize. Can shinny out on deck to adjust rudder or painter and feel as if there was something solid under me. I have a Radix centerboard and she works to windward like a witch and carries her sail like a ship. The "balance act" which I have occasionally to introduce when sailing the smaller boat is an unknown quantity in the larger. Of course she is heavy to paddle, but she gets along and on one occasion I had some five or six miles of it. She would never be chosen as a racer under paddle, but with a tandem team she manages to keep up with the fleet. As to getting her in and out of the boat house, the difference in weight is certainly very marked, but one man can handle her comfortably, except at very low tide when either boat needs two. When cruising there is no comparison in the comfort. A larger tent, a larger bed and more storage room, and altogether, as a matter of choice the wider boat is my preference. I had an idea that a medium, say 32 or 33in. beam, would perhaps suit me better, but in our fleet is a 32, a 33 and a 38 inch, and after a trial of all, sailing, paddling, or handling, I am of the opinion that a canoe 15ft.×36in. is an excellent standard for a paddleable sailing and cruising craft.

To-day we were treated to a sight of young Mr. Engelbrecht's new boat, the Falcon, on which he has employed his leisure for several months. She is just 14ft. long, 33in. beam and pretty deep, with full round lines, good floor, plenty of sheer and freeboard. Although the handiwork of an amateur, she would be a credit to a professional. The boy is only sixteen, but has finished this job in every detail in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. She is a fine sailer, and judging from her performance to-day is likely to be among the leaders in most of our cruises. In a very light breeze it is conceded that she will outrun the fleet; to windward however we have not had breeze enough to give her a fair test. I don't think that any narrower boats will be ordered from these waters. Our summer breezes are regular young gales and with a spread of sixty to eighty feet of sail it requires all our talent to get along right side up with care. May be some day although the width of a continent separates us, we may have some representation to send to the meets and it would certainly be agreeble to find a class from which our favorite boats would not be barred. MYSTIC.

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading over my canoe letter, published by you last week, I noticed a mistake in the figures for sail area. Wherever "175" and "215" square feet are named, it should read 75 and 115.

ROSLYN, L. I., Jan 16. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

BROOKLYN C. C.

THE Brooklyn C. C. held their first annual dinner on Jan. 12, at the Clarendon, thirty-two members and guests sitting down at the long table over which Com. J. F. Newman presided, the center piece of which was the gilded alligator, the club's totem. After the dinner Com. Newman presented to the club on behalf of Mr. T. G. Eudington, a very handsome challenge cup. The design, in the form of a loving cup, eleven inches high, was made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and represents marine life of various kinds, fish, seaweed and the alligator. The inscription on one side reads "Challenge Cup," and on the other "Brooklyn Canoe Club." The cup is given as a perpetual challenge cup, open only to members of the Brooklyn C. C., and the sail area is limited to 75ft. The base, of ebony, will have the names of future winners added, on silver plates. A number of toasts were drank and replied to by the guests present and by members of the club. The proceedings were enlivened by a communication from the alligator in the shape of a $20 bill for the A. C. A. Cup fund, from the members of the club. After a very pleasant evening the meeting broke up at midnight. The club is now on a firm basis and has every prospect of a most successful season.

THE SNEAKBOX FAMILY.

III.—THE "FOREST AND STREAM" CRUISER.

THE sneakbox is essentially a hunting boat, and the Barnegat cruiser shown last week partakes largely of the same characteristics. As the attention of boating men has been more generally drawn to the cruising qualities of the sneakbox, we have received many comments, criticisms and suggestions for the improvement of the model as a cruiser, leaving out all considerations of duck shooting and looking only to the end of a safe, speedy and convenient boat, adopted both for general cruising on open water and as a safe boat for summer sailing. To meet the wants of our correspondents we have prepared the accompanying design, from which a boat has been built and is now waiting suitable weather for a trial. The new craft is based on the sneakbox, the bottom of which is kept almost intact; but an inspection of the former boat showed several features capable of alteration, if cruising only was considered. In the first place, the low sides, excellent if the boat is to be used as a blind, have been built up; the excessive crown of deck has been reduced, and the washboards have been discarded. As the height of the deck in the new boat is less than that of the washboard on the old, the windage is reduced, while the room inside and the stability are both increased by the additional bulk of the new boat. At the same time the new boat will stow for transport in the same breadth and height as the old, the total depth being the same. The increased freeboard and higher bow should improve the boat greatly in rough water.

On the other hand, the high washboards made a convenient receptacle for the oars, etc., but the extra inside room in the latter offers a full compensation. The folding rowlocks are given up entirely, thus removing a troublesome appendage, and cleats are fitted to the coaming in which ordinary socket rowlocks are set. If it is desired to use a longer oar, the cleats may be screwed to the deck near the gunwale. As there is no special virtue in the awkward-looking square stern of the sneakbox, the deck and planking have been extended two feet aft, the latter merely continuing in a fair upward curve, until they meet at the gunwale as in the bow. This gives a handsome finish to the boat, in the shape of an elliptical stern, with an easier run, more buoyancy and increased deck room. The rudder is of the balanced variety, a suggestion of the owner of the Bojum, the stock being of ⅞in. iron, to the lower end of which two flat pieces 1×¼in. are welded, making a shape like a tuning fork. In this fork a piece of 1in. oak is set, forming the rudder, the head of the stock is squared for a tiller, and at the level of the deck a hole is drilled for an iron pin, supporting the whole. To form the rudder trunk a piece of pine 3in. square is fitted from the inside of the planking to the

deck, being set in white lead and well screwed through plank and deck. Through the center of this piece a vertical hole 1in. in diameter is bored for the rudder stock.

Owing to the extended deck aft both the cockpit and centerboard are further aft than in the ordinary sneakbox. The coaming of the cockpit is 2½in. high. The floor boards are raised from 3 to 3½in. above the bottom, so that the bilge water will not slop over them, the extra depth allowing this change. There are no fixed thwarts, the oarsman sitting on a box which holds the stores, etc., on a cruise, while in sailing the crew sit on deck or on the floor. When used for pleasure sailing five or six may be accommodated, and in cruising a bed for three can be made up on the wide floor of the 16ft. boat. A tent can easily be rigged over the boat at night, supported by the boom. For one or two persons such a boat 13ft. over all will be quite large enough for cruising and may be built of light weight. The dimensions and scales are for two sizes, 16 and 13ft. over all.

DIMENSIONS OF "FOREST AND STREAM" CRUISER.

Length over all	13ft.	16ft.
Length on waterline	9ft. 4²in.	11ft. 7in.
Beam extreme	3ft. 8in.	4ft. 6in.
Depth at gunwale	1ft. 1⁶in.	1ft. 5in.
Sheer, bow	5⁶in.	7in.
Sheer, stern	1⁶in.	2in.
Crown of deck	2in.	8in.
Fore side of stem to—		
Mast	2ft. 5¼in.	3ft.
Trunk, fore end	2ft. 8in.	3ft. 3in.
Trunk, after end	6ft. 4in.	7ft. 9in.
Well, fore end	5ft. 8in.	6ft. 11in.
Well, after end	10ft. 11in.	13ft. 6in.
Rowlocks	8ft. 7in.	10ft. 6in.
Rudder	11ft. 11in.	14ft. 8in.
Width of well	2ft. 6in.	3ft.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.

THIRTEEN-FOOT CRUISER.

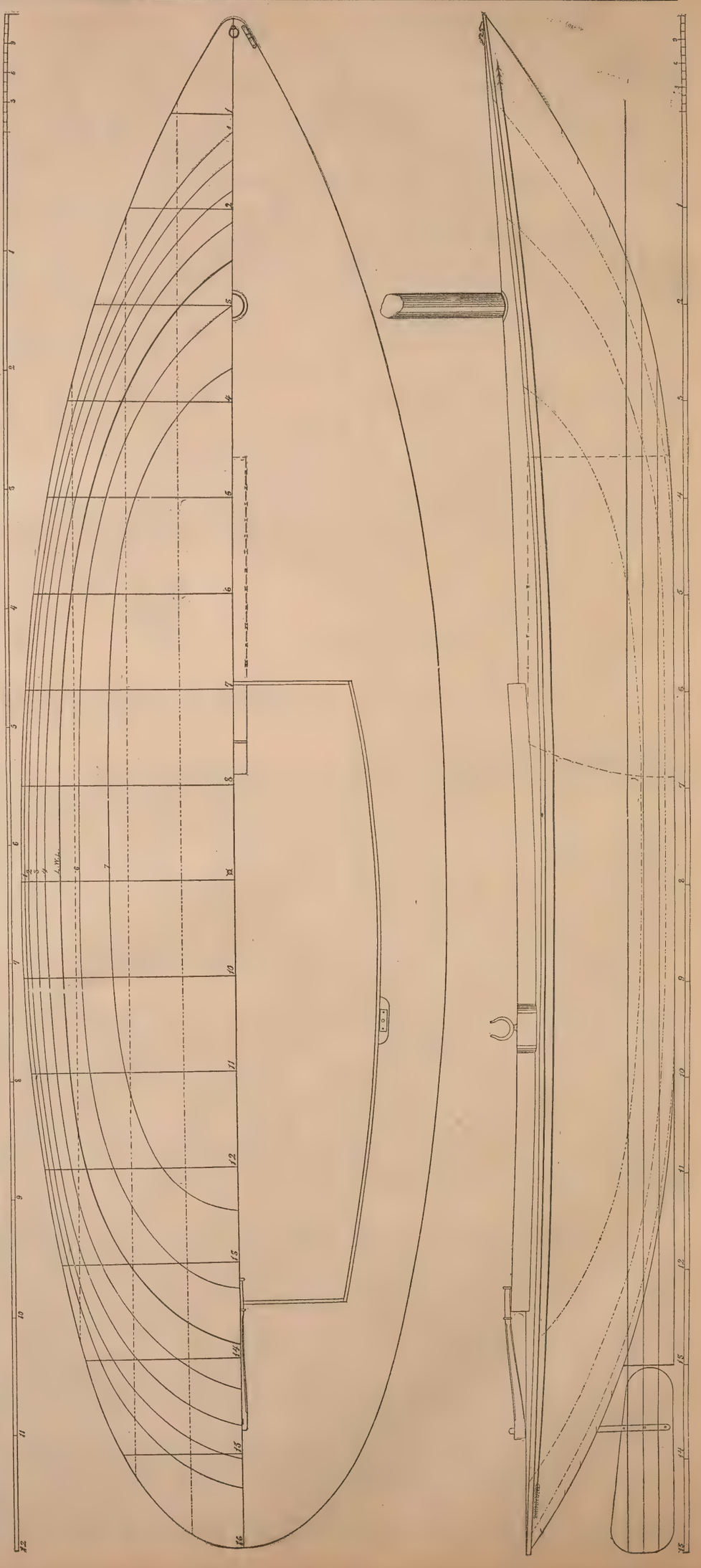
Station.	Heights.		Half-Breadths.							
	Keel.	Deck	Deck	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	LWL	No. 6.	No. 7.
	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In	Ft. In.
0	1 7¼	1 7¼	0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
1	1	1 6	7³	.....	.....	.. ..	.....	.....	.....	.....
2	5	1 4⁶	1 0³	9⁶	8⁴	6⁴	3⁷	.....	.....	.....
3	1⁴	1 3⁴	1 4¹	1 3	1 2²	1 1¹	11⁵	9⁶	6⁷	0⁵
4	0²	1 2⁶	1 6⁶	1 6²	1 5⁵	1 4⁷	1 3⁷	1 2⁴	1 0⁶	9⁵
5	.....	1 2¹	1 8⁵	1 8¹	1 7⁶	1 7	1 6¹	1 4⁶	1 3¹	1 0²
6	.....	1 1⁷	1 9⁵	1 9²	1 8⁶	1 8	1 7¹	1 5⁶	1 3⁷	1 0⁷
⊠	.....	1 1⁶	1 10	1 9⁵	1 9¹	1 8³	1 7⁴	1 6	1 4	1 1
8	.....	1 1⁵	1 9⁶	1 9³	1 9	1 8²	1 7²	1 5⁶	1 3⁷	1 0⁶
9	.....	1 1⁷	1 9	1 8⁵	1 8²	1 7⁴	1 6⁴	1 5¹	1 3	11³
10	1²	1 2¹	1 7⁴	1 7	1 6⁴	1 5⁵	1 4⁴	1 2⁵	11³	.....
11	3⁷	1 2⁴	1 5	1 4	1 3²	1 1⁵	10⁷	6⁴	.....	.....
12	8²	1 2⁷	1 1³	9⁶	6⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	... ...
13	1 3⁴	1 3⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

SIXTEEN FOOT CRUISER.

0	2	2	0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
1	1 3²	1 9⁴	7⁶	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
2	1 0³	1 9	1 1	8⁵	6³	3	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
3	5²	1 7⁶	1 5³	1 3¹	1 2	1 0⁴	10	6³	.....	.....	.....
4	1²	1 6⁸	1 8⁶	1 7⁴	1 6⁵	1 5⁵	1 4	1 1⁷	11	5³	
5	0¹	1 6	1 11³	1 10⁴	1 9⁷	1 8⁷	1 7⁶	1 6	1 3⁷	1 0²	
6	.....	1 5³	2 1¹	2 0⁴	2	1 11	1 10	1 8³	1 6⁵	1 2⁶	
7	.....	1 5¹	2 2²	2 1⁶	2 1²	2 0²	1 11²	1 9⁵	1 7³	1 3⁶	
8	.....	1 5	2 2⁶	2 2³	2 1⁶	2 0⁶	1 11⁶	1 10	1 7⁵	1 3⁷	
⊠	.....	1 5	2 3	2 2⁵	2 2	2 1	2	1 10¹	1 7⁵	1 3⁷	
10	.....	1 5	2 2⁷	2 2²	2 1⁶	2 0⁸	1 11⁵	1 9⁶	1 7⁴	1 3⁴	
11	.....	1 5¹	2 2	2 1³	2 0⁷	2	1 10⁶	1 9	1 6⁴	1 2¹	
12	1	1 5²	2 0⁴	2	1 11²	1 10⁴	1 9	1 7¹	1 3⁶	9⁴	
13	3¹	1 5⁴	1 10³	1 9⁴	1 8⁶	1 7³	1 5³	1 1⁷	7⁵	.....	
14	6⁴	1 5⁷	1 7⁴	1 5⁵	1 4	1 1	8	.....	.....	.....	
15	11⁴	1 6³	1 3	9¹	2⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
16	.....	1 7	0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	

The stations are 1ft. apart by both scales. In the 13ft. boat the waterlines are 1⅝in. apart, and in the 16ft., 2in.

The scantling for the 13ft. boat would be, planking ⅛in., deck ⅜in., timbers ⅞x1½in., spaced 9in. The larger boat would have ⅝in. planking, ¼in. deck, and timbers 1x1½in, spaced 10in. The stern is framed as described for the stem in the previous articles, two quarter pieces being cut to the outline of deck and fastened to transom and upper end of keel. A sternpost and scag are fitted after the boat is taken from the stocks, and two bilge keels are screwed outside. The centerboard is of yellow pine, edge-bolted with ¼in. iron and weighted with lead. The deck is covered with 6oz. duck, laid in fresh paint. A half-round bead makes a finish around the gunwale and covers the edge of the canvas. If a handsome little sailing boat is desired, the hull above water will be painted black or white, with a gold stripe as shown, the bottom being coated with copper bronze. The rig will be a balance lug of about 125ft. for ordinary sailing. The boat shown was built by J. MacWhirter, of West New Brighton, Staten Island. The cost would vary according to size and finish from $125 for a 13ft. boat with sail and galvanized fittings to $160 for a 16ft. boat finished with brass fittings. We shall give plans of sails especially adapted for these and the preceding boats, as soon as the weather will allow the completion of the trials of various rigs.



Yachting.

THE CRUISE OF THE PILGRIM.—IV.

BY DR. W. H. WINSLOW.

We left Burnt Island to port, passed Tumbler Island on the starboard and began to open out the houses in Townsend. The breeze was right astern and, as I made a course along shore, there came a sudden puff of wind off the hills, and jibed the mainsail. I dodged the boom and shouted, "The boom! lookout!" and all got down except Jack, who was standing on the port side close to the cockpit. The boom struck him in the side and overboard he went head first, but, at the same instant, I threw one arm around his legs and dragged him in, and the next moment he was standing on deck again, wet to his waist on one side only, and looked white and scared, with his eyes widely opened. There was no time to think. The whole thing was over and the boy safely landed in ten seconds. Action seemed to come before thought, though I suppose there was an unconscious cerebration to account for the motor impulse.

We kept on along shore and among the vessels until we were near the head of a little island and opposite the principal part of Townsend, and let go our anchor in three fathoms, at 5 P. M., having made an excellent run from Portland.

Our dinner tasted good, after the sails were furled, and we enjoyed the early evening, sitting upon the deck, watching the fishing vessels coming in, and the people upon shore, and the lights of craft and houses and the stars, for a long time, until the dampness and chilly air admonished us to go below. I took some of the boys and went ashore with letters, then had a row around the harbor, and all hands turned in at 11 o'clock thoroughly tired and happy.

The next morning, I routed all hands out at 5 o'clock. It was a very bright, clear day and everything looked promising, in spite of Old Probabilities, who had the warning signals flying from Eastport to Hatteras, and the warnings of some fishermen, who had seen a sun dog the day before. The yacht Hera, of Boston, had just arrived from the Isles of Shoals, and the grizzly haired skipper with two boys was washing down decks. He did not look at us—we were too small, and besides, had arrived before him—but the boys did, when they saw the South Boston Yacht Club signal go up, and I spoke to one of them and asked where they were from, and how the weather was outside. He reported the sea lumpy. We swept out of the harbor before a strong land breeze, and when the sun came up and killed it for awhile we were many miles on our way, and took advantage of the lull to get a breakfast that tasted as good as if served at Delmonico's. We had come into Booth Bay west of Squirrel Island; we went out east of it, ran down close to Rain Island Lighthouse, past the northern end of Fisherman's Island, and at the savage reef, called the Hypocrite, and headed away east for the Thrumcaps, and up with it, E. N. E. for Pemaquid Point, just off which we enjoyed our matutinal repast. There was a little sloop running up Muscongus Bay, and a beautiful fishing schooner schooning along the coast after the early mackerel. The lighthouse and dwelling up on Pemaquid had a rather dreary look, but there was a little curl of smoke from the kitchen chimney, which told us the light-keeper would soon have his ham and eggs ready. I wish to emphasize the importance of an early start when one desires to make a good run. The crisp air, blue sea and golden arrows of the early sun are very enjoyable and sharpen the appetite for breakfast. The wind is generally good off shore long enough to send one away from the land, where it continues longer; then the sea breeze is caught earlier, and one can be content should he have a little light wind or a calm in the middle of the afternoon. After we got well out we saw a calm had fallen beyond Squirrel Island, and vessels that had started later than ours, were motionless and mirrored upon a sea of glassy smoothness.

We saw some very large pieces of buoys and timber fastened to trawls this morning, and were a little afraid at first they were intended to mark rocks, but close observation with the glasses showed their nature. The round floats usual to trawls are easily recognized, but it is important to know that the economical people of Maine use other kinds. In fact, they don't care for appearances if they can only catch the fish. I have gone out of my way often to avoid sailing over trawls, but I don't do it any more. One can pass right over the upper rope of the net, which is generally several feet under water, without any tangle or injury.

Soon after breakfast we made out the beacon on Eastern Egg Rock, bearing E.¼N., the wind freshened from the N. W., and we soon passed between it and the buoy and headed E. by N. for several islands in line, a northern one wooded, where we saw a schooner coming through Davis' Straits. I remembered these straits from boyhood, but they used to be between Baffin Bay and the Atlantic ocean. Now we were to pass through them. Off Seal Ledges we saw a few seals and many gulls, and the boys got their guns out and blazed away awhile without deadly effect as far as we could tell, but it pleased them to have a little diversion and did no harm. I think we old fellows are too apt to forget that we were boys once, and try to lop off the innocent pleasures of youth because they do not seem wise or profitable to us. It is a mistake. Experience must be gained by each generation, and, though noise disturbs us, it causes a spasm of delight in a boy, especially if he owns the gun that makes it. My two boys and I make three. We have in our possession a fine Ballard, 38 cal., a Bullard, 40 cal., hunting, and a Remington-Whitney, 22 cal., rifle. The baby, 13 years, often beats his pater in target shooting. We have some other arms I will not mention. It is a good thing to let boys have arms and learn to use them early, when they are not so likely to have accidents in later years. Guns are better than dominoes, cards, ten pins and billiards, and tend to improve the health and develop a better manhood.

But, gracious! here we are up with Davis Island, and a pile of shelving rocks upon the port hand, and a red buoy right in the middle of the channel. Which side ought we to go? The chart does not say. It says, "Red buoy to be left in entering on starboard hand." But this is not entering or leaving, it is simply passing through. The Portland yachtman said, "Red buoys to port going east and starboard going west." Is this reliable? Sailors say not. We are approaching the rocks; they run off much from the northern point. "Keep a sharp lookout, Bert." "Rocks right ahead, brown boulders, far out," shouted Bert. Helm to port and hug the bold shore of the island. Passage must be to the right of the buoy, and we will chance it. Sailors say, "In doubt, run very close to the buoy." We pass, and could touch it upon port side with a hand spike. But, rocks ahead off the point of the island! Haul up N.E. and the danger is past. A close shave for a sailor, a closer for a stranger. Then away N.E. by E. for the southern end of Hooper's Island, between the Sisters and Old Horse Ledges. There upon the starboard bow is Hart's Island, and a long, treacherous, jagged ledge, reaching almost to Hooper's. The sun is shining, the breeze is soft and strong, the water reflects the heavenly blue and gray, and the merry ripples along the cutter's side lull us into a pleasant, restful reverie; but, hark to that ominous swash, see that curling line of silvery foam that advances almost across our course, ever and anon, revealing the threatening teeth of the reef; note the pretty lighthouse upon Marshall's Point beyond, and how it seems to invite one to run across to it and take shelter in Herring Gut, and observe how near the buoy and island are. Do not deviate from the course; keep that far, outlying buoy to starboard and run near the island, for outside the buoy the ledge is very near the surface of the water.

After passing the buoy we kept along shore past the light and went swiftly onward toward Mosquito Sound, by Mosquito Head and out to sea again, where we were almost becalmed for awhile by our proximity to the high land. But we worked into a wind after a while, and headed for the bold, rocky promontory of Whitehead Island, at the entrance of Penobscot Bay. The vessels and buildings of Tennant's Harbor were visible to the north, and several small craft were seeking shelter up Wheeler's Bay. Close at hand and all the way to the distant horizon there were vessels standing away from and others heading for the narrow passage of the most beautiful bay in the United States. A sound heard to starboard the doleful tolling of the bell buoy upon South Breaker, and to port the swash of the sea as it beat against the worn and fissured face of Whitehead, with its keeper's dwelling, lighthouse and the great fog bell in its frame.

"I toll the knell," rung the restless bell,
"Of many a good ship here."
"I form the shroud," beat the breakers loud,
"And my waves cover over the bier."

The wind, the sea, the currents, the darkness and the fog conspire upon this coast to break up the beautiful vessels for which its shipwrights are famous; and it is probable that the work of destruction is equal to that of construction. The very entrance has a threatening look, and the dash of the breakers and the measured singing fill one with a sense of peril which is not forgotten. I had been the goal of my ambition to get into Penobscot Bay, and a great weight of anxiety on account of my precious crew, the light of three households, was lifted from my heart as we flew past the grizzly head and into the intricate navigation of Muscle Ridge Channel, which I knew was as full of rocks as it was destitute of havens. I felt like one who had run the gauntlet, or just escaped from the pursuit of a ravenous beast, and it was not until we had run up the excellently marked channel, passed Ash Island and were fairly landlocked in Owl's Head Bay, that I felt all danger was past and I might take things easy. Perhaps I was nervous from close confinement and professional overwork, and a little too much worried over the manifold dangers of seafaring life to which I had been enducated in the navy, and from which I had been divorced for twenty years; but, as we hoisted our ensign and signal and saluted the keeper, who took off his hat to us just before he lighted up the great lamp in Owl's Head Lighthouse, I felt I could have hugged him for his recognition. We swept around the Head in a graceful manner, trimmed flat down, and had a fine run and a race with a little schooner up to our anchorage off the city of Rockland. We cast anchor south of the steamboat wharf and pretty well in, and sent Jack and Jamie ashore for newspapers and supplies, while Will started the oil stove and Bert and I furled the sails. When busy with the mainsail, we noticed to our consternation that we had drifted down almost afoul of a revenue cutter, and, upon trying the cable, we found it was hanging up and down. We had not given enough scope and had dragged into deep water. We had just enough time to make sail hurriedly, and ran back and anchored again and payed out ten fathoms. Then we held, and, finally, had all snug just as the boys came in the darkness and hailed, "Pilgrim ahoy!" They brought us fresh milk, fresh bread and one mince pie, which, added to hot coffee, tomatoes, canned turkey and pickles, made an excellent feast for our tired and hungry party. We had made an excellent run of about fifty miles in fine weather, notwithstanding the warning of the Signal Bureau and the sun dog of the fishermen, and we were snug in harbor and at 10 P. M. all snug in bed.

The sun dog and signal bureau were a day ahead of time. The wind came out S.E. and it began to rain after breakfast next morning, but we made sail, got out the spinnaker and started for Belfast. The wind was light and it was rather unpleasant wearing rubber clothes and dripping with rain water, but we managed to pass Camden under its mountain, and to get up to Northport about 2 P. M. and maneuvered off the Northport Methodist Camp ground in a way that makes me laugh when I think of it.

The place consists of several hotels, one large building for the meetings of the annual camping time in August, and several hundred cottages of the Swiss chalet style for families that come from all over New England to occupy them during the warm weather. The land is high along the shore and rolls back in beautiful wooded hills, rising high and higher, until at the south they end in veritable mountains around Lincolnville and Camden. The summer village generally has its hotels and cottages full of merry people during August, but we found, the 30th, that most of the visitors had gone on account of the cold spell of weather and the approach of the great State fair at Bangor the following week. My brothers had two cottages upon the ground, and as there was to be a family gathering I fully expected to find a joyous crowd to hail the Pilgrim. So I ran close in, and as we approached the lower cottages upon the bluff a crowd of gentlemen and ladies upon a cottage portico set up a tremendous shouting and hurrahing, and waved handkerchiefs and hats in such a lusty way that I took it for granted immediately that they were my kinsfolk.

The spinnaker was out to starboard, and while looking at the crowd ashore the boom rose up along side of the mast, the sail bellied into the jib and the main boom jibed. The spinnaker was taken no the jib hauled down, the anchor let go, and I started in the tender it, go ashore, but recognizing that the cottage was not a brother's, and that the people who were making such a hullabaloo were strangers, I came on board before landing, had the anchor weighed and made sail for Belfast, while Bert went out on the foot rope to cat the anchor. Just as the jib was hoisted and the yacht began to swing around, Bert missed his footing and plunged overboard to his waist, but saved himself from a complete ducking by catching the bobstay. The crowd ashore set up a tremendous shouting, as if it had been done for their amusement, while Bert went about his work cheerfully, and I was mad enough to blow that identical cottage and its inhabitants over the hills with a charge of grape and cannister.

A little further on a cottage hailed us and asked, "Is that the Pilgrim?" and when I answered "Yes," she said, "The family are all up at Belfast." Then we went to Belfast, found a good anchorage above the steamboat wharf, and had the family gathering before dark.

A few days' rest and we were afloat again before a stiff N.W. breeze, which carried us by Turtle Head and Castine in an hour, and, soon after, we passed around Cape Rosier and ran down Eggemoggin Reach to Byard's Point. This was the furthest east we reached during the summer, the season was over at Mt. Desert, and I decided to find a camp near at hand. We turned back therefore, had a lively beat against the sea with all sail on, and the lee rail under sufficiently often to satisfy my brother from Atlanta, whom we had taken aboard at Belfast. We anchored off a lovely sand beach between two rocky points at the entrance of Orcutt's Harbor, where we established Camp Myinno and improved our vitality by bathing, shooting, hunting, and doing anything our fancy dictated. Here we will leave the little Pilgrim off the camp with her flags floating in the summer breeze, having made a track across the chart all the way from Boston over which few yachts so small will dare to follow her, and carried into many places, where it had never been seen before, the pretty signal of the South Boston Y. C.

CRUISE OF THE COOT.

IX.

THANKSGIVING DAY brought with it an overcast sky and a strong wind from the northward, which furrowed the stream in dark looking ridges and brought the Coot's sail down to the second cringle, reducing the area by one-half. Several congenial spirits had gathered in Marmalade Lodge to camp over the holiday. From them parting well wishes were received with the latest newspaper. The weather was raw and cold, so the cruise began with uncongenial reminders of the rapid approach of winter. With sheet well off the Coot bounced along. She knocked down to the puff even under reduced sail in a way which suggested the need of more ballast. Of this she had about 400lbs. in iron pig, 200lbs. in two gravel boxes in the cockpit and perhaps 150lbs stowed in stores and supplies, a total of 750, whereas 1,000 would have been none too much. The gravel boxes, which I had at first intended to remove, were subsequently found so handy for trimming ship to an even draft and for listing to one side that they have been retained, cleats on the floor holding them from shifting, after once getting into trouble through their absence; one of the many things chargeable to the neglect of the builder in the first place. Across Newark Bay the wind howled and the sea boiled in seething foam, scattering many a bucketful along the decks, but none into the cockpit. The weather shore along the docks of Elizabethport made matters more comfortable and beyond that the trend of the Kills brought the wind right over the stern. Past the low reed girt marshes the yacht bowled away till a turn in the river called for a jibe and another, after which the sailing was simple enough through to Perth Amboy. Most of the distance was made in company with two oyster smacks whose tactics the Coot sought to follow, for I had no charts this side of the Delaware and was not well acquainted with the channel. The marshes are quite bold and with the exception of one shoal or grass-covered isle and some flats at several projecting points, indicated by outlying haystacks rising from the water, you may poke your bowsprit right over the waving reed tops before putting helm down for a turn. A good plan is to hold close to the banks on which you find bulkheads serving as wharves, for deep water can be depended upon close up. When I found the factories and settlements crossing to the opposite side, I followed suit, knowing that commerce would select the navigable channel.

The Kills are lined with establishments of many kinds, chemical and fertilizer works being the most numerous. The approach to Perth Amboy is heralded by a ridge of bluffs on Staten Island. The Kills widen out three miles above Amboy, and on both sides of the river can be seen the scattering colonies which betoken a city near by. The rumbling of trains was borne on the winds, while streamers of blue smoke ascended to the eye their snake-like threadings on shore. In the distance the mouth of the Kills opened into broad Raritan Bay, disclosing a great fleet of sail and many puffing little tugs. Abreast on the Jersey side high, gawky tressels poked their heads far out into the river, forming a long line of slips, with piers supporting coal pockets. Into these, like the pelting of distant hail, black diamonds were being tumbled from laden cars above, and from the pockets shoots led into the holds of huge coasting schooners receiving their cargoes destined for Eastern ports and manufacturing hives inland. Dusty and begrimed the neighborhood appeared, but signs of busy life and prosperity could be read all round. Vessels towed here and there, the clank of chains and creak of blocks as others got under way, a ferry boat churning its accustomed route with rhythmic slap of the paddles, yawl boats with crews lustily pulling at the oars, shouts and hails, everything on the move and everything engaged in doing something, all this gave to the surroundings an air of life and activity which I had never suspected.

The wind had fallen light, ugly clouds had parted and the sun shone forth bright and warm, as the Coot was introduced to the enlivening scenes around. So pleasant a contrast to the dreary morn, that we took several turns about the harbor before coming to. She was twisted through a score of oystermen at anchor, and round the point of bluffs, upon whose sunny side fine cottages and residences, embowered in bunches of evergreen trees, lend grace and beauty to the picture. Then she was tacked across the harbor out to the government tower marking the seaward end of a long shoal, a striking beacon by day, and by night a tireless sentinel whose bright red rays carry warning to the mariner picking his way into the welcome shelter of the port. Having made the circuit, the yacht brought up in a bight beyond the docks of South Amboy, and there lay for the night in perfectly smooth water, 6ft. deep and out of the channel. "You would have to get out there pretty quick if it blew in from the sea," volunteered a chance acquaintance as he sculled by in a boat. So I would, but as there was no appearance of any wind that night, certainly not from the eastward, the atmosphere being dry and frosty, this gave me no concern. The coal docks of the Lehigh Valley R. R. made shelter from the northward and westward, the quarter to look to for a blow just then. The sun set in a maze of glorious tints, in which gold and crimson predominated, the waters calmed down to a mirror, from which the brilliant hues above were faithfully reflected. The shores darkened into deep green, then slowly faded away into gray, while the skipper of the Coot stood in the cockpit and rested one arm on the cabin house, the other being free to handle the smoking bowl, which brought soothing thoughts and congratulations upon the happy inauguration of the voyage.

Say what they may, inveigh against the slow poison of nicotine, and hold forth upon the degradation of man in his slavish submission to the seductions of the plant, the austere high priests of total abstinence cannot deny the beneficent calm it brings, the spirit of philosophy begotten, the musings gentle and serene, the good intent, the tolerant liberality of mind and prudent resolutions for the future, which rise to the surface and pass in orderly review, as the devotee to the inspiring leaf, in collected self-possession, wafts pretty blue spirals upon the airs and watches their career as they soar with measured grace into the liberty of space above. Many a stormy day, many a cold night, I have passed in contentment and satisfaction in the Coot's cabin. Only has blue loneliness been driven over the Coot's side, and gloom and fret hunted down that hope and expectation might hold sway through the dainty, luscious flavor, the enticing aroma and virgin purity of "Seal of North Carolina," plug cut! Abstain and you will not die of poison at eighty, but you will slip your cable at fifty from sheer worry of life which has no such blessing as "Seal," plug cut. Over my pipe have I read and written. Over my pipe have I tickled the Coot through tight places. Over my pipe have I borne with harassing calms and numerous disappointments. Over my pipe have I enjoyed a spanking breeze and smart run. Over my pipe have I chummed in with the natives. Over my pipe have I studied the charts and planned the work for the next day. To "Seal," plug cut, my pacifier, companion and counseler, let me sing the praises justly due. Without "Seal" the pleasures of the cruise would have been curtailed not a little. Dull it must have dragged, unsociable, lacking in snugness, a task all but impossible that I should undertake.

It is a wonder that Perth Amboy should be so little known and visited by small yachts hailing about New York. It is seldom one can be seen steering through the Kills, yet the Staten Island Sound between Elizabethport and Raritan Bay is fine cruising water with width and depth sufficient for work against a head wind and winding enough to give occasional relief. If not imposing, the scenery is at least attractive and a change upon that so familiar in Long Island Sound. Once the marshes are left astern, the Highlands ahead are picturesque and pleasing, while the harbor of Perth Amboy, its traffic and tributary railroad bustle, make up an anchorage equal to anything on the Sound in appearance and interest. The Raritan River empties into the bay and itself affords many miles of broad reaches above the draw bridge at the city, before it narrows into a tortuous waterway. Amboy is also open to approach from the seaward side of Staten Island, offering a choice of routes according to tide and weather. As to depth of water there seemed to be plenty of it in the harbor, though of that a chart would give more reliable information. A local yacht club flourishes in the place, but when the Coot turned up late in November, that club had, of course, gone into winter quarters.

While I slumbered Jack Frost got to work and gave me a foretaste of what was coming. The thermometer fell below freezing point. Next morning the windows of the cabin were traced with all manner of fantastic cobwed patterns, the decks were clad in white and water had solidified into ice in the skiff astern, much to my consternation. Anxious as I was to proceed and escape from winter's threatened embrace, there was not wind enough to warrant lifting the anchor. Until late in the afternoon of the day as it had been left the night before. A catspaw now and then raised delusive hopes, though a good breeze and a lifted sheet would be needed to stem the ebb in the Raritan to the first lock of the canal at New Brunswick, a distance of twelve miles up. The favoring flood had run the length of its tether at noon, and with it expired all chance for the day. Letters were written and dispatched, some provisions laid in from a small store at the foot of the outer coal dock, and an attempt made to purchase a New York morning paper. The stock was exhausted, so the bespectacled young man who presides over the city news store in South Amboy imparted, an extraordinary demand having sprung up, owing to the sudden demise of Vice-President Hendricks.

For several weeks previous I had daily consulted the special weather forecasts in the "personal intelligence" of the *Herald*. These had been so uniformly accurate in every particular that I was loath to miss the information at a critical moment. Had freezing weather been announced, it was my intention to bitch astern of one of the regular tows of canal boats which daily ascend the Raritan to the persuasion of the fine Keystone line of iron tugs especially built for the service. These tows are made up around Whitehall in New York and proceed through the Kills and up the sinuous Raritan at a rate which, if slow, is independent of wind. Being left in the dark as to the weather, there was nothing to do but trust to better luck next day. Old Sol came out in all his glory and warmed the world up with his cheery smiles. So I betook myself to one of the piers in the Orange Blossom, and filled up the bunk breaker afresh from a watercoat, whose obliging owner refused any pay, and volunteered a lot of local gossip in a chat over a pipe we disposed of in company. Other yachts had preceded the Coot, bound to the same destination. One was a small schooner, probably the new light draft White recently launched from Poillon's for Florida cruising. Another was a large catboat with a couple of passengers, and a third was a peculiar sloop with two on board. The latter had but a few days the start, and, as will appear later on, was overhauled by the Coot in the Chesapeake, where a sudden acquaintance was equally suddenly brought to a close. A little man of much water likewise assured me that the propellers running to Philadelphia kept the canal open all winter. As the canal was billed to close Dec. 20, this goes to show that local luminaries are not infallible on home topics. His boy, whose youthful exuberance persisted in missing the bung hole of my breaker with the hose by about two feet, thereby squirting much of the old man's wealth into the sea, was so taken with the Orange Blossom that he went into juvenile ecstacy as I carefully landed the breaker in the bottom and took my seat at the oars. For the rest of the day the schooners working in against the light winds supplied material for observation, till red beams from the lighthouse sent me below to wrestle with gastronomic puzzles over the oil stove.

The mercury fell to 28° and sail and gear were frozen stiff, answering with ill grace to my tugs and swigs early on the following morn. A light westerly breeze was springing up, and, the tide serving, the Coot was under sail as the sun peeped above the land and bathed the treetops in rosy splendor. Fingers were nipped in the frosty air, but I was light in heart at the thought of making New Brunswick before ice should squeeze me tight in its grip.

The docks were soon rounded and a couple of boards saw the Coot up to the middle span of the railroad bridge across the Raritan. The bridge-tender had guessed my destination, for he swung the draw wide open as we approached without waiting for the customary toot from the horn.

"Where are you bound?" he queried, as he leaned conveniently against some of the iron lattice work.

"To Florida, if I can get there; anywhere out of the cold."

"Several yachts have gone the same way. You are pretty late in the season."

The wind had picked up to nice working strength, but it was dead ahead and the Coot had to be worked across the river the whole way, except where favorable turns enabled a straight course. Standing over to the southern shore, a man tonging for oysters was hailed as to the depth of water to be expected. He answered that after rounding the first point in sight, which should be given a good berth, the shores were bold all the way up. "What do you draw—not over two feet, I suppose?" "Two feet six," I replied. "You will have no trouble."

With this for general advice, I settled down at the stick for the twelve-mile beat, the flood horsing me up to windward in fine style, noted by the speed with which we weathered on various marks ashore. A lofty sail ahead, which could be seen across the marshes, pointed out the turns in the river and showed it to be very crooked. First the sail would be going the same way as the Coot, then at right angles, and occasionally seemed to be heading right back. A stern chase is a long one, but I could hold a much closer wind than the sloop, and in two hours had taken the lead, dispensing with the sloop's service as pilot. Numerous manufactories, especially pottery works, were passed, and several schooners coming down with the wind which was fair for them. The lower reaches were broad and well adapted for small boats, a rough sea being impossible owing to the twists. For canoeing no finer run could be imagined. The marshes gradually rose into dry land with banks two or three feet high, studded with great barn-like structures where the manufacture of bricks is carried on upon a great scale, some of the establishments looking like towns at a distance. The water front was lined with well preserved bulkheads, along which could be seen many of the typical brick sloops, so familiar to New Yorkers, with their high poops, gaudy colors, and general Dutch features, betokening their derivation from the old galliot introduced by the settlers from Holland who located their New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island, the foundation of the modern Babel known as New York.

About seven miles up, the river forked into two branches. I chose the widest as the most likely, nobody being within hail to question. After following its bends for two miles, it became very contracted and lost all appearances of leading anywhere in particular. Convinced that I had struck the wrong lead, the Coot was sailed up to a brick yard ahead where an old salt in oilskins aboard a sloop, after eyeing me for a while, as a queer sort of customer, kindly pointed out a canal as a short cut back into the Raritan whence I had come, adding that I was in South River which would take me up to Washington. After passing through the canal we came out again a mile below the fork and the circuit of three miles had been made for nothing. The old ground was again gone over when four miles remained to New Brunswick. Rolling hillocks in the foreground spoke of the highlands we were approaching. Fine farms dotted both shores, and clumps of trees relieved the monotony of tilled fields. Two miles below the first lock, the shores became bold, great rocky walls rising suddenly from the river, the first appearance of the red sandstone formation which underlies a large portion of New Jersey and contributes the red mud to the streets of Jersey towns, seen from the car windows of the railroad from New York to Philadelphia. Park-like forests of pines and evergreens topped the rocky promontories, their bows hanging over the bluffs like a green canopy.

The flood had about run its course and the wind fell very light. With the last breath the Coot was turned up successfully to the slimy bulkhead forming a leader into the first lock, and the city of New New Brunswick appeared in full view ahead. Located on a series of rising hills, climbing up into a ridge, with church spires glistening in the evening sun, the river coursing merrily through a gorge, spanned by the county and railroad bridges, the first sight of the busy town was picturesque and pleasing. As the Coot passed her lines to some old tree stumps ashore and got out fenders to protect her side from chafe, Helios bid the voyager good evening as he sank, blood red, below the darkening crests in the west. In the shades of twilight supper was dispatched, the cabin locked up, and a tour of inspection in the town undertaken. A two-gallon oil can was purchased and filled with headlight fluid to add to the supply on board, as the cold days and nights caused oil to be consumed in the stove at a rapid rate, each day requiring half a gallon for all purposes. C. P. K.

LIST OF WINNING YACHTS, 1885.

IN this list owners, rig and waterline length are given when known; abbreviations of club names same as in list of races.

4th or 5th in column of 3d prizes means a 4th or 5th prize; O and U in column of lengths stand for "Over" and "Under;" "22-25" shows length somewhere between the two figures; T stands for tons, 1st C for 1st class, etc.

A single leg for a championship pennant is shown by the club initial, as "D" means one race won in the Dorchester series, while D.Y.C. shows the winner of the whole series.

B.B. shows one leg for Buzzard's Bay Pennant of B.Y.C., and "B. B. Pen." the winner of it; Bur. Bay stands for a Burlington Bay Pennant race won.

In some races, as in B.Y.C. championship races, a boat could win a first prize and a leg for the pennant. In S.B.Y.C. a 1st and a 2d leg for two pennants was won in each race, and the two best averages at end of season took the pennants.

In some races where all boats raced for certain prizes and a part of them for additional prizes, the latter portion of the fleet is credited with two separate races; this applies to N.Y.Y.C. spring regatta, the trial races and the Douglass Cup race.

Although no prize was won by Puritan or Priscilla in the trial races or the matches with Genesta, each race is here treated as a separate race, and the winner is credited with one prize, the trial races being the only exception to the general rule followed, viz., to count nothing as a win unless a prize was actually taken.

As runs from port to port without prizes are not races of record they are not included.

P—Against names of Agnes and Athlon show races really won, but where prizes went to second boats being given by owners of winners. A—Against Bedouin means one leg for cup in races with Gracie.

A—Series of races entered as one race. B—And pennant on cruise.

Name.	Club or Port.	Owner.	Rig.	W. L.	No. of Races Sailed.	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
A. B. C	W. L. Y. C.	C. Mansfield	Cat	14.06	5	W L Y C	....	....
A. J. Foster	Wil. Y. C.		Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Adele	K. Y. C.	Newbold & Grieves	J. & M.	24.04	4	3	....	....
Adele	C. A. Y. C.	Haskell Bros	Sloop	21.04	1	..	1	....
Adrienne	Bn. Y. C	J. Pfaff	Schr.	60.09	2	1	1	....
Ægir	J. C.	Wm. McCormick	Sloop	33.00	2	..	1	....
Æolus	J. C.	J. B. Mills, Jr.	Sloop	26.05	6	..	1	....
Agnes	A. Y. C	H. H. Hogins	Schr.	53.11	3	P 2	....	....
Aileen	R. C. Y. C.	John Leys	Cutter	55.00	7	1	2	1
Alarm	But. Y. C.	J. S. Provoost	Schr.	30.07	2	1	....	....
Albina	Osh. Y. C.		Str.	....	1	1	....	....
Alda	H. Y. C.	W. H. Wilkinson	Sloop	23.01	7	..	1	1
Alexander Forsyth	J. C. Y. C.	A. F. Forsyth	J. & M.	28.06	1	1	....	....
Alice (A, B)	B. S. Y. C.	Alfred Poe		22.04	4	1	1	....
Alice	N. H. Y. C.		J. & M.	20-26	2	1	....	....
Alice	Bristol	C. F. Herreshoff	Cat	22.00	1	1	....	....
Alice J	Sing Sing	Charles Shade	....	....	1	1	....	....
Alice L	W. L. Y. C.	P. Lynch	Cat	17.03	4	L 1	....	4th
Altaire	S. B. Y. C.	A. J. McLeod	Sloop	27.11	5	S B Y C	....	....
Amanda C	Gloucester, Pa.		T. U.	....	1	..	1	....
Amazon	Bar. H. Y. C.	Pendleton Bros	Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Americus	Bridgeport	H. Masterson	J. & M.	20.00	2	2	....	....
Amy	Q. Y. C.	E. W. Baxter	Cat	20.04	10	H Y C 3	2	....
Annie	Pac. Y. C	Philip Caduc	Sloop	45.06	1	1	....	....
Annie	W. L. Y. C.				1	W. L.	....	....
Annie Forsyth	J. C. Y. C.	Alex. Roe	Cat	17.08	1	1	....	....
Annie M	Southern Y. C.		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Ariadne	N. H. Y. C.	W. L. Coggswell	Sloop	55.11	2	1	....	....
Ariadne	Min. Y. C.	S. C. Gale	Cat	16.00	1	1	....	....
Ariadne	Excelsior Bay		....	....	1	1	....	....
Arrow	Buf. Y. C.	John Bowen	Sloop	25.01	1	1	....	....
Arrow	Stratford		....	....	1	1	....	....
Atalanta	B. Y. C.	Isaac R. Thomas	Sloop	26.05	15	B. Y. C. B. B Pen H. Y. C 2	1	....
Atalanta	B. Q. Y. C	A. Cuthbert	Sloop	64 00	4	3	....	1
Atalanta	Am Y C	Jay Gould	Str.	223 03	5	2	....	....
Athlon	N. Y. Y. C.	J. C. Barron	Sloop	51.02	10	P 3	....	....
Au Revoir	S. Y. C.	W. B. Porcher	Sloop	28.00	4	3	....	....
Awilda	S. B. Y. C.	J. B. Farrell	Cat	24.09	10	SBYC 1	....	4th
Banneret	J. Y. C.	J. F. Brown	Sloop	23 09	11	H Y C 9	1	....
Beatrice	J. C. Y. C.	W. M. Walton	Schr.	50.00	1	1	....	....
Bedouin	S. Y. C.	Archibald Rogers	Cutter	70.06	8	A ..	....	....
Bertha	Somerset	A. S. Marble	Cat	16 11	2	1	1	....
Bessie	B. Y. C.	Chas. P. Curtis	Sloop	27.02	3	B 1	....	....
Bessie	Osh. Y. C.		....	....	1	1	....	....
Bessie	J. C. Y. C.		Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Bessie B	Har. Y. C.	F. J. Pauley	J. & M.	....	1	1	....	....
Bessie Ethel	New. Y. C.	Gillett	Sloop	23.10	1	1	....	....
Black Cloud	C. A. Y. C.	A. Brown	Sloop	23.00	7	7	....	....
Blossom	Lake Geneva		....	....	1	..	1	....
Bon Ton	K. Y. C.	P. F. Herity	Cat	18.00	2	2	..	....
Breeze	S. B. Y. C.	Geo. Martin, Jr.	Sloop	29 00	2	..	SBYC	....
Brenda	Larch. Y. C	F. M. Scott	Sloop	22.06	2	1	....	....
Bride	Portersville, Ala		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Bubble	Usterville		Cat	24.00	1	1	....	....
C. A. Swift	Mob Y. C.		Schr.	....	1	1	....	....
Cadet	G. H. Y. C.	H. M. Belcher	Cat	17.07	3	2	....	....
Caprice	B. Y. C.	J. B. Rhodes	Sloop	17.05	4	..	1	....
Captain	Har. Y. C.		....	....	1	1	....	....
Carmita	B. Y. C.	C. H. W. Foster	Cutter	20.00	1	1	....	....
Carrie May	Bk. Y. C.	James White	Sloop	33.00	1	1	....	....
Carrie Morgan	Osh. Y. C		Sloop	1st C	3	1	2	....
Carrie V	Southern Y. C.		Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Cate Cate	J. C. Y. C.			....	1	1	....	....
Chas. Benton	Gloucester, Pa.		T. U.	....	1	1	....	....
Charlotte	S. B. Y. C.	Thomas Cross	Cat	17 03	2	..	1	....
Clara	E. Y. C.	Charles Sweet	Cutter	57.00	1	1	....	....
Clara	P. B. Y. C.		....	....	1	1	....	....
Clarita	Col. Y. C.		Sloop	....	1	2	....	....
Claude	Sav. Y. C.	S. P. Bond	Yawl	40 00	1	1	....	....
Clio	G. H. Y. C.	C. B. Belcher	Cat	20.00	4	..	1	....
Clytie	N. Y. Y. C.	A. P. Stokes	Schr.	78.03	2	2	....	....
Clytie	G. H. Y. C.	E. A. Cook	Cat	19.11	3	..	1	....
Comet	Har. Y. C.		....	....	3	..	1	....
Comfort	Yon. Y. C.	Gabriel Reevs	Cat	18.08	3	1	....	....
Com. Gardner	Tod Y. C.	McKean & Rice	Sloop	22.11	1	1	....	....
Comus	S. Bay Y. C.	John Newcomb	Sloop	18.06	3	1	....	1
Consort	C. H. Y. C.	C. H and S. Club	Sloop	33.03	1	1	....	....
Cora	Clev. Y. Ass	R. R. Rhodes	Sloop	51.04	2	2	....	....
Cora	Sing Sing	Benj. Smith	....	....	1	..	1	....
Countess	B. Y. C	Geo. B. Chase	Sloop	29.03	2	..	1	....
Crawford	Yon. Y. C.	Chas. E. Day	Sloop	26.06	1	1	....	....
Crescent	Har. Y. C.		Sloop	....	2	..	1	....
Crescent	W. L. Y. C.	T. M. Alley	Cat	16 07	3	..	....	1
Crest	W. L. Y. C.	C. B. Gordon	Cat	18.03	2	..	....	1
Cricket	B. Y. C.	G. C. & C. F. Adams 3d	Sloop	29 04	4	..	1	....
Crocodile	A. Y. C	J. G. Prague	Sloop	39.11	4	4	....	....
Cruiser	Larch. Y. C.	A. Bryan Allen	Cat	20.06	1	1	....	....
Cruiser	Bur. Bay		....	....	1	1	....	....
Crusader	H. Y. C.	A. Wilson	Cat	19.01	7	1	....	4th
Curlew	Quebec Y. C.	John Ritchie	....	30 T	1	1	....	....
Cutty Sark	Yon. Y. C.	Warren Goodale	Cat	18.00	1	1	....	....
Cynthia	B. S.	C. H. Neapes	....	19.07	4	..	1	1
Dandy	K. Y. C.		J. & M	u.22	3	1	....	....
Daphne	N. Y. Y. C.	J. R. Maxwell	Sloop	46 00	7	1	....	....
Dare Devil	N. J. Y. C.	W. H. Dilworth	Sloop	27.04	3	1	....	....
Dash	S. Bay Y. C	A. S. Brown	Cat	19.06	6	M.Y.C 1	....	4th
Delphine	B. Y. C.	F. J. Bradlee	Cat	20.00	2	Marb.	....	....
Dexter	Prov. Y. C.	G. H. Holmes	Cat	16.01	1	1	....	....
Diamond	Pawtucket	L. F. Tellinghast	Sloop	25.11	1	1	....	....
Diana	S. B. Y. C.	Henry Burgess	Sloop	23.09	4	..	2	....
Dione	O. A. Y. C.	Hodgkins	Cat	16.05	2	..	1	....
Dolly	B. Y. C.	A. S. Hardy	Cat	20.01	5	B. B 2	1	....
Dorcas L	S. B. Y. C.	W. H. Lyman	Sloop	27 02	4	S. B.	1	....
Dot	C. P. M. F.	J. A. Hildreth	Cat	18.06	8	4	....	....
Dove	Short Br'ch Y.C		Cat	....	2	1	....	....
Duplex	N. J. Y. C	J. H. Longstreet	Cata.	37.06	3	3	....	....
E. Preston	Wil. Y. C.		Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Echo	Prov. Y. C.	C. H. Walker	Cat	19 01	1	..	1	....
Eddie	Newark Y. C.	Richard Aldrich	Cat	16 05	1	1	....	....
Edgar B. Jewett	Buf. Y. C		Schr.	....	1	..	1	....
Edith	B. H. Y. C.	H. Rich	Sloop	28.00	4	..	1	....
Edith (A, B)	B. S. Y. C.	D. J. Meserole		21.06	4	4	....	....
Edna	Bn. Y. C.	A. L. Smith	Sloop	26 00	2	Pfaff.	....	....
Eleanor	S. C. Y. C.	Thos. Young	Sloop	36 00	4	1	....	....
Eleanor	Cor. Y. C.			22-26	1	1	....	....
Eleanor	G. Y. C.	W. J. Young	J. & M.	....	1	1	....	....
Elf	G. H. Y. C.	H. A. Joslyn	Cat	15.09	1	1	....	....
Elfin	Q. Y. C.	J. F. Tully	Cat	16.08	4	1	1	....
Elsie	Q. Y. C	C F. Hardwick	Cat	16.02	0	H.Y.C 3	2	4th
Elsie May	J. C. Y. C.	Joshua Clark	Sloop	30 01	1	1	....	....
Em Ell Eye	S. B. Y. C.	P. M. Bond	Cat	19.04	9	H. 3	SBYC	1
Emma Brugam	South. Y. C.		T. U.	....	1	..	1	....
Emma C	Newark Y. C.	Chas. Cameron	Sloop	26.02	1	1	....	....
Enigma	S. Bay Y. C.	H. F. Krome	Schr.	29 06	1	1	....	....
Enterprise	A. Y. C.	G. B. Moffatt	Sloop	44 02	3	1	....	....
Erin	Q. Y. C.	G. H. Cavanagh	Sloop	26 00	7	1	....	....
Ethel	Os. Y. C.	L. C. Kenyon	....	....	3	2	....	1
Ethel	Lake Geneva	C. E. Ayer	....	1st	1	....	....	....
Eugenia	B. Y. C.	I. S. Palmer	Cat	25.01	5	Marb. 2	....	....
Eva	B. Y. C.	Daniel Sargent	Sloop	25.04	3	1	2	....
Expert	B. Y. C.	Lawrence Whitcomb	Sloop	22.08	13	Mab Y C B 3	2	1
F. D. Moulton	Porchester		....	3d C	1	1	....	....
F. Mershom	South. Y. C.		T. U.	1st C	1	1	....	....
F. Mitchell	South. Y. C.		T. U.	3d C	1	..	1	....
Fad	B. Y. C.	Geo. A. Goddard	Yawl	24.00	2	1	....	....
Fairy	Larch. Y. C.	F. E. Towle	Cat	21.09	2	2	....	....
Falka	B. Y. C.	C. S. Robinson	Cat	22.4½	1	..	....	....
Fanita	N. Y. Y. C.	Geo. J. Gould	Sloop	45.05	5	3	1	....
Fanchon	Clev. Y. Ass		Sloop	35.02	3	2	1	....
Fannie	B. Y. C.	F. W. Sargent	Cat	21.07	4	BBPen2	1	....
Fannie	Yon. Y. C.	R. Underhill	Sloop	23-25	3	1	....	....
Fannie	Pen. Y. C.		....	....	..	1	....	....
Fannie M	Porchester		....	....	1	..	1	....
Fanny	J. C.		....	....	1	..	1	....
Faustina	Osterville		....	....	1	..	1	....
Favorita	E. R. Y. C.	M. Chard	Sloop	31.02	1	1	....	....
Fearless	N. B. Y. C.	D. K. Phillips	Schr.	54.03	1	1	....	....
Fleetwing	Newark Y. C.		....	....	1	1	....	....
Flight	N. B. Y. C.	H. Hathaway	Sloop	31.05	1	1	....	....
Flirt	G. H. Y. C.	J. W. Hildreth	Cat	15 03	6	..	2	4th
Flora Lee	S. B. Y. C	D. H. Lincoln	Cat	16.00	13	Q&DYC 5	....	1
Florence T	Porchester		Cat	....	1	..	1	....
Florrie	Somerset	L. P. Davis	Cat	16.03	1	..	1	....
Flush	Mich Y. C.		OpenB	....	1	1	....	....
Fortuna	E Y. C.	Henry S. Hovey	Schr.	95 00	5	3	....	....
Fraud	S. B. Y. C.	G. H. Hutchins	Sloop	21 06	1	..	....	4th
Gannet	Larch Y. C.	Oliver Adams	Sloop	21.02	3	2	....	....
Gem	B. Y. C.	H. W. Savage	Sloop	25 02	7	A.	2	....
Gem	R. R. Y. C.		....	....	1	1	....	....
Gen. Garfield	Kinc. Y. C.	C. L. Curtis	Sloop	....	2	..	....	1
Genesta	R. Y. S	Sir Richard Sutton	Cutter	81 00	5	3	....	....
Genevieve	Bk. Y. C.	H. S. Wood	Sloop	34.06	1	1	....	....
Geo. B. Deane	N. J. Y. C.	K. L. Dunbecker	Sloop	21 05	1	1	....	....
Geo. Bosler	Penn Y. C.		T. U.	....	2	..	....	1
Geo. Flick	South. Y. C.		T. U.	....	3	..	1	....
Georgie	L. Y. C.	W. B. Newhall	Cat	18.06	2	..	1	....
Gitana	E. Y. C.	Wm. F. Weld	Schr.	93.00	6	2	1	....
Glide	G. H. Y. C.		Cat	18.06	1	..	1	....
Glide	Mon. Y. C.		Cat	....	1	..	1	....
Good Luck	Dighton	Arthur M. Phillips	Cat	22.00	3	2	....	1
Grace Tingue	Porchester		....	....	2d C	1	..	....
Gracie	N. Y. Y. C.	Joseph P. Earle	Sloop	69.09	12	3	1	....
Gracie	K. Y. C.	W. R. Morse	Sloop	24.05	1	1	....	....
Grayling	N. Y. Y. C.	L. A. Fish	Schr.	84.04	6	6	....	....
Grayling	Col. Y. C.		J. & M.	....	1	1	....	....
Greta	D. Y. C.	W. S. Hill	Sloop	22.07	3	..	1	....
Growler	N. J. Y. C.	J. Bell	Sloop	24 09	2	1	....	....
Guenn	D. Y. C	A. L. Dearborn	Cat	17.02	9	..	2	....
Guinevere	Quebec Y. C.	Albert Peters	....	28 T	1	..	1	....
Gussie	Har. Y. C.		Cat	o.20	1	1	....	....
Gwendolin	Bar H. Y. C.	Peabody	Sloop	32.00	1	1	....	....
Gypsy	Ec. Y. C.		Cat	....	2	1	....	....
H. D. Boardman	South. Y. C.		T. U.	....	1	1	....	....
Halcyon	S. F. Y. C.	H. L. Tevis	Schr.	72.05	1	1	....	....
Happy Thought	N. H. Y. C.	W. Graves	Sloop	....	6	2	....	..
Hard Times	J. C. Y. C.	F. W. Geyer	Cat	18.06	2	..	1	....
Harry C	P. B. Y. C.	R. P. Horton	....	....	1	1	....	....
Hattie	Buf. Y. C.	A. H. Chillicott	Schr.	36 08	3	2	1	....
Haze	A. Y. C.	C. W. Hogan	Schr.	62.09	3	..	1	....
Helen	Min. Y. C.	J. E. Starr	Cat	19.02	1	1	....	....
Henry Fisher	Col. Y. C.	Martin Nicholas	J. & M.	19.04	1	1	....	....
Hera	H. Y. C.	G. R. Howe	Sloop	35.00	4	H.Y.C 4	....	....
Herald	Q. Y. C	S. S. Smith	Sloop	20.06	5	..	1	....
Hestia	C. A. Y. C.	W. H. Dennen	Sloop	18.03	6	..	....	2
Hoodoo	J. C. Y. C.	A. P. Curtis	Sloop	19 11	1	1	....	....
Hope	Larch. Y. C.	F. H. Benedict	Sloop	38 09	3	1	....	....
Hope	Fall River	J. W. Norris	Cat	19.06	3	..	....	1
Hornet	B. Y. C.	H. L. Harding	Cat	18.11	8	2	1	....
Hornet	K. Y. C.	F. M. Scott	Cat	22.06	3	3	....	....
Humes	Cooper's Point		....	....	1	1	....	....
Huron	E. Y. C	Wm. Gray, Jr	Sloop	63.00	2	1	....	....
Ibex	S. B. Y. C	A. S. Knowlton	Sloop	27.10	5	..	S. B	....
Ibis	Quin. Y. C.	W. T. Van Nostrand	....	....	1	1	....	....
Ida	Min. Y. C.		....	....	1	1	....	....
Ideal	Pen. Y. C.		....	....	1	1	....	....
Ideal	Dighton	W. Simmons	Cat	21 07	3	2	1	....
Idler	N. C. Y. C.		Sloop	....	4	2	....	....
Idlewild	San Francisco		....	....	1	1	....	....
Ilderan	A. Y. C.	Walter Southwick	Sloop	30.02	2	1	....	....
Ileen	S. Y. C.	Arthur Padelford	Cutter	65.03	2	1	....	....
Imogen	H. Y. C.	M. R. Wendell	Cat	19.07	10	..	1	....
Inp	W. L. Y. C.		Cat	....	4	W. L.	....	4th
Ineta	B. H. Y. C			....	1	1	....	....
Inez	W. L. Y. C.	Goodridge Bros	Sloop	18.06	4	W. L.	....	....
Iolanthe	R. C. Y. C.	W. H. Bigger	Sloop	30.06	5	4	1	....
Iris	Tor. Y. C.	D. Lewis, Jr	Sloop	18.06	2	2	....	....
Iris	J. C. Y. C.	Robert Inman	Cata.	42.06	4	1	....	....
Isis	N. Y. Y. C.	A. Cass Canfield	Cutter	51.00	6	2	....	....
Island Belle	Bird Island	H. Ware	Cat	18.00	1	1	....	....
Ivory Soap	Am. Y. C. of New	S. Goodwin			1	..	1	....
J. L. Noble	Gloucester, Del.		T. U.		1	2d C	1	....
J. Pierce, Jr	Mob. Y. C.		Cat		3	1	....	....
J. J. Poyen, Jr	New. Y. C.	Pierce & Bowen	Sloop	15.09	3	..	2	....
Jean	K. Y. C.	F. W. Thorp	Cat	22.06	3	..	....	....
Jennie	Larch. Y. C.		Cat	14.11	3	3	....	....
Jennie J	Mich. Y. C.	June	Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Jennie L	L. Y. C.	C. H. Lockhardt	Sloop	....	4	..	1	....
Jennie S	Sav. Y. C.	R. M. Demere	Sloop	23.09	3	1	1	....
Jessie	J. C. Y. C.	F. Hughes	Sloop	24.07	1	..	1	....
Jessie W	Col. Y. C.		Cata.	30.00	4	1	....	....
Josephine	Riverton		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Joker	H. Y. C.	Geo. Coffin	....	....	1	1	....	....
Judith	J. C.	E. T. Pigeon	Cat	....	8	H 2	1	....
Julian	Col. Y. C.		Sloop	26.10	2	..	2	....
Jumbo	Am. Y. C., N.Y.	Chas. Cobb	Schr.	27.07	1	1	....	....
Just Woke Up	Newark Y. C.	J. B. Phillips	J. & M.	21.11	1	..	1	....
Kate	Jamaica Bay			....	2	3	....	....
Kate Graham	Tol. Y. C.		Sloop	45.00	1	1	....	....
Kate Purtell	Brooklyn	Kit Nolin	....	....	8	3	....	....
Katie Gray	Os. Y. C.	W. B. Phelps, Jr	Sloop	28.00	1	1	....	....
Kickamint	Warren	C. Barker	Cat	24.09	3	..	1	1
Kit	B. H. Y. C.	Wilcox & Rich	Cat	18.06	1	..	....	....
Kittiwake	C. A. Y. C.	Cunningham	Cat	20.08	3	..	1	....
Kitty	H. Y. C.	E. H. Tarbell	Sloop	22.08	13	H Y C 8	2	1
Kitty	Osterville			27.03	1	..	....	1
Kitty N	Yon. Y. C.		Cat	20.01	2	1	....	....
La Perichole	S. Y. C.	S. J. Colford	Cat	24.03	1	1	....	....
Lady of the Lake	Mattapoisett	F. A. Bowman	Cat	20-23	3	..	....	1
Lancer	Wil. Y. C.		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Laura	Os. Y. C.	Allen Ames	Sloop	32.00	3	..	1	....
Laura	King. Y. C.	T. McK. Robertson	Sloop	32.00	4	1	1	1
Lazy Jane	Min. Y. C.	G. V. Johnson	Cat	21.00	2	1	....	....
Leila	Bar H. Y. C.	Weber	....	....	1	..	1	....
L'Esperance	San Francisco		....	....	3d C	1	1	....
Lestris	B. Y. C.	J. Crane	Cat	21 08	3	BBP'n2	....	....
Lila	Pt. Clear		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Lillie	J. C.			18.00	2	..	1	....
Little Deane	Har. Y. C.	C. Rae, Jr		16.05	2	2	....	....
Little Nell	Bar H. Y. C.	Pendleton Bros	....	....	1	1	....	....
Lizzie F. Daly	H. Y. C.	John Daly	Sloop	26 00	7	H. 2	1	1
Lizzie R	K. Y. C.	W. T. Onderdonk	J. & M.	28 06	2	2	....	....
Lorena	Mob. Y. C.	J. Smith	Cat	u. 16	2	1	1	....
Lorna	Larch. Y. C.	E. J. O'Gorman	Sloop	24.08o.a	2	1	....	....
Lottie	H. R. Y. C.		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Louette	Sandy Bay Y.C.	L. M. Haskins	Sloop	19.06	2	1	1	....
Louis Belle	G. Y. C	J. Williams	Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Louise	N. H. Y. C.	F. H. Hall	Sloop	20.01	3	1	1	....
Lucy	Osterville		....	3d C	1	1	....	....
Lulu	Bur. Y. C.			24.00	2	Bur Bur	....	....
Lurline	Pac. Y. C.	J. D. Spreckels	Schr.	72.03	2	1	....	....
Lydia C. White	Pawtuxet	A. L. Crandall	Sloop	35.00	1	1	2	....
Mabel	D. Y. C.	G. R. Howe	Cat	19.04	3	..	2	....
Mabel	Gan. Y. C.		....	....	2	2	....	....
Mabel	Yon. Y. C.	Frank Ford	Cat	16.06	3	1	1	....
Madeline	Tol. Y. C.	Ernst	Sloop	21.02	4	2	....	....
Maggie	S. Y. C.	W. A. W. Stewart	Cutter	44.08	4	1	....	....
Maggie	K. Y. C.	A. Wagner	J. & M.	17.08	2	2	S B	....
Maggie	S. B. Y. C.	Henry Hussey	Sloop	25.05	3	..	....	....
Maggie P	Newark Y. C.		J. & M.		1	1	2	....
Magic	L. Y. C.	E. C. Neal	Sloop	30 02	4	1	....	....
Mamie N	Porchester		2d C		1	1	....	....
Marguerite	N. H. Y. C.	C. M. Peck	Sloop	36 06	1	3	....	....
Marguerite	W. L. Y. C.		....	....	3	WLYC	....	....
Mariota	Larch Y. C.	H. C. Van Wart	Sloop	30.07	1	1	....	....
Mary	Osh. Y. C.		....	....	2d C	1	....	....
Mary	Mon. Beach	G. E. Phinney	Cat	....	2	..	....	1
Mary Gibson	E. B. Y. C.		J. & M.	....	1	1	....	....
Mary Lee	Mon. Y. C.	C. M. Hardenburg	Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Mary M	Short Br'h Y.C.	Jas. Merriman	....	....	1	1	....	....
Mascot	Prov. Y. C.	E. D. Snow	....	....	21.01	1	1	....
Mattie	B. Y. C.	Howard Stockton	Cat	25.10	7	1	3	....
Maud	J. C.	Wood Bros	Sloop	....	2	1	1	....

Name.	Club or Port.	Owner.	Rig.	W. L.	No. of Races Sailed.	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
Maud M	E. R. Y. C		Sloop	25-30	1	1	....	....
Maud S	Kelly Island		Sloop	17.08	1	..	....	1
Mavis	B. Y. C	J. H. Proctor	Cutter	27.00	1	..	1	....
May	Sav. Y. C	T. P. Bond	Sloop	25.06	1	1	....	....
Mayflower	Galveston	Payne	Sloop	30.00	2	1	....	....
Me histo	Southern Y. C	Alex. Brewster	J.&M	....	1	1	....	....
Merlin	Gan. Y. C		....	....	2	..	....	1
Meteor	Tor. Y. C		Sloop	3d C	2	1	1	....
Mignon	Bk. Y. C	E. N. Dickerson, Jr	Sloop	21.10	1	1	....	....
Mignonette	Buf. Y. C	R. H. Sliper	J.&M.	23.01	1	..	1	....
Mimic	Larch. Y. C	W. Murray	J.&M.	27.04	1	1	....	....
Minerva	Q. C. Y. C	Minerva L. & Y. Club	Sloop	32.09	2	1	....	....
Minnie C	Gan. Y. C		....	....	2	2	....	....
Minnie D	Gan. Y. C		....	....	1	1	....	....
Mirage	B. Y. C	L. M. Clark	Cat	17.00	12	H.	1	....
Mirth	Cor. Y. C		....	26-40	1	1	....	....
Mischief	N. Y. Y. C	J. R. Busk	Sloop	61.00	2	3	....	....
Mischief	Tor. Y. C	John Parkinson	Sloop	21.00	4	2	....	....
Mischief	G. H. Y. C	D. Belcher	Cat	16.10	7	2	1	1
Mischief	Osterville		....	27.08	1	..	1	....
Mohican	E. Y. C	Henry D. Burnham	Schr.	100.09	5	1	....	....
Mona	Marb. Y. C	Herman Parker	Cutter	18.07	3	..	....	1
Monarch	S. B. Y. C	J. J. Bligh	Schr.	26.03	5	..	SBYC	....
Montauk	N. Y. Y. C	J. A. Brooks	Schr.	91.08	3	1	....	....
Muriel	L. Y. C	E. C. Neal	Sloop	22.00	5	..	2	1
Muriel	Osterville	Smalley	Cat	22.02	1	1	....	....
Myrtle	Wood's Holl	A. F. Crowell	Cat	20.00	3	..	2	....
Myrtle	Mon. Beach	G. E. Phinney	Cat	....	3	..	....	1
Myrtle	Pawtuxet	J. V. Brown	Sloop	28.08	1	..	1	....
Mystery	Bristol	W. H. Allen	Sloop	23.01	1	..	1	....
Mystic	K. Y. C		Str.	....	1	1	....	....
Mystic	Mattapoisett	L. Frothingham	Cat	15-20	1	1	....	....
Myth	B. Y. C	Thos Parsons	Cat	23.07	8	1	....	....
Nahma	Q. C. Y. C	Ferry & Whitehead	Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Narraganset	Lake City	Oscar Peterson	....	....	1	1	....	....
Narrioch	K. Y. C	C. W. Voltz	Cat	18.01	1	1	....	....
Nellie	Pac. Y. C	J. M. Donahue	Schr.	56.09	2	2	....	....
Nellie	Fall River	E. Haggerty	Cat	17.08	1	..	1	....
Nellie	New London		....	....	1	1	....	....
Nellie B	H. R. Y. C		Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Nellie E. Tracy	Pt. Clear		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Nellie Veda	Mattapoisett		Cat	28.06	2	..	....	1
Nellie W	Wareham	J. Monaghan	Cat	....	2	..	1	....
Neptune	Harvard		Cat	25.00	1	..	1	....
Nettie Thorp	Har. Y. C	J. W. Thorp	J.&M.	24.08	5	2	1	....
Nettle	Q. Y. C		Cat	....	3	..	1	....
Nimbus	S. B. Y. C	B. Jenny	Sloop	36.09	5	S B Y C	....	....
Niobe	D. Y. C	J. R. Chadwick	Cat	19 09	17	3	2	4th
Nomad	A. Y. C	H. C. Wintringham	Sloop	32.00	1	..	1	....
Nona	Mich. Y. C	Wendell	....	3d	1	1	....	....
Nora	D. Y. C	G. B. Dennie	Cat	16.06	4	..	2	....
Novice	Bay St. Louis		J.&M.	....	1	1	....	....
No. 246	Am. Y. C	Wm. Cramp & Son	Str.	152.00	4	1	....	....
Nydia	S. B. Y. C	James Galvin	Sloop	25.00	6	S B Y C	....	....
Oberon	Tol. Y. C	L. Mathias	Sloop	34.08	6	1	....	1
Oneta	B. Q. Y. C	H Corby	Str.	63 o. a.	1	1	....	....
Oriole	R. C. Y. C	W. Gooderham	Schr.	63.06	5	2	....	....
Osprey	Tol Y. C		Sloop	33.10	7	..	....	4th
Osprey	Quebec Y. C	J. Thorn	....	11 T.	2	1	....	....
Owl	C. A. Y. C	Davis	Cat	....	1	1	....	....
P. J. Tomlin	H. R. Y. C		....	....	1	1	....	....
Parole	W. Y. Y. C	W. T. Bowers	Cat	17.10	2	..	....	1
Peerless	K. Y. C	J. F. Lalor	Sloop	30.00	4	2	....	....
Peerless	Tor. Y. C		Sloop	3d C	1	..	....	1
Peri	B. Y. C	Henry Parkman	Cat	....	3	..	1	....
Peri	N. B. Y. C	Sands	Sloop	....	2	..	2	....
Peri	Chi. Y. C		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Pert	C. A. Y. C	J. Goodwin	Sloop	15.09	1	1	....	....
Pet	Q. Y. C	J. McFarlane	Cat	18.07	7	..	1	....
Petrel	B. Y. C	Geo. H. Richards	Cat	18.03	3	2	1	....
Petrel	Mich. Y. C	A. J. McLeod	Sloop	33.02	5	Mich. 1	....	....
Petrel	C. A. Y. C	H. Paul	....	....	4	1	....	....
Phallas	J. C		Sloop	19.08	5	2	....	2
Pinafore	Osh. Y. C		....	....	2	..	1	....
Pirate	E. R. Y. C		Cat	20-25	1	1	....	....
Posy	Q. Y. C	R. G. Hunt	Cat	21.01	2	..	1	....
Princess	Min. Y. C	E. J. Phelps	Cat	21.00	2	..	1	....
Priscilla	N. Y. Y. C	J. G. Bennett and Wm. P. Douglass.	Sloop	85.00	4	1	....	....
Progress	E. R. Y. C	F. K. Schuesole	Sloop	20-25	1	1	....	....
Prospect	H. R. Y. C		....	23.00o.a	1	1	....	....
Puritan	E. Y. C	H. S. Hovey, J. Mal. Forbes, Wm. F. Weld, Chas. J. Paine, Wm. H. Forbes, John L. Gardner, Aug. Hemenway, J. M. Sears, F. L. Higginson, W. Gray, Jr., and an unknown.	Sloop	80.00	7	6	....	....
Puritan	C. A. Y. C	Tucker	Cat	17.05	2	..	1	....
Psyche	B. Y. C	H. M. & P. S. Sears	Cat	17.00	8	B.Y.C.3 D.Y.C.	1	....
Queen Mab	D. Y. C	Burwell & Litchfield	Cat	21.00	15	Q.Y.C. 2 H Y C 6	2	4th
Quissett	Mattapoisett	R. B. Heller	Cat	29 00	5	2	1	....
Racket	Yon. Y. C	N. P. Quick & J. Dickson	Sloop	28-30	3	1	....	....
Rambler	Yon. Y. C	J. Thorn	Sloop	24.11	1	1	....	....
Rambler	Newark	A. F. Adams	J.&M.	24.01o.a	2	1	....	....
Rambler	S. F		Schr.	1st C	1	1	....	....
Rarus	Pawtuxet	S. Baker	Cat	20.06	1	1	....	....
Reindeer	Bridgeport	Prindle	....	3d C	1	1	....	....
Restless	S. F		Sloop	2d C	1	..	1	....
Richmond	Q. C. Y. C	J. H. Hanighan	J.&M	23.11	1	1	....	....
Ripple	N. C. Y. C		Sloop	18.05	3	1	....	....
Ripple	Buf. Y. C		Sloop	35.06	2	..	1	1
Rival	Am. Y. C	J. A. Baker	Str.	87.08	6	1	....	....
Romeyn	A. Y. C	W. R. Vermilyea	Sloop	32.00	4	3	....	....
Romp	Fall River	Thos. Wood	Cat	16.07	3	..	....	1
Rose	S. F		Cutter	3d C	1	1	....	....
Rosetta A	K. Y. C		J.&M.	21.05	2	2	....	....
Roy	Osterville		Cat	....	1	..	1	....
Ruby	Mob. Y. C		Sloop	22.00	1	1	....	....
Sadie	S. F		Pl'g'r	4th C	1	1	....	....

Name.	Club or Port.	Owner.	Rig.	W.L.	No of Races Sailed.	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
Sasqua	Har. Y. C	H. Andrus	Cutter	33.00	1	1	....	....
Sassacus	C. A. Y. C	B. Griffin	Sloop	16.08	3	1	....	....
Scamp	D. Y. C	Howard Gray	Cat	....	4	2	....	....
Schemer	Larch. Y. C	A. Monroe	Sloop	36.04	5	4	....	....
Scud	B. Y. C	N. H. Emmons	Cat	20.00	2	1	....	....
Scud	Tol. Y. C		Sloop	35.01	7	2	1	1
Sea Bird	J. C	C. L. Joy	Sloop	22.02	13	2	3	4th4th
Sea Robin	Bk. Y. C	H. G. Walter	Sloop	23 10	1	1	....	....
Seraphine	S. B. Y. C	C. A. Borden	Cat	18.10	3	..	S.B	....
Shadow	B. Y. C	John Bryant	Sloop	33.10	3	2	....	1
Shadow	Newark Y. C	Bush & Frazer	Cat	20.02	2	1	....	....
Sharpie	Bur. Y. C			26.00	3	Bur.	....	....
Sibyl	Mob. Y. C	J. B. Dorlan	Cat	14-16	4	1	....	....
Siren	S. B. Y. C	W. C. Dillingham	Sloop	41.10	3	4	....	....
Sophie	K Y. C		J.&M.	u. 18	1	1	....	....
Sophie K	Porchester		....	....	1	1	....	....
Speranza	N. Y. Y. C	H. W. Collender	Schr.	87.00	3	1	....	....
Spider	B. Y. C	Walter Abbott	Cat	20.00	10	B.Y.C 2	1	4th
Spray	Q. Y. C	H. M. Faxon	Cat	17 07	12	1	....	....
Spray	W. L. Y. C	G. Putnam	Cat	14.03	3	1	....	....
Spray	Falmouth	J. Fredhoff	Cat	15-20	1	..	1	....
Spray, Jr	Yon. Y. C	John Dickson	Cat	18.07	3	1	....	....
Spray Bird	G. H. Y. C	C. H. Harris	Cat	14.06	2	1	....	....
Sprite	B. H. Y. C			3d C	1	1	....	....
Start	South. Y. C		T. U.	2d C	1	..	1	....
Stella	Tol. Y. C		Sloop	21.02	5	1	....	....
Stranger	N. H. Y. C	J. N. McAuley	Sloop	26 07	6	7	....	....
Stranraer	H. Y. C	G. C. Browne	Sloop	....	4	..	....	4th
Surf	S. Y. C	Zerega & Rathborne	Cutter	35.00	3	1	....	....
Surprise	B. Y. C	Jas. M. Codman	Cat	24.00	8	BBP'n5	2	....
Surprise	Fall River				1	1	....	....
Susie S	New York	Ira Smith	J.&M.	27.03	1	1	....	....
Susie V	Har. Y. C	S. Vail	Cat	20.04o.a	1	1	....	....
Sylvia	Osh. Y. C			....	1	..	1	....
T. M. Seeds	Penn Y. C		T. U.	....	1	1	....	....
T. Sparks	South Y. C		T. U.	....	2	..	1	....
Tahena	Fall River	C. S. Williams	Sloop	22.06	3	1	....	....
Tantavy	B. S. Y. C			....	1	..	1	14th
Tartar	D. Y. C	F. L. Dunne	Cat	19.01	16	D. 3	3	....
Teaser	Oceanic Y. C	J. A. Relyea	Cat	18.01	1	1	....	....
Thelga	D. Y. C	A. P. Thayer	Cutter	21.03	14	H. 2	2	....
Thetis	Bur. Bay			....	....	1	..	Bur B'y
Thetis	S. F		Sloop	2d C	1	1	....	....
Thisbe	D. Y. C	S. A. Freeman	Cat	20.05	11	S.B.1	S.B S.B S.B S.B	....
Thistle			Sloop	58.02	1	2	....	....
Thos. Ledyard	South. Y. C		T. U.	....	3	1	....	1
Thorn	K. Y. C	Jas. Graham	J.&M.	24.06	1	1	....	....
Thrasher	H. Y. C	G. G. Garraway	Cat	20.03	7	1	....	4th
Tidal Wave	Tol. Y. C		....	17.08	1	..	1	....
Topsy	J. C	W. Farlow	Sloop	18.06	6	1	1	....
Torment	Am. Y. C., N.Y.	E. W. McKay	Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Trio	N. H. Y. C	W. L. Cheney	Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Turk	Buf. Y. C	T. P. Frank	Sloop	25.05	2	1	...	1
Ullman	Pt. Clear		Cata.	....	1	1	....	....
Una	Fall River	Albert Hibbert	Cat	....	1	1	....	....
Uncas	Sav. Y. C	H. C. Claghorn	....	19.02	1	1	....	....
Uncle Jake	Yon. Y. C		4th C		2	1	....	....
Undine	Bn. Y. C	Benj. Dean	Sloop	48.06	1	..	1	....
Unique	Marb. Y. C	G. A. Stewart	Cat	19 10	4	1	....	....
Unknown	S. B. Y. C	Orcutt & Gardner	Sloop	23.01	3	S. B.	....	....
Unknown	Swansea	E. Young	Cat	17.08	2	1	....	....
Utowana	Am. Y. C	W. E. Connor	Str.	121.06	5	1	....	....
V. P. Dorp	South. Y. C		T. U.	4th C	1	1	....	....
Vaddie	K. Y. C	W. A. Brady	Cat	15 06	1	1	....	....
Venitzia	Q. C. Y. C	Arthur Colburn	Sloop	54.03	1	1	....	....
Venture	Porchester		....	1st C	1	1	....	....
Vera	B. Y. C	Everett Paine	Cat	19.02	2	..	1	....
Vera	Tor. Y. C				1	..	1	....
Verve	R. Y. C	R. Cochrane	Cutter	42.00	6	1	1	....
Verve	Chi. Y. C	E. W. Sayres	Cutter	43.06	1	1	....	....
Vesper	W. L. Y. C	R. M. Benner	Sloop	18.10	4	1	....	1
Vici	Am. Y. C., N.Y.	Perkins & Bowen		....	1	..	1	....
Village Belle	Porchester		....	2d C	1	1	....	....
Viola	South. Y. C		Schr.	....	1	1	....	....
Viola	L. Y. C	E. C. Smith	Sloop	20.03	1	1	....	....
Violet	Mon. Y. C	G. N. Roberts	....	....	1	1	....	....
Violet	S. B. Y. C	H. J. McKee	Sloop	33.02	6	..	SBYC1	....
Violet	Penn Y. C		T. U.	....	1	..	....	1
Vivian	Osterville		Cat	20.03	1	..	....	1
Vixen	B. S. Y. C	W. B. Gregory		....	2	..	1	....
Vixen	N. H. Y. C	Allan Seaman	Sloop	27.11	8	3	2	....
Vixen	N. C. Y. C		Sloop	19.05	3	1	....	....
W. Graham	Penn. Y. C		T. U.	15.00	1	..	....	....
W. J. Partridge	Mich. Y. C	W. J. Partridge	Sloop	34.00	2	Mich.	1	....
Wabasso	J. C. Y. C		Sloop	20-23	1	1	....	....
Wacondah	K. Y. C	Meyer & Doscher	Sloop	33 00	4	2	....	....
Wasp	Chi. Y. C	J. Prindeville	Sloop	64.00	1	1	....	....
Wave	Quin. Y. C	W. H. Wiley	Cat	....	1	..	1	....
Wayward	N. H. Y. C	C. B. Warner	Sloop	37.04	1	1	....	....
Wenona	N. Y. Y. C	W. K. Bloodgood	Sloop	40.00	3	1	1	....
Whimbrel	K. Y. C		Sloop	....	1	1	....	....
Whisper	Lake Geneva	N. K. Fairbanks	....	1st	1	1	....	....
Whistlewing	Burlington Bay		....	....	2	Bur. Bay.	Bur B'y	....
White Cloud	Am. Y. C., N.Y.	N. Rodigrass	....	....	1	1	....	....
Whitewing	Galveston	Babcock	Sloop	30 00	2	1	....	....
Wideawake	B. Y. C	F. Tudor, Jr	Cat	15.01	1	..	1	....
Wild Duck	N. H. Y. C	Alex. Lutz	Sloop	39.07	1	1	....	....
Wildfire	Q. Y. C	H. A. Keith	Cat	17.03	11	Q.Y.C 3	3	....
Wilkin	Cooper's Point		T. U.	15.00	2	2	....	....
Willie	P. Y. C	Atwood	Sloop	33.02	2	2	....	....
Willie	K. Y. C	R. Schelling	Cat	18.03	1	1	....	....
Witch	B. Y. C	B. B. Crowninshield	Cutter	22 00	12	M.Y.C3	1	1
Wizard	C. P. M. F	J. Bertram	Cat	18.06	2	..	....	1
Wrath	Osterville		Cat	15.05	1	..	....	1
Wraith	B. Y. C		Cat	18.02	4	M.	1	....
Zantho	Marb. Y. C	Parker	Sloop	20.01	1	..	1	....
Zara	Providence	J. Gladhills	Cat	16 00	2	..	1	....
Zelda	G. Y. C	H. Asten	....	....	3	2	....	....
Zetta	J. C	Fowle & Warren	Sloop	18 09	8	5	....	....
Zoe	Southern Y. C	W. A. Goodwin	Schr.	31.00	3	2	....	....

YACHTING NOTES.—The schooner Norna has been through a gale off the Florida coast, in which she lost her bowsprit, head gear, and it is reported two of her crew. She put in to Nassau, and then to Pensacola for repairs. As the Norna is not a cutter, no special mention of her disaster has appeared in the daily papers ..The Great Head Y. C. gave its first annual ball at Winthrop last week, a very successful affair....Mr. Starbuck has sold his steam yacht Tillie to Mr. C. H. Osgood, of Norwich, Conn ...Ex-Com. Chase has sold his schooner Clio to Mr. S. L. Blood, N. Y. and Atlantic Y. C....Mr. Brook's schooner Montauk sailed on Jan. 13 for Nassau. The Nooya is nearly ready for a trip in the same direction....Mr. Morris's steam yacht Cora has left Norfolk for Florida....Mr. Stewart has sold his schooner Nokomis to Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll....Romeyn, Mr. W. R. Vermilye, has been sold to Mr. Wetmore, and her former owner has purchased the sloop Ariadne, built last year for Mr. Thomas Howe ...Nirvana, schooner, is now cruising in the South, and Carmelita is also off for the West Indies ...Knickerbocker Y. C.—The sloop Siren will have an iron keel of 1500 pounds. The sloop Melvina will be changed to a keel boat this winter. The Hornet will give up her bg jib for two head sails. The Whim has had a new cabin built on her....Club meetings.—New York Y. C., Feb. 4, election and general business. Atlantic Y. C., March 8, election.

YACHT BUILDING AT GLOUCESTER.—Messrs. Higgins & Gifford are now building a centerboard yacht to be cutter rigged, with cockpit, 35ft. long, 12ft. beam, 4ft. deep, from same model as the yacht Marshal Tarr, also one keel yacht, cutter rigged, with 1,200 pounds iron on keel, 36½ft long, 12½ft beam, 5ft. deep. Besides these they have a centerboard sloop with a large cabin and standing room, 25ft. over all, 10ft. beam, 3ft. deep, counter stern; and a centerboard sloop with low house, very light draft, expressly for speed, 25ft. long, 9½ft. beam, 2ft. deep, with large spread of canvas and very large centerboard; and a keel yacht 20ft. long, 9ft. wide, 2ft. deep; this boat is very flat, with long floor and has a keel 2½ft. deep with lead ballast in keel. They also have a contract for a steam launch 38ft. long, 8ft. beam, 2½ft. deep, 22in. draft. Extensive alterations are in progress on the yacht Louette, Com. L. M. Haskins, of the Sandy Bay Y. C. Petrel, Capt. H. H. Paul, of the same club, will have an addition of a house and round stern, and her rig will be changed from cat to a sloop. The Kittiwake, Capt. Chas. Cunningham, same club, is having a round stern and other improvements. The Evelyn is having a deep keel and general looking after sailing qualities. The Edith will also be overhauled and put in good order.

A PAINFUL SITUATION.—The report industriously circulated by several dailies, to the effect that Irex had challenged for the cup, has not only been proved to be without foundation, but it is denied by the English papers that her owner had any idea of challenging. The good work goes on, however, and each week some astounding novelties go the regular rounds. Last week's record included an announcement of the approaching dissolution of the American Y. C., since denied and also the following explanation of the trouble in the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., the utterance of the ubiquitous "prominent member" in the *Commercial Advertiser*: "The *Herald* says that the trouble arose from a quarrel between cutter men and sloop men. This is all wrong and is in no sense an element of the trouble. Mr. Stewart himself owns a centerboard schooner. A special bone of contention in the club is the admission of a lot of canoes. These fly the club colors and are entitled to a salute from any schooner in the club. There is a very strong feeling against the admission of these small boats." As Mr. Stewart is the owner of one of the largest schooners and also of one of the smallest of the three or four canoes in the club, this makes it all clear. Imagine the feelings of a yachtsman, who, on board of his imposing schooner, is obliged to lower himself by dipping his colors to his own canoe; or on the other hand, his mortification when, as owner of the little craft, he is coolly snubbed by himself in the capacity of the haughty master of a fine schooner. What a chance for Mr. Gilbert!

LARCHMONT Y. C.—A special meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. will be held at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street, on Monday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30 o'clock, at which the following amendments to the constitution and by-laws have been proposed and will be acted upon at the meeting. Constitution, Article VIII.—The first sentence to be amended to read as follows: "The membership shall be limited to five hundred." By-Laws. Chapter III., Sec. 1.—To be amended to read as follows: "The initiation fee shall be fifty dollars." Sec. 2.—The first sentence to be amended to read as follows: "The yearly dues of each member shall be twenty dollars, payable at the annual meeting."

SMALL LAUNCHES.—Messrs. Powell & Douglas, Waukegan, Ill., are now building a 45ft. launch for Mr. J. A. Kirk, of Chicago, to be planked with cedar, copper fastened, and finished in mahogany. The same firm are now putting the Shipman engine into launches, and recommend it as simple, cheap and effective. These engines are now manufactured, after improved designs, by the Pope Manufacturing Company.

ATLANTIC Y. C.—The twentieth anniversary of the Atlantic Y. C, was celebrated by a dinner at the Hotel Brunswick on Friday last, at which Com. Hogins presided. A large number of members and guests, among the latter Mr. Edward Burgess, were present. It was proposed during the evening that the club should build a sloop from Mr. Phillip Ellsworth's model, large enough to meet Galatea.

TORONTO Y. C.—The Toronto Y. C. have their house open all winter, Monday evening of each week being devoted to a social meeting. A supper was lately given by the club to Mr. Duggan, at which Mr. Geo. E. Evans presided.

ADDRESS WANTED.—Will "W.," whose letter on stoves appeared on Dec. 31, please send his address to us?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. L.—Florida has no game law.

J. C. B.—Go to High Point, North Carolina.

H. B., Flatbush.—You will find it just as cheap to buy a new rifle.

F. E. T., Bangor, Me.—The book by Thad Norris will be the best for you.

VESPER.—Assume the 150yds. screen as the target and reduce its trajectory height to zero or muzzle height, as shown; then make proportionate reductions at the 50 and 100yd. screens as shown in our detailed explanation of the manner of working out the results.

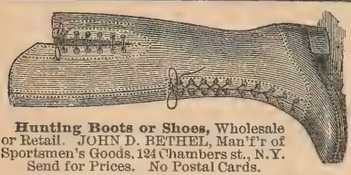
AMATEUR, Rahway, N. J.—1. What constitutes "faking"? I cannot find it in Webster. 2. Does it in any way disqualify the animal on exhibition at bench shows? Ans. 1. To conceal the defect of an animal by artificial means. 2. Both may be disqualified, at the discretion of the managers.

C. H. S., Chestnut Hill.—Will you please inform me whether the gray partridge (*Perdix cinerea*) has been imported into this country from Sweden? and if it has, was the attempt to naturalize it successful? Where can they be obtained, and at what price? Do you think this climate would be too severe for them? Ans. The gray partridge has been imported, and in some cases, where the matter was properly attended to, has done well. There is no reason to suppose that the climate is too severe for these birds, though they might require a little looking after the first winter. On Mr. Lorillard's grounds in New Jersey the partridges have done very well and bred freely. They can probably be obtained of Reiche Brothers, in Chatham street, New York, at an expense of about $6 per pair.



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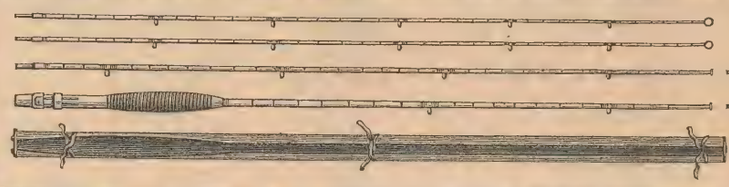
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Reserve Premium Fund,	3,011,637 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims,	378,483 98
Net Surplus,	1,227,995 10
CASH ASSETS,	$7,618,116 08

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Cash in Banks,	$215,795 99
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate,	897,550 00
United States Stocks (market value),	2,579,390 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value),	1,522,550 00
State and City Bonds (market value),	222,000 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand,	123,850 00
Interest due on 1st January, 1886,	97,056 02
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	358,290 30
Real Estate,	1,272,633 77
TOTAL,	$7,618,117 08

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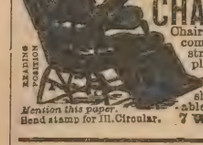
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Trade-Secret

about it, and we do not mind telling you. It is this: We have not expended our energies in preposterous spread-eagle proclamations of tremendous attractions in the dim and distant future, but have pinned our faith to present performance, each week, and fifty-two weeks in the year. This in the kind of journalism that is bound to succeed. Nothing very occult about it, you see.

Another element of strength is the jealousy with which we have maintained the inherent dignity and entire respectability of the pastimes discussed in these pages, and the extreme care we have taken to keep the tone of the columns such as renders the paper fit for any man to receive into his family. We are assured by men, whose good opinion we value, that they do not think it necessary to make

A Weekly Scrutiny

of the contents of the FOREST AND STREAM before venturing to lay it on the family table, We determined, years ago, that a clean paper must win its way among sportsmen (not "sporting men"). The fact that it has done so is now cited, not that we may boast of our own prescience, but as a most gratifying evidence of the high standing of the field-sports to which this journal is devoted.

In other words, the reason why the "Forest and Stream" is liked by sportsmen is that the "Forest and Stream" is the kind of paper that sportsmen like.

GOOD THINGS IN STORE FOR 1886.

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Sam Lovel's Camps.

An account of Sam Lovel's experiences when he took Uncle Lisha's advice and went trapping on little Otter. By THE AUTHOR OF UNCLE LISHA'S SHOP.

To the Walled-in Lakes.

Sketches of exploration and hunting in the Northwest with the Blackfeet and Kootenays. By "Yo."

Cruise of the Coot.

An account of a voyage alone in a single-hander from New York along the Atlantic seaboard to Florida. By C. P. KUNHARDT.

Hunting in the Himalayas.

Scenes and incidents in the life of an Indian forester. By "SHIKAREE."

Falcons and Falconry.

An introduction to the sport of hawking, with illustrations, drawn from nature. By R. W. SEISS.

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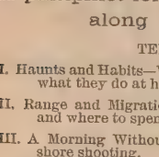
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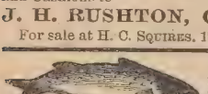
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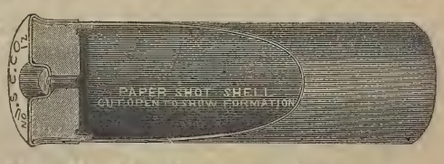
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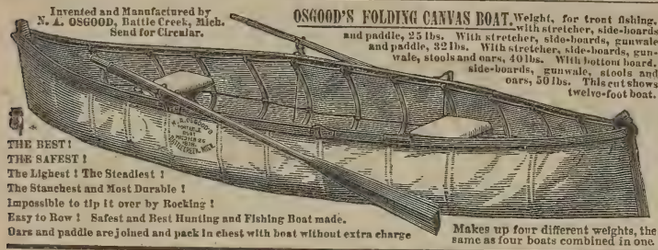
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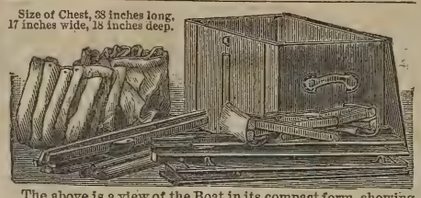
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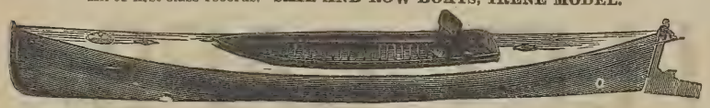
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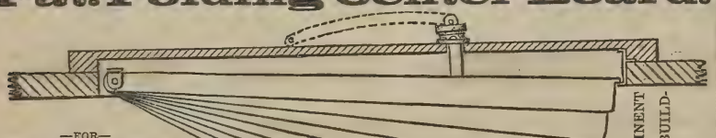
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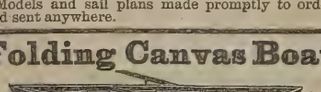
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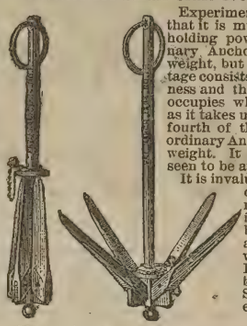
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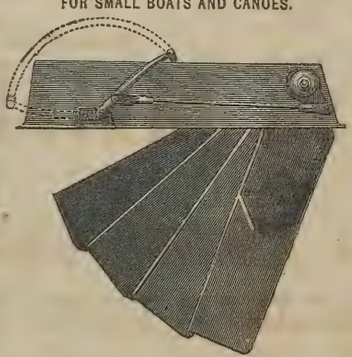
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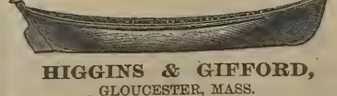
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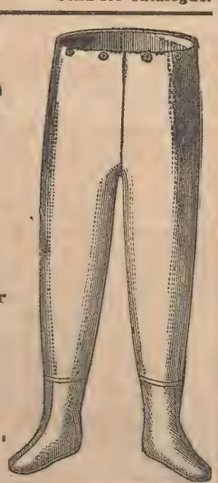
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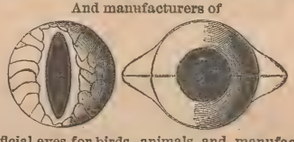
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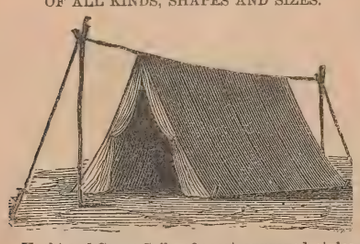
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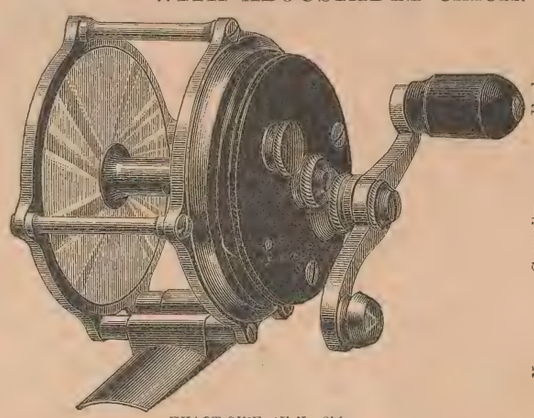
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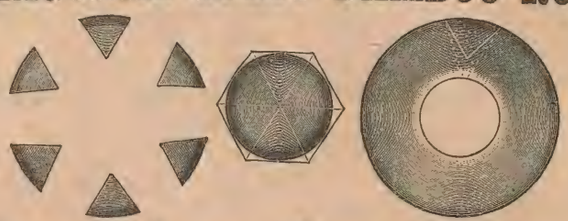
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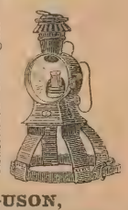
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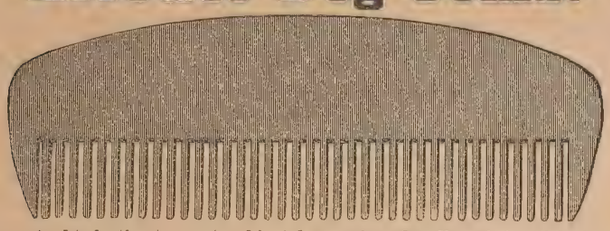
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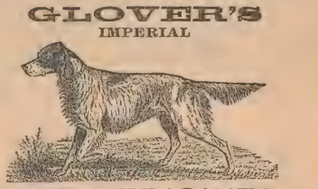
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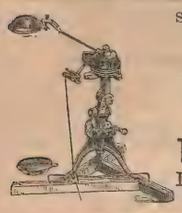
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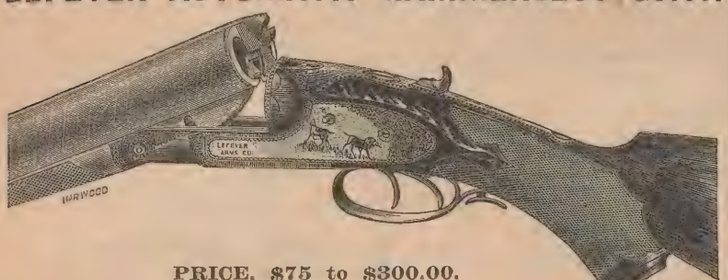
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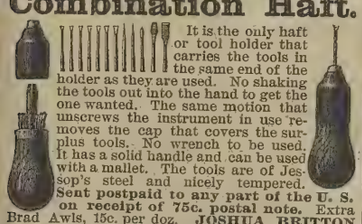
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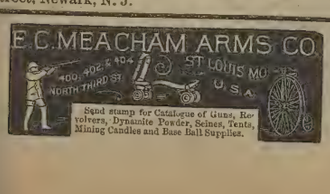
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I have on hand one Powell & Douglas make canoe, 14ft. long, 28in. beam, with sails and trimmings, all complete and new, which I will sell at $75. The regular price for this canoe by the makers is $115. I offer this canoe at such a low price on account of having given up my New York store, No. 1 Cortlandt street, where I formerly had the agency for the celebrated Sprague and Powell & Douglas boats and canoes. Address E. G. KOENIG, 875 Broad street, Newark, N. J.





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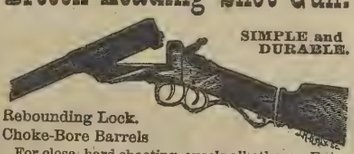
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The Parker Gun.

PARKER BROTHERS,

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At the Second International Clay-Pigeon Tournament, held at New Orleans, La., Feb. 11 to 16, 1885, the First Prize and Diamond Badge in the Individual Championship Match, open to all the world, was won by B. Tiepel with a Parker gun. Among the contestants shooting other guns were such champions as Carver, Bogardus, Cody, Stubbs, Erb, and others. During the entire tournament more prizes were won with Parker guns, in proportion to the number used, than with any other gun.

Latest Victory!

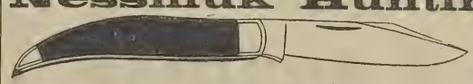
MR. C. M. STARK won the **Champion Diamond Badge with AMERICAN WOOD POWDER** at the First International Clay-Pigeon Tournament at Chicago, May 26 to 31, 1884, for best individual average.



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The only pocket hunting knife worth a sou. Full sized knife, 9½in. long open, and 5½in. long shut. Blade 1in. wide, and equal to the best razors, but not so hard. If you want one by mail, send plain address to GEO. ROCKWOOD, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa., with postal note for $1.50. P.S.—See Forest and Stream for Sept. 18, page 147.

CRUTTENDEN FLY ROD.



It has Nickle Plated Patented Solid Reel Plate which prevents Reel getting fast by swelling of wood, if rod should get wet. Full Nickle Plated, Patented Ferrules, allowing the wood to be used the full size, thus preventing rod breaking where wood and ferrules join. Metal Tennons which prevent joints getting stuck together. The entire rod is made from the best selected lancewood, left natural color, varnished and polished. This makes a handsome finish, and is less liable to be seen by the wary fish than a dark rod. The butt is wound with cane and silk in an artistic manner, which not only gives it the appearance, but also the feeling of the high-priced rods. The complete rod has a look of beauty, which is a joy to every fisherman's heart while using it. It is well and neatly ringed throughout, and has an extra winding between each ring. There has been so many rods made of an inferior quality that resemble this, that all from this date will have stamped on reel plate "W. H. Cruttenden," and none genuine unless so stamped. Length, 10½ft; weight, 9½ to 10ozs. All the parts are interchangeable, and if, by accident, any part should get broken, can send duplicate without rod being returned. The best made rod in the United States, and we will guarantee it in every way. With short tip it makes an excellent bass rod. Sent to any part of U. S. in case, 1 bass, 1 trout tip, prepaid, for $5.35; bass tips, $1.00; trout tips, $1.25. General agent for Card's Rotating Trap. Guns, Pistols and Fishing Tackle. Gunmaking and repairing by J. W. Livingstone. New Illustrated Catalogue in colors now ready, and sent free on application.

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BRADFORD & ANTHONY,

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Split Bamboo, Salmon and Trout Rods.

ENAMELED SILK FLY LINES.

Reels, Fly Books, Leaders.

ARTIFICIAL FLIES suited to all waters.

Skinner's Fluted Spoon Bait,

And everything pertaining to an angler's outfit.

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THE TRYON COMPLETE BREECH LOADING SHOT GUN.

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LINCOLN JEFFRIES.

12 Gauge, 60.00
10 " 65.00



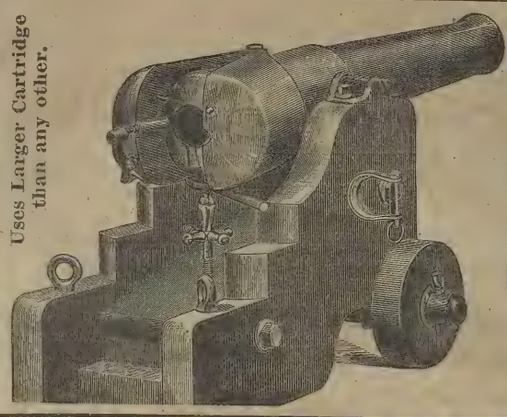
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"Field" Trial, London, May, [illegible]ner of the Twenty Guinea Prize for Choke Bores; Winn[illegible] the Penetration Trial, making the Highest Average Penetration on Record, &c., &c.

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FOR YACHTS AND STEAMERS.

Believed to be the best and safest gun yet introduced. System invented by Col. S. Yates of the U. S. Army, and is being applied to heavy ordnance by the Government. Guns are of best bronze metal, 1½ inch caliber, and take ordinary paper shell. Carriages of finest mahogany. Illustrated circulars sent on application.

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The letter given below was just received from a gentleman to whom I sent a Greener gun bored expressly for thin brass shells. At first trial he did not make the pattern which I guaranteed to him, and I wrote him to return the gun. In answer to this request I received the following letter:

DETROIT, Mich., July 18, 1885.

Henry C. Squires, Esq., 178 *Broadway, New York:*

Yours of July 15 received. At the same time that I wrote to you, I wrote to a friend at Ottawa, Ontario, who has one of Greener's guns chambered expressly for Kynoch's shells, and who claims that his gun, a 12-gauge, will kill a black duck each shot at 70yds. He sent me by express six shells loaded with No. 6 English shot, which I tried at a 30-inch circle, 40yds.: Right barrel, first 287, second 293, third 301; left barrel, first 230, second 241, third 249. He said in his letter he was sure that I did not load right. I loaded my shell his way with 3¾ drams powder and 1¼ shot, one common pink-edge wad and one cardboard over powder and one cardboard over shot, the right barrel putting 95 per cent. of the charge in circle all size of shot except BB, the left barrel putting the whole charge of sixty pellets in the circle. What ruined my pattern the first trial was too much wadding between powder and shot. I will keep the gun as it shoots the large sizes of shot the best of any gun I ever saw. I am going down to Galveston this fall. It will be just the gun for ducks and geese shooting on Galveston Bay.

Yours obediently,
ROBERT AITON.

THE GREAT OFFER

Is continued for a short time longer, as noted below.

The Trap Gun, - - -	former price	$85.00	for $65.00
The Far-Killing Duck Gun, - -	"	120.00	for 100.00
Greener's New Hammerless, latest,	"	150.00	for 100.00

The above prices for 12-bore, 7 to 8¼lbs. weight. Extra for 10-bores, $5.00. Guns furnished from stock or to order at same price. In latter case a deposit of $25.00 must accompany order. Address

HENRY C. SQUIRES, 178 Broadway, New York,

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Samples of Rubber or Spoon Baits, 60 cts. each. Two for $1.



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Post paid on receipt of price.

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Space is too valuable to display testimonials.

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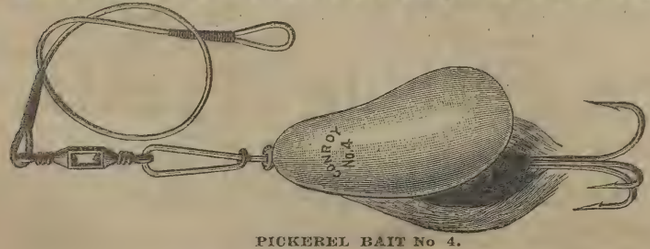
Twist	"	"	"	Plain Barrel, 12-bore,
"	"	"	10	"
10	"	12	"	"
-	-	-	-	-
-	-	-	-	-
19.00			18.00	15.00

THOMAS J. CONROY,

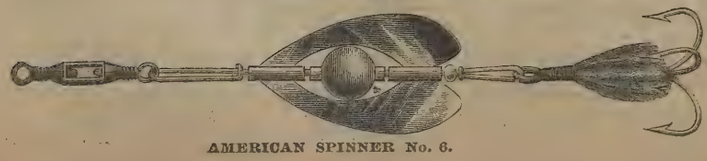
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Conroy's Pickerel Bait, Nickel Plated, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Each 20
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" Pearl Spoon, Feathered Hooks, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, " $1.00

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Nos. 1, 2, 3, each 75 cts. Nos. 4, 5, 6, each 60 cts. Nos. 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, each 75 cts.
(Nos. 3B to 6B have a fancy silk-bodied bug at the end instead of a tuft of feathers, as shown in cut.)

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AUG 12 1885

VOL. XXV.—No. 2. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1885



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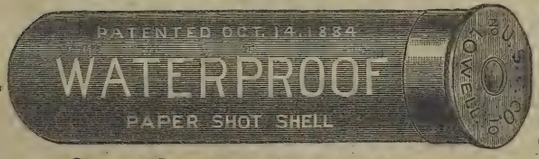
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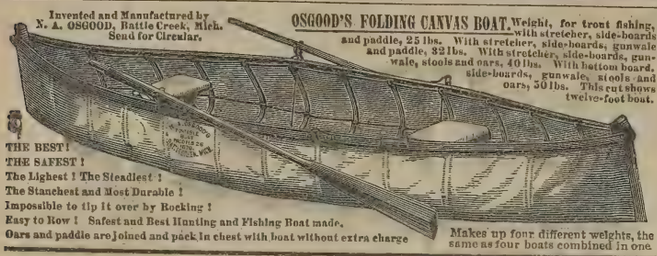
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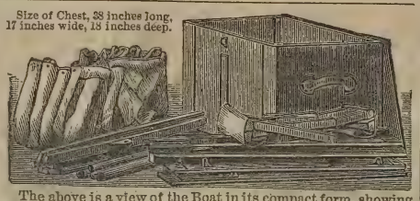
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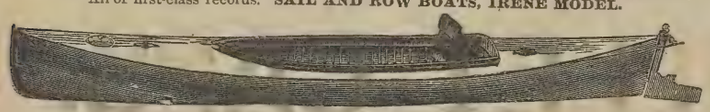
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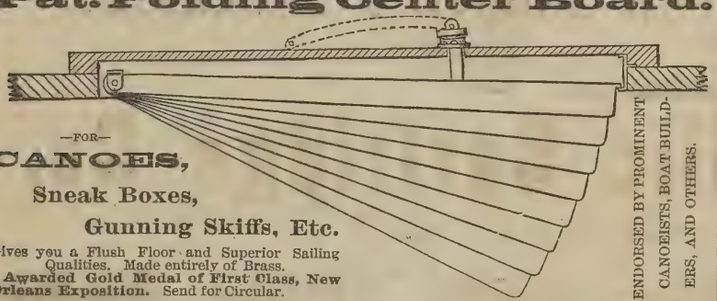
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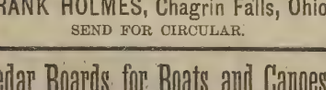
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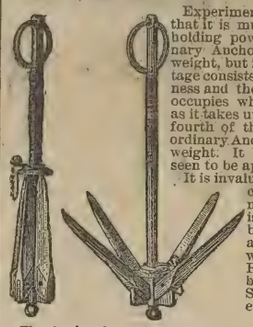
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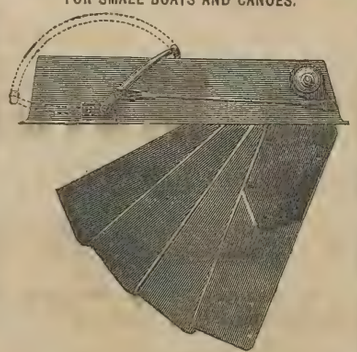
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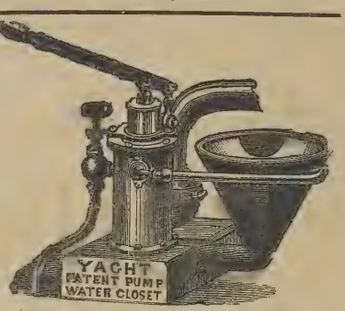
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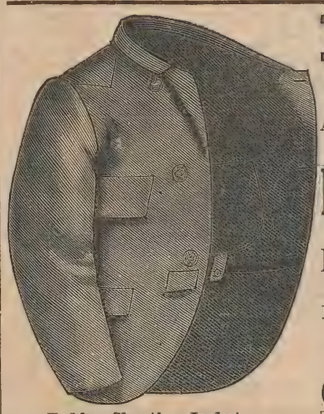
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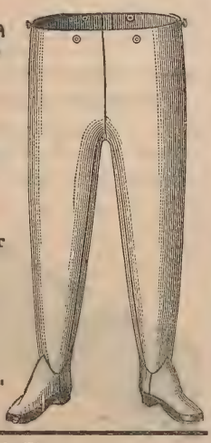
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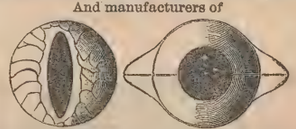
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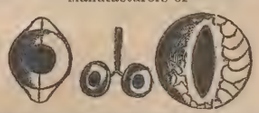


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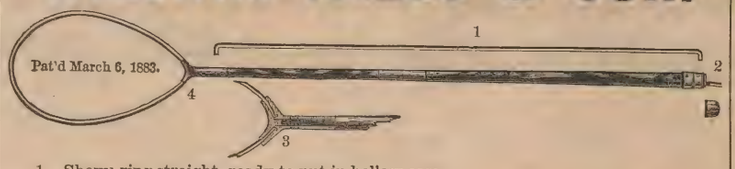


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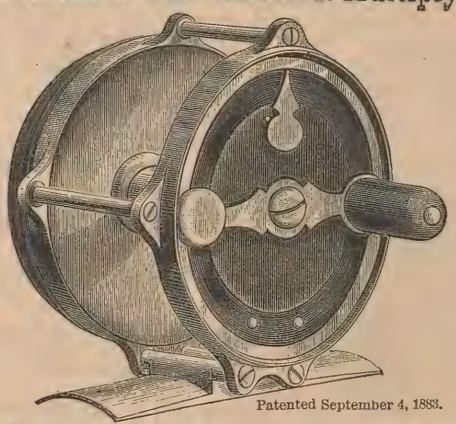
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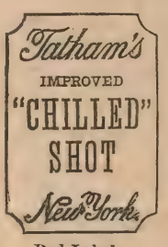
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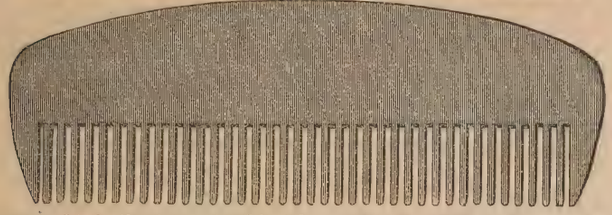
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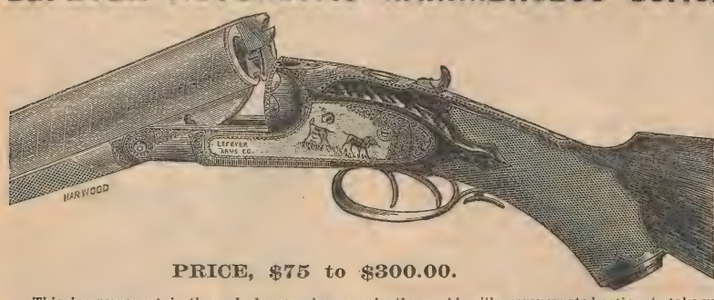
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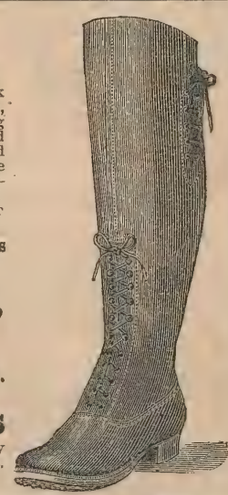
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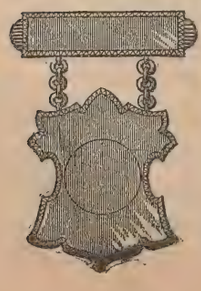
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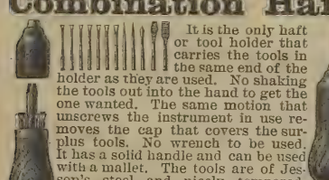
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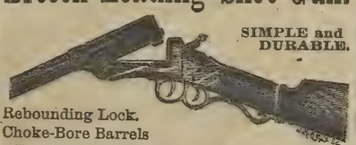
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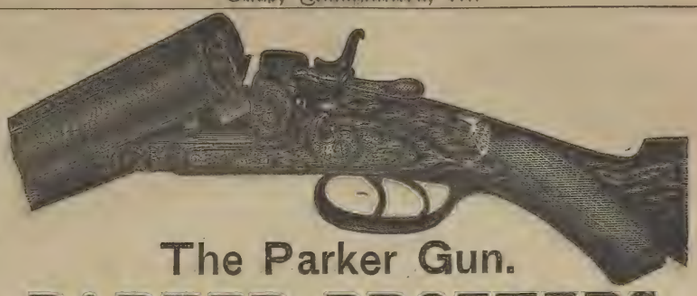
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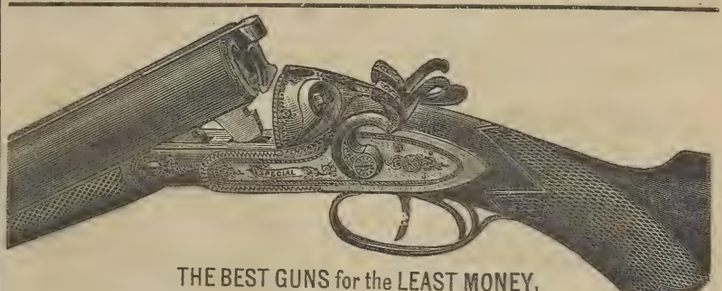
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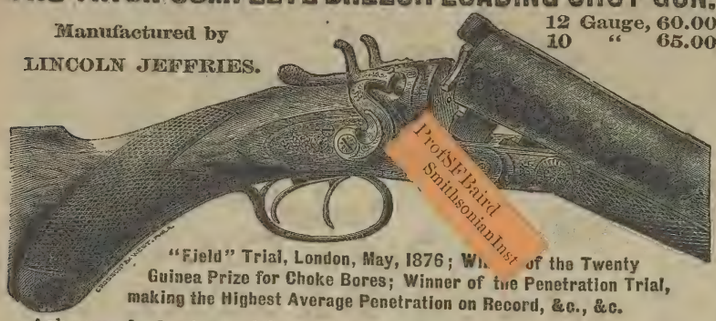
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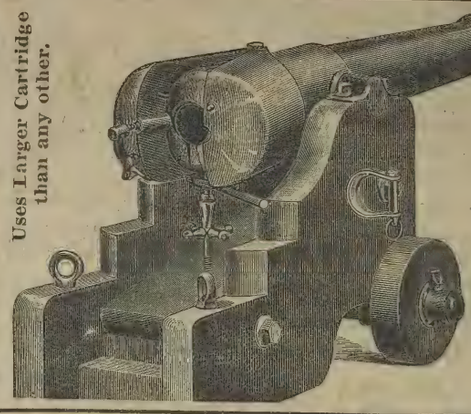
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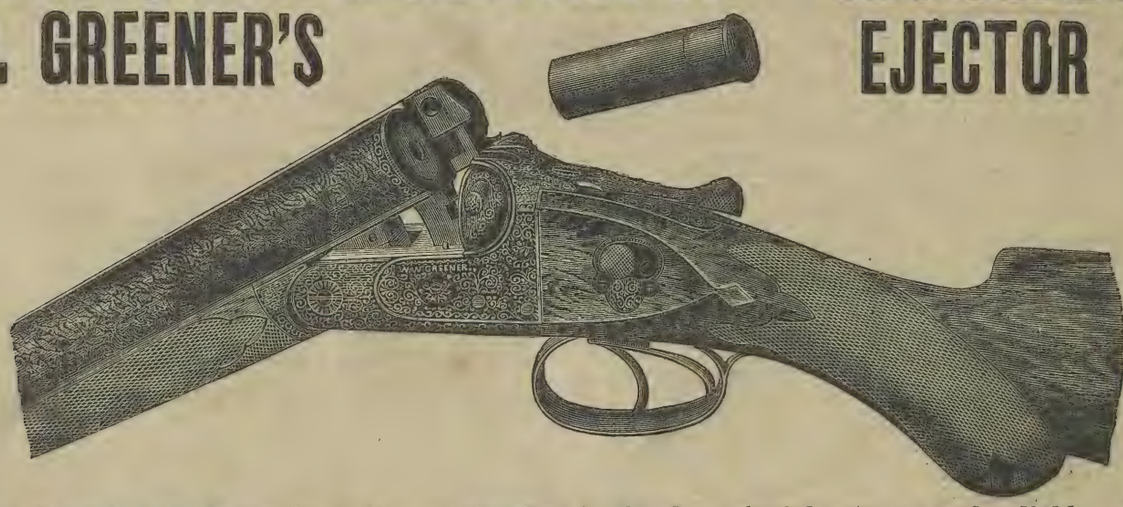
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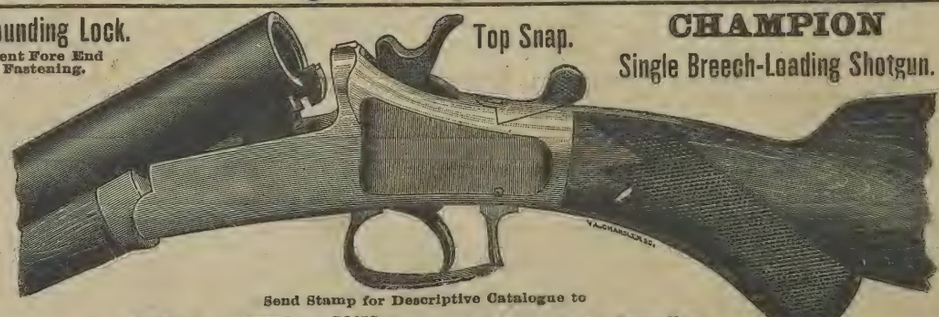
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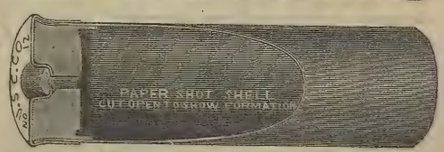
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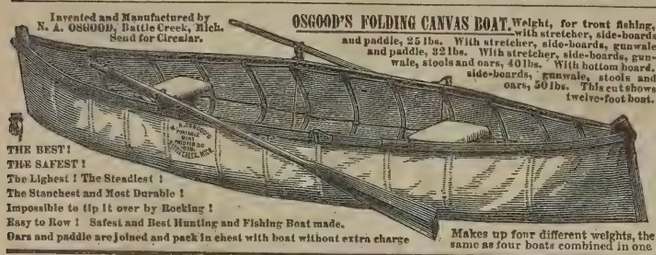
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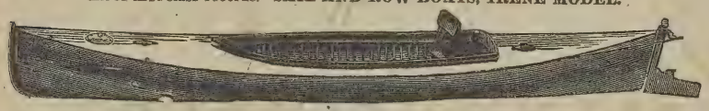
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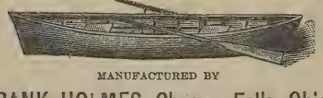
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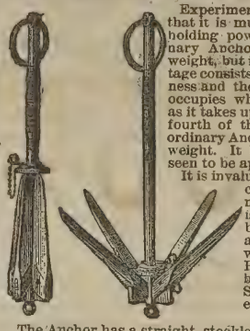
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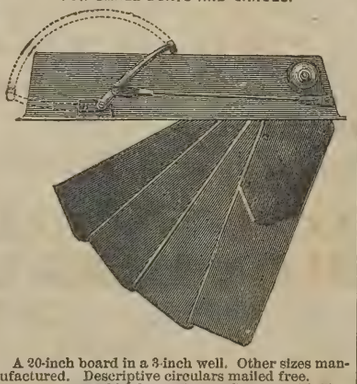
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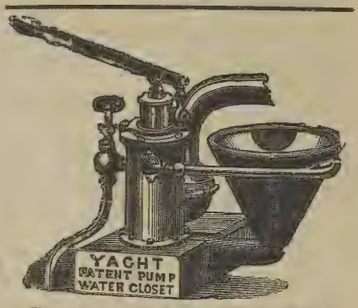
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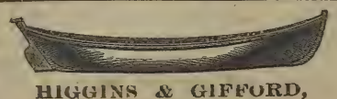
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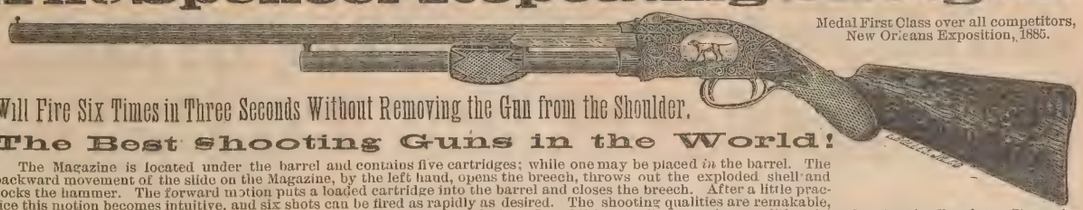
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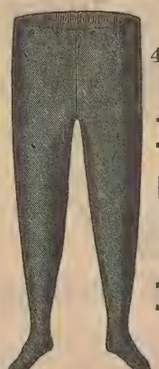
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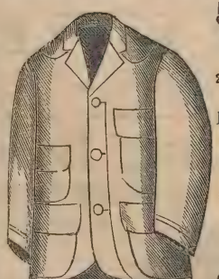
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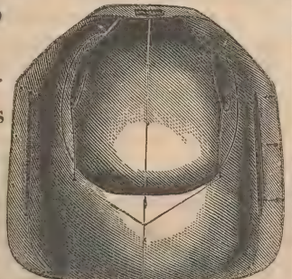
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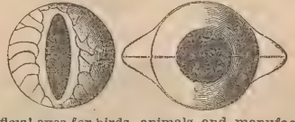
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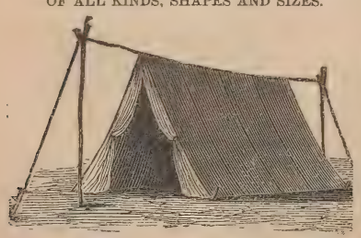
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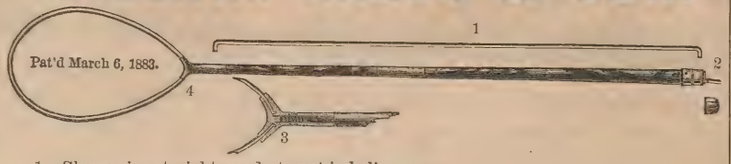


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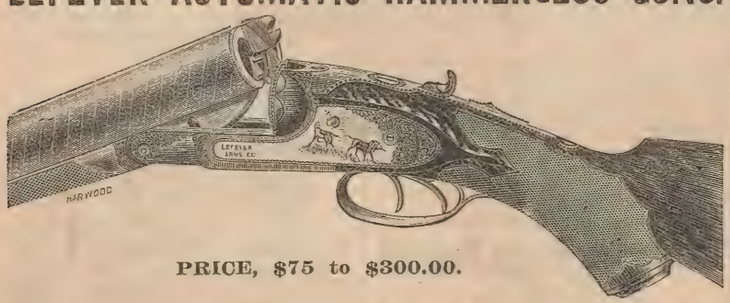
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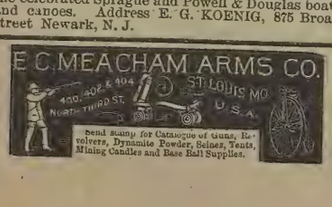
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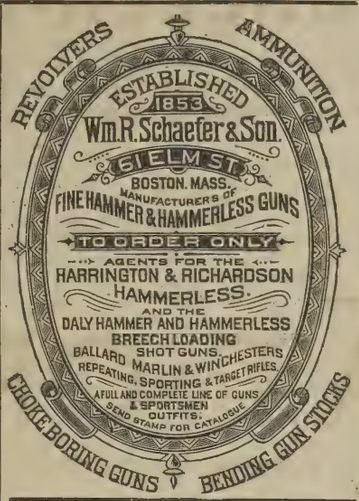


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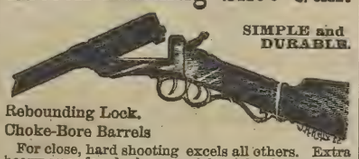
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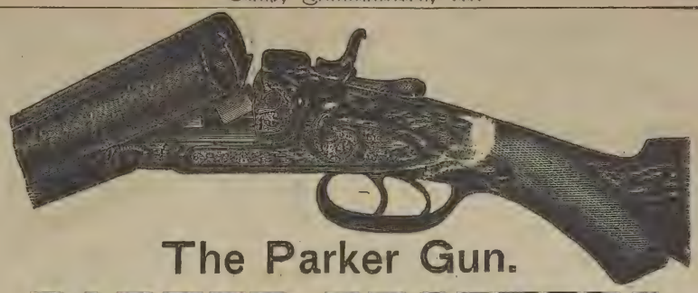
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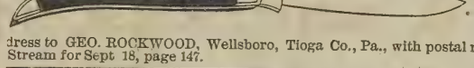
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It has Nickle Plated Patented Solid Reel Plate which prevents Reel getting fast by swelling of wood, if rod should get wet Full Nickle Plated, Patented Ferrules, allowing the wood to be used the full size, thus preventing rod breaking where wood and ferrules join. Metal Tennons which prevent joints getting stuck together The entire rod is made from the best selected lancewood, left natural color, varnished and polished. This makes a handsome finish, and is less liable to be seen by the wary fish than a dark rod. The butt is wound with cane and silk in an artistic manner, which not only gives it the appearance, but also the feeling of the high-priced rods. The complete rod has a look of beauty, which is a joy to every fisherman's heart while using it. It is well and neatly ringed throughout, and has an extra winding between each ring. There has been so many rods made of an inferior quality that resemble this, that all from this date will have stamped on reel plate "W. H. Cruttenden," and none genuine un ess so stamped. Length, 10½ft; weight, 9½ to 10ozs. All the parts are interchangeable, and if, by accident, any part should get broken, can send duplicate without rod being returned. The best made rod in the United States, and we will guarantee it in every way. With short tip it makes an excellent bass rod. Sent to any part of U. S. in case, 1 bass, 1 trout tip, prepaid, for $3.35; bass tips, $1.00; trout tips, $1.25. General agent for Card's Rotating Trap. Guns, Pistols and Fishing Tackle. Gunmaking and repairing by J. W. Livingstone. New Illustrated Catalogue in colors now ready, and sent free on application.

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ARTIFICIAL FLIES suited to all waters.

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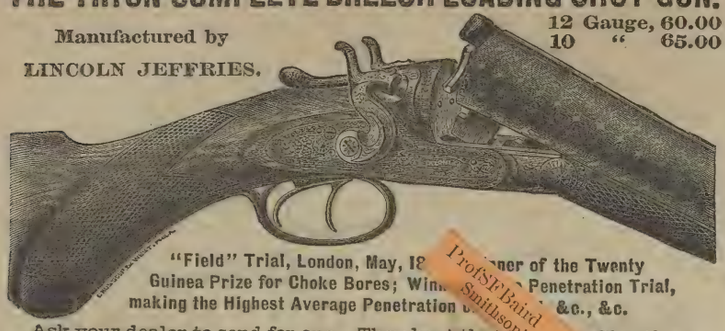
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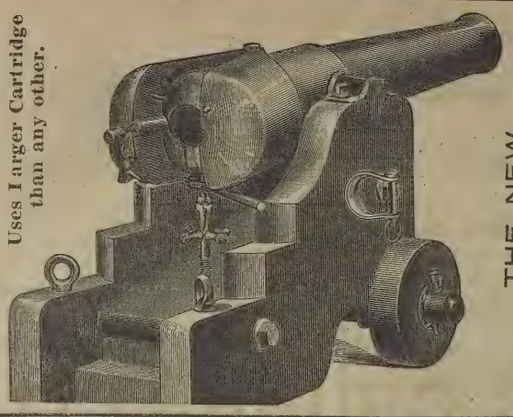
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The letter given below was just received from a gentleman to whom I sent a Greener gun bored expressly for thin brass shells. At first trial he did not make the pattern which I guaranteed to him, and I wrote him to return the gun. In answer to this request I received the following letter:

DETROIT, Mich., July 18, 1885.

Henry C. Squires, Esq., 178 Broadway, New York:

Yours of July 15 received. At the same time that I wrote to you, I wrote to a friend at Ottawa, Ontario, who has one of Greener's guns chambered expressly for Kynoch's shells, and who claims that his gun, a 12-gauge, will kill a black duck each shot at 70yds. He sent me by express six shells loaded with No. 6 English shot, which I tried at a 30-inch circle, 40yds.: Right barrel, first 287, second 293, third 301; left barrel, first 230, second 241, third 249. He said in his letter he was sure that I did not load right. I loaded my shell his way with 3¾ drams powder and 1¼ shot, one common pink-edge wad and one cardboard over powder and one cardboard over shot, the right barrel putting 95 per cent. of the charge in circle all size of shot except BB, the left barrel putting the whole charge of sixty pellets in the circle. What ruined my pattern the first trial was too much wadding between powder and shot. I will keep the gun as it shoots the large sizes of shot the best of any gun I ever saw. I am going down to Galveston this fall. It will be just the gun for ducks and geese shooting on Galveston Bay.

Yours obediently,
ROBERT AITON.

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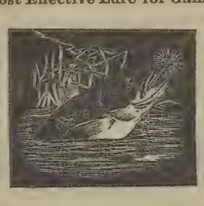
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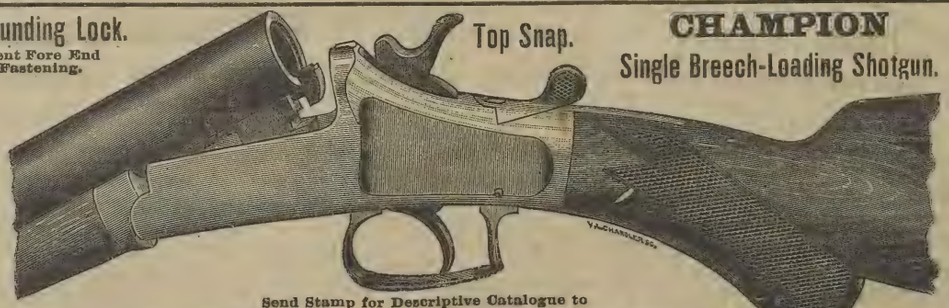
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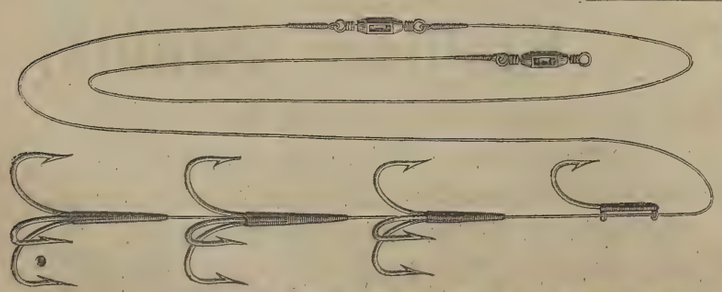
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SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
AUG 21 1885

VOL. XXV.—No. 4. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1885.



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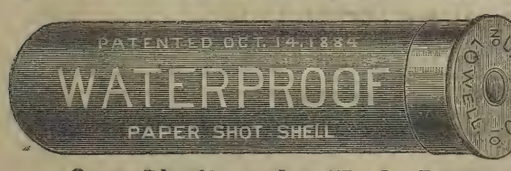
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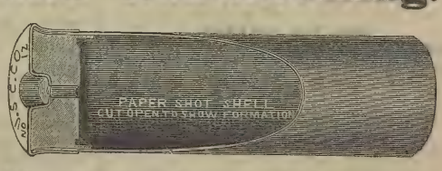
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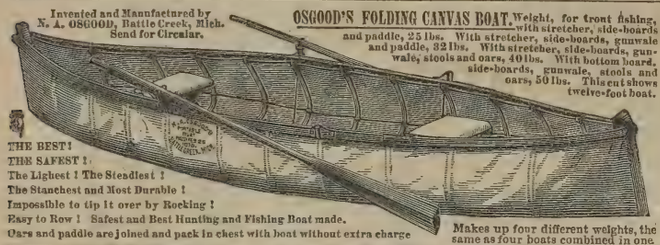
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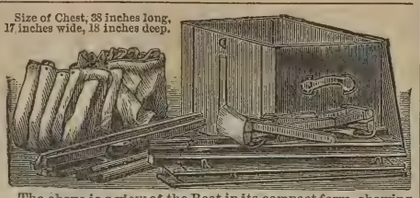
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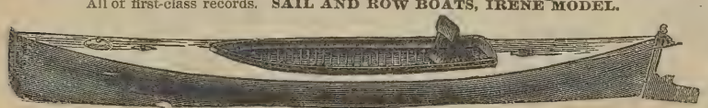
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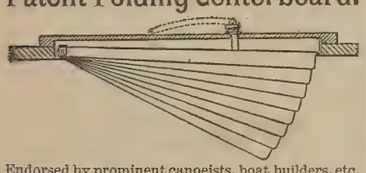
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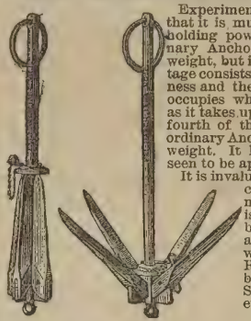
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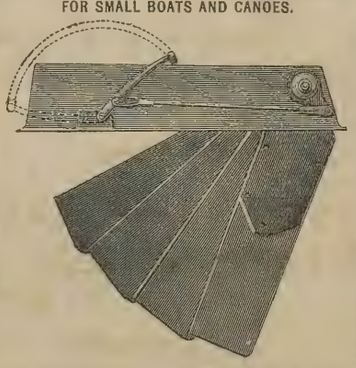
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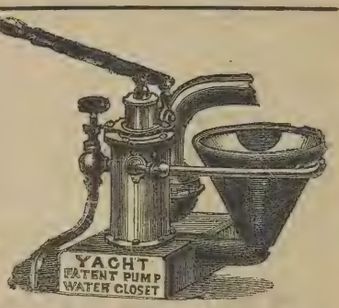
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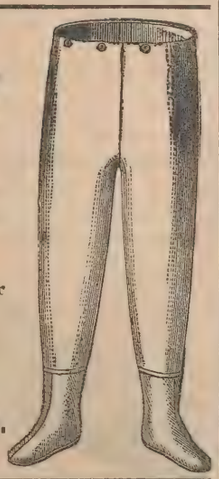
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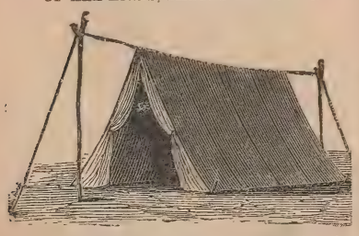
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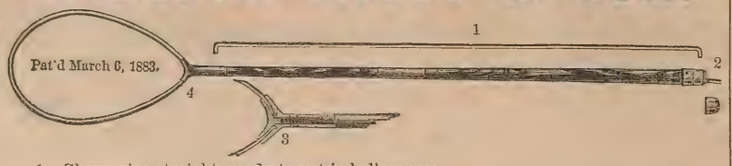


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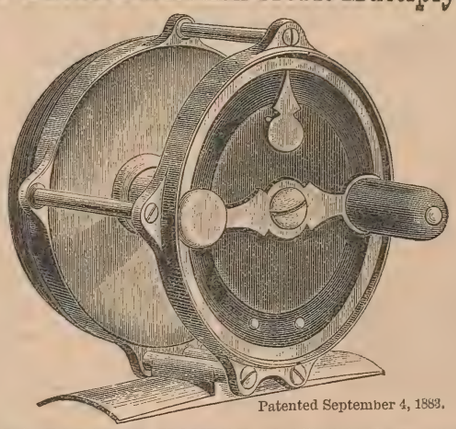
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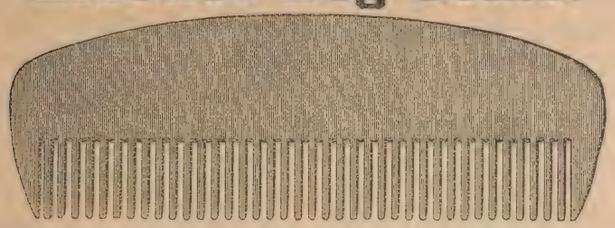
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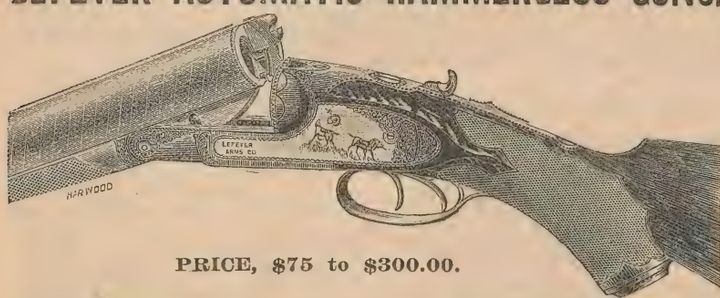
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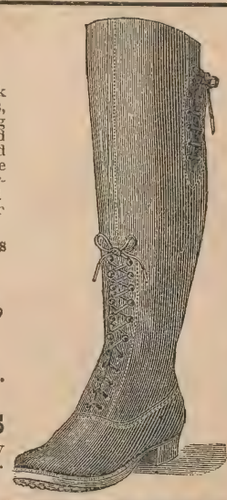
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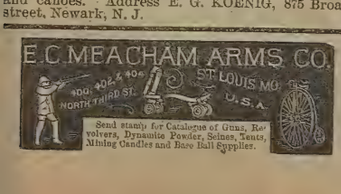
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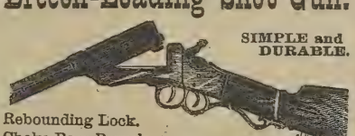
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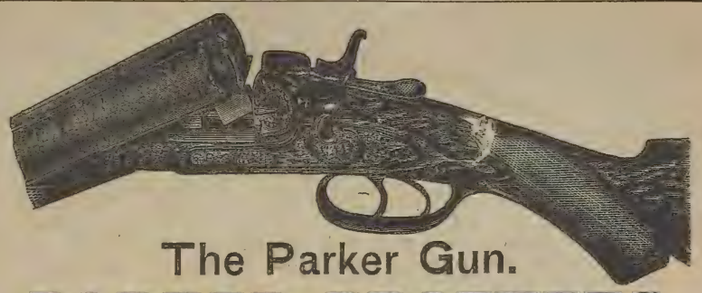
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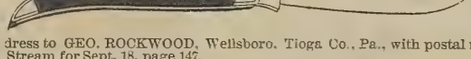
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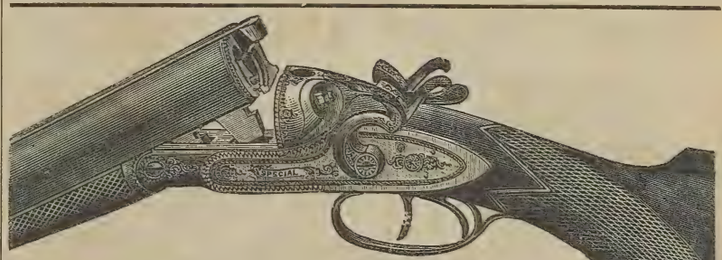
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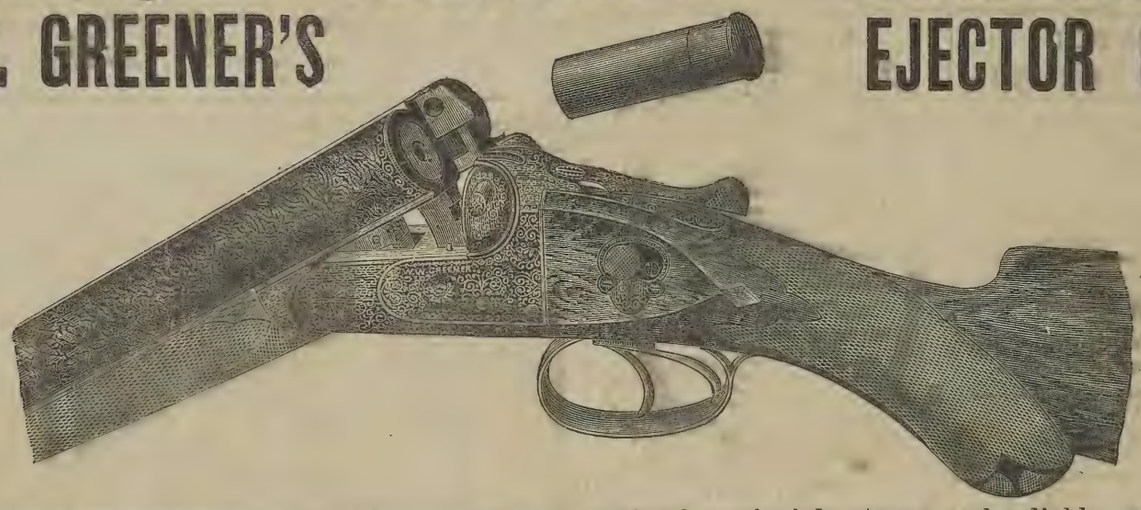


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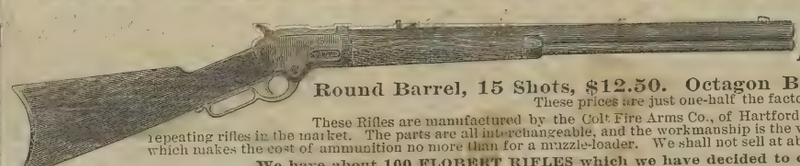
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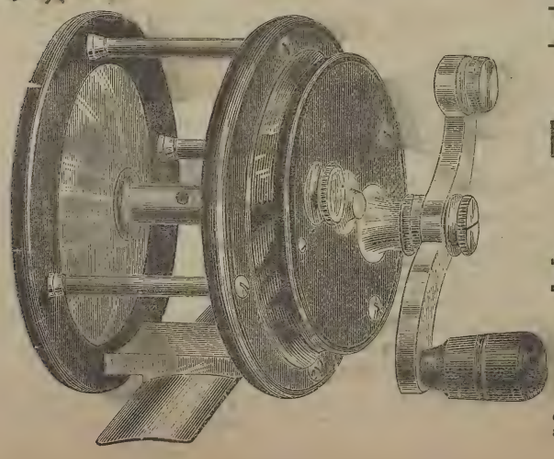
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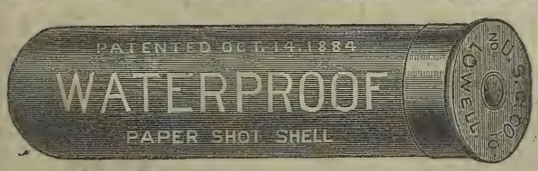
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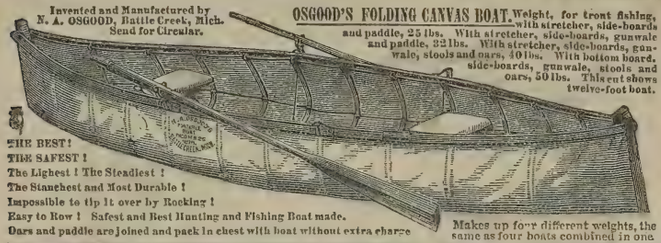
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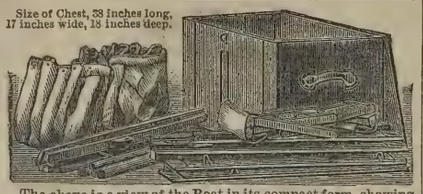
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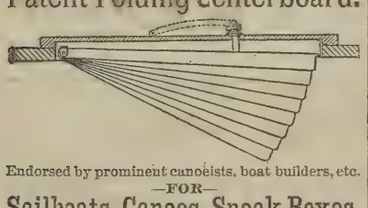
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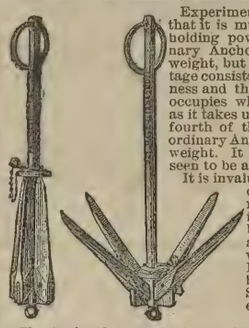
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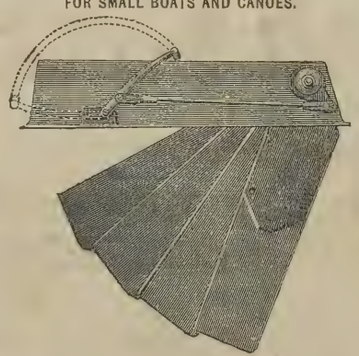
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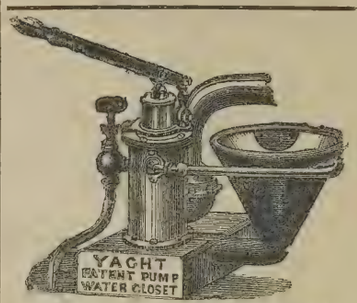
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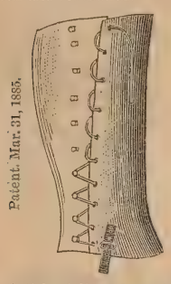
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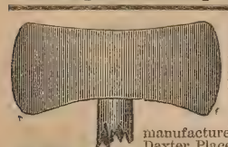
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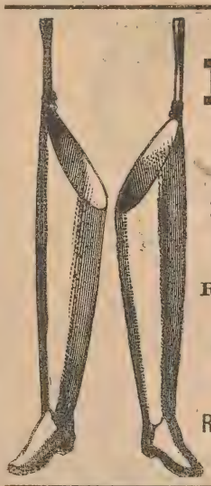
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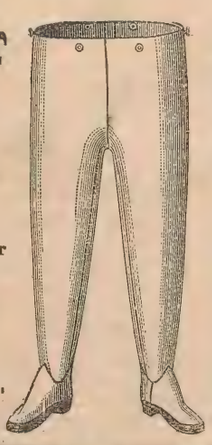
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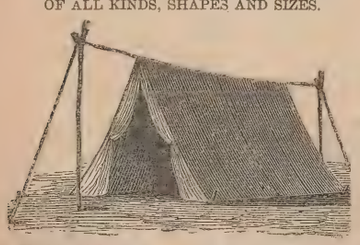
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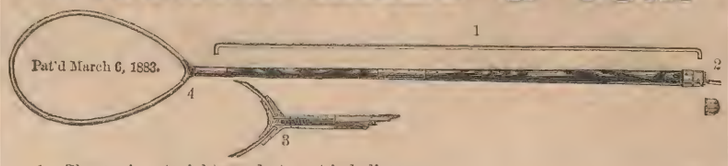


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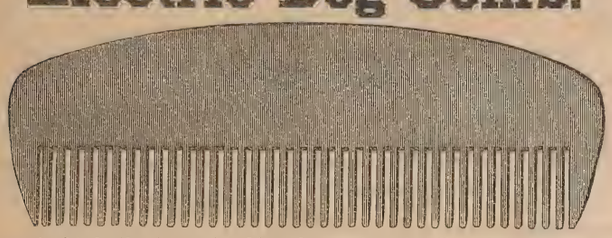
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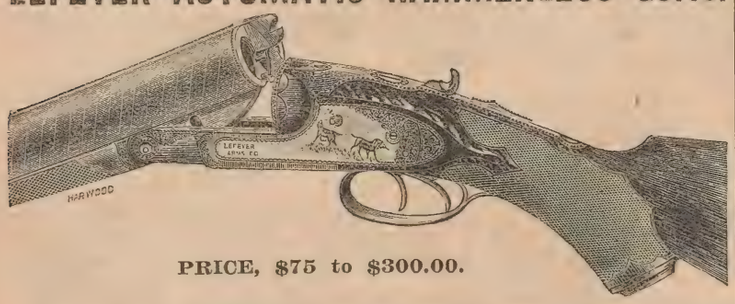
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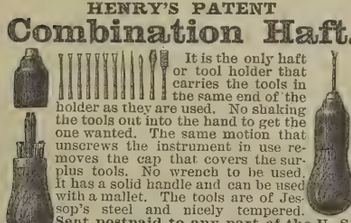
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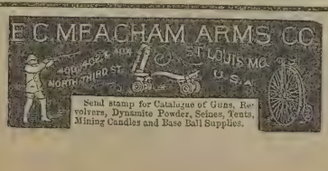
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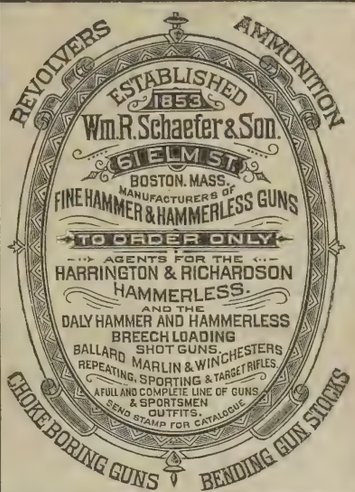


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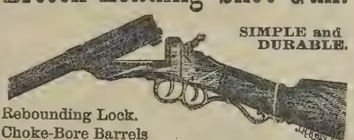
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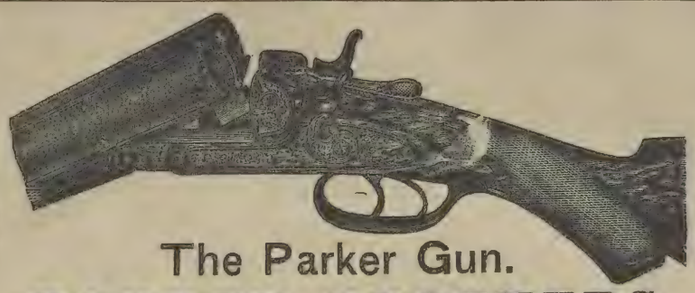
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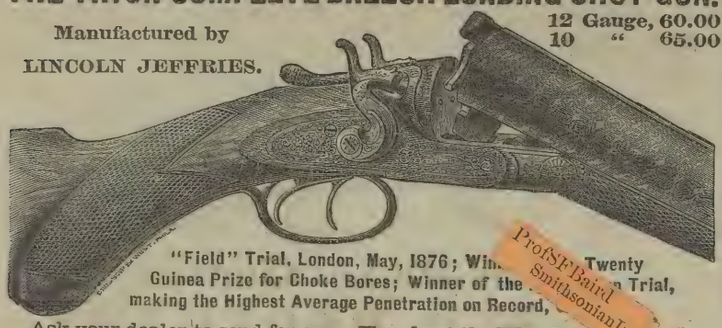
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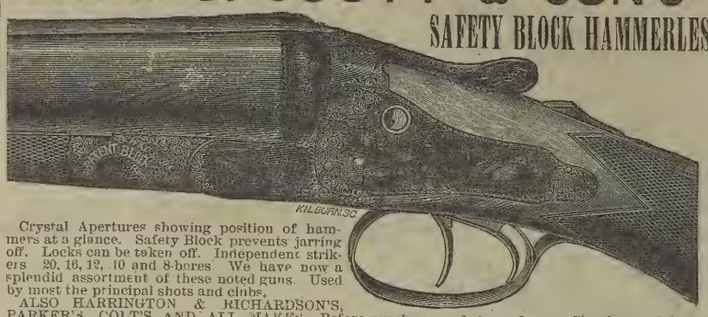
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The letter given below was just received from a gentleman to whom I sent a Greener gun bored expressly for thin brass shells. At first trial he did not make the pattern which I guaranteed to him, and I wrote him to return the gun. In answer to this request I received the following letter:

DETROIT, Mich., July 18, 1885.

Henry C. Squires, Esq., 178 Broadway, New York:

Yours of July 15 received. At the same time that I wrote to you, I wrote to a friend at Ottawa, Ontario, who has one of Greener's guns chambered expressly for Kynoch's shells, and who claims that his gun, a 12-gauge, will kill a black duck each shot at 70yds. He sent me by express six shells loaded with No. 6 English shot, which I tried at a 30-inch circle, 40yds.: Right barrel, first 287, second 293, third 301; left barrel, first 230, second 241, third 249. He said in his letter he was sure that I did not load right. I loaded my shell his way with 3¾ drams powder and 1¼ shot, one common pink-edge wad and one cardboard over powder and one cardboard over shot, the right barrel putting 95 per cent. of the charge in circle all size of shot except BB, the left barrel putting the whole charge of sixty pellets in the circle. What ruined my pattern the first trial was too much wadding between powder and shot. I will keep the gun as it shoots the large sizes of shot the best of any gun I ever saw. I am going down to Galveston this fall. It will be just the gun for ducks and geese shooting on G alveston Bay.

Yours obediently,
ROBERT AITON.

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The Far-Killing Duck Gun, - -	"	120.00	for 100.00
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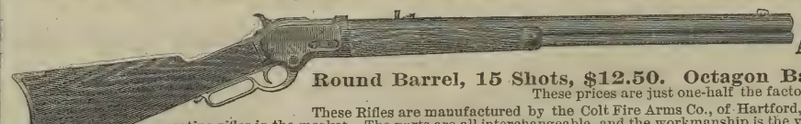
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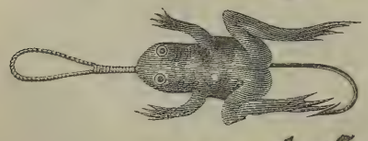
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VOL. XXV. No. 6. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1885.



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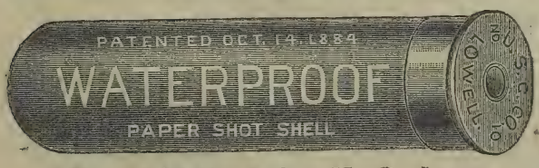
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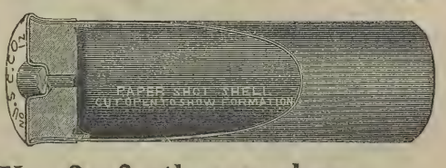
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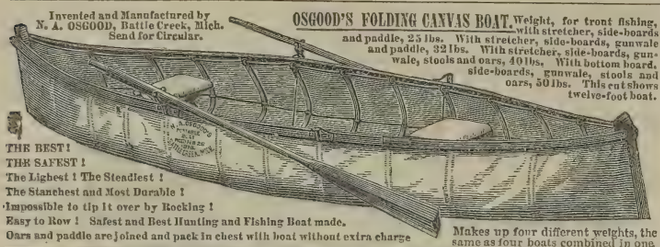
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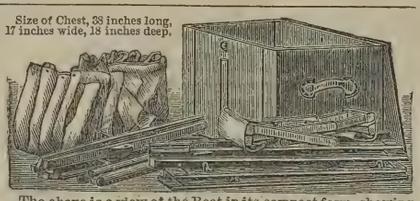


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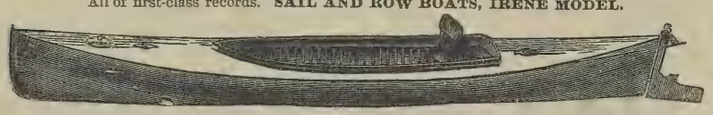
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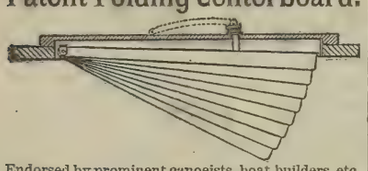
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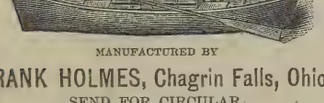
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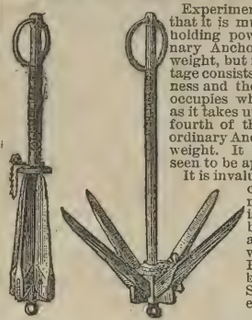
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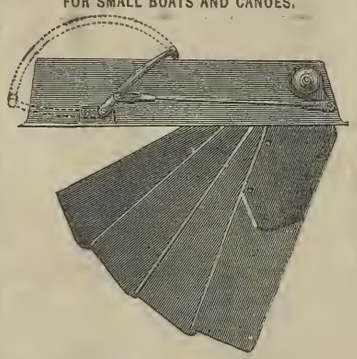
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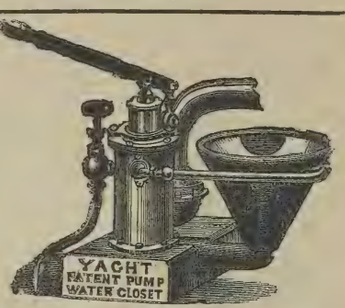
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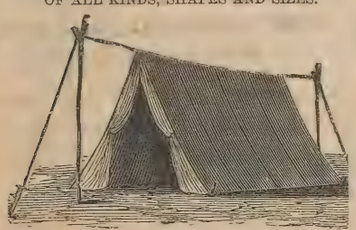
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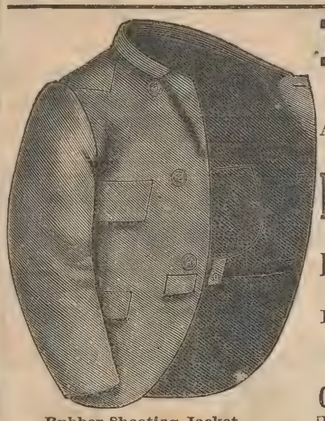
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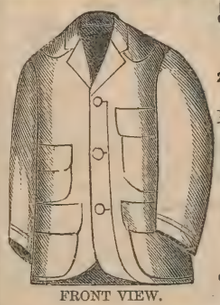
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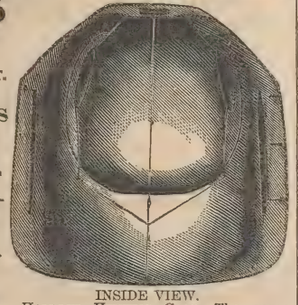
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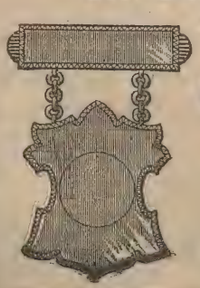
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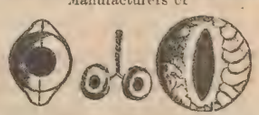
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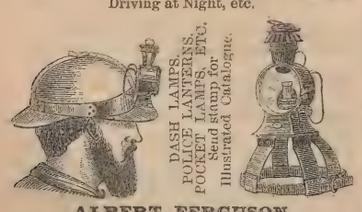
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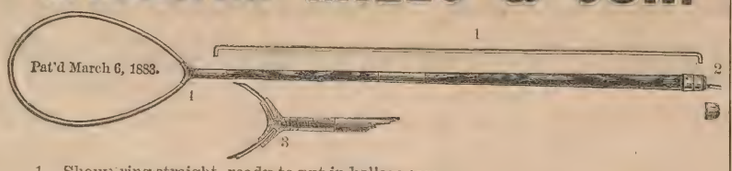


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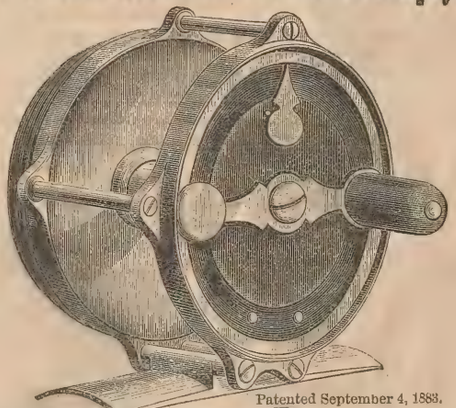
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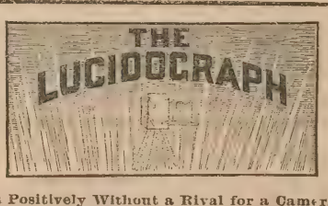
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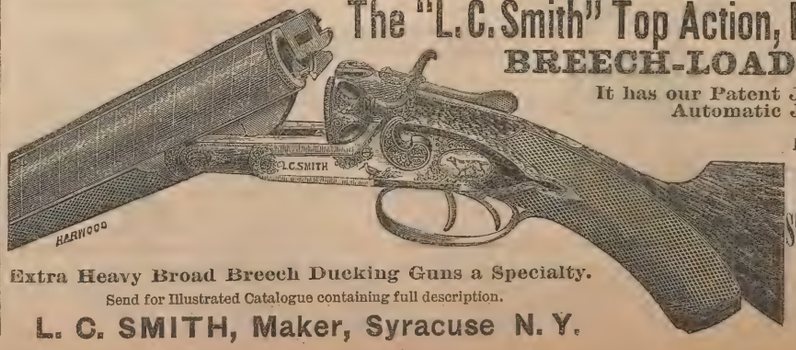
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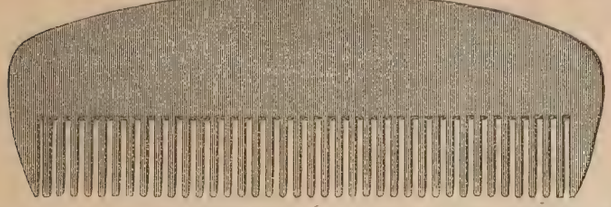
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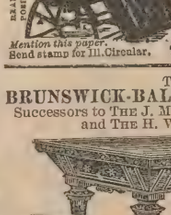
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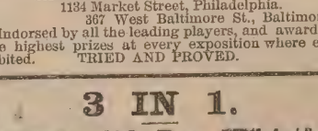
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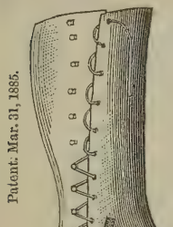
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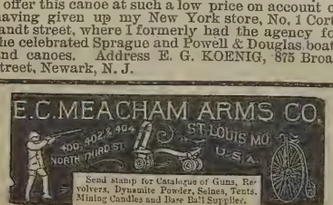


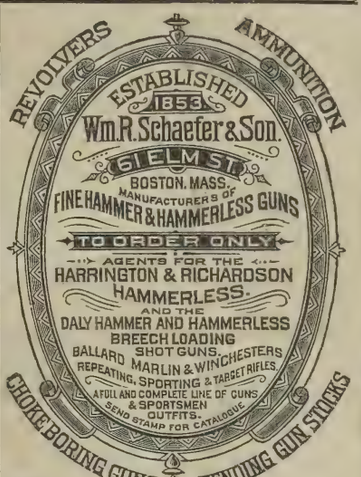
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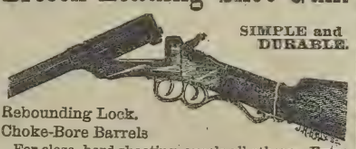
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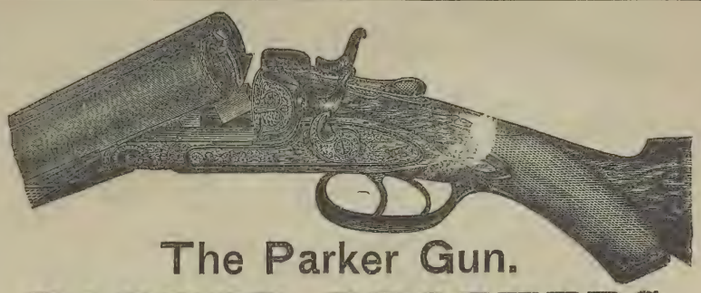
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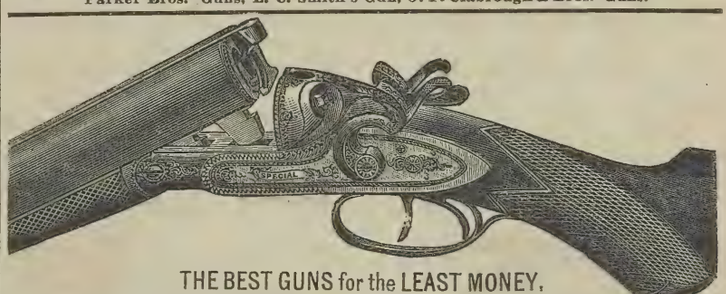
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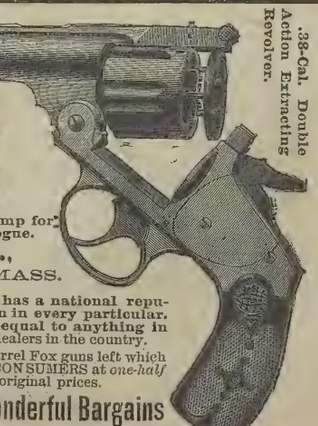
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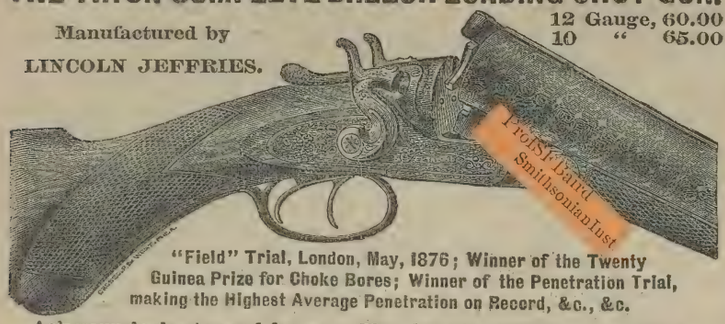
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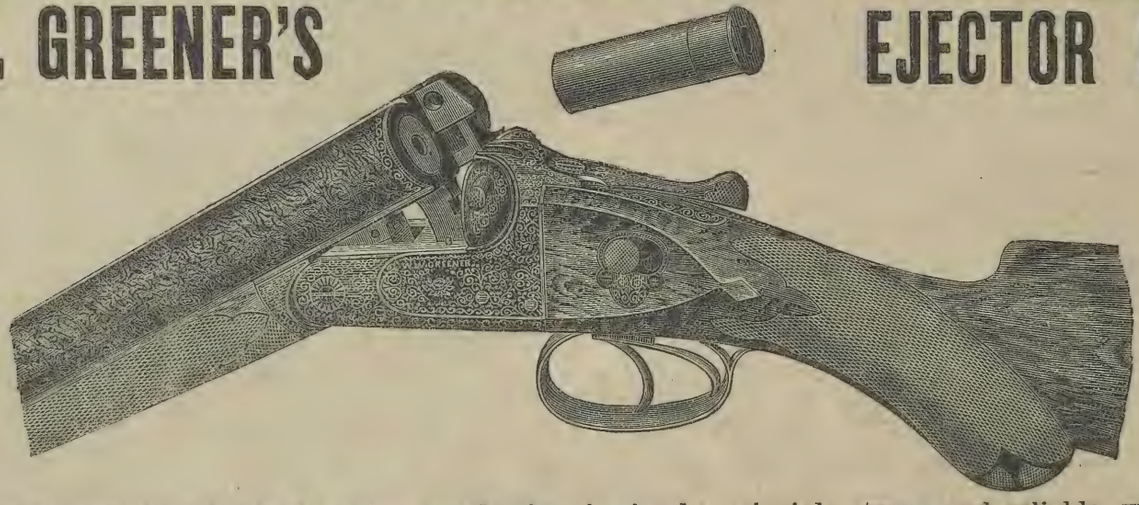


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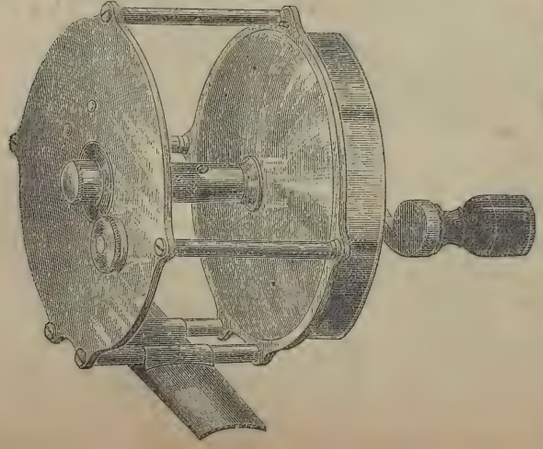
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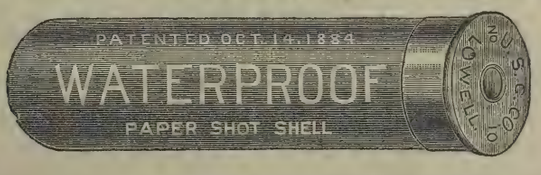
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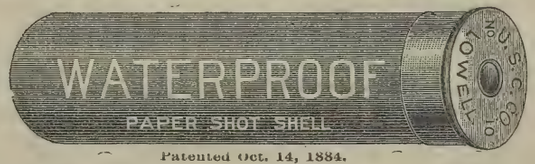
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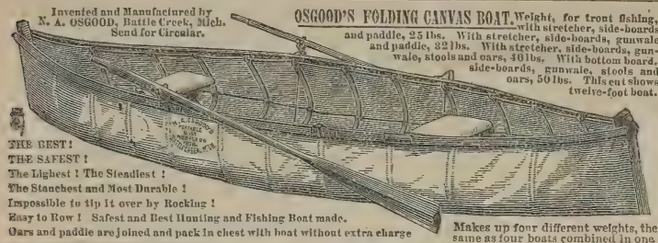
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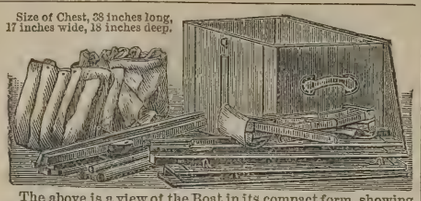
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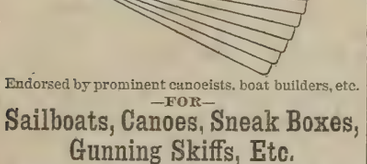
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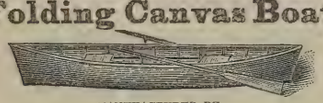
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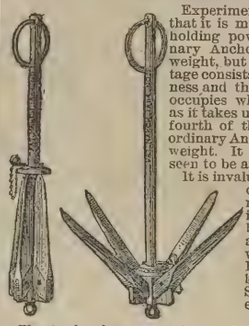
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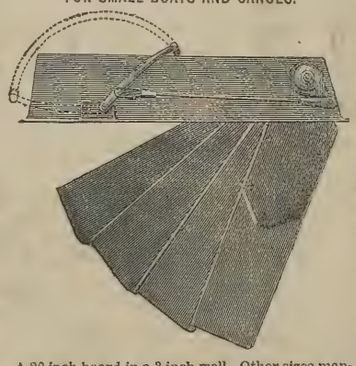
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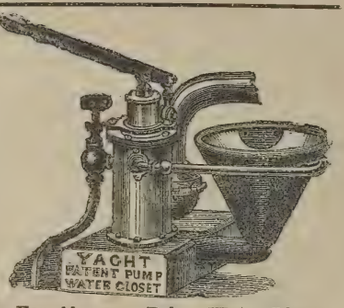
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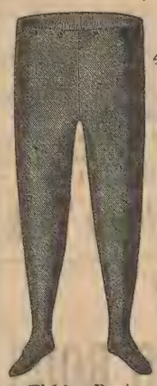
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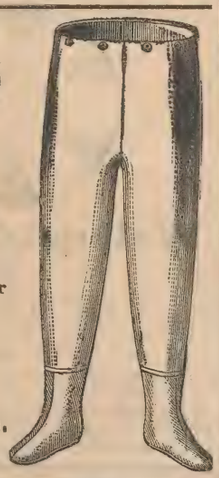
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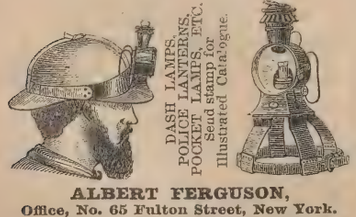
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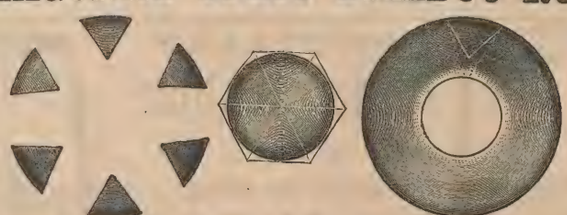
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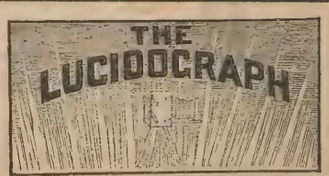
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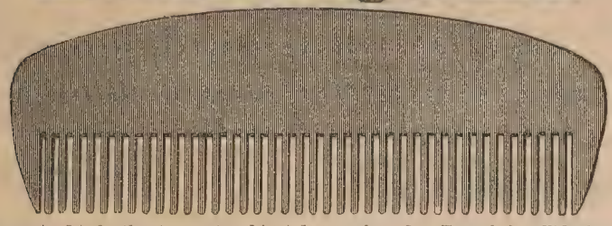
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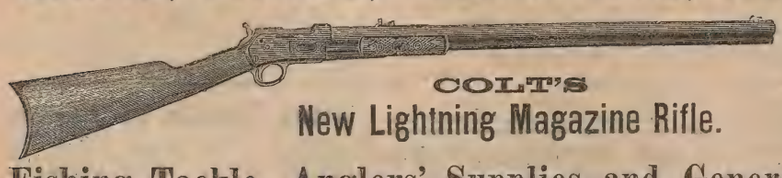
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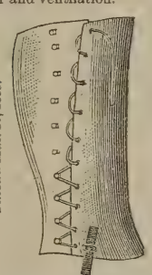
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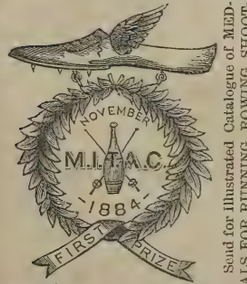
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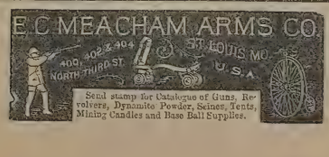


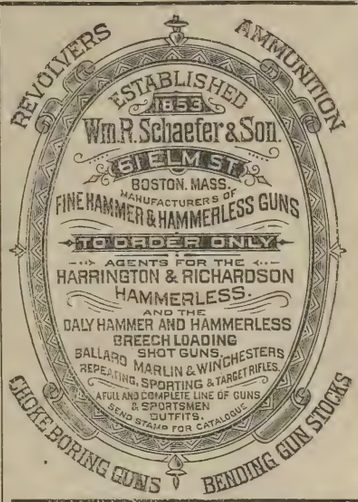
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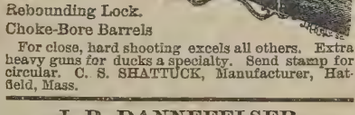
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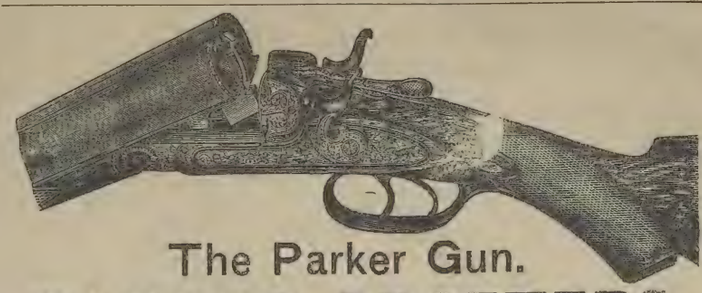
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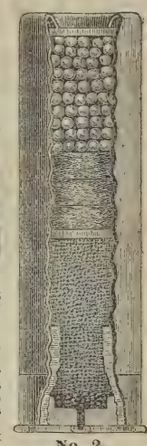
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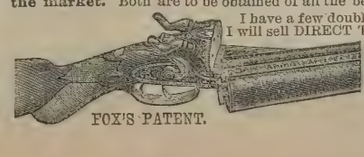
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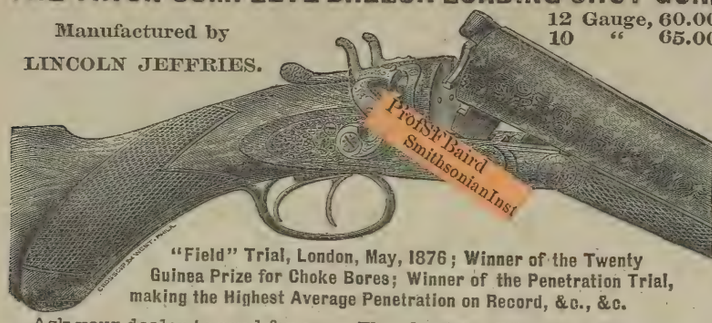
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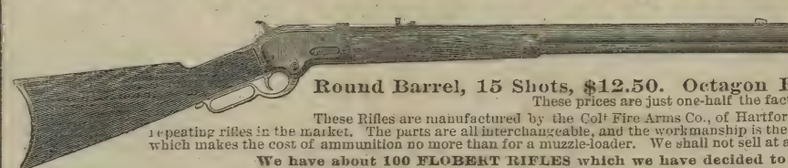
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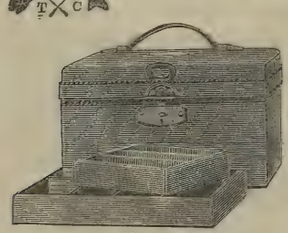
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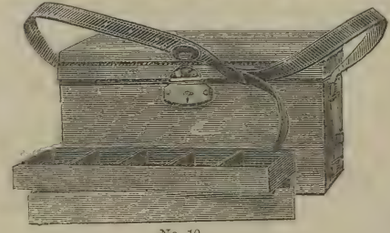
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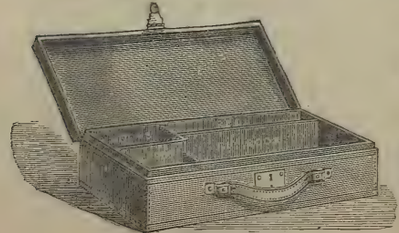
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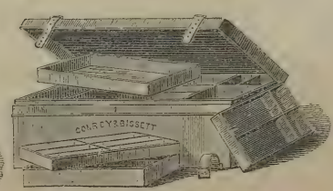
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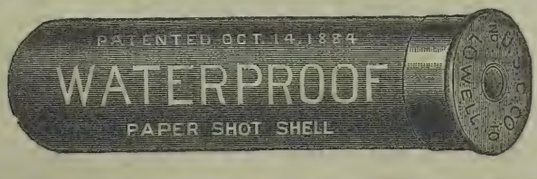
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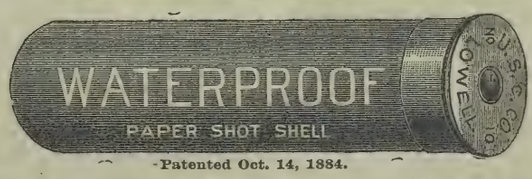
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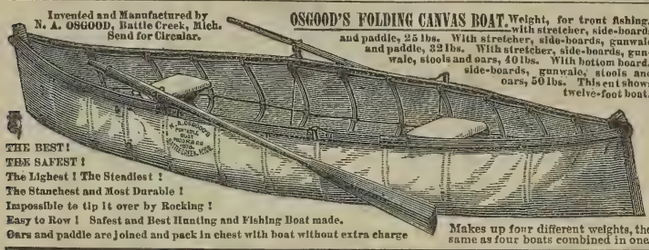
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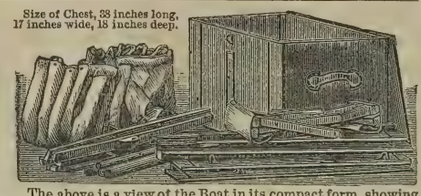
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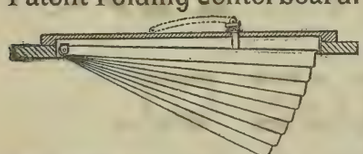
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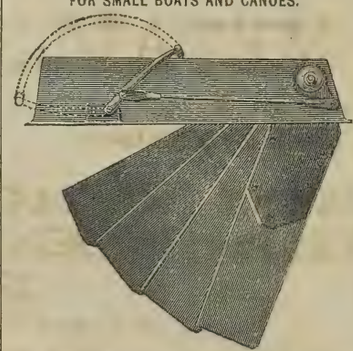
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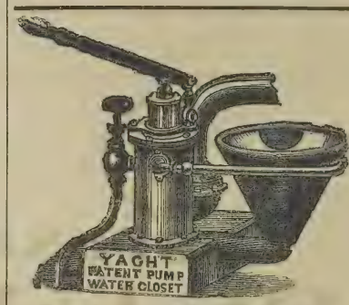
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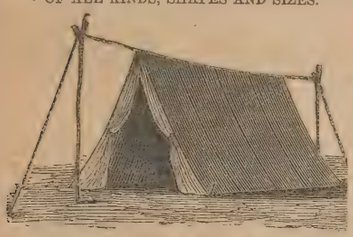
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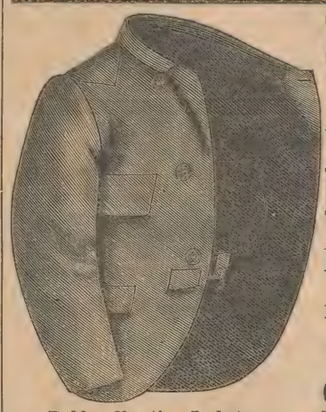
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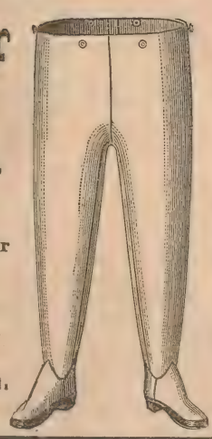
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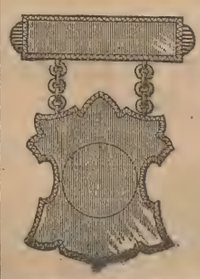
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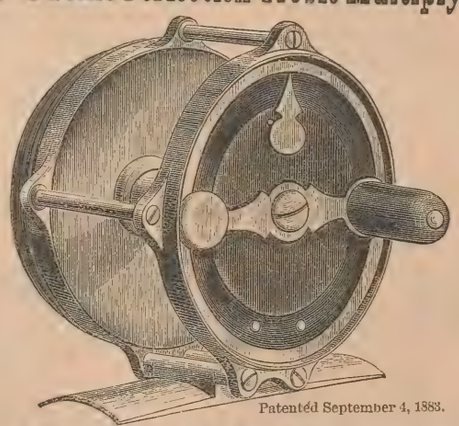
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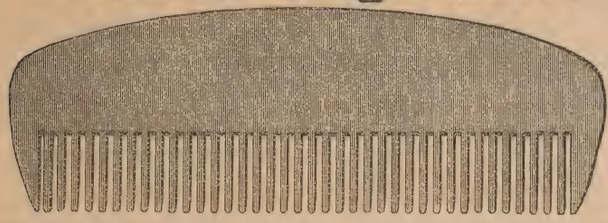
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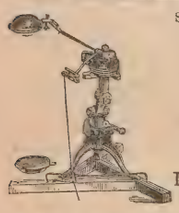
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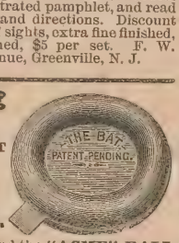
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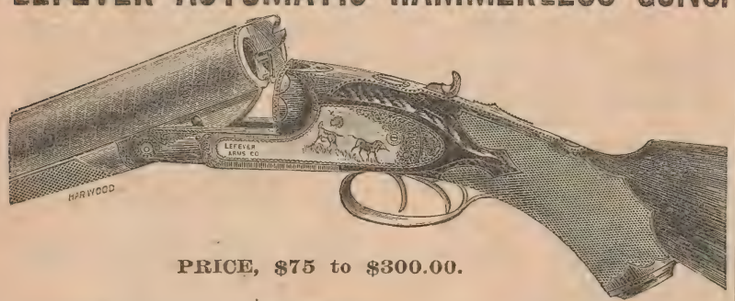
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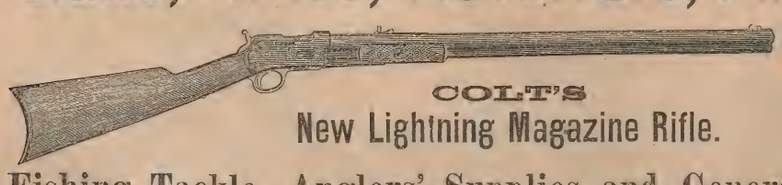
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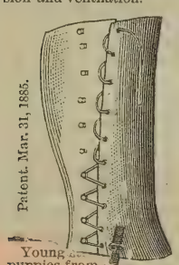
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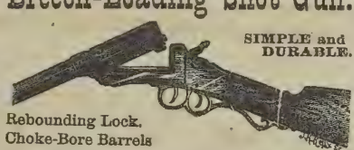
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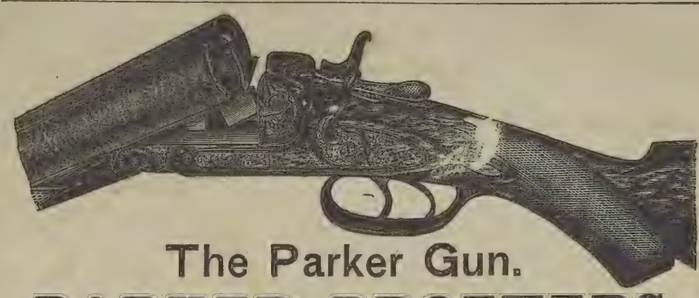
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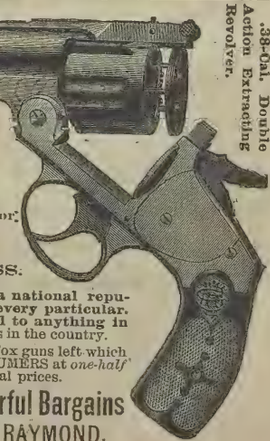
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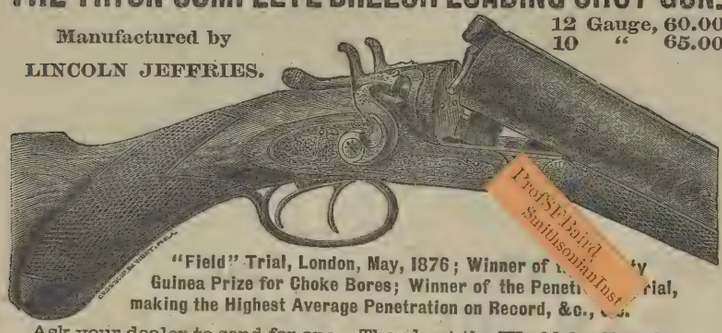
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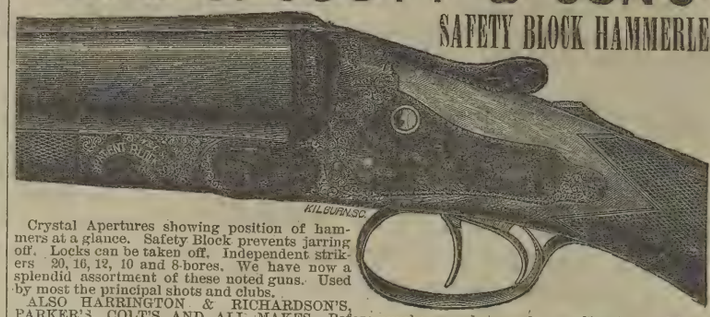
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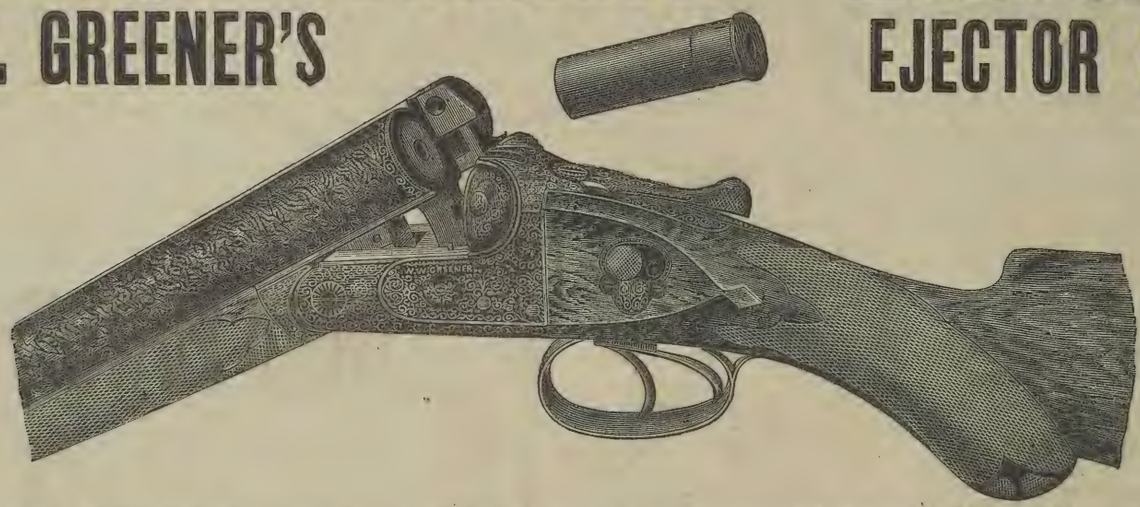
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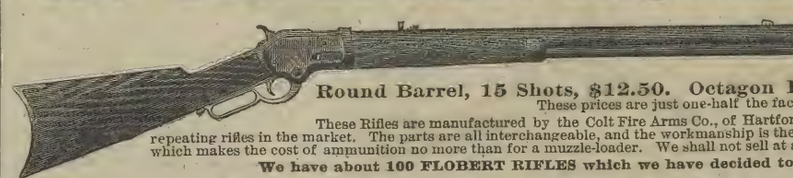
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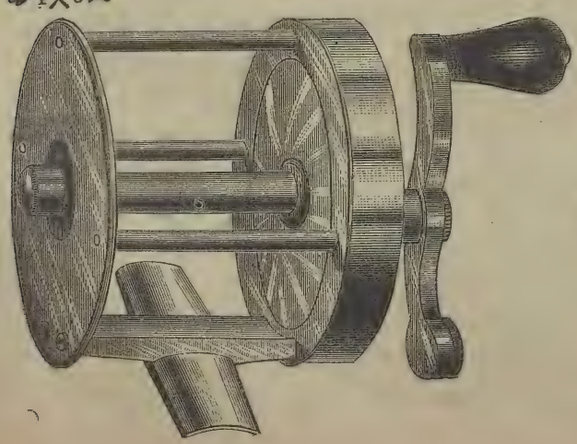
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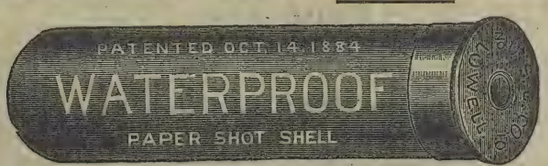
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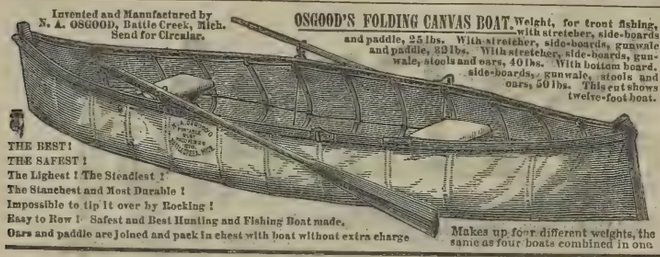
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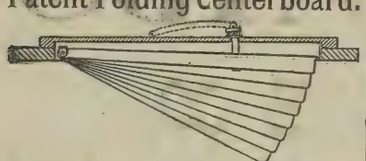
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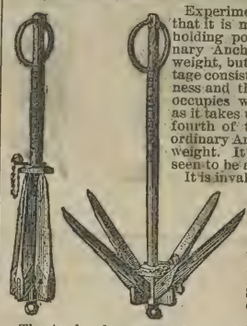
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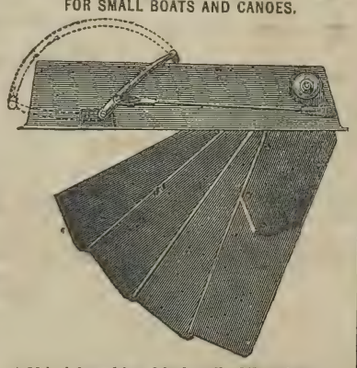
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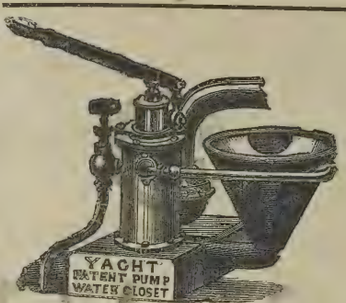
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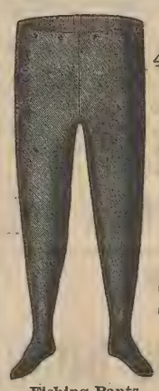
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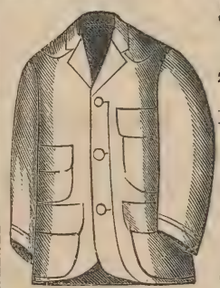
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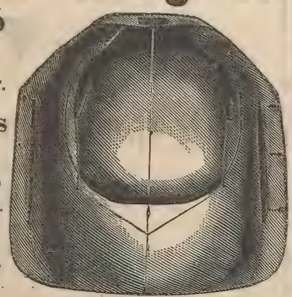
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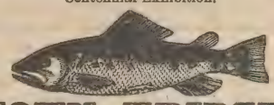
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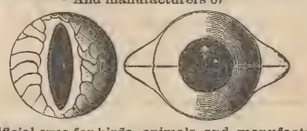
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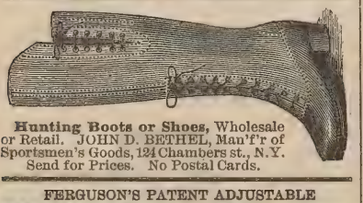
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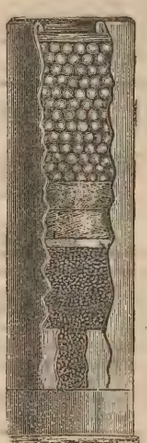
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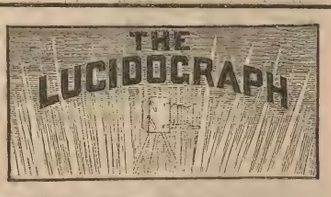
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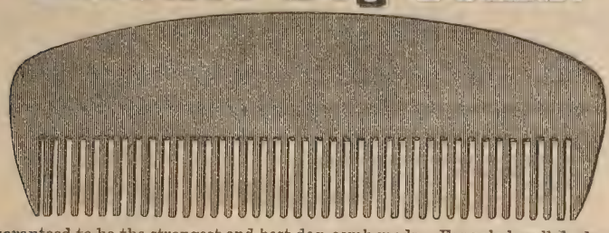
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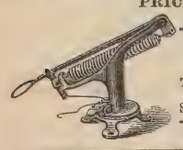
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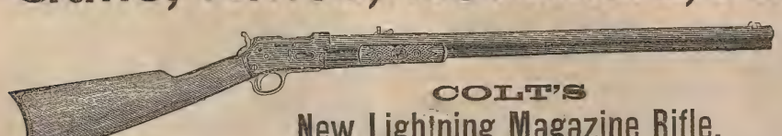
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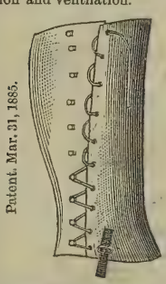
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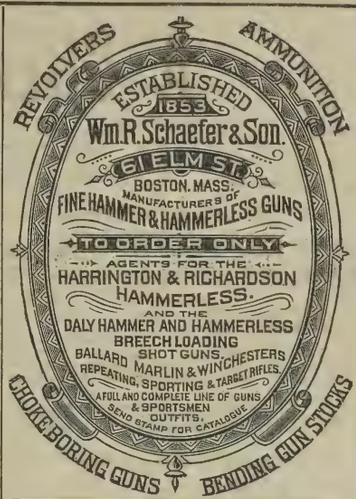
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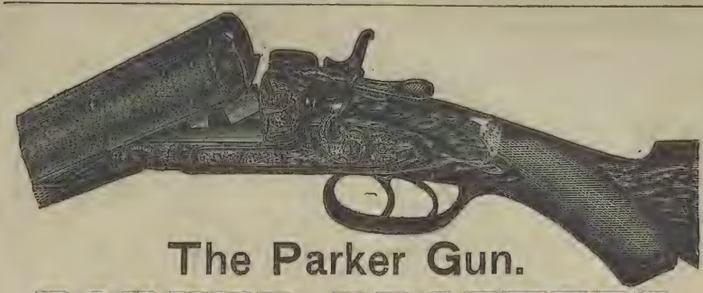
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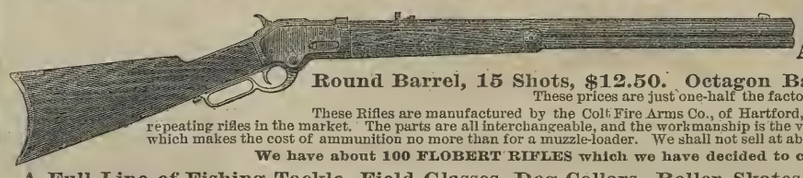
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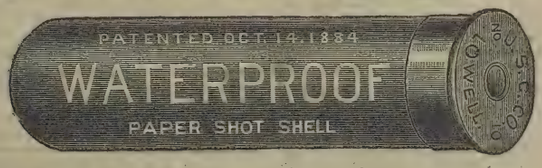
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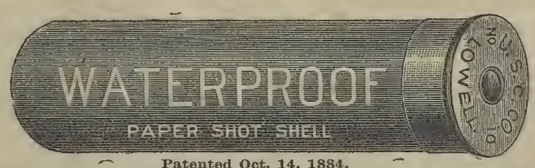
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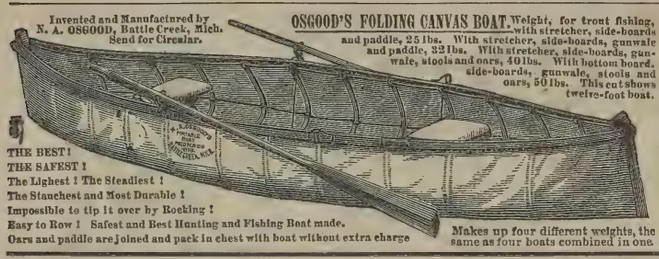
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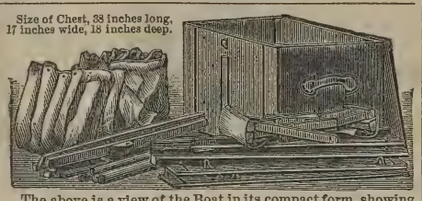
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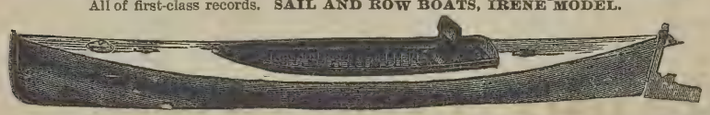
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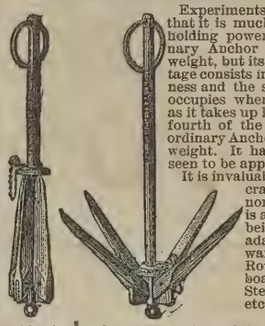
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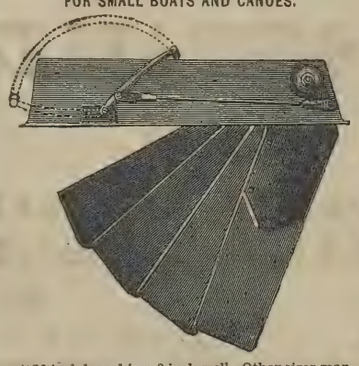
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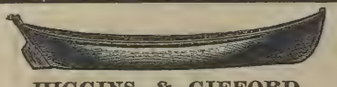


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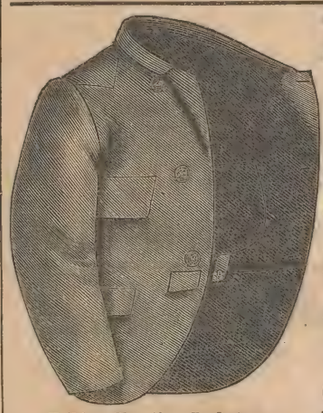
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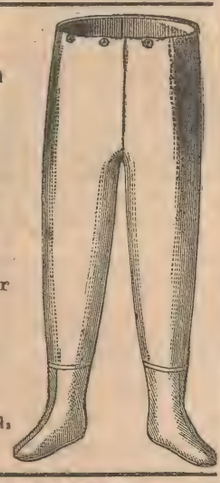
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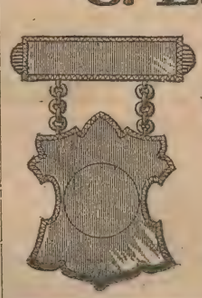
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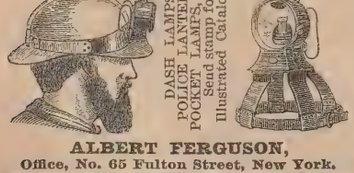
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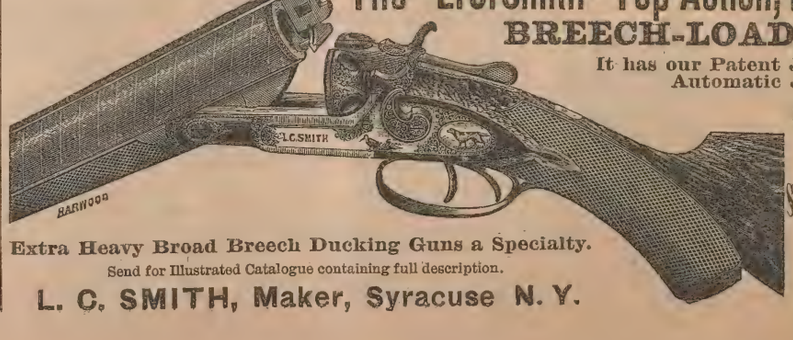
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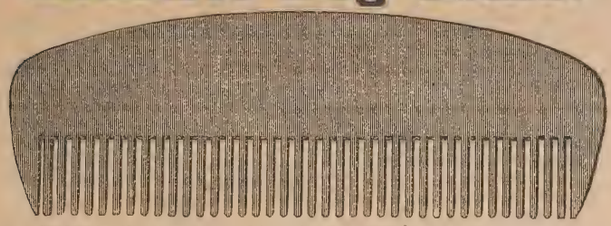
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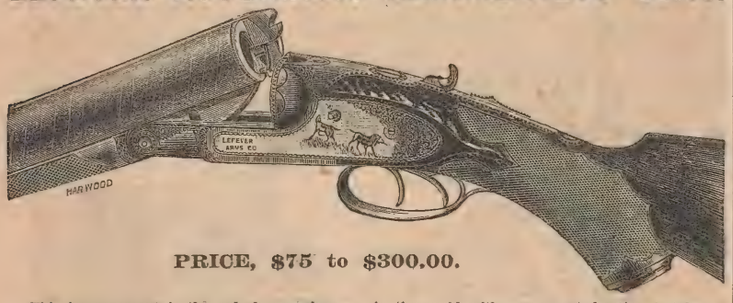
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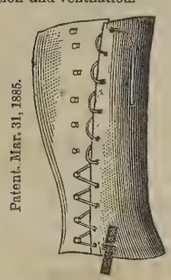
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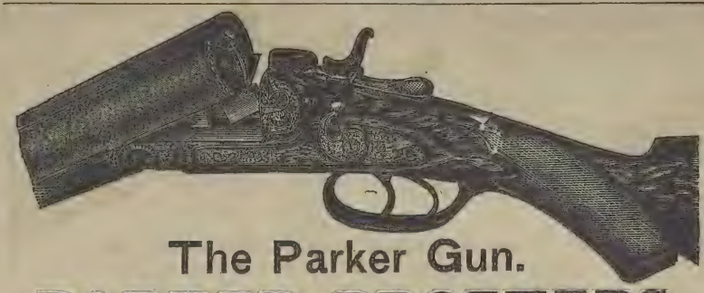
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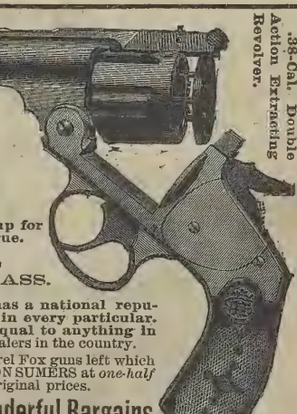
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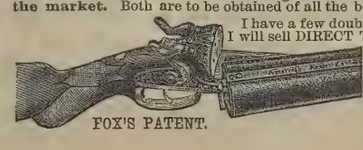
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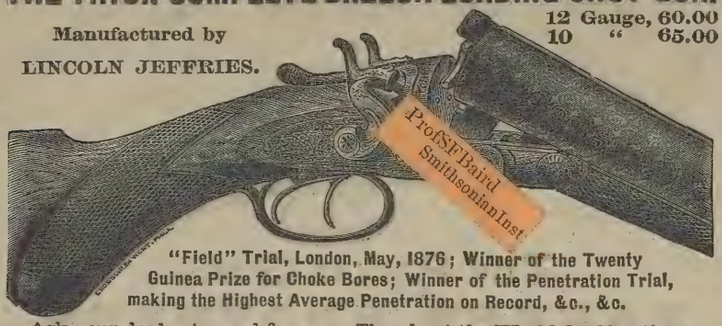
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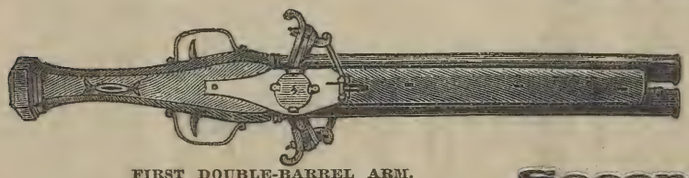
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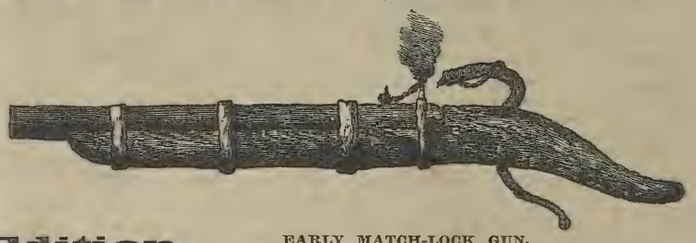


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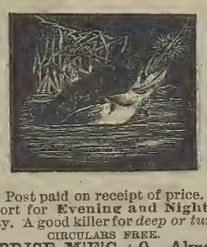
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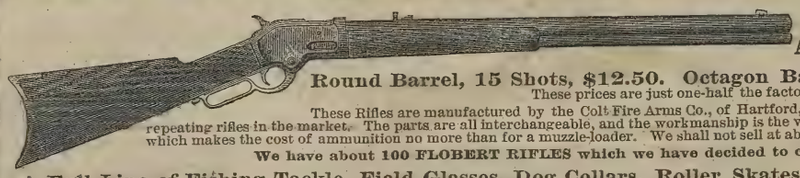
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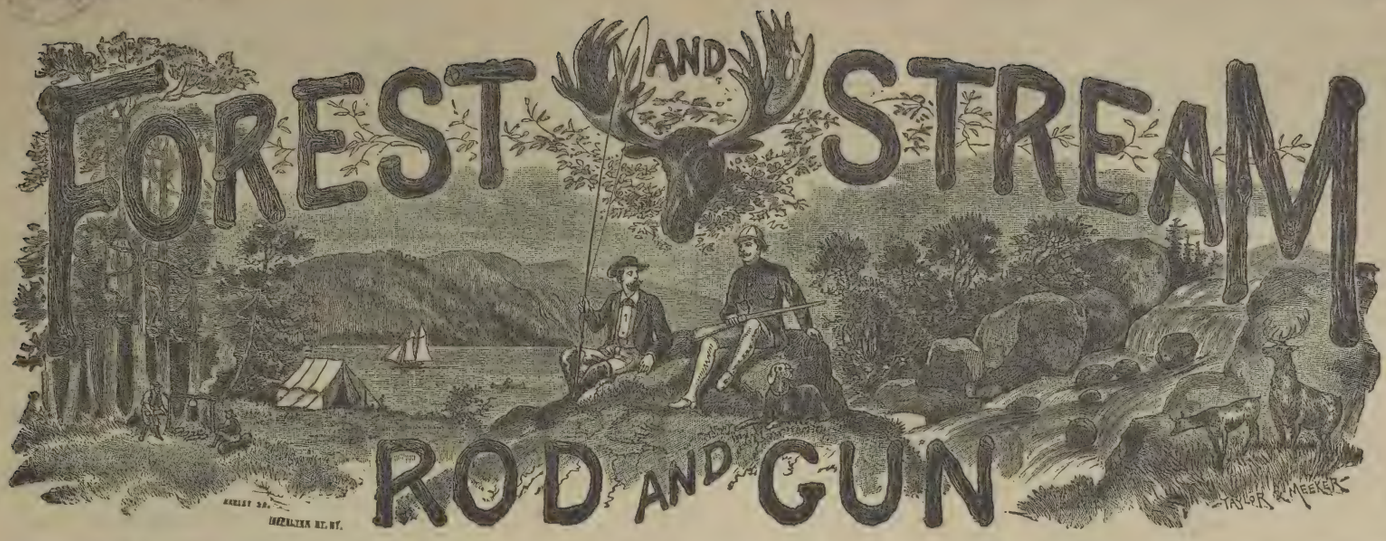
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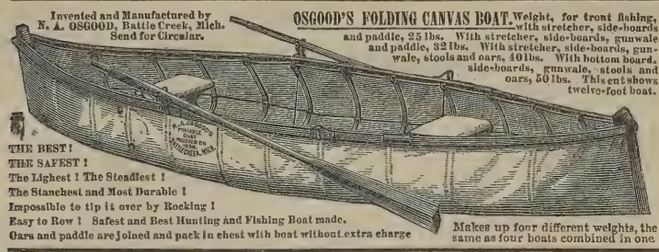
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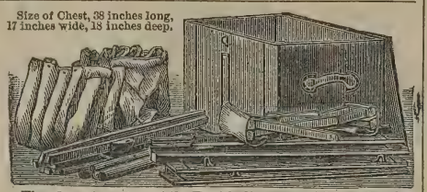
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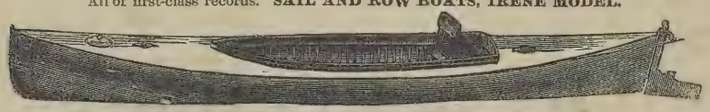
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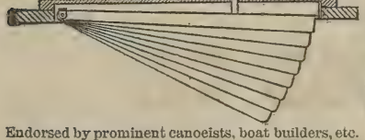
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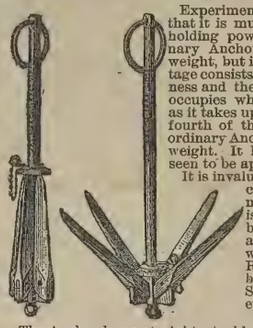
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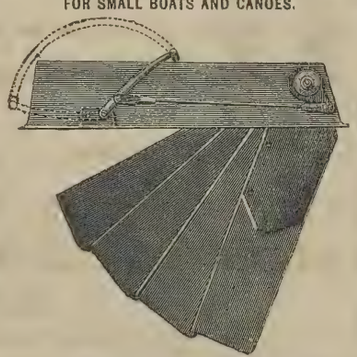
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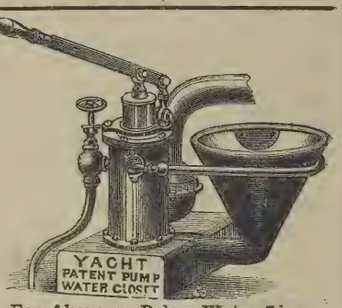
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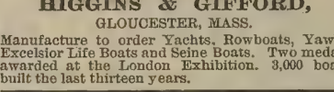


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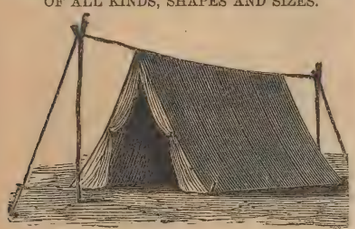
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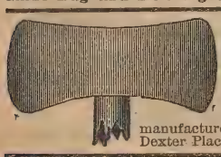
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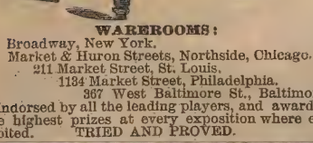
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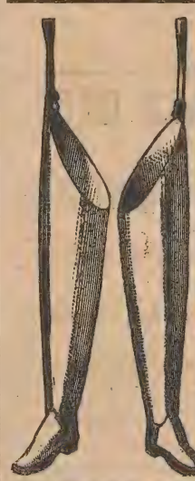
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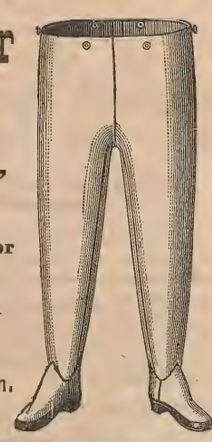
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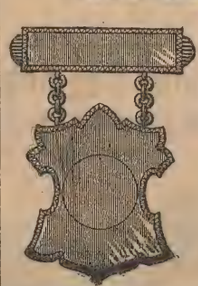
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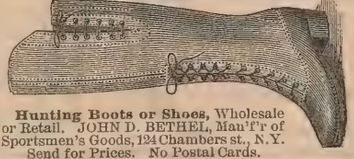
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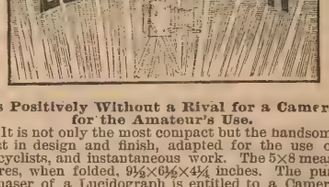
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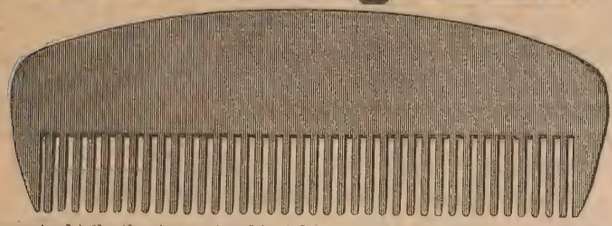
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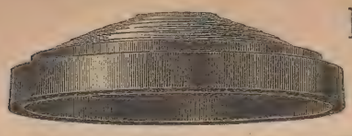
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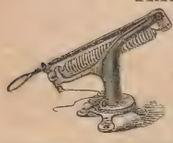
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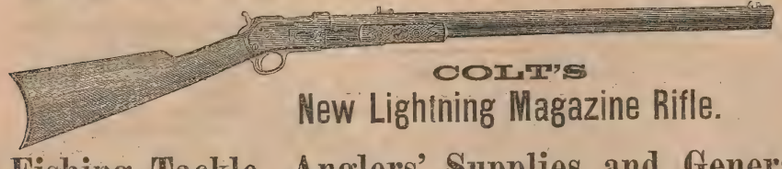
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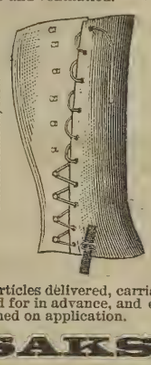
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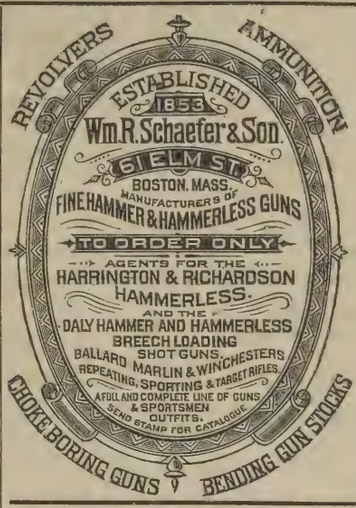
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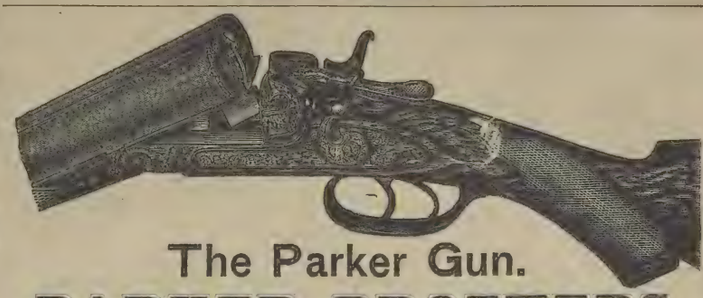
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Hundreds of Prizes

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No. 1 represents the exact proportion of a Wood-Powder Shell properly wadded before the wads have been rammed down. No matter what kind of wads are used, the same should be tough and hard, and the same *thickness* of wadding should be used as shown in these Cuts.

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No. 2 represents the properly loaded cartridge. The wads have been *rammed* down about three-eighths of an inch with two or three hard blows of a mallet or hammer and a tight fitting ramming-stick, until the Wood Powder is pressed into a solid mass. The shot is then put on in the ordinary way and shells crimped down tightly. For brass shells use wads two sizes larger than gauge.

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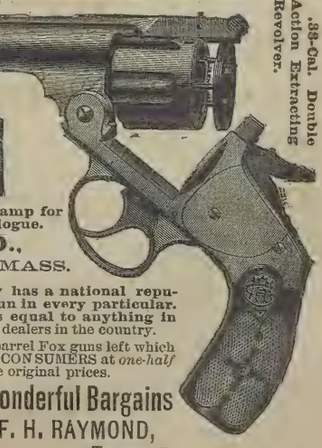
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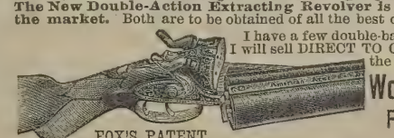
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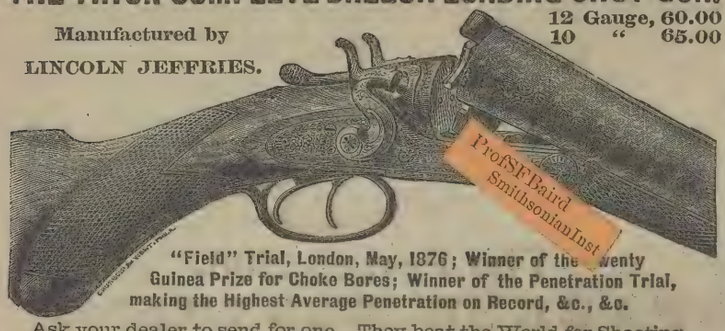
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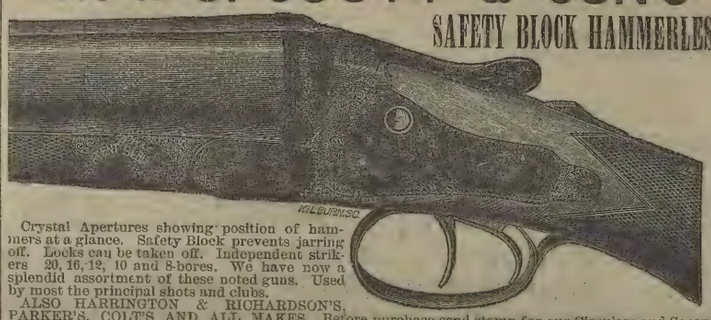
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1	Pigou, Wilks & Laurence,	34·84
2	John Hall & Son, - -	31·20
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4	Schultze Wood Powder, -	25·39

See "Field," May 18, 1878.

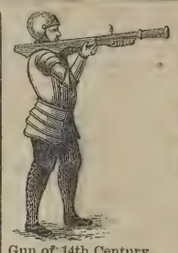
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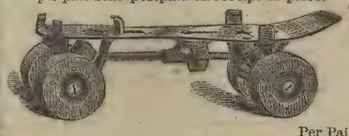


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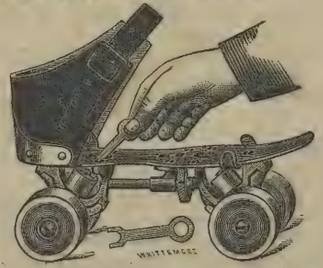


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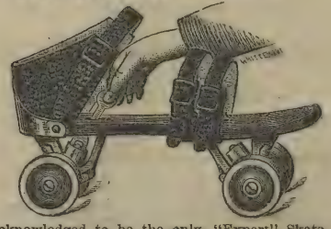
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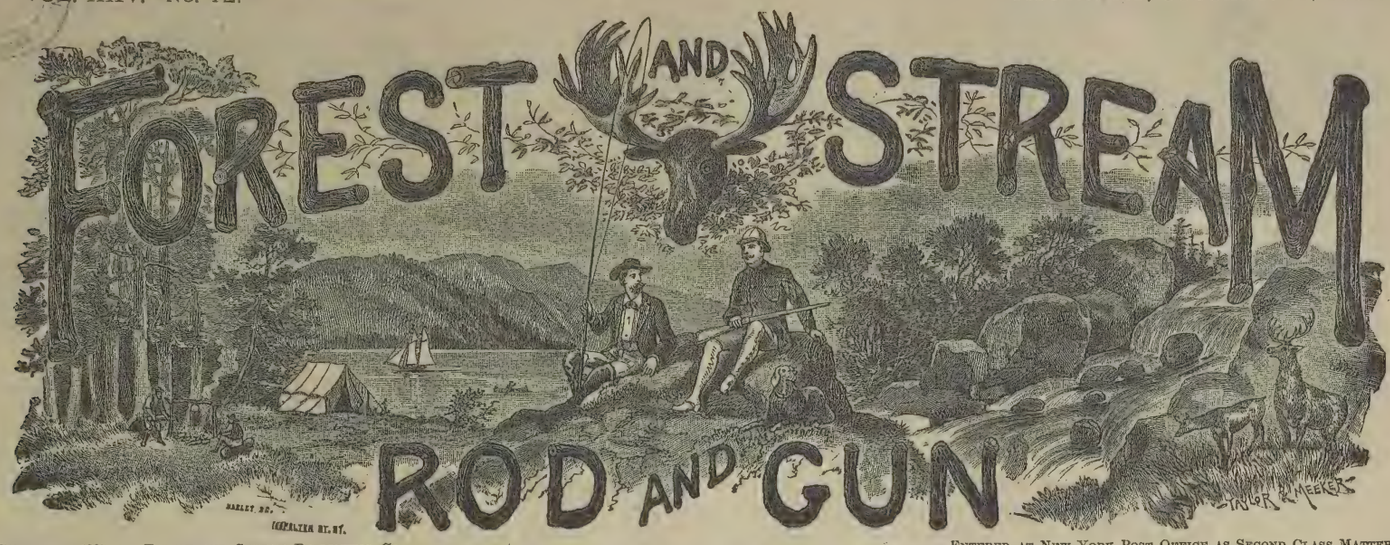
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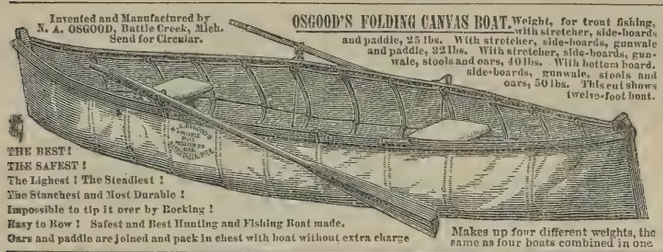
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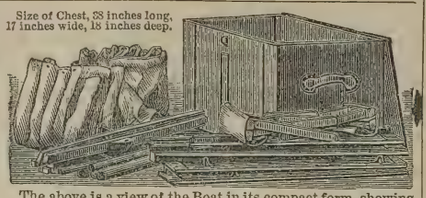
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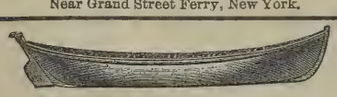
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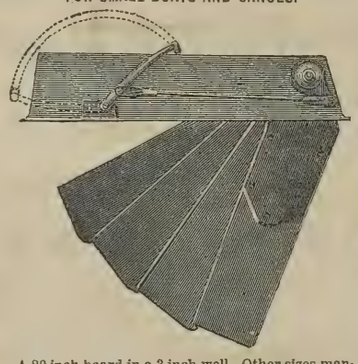
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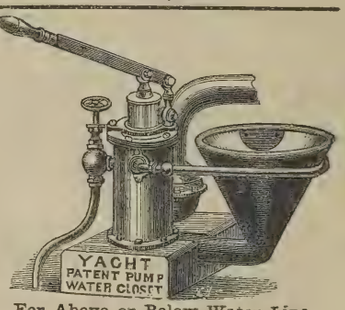
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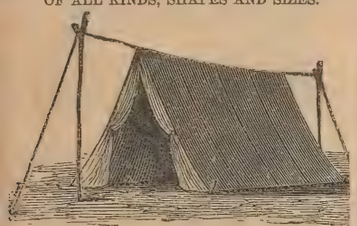
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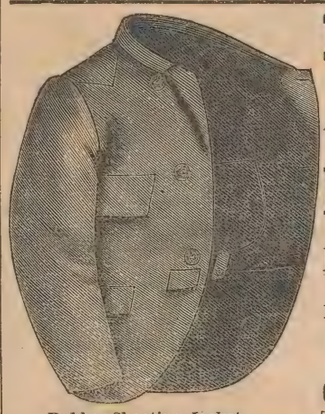
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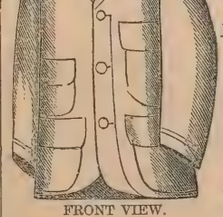
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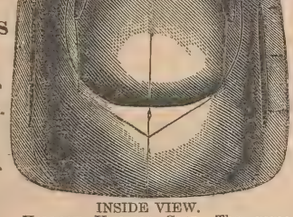
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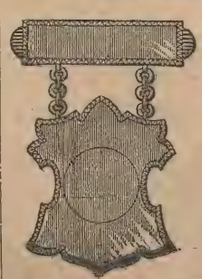


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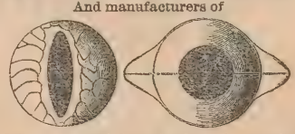
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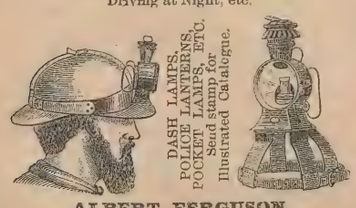
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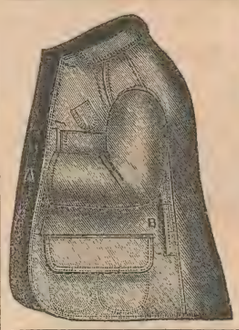
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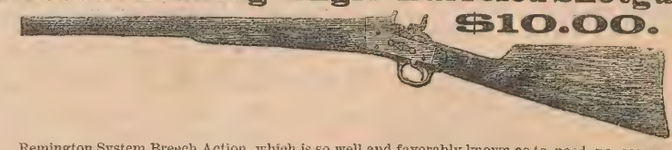
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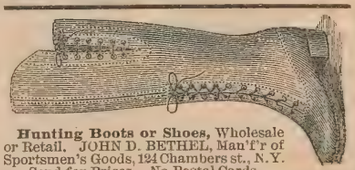
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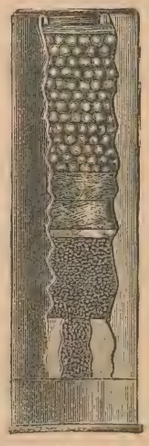
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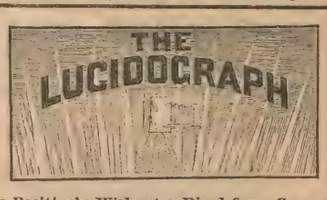
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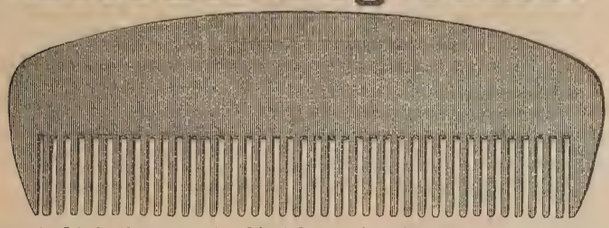
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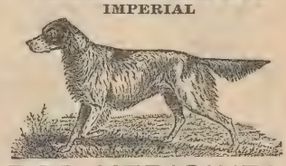
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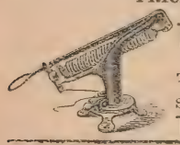
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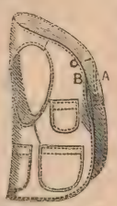
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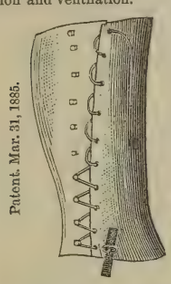
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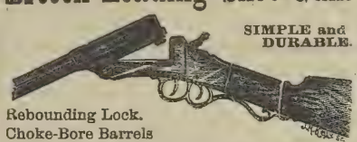
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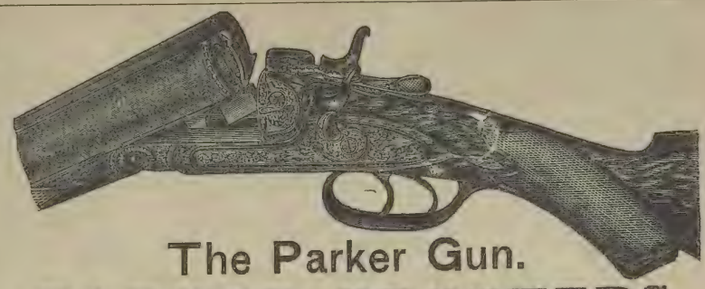
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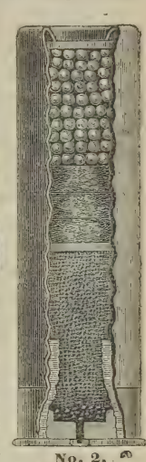
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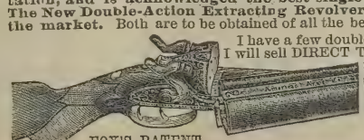
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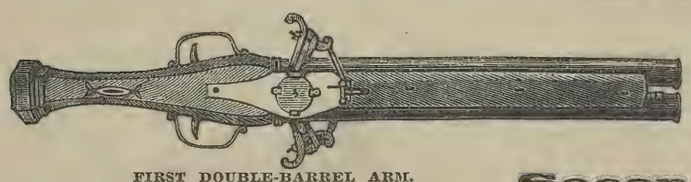
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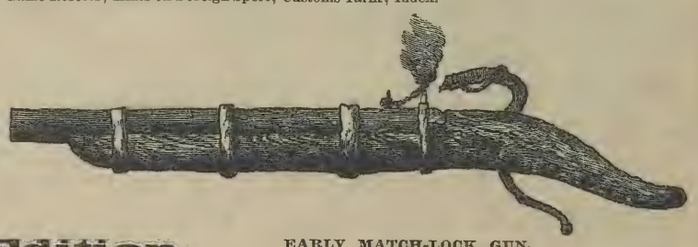


PROOF MARKS.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS: History of Arms; Breech Mechanism; Curious Arms; History of Fulminates; Match, Military and Repeating Rifles; Explosive Shells and Special Projectiles; Gun Barrels; London Guns; Locks; Proof; Invention of Cartridges; Manufacture of Cartridges; Cartridge Loading; Gunpowders; Modern Explosives; Hammerless Guns; Ejecting Guns; Safeties; Rock Rifles; Revolving Pistols; Ideal Guns; Novelties; Choke-boring; Gun Trials; Extraordinary Guns; Wadding; Shot; Velocity; Theories; Experiments; Punt Guns; Harpoon Guns; Machine Guns; Modern Cannon; Shooting Notes; Trap Shooting; Deer Stalking; Wildfowling; Arctic Sport; Game Resorts; Hints on Foreign Sport; Customs Tariff; Index.



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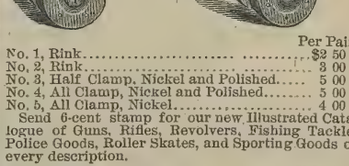


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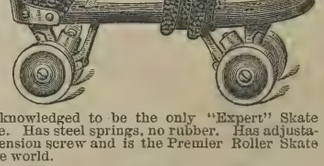
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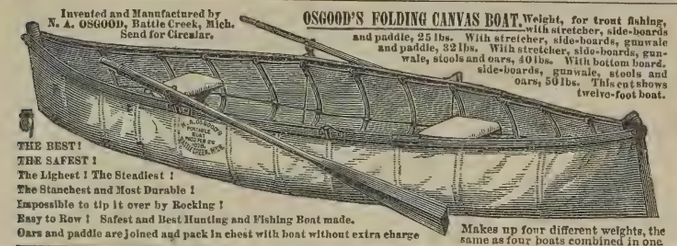
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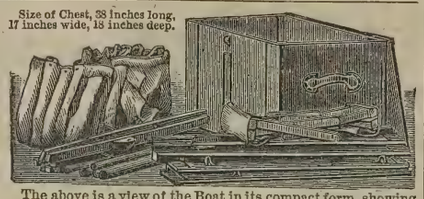
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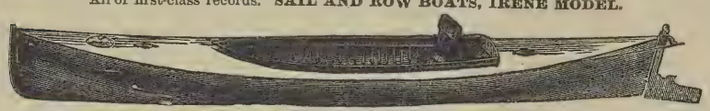
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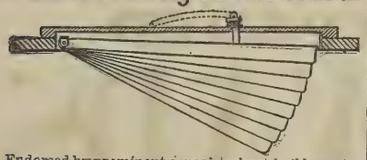
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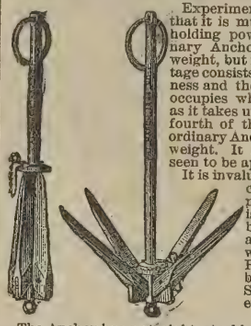
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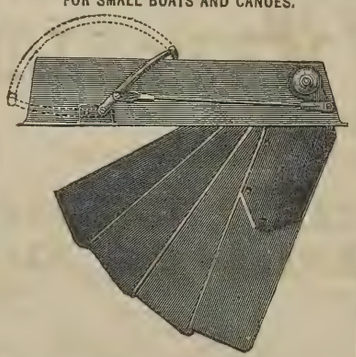
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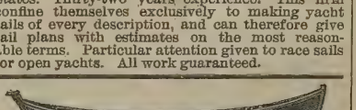
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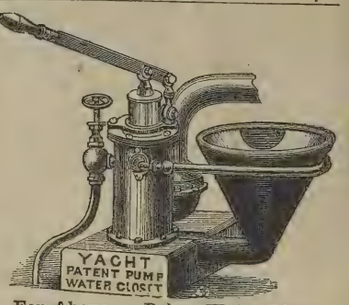


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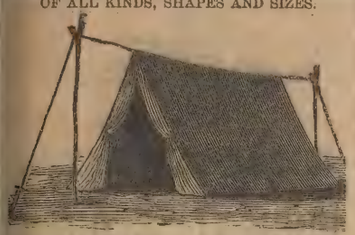
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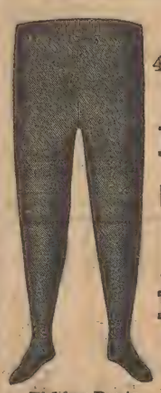
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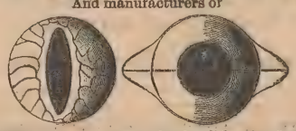
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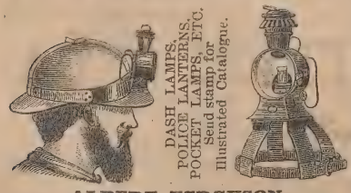
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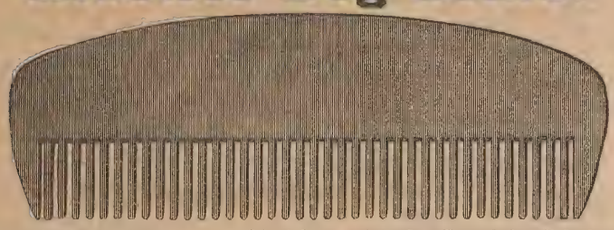
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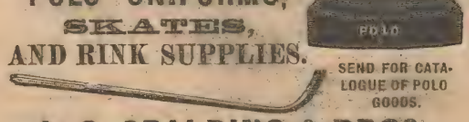
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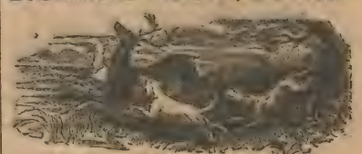
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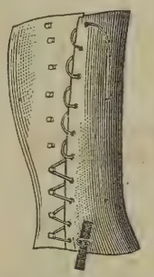
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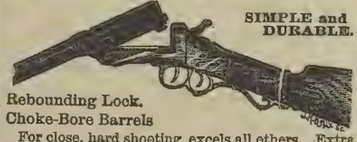
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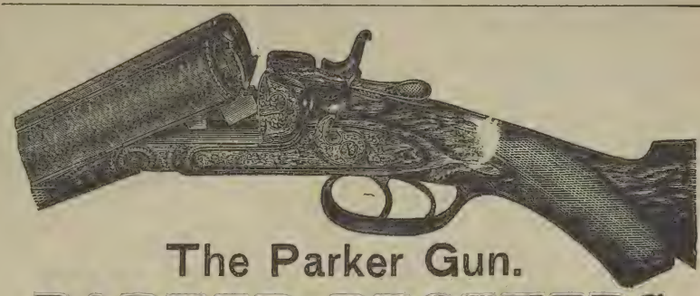
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No. 1 represents the exact proportion of a Wood-Powder Shell properly wadded before the wads have been rammed down. No matter what kind of wads are used, the same should be tough and hard, and the same *thickness* of wadding should be used as shown in these Cuts.

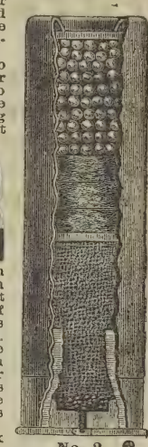
In many Parker, Colt and other guns, wads of one or two sizes larger than bore of shell must be used, as the inner diameter of the barrels of such guns is from one-half to two calibre larger than that of paper shells, preventing the necessary confinement and causing half of the charge being thrown out unburnt. This is the secret of failures to get the desired penetration with AMERICAN

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In the absence of stronger primers than used for American Shells, we advise to put a little black powder in the bottom of the shell, which will generate about the same initial heat as a stronger primer and help burning the whole charge of Wood Powder, even when not confined as thoroughly as W. P. must be, to give best possible results when used pure.

No. 2 represents the properly loaded cartridge. The wads have been *rammed* down about three-eighths of an inch with two or three hard blows of a mallet or hammer and a tight fitting ramming-stick, until the Wood Powder is pressed into a solid mass. The shot is then put on in the ordinary way and shells crimped down tightly. For brass shells use wads two sizes larger than gauge.

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It has Nickle Plated Patented Solid Reel Plate which prevents Reel getting fast by swelling of wood, f rod should get wet. Full Nickle Plated, Patented Ferrules, allowing the wood to be used the full size, thus preventing rod breaking where wood and ferrules join. Metal Tennons which prevent joints getting stuck together. The entire rod is made from the best selected lancewood, left natural color, varnished and polished. This makes a handsome finish, and is less liable to be seen by the wary fish than a dark rod. The butt is wound with cane and silk in an artistic manner, which not only gives it the appearance, but also the feeling of the high-priced rods. The complete rod has a look of beauty, which is a joy to every fisherman's heart while using it. It is well and neatly ringed throughout, and has an extra winding between each ring. There has been so many rods made of an inferior quality that resemble this, that all from this date will have stamped on reel plate "W. H. Cruttenden," and none genuine unless so stamped. Length, 10½ft; weight, 9½ to 10ozs. All the parts are interchangeable, and if, by accident, any part should get broken, can send duplicate without rod being returned. The best made rod in the United States, and we will guarantee it in every way. With short tip it makes an excellent bass rod. Sent to any part of U. S. in case, 1 bass, 1 trout tip, prepaid, for $5.35; bass tips, $1.00; trout tips, $1.25. General agent for Card's Rotating Trap. Guns, Pistols and Fishing Tackle. Gunmaking and repairing by J. W. Livingstone. New Illustrated Catalogue in colors now ready, and sent free on application.

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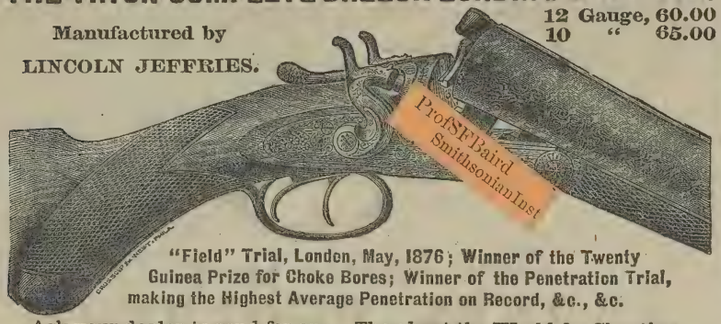
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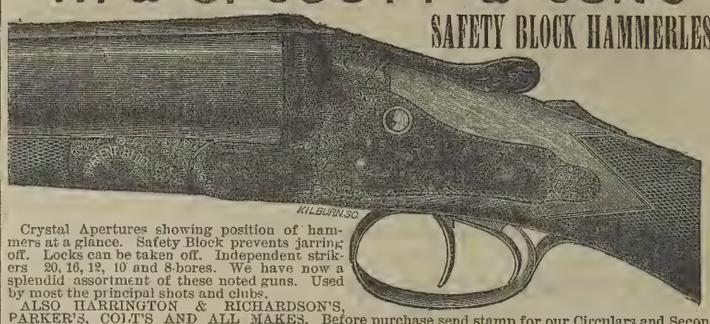
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1 Pigou, Wilks & Laurence, 34·84
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See "Field," May 18, 1878.

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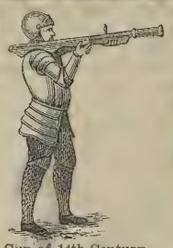
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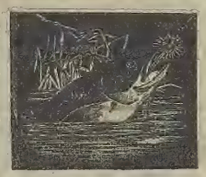
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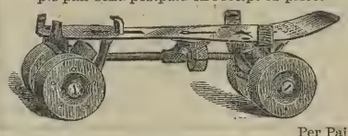


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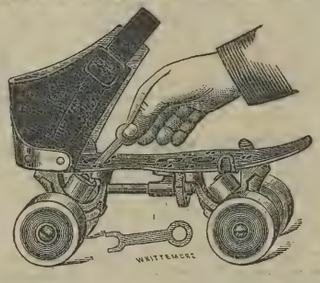


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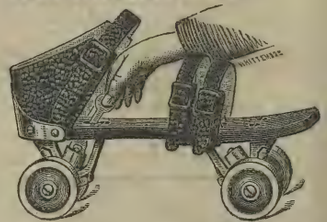
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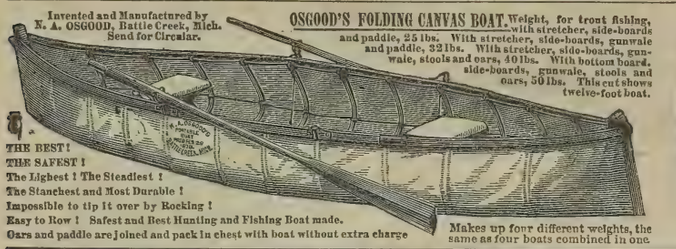
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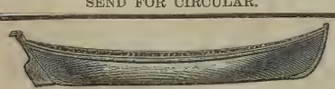
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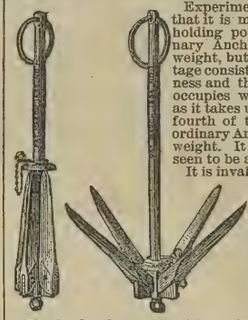
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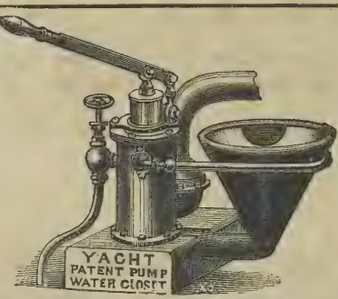
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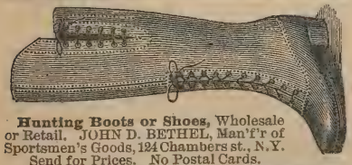
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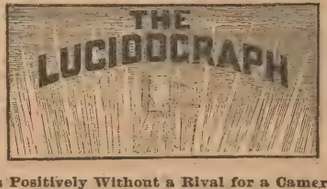


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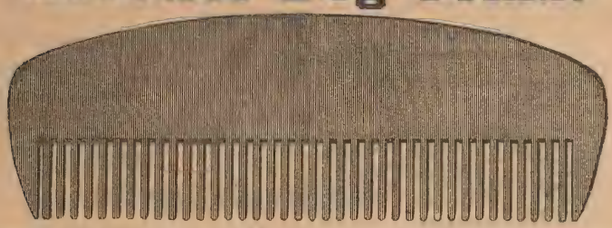
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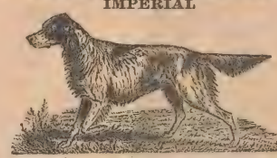
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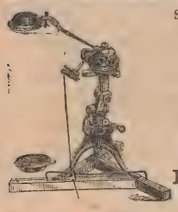
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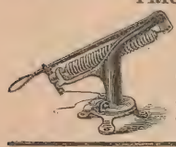
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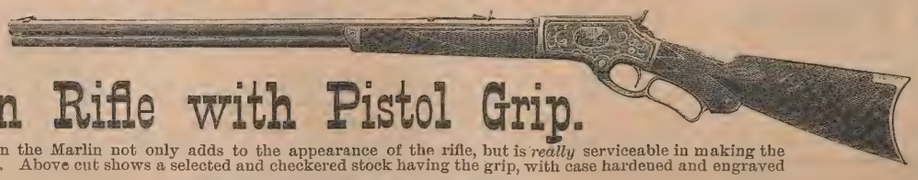
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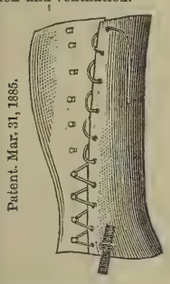
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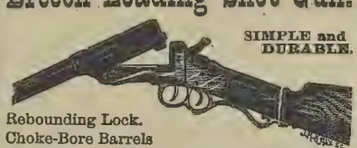
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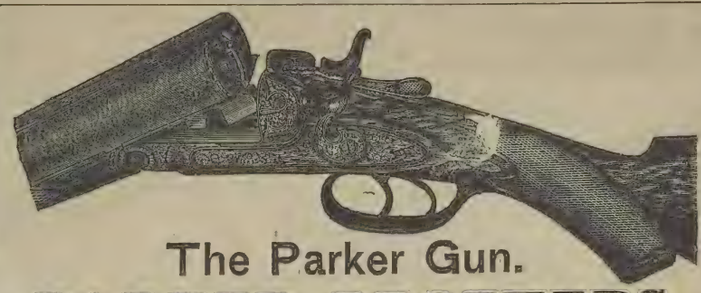
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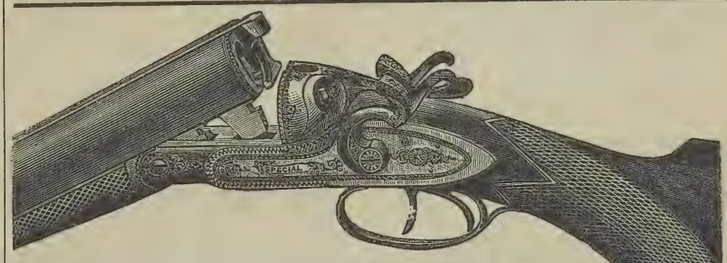
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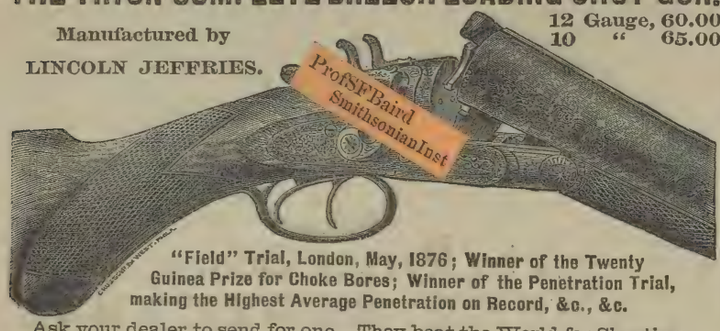
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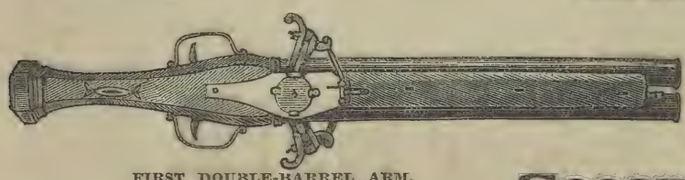
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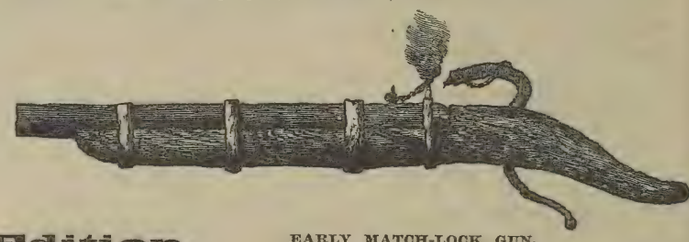


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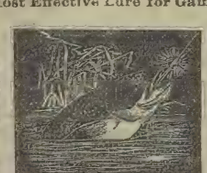
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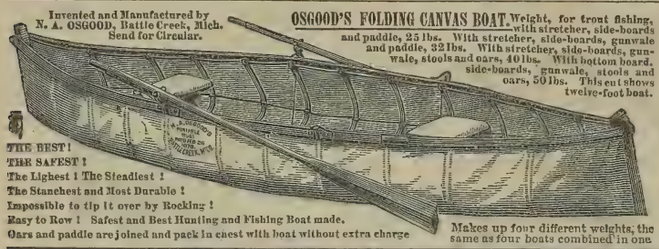
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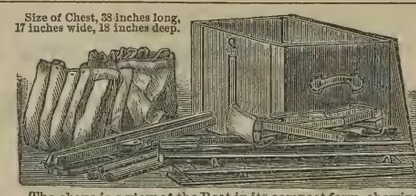
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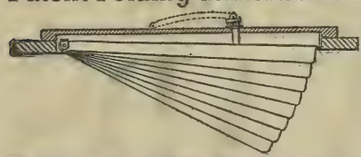
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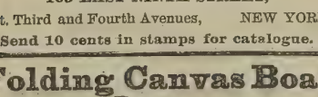
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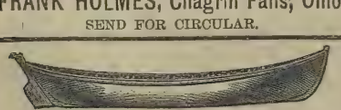
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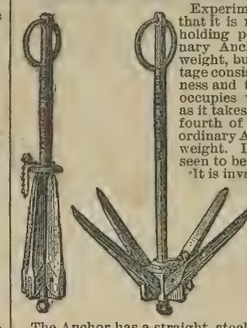
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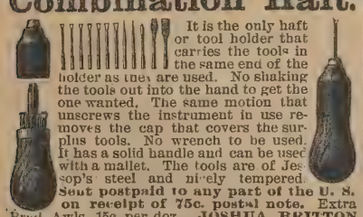
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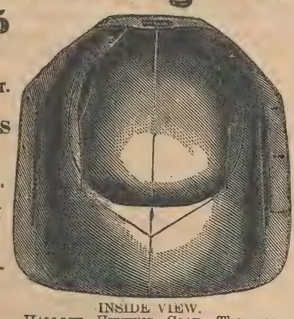
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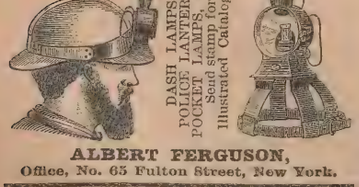
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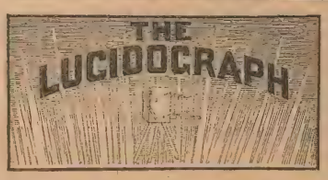


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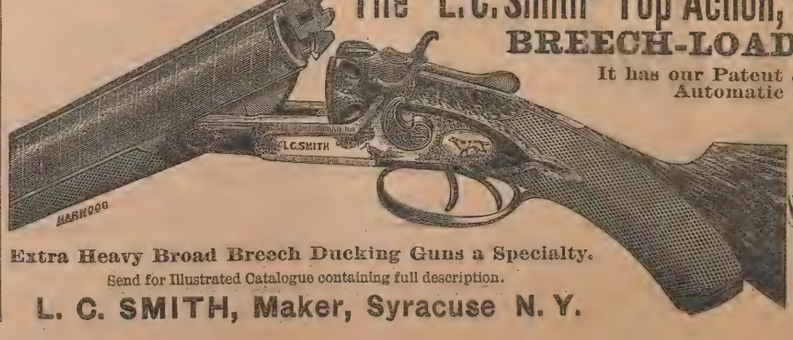
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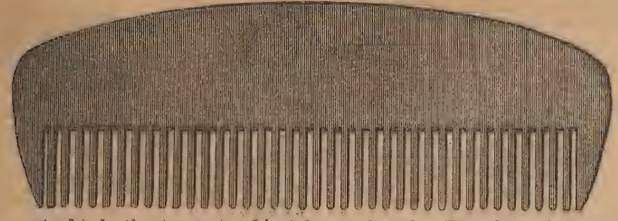
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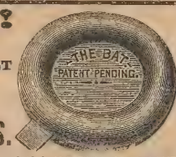
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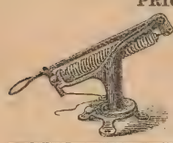
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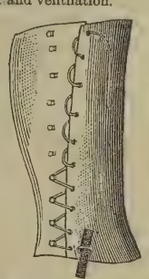
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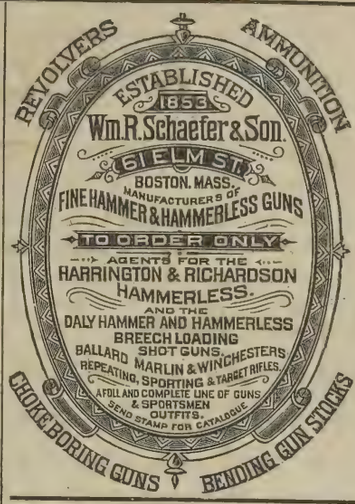
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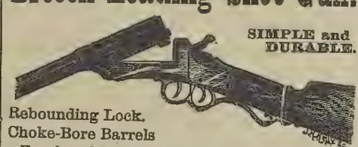
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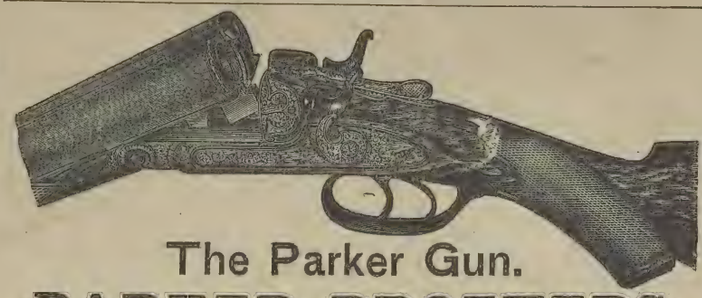
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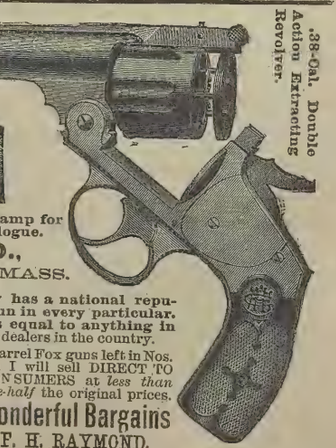
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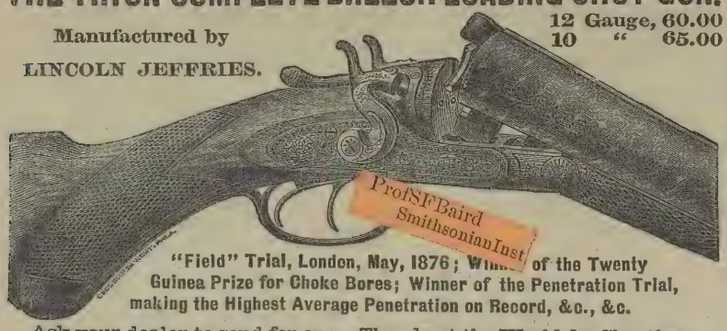
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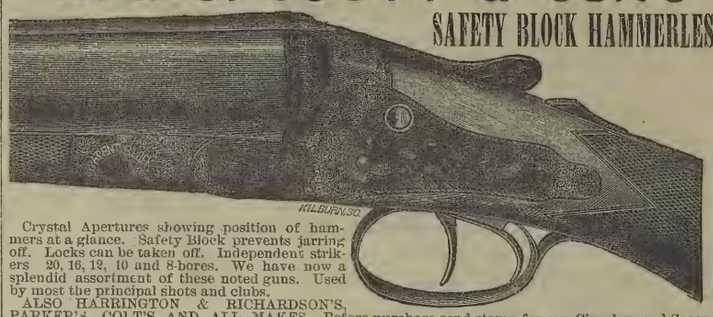
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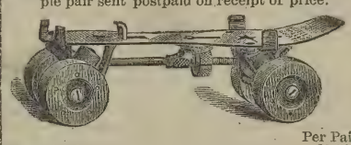


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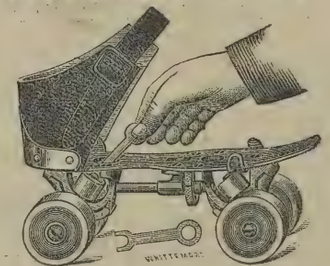
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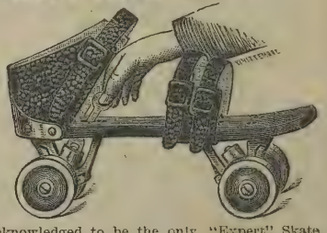
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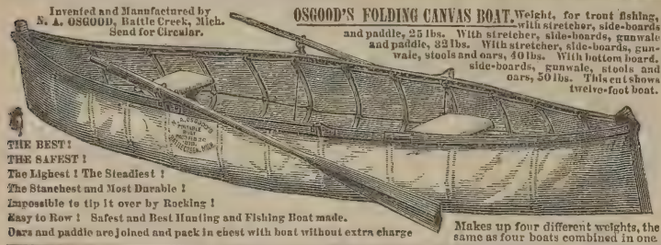
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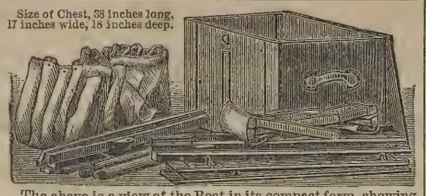
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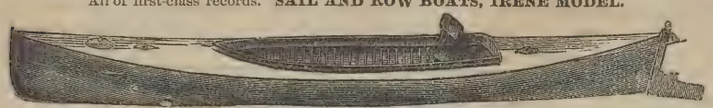
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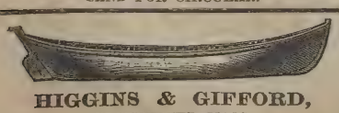
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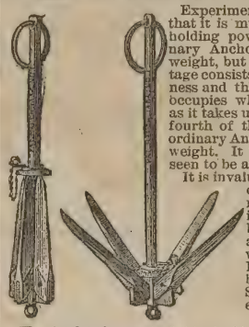
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

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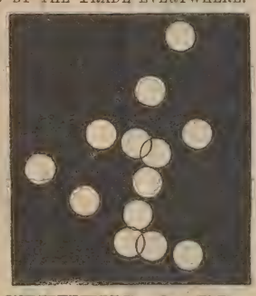
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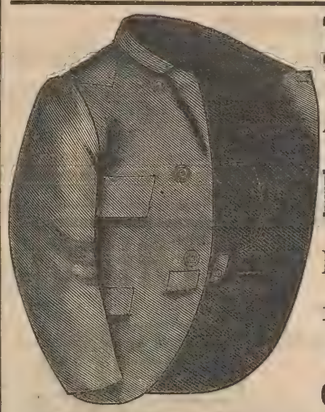
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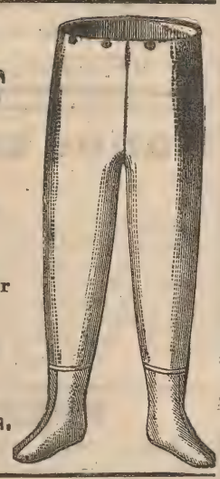
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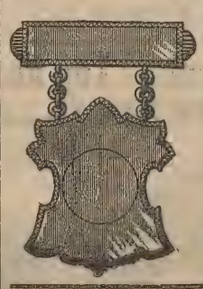
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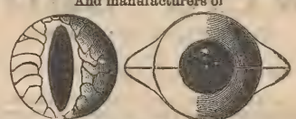
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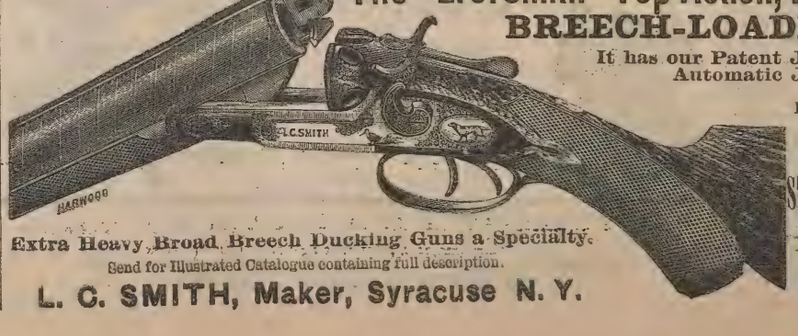
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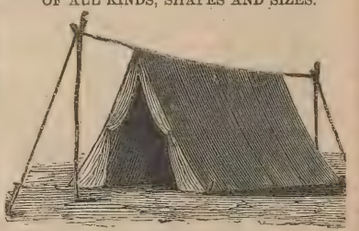
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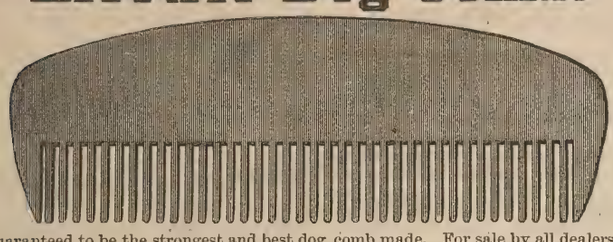
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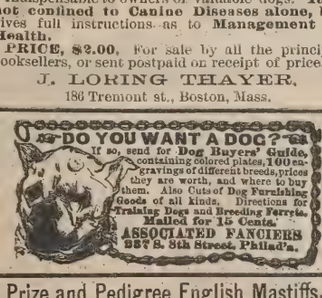
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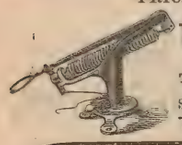
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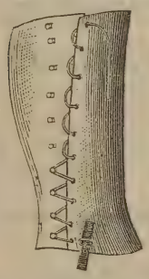
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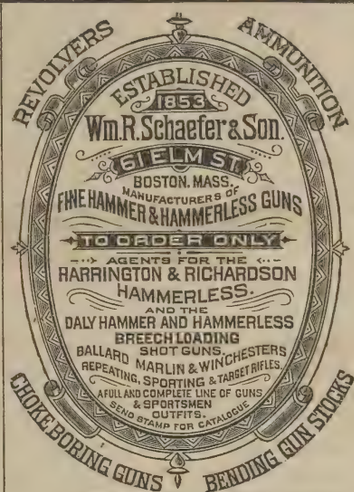
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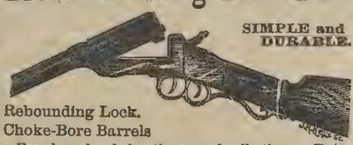
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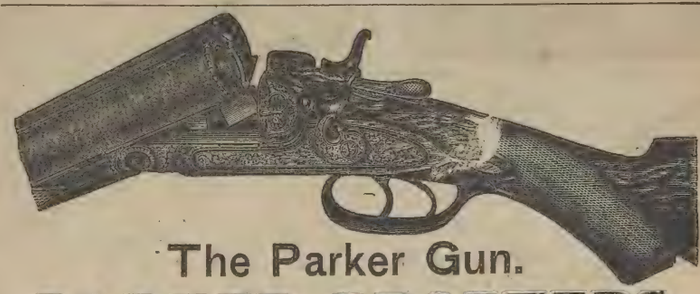
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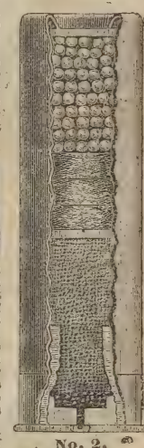
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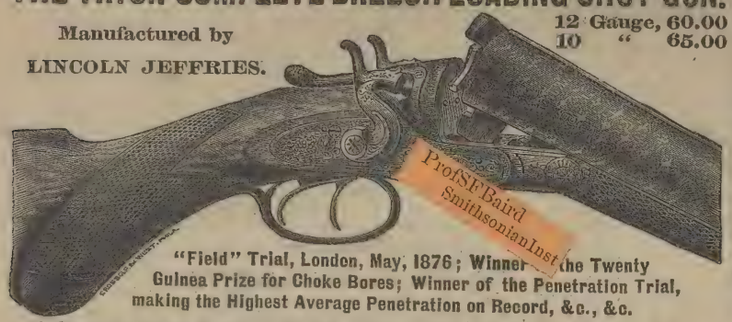
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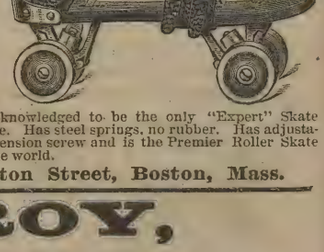
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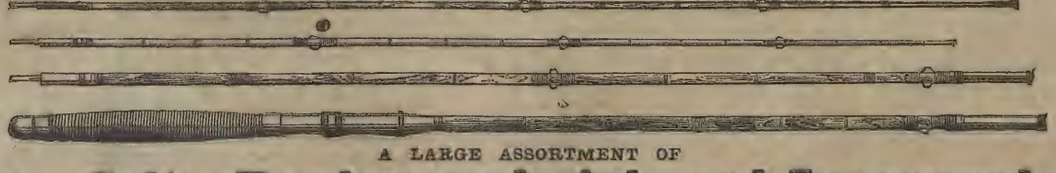
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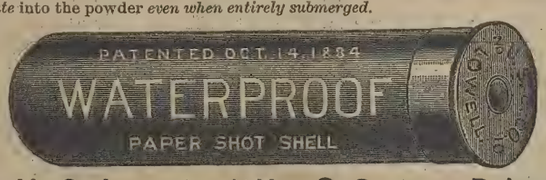
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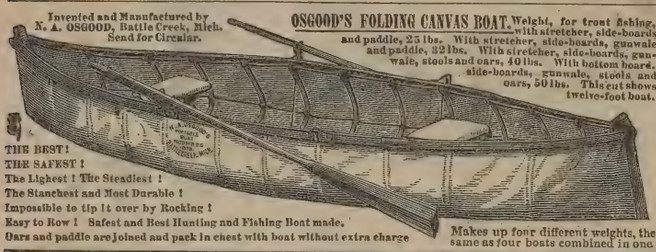
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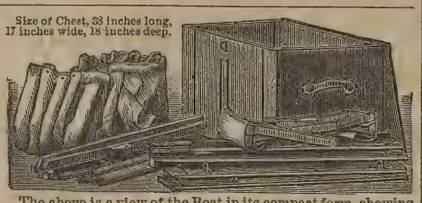
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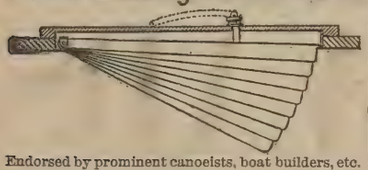
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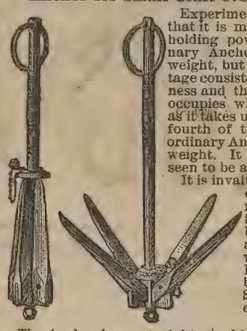
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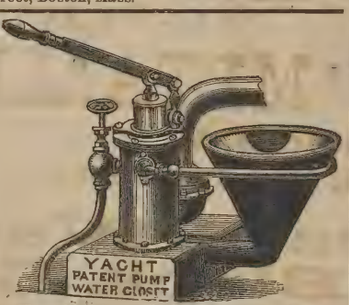
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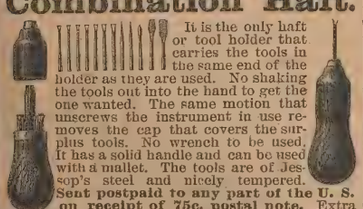
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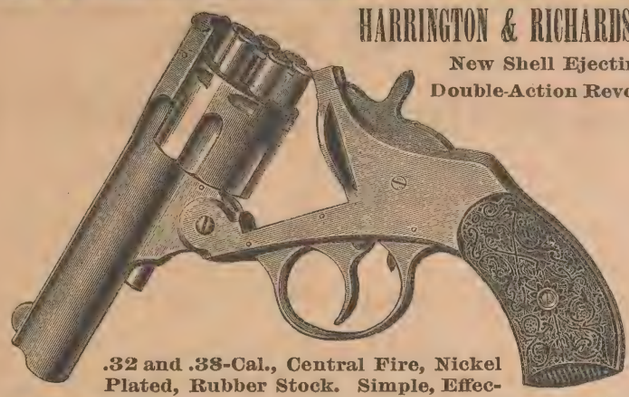
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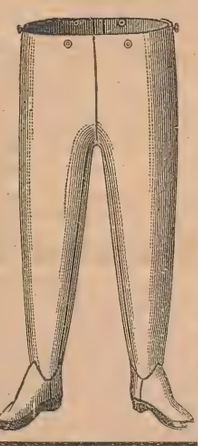
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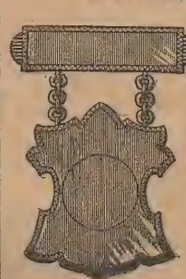
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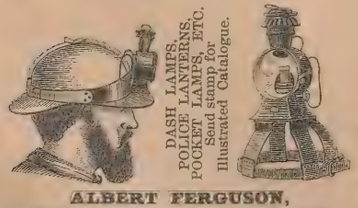
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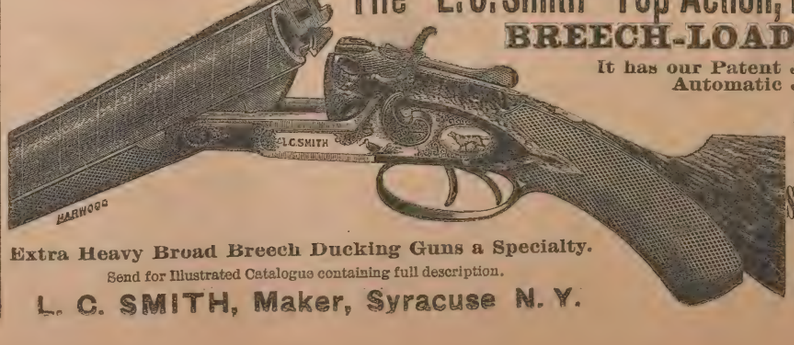
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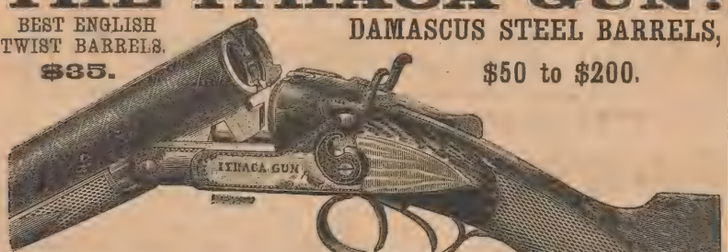
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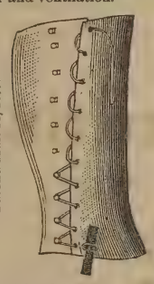
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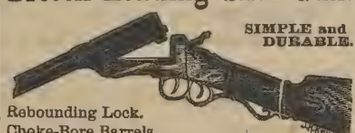
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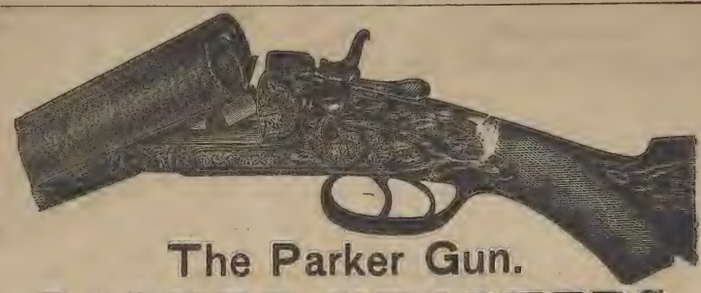
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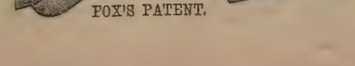
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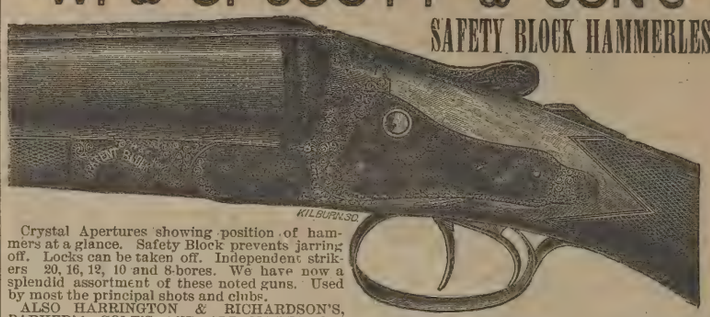


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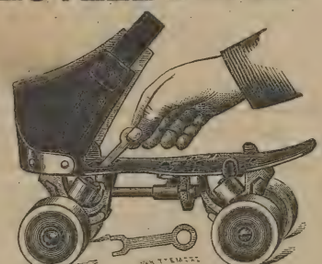


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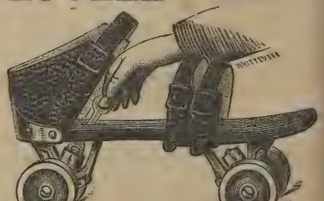
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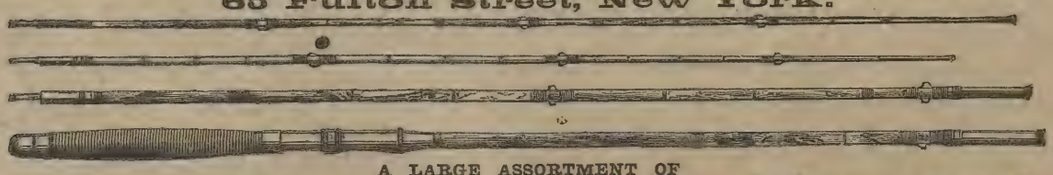
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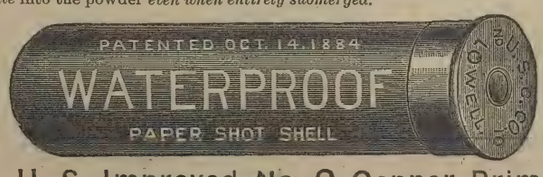
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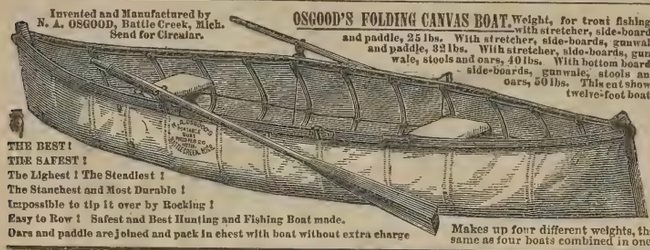
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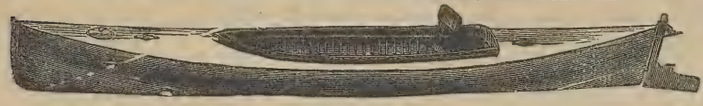
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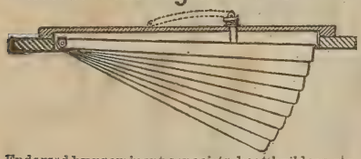
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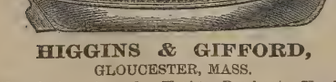
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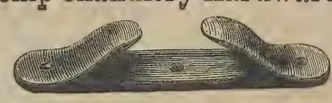
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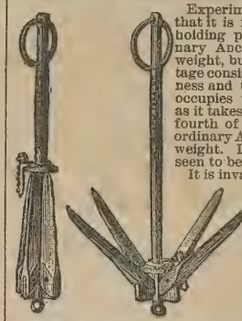
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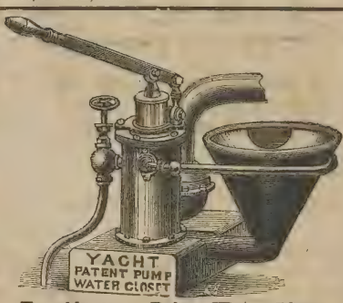
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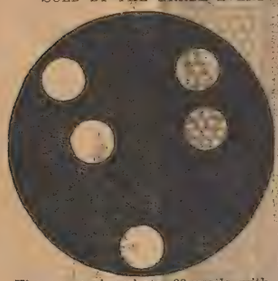
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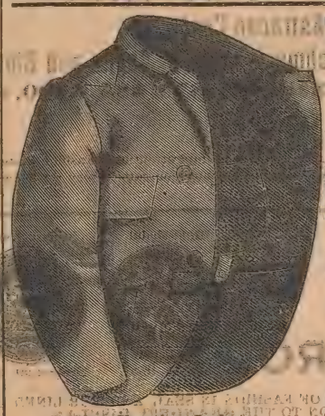
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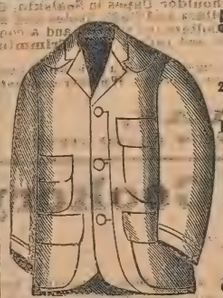
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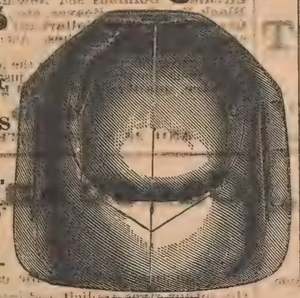
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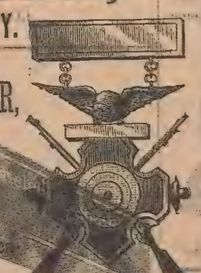


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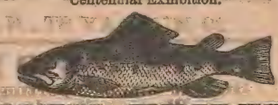
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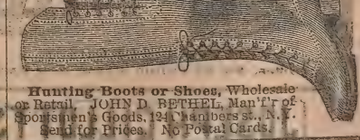
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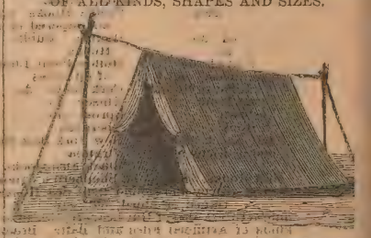
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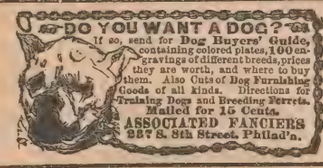
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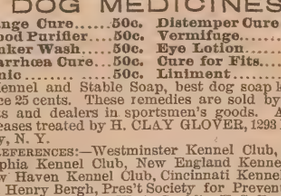
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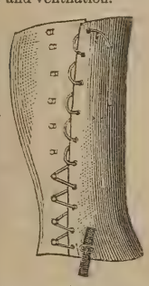
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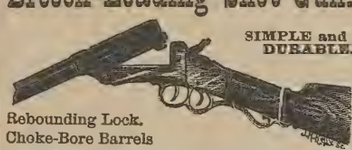
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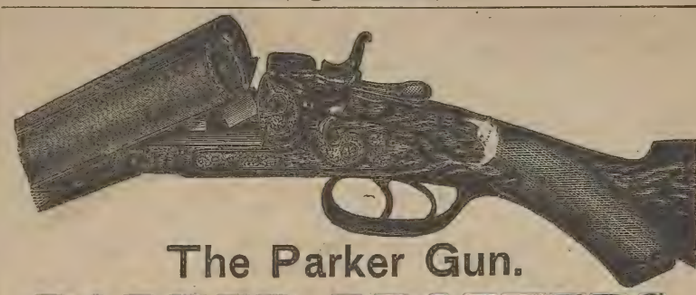
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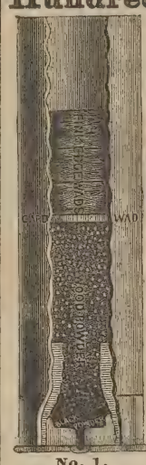
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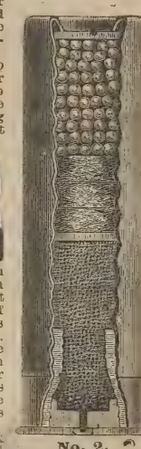
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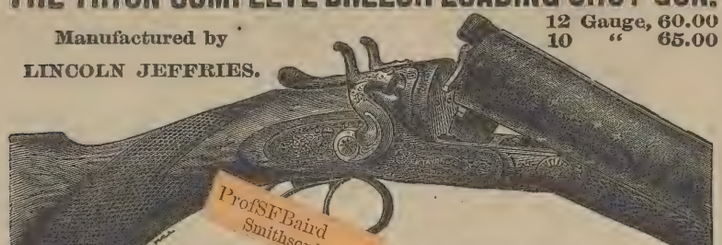
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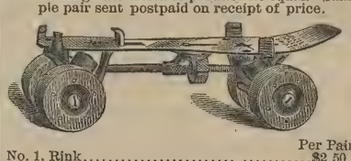
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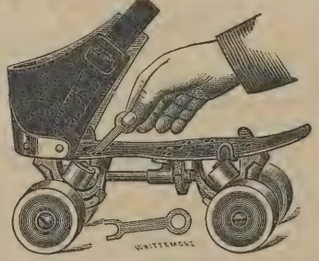


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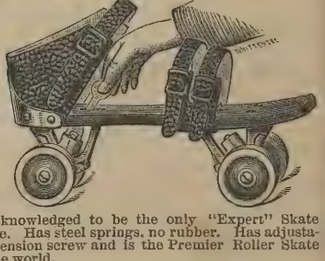
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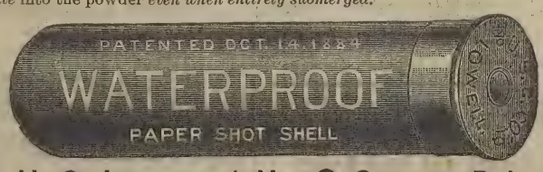
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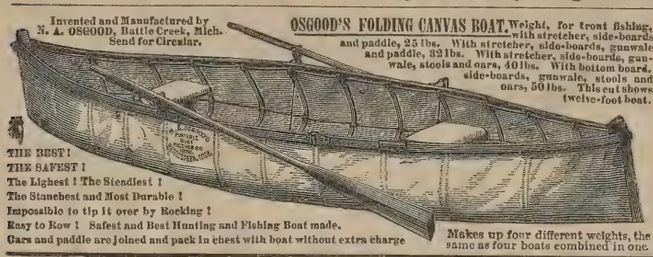
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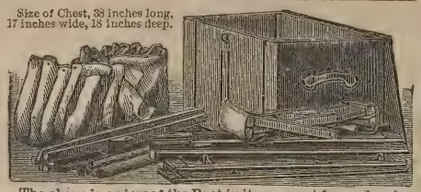
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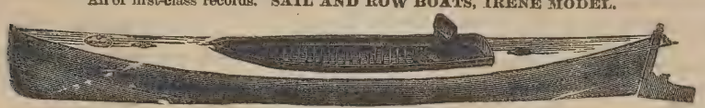
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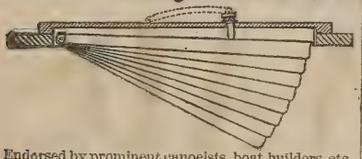
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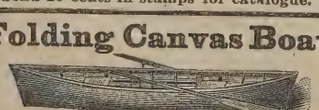
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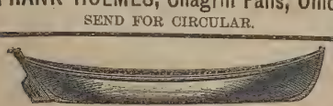
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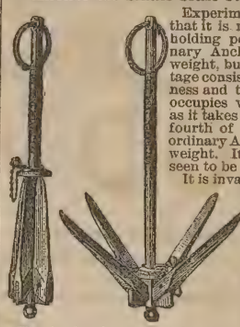
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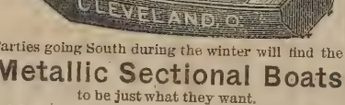


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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

In addition to the numerous diagrams in the body of the work, twenty-four large plates are printed on bond paper, containing the working drawings of canoes for paddling, sailing, cruising

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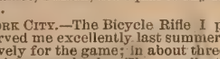
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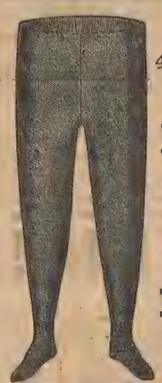
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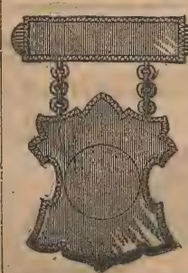
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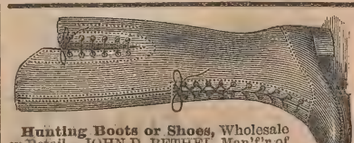
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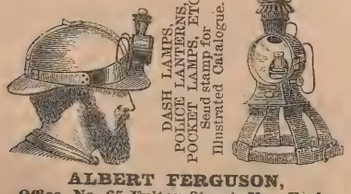
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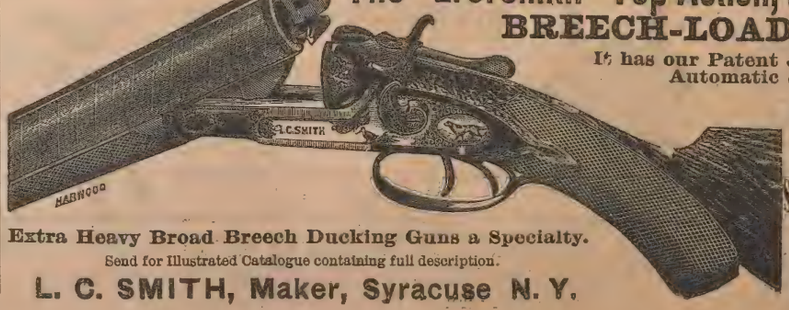
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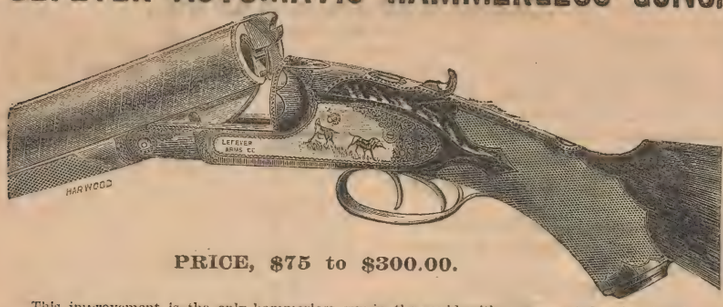
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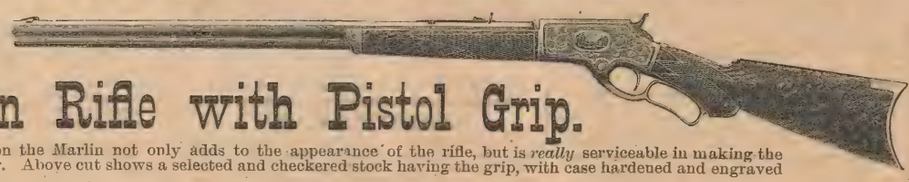
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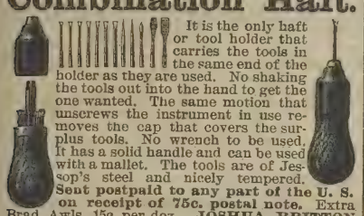
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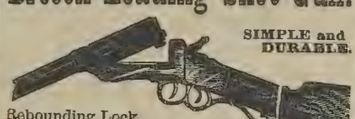
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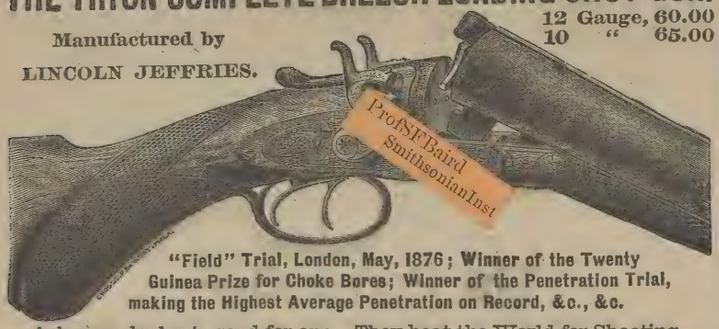
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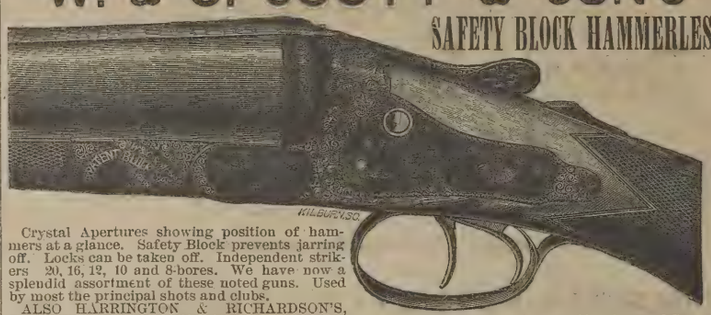


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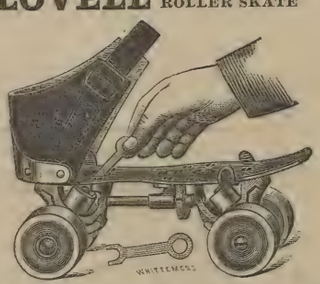


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No. 1, Rink	$2 50
No. 2, Rink	3 00
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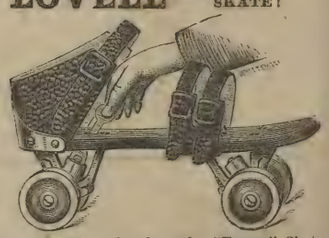
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FIG. 1.

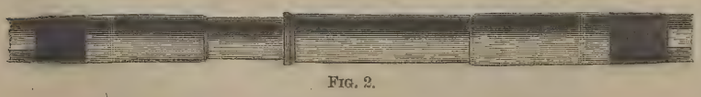


FIG. 2.

These rods are made in a great variety of styles suitable for every kind of fishing, and are unequalled for **Uniformity of Spring, Durability and Beauty of Finish.** The **"Serrated" Ferrule** is beyond all question the best ferrule for split bamboo rods ever invented. All other rod ferrules, whether split or otherwise, present a sharp, stiff edge to the bamboo, which tends to cut or crack the enamel when the rod is subjected to a strain, thereby increasing the liability of breaking the joints. The Serrated Ferrule *presents no edge to the bamboo whatever*, and this, with its "shoulder" which obviates the necessity of cutting or filing away the enamel, as is necessary with the ordinary rod ferrules, makes the rod *stronger at the ferrule than at any other part*. Fig. 1 shows the male and female ferrules. Fig. 2 shows the same mounted, the serrated ends being neatly wound with silk and varnished, which excludes all moisture. My **Patent Universal Reel Seat** will *fit perfectly* and *securely hold any reel* from the *smallest* to the *largest size made*. Descriptive circulars mailed free on application.

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VOL. XXV.—No. 20. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1885.



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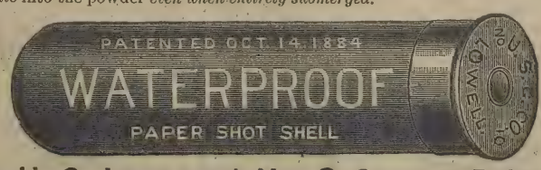
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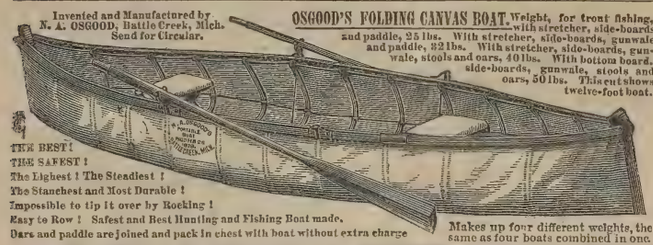
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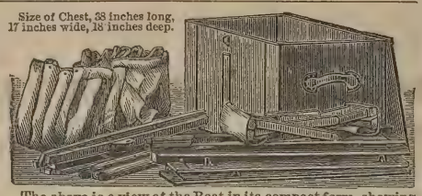
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THE BEST!
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Impossible to tip it over by Rocking!
Easy to Row! Safest and Best Hunting and Fishing Boat made.
Oars and paddle are joined and pack in chest with boat without extra charge

Makes up four different weights, the same as four boats combined in one.

Size of Chest, 33 inches long, 17 inches wide, 18 inches deep.



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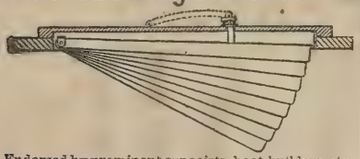
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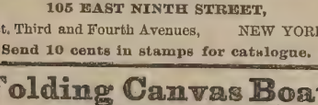
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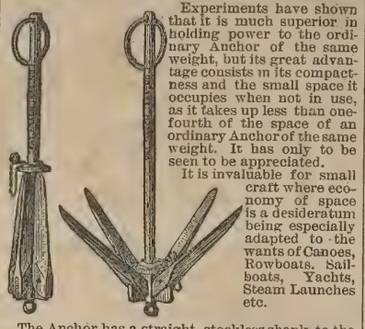
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Experiments have shown that it is much superior in holding power to the ordinary Anchor of the same weight, but its great advantage consists in its compactness and the small space it occupies when not in use, as it takes up less than one-fourth of the space of an ordinary Anchor of the same weight. It has only to be seen to be appreciated.

It is invaluable for small craft where economy of space is a desideratum being especially adapted to the wants of Canoes, Rowboats, Sailboats, Yachts, Steam Launches etc.

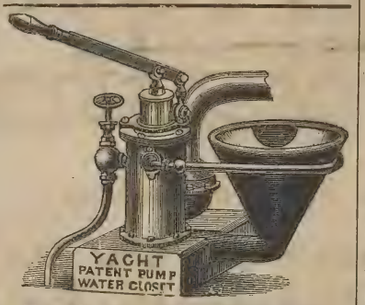
The Anchor has a straight, stockless shank, to the lower end of which are attached the four arms or flukes; these arms have a flat inner surface extending nearly to the point, giving the maximum holding power. On the shank is a ring which slides down over the points of the arms, to hold them in position when folded, where it is retained by a pin.

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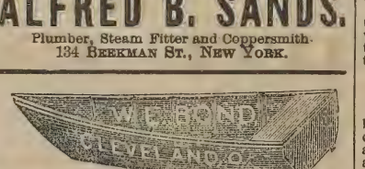


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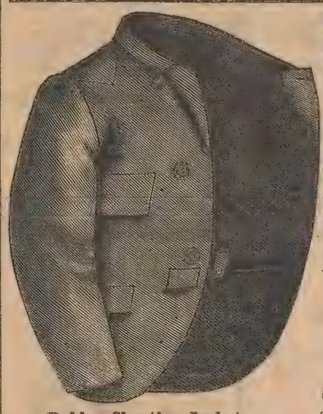
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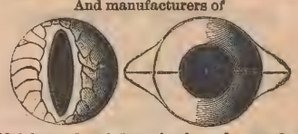
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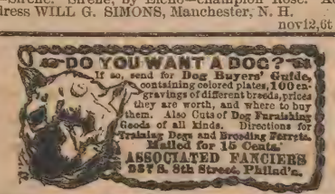
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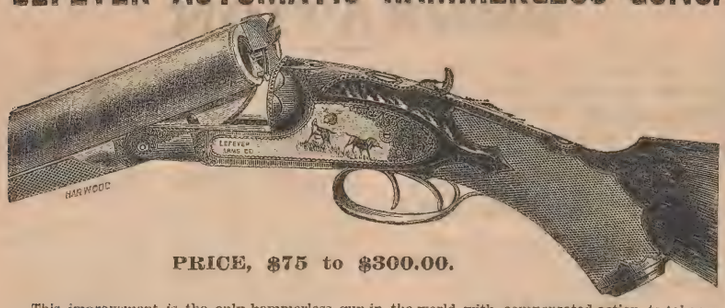
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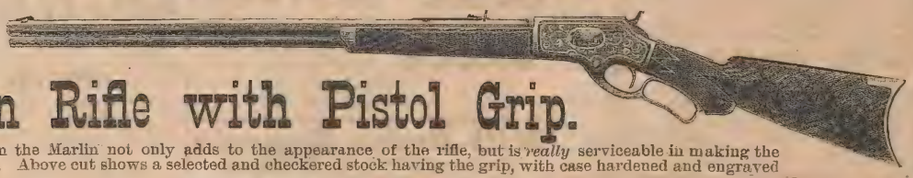
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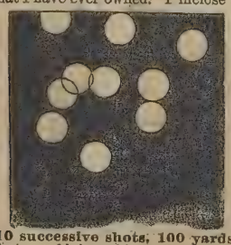
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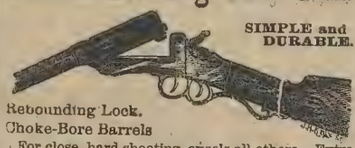
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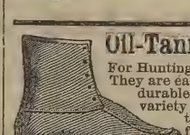
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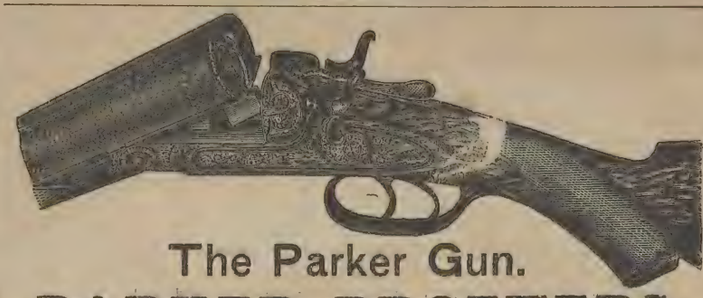
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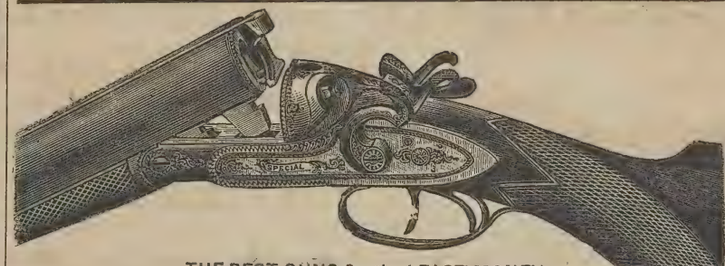


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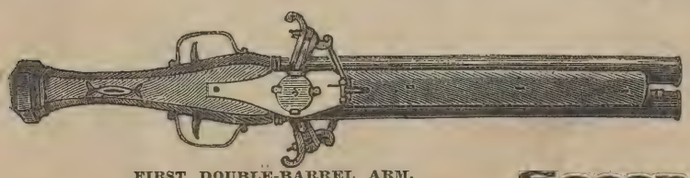
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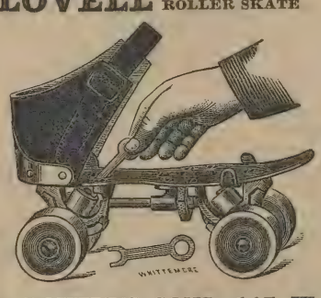


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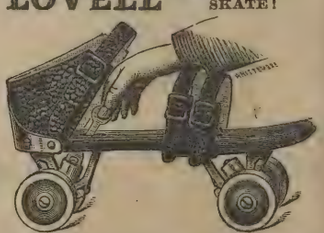
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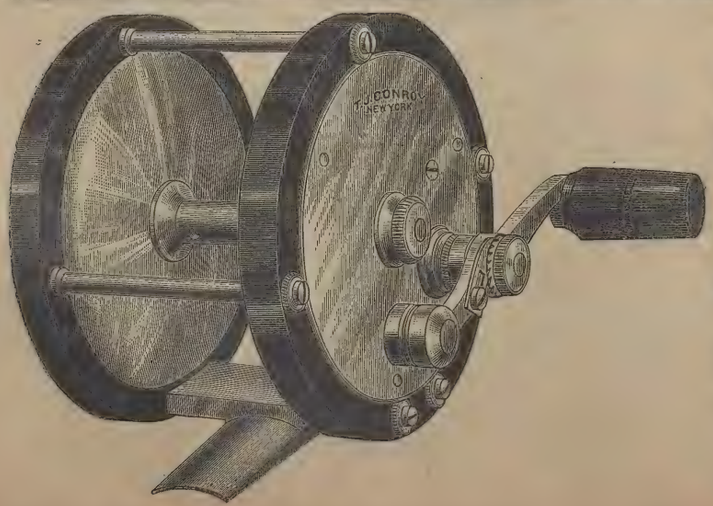


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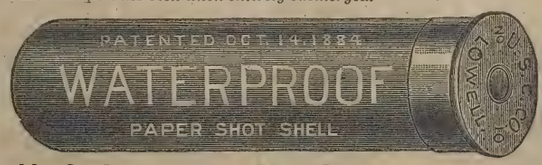
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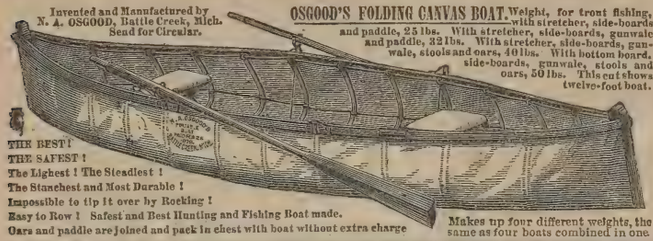
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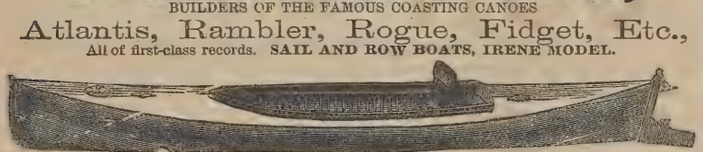
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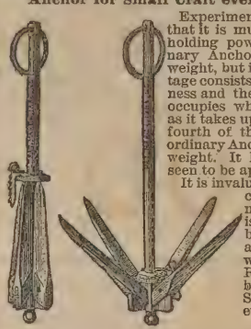
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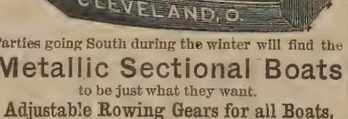


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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations

BUILDING

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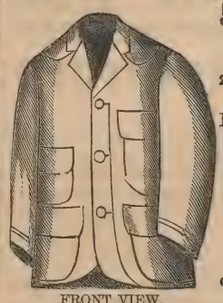
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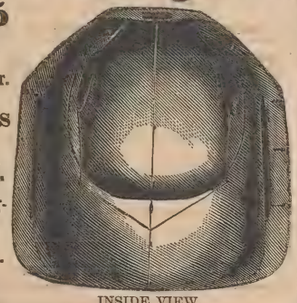
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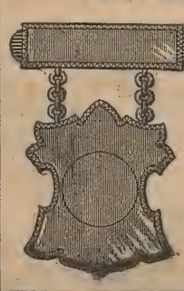


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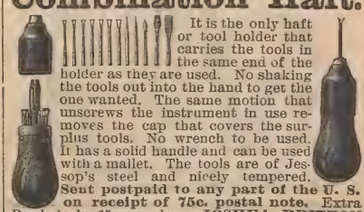
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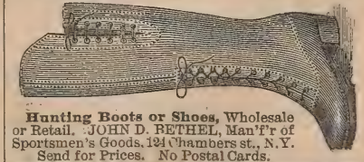
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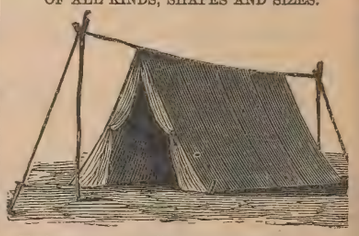
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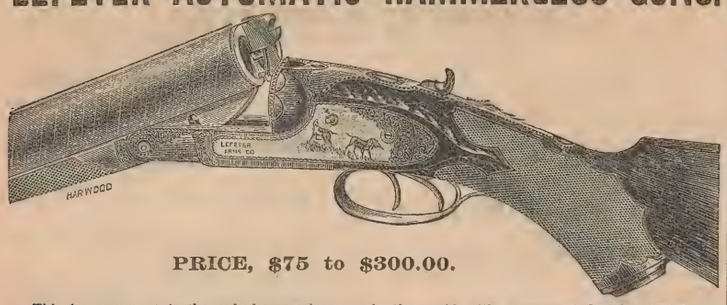
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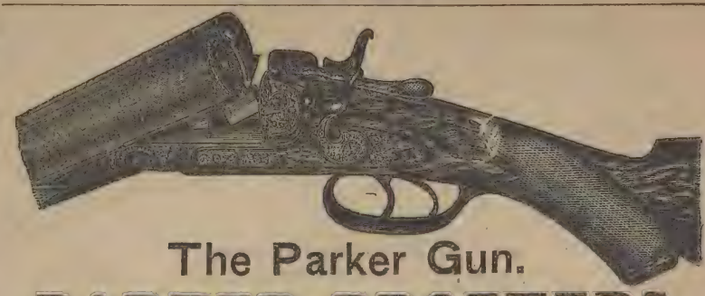
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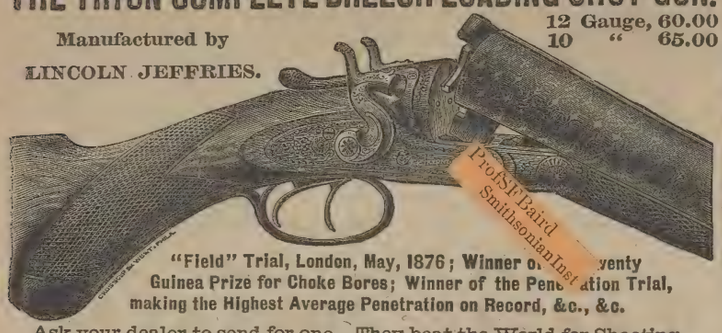
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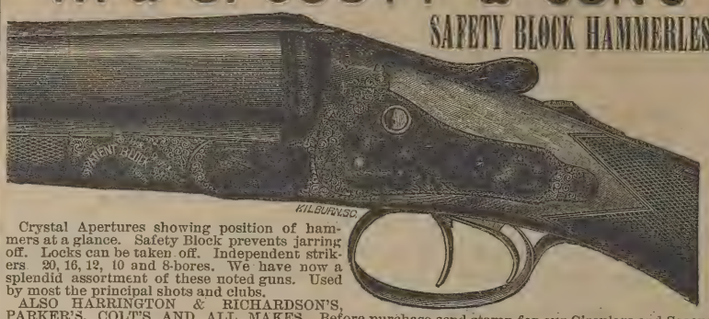
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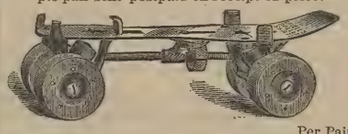
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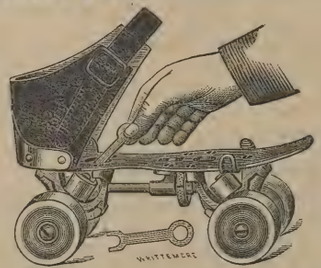


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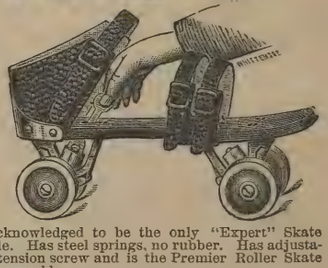
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Fig. 1.

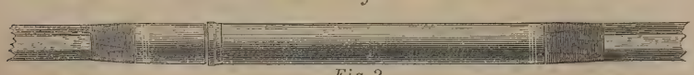


Fig. 2

Conroy's Celebrated Hexagonal Split Bamboo Rods
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VOL. XXV.—No. 22. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1885.



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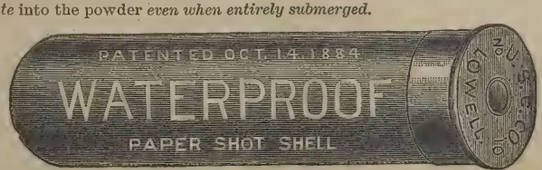
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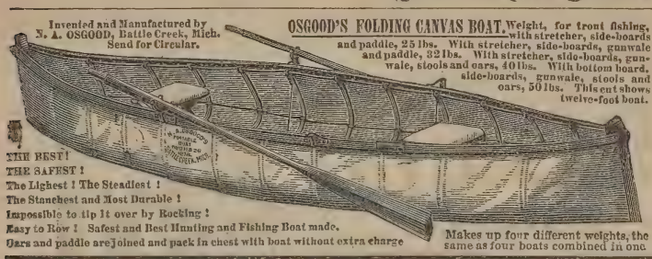
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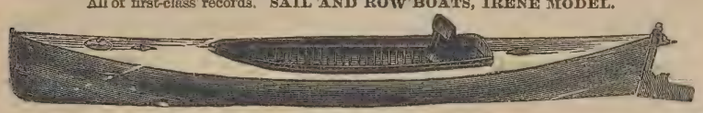
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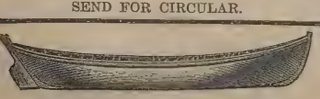
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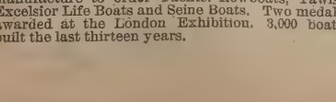
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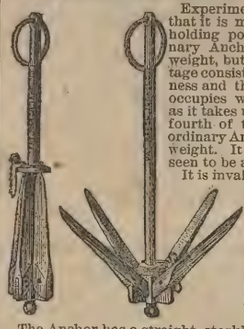
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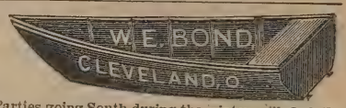
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A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

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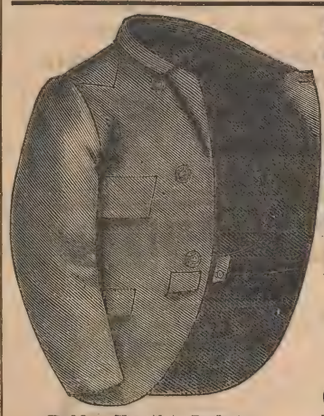
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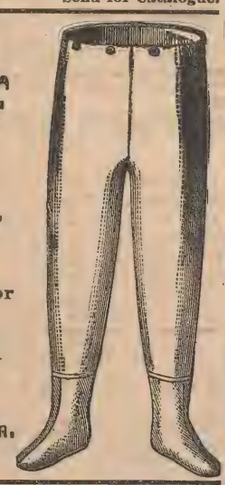
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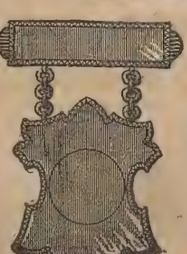
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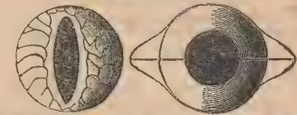
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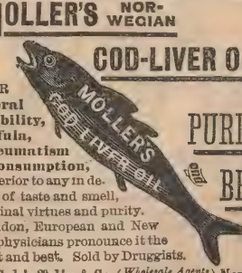


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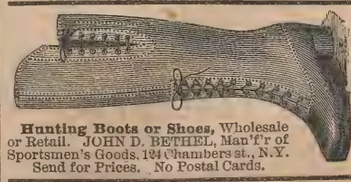
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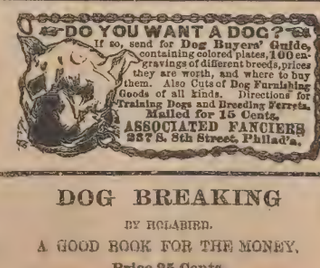
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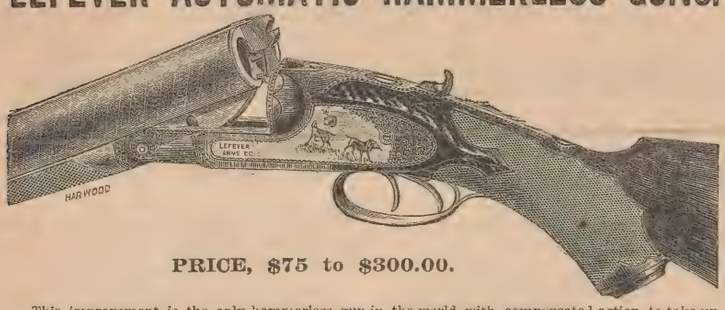
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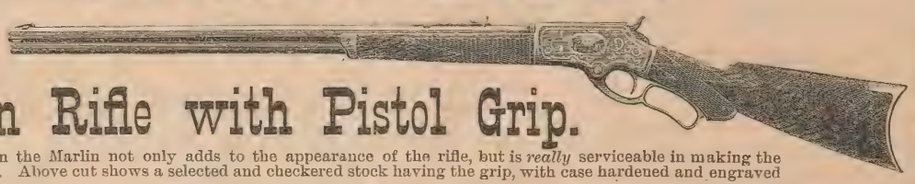
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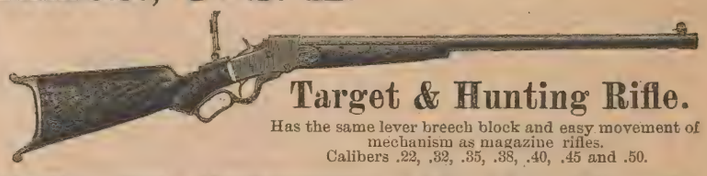
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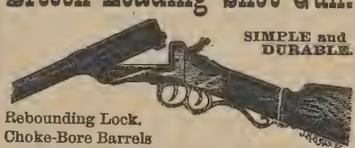
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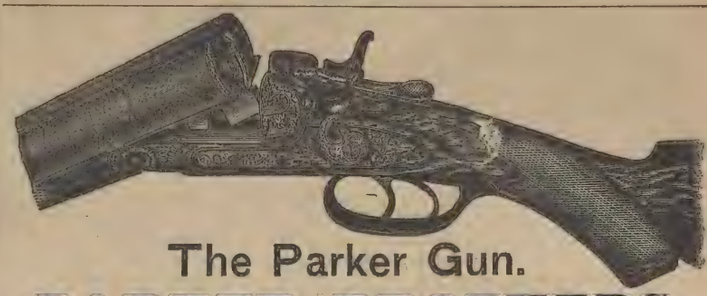
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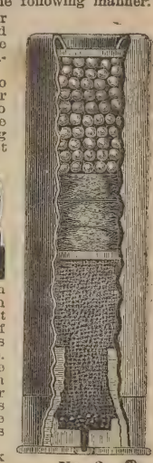
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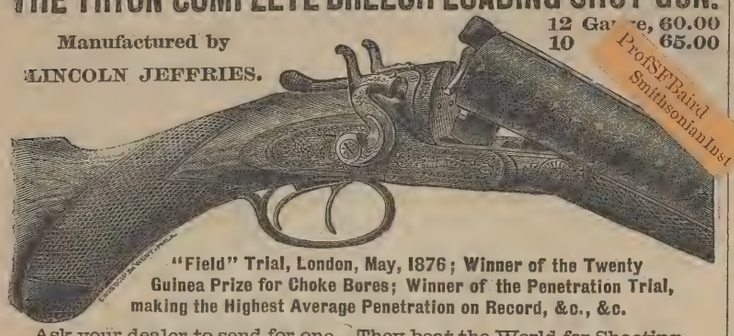
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This gun has been proved of unequalled safety. R. Rochford-Boyd, Esq., writing to the London *Field*, of Nov. 7, 1885, says: "With reference to the safety of hammerless guns, I agree with you that a safety bolt to be of any value ought to be reliable, and to illustrate my meaning, the following may interest your readers: When grouse driving on the Berwyn Mountains, in Montgomeryshire, some ten days since, and using a Greener ejecting gun, with safety bolt, the rain commenced descending in torrents, and, as a fog seemed imminent, the order was given for home. Instead of following the downward track adopted by the keepers and beaters, I decided on a shorter line of country, and decided to make my way along the face of a steep hill, scantily covered with fern. Placing my gun, which was loaded, at 'safe,' I made the attempt, and got on fairly well for a hundred yards, when I suddenly slipped and began rapidly to descend. After going some forty feet, and finding the pace increasing, I was forced to let my gun go. Slipping and swinging round, presenting its stock and muzzle alternately at my head, it shot rapidly down the hill and disappeared over a cliff, toward which I unwillingly followed. My sensation at that moment I keep to myself. Luckily some friendly ferns checked my pace, and I brought up a few yards from the edge. Regaining my feet, I cautiously proceeded till I got on a sheep track, and succeeded by the aid of a boulder in gaining such a foothold as to enable me to approach the edge and attract the attention of the men, then hundreds of feet below me. Indicating that I had lost my gun, one of them with great difficulty climbed up the face of the hill, and after some time uttered a shout. Then, far below me and embedded half way up the barrels, with the stock sticking straight up, I perceived the gun. A mossy spring between two rocks had received it in its fall; a couple of yards to the right or left, and it would have been smashed to atoms. Twenty minutes later it was restored to me, the barrels plugged up for some inches, but apparently having received no external injury, save a few scratches, and a piece chipped off the heel plate. The trigger guard was, however, a study; bits of fern and rushes were twisted round the triggers, which caught in everything in the downward course; but the safety bolt had done its work, and the cartridges were intact. While I write there hangs above me an old and valued servant, a Greener gun, with rebounding locks. Nearly 100,000 shots have been fired out of that gun; had it, however, been with me on the hills that day, a different sequel might have been told. I always considered hammer guns with rebounding locks required care, not only in crossing fences and in covert, and from the liability to explode when dropped, but from the tendency of the hammers to catch in buttonholes and watch chains, as has frequently happened to me. Sportsmen have every reason to be thankful that science has invented such a boon as hammerless guns with reliable safety bolts—in my opinion the safest and pleasantest guns any one can desire—provided gentlemen recognize the fact that a cheap gun on that principle is one of the most dangerous things out, and, when they decide to go in for a hammerless gun, select a first-class gunmaker for the purpose."

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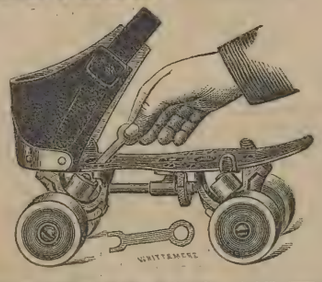
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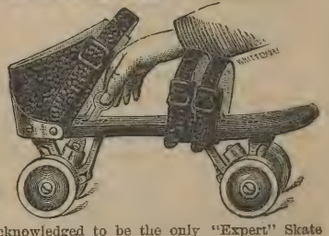
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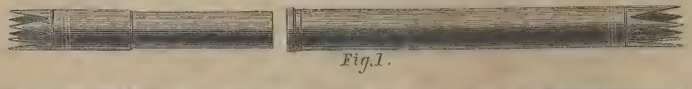


Fig. 1.

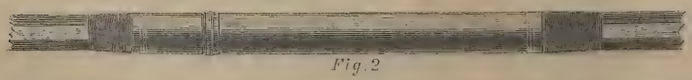


Fig. 2

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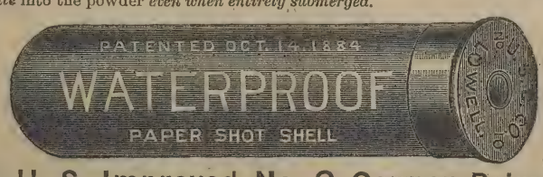
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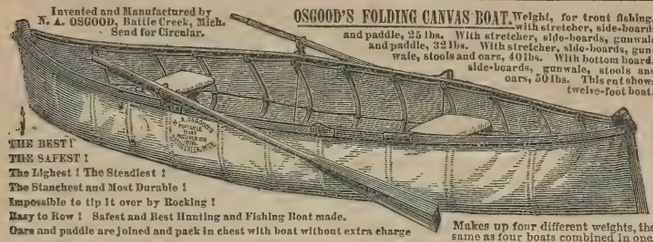
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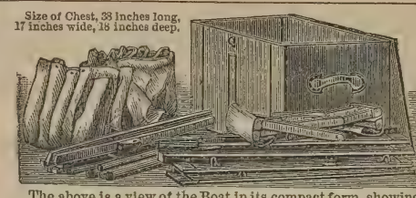
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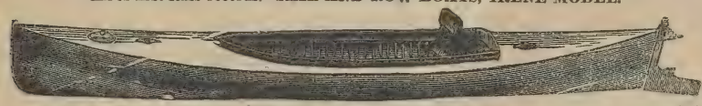
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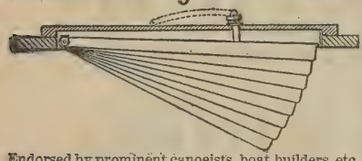
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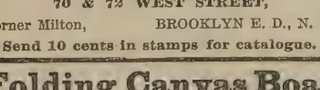
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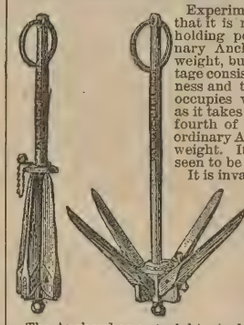
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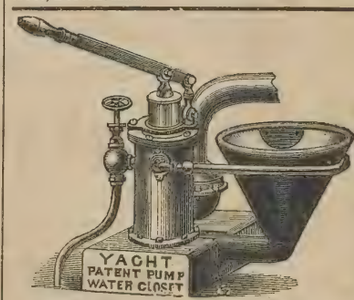
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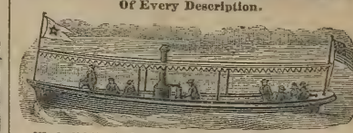
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A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

The subject of boat building is fully treated, a rowboat of the usual construction being taken as an example, and described in all its parts in such a manner as to make clear the principles involved, and their application to any form of boat, either lapstreak or carvel build. Each of the numerous technical terms belonging to the subject is defined clearly when it first occurs, and as the index is full and complete, the book is in itself a glossary.

In addition to the numerous diagrams in the body of the work, twenty-four large plates are printed on bond paper, containing the working drawings of canoes for paddling, sailing, cruising and racing, with their sail plans, rowing sailing boats, large canoe yawls, and various boats for special purposes, such as gunning boats, yacht boats, and the widely known sneakbox.

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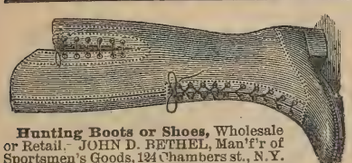
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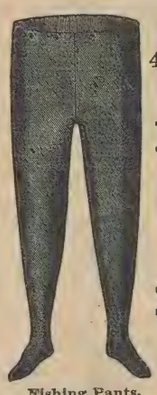
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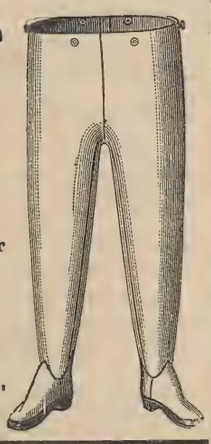
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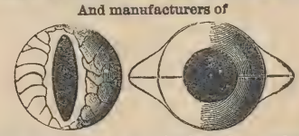
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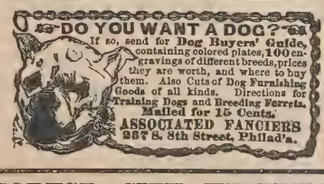
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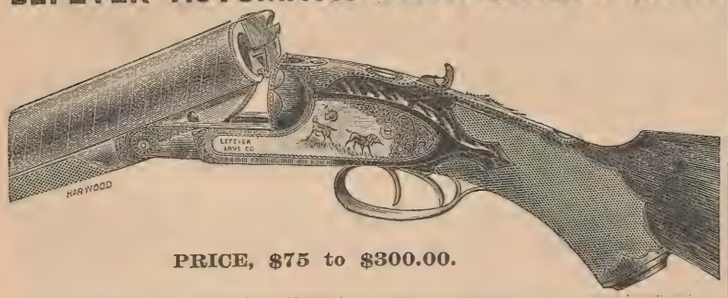
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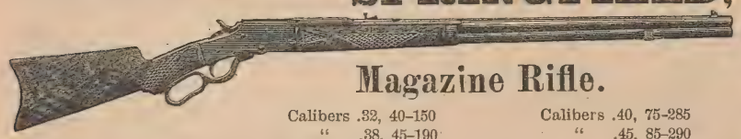
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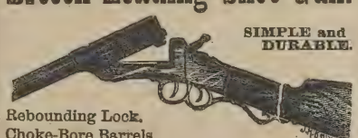
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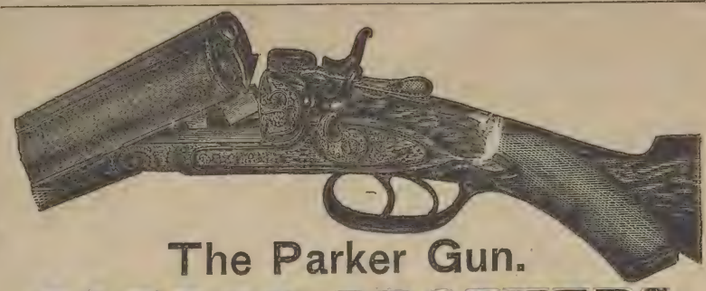
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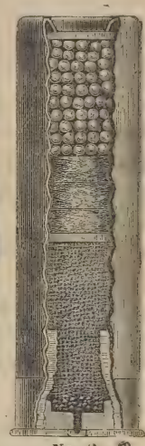
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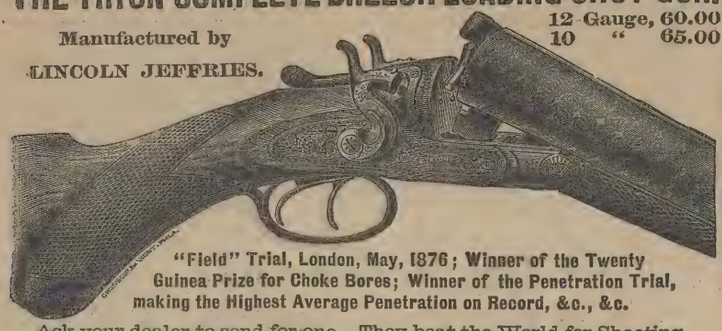
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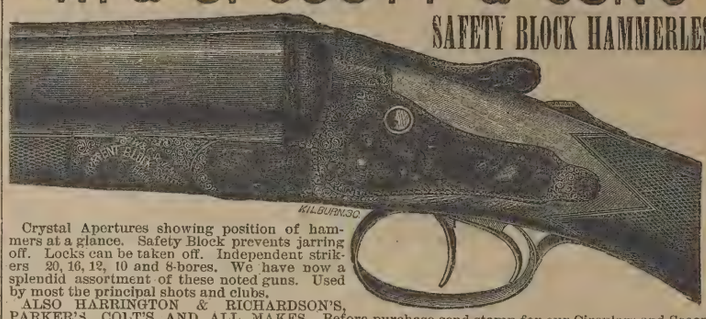
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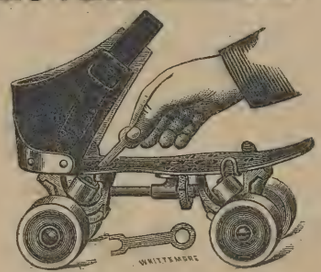


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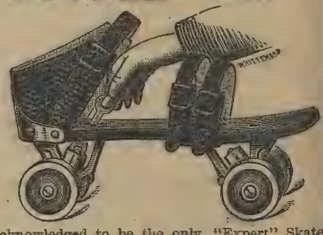
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VOL. XXV.—No. 24. THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1886.



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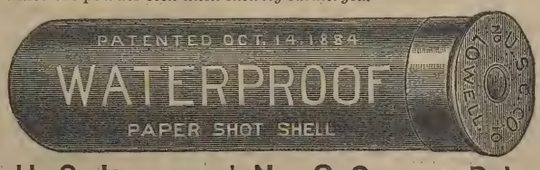
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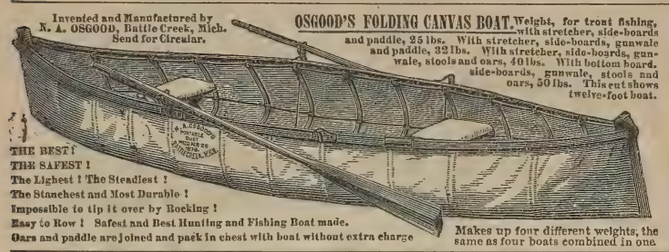
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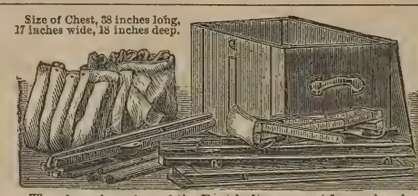
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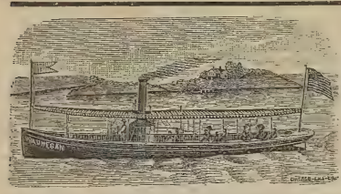
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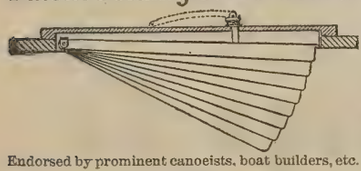
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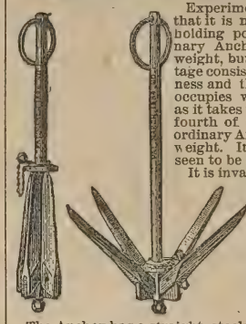
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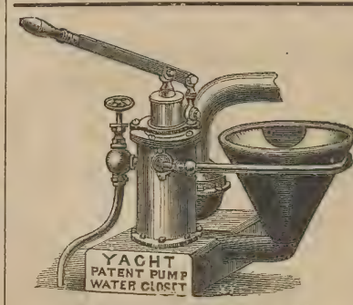
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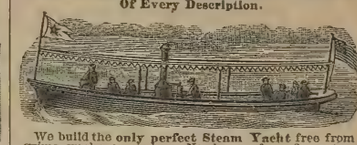
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and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires, following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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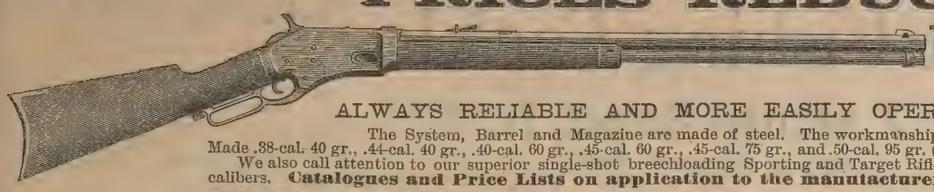
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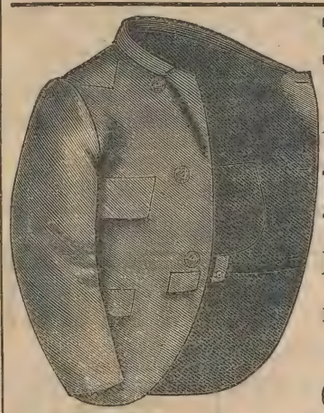
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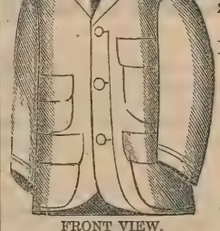
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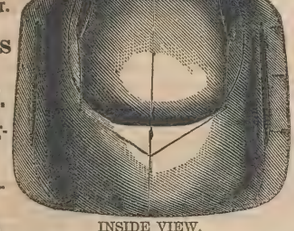
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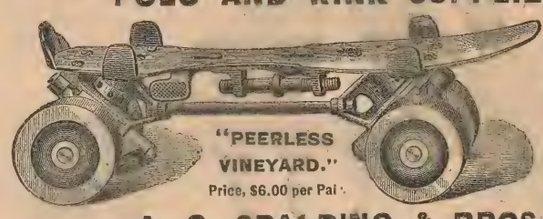
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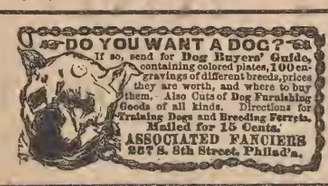
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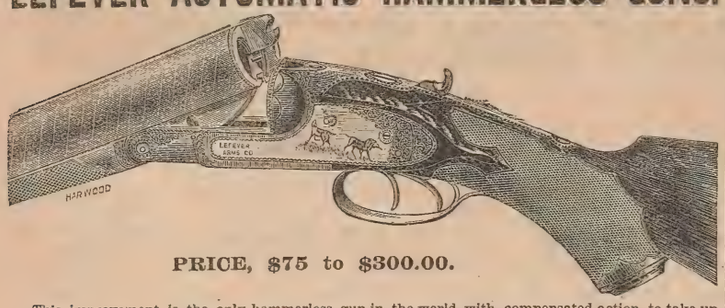
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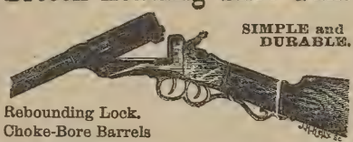
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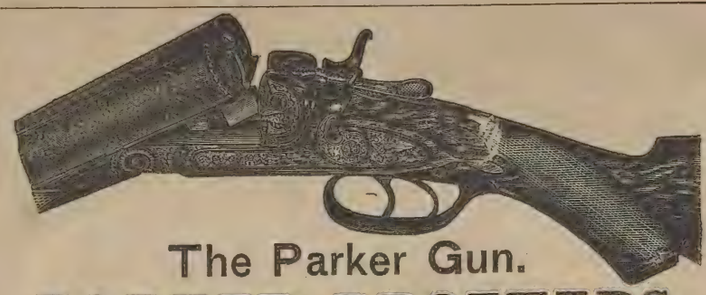
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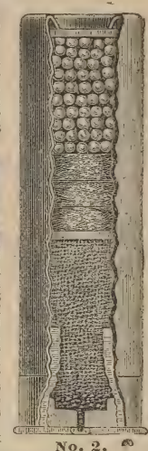
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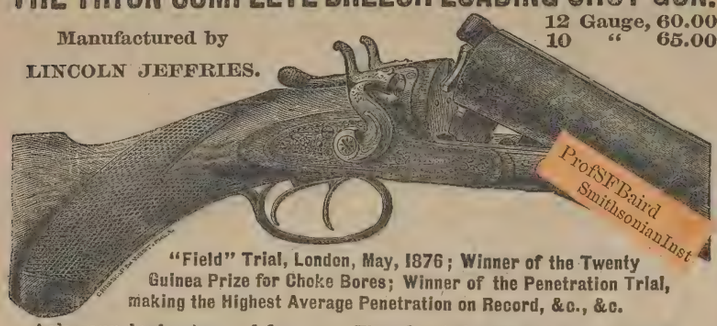
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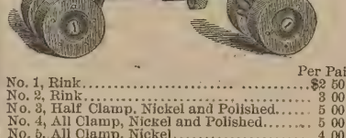
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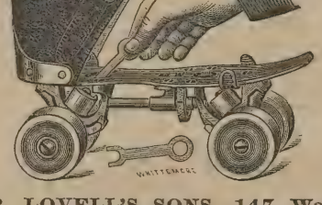


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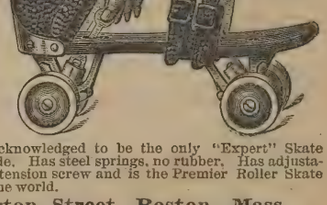
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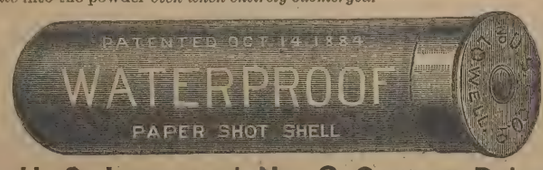
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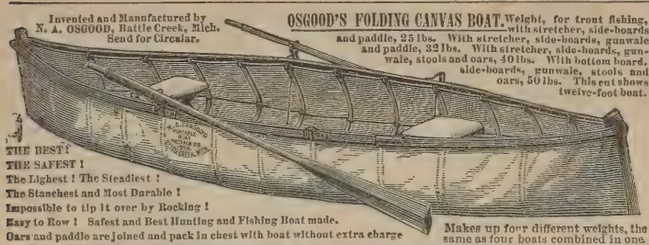
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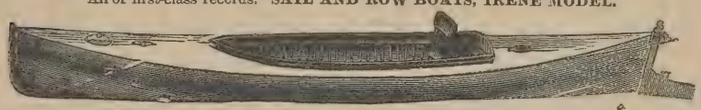
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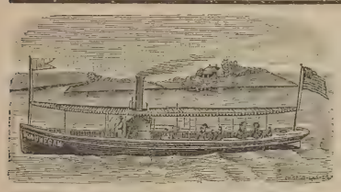
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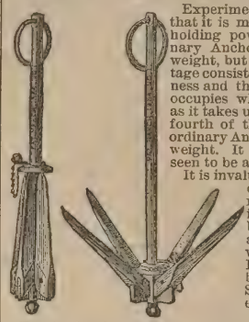
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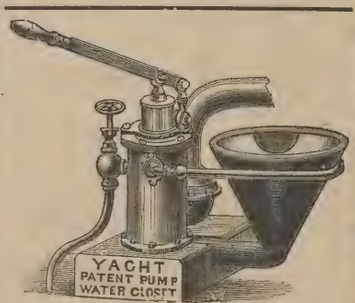
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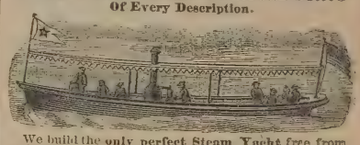


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THE FOREST AND STREAM began a year ago the publication of a series of papers on canoe construction, by Mr. W. P. Stephens, of the New York C. C., widely known as an expert on canoe design and building. These papers, having appeared through the year in our columns, have since been rewritten, and with numerous additions are now published in a handsome volume under the title of "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." Mr. Stephens is peculiarly fitted for the preparation of such a work, beginning as an amateur, and having after a long experience of the difficulties attending a learner, taken a prominent place among canoe builders, due both to the model and workmanship of his canoes. Realizing fully the difficulty of explaining to a novice an art in itself far from easy, and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his purpose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

A chapter on sails describes all the varieties in use by canoeists, down to the new Mohican settee, with directions for making, rigging and measuring them, while the method of proportioning the sails to the boat is clearly explained, all the calculations being worked out in detail. The many minor points of a canoe, paddles, steering gears, rudders, aprons, and camp outfit are also described at length, while a chapter is devoted to canvas canoes.

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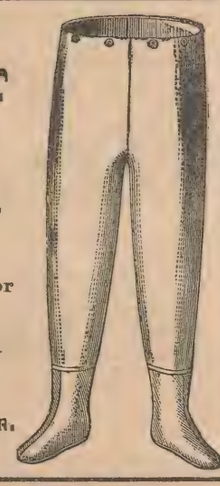
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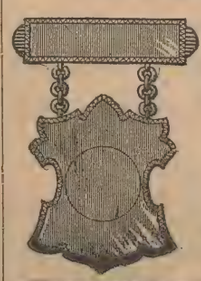
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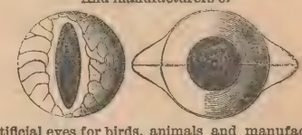
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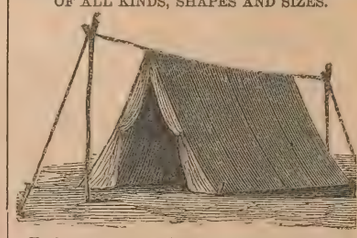
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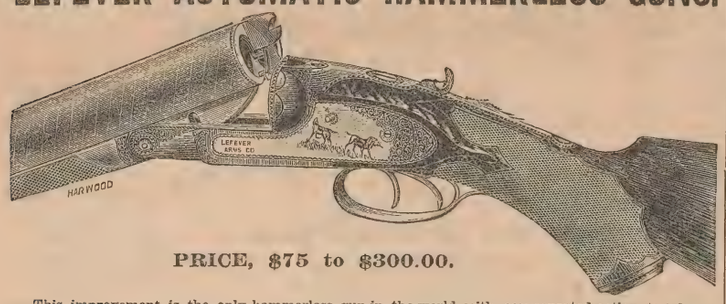
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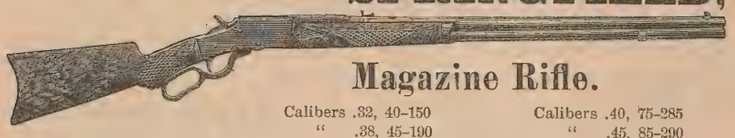
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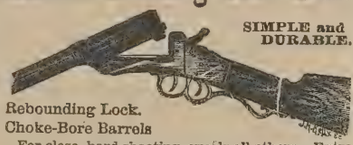
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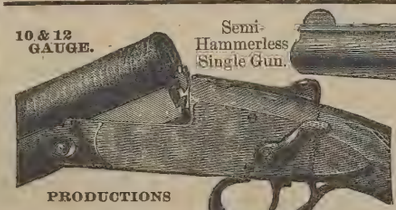
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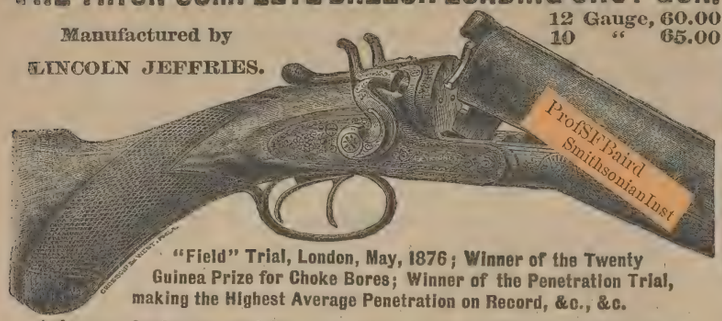
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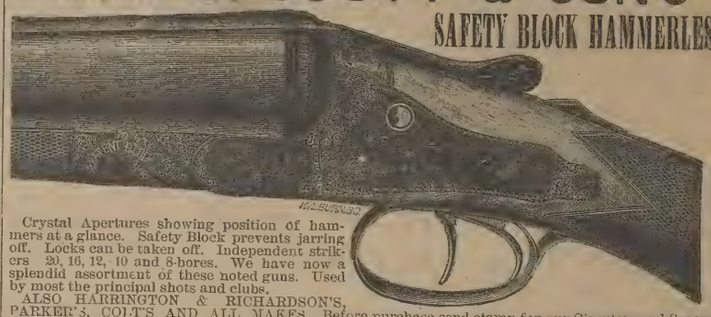
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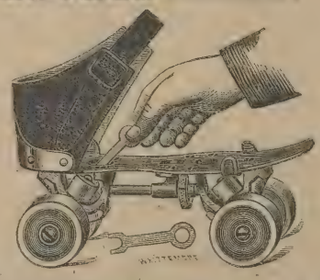


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VOL. XXV.—No. 26. THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1886.



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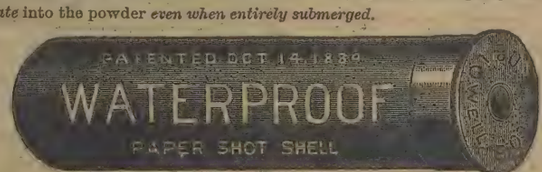
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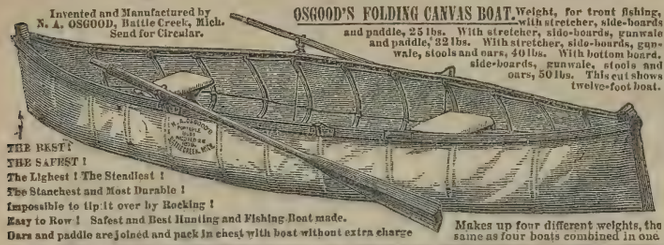
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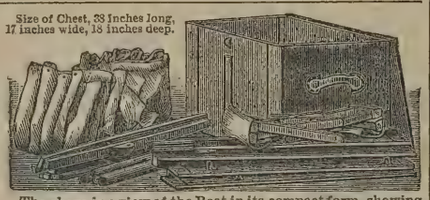
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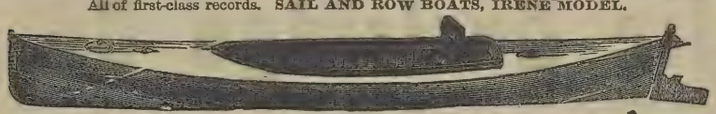
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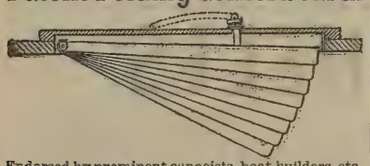


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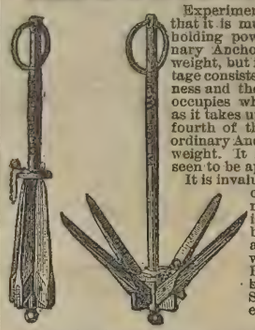
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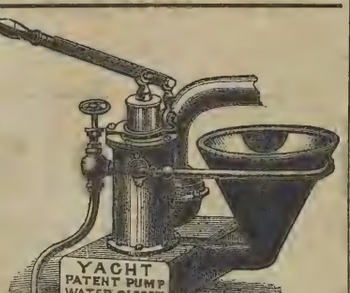
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AND

and with which he is entirely unfamiliar, the book begins with a description of the various classes of canoes in general use, with their main features and dimensions, and definitions of the terms used in connection with them. Numerous examples of canoes are given, and in connection with them, such plain instructions in designing as will enable the beginner to select intelligently the proper craft for his pur-

BOAT

pose, and to plan her dimensions, details and fittings. To this end designs of all classes of canoes are given, with full dimensions and details. The object has been not merely to enable the tyro to build one boat as described, but to teach him the principles of designing and building in such a way that he may construct such a craft as he desires. Following the chapters on designing, the construction of a canoe is taken up in detail, the tools and appliances being first clearly described, as well as the various materials, after which follows the actual work of building. Every operation is taken up in order, from the selection of the keel to the varnishing of the finished boat, and illustrated with numerous diagrams.

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BUILDING

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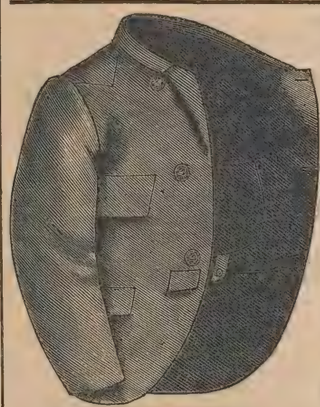
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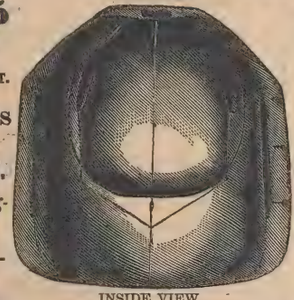
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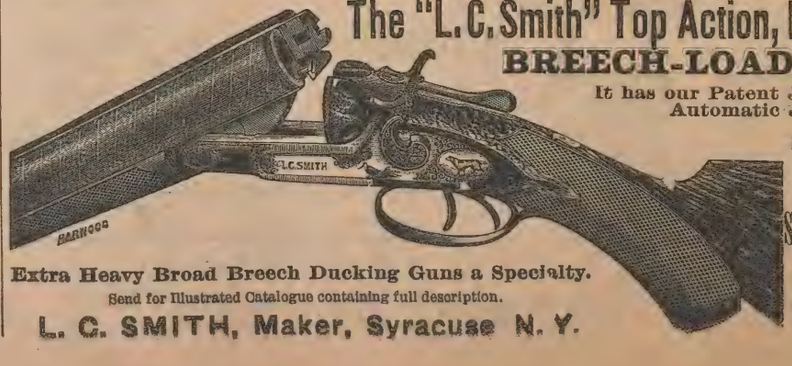
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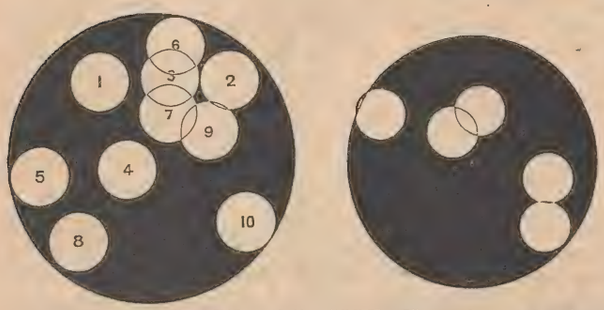
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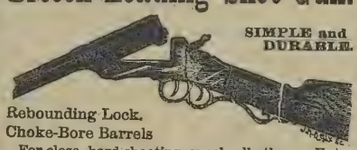
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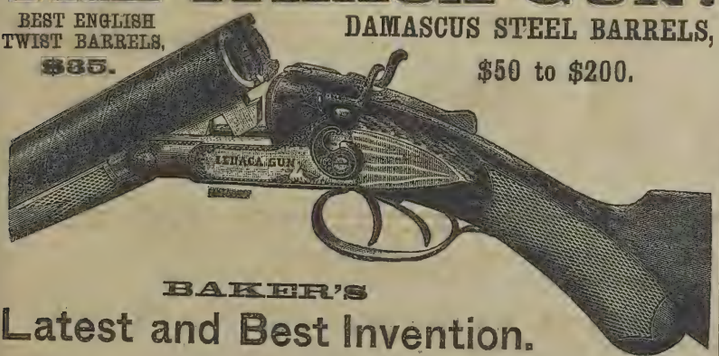
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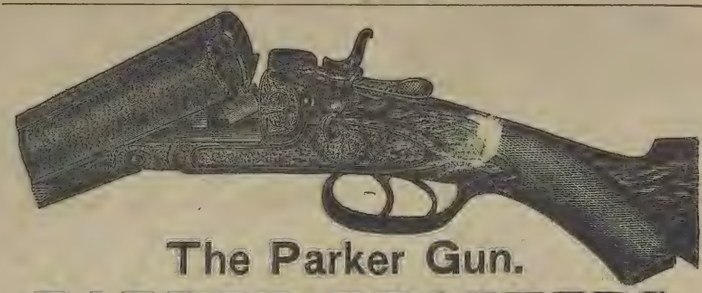
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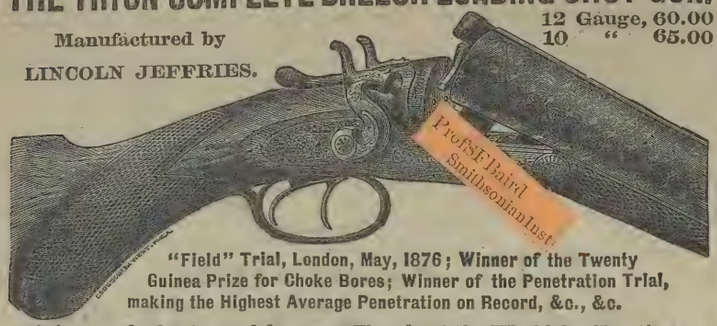
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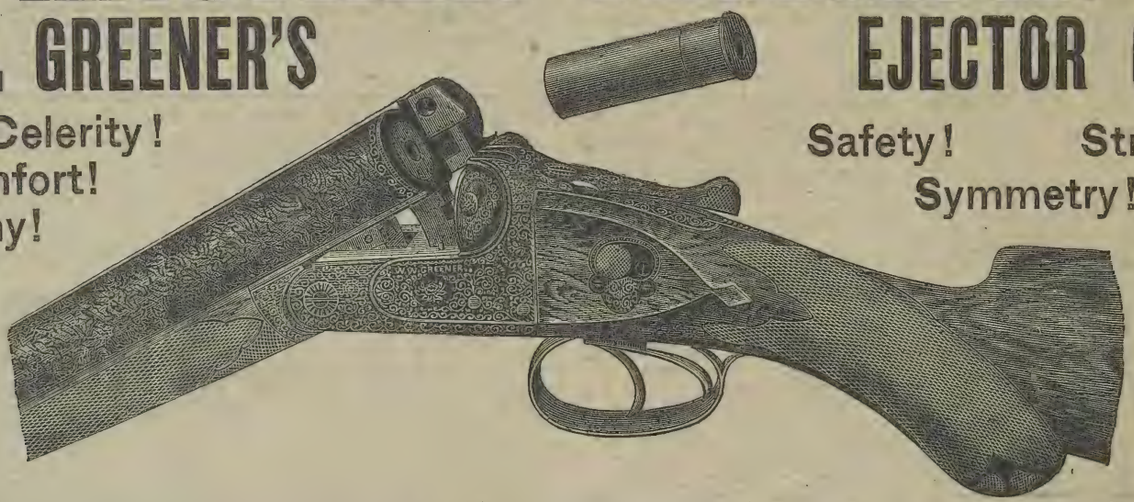
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This gun has been proved of unequalled safety. R. Rochford-Boyd, Esq., writing to the London *Field*, of Nov. 7, 1885, says: "With reference to the safety of hammerless guns, I agree with you that a safety bolt to be of any value ought to be reliable, and to illustrate my meaning, the following may interest your readers: When grouse driving on the Berwyn Mountains, in Montgomeryshire, some ten days since, and using a Greener ejecting gun, with safety bolt, the rain commenced descending in torrents, and, as a fog seemed imminent, the order was given for home. Instead of following the downward track adopted by the keepers and beaters, I decided on a shorter line of country, and decided to make my way along the face of a steep hill, scantily covered with fern. Placing my gun, which was loaded, at 'safe,' I made the attempt, and got on fairly well for a hundred yards, when I suddenly slipped and began rapidly to descend. After going some forty feet, and finding the pace increasing, I was forced to let my gun go. Slipping and swinging round, presenting its stock and muzzle alternately at my head, it shot rapidly down the hill and disappeared over a cliff, toward which I unwillingly followed. My sensation at that moment I keep to myself. Luckily some friendly ferns checked my pace, and I brought up a few yards from the edge. Regaining my feet, I cautiously proceeded till I got on a sheep track, and succeeded by the aid of a boulder in gaining such a foothold as to enable me to approach the edge and attract the attention of the men, then hundreds of feet below me. Indicating that I had lost my gun, one of them with great difficulty climbed up the face of the hill, and after some time uttered a shout. Then, far below me and embedded half way up the barrels, with the stock sticking straight up, I perceived the gun. A mossy spring between two rocks had received it in its fall; a couple of yards to the right or left, and it would have been smashed to atoms. Twenty minutes later it was restored to me, the barrels plugged up for some inches, but apparently having received no external injury, save a few scratches, and a piece chipped off the heel plate. The trigger guard was, however, a study; bits of fern and rushes were twisted round the triggers, which caught in everything in the downward course; but the safety bolt had done its work, and the cartridges were intact. While I write there hangs above me an old and valued servant, a Greener gun, with rebounding locks. Nearly 100,000 shots have been fired out of that gun; had it, however, been with me on the hills that day, a different sequel might have been told. I always considered hammer guns with rebounding locks required care, not only in crossing fences and in covert, and from the liability to explode when dropped, but from the tendency of the hammers to catch in buttonholes and watch chains, as has frequently happened to me. Sportsmen have every reason to be thankful that science has invented such a boon as hammerless guns with reliable safety bolts—in my opinion the safest and pleasantest guns any one can desire—provided gentlemen recognize the fact that a cheap gun on that principle is one of the most dangerous things out, and, when they decide to go in for a hammerless gun, select a first-class gun maker for the purpose."

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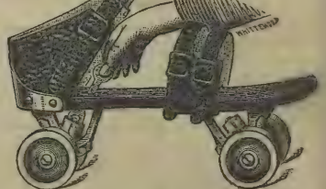
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